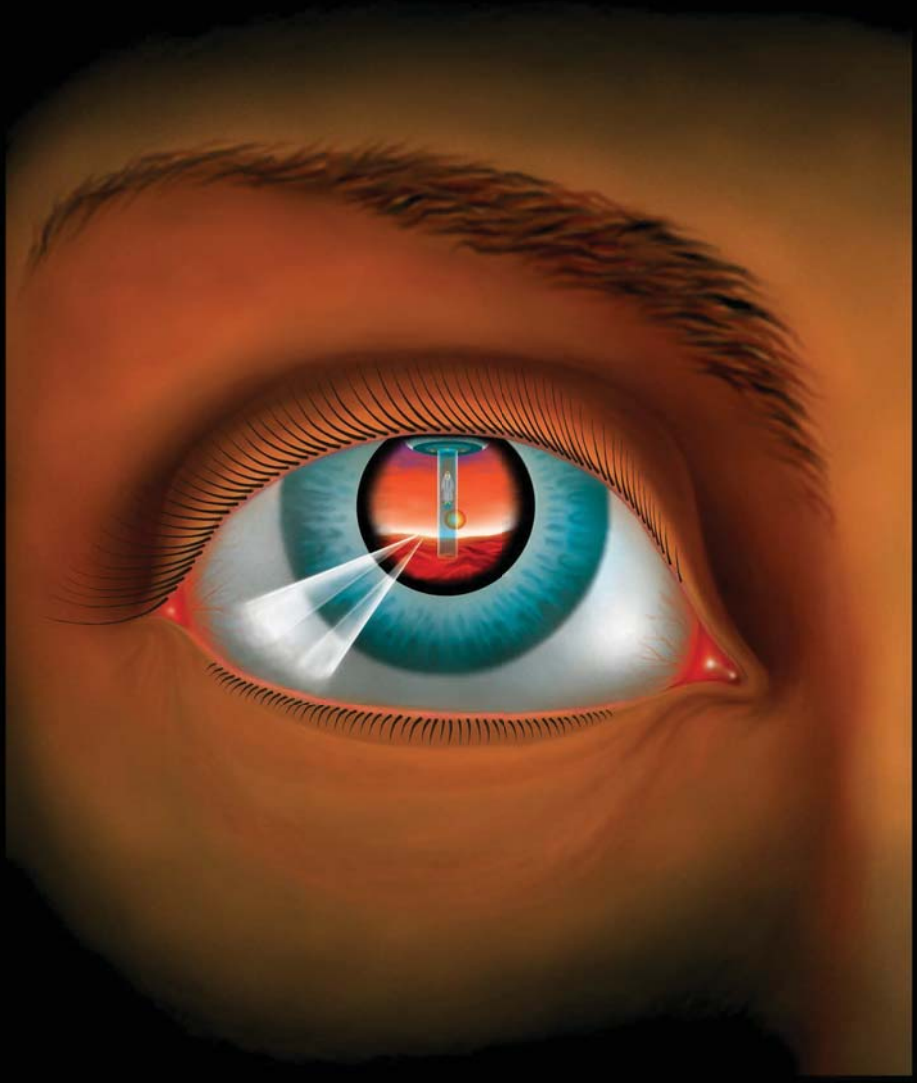
THE MIRROR OF MY SOUL



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BERSERKER

BOOKS



Nikolay Levashov

The Mirror of My Soul

Autobiographical Chronicle

Volume 1. It's Good to Live in the Soviet Union...

Abstract

The reasons for writing my life story are quite trivial. For quite some time, I had to recount certain events from my life, and very often my stories came back to me in such a form that I could not even imagine the possibility of such "folklore". My stories became so "factual" that even I found them interesting to listen to.

The second reason that prompted me to undertake such a "feat" was the fact that from time to time there were people who offered to write a book about me, and each time something stopped me. Once, I even agreed to let an American writer record my memories on tape, and I spent several days talking to her about my memories and reflections. But soon I reconsidered and rejected the offer.

First, I had to spend a lot of time recounting and explaining what had happened to me. Second, even though I had audio tapes with my memories, the writers and journalists managed to distort everything to such an extent that I was amazed. And the distortion was observed both in the direction of exaggeration and in the direction of distortion of facts and outright lies.

So when Dmitry Baida suggested that I write my biography, I decided to do it. And when I started working on it, it became my biography and my understanding of life. I thought that if anyone was interested in my life and my path, no one could convey better than me what happened in my life and when, what I thought and how I thought in certain situations, what I felt and experienced.

Of course, everything I describe is subjective and reflects the world around me through my own eyes. But at the same time, I will try to reflect everything as objectively as possible. And since this is the story of my life, no one can do it better than me. And if something is wrong, it will be my distortion of my own biography, and it will still be better than someone else's distortion.

Nikolay Levashov

1. Childhood. My family's past

I was born in 1961 in Kislovodsk, Stavropol Krai, into a family of "former" people, which, of course, turned out much later. My parents lived with us - three children - in a semi-basement room that my father had converted into a dwelling from a cellar, as there was simply nothing else. Before he got married, he lived with his parents in a small semi-basement room on the outskirts of Kislovodsk (the basement that became our home was attached to this room).

The world of my childhood was mountains, gorges and ravines that began right in front of the yard of the house where we lived. And my strongest and most vivid childhood impressions are of the mountains, whose beauty and grandeur simply mesmerised my childish imagination. But before I continue with my childhood memories, I would like to pay tribute to my ancestors. Recently, it has become very popular to search for one's aristocratic roots. Although not so long ago, this did not bring anything good to those who actually had these roots, and only caused problems. Most of the "former" aristocrats were wiped out by the Soviet regime, and those who survived were, for one reason or another, doomed to oblivion by that same regime. My ancestors experienced this to the fullest extent. But more on that later. For now, I would like to say a few words about my ancestors, who served their homeland, Russia, with honour for many centuries.

The origin of the surname Levashov is interesting. The surname Levashov comes from the nickname Levash. In the boyar word, under Rurikovich, the boyars sat on the left side of the tsar, and the deacons sat on the right. One of my ancestors from the old princely family was a boyar of the word, for which he received the nickname Levash. According to ancient traditions, only one representative of the family had the right to enter the royal word, and the boyar was usually the most worthy of the family. In those days, it was customary to give everyone nicknames that reflected their activities or personal qualities. There were many families, and such nicknames made it possible to distinguish between people from the same family. Over time, this nickname stuck to his descendants and became distinctive for the entire clan, turning into the surname Levashov.

The Levashov family was the richest princely family in Russia before the pro-Western Romanovs seized power. Even under the first Romanovs, it retained its status, which did not please the new tsars. My ancestors fell out of favour because they were not on the side of the new dynasty and were not part of the "new" nobility. To consolidate his power, in 1682 Tsar Fyodor Alekseevich Romanov ordered the destruction of the Razryadnaya and Rodoslovnaya books, and in their place a new genealogical book was written - the Velvet Book. But in Europe, these books have survived to this day. The removal of the Levashovs from the royal court and from the affairs of state by the princely family lasted more than a hundred years. Only in difficult times for the fatherland did one of the branches of the family come close to the imperial court. Vasily Vasilyevich Levashov (1783-1848), a combat lieutenant general, was governor of Podolsk, Chernigov, Poltava and Kharkov. From 1838, he was a member of the State Council, and in 1847-1848, he was chairman of the State Council and the Committee of Ministers of the Russian Empire. He was a knight of all Russian orders. In 1833, Emperor Nicholas I elevated him to the rank of count (the princely title is passed down only to the main line of the family).

At the time when the revolution began, the family was not the richest in Russia, but it was nevertheless very wealthy. The family owned gold mines, stud farms, etc. So my ancestors had something to lose when the Great Russian Revolution happened. In one day, they lost everything except their lives and found themselves in a cattle car, along with other victims of fateful events, heading into the unknown. This is a trial that is far from easy for anyone, even for very strong people. And what is interesting is that many of them did not harbour resentment towards people, even though they had every right to do so.

It is a pity that what happened to him and many other people from the "former" will forever remain a mystery behind seven seals. There are almost no people left who could tell their descendants about those times. Millions of ruined souls and broken destinies, whose only fault was that they were born into unwanted classes. And most of these people could rightly be called the cream of the nation, which has crystallised from the people over more than a thousand years.

The revolution caught up with my grandfather, Vladimir Georgievich Levashov, in the prime of his youth (born in 1890) and... depriving him of everything and everyone, "transferred" him to Siberia, like practically all representatives of the aristocracy, nobility and other "parasitic" classes who, for one reason or another, were not shot on the spot. But unlike the majority of the first wave of repressed people in Siberia, my grandfather, his wife and daughter, born in Siberian exile in 1930, managed in the mid-1930s to move first to Kazakhstan and then to the North Caucasus, to the city of Kislovodsk, where in 1938 my father, Viktor Vladimirovich Levashov, on the very outskirts of this beautiful city, in a small one-room semi-basement apartment with all the "amenities" of the street.

Neither he nor my paternal grandmother, Marfa Yosifovna Babanina, who died in 1988 at the age of 86, said almost anything about their past, who they were, or what had happened to them, even when they were dying. Even in 1988, my grandmother was afraid that such information could harm her children and grandchildren. We can only guess what they had to go through and experience in their lives. It is entirely possible that it was only because they knew how to keep quiet that my father was born and, as a result, me, my older brother and my younger sister. The only thing my grandfather told my mother was that they were nobles from a wealthy family, knowing that this information would not reach the ears of others. And only after arriving in the United States, with the help of friends, was I able to learn something about my ancestors.

* * *

My mother, Valentina Petrovna Levashova (maiden name Andryushechko), was born in 1938 on a small farm in Vesely, Rostov Oblast, which is lost in the Salyan steppes. Her father, a Siberian, was a career military man from the "former". In 1941, he was sought after by the Motherland, or rather for his experience and knowledge of several languages, and carried out special tasks, the content of which even my mother's sister's husband, a colonel in the missile forces who once served in the USSR Ministry of Defence, could not understand anything about.

My maternal grandmother, Anna Sergeevna Andryushechko (maiden name Ishchenko), received a personal pension of 200 roubles (2,000 old roubles) for him. By comparison, my grandmother's brother's widow received a pension of three roubles (30 roubles in old money). Her second brother went to the front at the age of 17, having falsified his birth certificate. Three men from my family did not return from the war. And these are only my closest relatives.

As a child, my mother had unusual abilities, such as levitation, the ability to see the future and accurately diagnose problems with the human body, which later came in handy when she worked in a children's clinic. Fate took her to Kislovodsk, where in 1956 she enrolled in medical school, which she successfully completed and became a paramedic. In this resort town, she met my father, and the result of that meeting was their wedding and the birth of my brother, me, and my sister.

We all lived in a small room in the basement, which my father had converted from the basement of the room where his parents lived. But the basement remained a basement, its walls were damp all year round, as were our clothes, bed linen, etc. Two-thirds of the windows were "underground," and the only thing we could see when we "admired" the landscape were the feet of passers-by walking on the pavement. Since then, I have been unable to tolerate dampness. This is from an unpleasant childhood memory. However, most of my childhood memories are warm and joyful. My memories of nature are particularly vivid.

The yard of the house where we lived in the basement descended into the gorge of a mountain stream, which we called a ravine. This gorge became our playground. We descended the paths to the bottom of the gorge and climbed up the river into the mountains of breathtaking beauty. After fifteen to twenty minutes of walking, we found ourselves in almost wild nature. The "wildness" was slightly spoiled by the vegetable gardens where the neighbouring residents grew potatoes. But once we went a few kilometres into the mountains, the traces of civilisation almost completely disappeared.

The mountain pass, which we called a ravine, was actually quite impressive in size. A small river flowed through the bottom of the gorge, which during summer rains or prolonged rainfall turned into a powerful and turbulent stream that swept away everything in its path. From a bird's eye view, at the level of the ends of the gorge, we often watched as the raging mountain stream carried away buildings, cows and sheep, which mooed and bleated pitifully, sensing their inevitable death. Standing on "our" edge of the cliff, I could feel the fear and horror of these unfortunate animals on my "skin". Sometimes people also died in these torrents.

The gorge gradually widened, and on the banks of the river at the bottom of the gorge there were houses where people lived, and often, standing on my side of the gorge, I felt like the ruler of the world. In any case, there was an incomprehensibly sublime feeling of some kind of elation when you saw houses, streets, small figures of people and cars rushing about their business far below. To see people from such a height, you had to strain your eyes, and recognising anyone from such a height was impossible.

The "foreign" end of the cliff was seven or eight hundred metres from our end, and there were houses there where people lived. But life on the "foreign" edge of the precipice seemed to me like life in another world, one that never intersected with ours, even though it seemed to be flowing not far from us. As far as I can remember, I must have visited the "foreign" end of the gorge only twice. For such a " feat", we boys needed several hours. First, we had to descend to the bottom of the gorge from "our" end, jump over the rocks, cross to the other side of the mountain river and, puffing like steam engines, reach the " foreign" end of the gorge. Although we were used to running through our gorge, once we reached the " foreign" end of the gorge, we were horrified at the thought of having to walk back. In any case, we had never reached the "foreign" side of the gorge by normal means, because to do so we had to change several buses, and without a detailed map this was almost impossible, and we did not have such a map. And so, the "other" side of the gorge was for us, in the true sense of the word, a "distant" side, whose life we could still observe from our "own" side. Those who have lived in the mountains or at least been there will understand me well.

In fact, this gorge was our playground. All our games took place there or on the slopes of the mountains that surrounded the terrace where our street was located. Our house was on the outskirts of Kislovodsk, a few dozen houses away from the bus roundabout on Gagarin Street. Gagarin Street. On the opposite side of the street, there was a pioneer camp, whose fence reached almost to our yard. Beyond the bus circle, there were mountains whose slopes were planted with Christmas trees and other trees. On the western slopes, which received sunlight for most of the day, we often picked delicious strawberries, from which my grandmother made jam, albeit from what was left of the strawberries after we carried them from the strawberry bush to our bag. The "magically" ripe and juicy strawberries, whose fruits were quite large in our opinion, disappeared "mysteriously" somewhere! We brought home half-empty bags with great annoyance on our faces, without thinking about the traces of the "crime" written on our faces.

When we were very young, our duties included patrolling the water. The thing is, from time to time, water would flow from the street fountains, and whoever found water in

the taps had a good chance of getting water in buckets. Very often, after we found water in the tap, we would run across the street to get empty buckets, and once we managed to fill our buckets before everyone else, we would fill them with water and, puffing with effort, pull the buckets away from the fountain to make room for the next bucket. Then one of us would run across the road to fetch our mother or grandmother, who would carry the full buckets of water home.

Very often the pressure was very low and we had to wait fifteen to twenty minutes for the bucket to fill up. If we weren't the first to reach the one closest to the house and the pressure was low, we reluctantly ran to the other one, which was about two hundred to three hundred metres away from ours, but was much lower and always had stronger pressure. And even though we lived in a room that was almost entirely underground and with all the amenities "behind the plague," our childhood remained in our memory as a bright period of life, and this was mainly due to the majestic mountains that surrounded us from the first days of our lives.

I spent my entire childhood playing in the yard of our house before school, as I did not attend kindergarten. Due to the living conditions I mentioned, in early childhood we all had a lot of colds and other childhood illnesses, most of which we caught after visits from my cousin and brother, the children of my father's older sister, Aunt Nina. And they got sick in nurseries, which we didn't attend! It was only thanks to their visits that we got the full range of illnesses that go around in nurseries. Throughout my childhood, I spent perhaps a few weeks in kindergarten, and that was when my mother worked there as a paramedic. When she left, I didn't want to go to kindergarten, even though no one forced me to do so. Even as a child, I somehow didn't fit in with the herd rules of behaviour that were imposed on all children without exception. It was much more interesting for me to explore the majestic mountains than to repeat the same thing after everyone else.

My grandparents had a chicken coop and a fairly large cellar in their small vegetable garden. In this cellar, there were oak barrels filled with various pickles. In the autumn, the whole family would prepare for winter. Cabbage, cucumbers and tomatoes were salted in oak barrels. For this purpose, we picked leaves from the cherry and blackcurrant bushes that also grew in our vegetable garden. On such days, all the adults in our family would usually gather and chop specially selected varieties of cabbage and carrots, mix everything together, sprinkle it with salt, and add the aforementioned leaves and spices. When the next barrel was filled to the top, the barrel lid was placed on top and pressed down with a heavy stone to create the necessary pressure.

Very often, whole or half cabbages were placed between the chopped cabbage, which were very tasty after fermentation. The sauerkraut and pickled cucumbers were very strong, the cabbage crunched between the teeth and sprayed delicious juice, the pickled cucumbers were very strong and delicious, and when eaten, the crunching sound spread throughout the room. I had never eaten such sour cabbage, such sour cucumbers and tomatoes before.

My childhood memories also include the delicious buns my grandmother used to bake for tea. She usually prepared the dough with yeast in the evening, which was ready in the morning. From this dough, my grandmother made flat breads a few centimetres thick, which she cut into rectangles and trimmed the edges. She then threw them into boiling vegetable oil, where the dough puffed up in a few minutes, and the slits at the edges of the rectangles became like fingers and were served for tea, hot from the press. In my childhood, we drank tea the old-fashioned way, pouring hot tea from our cups into our saucers and drinking it from them, soaking up the delicious dumplings. That's how tea was drunk before the revolution, but I learned about this much later.

And another dish that I remember from my childhood and still prepare often, especially in winter. The onion was cut into thin strips, sprinkled with salt and

If you leave this simple dish to stand in a cool place for at least an hour, the bitterness of the onions passes into the vegetable oil and the aroma changes. And then, taking a piece of fresh white bread in one hand, preferably while the bread is still hot, we would scoop up the onions with a fork and dip the bread into the oil. Then, taking a piece of fresh white bread in one hand, preferably while the bread is still hot, and scooping up the marinated onions with a fork, we would pop everything into our mouths. The taste was always wonderful, and the benefits were even greater because this simple dish provided us with many vitamins, especially in winter when there were no fresh fruits and vegetables.

Even now, if I feel any weakness in my gums or teeth, I prepare this simple dish and the next day my teeth are strong and my gums are healthy. In fact, we were all very lucky because both my grandmother and my mother were incredible cooks! When we decided to make dumplings, it was a celebration for everyone. Everyone made dumplings, my grandmother and mother prepared the dough and minced meat, and everyone else acted as apprentices, with some of them tasked with placing a teaspoon of minced meat on the finished circle, and others wrapping this minced meat in a circle of dough, pressing down the edges. Each of them tried to shape the dumplings in their own way so that they could recognise "their" dumplings later. Then the finished pelmeni were thrown into boiling water and soon everyone devoured those very pelmeni. They were very tasty and juicy and at the same time disappeared from the plates incredibly quickly.

It so happened that in our family, everyone participated in similar culinary "projects": men, women, and us children. Of course, it was mainly the women who cooked — my grandmother and my mother — but in one way or another, everyone knew how to cook. And no one forced anyone to do it; on the contrary, in our family it was always believed that a woman cannot do something, but a man must be able to do everything! And the most interesting thing is that no one pressured us, the children, no one stood over us with lectures. It just happened that we ourselves, without any pressure from the adults, wanted to be useful in some way, and if one of us was assigned to do something, each of us tried to do the assigned task as well as possible so as not to be ashamed of ourselves.

And even though our children didn't do everything smoothly and beautifully. The adults in our family always explained and patiently showed us how to do things right. All this happened in a fun and friendly way, without mockery or insults. It was especially fun during the preparations for certain holidays. For the holidays, we usually prepared cold meats, lots of different salads, took delicacies reserved only for the holidays out of the refrigerator, and their pickles out of the cellar! And all the preparations for the real festive meal took place in the kitchen, which could only be called a kitchen conditionally. The gas stove stood in the hallway of the room, in the recess where the oven used to be. Nevertheless, everyone managed to fit into this makeshift kitchen, and all the culinary wonders were performed on a narrow table in the same hallway.

Of course, we prepared delicious meals on weekdays, but we children eagerly awaited the holidays, when there were many different delicious things to eat, and we ate our fill. Everyone especially loved New Year's Eve, when each of us received gifts from Santa Claus and when we all decorated the Christmas tree! In fact, the feeling of celebration somehow dulls with age; there are no such bright and sharp sensations as in childhood. And that is why children's expectations for a holiday, a kind of magical and fairy-tale state that is inherent only in children's perception, have been etched in my memory for a long time.

In 1967, my father, a builder, received a three-room apartment measuring 35.6 square metres in Mineralnye Vody, and we moved there from Kislovodsk. For all of us, this Khrushchev-era apartment seemed like a real palace after our damp basement. The rooms were dry and sunny, and the windows were on the fourth floor.

I still remember the joy we all felt when we moved into our new flat. My father made arrangements with someone, and a lorry arrived at our house, in which

the adults loaded our not-so-large belongings. The largest item was a light-coloured wardrobe, which later became our children's room. When everything was loaded, my mother and sister sat in the cab, while my brother Vovka and I climbed into the back with my father and made ourselves comfortable on bundles of clothes, pillows and blankets.

It was our first time travelling in the back of a lorry and our first time driving along the very picturesque road from Kislovodsk to Mineralnye Vody. My brother and I were very proud that we were allowed to travel in the back seat of a truck; it was a big event for us, and we thought it meant that we were no longer considered little kids. We travelled in May, the weather was sunny, the wind blew our hair at high speed, and I turned my head from side to side with curiosity. None of us wanted to leave Kislovodsk, our mountains, but we had no choice.

Before moving, my father had completely redecorated the new flat. Everything was clean and tidy, the walls were painted in pleasant colours and covered with elegant ornaments. Of course, everyone usually got flats with white walls and ceilings. But my father was a highly skilled professional, he had to paint the ceilings and walls of many buildings, and he painted many of the ornaments himself. Of course, he did not paint the ceilings in his apartment in Khrushchevka, but he did renovate it so that the apartment looked happy and sunny. At that time, there was no wallpaper, and to make the walls more cheerful, special rollers were used to apply ornaments or drawings to them. If everything was done tastefully, the flat turned out to be very beautiful and cosy.

When we moved into our new flat, we started to settle in. Since it was a new house in a new neighbourhood that was still under construction, all the other newcomers were also new. And we began to settle into our new place, where everything was unfamiliar to us. Water flowed from the tap, we didn't have to run outside to use the toilet, and most importantly, we had a whole room for all the children! The windows of our flat offered a magnificent view of Mount Zmey, which was named after the huge number of snakes that once loved to settle there. But after it was blown up to extract very strong stone, many animals, including snakes, left the beech and oak forests on its slopes.

The Pyatigorye area is a unique natural phenomenon. There is a fault in the Earth's crust at this location, through which magma rose to the surface but failed to break through, freezing in place and forming a unique natural phenomenon that cannot be found anywhere else on our planet. This is how the famous Pyatigorye appeared with its famous narzans, including hot ones, which are found only near volcanoes. Pyatigorye is also a powerful sacred centre where the energy of the planet rages in this unique node, a centre of power. It was here that the capital of Ruskolani, the city of Kya-2 or Kiev-2, was located, since the modern city in Ukraine has the number three! And the city of Kya-1 was once located in Western Siberia. Such are my native lands, which have the most, that is, a direct connection to the great culture of our Rus ancestors!

And so, for several years after we moved to Min-Vody, there were explosions in the Zmeyka Mountains almost every day. Before the explosion, a warning siren would sound, followed by an explosion that shook the windows of the houses and the houses themselves. At first, these explosions were strange, but then we all got used to them and didn't pay any attention to them. Even during the day, we dozed peacefully to the sound of the siren and the vibrations of the earth after the explosion. When the weather was good, we could see the snow-capped peaks of Elbrus from the windows of our apartment. In fact, my native land is rich in both the uniqueness of nature and the uniqueness of our ancestors' past, but that is a special conversation.

Meanwhile, after we arrived at our new place, we looked around and got to know our neighbours, who had come to our home from different places. Everyone

We longed for Kislovodsk, for our native mountains and freshness, especially in the summer. As it was a new place, the apartment was particularly hot in the summer. It so happened that our apartment was on the corner and, although the building was brick, in the summer the outer walls heated up and the apartment turned into a sauna, especially at night. The reason for this was that until the evening, the sun shone through our windows, first on one side, then on the other, and in the summer, winds blew from the Caspian deserts, which heated up the already hot bricks of the walls even more. But in late autumn and winter, for the same reasons, the walls were like ice.

It so happened that my bed was in the very corner of the room, which was in the corner of the house, and I was surrounded on both sides by hot walls in the summer and the same walls in the winter, only cold as ice. But we had our own children's room for three people - for me, my older brother and my younger sister. And for us, the new flat was like a palace compared to the basement we used to live in. In addition to the beds, there was a desk in the room where we did our homework when we all went to school, or more precisely, each of us had our own part of the desk, our own drawer, and we tried not to violate the established "state" boundaries.

Until I started school, I drew on my own territory, modelling with plasticine or clay that I "mined" myself in the nearest neighbourhood. I loved modelling different animals and people, and many people found my handicrafts very similar to the animals I modelled. T h e y were in motion, almost as if they were alive. I especially liked sculpting horses. Horses have always been magical creatures to me. I loved these noble animals with all my heart and dreamed of one day having my own horse. I loved them not only in theory, but also in practice. When we visited my grandmother Anya in the village of Kundryuchenski, lost in the salty steppes, I took every opportunity to hang around the horses.

Of course, the horses from the collective farm that my grandmother kept in the collective farm stable were not purebred, but it was always a great joy for me to ride at least a little with my grandmother in a carriage, to hold the reins and control the horse myself. When I was very young, my grandmother once asked me what I would like her to buy me, and I said, "Please, Grandma, buy me a stallion."

No one ever bought me a stallion, as the horses from the collective farm were not for sale, and where would I go with my own stallion, but at that time I did not think about that, and my own stallion was my childhood dream. And while I didn't have my own foal, I modelled horses and at least that way I had my own " stable". During the cold winter, when the damp and cold wind howled outside my window, when I had no desire to stick my nose outside, I would sit in my corner and start moulding colourful plasticine into lively fairy-tale troikas harnessed to the wonderful sleigh that Father Frost drove and on which he carried his gifts.

2. We skip kindergarten

In 1968, I became a pupil first at School No. 6 and then at School No. 7, which I graduated from in 1978 with two Bs on my diploma and several certificates. I will not dwell on this period of my life, as my school years differed little from those of my peers. Perhaps only in that I never missed classes, but I was always very happy when classes were cancelled for one reason or another.

My first school was located almost a kilometre from our home, and we all had to walk there in all weather conditions. My first teacher was Raisa Trofimovna, who taught us in the early grades and then taught Russian language and literature. After that, my mother worked at the same school in the medical centre, and when I caught a cold again, I was at home on sick leave. As I mentioned, after

moving into the new flat, I still got colds quite often for some time because of the "damned mines" in the previous flat in the basement.

I have never liked sycophants and sycophancy, and that is why Raisa Trofimovna did not like me. Once, when I went to class after catching a sore throat or cold again, she told the whole class that if Levashov sneezed once, his mother would not let him go to school. Until then, even though I wasn't Raisa Trofimovna's favourite, I had the best handwriting in the class and loved my native language and literature. But after her comment, which was totally unfair to both me and my mum, I declared war on my primary school teacher!

Of course, I declared guerrilla warfare on her, completely sabotaging her lessons. I stopped studying the subjects she taught. All this quickly affected my grades in those subjects, and when my mother found out, she reviewed my subjects, but despite everything, I continued my sabotage. This was my first protest, my strike against injustice and prejudice. Of course, in the end, I punished myself, but at the time I thought differently. I believed that someone as unfair as Raisa Trofimovna could not be a teacher, because I believed that teaching was a noble (precisely noble, not sacred, although I did not know that at the time) profession and that knowledge should only be imparted by pure and fair people, which this teacher was not.

In fact, I have always been very stubborn in my positions, never changing my opinion to please someone, not because I am a nihilist by nature, but because I believed that every opinion must be explained before I accept it. If there was no explanation, I did not accept that opinion, regardless of the consequences for me from my position. So here too, after I had come to the conclusion for myself that Raisa Trofimovna did not meet my idea of a teacher, I declared war on her.

I can only say that in my life, most of my teachers and lecturers at school and university were true professionals. So, during all my years of education, I only had such a conflict with one teacher. This does not mean that all teachers treated me very well; some of them did not like me because I asked uncomfortable questions and wanted to get to the bottom of everything, but they were more or less fair, and that was enough for me. Now I realise that I annoyed them with my pedantry, at least because they couldn't answer my questions, and they thought it was beneath them to admit that they couldn't provide an explanation.

After six years of studying at the first school in our neighbourhood, a new, modern school was finally opened. The school was within walking distance of our house, so I went there. I was already in seventh grade when I started attending, and I spent the rest of my school years within its walls. Some of my teachers moved to the new school, although there were also many new ones. All the students in my new class were newcomers like me. None of my "old" classmates ended up in my class, although there were a few people from my first school in other classes.

Like any other boy, I looked forward to the holidays, especially the summer holidays. However, my interests outside school differed in many ways from those of my classmates. I searched all the nearest ravines and personally checked the depths of all the streams, organised "scientific" expeditions in the vicinity of Mount Zmey, which did not meet with the desired understanding on the part of my mother. I often had to "destroy the traces" of these expeditions in the neighbouring streams and swamps by washing my trousers in the nearest stream and washing the mud off my shoes. And very often I had to show up for dinner with my clothes still wet, which of course did not go unnoticed by my mother, with all the consequences that followed. A lizard or a frog could often be found in my pockets. I brought home beetles and chicks that had fallen out of their nests, and sometimes I "helped" the chicks myself. They dragged me into the house and I tried to get them out and feed them, as well as the chicks, and quite often I succeeded.

Once, the children from my neighbourhood brought me a chick. The chick was still very small, without any feathers and with a huge yellow beak. Everyone around knew that I had to take in all the fluttering and lost chicks. But this time the chick was very small. It wasn't difficult to build a warm nest, but how could I feed such a baby? It couldn't eat grains or pieces of bread yet, so I decided to try feeding it what such babies are usually fed by their parents. To realise this idea, I had to work hard. Summer holidays are great because you don't have to get up early in the morning and go to school.

Actually, I never liked getting up early, but it so happened that I had to go to school and university in the morning, so I had to get up no later than 6:30 a.m. And it wasn't even that I couldn't get up early in the morning when I had to, I got up at 4:00 a.m. But usually there was only one thing that could motivate me to such a "feat" — fishing! That's what voluntary feats are all about, but when it's a necessity, it's a matter of compulsion, and you can't even talk about a "feat" if you want to. This peculiarity of mine only became clear to me much later, when I consciously began to explore my capabilities. And the reason I disliked waking up early so much was this.

During sleep, my essence moved away for a long time, causing my body to become very cold. After my essence returned to my body, it took some time for my body temperature to normalise. So, if I was forced to wake up before 8:30 in the morning (which I had to do almost my entire life), I was cold, regardless of the temperature in the room. My frozen body needed warmth, so I turned on the gas burners on the stove and stretched my arms over the rising jets of hot air from the gas flame and literally "drank" the heat with my hands, feeling the heat spread through my body and leave me. I usually drank at least a litre of hot tea and then returned to normal. Of course, in summer this phenomenon was not as strong as in autumn or winter, but still...

I would like to note that under normal conditions, I feel very comfortable and fine in extreme cold, and at the same time, my hands are warm and I do not freeze in conditions where most people start to freeze. This peculiarity of mine is solely related to my waking up earlier than my internal biological clock, which does not coincide with the usual, and is associated with the strong cooling of the physical body during the absence of the essence in it. And so, in the summer, after sunrise, my little bird began to chirp pitifully, asking for food. And every morning I got up at such an early hour and began my "hunt" for "game". The "game" was the big mosquitoes, as we called them - malaria mosquitoes, and I would run from entrance to entrance of our house, from the ground floor to the fifth floor, catching these mosquitoes. Usually, they came in large numbers at night, and when I returned home, I would stuff them into the wide-open beak of the yellow bird. Then my satisfied little bird would calm down and fall asleep, allowing me to go to bed and finish what I had missed.

This went on for quite a long time, until the chick grew up. It grew up, flew away and turned from a yellow sparrow into a sparrow, and a very cute one at that. It was completely tame and loved to sit on my shoulder, but when it grew up, my mother started feeding it more and it became very attached to her. Unfortunately, this story did not have a happy ending. One day, when I went to bed, I felt something moving in my bed. The strange rustling came and went until I decided to find out for myself what was rustling in my bed!

I had to turn on the light in the room and pull back the mattress on my bed, and what a surprise I had when I found my pet in the gap between the wall and the mattress. It had fallen from the window sill in the dark and got stuck between the wall and the mattress, and I had pressed it there without knowing. After that, it never recovered and died a few days later. This event was so absurd and therefore particularly unfortunate. But what

what happened happened, and it was impossible to change it.

Once I found an eel that had been hit hard with a hoe by someone who mistook the harmless eel for a snake, although I can't imagine how anyone could mistake an eel for a snake. It could barely move, and its cut wound was bleeding. I dragged it home, bandaged its wound as best I could, and made it a "house" out of a box, cutting a fairly large hole in the lid and placing this camp in the bathroom under the bathtub, and then I went on with my super important business. When I got home, I found the house in great turmoil.

The first to discover the "snake" in the bathroom was my younger sister Marina. She went into the bathroom to wash her hands after being outside and... heard a snake hissing, which she did not expect to hear there. Hearing the hissing of the "snake" instead of the rumbling of the water from the tap, my younger sister immediately "left" the bathroom area and went to look for help. It turned out to be my father, who had just returned from work. He was also puzzled by the hissing in the bathtub, as no one knew what reptile was hissing under the bathtub.

The thing is, after my manipulations, the injured one came to and crawled out of my "infirmary" through a "small" hole I had cut for good air circulation and hid among the jars standing under the bathtub. So, when I got home, everyone turned their heads in my direction with a silent question - what do we have there in the bathroom? However, the question quickly became audible, as everyone knew that this could only be my joke. A little nervous, I explained to my unwilling listener the story of the victim and my "heroic" actions to save her. As a result, I was assigned a no l e s s "heroic" mission to rid our bathroom of the restored horror. More "heroic" because, although it is not poisonous, it bites very hard. Anyway, I started poking around under the bathtub with my hand until I caught the little monster I had rescued. Then I took it far away from human habitation and set it free....

I could go on almost endlessly describing the many adventures, big and small, that I had more than enough of in my childhood, but I won't bore the reader with them because then I'll never get to the main point, which may actually be of interest to many. Of the oddities of my childhood, I can only recount one amusing phenomenon. In my childhood, I was never bitten by a dog, and I still have never been bitten by a dog. I would calmly approach even the most vicious and biting dogs, and they would not bite me, while all my peers had to run away from the same dogs to avoid being bitten by them. Those who failed to do so were bitten, and quite severely. From a distance, the dogs could still bark at me, but as soon as I approached, they began to lick me. The most surprising thing was that the mothers allowed me to take their puppies from under their noses, but as soon as even the person who fed the dog every day approached the babies, the mother growled and warned me that it was not advisable even for the owner to approach the babies. Of course, I later learned that dogs react quickly to the so-called smell of fear, which I did not experience in such situations, but I think it's not just that.

Every summer we went to the Kundryuchenski farm, and often my mother's sisters and their families came there at the same time. That's how almost the whole family got together. My grandmother's house, or rather my great-grandfather's, whom everyone called Grandpa Sergei, was filled with noise and bustle. Anyway, five children gathered in one place: the three of us and two cousins, one daughter each of my mother's sisters. We had two cousins who lived on the Kundryuchensko farm, so we were never bored. It just so happened that instead of the sea, we had the Kundryuchensko farm. Of course, we really wanted to see and swim in the sea, but the sea remained our childhood dream.

Of course, the sea is the sea, but near the Kundryuchenski farm there were more than enough places where you could splash around in the heat. Near this farm there were several lakes, each of which was two to three hundred metres wide and up to a kilometre long.

The water in these lakes was very clean, with a bitter-salty taste. We taught ourselves to swim in them, and the first time I swam along the shore "doggy style" and my pleasure knew no bounds! There were quite a few fish and crabs in these lakes. When we were little, we just watched from the shore as the adults cast their nets into the deep water and, after a while, pulled them back to shore with great difficulty. The nets contained large fish and crabs, which we also helped to remove from the nets. Of course, this did not happen every day, but for us children, such days turned into a celebration.

When we grew up, we tried fishing with rods and hooks, but the fish weren't biting very well, so there was no joy in the process. The only thing that gave us a positive boost was catching bullheads and chub. The chub, in particular, was so incredibly eager to bite that it was worth just casting the rod, as the float would go under the water almost immediately. And very often, when pulling the rod out of the water, there would be two or three fish on the hooks at once. We had a competition between us to see who could pull out two or three fish at once the most times! Although the chubs and bullheads were small, the very process of catching them gave us a lot of joy. My father often went fishing with us and enjoyed the chub and silver bream we caught as much as we did. We usually sat on the stone dam wall of the lake, which was quite deep. We made our own fishing rods, no more than a metre long, and attached three or four hooks to the line.

Once, during a fishing trip, a very funny incident occurred. My brother Vladimir, who had just pulled his fishing rod out of the water, turned awkwardly and fell backwards into the reservoir. He went completely under the water, and when he submerged, his eyes were wide open, and his rather long hair moved under the water like seaweed. The situation was simply comical; he came out onto the embankment completely wet, as he had fallen into the water with his clothes on. We all laughed at him for this, but our humour quickly faded because a few minutes after his unusual swim, he pulled out a carp weighing less than a kilo, and ten minutes later, one weighing a kilo and a half! None of us caught anything like that, even though we were all sitting on the same dam wall, half a metre apart. Apparently, the "water miller" had decided to restore his reputation after his swim. He looked at all of us with a certain superiority when we were carrying small fish, while he had a decent catch in his cage!

I remember when we used to catch crabs with our hands. Crabs always stay in their holes during the day, so to catch crabs with your hands, you had to find those holes. The shores of the lakes were clayey, so we just had to find the nearest underwater rock on the shore and find holes for crabs in that rock, which were terraced. Usually, after finding a small vertical difference in depth under the water, you start walking along this rock as far as the depth allows. At the same time, you probe this ledge with your foot for the presence of burrows. When, during such probing, your foot found a burrow, without pulling your foot out of it, you had to dive and, at the same time, pulling your foot out of the burrow, put your hand in it. If this was not done, the awakened crab would quickly jump out of its hole and then it would not be possible to catch it. If the crab is in its burrow, it is immediately recognisable as it begins to dig with its leg, covering the exit from the hole.

When you put your hand in the hole, you try to grab the crab by its claws and pull it out of the hole to throw it on the shore, where it will be immediately removed. But the crab does not wait for you to grab it by its claws, but starts to go deep into its hole, and you always had to put your hand in the hole to get it out. Sometimes the holes were so deep that you had to put your arm in the hole up to your shoulder, and it was not always possible to get the crab, which defended itself with its claws. But this way, you couldn't catch many crabs because you weren't the only one going through these rock pools to check on the inhabitants.

The real paradise for crabs for us boys came to earth one summer when

we came to Kundryuchka, when we were already teenagers. My grandmother's neighbour had two sons our age, and once we talked to them about how you can't catch many crabs with your hands, etc. Imagine our surprise when they told us that they had a small, thirty-metre garden and that if we wanted, we could all go fishing and catch crabs together. We agreed without hesitation and, carrying our reeds and sacks, we went to one of the nearest lakes, which was used for irrigation in the summer and was therefore shallow, otherwise it would have been very difficult to pull the reeds through the depths.

The crabs came out of their holes in the evening, when the sun began to set behind the horizon. So we had an hour and a half before night fell on the mirror of the lake, when it was impossible to see anything. That's why, after quickly setting up the fishing rod, we usually started fishing. Some of us went to the shore with the fishing rod, while others dragged the other end of the fishing rod into the depths. After passing with the unfolded reed a little along the shore, we began to walk slowly with the far end towards the shore, trying not to have any free water between the near end of the reed. If there were no obstacles or anything else in the water, we managed to prevent the fish and crabs caught in the net from escaping, and then we brought a rich catch of fish and crabs ashore. After several such trips with the reed, we got several buckets of good fish and a sack of crabs.

After we dragged everything home, we shared everything like brothers, and almost every evening we had a bucket of fish and half a bag of crabs, which were immediately boiled in a large pot, and then we all sat down together at a large table where everyone could sit and we started eating the freshly boiled crabs! And so it was almost every day during that wonderful summer. And that summer was remembered for the crabs we destroyed in huge quantities, and no one was afraid of "eating" another person because we often had the opportunity to eat crabs.

In fact, the summer month in Kundryuchka (as we called the farm for short, Kundryuchenski) was always special for all of us. We would escape from our hot summer apartment to the almost untouched nature of the Russian countryside and spend time together with our cousins and brothers. The Kundryuchenski farm was our only meeting point, and it was the only place where we could communicate with each other. At that time, we did not have a telephone at home, so my mother kept in touch through letters and occasional telephone calls, when it was necessary to go to the post office and wait for a connection in the intercom room, and after sometimes waiting an hour and a half for a connection, we would quickly jump into the booth indicated by the operator and, most often with very poor hearing, shout something into the receiver without understanding anything, only to hear the operator's voice in the receiver warning us that we had one minute left to talk.

So the only opportunity I had to communicate with my closest relatives on my mother's side was during trips to my grandmother's village during the summer holidays. The house had a fairly large garden, covering almost a hectare, which was very rare in Soviet times. The garden was laid out by my great-grandfather, who kept it in perfect condition until his death in 1974; the ground in the garden was always cleared of weeds, and the tree trunks were always painted with lime. Grandfather Seryozha (as we called our great-grandfather) was a breeder, grafting several varieties of apples and pears onto one tree. I remember seeing cellophane bags tied around each fruit apple on the fruit trees. He also created a magnificent park, which started on the other side of the street from the orchard and covered a huge area. This park was his pride and joy, not only for the Kundryuchenski farm, but also for the neighbourhood and beyond. I have not seen many parks of such beauty.

In fact, this park was a real wonder. In the middle of the Salina steppes, where apart from the planted forest belts there have never been any forest plantations, you suddenly find yourself in the middle of a real forest thicket, where only on the meadows does the sunlight break through

the surface of the earth, but you only have to go to the neat, sand-covered paths... and you are back in civilisation. For us, this park was a fairy-tale forest, the place of our childhood games. We took every strange shadow for a lion or a bogeyman, a monster or a ghost. The park became especially mysterious and magical at dusk, when it filled with unfamiliar bird and animal sounds. At night, dusk quickly faded away, the park was completely plunged into darkness, and we, still small children at the time, tried to get out of there as fast as we could. It was only later that lanterns were installed along the main paths, but until then, when the sun set, the park was covered by the blanket of the southern night. In fact, the nights in these places were special. As night fell, the sky was lit up by huge stars that seemed close enough to touch....

In fact, summer was not always a time of inactivity. First, we had our duties in the village, although they were not difficult. We ourselves were interested in many things and offered our help wherever we could. I often undertook some kind of project of my own. For example, I started making stools and other wooden crafts with my own hands. The hardest part was finding suitable wood, as many of the boards that could be found in the yard were scraps left over from previous projects. Or there were scraps of different sizes that Grandfather Sergei kept in the shed. So, after finding more or less suitable boards, I started my work. I still feel an extraordinary sensation when, with each movement of the plane, a rough, unassuming-looking plank becomes smooth and pleasant to the touch, with a beautiful grain clearly visible. And when, after a while, instead of a pile of boards, the simplest little chair is born under your hands, you cannot help but feel an incomparable joy that you have made it with your own hands.

During the summer holidays, we had to deal with more serious matters. During his holidays or on weekends, my father did strange work. As he was a top-class expert in his field, he often received offers to renovate apartments or carry out urgent work when finishing touches needed to be completed quickly and to a high standard before the properties were handed over to the acceptance committee. Once, my father received an offer for good money to complete finishing work at the hospital in the regional centre of Orel, to which the Kundryuchensky farm belonged. My father agreed and took us boys with him. This time, linoleum had to be laid in the hospital building. First, we had to sweep up all the construction debris, which turned out to be a lot, and not just sweep it up, but sweep it thoroughly so that there was not a single speck of dust left. To remove the dust, we constantly sprayed the floor with water and only then did we start using coarse brooms, and then the best brooms.

After such thorough cleaning, my father would prepare the concrete floor, often making the plaster perfectly smooth. And then the real work would begin. We unrolled the rolls of linoleum and began to cut it with a special knife according to the size of the specific room. My father showed me how to cut the linoleum correctly, and then I did it myself, which made his work much easier. After cutting the linoleum to the size of the room, my brother and I rolled it up again, and my father, after preparing a special adhesive, applied a thin layer of glue to the concrete, and my brother and I began to roll the pre-cut pieces of linoleum onto the glue. But we didn't just roll it out, we crawled on our knees across the concrete, which in itself was not a pleasant activity, and the rags specially set aside for this purpose squeezed the air out from under the linoleum so that there were no air bubbles. For me personally, crawling on my knees on the concrete floor was not only unpleasant, but also very painful.

The thing is, on my shin bones, just below the knee joint, I have symmetrical bone growths that protrude enough to make kneeling almost impossible. If I had to kneel, it was always accompanied by quite severe

pain because I had to kneel on these bony protrusions on my tibial bones. It seems that nature has genetically programmed me to be unable to kneel, either literally or figuratively. You won't find such bone spurs on human shinbones in anatomical atlases, at least I've never come across them. But their presence in my case is not the result of some kind of bruising, after which such bone calluses grew. If only because bone calluses appear either at the site of fractures, which I have never had, or at the site of constant bruising, which I have also never had. So, in order to somehow reduce the pain of crawling on my knees on the concrete floor, I wrapped towels around my knees, which at least slightly softened the pressure on my bones, gritted my teeth and was able to do what was required. And so, overcoming the pain, I crawled on my knees across the concrete floor, squeezing air bubbles out from under the linoleum.

But then it was a pleasure to look at the perfectly even floor and feel that I had contributed to it. Thanks to our help and my brother's help, my father was able to finish the job quickly, and then my parents used the money to buy a large carpet with Shishkin's painting "The Three Bears" woven into it, and my brother and I were proud to have participated. It didn't even occur to my brother and me to ask for anything for ourselves for our participation in this work. And not only in this case, I often had to help my father when he worked part-time during the summer or on weekends, and I never thought that I should be given pocket money for this — everything went into the family budget, and I thought and still think that this is the only right decision. And it's not even that we couldn't find anything to spend the money we earned on, but I, for example, have always believed that if my parents clothe and feed me and I live on the money they earn, it can't be considered "my" personal money, at least while I live in my parents' home. And I didn't start thinking this way when I became an adult myself, but when I was a boy.

In our family, finances were managed by my mother, who had to allocate money so that there was enough for food for the whole month and to buy the necessary things, both for general use and for clothes for everyone. My parents did not favour anyone, they bought things according to need, not on a whim. When I was very young, I had to wear my older brother's clothes, but I quickly caught up with him and overtook him in growth, so new things were bought for me more often, and sometimes he had to wear my clothes, which he didn't like at all, it was a habit. In fact, I tried not to ask my parents to buy me anything, as I realised that if they had the opportunity, they would buy me something without me asking. That didn't mean I didn't want anything, I just didn't want to bother my mother by asking her.

Once, when we had just moved from Kislovodsk to Mineralnye Vody, she and I went to "Children's World", which was then located near the railway station, and there my older brother, seeing a toy, began to beg my mother to buy it for him. At that time, my mother did not have any extra money for toys, but my brother kept insisting. I felt and saw how uncomfortable my mother felt in front of other people, that she could not buy her son the toy he liked, and then I decided for myself that I would never do such a thing. The only thing I allowed myself from time to time was to ask my mother to buy fish for the aquarium, and that was because the aquarium was for everyone, even though I did most of the work on it myself. Although I did a lot of things for our fish myself.

Once, my friend Volodya Kozirev gave me his large old aquarium, which was leaking badly. To make it usable, I squeezed out the old glass, cleaned off the old paint and putty, and was left with the metal frame of the aquarium. I cleaned everything of rust with sandpaper, and at my request, my father brought me some oil paint from work, the appropriate thickness of glass, and I began to recreate the aquarium. I painted the frame, cut the glass to size, mixed a special putty, and there we were... all the glass was in

place, the extra putty was removed, and after it had dried, I poured water into the aquarium I had made with some excitement. It didn't leak, it looked like new, and so we had an aquarium of almost 100 litres in our flat! When that happened, I was infinitely happy that the fish had so much space. I loved watching the life of the fish in the aquarium, I could sit and watch my favourite fish for hours. When I watched the fish, I would sink into a strange state of calm, time seemed to stop, life in the aquarium seemed unusual to me, it felt like I was looking through the glass of the aquarium into another, mysterious world, as if I were watching life on another planet.....

I could go on describing it endlessly, but that would not be very interesting for those reading these lines. I have simply tried to recreate the atmosphere of my childhood, those thoughts and feelings that were born in my soul at that time and most of which have remained unchanged throughout my life, even though I drew my conclusions as a small child. For example, observing the behaviour of drunk people, in particular my father, who was not shy about fighting the "green snake", destroying it in the true sense of the word, I told myself that I did not want to look so ridiculous, etc., and I made the decision never to drink alcohol in any form, and I have not changed my mind on this issue to this day. I did not care at all what others would say about this, I had my opinion and over time I became even more convinced of the rightness of my decision.

In addition to loving animals and plants, I also loved to draw, teaching myself by making pencil reproductions of paintings by old masters. I was particularly fascinated by the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, Vasnetsov and Bryullov.

Using either a simple pencil or coloured pencils, I tried to get as close as possible to the originals of these old masters. Modern art evoked almost no reaction in my soul. I invented and drew designs for various devices and machines, and received diplomas for some of them. Once, when I had to paint the floors of our school with a brush and roller during a school practical, I went home and quickly invented a machine that could do it quickly and efficiently.

I quickly made all the necessary drawings and sent them to the editorial office of "Young Technician" and when I had already lost hope of a reply, one day a letter arrived from the editorial office informing me that my proposal had been selected from among other proposals by young technicians and that I would probably soon receive a diploma from the editorial office. A few months later, I received my diploma, which my mother still keeps to this day. I also loved working with wood. I still remember the feel of the surface of the board after I had used a plane on it... At school, I became quite proficient with metal-cutting and woodworking machines. And, of course, I read. Sometime after fourth grade, I began to read voraciously, rereading several times my father's quite good and quite large library for that time, everything I could find interesting in the school and city libraries, and whatever my father, brother, and sister brought home that was interesting to read. Fiction books, adventure books, history books, fairy tales, and just good books, regardless of the subject matter, became my friends.

My enthusiasm for books did not interfere with my studies in any way; on the contrary, it was very helpful. In fact, I read books on physics, astronomy, biology, philosophy, history, geology, anthropology, etc. Besides, it took me no more than half an hour to prepare for class. The only thing I didn't have the heart for was learning English. It was somehow dead to me. All the other subjects were extremely interesting to me. I never liked simple maths homework; it was like writing a thousand times that two plus two equals four. That's why I didn't do my maths homework several times, considering it pointless. But our maths teacher, Lydia Akimovna, didn't think so. She understood perfectly well that homework was like seeds to me, but she couldn't allow me not to do my homework

otherwise everyone who found maths a bit of a burden could refer to me and they would be right. So she gave me a few fives for my homework without writing them in the class register.

I usually managed to solve not only my own maths test, but also everyone else's, and I had time to help others. So she couldn't give me a failing grade in my report card, but I found a compromise so that I wouldn't have to do what I considered to be stupid work and at the same time I wouldn't get a failing grade in my report card. I solved only a few examples from each of the ten problems and didn't do the rest. And my little childish trick worked flawlessly. When Lydia Akimovna checked my homework, I showed her the solved tasks, and when she asked me about the rest of the similar tasks, I told her that I had some questions about them that I would like to discuss with her before solving them further.

Lydia Akimovna understood perfectly well what was behind this, but she couldn't do anything about it, because I showed her that I was really working on my homework and had nothing to complain about. And when she decided to get me in trouble and asked me what questions I had when solving certain problems, I, to her surprise, threw various questions at her, the discussion of which took us almost the entire lesson, and then she stopped doing it. However, every time I used this trick, her hand would flash above my head as if she was going to slap me, and I would always reflexively duck my head into my shoulders. In this way, she always evened the score, which, thanks to this, always remained 1:1!

In practice, everything was very easy for me; it was enough to listen carefully to the teacher's explanations once or read the textbook once to remember the material. And most of my teachers at school were real teachers. And I never complained about my memory, even though, unfortunately (or fortunately), I did not have a photographic memory. Nevertheless, the material I learned did not "fly out" the other ear.

At school, when the time came, I became an eighth grader like everyone else, and when the time came, I was one of the first to join the Komsomol, and I was even elected to the school Komsomol committee every year. I never liked to engage in empty talk, which was practically all that Komsomol leaders at all levels did. I got involved in the labour sector at school and started doing real things for the school instead of passing idiotic resolutions that no one needed and no one implemented, but the Komsomol "activists" who proposed them earned points for their future public careers.

Instead, I was involved in decorating the school rooms, almost all of which were decorated by my own hands or with my active participation. In addition, I ran two clubs for the younger grades - biology and shooting, which is not surprising. The thing is, I was a pretty good shot and I've always liked guns. I was on very good terms with our military instructor and very often, after finishing decorating the classrooms, I would go to him, take an air rifle with a pack of cartridges and go to the workrooms, where special stands had been made to catch these cartridges.

The design of this catcher was very simple. Thick foam was glued to a sheet of plywood and that was it... the catcher was ready. Very often, the other boys and I would organise competitions to see who could score the most hits in a match, for example. The winner was the one who scored the most hits from the same distance in a minute or two. Once you had a weapon, it wasn't that difficult to hit the target; the most important thing was to have experience with this or that weapon. When our military instructor saw that I was a pretty good shot, he offered me to lead a shooting club for younger classes.

At school, I noticed contradictions in the system of ideas about nature. But I didn't attach much importance to it because I assumed that the school education system was

nothing more than the basics of ideas about nature and that only higher education gives an idea of the whole picture of the universe

* * *

After graduating from high school, I was faced with the question: where should I go to study? I wanted to cover everything, which was basically impossible. At that time, university was something unattainable and inaccessible in my mind, and I decided that I shouldn't even try to get into the Faculty of Physics. My second interest was biology, so I decided to go to Irkutsk University, to the Faculty of Biology, which I was advised was one of the best universities in the Union, with one of the best biology schools. My parents did not try to influence my decision and, after equipping me, they put me on a plane and I left for the glorious city of Irkutsk, located on the banks of the Angara River, close to the amazing Lake Baikal. The taiga shocked me; I had never seen anything like it before. An almost solid forest massif began just outside the city limits.

At one point, I prepared for the entrance exams with a two-volume biology textbook by the American scientist Wiley, which, as it turned out later, corresponded to two biology courses at the university. I knew the material practically by heart and, as a result, passed the oral biology exam without preparation with distinction, as well as the chemistry exam. But I failed the essay. As it turned out later, the quota for Russians had already been filled, and priority had to be given to "small nations" for higher education, most of whom, for some reason, were Jewish children. I applied to the evening faculty and had already passed one exam with flying colours when I was asked to vacate the dormitory. I tried to remove one corner, but failed and was forced to withdraw my documents.

The admissions committee tried to convince me not to do it, but there was nothing else I could do. I returned home and after a while started working at Civil Aviation Plant No. 411 in Mineralni Vodi, where I worked until May 1979. I was assigned to the radio workshop, in the so-called precious metals group. My job was to extract gold, platinum and silver from worn-out radio equipment. This "extraction" consisted of all of us dismantling this obsolete equipment into parts, breaking various types of relays, switches, etc. with hammers. As is clear from the description, the work is very "creative". However, I managed to make it creative for myself. I simply decided to compete with myself, in other words, I decided to set myself a task - how many relays, for example, I could break in an hour, preferably without hitting my fingers. Then I set myself the task of breaking five more relays, and so on.

As a result, this tedious, meaningless work took on the meaning of overcoming myself and began to bring me moral satisfaction when I managed to complete the task assigned to me. Several young men worked with me in this group, who had come to this job after leaving the army. The foreman had graduated from the physics faculty at the university. He couldn't support his family on a teacher's salary and had to join the "working class". The only woman in the group was the accountant. When I showed up for work on my first day, they immediately "put me through my paces", as they do with everyone everywhere. And when it turned out that I didn't drink, smoke, swear, go out, etc., I was told authoritatively that in less than a month I would be "one of them". I think it's not difficult to guess what they meant by that. But after less than a month... they all swore to me that they would stop drinking, smoking, and swearing. For every swear word, a fine of ten kopecks was imposed, so that the money could be used for cultural activities.

And as strange as it may seem at first glance, this piggy bank remained almost empty. And if someone else habitually uttered a swear word, my boys apologised for it. They opened their hearts to me and sought support in difficult times. The teacher and I discussed and argued about questions of physics and astronomy, and I almost always came out on top.

disputes. This is probably difficult for most people to imagine, but it happened and I didn't think it was anything special. I was just sure that I could convince them that I was right, and nothing more. At the time, I was very naive to think that all it took was to explain the essence of the problem to the person correctly in order for them to change their bad habits. I could only rely on my experience and seriously assumed that this happened to everyone.

I worked at the factory until mid-May 1979, after which I quit my job and began preparing to enrol at Kharkiv University, in the Faculty of Radiophysics. At that time, the Kharkiv Faculty of Radiophysics was considered the best in the Union.

This time I went to the city of Kharkiv. I passed the oral exams in physics and mathematics with excellent grades, two written exams with Cs, and... I became a student. Those Cs were the first and last ones during my studies at the university. Interestingly, the written exam in mathematics included problems from sections of higher mathematics that were not taught in schools. Before entering university, I not only completely refreshed the school mathematics curriculum, but also studied a lot of additional mathematics. And yet, some of the problems on the written exam were simply unfamiliar to me. This system allowed them to control who could become a student and who could not. It was enough for the "desirable" candidates to undergo " special" training before the entrance exams, and if you weren't a complete idiot, admission was guaranteed.

Very often, the written mathematics exam questions are prepared by the same people who prepared the "desirable" candidates. This tactic was used almost everywhere, not just in mathematics. Many of these "desirable" candidates, who had received top marks and low marks on their entrance exams, barely passed the first session with average marks, like everyone else. A few of them were expelled. I wrote this not so much to show how "wonderful" I am, but to show the existing system of control over applicants in the Soviet Union, which allowed only representatives of "small nationalities", or rather one "small nationality", to be admitted to higher education institutions.

Everything seemed legitimate, even the printed books for university applicants with all the examples from the entrance exams in mathematics, physics, etc. Incidentally, I also used them to prepare for the entrance exams. However, if the candidate does not know what to expect on the written exams this year, the probability of him (or her) becoming a student is very low. Even talent does not guarantee success. Whereas the " properly" prepared grey-haired person is guaranteed to become a student. A mean, hypocritical system for controlling higher education. Although at first glance it seems quite decent. Of course, I didn't realise this back then, during my student years, when everything seemed fair and right. But only now, when I had to mentally go back to my youth and look at the events that happened from the perspective of my experience and understanding that came with age.

In this way, right under everyone's nose, the myth of the "chosen ones" and the "special qualities" of the little people was created, as well as the supposed stupidity and ignorance of the Slavs, even though there is plenty of that (stupidity and ignorance) among us too. However, in the name of justice, someone must tell the truth about "equal" opportunities with equal abilities.

* * *

But at that time, after I had become a student, I did not understand all this and looked at the world with rather naive eyes and was ready to "dive headfirst" into the world of science. In the first session, I had only one fail out of six exams. In the summer session, I got straight As. And so it went on, almost every session. I mention this for one reason only: I studied seriously, although I did not torment myself with excessive diligence. Everything came easily to me, without much stress.

After defending my thesis in the Department of Theoretical Radiophysics, which in

In 1984, I was considered an elite student in my faculty, but they sent me to the army as an officer for two years without even asking me to join. Apparently, my right to freely choose my place of assignment among the top graduates was again an injustice to the long-suffering "small nations" and a manifestation of Great Russian chauvinism. But I am even glad that it turned out this way. After receiving the best natural science education, I still could not find answers to the questions and explanations of the contradictions that I had noticed at school. Traditional science proved completely incapable of explaining natural phenomena.

A negative scientific result is also a positive result, as it tells you in which direction you should not continue your search. Unlike most other people who have come to this conclusion, I had two other alternatives in reserve. As for where I got them, some explanations are in order.

Unusual phenomena began to happen to me in my early childhood. I only learned about some of them later from my parents' stories. The first strange phenomenon occurred when I was still a baby. My mother went out to the toilet and asked my father, who had just returned from work, to rock me until she came back.

My father was very tired and decided to sit down for a while. He sat down, warmed up, got comfortable and fell asleep instantly. He probably slept for a few minutes, but when he woke up, he couldn't find me in his arms. He was terribly frightened, looked down and saw a strange sight. My body was standing upright with my head down, which is impossible in itself, as my neck would have broken instantly.

The thing is, during the first few weeks, a baby's cervical vertebrae are mainly cartilage, which has not yet hardened and is unable to support even the weight of the head, let alone the whole body. My cervical vertebrae were no exception. For some reason unknown to my father, my diapered body was hanging vertically above the floor without touching it. It was as if someone invisible had grabbed my legs and was holding me until my father woke up and grabbed me in his arms. He was so frightened by what had happened that he did not immediately tell my mother, rightly expecting serious reprimands from her.

At the same age, I had bilateral pneumonia and was in critical condition. My mother, who is a doctor herself, without waiting for a doctor to be called, gave me an injection of penicillin, and when the local doctor came to the house, he told my mother that if it hadn't been for the injection she had given me herself, I would not have needed an injection or anything else. A day later, the inflammation was gone, even though I was still in the same damp room in the basement where my parents were living at the time.

As I understand it now, I was saved not by an injection of antibiotics, which did not help many others in the same situation, but by a powerful healing impulse, the release of the life force of a mother who did not want to lose her child. In such a situation, any normal mother would want to save her child from death, but not every mother is a sleeping witch whose abilities are revealed in critical situations and during powerful emotional outbursts.

Another unusual event happened to me when I was three or four years old. Every summer, when my parents were on holiday, we visited the Kundryuchenskoye farm in the Rostov region, which was lost among the Salinsky steppes. There, my maternal grandmother had a large house with a large garden (in Soviet times), where the families of her three daughters gathered in the summer.

My great-grandfather was a very good gardener and his vegetable garden was considered the best in the neighbourhood, and not only in the neighbourhood. He planted acacia trees along the fence, which had grown into huge trees by the time we were children. Their shade and the shade of the mulberry trees growing around the house and farm buildings provided welcome shade for all the animals, including us.

My great-grandfather built many ladders for the chickens to climb up to the upper branches of the acacia trees, where they often spent the night in summer, preferring the soft coolness of the southern night to the stuffy chicken coop, which heated up so much during the day that it was as hot as a bath. Once, my brother, who was less than two years older than me, suggested that I climb the "chicken" ladder to the upper branches of the acacia trees. At not quite three years old, I was very different from who I am today, but I was no chicken either.

At one wonderful moment during my heroic ascent of my first Everest, an unfortunate misunderstanding occurred. One of the crossbeams broke for some "unknown" reason... and I went into free flight. But, unfortunately, unlike those chickens, I had no wings and, as usually happens in such cases, I decided, as a future experimenter, to personally test the law of universal gravitation and flew down towards the fence.

But this time I failed to complete my first "scientific experiment". Between two neighbouring acacia trees growing along the fence, a dog chain was stretched, and I "calmly" hung on this chain, without flying not only to the ground but also to the fence. I hung there... and began to "ponder" the meaning of life between heaven and earth, literally and figuratively.

My "philosophising" continued until an "independent observer" — my older brother — found and explained to my parents where and why his younger brother Tolka was. It was very difficult for my father to translate his message into Russian because at that time my older brother could not pronounce not only the letter K, but also the letter R.

After the successful transfer, once I had received the exact coordinates of the accident site, the rescue expedition, led by my father, set off on the operation, which ended successfully with my ceremonial removal from the wire in question. The moment was so solemn and joyful that I was not even charged for my first scientific experiment.

Childhood memories of summer are the most vivid and pleasant. When you remember those times, the memories are so strong that you can almost feel your toes sinking into the warm, fluffy dust of the dirt roads we ran barefoot on with the immense joy that is only possible in childhood.

No less delightful and interesting were the puddles that appeared on the same roads after summer thunderstorms with lightning and thunder, when the air flowed into your lungs like honey, saturated with ozone and freshness. With every strike of lightning, you felt something mysterious and incomprehensible that made your soul tremble and filled you with something inexplicably beautiful.

I had many adventures, without which it is impossible to imagine the fate of any boy. But I would not like to bore anyone with my childhood impressions, even though they recreate the atmosphere of my perception of life, without which it would be very difficult to understand how I came to such a life and its understanding. Therefore, I will limit myself to what I have already said and move on to those events in my life that are directly related to the circumstances that made me think that something was happening to me that was not happening to anyone else.

* * *

When I was five and a half years old, something happened to me that surprised everyone except me, because at the time I simply did not see anything special in it. It happened on the same farm in the Salsk steppes. The apiaries where my grandmother worked were located five to ten kilometres from the farm, and in those days they were reached by horse-drawn carts. Sometimes my grandmother took us with her.

I have loved horses since I was a child, and riding them, even harnessed, was one of my most cherished

my desires, which I could not say about my stay in the apiary. The fact is that as a child I was very swollen from a bee sting and because of this, to put it mildly, I did not like bees very much, especially when they started circling around me. So whenever I had the opportunity to return home, I was very happy to do so.

On one of these trips home, as we were passing a field of sunflowers, the cart driver suggested that I cut myself a hatful of sunflowers, which were simply enormous in that field. The knife was made of fine steel and was very sharp. I bent the plant over, wrapped my left arm around the stem under the sunflower head and... with one swift movement, I cut it off and, whether by inertia or by the excessive force of such a sharp knife, I cut my hand in the wrist area, where the thumb joins the hand.

I pulled my arm away and saw that where the blade had touched, a fairly deep wound had appeared. I watched in amazement as blood spurted from it almost instantly. The wheelwright gave me a newspaper, which I used to wrap my cut hand. I have never been afraid of pain and have never cried in such situations, even as a baby. This was not my first cut, and I calmly waited for the bleeding to stop.

I didn't want to be scolded by my mother for my carelessness, and the best solution for me and the driver, who was more frightened than I was, was to hide the traces of the crime. We had different reasons for doing so, but the goal was the same. However, for reasons unknown to me at the time, the blood quickly soaked through the newspaper wrapped several times around my arm. I didn't like it, I lost a lot of blood, I turned pale and felt that I would probably not be able to avoid being scolded. And I really didn't want that.

So, to stop the bleeding, I pressed my right hand against the wound on the newspaper and began to think about how the blood would finally stop flowing from the wound. At that point, I already knew that the blood could flow out completely, with all the consequences that would entail, and I really did not want to test that fact on my own experience. After a few minutes, the heavy bleeding stopped, and after a few more minutes, the blood stopped completely, which made me extremely happy. When I arrived at the farm thirty or forty minutes later, the wound on my wrist had healed.

When my mother and her younger sister, who was also a medical worker, saw me with a bloody arm, or rather with a bloody newspaper wrapped around my arm, they were very frightened at first, but when I got rid of the unnecessary newspaper, they were even more surprised than frightened. They studied such an insignificant (from my point of view) wound for a long time, and the more they studied it, the greater their surprise became, which was completely incomprehensible to me. The only positive thing for me was that they did not punish me and did not forbid me from returning to my "super" important things - playing and exploring with my friends a huge, as it seemed to me then, magnificent park, unexplored and full of secret "thickets", which began on the other side of the road from the house.

The surprise of the family doctors was completely incomprehensible to me at the time. And I remained in this state of ignorance until I began studying anatomy in the eighth grade at school. Only then did I understand the reason for the almost shocking surprise of my mother and her sister. During my adventure, I accidentally cut open the radial artery on my left arm, almost like with a scalpel. Of course, the pressure in this artery in the wrist area is not as high as in the shoulder area. But according to all the rules of medicine, arterial bleeding does not stop on its own or at the will of the person who has it. In all cases, a tight tourniquet is placed above the incision, but for no more than two hours, otherwise the tissues left without blood supply will begin to die. And while the artery is being pulled out, it is sutured. In my case, none of this happened. Without a tourniquet, I would have lost all my blood, with all the consequences that entails, before the ambulance reached the farm.

What happened to me is simply impossible from a medical point of view. My strong desire to stop the bleeding was enough to make the impossible possible, and

then my mother and sister's surprise and confusion become understandable. For them, as medical professionals, it was clear, unlike me, what exactly had happened to me! I have a scar on my wrist to remind me of this adventure.

I have had many such adventures, most of which should have had more serious consequences, to a greater or lesser extent, but they all ended happily for me. I attributed everything to my luck, but constant luck ceases to be luck and becomes something else. What is it? At that time, I didn't think about such things. I also didn't think about the fact that if I wanted something very much, my wishes came true. I wished for sunshine and... the clouds disappeared, I missed the summer rain or the pouring rain and
... raindrops fell to the ground. Negative situations arose and ... they disappeared in the best possible way, like fog in sunlight. I didn't see anything special in it. That was my experience, I didn't know anything different. Until you share your experience with someone else, you simply have nothing to compare it to. Until then, I thought everything was normal and fine.

At about the same age, but in winter, another interesting thing happened to me. In Kislovodsk, the snow didn't lie permanently in winter, and when the ground was covered with a blanket of snow, it was a holiday for us boys. Kislovodsk is located at the foot of a mountain, so it is almost impossible to find flat areas, especially in the southern outskirts of the city where we lived. So almost every street was an ideal sledding slope.

The best place for sledding was definitely the roads, where the snow had already been compacted by cars and there was plenty of space. And although there were far fewer cars on the roads in those days, for reasons unknown to us, our parents did not like such activities and if they caught us "in the act", they would simply take our sledges away. And for us, that was worse than any punishment. Therefore, in most cases, the sledding slopes turned into... pedestrian sidewalks. Sledding down the slope was done as follows. We ran uphill, lay down on our stomachs on the sled and slid down, moving with our feet. During one such descent, at a fairly decent speed, I crashed into the concrete steps of the pavement stairs. What's more, the offending step "managed" to hit me in the face, with all the consequences for the "step". As a result of this unfortunate misunderstanding with the steps, the lower part of my face was bloodied, and the teeth of my upper jaw were almost completely separated from the jaw and were held in place by "honour". After a few weeks, they grew back into my jaw as if nothing had happened.

I decided to check the "repeatability" of this phenomenon and for this purpose I "conducted" a control experiment. In other words, I hit the sled on my feet in almost the same way as the first time. This was necessary in order to maintain the " purity" of the scientific experiment. My teeth once again hung on m y " word of honour" and sank back into my jaw as if nothing had happened. No dentists were involved in this entire scientific experiment, and I think that was for the best. Neither before nor since have I had any problems with my teeth. I haven't lost any teeth, or rather permanent teeth, since I had a wisdom tooth removed in 1987, and I still have all the others, including the other wisdom teeth, which are usually very weak and are the first to be lost.

Actually, sometimes it's funny. I have loved sweets since I was a child and can eat kilos of them without any problem! I remember once on New Year's Eve, each of us was given a kilo of "Squirrel" sweets, and I ate them all at once, one by one, without even noticing. The only thing I didn't like about the sweets, and which I'm still not a big fan of, is honey! And even though we always had honey at home, I couldn't eat more than a teaspoon, and if I managed to stuff a tablespoon of honey into myself, it was a heroic feat for me. And the interesting thing is that I never overindulged in honey, which could have caused it. I just didn't like honey! Just as I was not and still am not a big fan of red and black caviar in any form. And even though

a child I had a sweet tooth, it did not affect my teeth. I used my teeth to break wire and crack nuts, which grew in abundance in the vicinity of Kislovodsk. While my older brother was completely indifferent to sweets and never subjected his teeth to any kind of test, he nevertheless always had problems with his teeth.

When I was in secondary school, we all had to visit the school dentist. Although I never had a toothache, they drilled holes in several of my teeth and filled them to make them "safe". The metal fillings at the time did not last very long, and as a result, I had several "cavities" in my teeth. One positive aspect was that squirrels and other animals did not settle in them. But that was the reason why, at my next dental check-up, those teeth had to be drilled again to put in new fillings, which also fell out just as quickly. As a result, the size of the "cavities" in my teeth increased.

In fact, I was left with the impression that young dentists learn the practical skills of their profession in school, although I may be wrong. Since the fillings, which were supposed to last "forever," fell out during my school years, I did not have new ones put in. In the summer of 1990, my teeth were cleaned by Elena Loriyevna Popova, the daughter of Lori Nikolaevich Popova, whose situation I will write about later, and it was not until the spring of 2007 that I went to the dentist again, and again to her. It so happened that I was chewing very tough meat and the inner wall of one of my teeth with caries broke off. And I had to turn to Elena Popova again.

I am describing this situation, which is trivial for almost everyone, for one simple reason. In the spring of 2007, I had several X-rays taken of my upper and lower jaws, and the X-ray of my upper jaw clearly showed a thin line where the teeth I had broken as a child had grown together, as I wrote earlier. I told her about this episode from my distant childhood, but when she saw the X-ray, her amazement was incomparable! She told me that with such a linear transverse fracture of the roots of the upper jaw teeth from the frontal group of the lower third of the root length, the teeth do not remain alive. With such a fracture, the pulp of the tooth is torn and the teeth become dead, as the pulp of the teeth does not fuse after the tear. The teeth of my upper jaw, which were broken at the base when I hit the concrete step, not only fused, but the pulp of the teeth, which was torn by the impact, also fused. The torn blood and lymph vessels and nerve fibres do not fuse on their own; this is considered impossible! To this day, all these teeth are healthy and alive, which in principle cannot be, and at the same time, I have not been to the dentist because a few days after each of my collisions with the concrete step, my teeth regained their previous strength and normal appearance and did not even wobble!

But these are not all the surprises that were discovered in my teeth. Elena Popova told me that when she decided to clean my teeth from traces of caries, she was surprised to find healthy dental tissue under the destroyed tooth bone. No caries had developed in my teeth, which is also fundamentally impossible. Caries did not penetrate the tissue of my teeth; it only managed to " take over" a small area, and that was the end of its victorious march through my teeth. This also does not happen in nature, and the reason for both the first and second miracles with my teeth is very simple. I just really wanted my broken teeth to become whole and strong again, and it was enough for the bone and nerve tissue of my teeth to fuse together. In the case of tooth decay, I really didn't like the smell of burning bone and the screech of the dentist's drill, and my desire to avoid this in the future led to the fact that the development of tooth decay stopped!

* * *

Around the same time, something happened to me that had certain consequences. And the reason for these consequences was the actions of an eye doctor. When I was a child, my right eye was, as doctors say, lazy. My left eye was dominant with a visual acuity of 1, while the visual acuity of my right eye was 0.9. In

principle, this is a very common phenomenon that is not outside the norm. However, the ophthalmologist made the wrong decision, which she later admitted, but that did not change anything for me. I was prescribed glasses with black lenses for my left eye and regular lenses for my right eye to force my right eye to be active. I subconsciously sabotaged this "treatment" in every way possible. Every time I left the house, I quietly and peacefully put those glasses in my pocket, and before I returned home, I put them back on my nose.

My little trick worked for a while, until I was caught red-handed. After that, it was explained to me in no uncertain terms how important and necessary it was for me. I was given my word that I would no longer take off my glasses under any circumstances. I had simply fallen into a "trap". My mother knew very well that if I had given my word, she had nothing to worry about. Since I was little, I had never broken my word. Often even to my own detriment, as happened to me in the case of the glasses. I started wearing glasses all the time, even though I personally didn't like it very much. And one day, which for me was far from a wonderful day, I felt a dagger-like pain in my right eye.

When I came home with a bleeding eye, I scared my mother, and they immediately took me to an ophthalmologist, who found that several eye muscles in my right eye were paralysed, and as it turned out much later, one of the muscles had even ruptured from the strain and there was a scar to remind me of it. The doctor apologised to my mother for the consequences of her actions, but that didn't change anything for me. For many years, some of the muscles in my right eye remained paralysed, which caused me a lot of unpleasant moments as a child. When I realised that I could heal others, I restored these eye muscles in myself, but... that was in my future. At that time, I suffered from the consequences of the doctor's mistake. After this incident, I became more careful when giving my word, knowing that I would have to keep it, no matter what.

Many unusual things happened to me during my childhood, and not only that – I often found myself in critical situations that would have ended tragically for many others. But I was always "lucky" and everything passed without serious consequences for me. I absorbed the world around me like a sponge, "thirsty" for everything new and unusual. I studied the world and admired its beauty and uniqueness with childlike spontaneity. My childhood years remain in my memory as something pure and beautiful. When everyone around me seemed so wonderful and good, etc. And although the future brought me many disappointments in people, I never stopped believing in goodness, in people. It was only through my own experience that I came to the same understanding that I read much later in the Slavic-Aryan Vedas:

"One must respect those who are worthy of respect, love those who are worthy of love, and trust only those who have proven their trustworthiness through their actions..."

When I was still a child, I began to create my own world, and gradually it grew, first with new "countries" and "continents," and then with new "stars," galaxies, and universes, and not just imaginary ones... But that is yet to come. In the meantime, the world continued to surprise me. I would like to tell you a little more about one such surprise, as it belongs to an unusual, special category. When I was about ten or eleven years old, I had a "dream". I fell asleep and... suddenly found myself fully conscious, standing on the edge of the roof of our five-storey building. Everything was absolutely real, I could feel the wind blowing, caressing my hair. I could smell the scents, hear the sounds, the colours around me were much more vivid and intense than usual. Everything around me was more three-dimensional, deeper, more real. I stood on the edge of the roof and knew I had to step off and fly... but I knew I couldn't fly, and I didn't take that step. All my rich experience in "flying" that I had already gained and my inner voice told me: "You will crash or at least break your arms and legs." But despite this, something inside me was pushing me to take that step, inexplicably

attracted me. And I decided to compromise - I went down the stairs and went outside to test my "flying abilities" in optimal conditions.

I jumped into the air and descended incredibly slowly and gently towards the ground. This surprised me, and I pushed off from the ground and was back in the air. This time, I rushed upwards internally. I rose a few metres above the ground... there were the surrounding trees below me. And in my soul there was tension as I waited for the moment when my "Carlson-like propeller" would turn off and I would fall to the ground. But for some reason, I didn't fall; the laws of gravity did not apply to me, for reasons I did not understand. I kept expecting some kind of trick, but nothing happened. I was "floating" in the air, as if in a thick substance. The feeling was absolutely incredible. My whole being began to fill with excitement at what was happening, and something in my chest kept pushing me upwards. I rose above the houses, going higher and higher, all the while feeling this force pushing me upwards.

The surface of the Earth was receding, and the houses looked like toy houses peeking through the gaps in the clouds. And all the while, one question kept running through my head: how long would this last, and would I fall back down to our sinful Earth like all those who were born without wings? When I woke up in my bed in the morning, I didn't understand what was happening to me. I had had a strange "dream", so strange that I couldn't decide whether it was a dream or reality. This question remained a mystery to me behind seven seals. The answer came from a direction I had never thought of.

Shortly after the incident, I was in Moscow with my mother and was returning home by plane. As usual, the plane landed at Mineralnye Vody Airport above the neighbourhood where my family had lived since 1967. The landing path of the planes always passed o v e r residential buildings, including our house. The sounds of the planes coming in to land became familiar to us, and no one paid any attention to them anymore. In July 1972, for the first time in my life, I observed what was happening not from the surface of the earth, but from the window of an aeroplane. My seat was right next to the window on the right side of the aeroplane. My nose was practically glued to the Plexiglas of the window. The surface of the Earth was gradually approaching, and at one point, through the gaps in the clouds, I saw our house and... something incredible happened. The houses in the gaps in the clouds looked exactly as they had during my "dream". When this happened to me, I was in a state of shock for some time. The shock of realising what had happened to me during my "dream" was quite natural. When you receive such unexpected confirmation of everything that happened in your own, albeit very strange, " dream," it would be impossible, or at least strange, to expect any other reaction.

There have been quite a few "accidents" in my life, but when there are too many of them, one cannot help but wonder: "Are they really accidents?" It so happened that my father was given an apartment because of his work in the city of Mineralnye Vody. He could have received an apartment in another city in the Kavminvodsk group, but he received it in Mineralnye Vody. My father did not want to move anywhere from Kislovodsk at all; he was born there, we were all born there, all his friends live there, my brother went to first grade there, not to mention that Kislovodsk itself is a beautiful city, located in one of the most amazing corners of the North Caucasus.

But there was no choice — the construction trust where he worked had no plans for housing projects in Kislovodsk in the near future. And it was unthinkable to continue living in the conditions we lived in in Kislovodsk, so my father agreed to move after a family council. I still remember how all our belongings were loaded onto an open truck, we all sat on the back on top of the bundles and suitcases and... set off for our new home, buffeted by the May wind, in a truck that was travelling at what seemed to us at the time to be breakneck speed. For us children, this trip was quite an adventure. That's how we ended up in the city of Min-Vody. This city had a large airport, located just

outside the city. The presence of Snake Mountain near the airport and the location of the runways meant that all planes coming in to land had to fly over a residential neighbourhood. And it so happened that the landing path passed right over our house. It was in this house that my father got an apartment. An accident? Perhaps. But if it hadn't been an accident, I wouldn't have been able to see the same picture in the airplane window that I saw during my "unusual dream". And then I would have had nothing to compare this "dream" with, and everything that happened to me would most likely have remained a "strange dream". But after I saw exactly the same picture that I had seen during my "dream", I had no doubt that what happened to me then was real.

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I can't say that I realised what was happening to me. But I was already convinced that what had happened to me was real because I had received irrefutable proof of it, and then no one else could not believe me. And these are not empty words; I was very stubborn as a child, and if I was sure of something, it was simply impossible to change my mind with words alone. I remember my first "scientific conclusions". Like any boy, I had a lot of experience with cuts, scratches, etc. And quite often I had to observe my dried blood. Somehow I noticed that rust on metal looks just like dried blood. From this, I made one of my first "scientific discoveries." I told my mother that there was iron in blood. At the time, I was about five years old and was incredibly excited about my "discovery." I hurried to share it with my main authority figure — my mother.

When I solemnly informed her of my "great" discovery, she calmly told me that I was wrong. I tried to convince her that I was right by pointing to the dried blood and rust, but she was adamant. None of my arguments convinced her; she continued to convince me that I was wrong. Nevertheless, offended by her unwillingness to see the obvious, I stuck to my opinion. My attempt to share with her my discovery that our Sun is just one of the stars ended in the same way. All this, of course, made me very sad, but nothing more. Later, when I was already in school and learned from my textbooks that I was right, I asked her what the reason for these answers was. I asked her, "Didn't she know about iron in the blood, as a medical professional, and that the sun is one of the stars in the universe?" Her answer was simple and surprised me. She told me that of course she knew about it, but the reason for her answer was that she wanted to build my character. So that I wouldn't change my opinion just because someone I or someone else considered an authority claimed the opposite without providing any evidence for their position.

Before school, she was an authority figure for me, and in this way she instilled in me independence of opinion. For which I am very grateful to her. Who knows how things would have turned out in my life if she hadn't been there. At school, and later at university, I was already prepared for the fact that not everything taught there is the ultimate truth. And the fact that you see and understand things differently from the majority does not mean that you are wrong and the majority is right. And they are right only because the majority cannot be wrong. They can and do make mistakes...

When I was about fourteen years old, I had to go through an experience that few people are familiar with. In the summer of 1975, I had an unusual experience. One evening, I felt tired and my eyes were closing. I lay down and fell asleep instantly. Two hours later, I woke up and felt cold. The thermometer confirmed that I had a high temperature. There seemed to be no reason for me to have caught a serious cold. I had not been lying on damp ground, nor had I been exposed to a draught after sweating. Nevertheless, my temperature continued to rise, and antipyretic tablets had no effect on it. Around ten o'clock in the evening, my temperature rose to 40.5 °C. In fact, I have always tolerated fever easily. At 40°C, I felt a little weak, and that was all. After taking another antipyretic tablet given to me by my mother, I fell asleep quite quickly. During the night, I woke up because I was short of breath. When I woke up completely, I noticed that my mouth was dry.

My lips were chapped and unusually dry. My lungs and throat felt "dry," and my breathing was very rapid, like my pulse. But the most interesting thing was that I could feel blood, hot as boiling water, rushing into my arteries with every beat of my heart, and the bubbling blood spreading like molten metal throughout my body.

The sensation of boiling water flowing through my own veins was very unusual. I had the feeling that the bed was spinning with me. I don't know what my temperature was at that moment. The sensation of a temperature of 40.5 °C was nothing compared to this sensation. It was the sensation of magma flowing through my blood vessels. I was completely calm and thought of myself as an outsider. The thought occurred to me that another half a degree and my blood would coagulate. I knew that at 42 degrees Celsius, blood proteins coagulate. And I thought about the possibility of dying from this, as if it did not concern me. Then I seemed to fall into something, and it was not until morning that I woke up in my bed, feeling fine. Taking my temperature showed that I had 36.6 °C. I got out of bed and went outside, where my friends were waiting for me. Everything that had happened was incredible. I had never heard of anyone else experiencing anything like it.

Many times in my life I have found myself in critical situations, but I have never felt fear of possible death. And this is not due to childish ignorance... Over time, my experience was supplemented with more and more strange things. Communicating with other people increasingly convinced me that many of the things that happen to me do not happen to others. Of course, I realised that it was entirely possible that my acquaintances and friends were not telling me everything that happened to them. Nevertheless, I began to suspect that what was happening to me was, at least in many cases, strange.

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"Everything reached a critical mass when I was already a student. After completing my first year, I worked in a student construction team during the summer. I was a member of the brigade, so I had to finish my exams early in order to travel with the group to our future work site and prepare the camp for the brigade's arrival. It was my first time in the Arctic Circle, in the town of Urengoy. The summer tundra is simply unique. I couldn't even imagine such beauty in a perpetually frozen region. In summer, the tundra is a land of lakes and swamps, or rather marshes. Their beauty is majestic and deadly. Our construction team's plans changed and we moved to Nadym. I was unlucky because I was a good cook and had to cook for the whole team. My working day started at four in the morning and ended at midnight. And so it was every day: first I had to swing an axe, chop wood for the whole day and feed my "uncles" in three shifts, buy food for each day and carry it to the camp on my back through the sand, and in between all that, wash the dishes. Every day, I was assigned an assistant who, after a day of work in the kitchen, could barely crawl to his bed. In short, I was "on the go" in the literal and figurative sense of the word.

With the money I earned on the construction team, I decided to treat myself and bought a good FED camera and flash. It was 1980, my second year at university. On the birthday of one of my fellow students, I was asked to bring my camera, which I did. I started taking pictures with the flash. The camera behaved very strangely. The flash went off twice on the third try. I couldn't understand what was happening. My classmate also had a camera, but without a flash.

When he saw that I had stopped taking pictures, Sergei Pokhylko (my friend's name) asked for a flash for his camera. He made my flash work like clockwork, and this convinced me that the problem was with my camera. There was no other logical explanation for this. So I took my camera to the warranty service centre, where I explained the problem.

Leaving the seminar feeling lighter, both literally and figuratively (without my camera), I was already happy that I would soon have a properly working camera in my hands. A few

days later, after calling the repair shop in advance, I went to pick up my poor camera in high spirits. In the workshop, the technician who had been working on my camera came out to me and told me that he had not found any problems and that my camera was perfectly fine. I believed him, of course, but I asked him to test his conclusion in practice. He kindly agreed and personally demonstrated how my camera worked with the flash.

My soul felt a little better, but... a little "worm" of doubt continued to gnaw at me inside. And to dispel all my doubts, I asked for the opportunity to see for myself. And then the inexplicable began. When I pressed the shutter button, there was no flash. I was much less surprised by this than the foreman and the witness, the receptionist. After looking at me and my camera in surprise, the foreman repeated my actions and... the flash went off again. Each of my actions ended with the opposite result. The receptionist joined in the "scientific experiment," and a little later, so did the second foreman, who was probably the highest authority in the workshop.

The result was the same. When I pressed the button, nothing happened. I was already joking about the psychological incompatibility between me and the camera when the chief technician of the workshop suggested that I try pressing the button with the insulated handle of a pair of pliers. And to their great relief, the flash finally worked. They immediately began to explain to me intelligently that I had experienced a rather rare occurrence. I had a powerful static electric field, a short circuit in the flash's synchronisation contacts, which was the reason for the camera's strange behaviour in my hands. And that it was necessary to replace the synchroniser cable with another one with more powerful insulation. But at the moment they do not have it and I will have to call periodically to get the necessary wires.

When I got home, I said to myself, "I pressed the famous button on the camera. To my great surprise, the flash worked. I immediately began experimenting with it. If I thought the flash should work, it worked. If I thought the opposite, nothing happened! As a result of this experiment, I made my first conclusion, regardless of anyone else's opinion, that the content of my thoughts influences what happens around me, at least on electronic devices. I demonstrated my discovery to my classmates and friends. The future radio physicists just waved their hands and avoided any substantive comments.

The lightning incident was the last straw that made me look at what was happening to me from a completely different angle. From the reactions of the people around me, I realised that what was happening to me was not normal for everyone, but rather the opposite — nothing like this had ever happened to anyone I knew.

3. My universities

During our third year at university, most of the laboratory work was related to radiating and transmitting equipment. We studied practically all types of electromagnetic radiation - from light waves to long radio waves. Each lab session lasted two pairs of academic hours. This is well known to anyone who has studied physics at universities and institutes. I mention this for one reason only. If, for some reason, the experimental data from the lab work did not allow the desired theoretical results to be obtained, the teachers required the entire experiment to be redone. This meant that all participants in the laboratory work (usually two or three people) had to do everything again in their free time, when the equipment was not occupied by the programme. In short, it was an unnecessary headache for everyone, including the teacher.

I brought all this uninteresting rubbish only because I and everyone who worked with me in the laboratory had to do it very often. The fact is that the experimental data obtained in my presence did not "fit into any loopholes", even though all the data was taken very carefully, I liked to do everything carefully, the measurements from the instruments were made as required by the conditions of the experiment, but... after processing the data, nothing resembled what should have been obtained, not even close. Sometimes even the instruments stopped working. Before my "appearance" in front of them with my companions in misfortune, all the instruments worked normally, and after us they also worked normally, but only in the presence of my group o f " discoverers" (I was almost always the senior member of the group) did the instruments rebel and " refuse" to reveal their "secrets". And this happened almost always and everywhere I was present. Intuitively, many of my group members did not want to do laboratory work in my company. Because all the problems arose only where I was present.

After about three months, a "truce" ensued, the devices "calmed down" and did not express their "joy" so energetically in my presence. And the fact that the devices reacted so "joyfully" to me was quickly learned by everyone, and not just intuitively. One of my fellow students noticed that when I walked past the receiving and transmitting equipment, the needles on the recording devices began to " quietly" go crazy, if such a thing can be said about devices. When others passed by the same devices, no "excitement" was observed. As a result of these practical conclusions, everyone began to ask me to go somewhere with their "biofields"; no one wanted to do the same laboratory work repeatedly. Of course, they did not send me far away, after all, I was the leader of the group and the course, and it turned out that I was respected by many students and teachers because of the principles and positions I had always held, not for show. My words did not differ from my actions.

I wasn't physically weak either; I could easily lift a hundred-pound weight or a two-hundred-pound weight. It was enough to "spin" someone around a few times or just squeeze their chest, and no one wanted to do it again. Anyway, I was "respected" for being myself. During the first year, they tried to provoke me in some way - they poured cognac into the tea pot, expecting that I wouldn't notice and would "sip" the cognac along with the tea. They offered me money for every swear word, but pretty soon everyone realised that it wasn't about "swearing" but about my position, and then they respected me.

It got to the point where if someone spoke in my presence without noticing me, they would ask me to excuse them. This shows that people always respect someone who has their own convictions and who does not change them depending on the situation. At that
time, I did not realise what was happening to me and what these "biofields" were. I just became more and more convinced that what was happening to me was not happening to everyone else, that it was not a common, universal phenomenon.

* * *

Realising this ultimately leads to a desire to understand what it is! And naturally, this desire arose in me. I started looking for books, publications, samizdat on topics related to the mysterious and incomprehensible phenomena that happen to people. In Soviet times, who still remembers them, such literature was banned. It was almost impossible to find anything on the subject. And the few printed materials that I managed to find, unfortunately, did not provide answers to the questions that interested me. They contained even more absurdities than modern science...

I found materials on various occult disciplines. My cousin sent me a printout on palmistry. I decided to figure it out for myself and began studying the lines on the hand and what they mean. I immediately tested its accuracy in practice, luckily I had no shortage of willing subjects. Many of my classmates, and even teachers, listened to my explanations

with interest. In addition, many of them were surprised at how accurately I described their character and their life by studying only the lines on their hands. At that time, I did not know that the lines on the hand, or rather the pattern of the lines, are a reflection of human genetics and essence. I did not know that the lines are only a key, a code that opens the "door" to human destiny, the possible variants of a person's life, genetically determined by nature, and the realisation of these possibilities through the fulfilment of that person's essence through their genetics.

The lines on a person's hands allow information about them to be "activated" and their past, present and future to be "read". In other words, the lines on the hands are used to "tune in" to the person, and ultimately, the removal and scanning of information is not done through the lines on the hands, but only through their mediation. In this way, palmistry provides only a method of entering a person's information field, and only when the scanner has natural data does this method of entry allow access to information about the person. This is only one of the methods of entry. If a person does not have natural data, no matter how many times they look at the lines on their hands, no matter how many times they look at the palmistry manual, the interpretation of their lines will only be general phrases that do not reflect the real life of that person.

I realised some things later, but I saw the essence of what was happening quite quickly. After I began to describe very accurately events from the past of people I knew nothing about, many of my fellow students and students from other faculties whom I knew began to ask me to make copies of palmistry printouts for them. And I did. And what a surprise it was when it turned out that they had not gained anything meaningful from such readings. Some of them even accused me of withholding and not making copies of " everything" for them, of keeping the most important things for myself. I did not understand such an attitude, because I myself had given them everything I had. Gradually, I began to realise that the problem was not in the method of introduction, but in the person using this method. The method of introducing the information field can be different: lines on the hand, coffee grounds, astrological data.

All these methods of entering the system only help a person to tune in to a specific person, to their information field (by information field I mean the field created by a specific person who has specific genetics, in which their essence is located, with the memory of all previous incarnations and the imprint of all actions and events performed by this person up to a certain point, as well as events and actions that may still happen). In principle, these methods of entry are not necessary when a person understands the true essence of the phenomenon. The person can be scanned directly, without such "crutches". At the initial stage, these methods of entry allow, to a certain extent, to simplify the "connection", facilitate the adjustment to a specific person, but over time they begin to slow down the development of the scanned person. This is equivalent to using crutches after a broken leg has healed.

That's how I realised I needed to look for ideas to understand what was happening to me. And everything I came across (not everything, of course, and I think that's a good thing), to my great horror, did not bring me any closer to understanding what was happening to me. It's like going to I don't know where and bringing back I don't know what. But I had a huge desire and no choice, so I "went" to I don't know where to find I don't know what. And, most interestingly, I succeeded.

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As a student, I was a member of the board of the student club at Kharkiv University. I spent a lot of time doing amateur art, organising hobby clubs and various student events. Thanks to this, I met many people, both students and lecturers and researchers. And many people asked me if I knew

someone with extraordinary abilities. After some time, through one person or another, I managed to arrange a meeting with someone who possessed something unusual. I was given the time and place of the meeting with this person. It seemed to me that just meeting a person with paranormal abilities would dispel all my uncertainties like morning fog under the rays of the rising sun.

The man I was waiting for was a little late. I only knew his name (if my memory serves me right, it was Vladimir) and had no idea who he was, what he looked like or how old he was. But when he finally appeared, I immediately thought it was him and approached him. It turned out that he was the one I was waiting for. We talked for a while, but unfortunately he couldn't answer my questions clearly, speaking in riddles and mysteries. It is quite possible that he was afraid of me, perhaps wondering if I was a KGB mole. In any case, I was quite disappointed with the results of the meeting with a man who could have done something. However, he tried several methods to influence me. He suggested that I relax and trust him, which of course I did not do. I had no reason to trust him, just as he had no reason to trust me. Perhaps that is why it did not work for me, even though I felt his influence on me.

We talked for an hour and a half or two hours about many general topics. He "probed" me with his methods, saying something and watching how I reacted to it. It was already late in the evening, and on the way home we reached the intersection of the Kharkiv metro line together, after which we said goodbye and each went our separate ways. He was probably as disappointed as I was, or maybe even more so, I can't say, but I was very upset. I never came close to understanding what was happening to me. Of course, this man did not "rule the world," but I had no intention of waiting for "the time" when another person with clairvoyant abilities would appear on my "horizon." My attempt to get an explanation of what was happening to me from someone who knew what was going on was unsuccessful. It was difficult to determine how much this person understood what was happening to him and could explain it to me. Most likely, he was using his natural abilities without understanding their essence.

Nevertheless, I am grateful to him for encouraging me not to wait for "manna from heaven" from someone else, but to try to understand what was happening myself. I made this decision and did not delay in realising it. As I mentioned earlier, I knew many people at university. Students were always curious and always ready to try something unusual on themselves.

A day or two after my meeting with the psychic, I decided to try out on other people the tests he had tried on me. I approached a group of boys I knew and suggested that they take part in an unusual experiment. The first to respond was a girl whose name I unfortunately don't remember. I asked her to stretch her arms forward with her palms facing up, placed my right hand on her right palm, and began to imagine a warm ball appearing on her palm. I accompanied my actions with the words: "You have a ball in your palm, it is solid and warm, and your hand is stuck to it, your fingers are gripping it tighter and tighter, etc." I was surprised to notice that the fingers of this girl's right hand were bent and held in a position as if she were holding an apple in her hand.

When I asked her what she felt, she told me that she felt a warm ball in her palm, and her fingers, against her will, wrapped around it and she couldn't do anything about it. I was as shocked as she was by the result. And I continued my experiment with even greater inspiration. Gradually, a crowd began to gather around us, but I was so enthusiastic about the successful start that I didn't even pay attention to them and continued my "scientific" experiment. I imagined that the balloon was getting lighter and lighter and was starting to pull my hand up. Again, I accompanied my actions with words. And again, I was surprised to see the girl's hand rising higher and higher, as if some invisible force was pulling it upwards. And it was pulling her up so hard that she had to keep her balance. It looked as if she was about to lift off the floor and fly into the air.

the air. I was as surprised as the girl and the passers-by that I was doing something.

An unusual feeling of pleasure and joy filled me from head to toe. And I continued the experience I had started. At one point, I decided to change the direction of my hand and imagined that the ball in my hand was getting heavier and pulling my hand down. As soon as I imagined this, the girl screamed. I immediately stopped what I was doing and asked her what had happened and why she had screamed! The girl's answer surprised me more than anything else that was happening to her. She told me that her palm had fallen into a vision that began to tighten, and she felt her bones begin to flatten in the vision, and she screamed in pain.

I apologised to her for the trouble I had inadvertently caused and thought about what had happened. The only reason for what happened was that I had created two forces—one pulling my hand up and the other pulling the same hand down. The palm of my hand fell between the two "fires," and these forces began to crush my hand.

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Unexpectedly, I witnessed a genuine manifestation of the power of thought, and this manifestation was very tangible. Some may argue that this was a manifestation of ordinary hypnosis. But first of all, what is hypnosis? Modern science merely observes this phenomenon without understanding its essence. A little later, I will present my understanding of hypnosis, but in the meantime, I will return to my "thorns to the stars" in both the literal and figurative sense.

What I used in my first attempt was a combination of verbal influence and direct impact on the person. The words helped the person to enter the right state more quickly, to comply with what was happening. The words were only an auxiliary tool in this phenomenon, but by no means the main one. This is confirmed by the fact that I did not even tell the girl that the balloon was pulling her arm down. I simply moved my arm down while her arm continued to move up. I also did not mention that her arm was in a sling that was beginning to contract and squeeze her arm. What happened was a surprise to both of us. When a person is hypnotised, such a thing is simply not possible. The reason for this was that without removing the influence that was causing the arm to move upwards, I had created another influence that was causing the same arm to move downwards. As a result, the girl's palm ended up between two "lights".

It was a surprise to me that the power of thought has such a real, material manifestation. And although I understood that such a manifestation of " power" is most effective, " demonstrative" and most accessible to the understanding of most people, I personally considered it unacceptable to use such methods to convert to my "faith".

Unfortunately, our civilisation's understanding of power is very primitive. If a person writhes in pain, it means that they are experiencing a manifestation of "power". If there is nothing like that, then there is no manifestation of power. Is it more pleasant for a person when what is happening to them is accompanied by pain or other unpleasant sensations? Is the sensation of pain so important as "proof" of the reality of the impact, rather than when, after the impact, very real problems disappear, whose disappearance is confirmed by real instruments, and the person does not experience any unpleasant sensations? I will return to this somewhat philosophical problem. In the meantime, I will continue my story.

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After I realised that the power of thought is real and can harm people, I became very careful with the use of this power, not allowing any negative side effects. Before continuing, I would like to draw attention to one more (but not the last) "incident" in my life. It so happened that the first person on whom I " tried" to use my power turned out to be very sensitive to such

influence. Who knows how my life would have turned out if that girl hadn't reacted to my influence! Would I have tried something similar on someone else or not? I don't know. And even if I had tried, could I have hoped that the second, third, fourth person would be sensitive enough to such an influence? Of course not, but it so happened that my first attempt turned out to be unexpectedly incredibly successful and inspired me to new "exploits" in the name of truth...

After such an unexpected experience, I stopped my acquaintances (I had many) and asked them to participate in the experiments. Almost all of them agreed; they were all interested in participating in something unusual. Some of these people reacted very strongly, others moderately, and still others did not react at all. I was most interested in those who reacted very strongly. Among those who reacted strongly, there were both boys and girls. However, the girls were more susceptible. Many of them showed great interest in what was happening, and soon I had many volunteers to help me with my experiments.

I conducted various experiments: attempts with a ball in the hand, "freezing" the feet to the floor, immobilising the arms or legs when a person could not move or move their arm or leg. I created barriers in front of them, which were like stone walls to them. From a distance, with my influence, I swung them in all directions, and the amplitude of the body's deviation from the vertical position exceeded the limits of the human body's capabilities. I tried to influence both one person and a group of people at the same time. And I succeeded, I acquired new skills and discovered new methods for such influence. It turned out that it was possible to bring a person into a state both with the help of words and without them, only through influence. It was possible to influence by directing energy through the hand(s) or only mentally.

I could put a person into a trance using hypnosis and bring them out of that state with my thoughts or by touching the relevant parts of their brain, doing all this both in close proximity to the person and from a distance of tens of metres — as far as the university corridors allowed. And I discovered an important truth — there are several methods for putting a person into a trance, but the trance state was achieved in the same way. Methods of inducing a trance state that seemed so different at first glance were nothing more than different keys that opened the same door. The important thing was that the " door" was opened, but which key was used was, in principle, irrelevant. Even ordinary hypnosis is accompanied by the influence of one person on another (others), and not just with words.

In order for words to acquire power, one must fill them with power, and then those same words are transformed from ordinary vibrations in the air into "magical" words. And their "magical" power affected not only those who understood them, but also those who did not understand a single sound. The magic of a word is not in the word itself, but in the one who utters it. When spoken in one state, the word has no effect other than the usual one. But when the same word is spoken in another qualitative state, it "suddenly" has an incredible effect on people, and not only on them — on animals, plants, and even inanimate matter. So the question is not about the word, but about the speaker. And not every speaker acquires "magical" properties.

Thus, thanks to His Majesty Chance, and at the same time, naturally, I managed to discover a new, amazing world of human possibilities, which I actively studied as a student. I made another discovery for myself again "by chance". Once, one of my volunteer assistants asked me if I could tell whether he was sick or not. "How should I know that?" I replied with surprise. I don't know why, but for some reason this man really wanted to hear my opinion about his health. "Give it a try anyway," he said, "what does it cost you?" So I thought, "Why not give it a try? No harm done." I knew human anatomy and physiology quite well, so I decided to give it a try.

I had never seen anyone else do this, so I decided, at my own risk, to

act on my own. I began to "simply" run my hand over this man's body, mentally tuning in to his internal organs. I was surprised to find that if I visualised an internal organ, I could feel it in my hand. I could "feel" this organ, enter it, etc. But at the same time, I wasn't sure if this was just my imagination playing tricks on me. Whether this was information about the condition of the organ or my imagination could only be determined through practice. The man seemed, from my point of view, completely healthy. The only thing that seemed strange to me was his liver. And it was not clear to me what was wrong with his liver. I had a good understanding of liver diseases, I knew what physiological and morphological changes cause diseases in liver tissues. But from my point of view, I did not find anything like that in him.

Although it didn't really matter what I said or didn't say — I didn't claim to be able to do such a thing — I didn't want to be wrong either. Anyway, I had to give an answer, so I said what I thought was appropriate for the condition of his liver. I told him that, in my opinion, he had a liver problem and that the problem was due to a lack of an enzyme that breaks down ethyl alcohol. At first, he was confused, and I thought I had hit the nail on the head, but suddenly he said, "You know, you're right. When I drink even one glass of beer, I lose consciousness and fall into a state close to a coma." His answer surprised me immensely because it was the first time in my life I had done something like this, and I hit the nail on the head the first time. Of course, without sufficient knowledge of human anatomy and physiology, this would have been impossible, but nevertheless, I had the necessary information and was able to determine everything correctly.

I was still in shock from what had happened when the same man immediately asked, "Heal me, please!" When I replied that I didn't know how to do that, he simply said, "Try." So I tried, and... I did it!

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Rumours about my ability to heal with "biofields" quickly spread throughout the university. Many of my acquaintances began to ask me what was wrong with them and beg me to free them from it. I destroyed stones in the gallbladder, stones in the kidneys, removed stomach and duodenal ulcers, removed varicose veins, etc. One of my earliest successes was the treatment of a cancerous tumour.

One day, when I entered the dean's office for work, I saw a woman crying there whom I knew worked in the rector's office. Later, the dean's secretary explained to me that this woman was in great distress. Her husband had undergone open-heart surgery, but nothing had been found. It was determined that he had a cancerous tumour the size of a child's head, which had "settled" on his abdominal aorta. Removing the tumour in this position was simply impossible, as part of the abdominal aorta would also have to be removed, which was impossible. The surgeon who performed the operation told his wife that nothing could be done and that her husband would die not even from cancer, but from the fact that the cancerous tumour would "simply" block the abdominal aorta as it grew, thereby stopping the flow of arterial blood to the lower torso. This would lead to gangrene and death.

When I was informed about this, I met with this woman and suggested she try my method, since medicine could offer nothing else anyway except to sit and wait for the man to die. She agreed to try, but asked me not to tell her husband about the cancerous tumour because he was very sensitive. According to the proposed story, I told him that I was removing the fluid that had accumulated around his lungs in the diaphragm area and was preventing him from breathing properly. Under this cover, I worked on his cancerous tumour. In principle, this situation was ideal because it ruled out the influence of suggestion or self-hypnosis on the course of treatment. If this man suggested anything to himself, it was that fluid had to be drained from his lungs, which had never been there. Unconsciously, this was a pure experiment in the field of cancer treatment. My patient was very sensitive, and I managed to find

the right strategy for destroying the cancerous tumour and... after four months, medical tests showed that the cancerous tumour had disappeared without a trace.

On his fiftieth birthday, which he celebrated in June 1983, the surgeon who performed the operation said that he would never have believed what had happened if he had not seen with his own eyes the tumour that had been "sitting" on the abdominal aorta.

* * *

June 1983 - the summer session of the fourth year was over, or rather almost over, because all the boys had to go to summer military camps, take an oath and return to university to take their final exam - at the military faculty of our university. All this, of course, ruined the last summer holiday. Our military camps were on the Black Sea coast, not far from the town of Ilyichivsk, which had "grown up" near the commercial seaport of Odessa. It was the first time I had seen the sea, and the impression was extraordinary. In just one month of military camps, I only managed to swim in the sea a few times. And the heat was still intense! I have very fair skin, so ten to fifteen minutes in the sun was enough for me to get blistered and look like a boiled crab in a few days, literally and figuratively. I didn't like that prospect very much, so after swimming in the sea, I would immediately get dressed to prevent severe sunburn.

There is a funny story related to the whiteness of my skin. When I was at a medical examination for a construction team, the doctor looked at my skin and began to examine my eyes carefully. This surprised me, and when I asked him what was wrong, he said in amazement, "I thought you were an albino because only albinos can have such white skin, and I checked the iris of your eyes to make sure." I suppose he thought I had dyed my hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, but there was no way I could change the colour of my eyes, which had been brown with a greenish tint since birth.

My white skin in particular caused me a lot of problems as a child. When you're in the water, you don't feel the sunburn, but as a boy I often got so badly burned that my back turned into one big wound, and it got to the point where the shirt I was wearing would dry out so much on my back that someone had to pull it off with force. It's not a pleasant feeling, I must tell you. So the hot Black Sea sun was not for me.

In the military camps, I had no time for experiments. After we returned from the camps, we took the final exam in military science, which I passed with distinction, as well as most of the other exams from the fourth-year summer session, and I went home for what remained of the summer. In the fifth year, we had very few classes, and most of our time was devoted to writing our thesis. In other words, I had a lot of time on my hands, and I used it not only to write my dissertation on the topic of electron bremsstrahlung at the boundary between vacuum and medium, but also to continue my own research on human abilities.

I continued to explore a completely unknown world, a world that was a mystery not only to me. I came up with new experiments all the time, and there were many willing helpers, many of whom wanted to participate in something unusual. In addition, many of the experiments were accompanied by friendly amusement. It was impossible to hold back laughter when watching a healthy person unable to lift their foot off the floor for no apparent reason. To observe his reaction, the surprise on his face after unsuccessful attempts to lift his own foot off the floor, when just a second ago that same foot had obeyed without any problems... In short, you have to see it for yourself to understand the explosions of laughter from random and non-random spectators watching the event. What's more, the "victims" themselves were doubled over with laughter.

I realised that at a discreet distance from a person, it is possible to hook them like a fish and, for example, pull them towards you, so if you don't do it carefully, the person

to fall, and if done sharply - to fly off in the desired direction, like a ball off a wall. Of course, I did not bring the situation to a critical level, my task was not to study the possibilities of striking from a distance, but to study the possibilities of remote influence of one person on another (or others). I studied the methods of hypnosis, when a person is immersed in a hypnotic sleep through verbal influence or just mentally, or through energetic influence on the relevant parts of the brain, which I discovered myself. I learned how to put a person into a trance without any immersion in hypnotic sleep, when the person completely retains their individuality, the ability to think adequately about everything except what has been suggested to them mentally or verbally. I did not know whether others had studied something similar or not, whether they had come to the same conclusions as me — I did not know at the time. But that was not important to me; what was important to me was to understand for myself, to understand for myself the essence of what was happening.

Perhaps I was "reinventing the wheel," perhaps I accidentally discovered something new. That wasn't important to me; what was important was to understand, to penetrate and comprehend the essence of what was happening. In a similar way, I was also interested in treating people. I was interested in understanding what a living organism, a living cell, is. How does a living organism function, why and how do diseases arise, and how is it possible to restore damaged organs and tissues to a healthy state? As a result, I was often able to help people with their health problems. People also reacted differently to the therapeutic effects. Some reacted almost instantly, some reacted the next day, and some reacted after a week. The speed of the changes also varied. Again, the speed of the recovery processes varied widely. And all this did not depend on whether a person believed in such treatment or not.

There were cases when a person fanatically believed in the treatment, but it did not help them much, as well as cases when a person was a stubborn sceptic, and yet the problems "disappeared" without a trace. And the changes in the human body were quite unusual. For example, a person had a long-standing chronic peptic ulcer of the stomach and duodenum, and... after my work, not only did the "fresh" ulcer disappear, but also the scars from all the old ulcers. After the treatment, the doctors could not find any traces or symptoms of the disease in a person whom they had been observing for decades. The atrophied organs were " transformed" into completely healthy ones. For example, after treatment, no calcareous cavities were found in the lungs of a tuberculosis patient, etc.

It is interesting to note that the calcareous formations in the lungs are not part of the living organism, but have arisen in place of dead lung tissue. Dead matter within living matter disappears, and dead lung tissue that died many years ago reappears where it should be according to nature's design. The dead matter disappears and healthy tissue appears, and no one would even be able to tell that something had ever happened to this person's lungs, especially tuberculosis, etc.

* * *

Sometimes things happened that became clear to me later. For example, among my fellow students there were some hardened sceptics who tried to prove me wrong. One day they asked me to conduct an experiment to prove the "wrongness" of my positions. They suggested that I diagnose the illnesses of my fellow student Yura Karpenko. He stood in front of me, I was blindfolded, and I began to scan his body. I started the scan by describing the problems I could detect in him. I could feel his organs, his presence in front of me. When I finished, they asked me to take off the blindfold and... he was not where he had been before I blindfolded him. I was surprised because I could clearly feel his presence, but he was not there. In this way, they tried to prove me wrong, but for some reason they did not pay attention to the fact that I had accurately described all his problems. They only paid attention to the fact that he had left the place where he was standing

at the beginning of the experiment, while I continued to describe his condition.

At that time, I had not yet heard of the Kirlian effect, nor did I realise that a person, like any other living being, leaves their imprint on the place where they have been for at least a second. And the longer a person remains motionless in one place, the longer that imprint remains there. Therefore, if you tune in to the place where that person was, you can "remove" any information about that person, not just about their state of health.

Later, I realised and proved in practice that it is possible to obtain any information about a person from their photograph, voice, or image, not only when you have seen or heard this person yourself, but also when this is done by another person who only had to think about it. However, for me, this issue has always had an ethical side to it. I considered such viewing possible only at the request of the person themselves, with rare exceptions. And such a rare exception, in my opinion, could only be a threat to my life, the life of my loved ones or someone else. In all other cases, a person has the right to privacy. For now, let us return to the sequence of events...

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As a result of my experiments, I discovered the existence of telepathic transmission of information and even telepathic control over another person. Orthodox science completely rejected the existence of telepathy as such, denying its very existence. Based on my personal experience, I became convinced that telepathy is real. On the one hand, I understood the scepticism of orthodox science. Very often, people studying paranormal phenomena had nothing but enthusiasm. Very often, parapsychologists were psychologists and psychiatrists who had personally experienced or witnessed paranormal phenomena. But despite this, they remained blind, moving forward on a hunch.

For experiments with telepathy, they developed card tests based on statistics and probability theory, which in themselves are not flawless from the point of view of truth. Moreover, when the positive results exceeded probability, sceptics always found an " explanation" for these facts. It did not matter that they were wrong; what mattered was that there was no way to refute their arguments. Therefore, I decided to conduct a flawless experiment to prove the existence of telepathy. And I think I succeeded. I decided to put a person into a deep hypnotic sleep, where that person could only respond to my voice, but not to anything else. After putting the person in this state, I stood behind them, ten to fifteen metres away, and without moving or saying a word, I mentally ordered them to stand up and walk forward, avoiding all obstacles in their path. My eyes became the eyes of a person in a deep hypnotic trance.

My brain signals controlled the movement of this person's body, and at first my control over the other person's body was clumsy, the body moved jerkily and did not always obey. But over time, I learned to control the other person's body quite well. The feeling is comparable to learning to drive a car. You have to get used to the sensitivity of the accelerator and brake pedals so that the car doesn't jerk. It's the same with controlling another person's body — you have to find the right control signals. Once this task was accomplished, I "walked" the person according to the diagram I had been given on a piece of paper. I was given the task of leading a person between randomly placed chairs, taking them to the piano, putting them on the chair, opening the piano lid and making them play something. And I did it. The test subject, or rather the research subject, in a trance-like state, walked between the chairs, sat down and began to play...

This girl did not know how to play the piano (neither did I) before entering this state, and could not play after leaving it. She played a melody that was unfamiliar

known to any of the several professional musicians present at the experiment. The music was close to classical, something reminiscent of Beethoven's music. After coming out of the hypnotic trance, this girl had absolutely no memory of anything she had done. She only remembered closing her eyes and immediately opening them again. This experiment was conducted several times with the same result. What's more, in subsequent experiments, I didn't have to spend time learning how to control another person's body.

From the very beginning of my training and development of my abilities, I have always tried to prove to sceptics that the influence of one person on another exists and is real. It seemed to me that people were simply mistaken and needed only to be helped to open their eyes, to be introduced to an incredibly interesting world that holds the key to unlocking the secrets of nature. I almost always succeeded. The sceptic was forced to acknowledge the facts and... nothing changed. Many people said to me, "Prove it to me personally and then I'll believe it!" And I did. But as a result, nothing changed; these people continued to spread false ideas to others, the falsity of which they themselves could see for themselves.

It was difficult for me to understand why people who call themselves scientists are not interested in the truth! Personally, I found this strange. At first, I spent a lot of time and energy trying to prove to such people that I was right, but then I realised that many of them did not need the truth. It was even dangerous for them, because the truth could cost them their cushy jobs, their "scientific" reputation, etc. I have always been outraged by the fact that all these people, neither at school nor at university, required teachers and professors to prove to them personally the accuracy of certain statements. They absorbed everything blindly, without any objections. And they rejected real facts confirming my assumptions with the words: "Of course, it's interesting, but I would like to be convinced of this through my own experience." And I proved it based on their personal experience, but even their own experience did not change their positions.

Often, after I proved something to these people, they simply disappeared from my horizon and often denied knowing me. This dishonesty annoyed me, but nothing more. My task was not to obtain diplomas, but to learn the truth, first and foremost for myself. I was well aware that I had opposed almost everyone in science. This was because my results and understanding of the nature of things contradicted most of the prevailing ideas in science. But that didn't bother me; I had been stubborn since childhood, and it was simply impossible to make me change my beliefs with the phrase " it is so because it is so" just because some doctor of science or academician had said so.

* * *

I became convinced of the ignorance of some "scientists" during my second year of study. The thing is, as a boy, I used to invent various devices and machines. After my first year at university, I thought about the problem of laser beam divergence. During the summer holidays, I managed to solve this problem. Instead of dealing with the side effects that cause beam divergence, I decided to amplify these side effects, increase them and make them controllable. With this approach, I managed to solve the problem and achieve beam divergence. I made drawings of my laser machine and a number of other devices and... I brought them with me at the beginning of the lesson. I wanted to clarify some details, as I was not a laser specialist.

One day, I gathered my courage and went to the dean's office. I talked to the dean and asked him to invite someone from the quantum radiophysics department of our faculty. He did so, probably to get rid of me quickly — he invited one of the department staff, and I told him my idea and showed him the finished drawings. He listened to me for about ten minutes, looked at the drawings and said, "I don't know what's wrong here, but this is not right. This is all metaphysics." Something is wrong here — and that's all a

of the leading specialists in laser technology?! If it's not right, what is it and why? I didn't even think he understood anything.

I was upset, but not for long. I checked the calculations again, checked the physical concepts. I found no mistakes. I gathered my courage again and went to Professor Tretyakov during the holidays. Within a few minutes, I explained my idea to him, and he replied: "Young man, congratulations, you have discovered nonlinear optics, but unfortunately for you, it was recently discovered by the Japanese." "Metaphysics" turned out to be the discovery of nonlinear optics. It didn't matter much to me that someone had already made this discovery before me. What mattered to me was that my idea was correct and did not contain any fundamental errors. Besides, nonlinear optics was not the basis of my idea, but only an auxiliary element. However, Professor Tretyakov sensed the familiarity in my muttering amid the noise of change. Later, after the distribution among the departments, I found myself in the Department of Theoretical Radiophysics, which he headed at the time.

I would like to say a few kind words about this man. In my opinion, he was a true scholar. Unfortunately, I did not have the opportunity to talk to him often. He was very busy and was responsible for other students' coursework and dissertations. We had several conversations, including about my personal research on human abilities. He was not sceptical and was open to new things. Once, in a conversation about physics, he said something to me that I still remember: "Never get on the 'rails' of this or that theory. Their creators were not stupid and squeezed everything they could out of their ideas. If you don't want to collect the 'crumbs' of their ideas, always stay outside their ideas, not inside them. Only then will you be able to see their shortcomings and perhaps go further than them." I remembered these words forever, they completely resonated with my own ideas, and I subconsciously followed them always, even when I didn't realise it.

* * *

As I moved from course to course and passed exams with "A" or "B" grades, classical science never answered the questions I had in high school. From my third year at university, I began to search for the truth on my own. During my fourth and fifth years, I became personally convinced of the correctness of the path I had chosen. In less than three years, I managed to find answers to some questions that had excited me since childhood. I still didn't have the full picture, but I felt I was on the right track. I continued to search for the truth by exploring my own abilities.

Sometimes I have had to participate in blind experiments. In one of these blind experiments, I was asked to identify something unknown that was in the room. I began to scan with my hand and felt some kind of energy. I could feel the boundaries of the drops, etc. After a few minutes, they told me that I had accurately identified the magnetic lines of a small magnet placed under the seat of the sofa. So unexpectedly, I learned that I could sense magnetic fields, and therefore electromagnetic and electric fields. Before that, everyone thought that humans couldn't sense them, let alone distinguish the lines of force so clearly. More and more "pieces" of the mosaic were forming into a single picture, but I still wasn't fully "mature".

In the midst of all this, the time came to defend my thesis, so I put my research aside for a while and focused on my thesis. Most of my thesis was based on mathematical physics formulas, and I did not feel any sense of truth in the mathematical games of the mind. But I did what was required to defend my thesis. In my fifth year, I was offered the opportunity to defend my thesis in economics as well. The professors from the economics department saw a spark in my thinking about economics. When I realised that I would have to take several additional exams in subjects that we did not study according to our faculty's curriculum, I decided to decline. I was simply too lazy to

spend time studying and taking additional exams. In five years, we had to take about fifty exams and earn approximately the same number of credits. Sometimes I regret not accepting the offer and defending my thesis in economics.

In any case, I prepared my dissertation, passed the exam on scientific communism with an "excellent" grade, and received a "good" grade for my dissertation, although I don't think I prepared it any worse than the others. In our department, they couldn't give everyone an "excellent" grade, and the dean's office didn't like me very much. I caused them a lot of headaches with my pedantic questions, and everyone knew about my experiments and their results because I didn't hide anything from anyone and the whole university was "buzzing" about my results.

Yes, speaking of experiments, I would like to mention some phenomena that I encountered during my student years. As I wrote earlier, during my first year at university, I lived in a student dormitory, where I was assigned as a foreigner. After moving on to my second year, I decided to move into a flat, as life in the dormitory did not "resonate" with me. And although I achieved a certain degree of order – in the room for three where I lived, the lights were turned off at 11 p.m. – I still did not have the opportunity (or the right) to require everyone to observe the daily routine and keep quiet at least at night.

I rented a room from an elderly lady who had sore feet. She had ulcers on her feet that would not heal because of poor circulation. These ulcers caused her a lot of problems and were painful on top of everything else. Usually, people always talk about their ulcers, especially when they constantly prevent them from forgetting about their existence and remind them of the pain. But listening to them constantly was not my "goal" in life. That is why, after listening to such a wonderful and " informative" first-person account dozens of times, I was so "impressed" by the global nature of the problem that I decided not to look at what was happening outside. I remembered what I myself had always used for cuts and burns, which were not uncommon in my life as a boy. My mother would smear my "hero's" wounds with salicylic-zinc ointment, after which they would heal amazingly quickly.

So, "imbued" with the global nature of the problem, I remembered the miraculous ointment and suggested to my landlady that she try out all the possibilities of this ointment on herself. When the old woman learned that a jar of this ointment cost 5 kopecks, she expressed disbelief in its ability to work miracles. She told me that she had tried all the ointments prescribed by the doctor, and none of them could help her, even though many of them cost 3-5 roubles per jar. On the one hand, I wanted to help her, and on the other, I wanted to get rid of such "instructive" stories. So I suggested she try it, as it couldn't get any worse. No sooner said than done. In order not to put off such an important matter, I myself went on an "expedition" to the pharmacy. After visiting several pharmacies, I finally found this "miraculous" ointment. After a short application of this ointment, all the sores disappeared, much to my delight. In addition, her mobility returned.

The old woman even started shopping on her own, which was only to my advantage. After this incident, I began recommending this ointment to everyone as a miracle cure, but "for some reason" it did not have its "miraculous" effect. For some time, to my delight — not long, I couldn't understand what was happening. It was only a few years later, when I began my "metaphysical" research, that it became clear to me that the problem was not with the ointment, but with me. My unconscious (at that time) desire for the sores on this old woman's feet to heal and disappear was enough to charge the ointment with my energy with this programme. However, in my ignorance, I attributed this effect to the action of the ointment, not to myself. This misconception was due to the fact that in my own cases of using this ointment, there was a quick recovery. Simply, when my mother used this ointment on my " battle wounds" and told me that everything would heal quickly and be better than it was, I believed it, thought about it, and the "miracle" happened. Only

At that time, I did not associate this "miracle" with myself or with my mother's influence in any way. I only saw the result and attributed it to the ointment. How could I have known that nothing similar had happened to other users of the ointment! And since I didn't know that, I naturally attributed what was happening to me to the action of the ointment.

This example illustrates how a lack of complete information leads to incorrect conclusions and assumptions.

I was lucky that I was able to clarify the situation with the ointment's effect quite quickly and realise that it was not the ointment, but me, my thoughts about the restoration and healing of tissues, that transformed the ointment, turning it into a carrier of the healing programme. But at that time, I did not understand all this and was very pleased with the fact that the ointment had "cured" my hostess. After her recovery, I told her that sometimes a five-kopeck ointment helps, while a five-ruble one is useless. Price does not always determine effectiveness. I misled myself and others, not out of malice, but out of ignorance (this applies to the effectiveness of the ointment).

I was pleased with the "miraculous" cure for another reason. Before she got rid of her ulcers, buying and delivering food for my landlady was entirely on my shoulders, literally and figuratively. It wasn't very difficult for me, as I was already managing to get food for myself anyway. Sometimes I just had to buy something for her. And anyone who still remembers the Soviet era with its shortages and huge queues will understand me well.

My budget consisted of my scholarship, and although it was larger than that of most students at the time, who received a scholarship of forty roubles (increased to forty-five), in our radio physics faculty the usual scholarship was fifty-five roubles, and I also received an increased scholarship - a full sixty-three rubles in the initial courses, and in the upper courses - a full sixty-eight, I still could not afford to buy all my food on the black market. Due to the practical absence of meat in Soviet shops at the front entrance and the lack of goodies among the then "elite" - butchers and similar "comrades" who bought food through the "back entrance" — two or three times a month I bought meat, sunflower oil and everything necessary for making borscht at the Blagoveshchensky market in the glorious city of Kharkov. These commercial and monetary transactions caused quite serious damage to my financial situation. In any case, "socialist" budget planning bore fruit - I never found myself "without money".

Of course, my parents could have sent me money, but that was unacceptable to me. I considered myself an adult, a man, and I was convinced that it was not my parents who should help me, but I who should help them. And even though I couldn't help them financially at the time, I wasn't going to be a burden on them. To earn some money, after the first year I joined a student construction brigade. When I decided to leave the dormitory to find an apartment, I wanted to go and work part-time at the department, and only after quite intense discussions with my parents, especially my mother, did I agree not to do so, and for them to send me money for the flat, first 25 roubles, and later 30 roubles. This was a big compromise for me, as anyone who knew me even a little could confirm. Later, if I needed money, I worked part-time, initially using my skills in woodworking, metalworking, and later in healing.

4. Life is a good teacher.

Most of my patients during my student years did not pay me for treatment. Especially at the beginning of my medical practice. My patients were my acquaintances, acquaintances of acquaintances, and relatives of acquaintances. Usu a l l y , once I started working with someone in the family, almost everyone else in the family would also come to me with

their problems. I have always felt uncomfortable talking about money; I believed that people should offer as much as they could afford. I thought that everyone understood the value of a saved life or restored health and should appreciate what I had done and thank me according to their means. I thought this way, and it would have been right if people had evolved to such a level of consciousness, but... unfortunately, there were almost no such people. The few who understood this were the contingent of those who paid me for my work. And although I was sometimes offended by the way people behaved after they had received what they wanted from me, the question of payment for my treatment was always difficult for me. I just felt uncomfortable asking for money.

But the interesting thing is that the people who didn't pay me a penny were the most diligent. When they needed something from me, they didn't care whether I was tired or not, whether I had eaten anything that day or not, whether I had time or not. They needed something, and that was the most important thing for them. Nothing else interested or bothered them, and I was too embarrassed to refuse them. One day, however, it was precisely this kind of selfishness that helped me. At the request of a university lecturer whom I knew from my work at the Student Club, I went to her home. Her son had a high fever and was experiencing severe pain from gallstones. I crushed the stone into fine sand, then widened the bile ducts and expelled the entire mass into the duodenum. The young man felt something hot rushing into his intestines. A few days later, he had a fever because of the scratches that were caused, intentionally or unintentionally, by the fact that the sand from the crushed gallstone had sharp edges and scratched the walls of the bile ducts as it passed through them.

So, that day I was very tired – lots of activities, experiments, treatment, etc. At first, the experiments and treatment took a lot of energy, and afterwards I felt exhausted, even though I have always been able to handle heavy physical exertion quite easily. This does not mean that I have always been resilient and distinguished myself with "enviable" perseverance, which many people knew about, especially my relatives. Since childhood, I had no idea that I possessed unusual endurance. I discovered my unusual endurance quite by accident. Or rather, it was my father who discovered it. The story goes like this. Once, an elderly neighbour from Kislovodsk gave me a pair of three-kilogram dumbbells. They lay unused for several years until one summer, when I had nothing to do, I stumbled upon them and decided to do physical exercises to strengthen my body and spirit. As they say, God (which I personally strongly doubt) did not bless me with strength, like most men in the Levashov family, but I have never done physical development exercises. So I decided to make up for lost time during my summer holiday.

I didn't have to make any special "sacrifices" for this. I took these three-kilogram dumbbells and started doing a few exercises with them, one of which was to lift the dumbbells from my waist to my shoulders and then up until my arms were fully extended. On the first day, I did each exercise a hundred times without stopping, on the second day two hundred times, and so on. On the tenth day, I did each exercise a thousand times and for about the same amount of time as on the first day. In short, I got lazy about "swinging" dumbbells a thousand times and decided to ask my dad to find me something heavier. When I asked him about it, he called me a liar, saying that what I was saying was complete fantasy and that such a thing was simply impossible, and at the same time asked me not to tell anyone about it so as not to embarrass him.

I was very offended by his remark, as I was naturally very sensitive (I will tell you in confidence - just as I am now, but I have learned not to show my sensitivity). The reason for his reaction was based on the fact that he was convinced that even an adult man who constantly does heavy physical labour is not able to lift a regular hammer weighing half a kilogram even a hundred times! And then suddenly a boy claims that

he can lift three-kilogram weights a thousand times without stopping. Naturally, I took offence and asked him to prove to me that I hadn't made it up. To his credit, he gave me that opportunity, and I am grateful to him for that. I put him on the sofa and, with an offended look on my face, did my exercises a thousand times in front of him. After that, he apologised to me — the kid — for his offence.

Many years later, when I told him this story about my father, an acquaintance of mine in the United States in 1997 or 1998 also told me that such a thing was impossible. And that if he didn't know me personally, he would have bet money to prove the inaccuracy of such a claim. The thing is, he was a professional weightlifter and a master of sports in the USSR. And as a professional, he believed that such a thing was impossible. I asked him for a few days, took some eight-kilogram weights (about four kilograms) and after about two weeks, in front of his eyes, I lifted these weights a thousand and one hundred times in half an hour (the total weight was 17,600 kilograms or about nine tonnes).

I told this story not to show how "powerful" and "strong" I am, but to show that I inherited a very resilient body from my ancestors, which is not my doing. And so,
despite all my endurance, on that memorable day I was exhausted to the limit. But despite this, I agreed to come and make a gallstone, which I have already written about. After that, I literally fell to my feet and only with an effort of will did I not allow myself to faint immediately. To this end, I went to the window and pretended to admire the view from the window. I really didn't want anyone to see me struggling with myself. But my "contemplative" observation of the "beauties" of nature in the backyard of the residential building was unexpectedly interrupted by a request to work with the landlady herself. I found it awkward to refuse and, gathering all my willpower, I began the treatment. The first few minutes were incredibly difficult, but at one point something happened, something switched in me and it became very easy. The exhaustion disappeared, my thoughts became clearer and clearer, and the treatment became easy.

I couldn't help but think that I had found a "second wind." But it was something else, a kind of breakthrough to another level of my abilities. After that, I felt very comfortable both during the examinations and during the treatment. This does not mean that I was not tired, but after this "breakthrough" I could tolerate a level of stress several orders of magnitude higher than before and not be so tired. The consumerist attitude of others towards me has only once in my life led to something positive for me.

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It is actually quite interesting to observe people's reactions to what you do and how you do it. If you don't immediately bring up the subject of payment for your work, assuming that the person should bring it up themselves, many people come to the conclusion that either the treatment is " fun" for you, or it's worthless to you, or you're a fool. To me, this approach has always seemed strange, at least to me. Is it really a sign of stupidity or something else to sympathise with a person, to want to help them, to relieve them of their suffering and illness, and often to save their life, without putting money at the centre of the issue? Of course, I got moral satisfaction and joy when I helped people with my treatment, restoring their health and lives. This was especially strong when I managed to deal with a new problem, find a more effective method of treating a disease I was already familiar with, and so on.

When you create something and it turns out well, it always brings joy, and every creative person, every artist, feels the same way. Anyone can become an artist, of course, in their own way, if they put their soul into their work, overcome themselves, and achieve maximum dedication to the work they do. It doesn't matter what you do — what matters is how you do your work. I can't speak for everyone, but personally, I almost always felt joy from what I did. When I was a child, I loved working with wood, and as a boy I made stools, chairs, etc. Of course, my handicrafts were not "works of art," but nevertheless I felt joy from the fact that under my hands a rough board was "transformed" into something

useful, acquiring the smoothness of human skin, beautiful shapes, etc., when something formless is born and you are the creator of this "miracle".

Of course, I soon began to see the flaws in the "miracle" I had created. But that was later, and at the moment of completing the creation, I felt like I was in "heaven." And the more difficult the task or problem that had to be solved, the more joy such a victory over myself gave me. Even if someone else could have done it or had done it much better than me. It didn't matter to me, but it was important to overcome myself, to reach and sometimes exceed the "ceiling" of my abilities. To overcome myself, to create something that I myself had considered impossible - that gave me joy and even a certain amount of pride in myself. But unfortunately, this doesn't happen every day. And every achievement is preceded by hard work, searching for the optimal solution to the task at hand, whether it's a stool or restoring the planet's ozone layer, for example.

And once you have solved such a problem, repeating the same thing becomes routine, hard work. This does not mean that I did not feel joy at the fact that, for example, I got rid of a chronic ulcer after having already done so once for someone else. But honestly, the second, third, and so on times solving the same problem were not as exciting as the first time. Such achievements simply became mundane and were nothing more than hard work. The victories over myself and the problems I encountered in my work, although they were quite frequent, were not an everyday occurrence. And the surrounding reality, the daily cares and problems, surrounded me every moment. It turned out that I was surrounded not only by my own worries and problems (which were enough), but also by the problems and worries of many other people. And often I was the only one who could solve other people's problems, so their problems became mine.

Some people may say, "Big deal—anyone can wave their arms around! It depends on how you wave your arms. If it's just simple arm movements, then it's not really a big deal, but if you "wave" your arms with feeling, then it may not be so simple. The whole point is that if you "wave" your arms correctly, then with each movement of the arm along the body, the brain receives information about the state of the internal organs and systems of the human body, the brain analyses this information and develops an optimal strategy and tactics for solving the problem, and then an impact is made. With the next movement of the hand, the changes that have occurred after this impact are perceived, how the organs and systems of the body have reacted to this impact and what qualitative and quantitative changes have occurred. The brain analyses all this and makes the appropriate adjustments for the next therapeutic action in order to achieve the optimal result.

This is only from the point of view of the strategy and tactics of proper "waving". As for the ease of this "waving", I can only give one example of its effect on a person who is doing such "waving" for the first time. A few years after the events described, a person whose brain I had rearranged for the ability to perform such a "wave" (the qualitative rearrangement of the brain will be described below) attempted for the first time in his life to break up a stone in his kidneys. This effect lasted about five minutes, after which an adult, strong and healthy man slept for thirty hours without interruption. After he woke up from this sleep, the first thing he said to me when he called me was, "I can't imagine how you can do such a thing for many hours every day!" That is, in short, what can be said about the "simple" waving of the arms.

Of course, most people will not believe it or will pretend not to believe it until they "feel" it with their own hands. In fact, I have often been surprised by this reaction. For some reason, almost no one demands proof and understanding, for example, of how a television works before buying one. No one reads the theory of radio wave propagation

radio waves, etc. Everyone uses this device without proof of how it works, even though there is no explanation of the principle of operation, or rather there is the so-called four-pole theory, which states that there is a "black box" with two inputs and two outputs. At the same time, the quadripole can be transformed into a tripolar or dipolar. When two inputs or two outputs are connected together, the result is either a tripolar with one input and two outputs, or a tripolar with two inputs and one output. When two inputs and two outputs are connected to each other, a dipol is obtained. The instruments record what happens at the inputs and outputs, regardless of their configuration. And yet, no one explains what happens inside this "black box". And on it, as well as on the three whales, "stands" all radio equipment, including computers. And yet no one demands proof and explanation of the principle of operation. It is enough for everyone to receive practical confirmation of the effectiveness from the experience of others, rather than from a personal understanding of what is happening.

When it comes to treatment, for these same people, neither practical confirmation of the reality of what is happening nor an explanation of what is happening and of many of the things that traditional "science" has not even attempted to explain is sufficient. They demand personal confirmation, and even when they receive it, at best they silently withdraw, and in other cases they deny that such things ever happened to them or that they even know who you are. And sometimes they lie outright. And the strangest thing is that they often "foam at the mouth," literally and figuratively, defending " positions" that have been imposed on them without any evidence and which, "for some reason," they have not challenged and have not sought confirmation of their legitimacy. Such selectivity in their demands shows how brainwashed most people are and how thoroughly their minds have been "washed." And the most interesting thing is that people are often not interested in the fact that the facts and information provided to them are incredible and, in principle, impossible for modern "science."

Nevertheless, many people fanatically and blindly defend illusions that essentially turn them into slaves. What is more, the illusions that turn them into spiritual and physical slaves are imbued with a slave mentality.

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As a student, I encountered manifestations of this kind of spiritual slavery, which turned people into bio-robots when they were unable to think for themselves and uttered memorised phrases and words whose meaning they did not even understand and could not explain. Such "discoveries" struck me to the core, and I tried to help these people wake up from such a dream, but what surprised me most was that many of them did not want to wake up and free themselves from spiritual slavery. Many of them were content with this kind of slavery, which guaranteed them a piece of bread and spared them personal worries and "unnecessary" headaches. When you see and understand all this, you cannot help but admire what a creature that was not so long ago a human being can sometimes become. After all, we are all born free in mind and body. It is simply amazing how spiritually and physically free children are gradually forced to accept deliberately false ideas, which day after day, drop by drop, turn free-born children into adult slaves.

At that time, I still did not understand who was doing such things and for what purpose. I thought it was an incredible misunderstanding. At that time, I could not imagine that anyone would do such a thing consciously. Ever since my childhood, I have had a certain amount of naivety, or rather a desire to see the good in people and their actions. One of the first lessons I learned about the nature of some people was when I started treating people. As I mentioned, I have always been uncomfortable bringing up the subject of money. I have always tried to find an explanation for why people do not bring up the subject of payment. One such "excuse" I found was the assumption that many people find it difficult to believe that what I do can not only cure them of their illness, but even alleviate their suffering. I assumed that if they gave an explanation for what was happening to them

and what they experience is through self-harm or psychotherapy, which only creates the illusion that they are getting rid of the problem. I believed that the problem was not with the people, but with their ignorance (which is partly true). Therefore, I thought that I should work until the problem disappeared completely, and then, after seeing the results, which are confirmed by available medical research, people would realise the reality of what was happening and then pay for my work according to their means.

The only curious thing was that no one refused my help; on the contrary, many even tried to get it. "Scepticism" only appeared when I finished the course of treatment and the person had to react in some way. Many people simply said "thank you," even though I expected more from them, and they understood that very well. I found an explanation for this, assuming that they simply did not have the money. Sometimes this was true, but very often I later learned that the people whose lives or health I had saved had bought cars and so on, and had bought them on the "black market" for the money they had, and they had "suddenly" found the money for it, and quite a lot of money at that time.

This left unpleasant traces in my soul, but I still had a burning desire to help people. And some people continued to give me special lessons in "gratitude" and "appreciation." When I saved a man from dying of cancer and when the doctors confirmed the incredible fact that he had been saved from certain death, and all of the man's relatives and friends were celebrating this fact, his wife called me back into the kitchen to talk to me. I assumed she would thank me for saving her husband. She took out a pair of Czech-made jeans and offered to buy them for me for two hundred and fifty roubles. She said they were going to bring her several pairs, and I could choose the jeans I liked and that fit me. I was under two metres tall, and clothing had always been a problem for me. I thanked her for the offer, but everything was a little small for me. I didn't show any sign that I knew the real prices of jeans. For the price she wanted to sell me the Czech jeans, you could buy the best American jeans on the black market, not the ones made " A la Odessa". Czech jeans could be bought on the same black market for a maximum of 120-150 roubles. The wife of the man whose life I saved, without paying me a penny for my labour, thinking I was a complete fool, tried to "fob me off" with Czech jeans at the price of American ones. She " decided" and tried to get an extra hundred roubles out of me.

Such human behaviour shook me to the core. I could not even imagine such sacrilege. After this incident, I never saw these people again, even though they later tried to contact me. The bitterness of disappointment in people settled in my soul, but not for long. These people's actions are their responsibility; other people are not responsible for them. Each person is responsible only for their own actions and only when they perform them. Therefore, I did not change my attitude towards people in general, but only towards those who deserve it. And again, with an open heart, I began to help people and continue to seek the truth.

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As a student, I encountered for the first time an unusual phenomenon that everyone knows only from horror books and films - vampirism. In horror books and films, however, vampires drink human blood, but I had to deal with energy vampirism, or rather, vampirism of life force. I cannot say anything about bloodsuckers, perhaps they exist and not only in clinical cases (mental disorders). Personally, I have not yet had to deal with bloodsuckers. But I have encountered vampires of human life force. It is also interesting that the first case of vampirism I encountered was quite curiousьттps://....

When I was in my fifth year, one day the secretary of our faculty, who knew that I was a therapist, asked me for help. The case was very unusual, and I had never encountered anything like it before. She told me that something strange was happening to her and that this strange thing

Something only became apparent after a visit from her friend. A friend visited her at work and "suddenly" realised that she needed to have regular "heart-to-heart" talks with her. After a "heart-to-heart" female conversation about this and that for about thirty to forty minutes, this "friend" kindly said goodbye and continued with her work. Everything "interesting" started a little later, when our dean's secretary returned home. When she got home, this very energetic and healthy woman could only make it to her bed and, completely exhausted, fell into a deep sleep until morning. She usually felt great when she came home from work and was able to do everything that needed to be done around the house, and she always felt well and had never felt so exhausted.

When this happened for the first time, she did not associate her condition with her friend's visit. She attributed it to the approaching menopause. However, when it happened several times, she noticed that she only felt exhausted when her friend visited her. Once she was convinced that this was the case, she came to me for help. We agreed that she would call me at the department when her friend showed up again. When that happened, I went to the dean's office "on business" and when I arrived, I greeted the women. The dean's secretary introduced us to each other and I joined in the "small talk". While doing so, I scanned what was happening and soon discovered the presence of a suction tube running from the guest to the dean's secretary's solar plexus. As the conversation continued, I mentally interrupted and blocked this connection. After a few minutes, I bowed to everyone and returned to my chair.

The next day, the dean's secretary thanked me and told me that after visiting her friend, she was no longer tired. A day later, she told me that her friend wanted to meet me. I decided to meet this woman; I was curious to find out what she wanted from me. Anyway, we met, and she told me an interesting story. She had recently become interested in esotericism, in seeking spiritual development and a teacher. She had met a "guru" from Kharkov who promised to "open" the door to spiritual development for her. "For some reason," this door opened for him only in bed, in a very "spiritual" way. The young woman was quite attractive, and he personally "opened" the way to "spiritual" development for her, while informing her that if she wanted to stay alive, she had to find donors of life force for herself, otherwise she would have none of her own.

After a few days, she began to feel exhausted and tried to resist all this for a while, but without success. And in order not to die herself, she found a few people from whom she could periodically feed so that she would not die alone from exhaustion. She knew it was wrong, but she was young and really didn't want to die. So, when after our "acquaintance" she realised that she couldn't feed off anyone else, she decided to ask me for help to free her from this "gift" from the "high-ranking" guru.

I saw that she was truly a victim, that her actions were an act of desperation and fear of death, and that there was really no way for her to get rid of him. So, I decided to help her and "break" the remote energy connection with this "guru". I blocked her "guru" in the same way I had blocked him before. Everything worked well, and I met with her a few more times in this regard, as a precaution. But one time was enough to free her forever from her energy slavery. I hope she has not fallen into the traps of other "great gurus" again.

Much later, I understood the mechanisms of "black tantra", what it is and what it is used for by the "bearers of enlightenment", and then this case was my first, but unfortunately not my last encounter with energy vampirism, "black tantra" and various parasitic systems, which turned out to be more than real.

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But all that is yet to come. For now, I have completed my fifth year at the Faculty of Radiophysics, in the Department of Theoretical Radiophysics, which was considered elite within our faculty. I was not the last to complete my studies, and I was among the first to eagerly await the distribution of assignments.

anticipating the assignment. Everyone had already heard that the military commission had sent twenty-five candidates from our course to the army. When they called my name and I entered the dean's office, where the assignment commission was meeting, no one asked me anything. The dean simply said, "Levashov to the army." I was not asked any questions, nor was my opinion sought. The request for twenty-five boys had to be fulfilled, and they did not want to send their own to the army and were not interested in my right to choose my own assignment.

In principle, I was stunned by this: even the last people in the queue for assignment were asked about their preferences, as I later found out. Someone just needed my place "urgently," that's all. Anyway, I received my "assignment" in the army. Everyone, including me, realised that after serving in the army, a scientific career was out of the question. No one would take the time to refresh the old material and catch up on the new. Of course, I was very upset, and who wouldn't be! I did not yet know that thanks to my assignment in the army, I would have the opportunity to make a discovery for myself (and not only) that would be a turning point in my life and would allow me in the future to create myself and penetrate many secrets of nature. ....

But all that was still to come, and in the meantime, after being assigned to the army, I began to go through the final formalities. At the district military unit, we were given our passports and officer cards, we all underwent a medical examination and were assigned to our posts. We were given officer salaries and allowances amounting to over five hundred roubles, and we all went on leave before starting our service. I went home and spent some time with my family and friends, and then I went to the Black Sea for ten days, to the town of Sudak, where the girl I was dating at the time had a summer internship. It was my first time on a seaside holiday, and the second time I had seen the Black (Russian) Sea, which was a little different near Sudak, at least in that the bottom was rocky and the water was crystal clear. Thanks to this, it was possible to observe fish and other sea creatures, which was very interesting for me.

It so happened that although we lived between the Caspian and Black Seas, closer than many people, we did not go to the seaside during our parents' holidays. It was expensive for the whole family, given the prices on the coast. Every summer, our whole family would go to the village, or rather to the Kundryuchenski farm, which is lost in the salty steppes, and we would spend our holidays among the "sea" steppes. And although there were many large lakes, and I had to be on the shore of a large body of water, the sea is still the sea. Waves, water to the horizon... I don't think I need to go on. As a teenager, I learned to swim quite well in these very lakes, I could swim long distances without stopping, the only thing I didn't like was swimming very fast. I loved lying on my back and swimming, swimming while looking at the sky, it just mesmerised me, but sooner or later the opposite shore of the lake turned out to be "unknown" and the illusion of boundlessness disappeared, which doesn't happen with the sea. Of course, I didn't "crash" into the Turkish coast of the Black Sea, but nevertheless, swimming far beyond the buoys, I felt the illusion of the boundlessness of the sea. Naturally, swimming in the sea turned out to be much easier, but diving was more difficult.

The water near Sudak was crystal clear, as I already mentioned, and this sometimes brought unexpected, unpleasant surprises. Once, I dived deep enough and stayed down longer than I should have, as a result of which I had to urgently "surface". At the same time, the surface of the water seemed very close — just reach out your hand and that's it, but you rise, rise, rise, and the surface is still nowhere to be seen. In short, I reached the surface and was able to breathe. In this very effective and vivid way, I "got acquainted" with the optical deception of seawater. But it was not these impressions, despite their novelty to me, that became the most memorable and interesting for me. I brought up these impressions to tell you about some interesting little discoveries, far from the charms of the

seaside resort. The fact that I could heal became known quite quickly to many people in the small town of Sudak. In one family, where I was invited as a guest, they asked me to scan a person. I quickly established the presence and location of an active ulcer and the location of scars from past ulcers, which surprised everyone.

But that wasn't what surprised me. Every time I started scanning or treating an ulcer, his wife would get a strong electric shock and start jumping around comically. It all looked very funny, and it was hard not to laugh when I saw her reaction. Only the norms of propriety prevented me from doing so, although it was not easy. The most interesting thing was that this woman's unusual reaction did not depend on the distance between us; somehow her body transformed the field of my influence into an electric discharge. I had to learn to isolate her from my influence. As I realised after this incident, anyone in close proximity to me was affected by my influence. I did not rule out the possibility of this happening, and quite often people wanted to stand next to me. I was usually surprised by such requests, and when I asked what it was for, they told me that standing next to me for ten or fifteen minutes was enough to protect me from insomnia for quite a long time, etc. But I did not see how my influence affected the person.

This unusual reaction, which was very visible, allowed me to observe my effects so clearly for the first time. All I had to do was activate myself a little, and the woman immediately began to get electrified and jump up and down as if she had sat or stepped on a button. This 100% feedback on my effects, which was very visible, allowed me to learn to control my fields more finely. I could affect one person, while a person half a metre away from me was not affected at all. And another little curious discovery I made in the town of Sudak. During my stay there, I saw a poster inviting people to attend psychic experiments. I had never been to such a show before and decided to go.

The artist, whose name I did not remember, demonstrated the usual hypnosis of tourists and offered to demonstrate his ability to read minds and find hidden things, something similar to what the famous Ulo Messing had once demonstrated. I decided to experiment with him in turn. If the spectator hid an object in one place, I would mentally hide it and create false targets, which he would find. In a sense, I still feel guilty for disrupting the performance. After several unsuccessful attempts to find the hidden object, I finally "discovered" it for him, and he managed to extricate himself from the awkward situation with some dignity. He just kept repeating how unusually difficult it had been for him to work with the audience that day. He decided to take revenge by offering to tell the exact day, month and year of birth of several volunteers. The artist invited volunteers from the audience to think about their birthday. And he tried to telepathically "read" this information from their brains.

I had already learned a little about the mechanisms of telepathy, so I played another little "prank." I blocked the volunteers' signals and began mentally sending him different numbers of days, months, and years. He was again confused by his complete lack of understanding of what was happening on stage. When I was convinced that my tactic was working, I stopped interfering and let him demonstrate his abilities after all. After the performance, I approached him and tried to explain the reasons for what was happening on stage. But he, as far as I could tell, did not even "understand" what I was saying. For me, however, what happened was important: I learned new aspects of my abilities and understood many new things.

5. The Red Army is the strongest

Ten days later, I returned to Mineralnye Vody and spent the rest of my early leave reading books, treating friends and acquaintances, etc. And so, in

early August 1984, I left for the Odessa Military District, to its headquarters. Naturally, I found the district administration building and on the appointed day, the morning after my arrival in Odessa, I showed up there and reported by the specified telephone number that Lieutenant Levashov had arrived for further service. I was instructed over the phone to sit in the lobby and wait for someone to come down and receive me. My service began with a little inconvenience, as I arrived for duty in my usual clothes, since the military unit did not issue us uniforms. So, when a staff lieutenant colonel appeared after about 10-15 minutes and started looking for someone without success, I decided to find out if he was looking for me. I approached him in an appropriate manner and asked him about it. He looked at my "civilian" clothes with surprise and confirmed my assumption. He simply hadn't expected me without a uniform and therefore hadn't even noticed my civilian appearance. Anyway, he offered me a choice of several destinations.

I didn't care where or how I would serve, especially since I didn't know where the military units he was talking about were located, and he offered to send me wherever he deemed necessary. He was probably surprised by my answer and sent me as a platoon commander to 44219. I received all the necessary documents and went to that unit, which turned out to be the military unit where we had undergone military training and taken the oath last summer. This unit was located on the Black Sea coast, not far from the city of Ilyichevsk, located on the commercial port of Odessa. Basically, it was a suburb of Odessa, where even trams went. They told me how to get to Ilyichevsk, where buses and taxis also travelled. At the bus stop, which was not far from the "world-famous" Odessa Privoz (for those who are not familiar with this landmark of Odessa, I should mention that it is a market), I was offered to be the fourth passenger in the taxi (four people shared the fare), I agreed and with a breeze (it was a very hot day) I reached the gates of the military town where my unit was located.

With my suitcase, I arrived at the headquarters of my unit and introduced myself to the unit commander. I introduced myself to the commander of my platoon and others.
officers who were at headquarters at that moment. The company commander had recently graduated from our faculty a few years earlier. Besides him, there was a graduate from last year whom I knew personally, and Yuri Milenko, my fellow student, with whom I had studied in the same group until the fourth year (before the distribution among departments). Milenko arrived a day earlier than me and had already been assigned to combat duty, which was constantly carried out by several officers. To begin with, I was accommodated in the unit's cabin, where Yuri had already settled in. The officers were allowed to live outside the unit, and places in the officers' dormitory were expected soon, but I decided to find and rent a room, and Yuri decided to join me. We found a room in a residential building, if my memory serves me correctly, on Parkova Street, across the road from which the Black Sea could be seen two or three hundred metres away. It seemed to be a resort village! But that was only at first glance. The first evening we splashed around in the sea, but then, when we started work, we had less and less time and desire to splash around in the sea after work. The funny thing is that during the first two weeks, I joined the officer formation in civilian clothes. The warehouse simply did not have my size, and the situation was really comical.

During the morning and afternoon roll call, a man in civilian clothes (I was the tallest among the officers, warrant officers and soldiers) stood at the front of the line in the first row. Towards the end of the second week of this "circus", the unit commander lost his temper and ordered the ensign in charge of the warehouses to open the wartime warehouses and find at least something for me there. After the briefing with the ensign, we went to the warehouse, where, after a long search, we found a suitable field uniform. I signed for it and in the evening I began to sew on epaulettes and other insignia. The next day, I reported for duty for the first time in an officer's uniform and began to take command of my platoon.

Field uniforms are only available with boots, so I wore chrome boots, which I also found with great difficulty (by the way, I had a size 45 foot, which was very small for my height, fortunately for me). Those who have served in the army will understand well what it is like to wear boots with trousers in the August heat of the Black Sea coast. My feet felt like they were in a bathtub. All the other officers and ensigns who were "lucky" with their size "cooled off" in shoes. According to the regulations, I was not supposed to be in field uniform under normal conditions, so they sent me to the glorious city of Odessa, to a military tailor's shop, where they sewed my everyday and parade uniforms to fit my figure. I also found and bought regulation shoes and other accessories. About three weeks later, I picked up the uniform from the tailor's shop, and only then did I begin to "meet" the requirements of the position according to the regulations.

Some may ask, "Who cares about such nonsense? First, the two years in the army are also part of my life and biography. And second, many of the things that happened in the army during those two years are directly related to events, some of which became key in my life. And who knows, if I had ended up in some closed institution by assignment, whether my life would have developed in the same way or not, most likely not, or it would have taken a different path. And although it would have been a similar path of learning, I doubt it would have been the same. Perhaps with the alternative, I would have arrived at the same concepts and discoveries, but most likely much later. Fate did it differently, and I received my first gift where I least expected it.

* * *

After about a month of service, a flat became available in the officers' dormitory and Lieutenant Milenko moved there, but I refused, as I have never been a fan of dormitories, especially when there were three of us in one flat. So I rented a single room, which suited me fine. The landlady, an elderly woman, invited me in for tea. As she was retired, she missed human contact and wanted to have a "few" words with someone. Once over tea, word by word, the conversation turned to the unusual, and I told her the story of Wolf Messing, which I had read about in a magazine. I recounted the content of the article, including how he first learned of his abilities as a child. The article recounted how, as a boy, he boarded a train without a ticket and when the ticket inspector came on the train, he got scared and instead of a ticket, he handed him a packet of sweets, and the ticket inspector stamped it as a ticket and also said that with such a ticket he could not get on the upper shelf or under the shelf (I don't remember exactly), which surprised Wolf very much.

During the conversation, I must have subconsciously entered a state of influence, and as a result, something happened that surprised me. During this conversation, I moved my hands, to which my hostess reacted in the most unexpected way. She looked at me in surprise and asked, "Why did your slipper suddenly jump?" I looked at my slippers - they were where they had been before, i.e. on my feet. Another movement - and another exclamation from the lady: " ...look, the other one jumped too!" I decided to do an experiment and immediately went to my room, where I cut several pieces of paper to a size close to that of money. I returned to the kitchen and, keeping my hands behind my back, said the following to the hostess: "I will take out a banknote from behind my back and you will be so kind as to tell me its value." She agreed, and I took out one of the banknotes and gave it to her, thinking it was a hundred roubles. Imagine my surprise when she calmly said, "I haven't held a hundred-rouble banknote in my hands for a long time." I was so surprised that I asked her if she was mistaken. The hostess looked at me with a smile, held the paper up to the lamp and said, "This is the first time I've held money in my hands. Look, there are watermarks and Lenin's face!"

Her answer shocked me even more, and I started pulling out other pieces of paper from behind my back and thinking to myself - ten, twenty-five, fifty roubles - and each time she told me exactly how much they were worth. I took out several pieces of paper from behind my back at once and told her that it was a wad of five thousand roubles, and asked her to check it. And again, as if nothing had happened

, she shuffled the papers in a completely serious and calm manner and told me that everything was correct and that there really were five thousand in the wad. She even asked me where I got such a large sum of money. Everything that was happening shocked me, but I did not stop with the experiment with the documents. I imagined that her television was becoming invisible, and she immediately said, "Look, the television has disappeared somewhere, and the vase of flowers that was on it is hanging in the air!" Then the wardrobe became transparent to her, and the things in it seemed to be hanging in the air. Under my influence, the walls of the house also became transparent, and then I decided to test another of my premonitions. I asked her to look at my hand and imagined that my hand was becoming transparent and that the bones and vessels of my hand were visible. Almost immediately, my hostess looked at my hand with eyes wide with amazement, even more so than at the sight of things flying in the air, and said: "Look - your hand has become transparent and I can see the bones and vessels!" It is also curious that the landlady of my apartment was not particularly educated or intelligent. And yet, under my influence, she saw and conveyed in detail things that she could not have known or thought of.

It was incredible, but it was a fact, and I realised that under my influence, a person could "see" the invisible with the naked eye. Now I had to test this discovery on other people and see if it could be repeated.

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Several times a week, I had to conduct political training with the soldiers in my platoon. And once, after quickly presenting the necessary material for some "very" interesting plenum of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, I offered those who were interested to participate in an experiment. All my soldiers immediately woke up and looked at me with interest. I conducted the tests I already knew and selected the most sensitive soldiers. Then I tried to put them into a state similar to that in which my mistress saw the invisible, and found that not all of them could enter this state. But some did. My political lessons then became very popular among the soldiers, and many asked when I would do something "special" again. Usually, after a brief presentation of uninteresting material about party congresses, conferences, and their decisions, I moved on to my experiments, which everyone eagerly awaited (including me).

Soon, rumours of my "political lessons" spread among the soldiers, warrant officers and officers. And many asked me to show them something. Then, every evening, one officer or warrant officer would stay in the barracks to stop any unauthorised relations. Several times a month, I was on duty. The task was simple - to sit in Lenin's room and monitor compliance with the regulations. After the other officers and ensigns went home, a guard and the so-called leaders (I just told you about their duties) remained in the unit. In their free time before going home, the soldiers often gathered in groups and asked me to show them something. Over time, the "stars" of this original genre emerged among the soldiers, sergeants, ensigns and officers.

I came up with new experiments and immediately put them into practice. Using my skills and abilities to influence people, I never humiliated anyone or forced them to do anything offensive. That's why everyone agreed to participate in my experiments with great enthusiasm. It was always funny, but never offensive, and everyone without exception — the audience, the participants, and I — got a healthy dose of fun. In addition, my experiments brought some excitement to the daily lives of the soldiers and officers. I had to go on duty at the unit, first as an assistant and then as an officer on duty. Sometimes there were ten shifts a month, we were on duty at 6 p.m. and handed over to the next unit at 6 p.m. the following day. To be precise, the handover began at 6 p.m., and sometimes it took two hours to complete, after which we had to walk back to our quarters. During these daily shifts, we managed to sleep for four hours at best.

four hours at best. There was a bed for resting in the duty room, which was located behind a plywood partition. The assistant duty officer's rest time was during the night, and it was possible to rest at least a little.

The duty officer's break time was after morning dress, and he had to "rest" amid the hustle and bustle of headquarters, constant phone calls, and personal orders from the unit commander, chief of staff, and other senior officers. Those who have served and heard the unit commander demand his car from the fleet to headquarters, especially when he gave the order five minutes ago and the car is still not there, will understand me well. When everyone left the service, the assistant or duty officer was always in the duty room and "sat" on the phones. You sit and look at the phones and remember a joke about a Chukchi who sits and looks at the phone and says: "Phone-phone-phone, Chukchi wants to eat. " At night, the phones were completely " silent", sometimes only calls from the guardhouse or the units could be heard. But in the morning and until noon, the phones did not remain silent for a minute.

Once, during the "dead season," several officers and warrant officers approached me and asked me to show them my wonders. I called my "stars" from the units, selected those among the warrant officers and officers who reacted well, and began my "performance" in the frontline service of the unit. This time I decided to come up with something new. I created brick walls in front of them and asked them to walk through them, with the same result as if I had asked them to walk through real stone walls. I imagined cutting off my head and holding it under my arm. I created my doubles and sent them to the four corners. And I did many other things, both very funny and not so funny (removing my head).

When I later asked the participants in my "show" how they saw my actions, the answer surprised me. When I imagined cutting off my head, they saw everything in great detail. They saw how I separated my head from my body, how I took it under my arm, they saw blood flowing, they saw the eyes and lips of the "cut-off" head moving. This was a reality I had never imagined, and I was glad that no one went crazy from what they saw. But most often I did something funny: I " glued" my feet to the floor, my hands to the walls or to each other, created a company of my little doubles and ordered them to march on the table. I myself, the participants in the experiments, and simply the spectators were doubled over with laughter. Once I decided to " move" my assistants into the past, to the time of the dinosaurs. When their usual reality disappeared and they found themselves in the past of Earth, their reaction was unique. Especially when they saw the Tyrannosaurus Rex or T-Rex. Seeing and hearing the roar of the T-Rex, they reacted in different ways. Some quietly slid down the wall, some turned into motionless statues, some quietly moved away from the dinosaur and, once they reached a " safe" distance, began to " break" world records for short and long distance running at the same time.

All this and much more was incredibly funny, because all the participants in the "performance" were fully conscious, continued to think independently, had their own opinions, and acted within the realities I transported them to. All this was very interesting. Yes, by the way, I found some practical applications for these effects. For example, I discovered that my landlady had started "borrowing" money from me, sometimes ten roubles, sometimes twenty-five. She had obviously decided that I "had no money" and would not even notice ten or twenty-five roubles. I was obviously not happy with this "side effect" of my experiments with money and decided to put an end to this misunderstanding. I "simply" created an invisible wall at the entrance to my room for the landlady. After I did this, the "mysterious" disappearance of money stopped. After a while, the landlady expressed her dissatisfaction that she could not enter my room and "clean" it in my absence. I was not very happy with this kind of " care" and decided to find another flat to rent. With the help of my brother, who lived with me, I rented a two-room flat until the end of my service.

In between all this – serving customers, finding a flat, etc. – I continued with my experiments. One day, observing how different people reacted to my influence, I pondered the question: why does one person see everything I create, while another, even a very sensitive one, does not? After all, everyone has the same number of neurons, an identical brain structure, etc. The ability to see and react did not depend on education or mental abilities. So I set out to understand the reason for this phenomenon. I did something very simple: I put one person in an "active" state and compared their brain to the brain of a person who was not in that state. I compared... and found qualitative differences between the brain of the person in the active state and the brain of the person in the passive state.

The next logical step was the desire to create qualitative changes in the human brain in a passive state. The first attempt was successful, working on the principle of "image and likeness," much to the disappointment of believers, but not in the divine, but in the very human: after ten to fifteen minutes of creating a qualitatively new brain in a person in a passive state, I achieved the desired result. Both began to see identically and synchronously. Inspired by such luck, I had to make sure that what had happened was not a coincidence or some kind of psychic phenomenon. I tried again... and it worked again and again. The only difference was in the amount of time I had to spend transforming the brain of a particular person. Every person has different genetics, essence, education and upbringing, talents and qualities, so I needed different amounts of time and effort on my part to "bring" the brain of a particular person to the desired state of quality.

To make this process easier to understand, I often use the example of a mosaic. Each person has a different number of "mosaic fragments" needed for brain transformation. For a quality brain transformation within two or three minutes, a person must have at least ninety-five fragments of the mosaic out of the required hundred. Some people have only five fragments out of the hundred needed for a quality brain transformation, and I had to "add" the missing ninety-five fragments to achieve this transformation. When I did this, new qualities always appeared, and these new qualities were not illusory. After the brain transformation, for example, a person acquired the ability to see the internal organs of others. I discovered this in my first experiment with my landlady. And it was not just my suggestion. In this state, a person saw not just internal organs, but the internal organs of a specific person, with all the peculiarities and pathologies of that person, and not of someone in general.

This discovery became the key with which I began to discover the laws of nature one after another. But that would happen a little later, and at that time there was only the Beginning, and that Beginning with a capital letter, at least for me.

6. The Red Army. The end

Serving in the army as an officer in the electronic warfare forces was probably different from serving as a lieutenant in the motorised infantry or tank forces, but it was not a "piece of cake," as some people might think. I had to be on duty almost all the time, and even in the summer, although the Black Sea was just a few hundred metres outside the unit's fence, I didn't feel like swimming. Of course, I could have told the company that I had gone to the motor pool and arranged with the ensign on duty there that if anyone looked for me, they should tell the officer on duty that I had "just" gone on combat duty, and on combat duty... I don't need to continue, it's clear enough, and go swimming in the sea. But I had no desire to do so. Not because I was a fan of the service, but because it did not resonate with my soul. On my days off from service, I preferred to sleep well and do housework.

Yes, I moved from my first flat to another one, where I was my own boss. For the entire period of my service, I rented a flat that was much closer to my workplace and further away from the sea. Although this did not really matter, because I had neither the opportunity nor the desire to "escape" to the sea. The apartment had two rooms, which I did not need at all. But my brother Vladimir " helped" me when he flew to Odessa on business and visited me. He immediately looked for a flat and found me a two-room apartment and paid for it in advance, presenting me with a fait accompli. So I moved into an unfurnished two-room flat. I brought a bed and bed linen from my unit, bought some things for the kitchen, and my life was organised. Luckily, the owners of
apartment had left a refrigerator and a kitchen table with chairs. I usually went to my apartment during my lunch break and at night if I wasn't on duty.

On rare weekends, I would go to Odessa, to the famous "Privoz" market, and buy everything I needed for my culinary experiments. These "experiments" were nothing special, but my salary allowed me to buy delicacies that I couldn't afford as a student. I can only say that the sausages from Privoz were simply wonderful. There was a large selection of sausages at Privoz, and I usually walked around and chose the ones that looked good to me. I usually tried the sausages I liked, and soon I knew which sausage maker had which sausages, and they already knew me. I bought meat, aromatic vegetable oil, country sour cream, in short, the picture is clear. As a student, I couldn't afford it.
allow, but now I could afford a little pleasure. When I was a student, I saw how the vendors at the market chased away students who were walking among the rows and "trying" the merchants' goods. After "sampling" from ten or twelve vendors, the students tried to fill their empty stomachs this way, because in most cases they quickly "drained" their scholarship money and then looked for a way to "get" to the next one. So I really didn't want anyone to take me for such a "taster" when I was a student, or later on. If for some people such a thing was fun, for me it was humiliating. No matter how hungry I was, I considered it unacceptable to be humiliated in this way or even to have a hint of such a thing. I often went to the market in uniform, and no one would have thought that I wanted to "eat" the " poor" merchants. Now it's funny to remember my feelings and thoughts from that time, but that's how it was, and that's how I felt.

The life of an officer was not unbearably difficult for me, as young men who have been through the army say. Of course, I was an officer, not a soldier, but I don't think it's only important who you serve, but also how you serve. I have heard about the difficulties of service from both officers and soldiers. Of course, there was a lot of nonsense and stupidity in the army, but there was also a lot of what is really necessary and what really makes a boy a man. In our unit, there were officers who treated soldiers as a stepping stone for their careers. For example, the officer on duty or the assistant officer on duty, checking the guard duty according to the regulations, would every time announce an " alert", which meant that both the resting and the awake guard shifts would get up "in a flash", on command to attack the guarded object and move to that object. The soldiers did not respect such officers, and I sympathised with them on this issue. But that does not mean that I myself was complicit in any way, quite the contrary. I just tried to act fairly, as I myself realised.

When you spend seven to ten days a month on guard duty, you quickly learn many nuances of the job. As a "green" lieutenant, I would go to the guard room, pick up the guard room chief or the guard commander and a guard from the night shift, and go to check on the guards. When I approached the guarded sites, I almost always heard audible signals, the purpose of which I understood quite quickly. Those who remained in the guard room used these signals to warn the guards of the approaching inspector, and when I reached each guarded site, the guards reported to me in a cheerful voice that there were no incidents. I, and not only me, was simply and not without wit "led around by the nose". It was very witty, but the role of the " fool" did not suit me very well.

So I changed my tactics. Instead of running around the guarded sites in vain, when I reached the guardhouse, I went straight to the guard commander's office, where there was an electronic diagram of the guarded sites. It had lights, each of which lit up when the guard, circling the site along a given route, pressed the next button. Therefore, from the guard room, it was possible to observe the guard's movements around the guarded site.

So, knowing the distances between the points, I sat down in front of this diagram and watched the bulbs. If, after the time needed to move between two points on the sentry's route, plus the time needed to smoke a cigarette and add the speed of the "turtle," no other lamp lit up, I sounded the alarm. And the most interesting thing is that the soldiers never thought my actions were wrong. Very often, when I asked them to send me the poor sentry after the shift, the soldiers would say to me, "Lieutenant, you shouldn't do that, we'll manage on our own." I think that sentry didn't sleep at the appropriate time for rest and was cleaning the guard room with a mop. Sometimes the sergeants and soldiers in their second year of service would leave the barracks to go to the seaside or to visit their girlfriends. They would usually put their outer clothing on their bunk and cover it with a blanket. If you didn't walk between the bunks, you wouldn't notice such a change. The duty officer in the company always had a ready answer that a certain sergeant, petty officer or soldier had gone to relieve himself. Knowing where they had gone to relieve themselves, I gave the duty officer half an hour for the "reliever" to report his arrival in the duty room.

I knew that as soon as I left the company, a representative from the company would rush to the "relief" and interrupt the "relief" of the absent person, regardless of the degree of "relief". Then, after appearing in the duty room, the young man "caught" in unauthorised absence would come to me and I would determine his punishment for the offence, which most often consisted of washing the floors in the unit's headquarters. I never reported the incident to either the company commander or the unit commander because I had already punished the offence. The men I punished always thought that since I had "caught" them, the punishment was fair, and they always washed the floors themselves. Other officers sometimes acted differently in similar situations and reported to the unit commander. As a result, the entire unit stood on the parade ground for a good hour and a half, listening to the speeches of the unit commander, and as a result, the next out-of-line duties were very often given to those who were not responsible for the incident. During this time, the entire unit, including the officers and non-commissioned officers, stood at attention. I think the picture is clear...

During the so-called park day on Saturday, I gave the soldiers in my platoon a work plan for the day and set a condition that if they finished all the work before the appointed time, the rest of the time would be their personal time. The condition was only to check the quality of the work. This arrangement encouraged the soldiers to do their job well, motivating them to do everything quickly and efficiently, rather than "dragging their feet" and pretending to be busy, because usually, if they finished a job ahead of schedule, they would immediately find a new one. If they finished that one too, they would be given another one, even if it was meaningless work. In this way, the soldiers' initiative, desire and need to get things done quickly and efficiently were " killed".

There was one soldier in my platoon who was simply a troublemaker. He had military ingenuity, but in reverse. For example, when one of the posts was on combat duty, he decided to warm himself up in the heat of a diesel generator. According to the instructions, you cannot stay there for long while the diesel is running because of the high carbon monoxide content. So my "Turk" decided to sleep on the camouflage nets lying in the diesel room. And so as not to burn, he put on a gas mask. It would have seemed clever, if not for one small "but". A gas mask does not protect against carbon monoxide. If the ensign, the section chief and his direct

commander, had not happened to look into the diesel installation, the "clever" soldier would have been a "warm" corpse.

But the "adventures" of the brave soldier did not end there; he somehow inexplicably caused a fire in the station, which was on combat duty. Fortunately, the fire was quickly discovered and extinguished. As a platoon commander, I was financially responsible for my platoon's equipment, and together with the head of the affected section, I had to restore it after the fire. The station cost many millions, and one can only imagine what would have happened if the fire had not been extinguished in time. Some of the equipment damaged by the fire was written off due to wear and tear, but some of it had to be paid for out of my own pocket by me and the station chief. The "hero" received only a few extra shifts. After this incident, the grieving soldier was not allowed to work with the equipment. He was assigned to serve in the boiler room, where he distinguished himself again by nearly blowing up the barracks' heating boiler. He fell asleep again in the heat, and when it was discovered that the temperature in the boiler was in the red zone, a little more and... the boiler would have exploded along with the sleeping soldier. Fortunately, this soldier was completing his second year of service, and I did not have to observe his "inventiveness" during his second year of service.

* * *

My brother came to visit me several times and really liked Ilyichevsk and Odessa. This prompted him to quit his job and find work there, so the second room, as well as the entire flat I rented, were very useful to him, because I spent about seventy percent of my time on duty or at work, and the rest of the time I spent at work was mainly in the evenings and at night, when I preferred to rest. In fact, in the best case scenario, I, like all the other officers and ensigns who were not on duty, did not get home until eight o'clock in the evening or even later. After eating the dinner I had prepared, I did the necessary household chores, such as washing and ironing my uniform, cleaning my boots and shoes, because otherwise the unit commander would scold me for creased trousers or dust on my boots or shoes. Creased trousers meant that there were no clear "creases". In my spare time, I read a lot, and luckily a corporal from my platoon, who had previously served in East Germany, had a very good library. I also read a lot during night duty when I had to "sit" on the phones. Or rather, on the phones, ready to answer any call immediately, both on the unit's telephone exchange and on the external lines.

After ten o'clock in the evening, practically all the phones "went to sleep" until six in the morning. And the officer on duty or the assistant on duty, as I was during the first few months of my service, "guarded" the phones as they fell asleep. Reading books in such a situation was simply a salvation. But after a few hours of reading, regardless of the content of the book, my eyes would start to close on their own. Strong coffee or tea didn't help much either, and I had to put the books aside. To chase away sleep somehow, I had to go out onto the veranda of the headquarters to let the fresh sea breeze refresh my sleepy brain a little. This helped for a while, but as soon as I sat down at the duty desk and stared at the silent phones, the sleepiness returned very quickly, and there was nothing I could do about it. So the walk in the fresh air while checking on the duty roster was a lifesaver. After that, you feel refreshed for thirty to forty minutes, and then sleep quietly creeps up on you again. Fighting sleep was not a pleasant task. It was impossible to fall asleep, but sitting in the duty room at night, in complete silence, it was very difficult not to fall asleep, especially if you were on duty every day or every other day. If you managed to sleep for four hours during your shift, that was very good.

In fact, ever since I was a child, I have loved sleeping in complete silence, even with the television on.

The neighbouring room, with the sound turned down low, prevented me from falling asleep quickly. I also liked to sleep in a dark room; if light entered my eyes or even a sliver of light came through the closed door, I found it difficult to fall asleep. As a student, I "stuck" to the same habits. So it's easy to imagine how I perceived the situation when I had to rest behind a thin plywood partition, under the ringing of telephones and the "quiet" orders transmitted by the voice of the unit commander or other officers. I think the situation is clear...

I had to learn to rest under any conditions. Thanks to these "comfortable" conditions for rest, I learned to switch off from everything and everyone in almost any conditions. Regardless of the sound "accompaniment," the external lighting, and the position of my body, I could switch off for the necessary time and literally return to an active state in seconds. After prolonged "training," I could switch off while sitting on a chair in the duty room and immediately switch on at the sound of the door opening or any other sound that I considered worthy of attention. I got to the point where I didn't hear the ringing of phones or the rustling of voices, but woke up to the quiet ringing of the alarm clock. So, when life forces you to, you can get used to almost anything.

To a certain extent, I had prepared myself for this as a student when, while preparing for exams, I would switch off for ten minutes every fifty minutes, responding only to the sound of the alarm clock. This allowed me to quickly absorb vast amounts of information. Such student skills were useful to me and developed even further in the army. And I consider it a very positive asset. And so, the service was,

Although it was a little stressful, it wasn't a negative thing for me; in many ways, it was quite the opposite. The army, which in principle should have been the grave of my scientific career, actually did a lot for me. Of course, I didn't deal with wave process theory, as is customary in the classical school of theoretical physics. To my horror, the mathematical equations that theoretical physicists " play" with are more of a mind game than science in the full sense of the word. The postulates introduced into science remain forever blank spots that scientists ignore, forgetting that there is nothing behind them. So, after I joined the army, my scientific career in this particular field, which I was not interested in anyway, "died". But a chain of random and not entirely random events happened to me only because I was in the army. And that is why I am extremely grateful to the dean of my faculty for the fact that some of the swamp dwellers needed my place, and some of them did not want to go to the army, and only because of that did I end up in the army!

The large number of work tasks also had a positive side. By the end of 1984, I had almost two weeks off work! And I decided to use them for New Year's. My unit commander allowed me to use my leave and even gave me permission to go to another city. For those who are not familiar with army rules, I will explain the situation a little. An officer or warrant officer, even on their day off or on an official holiday, must be within reach of their superiors. An officer, even if going on a date with a girl, must inform where and how they can be found or where to call in case of an emergency. Of course, not everyone does this all the time, like when they go to Odessa for a few hours, but if someone starts looking for them and they can't be found quickly, that officer or warrant officer won't have a good time if something serious happens. An officer could be searched for even on his day off if there was an incident in his unit. So, after I officially received almost two weeks of leave, I couldn't just go wherever I wanted. So first I got the "green light" from the unit commander, and then I got the relevant documents from the office. After all, as an officer, I had an officer's card, and without such documents I could be stopped by any patrol and sent to the officers' cell. But I had these documents and didn't need to worry about that. Incidentally, during my service, not once did a military patrol check my documents, even though I "bumped" into the patrols and they bumped into me. But nevertheless...

* * *

After buying my plane ticket, I went to the airport in Odessa. There was a bus from Ilyichevsk, and knowing the schedule, I arrived at the bus stop with plenty of time to spare. But for some reason, the bus I needed didn't show up on time. At first, this didn't bother me much, but when there was less than an hour left before the plane took off, my holiday relaxation slowly began to "evaporate". With each passing minute, this relaxation disappeared more and more, and I decided to "catch" a taxi. I remember that I couldn't get a taxi for a long time, and when I finally got into the back seat of the car, there were thirty, thirty-five minutes left before the flight. Tickets before New Year's Eve have always been a problem, and I really didn't want to miss my flight. And although the distance from Ilyichevsk to Odessa airport was relatively short, I was still worried and really wanted to be on time for the flight. I even had a fleeting thought that it would be nice if the plane's departure was delayed. When I got to check-in, it turned out that the flight was delayed. At first, I was very happy about this turn of events, but when it turned out that the plane I needed had not yet arrived in Odessa due to weather conditions in Odessa and Kharkiv, my joy at the flight delay was replaced by irritation.

Sometimes it is interesting to rejoice and mourn over the same event, depending on whether you like it or not. In this case, I received a whole range of reactions to the same event. At first, it made me happy, and then it made me sad. When I was late for my flight, the only thing I wanted was for my flight to be delayed. And when I found out that my flight was delayed and why, I was very upset. Such is human nature...

The plane didn't leave without me, but it couldn't leave with me either. And that was the second "part" of the situation that didn't suit me. But, anyway, I had to "hang around" while waiting for my plane, and that prospect didn't suit me as well as it would have suited anyone else in a similar situation. With every passing minute of waiting, this "prospect" suited me less and less, and I began to think how nice it would be if the "damn" fog that covered the airport in Odessa with a continuous veil would dissipate and my plane could land and I think we all know what would have followed that "and". And

Imagine my surprise when, after fifteen to twenty minutes, the milky fog over Odessa Airport cleared and a sunny "thaw" set in. Something similar happened in Kharkiv, which I learned about later, of course. After the scheduled flight time, the flight from Kharkiv arrived in Odessa, and shortly afterwards announced boarding for my flight. I was

quite pleased with this turn of events and the fact that I did not have to sit at the airport for a day or more waiting for the flight. I also thought about how lucky I was that this had happened.

After spending my extra holiday in Kharkiv, ten days later I found myself back at the airport, only this time in Kharkiv. That day I arrived at my flight on time, but nevertheless another disappointment awaited me. The planes weren't flying, the weather was bad in Kharkiv and in Sverdlovsk, from where the plane was flying to Odessa, with a stopover in Kharkiv, and in Odessa itself, where I was actually going to fly. In short, the situation was unimaginable. Once again, I was sitting in the airport lounge, and time was not flying. Who would want that? No one, including me. And naturally, I started thinking again about the clouds and fog that cause so many problems, forcing people to sit and wait for time to pass, both literally and figuratively. Of course, I really wanted my "crowing" not to last long. And again, to my great joy, a few hours later the weather cleared up and I flew to Odessa.

At first, I did not attribute this luck to myself in any way. I returned to my unit on time, without being late, and boasted about my luck. And very soon I had to seriously doubt that "Lady Luck" had accompanied me in these events. These doubts

appeared in me after one of the officers from my military unit returned from leave almost two weeks later than planned. He was late from his leave for one simple reason. Due to the thick, almost milky fog at Odessa airport, the weather had been unfavourable for flying for almost a month. During that month, the fog cleared only twice for a few hours. First, for three or four hours when I left Odessa, after which the fog again covered the ground with a thick blanket. And the second time when I returned from my holiday to the unit, after which the non-flying weather continued for another two weeks. It turned out that flying weather appeared for a few hours only when I had to fly. And I suspected that all this was not accidental and that I was probably the reason for my luck. Of course, the probability of something like this happening by chance exists, but it is negligible. And I suspected that probability theory had nothing to do with it. All that remained was to obtain new confirmation of my direct involvement in such phenomena in order to confirm or reject my assumption. After this incident, I began to carefully observe my desires and their consequences, and not only those related to the weather.

As for the weather, if I concentrated or wished hard enough, http://
it would stop or start raining, clouds and little clouds would appear or disappear, all I had to do was visualise the process. Once I realised that my desire affected the weather, I tried not to interfere with it unnecessarily. But since then, I have almost never had to sit in airport lounges waiting for the weather to clear. On "my" flying days, there was always time to fly, even when there was no time to fly before or after "my" flying days. So very soon the possibility of "chance" in what was happening with time, at least for me, was removed from the "agenda". It was like in that fairy tale about Emel: "By the will of the pike, by my will. " .
I didn't have a magic pike, or I didn't know anything about it, just my "desire", which was enough for unconscious (at that time) control over the weather. And although, as the song says: "...nature has no bad weather, every weather is a blessing. " , I personally have never
liked the tedious drizzle of cold rain when low leaden clouds hang over the ground for many days. For some reason, such "blessing" did not resonate with my soul. And although I understood the necessity of such weather, sometimes I could not bear the tedium of this "blessing" and organised for myself, and hopefully for everyone else, a periodic break from such "blessing", and so it happened that I organised this break on weekends and holidays, especially if I had an event planned and had to be outdoors.

* * *

But all that happened later, and for now I am still in the army and my discoveries of a new, unusually beautiful world are still continuing. My brother not only took care of
for an apartment for myself, as I mentioned earlier, but also "informed" the local population that I could heal people. In my unit, many people knew not only about my ability to influence people, which many were convinced of not only as spectators, but also about my ability to heal. Many soldiers, officers and ensigns turned to me for help. I tried to help them as much as possible. With the light touch of my brother, who always had a talent for establishing contact with almost anyone very quickly, the residents of Ilychevsk began to come to me with requests for treatment. And so, after evening service, if I was not on duty, civilians, as the military like to say, would come to me. My brother would describe to people in very colourful terms what I could do and often asked me to prove to these people that he was not lying and that everything he said was true. Many times I asked him not to create such "advertisements" for me, so that I wouldn't have to prove to anyone that I wasn't a fraud and that he wasn't a liar. But he was incorrigible in this regard. He told people not only that I could heal, but also about my other "oddities". And there is a very funny story related to this.

One day he told his friends that I could stick needles under my fingernails without even

dilating my pupils. And, of course, they didn't believe him, so he asked me to prove to them that he wasn't lying. He really wanted me to do it, saying that it was very important to him, otherwise these people wouldn't take him seriously, and he needed the opposite for his work. Anyway, he convinced me to do it. But before I continue describing my demonstration, I would like to clarify the situation with the needles that are stuck under the fingernails.

As a boy, I was shocked by a film about Kamo, the "fiery" revolutionary of the "Great" "Russian" Revolution. In the film, Kamo pretended to be mad in order to avoid prison and hard labour. The doctor who conducted the medical examination to determine whether he was insane stuck a needle in his back and observed his reaction. Kamo showed no signs of feeling pain and continued to talk to his tame sparrow as if nothing had happened. The only thing that gave him away was that his pupils dilated with each prick of the needle. The doctor who saw this was so shocked by Kamo's willpower and determination that he confirmed the diagnosis of insanity that Kamo had feigned. After watching the film, I was very impressed by the story and thought to myself, "Would I be able to endure the pain and not show it? Of course, I didn't want to disfigure myself in a test of my own fortitude. Until then, I had been through a lot of trouble and didn't seem to show any weakness of spirit, but I didn't know how strong my "spirit" was. So it would be easiest to try something similar to what was mentioned in the film.

But it was a bit tricky to insert the needle into the nerve nodes on my back, and it was only possible with someone else's help. And I didn't want to do it! What if my "spirit" wavered and others found out So I immediately ruled out
the possibility of outside help. I didn't want to be a laughing stock. So I had to rely only on myself.

And then I remembered that the most nerve endings are under the fingernails and in the eyes. I didn't want to pierce my eyes, so I chose my fingernails. I also remembered that one of the most refined forms of torture is to stick needles under a person's fingernails. This fact solved the dilemma. By sticking needles under my fingernails, I could achieve the desired result. I could test the strength of my " spirit" and not cause myself serious bodily harm. At the same time, I could do it myself and watch my pupils in the mirror - would they dilate or not when I stuck the needle under my fingernail? Choosing a suitable moment when no one was at home, I began to experiment with my "strength" with some excitement. I took the needle, disinfected it with cologne so as not to accidentally get an infection under my fingernails, and, staring at myself in the mirror I stuck the needle right to the base of the nail. It seemed to
it worked, but I wanted to make sure my pupils wouldn't dilate. Now confident that I could do it properly, I asked my brother to be an independent observer and repeated the experiment in his presence. He confirmed that my pupils had not dilated during the process. That was exactly what I needed.

I won't say that when I put needles under my fingernails, I didn't feel any pain; there was pain. In fact, I've always been very sensitive, but during these experiments, I didn't let the pain "take over" my will, and I even tried to smile. I succeeded and was pleased with my results. I didn't want to show off to others; I didn't need cheap authority. I wanted to test myself for myself, and I succeeded. The only one who knew about it was my brother. And so, ten or twelve years after my experiment, my brother mentioned it and was declared a liar. One day after my service, my brother and I went up to these people with needles and cologne. The upcoming observers advised me not to do anything "stupid," but I decided to show them the "trick" anyway. I stuck a few needles under the nails of my left hand in front of them (I am right-handed) with a smile and a request to look at my pupils. When I did this, one of the spectators said that it was an illusion and that there were no needles under my fingernails, that I had simply created an illusion and that she had already heard about this from other people and that I shouldn't take everyone for fools!

I responded by suggesting that she check for herself and remove the needles with which I had "forced" them. This woman, absolutely confident in her righteousness, calmly approached me, grabbed the needle and tried to pull it out. And then the unexpected happened. When she realised that the needles were real and that I had actually stuck them under her fingernails, she fell into a deep faint and I had to revive her. Unfortunately, the story with the needles and my brother did not end there. A few years later, in the winter of 1991, it had an unexpected continuation when I came to visit my relatives in Min-Vody.

At that time, my brother was working at the local architectural office and once boasted to the local KGB officers that I could stick needles under my fingernails without my pupils dilating. They accused him of lying again, and he started persuading me to prove the opposite, because otherwise everyone would laugh at him. It turned out that I had been invited to a racehorse auction by the director of the stud farm in Tersky, and the infidels from the committee would also be there. There were many foreigners at the auction and, of course, there were also committee members among the "audience". I promised my brother that if we saw these people, I would demonstrate to them what I wanted to see. We met them, and my brother introduced me to them as "the one" who calmly sticks needles under their fingernails. They began to say that they believed it and that no demonstration was necessary, but I saw in their eyes that this was not the case. I demonstrated before their very eyes how I stuck needles under my fingernails and asked them to watch my pupils.

This time no one fainted, but afterwards I told my brother that I would not do it again and that if he wanted to boast about something, he should boast about something he could do himself, otherwise next time he would prick himself. It wasn't that it was difficult for me to do, I just thought that such actions were completely unnecessary because I was doing it for myself, to test the will and strength of my "spirit," not to impress anyone.

* * *

And now I will return to my life in the army for one simple reason: my research and discoveries of the unknown to me, and as I later realised, not only to me, were of enormous importance for understanding nature. From time to time, conducting my " demonstrations" for the sceptical officers and warrant officers of my unit, who had not seen this for themselves but had only heard about it from others, I tried out different ways of influencing people, studied how the human brain reacted to my influence, and came up with new and new ways of brain restructuring. There were many soldiers, ensigns, and officers who wanted to try it. My "performances" brought some excitement to the daily routine of the service, and the charge of good laughter was always welcome. I "threw" my volunteers into the past and present and asked them to convey their feelings during such movements.

One day during a training exercise, when my platoon and I had moved to our designated positions and my posts were deployed for combat, I had an idea that I decided to test after the lunch break. In field conditions, my platoon set up posts near a forest belt, and I decided to find out how plants react to people and their behaviour. I asked the smokers for lighters and asked my volunteer assistants to observe what was happening. I lit a leaf on a tree with a lighter. The tree reacted to my action by changing its " aura" from bluish-green to deep red. Most likely, this was the tree's way of "screaming" in pain. And this "cry" of pain was heard by other trees in the forest belt. Or perhaps this was the tree's way of warning the other trees that I was causing it pain. Because as soon as I approached other trees, where I had not even thought of burning the leaves, their " aura" changed in the same way as it did with the tree where I had burned a leaf.

When I asked the others to approach the trees, none of them changed their "aura," but only when I tried to approach them. The tree remembered me very well.

well and could distinguish me from any other person. Not only did it remember me, but it also "transmitted" my data to the other trees in its own language, thanks to which all the other trees in this forest belt received the characteristics of a "particularly" dangerous "criminal". That's pretty good for a brainless plant, isn't it? Plant organisms have their own sensory organs, they feel pain, joy, sadness and many other things that we are used to considering inherent qualities and abilities. They have their own consciousness, different from ours, and they also do not want to die, just as many people fear death. That is why I recommend not harming plants unless necessary. My discoveries have allowed me to look at the natural world around us in a completely different way. Every living thing, plant or animal, has different levels of consciousness and a whole spectrum of senses that we humans had no idea about, considering ourselves and our abilities to be the crown of nature's creation, without understanding even a fraction of that nature, including our own nature.

In between these discoveries, my service went on as usual. After work, I treated people, and towards the end of my military "career," a member of the faculty where I had studied before the army approached me, knowing that I could treat people and that I had already had success in treating patients with stage IV cancer. She asked me to help her neighbour, who had already been discharged home to die and had been given no more than a month to live. She felt sorry for his two children and sought me out through acquaintances. I agreed to see this man, and when he came to me, he could no longer walk on his own and had to be supported by two people.

Spring 1986 was approaching, and I had a few months left before I was discharged. The next inspection was approaching, which always brought extra hustle and bustle to our military unit, as it did to every other unit. Sometimes I had to return from duty after ten o'clock in the evening, so I had to work with him during my lunch break. However, the intensive work with this man paid off, and after four months he returned home completely healthy. He travelled alone and carried his own luggage, which he told me about when he returned home. I managed to destroy his cancerous tumour along with the metastases, but he was still quite weak.

I mention this not because he had cancer, but because this man's story has an unexpected continuation. I will tell you about it when the story unfolds.

* * *

During the last inspection before my dismissal, something funny happened. The commander of our unit decided to form two units of officers and warrant officers who would take turns. And I was "lucky" enough to be on duty in the unit every other day. Everything would have been fine if I could have rested at least a little after the shift change, but since I was still a platoon commander and responsible for its readiness for training, after the shift change I often went not home, but to the location of my company and platoon. Those who have served in the army know what madness reigns in the units during inspections, when at any minute the inspectors can announce a combat exercise and the start of training. So even after my shift, I sometimes didn't get home until after midnight, only to be back at the unit in the morning and on duty again in the afternoon. Let me remind you that the duty officer's break is from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m. During the inspection, it is not possible for the officer on duty to rest at the designated time.

After several such duties, only with sheer willpower can a person refrain from immediately quitting. During the handover of duty at the unit, the old officer on duty hands over his service weapon and at the same time has to dismantle his pistol and test the trigger, pointing the barrel at the floor or ceiling at a 45-degree angle, as required by the instructions. While I was preparing my weapon to hand it over to the new officer on duty, one of the officers interrupted me with a

question. After answering the question, I returned to my interrupted examination. And since I had in mind what I wanted to do before I was distracted by the question, I returned to the interrupted lesson, pulled the slide of my pistol, pointed it at the floor, and pulled the trigger. and pulled the trigger. The shot ricocheted off the floor and lodged in the ceiling. A deathly silence fell over the headquarters. The frightened unit commander jumped out of his office. At first, he and many others thought that someone had shot someone else or committed suicide.

I looked at my gun in bewilderment and couldn't understand how the bullet could have been in the barrel when I had removed the magazine! The imperfect action in my head had come true. This time everything ended well, no one was hurt, only the new officer on duty was very frightened, even though the bullet fell on the floor between my feet. I was reprimanded for careless handling of the weapon, and that was the end of the matter. I was lucky that I had even checked my weapon according to the instructions, otherwise in such a situation, when there were many people in the duty room, someone could have been seriously injured by a stray bullet.

In May, I received my next military rank, becoming a senior lieutenant. The commander of the unit and an officer from the district administration suggested that I consider staying in the military, and I promised to think about it, but this was more a gesture of politeness than a reflection of my inner feelings. After a while, I was discharged from the reserve and left for Kharkiv.

7. The miracles continue

Strange as it may seem, it was precisely this unexpected turn of fate, when instead of ending up in a research institute I ended up in the army, that allowed me to make a huge breakthrough in my understanding of nature and myself, of my abilities. Who knows what would have happened if I hadn't ended up in the army by chance, or rather by the will of the dean of our faculty. Would I ever have "stumbled upon" a person as susceptible to my influence as my landlady turned out to be? Maybe yes, maybe no. Thanks to the time I spent in the army, I was able to find ways to qualitatively change the human brain, to create new senses that nature did not create, and much more. And although I thought that being sent to the army would be the end of my scientific career, in fact, thanks to it, my scientific career had only just begun. In the army, I discovered the path to true knowledge of nature.

When I returned to Kharkiv, I accepted an offer from a man I knew before the army and got a job in his department. My new workplace was the All-Union Scientific Research Institute of Technical Aesthetics (VNITE), Department of "Functional State of Man". There, I studied the functional state of people in various stressful situations at work, measuring biopotentials at biologically active points using a specific methodology. Initially, I worked as an engineer, and then as a junior researcher. My new job was in the Stateprom building, next to the Kharkiv University building on Dzerzhinsky Square. I quickly re-established contact with all my friends and people who were interested in my research when I was a student. Working at the institute gave me a lot of freedom to do my own research. I conducted new experiments, trying to understand more about the nature of what was happening.

One day, shortly after I was discharged from the army, I was invited to visit my former classmates, a married couple with whom I had studied in the same group until my fourth year, when we were assigned to different departments. One thing led to another, and the conversation turned to my experiments and research, which they had heard about from others. And as usually happens, the question arose as to whether I could show them something. I tried it, and my former classmate reacted wonderfully to my presentation. I made some adjustments to her brain and

she began to see money instead of paper, her husband's internal organs, etc. I decided to conduct a new experiment. I created nine doubles of myself and asked her to determine where my true self was. The idea for such an experiment was inspired by Russian fairy tales, in one of which Ivan Tsarevich, if my memory serves me correctly, had to guess which of the ten Vasilisa the Beautiful was the real one. But when my former classmate saw ten copies of me, she was clearly frightened and refused to determine which one was real, for one simple reason: according to her, I couldn't possibly be ten copies!

It was a funny situation. But I really wanted to understand how a person feels when they touch the double I had created. Was it just a hologram, or something more? To get an answer to this question, I had to do some tricks. I removed eight of my doubles and... made myself invisible to her as well. By that time, I already understood how vision worked and "simply" created a state of invisibility around myself. After all these manipulations, only one of my doubles remained in front of the young woman, who was unaware of my "little" tricks. So, for her, I was once again a "single" copy, which was consistent with her perception of reality. My voice was also heard from the position of my visible double, and I asked her if everything was all right and if she was afraid to pat me on the shoulder.

She replied that everything was fine and that she had known me for more than a day, and calmly approached my double and patted him on the shoulder, as if it were my real shoulder, on the same level as my real shoulder. In doing so, she was completely sure that it was me. You should have seen the jaw drop of her husband, as I mentioned, also a former student of mine, when his wife, fully conscious and sane, walked past my real double and patted the shoulder of the "empty space". It took a tremendous effort not to burst out laughing at the sight of him. I had not managed to find out everything I wanted to know in this experiment. My former classmate's fear of my doubles prevented me from doing so, but nevertheless, with the help of my cunning, I managed to understand that a person brought into a certain qualitative state of consciousness not only sees other planes of reality, but also perceives these planes as clearly as the physical, dense reality familiar to most people. It is curious that the participant in my experiment was absolutely sure that it was me she was patting on the shoulder. Her senses — sight, hearing, touch, and probably all the other senses — confirmed with absolute certainty that she was patting a real, physically dense person on the shoulder. I had not even expected such a result from my experiment. My research into nature continued to surprise me, and this was not the last surprise.

* * *

I also continued to treat people. In particular, the story of a cancer patient whom I had pulled out of the grave while still serving in the army had an unexpected continuation. The summer of 1986 was the first summer after the Chernobyl accident, and the sun that summer was very "evil." My patient decided to sunbathe, and... his lymph nodes started a revolution. He was still very weak after his illness and sought me out again, asking for help with a new problem. I pulled him out again. In January 1987, he sought me out again through acquaintances, and we met. This time he underwent another medical examination, which showed that he was healthy. I was pleased with the result of my work, but events took an unexpected turn. This man told me that there was nothing wrong with him, which was confirmed by medical tests, which meant that he had nothing wrong with him.

Then I reminded him of the medical reports he had brought me the first time, and the reports on his lymphoma that he had brought me the second time, and that all this medical data had been provided to me by him, from the hospitals where he had been treated. But no logic had any effect on him. He continued to insist that there was nothing wrong with him and that I had done nothing for him. And he asked me to return the money he had paid me for the treatment. When he said that, everything became clear to me. This man had decided to take his life back and

his health from me and get back the money he had paid for it. I was very surprised and angry at such behaviour and such arrogance. I told him I would give him his money back, but on one condition. If there was nothing wrong with him, if he did not have terminal cancer and I had not "removed" anything from him, I would return his money and nothing would happen. But if he really had all the things I was working with, then I would return his money and he would get everything back. I repeated my conditions several times, thinking that no sane person could claim what he was saying. But he stubbornly kept repeating: I had nothing, and you didn't take anything away from me. Obviously, this man, having assured himself that he was sane, could not even imagine that he might disappear somewhere.

I met him once more, gave him the money and said the following: "If you had nothing, nothing will happen to you, but if you had the illnesses I worked on, exactly one year after this day they will return to you in the state they would have been in if it weren't for my work." I suggested that he think it over once more, but the man continued to insist on his position. I gave him the money and forgot about him. I told this story to a woman from the Department of Radiophysics who had asked me to help him. She apologised for the fact that he had turned out to be such a swindler and a despicable person. I was saddened not by the fact that I had to return his money, but by the fact that I had spent so much time and effort on such a dishonourable person. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before in my practice; sometimes people didn't pay, sometimes they said that my treatment hadn't "helped" them, and then it turned out that they were just lying so they wouldn't have to pay for my work. But for the first time in my practice, someone said that there was nothing wrong with them and that I hadn't removed anything from them.

Observing people's behaviour, I realised one thing about myself: not everyone who wants help deserves it, and not everyone should receive it! My subsequent life experience fully confirmed the correctness of my conclusion. And the story with this man ended as follows. When, a year later, I happened to meet the same employee-neighbour with the "tail," she said to me: "I am one of the people who do this: "Did you know that my unfortunate neighbour was healthy exactly one year from that day, but when he woke up the next morning, he could no longer move on his own, and by the evening of the same day, he had passed away." All the things he "never" had and that I "never" took back to him in one night! I don't know what this man was thinking on the last day of his life, perhaps he regretted his greed and meanness, but I think he remembered my words well, especially since they were spoken in the presence of several witnesses, including his wife's brother. His meanness and greed were punished, and I did not regret what happened to this man, believing that he got what he deserved. There was only one thing that surprised me about him. I had no idea that what I had said would come true, day after day, just as I had said. It turned out that what I said had real power, and I wondered if I should be more careful about what I said and how I said it. What happened was another unexpected discovery for me...

The incident with this man did not change my attitude towards people in general, but I just realised that people are very different and not all of them are good people.

* * *

I continued my work at the institute. There were several professional psychologists in our department, and many of them showed great interest in my experiments and research. Some of them even became my associates, with whom I shared my new discoveries and thoughts. Everyone in the department knew that I could treat patients and conduct my own research. As long as it did not interfere with my work in any way, no one had any objections; besides, I did all my work after hours, in my free time. In principle, almost no one was interested in what I did after work; the main thing for them was that I did everything that was required of me in my job. The head of my group, whom I had known since my student days and who was very interested in my experiences and abilities, once told me that a man who was himself a healer and who wanted to meet me before

He said he had a group he was working with and that he often invited interesting people to his classes.

This man called me at work and we agreed to meet at his flat. The man's name was Yuri Yurievich, he was short and at that time he was about forty years old. When I arrived at his flat at the agreed time, his group had already gathered. They were young people, men and women under thirty, no older. Yuri, as he suggested I call him, invited me to tell them about my experience. I told them about the methods of influencing people that I had discovered and how I had learned to rearrange another person's brain, which opened up fundamentally new possibilities, such as the ability to see a person's internal organs, to travel into the past, present and future, and so on. My story aroused great interest in these people because none of them could do it, including their teacher. The question immediately arose as to whether they too could undergo such a brain transformation. I saw no reason why they couldn't, and I offered to test those who wanted to do so to see if they were ready for such a transformation. Several people had excellent responses, and after testing, I had their brains transformed. Probably everyone doubted the veracity of what I had said, but when the first person who underwent my transformation "suddenly" began to see the internal organs of others and accurately described the health problems of the rest, everyone present literally went crazy. Like little children, they all began to beg me to do the same to their brains. Several people had gone through this, and each of them had begun to see the internal organs of others. Anyway, these people asked me to come back, and a few days later I returned to Yuri's flat. I must admit that he was a hospitable host and an excellent cook (I later learned that he was a professional chef).

After the tea party with the cake I had brought with me, everyone went from the kitchen to the room where large paintings of the starry sky hung on the walls. The entire decoration of the apartment was done in a spirit of mystery and intrigue. This time, more people came who had already heard about the reprogramming of my brain from the first "victims". Once again, I reprogrammed the brains of several people. For some people, the restructuring happened very quickly, literally in a few minutes, while for others it took half an hour. Anyway, several people went through the transformation and felt great. As a result of all this, my "popularity" among these people grew rapidly, which did not please Yuri at all, as he did not want to lose his authority. He said that all this was very interesting, but he and his group had learned to leave their physical bodies and travel in space. That when they left their bodies, they saw many holographic messages from other civilisations, and when they returned to their bodies, they sketched these messages and had already collected a large collection of them.

I, who have a habit of analysing everything at once, expressed my opinion about it. I said that this method has several significant drawbacks. The first of them is passivity. The essence, located outside the body, is passive, it cannot perform any active actions, but only observes. Second, the scope of the essence's exit is limited by the capabilities of the thread connecting the physical body of the person with their essence. Third, there is a possibility of damage to the human brain during the entry and exit of the essence from the physical body. And finally, fourth, there is a possibility of damage to the thread connecting the physical body and the essence due to external causes, which will immediately lead to death. And that it would be right to go out into space in full consciousness, when the essence has complete control over the capabilities of its physical body and actions can be active rather than passive.

The teacher responded to my speech with the words: "It's good to say what's better - what's worse, to do something similar and then criticise it. And with that, he put me in

a position from which the only way out was to prove myself right. Yuri wanted to restore his authority in the group, and this was the perfect moment to "shame" me in front of everyone. The situation was, I must say, quite silly, but I didn't have much choice. I tried to say that I had never "gone out" into space and needed to prepare for it, to which Yuri said he was ready to help me and gave me a photo of a drawing that one of his boys had drawn after one of his out-of-body experiences. And I had no choice but to proceed with proving the case. Everyone present looked at me with curiosity, waiting to see what I would do.

I looked at the photograph I had been given and... I began to think. In my hands I hold a photograph of a drawing made by someone after leaving the body. So the original message should be, in theory, a hologram, and what I see before me is only a transfer of that hologram to the extent of the drawing talent of the person who received the message. And so the first thing I have to do is to restore the original hologram through this image. By transferring my energy flow through the photograph, I... restored the hologram, and it was immediately seen by all those I had restored. The notable success encouraged me, and I began to ponder why someone would send such messages into space. And I came to the following conclusion. This hologram, in theory, should contain information about those who sent it: who they are, what they represent, and the coordinates of their planetary system. The only problem that needed to be solved was what to do with all this information! Since there was no one to turn to for advice, and it was unlikely that anyone could give advice in such a situation, I decided to act according to my own judgement and assumptions.

My thoughts on this matter led me to nothing but the assumption that what would happen if I directed my energy through this hologram again and saw what would come out of it? That's what I did. I directed the flow of energy towards the hologram and... Unexpectedly for me and everyone present, the hologram "flashed" and a humanoid creature appeared in its place! The creature turned out to be a woman, two and a half metres tall, with perfect body proportions. The external differences, at first glance, were the bright blue colour of her unusual hair and the lilac colour of her eyes. No one had expected such a thing, and most of those present were literally speechless with surprise. Everyone stared at this "unknown" creature with glasses, if one could say so about seeing directly with the brain.

The pause was a little longer, and I decided to turn to the creature. At that time, I already had some idea about telepathy, but I had no idea about telepathic contact with beings that are not from our world. I must have been like a clumsy bear when I tried to make mental contact, and my actions were wrong because the creature seemed to shrink into a point and disappear. I felt irritated with myself, thinking that perhaps I had done something wrong with my clumsy actions that caused the creature to "disappear." My irritation with myself was so strong that I decided to immediately correct my mistake and apologise for my ignorance. And I could think of nothing better than to try to bring the creature back. I "pulled" the creature back again, without even knowing where it had come from, and when I did so, I apologised for any overlaps that might have occurred due to my inexperience and ignorance.

Probably, without realising it, I did something that aroused the interest of this being, and so began my first "diplomatic" relations with another civilisation. I had to quickly "figure out" how to transform Earth thought-forms into "theirs" and vice versa. At first, communication was a little difficult: thought-forms were translated in both directions with distortion, as when translating from one language to another with the help of a computer. But quite quickly, using the method of analogies, I managed to create a telepathic thought-form converter, after which communication became much more effective and " business" b e c a m e more fun.

After creating a telepathic thought-form converter, I "released" it to everyone who had undergone brain transformation, after which the "translation" of thought-forms went much better. It is interesting that even with the telepathic thought-form converter, the "translation" is performed at the level of development and education of the recipient. Thought-forms do not consist of words; words are sound analogues of thought-forms. People do not think about how they think. Thinking is a process of creation by the human brain of thought forms, which are volumetric holograms. The sounds produced by human vocal cords have a very limited ability to convey the entirety of thought forms. And the poorer the vocabulary of a particular person, the greater the part of the received thought form that is outside the verbal order. Every person's brain works on the principle of similarity. The brain produces words whose images are closest to what the thought-form contains. The more multifaceted a person is, the greater the number of images their verbal equivalent has, the more complete and accurate, accessible and simple the meaning of the thought-form will be conveyed by that person. And not only thought-forms of another civilisation, but even thought-forms of the person themselves.

If a person is able to see the processes taking place at other levels of the brain when he (the person) thinks, and the words with which he tries to convey his thoughts to others, then there will always be a huge difference even between the thought-form of the person himself and the semantic content of the words used to convey that thought-form. The comprehensiveness of a person's development, their education, and their ability to think abstractly and independently determine how fully and accurately verbal expression reflects the thought-form. Therefore, every person who accepts a given thought-form will accept it at their own evolutionary level. And this factor must be taken into account in such work.

To give a clearer idea of this phenomenon, I would like to give the following example. If you put ten randomly selected people in a room and ask them to draw an apple that is in front of everyone's eyes, there will not be a single drawing of an apple that fully reflects the real apple. Instead, each person will depict the apple they see according to their best talent as a draughtsman and artist. The images of the apple in the drawings will differ, but in all the drawings, anyone who does not see the apple itself but knows what it is, will be able to identify what is depicted in the drawing without fail, if the person who drew the apple was in their right mind and drew an apple and not something else.

Yes, speaking of common sense. When the above happened, although I was delighted by what had happened, I did not jump to conclusions about what had actually happened. I thought it was necessary to clarify it for myself first. So I decided to analyse what had happened and, to that end, I put forward several possible explanations for what had happened, trying not to miss any of them. As a result of the analysis, I created several working hypotheses about the possibility of what had happened and began to examine each of these hypotheses in depth. And here are what those hypotheses were:

1. I lost my mind.
2. Everyone else went mad.
3. What happened was the result of my coercion of everyone else.
4. They're just playing with me.
5. What happened was a real event.

These were the five versions of what happened that occurred to me as possible explanations. And I began to "work through" each of these possible versions.

About the fact that I was losing my mind. Is it possible? Without a doubt, it is possible! But if a person goes off the rails, it is usually noticed by others. So I started observing how other people reacted to me. At work, everyone reacted to me in the same way, as did

before. But I was still working very little, so I decided to cross paths with my friends, who had known me for many years, since my first year at university. Of course, I didn't tell anyone what had happened, I just chatted with them as usual. If a person loses their mind, it shows in almost everything - in the way they behave, what and how they talk, how they react to what is happening around them, how they react to what others say, and so on. Observing everyone else and their reactions to me, I came to the conclusion that there was nothing wrong with my sanity for the time being. Thus, the first hypothesis about the possible scenarios of what had happened was ruled out.

The second hypothesis was that everyone else had lost their minds. Theoretically, it was entirely possible that another person's brain could be damaged under my powerful influence. This possibility cannot be ruled out. But what is madness according to its own definition? Madness is when a person's brain reacts inadequately to the reality surrounding them, to what is happening outside of them and to themselves. In other words, every person goes mad in a different way, and no two people's madness is the same. Furthermore, if a person loses their mind, this applies to everything, not just the situation described. A person cannot be crazy about one thing and completely sane about everything else at the same time. With madness, the integrity of a person's perception of the world is lost.

During and after the event, all the people who witnessed it behaved quite normally. Moreover, they all saw something. The only difference in their descriptions of the female creature's appearance was the mention of different hair and eye colours. Some said they saw a female creature with bright blue hair and lilac eyes, while others said a little later that her hair was purple and her eyes were dark blue. In all other respects, their descriptions completely coincided. The "contradictions" in the descriptions turned out to be no contradictions at all. It turned out that the colour of this female creature's hair and eyes changed depending on her emotional state!

It was impossible to think of such a thing; the "contradictions" turned out to be phenomena that only confirmed the reality of what was happening. I could not even imagine that the colour of the eyes and hair could reflect the emotional state of a being. Such a thing would never occur to a human being from our planet. Later, it was possible to understand the emotional state of the being just by the colour of its hair and eyes. Of course, this happened when the connection between the colour of the hair and eyes and the emotional state of this female being had already been established through observation. These and other factors, which I will mention later, allowed me to conclude that the others were not crazy either.

The next hypothesis that required careful consideration was the possibility of my assumption about what was happening to everyone else. Once again, I repeat that such a thing is possible. Many times I have been convinced in practice, in my own experience of working with people, that I can influence a person in such a way that they begin to see money instead of documents, etc. But if I did create something, I had an excellent idea and I myself knew what I was suggesting to others. For example, I knew what money looked like and what it meant before the person under my influence saw money instead of pieces of paper. In this case, what happened after I directed my energy towards the recreated hologram was no less unexpected for me than for everyone else, and perhaps even more so.

I was not prepared for such a turn of events, and the appearance of the female creature that appeared had nothing to do with that of the drawing or the hologram. Besides, you cannot indoctrinate others into something you have no idea about. It's just impossible. And in this case, from the very beginning, many things happened that I didn't even think were possible, and I didn't even know could happen, which I will mention a little later. Anyway, the version of my proposal to everyone else quickly lost its relevance.

Next in line was a version of a joke on the part of those present at the event. The possibility of such a joke cannot be completely ruled out, despite the apparent absurdity of such an assumption. To rule it out with complete certainty, I decided to conduct an experiment within the experiment. I performed brain transformation not only in Yuri's group; there were people who had undergone brain transformation that no one knew about except me. In other words, I had two groups I was working with. One group did not know about the existence of the other group, and I did not tell anyone in this experiment about what was happening in my work with the other group. No one but me knew about the existence of the duplicate group. I was the only one who had information about what was happening in the work with each group. And yet, events unfolded consistently, which completely ruled out the possibility of any deception on anyone's part. Furthermore, the fact that I was working with different, independent groups, while the sequence of events remained the same, was further proof of the reality of what was happening. In any case, after analysing the possible scenarios of what happened, only the last version of events remained. And this version states that **the event was REAL!**

When I finally came to a conclusion about what had happened, I stopped being sceptical about it and began to "develop" a new field of activity – outer space – using a fundamentally new method that I had to develop myself.

* * *

Before continuing with the story of what happened, which I myself would have considered complete fiction some time ago, I would like to describe some of the events that accompanied my reality check. As I already mentioned, I had a second group that I worked with in parallel with the first. At that time, I did not have my own flat, so I worked with the first group in Yuri's flat and with the second group in the flat of a woman for whom I performed a brain reorganisation. Her husband was a career military man, at that time he held the rank of major and worked at the Marshal Govorov Military Academy, if my memory serves me correctly. Their home was located in a privileged building for employees of the district committee on Leninsky Prospekt. After we had agreed on the next "communication" session, I visited this building. The hostess's husband was very distant from what was happening at the contacts, and at one point he thought that everyone present, including his wife, had gone a little " off the rails". But since no one was harmed by it, he had no objection to what was happening in his house. Once, when he had nothing else to do, he decided to attend the contact. He quietly entered the living room of his apartment, settled comfortably in an armchair and... listened.

It so happened that this was during another contact with a female being with whom I had my first contact. Her name was Ioloya, or Oya for short. During this memorable contact, I asked about the civilisation she was leading at the time. In general terms, she was at the top of the hierarchy of the civilisation's planetary system. Her civilisation was much more advanced than the civilisation on our planet at that stage of development. The women of her civilisation had perfect body shapes and were incredibly beautiful. And "our" major, reclining in his chair, hearing this, began to daydream a little. He imagined himself among all these "beauties," that he, like King Solomon, was enjoying all this unimaginable female beauty.

I think it is unnecessary to continue describing what he dreamed about. And although it is said that dreaming is not harmful, in some situations it can turn out to be just the opposite. It seems that the "flight" of his imagination had gone far beyond what was permissible by decency, and not only ours. He could not imagine that all his thoughts were formed in the form of volumetric holograms and therefore were no secret to those who were able to see these holograms. During a communication session, I usually

"short-circuited" the telepathic contact with Oya to the man's wife's brain, which allowed everyone present, especially those who were unable to receive telepathic information, to hear her verbal interpretation. The telepathic converter allowed the information coming from Oya to be transformed into sounds and words familiar to us. After some correction, the information was transmitted quite accurately.

And so, there was another exchange of information when our brave major filled everything around him with very "colourful" thought forms. His fantasies were obviously excessive even for an alien being and exceeded all acceptable limits. According to the Oya civilisation, such " fantasies" are a serious breach of etiquette and are equivalent to the actions themselves, and there is a serious punishment for such a thing, which is nothing less than a partial evolutionary reversal to the point of evolutionary distortion. When such a punishment is imposed on an Earth human, it ultimately leads to the death of their physical body. Oya asked me to punish this person, and I tried to smooth things over, but I guess I wasn't very good at it. I learned about it very recently, and in a way I could not have imagined.

It so happened that the next day, I and several other young employees from the department where I worked went to a sponsored collective farm, where we were assigned a very "responsible" task - to mow the wheat that had been "sown" along the roads during the transport of last year's harvest from the field to the elevator. The wheat along the roadsides was growing quite luxuriantly, so we sharpened our scythes and began to mow. Although I was not a farmer, I was good at mowing and even enjoyed it. The smell of freshly mown wheat stalks, the fresh air, the birds singing. This idyll was rarely disturbed by the sounds of passing cars. On the second day of this rural life, I decided to call these people and see how things were going. When I got to them, both the brave major and his wife were on the verge of panic. They tried to reach me at my workplace at my institute, but they were told that I was at the collective farm. The reason for their panic was as follows. Oya, seeing that I was "not taking seriously" the gross violation of ethical norms, decided on her own to punish the "criminal" in my thoughts. When the well-meaning couple went to bed, she appeared alone and told the woman that she had come to punish the man. The unfortunate woman tried to wake her husband with screams, but her vocal cords did not obey her. She tried to push him with her hand and wake him up - the same result, her arms and legs did not obey her. Oya put her hand into the woman's physical hand and began to direct her energy through it to the heart of the brave major. Before the woman's astonished eyes, his heart contracted and began to move. In the morning, her husband felt pain in his heart and immediately went to the medical centre at his academy. There, after doing a cardiogram, they immediately raised the alarm. In the evening of the same day, I called them. After clarifying the situation, I worked on his heart. The next day, his cardiogram was normal. But they were not happy for long. During the night, the same thing happened again. The next morning, the cardiogram was bad again. I worked on his heart again, and it was normal again.

My stay in the fields of my homeland came to an end, and I went straight from the collective farm to stay with these people. This time, the brave major did not smile at what was happening, but was mortally frightened. I asked Oya to contact me and began to explain to her that this man did not know that he was offending anyone with his thoughts, he didn't even know that his thoughts were material and visible to others, that he was just fantasising and nothing more, that he didn't understand many things, and that I wanted to ask her to forgive him for such an oversight and that such a thing would never happen to him again. He immediately and fearfully confirmed what I had said. Then Oya forgave him for his mistake and never did anything like that to him again. I called these people a few more times to check on his condition, but after this incident, his wife became afraid of contact, and I left them alone. It is interesting how quickly the woman's husband went from being an ironic sceptic to a frightened "enlightened" person.

But even this tragicomic situation was irrefutable confirmation of the authenticity of contact with a being from another civilisation, rather than with astral beings from planet Earth, with whom contact with the "higher mind" most often takes place. This example clearly shows that our ideas about morality – what can and cannot be done – are very different from those of other civilisations. And that there can be quite serious punishment for fantasies that are "harmless" from our point of view, which, as most people think, do not leave the confines of their heads and therefore allow themselves many things in their thoughts that would never be allowed in actions or words. As you can see from the example, you have to be careful with your thoughts because you don't know who might be around and how they might react to "harmless" thoughts.

All this would never even occur to someone born and raised on our planet. I have read many science fiction books, but none of them contained anything like this, nor did they contain many other things that I had to deal with in my contacts with other civilisations. Almost all science fiction writers simply transfer earthly concepts and ideas to what is happening in the universe with other civilisations. If it is "Star Wars", then the warring parties necessarily use weapons similar to those on Earth, only more powerful. Instead of bullets, alien weapons fire clusters of deadly energy or rays. Instead of pistols, they use blasters, which even look similar. Of course, how can Earth's science fiction writers know that the weapons they write about in their fantasy works exist on planets whose civilisations are not so different in their level of development from the level of development of modern civilisation on Midgard Earth (our planet)? How do they know that there are no galactic empires in the universe where emperors act in the same way as earthly emperors of the Ancient World and the Middle Ages, when power was passed down by inheritance and there was sometimes a deadly struggle between possible pretenders to the throne?

Everything similar exists on Earth in Midgard, on planets of the same level of development, and on planets that have just completed their planetary evolutionary cycles. Such civilisations resemble young "roosters" that strut even in front of a fox or a hawk, instead of moving their feet. It is appropriate for them to rattle their "rattles" only in the nursery, in front of newborn civilisations.

Unfortunately, "Star Wars" also exists at higher levels of civilisational development. But at these levels, "Star Wars" itself is of a completely different nature. At other levels, no one travels through space in military spaceships and shoots with laser cannons and blasters. Depending on the level of development of the warring parties, these wars are fought on a planetary, galactic, etc. level and according to completely different laws and principles, which few people on our planet even have any idea about. Furthermore, all civilisations that have completed the planetary cycle of their development have hierarchies based on the principle of levels of development, rather than on the principles of inheritance or the "principles" of the biggest purse. Only those intelligent beings from these civilisations who have the appropriate levels of evolutionary development become leaders of civilisations or their unions.

Perhaps it is time to explain what lies behind these concepts of "appropriate levels of development." It means the following: every intelligent being occupying a hierarchical position has a level of development sufficient to solve **all** problems arising before a civilisation or union of civilisations. The hierarchical position of an intelligent being is the level of responsibility that this being is capable of assuming by virtue of its real capabilities to solve the urgent problems facing its civilisation or union of civilisations. This is the level of personal responsibility for the fate of a given civilisation or union of civilisations, which (the level of responsibility) is supported by **the real capabilities of** the intelligent

to resolve **all** emerging issues and problems. The evolutionary level of development cannot be stolen, transferred, or bought. The evolutionary level is achieved **only as** a result of the personal development of the intelligent being, through enlightenment with knowledge and awareness of personal capabilities.

Isn't it "a little" different from what has been observed on our Earth in Midgard at least during the last thirteen thousand years! And especially during the last millennium - during the last Night of Svarog. But one should not get carried away by these contacts. Contacts can turn out to be very bad for the contactee. Very often, when contacting a person, an astral being may appear and play its own games with that person, the main purpose of which is to steal that person's life force.

Astral beings should be understood as entities of extinct animals and intelligent species (this includes the entities of some humans) that are unable to incarnate in new physical bodies and adapt to the conditions of existence without them, which very often leads them to parasitism. But this is a special topic, and I will return to these phenomena more than once as my story progresses.

8. It's not that simple

For now, let us return to the events of 1987, to that moment in the unfolding of incredible events that I had not even read about in the numerous science fiction books. It was only when I encountered, by chance or not, other civilisations that I realised how childishly naive the attempts of Earth's science fiction writers to convey life on other worlds seem. This in no way diminishes their talent as writers, but one immediately notices the mundane nature of the perceptions and concepts they portray in their works. And although this is natural, one still regrets it. Before my first contacts, the books of science fiction writers were sometimes perceived as revelations, but after them, these revelations began to seem naive and were not even perceived as such. And yet, even despite all this, the significance of science fiction books, in my opinion, is simply enormous. They help people learn to think outside the box, without which there can be no progress at all!

When the essence of what had happened became clear to me, I plunged headlong into the vast world of the universe that had so unexpectedly opened up before me. I am very grateful to Yuri for his provocation. Without it, who knows when I would have turned my gaze to the stars. And so, I was placed in circumstances that pushed me to take this step, and I took it, and very successfully, even though at that moment I was a blind "kitten". I was also lucky that during my first contact I did not encounter any "cosmic" parasites and had time to deal with all this in a "calm" environment. During my contacts with Oya, we discussed many issues; I was interested in learning literally everything about her civilisation. To some people, all this may seem like the "ravings" of a madman, but no matter how much many people would like it to be so, there was nothing delusional about it. And very soon, serious confirmations of the reality of what was happening began to appear. For example, I, and not only me, was interested in the structure and operating principles of the spaceships that were in the Oya civilisation. She described their construction and methods of control.

The bases of their ships, which enter and exit space, are... huge organic molecules with a spiral shape like DNA and RNA molecules. The difference was in their enormous length and in the fact that these huge spiral-shaped organic molecules had heavy metal compounds on their free electronic bonds, of which only two were known on Midgard Earth, at least at the current stage of civilisation's development. And very soon, just a few months later, this information received the most real confirmation. But everything was fine. In addition to the established "diplomatic"

relations with the Oya civilisation, I decided to expand my extraterrestrial contacts somewhat.

Since Yuri no longer wanted to give me the keys to other civilisations collected by his group, I decided to embark on a free search myself. My motives for doing so were very simple. If any of the stars has a planetary system and if any of the planets has intelligent life, then the star's radiation will overlap with the radiation accompanying intelligent activity. Therefore, if a photograph of the real starry sky is taken and scanned for the presence of radiation accompanying intelligent life, it is possible to determine the location of the stars on whose planets intelligent life has arisen. The first thing to do is to determine the position of such stars in photographs of the starry sky. I found the appropriate photographs and scanned them for the presence of intelligent life. In the first photograph, several stars shone with the "light" of intelligence. I marked these stars and began to consider what to do next. I had no idea how or what to do. So I had no choice but to try everything at my own risk.

Previously, I had to move myself and other people into the past, present, and future, with the movement taking place not only on the time scale but also in space itself. In this case, the distance between my actual location and that of the people being moved, and the actual location of the point of movement in space on the time scale, was irrelevant. The reality of the present around us simply disappeared and the reality of the past or future appeared. And you became a mere observer of what was happening, just as a person observes what is happening around them in their ordinary life. To realise this, it is necessary to "only" have an understanding of the processes and their corresponding qualities and potential. Using this experience as a starting point, I thought that travelling in this way within our planet and travelling to another planet are essentially no different. To make such a movement happen, I needed to have coordinates for movement in space (which I already had) and the corresponding qualities, as well as sufficient potential. I just had to hope that I possessed the necessary qualities and had enough potential to make this movement happen. In such a movement, two points in space seem to overlap. In short, the idea was sketched out and all that remained was to verify the correctness of the assumptions in practice. It is difficult to say what would have happened if, at the time of such an "experiment," I had not possessed the necessary qualities and potential. It is entirely possible that it could have led to brain damage, coma, or even death. But I was fortunate. I already had everything I needed to carry out what I had planned, and everything went without any undesirable consequences.

First, a "jump" to the star selected by scanning, then determining which of the star's planets has life in the same way. And finally, the last jump to the surface of the planet itself. And there it is. All around is the landscape of another planet. At the point of departure, this planet was a desert. There was sand everywhere, which at first glance did not differ much from the sand on our planet. The "sun" there turned this planet into a red-hot "frying pan". The "normal" surface temperature of our planet would be quite low for this world, and the Earth itself would be perceived by the life there as a "refrigerator," and our beautiful Sun would be a little "cold," if I may say so about the star.

But everything is relative, and so the concept of more or less "cold" stars in relation to a particular star is a normal definition. To my surprise, the sky there was blue in colour, which clearly indicated the presence of oxygen and other gases from the Earth's atmosphere in the atmosphere of this planet. Given my somewhat unusual way of "travelling," this was not essential, but it was nevertheless pleasant. If it had not been so, who knows how my experiments would have turned out for me. I found myself in the situation described in the saying, "If Mohammed does not go to the mountain, the mountain goes to Mohammed."

Mohammed." The only difference is that I am not Mohammed, and the other planet is not a mountain! But essentially, it is the same. I did not disappear from our world, but appeared simultaneously in another. After finding myself on another planet in such an unusual way, I began to study it. There were no signs of intelligent life on the planet's surface. Only later did I realise why. Unfortunately, I did not become the "discoverer of America"; this " America" had long since been "discovered" by the intelligent beings of the planet itself and, as it turned out later, not only by them.

It turns out that the scorching planet is not only habitable, but also has its own intelligent race. So the search for intelligent life has not failed. We soon discovered creatures that resembled kangaroos in some ways. They had powerful tails, torsos similar to humans, upper limbs that resembled arms, and palms with six fingers that did not resemble human hands. The heads of these creatures were round, with straight mouths and straight black hair. They did not have noses in our sense of the word. These creatures communicated with each other through whistling sounds. And the most interesting thing was that they paid no attention to me... they paid no attention to me at all. They simply did not see me. When I realised that they could not see me, I became upset and strongly wished that they would see me after all. So I tried to flatten myself on that planet. And strange as it may seem, I succeeded! I materialised on that planet, but I did not disappear from ours. I existed in two places at once, and the second "me" did only what the first wanted to do. It's like having two physical bodies at the same time. And one of them — the earthly one — continued to be the "main" one. And the most interesting thing is that everything that happened to my second physical body, I felt in my earthly one. In this way, the materialised body was only a part of me, a temporary extension that I could assemble and disassemble at will and as needed. It had no separate consciousness; my earthly consciousness controlled both my earthly physical body and the second one that had appeared on another planet, many light years away from our Earth Midgard. The accidental discovery of such possibilities was a pleasant surprise for me.

After materialising on another planet, I did not move for some time, but immediately after my "solidification," I was surrounded by kangaroo-like creatures. They touched me and behaved seemingly calmly. Seeing their behaviour, I decided to move (I did not even know yet if I could control my newly created body). It turned out that I could control it freely. But when the local creatures saw that I had started to move, they immediately backed away from me and quickly disappeared beneath the planet's surface. I did not understand the reason for this reaction to my movements. I wanted to follow these creatures, but when I approached the place where they were hiding, a force dome appeared above the surface of the planet. I did not know the nature of this force dome, but I assumed it had a protective function. I did not want to test the accuracy of my assumptions. Besides, there was no need to do so. I found a simpler solution to overcome the force field.

It suddenly occurred to me that if I could materialise on the planet, why not do the same in the protective dome? So I did just that. I 'disassembled' myself on the surface and 'reassembled' myself in the protective dome beneath the planet's surface. It turned out that there was a huge city there, traces of which were not visible on the planet's surface. Seeing me inside their city, these beings became alarmed, and in order not to aggravate the situation, I decided to find out the reason for this strange behaviour.

After determining which of these creatures was the leader, I asked him to explain the reason for such behaviour. Before that, I had to "tune" the telepathic converter to understand the speech of these creatures. The leader of these creatures was called Tsori, at least that is how the name sounds in the closest interpretation of the Earth language. It turned out that the local civilisation was under constant attack from a humanoid civilisation, whose representatives were almost impossible to distinguish externally from the inhabitants of Midgard Earth. The aggressors attacked

the cities, destroying them (an example of the actions of a civilisation at the very beginning of its development, which had not even completed the planetary cycle of development), which was the reason for hiding their cities beneath the surface of the planet. The reason for this aggression was simple: this planet synthesised biomass, which was the basis for the creation of zero-emission spaceships, or simply flying "saucers". In other words, the planet had the most valuable strategic raw materials, and the local civilisation only hindered the "great" plans for the development of these raw materials. In short, the situation is familiar to many people in many ways and to our earthly " deeds". Only the scale is a little different, as we are talking about a galactic scale.

Having clarified the situation in this way, I was motivated to resolve the misunderstanding, as it seemed to me at the time. At that time, I could not imagine that an advanced humanoid civilisation could pursue a policy of galactic genocide. Such a thing simply did not occur to me. I wanted to believe that there could be nothing bad "there," that "there" was only light and perfection, but it was time to grow out of my "short trousers." And this "growing up" happened in the most unusual way. I really wanted to resolve the "misunderstanding" that had arisen. To this end, I figured out when and how the uninvited "guests" appeared and decided to use the time displacement method I had already used on Midgard Earth. Six humanoid beings emerged from a spaceship that had landed on the surface, and upon closer inspection, they turned out to be almost indistinguishable from Earthlings. I tried to establish telepathic contact with them.

When it happened, I started telling them that instead of destroying the local civilisation, why not try to find mutually beneficial relations, etc. When I started talking, their boss looked at me in surprise and asked me who I was and what right I had to come to them with my stupid advice. I tried to explain that what was happening on this planet was an unfortunate misunderstanding that needed to be corrected as soon as possible. In the course of the dialogue, it became clear to me that their actions were by no means a misunderstanding and that they understood perfectly well the essence of what was happening. They must have been tired of listening to my tirades, because I noticed that one of them began to take out an object that looked very much like a weapon.

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During all these incredible and seemingly impossible events, I learned many things about the civilisation of kangaroo-like creatures that are simply impossible to imagine. For example, these creatures reproduce in a very different way. Two completely different species participate in reproduction. And reproduction is not sexual, but rather the overlapping of one field of the genetic code with another. In other words, reproduction takes place at the field level, when the field of the genetic code of creatures resembling Earth butterflies is projected onto the genetic field of kangaroo-like creatures, resulting in the simultaneous birth of two species: both kangaroo-like and butterfly-like. This type of symbiosis between the two species allows them to continue their evolution. Nothing like this has ever happened on Earth in Midgard, and it is simply impossible to imagine such a thing. These creatures have no male or female individuals, nor are they hermaphrodites. Every creature can become a mother, but not in the sense of the word with which

[1] The author believes that it is premature to publish the omitted text at this time. - *N.L.*

We are all used to it. The biomass created by the planet of these creatures, which is the main raw material for zero-link spaceships, serves as a source of food for these kangaroo-like creatures, as well as most likely for many other species of living organisms on this planet. It was somewhat symbolic that I, the humanoid from Midgard Earth, helped these creatures against the humanoids from another planet who wanted to destroy this civilisation for strategic raw materials! But what happened was what happened.

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Of course, "accidental" situations can arise, but in principle all "accidental" situations turn out to be logical when examined in detail. However, very often people do not compare all the events and their actions that preceded such an " accident". People almost always bring it upon themselves, bringing it upon themselves with their entire previous life. Generally speaking, evolutionary development is based on the principles of free will and the measure of responsibility that a particular being is ready to take on and for which it is prepared. Very soon after the events described above, I myself realised this. And my enlightenment happened "by chance".

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I was constantly coming up with new ways to transform the human brain. I tried out each new idea on myself first to see what would come of it. Once, after another such rearrangement, I unexpectedly discovered the presence of some kind of creature in my actions. It seemed that the new changes allowed me to see this creature, which was invisible to me and to everyone else who had undergone my brain rearrangements. I asked this creature what it was and why it was observing my actions. It said that its name was Terrius and that its job was to observe me and my actions without revealing itself, and that the latest changes I had made to my brain no longer allowed it to observe secretly. At first, I didn't like this. Why would anyone secretly observe me and my actions? I don't keep my actions secret, and I didn't understand this behaviour and the need for secret observation.

I immediately asked this question. And Terrius answered me as follows. His task was to observe me secretly and draw conclusions about my readiness for further development and my potential. If I did everything right, he would reward me with sixteen crystals, which, according to those who had sent him, would bring me to my maximum potential. This meant that, in the opinion of those who had sent Terrius, the sixteen crystals had to correspond to the ceiling of my development, as I later understood. But at first, I was delighted and was in seventh heaven. I couldn't even imagine that anyone other than myself was interested in my actions. And naturally, my first question was whether I had already earned the crystals and, if so, how many. Terrius replied that I had already "earned" eight crystals. At that time, I had no idea what these crystals were, but I was very happy about it. Naturally, I asked Terrius to give them to me if I had already earned them. To which he replied that he would not be able to withstand the pressure if he gave them all to me at once. I childishly pounded my chest with my fist, saying that I could handle it and everything would be fine, and that if there were no other reasons why this couldn't happen, I would be very grateful if he gave them to me all at once.

As a result of these "diplomatic" negotiations, Terrius gave me four crystals that I had earned. But it turned out that I had overestimated my ability to adapt my body to the effects of these crystals. Because the next morning, my appendix, which had never bothered me before, started to hurt. When I next contacted him that evening, I informed Terrius of the discomfort. He told me that the reason for my reaction

are toxins that have appeared in my body after the introduction of the crystals. And that these toxins are the result of the changes happening to me. He injected another crystal into my appendix, after which the unpleasant sensations disappeared and never returned. During the contact, I also asked Terrius why he wanted to monitor my actions. After all, in my ignorance, I could do something wrong and cause a problem. His answer upset me at first, but after thinking about it, I realised he was right. He told me that if I started doing something wrong, he would stop me and not allow anything irreparable to happen. And that I shouldn't worry about it. After thinking about it for a while, I understood this kind of answer. If I act independently, my actions and decisions are based on my own understanding, based on my own experience, perceptions, knowledge, moral and spiritual concepts. Every action I take in this scenario is the quintessence of everything I am. In this case, my actions are based on my own understanding of what is happening and my responsibility for the consequences. If someone tells me what to do and how to do it, I may be able to do it if I have enough potential, but my actions will not be accompanied by a deep understanding of what is happening. And if I ever encounter a problem whose solution has not been explained to me, I may find myself in a situation where, due to my ignorance, I really do "mess things up".

When I realised all this, I saw the correctness and uniqueness of this approach. Only through complete awareness and enlightenment with knowledge can a person understand the truth and the extent of their responsibility for their actions. That only in this way is it possible to develop truly, and that such observation of the observer or observers is the only correct one. The evolution of consciousness and possibilities can be compared to a biathlon. A person with a certain evolutionary speed " runs" from one key point in their development to another. Talent, personal qualities and abilities determine how quickly a person reaches the next key evolutionary point in their development. Once they have reached the next key point in their development, they face qualitatively new or new tasks, which they can only cope with correctly if they can correctly and fully assess the tasks at hand, develop effective tactics and strategies for solving them, and possess the necessary qualities and properties to implement these solutions in life. If everything is correct, there is a transition to a new qualitative level and the evolutionary "journey" continues to the next key evolutionary point, and so on and so forth.

In the event of an incorrect or suboptimal decision by the "shooter," the qualitatively new evolutionary "targets" at the key point are not "hit," and the "shooter" receives punitive evolutionary "rounds," after passing through which he finds himself again at the same key evolutionary "point", where he is again faced with the need to correctly solve the evolutionary tasks that have arisen - to hit all the evolutionary "targets" in the "bull's-eye". And so it will continue until all key evolutionary "targets" are "hit" with the first "shot". And then - again, an evolutionary "run" to the next key evolutionary " point". What is not an evolutionary " biathlon"!? Thus, thanks to my own reflections, I came to understand the evolutionary mechanisms, which gave me confidence in the correctness of all my previous actions.

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Meanwhile, events unfolded in their own way. It so happened that "by chance" in my work at the institute I had to measure the biopotentials of people in various stressful situations using a special method that required a good knowledge of the so-called Chinese meridians and the location of biologically active points on the human body. Therefore, when I decided where to place the first four crystals in my body, the idea immediately came to me - in my biologically active points! Checking the location of the crystals confirmed my hunch. I began to reflect on this discovery. And the more I reflected, the more I wanted to verify the correctness of my assumption. And, of course, I wanted to do it immediately. First

I set myself a goal: in which biologically active points should I place the following crystals? These points appeared brightly during the scan. I immediately wanted to verify the accuracy of the scan. But I didn't have the next crystals on hand, and I didn't know when Terrius would want to give me the rest of the crystals. So I came up with a "wild" idea, which in the end turned out to be not so wild. I decided to scan one of the crystals and create such a crystal myself.

After scanning the crystal I already had, I focused on the next biological point and began to create my own energy crystal. At first it was a little difficult, but somehow I managed to concentrate and... In one of the biologically active points of my body, an energy crystal created by me appeared. This quick and unexpected success gave me wings. I wanted to tell everyone about my success, but I understood perfectly well that no one would understand me. At best, they would think I was crazy. I knew I wasn't, and trying to prove to someone what people couldn't imagine was just silly. So I put my joy aside for better times and came down from the "Olympus" of enthusiasm from such an unexpected success to the "wrong" land of reality. I decided not to stop there and very quickly and easily created a few more power crystals and placed them in the corresponding biologically active points. At first, I doubled the number of power crystals, and it wasn't difficult. Then I doubled their number again, and then again, and again... and again. Within a few days, I created a huge number of power crystals within myself, placing them in all the biological points of my body. I created entire systems of crystals connected to each other in a common system.

After a while, I had nowhere to put crystals – both literally and figuratively. My "crystal" fever had reached a dead end. The question arose: what should I do next? I had to stop and think about what the crystal of power itself represented! After tuning into the crystal itself, I managed to unfold it and the essence of the crystal of power and its nature became clear to me. For obvious reasons, I will not reveal the essence of this insight. After receiving this insight, I decided to unfold all the crystals of power that I had at that time. As a result of this unfolding, I received a qualitatively new crystal of power or, as I called it, a crystal of power of the second order. And then, using this new power crystal as a template, I began to create new crystals and place them in biologically active points on my body. I did this transformation many times, began to create power crystals for different purposes, and so on and so forth. I continued to improve the brain structures I had created, creating something similar to the biologically active points of the body in the cerebral cortex, transforming the brain to a qualitatively different level of functioning and capabilities. At the same time, new energy points appeared in the cerebral cortex, in which I placed the energy crystals I had created. I also did many other things that are beyond the perception of modern humans from Midgard-Earth.

At one point, I thought about how the capabilities of an intelligent being are somehow limited by the size of its brain. The simplest option, which was completely wrong, was literally on the surface. One would have to physically increase the volume of the brain, which would lead to an increase in its capabilities. But even if we assume that it is possible to physically increase the volume of the brain, such an increase cannot continue indefinitely. So this path was not suitable from the outset, at least not for me. I saw neither the possibility nor the point in increasing the volume of my skull. I was completely satisfied with the one I already had. As a result, I began to look for another way out, another principle for increasing brain capacity. First, I needed to understand how the brain works. On a physical level, the brain is a colony of neurons — the nerve cells in our body. Neurons have extensions called axons, through which they receive signals from the outside world and from within the person themselves. In short, I realised that the physically dense brain is only the foundation, only the tip of the "iceberg" — what our brain actually is. All thought processes, our memory, consciousness,

everything that human beings relate to the concept of "mind" - all of this happens on other material levels (not physically dense) of our brain.

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As a result of all this, I managed to create a qualitatively different brain, which was useful to me in my new activities related to the events that continued to unfold.

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One of the curious events that occurred at that time was related to the actions of a creature named Yoor. It was a humanoid creature with a single eye in the centre of its forehead. This cyclops secretly observed my brain rearrangement activities and " borrowed" my methods without permission to use them. He simply stole, to put it in earthly terms. The question may arise: who needs the childish games of some person from an underdeveloped planet? I didn't think that what I was doing could be of interest to anyone but myself and the people whose brains I had rearranged. I first learned about the significance of brain rearrangement from Terrius when, as a result of another rearrangement, he lost his cloak and became visible. He then told me that if I could comprehend and understand what I had done, it would be a discovery for the entire cosmos. He was probably referring to cases where someone accidentally achieves a result without understanding in the slightest what happened or how it happened. In my opinion, I understood what I was doing and how I was doing it, but I certainly did not suspect that my brain transformations could be of interest to anyone from other planets, and even less did I think or imagine that these brain transformations of mine could be a discovery important to many other civilisations in the Great Cosmos. Such a thing did not even occur to me, and how could I have thought that what I had created could be interesting and important to other civilisations? Such an idea was simply absurd from my point of view.

But not everything that seems absurd is actually absurd! It turns out that the idea of rewiring the brain and its implementation is a "gold mine" that is important not only for our planet. It turns out that such things happen, no matter how incredible they may seem at first glance. So my brain rearrangements have become strategically important to many civilisations, whether I wanted it or not. And so, the appearance of Yoria during my brain rearrangements was a consequence of this increased interest. "Industrial" espionage, as it turns out, exists not only on our planet. Only it is carried out on a different qualitative level. Anyway, Yorii operated on the principle of "industrial" espionage, and this was unacceptable for several reasons. First, I not only gave life to the brain transformation, but as the creator of the transformation system, I was also responsible for whose hands this system would fall into and for what purposes it would be used. Second, theft in any form is a negative manifestation, and such actions could not be taken by the Forces of Light. This means that the actions of Yoor and his civilisation belong to the Dark Forces, which made it unacceptable, at least to me, that the possibilities for brain transformation that I had created would serve the purposes of the Dark Forces.

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After completing this work, I had to consider the fact that for some activities, my systems are not always able to withstand the load. First, I had to restore my "charred" nerves. A simple recovery would have brought me back to where I was before I started this work, and the problem with the load level would not have disappeared. So I decided to make a qualitative change to my entire nervous system, and I succeeded. Since then, I have been periodically transforming not only the structures of my brain, but

the entire nervous system of my body, trying to achieve harmony and balance between them. I really didn't want to experience the feeling of molten metal flowing through my nerves again.

9. Through the thorns to the stars

Once, I had the idea to find the galactic centre of our galaxy. I managed to find this centre without any difficulty, but it was surrounded by a force field that prevented anyone from approaching it. Such an approach is quite understandable. After all, the hierarchical centre is designed to solve problems at the level of entire civilisations and unions of civilisations. They do not have the opportunity or the need to devote their time to solving tasks at another level. That is the level of responsibility of others. If everyone wants to understand for themselves what two times two is and has to answer such a question, there will be no time for anything else. And there is no discrimination in this; everyone has to cope on their own, as far as their abilities and understanding allow. This does not mean that they are unable to answer how much two plus two is, but simply that if they answer this question for the billions of people who ask it, the more significant problems that they and only they are able to solve will remain unsolved. T h e r e f o r e , those who are able to answer how much two times two is, answer this question, and those who are able to solve problems on a galactic level deal precisely with these tasks. This is the essence of the hierarchical system of the Forces of Light, and that is why there was a dome of forces around the galactic centre.

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We could go on endlessly describing contacts, visits to different planets and civilisations, but for most people, the things described above probably seem like flights of fancy or madness. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to confirm everything stated above. And I understand this very well, as I am neither a fantasist nor a madman. Therefore, I will proceed to the facts that served to confirm the reality of what was happening, first and foremost for myself. After all, I did not want to become a prisoner of my own, perhaps beautiful, but still illusions. And I can say that I was lucky in this. At the end of September, I was on a business trip to Kiev. The reason for my trip was my ability to relate to people. The ministry in Moscow learned about my abilities and told the head of one of the large industrial associations in Kiev about them. His daughter was seriously ill, and he hoped that perhaps I could do something to help her. She was suffering from a severe form of multiple sclerosis. And in September, I made my second visit. This time, they offered me accommodation with them for convenience, so that I would not have to spend time travelling to and from the hotel every day, and also because they did not want to draw too much attention to my arrival. During my first visit, the whole family trusted me, and it so happened that I even reorganised their son's brain, after which they thoroughly "got into character" and did not consider me crazy.

I must give credit to the fact that the head of the family turned out to be a very progressive person who thought in a non-trivial way. Therefore, he did not perceive what was happening as "quiet" madness, and most likely for this reason he shared with me the information he had. Before becoming the general director of the scientific-industrial association, this man was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine, so he still had connections and a dacha belonging to the Central Committee. On weekends, he would go to the Central Committee's villa and "talk" to his former party colleagues there. And this is what they told him. All members of the Central Committee of Ukraine, together with their families, went on holiday at the same time, all to the Far East. The emergence of such " great" love for

The Far East was explained to everyone at once and to such an extent that all members of the Central Committee, together with their families, went on "holiday" to these regions. It turned out that things in the fourth reactor of the Chernobyl nuclear power plant were very sad. A very rapid and uncontrollable increase in the concentration of plutonium was observed in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor, and on 9-10 October, the plutonium was expected to reach a critical level, which would inevitably be followed by a thermonuclear explosion of enormous power. It was simply impossible to evacuate Kiev and the inhabitants of the region in such a short time, so the "servants" of the people decided that it would be best to go on holiday themselves, together with their families, and not cause unnecessary panic.

Obviously, the "servants" of the people did not study very well at school or had a "special" level of intelligence, because a holiday in the Far East would not allow them to free themselves from the "stress" of working for the good of the people for one simple reason. Each of the four nuclear reactors contained four hundred tonnes of enriched uranium and plutonium, diluted, of course. The cooling system had about eight thousand tonnes of heavy water. So, if a chain reaction with plutonium started in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor, the atomic explosion would cause a thermonuclear reaction in the heavy water, and the thermonuclear explosion would cause similar explosions in the other three reactors. So you get the picture. In such a scenario, no "rest" in the Far East would help for one simple reason: it is unlikely that after such an explosion, the planet itself would continue to exist.

By giving me such top-secret information, this man was certainly taking a risk. But if what was going to happen had happened, it wouldn't have mattered. So he had a small hope that my "connections" there were real and that I could somehow save the situation. Anyway, I learned about the situation with the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor and immediately reacted to it in the way that seemed to me to be the only right one at the time. I contacted the hierarchical centre of a huge association of civilisations that united the civilisations of three hundred universes similar to ours. After contacting this centre, I asked them to help me in the current situation, to which they agreed. They said they would send a spaceship with special equipment on board to solve such problems. Early in the morning, around five o'clock on 10 October 1987, this spaceship appeared above Chernobyl, from which a cone-shaped light emerged and the plutonium simply "disappeared" from the sarcophagus! When I asked the commander of the spacecraft why they had not destroyed the enriched uranium in the sarcophagus in the same way, they replied with a few words: "We helped you with what you are unable to deal with at the moment, and then you can solve your problems yourselves." Personally, I find the answer comprehensive and the actions fair. But, anyway, no super explosion happened either that day, or the next, or any other day. Of course, the whole thing seemed simply impossible for anyone to believe. But did it really matter whether anyone believed it or not? The important thing was that what happened was what happened, there was no explosion, and the Earth remained intact.

When I returned to my institute after some time, I told several people who were familiar with my research about what had happened. Of course, even they took my words with a grain of salt. And I myself thought it was unbelievable. There had been no explosion, nor had there been any reports in the media about the critical situation with the sarcophagus.

I received confirmation of the reality of the events from one of the employees in our department, who knew about the incident from me. One day she came to work in a state of shock. She took me aside and told me that she had watched the programme "Vzglyad", which said that many people had seen a spaceship in the sky above Chernobyl at around five o'clock in the morning, from which a cone-shaped light was descending. Among the eyewitnesses were engineers, students, workers and other residents who were at work early in the morning and observed the UFO in the sky. I myself

did not see the programme, but that did not matter anymore. The main thing was that the facts I had told people long before the programme were completely confirmed. And I was very happy that my words were confirmed by people who did not know at all what exactly they had seen in the sky above Chernobyl.

Several years later, I received confirmation from a place I would never have imagined. In January 1991, I was travelling through Kharkiv and one evening in the flat where I was staying, I told a group of people the whole story. Among those present was a military man who, after my story, approached me when I was alone and said that he would never have believed what I had said if he had not been on duty that day. Everything I told him, he knew from the reports that had passed through him in Moscow. He told me that I could not have obtained this information in any other way than the one I described, because only a few people knew about it, and I was obviously not one of them. The leakage of such information at that time was impossible, and his story is undoubtedly a confirmation of the truth of my words. But most importantly, he confirmed the information about the critical situation with the plutonium in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor. And that in an attempt to save the situation, a tunnel had been dug to the sarcophagus in order to pump a special concrete solution into the sarcophagus under pressure to prevent the critical concentration level at which an explosion occurs, and that a cone-shaped light did indeed strike from the spaceship that appeared, after which the plutonium disappeared!

I couldn't even imagine such confirmation of the reality of what was happening. Although this confirmation of reality was followed by events that were not very pleasant for me. As I understood from this man's words, he was most likely an officer of the GRU. Therefore, it was his duty to report me to his superiors, and even if he had not done so, others present could have done so in his place. But he wrote a report, and a few days later, a woman who at that time held a very high position in the party hierarchy of the country — she worked in the Party Control Committee of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and reported directly to Moscow — when we left the building of the insurance company where I had insured my Mercedes, with which I had returned from a trip to Germany at the end of 1990, this woman approached me with a proposal. She said to me: " Kolya, why don't you put your epaulettes back on? You'll get a salary of six hundred roubles, you'll wear your civilian clothes, you'll do whatever you want, if you want - television will be yours, trips abroad and so on. And all you would have to do is nothing — sometimes you would do what you wanted..."

I left the army as a senior lieutenant in the summer of 1986, knowing that the salary of six hundred roubles at that time was equivalent to that of a colonel general in the post. And although I was offered to become a colonel general immediately from senior lieutenant, this offer did not arouse any enthusiasm in me. I replied that I had always been ready to do any job that did not conflict with my idea of what was right and what was wrong, but being obliged to carry out some order did not suit me. I knew very well what my answer meant, or rather what to expect, but I never imagined the reaction that would follow the very next day. The next day, I planned to drive from Kharkiv to Moscow. I wanted to leave early, but I was tired and decided to rest a little before the trip, so when I finally left Kharkiv, it was already evening. There was mud on the road, and the cars in front of me were literally splashing mud onto the windscreen of my Mercedes. The windscreen washer fluid ran out very quickly, and even when there was still some left, the wipers just smeared the mud evenly across the windscreen. So my eyes got tired very quickly and, after finding the nearest car park, I pulled over to the side of the road and decided it would be better to sleep for a few hours so that I could continue my journey late at night when there wouldn't be so many cars on the road. And indeed, around midnight, there were almost no cars on the Kharkiv-Moscow motorway.

After getting some good rest with a few hours of sleep, I hit the road again. On the route between Belgorod and Kursk, the motorway runs along a high embankment in some places, with very steep and deep slopes. When I tried once again to overtake the truck in front of me, splashing mud on the windscreen of my Mercedes, while overtaking at a speed of ninety kilometres per hour, right on the section with steep slopes, there was a loud crack and my car started to slide towards the slope. I managed to change direction, but nevertheless hit an iron pole on the road with the front left wing of my car, after which the car was no longer responding to the steering wheel. It was travelling diagonally, swerving from the oncoming lane to the opposite lane. After following the road in such a strange way on one side, the car began to move backwards down the steep slope on the other side. And suddenly, after almost completely turning its nose towards the stars, my Mercedes stopped with a sharp jerk, probably " deciding" in this way to send a light signal from its headlights into space.

If this had happened during the day, I would hardly be writing these lines now. It was only thanks to the fact that there was no traffic on the motorway at this late hour that I did not collide with other cars during my rather unusual "method" of transportation. When I stopped, the car hit the roadside fence with its right front door so hard that the frame hung down at the point of impact. The steel cable stretched from one pole to the other formed a loop, and this loop "sat" right on the hook of the trailer. The impact was so strong that the lower part of the boot of my Mercedes was thoroughly bent. In short, the traffic police who later inspected my car said that this could not happen because it could never happen! But nevertheless, it did happen. Among the few cars still on the motorway at that time, there was a Ural with a winch, and so my car was pulled back onto the road. The drivers were very helpful, for which I was very grateful. Once I was off the road, I finally saw the cause of the accident. There was a huge hole in the new Swedish winter tyre on the left front wheel. I put on the spare and continued my journey to Moscow. After the accident, I drove the rest of the way without incident and arrived there in the morning.

When I later showed my car to the experts, they all unanimously stated that if there was a defect in the tread, the wheel could burst, but there had never been such holes for tearing. All of this led me to believe that it was deliberate behaviour. Scanning the situation gave the following "picture" of what had happened. After I refused to cooperate, a small explosive charge was placed in the tyre of my car, specifically in the left front wheel. The small capsule had a radio-controlled fuse that was triggered by a signal from a special headlight placed in the right place by the road. In my case, it was above the road slope on the section of the motorway between Belgorod and Kursk. Obviously, the charge was a little too powerful: even for Swedish winter tyres, it was too powerful, because the explosion tore off a very large piece of the tyre. I suppose they tried to make it safer.

This was the first "swallow" of gratitude for my deeds, in this case for my help in preventing the thermonuclear explosion in Chernobyl. Although my role in saving Midgard-Earth was very modest: I just contacted the right people and asked them for help, but still...

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All of the above-described events were yet to occur in the future, but for now, I was still happily "absorbing" the confirmation of the reality of the events that were happening with my participation. It is difficult for another person to understand this; you have to experience it yourself. When events happen to you that are incredible and impossible from the point of view of the majority, and therefore even those few people who are more or less open to the new look at you with some scepticism at best, and suddenly, from an unexpected source, comes complete confirmation of the reality of everything you have said — such moments

inspire, instil strength and self-confidence! It so happened that the autumn of 1987 was filled with many events, one after another confirming the reality of what was happening to me and what I was doing. At the end of October, I went to Moscow for a weekend with Yuri and another woman from his group, who was one of the first to undergo brain restructuring. After the brain reorganisation, she received telepathic information very well and saw very clearly. After work on Friday evening, we took the Kharkov-Moscow service train, and on Saturday morning we were already at Kursk Station in Moscow. During this trip, we were supposed to meet some interesting people. The meeting place with one of these interesting people was a few hundred metres from the station. We were supposed to meet Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov, and we were supposed to meet at Olga Sergeevna T.'s apartment. Her apartment was located right next to Kursk Station.

Yuri knew her address, so we waited for Kuskov and got into the T. Just a few minutes earlier, after we had met Vladimir Dmitrievich himself, he introduced us to the hostess and her husband. Olga Sergeevna herself was already a retired engineer at that time and was a clairvoyant by nature. Many unusual events and incidents happened to this woman, which, as it turned out, I also had to deal with. But more on that later. In the meantime, let's return to that day when we first met. In keeping with the tradition of the time, we brought a loaf of bread that we had bought at the nearest bakery, and the hostess, also following tradition, put the kettle on. Everyone sat down at the table, and then something completely unexpected happened. Vladimir Dmitrievich took a strange fragment out of his large briefcase and placed it on the table. Everyone stared at this strange object in amazement. And then Vladimir Dmitrievich told a very strange story. He himself was a researcher at the Institute for Space Research. Some time before the events described, an unidentified object crashed on the Kola Peninsula. Without knowing anything about it, one of the residents found pieces of some strange metal alloy in the tundra, something that resembled an alloy of copper and silver.

The pieces of this "metal" had a coarse-grained structure and were very heavy. They all had traces of artificial origin with an unclear purpose, but the inhabitants were obviously accustomed to the unusual objects that could be found in the tundra. So, after finding these strange pieces, the discoverer threw them into his rover with the idea that everything would be useful in the economy. Thus, several rather large pieces of strange "metal" ended up in the locksmith's workshop of one of the inhabitants. This man very quickly began to feel ill and decided to give the pieces to another person. The same thing happened to the other person. After several people who had these strange fragments fell ill in a strange way, someone thought to send these finds to the USSR Academy of Sciences. From there, they ended up at the Institute for Space Research, where Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov worked. When these pieces of unusual "metal" arrived at his department and he learned the story of their discovery, he went to these places himself during his next vacation and found another fairly large fragment for himself. And it was this piece of very strange "alloy" that lay on the table in front of us. Vladimir Dmitrievich asked those present to help him understand what it was.

Everyone began to discuss and express their opinions. I started scanning, as usual, and suddenly I heard someone talking to me. I turned my head, trying to determine who was speaking. Everyone was talking, but that wasn't what I was hearing. I could hear the words clearly and quite loudly. It took me a while to realise that a piece of debris from a spaceship was "talking" to me. I had never expected such a thing, nor could I have imagined such a thing. But it was actually happening. Of course, it was my brain that was transforming the telepathic signals sent by the debris into my usual verbal forms. What was happening was incredible, but real. The debris of a crashed spaceship was talking to me. As it turned out later, ships of this type are quasi-living artificial organisms - ships with a fairly high intelligence. The basis of the material from which the spaceship was made consisted of huge organic molecules,

like DNA and RNA molecules, with metal compounds embedded in free electron bonds. The arrangement was exactly the same as that of the spaceships of the Oya civilisation. Each fragment of the spaceship retained its artificial intelligence and possessed a certain potential proportional to the size of the fragment.

So that is what this disaster "told" me. It informed me that I had the right to access information, and began to give me details about the structure of the spacecraft, the principles of its operation, and the coordinates of the star system from which it had come. I gained a complete understanding of the principles of operation of the spacecraft. For example, if a living being approaches the ship, the ship remotely scans the level of evolutionary development of the being. If the living being meets the requirements, the ship establishes telepathic contact with that being and communicates information to it in accordance with its level of evolutionary "tolerance". If the living being does not meet the evolutionary parameters stored in the ship's memory, the ship sends a telepathic warning signal about possible actions if it (the living being) continues to approach the spacecraft. This is analogous to a sentry shouting, "Halt, who goes there" or "...halt, who goes there, or I will open fire to kill...". If the creature does not perceive the telepathic information or ignores the warning, the spacecraft blocks the creature's motor abilities, or the creature's available machines shut down their engines and all electronics are turned off. If the living being continues to approach the spacecraft, the ship sends a powerful energy blast to kill it.

A piece of debris from a spacecraft does the same thing, except that the impact of the debris is much less than the impact of the entire spacecraft. And the smaller the debris, the weaker its impact. The r e a s o n for such strict artificial intelligence programmes on spaceships is very simple the ship is controlled telepathically, and therefore the penetration into the interior of the spacecraft by a living being that does not possess the appropriate qualities and perceptions can lead to an annihilating explosion of extraordinary power, which will inevitably result in the destruction of the planet. Therefore, all actions of the spacecraft are necessary safety measures. It is also curious that no one else heard anything and did not even suspect what was happening.

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During my next visit to Moscow, I met Professor F.R. Khantseverov, who was then working at the same Space Research Institute as V.D. Kuskov. The meeting took place at Professor Khantseverov's apartment. During the conversation, he became interested in my method of restructuring the brain and asked me if I could do something with him. I tested him and he had quite good sensitivity. I simply rearranged his brain and he saw his heart. As a scientist accustomed to doubting all such things, he said that he had a very good imagination and visual memory and that was why he had seen his heart. I explained to him that the anatomical atlas shows the heart of a dead person and it is flat, but he sees his living heart in volume and colour, which has nothing to do with his imagination or visual memory. Moreover, he did not even pay attention when I began to describe his carotid arteries and brain, which I had opened up for him to perceive, without saying a word about it. After such arguments, he was forced to agree that he could see his own heart and his own brain. After that, we talked for quite a long time about various phenomena. But the most important thing for me was his report on their research on the remains of the spaceship. He said that they had photographed the same piece of debris with an electron microscope. The photographs clearly showed the spiral shape of giant organic molecules such as DNA and RNA with metal inclusions.

Professor Hancheverov did not specify what kind of metal inclusions they were, but these are secondary details. The main thing is that the study of the remains of the spaceship

confirmed the quality of the material from which this ship was made, and that it fully corresponds to the descriptions given earlier during the telepathic contacts from Oya and during my unusual and unexpected telepathic contact with the remains of the spaceship. On the one hand, telepathic information, the possibility of which the majority of "scientists" not only question but also declare telepathy itself to be absurd, and on the other hand, real events that took place on our planet. My telepathic contact with a request for help during the Chernobyl crisis in the autumn of 1987, the reality of which was confirmed by the special services, and the very fact that Midgard-Earth still exists as a planet and has not been turned into asteroid debris, as happened to the planet that previously orbited between Mars and Jupiter. I think this is very real and tangible proof of the reality of telepathy, regardless of whether "scientists" recognise it or not, whether they understand its principles or not. Unfortunately, modern scientists understand very little even of the information they have at their disposal. When it comes to understanding the nature of telepathy in particular, the problem is that scientists who study it sometimes understand even less about its nature than those scientists who do not study it. And although many aspects of understanding the essence of telepathy are literally on the surface, scientists' attempts to explain the essence of this phenomenon do not stand up to any criticism.

Analysing this circumstance, I came to the conclusion that this state of affairs is obviously not accidental. It is advantageous for some people to keep others completely ignorant about the nature of telepathy and many other natural phenomena, the understanding of which is so undesirable for them. And that is why the mass media constantly indoctrinate people with the idea of the absurdity of these concepts through scientific "experts" who, with a clever look, assert the absurdity of these concepts and insistently demand that they be believed because they have this or that scientific degree. They try to exert pressure on people with their scientific "rank", which supposedly gives them the right to make unfounded claims that are not supported by anything other than themselves. But the funniest thing is that these "experts" cannot explain the basic concepts of the scientific disciplines whose degrees they use to justify their right to such an opinion. All modern science is built on a false foundation, created deliberately, and we are now witnessing the realisation of these ideas in the form of an impending ecological catastrophe, the cause of which is the realisation of the ideas of orthodox science (for more details, see my article "Theory of the Universe and Objective Reality").

Another way of discrediting true knowledge about natural phenomena is the method of creating false perceptions among the population through the mass media, when television screens, the pages of magazines and newspapers, and the shelves of bookstores, an avalanche of false information is unleashed upon an unsuspecting public by people who are even more ignorant than modern scientists, by people with obvious mental disorders or suffering from megalomania, without any reason for doing so. And the "revelations" of such people are distributed in the mass media as a "breath" of a new era or "divine" truth. And everything that could really open people's eyes is suppressed, the people who carry this knowledge are persecuted and often physically eliminated, and these are not just words...

* * *

Plants, animals and humans (the latter not always understanding what is happening) also exchange information telepathically. And I do not exclude myself from the latter category. The only difference in my case is that I do not close my eyes to everything that most other people try to ignore; they simply do not need the "extra" headache, they just do not want to be seen as "a laughing stock". I was not afraid of all this, I was interested in understanding, first and foremost for myself, and not

because of academic degrees or universal recognition. It has often happened to me that after my lectures or conversations, people have told me that they received answers to their questions from me before they had a chance to ask them aloud. It is just that sometimes I find it difficult to separate what a person has already said from what they have not yet said, and it does not matter what language the person thinks and speaks in. For me, what a person has thought about something or said is almost the same thing. If a thought has been born in a person's head, it is as real to me as the words spoken aloud. Of course, I have to be attuned to that person in order to talk to them. If I am talking to a group of people, then it is usually easier to perceive the thoughts of the person who creates their thoughts more strongly and vividly. But the most interesting thing is that when I pick up on a person's thoughts, I don't hear them in the form of phrases or see them in the form of images, but "simply" begin to respond immediately to the person's mental question.

Only once, when I had telepathic contact with the remains of a spaceship, was the telepathic contact accompanied by a complete auditory illusion. An illusion in the sense that I could hear the words spoken by the remains just as I would hear them during a normal conversation between two people. My conversation with the remains of the ship continued, which no one could hear because I myself, without even paying attention to it, was exchanging information telepathically, although at first I was sure that everyone could hear this conversation. But it turned out that they hadn't heard it. No one even realised that I was having a conversation, and I only realised this when the telepathic exchange of information ended and I began to hear the voices of others in the usual way. During my very unusual exchange of information with the quasi-living remnant of the spaceship, everyone else was expressing their thoughts about what the remnant was. It was also unusual that my very long telepathic conversation with the fragment of the spaceship, which seemed very long to me, lasted only a few seconds in real Earth time. The speed of telepathic information exchange, even at the level of verbal exchange, is many orders of magnitude higher than the speed of sound transmission.

This is understandable. The vibrations of the vocal cords that transmit sound information are very limited in frequency and amplitude, which is determined by the very limited capacity of the muscles to contract and recover, as well as by the limited volume of air pushed out of the lungs by the muscles to create the necessary sounds. Human beings are accustomed to the exchange of information through sound and do not even consider the possibility of other means of communication. And for some reason, humans extend this idea not only to themselves, but also to the entire surrounding world of living nature. The approach of scientists is so primitive that it reminds me of an anecdote from the series "Planet of the Apes": "An Earth spaceship crashes on the Planet of the Apes and the crew is captured. They are all placed in cages and begin to be studied. They point to a banana and a button and make it clear with their eyes - press the button and you will get a banana!

Earthlings protest indignantly because they consider themselves intelligent beings and such treatment humiliates their human dignity. No one is in a hurry, one day follows another, and the button and banana are still being shown to the earthlings. When hunger began to torment people cruelly, someone pressed the necessary button to satisfy their hunger and get their banana. When this happened, the research monkey wrote in his observation diary: "After prolonged training, the first simple conditioned reflex was developed.""

I have always laughed through my tears at this anecdote. After all, this is how our scientists study life on our planet. And I would like to give you an interesting example of this limitation.

* * *

In the summer of 1987, several people from Yuri's group, in which I did brain reorganisation, went with him to the dolphinarium in Batumi and there they managed to get to

the dolphins after a public performance. Modern science believes that dolphins communicate with each other using ultrasound. But this is a fundamentally mistaken understanding. Dolphins use ultrasound to... orient themselves in the water, as they have very poor and limited vision. And they communicate with each other telepathically. This is telepathic communication, not ultrasonic, as scientists believe. Therefore, it is clear what results can be achieved in studying the intelligence of dolphins by examining the ultrasounds they emit!

Natalia A. is at the dolphinarium with Yuri, who, being in the water with the dolphins, realises that he is mentally asking them for help. A dolphin immediately swam up to her, a female dolphin named Lada, as it turned out later. She was the leader of this small group of dolphins in the dolphinarium. When Natalia continued to send telepathic messages, Lada was happy to establish telepathic contact, explaining how difficult it was for them with their "trainers" who did not understand that they communicated telepathically and demanded that they perform silly tricks, which they had to do or else they would starve to death. One is reminded of the anecdote and feels painfully offended by creatures who call themselves intelligent human beings - *Homo Sapiens,* but behave like irrational children. On what basis do " scientists" believe that the behaviour and life of all living creatures on the planet should be subject to delusional ideas that have never had any serious basis? But that is a special conversation, and for now, let us return to telepathic contact with dolphins.

Lada telepathically conveyed information about the life of dolphins in captivity, about why they live much shorter lives in captivity than in the wild. And their shorter lives are due not so much to their longing for freedom as to their loss of unity with the world ocean. The world's oceans have accumulated enormous potential life force over billions of years, and in the wild, dolphins are in constant contact with this biofield of the ocean, which helps them to optimally normalise their vital functions. In addition, in the wild, a pod of dolphins creates a common psi field, which also helps them optimise their vital processes. Interestingly, dolphins repel and sometimes kill attacking sharks with a powerful psi field shock. They also use their psi potential as a defensive weapon. Lada recounted so many details from their daily life that when Natalia began to clarify these details with the "trainer," he asked her in surprise how she knew that two days ago he had hit Lada in the face or that four days ago he had fed them spoiled fish and taken the fresh fish with him. The poor "trainer" could not even imagine that "stupid" animals could communicate telepathically with humans and convey all these details. But let's leave the poor "trainer" and his doubts alone and return to the dolphins.

I was very sorry that I did not have the opportunity to go to the dolphinarium, but after the dolphinarium, Yuri and Natalia came to Kiev, where he asked me to introduce him to a high-ranking person whom I had recently met. This was during my first visit to Kiev in connection with the treatment of this person's daughter, who had multiple sclerosis. I introduced them to each other, and at the same time Natalia told me about her contact with Lada. I immediately offered to establish telepathic contact with her from a distance, and I also "met" Lada. All this may seem strange, and for many people even unbelievable. But very soon, a few months later, a situation arose that confirmed the reality of telepathic contact with a dolphin. Back in the autumn of 1987, Lada unexpectedly made telepathic contact herself and said that she had done so to say goodbye. There was a little mercury in their water, and she accidentally swallowed a drop. This metal is deadly not only to humans but to all living creatures. Even a small concentration of mercury in the bodies of humans and dolphins is inevitably fatal. And that was the reason Lada contacted us. I did not have the coordinates of the dolphinarium in Batumi, but Natalia did, and she contacted the "trainer," who fully confirmed the information received telepathically from Lada. I decided to try to help her, and the only option was to

It helped to completely break down the mercury that had entered her body. I tried to do it and... I succeeded. Later, this fact was confirmed by the staff of the dolphinarium.

In the course of telepathic contacts, it was established that dolphins have long maintained telepathic communication with other cosmic civilisations. The only civilisation with which they have not yet managed to establish contact is our humanoid civilisation from Midgard Earth! Isn't it ironic that these intelligent beings have failed to establish contact with other intelligent beings from the same planet simply because the latter (i.e. humans) are so ambitious and unattractive in their ideas about how nature "should" develop that they have become foolish blind men who claim to know better than anyone else (even nature itself) the Great Plan of Nature. In the past, there have already been attempts by dolphins to establish telepathic communication with humans. As a result, a cult to Delphi arose on the island of Crete and elsewhere in the Mediterranean, but only people with special telepathic abilities, mainly women, were able to achieve this telepathic communication between two intelligent races from Middle Earth, following completely different evolutionary paths. That is why the symbol of this cult was a girl dancing in the water with a dolphin.

But let's go back to the autumn of 1987. The story of the dolphin named Lada has an interesting continuation. When I met Olga Sergeevna T. in the autumn of 1987 and she learned about my contact with Lada, she asked me if it was possible to establish telepathic contact between her and Lada. Lada was not opposed to this; on the contrary, she was very pleased with the new telepathic contact. Olga Sergeevna kept a record of her telepathic contacts with Lada. And at the end of December 1987, she gave me her records to read. She kept her records very conscientiously, without changing or embellishing anything. But the most curious thing was the questions Olga Sergeevna asked Lada. Most of her questions were about her family, about what would happen to her sons, to herself and to her husband. Lada answered all her questions, but I was surprised by Lada's reaction to such questions. Lada replied to Olga Sergeevna that she was still a child. That instead of using telepathic contact to learn about the world around us, to share what is known to humans and dolphins, she spends all her contact time trying to understand personal issues. The dolphin Lada turned out to be more spiritually mature than the woman she was talking to. And that doesn't mean that Olga Sergeevna is a bad or narrow-minded person. It's just that, as Lada herself noted, she is still a "little girl" in her spiritual development.

Spiritual and moral development is not related to a person's age or education, but is a reflection of their level of development, which is determined by their actions and understanding. And, of course, different people can be at different levels of this development, regardless of their age and education. And, as in this case, the spiritual level of the dolphin Lada is higher than the spiritual level of the human being. Our opinion of ourselves does not always reflect the real state of affairs. And if the human being continues to be so blind, he himself will suffer most of all, as will the rest of the living world. And while man is blind in his ignorance, dolphins — the second intelligent race on Midgard Earth — are being destroyed for meat or simply for sport. Is this not a cause for reflection?

10. First encounter with parasites

It so happened that my meeting with Olga Sergeevna T., thanks to Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov, led me to understand many phenomena that occur in nature and society. And as strange as it may sound, that is exactly how it was. Of course, it was not related to Olga Sergeevna herself, but rather to the events in which

she became an unwitting participant in and which I had to deal with at her request. The events themselves are very curious, but even more unexpected are the phenomena that turned out to be connected with these events. But I will not go ahead, I will tell you everything in orderьттр://.....

During my first meeting with Olga Sergeevna T., she asked me to help her with her health problems, which turned out to be very serious and dangerous. She had cancer and serious abnormalities in the abdominal area resulting from it. Basically, everything in her body was completely destroyed, especially in the solar plexus area. But the most curious thing was how these abnormalities came about.

Shortly before I met her, Olga Sergeevna had a very curious story. Her friend took her to a concert by Arkady Raikin, and during the concert she sent him her energy. After the concert, her friend took her backstage and introduced her to **Raikin himself**! Olga Sergeevna asked him if he could feel the energy she was sending him because he seemed tired and exhausted to her. "So it's you?" he asked in surprise and suggested that she help him in this way all the time. Olga Sergeevna herself was not as calm with such happiness as she had thought at first. But on the other hand, such a fateful event almost cost her her life. She became Arkady Raikin's shadow. When he performed on stage, she stood behind the scenes and pumped him with her life force. At first, she was very flattered to be constantly close to such a "great" man. As a token of gratitude for her vitality, so generously given by Olga Sergeevna, Arkady Raikin presented her with a bouquet of flowers that had been given to him by one of his fans when he got out of his car upon arriving at another concert. This was the only expression of his gratitude for her vitality, with which she supported him during the concerts. He seemed to think that the very fact that she had the honour of being with him was sufficient gratitude on his part.

Anyway, this situation continued for some time, and obviously the "great" artist Arkady Isaakovich wanted a little more. He was about to go on tour in the United States, and Arkady Raikin offered Olga Sergeevna to become his mistress and go on tour with him. She, with all her respect for him and his talent, responded with a firm refusal. He did not expect such a response, but his goal was not to lose such a valuable source of vitality, so he began to offer her to go with him in her previous capacity. Olga Sergeevna replied that this would only be possible if her husband went with her. But such a turn of events did not suit the ageing maestro. He tried to convince her that her husband's presence in the United States was not necessary, even though he was fluent in several languages. In short, Olga Sergeevna said a decisive " no" to all of the maestro's proposals. But the "great" humorist was not used to being refused, especially by women, and for a long time his directors tried to catch Olga Sergeevna, almost constantly standing guard under the windows of her apartment. This frightened her, and everything that happened drastically changed her opinion of the famous artist.

Soon Raikin leaves on tour in the United States, his people disappear from under her windows, and Olga Sergeevna begins to think that this nightmare is finally over. But unfortunately for her, in both the literal and figurative sense, everything is just beginning... The " great" artist decides to punish the sullen Russian woman who dared to say **NO** to him**!**

What happens to her and her family after Raikin leaves on tour in the United States is a complete surprise to her and to everyone who, willingly or unwillingly, participated in the events. At first, the events seem to be developing in a positive direction, but this is only at first glance. In fact, she was being pursued. The same friend who introduced Olga Sergeevna to Arkady Raikin told her that a dacha was for sale in a prestigious holiday village and that this dacha could be hers if she moved quickly. In order to buy this dacha, she and her husband had to sell their Volga. After becoming the owners of the coveted dacha, Olga Sergeevna and her family moved there for the summer.

One beautiful summer day, one of her neighbours invited Olga Sergeevna to her villa to drink tea, watch television together and chat about this and that. Everything was wonderful, but when Olga Sergeevna returned to her cottage, she soon realised that this seemingly wonderful summer day had not been wonderful even for her. A nice neighbour who had invited her to a tea party reported to the police that Olga Sergeevna had stolen a large sum of money from her. And, as if by magic, numerous witnesses to this "crime" appeared, and a criminal case was opened, which very quickly became more and more detailed and threatened to result in a long prison sentence for Olga Sergeevna. This happened despite the fact that there was no evidence that the neighbour had any money at all, and despite the fact that Olga Sergeevna had come to visit her neighbour in a light summer dress without sleeves, without a purse or anything else in which to fold and carry the huge sums of money that the neighbour claimed she had. This imaginary money was never found on Olga Sergeevna, either after a search of her villa or anywhere else. But despite this, everything was about to go to court, and if it hadn't been for the intervention of a family friend, Olga Sergeevna would have been in a not-so-isolated place for a long time. But, as they say, this time she got away with it! But "this" time was not the last time.

The next act of revenge against the "great" actor was an attempt at physical elimination, and a very complex one at that. In 1987, the First Medical Institute in Moscow tested and began to widely apply rejuvenating and health-promoting sessions for the "chosen ones". For this purpose, they used the so-called astral machine, which was a huge spiral-shaped tube through which a physiological solution (0.9% solution of table salt) circulated. With the help of magnetic field oscillations, they achieved the transfer of the donor's vital energy to the "chosen ones", after which the latter felt a surge of strength and a rejuvenating effect, while the donor weakened and developed various pathologies. And the more often the donor participated in such a "transfusion" of life force, the more serious and dangerous the consequences for his health were.

In order to recover and rejuvenate, the "chosen one" settled comfortably on a special couch, which was placed together with him in the giant spiral mentioned earlier. Of course, only a mentally incompetent person could voluntarily agree to become a donor. But very often the donors were not asked about their wishes! They "simply" took a photo of the desired donor and... placed it in the special area of this devilish machine. By irradiating the photograph of the human donor with magnetic fields, the same effect was achieved as if the human donor himself were there instead of the photograph! I think it is unnecessary to explain that no one warned the donors about their "desire" to participate in such a thing. And this is not the fantasy of a dreamer, but objective reality! So, after Olga Sergeevna avoided prison, they decided to punish her in this way. As a result, when I first saw her in September 1987, she was in the fourth stage of cancer. So I got involved in her problem and the rest of the "bouquet".

I came to Moscow periodically, mainly on weekends. So most of my meetings with Olga Sergeevna took place over the phone. At that time, I didn't have my own phone, nor did I have my own apartment. I rented a room for myself, and even that wasn't easy. What made things easier was that I wasn't married at the time and was unencumbered, as all my possessions fit into a few suitcases. I simply left everything "extra" in its old place, which probably pleased my former landlords. That's why I ran from work to the intercom station and called Olga Sergeevna in Moscow. By the way, I wanted to clarify the situation with the phone a little. The work is not done over the phone, as many people for some reason think, but through space. The phone is only needed to get direct feedback from the person about what is happening to him (or her) during the session. This is important in order to fully control what is happening to the person and to prevent overload, which can have serious consequences, as mentioned earlier.

During my first session with Olga Sergeevna, I destroyed this astral machine, which had probably led to the death not only of her, but also of many other "voluntary" donors who, for one reason or another, were unwanted by those in power. When, after returning to Kharkov, I called Olga Sergeevna in Moscow, she happily informed me not only that she was much better, but also that the astral machine at the First Medical Institute had begun to work in reverse. The "chosen ones" after this machine felt much worse because it did not saturate them with life force, but on the contrary, took away what they had from themselves. I was very happy to hear this news, as I had always been outraged by the meanness and baseness of some people and had always fought against it with all my might, which, for certain reasons, had been quite effective.

I thought that was the end, but unfortunately it wasn't. I continued to work very successfully with Olga Sergeevna's cancer in Kharkov, and when I was in Moscow on business, I worked directly with her. Fortunately, she lived near the station in Kursk, so I didn't have to waste time travelling the vast distances of Moscow. On the evening of 18 December 1987, I took the Kharkov-Moscow train and the next morning I was in Moscow. This train was very convenient - you go to sleep and... wake up early in the morning when you approach Moscow. You have almost two full days at your disposal. On Sunday evening, you take the return train and... in the morning, you go straight from the train to work. It couldn't be more convenient (of course, at that time there was no border between Russia and Ukraine). So, after sleeping on the train, I found myself back in Moscow on that December day. I could never have imagined that this arrival in Moscow would become a new starting point for me, that it would be both a test and a source of insight into many events taking place in our country and the reasons for these events, which for many reasons are beyond the understanding not only of me, but, as it turned out, also beyond the comprehension of most of the inhabitants of our country, and indeed of the entire civilisation of our planet, Midgard-Earth. And I certainly did not even imagine that my actions related to restoring Olga Sergeevna's health, and what I would have to face in this process, would lead me to something fundamentally new

— to an understanding of the ways in which civilisation develops and the behind-the-scenes processes.

On Saturday evening, 19 December 1987, I visited Olga Sergeevna again. And I began another restorative session with her. While working with her, I discovered that she was connected to some kind of huge system in the solar plexus area. Not only her, but many other people were connected to this system. This system could be compared to a huge vine with many clusters, whose "grapes" were people. I had no idea who these people were, but the fact that all these people were connected to the same system as Olga Sergeevna, and she was quickly fading away from this connection and her body was deteriorating, allowed me to conclude that such a system could not be something positive not only for Olga Sergeevna, but also for all the other "grapes" — people who did not even suspect that they were connected to some system and were part of it. The threads coming from each "cluster" person were connected to each other in bundles that closed over some people; the threads coming from these people, in turn, created new bundles, and so on. At each subsequent level, the threads coming from the people became thicker and thicker, and the bundles became denser and "meaty". With each subsequent level, the number of people forming that level became smaller and smaller, and at the top of such an unusual pyramid there was one person.

When they revealed the whole picture to me, I had no idea what it was. The only thing I understood was that this system kills people! Some quickly, others slowly! And that alone could not leave me indifferent to what was happening. I saw with my own eyes, in the example of Olga Sergeevna, what such a connection does to a person. Of course, her degree of involvement in the system was maximum, as a result of which she was very quickly destroyed. The same thing happened to all the other people connected to this system, only their degree of involvement in the system was small, and therefore the destruction of the system did not manifest itself so quickly in them, but that does not mean that the system did not harm them. If even a small amount of blood is taken from a person every day, that person will slowly weaken and

fades away. Similarly, connecting a person to such a system causes them to lose small parts of their life force, which ultimately leads to physical weakness, illness, and a shortened lifespan. Of course, I understood all this later, but at the time I saw a system that was literally destroying a human being before my eyes. Such a system cannot be good, especially if the majority of those who form it are unaware of its existence.

I found myself in a situation somewhat similar to the story from the animated film "Nu, pogodi!" (Just you wait!). The rabbit is watering the flowers on his balcony and discovers a rope that has appeared out of nowhere! And he cuts it off while the wolf tries to climb onto his balcony. So, after discovering this system, I decided to free Olga Sergeevna and... all the other people who, without knowing it, were keeping her company. And almost like a rabbit from the famous cartoon, I "cut" both the thread connecting Olga Sergeevna to this system and the threads connecting all the other people to this system. And since this was no surprise to me, I was able to do it very easily and quickly. Millions of people suddenly found themselves free from such a connection to the system.

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When I destroyed the pyramid, I didn't even pay attention to who was "heading" this parasitic system, to whom all these bundles of life force from many people were being gathered, but simply did what my conscience and sense of justice told me to do. As a result, millions of people were freed from the parasitic system that was stealing their life force and health. And then the pyramid system itself completely collapsed, and the man who was at the head of this system, without such a powerful power supply, could no longer even live, and life was draining from his corrupt body, where his criminal soul lived. The news that this man had died after my destruction of the parasitic system surprised me, I could not have imagined that its destruction would lead to the death of the man who headed this pyramid, because I destroyed the parasitic system that robbed unsuspecting people who could not even imagine that what could not be bought with money was being stolen from them - part of their lives! And it doesn't matter that most people had no idea what was being stolen from them and how, and it doesn't matter that most of the victims didn't believe that such a thing was even possible, being completely under the power of the false ideas imposed on them by those who were stealing their life force, their health, while at the same time pretending and claiming that such a thing was impossible because it had never been possible!

Such a crime, committed by a group of degenerates, is even more repulsive when the thieves convince their victims that what they are stealing does not exist in nature. And when a person or group of people, in the course of their search, even slightly enter the forbidden territory, without even knowing it, these werewolves immediately destroy the daring ones, when circumstances permit, burning them at the stake, while at the same time, like insatiable leeches, they gorge themselves on the raging life force of innocent people burning alive in terrible agony, whose only fault is that they have peered into the forbidden territory. When it became impossible to burn or kill such people for one reason or another, the dark leaders of the Midgard-Earth civilisation, standing in the shadows, began to send those who attempted to reveal their dark secrets to psychiatric clinics, declaring them pseudo-scientists and the things they created pseudo-science, and organised real harassment against them, which not everyone could withstand without breaking down. In addition, the puppet masters deliberately fed those who were beginning to see through them with false ideas and " teachings" that consciously led to dead ends and often turned the people who "fell for them" into biorobots or sources of life force for themselves.

In any case, by fate or chance, and perhaps by natural coincidence, after encountering such a parasitic system, I managed to

I destroyed it and I don't regret it at all. As I understood a little later, the system I destroyed was a parasitic social system that was used by the black Freemasons to control the masses. The life force they took from people was used by the black masons to create a psi influence on the masses, which was carried out at the subconscious level, so that the controlled masses did not even suspect that they were being controlled by anyone. Is it not true that the system is evil in its essence when a group of swindlers influences the masses, forcing them (the masses of people) to do what is in the interests of this group, using for this purpose the potential stolen from these same masses without their knowledge?

The influence on the masses at a subconscious level led to people doing many things, being completely convinced that these actions corresponded to their own desires and reflected their interests, when in fact they were only doing what was profitable for a group of puppeteers behind the scenes.

When the parasitic system ..... was destroyed, it not only led to the liberation of many people from energy slavery, which in itself, from my point of view, is positive, but also to quite noticeable changes in public consciousness. It was as if a veil had been lifted from people's eyes, and they awoke from the stupor into which they had fallen for so long. People began to wake up and realise the true nature of the most deceitful and inhuman system that humanity has ever known - communism. To paraphrase the "great" Lenin, I would describe the communist system as follows: the communist system is nothing more than **state capitalism + a slave-owning system.**

Almost anyone who is capable of performing even the simplest analyses and has lived under this system knows that this is exactly how it is. The most surprising thing is that the criminal code of the USSR refers to this almost directly. As lawyers have told me, the criminal code of the USSR provided for punishment in the form of a fine, which was quite large for those times, for a failed suicide attempt. If a person attempted suicide but for one reason or another remained alive, he or she had to pay a fine to the state because he or she dared to dispose of his or her life independently, rather than by order or necessity of that same state! The state had spent money on raising and educating a person, and he or she, having failed to repay the money with huge interest (consider it lifelong), had decided to dispose of what belonged to the state on their own - their own life. And to prevent anyone from doing such a thing, those who survived the unsuccessful attempt were fined a large sum of money. In this reflection of the law, the state very clearly showed its attitude towards its "citizens" - it treated them like slaves! The tens of millions destroyed during the years of Soviet rule are the best proof of this. As for the article on unsuccessful suicides, if my memory serves me correctly, in 1975 this article was removed from the Criminal Code of the USSR, but its essence remained unchanged!

Today, it is clear to everyone that every state represents the interests of one group or another within the population. Whose interests these are is again very clear from the fact that the wealth of the Russian and other indigenous peoples living in the territory of the Russian Empire after the collapse of the "socialist" system is in whose hands. And it is curious that one of those who occupied one of the highest steps in the hierarchy of the black masons, in real life played parodies of the very system, the coordinator of which he himself was. And unsuspecting people marvelled at the "courage" of this man. But for some reason, his "courage" did not extend to the areas most dangerous to the system, but only to those that did not allow the true nature of the anti-human system to be seen and understood. Others were not even allowed to do that. Remember the saying: "What is permitted to Caesar is not permitted to the bull..." So what was permitted to "Caesar" Raikin was not permitted to everyone else, i.e. to the "bulls"!

The destruction of the parasitic system led not only to the liberation of the unwitting victims of this pyramid and the elimination of the psi-influence on people's consciousness, but also to a rather sharp change in the political situation in the world, especially in the socialist countries and Israel, which surprised me greatly. Of course, this did not become clear to me all at once, but as a famous character once said, the process is underway!...

On the evening of that fateful Sunday, 20 December 1987, I took the train to Kharkiv and by morning I was already in Kharkiv. From the station, as usual, I went to work at my institute. I was proud of what I had managed to do, and I was happy that the people around me on the street, in the metro, at work, thanks to this work, had freed themselves from a parasitic system whose existence they were not even aware of. And it didn't matter that no one thanked me for it, I didn't do it for the gratitude.

11. Parasites. Continued

The working week passed as usual. After my official work, I was engaged in my own research and psychic influence on my patients. At the end of 1987, Komsomolskaya Pravda published an article entitled "The Psychic in the Mirror of Physics," which described the results of research on psychics, in particular Juna, in one of the laboratories of the Institute of Radiophysics and Electronics of the USSR Academy of Sciences. The article concludes that psychic influence is nothing more than a weak thermal effect on the so-called Zahariev-Get zones - areas of the patient's skin surface that are projections of the human internal organs. And it is precisely the weak infrared radiation emitted by the psychic's hand, according to experts, as reported by the newspaper, that has a stimulating effect on these zones, as a result of which the person begins to feel better.

For anyone who understands even a little about physics, such a statement is obviously absurd, even if they know nothing about psychics. After all, infrared radiation from the human hand is essentially no different from any other weak thermal radiation in nature. Heat radiation from a candle, light bulb, heating battery, etc. also affects the same areas of Zahariev-Get, but they have no therapeutic effect on the sick person. Of course, infrared radiation occupies a certain range of electromagnetic oscillations, and the intensity of the radiation can vary from very low to very high, but radiation of equal intensity and frequency from different sources should have the same effect on the Zahariev-Get zones of a person, which is not observed, and this means that the conclusions presented in the article are incorrect. That is why I was interested to find out whether this information was deliberate misinformation of the country's population or complete blindness and ignorance on the part of the "scientists". For me personally, it was important to find out for myself whether it was really the former or the latter!

It so happened that just before New Year's Eve, I was sent to Moscow to deliver a number of documents from the Kharkiv branch to the head office of our institute. I arrived in Moscow on Friday morning, 25 December, and after quickly finding the necessary address, I handed over the reports from our branch and set off to find the Institute of Radiophysics and Electronics of the USSR Academy of Sciences. There I managed to catch up with Academician Gulyayev, who headed the laboratory where psychics were studied. For obvious reasons, his address was not mentioned in the newspaper article. I introduced myself as a young radio physicist who was also studying psychic phenomena, and said that I would very much like to visit the laboratory studying these phenomena and consult with the scientists. To avoid questions, I decided not to mention that I was studying psychic influence in my own work. Academician Gulyayev gave me the address of the laboratory, and I learned that the staff would be there on Saturday morning because they were expecting a delegation.

The next morning, with great difficulty, I managed to find the necessary address.

The laboratory was located not far from the metro station, in one of Moscow's countless narrow streets. There were no signs at the address indicating that there was a scientific laboratory there. This confused me a little, but I pressed the doorbell anyway. To my delight, the man who opened the door confirmed that I was in the right place. I told him that Academician Gulyayev had given me the address and that I would like to meet someone from the laboratory. I was escorted to the office of the head of the laboratory, Professor Godik. I explained to him that I was also studying mental influence and that I would like, if possible, to get an idea of what they were doing and what conclusions they had reached. If I had said that I was conducting my own experiments and studying myself, I could have expected a reaction as if I were a mentally ill person. I needed to get an objective view of the phenomena that interested me, not the reaction of someone who was " not quite right in the head".

Professor Godik told me that in their experiments, if glass was placed between Juna and the patient, no effect was observed on the patient. From this, they concluded that the nature of the psychic's influence was thermal, because glass did not transmit it. When I told him that in my experiments the psychic had influenced the patient from a distance of thousands of kilometres, as well as through walls, etc., he looked at me with surprise and said, "Young man, if that's the case, you can count on winning the Nobel Prize!" From his tone, I understood that he thought that I, as a young scientist, had been "led by the nose" by some criminals whom I had believed for some reason. I did not change his opinion for obvious reasons. I was unable to have a long conversation with Professor Godik because the planned delegation arrived, and after apologising, he called one of his employees and asked him to show me the laboratory and the instruments and tell me about the results of the research, for which I am very grateful.

A senior researcher, whose name I did not remember, told me about the work of the laboratory and the experiments that had been conducted. They have studied the weak glow of the human body, the emission of electromagnetic fields, etc. And at the same time, they did not understand at all what they were looking for and researching. In other words, they were searching blindly, as they understood the task, but did not understand the task at all. When I mentioned that in my experiments, the psychic could see a person's internal organs in colour and volume, control his vision as needed, and obtain specific information about the condition of the organs and the person as a whole, and that this information completely coincided with and often surpassed the information obtained by doctors using the most modern equipment, this person looked at me with pity and asked

- Young man, how many years have you been studying physics?

When I answered his question, he replied with dignity:

- When you work with me, you won't believe the nonsense your students will tell you, because in order to see internal organs, one must emit X-rays of enormous power, which is simply impossible!

He couldn't even imagine that there could be other methods of obtaining information, accompanying fundamentally new human abilities. He didn't even consider such a possibility and thought only within the framework of his familiar concepts. When I realised the level of limited perception of people who were fundamentally good but completely blind to science, I thought again that I had chosen the right tactic by saying that, as a scientist, I only studied psychic influence. This legend allowed me to obtain maximum information without paying attention to these specialists' personal attitudes towards information about the possibility or impossibility of inner vision and remote influence, not to mention the possibility of moving into the past or future, etc.

As I expected, it turned out that this laboratory has no idea about the nature of psychic phenomena, but is simply another scientific profanity, behind whose pseudo-scientific terms lies blatant ignorance not only in the field of psychic phenomena, but also in the most basic physics. Of course, this state of affairs upset me and convinced me even more

convinced that I had to continue my research on my own, without expecting any support or help from official science. So I continued my lonely "journey" through the ocean of the unknown that had opened up before me. I realised that I had to rely only on my own strength and that my discoveries, if any, would hardly be accepted by orthodox science with open arms; most likely, so-called "science" would be the greatest enemy of everything I did, but I hoped that there would still be true scientists for whom the truth and, above all, the truth would be important, rather than their own position. And I did meet such people in my life, although, unfortunately, they were few.

This was my last attempt to turn to official science to find answers to the questions that interested me. Unfortunately, "science" was in a state of blindness to a much greater extent than I was. Once you find yourself in unfamiliar territory, you should not turn to a blind man for help in finding the right direction. After that, I no longer sought any contact with official science, but walked my own path, relying solely on myself.

On Monday morning, as usual, I returned to Kharkiv and went straight to work from the train. The last days of 1987 were ordinary, nothing special. On Thursday, 31 December, I had a shortened working day and by the afternoon I was already at home, in the room I was renting at the time. I had been feeling strange since the morning, and by the evening I felt like I was literally burning up inside, even though I didn't have a temperature. It was not a pleasant feeling, as if a tank had run over you. The feeling that I was "crushed" was very real. I barely crawled to my sofa and literally lay down on it. The reason for this condition was not clear to me. It didn't feel like a cold or the flu, nor was it pneumonia or bronchitis. And it was in this state of exhaustion and internal burning that I welcomed the New Year of 1988. The next day I felt much better, but the internal burning sensation had not completely disappeared.

It was only on 2 January that I realised I should look outside myself for the cause of my problem, rather than inside. And what a surprise it was when I discovered the cause of my unusual condition almost immediately. I was right, my condition was not related to some infection in my body, but to an external influence directed at me. It was a conscious and deliberate effort to destroy me physically. Once I understood what was happening to me, I was able to block the destructive influence and neutralise those who were affecting me. In this way, my "neutralisers" turned out to be like wearing protective suits. After stopping my terminators in this way, I had the opportunity to talk to them. And here's what I found out. My "angels of death" were sent by the external parasitic hierarchy to deal with what had happened to one of the elements of their system, created by them on Earth in Midgard.

It turned out that the parasitic system I destroyed had its carriers from distant worlds, and the problem of parasitism is not only a problem of our planet, but of our galaxy and universe (later it turned out that not only our universe). And these masters sent their rapid response team to Midgard-Earth so that it (the team) could understand what was going on, restore the previous "order" and punish those responsible. As is clear from the above, I was the culprit of such "universal turmoil" and those who were sent to punish me, and the punishment was my physical destruction, which they proceeded with with the full measure of responsibility. I was fortunate that at the time of my decisive actions, which led to the complete destruction of the parasitic system, I had already quite actively restored my brain and body and had created (as it turned out) very powerful and effective brain structures and many other things. That is why the actions of the "rapid response" group of cosmic parasites did not lead to my death. It is entirely possible that if I had not realised to turn my gaze to the "heavens", there is no telling how it would have ended for me! But now I can only wonder about that, and I have no desire to go back to my past and see what would have happened differently. Anyway, I directed

my attention to the cosmic terminators and, thanks to the new qualities and brain structures I had created earlier, I managed to turn the hunters into a "game".

I was aware that the Terminators were merely executors carrying out the orders they had been given, and that neutralising them would not solve the problem, as a new group of Terminators, probably more powerful and numerous, would appear in their place. So the only way, in my opinion, to prevent the emergence of another such group was to deal with those who send these groups. I didn't have much choice, time to think and prepare; no one was going to give me the opportunity to prepare in the best way possible, so I decided to act immediately, with the level of readiness and capabilities I had at the time. In such situations, you never know if you have the strength, qualities, flexibility and agility of mind to emerge victorious from such a war. After all, when you go alone onto the battlefield, you don't know what kind of "fire-breathing dragon" you will have to fight, how many "heads" it will have, and how and in what way those "heads" can be separated from the "body". You also do not know how many "dragons" will come out against you on the battlefield and whether they will fight according to the rules of chivalry when they are not all attacking one person.

From my personal experience, I am convinced that all the opponents I have encountered were not brought up on novels about knightly honour and military valour, but rather resembled a pack of hyenas attacking from behind or on a sleeping, tired or wounded opponent. So, even after suffering some damage from the first squad of terminators, I decided to spring into action immediately and take on the entire system at once. I had two choices: either to act immediately and possibly win, or to wait for the unknown and still take the battle at a moment when I did not expect it, with an even smaller chance of victory. I chose the former, not because I was overly confident and arrogant, but because I had no other choice. When you have no choice, you have to act in conditions with many unknowns and discover those unknowns in the course of combat, finding new solutions in a very short time, changing yourself during the battle and creating conditions for a possible victory.

The thing is, despite the qualitative changes and transformations I had made in myself, I had no idea about many things I had to face in such situations, while my opponents did. It is entirely possible that I had something my opponents did not have, but they also had many qualities that I did not have. Everything that was unfamiliar to me and that the " other" side possessed was quite dangerous for me. Based on my perceptions, I created various defence systems, which were probably very effective until the opposing side found a gap in my defence system and... struck a blow or blows in that gap or gaps. If my opponents possessed properties and qualities that I did not have or had no idea about, it was tantamount to saying that I had no defence at all, and therefore the blows were always delivered there. And naturally, the blows were delivered to destroy me. My life was at stake in this "game".

Very often, I had a few seconds, and sometimes even less, to find a gap or gaps in my defence under the blows that were revealed as a result of these blows aimed at my destruction, and to develop my missing qualities and properties without leaving the battle. Only in this case is it possible to patch up the gaps in my defence and then respond appropriately to my enemies, using my own advantages. Very often, after revealing my shortcomings with the help of the enemy's blows and creating and revealing my missing qualities and properties in such an unusual way, I not only create them for myself, but also, taking them into account, I often create something new, something that neither I nor my opponents had before. And all this happened during combat operations! Of course, I did it without knowing whether I would succeed or not, but in any case, I had no other choice. If I hadn't done it, it is very likely that, to the delight of some people reading these chronicles, there would be no one to write them.

But whether some people like it or not, I have so far managed to find solutions in such situations, and that is why I can write these lines, which may provoke the indignation of my enemies and ill-wishers, which does not bother me at all. In fact, I am grateful to my enemies who tried to destroy me, because in trying to kill me, they discovered my weaknesses, pointed out the flaws in my defence and often unwittingly gave me information that was unknown to me, which allowed me to develop more quickly. After all, when you set out on a new path for yourself and walk alone, you don't know what to look for or where to look. It's like in that fairy tale - go there, I don't know where, bring this, I don't know what! And in such a situation, the actions of my enemies, who knew many things that I had no idea about at the time, did me an invaluable service, pointing out my shortcomings or things unknown to me through their actions.

Of course, my enemies-"helpers" pursued very different goals, but due to the fact that I managed to quickly find a way out of seemingly hopeless situations, instead of destroying me, they acted as powerful catalysts for my development. I began to joke about this, slightly paraphrasing the classic Marxist-Leninist saying that **"rhythm determines consciousness."** I don't know about others, but for me it was and is exactly so. The trick of such a paradox is that, in trying to destroy me, my enemies exerted influence or influences on me, using their secret weapons for this purpose, affecting me with those matter and structures that I did not possess or had no idea about. But the moment they used this matter and these structures, when they tried to destroy my bodies and structures, I began to scan and analyse them. As a result, I obtained the information I needed to create new bodies and structures for myself, and often it gave me the missing "pieces of the puzzle" to create something fundamentally new. And often the "pieces of the puzzle" found in this way allowed me to make a qualitative leap in my development. That's how it is!

It is true that there were several unpleasant moments. The actions directed against me were not pleasant for me because they aimed at my destruction, and when they tried to carry them out, it did not evoke pleasant feelings in me, but was accompanied by enormous stress on my body and my brain, while at the same time causing partial destruction of me, my essential bodies, my brain structures, etc. Therefore, in order not to allow those who influenced me to bring what they had started to the desired result, I, as I already mentioned, had to act very quickly and effectively, because otherwise death awaited me! And so, I had to create new things under very difficult conditions, which were far from optimal. And the solution to the problem always had to be radical. Neutralising the attackers did not solve the problem; we always had to solve the whole problem, i.e. we had to deal with the system that sent these or other terminators. And only after it became possible to solve the problem completely did I get the opportunity to heal my own wounds and restore what had been destroyed. And often, taking into account the new experience, I did not simply restore myself to what I was before these or those military actions, but created myself in a fundamentally new quality. And indeed, who knows how many years, and perhaps even lives, it would have taken me to do what I did, had it not been for the actions of my enemies, who, in their desire to destroy me at any cost, threw new legions of their servants at me.

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One way or another, I managed to deal with my opponents and understood not in theory, but in practice, on my own "skin" in a literal and figurative sense, that what is happening on our Earth in Midgard is controlled by external forces. It turns out that when the parasitic system on Earth was destroyed, those who created these systems were the first to react to its destruction. And the creators of these earthly mischiefs turned out to be not earthly " mischief-makers" at all. And we, the earthly aborigines, had no idea about

this external "care". However, none of the earthlings knew about the existence of any brothers in reason, let alone that these "brothers" in reason could be universal parasites. And it is entirely possible that these "brothers" in reason imposed on us, the earthlings, the idea that we are alone in the vast universe, so that it would be easier for them to parasitise our civilisation. And if we take into account that the level of development of the civilisation of the Middle Court-Earth, to put it mildly, leaves much to be desired, the goal of these universal parasites is not technical "achievements," but something else. But what could cosmic parasites possibly want from a planet with a civilisation that is in the early stages of its development and has not even completed its planetary cycle of development!

The parasitic system that I destroyed was "engaged" in taking away the life force of millions of people, their potential for development. Of course, part of the stolen human potential was used in the interests of the earthly servants of the universal parasites, but ultimately part of the stolen potential through these servants went to them
— to the universal parasites! Otherwise, they would not have reacted to my destruction of the parasitic pyramid on Earth in Midgard! This means that for these universal parasites, the evolutionary potential of Earth's humanity, coming from Midgard-Earth, was an important strategic resource. In the end, it was they, and not the local social parasites, who were the first to start "bombarding" me after my destruction of the parasitic system. So the evolutionary potential possessed by the inhabitants of a seemingly insignificant planet on the outskirts of our galaxy is its most valuable "raw material" because only this "commodity" is exported from our "old lady". And I had the opportunity to convince myself many times later that this is indeed the case, but that will happen in the not-too-distant future, and at that time I was quite surprised that it was precisely the evolutionary potential of the inhabitants of Midgard-Earth that interested the interstellar parasites the most.

12. Third appeal to humanity

January 1988, apart from the "New Year" adventures described above, was not a very pleasant month. Every day I went to my official job at the institute, and the rest of the time I was engaged in my own research. At the beginning of February, a very curious event happened to me, which made me see many phenomena in a completely different light. One day at work, I was called to the phone. When I picked up the receiver, a male voice on the other end told me that I didn't know him, but that a friend of his, whom I had met about a year ago while passing through Kharkiv, had asked him to give me some documents. We agreed to meet him at one of the Kharkiv metro stations, where the meeting took place that same day. He handed me a folder, we exchanged a few words, and
... then I never saw him again and never heard from him or the man who gave me the folder through him. When I later opened the folder, I found in it the text of "The Third Appeal to Humanity"[2] , transmitted through Roerich in 1929.

When I first read this complaint, I agreed with everything it said and understood it. As I wrote earlier, I myself had come to similar conclusions. That is why I found it interesting to read the message in this appeal about the antimatter cloud moving towards the Solar System, which is expected to reach us, sinners, in about five thousand years. The fifty-year deadline given to humanity by the Coalition of Observers (CO) to take the necessary actions so that the Union of Civilisations of our galaxy could help us defend ourselves against this cyclone of antimatter had already expired more than ten years ago, when

[2] See Nikolay Levashov, "The Last Appeal to Humanity".

I received this message, but from what was happening in the world, it was abundantly clear to me that first the League of Nations and then the United Nations did not respond to this message. Therefore, we were all left to our own devices and could not expect any help from outside. Of course, this realization did not make me happy at all, but, as they say, there is no justice! Those in power did not dare to agree to the conditions for assistance proposed by the CON, for fear of losing their undeserved position in order to escape some "mythical" destruction in five thousand years! These people have never been interested in anything other than their own immediate interests. They were deeply indifferent to what would happen to humanity in five thousand years, but they were very concerned about their own power and their own position in society, which they did not want to lose.

Anyway, after reading "Address", I decided to find out for myself whether the information about the antimatter cyclone was just another "hoax"! Unlike most people, who either do not accept information at all or accept it on faith, I had and still have the opportunity to verify this or that information myself. Therefore, after reading about the movement of the antimatter cyclone towards the Solar System, I decided to verify for myself whether this anticyclone actually exists. As I already wrote, I managed to find a way to move my consciousness in space without my essence leaving my body, which in principle gives me unlimited opportunities to work in space. It's like that saying: "If Mohammed doesn't go to the mountain, the mountain goes to Mohammed"! I do not consider myself to be Mohammed, but nevertheless, the principle is the same. I myself do not move in space, but I change the space around me and within me, which is equivalent to the fact that I push the space above me and... the space "comes" to me.

But anyway, I set off on a journey into space, or rather, space "came" to me, and I went in search of an antimatter cyclone and... found it quite quickly. Unfortunately, the information from the address turned out to be false. The truthfulness of the information made me both happy and sad. I was glad that the message turned out to be true, and I was saddened by the fact that this truth did not bring me joy. The death of the civilisation of Midgard-Earth, even if it is five thousand years from now, cannot make any normal person happy. And the realisation that the powerful of today have doomed the entire civilisation to destruction because of their petty, empty ambitions can provoke nothing but indignation and contempt for these monsters in human form. But, as they say, the train has left the station and there is no turning back. In this situation, we can tear our hair out and complain about the narrow-mindedness of the people who make decisions, but that will not help us.

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In fact, our space-universe is enormous by earthly standards, but it is limited in all directions. Our space-universe is just one spatial "petal" with its own properties and qualities, which together with many other "petals"-universes forms a wonderful spatial flower - a six-pointed star. ([3]) In each of these "petals" - universes, there are billions and billions of civilisations that create their own hierarchies - associations of civilisations. And all of them together have created the unified hierarchy of the six-pointed star.

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The assembly of the six rays was held in a huge amphitheatre with six sectors, according to the number of rays of the six rays. The amphitheatre was located in an open space and by itself resembled an open flower - a lotus with six petals. D thanks to the curvature of the space, it seemed that all those present at this council were practically next to each other, within arm's reach.

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Of course, for each pentacle universe, the qualitative and quantitative composition of antimatter is different due to the fact that these pentacle universes are formed from different amounts of primary matter, which is also arranged in a different order.

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The hexagon appears as a result of the explosion that occurs in the area where two matrix spaces intersect. At the moment of the super-explosion, the ejected primary matter of one type was completely harmonious with each other. But after their distribution in the zones of space deformation that appeared during this super-explosion, the primary matter, which was initially coordinated with each other and formed this or that space-universe, began to interact with each other in accordance with the conditions and laws of this zone of distortion of the matrix space, where the formation of this space-universe took place. In this way, a certain part of the matter ejected during the super-explosion found itself subject to the conditions of the spatial zone of deformation where the specific space-universe of the hexagon was formed. That is why, having appeared after the super-explosion in qualitatively different conditions, the initially coordinated primary matter, which formed a specific spatial universe, periodically appeared in qualitatively anti-phase states relative to each other, which was the reason for the appearance of antimatter cyclones in one or another "petal" space. And in order to avoid the problem of antimatter cyclones in principle, it is necessary to qualitatively coordinate all spaces-universes forming a six-rayed....

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[3] See Nikolay Levashov, "The Last Appeal to Humanity," chapters 11, 12.

In order to solve the problem of antimatter cyclones, it is necessary to coordinate all cosmic universes within the entire six-ray beam and to create conditions for maintaining harmony between matter within the entire six-ray beam. Furthermore, it should be noted that between the " petals" of the cosmic universes of the six-ray beam there is free primary matter in motion, which constitutes 9 0 % of the mass of matter not only in our cosmic universe, but also in the six-ray beam, and beyond. Visible matter is only 10% of the mass of matter in both the "small" and the large universe. And it is precisely the free primary matter that determines the behaviour of matter visible to the naked eye. Therefore, in order to synchronise the cosmic petals in the volume of the six-ray, it is necessary to synchronise the free primary matter between them, and this will lead to the synchronisation of the cosmic universes in the six-ray. To achieve this, it was necessary to synchronise all the space-petrols in the six-ray beam simultaneously. Only in this case is the success of synchronization possible. If synchronization of all spatial universes in the six-ray beam is not achieved simultaneously, a colossal catastrophe will occur. Instead of solving the problem, such a turn of events could lead to an even bigger problem. It seems that under such conditions, **it** is **impossible** to solve the problem! But not everything that seems impossible at first glance is impossible.

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The ability of multiple beings to act in synchrony decreases dramatically as the number of participants increases. That is why, ideally, the action should be carried out by one person. But the problem arises: how can the same person be simultaneously in all the "petals"spaces of the six-pointed star and exert a synchronised influence within the volume of the six-pointed star when these "petals" are separated from each other by distances that cannot even be expressed by numbers with an arbitrary number of zeros! But this problem turned out to be unsolvable only at first glance, if we approach its solution trivially. Each "petal" space of the six rays is formed by the fusion of a certain amount of primary matter. Every body of the essence of a human being or any other intelligent being also arises as a result of the fusion of a certain amount of primary matter, and the more developed the human being (being) is, the greater the number of bodies forming its essence, and the greater the amount of primary matter forming each subsequent body. In this way, the primary matter forming each body of the essence is arranged and forms that body in a certain order. But after the formation of the whole body of the essence, each body of that essence has an unchanging qualitative and quantitative composition of that body.

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In order to be able to influence all cosmic universes of the hexagram synchronously, the influencer must have a number and qualitative structure of the bodies of the essence that exactly correspond to the number and qualitative composition of the cosmic universes forming the hexagram. If the influencer has a qualitative composition of the entity identical to the qualitative composition of the hexagon, there is a real possibility for its harmonisation! In this case, the problem may lie in the ability of the influencer to withstand the force that must pass through him in order to harmonise the hexagram. If the subject and the relevant structures cannot withstand this force, the influencer will simply be burned at the stake and nothing will happen to the space. Such was the prospect and risk for the influencer.

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All these conditions undermine the mood and concentration necessary for the work and can lead to instability in the process of influence, which is accompanied by a catastrophe on the scale of the six-ball beam. It is difficult to even imagine the degree of responsibility for each action, let alone for the fate of the myriad civilisations inhabiting the spaces of the sixth beam.

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Many of the "divine" actions described in religious books reflect only purely human ideas about the universe and the God who created it. But the fact that I had already learned what the universe is clearly showed the complete misunderstanding of the real state of affairs conveyed in the "sacred" books. I found myself in a rather critical situation. What I had already managed to understand and accomplish completely refuted both modern science and the ideas of all world religions. It was as if, whether I wanted to or not, I was opposing the rest of humanity with all its ideas about the nature of the universe and the origin of life and man himself. I had reason to doubt and worry. It was as if I was challenging everyone else without meaning to. I had no choice but to either abandon my own understanding and experience and accept conventional wisdom, or continue to believe in my own experience and understanding, regardless of everything else.

I chose the latter, knowing full well what position my decision would put me in. To claim that everyone else was wrong, whether they believed in God or in modern science, was tantamount to social suicide. It was not only an opportunity for ridicule, overt and covert mockery, and accusations of insanity, but also an opportunity for very real harassment from almost everyone and everything. The "prospect" is, to put it mildly, unenviable and uninspiring. But despite this, I chose this path. And not out of excessive arrogance, as it may seem to some, but because modern science could not answer my simplest questions, and religion is only good for those who are afraid of responsibility for their own actions and transfer responsibility for what happens to someone else, in this case God. Every religion deprives man of freedom of choice and responsibility for what happens. And besides, as I have already written, I have already managed to do what all religions interpret as a divine manifestation, and many things that religious books do not mention and have no idea about.

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I thought that belief in God had emerged either at the early stages of civilisation development or as a result of social parasites imposing these ideas on primitive civilisations. But that was my understanding, and everyone else thought differently... regardless of whether they believed in God or modern science. The most unpleasant thing about this situation was that I did not have any so-called "material" evidence of my achievements. But the interesting thing was that I had no intention of proving anything to anyone. I needed this proof myself so that my perceptions could turn into firm convictions, so that I myself would not have the slightest doubt that I had not inadvertently misled someone else in the first place. My mistakes, if any, should not become a trap for others - that was the most important thing for me. I have always felt responsible for my actions and could not allow myself to deceive myself and all those who might be interested in my ideas. This was the hardest burden for me personally. But despite this, I kept going forward with the conviction that sooner or later I would receive confirmation that what had happened to me was true or that I had made a mistake. Of course, I wanted to believe the former, which in itself is quite understandable.

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But if your duties require you to repeat this operation millions of times, you will be forced to perform an action even though it is familiar to you and does not contribute anything new to the development of the soul. Such a routine not only fails to provide creative inspiration, but can also "drown" the actor, and a person can simply "drown" in an ocean of repetitive decisions and still not have time to do everything that is necessary. It all depends on how many similar tasks need to be solved per unit of time. And if there are too many such similar tasks, in practice no one will be able to cope with them, no matter how fast the operator is able to act. A special type of filter for incoming information, which I created for myself, made it possible to solve this seemingly unsolvable problem once and for all. Some people may wonder: why do we need to create a "forest"? If one person knows that two plus two equals four, they can teach others the correct action and the problem is solved! Of course, when it comes to addition, this approach really is a solution. But even then, if millions of people add "two plus two" over and over again and nothing else, it is just spreading a uniform routine among many people. Only instead of one, millions or tens of millions will be doing it. Is this really the best solution?

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That is why the solution I found turned out to be the only one possible, at least for me. Thanks to this solution, I was able not only to fulfil my responsibility, but also to preserve my freedom of action and creative freedom. Especially if we take into account the new principle that I applied in this way. When my brain received information about a problem whose solution was unknown to me, that problem "surfaced" at the level of my active consciousness, and I began to solve it, using my abilities to the maximum. If I managed to solve a new problem, its solution and possible variants of its solution were stored in my personal database andнттр://.... when my brain received information about a similar problem, my double was automatically sent to solve it; once the problem was solved, it would return and the nuances of the solution to this problem would be added to my " database" again. With this approach, I was able to move forward; this solution allowed me to maintain harmony between creativity and responsibility, where the former does not interfere with the latter, and the latter does not interfere with the former. This is how I managed to solve the problem that had arisen so unexpectedly before me. After that, I was able to calmly continue searching for the truth. At that time, I could not even imagine that this was only the beginning.

13. Is there contact?

Despite what had happened, my life went on as if nothing had happened. In the morning, I went to work at my institute and went about my daily duties. No one knew what had happened, and I told almost no one about my work and its results. Most of the people around me, no matter how good they were, could not normally and correctly perceive such information. This information was far beyond the usual concepts, and I did not want anyone who had no concepts or ideas to think I was crazy or a person who had "gone mad" with delusions of grandeur. I had no evidence certified by the proper authorities. And I didn't need anyone's approval or support because I wasn't doing it to be admired or praised. I always felt uncomfortable when someone expressed admiration for what I was doing, even if the words were sincere. And I have always been indignant and disliked any flattery, whether subtle or crude.

For some reason, many people who falsely flattered me thought that I couldn't see through it. Anyone who did so was usually seeking personal gain and thought that words of flattery would blind me. In fact, I had to observe an interesting phenomenon. People knew that I could identify their health problems at the cellular and molecular level, yet they thought that I couldn't read their thoughts and ideas, even in cases where their "cunning" intentions were visible to the naked eye. I usually don't let on that I can see through their game. This phenomenon is similar to that of bank robbers. Every robber assumes that all other unsuccessful bank robbers are fools and that is why their attempts have failed, while he (or she) has a brilliant plan that will guarantee 100% success in the robbery. It's pretty much the same when some people start flattering you, subtly or blatantly, with a " grand" plan in their head of how to get what they want by lowering your guard and flattering you. This is usually related to my healing work (but not only), when a person is looking for ways to get what they want without paying for it.

Sometimes this is related to people's desire to find information about what I can do, so that they can use this information to force me to do what they want me to do. Sometimes they succeed in doing this when what they want me to do coincides with what I myself would do, because it corresponds to my own understanding of the situation and my own ideas about right and wrong. Sometimes, however, my "curators", having studied my positions and knowing my keen sense of justice, have used me, sometimes almost blindly. But this happened very rarely, and even then, only at the very beginning of my journey. In fact, I understood perfectly well that among the circle of people around me, there would inevitably be one or more people from the "authorities". What authorities - I think it is clear to everyone. If they did not infiltrate me, they would certainly recruit someone close to me. I recognised these people almost immediately, but I did not show it. In practice, none of these people were bad or malicious by nature. Such a category would literally flee from me, unable to withstand the blocking influence coming from me.

The "infiltrated" agents of "influence" were intelligent and, in many respects, decent people. I did not expose them, knowing full well that others would take their place and that this would continue until the "infiltrators" were exposed by me. Therefore, when I understood the rules of the game, I decided to pretend that I did not notice who was who and what their purpose was. I let these people think that they had complete control, revealing to them only the information that I considered necessary and important to pass on to those behind them. If, for one reason or another, these people witnessed events that, in my opinion, had fallen into the wrong hands, this information was "simply" automatically erased from their memory. And if these people had recording equipment, when they listened to the recordings, nothing seemed amiss. Simply, at the appropriate places, recordings of what should not fall into the ears of others were erased. The recording and transmission equipment was damaged only when necessary. In some cases, it was necessary to completely shut down the equipment, but this was done rarely so as not to attract too much attention. And anyway, from a certain point on, there was enough of it (excessive attention). Anyway, in most cases, I managed to control the information coming into the "authorities". And as I realised a little later, I managed to play this Ivanushka the Fool quite well! In the end, the main thing is not who is considered a fool, but who he really is!

By the way, about the word "fool". This word became a noun only with the arrival of Christianity in Russian lands. Initially, in Vedic concepts, the word D'UR'ak meant a person who was a disciple of UR, and UR were hierarchs who voluntarily became teachers of our ancestors after the catastrophe 13,016 years ago (in 2006) and passed on cosmic knowledge to our ancestors. It is no coincidence that in Russian fairy tales

Ivanushka the Fool turns out to be smarter than everyone else, defeating all enemies with his wit and quick thinking.

Through the people who were assigned to me, I "fed" only what I considered necessary, which allowed me to very often receive feedback on information that was important to me. Often, under my influence, these people told the truth, and I did not have to inject anyone with a "truth serum" to make them do so. "Simply" when I needed them, they told the truth and only the truth, and their honour and conscience were awakened, albeit briefly, if there was something to awaken them. Later, I developed other methods that were very effective, but we will talk about them another time. For now, let's go back to the spring of 1988...

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My achievements remained my achievements and the achievements of those who witnessed them personally and knew who was who. I was satisfied with this situation; it seemed that I had managed to avoid megalomania. Some may disagree with this, but that is their right, and my truth is that if I managed to do something, I did not shout about it from every rooftop, I did not even shout about it from "specific" rooftops, considering that I did not need to do so and that it was simply foolish. People with delusions of grandeur shout about their imaginary or real achievements wherever they can, seeking recognition and honours. I have never done any of that, and therefore consider myself free from megalomania. Besides, what is the point of shouting about my achievements if the majority of people around me are not even able to understand the essence of my achievements and have no opportunity to "feel" the results of them with their own hands. Of course, there was a possibility of unintentional self-deception or deception on the part of the participants in the actions, which could not be completely ruled out, but that does not mean that what happened must be completely denied. If someone is unable to understand something, it does not mean that it cannot exist at all. All in all, it is simply impossible to invent what happened.

To understand this situation, it is enough to read contemporary fiction, in which the best dreamers reflect the ideas of advanced civilisations. Almost all of them cannot go beyond the ideas they received during their upbringing on Midgard Earth. If a civilisation is more advanced, it means that it has more sophisticated space technologies and weapons. Almost no science fiction author understands the realities of cosmic hierarchies in the universe. Everything that happened to me was not even close to the ideas that are "popular" among science fiction writers. And I was educated in the same conditions and on the same ideas. So, if it were a matter of my subconscious activity, my brain would have produced the patterns familiar to everyone (including me). But nothing like that happened. Everything that happened to me was surprising, first and foremost to me, and that alone shows that it cannot be untrue. Nevertheless, I have always maintained a healthy scepticism about it, as it was almost impossible to obtain confirmation of the veracity of what was happening in our Solar System...

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Shortly after the events described above, I "travelled" into deep space. By constantly reorganising my brain and my essence, I managed to create the qualities that allowed me to go beyond the limits of our sixth ray. It turned out that the six-ray itself is just one of the countless spatial "nodes" of the so-called matrix space. These spatial "nodes" are located in spatial "honeycombs," where each of the six rays is like an atom located in a crystal lattice, if the latter has the structure of a honeycomb.

What "bees" created these cosmic "honeycombs"?!

As it will not seem strange to some people, these "bees" are nature itself, more

Precisely - the simplest laws of harmony between the properties and qualities of space and the properties and qualities of the matter filling that space. The so-called matrix space is a Möbius strip created by cosmic spatial "bees". It is an amazing creation of nature in its beauty and grandeur, elegance and perfection. Anyone who has seen it once can never forget it. But the matrix space itself, in which a hexagon like ours is only an insignificant " atom" of that space, is only one of the many layers of the cosmic "pie"!

So much for explaining the absurdity of the idea of God!

In all earthly religions, God creates the universe... but exactly as it is imagined by people who look up at the night sky and observe stars, planets, and other phenomena within their field of vision. And "for some reason" the universe created by God corresponds exactly to these human ideas! The absurdity is simply that God creates the universe, "orienting" himself precisely according to human ideas about it. And human ideas about the universe have been and are very far from what it really is. That part of the Universe that the inhabitants of Midgard-Earth have an idea of at the current stage of their civilisation's development, and which is reflected in religions, is only a very small part of the real Universe, as small as a grain of sand is smaller than the Universe that people have an idea of. And even that would be a very rough comparison. In reality, the ratio is even more impressive. And that's for the scale of the Universe that I knew at the beginning of 1988! Well, let's leave that for a little later... For now, let's return to the "wrong" Earth.

At the beginning of spring, an elderly woman from the city of Sverdlovsk came to me for treatment. She had a rather large cancerous tumour in the solar plexus area. She asked me to remove the tumour and, in the meantime, began to "persuade" me to join her group, which had established contact with highly developed extraterrestrial civilisations. I already had some idea about extraterrestrial civilisations, and it was perfectly clear to me that this woman had no contact with them. I asked her to tell me how this had happened. And this is what she told me.

She retired after working as an accountant her entire life. When she retired, she had a lot of free time and decided to devote it to developing her spirituality. She decided to try to establish contact with higher powers and, for some unknown reason, decided to do so with the help of a circle on which she had written the letters of the Russian alphabet and a coin that served as a pointer. In a trance, her hands moved the coin, which pointed to this or that letter, and from these letters words were formed, and from the words - sentences. When I first observed her doing this, her hands moved so quickly that neither I nor anyone else watching her actions could follow how the letters formed words and so on. Most likely, the circle with the letters and the coin served as a method for her to enter trance states, when she became a conduit for information.

I had no doubt that she was receiving information from outside. I strongly doubted that she was receiving information from extraterrestrial civilisations because the level of development of her essence had not reached the necessary qualitative state for that. But it was clear to me that my understanding meant nothing to her. She would probably think I was jealous if I told her that. I realised this and therefore did not do so. I just asked her if she had any confirmation of the truth and accuracy of the information she was receiving through this channel. She replied by telling me the following. She and her group had received warnings about various incidents through this channel before they happened. And all these messages had come true, and after receiving such confirmations, they had no reason to doubt that the rest of the information was true. And try to prove that you are not a " camel," because she will definitely think that I just want to " discredit"

the achievements of her group. But the cancerous tumour in the solar plexus area, my own experience and the knowledge I have already accumulated about this and that told me that she and her group had become a toy in someone's very skilled "hands".

I managed to find a way to show this woman the true state of affairs and avoid accusations of non-existent envy, etc. One day, I gathered a group of several people and invited this woman. I introduced everyone to each other and asked her to tell me about her method and results. Then I asked her a question: could I contact anyone I knew through her, or could she only contact "her own people"? She answered in the affirmative and said that she could contact anyone, she just needed to know the name of the person I wanted to contact. This answer convinced me even more that my assumption was correct, but I didn't say anything to her about it. I "closed" myself off so as not to scare or alert any potential fraudsters, put on the "clothes" of Ivanushka the Fool, and told her the name. She prepared for the contact, and the process began!

I asked questions, I got answers... and the answers weren't even close to those of the real person I knew. From the very beginning of the contact, it was clear to me that the person answering my questions was not the one I wanted to connect with. But it wasn't just the wrong answers to my questions that were the criterion by which I determined the presence of the imposter. Every being I knew had a name that reflected its level of development. Therefore, the name and the being that bears it are essentially one and the same and together represent a unique code that is very difficult, almost impossible, to falsify. In order to falsify such a personal code, the forger must have a very high level of development, much higher than the level of development of the being whose name will be used. Therefore, it is pointless for a highly developed being to impersonate another, less developed being. Moreover, according to cosmic laws, such an action carries a very severe punishment, almost the same as for creating a holographic camouflage, i.e. complete unravelling of the essence. So those who know these laws will never do such things, as they say, the sheep's skin is not worth it, especially if it directly affects their own "skin". Therefore, if someone does such things, they are obviously not high-level beings, and only in the case of complete confidence in their impunity. And such confidence in one's own impunity can only exist if the one who violates cosmic laws is absolutely sure that no one will find out about their sins. There is simply no one to report them. But, as they say, even an old woman has bad luck sometimes.

So, from the very beginning of the contact, it was clear to me that a completely different being was involved, but I did not rush to expose the impostor. I recorded the questions and answers of this contact. Several times I asked this woman how things were going. To which she replied that everything was fine. It was important to me that she, so to speak with her own "hands", obtained the evidence showing that someone was playing unfairly with her. When I had enough questions and " answers", I decided it was time to show my "trump card". Instead of asking another question, I asked the respondent why he (she) was pretending to be someone else. To which I received assurances that the respondent was who he claimed to be. After this assurance, I "opened up" and, just in case, created an insurmountable barrier around the contact person. I repeated my question: who is he and why is he pretending to be someone else? In this situation, the being did not deny it and said that his name was Milon and that his task, assigned to him by those who sent him, was, while on the mental level of Midgard Earth (the fourth material level according to my system), to close in on all those who were capable of "germinating" there. And if the "chickens" believe in God, to declare themselves to be that God or his messenger; if the "chickens" believe in extraterrestrial intelligence, to present themselves as representatives of that intelligence, which is not so far from the truth. Only the representatives of this extraterrestrial intelligence are peculiar — they **are parasites.**

The goal of such beings and even entire civilisations is to parasitise on

the potential of those who possess it but have no idea what it is or how to nurture it. Milon, who was in contact with this woman and her group, did just that. When he was "cornered" and had nowhere to run, he "cracked" and began to testify, trying to justify his very bad deeds. He claimed that he had not done anything "like that," but had "simply" taken from fools what they had but never used. Milon tried to show that his actions did not harm anyone, that he took "only" what no one needed anyway, and that there was no violation of cosmic laws. It was not his fault that these people did not realise what they had and did not use it themselves. Good things should not be wasted if their owners do not understand and do not know what they themselves possess. It is not a crime to take what is " unnecessary". This is the option that the thief has chosen for his own protection. Moreover, he claims that by doing so, he is carrying out an order from his masters, for whose needs he is gathering the unused potential for the development of the aborigines of Midgard-Earth. In other words, " I am not to blame, he came of his own accord"! I, they say, am a servile " beetle" and bear no responsibility for the orders I am given to carry out.

In this respect, he was partly right. He was not responsible for the orders he was given, but he was directly responsible for his actions in carrying out those orders. And he was, to put it mildly, "strangely" short-sighted about the harmlessness of his actions. The potential for development of the people he deceived is not just a stone, not just a piece of gold nugget that " lies" unknown somewhere until someone who understands the value of this nugget finds it and can use it for the benefit of the " world revolution." And although the " benefactors" of this " world revolution" are not from here, the essence of their concern is the same. The parasites are local and foreign, and in our case they are foreign, but the essence is the same, the methods are the same, the tasks are essentially identical, and in principle the leaders are the same, which, however, I realised much later.

All this exchange of information between me and Milon was done through this woman, all Milon's answers were given by her, so that no one could accuse me of distorting or falsifying the facts, even if they wanted to.

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An elderly woman from the glorious city of Sverdlovsk, instead of spiritual enlightenment, receives alien brainwashing and finds herself in a situation that is most vividly illustrated in the film Irony of Fate, or Enjoy Your Bath! in the scene where Hippolytus (actor Yuri Yakovlev) is bathing in his leather coat in the bathroom and, when asked what happened to him, replies that "good people" found him, took him and robbed him, i.e. "warmed him up". So in the situation with this woman, there were " good" aliens who " picked her up" and " robbed" her, both literally and figuratively. And not only her, but all those who joined her group. Unfortunately, many people who have accumulated potential for development find themselves in the state of hatched "chickens". They have managed to accumulate the necessary potential for development to "push" the quality barrier to the fourth material level of Midgard-Earth (the first mental level), but this is not enough to act correctly at this level. Knowledge and understanding of the natural laws operating at other levels are needed, as well as methods, rules and principles of action at these levels. Unfortunately, people who have opened "doors" to another quality level on the planet transfer skills and ideas from the physically dense level there, without realising that they do not work in other quality conditions. And this childish blindness, which is quite natural, is exploited by parasites both here and "there". And these parasites, regardless of what they are, find it very profitable to maintain this blindness and ignorance for as long as possible, or even better, forever!

And for this purpose, they use a very effective method. Depending on the psychotype of the newly hatched person, they begin to perform mental processing to identify

weaknesses. This usually happens according to the following pattern. First, the parasites scan the newcomer's brain for his perceptions and attachments. If the novice believes in God, they appear to him in the name of that God or pretend to be him. If the person believes in the existence of extraterrestrial civilisations, they declare themselves to be their representatives, without specifying what type of civilisation they belong to. Most people who wake up, for some reason, believe that if they have made contact, it is only possible with light forces and light civilisations. It is entirely possible that the reason for this lies in the fact that in the literature available to them, in commonly accepted ideas, people are persistently led to believe that the mental levels on the planet correspond to a high level of spiritual development, and therefore these people automatically place all those who are at these levels in the category of highly developed spiritual beings or in the category of gods and angels. None of them even realise that even overcoming all six qualitative barriers on Earth (reaching the six essential bodies) does not mean merging with Nirvana and completing evolution as a whole. It only means that this person has completed the zero planetary cycle of their development, that they have only freed themselves from planetary evolutionary captivity and are ready to "open" the next chapter of their life and development - the galactic stage of their forward movement. Anyone would be surprised if a traveller stopped at the threshold of his own house after " taking" the keys to open all six available doors and go outside.

Of course, if during their journey someone has managed to "open" the fourth "gate" of their home planet, this will correspond to a higher level of development than that of someone who has only managed to "open" the third "gate". Similarly, if someone has managed to "open" the fifth "gate" of Midgard-Earth, this will correspond to a higher level of development than that of someone who has managed to "open" only the fourth "gate", and so on. All this is true, but even so, it does not mean that the " inhabitants" of all these levels necessarily belong to the forces of light and can only carry light things. This is a very dangerous misconception that costs many people their health and sometimes their very lives.

But much worse things can happen. Parasites can also completely destroy the essence (soul) of the person who has fallen into their trap, and in some cases they can turn that person's essence into their slave, turning them into a source of their own potential. And in order to make their potential victims willingly "fall" into their hands, parasites use a very common psychological trick. To make their victims' distrust disappear, the parasites throw them credible information that is very easy to verify on a normal earthly level and that has a strong emotional impact. Usually, these are messages about expected disasters and natural disasters. Once they have received confirmation of the accuracy of the reported information, they begin to transmit false information that the interrogators can no longer verify. But a person who has received confirmation of the information they are used to understanding extends their trust to information they cannot verify. I hope I don't need to explain what kind of information is received that cannot be verified. In addition to this, the following method of "brainwashing" is usually used, which is no less effective and thanks to which not only the selection of development potential is carried out, but also the destruction of the psyche and personality of the victim.

In order to keep their victims more firmly in their "grip", the parasites begin to convince them that they have been chosen by them for a reason, that this is their destiny, that only they are worthy of being conduits for their information for the "good" of all humanity. The differences are insignificant: if their "client" believes in God, the parasites inform them that God has chosen them because only they truly believe in Him and only they deserve His attention and salvation. If the person believes in extraterrestrial life, the same parasite will declare itself a representative of this or that civilisation and will begin to sing a song about what an important

role his victims have to play in saving Earth's civilisation.

But the most interesting thing is that people who have fallen under such influence do not even notice the obvious absurdities that are communicated to them. For example, the "extraterrestrial" civilisations that have come into contact with this or that contactee call themselves a civilisation from the constellation Cygnus, Orion or Ursa Major, which is perceived as "hurray" by Earth contactees. But in the end, these are purely Earth names of constellations that are visible to an observer located on the surface of Midgard-Earth. Every civilisation names its own planets and stars with its own names, not purely Earth names. After all, they may not have swans or bears, and if they do, they probably named them with their own names, not with borrowings from Midgard-Earth. Furthermore, the view of the starry sky from each of the inhabited planets is quite different from the view of the starry sky from any other planet. Therefore, if they group the stars in their sky into constellations, the number of stars they group into constellations and their arrangement cannot in any way correspond to purely earthly ideas. And the grouping of different stars into constellations is characteristic only of civilisations at the initial stages of development, which have not yet completed their planetary cycles of development. In fact, very often the stars grouped into a constellation are located at enormous distances from each other, and sometimes this or that star from the "constellation" is actually a very distant galaxy, which has many billions of stars of its own and whose size may be greater than that of our Universe.

So, if there is contact with genuine representatives of another civilisation, they do not give their names or their earthly names. That would be simply foolish. Instead, they transmit a volumetric hologram of their system with reference points, taking into account the spatial position of Midgard-Earth. Because anything else would be utter nonsense. And if representatives of other civilisations present themselves as emissaries of the constellation Cygnus or something else, it means only one thing: those who have made contact are starting to play dirty games with all the consequences that follow. In one form or another, I will have to return to the topic of contacts and contactees many times, but for now, let's go back to the spring of 1988....

14. The more I get to know people...

In the case of an elderly woman from Sverdlovsk, I was able to prove to her that the information coming from her circle was incorrect and untrue. I hope that she did not repeat her mistake and did not return to such an unreliable and dangerous practice of establishing contact. I just made a wrong assumption, based on the idea of her own level of development, that she couldn't make contact with an alien civilisation. She only had this contact with a representative of an alien civilisation conveniently located at, let's say, the most earthly planetary level. However, this extraterrestrial Milon was a hunter-parasite of humans who had just "hatched" from their evolutionary "eggs." So not every contact, even with an extraterrestrial, promises positive results and opportunities for further development.

In May 1988, I had another holiday. I went to my homeland to visit my parents. I also went to Sochi for a week, where I had friends. They booked a room for me in a very good hotel in the centre of Sochi and gave me a pass to the beach at the Perla Hotel, where there were not so many holidaymakers. But I did not disappear to the beach for reasons I have already mentioned. I spent most of my time in discussions and conversations on my favourite topics, and I had interesting interlocutors. The only remarkable event during my holiday was my direct contact with the "wild" dolphins of the Black Sea. When I entered the water, I asked them to transmit through me the energy of the water, of which they were masters. When the flow of water energy passed

through my body, an interesting phenomenon was observed. I was lying on my back and when the flow of water energy passed through my body, my body rose to the very surface of the sea (I was lying on the water without moving at all) and began to rotate around the axis passing through the solar plexus. It was very unusual, and the next time I invited a friend to observe this phenomenon from the side. It happened again...

After returning from my break at my "home" research institute, I continued my scientific research and private practice, of course, in my spare time. In 1988, I had the idea to write my first book, The Last Appeal to Humanity. It was then that I wrote the third chapter of this book, " Psi Fields in Nature and in the Evolution of Mind." Of course, at that time, what I wrote was not yet a chapter of the book, but was in the form of a separate article. Later, this article became the third chapter of my book. At that time, I also wrote a poem, which I also included in my first book. After writing this article, I realised that it was not enough, that there should be a book in which I could present my understanding of the laws of the Universe.

At that time, some of those whose brains I had restored, the first ones who failed the test of possessing the abilities gained through brain restructuring, distanced themselves from me and began to "enjoy" themselves, literally basking in the rays of their new abilities. I began to bother them with the fact that they could not " shine" in my presence as they wanted to. I was surprised when I heard from people I met that an acquaintance of theirs, whose brain structures I had restructured less than a year ago, had " shared" with them in great secrecy that since childhood she had been able to see people's internal organs, travel to the past and future, and to other planets! Oh, that's so cool! I didn't know it had been less than a year. After all, it was in 1987 that I performed a qualitative brain reorganisation on her, and for the first time in her life she saw both her own brain and the internal organs of other people, I transferred her across the time scale for the first time, and she saw other worlds for the first time. And the most interesting thing is that neither she nor my other students could travel through time and space on their own. This requires the appropriate potential and the appropriate knowledge and skills. To make this possible, I had to bring them to the necessary state of quality myself and keep them there so that they would not " fall out" of what was happening. So they were more like observers, which in itself is also very important, but not decisive. They were more like "travellers".

Of course, thanks to their own potential, they could enter a state of inner vision and obtain information about the condition of the internal organs of the human body, but they could not travel independently in time and space. Nevertheless, even participating in events as "travellers" contributed greatly to the development of their self-importance. When I was with them, they behaved normally, but as soon as they found themselves among people, they began to create an aura of greatness around themselves. And gradually I became a "thorn in the side" for some of them, preventing them from creating a "divine" aura around their personalities. They were helped in this by " well-wishers" who praised them and begged them to help them in some way. And often this help was needed for matters that were far from virtuous. But they were well paid for it, they were "respected", they felt their "power" and saw visual confirmation of their "power", and others saw it too.

It turns out that not everyone can withstand the test of being "hit" with new "superpowers" as a result of a change in the qualitative structure of the brain or, more simply put, a brain reorganisation, as I often say. Quite a few people really want the rest of the world to know about it so that they can receive recognition and the corresponding "deserved" reaction. In other words, megalomania develops. I have always found such a reaction in people incomprehensible. After all, they have these " superpowers" as a result of

the brain restructuring I have done for them. Before that, almost none of them had anything like this! These abilities are not their own achievements, but a gift! Why can't we just use this gift and do something good, even if it's relatively small but useful? To do more, you need to gain experience, learn how to use these opportunities properly, develop them. But that takes time and effort, a lot of effort. And they wanted everything at once and immediately.

To some extent, this is my fault and responsibility. I tried to support them, not to make them feel inferior when they watched my actions and wanted to do the same. I tried to encourage them, telling them that if they went through what I went through, or went even further, they would achieve what they wanted. And that was absolutely true, except that they somehow assumed that it would be very easy for me to do and that they could already do more than me. I suppose the apparent ease with which I did many things played a cruel joke on them. On top of that, their involvement in my work as observers created the illusion that it was easy. It seemed to me that constantly "rubbing their noses in it" would not be right; it could develop an inferiority complex. I thought they should figure it out for themselves, but they didn't. I didn't allow myself to praise them, and I didn't praise them. I considered such things to be foolish and a sign of narrow-mindedness. I believed that it was necessary to do the work, not to "bathe" in the rays of my illusory "greatness." I was always interested in the solution to a problem, not in what that solution would bring me personally. From my personal experience, I can say that the problems I have managed to solve have brought me nothing but more or less trouble. And I am not saying this to "cry in my elbow," but simply to state the fact. In principle, I did not expect anything else. I was fully aware that many (if not all) of my cases would become a "bone in someone's throat," both "here" parasites and "there" parasites. But that did not stop me; on the contrary, each time I was convinced that I was doing everything right.

Of course, someone might say: who gave me the right to decide what is bad and what is good?

The answer is simple: I have always believed that preventing something bad is positive by definition and does not require anyone's approval or permission. After all, you don't run around to various institutions to get a certificate allowing you to save a drowning child when you see them drowning. The certificate can be obtained, but it will hardly be of any use to the child — they will probably drown. There are situations in which you must act immediately and not wait for approval or support from anyone. You must take responsibility for yourself and not wait for someone else to make decisions for you, especially when those who make the decisions will never make the right decision because it is extremely unfavourable for them personally.

And my "madmen," who had received a qualitatively altered brain from me, now wanted very much to receive personal recognition for what they had done, but which they had witnessed by accident. Or rather, they thought that they themselves were capable of doing the same. And, of course, there were those who began to give them what they wanted. Flattery became a " balm" for their souls. Between flattery, they wanted to do something "insignificant". For example, it was necessary for some very bad person to do this or that, or it was necessary for an even more "terrible" person to rid the whole world of their presence. I hope it is clear to everyone that such requests, disguised as flattery, are nothing more than provocations and tests for " lice". It is similar to when someone does not want to start smoking or drinking, and they are told that they are a mama's boy (daughter) and are "***weak***" to do anything against their opinion. Unfortunately, the majority immediately rush to prove that they "don't care" about their parents' opinion, that they themselves are "moustachioed" and that drinking or smoking is not a problem for them. te

They prove it by their example. Those who have received qualitatively new opportunities for brain reorganisation behave in the same way. They are very eager to prove to the whole world that they are special, and are ready to grab any offer to be recognised by others.

world that they are special, and they are ready to grab any opportunity to be recognised by others.

I have observed this phenomenon many times. For example, with Natalia A., who was one of the first people whose brain I reorganised at the end of 1987, and who had excellent abilities. After the brain reorganisation, she was able not only to see excellently with her brain, but also to receive excellent telepathic information. Her genetics were very dynamic, and I was able to transform her brain qualitatively very quickly. In other people who had undergone my brain transformation, the new abilities were not so pronounced, and, for example, the telepathic abilities were not strong enough to accurately receive the transmitted information. But very soon she desired "greatness". Elements of this had appeared before, which I pointed out to her, but my comments only annoyed her. At the end of 1987, she was the one who was present when I was working with a woman who had stage four breast cancer. I have always considered it extremely tactless to reveal my abilities to other people, whether necessary or not. Only if someone asked for my opinion did I consider it possible to talk about health problems. I did not consider it appropriate or correct to start " broadcasting" the health problems of the owners and their entourage right from the entrance. I did not need that kind of "authority" and unnecessary attention. Why immediately "press" on people's psyche, to announce your "peculiarity"? From my point of view, it was a cheap trick. It is not for nothing that they say that every initiative is punishable, especially if it is based on ignorance.

Her case is no exception. Three days later, she called me in a state of panic. The fact was that she herself had a tumour in the same place as the woman with breast cancer, which had grown to a considerable size in three days. She was so frightened by the possible consequences that she swallowed her pride and asked me to help her. I helped her, but it taught her nothing. She just started avoiding people with cancer, not realising that apart from seeing the problem, one must understand what one sees and know and understand how this problem can be solved. And any mistake or misunderstanding, even the smallest one, can lead to loss of health and even life. It is one thing to be an observer of what is happening, but it is quite another to be an active participant. Some time after these events, her father died suddenly, for no apparent reason, and soon after, her brother was hit by a car and ended up in intensive care with a very serious head injury. One of the arterial vessels in his brain was damaged, the cerebral haematoma grew quite rapidly, and he died a few days later.

After that, I had a serious conversation with her and told her what I thought was the real reason for these deaths. In my opinion, she was involved in dirty business and what happened was a ricochet aimed at her. But since she herself is strong enough, the ricochet hit the weaker people genetically related to her, such as her father and brother. My words only angered her, especially when I told her that I couldn't allow her to do such things using the brain structure I had created for her. I believed, and still believe, that I am responsible for those to whom I give new qualities and abilities. In response to my position, Natalia A. challenged me: *" Who are you to tell me what to do?"* I was a little surprised by this response and did not elaborate, but only said that I would take away only what I had created for her, and everything that was hers would remain with her, if, of course, anything remained afterwards.

I noticed a very "strange" peculiarity. After I create properties and qualities in a person that they have never had before, they very quickly "forget" about it and think that nothing can happen to them. It seems that Natalia A. thought that everything would remain with her, as she considered the qualities she had received to be hers alone. I did what I said, and as far as I know, she did not show anything special after that. It seems that my gift turned out to be an unbearable burden for her, which crushed her because of the immaturity of her soul.

It was after this incident that I began to present from the very beginning the programme for the self-destruction of the brain and essence, which I had created during the qualitative transformation of the brain and essence. At the same time, I always warned everyone that

I performed a qualitative transformation of the brain, based on my understanding of what a person can do using their new qualities and abilities, and what they cannot do! Most importantly, I explained why a person should not do something. And if any of them, due to misunderstanding, even thought about something unacceptable to perform, such a programme of action would be blocked. If such a thing happened three times, all three times the actions would be blocked, and after the third time, the system I had created would collapse and the person would return to the state they were in before my intervention. I called it the " golden fish" principle - those who are not morally and spiritually ready for such new qualities and opportunities find themselves in their "broken trough".... The point is that I did not have the opportunity, time or desire to observe everyone who went through my "procedure".

Some may say that a person should first consider what and to whom they are giving! However, it is generally impossible to predict in advance how a person will behave in a given situation. This is especially true if the person possesses qualities and abilities that they have never had by nature. One should not be deprived of the freedom of choice, of the opportunity to make the right decision even at the last moment, overcoming oneself and one's temptations. There have been cases when a person who was "exemplary" in every respect, after acquiring new qualities and abilities, manifested a side of themselves that they had never seen before. Sometimes a person leads a righteous life only because it is profitable for them, putting on the mask of a decent person for others. But after acquiring new qualities and opportunities, under fundamentally new conditions, the need for such a mask disappears and their true face comes to the surface.

Is it possible to see such a mask or weakness in the face of temptation in a person? In principle, it is possible, but we should not deprive even such people of the opportunity to make the right decision at the last moment. One way or another, if misused, the qualitatively new structure I have created in a person recedes. These are my ideas about justice. I do not claim or insist that these are my ideas. But they are my ideas, and it is my responsibility to convey them to others, so I will continue to do so until something convinces me otherwise. This is a topic I will return to more than once. But more on that later, and now I will return to the events of that time.

* * *

During the spring and summer of 1988, not only did the events described above occur, but also other events of a purely earthly nature, albeit not entirely ordinary ones. In June of that year, a man came to me through my acquaintances with a request to save his wife, who was dying in one of the hospitals in Kharkov. She had severe meningitis, medical treatment was not working, and the attending physician told her husband that nothing could be done and warned that she could die within the next few days. It was then that the man found me and asked me to save his wife's life. I did not promise him anything until I checked his wife's reaction to my influence. He immediately persuaded me to visit her in the hospital, and the attending physician did not object because he was sure of the outcome and did not believe that anyone, let alone a healer, could do anything in such a serious case. In principle, I was not interested in what the attending physician thought of me. After the first session, the man's wife felt much better, and after a few sessions she regained consciousness and
... quickly recovered.

At the same time, I had to deal with another manifestation of black magic, which, according to modern science, does not exist. A man approached me with a very unusual request. In short, his story was as follows. Once, he gave a lift to a woman who, as a token of gratitude for his help, offered to treat him to tea. This tea turned out to be very expensive for him. The man had his own car and a very lucrative job, which the woman he gave a lift to found out about. Apparently, she thought he was a worthy candidate to hire. After this tea, she took him to her bed, which probably coincided with

his own desires. Such things happened quite often in those days. But he did not have a "little" adventure on the side. This woman gained complete power over him, he became her slave. At her first request, he came to her and brought her money. Sometimes she rewarded him for his "exemplary" behaviour with access to her own body, and sometimes this happened in the presence of her husband, a Georgian citizen. This man understood everything, but could do nothing about it. As he himself told me, he loves his wife and children, but his feet, against his will, "carry" him to this woman again and again. So he asked me if I could help him in this situation.

After investigating the situation, I realised that this man was telling the truth and that he was under the influence of female black magic. Usually, to bewitch a man, a woman's menstrual blood, which contains a huge amount of female hormones, is used. This blood is usually added to the man's soup or borscht, tea or coffee, with a code for control through the subconscious mind. If the man is susceptible enough to such influence, he is doomed to
be completely controlled by the woman whose menstrual blood has entered his body. And if this is done by a woman who herself practises black magic, then the power of such control over the man reaches its maximum, as was the case with this man. Of course, in his adventure on the " side," the fault is his, but in some situations, a man cannot resist the sexual influence of a woman, especially if her energy is very strong. And the man's attitude towards " light" flirting makes such sexual influence on the part of the woman even more powerful. In other words, in a state of "flirtation," a man is maximally open to such sexual influence from a woman, and the "heavy artillery" of menstrual blood makes him easy prey for purse snatchers.

Once I understood the reason for what was happening, I removed the unnatural dependence from this man's subconscious, and he was freed from it forever. In addition, I created protection against such influence in the future. From my point of view, any manipulation of a person, whether or not they use their weaknesses, is unacceptable under any circumstances. This is especially true for so-called love magic. The only love magic I consider acceptable is that which is based on true feelings between a man and a woman, when people are guided not by hormones but by high spiritual feelings, when intimacy is never decisive for them, when there is a merging of souls.

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The summer of 1988 was my last summer in the glorious Russian city of Kharkiv. In mid-July of that year, I submitted my resignation and left the institute. There were several reasons for this. First, my work at the institute had no prospects for me. My own research was in no way related to what I was doing in the department. The salary I received at the institute was very small. My private practice provided me with enough to live on, but I had enough time to pursue my own search for truth. Another reason I left Kharkiv was my meeting in the spring of 1988 with a woman who I thought could understand what I was doing and walk with me on the path I had chosen. It was Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov who introduced me to her.

One day in March, he suggested that I meet a "cosmic" woman. Together we travelled to her home in the town of Vidnoe, near Moscow, where I first met Mzia Solomon. Her health had been undermined by her healing work because she took everything upon herself. Once she was exhausted, most of her " devotees" immediately dispersed, leaving her alone with her problems. She had two children, including a young daughter who was less than a year old. I felt sorry for her and offered to help her with her health problem. I did some therapeutic interventions, started calling her periodically, and we talked often. Her talent was the ability to leave her body as a being, and she remembered what happened to her. Anyway, I asked her to marry me and do the same together. Unfortunately

That was my mistake. She betrayed me several times and took credit for my work, so I decided to break up with her. I don't want to continue this topic, as I can't say anything good about her, and I don't want to say (or rather write) bad things. She was my second wife. I divorced my first wife, whom I had been dating for five years before we got married in early 1987. The main reason for my first divorce was her parents' fear that my activities could get them all into serious trouble, and the best way out of the situation was to get divorced. However, they waited until the divorce could no longer affect their daughter's placement at the end of university, who would otherwise have found a job in some prison.

The reason for my divorce from my second wife was her betrayal and appropriation of what I had done, due to pure professional envy. But it is not for nothing that they say that God loves the trinity. Fate led me to meet the woman who was my soul mate and my kindred spirit — my Svetlana, who became not only my wife, but also my companion and friend, but more on that a little later, when the time is right. Meanwhile, 1988 is marked on the calendar of the events described. In July, I moved to Moscow, and it was not until September that I got a one-room apartment in Kharkiv. Practically throughout my entire life in Kharkiv, ever since my student years, I rented rooms from pensioners. It was only when I left Kharkiv and moved to Moscow that I got my own apartment. I suppose that was the irony of my fate. I did not register at my second wife's flat so that no one could accuse me of Moscow extravagance. I tried to swap my flat in Kharkiv for one in Moscow, but it did not work out.

For most of my stay in Moscow, I lived in other people's flats, which I rented or which friends and relatives gave me, while at that time I had my own empty flat in Kharkiv, albeit a one-room flat, but it was mine, and I didn't need a there, whereas in Moscow I would have have my own flat, but I didn't have Many of my patients came to visit me in Moscow, and I myself travelled to Kharkiv several times. However, I did not move into my apartment because I first had to renovate it, buy furniture and everything else I needed. I did not have time for that, nor did I particularly need it. Basically, my money went towards supporting my new family until we separated.

15. Learning is enlightening

Gradually, I began to receive patients from Moscow as well. People came to Vidnoe to visit me, both for treatment and for knowledge. I willingly shared my understanding of what was happening with people. At the request of some people, I began to teach them. One of my new students was Vladislav Dolgushin, chief physician at the maternity hospital in Moscow, if my memory serves me correctly. This man was interested in psychics and was acquainted with Mzia Solomon, who had no desire to teach him anything, or anyone else for that matter, as she believed it was simply impossible. For this reason, he turned to me with the same request. After testing him, I found that his genetics were quite inert and that it would take time to reorganise his brain according to my methods. Quite quickly, he began to move in a positive direction. This made him very happy and inspired him. He then put me in touch with television journalist Vadim Belozerov, with whom we quickly arranged a meeting, during which the idea of making a one-hour documentary film arose. Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, deputy editor-in-chief of the television documentary department, was also present at this meeting. From that moment on, this man became my guest almost every day. He usually showed up in the morning at his television station, and around two o'clock in the afternoon he would show up at my place and very often leave after midnight, regardless of where I was - in Vidni or in the apartment of one of my acquaintances in Novo-Gireevo, or in my maternal aunt's apartment in Butovo, etc.

Vladimir Sergeev was genuinely interested in my activities and perceptions. I realised that an official of such stature did not do this out of idle curiosity. But I understood perfectly well that either he or someone else would be around me anyway. I liked this man and preferred that if there had to be someone, it should be him. This man was good to me in his own way. At least I didn't see any insincerity in him, although I can admit that he was a great actor or I was blind enough not to see the game. Vladimir Sergeev was one of the creators of programmes such as "Obviously - Unbelievable", "The Traveller's Club" and others. Also, as a director from the Soviet side, he won an Oscar for the Soviet-American film "Peter the Great", I think that was the name of the film. Anyway, he was a pleasant conversationalist and an intelligent person. For more than two years, he was by my side, and through him I was able to convey the information I thought I needed to get where I needed to go. Sometimes Vladimir (we called each other by our first names, even though he was older than me) spoke inadvertently, but more on that later. Meanwhile, I have only just met him.

Sometimes groups would come, usually several people. I usually had no idea who these people were. They would say their names, sometimes their first and middle names, and that was it. So, from time to time, funny situations arose. Once, I started my conversation with the question that modern science had reached a dead end from which there was no way out if you stuck to the old ideas. As an example, I gave the information that modern medicine and biology are unable to explain the essence of human embryo development, and I wanted to continue the topic when suddenly a middle-aged man, whose name I unfortunately did not remember, came up to me with a question:

- Young man, what is your degree?

When I replied that I had graduated from Kharkiv University, Department of Theoretical Physics, Faculty of Radiophysics, he listened to me and said:

- It is better to do what you have been taught!

One could ignore such an obviously aggressive and not entirely tactful comment. But I decided to dot all the ***i's*** and cross all the t's.

First, I may have been ignorant about something, but I have never thought and do not think that I know everything about everything. And I have never been ashamed to learn new things, so I asked him a counter-question:

- I'm sorry, but what are you going to be?

It turns out that he is a doctor of biological sciences. When I realised this, I asked him to explain the essence of embryo development. He began to explain that various hormones and enzymes appear in the cells of the embryo, and that is why the brain develops from one cell of the embryo, the heart from another, and so on. To which I replied that I had learned this in eighth grade, in the course "Human Anatomy and Physiology." Then I asked him if he was familiar with histology (the science of cells) and if he agreed with the ideas of this science. He answered in the affirmative. Then I asked him the following question:

- After conception, there is one fertilised egg cell that begins to divide. When one cell divides, two absolutely identical cells are produced, which in turn divide to produce four identical cells, then eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four, and so on. These cells are genetically and physically identical.

After outlining the process, I asked him the question:

- Please explain to me how **different hormones** and **enzymes** appear in completely identical cells in the embryo?

He answered this question with some embarrassment:

- Only God knows!

Basically, I didn't expect any other answer, and I said to him:

- I am not God, but I know it!

Of course, I could have ignored the teasing of a doctor of biological sciences, but then everyone else present at the conversation would have been convinced that I was talking about things I did not understand. And what is most terrible - everyone would be sure that modern biology and medicine really understand the nature of living beings, and this is by no means true. Here's how interesting it turns out to be: knowing your opponent's "language" allows you not only to debate certain issues on equal terms, but also to completely defeat your opponent on all points of the dispute. Of course, it is impossible to know everything, but knowing the basic principles and ideas of modern science is simply necessary if one does not want to "drown" in the swamp of "scientific" terms, behind which lies, more often than not, ignorance. An educated person can be defined as someone who does not keep in their memory everything they have read or everything that humanity has accumulated - this is basically impossible - but someone who knows the basics and knows where to find the necessary nuances. My interest in biology, physics, astronomy, chemistry, geography, history, philosophy, and my desire to "get to the bottom" of things were not "lost" in vain. Understanding what lies behind scientific terms and navigating the "labyrinths" of the Minotaur of science became my Ariadne's thread.

Of course, my interest in biology and medicine went beyond the school curriculum. As I mentioned earlier, after graduating from high school, in preparation for the entrance exams to the Faculty of Biology in 1978, I independently studied a course in general biology based on the two-volume work by the American biologist D. Willy, and not only that - I read many books and articles on evolutionary biology, palaeontology and anthropology. So I had a sufficient foundation for understanding the current state and development of this discipline. Introductions to other disciplines were also useful to me in my life, so when someone says, "Why do I need this, I'm not going to be a biologist, physicist or historian," I always respond with the following:

If a person does not want to be a controlled puppet or biorobot, they must develop in a multifaceted and multidimensional way, and the more multifaceted a person is, the more chances they have to become a creator, which is very necessary and important, first and foremost, for the person themselves.

* * *

I remember a funny incident from my medical practice. Once, a new patient from Kharkiv came to see me. She had heard about me from people I had cured and whom she trusted. She had a serious chronic kidney infection and had been treated with traditional methods for a long time without success, and her condition was only getting worse. her condition only worsened. Courses of " treatment" with horse doses of strong antibiotics gave only the illusion of improvement, causing only a temporary slowdown of the disease, while at the same time destroying the liver and immune system of the person with all the ensuing consequences. So, this woman had chronic long-term inflammation of the kidneys - pyelonephritis, and she turned to me with a request to get rid of this disease. I set about restoring her health. At that time, my patients who paid for my work paid me for each session, and at that time it was quite a lot of money. Usually, a person would complete a course with me, then go home and the process would continue without my direct influence. I created a special programme that unfolded gradually over several months. After that, the person had to come back and continue the course with me. With such chronic problems, the results usually appeared after a fairly long period of time. And, of course, after the course of sessions, the person could not sort everything out immediately. This woman came alone, and a few days later her husband came and decided to take a course with me. I started working with him, and after a few days of work, his wife suddenly said to me, after I had finished my work with him:

- Ah, can you work with him more intensively so that we can leave together and he can arrive later?

I began to explain to her that I had given her husband the load he could carry and that it could not be any heavier, because otherwise it could lead to unwanted overload, resulting in coma or clinical death. She responded to this explanation by saying that her husband was a strong man and could handle a few extra minutes. I tried to explain again, but she continued to insist on intensifying the work with her husband. Since I did not understand the reason for such stubbornness and some inner aggression on her part, I decided to "peek" into her thoughts and the reason for this.

Her strange behaviour became clear to me. As far as I understood, she was a "worker" by profession and was used to cheating everyone. That's why she assumed that everyone else behaved the same way she did. She obviously did not understand the possibility of other behaviour. And when nothing special happened during my work, a struggle was going on in her head between the desire to get well, mistrust and greed. What would happen if they paid the money and then cheated them? She could wave her arms around. Or maybe the healer didn't have enough power, or was deliberately giving them small doses so he could have more sessions and get more money from them? When I saw her thoughts, I felt offended that she was measuring everyone by her own standards, so I decided that if she wanted me to work more with her husband, I would warn them. that if she wanted me to work more with her husband, I would warn them They both smiled happily, and I continued my session with her husband.

Literally a few minutes later, the "tough" man felt sick and dizzy. I started to clear the overload and had almost completely cleared it, but at that moment the doorbell rang, and when I returned to him a minute later he was lying on the floor, his body

was convulsing. His wife was running around him like a frightened hen. After her husband returned to normal, neither he nor she stuttered until the end of the course about my "in-depth" work with him!

Strange human psychology, though! When you want to make someone feel comfortable, you have to prove that you are really doing your job. This is equivalent to a patient waking up after anaesthesia following an operation and asking if there was an operation, for the simple reason that they did not feel any pain during the operation. Is it really necessary to feel pain in order to believe in the reality of what is happening? I have always believed that it is important for a person's health problem to disappear without a trace, and if there is no pain, that is simply wonderful! Is it really necessary for a person to undergo "surgery" without anaesthesia in order to believe in the reality of the "miracle" that is happening?

After the course, this woman still asked me when she could expect the results of my work. She was still experiencing pain in her kidneys. I explained to her once again that it would take time to create new healthy kidneys to replace the diseased ones with pathological changes. She was not convinced by these words, just as she was not convinced by what had happened to her own husband. I suggested that she call me again in six months and, if necessary, repeat the course. She was very sceptical about my words, as she saw deception everywhere. But she had no other choice, as all other treatments had failed to help her. About six months later, this woman called me from her sanatorium and told me that she had passed all the tests and her kidneys were normal! She was very happy about this and asked me if I could fix her liver, as it was in very bad condition. I congratulated her on getting rid of her chronic pyelonephritis and HTTP://. refused to

treat her diseased liver. Not because I couldn't find the time, but because I didn't like working with someone who saw everyone as a fraud and a swindler, which was obviously what she was used to dealing with.

The situation was a little different when I once worked with a woman who had had a heart attack. After a heart attack, a scar of connective tissue forms on the heart muscle. The human body uses connective tissue as a material for recovery. After part of the heart muscle dies, a "patch" is placed in its place.

from connective tissue, but the heart muscle never recovers. To help a person in this situation, I first remove the connective tissue scar by cutting away the connective tissue layer by layer. Without anaesthesia, this procedure is very painful. That is why I create a strong anaesthetic effect and the person feels only a slight touch inside the heart muscle. While I am treating, the connective tissue of the scar is " cut" or " melted" layer by layer, but no matter how you call it, the process is very painful. That is why I have always strived to minimise all the unpleasant and painful phenomena accompanying my procedures. My goal has always been to make the person healthy, and I don't need them to writhe in pain or be crushed by my impact. Perhaps such phenomena create an opinion about the power of my impact, but I have always been convinced that I do not need such " authority". This only speaks to the primitiveness of those who seek such "authority" and to the narrow-mindedness and ignorance of those who create such "authority." And when I encountered manifestations of such narrow-mindedness and ignorance, I initially reacted to them. Such was the case with a young woman who had serious heart problems. When I started working with her, one of her first questions was why she felt only a light and gentle touch on her heart! Was it because I had little power...?

Not to mention that the question itself was the height of tactlessness and rudeness, I was outraged by her attitude. She was more concerned about how she felt about my work than worrying about what was happening and the outcome. But she didn't ask about that. That's what upset me. So I told her that if she wanted to feel what was happening without full anaesthesia, I would do her a favour. I wasn't sure if I could remove all the anaesthesia because my whole principle was based on the opposite, and I couldn't remove it all — she could die of painful shock, and with a bad heart, that was very likely. But nevertheless, I decided to give her a little lesson and a little education. I began my work on her with minimal anaesthesia. But "for some reason" she really didn't like it. She tried to suppress her grimaces of pain, and from time to time she simply recoiled from the pain. At the same time, I told her that, at her request, I would only work with her in this way, because that was what she wanted and what she "thought" my effects should be accompanied by! But strange as it may seem, after this woman experienced the sharp sensations of my influence, she got scared and I never saw her again. I suppose the thrill was too "sharp" for her. This is how it often happens - a person wants something, and when they get what they asked for, they get scared.

In fact, I have always been curious to observe people's reactions to things. Very often, people ask about something or want a demonstration, being completely convinced in advance that what they are asking about is simply impossible, or being completely convinced that, to put it simply, they are being "deceived". And when it turns out that this is not a " slip of the tongue" - they experience panic and horror. And this is not only due to their short-sightedness, but also to their experience of practical communication with other people who claim to have certain abilities, especially if these people are popularised in the media. Formed stereotypes predetermine such a reaction. People are somehow sure that if someone is shown on television or printed in newspapers and magazines, they are the best person in their field. But unfortunately, this is far from the case. More often than not, it is the opposite - they promote people who have nothing but ambition, or people who deliberately mislead others. Sometimes those who are used for this purpose sincerely believe in what they say. This is the most dangerous case because when a person believes in what they say, their influence on others increases many times over. I will return to this phenomenon many times, but for now, let's go back to the events of late 1988...

* * *

Once, an elderly woman who had salt deposits came to me. She was particularly concerned about the salt deposits in the lumbar region of her spine and asked me to get rid of them. It turned out that she was very sensitive to my influence, and I,

Happy with this, as they say, I "hit" the full "coil", or rather the maximum force it could withstand. In this case, the salt deposits on the spine "simply" melted the "wax" and began to flow down the spine. It took a few minutes, but then this woman could bend and stretch freely and move without pain. She was extremely happy, but a few hours later she experienced very severe pain that made her want to "climb the walls." The thing is, after a few hours, the anaesthesia wore off, but even the residual effects of my work were more than enough for her to feel very severe pain. The reason for this is that in order to make the salt deposits on the spine flow like melted wax, I accelerated the metabolic processes in the areas of salt deposition a thousandfold, otherwise it would have been simply impossible for these salts to melt. In principle, this effect is not melting, it is just that during this process, the person feels how hot it gets, and something very hot starts to flow down the spine, and at that moment, the salt deposits or bone calluses literally disappear before their eyes, the bones themselves become soft like plasticine and can be bent and pulled almost as well as plasticine itself. This is a very subjective sensation for the person themselves, but what actually happens to a person under such an influence?

Behind a person's subjective feelings lie very real processes that they do not think about or know anything about. In order to understand the nature of these processes, it is first necessary to understand the nature of the processes that have led the person to such a state of health. For example, salt deposits on bones and blood vessels appear due to the fact that when the body's metabolism is disrupted, the concentration of calcium salts in the blood and especially in the lymph increases, and when a critical concentration level is reached, their crystallisation begins. And due to the fact that the speed of lymph movement in the bone tissues is minimal, the crystallisation of salts begins first in the bone tissues of the body, which is the reason for the deposition of salts on the bones. Or, as a result of a disruption in the body's metabolic processes, the chemical composition of the lymph changes, causing some chemical compounds to change from a soluble state to an insoluble state. The precipitated chemical compounds are then deposited on the bones and blood vessels. Most often, both processes occur simultaneously. Therefore, in order for these deposits to disappear, it is necessary either to reverse the chemical processes or simply to destroy the salts and bone growths. And for these processes to proceed quickly, it is necessary to accelerate the reverse processes sometimes thousands of times, otherwise the process of resorption of salts or bone growths will take decades, just as many years as it took for these deposits or growths to form. That is why it is necessary to start reverse processes at a speed that is several orders of magnitude higher than that of the direct processes that led to the deposition of salts or bone spurs.

The brain responds to such acceleration of reverse biochemical processes only with pain. The fact is that the reticular formation of the human brain — this control "station" — compares the signals coming from the organs with those that should correspond to the normal functioning of a given organ. And if the signal coming from the organ through the nerve exceeds the norm, the brain reacts to the excessive or insufficient signal with pain and... begins to fight it. The brain cannot know that this change is positive. In nature, any deviation of the signal from the control signal of the reticular formation is negative. Therefore, in order to return the condition of a given organ and the body as a whole to a normal, healthy state, it is necessary to change the control signals of the reticular formation that appeared during the transition to the chronic state of human disease. If the body is unable to overcome the disease, which happens in the vast majority of cases, the chronic state is accepted by the reticular formation as a new norm, and the body does everything to prevent further deterioration of the condition and tries to maintain the parameters of the diseased

organ and the body as a whole at a level that is, if not optimal, at least acceptable. Simply put, the brain, through the peripheral nervous system, tries to prevent further deterioration of the body's functioning. And so any deviation from the accepted "normal" state of the body is perceived as "erroneous," and it tries to return the body to its original state. This is the essence of organ-brain and brain-organ feedback. And that is why, when the feedback processes are accelerated thousands of times, the brain perceives this as a new danger, reacts to it with pain and tries to return everything to the "previous" state, regardless of the fact that the "previous" state is a pathological condition of the organ or the body as a whole.

The brain at the level of the primitive brain, where the reticular formation is located, does not think, but only reacts to deviations from the accepted "standard". Furthermore, such acceleration of processes, even if beneficial to health, places a significant strain on the human organism, and it is often necessary to reduce the intensity of the impact to a level that the individual can tolerate without entering a prohibitive mode. Therefore, very often what could be done in one minute at the optimal load for the result must be slowed down to the level of the speed of the processes that the person is able to withstand. And very often, the process of restoring health, instead of taking one minute, is slowed down by years, otherwise the load may simply kill the person or lead to the failure of the organs or systems of the body that cannot withstand the load (for example, the kidneys), which will lead to death. That is why the treatment process should be focused not on what can be done, but on how much stress a person can withstand without their organs and systems failing. And only in very rare cases, when a person can withstand the necessary level of stress, is it possible to make qualitative changes in the state of the body in a few minutes, and those around them perceive it as a miracle, although it is not a miracle at all, but only a rapid transition of the necessary changes.

Something similar happens to bones when they become like plasticine. To understand this, one only needs to understand the nature of bone formation and growth. Bones differ from cartilage only in that the intercellular space of bone cells is filled with calcium. When the concentration of calcium salts rises to a critical level, calcium crystallises in the intercellular space of the cartilage cells and forms a solid base for the intercellular space, in whose cavities the bone tissue cells, blood and lymph vessels, and nerve fibres are located. Thus, cartilage tissue is transformed into bone tissue, thanks to which humans (and not only humans, but also every other living creature) are able to exist; otherwise, a woman would not be able to give birth to her child if the unborn child had bones instead of cartilage. Only after birth does the child's cartilage gradually turn into bone, due to the saturation of the intercellular space of the cartilage with calcium salts, which in the same way turn into bone.

Therefore, in order to change the shape and length of the bone, it is necessary to do "only" the opposite - to transform the necessary bone into cartilage for the required time, to increase or "remove" the unnecessary cells, to change their position, and then the intercellular space is again saturated with calcium and returned to the state of normal bone. But how to do this is a matter of "technique". As they say, it's all about dexterity and not... deception! It is "only" necessary to find the key to how to transform bone into cartilage and back again and... to have the necessary properties and qualities, the necessary strength to make such a thing a reality and, most importantly..... so that a person does not fall into a state of clinical death from such a load.

To create "miracles," we only need to learn to understand nature, understand its principles, and learn to do the same, using only

our own minds and abilities. Then bones will become soft and much, much more...

Miracles exist where ignorance or narrow-mindedness thrive, where dogma and snobbery take root. But if we open our eyes a little wider, think about it and try to understand what we see, many of nature's mysteries will disappear like a mirage, man will penetrate nature's secrets and rightly call himself a rational being.

Now that I have revealed the "secret" of nature related to the ability to change bones and remove salt deposits with the power of thought, I will return to "current" events.

16. What is reality?

Although the elderly woman with salt deposits experienced residual pain the next morning, she was very pleased with what had happened, as the salt deposits in her lumbar region had completely disappeared and her joints had regained their former mobility. After that, she trusted me, and knowing her high sensitivity, I invited her to participate in one of my experiments. When she agreed, I reset her brain, and she was able to see and hear beyond the five senses. After the tests, I decided to repeat my incomplete experiment with my doubles.

The first time, my classmate refused to touch my doubles, claiming that there couldn't be more than ten of me. And e v e n though she found a way to touch my double, it remained unclear to me what she would have said if she had touched my true self. I decided to repeat this experiment and created nine copies of myself. This time, no one was frightened by the fact that I existed in ten copies at the same time. So, I tuned this woman's perception to one of my copies and asked her to determine where the real me was. She calmly approached and began to determine where I was by shaking my hand. After shaking my real hand for a few seconds, she moved on to my next double, then the next, and so on, until she had checked all the possibilities. Then she confidently approached the double I had chosen in advance and said that this was me, without even paying attention to my real self. Later, I repeated this experiment and the result was the same. A person perceived as real only that level of reality with which they were in qualitative resonance! In such a state, the physical level became as if ephemeral, reality was only what the person received through their senses, albeit in a slightly unusual way. Physical reality seemed to cease to be material, and another level of reality became objective reality for the person, given to us in our sensations.

So, where is this famous objective reality? Which of our own perceptions are true and which are not? After all, in an altered state of consciousness, a person can see their internal organs with their brain with absolute accuracy, can see a cell, a molecule, and at the same time determine the presence of this or that pathology with absolute accuracy, often much earlier and more accurately than the most modern medical equipment. A person could not only see, but also control the entire process of obtaining information in the most accessible and convenient form for them. Does this mean that the information obtained in this way is an illusion? Of course not. Man creates " crutches" for himself - devices that penetrate where the usual sensory organs have no access. Moreover, these crutches are created from the position of the same five sensory organs given to us by nature at birth, as well as to all other living beings. But nature has endowed humans with reason not only so that they can use what they have been given at birth, but also so that they can penetrate with the power of their minds into places where no animal could ever penetrate. But it seems that I have once again gotten carried away with philosophising; I suppose I am "getting old"....

* * *

Alongside these experiments, I conducted others that were no less interesting. Once, I had the idea of finding out how my influence affected a person's weight. To do this, I asked my patients to stand on the scales and... I began to influence them and observed what would happen to their weight. Within a few minutes, their weight changed by between 500 grams and 2.5 kilograms, both in the direction of decrease and increase. What's more, when I worked with different pathologies, the weight fluctuations were different. So it turned out that my influence, even though I did not use physically dense matter, nevertheless manifested itself in the most material way. Under the influence of the " immaterial" influence, the actual weight of the person changed, which in itself contradicts all concepts of modern science. After my influence ceased, the fluctuations in weight stopped. It turned out that during the time of my influence, completely different natural laws began to operate, or rather, real natural laws, of which modern science, with all its snobbery, has not the slightest idea.

Weight fluctuations are not the only "oddity" I have encountered. Some of the other "oddities" were also very useful. When I treated people with lung problems, a side effect of my treatment was the ozone in the room. And the ozone was very strong. In nature, ozone, whose molecule consists of three oxygen atoms, occurs during thunderstorms. Powerful discharges of atmospheric electricity produce the ozone freshness that is familiar to everyone. In artificial conditions, ozone is created when a voltage of thirty kilovolts is applied to electrodes measuring one square centimetre, located one centimetre apart. When the size of the electrodes and the distance between them change, the voltage applied to them increases proportionally. Only under such conditions does an electric arc discharge occur between the electrodes, accompanied by the formation of ozone molecules. I deliberately recalled my school physics to refresh the memory of those reading and to draw attention to the unusual appearance of ozone under certain types of human influence. According to the principles of physics, for ozone to appear between my palms, a voltage of several tens of millions of volts would have to appear between them! Isn't that a bit excessive?! But in reality, nothing like that happened. So I accidentally stumbled upon a completely different way of synthesising ozone. And yet the formation of ozone had nothing to do with electricity. This could not happen according to the ideas of modern science, because it could never happen! But the phenomenon was real, which once again shows how little modern science knows and understands nature.

The ozone effect caught my attention, and I began to study it in my own way. One of the main reasons for my interest in this side effect is related to the fact that our civilization reached a technocratic catastrophe at the end of the 1980s. The technocratic development of the civilisation of Midgard-Earth led to the emergence of so many environmental problems, but at the same time, not a single way to restore the planet's ecology was created. This fact alone shows that the civilisation of our planet has gone down the wrong path. With this approach, our civilisation will destroy itself before technological methods for healing the wounds inflicted on the planet by irrational activity appear, if such methods can be found at all with the current approach to "understanding" nature. To make this clear, I will give a simple example. With the beginning of the so-called space age of humanity, from 1960 to 1989, our Earth Midgard lost **thirty percent of its ozone layer.** Due to the fact that Midgard's Earth is more pear-shaped, the thickness of the ozone layer is not the same across the entire planet. At the equators, the thickness of the ozone layer is maximum, and at the poles it is minimum, especially at the South Pole. Therefore, the reduction in the thickness of the ozone layer by thirty percent as a result of "intelligent" human activity has led

to the opening of the so-called ozone hole over Antarctica, which has been increasing in size every year, indicating that the Earth in the Middle Court continues to lose its ozone. Consecutive satellite images of the ozone hole taken over Antarctica year after year serve as clear evidence of this.

And now, a little information from school textbooks that most people have already forgotten, while others, for some reason, are in no hurry to refresh the memory of those who have forgotten it. The ozone layer of Midgard-Earth **was formed over four billion years!** It took a billion years for life on Midgard-Earth to develop in the primordial ocean, while microscopic and other plant organisms from the primordial ocean created enough oxygen through photosynthesis, which during thunderstorms was partially converted into ozone, so that the first plants, and after them the animals, could leave the primordial ocean. The whole point is that hard cosmic radiation is destructive to all living beings, and water, by absorbing this radiation, neutralises it. Before the ozone layer appeared, the atmosphere freely allowed this harsh cosmic radiation to pass through, making life outside the primordial ocean impossible. until the ozone layer was thick enough to absorb and reflect this radiation, as did the water in the primordial ocean. Thus, the protein form of life is doomed to originate in water, and therefore the basis of the protein form of life is water. The primordial ozone layer needs oxygen, which enters the atmosphere mainly during photosynthesis by plant organisms. And as is quite clear from the above, only from the plant organisms of the primordial ocean. Sunlight penetrates at most one hundred metres into the depths of the World Ocean, so that the "fertile" layer of the World Ocean was precisely at these hundred metres from the surface, in whose thickness the plant organisms of the primordial ocean, absorbing sunlight, released oxygen, without which the ozone layer would never have formed. Later, when land plants appeared, much more oxygen began to be synthesized, but nevertheless, ozone from atomic oxygen appeared only during thunderstorms, which were much more numerous in the past.

So, in thirty years of "rational" activity, modern civilisation has destroyed thirty percent of the ozone layer of Midgard Earth, which nature took more than a billion years to create! And that's not the whole story. As one person told me, in 1989, at a joint meeting of NASA representatives and the heads of the USSR's space projects in Florida, the issue of the ozone layer of Midgard Earth was raised. According to NASA experts' calculations, if the intensity of spacecraft launches remains at the 1989 level after 1989, then in 10-15 years of such space "activity," the intensity of spacecraft launches remained at the 1989 level, then after 10-15 years of such space "activity" by humanity, the remaining 70% of the planet's ozone layer would be destroyed! And that meant only one thing: by 2000-2005, life on the surface of Midgard-Earth would become **IMPOSSIBLE!** And this is not a biblical prophecy - but calculations by scientists from a very prestigious institution - NASA! The fact is that with each launch, oxygen and ozone are burned throughout the entire thickness of the atmosphere with a diameter of one mile - 1.6 kilometres! The movement of atmospheric masses causes this "bagel hole" to shift, and when the next rocket or satellite is launched, there is a new "bagel hole," and so on. This is why the thickness of the ozone layer began to decrease so catastrophically with the beginning of humanity's space "era"ьттр://....

Isn't that rather curious?! But perhaps we shouldn't worry about such a "trifle"; modern civilisation can easily resolve such an unfortunate "misunderstanding", can't it? No, that's not the case. Even if all the power plants in the world worked only to create ozone electrically, it would take millions of years, and perhaps tens or hundreds of millions of years, to restore only what has already been destroyed since 1989! But who said that the process of ozone destruction stopped after 1989? As can be seen from the calculations of NASA specialists, the process of destroying the planet's ozone layer has only just begun! So even with the most optimistic calculations

modern civilisation will not be able to heal the wounds inflicted on nature by its "rational" activity. But we must not separate ourselves from Mother Nature. We will perish along with the rest of nature. As soon as the ozone layer is destroyed to a sufficient extent, all life on the planet's surface will perish, and life will remain only in the World Ocean, unless, of course, man destroys it there too!

It's not a very optimistic picture, is it? But this picture is real, and at least I understood the situation and didn't close my eyes to it. Perhaps some people think it's easier to close their eyes and wait for the inevitable, created by their own hands, but I have never belonged to that category of people. That's why such an unusual side effect of ozone synthesis made me very happy. If the methods known to modern science are unable to stop and repair the damage to the nature of Middle Earth caused by "rational" human activity, it is necessary to look for other ways and methods that can help solve these problems. And ozone synthesis, as a side effect of human influence, seemed to me to be just such a case. When ozone appears without significant energy expenditure, the creation of which would require enormous energy expenditure using technical means, one cannot help but pay attention to this phenomenon, especially when the ozone problem is not just around the corner, but very close. To solve this problem, it was only necessary to find the key to this solution, so that ozone would not appear as a side effect, but as the most direct one, and that it would be possible to create as much ozone as necessary to restore the ozone layer using this method. As they say, it's not an impossible task, it can't get any worse, but it can get better if such a "key" is found.

* * *

That is why, when I was given the floor at the press conference of the Folk Medicine Fund for Soviet journalists, which took place in the hall of the Historical Museum on 29 March 1989, I not only talked about my method for the qualitative transformation of the human brain, but also about the strange side effect of ozone synthesis, and suggested that we join forces to find the necessary solution. I was aware of how my statement might be perceived by the journalists attending the conference, but I still hoped that there would be at least some reaction. It was necessary to at least draw attention to the problem, otherwise it might be too late. Unfortunately, the media completely ignored my public statement, but some people did react to my words. I wasn't afraid of looking crazy, firstly because I knew I wasn't, and secondly because I was aware of the real threat posed by the problem and didn't care what others thought of me, as long as the problem could be solved.

Among those who paid attention to my words was Kirill Kasatkin, who at that time was an employee of the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He approached me after my speech and suggested that I organise a press conference at the press centre of the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs to draw the attention of the international community to this problem. Since my speech was at a conference of the Foundation for Folk Medicine, he suggested inviting several people from the Foundation to the press conference. At that time, the chairman of the Folk Medicine Foundation was Pokryshkin, whose surname and patronymic I unfortunately do not remember. Pokryshkin invited several people to the press conference at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, including Avdeev, Chumak and a few others whose names I do not know. The second press conference, this time with foreign journalists, took place on 4 April, and when I was given the floor, I repeated my information about the qualitative transformation of the human brain and the problem of the ozone hole and the possible method for solving this problem. I again called for all countries to unite to solve this problem, but obviously, after the slogan "workers of all countries unite," no one wanted to unite for anything. But my job was to propose that efforts be combined, and I had no intention of

I am waiting "by the sea for time," or rather for answers to my appeal. And although they say that one head is good, and two are better, there are situations in which one head is enough, and the second can only get in the way. In any case, no one responded to my appeal, considering my words to be the statement of a patient from ward number 6 . However, I was not upset by this reaction and continued to do my job, regardless of what the people around me thought of it. I was sure that there were many situations in which one person could be right and many could be wrong, especially when those many were blind and uninformed people.

After the first press conference I spoke at, several people approached me and asked me to perform a quality brain transformation on them. As the saying goes, if you call yourself a "porter," get in the back seat of the truck. In this case, I myself was the "load carrier," and the "body" was the proof that my words were not just empty rhetoric! None of those who came to me had been specially tested by me. Among the four people who came to me were professional journalists Rudolf Gaevsky and Mikhail Dehta, APN photographer Alexei, whose surname I did not fill in, and an engineer from Armenia named Ruben. Of course, it would have been better if I could have done a qualification test for qualitative brain transformation, but in this situation I had to start preparing for the transformation of those who came to me, otherwise I could have been accused of fraud. In other words, I had to prove myself in "field" conditions, when the rules of the "game" were not determined by me, but were determined for me. But even in such conditions, which were not the best for me, in a few days I managed to make Mikhail Dehta and Rudolf Gaevsky see the internal organs of both themselves and other people. I managed to do this particularly quickly with Mikhail; literally during my first session with him, he saw his brain and everything that was happening to it during my work. There was also a funny situation. After returning home following my "trepanation of the skull," Mikhail called me and asked if his head was okay. He felt that his head was still open in that way. Amidst all the excitement and "aha" moments about his ability to see his brain, organs, etc., I had forgotten to " close" his brain after my exposure.

With this kind of radiation, a person sees and feels that the top of their skull has been removed and revealing the human brain in all its glory. When I finish my work, I put everything back in place, restoring the integrity of the system. So when Michael called me, I put everything back in order and joked that it was good that it hadn't rained and he hadn't gotten anything "down there" and that you should always have an umbrella for such occasions. We both laughed at the rain and said goodbye. Rudolf Gaevski's progress was not as rapid, but he also acquired inner vision. Reuben proved to be the most resistant to transformation. His progress, in my opinion, was very slow. He lacked many things necessary for a qualitative transformation of the brain. The process of qualitative transformation of the brain can be compared to assembling a mosaic from qualitative "pieces". First, you need to have a good understanding and knowledge of what kind of qualitative "picture" you are assembling. Second, you must have all the quality "pieces" to assemble the correct quality "picture." Let's assume that the correct quality "picture" requires 100 pieces to create a new quality. Each person has a certain number of such quality "pieces" depending on their genetics, essence, personal development, and ability for dynamic changes in consciousness. Therefore, if a person does not possess these or other properties and qualities necessary for the qualitative transformation of the brain, it is impossible to carry out such a transformation. First, a person must develop the missing "pieces" of the mosaic themselves, which is possible but unlikely and may require more than one human lifetime to accomplish. Or someone else can create the missing "pieces" of the mosaic for such a person. And the more "pieces" of the mosaic are missing, the more time and effort are needed to create them.

In other words, I must "lift" such a person onto my shoulders and evolutionarily "carry" them on my back to the necessary evolutionary point, and then make a qualitative

transformation of the brain, essence and genetics. It is almost always necessary to "work out" a human being's evolutionary "sins" because they are the "burdens" that pull the person down evolutionarily. If a person is missing one to ten " pieces" from the evolutionary mosaic, it usually takes very little time to create the missing ones and perform a qualitative transformation of the brain's capabilities. This can vary from a few minutes to a few days. On the other hand, if 70 or more of the 100 necessary "pieces" of the qualitative mosaic are missing, creating the missing "pieces" can take months to years. With few exceptions, such a transformation is practically impossible for humans to perform. In principle, this is only an assumption, as I have never " pulled" a person for more than a few years. It is entirely possible that this is practically possible to do with anyone, but I have no statistical evidence and can therefore only speculate about it. The main reason for the lack of such experience is that I have not seen the need to pull everyone and everything "by the ears". For the experiment, I took several people who had zero potential for such a transformation, and after a few years — one earlier, the other later — I achieved that these seemingly "hopeless" people gained qualitatively new brain capabilities! So Ruben belonged to the category of people in whom most of the evolutionary "pieces" were simply missing! And yet, after my influence on him, he began to possess new qualities and abilities that he had never had before.

But let's get back to those events. Mikhail Dehta and Rudolf Gaevsky had made great strides forward. Both were journalists, and so... they couldn't do without their journalistic "tricks". For example, Mikhail asked me to describe the problems of his wife, whom I had never seen before. I began to tell him the results of my scan. Then Mikhail asked me to influence her remotely in the image he had in his head. I began to influence her and felt a very good connection. I informed Mikhail of this and told him that if his wife was sensitive enough, she should feel this and that at that moment. After I said this, Mikhail immediately dialled his home phone and asked her what she had been feeling and where she had been a minute ago and what was happening to her at that moment. He was completely surprised when she accurately described everything I had told him before he called home. Rudolf Gaevski brought with him a black-and-white passport photo of a young woman and asked me to describe her health problems. The photo showed only the woman's head, so I began my scan by going beyond the head. I informed him of the results of the scan, after which Rudolf reported the following. The photo was of his wife, and I found all of her problems, but what surprised him most was that in the photo he showed me, his wife was thirty years younger, and I gave him her problems not only as they were at the time of the photo, but also for all the thirty years that followed!

One day, I told Michael that this was the same way I told him about car problems. He immediately asked for proof. He had a Volga-24 and literally dragged me outside and asked for proof. I diagnosed the car in my own way, and he carefully wrote down the results and left very soon after. As it turned out later, he went straight to the service station and asked the mechanics to check his car. What a surprise it was for him when their diagnosis and mine matched completely. Mikhail practically did not stop with his "checks". He really wanted to find any inconsistency. Such was his journalistic soul. As I already mentioned, Mikhail Dehta's wife had excellent sensitivity, and when I saw her, I performed a qualitative brain transformation on her, with her consent, of course. It only took a few minutes, and the quality of her inner vision was very high. She was so dynamic that I was able to move her up the evolutionary ladder very quickly, and as a result, she acquired abilities that were not yet available to her husband. For example, I was able to move her into the past very easily. At first, she saw everything as if from the outside, but I decided to "turn her on" to

someone who was alive at that time. This is equivalent to her temporarily feeling, seeing, hearing and touching everything that the person from the past felt. When I made this contact, she began to see the reality of the past surrounding her through the eyes of a contemporary of the events. But I was surprised when she screamed because she felt pain in the lower back of the person through whose eyes she was seeing the world around her from the past. The owner of the body of the person from the past was an elderly man. And yet she could feel and perceive even the smallest details of the past reality, such as the small pebbles on the road, the burning rays of the sun, etc.

Some may say that this is nonsense, but I will have to disappoint the sceptics. A little later, I had to take a similar step into the past in order to obtain information. And the information I received was later fully confirmed, even though at the time of the experiment none of the participants in this experiment had such information! But more on that a little later, and for now let's return to current events.

At the second press conference at the press centre of the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs on 4 April 1989, Mikhail Dekhta and Rudolf Gaevsky were also present, as "living" witnesses to the truth of what I had said a few days earlier at the first press conference, at least as far as creating new opportunities and qualities in people was concerned. But even this did not draw attention to the problem I had raised about the ozone layer. Apparently, my idea that the ozone layer problem could be solved without any technology seemed too crazy for people who were brainwashed by traditional ideas about what is possible or impossible for a human being. For some reason, everyone believes in technology, forgetting that it was created by the power of human thought and was created as an addition to humans at a certain stage in the development of human civilisation. Technology acts as a "crutch" for the still unhealthy "legs" of humanity. But when the "legs" become strong, continuing to use "crutches" is foolish, to say the least, not to mention harmful! After all, if the "muscles" of the strengthened "legs" do not develop, they simply atrophy. Civilisation's rejection of "crutches" does not mean a complete rejection of technology, but only that new technologies must be created that will assist humans when they cease to be dependent on technology and acquire true freedom and the opportunity for evolutionary development.

In any case, regardless of the reasons for ignoring my call to join forces to solve a very real, not ephemeral, global problem in the full sense of the word, I continued to do my job - to search for the key to understanding the unusual phenomenon I was observing. I relied solely on myself, without waiting for some "uncle" to come and solve the problems. I wasn't sure I would succeed, but if I did, there was hope that I could solve a seemingly unsolvable problem. As they say, it's worth a try. It won't be worse than my experience, but if something succeeds, it will be good for everyone, and whether someone understands how it is possible or not is so important if it solves a problem that cannot be solved in principle by other methods that everyone agrees on. Or, if the prevailing majority believes that such a thing is impossible in principle, is that a reason to simply give up and wait for the inevitable? No, of course not, at least not for me. And as my experience shows, not a single person among those who have occupied the highest positions in the scientific hierarchy has been able to explain even one of the simplest concepts in their own fields of knowledge! What then can be said about all the others who studied science in schools, institutes and universities, only to forget it the next day?

It has always been important for me to find a solution to a problem, especially one that is so important to all of humanity, and not because I am a megalomaniac, as some or even most people might think. Ultimately, I was trying to find

a different solution. One way or another, orthodox solutions simply did not exist. I did it not to be thanked if I succeeded (although that would have been nice), but because my soul demanded it and I was unwilling to accept it. Of course, I didn't approach the problem in a single day; it matured in my head like a fruit, gradually acquiring " flesh" — new qualities and possibilities, the supposed strategy and tactics for solving the problem. There was a gradual accumulation of the "critical" mass necessary for a successful attempt. Meanwhile, life went on as usual, I came up with new "tricks" and tried them out in practice.

17. My psi toys

Based on products with liquid crystal displays, I invented devices that at least partially replaced my direct influence. It was possible to create a multi-stage device on almost any medium, but liquid crystals had one unique quality: dynamism. Of course, I did not have my own liquid crystal manufacturing plant. But I did not need one. Calculators with liquid crystal displays and electronic watches with them performed this role perfectly. Electronic watches with calculators were particularly convenient, and here is why. In principle, it is possible to control such a device telepathically, simply by thinking about the necessary program of action, which is recorded on the liquid crystal medium. But for most people, the very concept of telepathy is incomprehensible, to say the least, not to mention that one can imagine that it is enough to think about the necessary healing effect and the special programme on the liquid crystal is activated. That's why I came up with the idea of using the numbers on the calculator for control. I simply "linked" each number on the calculator to the activation of a specific structure of the device, creating an effect on certain organs or systems of the human body. It was enough to press the necessary combination of keys, tailored to the individual problems of the specific person, and the effect began.

It was not without difficulties. Once, nuclear physicist Alexei Dobryakov, if my memory serves me correctly, approached me with a request for such a device. We had many discussions about physics and other topics. An acquaintance of his who worked with him at the institute had health problems (I do not consider myself authorised to discuss his health problems without his permission), and he asked me to make such a device for her and brought me an electronic watch with a calculator. I recorded several programmes related to numbers on the carrier, and, taking into account that people have different genetics, nature, development, etc., I made the programmes so that each repeated pressing of the same number would increase the power of the effect tenfold. By pressing the same number three times, the impact of a given programme could be increased a hundredfold. I think the principle is clear to everyone. This approach made it possible to adjust the impact for a specific person. What's more, the person could do it themselves, based on their own feelings and condition. And yet there was one case. Some time after I had made such a device for a friend of Alexei's, he came to me again and asked a strange question about what they should do to get rid of a problem. The problem was as follows. When I created the necessary device and explained how it worked, the scientists-experimenters decided to press the necessary programme as many times as the clock display allowed. As a result, the necessary programme was immediately activated to the maximum extent possible. And then the miracles began. The woman stopped sleeping completely. At first, she could not understand the reason for her insomnia, until she accidentally forgot her watch at work and that night... she

She slept normally again. The next day, she did not forget the clock and again... Morpheus did not visit her.

Thus, the cause of insomnia was determined experimentally. And Alexei's first

question Alexei had this time was what to do in such a situation! I advised, first, to reduce the power of the device and, second, if necessary, to simply turn off the device for the night or significantly weaken its effect. To do this, it was necessary to press zero on the calculator again, which would immediately turn off all influencing programmes, and press the necessary numbers as many times as necessary for the comfort of the person in question. That's all, and... the problem is solved. Obviously, it was difficult for this woman to imagine that simply pressing a button with numbers could have such a strong effect on her well-being and that an electronic watch or calculator could become such a powerful device. However, after such "treatment," a very strange effect was observed. The watch stopped showing the correct time and it was simply impossible to use it for this purpose. And this side effect was observed almost always. It was also undesirable to use the calculator for any mathematical operations. After all, each press of a number on the display activated one or another programme for influence. Therefore, the random selection of numbers and their rapid change caused a chaotic effect and were obviously undesirable and shocking for the person himself.

The effect of the device is not due to self-hypnosis or self-deception. The devices I created were tested in a laboratory by measuring biopotentials at active points before and after turning on the device. Under the influence of the device for several minutes, the biopotentials at the points increased sixteen times! Not sixteen percent, but one thousand six hundred percent! And at the same time, the measurements were taken even when the person did not know that any device was turned on. It was this fact that surprised the experimenters the most. They simply could not understand it, still harbouring a small hope that such changes in the parameters of the biopotentials were related to the person's self-suggestion, suggestibility, etc. And in this case, it was a "bare" fact, when a person did not even suspect that they were being influenced by some device. In this case, there is only one explanation: the device really works on people! And the action of this device has led to many health problems disappearing almost without a trace.

Imagine this situation: a person has heart problems, presses the right button on their electronic watch and... after a while, their heart becomes healthy! No need to swallow pills, undergo unpleasant procedures, etc. And all of this has numerous side effects, sometimes more serious than the original problem. Usually, instead of one problem, a person ends up with a whole "bouquet" of health issues. This fact is already known to almost everyone. And suddenly, some kind of incomprehensible device, without any medication, etc., restores the damaged, diseased organ. It does not simply alleviate the symptoms, but restores the normal condition of the diseased organ or body system. And this is not fantasy, but reality! Of course, such a device cannot help everyone, and it is impossible for one programme to take into account all the peculiarities of all living people, but if even 10-25 per cent of people regain their health in such an unusual way, I think that is simply wonderful. And I think that the percentage of people for whom such a device will be effective will be much higher, only it will most likely take a longer period of time to get a positive result, and besides, it is possible to immediately determine through simple tests the person on whom the effect of the device will be maximum! This may seem insufficient to some, but if you look at the percentage of people who receive real help in medical centres, everything becomes clear.

There have been many amusing incidents involving these devices. But one case is of a slightly different order. In May 1989, the Ministry of Merchant Marine organised a meeting with the Foundation for Folk Medicine, to which I was invited. The meeting discussed the possibility of sailing with a group of healers. Several journalists attended the meeting, including Michael Dechta. Several healers were also present, including

Alan Chumak, who is still quite famous today. At this meeting, I talked about my devices and other ideas of mine. Some time later, Michael Dehta called me and said that Alan Chumak had talked about his creative plans in his interview with journalists and, by a "strange" coincidence, much of what he had told the journalists in the interview was almost identical to what I had said at the meeting at the Ministry. He talked about healing devices and the charging (structuring) of water. The phenomenon of "borrowing" other people's ideas is not rare and is not new. But Alan Chumak chose a very curious way to do this. He told journalists that he hears a voice from above that gives him revelations. Mikhail Dehta himself was present at this meeting and was surprised by Chumak's behaviour. But we must give credit to Alan Chumak, he handled it very skilfully. It was impossible to claim that he was a plagiarist. Then I joked and said to Mikhail, "I didn't know that I was the voice from above..."

I am not claiming that no one before me has structured water or created psi devices. In principle, so-called talismans are psi devices. In the past, magicians would "charge" pendants, bracelets, rings, etc. with their energy. In this way, they simply saturated a particular medium with this or that programme using their energy. In other words, the physical carrier of the psi device was only a "vessel" containing the charge of the magician's structured energy. It is like a genie from Eastern fairy tales, which is stuck in a jug or lamp, sealed inside them, and the genie sits and waits for the hour of his release. And when it is released, it grants three wishes to its liberator, the fulfilment of which depends on the power of the released genie, after which the jug or lamp turns into ordinary iron. In the same way, talismans created by magicians carry a certain charge of the magician's energy, which, when the talisman is activated, sooner or later runs out and turns into nothing. At least, all the talismans I have encountered in my life were arranged in this way.

The difference between my psi devices and the talismans described above is that I use a physical medium only as a point of attachment for my devices, which are made of a different material and themselves create the effect for which they were designed. If anyone claims that these are not devices, they are very much mistaken. These devices have a real effect on animate and inanimate matter, and the results of this effect can be "felt" with the hands and measured using methods known to everyone. And the fact that the sceptic does not understand what kind of matter I use to create my devices is his personal problem, because even modern science claims that the physical matter of the Universe **is only 10% of** the matter that should be in space, so that the very material cosmic bodies in the form of galaxies, star clusters, stars and planets move as they move in a completely real and material sky. And science itself - physics, which these sceptics are so fond of relying on - claims that 90% of this invisible and intangible matter is nothing but *dark matter,* and "for some reason" the sceptics show no " scepticism" on this issue! Personally, I find this approach strange, although I understand who is behind these "sceptics" and why.

So, if we proceed from these ideas of modern physics about "dark matter" as the dominant matter in the Universe, we can say that I create my devices from this "dark matter", which for me is not "dark matter" at all, but is real and understandable, as well as from "ordinary" physically dense matter, which is so adored by "sceptics". The devices I create, although invisible to the "naked" eye, have a very real effect on all material objects, in accordance with the purpose for which these devices are created, and the physically dense carriers of these psi devices serve only as a simple connection, a kind of "anchor". And this is the main difference between my psi devices and any magical talismans, as they were called in the past, or any devices based on the concept of torsion fields, as modern scientists like to say, as if the phrase " torsion field" brings some clarity to

the essence of the matter.

* * *

In May 1989, I was asked to help a very famous scientist of international renown. He was an academician of the USSR Academy of Sciences and one of the ten greatest physicists in the world working in the field of radiophysics. This man was seventy years old and had intestinal obstruction. The Kremlin doctors had scheduled him for surgery on the day I first met him. All other methods of medicine had failed, and if doctors prescribe surgery at such an age, it indicates a very critical condition. After all, at this age, the chance of simply not waking up after general anaesthesia is about fifty percent! In other words, surgery at this age is a big risk, and if doctors take such a risk, it means that without surgery, the person will die one hundred percent. And assigning surgery to a person of such a high level in the scientific hierarchy of the USSR excludes any disrespectful attitude towards him. I am not mentioning this person's surname for several reasons, which I will discuss later. So, I crossed paths with this person at this critical moment in his life. He did not believe in the possibility of such treatment, but when he had nothing to lose, why not try something different? Or, as often happens when you are in a difficult situation, you will do anything to make it work. Anyway, I arrived at his house and began my treatment. The reason for his blockage was that the mucous membranes of his stomach and intestines were not working, they were not producing the necessary chemical compounds. This is a systemic dysfunction of the sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous systems, which manifests itself in the vagus nerve not transmitting stimulating signals to the stomach and intestines. Without stimulating signals, gastric juice is not produced. So surgery would not help in this case.

When the cause of the problem became clear to me, I restored the impaired functions, and literally the next day everything started working for this man. After two or three visits to the academician, everything returned to normal. Each time, after my intervention, he would offer me a cup of tea, followed by a conversation on borderline topics. This man was curious to talk to me about what I do and what I think about it. During one of these conversations, I asked him, as a great physicist, to explain to me what electric current is. He replied with a definition from a high school textbook: "Electric current is the directed movement of electrons from positive to negative." I thanked him, but reminded him that this was a definition from a secondary school textbook and that he did not need to explain the concept of "directed movement" to me, but that I would like to hear his explanation of what an "electron" is, what " positive" and " negative" are, and why electrons move from positive to negative! In other words, the generally accepted definition of electric current fails to explain four fundamental concepts! And the concept that did not need explanation was not fundamentally important and belonged to the conceptual concepts (the concept of "directed motion").

So I asked an academician from the USSR Academy of Sciences to explain to me four basic concepts from the definition of electric current! When I asked him to explain these four concepts to me, the academician's answer was again: "...and only God knows...". Isn't that a funny answer from one of the greatest physicists in the world? To which I replied again: " I am not God, but I know it." And the point is not that I am so "smart", but that most people do not understand the meaning of these or other phrases they themselves use. Someone has "hammered" certain concepts into their heads, they themselves hammer them into the heads of others, but almost no one thinks about what these words mean? So maybe we should stop and think. That is the question...

Thus, the academician's treatment was accompanied by heartfelt conversations, which were not mandatory. Despite the fact that our academician was very sceptical about the possibility of unconventional treatment, it was precisely this treatment that saved him from death. In principle, I " simply" activated the functioning of the gastrointestinal tract,

which shut itself down and "decided" not to work anymore. The failure of a particular system in the body cannot be corrected with surgery. This is a functional disorder caused by age-related changes. Therefore, the very fact of restoring the normal functioning of the gastrointestinal tract under my influence was already a unique medical phenomenon, at least in traditional medicine such a thing is very rare, if it happens at all. That is why I suggested to Vadim Belozerov that he meet with this academician and interview him. The academician did not refuse to meet with the film crew, but when Vadim Belozerov asked him about the effect of my influence on him, he replied: " I don't know what helped me: whether it was the pills I was swallowing or Levashov waving his arms in front of me..."

That was my way of thanking him for saving his life, and he lived longer than nature had intended. I don't think he was unaware of the seriousness of his condition and the prospects offered by medicine. This man was either afraid to tell the truth on camera, or he is simply a dishonest person. But what could such an elderly man be afraid of? His academic title will not be taken away from him; in the worst case, he will receive a slight reprimand, and that's all. It is very petty to be dishonest for this reason. And if it was done for some other reason, then he is simply a dishonest person. Incidentally, he did not pay me anything for my work and did not even give me a box of chocolates. I remembered this not because I needed his sweets, but because I was surprised by the lack of even the slightest inclination to express gratitude for saving his life. Apparently, our academic thought that the fact that he allowed me to approach his man and help him was already sufficient reward for saving me from death, and a very painful death at that. But let that remain
on his conscience.

Around the same time, Mikhail Dekhta asked me to help a man. That man turned out to be Lori Nikolaevich Popov, a candidate of medical sciences and epidemiologist. At the time of our meeting, this man had been disabled for three years and eight months and was already on the verge of despair. His path to disability began when, as a result of prolonged and severe stress, he developed what is known as non-specific ulcerative colitis, with complete ulceration of the large intestine and partial ulceration of the small intestine. The typical treatment approach was for the treating physicians to use strong antibiotics, which completely destroyed his intestinal microflora and seriously damaged his liver and immune system. When this happened, he was put on hormones - prednisolone - which led to the virtual failure of his adrenal glands. Due to the huge number of single doses of various drugs, he developed glomerulonephritis in his right kidney. In short, as a result of this "treatment" at the time of the meeting
He developed iron deficiency anaemia, his immune system completely shut down, and his body was brought to complete exhaustion. As a doctor, Lori Nikolaevich understood his "prospects" for the future very well, and they were not bright and rosy. In principle, he considered himself doomed. But I was in no hurry to agree with him and suggested that he not despair and give me a chance to take care of him. He agreed, and he is still alive and well, and the following year he was completely cured of his disability.

But despite the fact that he was completely poisoned by the drugs, I still asked him not to stop taking them immediately, especially the hormones. I asked him to reduce them in small steps. After some time, during which I had time to partially restore the immune system and metabolic processes of the body, I asked him to make the next reduction in hormone doses. And so on, until the hormones and other medications were discontinued. Despite the fact that the drugs had brought Loria Nikolaevich, so to speak, to the brink of death, it was impossible to stop taking them immediately, as the body's metabolic processes, after a long period of medication, could not function without them. It was necessary, first of all, to restore normal metabolism in the body, without additional chemicals entering the

the body in the form of pills and injections. It should never be forgotten that drugs are a set of active chemicals which, once in the bloodstream, spread throughout the body and eventually end up in the cells. Moreover, once inside the cells, these active chemical substances begin to react chemically with the cell inclusions and their chemical content, thus changing the chemical "picture" of the cell. At the same time, in a number of cases, medicinal chemistry causes morphological changes in the cells of human tissues, which sooner or later leads to new pathologies.

This is the reason for the side effects of medicines. And very often the side effects of medicines are much more dangerous than the problems that the medicine is supposed to help with. A medical joke comes to mind, when a professor asks his medical students: "...shall we start treating him, or let him live?!" Medicines can have a positive effect, despite all their negative aspects, if they are used for a very short time and do not cause irreversible changes in the human body. In all other cases, medicines are poisons that kill a person more quickly or more slowly. The example of Lori Nikolaevich Popov is a vivid example of such destruction of the body by medicines.

Of course, the non-specific ulcerative colitis with which his treatment began was not a gift, but what he "acquired" as a result of drug treatment not only had a negative impact on his health, but also created no less danger to his health! As a result of the "treatment," **the following was added** to the nonspecific ulcerative colitis**:** complete destruction of the intestinal microflora, serious **damage to the liver** and **adrenal glands,** serious **metabolic disorders in the body,** almost **complete destruction of the immune system, complete exhaustion of the body** and **iron deficiency anaemia!** As you can see, **six new problems** have been added to one problem**,** which in many ways are even more serious than the original problem! And at the same time, the original problem - nonspecific ulcerative **colitis - has not disappeared!** That's how it is!

After working with Lori Nikolaevich, he fully recovered from nonspecific ulcerative colitis and the rest of the bouquet. He not only recovered, but also returned to a full life and creativity. Almost sixteen years have passed since his recovery. He is now retired but continues to lead an active life and has had no recurrence of the disease to date. But that was years later, and when I began my treatment of him, he was convinced as a doctor that it was simply impossible to help him. When he quickly returned to normal life, he was not only grateful to me for his health, but also became my friend and follower, as did his entire family.

I have given two examples in which I helped two people and restored their health, and perhaps even their lives. One person was dishonest, even though the truth he was telling could not harm him, and the other, even though his fellow doctors had a negative attitude towards everything "similar" and rejected it, always told everyone that it was I who had saved his life with my methods of treatment, without thinking whether this would cause him any problems or not! I gave the example of the healing of Lori Nikolaevich Popov so that those who read my memories and reflections would not think that I only helped dishonest and ungrateful people. And although there were enough of those, I also had to deal with people who were pure and grateful not only for restoring their health, but also for giving many of them an understanding of the meaning of life. Very often, it turned out that I had managed to heal not only the body, but also the soul.

Sometimes my interventions led to accidents. I conducted a course of intervention on a woman who had a chronic ulcer of the stomach and duodenum. She had had the ulcer for many years, and it would close up and then open up again in another place. After my intervention, some time later she went back to see her doctor about her chronic ulcer.

ulcer. After the examination, the doctor started shouting at her, calling her a simian, etc. The reason for the doctor's reaction was that he found not only no ulcers, but also no trace of ulcers that had healed earlier. According to his understanding, since her mucous membrane was in perfect condition and there was not even a trace of ulcers, this could only mean one thing
: the person had never had a stomach ulcer in her life, and the poor woman's words that she had been hospitalised several times for stomach ulcers when she had lost a lot of blood, and that she had been examined repeatedly for this reason, as well as having a long medical history, as thick as an encyclopaedia, made no impression on this doctor. In his opinion, if there was nothing, then there was nothing, and she was a "criminal" by virtue of the fact that she had spent so many days of the year on sick leave for an illness that, in his opinion, she had never had. The doctor could not even entertain the idea that she had had this illness and then disappeared! And so, there have been such cases, just as there have been cases where, after I have cured people, their medical records from various medical institutions have "mysteriously" disappeared! ....

18. The deeper into the "forest," the more "trees" there are.

Meanwhile, time was passing. The days of the week were changing one after another. In May 1989, a very interesting experiment was conducted. It took place at the Brain Institute. In a special chamber that did not allow any electromagnetic radiation to penetrate (a Faraday chamber), I introduced Mikhail Decht into a new qualitative state of the brain, in which he could see his brain and the organs of his body. Through my influence on Mikhail, I created conditions in which he could travel with his consciousness through the blood vessels of his body, perceiving himself as the size of his own red blood cell. In addition, I created conditions in which he could observe his chromosomes while inside them. Throughout, Michael commented on everything he saw and felt while fully conscious. Some might call it the ravings of a madman or suggestion on my part. But the funny thing is that a researcher from the Brain Institute who was monitoring the equipment could be said to have literally and figuratively fallen into a "slump." At the moment when Michael Dehta was colourfully describing his journey inside his own body, his brain's electroencephalogram showed that he was in a coma or in a state of clinical death. Yet he was calmly talking to everyone, joking, feeling wonderful, as he himself described his condition at the time. The researchers at the Brain Institute were shocked by all this.

This experiment was filmed by Vadim Belozorov's film crew, but it was never shown, and there are several reasons for this. But the main thing is that the human brain in a qualitatively different state behaved completely differently, contrary to all the "laws" and "rules" of modern ideas about its work. And such examples can be given ad infinitum. But let's not waste time and paper listing all the facts and events, because eternity is not enough. Let's return to the events and phenomena that are important, at least as I see it.

In September 1989, Olga Sergeevna T. followed me again. After the events that happened around her in 1987, she and her husband left for the Middle East. He found a job there as a translator. She and her family were away for more than a year. When Olga Sergeevna returned to Moscow in September 1989, either on holiday or at the end of her husband's contract, she began to "devour" the information on the television screen with her characteristic curiosity. And once again she found herself in serious trouble. After seeing Anatoly Kashpirovsky on television, she became " hooked" on what was happening on the screen and immediately started looking for me. At that time, I was living in
apartment in the Novogireevo neighbourhood, and it was very difficult to find my coordinates. But she managed to do so, and on a beautiful September day, the phone rang in

the flat where I was staying, and I heard her voice. After the usual exchange of pleasantries in such cases, she asked me again to get her out of yet another mess. As a result of her curiosity, she had been "connected" to a new system and could not free herself from it. It turned out that she was connected to a system consisting of multiple generators creating parasitic pyramids. Exactly the same systems as the one from whose excessive "attention" I had freed her on 19 December 1987. And all those who were connected to the parasitic system.

When I destroyed the parasitic pyramid with its generator in 1987, I didn't even think to check if there were any other similar "souvenirs". I couldn't even imagine that such filth existed in more than one copy. Perhaps I wasn't ready to deal with all the generators at once, or perhaps the time wasn't right yet. Perhaps it was all of the above reasons, or perhaps something else, unknown to me. Anyway, the second time I pulled Olga Sergeevna T. out of yet another mess she had gotten herself into, I stumbled upon a whole system of psi generators. A group of black magicians worked through A. Kashpirovsky, many of whom wore high epaulettes and held high scientific titles. They foamed at the mouth, proving to everyone else that such a thing was impossible because it had never been possible. And when everyone else began to believe that magic was nothing more than obscurantism and ignorance, they themselves calmly used the magic that supposedly did not exist against those very masses. Through A. Kashpirovsky, he worked with just such a group of black magicians who were trying to strengthen their shaky influence over the masses. After gaining experience working with a psi generator in 1987, I began to destroy the other psi generators. After all, experience is a great thing! There were ninety-nine such generators, each of which was "located" in special zones on Midgard Earth. These energy nodes created an energy network around the planet. This was the reason why social parasites placed psi-generators in these active nodes to suppress people's will and consciousness, turning them into biorobots. After I saw and realised this, I set out to destroy this parasitic system. And I succeeded. And what a surprise it was when, after that, almost all socialist countries " suddenly" ceased to be so. And all this happened without any revolutions or bloodshed.

At first, I found it difficult to believe that the destruction of some generators, whose existence the vast majority of the inhabitants of Midgard-Earth are not even aware of, could lead to a change in the social structure of socialist countries. What can we say about people who are convinced that such a thing cannot exist, because it can never exist, when I myself, when I destroyed these generators, could not believe that the political structure of Midgard-Earth depends on some psi-generators that control people's consciousness through the subconscious. But not everything that is unbelievable and resembles the delusions of a modern madman is so. In order to dominate the masses, social parasites have created an ingenious system of brainwashing. Through all the mass media at their disposal, they instil in the masses the fanatical belief that nothing of the sort exists and that all myths or legends from the past are nothing more than religious or social narcissism, invented for fools and the ignorant. And that in our enlightened age, only children can believe in such fairy tales.

The science they created repeated special stories created for this purpose, and various types of "experts" foamed at the mouth trying to prove to everyone and everything that all this was complete nonsense, etc. And many phenomena that really happened to people, such as the phenomenon of clinical death, were declared to be delusions. I had to talk to doctors working in the intensive care unit, and they said they were forbidden to mention the phenomena accompanying clinical death. But some of them, at their own risk, recorded the stories of people who had been outside of life. The reason for this is that people who had been beyond reported that they had seen their bodies from outside, continued to feel, think, experience... in short, outside their physical bodies, they saw themselves.

felt and were themselves! And this shows that the physical body is only a carrier of what a person is! A person's consciousness, their personality, is not in the physical body, but in their essence — the soul, in what is the system of material bodies of the living organism, in this case — the human being.

It is interesting that not only in the USSR, but also in all Western countries, official science has an identical attitude towards the phenomena that occur to a person in a state of clinical death. This is despite the fact that in Western countries the concept of the soul, albeit in a religious sense, was not denied in principle, but seemed to refer to concepts of faith and religion rather than to concepts of reality. Is it not true that in the atheistic USSR and in the religious West there is a strange unity of ideas? On the question of phenomena occurring during clinical death, both sides show an enviable unity of opinion. What is the reason for this unity of official positions in such different social systems? The taboo on this issue has been maintained for a very long time in both places; and in both places, true researchers of nature have tried to draw public attention to this natural phenomenon. But these attempts, one might say, remained a "voice crying in the wilderness." The official version of doctors, atheists, and believers is the same. ***"In a state of hypoxia (oxygen deprivation), the human brain creates hallucinations to facilitate the death of the person..."***

You cannot imagine anything more ridiculous. But this is the official medical version of what is happening. Once again, behind the multitude of terms and the hypnotic influence of the experts' scientific regalia lies complete ignorance. This is just another case of verbiage. Firstly, hallucination is an inadequate reaction of a particular person to the reality surrounding them. And by definition, it cannot be the same for many people who have experienced clinical death thousands of years ago and today, regardless of a person's level of education, customs and beliefs. This in itself suggests that clinical death is a real natural phenomenon. Secondly, how can the human brain, which by definition lives only once and has never died before, know what images need to be created to make it "easier" and "more pleasant" for a person to die? Official medicine and "public" opinion will never be able to answer such questions. And such views existed both in the "communist" East and in the capitalist West. What is the reason for such unity of opinion?

And there is only one reason for this. The recognition that a person's personality, consciousness, memory and emotions exist outside the physical body is very dangerous for those in power. And this is not even related to the concept of reincarnation and everything associated with it. It is related to the secret of psi influence and the mechanism for controlling the masses. The point is that the ruling caste is trying to convince everyone else, with all the power of modern science, that a human being has nothing but a physical body. And that there are no other methods of influencing a person except through physical devices, whose emissions can always be measured by other real devices. And that there can be nothing else, because there never can be! Recognising the fact that what happens to a person in a state of clinical death is real means recognising the fact that there is a real possibility of influencing other (non-physical) levels of a person. And this means that this influence cannot be traced with the help of any physical device, and then the one who has the ability to influence these other levels of the human being, which, moreover, turn out to be fundamental to the human being, gains almost complete control over the human being and over society as a whole! And the ruling elite of social parasites does not want these very people to even suspect that they are subject to a powerful controlling influence on their psyche and on those levels that they supposedly do not have! Is it not true that social parasites have devised a cunning system for deceiving people!

So, the psi generators, which I stumbled upon by chance or perhaps not so by chance, belonged to these non-physical methods of influencing masses of people. It was through these essentially criminal psi generators, which cannot be "calculated" with any physical device, that social parasites exerted their anti-human influence on people, forcing them through their subconscious to do exactly what these " puppet masters" of humanity wanted them to do. It is precisely the influence of these (and similar) generators that explains the inadequate behaviour of the masses during revolutions and popular uprisings. Usually, the most strongly influenced by these psi-generators are people with low education and young people, all those who have not had the time or opportunity to go through the phase of development of a rational animal. That is why social parasites, exposing masses of people to the influence of their psi generators, physically eliminate all those on whom these generators have no effect or insufficient effect. All carriers of strong, healthy genetics and highly educated people who have passed through the phase of the intelligent animal, in other words, the cream of the nation, fell under this Procrustean bed. Wherever the "revolutionaries" destroyed the cream of the nation, social parasites were always at work with their psi-generators, destroying some and turning others into biorobots.

When I thought about all this, I was shocked by the lawlessness that was happening openly before everyone's eyes, with one exception: the vast majority of people were not even aware of it. And I understood the reason why, in the Middle Ages, the Christian Church destroyed all witches and healers in Europe, accusing them of black magic and connections with the devil. Where social parasites had already seized power, either openly or covertly, they destroyed those who had the ability to see and possibly understand the parasitic system of mass control they had created. They destroyed the people, and with them the genetics, who had the ability to see other levels of the planet where their psi-control generators were located. They were particularly successful in Western Europe, where the "holy" Inquisition was created specifically for these purposes and... bright fires were lit, on which the servants of "mercy" burned hundreds of thousands of people alive, and over three hundred years - millions. The only fault of most of those burned alive was that they saw, heard, and felt a little more than everyone else. And for the inquisitors, it did not matter whether the burned or the burner sincerely believed in Christ. They had a ready answer for every situation. If it was a good Christian, he was tempted by Lucifer, and in order to save his immortal soul, it was necessary to surrender his mortal body to the purifying fire. Because only fire, according to them, is capable of freeing the lost soul from the clutches of the devil! And if a person has a gift, it is the devil who tempts him, but if a church minister has the same gift, it is a gift from God, and in this way the Lord God shows His power through such people, healing people from physical and mental illnesses. And church ministers who manifest this "divine" gift are declared saints.

It is interesting that if you have a gift and serve the church, you are a saint, but if the same gift manifests itself in a person outside the institution of the church, it is the devil tempting the soul of man Either way, during the Last Night of Svarog, social
parasites destroyed all carriers of genetic abilities to see more than the social parasites wanted. And this was not only during the Middle Ages and the rule of the Inquisition. The militant atheists - the Bolsheviks - physically destroyed the genetic carriers of the ability to see, hear and feel other levels of the planet. The only difference is that the Bolsheviks, generally speaking, did not burn people alive, but shot them. And although there are differences in these methods, and quite significant ones at that, the result is the same – the physical destruction of the carriers of new possibilities. Such unity between the genetic carriers of religious fanatics and militant atheists suggests that both were servants of the same masters — a caste of social parasites who only change their methods according to

the situation, but they have always pursued the same goal - to prevent everyone else from seeing and understanding that they are actually ruled by a caste of social parasites who influence the mind with the help of special psi generators placed on other planetary levels.

These are the "nuts"! As they say, not everything is so simple in the "Kingdom of Denmark".

The fact that these psi-substance generators had a direct influence on social systems and that the social changes that occurred after their destruction were not accidental was proven by the events of 19 December 1989. On that very day, when I turned on the television, I heard on the news that Romania was the only country that had remained faithful to the cause of socialism! Already realising what was happening, I started looking for an undestroyed psi generator and as I expected, I found a psi generator that, in one way or another
The reason was that it had escaped the fate of the others and had not been destroyed during the work in September. When you know what you are doing and what you can expect from your actions, the question is different. Saying to myself, "This is not working well...", I destroyed the last psi generator. Unfortunately, other psi generators were activated in its place, but at that moment it was the last of the active psi generators that ensured the functioning of the "socialist" countries in Europe. And already knowing what would follow the destruction of this psi-generator, I told everyone present at this work how long socialist Romania would last without this psi-generator! It lasted as long as it did. A little more than two days! And it did not help the regime of
Ceausescu created the so-called army of Ceausescu's "chicks". He raised the orphans in a spirit of loyalty to himself. At the same time, he created better living conditions for the orphans, and many of them became employees of the Romanian secret services, but even that did not save Ceausescu's socialist regime from rapid collapse. None of his "fugitives" even spoke out in his defence. No blood was shed except that of Ceausescu himself and his wife! Less than three days after the destruction of the last psi generator of this type, Ceausescu's anti-popular socialist regime ceased to exist - this in itself is incredible, even when you know it had to happen. Or perhaps it is precisely because you know that it had to happen.

So, my unwitting involvement in politics, which happened on 19 December 1987, led to further involvement with all the consequences that entailed. It's strange, but sometimes it happens — you do something that at first glance seems so far removed from politics, and you don't even think about it, but no, it "finds" you, and you end up "face to face" with it anyway. Precisely in order to prevent people like me from entering the political system, their actions destroy the well-established mechanism of oppression and control created on our Earth Midgard by social parasites, who have been destroying the genetic carriers of such properties and qualities for a whole millennium. As practice shows, sometimes it is enough for one "smart person" like me to disrupt the system of enslaving people, which has existed for so long, and to "spoil" the mood of the higher caste of social parasites for a long time. It turns out that a person is also a warrior in the field. And I have never regretted that my research and my own development have led me to understand what is happening on our planet, and I have never regretted that I intervened in the ongoing disgrace. And if the first time I intervened was by accident, the second time and later it was my conscious choice.

19. Patching the hole

December 1989 turned out to be a month full of important events for me. By the end of December, I was "ready" for my first attempt to restore the ozone layer. I developed the following strategy to solve the problem. I had an idea: what if we took the "bad" gases in the atmosphere and " assembled" ozone molecules from their " building blocks"? By " bad" gases, I meant

those that had entered the atmosphere of Middle Earth as a result of "rational" human activity. In this way, the ozone layer problem was solved in two stages. In the first stage
- splitting the "bad" molecules in the atmosphere. In the second stage - synthesis of ozone molecules from the building material that appeared when the "bad" molecules were split in the first stage. Sounds like a good plan. To implement it, I used a flask filled with mercury. I found that when I held even a mercury thermometer in my hand, the synthesis of ozone using my method was much faster and produced more ozone. So I asked my friend Igor from Kharkov, and he brought me a large sealed glass flask with mercury. There was more than a kilogram of mercury in the flask. It was the first time in my life that I had seen such a quantity of mercury. So, taking this flask of mercury in my hand, I began the process. Several people were present, including Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev. They watched the entire process of restoring the ozone layer of Midgard-Earth with their own eyes. And it was not only me, silently doing something with a mercury flask in my hands, but also our planet, around which not entirely "normal" phenomena were taking place. As I influenced them, they saw that the ozone layer of Midgard-Earth began to increase, and this continued until it was restored. My entire influence took no more than five to ten minutes, and then it was over. Outwardly, the world did not change in any way. Everything continued as before. Nothing seemed to have happened. It was entirely possible that I had failed, but that could not be ruled out either. As they say, it's worth a try! Even if it didn't work, it only meant one thing — that I hadn't found the right solution and had to keep looking. But immediately after the strike, I didn't expect an immediate result. It's like healing a person: after the impact, it takes more or less time for the person to get well. I didn't know how long it would take for the result to appear. I had never before carried out an impact of such magnitude on Midgard Earth and did not know how quickly it would manifest on the physical plane. After all, the blocking effect of ([4])within Midgard Earth continued to affect me, as well as everyone else.

I became aware of the existence of a blocking influence within the planet when I managed to go beyond the limits of this influence and discovered that outside Midgard-Earth, my abilities were incomparable to those I could control on the planet itself. But even so, I was surprised at how quickly the result of the influence began to appear. My influence was realised in Moscow, in the Novo-Gireevo district. And the first thing I heard was a report that the smog had completely disappeared in Moscow the next day. This was reported in the news, and even the " reason" for such an unusual phenomenon was explained. It turned out, as reported in the news, that the smog had disappeared as a result of our valiant traffic police carrying out " friendly" preventive measures on car exhaust emissions! But at the same time, all the atmospheric pollution associated with the capital's industry had also disappeared. And it even turned out that carbon monoxide and many other things had disappeared. At that time, I had never heard a more ridiculous explanation. Why say obviously stupid things when you don't know the reason for what happened? Isn't it easier to just report what happened without ridiculous comments?

Some would say that my own comments are even more ridiculous. But one should not jump to conclusions. After all, separating the "bad" gases in the atmosphere was the first part of solving the ozone layer problem, and as absurd as it may seem to sceptics, that is exactly what happened. All that remained was to wait for reports of ozone, which would mean that the second part of the impact programme would also be fulfilled. And soon the news brought another report that huge masses of ozone, whose nature is unknown, had appeared in the atmosphere. This time, our wonderful traffic police were "for some reason" not connected with the appearance of huge masses

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[4] See Nikolay Levashov, "Source of Life-1".

ozone in the planet's atmosphere. They probably did not realise that there was a direct connection between these phenomena. And there was such a connection, only not with the traffic police, but with the programme that I tried to implement during my time in office. And then publications appeared in the media that the ozone hole over Antarctica had disappeared! I received the April 1990 issue of the magazine " Young Technician," which reported that the ozone hole had disappeared without a trace! And as it said there, "nature itself" had found a simple and quick solution to the problem that threatened to destroy all of humanity, and with it all life on the surface of the planet!

It is interesting that sometimes you read the conclusions of scientific "experts" and wonder. The modern children's magazine "Young Technician", issue 4 from 1990, selflessly tells curious teenagers about the reasons for the shrinking of the ozone hole in the following way. It turns out that, according to the "experts," this happened because, as a result of increased solar activity, the oxygen in the atmosphere ionised and formed ozone, which we so desperately needed. The "experts'" explanation is simply astonishing in its absurdity. Of course, it is possible to assume that the journalist, as always, has confused something, but it seems that the explanation of the "experts" was so "clear" that such an explanation of what happened appeared. But if the "experts" do not dispute this explanation later, it means that the journalist has correctly conveyed the opinion of the "experts" after all. Let's understand what lies behind this opinion of the "experts". Perhaps they are right! 1989 was not a year of solar activity, as the "experts" claim. Let's examine this opinion. The Sun has an eleven-year cycle of activity[5] and in 1990, activity was close to its cyclical minimum. In addition, within this cycle, there are local emissions even during solar minima. In fact, the first local peak of solar activity occurred in mid-1989, and the second in early 1991. But the appearance of ozone masses and the disappearance of the ozone hole occurred at the very beginning of 1990, right between these local peaks of solar activity. This is the first inconsistency in the explanations of the "experts," but not the last, nor the most important.

Why did ozone appear more than six months after the minor peak in solar activity in 1989? For some reason, the "experts" do not clarify this issue. The disappearance of the ozone hole is exactly between the local peaks of solar activity in 1989 and 1991. In addition, there is another absurdity associated with this explanation. If we take the " experts'" point of view as a basis, this means that solar activity in 1989 was the same as the total activity of the Sun for 1 .33 billion years. During that time, on top of everything else, there were 120,909,091 eleven-year cycles of solar activity. And for the 4.0 billion years it took Midgard Earth to create a complete ozone layer, there were three times as many cycles of solar activity, i.e. approximately 362,727,273! It took Midgard Earth exactly 4 .0 billion years to create the full ozone layer that the planet had before 1960. Furthermore, let me remind you that the ozone hole over Antarctica arose due to the fact that, as a result of "rational" human activity, the thickness of the ozone layer on Midgard-Earth has decreased by 30%! The question arises: why did nature need more than a billion years to create precisely those 30% of the ozone layer of Midgard-Earth that humans destroyed in 30 years? And during that time, as noted, there were 120,909,091 eleven-year cycles of solar activity! How is the peak of solar activity in 1989 on one of the cycles of solar activity so different from the other peaks of activity that have been on the Sun during and throughout the 120,909,091 cycles of solar activity over these 1.3 billion years? The "experts" do not answer this question " for some reason"; they do not even raise it.

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[5] V.N. Ishkov, E.V. Kononovich, "**Solar Activity**"

question for "unknown" reasons.

And if we simply assume that during the peak of solar activity in 1989, the same thing happened that happened during 120,909,091 cycles of solar activity over 1.3 billion years, this would mean that in 1989 our Sun turned into a supernova with all the consequences that entails. But in 1989 our Sun did not become a supernova, so this version is out of the question. But this version of the "experts" is out of the question for another reason. The fact is that at every peak of solar activity, the power of solar radiation increases, including hard radiation. And all this leads to the fact that oxygen in the atmosphere becomes ionised, in other words, oxygen atoms turn into ions. And oxygen ions **do not create** ozone molecules, which are three oxygen atoms united in one molecule! So, during peaks in solar activity, there is no synthesis of ozone; on the contrary, the loss of oxygen and ozone molecules due to ionisation increases! So, whichever way you look at it, the explanation of the "experts" is nothing but absurd. Of course, it is understandable that they could not have known what I was doing. And if anyone knew, they could not accept it, because for them my version of events was simply out of the question. For them, it was simply impossible to even consider such an approach. It was easier for them to simply produce absolute nonsense, but nonsense that sounded scientific. Later, it became simply bad taste to talk about it. But let's leave that to the conscience of those who do it.

Personally, it didn't matter to me what the "experts" thought about it, if they thought anything at all. What mattered to me was that my experiment had been successful, and what anyone else thought about it was irrelevant to me personally. I followed my own path and did not expect gratitude or recognition from anyone — neither from scientists nor from the humanity I had saved, no matter how grandiose and arrogant that may sound. It was important for me to find a solution to the problem — and I found it! And that was my reward. But at the very end of December 1989, I was still not sure that I had succeeded. Only the first reports appeared that the air in Moscow had been completely cleared of harmful gases, which suggested to me that at least I had managed to break down the harmful gases in the atmosphere. When I learned about this, another idea came to me almost immediately. I thought, why not break down the radioactive contamination of the environment that arose after the Chernobyl accident in a similar way?

Let me remind you that the extraterrestrial visitors who came at my request[6] only separated the plutonium in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor, and when I asked them why they had not solved the problem completely, they replied that they had done what our civilisation could not do on its own, and that the rest was our problem. In September 1987, I did not even try to solve the problem myself for the simple reason that I was not sure I could solve such a problem and that I had everything I needed to solve it successfully. I thought it would be criminal to indulge my ego and try to do something without knowing whether I would succeed or not, as there was no time for trial and error. I had to act immediately and with complete confidence that the outcome would be positive. That is why, after weighing everything up, I decided to turn to my friends for help. And I still think that was the right decision. Even if I could have solved the problem with the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor on my own, I did not consider it acceptable to risk everything and everyone for the sake of satisfying my own ego. I had no doubt about that. I understood perfectly well the degree of responsibility for the situation and saw no point in even trying to do something, wasting precious time, which was very scarce at that time. Besides, I didn't know how long it would take after my request for help for the help itself to arrive, if, of course, I was hoping that I had real contact with the union of civilisations. To my delight, and I think to the delight of everyone else, my "connections" turned out to be real, not imaginary.

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[6] See , Part 9. Through the Thorns to the Stars .

But now, when nothing threatened to explode and blow up the planet with many asteroids, and when I managed to separate the harmful gases from the atmosphere of the first bricks, I decided to try to separate the radioactive substances in the Chernobyl contamination zone. And again - it won't be worse, and maybe it will be better. No sooner said than done, and in early January 1990, I made the appropriate impact and... waited to see what would come of it. And suddenly, in early February, the daily Chernobyl marathon was announced on central television, and the Supreme Soviet of the USSR allocated huge funds for the Chernobyl zone, which had not happened since the disaster in 1986. Many donations were collected from both individuals and companies, but as it turned out later, neither these donations nor the budget funds ever reached Chernobyl. When the Chernobyl Marathon was announced, I thought I had missed something and that the experiment had failed. But soon, some very interesting information began to emerge.

First, Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, who had very close ties to the authorities, informed me that on-site investigations by KGB laboratories had shown that there was no above-normal radiation background in the contaminated areas. An interesting situation arose. Through the same Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, the KGB leadership learned that I had attempted to divide the radioactive contamination of the Chernobyl zone, special laboratories checked the effectiveness of my work and, when they were convinced of the result, quietly and peacefully "organised" the allocation of huge budget funds for clean-up and for the Chernobyl marathon, knowing full well that everything had already been cleaned up as a result of my work. Obviously, on such an occasion, they decided to "warm their hands" on my work, pocketing huge sums of money. They obviously decided to withhold information about my cleanup of the Chernobyl zone, to imitate the appearance of cleanup activities and, hiding behind the secrecy of the methods of cleaning up radioactive contamination, to declare the work successfully completed (there are still no methods for cleaning up except for reburying the contaminated soil).

As a result of this operation, in the best traditions of Ostap Bender, they expected to quietly pocket a large sum of money. They succeeded – they pocketed a substantial amount of money, but they failed to do so discreetly, as they had hoped. They failed to become heroes because they were saved from radioactive contamination. Even before they managed to organise a profane "clean-up", information about the absence of radioactive contamination leaked out and... the inhabitants of the contaminated areas began to return to their homes. They tried to stop them, but nothing worked. On the programme "Vremya" in February 1990, a television journalist exclaimed from the blue screen: "***...if the Geiger counter does not show the presence of gamma, beta and alpha radiation, this does not mean that there is no radioactive contamination...".*** This is the kind of "highly scientific" speech that the television journalist delivered. But he forgot to mention that physics knows of no other methods for detecting radioactive contamination except by measuring the levels of gamma, beta and alpha radiation! These are such "miracles in a sieve".....

So, these Ostap Benders failed to steal money "nicely" at someone else's expense (in this case, mine). They stole the money, but not like heroes, but like ordinary thieves. That's right, there was a lot of fuss about my work in the Chernobyl accident zone cleaning up radioactive contamination. So my work turned out to be successful, and the results brought me both joy and sorrow. Why sorrow? I don't think I need to explain, everything is clear.

* * *

At the beginning of 1990, another interesting event took place, not as large-scale as the others, but no less important. It started with a leaf. Yes, yes, with a leaf from some tropical plant. Someone gave it to me and suggested that I put it in water and keep it there until the leaf took root, after which it could be transplanted into a pot with soil. I decided for myself - why not... I put the leaf in a glass of water. And then an idea came to me

idea. What if I could influence and change the biological coefficient from 10 per cent, as is the case with covered seeds, to 30 per cent, which is not the case with any plant on Earth in Midgard? At that time, I already had a fairly complete understanding of the nature of the evolution of life and the processes in living matter. So I embarked on this experiment quite decisively. I influenced the leaves and... and watched what would happen. The leaf quickly took root in the water, became quite lush, and I decided it was time to transplant the leaves into a pot with soil. I did so and began to observe the further development of events. Quite quickly, another leaf appeared, then another, the leaves of the plant became very succulent and dark emerald in colour, and the underside of the leaves became covered with a whitish down. And in May, the plant bloomed.

I had no idea what would happen to this plant. I planned to consult a botanical reference book and find out everything I could about it. But it turned out that the botanical "reference book" came to me, or rather, a botanist came to visit me. I don't remember this woman's name, but she did me a very important favour. As she was a candidate of sciences, the first thing she did when she saw the flowering plant and named its Latin name, which I again did not remember, was to ask me in surprise: "You have ... it blooms, but it doesn't bloom all the time, only once every **five years!**" When I told her that three months ago this plant was a single leaf placed in a glass of water, she couldn't believe it. I had Polaroid photos of all the stages with dates. The photos showed a leaf in a glass without roots, then with roots, then the leaf in a pot and... the plant itself with fleshy leaves and, of course, the flowering plant. She could see the flowering plant with her own eyes. I explained to her what had happened, but I'm not sure she believed me. But it didn't matter to me whether the botanist believed me. The main thing was that I knew it was true, I didn't need to prove that three months ago it was just a leaf. After all, I had put that leaf in the water myself. For me, the information that this botanist woman gave me was very important. Because with this information, she confirmed the success of my experiment, and even greater success than I had expected. Within three months of my intervention, the leaf had undergone **five years of** evolution**!** It was just wonderful. Such a result — a practical result — along with other practical results, showed that I had managed to stumble upon an unprecedented "gold mine" for understanding the laws of living and non-living nature, and not only to understand these laws, but also to find methods and ways to apply this understanding in practice! And that was just incredible! Every time I succeeded in what I had planned, I felt an incomparable joy that I had succeeded.

When I saw the results of my influence on the leaves, I immediately thought of conducting a somewhat unusual experiment with plants. I thought, what would happen if we covered the entire territory of the Soviet Union with an influence on all cultivated plants in order to increase crop yields several times over? And why not? After all, it would only be beneficial for everyone, I thought. I thought - and I did, and... I began to gather first-hand information, i.e. from people who were directly involved in agriculture. The summer of 1990 was cold and rainy, and I remember how agricultural academics appeared on television and predicted a crop failure. They were preparing everyone for a very poor harvest and telling us to expect the worst, including shortages of bread and other food products. But what a surprise it was for these same agricultural academics when the harvest was at least **three times** greater than in the most productive years. It is true that no one was prepared for such a turn of events, and such a rich harvest could not be harvested in its entirety! But that was already a secondary factor. It turned out that a one-time impact on the territory of the entire Soviet Union was enough to increase the harvest more than threefold! And I didn't even have any real photos of the territory to show this impact. I only mentally visualised the geographical map of the Soviet Union from memory and what I wanted to achieve.

It so happened that the beginning of 1990 was full of joyful events for me. Now I

remember that 23 February 1990 was a Friday. On 25 February, Sunday, elections were scheduled for the President of Russia or the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, if I am not mistaken. So, on Friday, 23 February, Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, leaving my place late in the evening, hinted transparently that major unrest was expected on 25 February. And if I could do something about it, that would be very nice! As far as I could tell from scanning the situation and analysing the information available to everyone, the KGB was preparing a very serious provocation on 25 February. People were being intimidated through newspapers and television with the expected unrest and were advised not to go anywhere on that day. I learned that the KGB was preparing provocateurs who were to lead the crowd and provoke it into rioting with their actions and by firing the weapons issued to them for this purpose at the KGB building and other strategic sites, thus giving the authorities an opportunity to impose martial law in the country and begin repressions. In principle, the success of this operation meant the seizure of power in the country by the KGB's top leadership. I decided to try to prevent the bloodshed. To this end, I created a kind of cap of influence over the entire Soviet Union. It's like that joke about "Müller's cap". So, I created a "cap" with a programme that would block any aggression and any manifestations of cruelty and violence, andьттps://. On 25 February, everything went unusually smoothly.

As it turned out later, on that day, not a single robbery, act of violence or murder was committed anywhere in the Soviet Union! I later received confirmation that the KGB had planned a bloody provocation when I came across the latest issue of the Kommersant newspaper. This issue of Matrov reported that the Kantemirov tank division had been withdrawn to Moscow, hospitals had been placed on wartime footing with large reserves of blood for transfusions, all doctors were at their posts on Sunday, officers from the authorities had gone home with their service weapons, judges had lists of people to be arrested, and so on. All this suggested that the authorities had planned a bloody provocation, and I had managed to prevent it with my influence! And I am very happy about that! I don't know why Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev hinted at possible unrest on 25 February. Perhaps he himself did not like this turn of events and hinted to me, knowing that I might be able to stop this madness. After all, it could have led to civil war, and it is difficult to even imagine the consequences for the country. Or perhaps, on behalf of the same services, he created a leak of information and the KGB wanted to see if I could do something similar and block all those who were working on it with their psi influence. Perhaps both the first and the second were true.

Earlier, Vladimir Sergeev, after I told him that the Chernobyl accident was not an accident, but the result of direct psychic influence on the workers at the nuclear power plant, he once showed me a list of people from Vronsky's group who were working to create a similar situation near Serpukhov, and asked me if I could block their actions. I replied that I would be happy to do so. He then asked me to describe the people on his list. I replied that I saw no need to do so and, moreover, highlighted the names of the people on the list who had worked as KGB informants and told him that he should ask anyone he was interested in and that I had no desire to do so. I had the impression that there were different groups within the KGB that were fighting each other, setting different goals and using different methods to achieve them. And I don't think I was wrong about that. Meanwhile, June 1990, and new twists and turns in my fate awaited me.

20. Life goes on

In May-June 1990, nothing particularly surprising happened in my life. I visited my patients, met with various people and continued to

I reflect on my current tasks. In other words, my typical daily routine. Some may say that it is difficult to call what is happening to me routine, some may consider what is happening to me incredible, some may consider it the ravings of a madman. It all depends on a person's worldview, their ability to accept unusual information, their ability (or lack thereof) to think independently. But when I talk about routine, I am not bragging, I am expressing the essence of what I experienced at that time, no matter how strange it may seem to others. Let me try to explain. Every time I encountered a new problem with human health, I had to solve a new problem for myself. I had to understand the root cause of the human health problem, develop a strategy and tactics for a possible solution, and... find ways and methods to solve the problem. The more complex the problem, the more interesting it was to find a possible solution, and the greater the joy of successfully solving the problem. Very often, I had to rethink many things in my understanding when I had to face not only coming up with a theoretical strategy and tactics for solving a given problem, but also seeing how this strategy and tactics were implemented in reality. And the end result was not always in line with the strategy and tactics I had started with to solve the problem. I observed what happened with this or that impact and saw the effectiveness of my strategy and tactics.

It is very important not to mistake desires for reality. It is very important to obtain reliable information about what is really happening in the human body under this or that influence of the mine. After all, the objectivity of the feedback is the key to successfully solving the task at hand. That is why it is fundamentally important for a person to have accurate information, rather than an illusion of what is happening, which, however, corresponds to the "general plan of the party." The most difficult thing is to remain objective. You want everything to go according to plan, you want so much to think that you have taken everything into account! But it is almost impossible to take everything into account! And if you are not impartial and objective about what you are doing, sooner or later you will break away from reality and "fly" in the clouds of illusions. This is of no use, but the harm is enormous! Self-deception, no matter how "pleasant" it may be and how much it may "warm" the soul, is deadly dangerous and extremely harmful. Why it is deadly dangerous will become clear from my further narrative. In the meantime, I will continue my story...

Only accurate information about what happens in the human body as a result of my influence allowed me not only to solve specific health problems of a given person, but also to develop the habit of not projecting my desires or ideas onto reality, but rather receiving information about what is actually happening under my influence. After all, it is very easy to create a hologram of what you want, and then see it and be satisfied that you have seen what you wanted to see. Such self-deception not only does not help development, but is simply deadly for the dreamer himself. Especially if someone who has discovered this weakness and flaw starts playing along with him and manipulating him. And this is very dangerous not only for the one who has fallen victim to his illusions, but also for everyone around him. It is one thing when a person has fallen into their own illusions, and this will only affect whether the deluded person will help another person with their health or not. This delusion will be unpleasant for the person who, willingly or unwillingly, will be deceived by such a healer of misfortunes who has his head in the clouds.

The consequences are much more serious if a person with natural talent gets carried away by such illusions and tries to do something on a global scale! In this case, many people can suffer, and not only people. Overestimated self-esteem, plus ignorance, can cost everyone and everything dearly. And there have been many examples of this in the past. Not many people know that, for example, the main reason for the catastrophe that happened on our Earth in Midgard 13,016 years ago (in 2007) was the ignorance and excessive ambitions of the magician-rulers of Antony (Atlantis). When these

magicians decided to satisfy their egos and show everyone else their power. They decided to play with the natural elements, having only a superficial understanding of what they were and how they worked. As a result, fragments of the small moon Fata fell on Midgard-Earth and not only caused giant tsunamis and other natural disasters, but also led to a change in the angle of inclination of our planet's axis by 23.5 degrees, as a result of which the entire civilisation of Midgard-Earth was thrown from cosmic heights back to the level of the Stone Age! This may be the price of complacency for a person who has a gift. And that is why it is fundamentally important for a gifted person to learn to obtain objective information about the reaction to the impact they have made.

Some may exclaim in surprise: What does the objectivity of a healer have to do with such global phenomena? As strange as it may seem at first glance, it has everything to do with it! After all, the principle of action of the one who influences does not differ fundamentally from whether the one who has a gift influences the organism of another person or the entire planet. The essential thing is that in both cases the same thing is done consistently:

1. Scanning (receiving information) of the object that will be affected.
2. Analysing the information received.
3. Creating a strategy and tactics for solving the task based on multifaceted analyses.
4. Selecting the right qualities and attributes needed to implement the chosen strategy and tactics.
5. Verifying the availability of the necessary capacity to implement the goal of the chosen strategy and tactics.

And it doesn't matter what the task is! Every action is based on these five "whale" rules. Whether it is a healing action on a person or an action on the forces of nature, each of the above five "whale" rules is decisive. If even one of these "pillar" rules is not true, and all the others are fulfilled exactly, the whole event is doomed to failure! Each of these five conditions **is EQUAL!** In other words, none of them is more important and determines the final result. Only if all five conditions are met honestly and qualitatively is it possible to achieve a positive result from the impact. That is why it is very important to learn to do everything right when working with a person. Ultimately, the systematic approach is the same whether the impact is on one person to restore their health or on the entire planet, as in the case of the ozone layer of our Earth in Midgard. Maximum objectivity and impartiality are the keys to success in both cases. Once you have developed a detailed strategy and tactics for working with one person, you have an effective tool at your disposal for working on more global tasks. Working with a specific person gives you unparalleled experience in dealing with all other possible problems and tasks that await the seeker on his path. Without this experience — the experience of working effectively with a person — it is simply impossible to do anything else. If a gifted but ignorant person tries to tackle a global task without having practised the five "whale" rules, he or she is doomed to failure.

Unfortunately, most people who have a natural gift do not even think about what their gift is. At least, I have not met a single gifted person who has thought about improving their natural gift in any way, about taking it to another level of quality. Almost everyone used their gift blindly, without having the slightest idea what it was and w h a t it was for. As a result, most of them ended up under the spell of illusions about what was happening under their influence and how. The most common mistake of those who possess this or that natural gift is that they almost never understand the root causes of the problems that arise during their influence. For example, most

healers or psychics determine the presence of health problems by the presence of gaps in a person's so-called biofield or "aura". Where there is a "hole" or "bulge" - there is a problem! All you need to do is fill in the "hole" or cut out the "bulge" and... the problem is solved!

In fact, if in one way or another the system returns to a balanced state in a similar way, the person will feel better. He will feel better only for a while, after which his feeling will return to its previous state, i.e. to the illness. The whole point is that the deformation of a person's biofield or "aura" is a consequence, not a root cause! And until the root cause is addressed, no matter how much you "pump" these areas of deformation, they will reappear again and again. It's like a hole in a ship's hull. No matter how much water you pump out, new water will keep coming in! And the incoming water will also increase the size of the hole. And if the pump breaks or cannot cope with the increasing volume of incoming water, the ship will sink anyway! The only solution to the problem is to patch the hole and then pump out the water that has gotten inside! However, in the case of humans, it is necessary to first identify the root cause of the disease, which is the cause of the "breakthrough". Only by "patching up" the root cause of the "hole" is it possible to save the ship-organism from "sinking". But, as I have already noted, most people who have a gift or think they have one are not even aware of this mechanism, and therefore official medicine has a very good "trump card" in its hands.

All this shapes public opinion, which is very favourable to official medicine. And I have many examples of this. I will give one such example from my archive. In April-May 1990, on a weekday, Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev came to me a little earlier than usual and asked me for something. Could I help his boss, who had sciatica and couldn't straighten up when he got out of the car? That day, I finished my meeting a little earlier and agreed to his request.

We got into his Zhiguli and... after a while we found ourselves in the reception room of his boss - at that time Eduard Sagadaev, editor-in-chief of the USSR Studio for Chronicle and Documentary Films. He came out into his reception room and we were introduced. When Vladimir Sergeev explained why he had brought me there, Sagadaev waved his hand and said to me, "Let's have a cognac to get acquainted, it doesn't affect me. No matter how many times Juna tries to do something, he fails..." I didn't explain anything to him, thanked him for the cognac and refused the alcohol, saying that I don't drink at all. Eduard Sagadaev was not offended by my refusal and I continued with what I had come for. In the same reception room, I asked him to take off his jacket and began to work on him. The man was very sensitive. I softened his vertebrae by touching them with my fingers and began to dissolve the salt deposits. After a few minutes, Eduard Sagadaev felt something hot running down his spine, and a large salty stain appeared on his shirt. After a few more minutes, he was able to bend and stretch without any pain or discomfort. He even managed to touch the floor with his fingertips, something he said he hadn't been able to do for a long time. Everything that had happened to him in those few minutes had surprised him greatly. He had not expected anything like this. In his mind, Juna was the number one healer, famous throughout the country, and here was a stranger doing something she had never been able to do. Everyone, and not only in the Soviet Union (as I later found out), strongly believes in the false notion that if you can do something well or very well, the newspapers will write about it, they will talk about it on the radio, they will show it on television. If this is not the case, then you are lying. For some reason, it is believed that any serious achievement by this or that person will be widely reported in the media. And if this is not the case, then you cannot do anything you say. And I have always seen the surprise on people's faces when they are convinced of the opposite.

In the Soviet Union, almost nothing was reported about my results, even though

the authorities were aware of what I could do and what I had already done. And this applied not only to my successes in treating people, but also to my successes in solving the problem of the ozone layer on Midgard Earth and in cleaning up the radioactive contamination from Chernobyl. They knew, but they were in no hurry to announce it. First, not many people knew about what I had already done, and those who did know were in no hurry to share it with others. Second, official recognition of my results was accompanied by many undesirable consequences for the authorities and scientific officials, as it could lead to the need to review many things, and they already knew that blindly controlling me would not work. But I didn't care. Of course, I would have been pleased if people knew what I had done. But the complete silence about my results did not upset me too much. After all, I wasn't doing everything for the sake of getting coverage in the newspapers and on television. I was doing it because my soul demanded it, because I was interested in solving this or that problem. My reward was always that I had managed to solve the seemingly impossible. And when I succeeded, my soul rejoiced and exulted, not because of how "great" I was, but because I had managed to unravel another mystery of nature, to find another " key" to its secrets. For a true scientist, as I considered myself to be, this is the highest reward. Everything else is just a mishmash. If it's there, it's good, and if it's not, it's also good. Ultimately, what matters are the motives that drive a person when they achieve something. There has never been room for vanity and pride among my motives. If you can really do something, then all that is unnecessary and only gets in the way.

My position does not mean that other people's opinions, experiences and understanding are irrelevant to me. I have always respected and continue to respect the opinions and understanding of others. However, I have always believed and continue to believe that a person who expresses an opinion must justify it. Especially when that opinion is contrary to another opinion. In this case in particular, a person must justify and explain their opinion. And if a person does not do this or claims that it is "so" because it is "so", or that they have no right to say so, or that others are not given to understand it, etc., etc., for me this is a signal that the person simply has no opinion and just wants to show off! Of course, there may be a situation in which a person, for one reason or another, has no right to speak about something. But in such a situation, a person should not express their opinion. However, most often, behind the unwillingness to clarify one's position lies... the lack of such a position. Very often, people who possess this or that gift do not understand the essence of their gift at all and use it blindly, and for this very reason, only a small part of this gift. Quite often, the blind use of a gift leads to its loss or transformation into its opposite. Quite often, people only think they have a gift, when in fact they do not. And very often they convince themselves and those around them that they have a gift, explaining the lack of evidence of its manifestation by the "machinations" of the Dark Forces, which constantly put "spanners in the works".

Of course, the Dark Forces are present, and if someone gets in the way of their plans, they don't take it lightly and actively work against that person, but this doesn't affect the manifestation of the gift in the person themselves, if, of course, they have it. Of course, I could give several examples to confirm my words, I could name names, but... I will not do so for one simple reason. I will not "lynch" anyone, even if someone deserves it. My goal is not to expose anyone, but to present my understanding of what is happening to me and to make sense of what has happened and is happening to me. And anyone who reads these lines can draw their own conclusions about what they have read. And let the reader draw their own conclusions, which may or may not be correct... many, but each person must use their own mind, heart, and soul to feel and understand where the truth lies, or at least in which direction to look for it. Too often, people have been forced to express opinions that no one has ever explained to them. My task is not to "brainwash" people, my task is to show others my position, my understanding of what is happening to me and around me, to help others understand what I have managed to understand. To understand through enlightenment with knowledge, not by cramming dead information into

the heads of those who read https://....

So, let's return to my attitude towards the opinions of others. If a person can justify their opinion, even if the justification is not correct, they have the right to express their opinion to others until someone proves otherwise. If it is proven that a person's opinion is based on incorrect conclusions or assumptions, they must change their opinion or find a more appropriate explanation. Otherwise, such a person has no right to their opinion, or rather, no right to impose their opinion on others. Of course, this is my understanding of the matter; some may accept my position, others may not! But I am not trying to impose my understanding on anyone. I am simply presenting my understanding, my view of things, and everyone has the right to accept my position or not! I leave it to the reader to decide for themselves what resonates with them from what I write, and I will continue my story...

Since 1989, I have been trying to find interested parties and companies to manufacture my "psi-toys". I thought that if my devices could help in at least twenty-five percent of cases, that would be wonderful. After all, it would be so wonderful: a person presses a button and the heart starts working again, the scars on it disappear, the functions of other organs and systems of the human body are restored, and there is no need to cut or excise anything, no need to swallow various pills that poison the whole organism and help a little, destroying other organs and systems of the body. To understand that this is the case, it is enough to carefully read the side effects of taking this or that medicine, which are usually described in small print. So, you press a button and... the damaged organ or system of the body is affected and for some time the problem(s) disappear completely or partially without any side effects. And even if not everyone who uses such a device will become completely healthy, if even the development of existing health problems is slowed down and no new ones appear, that is very important and healthy! That is why I tried to find interested parties to set up industrial production of such devices. At that time, there were quite a few people around me who were involved in one business or another. I even provided consultations to some joint ventures, reviewing possible situations, pointing out those deals that could be profitable and where one would not have to worry about being "screwed over." Usually, it was enough for me to look at a person's photo to be able to fully characterise them as a personality, what they had in mind and whether they were a reliable partner.

Sometimes they asked me to provide protection against attacks on the company, and usually everything went smoothly. In other words, I created optimal conditions for business. If the owners of the joint ventures were far-sighted enough to listen to my recommendations after checking my words several times, everything went well. The owners of a Soviet-Hungarian joint venture, convinced of the accuracy of my predictions and the effectiveness of my devices, even came up with the idea of mass production of these devices. On the Soviet side, the co-owner of this enterprise was Sergei, whose surname I no longer remember. He was quite enthusiastic about my technologies and ideas. He invited me to his villa several times for the weekend. He usually picked me up in his new Volkswagen sedan with a turbo diesel engine and we went to his villa, where his family lived all summer. My "vacation" was usually accompanied by many questions about this and that; Sergei turned out to be quite open to new things. He was very interested in space, other civilisations, etc. And so, several Saturdays and Sundays in the summer of 1990 were spent in philosophical conversations.

Anyway, at the end of June, I was invited to Hungary to discuss all the necessary conditions for the production of my devices. In addition, this trip to Budapest was also a kind of thank you for my help to this company.

Since they couldn't afford to pay for my consultations alone, I offered to pay for my group's travel expenses. This support group consisted of two people, whom I began teaching my method. I will not mention the names of these people; later it will become clear why. I agreed with the owners of this joint venture that they would pay for the travel expenses of three people and the passports for themselves and these people. I had to engage my acquaintances to arrange passports for the three. At that time, I was registered in Kharkov, and they had other problems to solve in order to obtain passports in Moscow. Anyway, the passport issues were resolved, the tickets were purchased, and so I and two of my protégés boarded the plane and I left the Soviet Union for the first time in my life!
Although Hungary was still considered a socialist country, at the end of June and beginning of July 1990, it was already very different from the USSR. Sergei's Hungarian partner, whom I already knew, was supposed to meet us at Budapest International Airport. So, we went through border control and found ourselves
at Budapest airport!

Everywhere people speak a foreign language, you don't understand any signs and you can't see the partner who is meeting us. Go wherever you want, the only question is where to go! I decided it would be better to wait a little for the person who is meeting us, it is quite possible that he was delayed on his journey. Fortunately, he did. After about ten to fifteen minutes, a man appeared holding a card with my surname on it. The man who met us spoke Russian fluently and turned out to be the father of Sergei's Hungarian partner. He had lived in the USSR for a long time and therefore knew Russian very well. He took us to a place that neither I nor the others were particularly enthusiastic about, which looked very much like a hostel. He gave each of us daily allowances in forints for two weeks and gave us another seventy thousand forints for the agreed payment. Seventy thousand forints was equivalent to one thousand US dollars in 1990. It is difficult to say whether this was a lot or a little, but as I later learned, the monthly salary for most Hungarians was six thousand forints! So the nearly one hundred thousand forints that each of us received was quite a substantial amount. Our rooms resembled dormitories, but the man who greeted us assured us that in the morning he would move us to a more dignified place. He let us recover from the journey and we arranged a meeting for the morning.

We checked out the place, it was nothing special, and after I had a shower to wash off the road, I went to bed. The next morning, our guide arrived as promised. We loaded up our belongings again and set off for our new place. The new place turned out to be a chic apartment in the estate of a Hungarian aristocrat with a wonderful view of the Danube and close to the famous bridges over the river. The old town was a ten-minute walk away. After showing us around and explaining the most important things, he wished us a pleasant stay and we set off on our first excursion in Budapest. I think Budapest is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. I haven't seen everything, as Budapest was the first European city I visited, but the cities I visited later in Europe and the United States did not make the same impression on me. Of course, I am talking about the old town; the buildings of the new Budapest from the socialist era are not very different from similar buildings in the USSR. The Royal Palace and the Hungarian Parliament building were grandiose and Gothic in style. The Hungarian Parliament building rivalled the British Parliament in its beauty. If my memory serves me correctly, the Hungarians wanted to "surpass" the first-class British at least in this respect, and even the halls of parliament were copied from the English ones. The colour of the upholstery and carpets in these halls was the same as in the House of Lords and the House of Commons of the British Parliament. At least, that was the impression left in my mind.
after the explanations given to us by the mother of Sergei's Hungarian partner. Most of the time we were left to our own devices. Several excursions around Budapest were organised for us, and we even visited a traditional Hungarian village. Everything was unusual and unfamiliar.

The complete lack of understanding of what the people around you were saying and what they were saying

created a very strange effect. The inability to explain yourself to the people around you created a rather helpless effect. I didn't feel mute, but helpless. After all, a mute understands everything but cannot say anything, and for the first time in my life I found myself in a situation where not only could I not say anything, but I also did not understand anything. I must tell you that this is a very unpleasant state of affairs. Fortunately, my host knew Russian very well, so I got at least some idea of Hungary. I had a lot of free time and, together with my companions, I explored the centre of Budapest quite thoroughly. For us, the abundance of shops was incredible. You could buy almost anything, as long as you had money. Compared to Moscow shops in 1990, there was complete abundance. However, in Hungarian terms, it was very expensive, because most Hungarians, as I already mentioned, earned a salary of six thousand forints.

I knew I was going on a trip to Germany, so I decided to spend my money to look decent during the trip. I really didn't want to look shabby in Germany. So I decided to take care of my appearance. I bought a pretty good suit that cost twenty thousand forints, a few decent shirts, some good *Salamander* shoes, a tracksuit, trainers and a good suitcase, which cost me twenty thousand forints! With all my money, I had sorted out my wardrobe. Of course, it wasn't great, but everything I bought allowed me to look decent during my future trip to Germany. I didn't want to feel humiliated by the people I would have to interact with in Germany. Some people might find this approach strange: why spend such " crazy" money (what I spent on my wardrobe was equivalent to about a hundred thousand Soviet roubles in the 1990s)? For me, this money was also a lot; in fact, it was the first time in my life that I had had so much money (for a Soviet citizen) in my hands, and the first time in my life that I had held the currency of another country in my hands. I spent that money and felt no regret at having "parted" with such a "large" sum. For me, human dignity has always been more important than any documents, regardless of the fact that without those very documents, you are "neither here nor there"! Anyway, I had acquired a decent appearance for my future trip to Germany and did not regret spending the money on it at all, and it did not matter to me what other people thought about it. Not because I don't care what others think, but because I have my own understanding of what I need to do and how to do it. I have never imposed my opinion on others, but I have never allowed anyone to impose theirs on me either. I preferred to have my own opinion about everything, which I always justified to myself. So I was prepared for my journey, or so I thought at the time.

My trip to Budapest was not just a holiday. The second purpose of this trip was to organise the production of my psi toys. They showed me my future office, which was located on the premises of some Hungarian institute. The name of this institute slipped my mind almost immediately. I began discussing a joint project for the production of therapeutic psi devices. In my opinion, it was necessary to develop a special device for this purpose. I wanted the shape, colour and electronic functions of the device to fully correspond to its purpose. I wanted it to be a device with a liquid crystal display and buttons, similar to a calculator watch. Pressing this or that number or button with the image of this or that human organ would activate this or that health improvement programme. In fact, I "linked" all these health improvement programmes to a liquid crystal carrier. Due to the lack of a special medium, I used an electronic wristwatch with a calculator, which at that time were flooding all the second-hand shops in the country. I simply used this watch as a basis on which I "imposed" my device, which was created on other levels of reality. After such a "procedure," this watch could no longer be used as a watch; it stopped showing the correct time and behaved unpredictably. The liquid crystal screen of this watch became the basis of my device, which had several levels. To make it more

familiar and convenient for the user, I linked this or that button on the watch calculator to this or that programme for improving human health. Pressing this or that button activated the level of my device, which had a healing effect on this or that organ or system of the human body. The user only had to press this or that button and... and he received the healing effect for himself. At the same time, it was possible to adjust the strength of this effect. To do this, the user only had to press the necessary numbers the required number of times, which corresponded to the optimal level of impact of this device on the person, which was determined practically by the person themselves.

It was very simple, but I used an electronic watch with a crystal dial because I didn't have a device with my own design. In the end, all I needed was liquid crystal and nothing else! But my potential Hungarian partner didn't like this beautiful idea. He told me that there was no need to order specially designed devices if I could buy a large batch of electronic watches with calculators very cheaply and then install the necessary programme on them. Why " reinvent the wheel" when you can do just that? None of my arguments that it would be completely wrong to use a simple electronic watch with a mass-produced calculator were effective, even though I gave a very compelling reason for my position. The point is that for most people it was simply impossible to imagine a situation in which I would "attach" other levels to a liquid crystal that most people cannot see, feel, touch or smell! This in itself was beyond the comprehension of most people. I always found it amusing to observe the reaction of sceptics when pressing one button or another on an electronic watch with a calculator caused the human body to react in a very real way to the influence of something that, according to their understanding, could not exist in principle! According to their understanding, it cannot exist because it can never exist!

Here, too, ordinary mass-produced watches are taken and subjected to some strange manipulations, during which nothing in them, from their point of view, is changed (the mechanical or electronic device of the watch during these actions has not changed in any way, and in mass-produced watches it is impossible to change anything). And suddenly, after these strange manipulations, the watch began to act on the human body after pressing this or that button with a number! And the strangest thing for sceptics was that pressing this or that button had a healing effect on the mentioned organ or system of the body! Both sceptics and non-sceptics tried to find a "reasonable" explanation for this fact. In one case, it was suggested that the effect was not caused by the device, but by me. In another case, it was suggested that the effect was nothing more than self-suggestion on the part of easily suggestible people who, having heard that pressing the button would have a health-improving effect on one or another of their organs or systems, "simply" suggested it to themselves!

In principle, these positions are justified, especially the first one, since the second position is based on the ignorance of its "authors". The fact is that any disease in its chronic phase leads to morphological changes in the tissues of certain human organs. To understand what this is, it is necessary to clarify for everyone what this is - morphological change in tissues. Morphological change in tissues consists of morphological changes in the cells that make up this tissue. Therefore, once we understand the nature of the morphological changes occurring in cells, we will gain an understanding of the nature of morphological changes in tissues and organs. There is very little left to do — to understand what happens in cells during disease! The main cause of almost all diseases are the so-called pathogens. So, what are these pathogens? They are viruses, bacteriophages and bacteria. And what do these simple microorganisms do in the human body to make people sick?! Diseases are caused only by parasitic microorganisms that live inside humans. These parasitic microorganisms live inside humans,

Most often in the intercellular space or in certain cavities and hollows in our body. Viruses also penetrate the cells themselves if their size allows them to pass through the cell membrane. In principle, it is not the microorganisms themselves that cause harm, but the products of their vital activity, which they release into the external environment. The fact is that the external environment for microorganisms is nothing other than the human body. Parasitic microorganisms absorb nutrients and building blocks of organic and inorganic substances from the human intercellular space to sustain their life and reproduction, and excrete their waste products. The waste products of these parasitic microorganisms are active chemicals that begin to penetrate the membranes of human tissue cells and, once inside, alter the chemical composition of the cells.

These chemically active substances, which are unnecessary for the cells, begin to react chemically with cellular inclusions and other organic and inorganic molecules in the cells. As a result of this chemical activity in the cells, irreversible chemical changes occur in the molecules that make up the cells themselves. Cells altered in this way are unable to perform their functions properly. It is precisely this structural and qualitative change in the cells that represents the morphological change of the cell. If such changes have occurred in many cells of the tissue of a particular organ, we can speak of morphological changes in that organ, and such an organ ceases to function properly and we can speak of a disease in the person. Therefore, if a person suffers from this or that disease, especially in the chronic phase, when extensive morphological changes have already occurred in the diseased organs and tissues, **NO SELF-INSPECTION, no** matter how suggestible a person may be, **will** lead to the morphological changes in the cells disappearing and the cells becoming healthy again. This is only possible when the diseased (altered) cells are destroyed and new, healthy (unaltered) cells are created in their place, because only healthy cells are able to function properly. Therefore, no self-hypnosis or suggestion can make diseased cells healthy! Self-hypnosis or suggestion can only cause the diseased organ or system of the human body to work more actively, in a mode of overburning. In this case, a temporary improvement in the person's condition can be expected, but the wear and tear on the organ or system will only be even greater! So this version of the sceptics does not stand up to any criticism.

The version about the possibility of my influence on the person rather than on the device itself really had every right to exist from all sides. But a whole series of experiments made it possible to rule out both this version and the version about the person's self-inspiration. This series of experiments consisted of the device I had created, based on an electronic watch with a calculator, being turned on without my presence, and I did not even know that someone had turned on the device I had created and that some kind of experiment was being conducted with my devices. In this way, the possibility of my influence on a given person, both consciously and subconsciously, was completely ruled out. But that's not all! In order to rule out even the slightest involvement of the test subject, the latter was not even informed that the device was turned on and what could be expected from it. And what a surprise it was for the experimenters when the device's measurements showed a sharp increase in the studied parameters of the human organism, indicating that the organism of a person who knew nothing about the switched-on device actively and very strongly reacted to the influence of my device! So the devices work and their effect is very real, whether someone likes it or not.

But you cannot explain to everyone that a liquid crystal watch with a calculator is only the basis, and that the device exists on other levels that cannot be "felt". For experimental models, ordinary stamped watches were suitable, but for the industrial production of such devices, it was absolutely impossible to

use such stamps! And here are the reasons for this. First, if the device is no different from other stamped watches, this would allow anyone to present them as my psi device and thus deliberately mislead people in order to discredit me, or mislead people for personal gain by presenting ordinary watches as a psi device that looks exactly the same. Second, the external indistinguishability of the psi device from the stamped watch on which the psi device was based allowed any opponent to shout about the "universal deception" of naive fellow citizens. And in such a situation, it would be difficult to prove otherwise, especially if you are not given the opportunity to say a word or simply keep silent about everything you say. That is why, during negotiations with the Hungarians, I made it a fundamental requirement that my device should look like the design I would develop myself, and not in any other way!

There were several attempts to convince me that my assumptions were unfounded, that it would be much faster to produce my psi devices based on existing stamped electronic watches, a large batch of which could be ordered in China for "pennies," and so on and so forth. I saw that these people were only interested in one thing - making a huge profit from my devices, and then - whatever happens, happens! I was not happy with this turn of events. It was important to me that my psi devices helped people. I knew that they could really help, if not everyone, then at least many people, if not to get rid of their illnesses, then at least to alleviate the course of their current illnesses, to prolong their lives - their active lives. They offered me outright hacking work, a quick way to make money and... That's it. That's what I didn't like. I don't want to say that I wasn't interested in the money, I would have found a way to use it. But money has never been my main goal. In this project, my goal was to make a mass-produced psi device that would be accessible to everyone and really help people heal themselves. That was the main goal for me, and the money I earned in the process was just a bonus, a bonus that was far from my main goal. And that doesn't mean I was a completely selfless person. During the events described above, I was travelling to foreign apartments in Moscow, while my one-room flat in Kharkiv stood empty and had not even been renovated after I received it. I was already working on the manuscript of my first book, The Last Appeal to Humanity, and money was needed everywhere.

No one ever came and said: No one came and said, "You are doing a necessary, good deed — here is some money, and don't worry about anything else..." People came to get something from me — either health, or my knowledge, or new opportunities, etc. In practice, there were no people who asked me how they could help me, and there was not a single person who came and offered money for my developments and projects. On the contrary, many people wanted to make money from me and made money from my work, as they did after I cleaned up the radioactive contamination in Chernobyl in early 1990, as happened after the restoration of the ozone layer of Midgard-Earth, and from much smaller deeds, they made money from the people I helped for free, while the "caring" intermediaries squeezed money out of them, supposedly for me. What was missing was simply someone coming and offering their financial assistance. That's how I realised that if I wanted to realise my dreams and projects, I had to earn the money to make them happen myself. I didn't consider money earned honestly through my own labour and sweat to be dirty. But despite the fact that I needed money, how that money "smelled" was very important to me. Many times in the USSR, I was offered "manna from heaven" if I agreed to engage in this or that "small" business, which I considered "useless" to do! In principle, I could have done what they offered me, but I refused not because I couldn't do something, but because what they offered me contradicted my life position, everything I had dedicated my life to. I was well aware that by refusing certain offers, I might be signing my own death warrant, but my answer remained the same, even though at the time I did not know if I would be able to resist in this war against the forces I was refusing. I simply

I hoped that I would be able to find a method that would prevent these forces from taking revenge for my refusal. And this is not bravery, I really did not know whether my home methods would be effective, and very soon life gave me the opportunity to test my assumptions in practice. But more on that a little later...

So I was unable to reach an agreement with potential partners who were only interested in quick "foam" and the opportunity to make money off me. I was surprised by the fact that they didn't want to organise everything seriously and make a steady profit, rather than a one-off sum. Their plans did not include a creative business, but only a parasitic one. To speculate with my psi devices and get away with it. Speculation was extremely profitable for them because they had minimal costs, as I was the only one who produced psi devices and could create millions of such devices at once. That's what made my project so attractive to them. Perhaps they themselves did not believe that my psi devices really worked, even though my devices had already worked and helped many people, and laboratory tests had shown that they were extremely effective. In any case, nothing came of my wonderful idea to create industrial production of therapeutic psi devices. Once they realised they would not be able to make money from me, my "partners" quickly lost interest in me, even though there were brilliant prospects for a creative business. Just before I returned to Moscow, my companions and I were paid the remaining amount for the services I had provided earlier, and I returned to Moscow!

In principle, despite the failure to establish a joint production base for manufacturing health-improving psi devices, my first trip abroad was successful. I gained some experience in communicating with foreigners in their home country. Getting to know Budapest and its surroundings served as a kind of adaptation to the abundance in the shops, which the inhabitants of the USSR had never even dreamed of. In the end, we spent the first few days with our mouths open, literally and figuratively, at the unusualness of our surroundings. In the end, practically all USSR residents at that time who travelled abroad were shocked to a greater or lesser extent by what they saw. The frightened, uncertain and confused look on the faces of the inhabitants of the USSR could be seen almost instantly. In any case, I returned to Moscow with new experiences and new skills. There was still more than a month to go before the trip to Germany, which had been talked about for quite some time. On the German side, the invitation came from a businessman named Norbert Stoyler, if my memory serves me correctly. His company performed intermediary functions and he was very interested in a number of my projects.

Part of July and the whole of August passed in the usual way, with the exception of one event. At the end of August 1990, the central television station filmed several reports on my topic. Vladimir Sergeev organised a studio recording of my conversation with Boris Katargin and with journalist Mikhail Dekhta and his wife. Let me remind you that Mikhail Dekhta was a journalist who, along with a group of other people, came after the press conference of the Folk Medicine Foundation on 29 March 1989, where I spoke and talked about the possibility of a qualitative transformation of the human brain, which opens up absolutely incredible opportunities, and about the possibility of solving the problem of the ozone hole in Midgard-Earth. In addition to Michael himself, his wife Elena also underwent a similar transformation, and after the transformation she had an amazing vision. Mikhail Dehta did several radio interviews with me, which were broadcast in the USSR and on foreign programmes in Russian. Soon after, he was sent as a journalist to an African country. In August 1990, he and his family were on holiday in Moscow, and our paths crossed again. He told me an interesting story that happened there, and it is related to... my toy psi. At the very beginning of my work with him to transform his brain, he asked me to help him quit smoking. To do this, I took his watch, a simple mechanical watch, and used it to make a psi device that would block his desire to smoke. This device had an effect on him, and then...

he stopped smoking. As he later told me himself, when he arrived at his new job in Africa, he met other members of the Soviet mission. He told one of his new acquaintances about the watch and how it had affected him. His new acquaintance, upon hearing his story, asked him to give him the watch, and here's why. His wife was a heavy smoker, and he couldn't get her to quit. But the most unpleasant thing for him was that his wife refused to stop smoking under any circumstances. After receiving the "magic" watch, he gave it to his wife. And that's when the most interesting part began. After putting the watch on her wrist, his wife lost all interest in smoking. Her body turned out to be quite sensitive to the influence of this psi device, and while it was working, she completely lost the urge to smoke. She would usually take out a cigarette and... put it away. The reason for this "strange" behaviour was not clear to her at all. This continued until one day she forgot to put the gift on her husband's arm. When she found herself on the street, she sat down on a bench, took out a cigarette out of habit and started smoking as if nothing had happened. Her joy knew no bounds: she was finally well! She returned home joyfully, but she could not smoke at home. She conducted an experiment and found that she could smoke again at a certain distance from home. Closer than that boundary, she could not smoke again. She connected all this with her husband's " gift" and... gave him a good life. This is the curious story that Mikhail Dehta told when he returned to Moscow.

Incidentally, he gave the watch to an acquaintance and started smoking again. The most interesting thing about this story is that the woman did not even suspect that the seemingly ordinary watch was a psi device, and yet, being sensitive enough, she reacted to the blocking desire to smoke through the influence of my psi device. It is also interesting that this woman found that the effect of my psi device has an impact on people within certain limits, and thus we can talk about the radius of action of my psi device. According to my understanding, the blocking radius of my psi device depends on the level of sensitivity of the person. The more sensitive the individual, the greater the radius of action of the psi device. This unexpected blind experiment provided further confirmation of the reality and effectiveness of my psi devices. In addition to this interesting fact, Mikhail Dehta told the camera how in 1989 "scientists" reacted to his request to comment on my statement at a press conference that there are non-technical methods for restoring the planet's ozone layer, when a person, with the power of their consciousness, with the power of their thoughts, can try to restore the ozone in the atmosphere destroyed by civilisation. The director of the Institute of Earth's Atmosphere and Ionosphere refused my request to comment on my statement, saying that he would not even give a negative comment on the matter, because in that case his fellow "scientists" might think that he was taking such a statement by a madman seriously, and he values his scientific reputation (those who wish to can hear this for themselves by watching the video posted on my website www.levashov.info).

By August 1990, the ozone hole over Antarctica had disappeared, as reported by the media. But neither the Soviet nor the foreign media "for some reason" reported the reason why this happened. When I spoke about the possibility of solving the problem with the planet's ozone layer, I was declared crazy, and when I restored it and it happened as I had said beforehand, the "scientific" reputation of a scientist was "for some reason" ignored by the director of the USSR Institute of Atmosphere and Ionosphere and everyone else. I am not at all offended by this reaction from the "scientists" who have appropriated the right to absolute truth. To a certain extent, I understand them. But my understanding lasted only until the moment when they themselves, with the help of their instruments, received confirmation that the ozone hole over Antarctica had completely disappeared at the very beginning of 1990, which means a 3 0 % recovery of the ozone layer destroyed by technocratic civilisation.

The middle ground, and the "scientists" knew they had nothing to do with it, if only because it was simply impossible to do with the existing technical means. And nature itself is not capable of creating such a thing! The only "explanation" for what happened was published in the magazine "Young Technician" No. 4 of 1990, if my memory serves me correctly. In that issue, they wrote the experts' opinion on why the ozone hole disappeared in early 1990. It turns out that, according to the "experts," the disappearance of the ozone hole was due to the fact that, as a result of solar activity, the oxygen in the atmosphere was ionised and formed... ozone, which was extremely insufficient. This is an astonishingly stupid explanation. But, strange as it may seem, this explanation was " swallowed" by scientists and everyone else who does not consider themselves scientists, but nevertheless almost all of whom have graduated from high school. Sometimes one just wonders what people do in schools, colleges and universities. After all, the essence of ionisation and ozonisation is explained very simply and clearly even in a school textbook, and they have nothing to do with each other and even represent opposite chemical processes. Of course, I could have commented on this myself in my television interview, but I decided that it would be appropriate for the event to be commented on by a reputable scientist recognised in scientific circles.

I had such a learned husband, in the full sense of the word. He was Boris Ivanovich Katargin, Doctor of Technical Sciences, Deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, one of the main developers of Energia, who himself witnessed the events described. I am extremely grateful to this man for his courage to say what he knows. I met him by chance; he had heart problems, and people who knew him turned to me and asked me to help him. He started coming to see me, and I quickly normalised his heart function. He turned out to be a very interesting person who was interested in many things, both during my work with him and afterwards, and we talked about many topics, many of which were far beyond what the average person is used to. He did not even try to mention that he was a doctor of science, etc., and who was I to talk about these or those problems. He was genuinely interested in my understanding of this or that natural phenomenon, we discussed various aspects of these phenomena, and I was pleased to see that there are still people for whom truth is above arrogance and ambition, that there are real scientists. Very often, other people were present at these conversations, including Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev. Therefore, when the question of a television interview arose, I had no doubts about whom to turn to with a proposal to participate in such an unusual interview. Boris Ivanovich did not refuse, gave a full interview and said much more than I even expected from him. From my point of view, he showed not only scientific courage, but also simple civic courage. During the interview, he also mentioned a project that we had discussed with him and many others. It concerns the taming of hurricanes.

During our conversation, you once mentioned that it would be wonderful to use artificial satellites in real time to continuously and directly monitor the formation and development of a hurricane, and then to begin to influence the hurricane in order to neutralise it. In principle, this was possible even then, but neither in the USSR nor later in the United States could such an experiment be carried out. And although in 2002 I accidentally conducted my first experiment to neutralise a hurricane, I was unable to carry out the experiment according to the plan that Boris Ivanovich Katargin and I had discussed back in 1990. (For those interested in this aspect, I recommend reading my article "Taming the Rebellious" on my website). And although in 2004 the American side promised to fulfil my requirements for the work, it never did:

For now, let's go back to August 1990. The material was filmed in a television studio, but... it was never broadcast. Someone really did not want this information to become public. But I still have the tape with the recording of this interview, and those who wish can see it on my website www.levashov.info.

21. Hello, Germany

In August, my trip to Germany was finally decided. They insisted that I come to Germany alone, but I insisted that a few more people come with me, and my conditions were accepted. I decided to take with me two people from Moscow, whom I had begun to teach the basics of the work relatively recently, in 1989, and one person whom I knew from Kharkov and who was one of the first to undergo a brain transformation. The first two were called Sergei and Vladimir, and the third was called Igor. I am deliberately not mentioning their surnames; later it will become clear why. I went to Hungary with the first two, and the third asked to come with me when I went to Kharkov in early August to get my driving licence and met some of the guys from that first group, in which I had my first quality brain transformation.

The reason I insisted that a few more people come with me was very simple. I knew very well that if I wanted to carry out my plans, I needed people I could rely on and who wouldn't stab me in the back at the most inopportune moment, although there was no such thing as an inopportune moment for betrayal. I decided to test the reliability of these guys. In principle, this was the main reason why I took Sergei and Volodya with me to Hungary a little earlier. And even during that trip, some aspects began to emerge that made me a little cautious, but I did not focus my attention on these "moments" for one simple reason: I had to see the true face of each of them. Of course, I could have considered all the possible options and drawn my own conclusions (which I did with confidence), but I have always believed and continue to believe that one should not deprive a person of the opportunity to do the right thing until the action itself is taken. A person should be held responsible for their actions, not for their thoughts about a possible action. After all, there is a small chance that a particular person will do the right thing at the last moment, even though they had previously thought wrongly. And even though such a miracle does not happen very often, one should not deprive oneself of such a chance. That was and is my belief, but I did not have time to wait long. So I developed my own psychological method, the essence of which is very simple.

I was aware that if I reacted openly and externally to certain aspects of a person's behaviour, it would not lead to anything good. If a person would benefit from being around me for one reason or another, showing my dissatisfaction would only make them more cautious. And I didn't want to constantly watch and control the people around me; I wanted to trust them and be sure that they wouldn't stab me in the back. To clarify things as soon as possible, I decided to simply observe the behaviour and actions of these people, making a mental assessment for myself, giving them a "mark" of one kind or another. And then, when the picture became completely clear, I would give each of them a decision. In this case, without seeing a negative reaction on my part, the person would show their true colours much more quickly. That was my idea, and I began to implement it.

I began actively preparing for the trip, Stoilers sent invitations to all the people I had requested, and things began to get busy with applications for visas to Germany. In 1990, it was already possible to submit everything necessary for visa registration and, for a considerable fee, all the problems with visa registration would be " taken care of" for you by others. When my ward arrived from Kharkiv, it turned out that he did not have a foreign passport. Again, obtaining a passport quickly was not a problem if this desire was backed up with a certain amount of money (at that time, there were already official OVIR cooperatives that did all this quickly). The Kharkiv "competitor" "accidentally" had no money for either a passport or a ticket. Without saying anything, I paid for everything myself and made a mental note. Perhaps he was in a difficult situation; anything can happen in life, and travelling to another country is not an everyday occurrence. Why not help the man, I thought.

It was me, but I started to look at it carefully. Anyway, they all had passports with German visas and tickets for a flight from Moscow to Frankfurt am Main on 30 August 1990, if my memory serves me right. And so the four of us crossed the border and passed through customs control. It is also interesting that my departure for Germany was filmed by a film crew who attended the press conference of the Folk Medicine Foundation and witnessed my statement about the restoration of the planet's ozone layer. Strange as it may seem, they had not forgotten what I had said and what happened to the ozone layer afterwards. We boarded the plane and flew into the unknown. At least for me, a new chapter in my life began, bringing both new disappointments and new joys, as happens in the life of every other person.

At Frankfurt am Main Airport, we were met by Norbert Schötler and his Russian interpreter. We were all seated in a minibus and set off. What immediately caught my attention was the cleanliness. Not a single piece of paper, everything was so clean and tidy that from a distance it even seemed artificial. The houses looked like toys, as if they had been painted. We all stared around, amazed by the cleanliness and order that surrounded us on all sides. First of all, we were struck by the roads. The car was driving on the motorway, and the road surface was so smooth that it felt like the car was flying through the air. No potholes, bumps or unevenness. You had to close your eyes and immediately you had the feeling that the car had stopped and was not moving anywhere. Only when you opened your eyes did the feeling of movement return. After our roads, the German roads seemed unreal. Small towns flashed by along the road, and for several hours we drove almost exactly south.

We were accommodated in a small hotel in the small German town of Mülaquer, not far from the host company's office. Norbert Schötler himself lived not far from the office, in a small, neat, single-storey house, as it turned out later. After a short rest following our journey, we set off on our first excursion, walking up and down the street where our hotel was located. The town was small, at the foot of the Alps. The hotel stood on a small mountain stream, which, to our surprise, had trout and crystal clear water. The ruins of fortress walls and watchtowers could be seen on the hills. We found ourselves in a part of Germany that the Germans call the Black Forest. The nature in the surrounding area was impressive. The day after our arrival, we went to the company's office and began discussing the action plan. Mr. Scholler had planned a whole series of meetings and, of course, the topic of treatment came up. I was asked to take care of his sons, his mother-in-law and father-in-law, and several acquaintances. In addition, his Russian interpreter, Irina, knew many Russian Germans, many of whom wanted my treatment. I again talked about the possible intersections of our interests, the possibility of creating certain types of psi devices and new products with my "additives" that might be of interest to German industrialists. We planned a meeting with the management of t h e Porsche automotive concern to discuss a psi device that reduces exhaust emissions, increases engine power, and creates conditions for complete combustion of the fuel mixture. Several tests of these devices have already been conducted with encouraging results.

In addition, Norbert Schötler negotiated with a shampoo factory for new products based on my methods, A meeting was also planned with the Minister of Medicine for the Black Forest region, as well as with the directors of what was then the only private institute for parapsychology in Germany, located in Frankfurt am Main, and with doctors working on the AIDS virus. There was also a meeting with German billionaire North Bauling, whom I had met in Moscow before arriving in Germany, where even then he was interested in my abilities to treat many diseases that were considered incurable from a medical point of view. This was the initial plan for this trip. Another issue that came up when we were talking about the plan and goals for my visit to Germany was setting up a joint venture. None of us

He knew German and helped us a lot, especially in the beginning, the husband of the translator Stoyler. Because she was almost always busy in his office. In his free time from official meetings, he showed us around German cities and served as a liaison between us and everyone else. My preparation for the trip to Germany was not in vain. Everything I had learned in Hungary was very useful, as I had to dress according to protocol for serious meetings and not embarrass myself. But there was one small problem. My fake from Kharkov had "accidentally" not brought a suit, and he had no money. I had no choice but to buy a suit for him too. Unexpectedly, he chose a suit for himself, which "ate up" a large part of my currency "reserves". I didn't mind spending the money; I thought that I and " my" people had to look decent, and that was more important than any amount of money. And all my companions agreed with me on this, as long as it was my money. But all this was in good times. I wanted to see how those travelling with me would pass the money test.

After a while, I had several patients. The fact that I had achieved something in the USSR did not interest the Germans at all, and I saw how distrustful they were of my words about the possibility of treating certain diseases. That is why I decided to ask my patients to pay me a few pennies for my work, just to attract people and show that I could not only talk, but also do what I said. I could have puffed myself up like a "turkey" and said that I should be paid a lot of money for my work, etc., etc. But I thought that this approach was tactically wrong, and I decided to do exactly as I described. I needed to prove that I could really do something, and then I could set my own terms, having effective arguments at my disposal. That's what I decided, and that's how I started acting. My first patients were Russian Germans, most of whom didn't have much money. So I set a minimum fee of 100 marks per session. And this strategy had its effect. People who felt my influence began to believe that I could really do something, and they started telling others about it. After a while, I opened a " reception" in Scholler's office and saw ten to fifteen people a day, and although not all of them paid me for my work, after about ten days in Germany I received my first payment.

From that moment on, things became a little easier, as there were not only current expenses but also income. I did not exclude myself and shared everything equally with everyone. My "popularity" as a healer spread quite quickly, first among the Russian Germans and later among the "German" Germans. I never sat on anyone's doorstep, so financial independence was desirable for me, allowing me to maintain my personal independence. The host country was also very pleased with this situation, because in this case it drastically reduced the costs for my group. That is why they supported and helped in every way to organise my work. If necessary, Stoiler's translator helped me with translations for my "German" Germans. There was a trip to the Porsche car company, but the engineers there were not interested in my proposals. For them, everything they did not understand provoked rejection and hostility. With their "German" brains, they could not understand how a device that was not directly connected to the car's engine system could have any effect on the car. For the disciplined minds of German engineers, this proved to be an unsolvable problem. As it turned out, this was not only true for German engineers! Anything that does not fit into the picture of the universe recognised by the "luminaries" has no right to exist, even though it exists and really works, but these are insignificant " trifles" that you can turn a blind eye to and then find peace of mind.

However, I gained new experience in communicating with foreigners. Ultimately, I perceive many things telepathically. And telepathic perception has no language barriers. You simply tune in to your conversation partner and perceive very specifically what they are thinking, what questions excite them, and so on. Of course, at that time, I did not fully understand this whole mechanism. However, many people have told me that I have started to give answers to

many questions even before they have been asked. For this reason, I sometimes find it difficult to separate thoughts that have been expressed aloud from those that have not yet been expressed. For me, once they arise in my head, they have already been expressed, which for most people is far from clear-cut. Of course, I don't "get inside the head" of every person I meet. I believe that the contents of the brain are a personal matter for each individual, regardless of their position, beliefs, or disbeliefs! But when you have a conversation with a person or a group of people, you inevitably tune into their thoughts and begin to construct your explanation from the positions that are most understandable to that person. That is why my explanation of the same phenomenon is never repeated, not because I cannot repeat the same thing, but because different people have different levels of education, different analytical abilities and different capacities for accepting new things. The old foundation cannot simply be removed from the brain, even though it is untrue. It is necessary to find areas of perception in the old foundation of a particular person that are present in both the old and new foundations. And through these unique bridges, which provide a new explanation for what is already present in the person's brain, we can proceed to build the springboards of the new foundation, which gradually begins to replace the old one. At the same time, it is impossible to do this too abruptly, since the brain of each individual has its own limits of flexibility. Crossing these limits does not lead to anything good. If you want to achieve enlightenment through knowledge of a specific person, this is the only correct way.

When explaining to a group of people, one must "go through" all the variations of people's perceptions and build one's explanation strategy so as to reach as many people as possible. In this way, one unconsciously slows down the speed of enlightenment by targeting the majority, even though some listeners are ready for more. And then, in order not to target those who are less ready, it is often necessary to apply the method of transmitting "insidious" knowledge. Of course, there is no such thing as "insidious" knowledge, but in certain situations, if it is necessary to give understanding to a person or group of people while others are not ready for such information, I usually do the following. I say everything I think is necessary to say, and each person retains what they are ready for, while the information they are not ready for is simply not registered by the brain, and the person does not even remember anything that was said. This method has proven to be very effective, as it is simply unrealistic to conduct individual training with each person, and so everyone gets what they are ready for. That is why people who have listened to the same lecture of mine will receive a completely different depth of understanding of the same information, but the most important thing is not the different understanding, but the same understanding. At the same time, each person assimilates this information at their own level of readiness, depending on the degree of readiness and capabilities of their brain. And everything that is "unnecessary" for a given person is simply forgotten or, rather, not even perceived by that person.

Similarly, if there is an "unknown" among the listeners, whether a provocateur or an "enemy agent," his negative agenda is erased from his memory. He "simply" forgets his task, and the recording devices record "white noise"! Later, we often heard from such people that "for some reason" they had not recorded anything, that their equipment had broken down " at an inopportune moment," etc. They had no idea why **ONLY** their equipment had broken down and only they had "forgotten" important information. It turned out that in Germany it was absolutely . So all the phenomena I listed above did not depend on the language the person spoke. Of course, I realised most of this later, when I lived in the United States for a long time, but I will talk about that later. For now, I will return to Germany in 1990...

Unable to understand how my devices worked, Porsche's engineers did not even dare to experiment. But, as they say, free will is the salvation of the saved. The next meeting was with the leaders of what was then Germany's only Institute of Parapsychology, located in

the vicinity of Frankfurt am Main. As far as I remember, we arrived a little early and went to the nearest café together. And here we are, politely invited to the conference room, and the meeting begins. The meeting began with the director of
this institute and his assistant proudly and pompously told everyone present about their "achievements", the essence of which was that they give lectures on various parapsychological phenomena that occur in the world. They did not conduct any research of their own. Pleased with themselves, they condescendingly gave me the floor, and I, in my naivety, thinking that my information would be at least interesting to them, began to talk about my achievements and results, results confirmed by practice.

Imagine my surprise when, as I told them about this, their faces grew increasingly sombre. They completely "faded away" when I told them that I had discovered a method for transforming the human brain, after which a person gains new abilities that have always and in all ages been considered a divine manifestation or a temptation of the Devil! I explained that a person acquires the ability to see the internal organs at any level and even control this process, to move into the past, present and future, to influence natural processes at almost any level, and so on and so forth. I concluded my speech by offering to organise my school for Germans on the basis of their institute. That was the last straw for them. The director immediately waved his hand and, with uncharacteristic German emotionality, began to convince me that no one in Germany was interested in all this and that no one was interested in such a restructuring of the brain! This reaction surprised me, but it greatly upset Norbert Stoyler. I could see that he doubted whether he had done the right thing in inviting me to Germany. He became even more disheartened after their response to the question about my upcoming meeting with the Minister of Health of the Black Forest the next day. Our "leading parapsychologists" in Germany began to convince us that medicine in Germany did not recognise anything like this, that they themselves had problems with doctors and therefore strongly recommended that we cancel the meeting before it was too late!

The next day we went to a meeting with the Minister of Health. Our hosts were not particularly happy; they were already certain that the meeting would have negative results. But despite this, the meeting took place. The Minister of Health turned out to be a short old man, and he was accompanied by his assistant. We began the conversation with the problems of modern medicine, the wrong approach of doctors to the essence of diseases, etc., etc., and, to my surprise, he understood everything correctly. We began a normal, productive conversation about urgent problems. I told him about my methods, and he asked me, if possible, to demonstrate my method of diagnosis and treatment. I did a full scan and conveyed my understanding of the processes taking place in his body. He was very surprised by what I told him, and after that, the conversation became even more friendly and warm. He informed me that alternative medicine had recently appeared in Germany and recommended that I contact the chairman of the alternative medicine association. He gave me his phone number and said that he would contact him himself and explain the situation. After such a welcome from the Minister of Health of the Black Forest, the mood of the hosts improved. The minister may have been a narrow-minded person, but that would not change the essence of what I was saying and doing. It was disappointing to see the reaction of the host, who was not really interested in the truth and the real benefits of my work and achievements, but in how certain officials would react to all this! They were primarily interested in the opportunity to make money from all this, and what was or was not true and right was not so important. Business is business!

Anyway, shortly after meeting with the Minister of Health in the Black Forest, we set off on a beautiful road surrounded by stunning nature to meet with the president of the German Association for Alternative Medicine. This centre was located on the shore of a large mountain lake on the border between Germany and Switzerland. The small town on the German shore was very clean and tidy, like all the towns I had seen in Germany. The mountains and the large lake gave this town a special charm. The meeting was

very successful, and we agreed in principle to further cooperation. The meeting had already been partly arranged by a phone call to this person from the Minister of Health himself. We even discussed possible points of contact, but it so happened that I lost touch with these people after I moved to another apartment in Moscow, and those who knew my contact details and who were known to the German side did not deem it necessary to inform me that I was wanted by the Germans. Apparently, once they realised they would not be working in my team, they decided it was not worth looking for me. It would not have worked for them! But more on that later.

Meanwhile, everything is going as usual. The planned meetings are taking place, I am working with my patients, and in my free time we are exploring the surroundings of the city and going on organised trips to local attractions. The husband of Norbert Stoyler's interpreter, Vladimir, had a lot of free time and showed us around the cities and shops of southern Germany. When I had patients, the "competitors" who came with me, unaware of their participation in the competition or of the competition itself, were quite relaxed at first, until I started paying them. As soon as they saw that my income exceeded my expenses, their mood deteriorated more and more with each passing day. Especially when several of my patients paid me for ten sessions. Seeing so much money in my hands, which they immediately converted into rubles, their "patience" broke down. They also wanted to receive money, but none of them had treated people in the USSR, even though I had repeatedly recommended that they start treating people, which was and is the most important condition for the development of every person. After all, the strategy and tactics of treating a specific person are no different from solving any other problem, the only difference is in the problem itself. For beginners, working with people is the best way to quickly and effectively master my methodology. But in the USSR, they were not particularly eager to do so, finding many reasons not to learn from treatment. The main reason, in my opinion, was that they did not want to spend their time studying the human body and practising treatment because they did not want to work just to gain experience. And people would not pay them without proof that they could do something, not just talk.

In any case, they do not seek treatment in their home country, but when they come to Germany, "for some reason" they "suddenly" feel this desire, which they explain by the fact that they are tired of sitting around for days doing nothing. When I asked them why they had not pursued medical practice in the USSR, and now, without experience or results, they had expressed such a desire, the answer was that they were not interested in money, they "just" wanted to help people, but "for some reason" this desire had only appeared among the local residents of Germany. The real reason for this "unexpected" enthusiasm was clear to me! But I didn't tell them that, and I trusted their words that they would "treat" people for free. They immediately agreed. It was important for me to see how far their greed would go and how many of my "ticks" they would get as a result. So I asked the translator Irina to send a few of them, but not to me, but to them. That's how they "got" their first German patients. By that time, we had already moved from the hotel to the house of a German acquaintance of Stoilers, with whom I had a barter agreement. The cost of our accommodation was deducted from my payment for treating his family. By that time, rumours of my healing successes had already spread among the Germans, and my "bodyguards" decided to take advantage of this, as few people knew my name, but they knew that the Russian healer performed miracles of healing. That's what they played on, pretending to be this Russian healer. It also helped that there were rumours that several "healers" had come with me. They had, as they thought, the "tenacity" of businessmen and were not fooled by anything. From their very first "patients," they began charging two hundred marks per session, instead of "learning" to treat people for free, as the owl from the animated film "Winnie the Pooh" said. "For some reason, they were getting two hundred marks per session, and later even more. They started doing the 'right' business!

I don't need to explain to everyone what the results of this "treatment" were, but they weren't interested in it at all. The only thing that interested them was how much currency they could grab for themselves, and the fact that they discredited everything I had started to build in Germany did not interest them at all. Seeing such a transformation, I even regretted insisting on their trip to Germany. But at the same time, I was glad that these people had started to show their true colours so quickly. I was in no hurry to dot t h e ***i's and cross the t's*** for one simple reason: I wanted everyone to reveal their true colours completely, but in the meantime, I quietly noted mine. And this tactic worked very well! It turned out that these people were not free from greed, and that made me very sad. When you put your labour and your soul into someone, you want to believe that this person will follow a bright path and be your colleague in the cause. But very often it turns out that many people say beautiful words just to get what they want and what they cannot get in any other way! Every time you encounter something like this, you feel real pain and regret that the person has chosen not the path of development and creation, but the path of consumerism and personal gain, which sooner or later leads to the camp of social parasites. Why is man so weak and so easily succumbs to the temptations offered by the Dark Side? After all, everything that the eternal seducer offers to man is so insignificant and primitive! And man is ready to replace himself as a creator in the name of useless trifles!

Either way, many people "buy" these or those "shiny things," quickly forgetting the popular saying - not all that glitters is gold! And for that, you don't need anything
— don't rush to sign a "contract with the devil". After all, the "devil" gives nothing for free, and if he gives something, he takes back incomparably more. Is it so difficult to understand and at least think about what I have that the "devil" needs so much? It is not my soul, otherwise the "devil" would try to make a deal with everyone, because everyone has a soul. So the Dark Forces hunt with their methods not for souls, but for what these soul bearers can do. Greed and envy a r e the most fertile ground for the Dark Forces, which, very skilfully playing on these feelings, conquer the human soul. And this is not just an abstract argument, but a bitter reality. The shock of the prosperity surrounding us and the shock of the standard of living of the Germans led to my wards feeling a burning desire to get everything similar to themselves at any cost, through deception, betrayal, etc. But the future showed that even this did not help them get what they wanted. But more on that later, and now let's go back to southern Germany in 1990....

Indeed, neat German houses with beautiful gardens, clean roads and pavements with no litter in sight. The roads and pavements were washed with shampoo every day to such an extent that if you lay down on the road in a white shirt, it would remain as white and clean as before! For us Russians, all this was quite unusual, because even our generation was affected by the war. While not everyone lived in the conditions that my early childhood and that of my brother and sister did, the majority lived in slightly better conditions. If someone had their own home, it was only small, and even then people were extremely happy, just as we were when my father got a 33.6 square metre flat for a family of five. The standard of living of the defeated was incomparable to that of the victors in a terrible war, the victory in which cost my people about thirty million lives, including three men from my family, among them my maternal grandfather! One cannot help but wonder: who defeated whom in this terrible war? If we compare the standard of living of the Germans and the citizens of the USSR, we cannot help but think that they were the victors.

Of course, the standard of living in Germany would have made a strong impression on a Soviet person in 1990, when there were no normal products in the shops, not only in the provinces but also in Moscow. But I could not even imagine that all this would blow the minds of my assistants, as I thought at the time.

my assistants' heads, as I thought at the time. In the end, they were not only lying to me, saying that they just wanted to work with people without money. Supposedly to gain "experience" in treating patients, although, as I already mentioned, in their homeland, "for some reason" they did not have such "enthusiasm". Of course, I realised they were lying, but I had to see how far they were willing to go, driven by their greed. They couldn't sleep peacefully knowing that I was making money and they weren't. They didn't even think about how and why they ended up in Germany with me. They didn't want to realise the simple fact that only I was needed in Germany, not them, who were just around me. Doing business and standing around is not the same thing, and only a completely blind person or someone who doesn't understand anything about what is going on could fail to realise this.

Perhaps I am also to blame for their behaviour. I thought, and still think, that it is immodest to talk about a person's deeds, emphasising who did what. I believed that it was important to do the deed, and that who did it was irrelevant. It turned out that others thought differently! They believed that if they sat or stood next to me while I was working, they shared all the "laurels" of my work. And I also unconsciously encouraged them to think this way when, instead of saying that I had done it, I said that we had done the work, etc. I thought it was immodest to emphasise my role in this or that achievement, but they thought that in this way I was confirming the importance of their standing next to me. But none of them even considered the fact that I was doing the work and they were only observers and witnesses. I thought it was wrong to emphasise my role in important matters, that other people should judge the deeds, but it turned out that the "others", who were only witnesses to some of my actions, were making "conclusions" about their "participation" in the great deeds of saving humanity and nothing less! And they began to behave accordingly. They saw that I could heal people quite well, and they considered this sufficient to consider themselves "great" healers. And strange as it may seem, they believed in this absurdity. Or perhaps they didn't believe it, but simply thought that it cost them nothing to "wave their hands" as I did. After all, they had seen me "wave" my hands more than once! But after observing my actions for a long time, they still did not understand that it was not a matter of "waving" my hands. It's not about how many times and in what direction I move my arms, but about what happens in my brain at the moment of arm movement! And that's simply impossible to understand by observing the movements of my arms!

In any case, my charges decided on their own, without having cured a single person, that they were master healers. It seems that they adhered to the principle - if I can do it, then they can do it too! An important factor, a "carrot" for such appeasement of their conscience, in my opinion, was the money they already saw lying in their pockets and already saw themselves as owners of luxury estates, cars, etc. In my opinion, there is nothing wrong with dreaming of a nice house, car, etc., the only important thing is how a person will get the money to make their dream come true! If this is achieved through betrayal, deception, etc., I personally **reject** this way of realising a dream, no matter how "significant" and "great" that dream may be! In principle, if a person is willing to walk over the corpses of others, they cannot have any great dream. And if they declare it, it is only for self-deception or to appease their own conscience and, of course, to deceive others. I don't think my wards had grand plans for the good of humanity; they had their simple human dreams and desires to live better, but the methods they chose to realise their dreams are as old as the world itself - betrayal and deception.

After reading these lines, some may say that I am overreacting, and perhaps they are right. It's just that I have my own ideas about honesty and decency, and I understand them in my own way. My protégés, in whom I invested a large part of my soul and gave, as I thought, a lot, also deceived me by saying that they **ONLY** wanted to gain experience in treatment, using their time in Germany to their advantage. It was assumed that they were tired of sitting around with nothing to do day after day. They also deceived those people who, having heard that Russian healers had appeared, came to them in the hope that they were the Russian healers. And they did not dissuade anyone from this, but immediately began to extract

"bubbles" in the form of money from this situation. And when the money started to "flow" into their hands, they simply "got carried away". I call their actions treason for the simple reason that they did not care at all that their actions discredited everything I had started to create in Germany. When the Germans heard about my results, they flocked to them, thinking that they were the healers, and without receiving anything in return for their money, the victims announced to everyone else that it was all a lie and a scam! As events unfolded, this is exactly what happened, but I will talk about that later. For now, I will return to describing the development of the situation in Germany.

The next meeting was to take place at the home of North Bowling, a German billionaire whom I already knew from Moscow, at his estate in Bamberg. This beautiful city was located in Bavaria, in a picturesque area. The journey there took at least six hours on the motorway, with the car travelling at the maximum possible speed for that particular vehicle, as there was no speed limit on the motorway in Germany in the two left-hand lanes. Mr. Bauling welcomed us with his wife and a family friend, a doctor well known in German government circles. We all sat down in the reception room of the host's mansion and, after the traditional tea and coffee, we got down to work. The work consisted of me examining Mrs. Bauling using my methods in the presence of the family doctor, who was well acquainted with all her health problems. The m a s t e r of the house, his wife, the doctor and I retired to another room, where I proceeded to make my diagnosis. After examining the lady of the house using my own methods, I reported all my findings to the family doctor, who was quite surprised by what I told him after a few minutes' examination. I pointed out a number of illnesses that he was aware of, as he was the woman's doctor. In addition, one of the illnesses I reported is very rare and not every doctor can diagnose it correctly. Nevertheless, I managed to do so without much effort. What surprised him most was not even the correct diagnosis, but the fact that I described in detail not only the development of this disease in this case, but also the mechanisms of the disease and the root cause that led to it. Usually, my perception and analysis of disorders in the human body differs greatly from traditional medicine, not least because I analyse processes at the cellular and molecular level that were and remain inaccessible to modern medicine. What surprised him even more was the possibility of making changes at these levels, with possible changes in the damaged genes, which was and is beyond the scope of medicine. The family doctor could not even hide his amazement at what he had witnessed. I deliberately did not mention the names of this woman's illnesses, not because I did not remember the results of the scan after seventeen years, but for one simple reason: this woman did not give me the right to talk about her problems to outsiders. If I talk about a person's illness, it is only when I have been given the right to do so by that person.

Norst Bowling witnessed my work and was as surprised by the results as the doctor. I even think he was more surprised than the family doctor, as he did not understand much about the human body, let alone health issues. We returned to the others, who continued to drink tea, and the master of the house, still under the impression of what had happened in the other room, gave each of my charges a thousand-mark note. Two of them calmly put the banknotes in their pockets, but the third, after recovering for a moment, approached me and gave me a very amusing tirade. He told me that he understood perfectly well that I, not he, had earned the money, but he did not offer to take it for the simple reason that I would not have taken it from him anyway! He was right, I would never have taken the money from him because I wasn't the one who had earned it, despite the fact that others had been rewarded for my work. But he didn't know my situation and wasn't sure I wouldn't, so he didn't risk handing me the banknote; what if I did take it and wasn't as honest as he

he thought me to be? In his version, he found the best compromise between his honesty and his greed. By saying the right words, he risked nothing. Neither then nor later did this man remember "for some reason" that I had spent a lot of money on him personally, nor did he remember that the debt had to be repaid. I never regretted the money, I just didn't like it when people turned into parasites who were ready to make money for themselves whenever possible.

In one way or another, I observed my three mentees and, to my horror, discovered character traits in them that personally revolted me and against which I protested. From Bamberg, we returned to our main base in Germany, as I still had a trip to a factory producing shampoos and other perfumes ahead of me. At the factory, I worked on the samples I was given so that the products I had treated could then be tested on volunteers to determine the effectiveness of my actions. As a farewell gift, we all received bags of products from this perfume company.

Another meeting took place at an AIDS research centre. We arrived at the centre, all dressed in special protective suits, and were taken to the research centre so that I could try to influence the culture of the AIDS virus. When I first started my work, all the computers in the control centre began to behave strangely and froze. It took me some time to neutralise my influence on the electronics. Apparently, I had "turned on" too much, worrying about the maximum cultural impact of this deadly virus, as I was sure at the time. What happened to the electronics gave me confidence that my impact on the culture of this virus would be fine. At the time, I was convinced that the AIDS virus was real; I couldn't even imagine that people, especially doctors, could lie to the whole world, scaring everyone with a virus that was deadly to humanity. All the media were screaming about this deadly enemy of humanity, categorising the AIDS virus as a virus that could be filtered out. In other words, the AIDS virus could very easily be isolated in a pure culture and studied. It was this isolated culture of the AIDS virus that I was asked to influence with my methods.

Of course, I was not shown this specialised culture, even from a distance and through multiple means of isolation. I was simply told that "it" was in the next room. And I, believing that the culture was there, tried to destroy the virus with my irradiation. A few days later, I was informed that nothing had happened to the culture. This news upset me greatly, even though I realised that in such cases, the first attempt is not always the best. But that did not make the disappointment of the first failure any more pleasant. The approach of traditional scientists to the situation is also interesting. They themselves work on this or that problem for years, and sometimes decades, conducting thousands, and sometimes tens of thousands, of experiments or tests, and they do not always achieve the desired results, and this is considered " normal." In your case, at best, they give you one try, and if that one try does not lead to a positive result, they immediately rush to cry quackery, and if everything works out, they rush to say that "it was this and that" or simply keep quiet about the result. Of course, I was upset after the call from the AIDS research centre, but nothing could be done about it. It was only much later, when I was living and working in San Francisco, that I learned about the greatest fraud of the 20th century - AIDS! It turned out that no one, ever, during the whole AIDS hysteria, had ever obtained a culture of the virus. Even those who received Nobel Prizes for research in the field of AIDS — American and, if I am not mistaken, German doctors — when asked about the culture of the AIDS virus, refer to each other. The pharmaceutical mafia simply profits from such hysteria about AIDS, as it helps them line their pockets quickly and reliably! All the hysteria surrounding AIDS from the very beginning is nothing more than a specially created hoax, the purpose of which is to generate yet more excessive profits. However, not all doctors have remained silent on the subject. Many books have been written in which they call on the public to open their eyes to this fraud.

Many people may wonder what people who are said to be suffering from AIDS are actually suffering from, and why they are dying from it. After all, people are dying from a non-existent virus, how can that be? Yes, people are dying, they are dying from immune system depletion, but this immune system depletion is not caused by the AIDS virus, but by other causes. And these other causes are, first and foremost, the consequences of the destruction of the human immune system through huge doses of antibiotics, drugs and medications, which lead to the almost complete destruction of the human immune system. The worst thing in this case is that the attacks of drugs on the human body lead to the birth of children with complete or partial lack of immunity. And then any infection becomes fatal for a person with a weak immune system or one destroyed by drugs or medications. And modern medicine and the pharmaceutical companies behind it are to blame for this. The latter, in pursuit of excessive profits, are ready for any kind of fraud and falsification, just to cover up the traces of their crimes against humanity and not lose their profits. And so, much later, I learned that I had been asked to influence the "black cat" in the "black room" when it was not there. In this case, the black cat was the notorious AIDS virus! So the scientist epidemiologist who offered me to destroy this virus most likely knew very well that no such virus existed! And then he reported "negative" results. I wish I had known then what I know now, that one should not blindly believe "scientists" just because they call themselves that.

I also believed blindly that scientists don't lie, that if they say something is true, then it must be true! It took me a long time to free myself from this blind faith through my own experience. But I could have checked whether the AIDS virus existed or not before believing it and starting to influence others! If I had realised that then, I would have understood even then that I and everyone else had been deceived. And the funny thing is that if other people don't have the opportunity to check the truth of this or that statement, I had that opportunity, and not only did I have it, but I used it many times, and it never let me down! I simply couldn't imagine that anyone, especially doctors, could deceive everyone else in this way; such a thought seemed sacrilegious to me at the time! But the most interesting thing is that this Big Lie is still being spread by the media, which is financed by the almost bottomless pockets of the pharmaceutical monsters. These monsters profit at the expense of people's health, and it is not profitable for them (the pharmaceutical monsters) for people to become healthy, just as it is not profitable for modern doctors, for whom the best patient is the eternal patient! But back in 1990, I could not even imagine that anyone, let alone a medical scientist, could mislead and manipulate the truth for the sake of one interest or another, most often personal interests. That is why I was very upset by the "negative" result with the "culture" of the AIDS virus, which, as it turned out later, does not exist in nature.

Anyway, things continued as usual. After meeting with North Bowling and his wife, it was agreed that I would visit them for the first course of treatment. When the pre-planned meetings took place, I travelled to Bamberg again. This time, only one person travelled with me – one of the Moscow " competitors" who knew English more or less well. Schoeller's interpreter could not come with me for obvious reasons, because Schoeller's company was not only involved with me, but also had a number of other projects, many of which were related to the USSR. Anyway, I found myself back in Bamberg for ten days. Rooms were booked for me and my ward in a hotel not far from the Bauling estate. He and his wife welcomed us very warmly. Every morning I had my session with her, and then she, as our hostess, showed us around the local sights. Bavaria turned out to be rich not only in history but also in natural beauty. So those ten days spent in Bamberg were very interesting from an educational point of view. Every day we were shown a new place - old castles, medieval military fortresses, simple little towns in Bavaria. Almost every one of these small towns had its own museum or some kind of national craft. On Saturday and Sunday, Norst Bauling travelled with us. When they wanted to communicate more thoroughly and in better English, a

a Russian-German translator was invited.

This married couple was very pleasant in every way. I did not sense any arrogance or contempt for poor Russians from them. And at that time, practically every Soviet citizen, with the exception of the Soviet elite, had almost nothing. North Bauling also showed me his pride and joy — his car collection. The huge hangar was full of unique cars, some of which existed or had survived in only one copy! Mercedes, Rolls-Royces, Porsches, Jaguars, Ferraris and cars of other brands that had found their way into his collection because of one or another unique feature. In 1990, every resident of the Soviet Union had, at best, seen these cars in films, but here they were, r i g h t in front of you, in the flesh! Of course, it was amazing! What person today does not like cars, which have replaced horses? Men have their "toys", a gun, a horse or a car - every era has had its "toys", but they have always been there! So almost every man will understand me when I found myself among so many "toys", and the owner himself was simply beaming with pride at his collection. And he had something to be proud of! Not only did he assemble this collection, but he also restored all the cars using only original parts. It was nice to see how the parts under the bonnet of a fifty-year-old car shone as if it had just rolled off the assembly line yesterday. The total value of this collection was around three hundred million marks in 1990! In short, those ten days in Bamberg gave me a better idea of Germany than the rest of my stay. After the initial ten-day course, the intention was to continue the treatment later, but fate decided otherwise. After my return, I took part in several other meetings, but there was nothing remarkable about them. One weekend, Norbert Stoyler suggested that we all go with him to the German countryside to help his brother, a dairy farmer, harvest grapes. It was very interesting to learn about life in a German village, and I, like everyone else, agreed to go.

And here we are. We are in a German village, where we are cutting ripe grapes from the vine, which is not difficult work, but requires some skill. You use special scissors to cut the grapes, and the next moment... Grape harvesting in Germany is no different from grape harvesting in any other country, but I have never had to harvest grapes before, so for me it was a bit romantic. But what I encountered after the grape harvest is something you don't find in any other country. The owner of the house, a good-natured Burgundian (peasant), set a table for everyone after the grape harvest. The presence of the translator made it possible to start a conversation at the table about this and that, and somehow the conversation turned to the topic of fishing. It was a perfectly ordinary conversation, if it weren't for one small BUT. The owner of the neat German house told us
quite seriously that in order to become a fisherman, you have to take a special course and pass an exam with about a hundred questions. That was a little strange to hear, at least for me, but nothing more than that. The most unexpected thing happened when he began to explain the rules for the fisherman's actions after catching the fish. The fisherman must have a special rod with an iron ball at one end. After the fisherman has caught a fish, he must use this special rod with an iron ball at the end to kill the fish so that it does not suffer! Well, this is simply the highest form of humanism, which is difficult to disagree with! And everything would have remained rosy for me if the impure one had not confused my question about what a fisherman should do if another fisherman pulls the fish out of the water but does not kill it with the special rod. The answer to this seemingly simple question shocked me. Perhaps it only shocked me, I cannot judge for everyone else, but when I heard that a fisherman who sees that another fisherman has not killed the fish properly, so that it does not suffer, must find the nearest telephone (there were practically no mobile phones at that time) and report to the police that so-and-so and so-and-so have taken the fish out of the water but have not killed it properly! The police must respond to this call and issue a ticket for torturing the fish! And when they asked him why he didn't kill the fish himself if he felt sorry for it, or remind

When I asked my neighbour why he had forgotten to kill it, he replied, "It's not my job, I have no right to tell someone else what to do, and I can't kill the fish myself because he caught it!" And all this was said quite seriously, and when I asked what a true German should do if he saw someone raping a child or a girl, I heard the same answer. You have to find the nearest telephone and call the police, the police will come and... I think it's clear to everyone what happens next! The answer to every such a question was the same - tell the person who needs to know, and it is their responsibility to take action. I just have to inform the person I need to inform, and that's it! Such a response is not unique to him; you can hear it from almost any German! Germans are, of course, a disciplined nation, but this was perhaps the first time I was proud to be Russian and to have been born in Russia!

You can build a beautiful, neat house, you can wash the asphalt with shampoo, but you cannot do the same with the soul; the Russian soul has been, is, and will remain mysterious to foreigners, and for the first time I understood why! Practically every German will report any violation committed by another German, but will not report on themselves "for some reason", nor will they lie if it is beneficial to them. And I have my own examples of this. Here is one of them. Norbert Stoyler asked me to help his friend's wife, although the concept of friendship among Germans is also very strange. The woman had a prolapsed uterus, and the several operations that, according to the doctors, were supposed to solve this problem, led to an even more serious condition. She couldn't leave the house and had to lie down most of the time. It was an unenviable situation. At his request, I started working with her, everything was going well, she could get up and walk normally, but when the day came to pay for my work, her husband said that unfortunately everything had returned to its previous state and therefore he would not pay. What can you say in such a case - prove that you are not a "camel"! Anyway, the truth came out a little later. On the last evening before I left Germany, I invited Norbert Scholler and his interpreter to a restaurant, and what a surprise Scholler had when he saw his friend and his wife entering the restaurant! The woman was completely healthy, dressed in a light, elegant dress, she did not look like a seriously ill person and there was no indication that she had any specific problem. When she saw me, she blushed deeply, realising that the deception with her husband had come to light in the most inappropriate way.

For me, such "miraculous" recoveries after a person's refusal to pay were not unusual, but for Steeler it was a big surprise. A few days earlier, he himself had heard with his own ears the regret that my treatment "had not helped her" and therefore they would not pay for my work. Without paying, his own father-in-law and mother-in-law disappeared; they did not say that my treatment had not helped them, but simply did not show up on the day of payment that they had set. I suppose they suddenly developed "sclerosis" and I probably didn't treat them for what they needed. So in this respect, people behave in the same way in the USSR, in Germany and, as the future showed, in the USA. Everyone wants to get something, but not everyone is willing to pay the bill honestly. This is probably a small part of what unites people, regardless of their nationality or class status. This is what the poor, the middle-income, the rich and the very rich did. So in this respect, people have a "kindred spirit" despite all other differences!

Incidentally, it turned out that the concept of friendship in Germany is also very specific. During our conversations, Norbert Stoyler was quite candid with me and told me about some of the problems he had encountered in his life. When I asked him why he hadn't turned to his friends for help, he replied that he would then have had to part with half of his company. I was very surprised by such "friendly" help and asked him what the others had done at the time. He replied as follows: "Others, upon learning that you are in trouble, will do everything they can to finish you off and get your company for a song, and if possible, everything else. " . At least for me, this situation unacceptable. It was unacceptable in 1990, when I was in the Soviet Union, and it remains

unacceptable now that I have been living in the United States for fifteen years. A person must remain a person under any circumstances, regardless of the conditions in which they live, the social system they are part of, or the country they live in. And no reasons can justify betrayal, meanness, dishonesty, etc. Usually, people look for excuses for their actions to ease their conscience, if, of course, they have one! As I later realised, not all nations have a concept of conscience, and some nations are not even familiar with the concept of a guilty conscience. The Jews, for example, in the Torah clearly and categorically give instructions and orders that Jews have no obligations towards gentiles (non-Jews), that they do not need to fulfil oaths and promises made to gentiles, and much more.

I am more familiar with the concept of the so-called Russian soul, which many nations have failed to understand and are unlikely ever to understand. The mockery of the mysterious Russian soul arises from the fear that inevitably arises in many nations whose mentality does not allow them to understand what it is — the mysterious Russian soul! And what they do not understand, they fear and hate, because on a subconscious level they are envious! Of course, there are enough crooks and scoundrels among genetically Russian people, especially since almost the entire 20th century was marked by the deliberate physical destruction of the cream of the Russian nation and the imposition of "new" moral norms on the survivors. In no way do I view the essence of things blindly or one-sidedly, as some might think. It's just that the Russian people still have a precious spark of spiritual purity that other nations have either completely lost or never had in the first place But, as they say, there's no accounting for taste, and some people are happy to
part with "some" stupid conscience in order to make their life easier and more pleasant. Some people are ready to walk over dead bodies, and unfortunately, it is not so rare to see them doing so. But this was unacceptable to me both in Soviet times
as it is now.

After returning from Bamberg to my "base," I continued to see patients. At that time, I had received information that my patients had a very strange understanding of gaining experience in treatment for free. Their "pro bono" services turned out to be much more expensive for the people who believed them than my paid help. When I reminded them of what they had promised and that they had no moral right to take money for their "treatment" because they had no experience and had never cured a single person in their lives, not even a cold, a riot broke out. Two of my clients protested in front of me. They claimed that I did not know how to handle cases, etc., etc. They even complained that I was getting paid more for my work than they were, when I had secured them a salary of 900 roubles a month, while I myself was getting 1,200. They were getting 900 roubles a month in 1989-1990, which was a lot of money back then, but for some reason they didn't remember that it was money for work that I had done myself and that they had nothing to do with! Since I couldn't get the full amount, I decided to do a good deed and put them on the payroll, as they were both unemployed at the time and I wanted to help them. I heard similar statements about the trip to Hungary, which they ended up going on only because I insisted on it. In short, I won't list everything I heard from them. I was very surprised that these people took everything for granted and accepted it as a given. Sometimes it is surprising: you try to do something good for someone, and they take it for granted and start demanding more because they have convinced themselves that if something has been done for them, they deserve more.

Anyway, the situation had reached a critical point, so I decided to put an end to all ***the questions*** and said that I had been observing their behaviour for a long time and if they wanted to discuss the problems, they should hear what I thought about the situation. I expressed everything I thought about their behaviour and the nature of their actions, and I am glad that they showed me their true colours so quickly. To some, their true faces may have seemed quite attractive, but to me they were repulsive, which I told them to their faces. And I told them that from that day on, they would run their own "business" and I no longer wanted to see them around me.

At least I won't get in their way. After that, they completely separated themselves and looked at me as their enemy. They obviously thought I would continue to carry them on my back, and they were very surprised that I would no longer do so. They were even more surprised that the people they started "hanging out" with without me didn't even want to talk to them, even though I hadn't even told anyone that they were no longer with me. When they asked if I was aware of their actions and when they stated that they were now "on their own," they received a polite refusal. They obviously took the polite and respectful attitude towards them when they were around me personally and were surprised that they didn't even want to be heard. But that would happen to them a little later, and then they enjoyed their "freedom" from my idiotic moralising, as they thought at the time. In the meantime, they were given the opportunity to do whatever they wanted, and they wanted one thing - money, as much money as possible, and they started doing it without hiding it. I was disappointed to see how greed was turning the people I had known for several years into some kind of human likeness before my very eyes. They must have had a weak core that was easily broken at the sight of someone else's prosperity.

And it wasn't that I felt sorry for them or was offended if they made money. It wasn't that, but the fact that they had never treated anyone, didn't know how to treat anyone, and with this approach, they were unlikely to learn! The shameful thing is that with their actions, they discredited everything I had worked so hard to create – people's belief in the reality of healing in this way. With their actions, they misled people because they told them things they couldn't do and didn't know how to do. They believed that if they attended my work with people, that would be enough to become master healers. And it wasn't even that I was hiding my secrets from others, but that healing a person requires knowledge, knowledge and more knowledge. Knowledge and experience that you cannot obtain even if you study modern medicine in depth. The fact is that modern medicine is oriented towards a false system of understanding the nature of diseases, or rather, modern medicine has no understanding of the nature of disease, since it (medicine) is oriented towards the symptoms of diseases, not the root cause, and does not even have an understanding of the true nature of living matter, and much more...

I have always been surprised by people's confidence that if they have seen me working with patients, standing next to them, they have understood everything and know everything. This is usually the case. "I know everything, I can do everything and I understand everything." They simply copied the movements of my hands. And these " experts" couldn't even understand the simple truth — the brain works, and the hands are just sensors, conductors. And even when I asked the person I was working with to tell me when he (she) would feel this or that or see this or that, it only meant that these or those sensations, these or those images are nothing more than the tip of the iceberg of what is happening, and it is faster and more convenient to control the process this way! I have said this many times, but for some reason everyone thinks that this is not the case and that it is enough just to copy the movements to get the sensations that are "necessary" from their point of view. It's all in the hat! But it turns out that the "hat" is not what it seems.

expected, and "for some reason" does not "want" to fulfil their wishes. When I encountered such naivety, I involuntarily remembered an old film about Hotabych. When asked to make a telephone, he used his magic to create a marble telephone box from the finest marble and a telephone with a gold receiver. But it was impossible to have a conversation on such a "telephone"! The external form did not correspond to the internal content — the eternal philosophical problem of the unity of form and content. So my "wise men" - mentors saw only the outside of the process and thought it was enough to make me! They obviously had no problem with "modesty". They seemed to take my "I" seriously. My desire to emphasise not myself but the importance of what was happening was interpreted in a very unexpected way - it gave these people the confidence that their presence in my work meant more than just being eyewitnesses, but the future showed that they had made a crucial mistake in thinking this way. My reluctance to create any kind of aura around myself had led to

halos "appearing" before the witnesses of my actions. I could not even imagine that such absurdity was possible; reality was richer than my imagination on this matter! Unfortunately, these people were not the last to do so, but that was yet to come.

Just before leaving Germany, I decided to buy a car. After all the expenses and since not everyone had paid for my work, I didn't have enough money to buy a new car. So I decided to buy a good second-hand car. I chose a ten-year-old silver Mercedes-Benz 230. The previous owner had obviously taken good care of the car, which had many extras, the most interesting of which was a device installed in the cabin that allowed the driver to increase or decrease the pressure in the tyres without leaving the cabin. So, after some consideration, I bought this car. I had obtained my driving licence shortly before this trip to Germany and had only driven the car a few times while preparing for my driving test. That is, if you don't count the fact that as a child my grandmother let me drive her Zaporozhets a few times. And then it became a stumbling block for me to start the car from a standstill. It was explained to me that in order to start the car, I had to gently press the accelerator pedal with my other foot at the same time as releasing the clutch. And that became a problem for me. Instead of gently pressing the accelerator pedal and slowly releasing the clutch pedal, as I had been instructed, I tried to "catch" the momentum of the clutch by moving the accelerator and clutch pedals simultaneously. I managed to do it periodically, but not always. My grandmother turned out to be a bad driving instructor. But despite this ridiculous misunderstanding, I still loved cars. But that didn't change anything — I couldn't afford to buy a car. In principle, I could have saved up for a used car, but there was always a situation where I had to help one person or another, and because of that, I couldn't save up the necessary amount. For this reason, I had no opportunity to gain driving experience. So when I bought the Mercedes, I had no idea how to drive it.

Of course, I had sat in the passenger seat next to the driver many times, but it is one thing to sit next to him and watch someone else do it, and quite another to do it yourself. Moreover, the interior layout of Soviet cars differed significantly from that of German cars. Especially at night, the many illuminated devices gave the impression that you were in a "flying saucer" or at least in the cabin of a passenger plane! In addition, my Mercedes had an automatic transmission and two pedals instead of three, nothing complicated, of course, but when you don't know what to do, you get a little confused. I didn't take the risk of driving myself to the house where I had rented accommodation. In the evening, when few people could see my attempts to master the car, I began to "tame" my iron steed. In principle, I was worried in vain, everything turned out to be quite simple and I quickly got used to driving the car. The next day I was already "racing" on German roads. And the day after that, I tried the motorway. I have a pretty good sense of speed and distance, I wasn't afraid of other cars or speed, and for the first time in my car, I tried to squeeze out the maximum. Unfortunately, the maximum speed of my Mercedes was only two hundred and twenty kilometres per hour. But despite this, there was an incomparable feeling from driving at such a speed, especially on roads like those in Germany. At such a speed, the car doesn't even move, it runs smoothly and softly, and I couldn't even believe that such a thing was possible after our roads. I bought gifts for my relatives, bought a Japanese TV, a video recorder, etc. I "changed" the wheels of my car to Swedish winter tyres. In short, my car became a "gem"; it was a pleasure to look at it and an even greater pleasure to drive it. Just before I left, a small problem arose. I was still not used to the size of my car, especially when parking. In front of the house where I lived, the road sloped upwards, and when I parked on the hill between my neighbours' cars, I reversed too far and didn't notice that I was dangerously close to another car and damaged my neighbour's car with the hook on the boot. My Mercedes didn't have a single scratch, but the front of my neighbour's car was dented from

the powerful tow bar. The previous owner had reinforced this tow bar considerably, obviously travelling frequently with a heavy trailer. In any case, for the first time in my life, I encountered the effects of an insurance policy. I had insured my car when I bought it, and this proved beneficial. The owner of the house was a solicitor, and after taking the necessary details from me, he took it upon himself to deal with the hassle of the insurance policy. This incident was the only one that did not upset me much. There were a few days left before my departure, and I began to prepare for it.

At that time, my third client turned to me for advice on what I would recommend he do with his money. I answered his question as I understood it. That the best investment would be to buy a second-hand car, which he could later sell in the USSR for good money. This option would allow him to get the maximum profit for every mark he invested. He thanked me for the advice and asked Vladimir, our interpreter's husband, to help him with this matter. He also asked me to go with him to help him choose a car. I agreed to help him with that. However, I was a little surprised by one thing. This man did not even ask me how much he owed me during our stay in Germany. He obviously thought that my expenses were my problem and had nothing to do with him. He lived, ate and dressed at my expense for two and a half months, not counting my expenses for him before we left. It's one thing when he had no money, I thought that in that case I should pay the expenses, but it's quite another when a person has money and has earned it, just like me. But he didn't even ask about it. This surprised me, and I continued to observe him. At least the first two rebels reimbursed me for the expenses they owed me. I simply told them that I had spent so much on our accommodation and food and that, if they deemed it necessary, they would reimburse me for those expenses. Dividing the total expenses I had mentioned into four would not be difficult for anyone. After saying that, I withdrew, I did not insist that they reimburse me for the money I had spent on them, I just thought that every decent person should do the right thing, as I would have done in a similar situation. A person must first and foremost repay the debt of honour, and with the remaining money, they are free to do whatever they want. That is their right. I had such ideas about honour, but I did not require others to act according to my ideas, only as their conscience dictated.

It was a big surprise to me that two rebels were still able to part with money that was so valuable to them, and one of them brought me his debt. With obvious regret, but they did it. I was glad that they still had a conscience. But the conscience of my third ward was fast asleep and there was no time to wake it up. How else can I explain the fact that he didn't even bring it up then or later? But, as I already mentioned, he asked me for advice on how to spend his money better. The rebels "Gniloch" ended up in one place, and the third branch in another. We found him a car according to his budget, and he bought it for himself.

22. The road back to the USSR

So I had a companion in the car on the way home. I bought two walkie-talkies so that I could communicate while driving. We had worked out a route and were basically ready to make stops. On the last evening before departure, as I already mentioned, I invited Norbert Stoyler to a restaurant, and the next morning we came to the office to say goodbye and set off, each in our own car. For me, this was my first test and, at the same time, a learning experience. We took the motorway, chose the right direction and drove at the maximum speed our cars were capable of. We drove from south to north for quite some time, gradually veering eastwards. The route was chosen so that, travelling north, we could turn east without entering Berlin and reach the border with the USSR near Brest on the road crossing Poland from west to east. We only stopped at

petrol stations to refuel, buy cold water or drinks, etc. Somehow, my charge always ended up in the toilet "for some reason" when it was time to pay. His stomach "suffered" from a strange disorder, which was very convenient for the owner.

I continued to observe my last ward. Money has never had power over me, but I always had to earn it through my own labour. No one has ever come and given me money in the form of gifts or in any other form, and I would not accept such gifts. By nature, I don't feel comfortable when someone does me a favour, so I have always preferred to earn the necessary funds myself. And I did not believe that someone would come and offer me money to realise my plans and projects, or rather, a little later, whatever my heart desired, but the payment for such "manna from heaven" was unacceptable to me. Nevertheless, I did not fuss about money, even though I realised that without it, it was almost impossible to achieve anything, especially in the field to which I had dedicated my life. Nevertheless, I did not respect consumers, people who only cared about themselves and for whom nothing was sacred except money. My last mentor continued to show off, and I increasingly disliked the consumer's face shining through his mask. A telling detail is that just before he left, he decided to buy another suit, but this time with his own money. And " strangely" he chose the cheapest suit, several times cheaper than the one I had paid for. Perhaps I need not continue, this approach to buying speaks for itself.

I watched with sadness as people who spoke such beautiful words about lofty things, when confronted with reality, "for some reason" immediately forgot about those lofty things when it came to themselves, their own interests and their own benefit. They instantly forgot everything and turned into the most ordinary fools. It is clear that there was no real core in them, it is clear that the great spirit of their ancestors had degenerated in them, which was what the enemies of the human race, destroying the flower of the Russian nation, the Russian people, had been striving for! But I still believed that there would be real people, people with a capital letter, who would become my true comrades, not companions until the first danger. And despite everything, I knew and believed that the hour and day would come when the memory of their ancestors would awaken in people and they would once again seek to free themselves from spiritual slavery. But I also knew that people themselves would not wake up and that I would have to fight the enemies who had plunged people into this " sleep". And that I would have to fight alone! At that time, I did not know that I would meet a person — my future wife Svetlana, who would become not only a spiritually close person to me, then my wife, but also my companion in my war against the enemies of the human race — the social parasites, as I later called them. And at that time, I became increasingly sad when I saw how people were becoming superficial right before my eyes.

We were lucky that there were no traffic jams on the motorway and we moved forward very quickly and with a fresh wind, literally and figuratively. After seven or eight hours, we turned right and started moving east. Very soon we crossed the former border between the two Germanys. This became clear at the first petrol station when we looked in the toilet. In the former GDR, the toilets were, of course, not like those in the USSR in 1990, but they were far from the cleanliness of the toilets in West Germany. And the roads... The roads in the former GDR were not the same! I had nothing else to compare them to, as the chosen route did not pass through a single town, even a small one, in the former GDR. Around midnight on the same day, we reached the German-Polish border and decided to take a short break. We rested in our own cars, with the seat backs reclined as far as possible. I wouldn't say that such a rest is no worse than a five-star hotel, but we managed to get some tolerable rest. After a few hours of rest, we were ready to hit the road. But before continuing, we waited for the customs office on the German side to open, and here's why. On the advice of Vladimir, Irina's translator's husband, we made special

documents (with his help, of course) for our purchases in the shops, according to which we were refunded part of the money we had paid for purchases at the border, which is included in the price as tax for citizens and does not apply to foreigners. With these documents, I got back a pretty decent amount of money, and after exchanging a few marks for Polish zlotys, I crossed the German-Polish border without any problems. The German border guards just looked at the documents and gave permission, and the Polish ones put a transit stamp in my passport, and here we are... already travelling on the roads of our recent great friend. Poland. The roads in Poland were not so good, although there were no particular potholes or bumps. The petrol stations were both good and far from what could be called such. It seems that not everywhere and not everyone had time to "reorganise", especially in rural areas.

We travelled through Poland at maximum speed wherever possible. Fields, forests and lakes could be seen outside the car window. We crossed large and small rivers, one landscape replacing another. Our route also took us through Warsaw, but we passed through without even stopping. We didn't want to get lost, so we followed the road signs without deviating from the map. After passing through Warsaw quite quickly, we headed for Brest. The road to the border with the USSR was very narrow, with only one lane in each direction. And in this regard, there was an incident on the road. Not far from the Polish-Soviet border, the following happened. My protégé was driving his car first, and I saw him overtaking a truck. According to our agreement, I had to follow him. That's what I did. And when I started to overtake him, I realised that it wasn't just one lorry, but a whole convoy of vehicles. At the same time, each car was practically tailgating the one in front, so it was almost impossible to squeeze in between them. And it was impossible to see the end and the edge of this convoy. My acquaintance's car began to pick up speed to rush past this convoy, and I did the same, as it was impossible to drive endlessly in the opposite lane. Oncoming cars could appear at any moment with all the consequences that would entail. And now I see the car in front of me overtaking the truck in front of the column, and I am already satisfied that everything went smoothly. The problems were avoided, but the accident could not be avoided. Suddenly, my ward's car stops right in the opposite lane in front of me! On my right, there is a solid wall of trucks and there is no way to squeeze between them, and in front of me, in the opposite lane, is the car of a driver with five years of experience, as he boasted! This is one of those situations! There is no time to think, and I do the only thing possible - I go around the car that has stopped right in front of me on the left. After going around such an unexpected obstacle in this way, I understood the reason for my companion's strange behaviour. A Polish policeman was standing by the roadside waving his baton. He waved at me too, and after overtaking the first truck in the convoy, I stopped my car on the side of the road, on my side of the lane, not on the opposite side. However, when the policeman asked me to stop, my passenger could not think of anything better than to stop immediately in the opposite lane, without even considering that in such a situation there was nowhere else to go.

He must have lied "a little" about his five years of driving experience, because otherwise, if I hadn't reacted correctly in that situation, at best, both his and my cars would have been seriously damaged, and at worst, we would have had a lot of trouble! But everything was fine, I paid the fine to the policeman and said a few words to my companion about how skilfully and "super professionally" he had stopped his car in the opposite lane. Everything turned out with minimal consequences — I had to pay the fine only for myself and for him, as he had no more currency "on hand". I have no intention of emptying his pockets and proving that he is lying. It's just that the closer we got to the border with the USSR, the more reluctantly he parted with his marks. He must have already calculated how much each mark was worth in roubles and felt sorry for the "birdie", i.e., sorry for the German marks! Anyway, that was the most serious incident of the entire trip back. We soon reached the border near Brest. We passed through border control and customs without any problems and parked our cars in the car park. To continue on, we had to pay a road tax for the cars.

My charge had arranged with his relatives to bring the necessary amount of money to customs. I asked him to bring some for me, as there was no one else to bring the money. His relative brought the money and after we paid the customs fees, we continued on our way. We rested for a few hours while we waited for the man with the money to arrive. And now we are travelling along the roads of Belarus, passing through Minsk and onwards... along the roads of Ukraine. The roads in Ukraine and Belarus are better than in Russia, but they are not perfect either. The condition of the road surface on the strategic motorways is better, so it was possible to drive at a good speed. As before, where the road allowed and there were no traffic jams, we drove at a maximum speed of over two hundred kilometres per hour. Of course, we slowed down at traffic police checkpoints, and the drivers' brotherhood almost never failed us. A quick flash of the headlights and you knew that ahead of you were waiting "friends" in police uniforms, who were completely indifferent to the fact that you were breaking the speed limit; for them, it was only to their advantage - each of them got twenty-five roubles, and they were not masters of the machine "milking"! That's why I personally didn't get upset about speeding violations, because the money from the "fines" went into the traffic police's own pockets. Anyway, my native fields and forests flashed by on the side of the road, the signs could be understood without a translator, and communication did not make me feel inferior. That same night, we arrived in Kharkiv and spent the night at my ward's flat, as my apartment was still uninhabitable, just bare walls. After I slept, I contacted my acquaintances and we agreed on the registration of the car. After all, we had come with German registration plates, and it was impossible to drive for long without registration. I arranged everything and in the evening I went to visit my acquaintances, where I introduced my ward to these people.

One of the reasons I didn't stay longer in Germany was that in early November 1990, the Phenomenon School was supposed to be held in Kiev, which was one of the first in the USSR to get the right to issue diplomas under the Ministry of Health of the Ukrainian SSR. Albert Ignatenko, a well-known artist in the USSR in this original genre, headed this centre and ran the school. I had never met him before, but I knew his name from television films in which he demonstrated his unusual abilities in suggestology, as he called his method of influencing people. My acquaintance from Kharkov knew him well, as he had worked with him several times as an assistant during concert performances. Although my name was already more or less known in the country, I did not have an official "document", and as everyone knows, without a "document" you are a beetle, and with a "document" you are a person! I couldn't get a "document" for myself, if only because I didn't have any organisation under whose "roof" to work. Of course, if I wanted to, I could have had a "roof" right away, but unfortunately, not the one I wanted. I think everyone understands what kind of "roofs" I'm talking about. Anyway, I worked as a "freelance artist". I was free, I never "bowed down" to anyone and I never intended to "bow down" anymore. That's why I needed such a "document" to secure me in some way from the bureaucratic side! And the "Phenomenon" centre, which issued a completely official diploma, suited me perfectly. So, just a few days after returning home from Germany, I was already on a plane to Kiev with my mentor from Haskovo and another person I knew before moving to Moscow in 1988, whose name was Valery. We all stayed at a hotel near the airport and the next day we went to listen to the lectures on the first day of classes. At Albert Ignatenko's school, the lectures were given by several people, except for him.

I wanted to listen to his lecture, as it was the first time I had seen him and heard him speak. He presented his understanding of suggestology from the perspective of a practising, naturally gifted person, but I did not get the impression that he himself fully understood what he naturally possessed. And no wonder, he was not a scientist in the full sense of the word, he was a creator of

an original genre, who not only used his gift, but also tried to understand its essence. And to give him his due, in this respect he achieved more than most people who called themselves and considered themselves scientists. After the lecture, my protégé introduced me to him and we met for the first time... For ten days, I conscientiously attended all the lectures, and not because they gave me anything new; unfortunately, I already knew and understood, if not everything, then a great deal. Many things presented as revelations were familiar to me not theoretically, but from my own practice. But I did not consider it possible or necessary to say so. As they say, don't enter someone else's monastery with your own rules! And I tried to stick to that rule. No one asks me why I should interfere with my own understanding and get in the way of others, no matter how right I think I am. A guest must follow the rules of etiquette. But I was unable to avoid one unintentional intervention. During the break between lectures, one of the students in the course suddenly approached me and, with great surprise on her face, asked me if I remembered her or not. I had never seen her before and was about to say no, but I wondered how she knew me. So I began to review the situation related to her and started to list what had happened to her. She was even more surprised and, clearly confused and not understanding, she left. The next day, she came to me again and showed me an article in an old newspaper, asking me again if I recognised the girl in the photo. I looked at the photo and, after studying it carefully, replied that it was a photo of her when she was younger. This surprised her even more. Now it was time to tell her why.

In the year when her photo and article were printed in the newspaper, due to certain circumstances, she found herself in a state of clinical death. She died of severe poisoning, and when her soul left her body, she saw a bright tunnel. Suddenly, a being of light appeared before her, stopped her and said the following: "Now is not your time to leave, return to your body and heal people!" After saying this, the luminous being returned her to her physical body, and there was no longer any poison in it! This woman's name was Maria, and unfortunately, I did not remember her surname. She was an atheist, like most of the inhabitants of the USSR at that time. After what happened to her, she began to believe in God, as her own experience gave only a divine explanation for everything that happened to her on that day when she was in a state of clinical death. Not only did she start believing in God, but she also started healing people, and on the day she saw me for the first time, she was already a national healer in Ukraine. When Maria saw me during the break, she recognised the man who had brought her back to her body. At first, she thought it was just a resemblance, but my description of everything that had happened to her that day confused her greatly. It was only when I recognised her again in the old photo that she stopped doubting that it was me, a human being, and not God or even an angel, who had saved her and brought her back to life in such an unusual way. I also told her, " I'm sorry I'm not God, and I'm not even an angel from heaven!"

And yet, how strange human beings are. When faced with something unusual, intelligent people immediately attribute a divine nature to everything unusual. But what seems most convenient to explain is not always correct! It is not for nothing that the saying goes: when it seems, a person crosses himself! What happened to her, and my participation in it, has no divine nature and is generally contrary to any religion existing on our Earth Midgard. It's just that many religions take advantage of the fact that people don't understand certain natural phenomena, attribute these phenomena to themselves and declare them to be God's providence, and people humbly accept this lie! I am very sorry that my actions caused this woman, then a young girl, to throw herself into the arms of the church. But she was lucky (or maybe not, maybe she was upset by the realisation that it was not God or an angel who brought her back to life, and I had unwittingly destroyed her beautiful fairy tale, which might have made her life easier) and she met me and remembered my face well, and later recognised me. And how many of those I have helped in the same way continue to believe that they are

saved either by heavenly angels or even by the Almighty Himself, and who will never meet me, nor remember my face, nor even think to compare it with the face of any man. One would so much like the Lord God Himself to take an interest in your face, or at least send His angel as His representative! But here is a little man! Well, what can you do, I am a human being, my parents were quite earthly men and women! No star appeared at the time of my birth, there was no immaculate conception, etc., etc. I am not God, I am not the Son of God, I am not the incarnate Christ, but an ordinary person, well, perhaps not quite ordinary, as it turned out, but still a person! Later, I learned many interesting things about how and who brought my parents together, resulting in the birth of my brother, my sister and me. Now I even know why they got together and that my mother was very involved during the birth. That the birth of my older brother had serious consequences for my mother and that the doctors strongly recommended that she have an abortion, scaring her with the possibility of death during childbirth for both her and me. But my mother said "no", it will be what it will be, and she gave birth to me quickly and easily, without any problems for anyone! Then she decided to have a third child and gave birth to her long-awaited daughter, my sister, but, as my mother later told me, my sister's birth was difficult, but she gave birth to a healthy girl. Only my mother's birth was quick and easy.

It is interesting to note that my future wife Svetlana had a very similar situation, only in a more severe form. Before her, her mother had given birth to two children by Caesarean section – a boy and a girl – who died shortly after birth. Only when her mother gave birth to her did everything go smoothly and quickly, and without a Caesarean section. Her mother gave birth to two daughters and one son, of whom only my future wife Svetlana survived, while my mother gave birth to two sons and one daughter, all of whom survived, but there were serious problems during the birth of my brother and sister. I am glad that neither my brother nor my sister were affected, and I can only imagine the grief of Svetlana's parents when their first two children died shortly after birth. Yes, now I know and understand why and what caused all this, but it has nothing to do with God's providence in any form, even though fate brought my parents together. Let's take, for example, the fact that after graduating from rural school, my mother went to medical school in Kislovodsk, and not in some other city where there was a medical school, at least in Rostov-on-Don itself. The main reason for choosing Kislovodsk was that my mother's aunt, her mother's older sister, lived there. My paternal grandparents settled in Kislovodsk shortly before the war began, after somehow managing to escape exile in Siberia. And after several years of " lying low" in the steppes of Kazakhstan (more correctly - Kazakstan - Kazakoy Stan), where they even had my father's older sister, they settled in Kislovodsk, even though my grandfather's relatives lived in Vladikavkaz (Ordzhonikidze).

By a strange coincidence, the Caucasian mineral waters turned out to be a very unusual place. It is the only place on our planet where magma has not broken through the surface, but has only swelled the earth, thus forming the Pyatigorye Mountains! These mountains are a unique and one-of-a-kind natural phenomenon. This place is a powerful energy hub of Midgard-Earth and was considered sacred by our ancestors. It was in Pyatigorsk that one of the most ancient capitals of the South Slavs was located - the city of Kiev-2 (not far from modern Pyatigorsk) - the capital of the Ruskolan region. And only after the exhausting wars with enemies and the betrayal of the related Goth tribes did most of the Rus' people leave for the northwest and build the new city of Kiev on the Dnieper, which was already the third in a row and far from the first city of the Rus' people, and moreover, it is not the mother of Russian cities, as presented in the modern version of events from the recent past. In the Pyatigorsk region, uranium ore is mined on the surface, thanks to which there are the well-known radon waters. Of course, all natural factors indicate that this natural corner is unique in every respect, and, most likely, that is why fate has

brought my parents to this place – the site of one of the most powerful springs of the source of life mentioned in the Slavic-Aryan Vedas. And this is one of the reasons why the North Caucasus has always been a stumbling block for many nations, states and empires.

One way or another, the following fact remains: https:// My father was born in Kislovodsk, and My mother came to study in this very city! Some would say that such cases are rare. And they would be right, if it weren't for a few other very strange events that happened after my parents "accidentally" met and started dating. My father was stabbed in the back after confronting some mountain dwellers who had always been disrespectful to Russian girls. They waited for him with a knife around the corner while he was accompanying my mother to the flat where she lived with her friends. He was saved by the fact that it was December and he was wearing a sleeveless wool jacket and a thick coat with drapery, the thickness of which prevented the knife from reaching his heart by a centimetre. As children, we often asked him how and why he had such a scar on his back. But that wasn't all! Shortly before my mother graduated from college, she and my father had a serious argument and didn't see each other for some time. And just at that time, my mother was sent to Kazakhstan to work on a dairy farm at the foot of the mountains, where she lived for a while. My father was not ignored by girls, and he welcomed their attention. And my mother did not suffer from a lack of attention from other boys. But she was slow to accept marriage proposals and even hid from suitors. Then she left for her homeland, without even working until the end of her contract, as she was not provided with even the most basic conditions for work and life. The nearest shop was more than a hundred kilometres away and could only be reached by chance when the dairy farm sent its products to the centre. In short, it was a desert! The young specialist did not even have a place to live, and the paramedic's "station" was a small room. After enduring eight months in such conditions, my mother returned home and started working at the district polyclinic in the village of Orlovskaya, which was also the district centre. It was there that my father found her again. He had come to ask her to marry his older sister's husband, telling my mother that he would not go anywhere without her. With his persistence and determination, he achieved his goal, and on 15 July 1958, they signed the marriage certificate, and in September, they had their wedding in Kislovodsk. And even though my father brought my mother to tears with his womanising even after the wedding, he still did not want to see anyone else as his wife. So it came to the point where someone or something did everything possible and impossible to keep them together, and at the same time, someone or something did everything possible and impossible to prevent this from happening. And the knife that accidentally pierced my father's heart is very strong evidence of this conflict of forces. Of course, this may happen in every family, but I have never heard of anything like it.

Much later, I understood the reason for this attention to my parents. It was very important for someone to combine the genetics of my father's ancient princely family and, quite possibly the equally ancient lineage of my maternal grandfather, who was from Siberia and, as a career officer (and he was still a royal career officer), was sent to serve in the Salyan steppes. But despite the many oddities in my parents' fate, there was and is nothing divine about it. Of course, many people would have been happier if I had started talking about my chosen status and divinity, because I managed to do some things that clearly do not fit into the ideas of modern science and are more suited to God's providence or the deeds of the Messiah. But I knew very well that this was not the case, and I never tried to use the misconceptions of some and the protests of others to make my path easier. Many people simply did not want to admit that I, a human being, had managed to understand what I had set out in my books. Many people would have been happy to say that I had been chosen by divine or extraterrestrial forces as a conduit for what they wanted to convey. But many people were not happy with the fact that everything I know and understand is nothing more than

except for my own understanding, based on the interpretation of my own experience, and that I, a human being, have managed to do it on my own, without any higher powers! How low these people think of humans, to believe that a person can only gain understanding from someone else, but not through their own development. It is entirely possible that I was fortunate enough to find the right key to my genetics, received from my ancestors, and after awakening my genetic memory, I attained enlightenment through knowledge, but my enlightenment through knowledge is fundamentally different from that of my distant and not-so-distant ancestors, not least because I have taken a completely different path and realised this much later, when I got my hands on the Slavic-Aryan Vedas and read about the ideas of our distant ancestors.

But I got a little carried away with philosophical musings, and it's time to return to the events of November 1990, when I didn't understand much and still didn't know much. But one thing I knew for sure: everything I did and could do had nothing to do with divine providence or any other providence, and I told people that, even when they wanted me to say the opposite. After all, if I had told Maria back then that I was an angel from heaven, it might have been easier for her to acknowledge and accept what I had done for her. But I repeat - I do not believe in God and I am not his "instrument", nor anyone else's, and if I do something unusual, it is only because I understand and know why and for what purpose I am doing it, and I take full responsibility for my actions, rather than cowardly shifting that responsibility to God or a higher power, just in case! Whether someone likes it or not...

After attending the course of lectures, I received my diploma and returned to Kharkov. In Kharkov, the registration plate for my car was ready, and after replacing the German one, I drove to Moscow. My mentor in Kharkov asked me to go with him. Taking turns driving, we reached Moscow quite quickly. Valery, with whom I had attended Albert Ignatenko's courses, soon arrived in Moscow. And everyone went about their business. My protégé from Kharkov was interested in one t h i n g : that I return as quickly as possible the money that his relative had taken to customs so that I could pay the duty. He didn't say a word about the fact that he owed me money for the ticket, the passport and his entire stay in Germany. I could see that he was very afraid that I would mention this and not give him the money. It was very unpleasant for me to see this because the only reason he went with me to Moscow was that the money was in the flat where I lived in Moscow. But his conscience is his conscience, I had asked him to provide me with a lift with money to the border and I am responsible for my words. So, as soon as I got to the apartment in Novo-Gireevo, I took out the money and returned the full amount requested. After receiving the money, he left Moscow, and with that, my life. I didn't need someone like that in my business! His behaviour reminded me of a character from the magazine " Eralash". During the school holidays, a fat boy was munching on an apple, and another child was standing nearby watching his friend eat the apple. When the apple was eaten, the boy who was watching said regretfully, "If I had an apple, I would share it with you!" To which the other, calmly licking his fingers, replied, "Yes, it's a pity you don't have an apple!" My Kharkiv protégé turned out to be an ordinary consumer who only "looked out for himself." Of the three impostors I went to Germany with, I didn't keep a single one by my side. And the main reason was greed, and greed again. Each of them, to a greater or lesser extent, thought only of their own personal gain, not of making the world a better place! They thought only of themselves, not of others, they needed opportunities only to solve their personal problems with their help, and that is why they never got them from me.

This does not mean that I think people should be selfless — not at all. I just think that a person should have a goal, and that goal cannot be personal enrichment. I simply believe that people should strive for something lofty and beautiful, and money has never been and never will be associated with either of these things! Although in our world, it is necessary in order to be truly free! Money can only be

A tool, but never a goal! Otherwise, one can expect the worst kind of slavery, from which one will never be able to free oneself! It was funny how my ward from Kharkiv formulated his request to get his money back. He said that it was his parents' money and that he had nothing to do with it, but he demanded that the money be returned to him. I just wondered if he had returned the money to them, or if he didn't think it was necessary either. It's funny how people are willing to resort to meanness, lies, deceit, betrayal, etc. for money. It made me very sad to see how people I had done good deeds for and helped solve their problems behaved, even though I had asked for nothing in return. Problems that they would never have been able to solve on their own, and these problems were not only related to health. When the need arose, I took money out of my pocket, sometimes a lot of money for those times, and helped them without any conditions or requirements. But it turned out that they only thought about their own interests and never even considered why I was doing this for them, probably thinking it was just me being kind. And I assumed that people should help each other, share everything they have with each other. Did they think that I would not find something to spend my own money on? They did not even know that by helping them financially, I was denying myself something - the realisation of my dreams, believing that helping these people was more important and that the realisation of my dreams and projects could wait. But "for some reason" the others didn't think that way.

None of my students passed the German language test. I don't regret the money I lost in the process, but I am sorry and offended that not a single one of the "contestants" passed the test. Nevertheless, I am glad that all this came to light so quickly and that the greed of these people will no longer harm the cause I was serving back then – the cause of justice, the cause of the fight against social parasites, the essence of which I was just beginning to understand. Of course, it is a pity that these people failed the "lice" test, but it would have been really bad if they had managed to hide their true colours and later revealed them at the most inopportune moment. After all, my enemies — the social parasites — have almost unlimited financial resources, and therefore, if a person has such a "worm," they will always find a way to discover it and bring it to the necessary state. In this way, the potential traitor lies dormant within a person, and when it awakens, it can lead to serious consequences. This "Trojan horse" is very dangerous, but until a person has shown through their actions that they have become a slave to their weakness, you cannot blame them in advance for what they have not yet done. A person has the right to a chance to do the right thing, even though in their mind they have already committed treason. A person can overcome their weakness at the last moment and act according to their conscience. A person should not be deprived of this right; a person should be judged not only by their thoughts, but also by their actions. Only with this approach is it possible to avoid mistakes.

The tactics I used during my trip to Germany proved to be very effective. Of course, I could have conducted an "analysis" after each sting, but that would only have made them act more cautiously and secretly, and if they already had the virus of greed, betrayal or cowardice, it would have led to all of this simply being hidden within them, waiting for its "moment of glory." Such a "mine" is very difficult to detect and prove that it is real! But I am repulsed by even the thought, even with the best of intentions, of monitoring the people around me. I wanted to be sure that if I did have collaborators, I could safely "turn my back" on them without expecting a "stab in the back." And the tactics I used allowed me to do so very quickly and with minimal losses. It is better to face your enemies alone, then you know for sure that you can only rely on yourself, without expecting a stab in the back. It is better to take a "circular defence" and not be caught off guard by someone you have trusted. And a person should earn trust with their real deeds, not with grandiose statements about them, as is most often the case. The fact that my fake in Kharkiv did not deem it necessary to contact me and tell me that I was wanted by the Germans confirms the correctness of my

Conclusions. The fact is that after I returned to Moscow, I moved out of the flat where I had been living before my trip to Germany and moved into my cousin's flat in Butovo. The Germans were looking for me because the results of my experiments with shampoos and creams were positive and they wanted to actively collaborate with me. The Germans tried to find me using my old phone numbers, but without success. So they called my department in Kharkiv. And he, realizing that he couldn't "get anything" out of me, didn't even tell me that they were looking for me. Although he knew where and how I could be found, he also knew people with whom I was in constant contact and who would have given me the information. "Somehow" he didn't do it, which quite eloquently characterises his consumerist nature. I understood what it was years later. So my conclusions about his human suitability to work and fight against social parasites turned out to be correct.

Unfortunately, the last thousand years of increasing activity by social parasites have borne fruit. For many people, money has become an idol, especially after the genetic cleansing of the 20th century, which almost completely destroyed the cream of the Russian nation, from the aristocracy to the peasantry. The survivors were imposed with a dead worldview that was false in its essence. Hiding behind beautiful words, the communists actually created complete lawlessness, promoting only those people who, for the sake of their own well-being, were ready to walk over the corpses of others, and so on. As a result, a new "elite" was brought up on these principles, and many of those who did not make it but really wanted to be part of this "elite" began to orient themselves towards it. It became unprofitable to be honest, dignified and noble. And after the destruction of the flower of the nation, some of the bearers of Russian genetics without this core of the nation began to "remagnetise" themselves, adapting to the new conditions, acquiring, like chameleons, the colour of the new "nobility" - the social parasites. Fortunately, not everyone does this.

So, unfortunately, none of those I considered as potential future collaborators passed the "louse" test, as I call it. Well, it is better to have no partners at all than to have partners who can stab you in the back at any moment, as long as someone offers them good money. It is better to fight your enemies alone, knowing that you can only rely on yourself, than to rely on others who, at the first sign of danger, will leave the battlefield or, even worse, betray or sell you out! It is better to have no such "companions"!

23. The war begins

In Moscow, I spent some time sorting out my affairs. As I mentioned, I paid off my debts and moved into a new flat. My new temporary base was my aunt's flat in Butovo. My cousin Lena was in charge of her flat and offered me the living room. My aunt Tamara also had no objection. At that time, my sister was a fifth-year student and, like many young people, she was interested in everything I was doing. I moved my modest belongings into this flat and after a while I travelled to Kharkiv again in my car. I had a few things to do in that city and wanted to at least tidy up my flat a little. After I received a one-room flat in September 1988, I didn't live in it for a single day. There were several reasons for this, one of which was that the first thing I had to do in the new flat was to renovate it, as I had to repaint the linoleum, repaint the walls and ceiling, etc., etc. So I decided to tidy it up after all. To this end, I bought the necessary building materials and all that remained was to do it. And so, after settling my affairs with the move to the new "base" in Moscow, I travelled to Kharkiv in my Mercedes and, after a few days in that city, flew to my homeland just before New Year. My parents were very

They were delighted at my arrival, and I gave them the gifts I had brought them from Germany. On top of that, my sister had recently given birth to a son, whom I had not yet seen. I did not know when I would be able to visit my parents again, and I was right, because I did not return home until sixteen years later. I certainly did not think or imagine that I would have to live in the United States for many years. But my parents were happy to see me at home and hear about my impressions of Germany. After spending a few days at my parents' house, I returned to Kharkiv and began renovating my flat.

At my request, my friends sold one of the video recorders I had brought with me at a good price, and I had a little money for living expenses. I had to start by clearing away the construction debris that was "for some reason" under the linoleum, and then redo the plaster, level the corners, etc. Then I had to prepare the walls for wallpapering, and to create the illusion of high ceilings, I installed the cornices I had ordered earlier around the perimeter of the room. All this decorated my home, and after the wallpaper was hung, the flat began to look very good indeed. A friend helped me with all this work, and I am very grateful to him for his assistance. So, the flat took on a more or less decent appearance, but it was... empty! It was still necessary to find and buy furniture, preferably... decent furniture. Thanks to my acquaintances, I was first able to buy a very nice carpet with a pleasant pattern for the whole room, and a little later, a Yugoslavian wall unit, very comfortable armchairs with a coffee table and a pull-out sofa, which formed a set. In Soviet times, all this could only be "obtained" through connections or, more easily, through bribery, or by waiting in line for several years, or by paying several times the price to get it quickly. I didn't have to overpay because my acquaintances helped me. Anyway, the furniture was assembled and installed, the apartment looked lived in, and it was time to go back to Moscow. The thing is, Director Albert Ignatenko invited me to give a series of lectures at his school, which was supposed to start in mid-February. I decided to accept the offer, which meant I had to return to Moscow. So I didn't even have to live in my flat after getting it ready in a few days.

A few days before my departure, I told a guest about my involvement in the Chernobyl affairs, about my request for help, which I addressed to one of the highest hierarchies of the Universe, with whom I was in contact at that time, and at my request they sent a rescue spaceship, whose actions prevented the planetary catastrophe that was supposed to happen in early October 1987. As I have already written about this, the actions of the extraterrestrial spaceship were observed by those involved in the events surrounding the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor. The appearance of the spaceship above the sarcophagus was a complete surprise to everyone and was kept in complete secrecy from the masses by the special services, and not only that! So my account, with its minute details and precise timing on the one hand, and my explanation of the reason for the appearance of this spaceship on the other, attracted a great deal of attention to me from the Soviet special services. And it was from that moment that a fundamentally new chapter in my life began - my clash with the special services, first of the USSR and then of other countries. And, of course, I didn't realise it right away. You could say that life itself presented me with a fait accompli, without asking me whether I liked it or not, whether I wanted it or not. A few days after that fateful conversation, as if in passing, on the street, after I had insured my Mercedes with the State Insurance Company, I was offered the opportunity to wear epaulettes again. However, judging by the salary they offered me, the proposers had clearly " mistaken" the size of my stars and the way they (the stars) were placed on my epaulettes when I left the army in 1986. They offered me a salary of 600 roubles, complete freedom of action, full cooperation from the authorities in all my endeavours and a green light for all my actions! And I wouldn't even have to wear a uniform, I could go wherever I wanted and as much as I wanted, I just had to do what was asked of me "sometimes"!

It was a very "nice" offer, but I didn't get the "right" enthusiasm and excitement! I declined, saying that I preferred freedom in my actions and was not prepared to carry out orders that contradicted my ideas and beliefs, but that I was prepared to do everything in my power in cases where requests for assistance corresponded to my ideas of what was good and what was bad. Of course, I realised that refusing to cooperate with the special services, more specifically with the GRU, would be shocking for me, but that did not change my decision. I had already freed myself from naivety and Soviet propaganda and did not believe that the 1917 revolution and everything that happened to my homeland afterwards was and is for the benefit of my people. Even then, not entirely and not in all its "colours", I had an idea of who did what to Russia and why. Of course, I could have said that I would think about it, but that was not in my nature. I expected that my refusal would be followed by repressive actions on the part of the "merchants," but at that time I did not know and did not imagine what they would be and how quickly they would follow.

After I had basically finished renovating my flat and furnished it to my taste with what I could afford, I was ready to return to Moscow. I had several conversations with Director Ignatenko Stella about the start of his school in Moscow, and after receiving the exact time of the start of classes, I decided to go to Moscow with my car. The last night before my departure, I slept for the first and last time in my own apartment, also the first! I parked my car in a secure paid car park for the night. As it turned out, this did not help to avoid trouble, except that no one broke or stole anything. As I found out a little later, the paid car park even added something to my car, more precisely to the tyre of the left front wheel. On the day of departure, I wanted to leave early so that I could reach Moscow before dark. But after driving the car to my home and going up to my flat on the ninth floor, I decided to get some sleep, as I was a little tired from the repairs. That "little" turned out to be a very long time, because instead of leaving in the morning, I left in the evening. I will not describe again my first acquaintance with the "gratitude" of the Soviet special services for the fact that back then, in early October 1987, I asked the hierarchy of the Universe for help. A small radio-controlled explosive device detonated in my wheel in response to a signal from a small radio beacon installed on a dangerous section of the Kharkov-Moscow motorway. This happened only because I left later and stopped on the way because the trucks in front of me were splashing mud on the windscreen of my Mercedes, and I decided to sleep in the car in the car park and drive at night when there were almost no cars on the road. If it hadn't been for that, who knows how things would have turned out, but anyway, after the tyre exploded on a section of the road with very steep slopes, only my car was damaged, mainly because it hit the safety barrier with the right side of the front door.

My car stopped in the most incredible way, instead of rolling over many times before reaching the bottom of the ravine. No one wanted to believe that this had happened, even though there was clear evidence of it. The car stopped only because the steel cable of the fence caught on the hook of the boot and thus stopped the car. At the same time, the impact was so strong that the lower part of the car's boot was bent. By a lucky coincidence, among the few cars on the road at that time, there was a truck with a winch, which was used to pull my Mercedes back onto the road. I thanked everyone who helped me, replaced the left front wheel with a spare, and continued on my way. Early in the morning, I arrived in Butovo and, after unloading the car, went to rest. When I told Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev what had happened and my opinion about it, he began to convince me that the reason for the accident was my inexperience as a driver. But I was not convinced by his explanation, not because I considered myself a "hard" driver, but because my inexperience had nothing to do with the huge hole in the wheel tread. It was not a punctured wheel or a burst tyre, but a wheel with a huge hole that looked exactly like what happens in an explosion. But the confirmation is not even what could be attributed to some hidden defect in the tyre, which in itself would be very strange, but the fact that this attempt to rid the earth of my presence was not the last! I really did say to

Sergeev said that it was unlikely that our special services would be able to remove me or force me to do something against my will, but they either did not believe his message or decided to check it out.

Anyway, the second attempt to get rid of me did not take long. Shortly after my arrival in Moscow, classes began at the Phenomenon School. Albert Ignatenko offered me to give a series of my lectures at his school. I usually had several lessons almost every day. Besides me and Ignatenko, several other people also gave lectures. During my lectures, I shared with my listeners my understanding of nature in general and human nature in particular. I worked with people, qualitatively transforming their brains and creating an evolutionary leap in their development. The place where the lectures were held was not far from the garden ring, so my way home was always the same. From the garden ring, I turned onto Warsaw Highway, passed Danilovsky Market, and then took the motorway to Butovo. I travelled to the classes with my brother and cousin, who were also participating in the seminar. One day in February, after the classes were over, I was travelling home with my brother and cousin. After turning off the Garden Ring and heading onto the Warsaw Highway, I saw a convoy of military trucks on the road. As far as I remember, there was a very long brick building with many shops on the ground floor along the highway, and then there was a car park in front of the Danilovsky Market. So the military convoy was standing next to this long building all the way to the intersection. Well, it was a military convoy, what was so special about it? It would have been just that, if a truck hadn't pulled out of the middle of the convoy, stopped on the side of the road and rushed towards me. My defence system kicked in and I managed to avoid a serious collision in time. The military Ural only knocked off the handle of the right rear door. I was in the second lane and managed to get into the third lane without any problems.

I stopped and listened to the explanations of those responsible for the incident. It turned out that the convoy belonged to some KGB unit (quite curious, isn't it?), the driver was a sergeant who had left the army a few months later, and so on and so forth. But the most curious thing is that this car was moving in the middle of the convoy. I myself served in the army and travelled in a convoy of cars. I was a senior officer in the car and I know that a car in the middle of a convoy cannot move in principle; this is a gross violation of orders and regulations. Neither the sergeant in charge of demobilisation nor the ensign in charge of the car could have known this! Most likely, the following happened. This convoy was waiting for my arrival. They had obviously been informed that I had already left and was on my way, but I crossed the section separating us faster than they had expected, and they obviously did not have time to give the entire convoy the order to move. Only those who were tasked with staging the accident were forced to rush out of the convoy, but even that did not save the situation. I managed to block the actions of the Ural driver, otherwise one can imagine what would have happened if that Ural had crashed into the side of my car at full speed. The second failure did not reassure them either. In April, there was a third attempt, even more complicated. After this incident, there was a lull on the "front" for a while; it seems that the other "side" was thinking about what would be good to do to me. Meanwhile, my life went on...

At the suggestion of Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, whom I already knew, I met Victoria Mikhailovna Zub, who at that time was working as a director for a Russian television channel. We got talking and she really liked what she heard from me. As a result of our several conversations, she came up with the idea for a series of programmes called "Portrait Against the Background of the Universe". Four thirty-minute programmes were created and broadcast. The first programme was filmed at the television centre in Ostankino, and the programme consisted of an interview with me. While we were talking about general ideas and concepts, the "talking head" format was more or less acceptable, but when it came to specific concepts and phenomena, I suggested to Victoria Mikhailovna that we intersperse our " talking heads" with various stories related to the topic of conversation. As

Starting with the second programme, there was more and more explanatory material in the broadcasts, so that while I was explaining something, viewers could see what I was talking about on the screen. For example, when I was explaining cell division and the phenomenon of the complete disappearance of the old cell and the appearance of a new one only after a certain interval of time, Victoria Mikhailovna managed to find a fragment of a recording of the process of cell division observed through a tunnel microscope. When I later watched the programme on air, it was very impressive! In other programmes, for example, a specially filmed segment was used, my experiment, when a person whom I had put into a state of altered consciousness was filmed with a brain encephalogram, and the camera showed that the person in this state was thinking, answering questions, etc., while according to the recording device, the person should have been in a state of clinical death or coma! For me, the process of working on the programmes was very interesting, as Victoria Mikhailovna, as they say, did not step on my "neck". We discussed the stories together, and there was a good creative atmosphere. As a result of her approach, each subsequent programme was more interesting than the last.

Alongside my work on these programmes, I accepted several invitations from Albert Ignatenko to give lectures at his Centre for Phenomena. After giving lectures in Moscow, I also gave lectures in his hometown of Nikolaev. At the school in Nikolaev, I was given more hours, and besides me and Ignatenko, several other people also gave lectures. The last time I gave lectures with Albert Ignatenko was in Donetsk, where he also invited me. In this mining capital, there was a course of lectures for doctors, and I gave about half of the lectures, while Ignatenko gave the other half. In principle, this ten-day training course at the Centre for Phenomena was based solely on his and my lectures. And once, when the course was almost over, the organisers of these seminars from Donetsk came to me and said that, with all due respect to Albert Ignatenko, they would very much like me to hold my own school in Donetsk. Then, for the first time, I thought: why not? After all, to run my school, all I needed was myself, a place to hold it, and, of course, people who wanted to do it. I and the people who wanted to do it already existed, and finding a place would not be difficult. The only drawback was that I could not give my students diplomas for attending my lectures. I said that I would think about their proposal and if it was not important for them to receive a "diploma", then my school could be there. Among the group of Don citizens who initiated the project was a journalist named Valentina, who asked for my phone number and expressed a desire to write an article about my work related to Chernobyl. Soon after, she came to Moscow and we even met several times. Nothing came of all this, but this woman tried to interest an American businessman in me, whom I even met once, but nothing came of that meeting either.

But what I am really grateful to this woman for is that she introduced me to my future wife, Svetlana. And it happened in a rather amusing way, as I later learned. At the time, Svetlana was working as a television journalist for the Polish branch of the European television company Antenna, and one of her tasks was to search for people with unusual talents in the USSR. Thanks to Svetlana, many names became famous in the country in the late 1980s and early 1990s. For example, Valentina, a journalist from Donetsk, after meeting Svetlana, once asked her if she was interested in Levashov, who was restoring people's brains. Strange as it may seem, after giving Svetlana my phone number, she suddenly disappeared and I never heard from her again, nor did she call me. Apparently, her role was to connect us, and that was all! To act as a kind of link between our destinies. And for that I am very grateful to her.

Around the same time, in April 1991, the "military action" against me resumed. Late one evening, the alarm in my car went off. I looked out the window and saw nothing, thinking that someone had simply touched the car with their hand. The next morning, I was travelling to another meeting, as my cousin often travelled with me to these meetings. That was the case that morning as well. The night before, I had filled

the full tank of my Mercedes and all the spare cans, of which I had four in the boot. Anyone who remembers those times knows how things are with petrol and how you have to queue up to fill up your car's tank. So, I went to the meeting, it was April, there was mud on the roads... in short, it was a normal April day. And then, as I was driving, I noticed that the fuel gauge was dropping very quickly! So quickly that it was literally crawling down. At first, I thought the fuel gauge sensor was broken, so I stopped the car, checked all the connections, etc., and set off again. But nothing changed, the fuel in my car's tank continued to decrease incredibly quickly. I stopped again, but this time I didn't turn off the engine and got out of the car. Until then, I had no idea where the fuel pump was located in a Mercedes. But I had a clear idea that the problem was under the right front fender of the car. I bent down and saw a very curious sight. From the fuel pump (as I realised a little later) at the bottom of the car, a fountain of petrol was gushing out, which, hitting the pressure at the bottom itself, flew in drops in different directions. Nearby were the terminals of the electric motor that drove this petrol pump. So, petrol splashes, electric sparks... it was an amusing situation with a very predictable outcome.

Realising the danger of the situation, I pulled my cousin out of the car, found the nearest telephone, called and cancelled the meeting, and then called my mechanic and told him about my problem. Apparently, I didn't explain the problem clearly enough, because when I got to him (and it took me quite a long time to get to his garage, travelling about thirty-five kilometres after discovering the problem and a full seventy kilometres from home) and he saw everything with his own eyes, his first question was, "How did you get here alive and not explode?" And that's exactly what he said to me. The fuel pump housing is specially made from an alloy that breaks into small pieces in the event of an impact or other damage. All this is done to prevent pressurised petrol from leaking through cracks in the petrol pump body, because in such a case an explosion is inevitable. In my case, there was a very curious situation. Someone had drilled a small hole in the body of the petrol pump on my Mercedes, and in such a way that the petrol escaping from this hole under pressure fell onto the bottom of the car and scattered in all directions. Drilling such a hole in such an alloy is only possible with a special high-speed drill, otherwise this alloy will shatter into pieces. Such drill bits and drills could not be bought in a shop either then or even now! So it is very clear who drilled this "hole" and why. Even then, the mechanic looked at me and said he didn't understand how I had even made it to him and hadn't exploded. According to him, I should have exploded any second, and the fact that this did not happen was a miracle in itself. I had expected something like this, but the fact that I did not explode was not unusual for me. This was the effect of my protection, which I had mentioned and which the secret services had tested. It was a pretty good idea. If this "event" had been successful, I would have burned alive in my Mercedes and no one would ever have known about the small hole drilled in the fuel pump of my Mercedes.

Due to the lack of a new petrol pump, the mechanic placed a "clamp" over the punctured hole, and I continued my work. I hoped that my protection was working, but I couldn't be 100% sure, as I had no way of testing its effectiveness in action. So I had to test it in real conditions, where even the smallest mistake was fatal, and not just in a figurative sense. The hostilities initiated against me by the special services were the first tests of my methods on a purely earthly level, and they did not let me down! I think it was an unpleasant surprise for the special services to discover that my words about the protection system I had created were neither a bluff nor the ravings of a madman. After that, they "lay low" for a while, but not for long. In the meantime, they changed their tactics. But more on that later. First, I would like to continue my story about the more pleasant events in my life in April and early May 1991....

24. New twists and turns in my destiny

At the end of April and beginning of May 1991, several other very important events took place, which later became significant for me personally and for what I was doing and am doing. But in order not to create chaos, I will continue my story in the order of events. As I wrote earlier, after my arrival from Germany, four half-hour documentaries about me and my ideas were shown on the Second Russian Television Channel under the title "Portrait Against the Background of the Universe". The director of these films was Victoria Mikhailovna Zub, with whom I had the pleasure of working during the creation of these four films. Together, we tried to find the best way to make these films interesting for the audience. I hope that Victoria Mikhailovna also enjoyed working with me. After these films, Valentin Raskazov, who at that time was working as one of the editors at Arkhangelsk Television, contacted me through her. In principle, I did not specify what position he held; I have never been interested in a person's position, only in what they talk about and what interests them. Valentin Raskazov called me and we met. We met several times; he came to see me in Butovo, where I was living in my aunt's flat at the time, and I went to see him at his hotel. In short, it was the usual routine of meetings that might have led to results. Valentin Raskazov and I discussed many issues, and I presented my view of what was happening. As a result of these conversations, he came up with the idea of organising a series of lectures by me in Arkhangelsk. We agreed that I would come to Arkhangelsk, and that was all. He introduced me to his son Dmitry, who quickly became interested in what I do and what I say. Then they returned to their hometown, and we kept in touch by phone.

As I already mentioned, I gave lectures at Albert Ignatenko's courses. I gave these lectures in Moscow, Nikolaev and Donetsk. Several people from Nikolaev suggested that I give public lectures in their city as well. I did not give a positive or negative answer, but promised to think about it. Then there was an unexpected development that I had not even anticipated. But more on that later. For now, I will return to the end of April and beginning of May 1991...

One day, I received a call from a woman who introduced herself as a journalist from the Polish branch of the European television company Antenna. She called and said her name was Svetlana and that my phone number had been given to her by a journalist from Donetsk named Valentina, who had told her that I was reprogramming people's brains. She said that if this was really true, she would very much like to meet me, as she was interested in such phenomena and was looking for people with extrasensory abilities in the USSR, and if people really had them, a documentary film would be made about them, which would then be shown throughout Europe. We arranged a meeting and she asked for permission to bring her friend along. She had a very strange accent, even though she spoke excellent Russian. I couldn't imagine who she was and assumed that she was probably from Poland, as she represented Polish television. But, as it turned out later, I was wrong. But I won't get ahead of myself...

Svetlana, a journalist, came to meet her friend Olga. When I opened the door to let them in, I saw a very beautiful woman with incredible green eyes. I did not expect to see anything like that. Her pleasant melodious voice (later it turned out that she was a professional singer, a graduate of the Vilnius Conservatory and a Lithuanian pop star) was combined with a bright and expressive appearance. But as it soon turned out, she not only had a melodious voice and beautiful appearance, but also exceptional intelligence and, on top of that, extraordinary paranormal abilities. I invited the guests in and offered them tea to create a more trusting atmosphere. The tea allowed us to relax somewhat and find the right "tone" for conversation. After a brief conversation about the weather and the pleasures of travelling in Moscow and its surroundings, we got to the heart of what my guest had come for. She talked in more detail about what she does and how she does it, mentioning some names she had discovered and, as they would say today, promoted. The names were quite well known. If she discovered

An interesting personality, she first invited him (or her) to be featured on Central Television of the USSR before the material was sent to Europe. Svetlana told me that she was surprised by the words of a journalist from Donetsk who said that I had restored my brain. She asked me to explain what that meant and whether she had understood correctly what the woman had said to her. And I... began to tell her about my work. The conversation turned to what I had dedicated my life to and why I had gone against the grain, despite the smiles and ridicule of those around me. Although only those who had no idea what they were mocking smiled and mocked. Usually, the smiles and mockery disappeared very quickly when I began to demonstrate what I was talking about.

I started telling her all this and was surprised that I didn't see any mockery on her part, not even in her thoughts. I usually start a conversation with a new person with something controversial and see how they react to what I say. If I see that the person takes the information normally, their brain doesn't start to "boil" and they don't think that someone (me) "hasn't got it all together at home," I gradually start to give more and more interesting (from my point of view) information and talk about how and in what way I came to one conclusion or another or to a certain understanding. And even if the person perceives my information adequately, usually after an hour and a half most of them start to "overheat" anyway. In the case of this woman, the opposite was observed - the more I told her, the more she came alive and the more inner interest I saw in her eyes. It's always nice to meet someone who understands what you're talking about. So, I was so absorbed in my stories that when I realised it was very late and the last train to Moscow had already left. Svetlana asked me if it was possible to call a taxi in Butovo, and I said that it might be possible, but it was unlikely that a taxi would come. That you can usually find a taxi near the station, but not always, and... she offered to drive me to the hotel in my car. I dismissed all her objections that it was inconvenient for her to take up so much of my time. I explained that it was better for beautiful women not to tempt fate late at night, took the car keys, and went to see my guests off. My Mercedes was parked in front of the entrance, right under the windows of my aunt's apartment. I put my guests in the car and we set off. Svetlana was living in the Kiev Hotel at the time, near the train station in Kiev. At that time, there weren't that many cars on the roads in Moscow, and late at night, or rather during the night, the roads were almost empty and you could drive at high speed, fearing only the traffic police with their fines for speeding, even when the road was completely empty. This was the only factor that held me back, but I rarely drove at speeds below 100 or 120 kilometres per hour at night. So I dropped my guests off at the hotel relatively quickly and, after saying goodbye and good night, I headed back.

Svetlana came to visit me a few more times with her friend Olga, and then she started coming to see me on her own. Her friend Olga wasn't interested in our conversations, and her bored look, which she didn't even try to hide, spoke volumes. She was interested in something completely different, and seeing that she had nothing to "gain" from my interests, she was obviously bored. The conversations with Svetlana were interesting not only because she was a grateful listener who understood what I was talking about, and I didn't have to control myself and dose the information so that she wouldn't think I was "crazy". It was precisely her understanding of what I was talking about that distinguished this woman from the many others I had to talk to. After all, I can always tell when a person understands what I am talking about and how they understand it, how completely. Very often, the person would choose something more or less understandable to them from my story and had the illusion of fully understanding what I was saying. Sometimes a person understood more on a subconscious or genetic level than on a conscious level, even though such understanding was necessary and important. Sometimes a person really wanted to understand, and that desire was very strong, but it did not help them understand. Svetlana understood almost everything exactly as it should be understood, and if something was unfamiliar to her, she quickly " grasped" the essence of

what I said. And the reason for this understanding became clear quite quickly. As we developed mutual trust, she began to share with me facts from her own life that she had told almost no one, including her loved ones. But I won't get ahead of myself...

When I met her, she was addicted to cigarettes. After several conversations with her, I decided to pay attention to her and began my usual campaign against smoking. She did not object to my arguments, but did not consider the harm of smoking to be so serious. So I decided to prove her right. The best way to prove a point is to let your opponent convince themselves. So I offered to help her kick the habit and rewire her brain so she could see for herself that I was right. In principle, she was not against it, but she told me that it was unlikely to work because no one had ever tried it with her and no one had tried anything else, and she was not hypnotised or influenced in any other way. I told her that although I was hypnotised, what I was doing and offering to do with her had nothing to do with hypnosis, but was a qualitative transformation of the brain that opened up fundamentally new possibilities. Anyway, she agreed and I began the transformation. It turned out that she had wonderful sensitivity and very dynamic genetics for what I was doing. After only a few minutes of my work, Svetlana could already see her brain and other internal organs. When that happened, I suggested an experiment. I suggested that she smoke a cigarette and observe for herself what was happening to her and her brain. The result of this experiment was a shock to her. Svetlana saw how, under the influence of smoking, the neurons in her brain began to shrink and die. The result of this experiment was "equivalent" to an atomic bomb explosion! Her face reflected genuine amazement at what she herself had witnessed.

After this experiment, she quit smoking for good. When she saw all this, she was not only disturbed by what she had seen, but also concerned about how to compensate for the damage already done. I reassured her and offered to cleanse her of the consequences and restore the destroyed neurons in her brain. I began my work, during which Svetlana saw her white lungs and the black tar films covering the bronchioles and alveoli of her white lungs. After this work, she began to cough up the tar clots, which further convinced her that what she was seeing under my influence was not my suggestion, but the truth. Gradually, a greater understanding developed between us. After several days of communication, Svetlana once asked me why no one knew about all this, why she had never heard my name. After all, she was looking for exactly such people, and she had not heard about me from anyone until a journalist from Donetsk told her about me personally. She had heard about my ex-wife, but not a word about me. And she was looking for exactly what I was giving her - understanding.

She told me that she had accepted this job because she hoped that by working directly with people with unusual abilities, she would be able to find answers to questions that had tormented her since childhood. Although many people had passed through her hands, no one had ever been able to give her an understanding of what they were doing or an explanation for what had been happening to her throughout her life. I tried to explain this "ignorance" to her by saying that I had serious disagreements with the special services, or rather, I did not have disagreements with them, but rather they misunderstood what I was doing and why. And that is why my name was blacklisted. Svetlana said she could prove me wrong and that this situation was most likely due to the fact that I had not been active enough. She told me that in order to prove it, she was ready to do so right now, in my presence, and told me that she would call Merkulova, a well-known television journalist in those years who had several very popular programmes on Moscow's third channel, and that this woman had already done her many favours by showing the "oddballs" needed for Eurovision at the most watched time in those years - on Friday after the programme "Vremya". Not only did she show them, but she even aired the "oddballs" at Svetlana's request, instead of the appearances of Boris Yeltsin and Gavril Popov in the heat of the election campaign for the first president of the RSFSR and the first mayor of Moscow! I was all for it, and she, without putting the question "in a long box", picked up the phone and dialled the right number. I could only hear what Svetlana was saying. After the usual exchange of

After exchanging pleasantries, Svetlana said that there was a new "oddball" she had to show me. As the conversation progressed, it became clear to me that the person on the other end of the line was asking for details: on which day, for how long, etc. Then Svetlana said my first and last name and... I saw surprise on her face. And the following happened. After hearing my surname and first name, Merkulova fell silent for a minute and... saying she couldn't do it, she hung up. After that, she never called Svetlana again, even though she had never refused her before and called her very often.

Svetlana was very surprised by Merkulova's behaviour, but that was not the last surprise she had in store for me. She knew Vadim Belozerov well, who had committed fraud with video recordings of the results of the experiments and the results of my work. I told Svetlana how and why he had done it, removing me from all the recordings and putting another person in my place. Svetlana asked him to provide the working materials for the film he had made, for possible use in preparing a programme for European television, and he gladly agreed to do so, but after she told him of her desire to find out the truth about who owned the footage, he disappeared and was never heard from again. As Svetlana told me, during her three years of work in Moscow, Vadim Belozorov always responded to her requests with great enthusiasm, always found time for her, and she spent hours looking through the footage from his archive. He himself suggested that she review the materials he found interesting so that she could select what she needed. In his archive, she reviewed the recordings of two hundred "oddballs" — both those that had been broadcast and those that had never been shown. After she called him to ask for materials related to me, he "disappeared." Svetlana called him several more times, but he was "for some reason" extremely busy and no longer had time for her. Apparently, he had a lot of work to do! All these facts surprised Svetlana greatly; she did not expect such a thing to be possible and had to admit that I was right about the "blacklist". But these facts did not deter her from her personal interest in what I do, in what I think about this or that. It only made her interest even stronger.

25. Svetlana's Secret

After I managed to help her quit smoking in an unusual way, Svetlana confided in me the secret that had tormented her for many years. For some reason she couldn't understand, she periodically began to hear the thoughts of people she passed by. It was especially unbearable for her when her clairvoyance manifested itself in public places. When the voices of thousands of people began to sound simultaneously in her head. Everyone's thoughts sounded in her head like words spoken aloud. This phenomenon is depicted very well in the film " Scanners". In the film, the cure for such hypersensitivity was a special medicine, without which the scanner went crazy. But that's in the film, and in real life there was no such medicine. Of course, there were and are drugs that are given to people in similar situations, but these drugs only "fry" the brain, nothing more, and the "doctors" consider the issue resolved. And the very state of clairvoyance is defined by modern medicine as a mental pathology, with which this phenomenon has nothing to do. Very often, people with these or those tasks of extrasensory perception, after "treatment," really do acquire mental problems. Therefore, knowing all this and realising that there was nothing wrong with her psyche, it was very difficult for Svetlana to withstand the influx of foreign voices in her head, but she could not share this with anyone. We can only imagine how much willpower it took her to keep her sanity and not show those around her that something like this was happening to her!

So she decided to tell me about her problem. By that time, I already understood the nature of telepathy quite well, so I told her that I hoped I could help her with her problem. Her problem stemmed from the fact that she had strong paranormal abilities by nature, but had not been able to develop them properly during her childhood and adolescence. That is why Svetlana could not control these abilities. Realising the cause of the problem, I made the necessary evolutionary changes, after which she was able to control the reception of telepathic information at will. What's more, I made this correction in "combat" conditions. The thing is that Svetlana began to exhibit another clairvoyance of crowds of people when we were together on Arbat Street among thousands of people who usually came to this street, which at that time was a cultural centre. After my correction, the chaos of voices completely disappeared from Svetlana's head and never reappeared. But this did not mean that Svetlana's gift of telepathy had disappeared; on the contrary, her ability to receive information telepathically increased many times over, only now she could control this gift herself, becoming not a slave to her gift, but its master. She had acquired the ability to "turn on" and "turn off" telepathic reception of information at will, to receive it from the person she wanted to receive it from, and not from anyone who happened to be near her, and much, much more.

I had to see Svetlana's joyful face to understand what a heavy burden I had lifted from her shoulders with my actions. She had become a true mistress of herself, and her gift no longer hindered her but began to blossom rapidly. My stories about space and other civilisations fascinated her so much that she once asked me if it was possible to see the Great Cosmos, the galaxies, the stars and other civilisations with her own eyes! Her natural abilities were simply magnificent, and my brain transformations, necessary for working in space, were laid on a wonderful foundation. After the qualitative transformation of Svetlana's brain, necessary for working in the Great Cosmos, she "got into" this work as if she had always been doing it. For many people who underwent brain transformation, it was very difficult to " get used" to their new abilities, it was difficult to get used to completely different conditions and principles, for many people such a change in the principle of thinking became a "stumbling block". It was necessary to get rid of the habits of the three-dimensional world, to learn to think differently, to react differently, to perceive differently and to act differently. This turned out to be the most difficult thing for most people. And so they began to invent familiar things for themselves and

objects. If they have to fight someone, they create "energy swords" and, in the best case scenario, after watching science fiction films, blasters or laser guns and cannons. And they start "shooting" with them, not realising the simple truth that they are not acting in the usual reality, but in the reality they have reached not with the help of rocket carriers or even flying saucers, but as a result of moving through space with the help of willpower! And this is a completely different level of development, incomparably higher than moving through space with flying saucers, not to mention the "spaceships" of modern Earth civilisation. And we must act in accordance with this level.

Of course, contemporary science fiction writers have their own "contribution" to this state of affairs, projecting the Earth mentality into their works. Undoubtedly, there are civilisations in the Great Cosmos that are at a lower level of development than Earth, and there are civilisations that are at a much higher level of development than ours, but even a much higher level of technical development does not mean a higher level of development. More advanced technology only allows us to penetrate the Great Cosmos deeper than is possible for our modern civilisation, and even if it is billions of light years away, it is still only a small step in the vastness of the Universe. The inhabitants of Midgard-Earth have the unique opportunity to penetrate the depths of the Universe at distances that are simply unthinkable for most civilisations. The people of Midgard-Earth, with proper development and the right foundation, have the opportunity to influence global processes at the level of the Small and Large Universe with their consciousness, simply through the effort of their will. But when this or that person, by a twist of fate or as a result of some other factors, unexpectedly finds themselves in the Greater Universe, they begin to behave in it like a small child, with all the consequences that follow. And very often, representatives of the so-called Dark Forces of the Great Cosmos (cosmic social parasites), seeing the discrepancy between content and form, take advantage of the ignorance and unawareness of such people and begin to manipulate them at will. And the people... who have fallen into the "hands" of such cosmic tricksters do not even suspect that they are simply playing "cat and mouse" with them, and they play only because they see that they are facing beings who have qualities but do not have the slightest idea of what they possess. Of course, such "evolutionary babies" cannot be blamed alone, but they also bear some of the blame for being turned into controlled puppets. They do not want to think differently, they do not even consider phenomena that are completely new to them, but simply project their usual worldview. And that is the worst thing!

So Svetlana was very different from many of the people whose brains I had to reorganise. She very quickly "got into" the new rules, as if she had just refreshed them in her memory and they were as natural to her as breathing, for example. Later, the reason for this phenomenon became clear. But everything fell into place... In the meantime, I opened up the world of the Great Universe to her, and she immersed herself in this world as if it were her real world (which turned out to be not so far from the truth)! I made new and new transformations for her, invented new "things" and tested them on myself before creating the same ones for her. I usually tested every new idea on myself, made new transformations in my brain and... observed my reaction to the innovation. And while I was "assimilating" the new properties and qualities, I brought them to their optimal version and only then did I make new transformations for others. In those cases when I did the transformation on someone else first, the period of adaptation to the new qualitative brain structures was usually very difficult for those people. That is why, after several such attempts, I experimented only on myself and, taking into account my own experience, I brought the innovations to such a degree that when I made brain transformations in other people, they practically did not experience any unpleasant sensations or excessive overload from the qualitative transformations.

I would also like to note the fact that the qualitative transformation of the brain, which

What I did was accompanied by a qualitative change in human nature, with the creation of new essential bodies that humans did not have before my intervention, but without their creation it was simply impossible to create new qualitative structures, or the creation of qualitative brain structures without a corresponding qualitative change in human essence was dangerous. The activation of such structures without the corresponding structure of essence could severely damage human essence or even completely burn it out from the power of the flows of matter passing through these structures. And this was not said for the sake of saying something, but it was the truth! Without qualitative harmonisation of brain structures and human essence, this is exactly what can happen. And this is a fact based on personal experience. During a job I was doing, a powerful stream of matter passing through my body burned the nerves in my right hand. The sensation was not pleasant. I couldn't stop the work for certain reasons, I had to finish it despite the very sensitive pain. The nerves in my right hand were almost charred from the excessive strain; I had the feeling that molten lead was spreading through the nerves in my hand. After finishing the work, I not only restored what had been destroyed, but also qualitatively changed everything that was necessary to harmonise the structures of my brain and my essence. And since then, I have always adhered to this rule - I have accompanied all qualitative changes in my brain with corresponding qualitative changes in my essence. Therefore, considering all of the above, it was fundamentally important during such work to obtain the most reliable information about how the next change would occur during my next work. That is why Svetlana's magnificent vision and her very high-quality telepathic reception of information, which she possessed after bringing her natural gift to the appropriate level, became simply indispensable in my work. And I began to actively transform myself, practising more and more of my ideas, the refinement of each of which gave me more and more new opportunities, which I realised again and again.

Svetlana's invaluable help allowed me to realise my ideas very quickly, with minimal side effects that had to be "assimilated," and this enabled me to move forward very quickly. While doing this work, I also transformed Svetlana in a qualitative way; she was almost always the second person to "go through" my transformations. In order to help me in my work, she had to possess the same qualities and abilities as me. Otherwise, she would not have been able to help me in any way. In order to see something qualitatively, it is necessary to have the same qualities and properties that I worked with. To understand this, it is enough to imagine a situation in which a person who has been deaf and blind since birth would answer the questions of the questioner and point the way. For this to be possible, we must first give the blind and deaf guide sight and hearing, and last but not least, an understanding of his surroundings. The latter is the most difficult task because, in order for understanding, enlightenment with knowledge, to arise, it is necessary for the person who has acquired sight and hearing to be able to comprehend everything correctly at fundamentally new levels of understanding. Again, for comparison, we can give the example of the perception of the surrounding world by a person who has been blind and deaf since birth. In this case, too, the person has his own perception and understanding of the world. So, after acquiring sight and hearing, such a person cannot and should not retain the perception they had before acquiring them. And if such a person continues to retain the old habitual perception from before acquiring sight and hearing, such behaviour would be simply absurd. This is probably clear to every sighted and hearing person, but the funny thing is that when a sighted and hearing person acquires radically different " sight" and "hearing," for some reason they continue to use their old perception.

This is illogical, but almost no one thinks about it or pays attention to it when you point it out specifically. Most people think they are "in their own right" and know better how to use what I create for them, even though in this situation they are the ones who are "blind" and "deaf" from birth, to whom I have given fundamentally new sight and hearing. But

I suppose that's just how human beings are. And so, Svetlana very easily and quickly mastered this new perception, as if she were "simply" remembering what she already knew well. It's like with amnesia (memory loss as a result of trauma or stress), a person " suddenly" remembers a memory from the past that seemed lost forever. This was the case with Svetlana — after I transformed her brain, she perceived everything as if she had "simply" remembered something well and long familiar, and as it turned out later, this was indeed the case. All this is related to the fact that her essence before incarnation on Earth in Midgard was at a very high level of development, and she consciously incarnated on this planet, knowing that after incarnation she would forget many things, knowing that her essence would " sleep" until it was awakened. And this is a big risk, as there could be many reasons that would make this awakening simply impossible. But she came to Midgard-Earth voluntarily, but that's a special story...

Svetlana's beautiful natural features, unconventionality and dynamic personality allowed her to "enter" my world very quickly and easily, which quickly became her world too. The state of "sleeping beauty" that she voluntarily accepted before her incarnation on Earth in Midgard is much more unpredictable and fraught with dangerous situations than the fairy-tale sleeping beauty who awakens from the kiss of a handsome prince. The state of "sleeping beauty" for a highly developed essence is equivalent to being immersed in darkness, with very little chance of awakening from this evolutionary "coma". There are too many random factors that simply cannot be predicted, too many opportunities for the Dark Forces (social parasites of all scales) to attack and harm such an entity, so that there will never be a way out of the evolutionary "coma". And to do such a thing voluntarily requires exceptional courage and the highest level of responsibility.

Anyway, what had to happen happened in the ideal case, which in itself is a miracle, and the awakening happened! Only the key to awakening from the evolutionary "coma" was not the kiss of the fairy-tale prince, but the transformation of the brain that I did. This transformation almost instantly brought Svetlana's essence out of the evolutionary "coma," and not only that! These transformations of the brain and essence that I made not only completely awakened her essence from the evolutionary "sleep," but also gave her such abilities and qualities that her essence did not have before her incarnation on Earth in Midgard.

26. Brain transformations

Perhaps it is time to clarify the situation with the transformation of my brain. Many people misunderstand the essence of this process, assuming that I "simply" unlock the brain of a person who is in a "sleeping" state. I do not simply unlock the brain of a person with "dormant" abilities; during my work, I create qualitatively new abilities in the person I am working with, abilities that they have never had before. Some of these abilities may appear in a particular person with proper development. How long it will take for a specific person to reach such a level of development is difficult to predict because everything is very individual, but judging by the average state of development of currently living subjects, it is unlikely, at least under the current conditions for development. And this applies not only to our planet, but also to most other planets. After all, development is not something guaranteed for a rational being. Such development is only possible if the necessary conditions for it are met. And the condition for this is not only the presence of reason in the developing being, which is, of course, necessary but not sufficient. For this purpose, it is necessary to have a suitable genetic basis for this development, analytical thinking, as well as the ability to rise above patterns and see, at first glance, new things in ordinary phenomena, and, of course, independence in conclusions.

and many, many other things. With the qualitative transformation of the brain, not only the human brain changes, but also its essence. The process of transformation is accompanied by the development of new essential bodies, which do not exist and have never existed in most cases in people undergoing this procedure. Only in very rare cases is there a release from the blockages of those bodies of essence that it had before its incarnation on Midgard Earth. Svetlana's case is one of those rare exceptions.

Most of the brain structures I create require a level of development from their carrier that is much higher than the planetary one. The zero planetary cycle of development represents a level of human development at which six essence bodies develop. These are material bodies that differ qualitatively and quantitatively from the physical dense body, but nevertheless remain material bodies, regardless of the fact that our five sense organs are unable to respond to them. But our senses and even our instruments do not respond in any way to *the* so-called *dark matter,* which constitutes 90 percent of the matter in our universe. Does the fact that the five human senses cannot perceive this dark matter mean that it does not exist? Of course not — even modern scientists acknowledge this. As I wrote earlier about my experiments, even if the perception of a human being is shifted to another level of reality, it begins, even with the help of the ordinary five senses, to react to other levels of reality in the same way as it reacted to physical dense reality before that moment. In this case, physical dense reality may be perceived by the person as illusory, even though it remains real for everyone else who remains in resonance with it.

The development of the six essential bodies of man in Hindu philosophy corresponds to the attainment of nirvana, merging with the Absolute, etc. According to their beliefs, this is the end of human development, and it is so if a person blindly and foolishly uses what Nature has given him from birth. But in reality, this is only the end of the planetary cycle of development and the beginning of the cosmic cycle, and is equivalent to the "hatching" of a chick from its cosy but now useless egg. Hatching from the eggshell does not mean the end, but only the beginning of the chick's life. Similarly, the development of the six essential bodies of a human being does not mean completion, but only the beginning of human development, but on a radically different level - galactic, metagalactic, universal, metaverse, etc. The reason for such a mistake on the part of the Hindus is that they, having received the foundations of knowledge from the Slavic-Aryans about five thousand years ago, did not understand it and, having distorted it and later published it as their "great" wisdom, they began to impose this initial and distorted knowledge as the highest revelations. Because of this fact, they blindly use their physical body as an absolute basis, and therefore each subsequent essential body (when they use their distorted system) is synthesised more and more "finely". "More subtle" not in the sense that it is less material, but in the sense that fewer and fewer cells of the human physical body participate in the formation of each subsequent body of the human essence. And this is so despite the fact that the number of primary matters forming each of the subsequent bodies of the human essence increases and reaches six for the seventh material body of man! This results in a ridiculous situation. If the second material body of a human being is formed from all the cells of the first material body of a human being (the physical body), but from only one primary matter, then the seventh material body of a human being is formed only from some neurons of the brain, but from six primary matters. An unusual trend can be observed: the higher a human being rises evolutionarily, the simpler and more primitive the forms of the bodies of his essence become.

If the first material body (the physical body) of a human being is a complex multicellular organism, then with evolutionary development, each subsequent body of the essence becomes simpler and simpler. The vertical development of a human being leads to its simplification at higher levels. A paradoxical situation arises when the development of a human being on the

the physical dense plane leads to its simultaneous simplification at higher levels. On the physical plane, man achieves more and more, but at the same time, at the new levels that man breaks through during his development, he becomes simpler and simpler. If we compare this process with the development of living matter from single-celled organisms to complex multicellular organisms, then in the vertical development of man, everything is exactly the opposite - we can conditionally say that there is an evolutionary simplification from higher organised forms to simpler ones, from a "multicellular state" to a " single-celled state".

Most likely, this fact is the reason why Hindus believe that when a person develops seven material bodies (one physically dense body plus six material bodies of the essence, developed by the person during vertical development), they merge with nirvana (a state in which all six planetary qualitative barriers disappear) and reach the evolutionary ceiling. The reason for this misconception among Hindus lies in the fact that their spiritual leaders, who borrowed and distorted Vedic knowledge from the Slavic-Aryans, never realised a simple truth: if you are a consumer rather than a creator, sooner or later you will hit a wall. In all contemporary Hindu spiritual movements, development occurs only as a result of special training of the physical body, which in itself is undoubtedly important and useful, but it is not enough to escape the planetary trap. And as a result of this misconception, a paradoxical situation arises. In their vertical development, humans open all planetary qualitative barriers, open all six "doors" of their home planet, and standing on the threshold of their own home, declare that there is nowhere else to go.

I would like to immediately put an end to the "noble" indignation of Eastern people and accusations of my ignorance regarding the spiritual methods of the East. So, I am familiar with most meditation techniques, but they are actually techniques that allow a more or less powerful flow of primary matter, or a greater or lesser number of primary matters called prana, chi energy, yin and yang, etc., to pass through the meditator in one way or another. etc. But regardless of how these or other people practising Eastern teachings call *the dark matter of* the Universe, as scientists call it, the essence does not change. As a result of this or that method, the human being achieves his evolutionary development thanks to the fact that, through willpower and persistent training, he causes the primary matter *(dark matter)* to "flow" through him, which, under certain circumstances, leads to the development of the already existing bodies of the essence and to the development of new ones, but... for the reasons mentioned above, it reaches evolutionary stagnation when it reaches the level of development at which planetary barriers disappear.

The reason for this evolutionary contradiction is that the methods that were passed on, especially to the Hindus by the Slavic-Aryans about five thousand years ago, were intended **ONLY** for the development of humans at the initial stages of development! They are necessary at the level of evolutionary "kindergarten," but are completely unsuitable even for evolutionary "primary schools." Not realising this, the Hindus began to spread these techniques, slightly modifying them, beyond the evolutionary "kindergarten". It is precisely because of this misunderstanding that misconceptions about merging with the Absolute during the evolutionary development of the seven bodies of man and the completion of his development have arisen. The dark forces that control the civilisation of Midgard-Earth at the present stage skilfully use this and other delusions of humanity to prevent seekers from moving in the right direction. When I was just beginning my quest and activities in the Great Cosmos, I was also influenced by this propaganda of the Dark Forces. In 1987, when I first "went out" into the Cosmos and had already visited more than one planet and made a number of fundamentally important (at least for me) discoveries, I remember how once, after completing a task in the Cosmos, I decided, somewhat anxiously, to find out how many essential bodies I had accumulated, if a person has seven bodies (counting the physical body) when they reach the state of nirvana. At that time, I was afraid that I might not

it turned out that all my efforts could only lead to some kind of "scratch" and that I was still far from the level of "nirvana". At that time, I thought that this level was unattainable, and I really did not want to appear in the eyes of others as a round dummy who had convinced himself that his actions had led to evolutionary growth.

Like anyone else, I didn't want to look ridiculous, but that didn't stop me. I even asked someone else to count the number of bodies of my essence for the sake of objectivity. The situation was somewhat reminiscent of the animated film "The Goat Who Could Count to Ten," in which the main character had to count everyone on board, and only if there were fewer than ten passengers would the ship not sink. The main character in the cartoon counted everyone correctly and was thus "saved"! This is the situation I found myself in when I embarked on a "feat" - I decided to determine how many essential bodies I have! You hope there are enough, but at the same time you worry that there might be too few! And what a surprise it was when, after counting them, it turned out that I had **seventeen!** Exactly seventeen, not three, four or even six, which should be the maximum according to Hindu teachings, according to the assurances of their mahatmas! Subsequent recalculations did not change the result. The man who had counted the number of bodies of my essence had, in the end, correctly solved a first-grade math problem. Others who had higher education gave the same seventeen bodies of my essence. This surprised me greatly, as I had not expected such a thing. But this fact saddened me, because in practice it turned out that the high spiritual teachings of the East are not always true and do not deliver what they claim to deliver - "divine spirituality".

At that time, I knew the teachings of the Hindus only from the few books I had come across, and I could assume that such a discrepancy between their practice and theory could have arisen either as a result of someone's machinations, or the deliberate distortion of the essence of these teachings by the Dark Forces that control finance and, accordingly, the press; or that the Mahatmas themselves, for reasons known only to them, had given false information. And while the former is entirely plausible and understandable, the latter would not fit in with my ideas of high spirituality. As it turned out later, both were true. But I will not go on, but will continue my story. After I got the idea that I had seventeen essential bodies at that time, I didn't think that I had already " achieved everything" and even " surpassed" the Hindus in this matter and that there was nothing more for me to do. I came to a different conclusion. I knew that I was only at the beginning of my journey, not at the end. And so the fact that I already had seventeen essential bodies, instead of the maximum six possible according to Eastern teachings, did not upset me, nor did it make me happy. Perhaps I felt a little sad because I realised that I would have to figure everything out for myself, despite the apparent abundance of "spiritual" teachings. Of course, there were golden grains of truth in these teachings, but it is still necessary to be able to separate them from the chaff. And for this purpose, the one who separates these grains must know much more than what is contained in these teachings. Otherwise, after "immersing" themselves in such a teaching, seekers will never be able to find the thread of truth and may remain forever in such a labyrinth of "Minotaur" illusions. And the saddest thing in this situation is that a large number of people, receiving crumbs that they are able to "touch" with their "hands", are swallowed up by this swamp with their heads and will never find what they set out to find in their spiritual quest - enlightenment through knowledge.

Perhaps there are books somewhere that reflect the truth, but at that time I had not come across such books. I consider myself very fortunate because, when I began searching for the truth and came across one or another book with "great" spiritual teachings, my own experience was already rich enough to allow me to see through the false facades of these "great" teachings, coated with the sweet honey of false promises, which attracted those seeking spiritual enlightenment like flies. This does not mean that I considered my achievements to be great. Not at all, it was just important and interesting for me to

"reach the truth" and not wander around in some maze of illusions. Some may object to this, saying, "Where is the guarantee that the path I have chosen is not just another illusion?" Of course, especially at the very beginning of my journey, I could not say with certainty that my perception was not an illusion. But the further I walked along the path I had chosen, the more I received confirmation, real, very material confirmation that could be "felt" with my hands and instruments, that I was at least moving in the right direction. And I also thought: why should I follow someone else's path, and where is the guarantee that this path does not lead to a dead end? A simple analytical review of these spiritual teachings gave me quite serious reasons not to trust them. And here are the reasons: over the several thousand years of existence of these spiritual teachings, many millions of people have been their followers, dedicating their lives to these teachings, often giving their lives for them, but... how many of these millions have achieved at least what these teachings promise!

The facts show that only a few of these millions have achieved even a small part of what was promised to them. Many may respond to this by saying that these millions of followers were simply not sufficiently "imbued" with these teachings, did not invest enough time and effort, or were simply not worthy of these teachings. I have not applied harsher judgements to these people, which I have often heard from so-called spiritual " teachers". There is some truth in this, but only some. I also do not believe that anyone who picks up a brush or pencil will be able to create works equal to those of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, and others. No two people are alike, and unfortunately, not everyone has natural talent or aptitude. But that is not their fault. In fact, even great talent requires a lot of hard work to blossom. All this is true, but most of these millions of people were the most talented and intelligent of their contemporaries. After all, the best people are those who set out in search of spiritual growth, who want to rise above the ordinary existence of a rational animal. But even among these people, only a few have managed to progress. That is one side of the coin.

On the other hand, I saw the results of my search. I have never considered myself a great teacher or anything like that. I was simply searching for truth and understanding; I wanted to reach an understanding of the essence. I have never sought greatness or fame. In this search, I had to and still have to go against the general trend. My results and conclusions have become a "bone in the throat" for many people, but I still follow this path. Many times I have been offered huge sums of money and great honours if I give up what I am doing and stop doing what I am doing. I have always refused and received... problems, problems and more problems. But even the modest results I achieved gave me strength and faith that I was going in the right direction. What I considered to be elementary things and phenomena were presented in these teachings as the highest achievements. But I knew that all this was just kindergarten, and I treated it accordingly. Many things that are presented in these teachings as the highest achievements happened to me in childhood and were ordinary for me. At that time, I did not even consider them unusual, but simply thought that this was how it should be and that such things happen to everyone. Much later, when I became a student, I realised that many things that happened to me did not happen to others, but even then I did not consider these phenomena to be supernatural. I simply realised that I was a little different from others, and that was all; it did not even give me the thought of my "exceptionality," but only the hope that with the help of these peculiarities I could come closer to understanding nature.

After I figured out the transformation of the brain and essence, the whole process of getting to know Nature became much faster, on the one hand, and on the other hand, I got practical confirmation that after certain qualitative transformations of the human being, practically everything that is considered the highest achievements in Eastern teachings becomes accessible and possible for practically every person. And what is most curious is that in order for

make these things accessible to humans, it was not a high level of spiritual development that was necessary (which would also be useful), but certain genetic properties of the individual. And that all these manifestations, which in Eastern teachings are presented as manifestations of higher spiritual development, are related only to a person's genetic predispositions, and not to their level of development. After many people went through my transformations, I saw that even the presence of these new possibilities, created by me for them, did not change their spiritual level, and sometimes all this led to the person who received such a gift even beginning to descend in evolutionary terms, because they could not use my gift properly and began to act and use this gift not for what it was intended for. I have seen how people who have undergone such an evolutionary transformation could not even understand correctly what was happening, even though I tried to give them a complete understanding of what it was and "what it was for".

I gave people the tool and the rules for using it, what to do and how to do it, and what not to do. People listened and then did it their own way, thinking they knew better than me what to do. Instead of using the new opportunities, mastering them and working, working and working again, mastering these new opportunities to achieve understanding and enlightenment of the knowledge and opportunities that they received by chance and nature, many of them turned to the "great" Eastern teachings, believing that they would find the necessary understanding there, and not in the words of the unknown Nikolai Levashov. Although it was I who gave them these new opportunities and abilities, they did not consider it necessary to listen to my explanations of how, why, and for what purpose they should use their gift. In any case, the majority of those who went through my transformation did not follow my recommendations on how to use their new abilities to first obtain reliable information through scanning and then make a qualitative analysis based on it in order to develop effective tactics and strategies for action. Most of them believed that they could do everything right on their own, just like me. They were not even deterred by the thought that they had not invented and carried out the qualitative transformations, but that I had, and that was why I understood better than them how and what needed to be done. I have always been struck by the blind reverence for what was imposed by the media or "public opinion." There were and are very few who " listen" not to public opinion, but to the essence of what is said. If you are not covered in the media, if public opinion is silent about you, if you do not have "scientific" degrees, no one is interested in your opinion, even if you are doing what no one has ever done before and can explain what no one has ever explained. And I am not writing this out of resentment, because for me, people's unwillingness to accept what I say does not change anything, as I continue on my chosen path, and personally, as they say, "neither hot nor cold" about whether a person will listen to my recommendations, whether they will use my gift correctly or not (negative use is automatically blocked). I am sorry and offended that a person who has received new qualities and opportunities from me does not move forward or treads water, while others move forward with seven-kilometre strides!

As for the "great" Eastern teachings, I can say the following. Much later, I had to deal with a woman (I will not mention her name, as this is not about her personally) who had and still has the title of mahatma. So, one of my students met her and told her that I transform people's brains and essence, etc. When she contacted me, she was interested in only one thing: could I perform this transformation for her too! We spoke on the phone several times, and I did not hear from her any reason why I should perform such a transformation for her. Nothing, except that she herself would very much like to go through it. But that was when I was no longer "rushing" to perform such a transformation on anyone who wanted it. She asked me several times to help her treat some people, but all I saw on her part was consumerism, which has always disgusted me in people. During our conversations, I raised the question of whether she knew where the Hindus had obtained their Vedic knowledge. She replied that this knowledge had been given to the Hindus.

by white teachers who came from the north, from the Himalayas. The woman mahatma knew that the Vedas were given to the Hindus and were not their own creation. She knew this, as did and do all mahatmas, and not only those in India itself. But knowing this, they continued to deceive the whole world by saying that these were their teachings. But that's not all. I asked her what she thought a teacher did when he came to kindergarten - did he start teaching children who could not read or write the theory of quantum physics, or did he start by teaching them the alphabet and grammar of the language! I don't think I need to explain the answer she gave me. Then I asked her on what basis Hindu children, having received the basics of Vedic knowledge from white teachers, distorted the knowledge they had been taught, attributed it to themselves, and then... now present it to the whole world as the Great Spiritual Teaching of the Hindus! How can one speak of the Great and the Light if this "great" and "light" is mixed with lies and deceit and is a "broken telephone"?

I have not received any answer to this question, and every developing person, not to mention a mahatma, should first and foremost be an extremely honest person. But in the widely disseminated "great" Eastern teachings, no one even mentions where the teaching originally came from. It would be understandable if they did not know, but they do know and remain silent, simply because they do not want to lose their status as "great teachers," who, moreover, have distorted what was passed on to them. And this position of thieves, although understandable, means a complete discrepancy between what they say and preach and what they themselves do. And let me remind you that such things happen at the level of the mahatmas - the highest spiritual hierarchies of Indiahttp://.....

27. Problems of vertical evolution

Now I will return to my "sheep," that is, to my understanding of how to solve the evolutionary problem that arises when a human being moves upward evolutionarily. In fact, each subsequent material body of a being is formed from an increasingly smaller number of cells of the human physical body. It turns out that each subsequent body of the human essence becomes simpler, and the seventh material body of a human being is in fact something like a volvox – a small colony of identical single-celled organisms. It is curious that the evolution of life on a physically dense level has progressed from single-celled organisms to complex multicellular organisms, at a certain level of development of which intelligence appears. And in the vertical evolution of intelligence, the process goes in the opposite direction — from a complex multicellular organism at the level of the physical dense body to a group of cells creating the seventh material body! This raises the question: How could I have seventeen essential bodies? It turns out that in all this... the Hindus are right about the maximum number of bodies a person can have. But let's not jump to conclusions. And what is most surprising is that the qualitative structure of the bodies of my essence does not simplify from one body to another; on the contrary, each subsequent body of my essence becomes more and more complex and perfect. In any case, they were not formed from a few cells of the physical body.

But is this possible, am I not contradicting myself, and am I not "excluded" from the excessive strain on my brain?!

I can assure you that I have not "gone," not because I have such a "high" opinion of myself, but because the contradiction arises only when someone, without thinking, tries to "break through" the wall with their "forehead" instead of stopping and thinking a little with their own brain! And that is exactly what I did... When I understood for myself the nature of life and the nature of human consciousness, I faced a dilemma that I began to ponder. The dilemma is this: the capabilities of human consciousness are, in one way or another, determined by the complexity of the organisation of its nervous system and, above all, its brain. In any case, the human brain is an instrument of human

development, and the capabilities of the brain determine the capabilities of human development. Therefore, the human brain, as an instrument of development, is at the same time an inhibitor of that development for one simple reason: the number of neurons in the human brain is limited by the volume of the skull. Therefore, the power of this instrument of human cognition is directly related to the volume of the skull. And the facts show that the volume of the skull of *Homo sapiens* over the last forty thousand years of its existence on Earth in Midgard has not increased, but on the contrary, has decreased. It is therefore unclear on what basis contemporary scientists predict that the human of the future will have a disproportionately large head. Perhaps the reason for this is the misconception that the power of the human brain is determined by the number of neurons located in the skull, and hence, as a consequence, the disproportionately large head of the human of the future.

The vulgar mechanical approach of modern science is due to a complete misunderstanding of the nature of living beings in general and the nature of the brain in particular. Modern science still cannot answer the questions of what consciousness is, what memory is, how a person thinks, etc. It all boils down to the position that humans think because they have consciousness. This is analogous to the answer that the wind blows because the trees sway. With the exception of vague concepts that often contradict each other, modern science has no answer to this question! And that is precisely the problem! Thanks to what I have been able to understand for myself about the nature of living matter and the workings of the human brain, I have come to the conclusion that memory, consciousness, and human thinking itself do not take place at the level of the physically dense brain neurons, but at the level of the second, third, etc. bodies of these same neurons ([7]). The first thought "flows" in a person's head when the second and third bodies of the neurons connect with each other, creating horizontal chains of brain neuron bodies at these levels! The thought "flowed" and since then has been "flowing" better or worse in the minds of living people. It is precisely the possibility of interconnection of neuron bodies at the level of essence that became the basis for the emergence of consciousness and mind.

Information flows through physically dense brain neurons do not change them externally, but only internally biochemically, and even then, in most cases, for a very short time. That is why the physically dense brain neurons themselves do not change in practice. This is confirmed by modern scientists' research into brain activity. In a single brain neuron, the ion balance changes very slightly during the thought process, and that's all! Nothing more... and similar things happen in all other brain neurons with insignificant differences. And the most amusing thing is that regardless of the type of mental activity, the neurons of the brain react in almost the same way, regardless of which part of the cerebral cortex is activated in the process of this or that intellectual activity. So, no matter how much scientists have searched for thought in the neurons of the human brain, they have never found it, and they have not found it simply because it has never been there! The process of thinking takes place at other material levels of the brain's neurons, and the physically dense neurons only facilitate this process. They (physically dense neurons) are only the basis that provides the process itself, but they do not participate in it (they provide the potential at other levels of the brain and deliver information received through the senses). Without this foundation, the emergence of consciousness is impossible, but nevertheless, consciousness itself, the mind, arises at other material levels of the same neurons.

When I clarified all this for myself, it became clear to me that it is not even about the volume of the skull, or rather, even about the size of the skull of the bearer of consciousness, and not even about the number of neurons! The number of neurons is important only in the primary phase of the emergence of consciousness, because only with a certain number of interacting brain neurons is it possible to

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[7] For more information on this subject, see Nikolay Levashov, "Essence and Mind," volumes 1 and 2.

possible for mind to be born. At the most primary stage, the minimum number of interacting neurons is very important, but no more than that. Once the necessary and sufficient conditions for the emergence of mind[8] are met, the number of neurons ceases to play a decisive role. After the emergence of mind, other material bodies of the same neurons begin to play a decisive role - the level of development of the second material bodies and especially the third and, if any, the fourth, fifth, etc. bodies of the neurons. These material bodies are also part of the human brain, but the vast majority of people are not even aware of their existence. However, as the saying goes, ignorance of the law does not exempt one from responsibility for breaking it. The same applies in this case: ignorance of the laws of nature does not change the way they work.

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Of course, I haven't read and heard everything, but I think that if such things ever happened, they must have appeared at least in legends and myths. But to this day, I have never encountered anything like that. But even if someone tried to do such a thing and failed, and I knew about it, that would not prevent me from doing it. Someone else's unsuccessful attempt does not mean that my attempt must also fail. So I had no qualms about doing it. And the opinion that it is impossible because it has never been possible, or that I am "out of my mind," would not stop me anyway. I have never been afraid to go against the grain, and in my own experience I have seen many cases where I was told that something was impossible, but I did what almost everyone thought was impossible. At the very beginning of my search, I went against the grain with some excitement and with the thought, what if everyone else is right and I am wrong! But even then, I felt that I had to try anyway to convince myself. Besides, I was doing all this not to prove anything to anyone, but to find understanding for myself. What others would say about it was their prerogative and never stopped me, no matter how "crazy" my idea might have been. And I can tell you with confidence - I didn't shout about what I was going to do - I just did it, and that's that!

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As a result of this action, I received a brand new neuron in my brain.....Then I decided to replace all the other neurons in my brain with this neuron. And I did it again I played around with it a bit, repeating the whole "procedure" several times
times. In addition, I decided to change all the other cells in my body in a similar way, fortunately, the actions with the dimensions of other levels of reality, the folding and unfolding of the newly created structures did not affect the physical world. In the sense that nothing external changed for me, everything happened on other levels that most people were not even aware of. And that was the whole "beauty" of it! It was possible to create something incredibly large on other levels and " attach" it to something incredibly small (if we compare the sizes) on a physical dense level, for example, to my own physical body and even to a single neuron! The fact that I was able to do this, and the possibilities that opened up as a result, made my soul rejoice. It was precisely because I had done this that it became possible to have any number of bodies of the essence, and not just as many as Hindu teachings say. But the most important thing is not the number of bodies of the essence, but

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[8] For more details, see Nikolay Levashov, "The Last Appeal to Humanity," Essence and Mind, Volumes 1 and 2.

the fact that my approach allowed me to break out of the natural limitation of development. I do not know if anyone else has succeeded and how, but I succeeded in this way! And most importantly, this approach to solving the problem allowed me to solve it once and for all! Of course, I realised this much later.

And after I discovered that I already had seventeen bodies of essence, and understood why this was possible, I began to consciously work with the bodies of my essence. The essential thing is that each new body of essence allows you to actively interact with those spaces or levels of reality with which it is in harmony. In other words, in order to influence a given space in any way, one must first possess qualities and properties that are in harmony with that space or level. For example, in order to influence the physical dense level, we have a physically dense body with sensory organs to receive information about the world around us. Imagine a situation in which a person has no sensory organs — no sight, hearing, touch, smell, or taste. The world around such a person would be the same, they would have a physical body, but such a person would be absolutely unable not only to develop, but even to simply live! This ability is given to humans by our sensory organs, through which our brain receives information about the world around us. But the sensory organs have a physical body; in order to act on any other level of reality, in addition to the corresponding body, we must also have "sensory organs" corresponding to that reality, which allow us to receive the necessary information about everything that happens on that level. Well, if not for everything, then at least for what is vital for our actions to be responsible and thoughtful. These "senses" for other spaces or levels of reality were the brain structures I was creating.

In this way, the creation of new bodies of the essence, brain structures, together create optimal conditions for development. It is precisely this development that means that through such a transformation, a person acquires new and new " organs" of a new type of senses, and it is this that allows the owner of these new "organs" of the senses to act actively on other levels of reality, in other spaces, and last but not least - to move forward in their development. Penetrating into new and new spaces and levels that no technology can ever penetrate! But for all this to happen, it is necessary to make the appropriate changes, without which it is simply impossible, as accurately as possible. That is why Svetlana's natural abilities, combined with my brain and essence transformations, created simply ideal conditions for very rapid progress. And one of the most important factors was that Svetlana easily understood what was happening during the work and could really help me in what I was doing.

I could create new opportunities for many people whose genetics are dynamic enough for that, but it is impossible to teach them to think, to reason, to perceive new things in a new way. You can only help a person move in the right direction, give them methods and strategies for mastering new properties and qualities, but the person themselves must " assimilate" all this, process it in their mind, and achieve enlightenment in a new way! And this turned out to be the most difficult thing for the vast majority. Because almost everyone, only after receiving new qualities and opportunities from me, began to "create" their own understanding and perception, including how and what to do with my gift. Almost no one thought about the fact that it would take them a very, very long time to master even the basics of what they had been given, let alone be able to do something on their own. I suppose this is also my mistake, because I didn't want to keep telling people that they had to be extremely careful and carefully follow all the rules I told them, that they had received from me as a gift something that would take them many millions of years to achieve even a small part of what I had given them, if they ever reached that level of development on their own. I didn't want to offend people by constantly pointing out their "place," emphasising that not everything (if not everything) I can do would be something they could reproduce, let alone surpass. And not because I overestimate myself too much, but because in order to go further than me, a person must

do all the things that I myself have done. And the facts show that most people are not even able to understand what it is that I have created for them, and what "feeds" it!

My fault for such a reaction from people probably lies in the fact that, after going through my transformation, these people had the opportunity to observe what I was doing, and this gave them the illusion that everything was so easy. And this happened because they saw with their own eyes how quickly and easily I did certain things, and they had the illusion that they could do the same, and even much more quickly and easily! Theoretically, this is possible, but practically... it is unlikely. But I didn't even try to talk about it because it could be misunderstood that I was simply "afraid" that they would "catch up" and "overtake" me, so I tried to "scare" them with all sorts of "horrors" so that they wouldn't even try. Their self-deception went so far that they didn't even think about the fact that it was I who gave them everything they have, and that they themselves have not yet created anything and achieved nothing, but only passively received it from me! What is the point of me giving them new properties and qualities, only for them to envy what I have given them! But in practice, no one even thought about such obvious things and saw in my every attempt to teach them to use what I had given them correctly only an attempt to "stop" their "growth". As absurd as it may seem, that's exactly what they thought every time I tried to warn them about something! One of the reasons for this ignorance was perhaps the fact that

After many people went through my transformation, they became witnesses and participants in the movements in space and time that I caused. Figuratively speaking, they were passengers on my "shoulders" during my movements. I transported myself and them to other planets, other galaxies and universes, and travelled into the past. They witnessed my actions, my contacts with other civilisations and cosmic hierarchies. And they did not have to do anything for this.

In order for all this to happen, I had to create the necessary potential, to create new properties and qualities so that all this could happen. They were just observers. And so, quite possibly, they had the misleading impression that everything was so simple and easy. I didn't pay much attention to this fact; I didn't want to offend them, intentionally or unintentionally. And that wasn't how it was understood. I did not focus on the potential I was expending on this or that action, and outwardly I did not try to show how difficult it was for me, even when I had to force myself not to "collapse" from exhaustion immediately. The workload was enormous, but I did not pay attention to that. After another job, the only thing my " passengers" noticed was my excessive paleness. And none of them ever saw me go back to my "den," fall exhausted on my bed, and lose consciousness. No one saw it, and almost no one knew about it. Everyone saw only the external, colourful and incredible side, and that is why many of my "travellers" had the impression that everything was very easy and simple to accomplish.

During these trips, I made sure that my companions were not affected by any shocks or burdens; I created protection for them. All this, "for some reason," remained outside their attention, behind the "frame," and they saw only the result of what I was doing, only the tip of the " iceberg" of my work, and... many of them wanted to do the same. They were left with the impression that all this was easy and simple, and when they began to hint that they also wanted to do something similar, I began to explain to them that they were not yet ready for this, I recommended that they begin training in proper scanning, processing information, creating tactics and strategies for solving this or that task. And I recommended that they start all this with very simple, inconspicuous and unremarkable actions. He said that it was necessary to achieve very fast work through practice, to learn to analyse quickly and to find and make decisions quickly. And that in order to achieve any mastery in this, one had to spend a lot of time and effort before one could even begin to "stick one's nose out".

independently. But in most cases, all my explanations simply "went in one ear and out the other." Instead of listening to my words, these people began to think that I was simply scaring them so that they would be afraid to do anything on their own, and in this way I was preventing them from starting to do "great" things on their own. Their blindness reached the point of absurdity. And that made me very sad because I couldn't rely on anyone. No one could be my companion in my endeavours.

Svetlana was a rare exception to the general rule. Not only did she quickly grasp everything that was happening, but she also never thought that I was trying to restrict her in any way when I explained what was going on. She was wonderful to work with, she quickly grasped situations and felt right at home! We understood each other perfectly, and during my experiments I was able to quickly develop all the options that interested me and act more quickly and effectively in the situations that arose. I remember her indescribable delight when I first showed her the Great Space. The unearthly colours, the unique grandeur and beauty of the Universe filled her with joy and awe at the majesty of Nature. Particularly shocking for her was her first visit to an inhabited planet, when she learned to communicate telepathically with other intelligent beings. To do this, she had to periodically create special brain structures to adequately perceive thought forms. This was especially important in cases where the thinking and logic of other intelligent beings differed radically from ours. In any case, Svetlana very quickly became a collaborator in my work, which she had strived for throughout her conscious life. But the fact that we met was not accidental either.

It so happened that in 1988 we arrived in Moscow almost simultaneously. She was driven by her interest in finding answers to questions that had haunted her since childhood, and I was driven by the desire to give those seeking answers to these questions, at the very least, to share my understanding with them. And this was connected with Moscow, because only in Moscow was there a real opportunity to do both, if, of course, we were lucky. But at least we were lucky — our destinies crossed at one point. Fate can sometimes be strange. Everything random is regular, and everything regular is random. In other words, if we translate everything from beautiful philosophical language into language that is familiar to everyone, not just to the " scientific" ear, this phrase can be conveyed as follows: randomness is a pattern that has not yet been understood and discovered! Everything that we do not yet understand, but only observe its manifestation, is random, generally speaking. The fact that we arrived in Moscow at almost the same time and met in a very incredible way was just such a regularity. A regularity that became clear to both of us a little later. And why it was so became clear to both Svetlana and me a little later, but I won't get ahead of myself. The only thing I would like to add, in response to the possible arguments of sceptics that everyone invents such arguments about predestination for themselves, is that I am well aware of their arguments, but they are not aware of mine. Therefore, before I continue, I want to reassure the sceptics that I know how many people come to Moscow in search of enlightenment and how many people who want to be " enlightened" come to Moscow. But the point is not in the statistics, but in the fact that Svetlana sought me out without even knowing what I looked like in my earthly physical body. This is equivalent to going I don't know where to find I don't know what. On a subconscious level, she was aiming exactly where I was supposed to appear. She, a professional singer and designer at the peak of her popularity, abandoned both careers and left for Moscow as a journalist whose work was directly related to paranormal phenomena. She had to master her new profession as a television journalist, and she did so very successfully. She achieved great success in this field as well. The television interviews she managed to organise for Europe were unique. Take, for example, the interview with Patriarch Alexy, which he gave at his residence, something that had never happened before. In addition, she was given permission to film the Orthodox funeral ritual for the first time. And no

In just a short time, she managed to discover many interesting and extraordinary people in the USSR, many of whom became famous not only in our country but also abroad thanks to her. But that's another story. I have mentioned all this to show the originality and versatility of Svetlana's talents, which, as I have listed, are far from exhaustive. But her most cherished dream at that time was to find answers to the questions that had tormented her since childhood. It was for this reason that she left her home and went to Moscow.

After I made a few brain changes in Svetlana and the concepts of the universe from the field of philosophical theories and hypotheses of theoretical physics became an objective reality for her, she, like a child who had received a long-desired toy, plunged into the Great Cosmos, as they say, with her "head," in the literal and figurative sense of the word. The incredible beauty and diversity of the Universe, the possibility of almost instantaneous movement over almost any distance with complete preservation of consciousness, activity and possibilities that even the most daring fantasists had not dreamed of - all this filled Svetlana with genuine childlike enthusiasm and joy. And she "rushed" into this Great Space with an open soul and childlike naivety, believing that in such beauty nothing bad could happen and nothing bad would happen to her. Unfortunately, with such a perception, one cannot act not only on our blue planet, but also in the Universe, despite all its beauty and splendour. In the Great Cosmos, apart from all this beauty and splendour, unfortunately, there is also a lot of nastiness, abomination, very often much more subtle and unpleasant than even our "native" Earth.

Having received a "pass" to the universe, Svetlana began to "wander" through it in search of other civilisations, inhabited planets, etc. During these "walks," she began to meet other "walkers" there, but not all of them pursued the same goals as her—exploring the universe itself and its diversity. Of course, there were no other Earthlings among the "walkers," and one of the main reasons for this was the false system of ideas and development imposed by the Dark Forces through many "spiritual" teachings of the East, at the heart of which lies the idea of leaving one's own physical body. In this case, the exit of the essence is limited by the level of human development (the analysis of Eastern "spiritual" development is given above) and by the maximum length of the so-called "silver thread" that connects the empty physical body of a person and their essence. As is perfectly clear to any sane person, even in an extremely stretched state, this " silver thread" is very short when we talk about cosmic scales. A person cannot travel very far along such a " cord", even within the confines of Mother Earth herself, no matter how she "spins" in both the literal and figurative sense of the word. And it is precisely for this reason that there are practically no earthlings among those who "travel" in the Universe. After undergoing transformation using my method, a person is completely free from such limitations. In order to travel in space and time, a person does not need to "leave" their body as an entity. Travel takes place in a situation where the essence is in the body, and for the reasons described above, there are practically no restrictions on travelling any distance and in time, both in the distant past and in the distant future (billions of years). And with all this, a person, from an ordinary observer, as in the case when the essence leaves the body, gets the opportunity for active conscious action with practically no restrictions. And this is not an assumption, but the fact itself...

And so, after receiving such a "toy," Svetlana plunged headlong into the world of the Great Cosmos. Like any other person, she was interested in visiting other planets and meeting other intelligent beings. And she got just such an opportunity. She was indescribably happy about it and, like a child, immersed herself in this endless and beautiful "ocean" of the Universe with a pure and open soul. And for a while she was lucky, because during her "journeys" she met the hierarchs of the Forces of Light. And her joy knew no bounds when, during one of her "journeys", she met a wonderful being of light with whom she established contact

and had her first telepathic communication with this being. But very soon the "dark forces" found out about her "walks" and organised a real hunt for her in order to obtain through her those qualities and abilities that she had received and had not yet fully mastered. It is precisely this period of mastering new properties and qualities that is most vulnerable for the newcomer, because he has not yet had time to master his new qualities and abilities, and until that happens, cosmic social parasites try to subjugate the newcomer and take over his abilities in this way.

28. My first tour of Arkhangelsk

The days of June 1991 were not particularly remarkable. It was a rather hot summer, when brains sometimes began to melt under the direct rays of the sun. The sky was losing more and more of its unique blue colour and was becoming increasingly white. Usually, this was a sure sign that the summer would be hot, and it was. In June, my mother came to Moscow, and for a few days while she was in Moscow, I spent my free time with her. At that time, I could not imagine that I would not see her for fifteen long years... But at the time, I didn't even think about the possibility of such a thing. Many people will probably ask me how I didn't try to predict my own future, since I did it for others and very accurately at that! If you do it for others, why not do it for yourself, so you know in advance what awaits you in the near future?

This question was also posed to me, and for a long time I could not understand why my own future was closed to me. Much later, I understood the reasons for this. One reason was completely beyond my control, but the other was directly related to what I was doing. The reason beyond my control was that before I incarnated into an earthly body, I was denied the opportunity to see my destiny, and the reason for this was the need to prevent me from projecting possible tasks onto myself. To make it clearer, I will provide some explanations that are directly related to the second reason for my inability to see my own future.

My future was very secure until a certain point in my life. Until that DAY, I could do many things that others would consider impossible, but nevertheless could be easily seen if I wanted to, but at that time I still did not know how to do it, or rather, I did not even think that such a thing was possible. And when I realised that I could see the future of others and future events, I couldn't see my own. Or rather, I could see it, but it wouldn't have been useful. And here's the reason why. To be more precise, it would be right to start not with the reason, but with that very day, "M". There was nothing mystical about my Day "M". Unfortunately or fortunately, I was not abducted by a "flying saucer" and did not even see it (i.e. the flying saucer) flying in the sky, as has happened to many witnesses of UFO flights. No heavenly angels visited me, and no apples or bricks fell on my head, nor was I struck by lightning or a million volts of high voltage. I didn't even fall into a state of clinical death. Everything was much more ordinary and at the same time more incredible. My M-day was the day I invented my first transformation of the human brain! From that moment on, my life and future changed fundamentally, and I "fell" off the path of destiny. From that day on, my thread of destiny ceased to be part of the fabric of the destiny of humanity on Earth; I "simply" "fell" out of that fabric and set off on my own voyage of destiny, where my actions and only my actions determined where the ship of my destiny would "sail," and not only my destiny. Of course, I learned all this much later, and when I first changed fundamentally, I was completely stunned by my inability to see my destiny.

It (my destiny) simply did not exist, or rather, from Day One, I created my own destiny with my actions, and it was entirely up to me where it would "go." And every new change in my brain structures, the development of new essential bodies, new properties and qualities,

fundamentally changed even the direction of my future path. Everything changed particularly dramatically when I invented something fundamentally new, something that no one before me had ever created, not only on our planet, lost in the outskirts of our galaxy, but also in other worlds. And again, I learned about this much later. Perhaps something similar was expected of me, and that is why my essence closed not only the memory of previous reincarnations, but also the possibility for me and others to see my destiny. It is entirely possible that if I had seen my future before the moment when I began to change qualitatively, I would have started striving to fulfil that very future and to accomplish tasks that were feasible for my essence, embodied in a specific genetic makeup. Perhaps this future would have been necessary and essential for something, but it would have been based solely on the possibilities of my genetics before the changes I made, which affected both my essence and my genetics. Therefore, knowing my destiny in one way or another could have led me to a point where I would never have thought of changing anything in my brain, my essence, or creating structures. All this became possible probably because I did not know all this, and so I began to dare, and from all this courage I got what I got. In 1991, I didn't understand all of the above, but even then I didn't try to see my own future, not least because there was hardly a day when I didn't do something special with myself. And sometimes I had to rework myself several times a day, especially if I was working or fighting some cosmic parasite. Either way, I understood that I was "forging" my own destiny, literally and figuratively. And I didn't try to understand my destiny — why should I, because it's much more interesting to move forward and not know what will be revealed to you behind the next "turn". Especially if something unusual and unknown to you is hiding behind the turn!

So, in June 1991, I spent a few days with my mother, not knowing that I would not see her for fifteen years. My mother's visit to Moscow was connected with my father's examination at MONIKI, where my mother's younger sister worked. The reason for the examination was that my father had somehow fallen from the upper shelf of the train onto the table in the compartment when the train stopped abruptly. He broke several ribs, but didn't think much of it, thinking it was just a bad bruise. My father didn't tell anyone about it, went to work and worked with broken ribs. This led to improper healing of the ribs, pressure on his lung and caused an abscess, which forced him to seek medical attention. He didn't want to bother me with what he considered minor problems, and I couldn't give him the sick leave he needed to recover. But the results of the examination showed a large abscess on his right lung, and the doctors began to talk about removing that lung. I couldn't disagree. Sick leave is sick leave, but losing your right lung is too much. So I started visiting my father with my mother, and when my mother went home, Svetlana and I started visiting him together. My visits to my father were accompanied by my work with him; I didn't even move my hands so as not to annoy the doctors. And... after a while, none of them even mentioned removing his right lung, and my father came home with his right lung intact. My visits to my father at MONIKI were the last days I saw my father alive. He was taken away with a blow to the heart in 1994, on 31 August, to give me a "gift" after I refused to cooperate with yet another secret service. But that would be in 1994, and in June-July 1991, I saw my father for the last time without even realising it.

At the same time, there was an event that was not epoch-making, but nevertheless quite interesting. Once Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev came to see me in Butovo with a good friend of his, who was widely known in the world of cinema as a talented film designer and had even won an Oscar for her work on one of his films. I had seen this woman many times before; she was a very pleasant and intelligent conversationalist, but this time they had not come to philosophise about certain issues, but with a very specific question. As a specialist, she had been invited to design costumes for a historical film, whose

events took place in France in the 14th-15th centuries. And in order to create costumes appropriate for that era, she needed to know, for example, how dresses for upper-class ladies were made at that time. She couldn't find anything on the subject she was interested in, either in specialised libraries or in Lenin, and knowing my capabilities, she asked me to help her with this. I was very far removed from all this and had no idea about costumes, especially women's clothing from the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, I decided to try to help her in this endeavour. After moving at the appropriate moment, I began to describe to her what I could see with my untrained eye. As a professional, she asked me specific questions about what interested her and was important for understanding the technology of clothing production at that time. After answering all her questions, I forgot about this episode for a while, and it was only later that this woman told me some interesting information about my work.

It turns out that she had sent an enquiry to the National Library of France about the technology used to make the clothing of the upper aristocracy in the 14th-15th centuries and... after some time, she received a reply. The reply shocked her because it coincided almost entirely with the information she had received from me. Moreover, my information was more complete and allowed for a more accurate reproduction of the techniques of that time. The materials sent from France contained many gaps and it was almost impossible to reproduce the techniques based on them. In other words, my information was complete, while the information sent was fragmentary! In such an unexpected way, confirmation of the reality of travelling into the past was obtained! In this way, completely material confirmation of the reality of travelling consciousness into the past was obtained, and in such a way that sceptics have no way of refuting the reality of such a thing. After all, neither I nor the costume designer had any idea about the technology of making clothes in 14th-15th century France. Neither I nor she could have known about this either consciously or subconsciously. Such information simply did not exist in the libraries of the USSR, and even in the libraries of France it was incomplete. Thanks to my information, this woman was able to reconstruct the technology that interested her. Thanks to my information, the data from the French library, which had been scattered in various pieces, became a whole, and not the other way around!

At the end of June, I was supposed to go to Arkhangelsk to give a series of lectures, as agreed with Valentin Raskazov. But before that trip, I received an unexpected "gift" from those who wanted to organise similar lectures of mine in Nikolaev. One day in June, the organiser of the proposed events called me and informed me that the hall had already been rented and announcements had been printed for my performances in the glorious city of Nikolaev! I was surprised by such an approach and such audacity. After all, I had not given my consent to hold my performances in this city, and I said that I would only think about it. But the organisers were not interested in what I thought, they already saw in their pockets the money they could earn from me. Of course, they didn't care what I thought about it, but I did, so I told them that under these circumstances I would never come to this city with my performances. To which these " comrades and friends" responded with a surprising question: "What should we do now?" To which I replied that they should have asked me that question before they started their adventure, not after. And now it's not my problem. When they realised that their trick with me had failed, they tracked down my brother and offered him to replace me, convincing him that it would be a pleasant surprise for me, and asked him not to tell me anything before the performances. I had taught my brother something a few months earlier, and the adventure organisers knew about it. Everything was presented to my brother in such a way that he would be helping me a lot with his actions... and he agreed without realising what he was actually doing. People had heard the name Levashov, but not many people knew Nikolai or anyone else. Therefore, the calculation was correct. A week before " my" speeches, when I was already in Arkhangelsk, in

The local newspaper published an article stating that Nikolai Levashov had been in a serious car accident and was in intensive care, and that his life was in danger, so his brother would be giving public speeches on his behalf. It was only during the first speeches that my brother realised what a scam he was involved in, and, taking the opportunity to speak on local television, he said that he would not participate in this performance and would stop giving speeches. He gave several interviews to local newspapers, exposing the scam using my name. But, strange as it may seem, this did not change anything. The organisers of the scam, using my name and my brother as bait, continued to hold performances themselves, deceiving people and attracting them with their "healing" sessions.

There is one curious detail in all this - the publication that I was on the verge of life and death after a car accident. Someone was absolutely certain that I would be in such a condition, and the attempts to cause a car accident in any way that I described earlier fully confirm these plans and the fact that the organisers of the Nikolaev affair also knew about these plans! Otherwise, they would not have dared to publish such a statement. And such confidence clearly shows who these organisers of the affair were working for, or at least who they were collaborating with! And they chose the time for their deception precisely when I went to Arkhangelsk on my first tour! Isn't that a strange coincidence? Meanwhile, I was preparing for my trip to Arkhangelsk. Svetlana had left on her own business in Lithuania, her homeland, in the glorious town of Alytus, where her parents and her son from her first marriage lived. It so happened that I did not dare to suggest that she come with me to Arkhangelsk, assuming that this would be misunderstood. And Svetlana did not ask me to go to Arkhangelsk, even though she was very interested in seeing my performances with her own eyes, thinking that I would misunderstand her. This turned out much later, and then I accompanied Svetlana to the train to Lithuania, and before that I took her shopping in my car so she could buy gifts for her relatives. Anyway, Svetlana left for Lithuania, and I went to Arkhangelsk, where my cousin asked me to come with her, as she was also very interested in what I do. She had just graduated from university and had some free time.

And so, for the first time, I found myself in Arkhangelsk, in the Russian Lukomorye, on the shores of the White Sea, in the lands of the famous Pomorians. It turns out that Lukomorye from the tales of A. S. Pushkin existed not in fairy tales, but in reality. Of course, these tales were not created by Pushkin, but only adapted. And he transferred these tales into a special form of particles of truth about the Great Past of our ancestors. Our ancestors called the coast of the White Sea Lukomorye because the shape of the coastline resembled a bow. Our ancestors gave their lands many figurative names. Over time, the three words "bow by the sea" merged in the vernacular into one word, Lukomorye, and in this form the word found its way into Russian folk tales.

Near Lukomorie there is a green
oak tree, a golden chain on the oak
tree,
and day and night, the cat is
learned, everything goes round in
circlesьттр://....

These lines from Pushkin's poem "Ruslan and Ludmila", known to almost every Russian, carry a lot of meaning that few people know about. Lukomorye is perceived by everyone as a fairy-tale land, invented by Pushkin himself for a good "rhyme", but in fact Lukomorye is not a fiction, but a very real ancient name for the Pomor lands. Again, few people know that our ancestors revered the oak tree as a sacred tree, and the Rus people would gather around the ancient sacred oak to listen to the speeches of the spiritual teachers, the Volkhvs, who brought enlightenment to the people for more than a hundred thousand years. It was only with the arrival of the Greek religion in the Russian lands that the sacred forests and oaks of the Rus people were mercilessly cut down, and only in remote places, one of which was for a long time

In the Russian north - Lukomorye, these trees, sacred to the Rus, could still be found. And the cat scholar in the poem behaves like a magician: "...going to the right, he begins a song, to the left - he tells a fairy tale...". In fact, it was through songs and tales passed down from generation to generation that sacred information about the past of the Rus and their culture was transmitted in Russia; this became especially important after the Greek religion became the state religion and almost all ancient books were destroyed. It was no coincidence that our ancestors chose the oak as a sacred tree. Many people know that oaks can live for more than a thousand years. And it was precisely this fact that made these trees sacred to the Rus.

What does the lifespan of a tree have to do with anything, some may ask.

The most obvious! The fact is that trees store information about events that have taken place in the immediate vicinity of where they grow. That is why a person who is able to read this information from a living natural computer has the opportunity to go back in time and reproduce in the present everything that the ancient oak tree has witnessed. But not only can the sage or sorcerer read, they can also "record" any information, any message for future generations on such a natural "computer" so that they (future generations) can receive it. By tuning into each annual ring of the oak tree, the sage or sorcerer can reproduce the information transmitted from the past with an accuracy of one year or even one day. The enemies of our ancestors knew about these living "computers" and therefore, along with ancient books, they mercilessly destroyed the sacred oaks and forests.



But that's not all. Sometimes it happens that the fairy tales familiar to almost every Russian from childhood have such a deep meaning that sometimes you can't believe it! I will continue to analyse the word Lukomorye. Luk by the sea... means that the coastline of the White Sea resembles the shape of a bow - not a bow made of burdock, but a weapon of war. But the natural question arises: how did our ancestors know about it if, in order to see the coastline, they had to rise high above the surface of Mother Earth? And not just high, but very high! The bow-shaped coastline can only be seen from near-Earth orbit, approximately the same as it is today. But, as modern "historians" claim, in those ancient times when this name was given, there were no

l Slavs, as has been drummed into our heads
y lectures, through the mass media and even
writers write their "historical" novels and
scientists their scientific works? And, as it turns out, many Russian names and words familiar to every Russian contain information about the highest level of technical development of those who are ALREADY referred to in Russian history textbooks as wild and ignorant Slavic tribes... But I will not digress from my story, although, on the

the other hand, much of what has surrounded us since childhood literally "shouts" at us: "Hey, look, here is your great past!" But we quietly "pass by" without seeing the obvious, like blind and stupid people! We utter words, but they, like dead things, do not come alive in our speech, because we have ceased to understand their meaning, because the unique images that the living Russian language carries within itself are not born from dead sounds.

But it is time to return to the journey itself to the glorious city of Russian glory - Arkhangelsk. In Arkhangelsk, my cousin Raskazov Jr. met me and my cousin, and we went to the hotel where the rooms had been reserved. An apartment had been reserved for me, and after going through the usual procedures in such cases, each of us went to settle into our rooms. I paid for both the rooms and the tickets myself, and I mention this for one reason only - everything had a very unexpected continuation, which I will tell you about later. The next morning, I was interviewed by a journalist from the local newspaper, who had published an advertisement for my performances. In addition, they filmed a short interview for Arkhangelsk television so that people who do not read newspapers could learn about my performances. They showed me the hall where I was to deliver my speeches. The Officers' Chamber in Arkhangelsk was chosen for this purpose. Before the speeches began, a short tour of the local sights was organised, and then the evening of my first public performance arrived. The performance began at seven o'clock in the evening. On the first day, the hall was half empty or half full, depending on who liked what. The hall manager announced my performance, and I found myself alone with the audience.

I didn't have stage fright, or rather, I didn't have it anymore. Although it wasn't that easy to get rid of it. As a child, when I didn't understand what was happening to me at all, it was very difficult for me every time I had to perform in front of new or unfamiliar people. In my class, where I knew all my classmates and teachers, I always felt completely free. I could freely react to any material and never had any problems expressing my thoughts. But... as soon as a new person appeared in the class, my eloquence... "disappeared somewhere". When the teachers called me to the blackboard, when the headmaster checked the lessons, for example, I would start mumbling and "spouting" something meaningless. I would "swallow" my tongue and couldn't say anything useful, even though I knew the lesson material perfectly well. When I felt someone's gaze on me (I was already used to my classmates and teachers), I began to feel uncomfortable under that gaze. I didn't understand the nature of this feeling and began to blush and look around to see if everything was okay. Were my buttons fastened where they should be, were all my shoes the same colour, and so on and so forth. And every time I was fine, but nevertheless, the strange and incomprehensible feeling of awkwardness did not leave me, and I could not even string a few words together properly.

This strange condition always annoyed me; I saw the surprised and uncomprehending eyes of the teachers I respected, but I couldn't do anything about it. And on a nice, or perhaps not so nice day, which was basically no different from any other, I told myself that this should not happen again. Of course, this does not mean that everything was fine at once, that the next day I could feel free to speak in front of new people. Of course not. It just means that in such cases I gathered my willpower and did not allow the incomprehensible confusion to overwhelm me. When I was a child, I did not understand the essence of this phenomenon, and only when I realised its nature did I understand why I had this strange feeling. The whole point is that every person, whether they realise it or not, influences every other person they talk to or even just stand near. This influence is especially strong if a person concentrates or focuses their attention on someone in particular. That is why the speaker is bombarded with glances from those listening to them. They basically hit the speaker like a whip, and if a person is sensitive enough, they actually feel the glances of others as blows. This is especially true if the thoughts of the people sending these glances have a negative component or if a person has a powerful field by nature. And it does not matter whether a person understands this or not, at the subconscious level there is a scanning of the person who is speaking or is in

the centre of attention. That is why a sufficiently sensitive person will feel as if they have been psychologically "undressed", and this "undressing" is not always associated with sexual thoughts; rather, it can be called psychological "undressing". We do not realise that if we concentrate mentally on someone, we create a very material thought stream directed at the person we are interested in. I understood all this much later, but I felt it very tangibly every time, for one reason or another, I found myself in the centre of attention, willingly or unwillingly. When this happened to me, I felt disappointed in myself and offended that I couldn't control my feelings and that this made me look ridiculous and clumsy. And like any normal person, I didn't like that very much. Sometimes I got angry at myself, not at the situation in which I looked ridiculous. Maybe others didn't see it or think so, but that's how I felt. My first victories were that I quickly learned to shut myself off from the outside world and focus on what I had to say. I still didn't like speaking in public, but I was now able to overcome my inexplicable state of mind at the time and convey my thoughts more or less coherently. This does not mean that I did not react to the emotional blows of the audience; I was always very nervous before each speech, but necessity compelled me to force myself to overcome this very unpleasant state. And this does not apply to speaking on stage, but only in class and at meetings.

And the stage... I was, how should I put it, a little prejudiced and tried not to go on it unless it was absolutely necessary. Even as a child, I tried to avoid the stage in every way possible. And I did everything I could to do so. I remember once, when I was in seventh or eighth grade, we were all herded into the school auditorium and began auditioning for the choir. The audition itself was a bit like the situation in the legend of Odysseus, when he and his companions were trapped in the cave of a man-eating cyclops. The cyclops, blinded by Odysseus, let his sheep out of the cave, feeling each one before letting it go. Odysseus came up with the idea of throwing sheepskins over himself and his companions, thus escaping the clutches of the man-eating cyclops. So the situation in the school auditorium was somewhat similar to this legend. The only way to leave the auditorium and go home was to audition. I hated auditioning, but there was nothing I could do. One by one, my classmates left the auditorium. Some were rejected, others were accepted. I really didn't want to be on the list of those selected, so I had to come up with a "sheep's skin" on the fly. When my turn came, I moved to the piano with resignation. The young woman conducting the audition played the chords and asked me to sing the notes. I did as she asked, and then a saving thought struck me! When they played another chord one tone higher than the previous one and asked me to sing the notes, I sang in the same key as the first time. For some reason, this greatly upset the young woman, and she asked me to try again to sing in the correct key. And I... sang the notes again, just like the first time.

After tormenting me several times, she said with annoyance that I was probably the only bass with such power in the whole country, and asked me to sing the notes again in a different key. And I, with an unhappy expression on my face, sang in the same key as the first time. And I got what I wanted... They let me go and I went home, pleased with my trick. My trick was that I was perfectly capable of repeating everything in the right key, but after watching several auditions of my classmates, I realised that everyone who couldn't repeat in the right key was eliminated. I didn't want to deliberately give a "rooster" for the simple reason that it looked very funny from the outside, and I myself didn't want to look funny. So I decided to sing everything in the same key - no one laughed, and I achieved the desired result. I tried my best to avoid a situation where I would have to be on stage. But I didn't manage to do it. The funny thing is that the situation was almost the same again when I became a first-year student at Kharkiv University. This time they "caught" me and once again I was "misled" by the word

Yes. When I gave someone my word, I always kept it, no matter what it cost me. The promise I made to my mother not to take off my corrective glasses when I was a child cost me a torn muscle in my right eye, which I have written about before. Of course, I tried not to "throw away" my word, knowing that I would have to keep it later. That's why I usually didn't rush to give my word or make a decision, trying to weigh all the positive and negative aspects of my decision as much as possible before making a choice or giving my word. Here's an example of one of the decisions I made: http://....

As a child, I was addicted to reading. I would rush home after school, quickly do my homework, grab the next exciting book and dive headfirst into another adventure or fantasy novel (I read a lot about history, biology, geography and many other subjects). Of course, I was particularly fascinated by science fiction! So I loved reading books and... chewing sunflower seeds.

Of course, when you read and chew seeds at the same time, half of the husks ended up in my stomach. One day, my mother told me that if I continued to swallow seed husks like this, my appendix would soon become clogged with seed husks and then I would have to have it removed. I really didn't want to lose my appendix, so I decided to solve this problem before it was too late. I tried first to clean all the seeds from the husks so that I could throw away the cleaned seeds while reading. I obediently sat down to pick the seeds several times, but "for some reason," when I started reading, the peeled seeds ran out very quickly. After struggling with this for a while, I made a decision for myself. If books and seeds are incompatible or I can't manage to combine them, then I choose books... and from that day on, I have never chewed seeds again! And not just when I read books — I don't chew at all! Good or bad, that's my character. Well, my character has misled me from time to time...

One day, a young woman entered the classroom and announced to all of us that after the last lesson, we all had to be in such and such a room. We had all recently become first-year students, knew very little, and found it difficult to find our way around the corridors of the huge Kharkiv University, so, unsuspecting, we all went to the designated place. There was a piano in that auditorium, but it meant nothing to us. After a while, the same young woman who had made the announcement appeared with a man. She introduced him as the director of our university choir and told us that he would audition all of us to select people for the choir. We all realised we were in trouble, but there was nowhere else to go. I had already made friends with a boy from our group, Mihail Dark, and neither he nor I wanted to be the first to audition. And when the audition began, at least I didn't want to audition any more. The boys from our group were first, and when they heard the "tremolos" they made while pretending to sing, almost everyone laughed. Laughing at others was bad enough, but laughing at yourself was even worse.

Soon, apart from me and Michael, there were no other boys left, and the girls in our group stared at him and me with questioning looks in their eyes. There was nothing I could do, and I had to audition for the second time in my life. The "bleating" of my classmates was very funny, but for some reason I didn't want to become just another "bleating" sheep. I didn't want to repeat everything in the same tone, as I did during the first audition, so I decided to try to pass this test without losing my dignity, as I thought at the time.

29. The road to the stage

This time they caught me very easily. After asking me to repeat a chant in a certain tone, the choir director said nothing after I did what he asked.

asked. This made me very happy, as I thought that his lack of comment was an indication that I would be rejected again! With relief, I sang the requested hymn in another key, then in another and another. The lack of comments gave me hope that I would soon be released. I was glad that no one was laughing at me, and I was ready to hear what I wanted to hear - " You, young man, can go!". But instead, I was " gifted" with something I did not expect! The choir director said to me, "You, young man, have a rare voice, both in power and range. You have both a basso profundo and an octave bass, and you must promise me that you will definitely come to the choir rehearsal on Monday evening..." Anyway, I promised I would come, and of course I kept my promise. My fellow student and friend Mikhail was also among those selected, which was even better, as we agreed to come together. That's how I ended up in the university choir. As a member of this choir, I had to perform in front of different audiences.

My "acclimatisation" to the stage went through several stages. Ultimately, when you are standing among many other people, you feel like you are "hidden" among them. But even in such a situation, you still feel like you are in the "spotlight" of the audience's attention. At least I did. It's true that I didn't freeze up when the curtain went up, but I was still walking around with excitement inside me. I didn't let it take over, but it was still there. But as soon as I concentrated not on the people sitting in the audience, but on the singing... all the excitement disappeared almost instantly. I was with the music, with the words and everything else... The boys in the choir often joked that there were five parts in our choir - basses, tenors, altos, sopranos and Kolya. This joke arose from the fact that during choir singing, I covered the entire choir, more than a hundred people, with my singing, so when our conductor asked everyone to "add warmth," he asked me to do the opposite. Because my "adding warmth" blocked everyone else. Due to the fact that I unwittingly became a participant in the university's amateur talent show, I was immediately "destined" to participate in the amateur talent show of the Radio Physics Faculty, where I was studying. I was simply presented with a fait accompli and no one even asked me if I wanted to. Anyway, for the first time I had to perform solo. I had no accompaniment and had to sing without it. So I announced that I would sing the Russian folk song "Step, step around...". They announced me, and for the first time I was on stage alone, without the friendly support of others. I didn't need a microphone, so I went to the edge of the stage, thus "burning my bridges" for myself, and after I adjusted to singing... I sang. It was my first solo performance, but it was also my own victory over myself. With the power of my will, I managed to overcome myself and make myself do what I had to do. It was a small victory over myself, over my natural shyness. I didn't become rude (at least I hope I didn't), but I was able to overcome that shyness if necessary. After my first solo performance, one of the judges approached me and told me that I should pursue singing professionally and that there was a very good vocal studio at the university. A few weeks later, I decided to go there and studied there until I finished my university studies. I wasn't interested in performing, I was more interested in learning to control my voice, which I think I succeeded in doing.

The vocal studio was run by Tamara Nikolaevna, a professional singer from the Kharkiv Opera, if my memory serves me correctly. I am very grateful to her for training my voice. My stage fright practically disappeared after an almost comical incident. As one of the vocalists, I was "picked" for the next concert of the patron of the amateur talent contest at Kharkiv University. As always, it was all done on a whim. We were accompanied by an accordionist with whom I had never rehearsed or, especially, performed. So I quietly hummed the melody of the song I was going to sing to him. He quickly figured out what song I was going to sing, but due to lack of time, we didn't have a chance to rehearse even a little. And so... they announced my entrance, and he started playing an octave higher than he should have! The situation is the same... I am forced to follow the melody, and it is much higher than it should be. I, of course,

"sang" the first verse, and in the second I shouted "... lower, play lower...". Of course, it turned out to be very funny, but strange as it may seem, this situation allowed me to completely disconnect from the stage and the audience, and after that incident, every time I went on stage, I felt completely free. I might have been nervous before going on stage, but when I went on stage, I was completely absorbed in what I was there for.

As a student, I often had to play music and organise parties for students, including New Year's Eve parties. I made costumes for these performances together with other boys and performed in these costumes myself. Once I even had to write a script for the whole evening and write songs for a student New Year's Eve party. I still remember some of the verses I came up with back then. I wrote the following lyrics to a melody from The Bremen Town Musicians:

They say that students are stupid,
Just like the earth gives birth to us.
Hey, professor, don't be stingy, We
need a scholarship!
Ooh la la, ooh la la,
We need a scholarship! Ooh la
la, ooh la la,
Eh, ma...

In the service of heaven,
They fear us like fire. Well, devils, as we
know,
We're not fit at all! Ooh la la, ooh
la la,
We're not fit at all! Ooh la la, ooh
la la,
Oh, my!
.....

There were a few more verses, but I have forgotten them now, and there is no particular reason to recall them. It was all like a typical student cabaret: a little humour, a little irony, and above all, self-deprecating. Another boy from the choir and I were both hosts and performers. Igor Yovenko was almost as tall as me and played the role of... Snow White, while I was Father Christmas. We both had moustaches, and as a sign of solidarity with him, I shaved my moustache for the first time... In short, it was quite original and a lot of fun.

I described my attitude towards the stage to show that even to go on stage, I personally had to work quite hard on myself so that I could feel confident even in front of a hostile audience and, despite the taunts of opponents, enemies or sceptics, deliver what was necessary regardless of everything else. The situations in my life developed in such a way that almost everything that happened in my life prepared me step by step for what I am doing now. But in order for the situations in my life to lead me to what I have now, I had to work very hard on myself, to create myself. Life situations were just the external force that made me do it, and without them I would hardly have done it. So from my own experience I can say that whatever happens to us in life is for the best. Of course, if you gather your willpower and don't let circumstances break you, but instead make circumstances work for you...!

It so happened that almost everything that happened in my life or to me, in one way or another, prepared me for the path of the warrior. In principle, every development is connected with overcoming oneself and circumstances. That is how it happens. And here I am, standing alone.

On stage, with several hundred eyes fixed on me, everyone expecting something from me, and very often not what I wanted to give them. The main purpose of my educational and health-promoting performance was to wake people up from their slumber. But... many people were asleep and did not want to wake up at all; on the contrary, they really enjoyed "sleeping". Such people were not interested in understanding the essence of things. They only wanted spectacle and nothing else. The rest of the audience needed nothing more than an entertaining session. Among the entire audience, those seeking understanding were a predominant minority. I realised this very quickly, as soon as I started my performance. I sensed the entire audience, the emotions and thoughts of the entire audience, and I understood that I needed to find some solution to the seemingly unsolvable problem - to give each viewer everything they came for, plus what they needed to wake up from their sleep. Every viewer... but there were at least three groups of viewers - those who had come to see a spectacle or "circus", as I call it, those who had come to receive treatment for their health problems, and the third group, who were looking for understanding, even the slightest understanding. And here it was necessary to give everyone what they had come for, and at the same time, during one performance. And I had to create the tactics and strategy of my performance in "combat" conditions. Without stopping my performance, I decided to try out the experiments I had done in the army and during my studies at university.

I improvised and immediately decided to put my idea into practice. I invited the audience to participate in the experiment and asked everyone to join hands. To the sounds of Jean-Michel Jarre's beautiful music, I led the entire hall, helping people to tune in with my voice. Combining hypnosis in reality with a direct impact on the audience's muscles, I tried to maximise their response. The words I spoke put people in the right state of mind for the most effective effect. All this lasted a few minutes, after which I asked everyone who had "stiff" arms to come on stage. The thing is that when a person has good sensitivity, their flexor and extensor muscles cease to obey the person themselves, and only I could remove this muscle blockage. I used moderate force so that I could reach as many people as possible without overloading the most sensitive ones. As a result of my action, there were several dozen people on stage who could not free their clenched hands. I freed all of them from these unusual "handcuffs" in several ways. Some of them were freed through verbal influence, others through mental influence, and still others through influence on the brain centres that control the muscles of the body. Then I began to demonstrate to the audience, using my volunteers, various methods of influencing people, while explaining what these methods have in common and how they differ from one another.

I tried to show and prove that hypnosis, which everyone is familiar with, is the most primitive way of influencing a person and that there are many other methods that do not involve anyone staring intently at someone else, forcing them into a hypnotic sleep. When a person can speak in a completely normal voice, without staring, and another person, without falling into a hypnotic state, with complete independence at first glance, will do what they are told and will not even think about the fact that they are carrying out someone else's orders, being absolutely sure that they are acting according to their own mind and reason. That the exact same result can be achieved when no one is around, and the orders will be carried out anyway, even though no one is saying anything. Here, on stage, I rearranged people's brains and they began to see the internal organs of other people, to accurately determine the health problems of people completely unknown to them. Using various methods of influence, I made it so that people could not lift their feet off the floor, bumped into an invisible wall and could not pass through it. Everything was accompanied by harmless jokes and teasing. Everyone laughed - the participants in

my performance, the audience remaining in the hall, and myself. Then I transported people to past eras, where they ran from dinosaurs, fought Roman gladiators, and much, much more. Throughout, everyone retained their independent thinking, acting in the displaced realities according to their own character and understanding.

From time to time, the hall erupted in laughter. I laughed heartily with everyone else. There was no way I could predict people's reactions, nor did I want to. It was simply that people's actions resulted in many absurd situations that I could not even have imagined. In short, the hall was completely attentive, and I, showing people the next effect, explained what was happening and what it was all about! And at the end of my performance, with the beautiful music of Jean-Michel Jarre, I had a healthy effect on the entire hall. And again, I calculated the strength of my influence on the average level of perception, and after that, there were sometimes several dozen people for whom this influence was too strong, and they "fell into a slumber," sinking into a state between coma and clinical death. My influence simply blew their essences out of their physical bodies, like a strong wind blowing hats off people's heads. Anyway, after my influence, I went down into the hall and brought everyone back into their physical bodies. As a result of all this, my performance ended around eleven o'clock in the evening, and I arrived at my hotel at midnight. And although I was a little tired, I was generally satisfied with the solution I had found, which allowed me to " feed" everyone what they wanted, and also to convey to everyone everything else I wanted — the basics of knowledge and understanding that a person is more than just a physical body and that a person really has powers that animals simply cannot have, and these powers are real and do not fit into the ideas that have been imposed on people by social parasites to make it easier for them to control the masses.

Of course, not everyone understood everything, and those who thought they understood were actually only a hair's breadth away from understanding, but nevertheless, it was the beginning of an awakening, and it was wonderful. The next evening, the hall was already full, as word of my " miracles" began to spread throughout Arkhangelsk. I spent some of my performances in the same way, trying not to repeat my actions on stage, inventing new and new variations of my influence and the actions of the people on stage. When moving into the past, for example, the usual reality disappeared for the person and they found themselves in the reality of the past, as if they had fallen through themselves, even though everything else remained unchanged. If I moved several people at once, they found themselves in the same reality, fully conscious, with their own perceptions and individual behaviour. I did not impose a specific algorithm of behaviour on them; everyone acted according to their own mind and reason. At the same time, they perceived what was happening in that reality adequately. If they found themselves in the reality with the dinosaurs, they all saw and heard the sounds made by these animals. They touched all the smells, all the other nuances of this reality. Because of all this, they saw and acted in the same reality, not each in their own. All the details of this reality coincided down to the smallest detail, differing only in spatial nuances.

For greater clarity, let me explain what this means. Every person who travelled back in time was at a different point in this reality and therefore observed the same event from a different angle. Some saw the dinosaur on their right, others in front of them, and still others on their left! That is the only difference, but otherwise they saw the same thing from their point of view. T h e i r descriptions, actions, and reactions to what was happening were completely synchronised. And the synchronisation was in the smallest details. But the most interesting thing is that I often moved people around and only then asked them where they were and what they saw. So I didn't even have the opportunity to tune them to the same "wave" in any way. But the most curious thing was that I moved them into the reality of the past, and even I myself did not know what they would see at the point in space in the past where I had moved them. This is equivalent to the fact that before looking out of a window overlooking the road, a person knows that they will see cars on the road, but how many of those cars will be on the road at that moment, in

who looks through the window, and what brands and colours these cars will be, that person will not be able to say. The same applies to the situation with travelling back in time — I open a kind of " window to the past," but I do not know what the person will see in that window when they "look" through it. I can only say with certainty that if I have done everything correctly, that person will see dinosaurs, not extinct amphibians. If that does happen, it means I have missed an era. That would also be undesirable. But it seems that I have not "missed" anything, and the displaced people fall exactly into the eras I was talking about.

Of course, it is almost impossible to describe in words what was happening on stage. Different people reacted to the same situation in completely different ways: some, seeing a live dinosaur, quietly slumped to the floor of the stage; some stood dazed with their mouths open; some slowly moved as far away as possible; others, on the contrary, gave advice! After the dinosaur was paralysed, people looked at the motionless animal with genuine fear, with great anxiety, ready at any moment to rush and run away without looking back. They approached the motionless head to lift the upper jaw and look into the mouth of the "cute" animal! But the most interesting thing is that many people, displaced from reality, began to act in this reality completely independently, without any control or correction on my part. Many things happened at the level of reflexes. For example, when a person was fighting a wrestler in the Roman amphitheatre, he reflexively dodged his punches, just as he would have done in a real fight. It is simply impossible to act this out, which means only one thing: the fight was real. The fighter saw his opponent just like any boxer in the ring, although the rest of the audience, who had not been displaced into this reality, saw only this man and... nothing else. And for them, the situation was extremely comical. The man dodges blows, throws his own, jumps aside, etc., and for them... there is no one there. After he finally managed to knock out the ancient fighter, several people dragged the knocked-out fighter aside, made room for him in the corner of the stage, and brought him to consciousness in the Russian way, splashing water from their mouths on his face and gently patting him on the cheeks.

The hall erupted in laughter as several boys attempted to squeeze through the narrow gap in the brick wall created for them after they had failed to overcome it. They placed their hands against this wall created for them and... nothing happened, they couldn't move an inch, but their hands were imprinted on the brick wall, just as anyone else's would be if they tried to push through a brick wall with their palms. But for the rest of the audience, no brick wall appeared on the stage, and the attempts of the poor people seemed most amusing to them. I accompanied all these demonstrations with my explanations and clarifications, trying to wake people up from their sleep, to show them how much richer and more colourful the real reality is than the one they know. Every evening, batteries of three-litre jars of water and other glass containers appeared on stage. And the water was charged during my several-hour performance or, as it is scientifically called today: the water was "structured" on stage for several hours. The word " structured" sounds more pleasant to the " scientific" ear than the word " charged". Obviously, the scientific "ear" has reasons for this preference.

So the water on stage "sealed" within itself everything that happened on stage, including my influence when people's brains were reorganising. And this very fact had a very unexpected continuation, as it turned out during my second visit to the city of Arkhangelsk. But I will come back to that later. In the meantime, every evening I went on stage in front of a packed hall. During my healing mass sessions, someone would "fly away" from their body every time, and I had to bring the "flyers" back. I would usually approach the next "flyer" and quickly bring them back to their body. The person would return, and I would go to the next "flyer." But one day something unusual happened. I was called to another " flyer". The "flyer" turned out to be a young girl of about twenty, who, judging by her appearance, did not have a higher education and

respective interests. As usual, I returned her essence to her body, she woke up and even opened her eyes, and her gaze began to take on some meaning. Seeing the signs of a return to normal, I hurried back to the next "flyer" who was waiting to return. As soon as I took a few steps away from this red-haired girl, she returned to her original state. I decided that I had not sufficiently stabilised her essence in her body after the overload, and I repeated the entire return procedure again. Again, as soon as I moved a few steps away from her, her essence jumped out of her body again. Once again, I performed the procedure of returning the "stray" essence back into the body even more carefully and... with the same result. When all this happened three times, I decided to find out what the problem was. As a result of telepathic contact, I was able to understand the reason for such strange behaviour of this girl's essence. Her essence DID NOT WANT to return to her physical body. The essence said, "How grateful I am to you for freeing me from this stupid body!" It seems that a female essence of a fairly high level had entered this girl's genetics and, for one reason or another, was unable to develop her physical body, finding herself imprisoned in it! It turns out that this happens and, unfortunately, is not so rare, but this was the first time I had encountered such a case. When I understood the reason for the girl's strange reaction to my actions, I said to her, a little prematurely pleased with the essence, "Please, my dear, be so kind as to return to your body and try to wake up in that same body. I returned her to her body, blocking the possibility of her " jumping out" of it again. I hope that with some help from me, the essence of this girl managed to change her development in this physical body. Only after my actions did everything work out, and the girl's essence did not "fly out" of her body anymore. Finally, I was able to go and help the other "flying out" essences, but I did not encounter any more such stubborn essences.

After the speeches, people came to me with their problems. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't help everyone, so I told them to only let people with small children in, whom I worked with individually. I put the displaced hip bones back in place after "correcting" the shape of the pelvis, removing the children's humps, etc., etc. During these sessions, I had an interesting experience. Another child's fingers were underdeveloped. I began to work on them and placed the child's hand on my palm. And after a few minutes of my work, his undeveloped fingers began to move and grow right before my eyes! Everything happened in the same way that educational films show how quickly plant roots grow when footage from several weeks is shown on screen within a few minutes. It was the same with this baby - his fingers moved, grew and lengthened right before my eyes. The mother of this baby brought him only once, probably frightened by what she saw, and then I didn't have to work with this baby, but I hope that the process of his fingers growing did not stop after I started this process with him.

In the afternoon before the performance, they showed me the sights of Arkhangelsk. With each passing day, the crowds grew larger and larger, and everything was filled to capacity. But my performances were not very long, and when the last day of my tour came, there were no indifferent people left in the hall, and the three categories of spectators I wrote about earlier had changed. Still, I managed to excite people, and I was happy about that. Everyone asked me if I would come back to Arkhangelsk and hold my school. Everyone wanted to know exactly that. After the last performance, an elderly man approached me and said that he was a clairvoyant and wanted to warn me of the danger that threatened me. He said that I was in danger of a car accident in which I would die. I thanked him for his concern and told him not to worry — everything would be fine. His reaction was amusing. He thought I had taken him for a madman and that was why I had reacted that way to his message. So he continued and told me that I had misunderstood him, that he worked for the police and searched for missing or murdered people, and that there were many cases confirmed by the authorities. He wanted to convince me to pay attention to his words, that he was not crazy and that his visions of the future had never failed him.

I listened to him carefully and thanked him once again for his concern for my fate. And I told him not to worry, everything would be fine.

I don't think this man ever realised that I myself knew about the attempts on my life and that I had already survived several attempts without even dying! And that the KGB's next attempt would be neutralised by me, just like all the previous ones. It simply did not occur to him that someone could change his future by influencing him and neutralising the actions of the special services. For many reasons, it was difficult for almost anyone to imagine such a thing. I did not try to convince him that I was right because he was absolutely certain that I would die! But nevertheless, this did not happen, even though the attempts to rid the blue planet Earth of my presence did not stop. However, I quite successfully blocked all these attempts, and this did not fit into the "mosaic of the world" that was in the minds of almost everyone. What could I do? I had to disappoint everyone — well, I did not allow them all to convince themselves that the majority is always right! No, that's not how it is, and they are not right very often! One person can be right, and everyone else can be wrong, if that person knows what everyone else does not know, they can do what everyone else cannot do. And the issue here is not excessive pride, but simply the fact that this person may have discovered "magic words" that allowed him to open the "doors" to the "cave" of fabulous possibilities and achieve enlightenment of consciousness.

Although I was generally satisfied with the results of my performance, a surprise awaited me afterwards. When I went to the accounting department to receive my payment for the performances, it turned out that the hall was less than half full, and all the costs of renting and maintaining my performances had been deducted from my earnings. my travel and hotel expenses were not reimbursed, and not a single rouble was deducted from the organisers' share of the proceeds. I decided to clarify the situation a little and told them that just because I was a theoretical physicist by profession did not mean that I knew nothing about economics. I also told them that I had been offered a degree from the Faculty of Economics at Kharkiv University, but I had refused (I now regret my stupidity and laziness at the time) because I had to take several exams in subjects that were not taught at the Faculty of Radiophysics.

So I told them the following: "For some reason" they "mixed up" the total profit from the event and the net profit. All expenses, including mine, should have been deducted from the total profit, and only then should the net profit have been divided as agreed. What they did was simply illiterate. They divided the total profit, supposedly according to the agreement, and then deducted all the expenses for my performances from my share, which is basically financial fraud. In addition, the hall was only half full on the first day of my performances, but on all the other days it was full and people even sat in the corridors on chairs they had brought with them, and all this was captured on video, as my performances were recorded on my video camera. Valentin Raskazov tried to convince me that this was a misunderstanding and that it would not happen again. And that he personally, as well as all the residents of Arkhangelsk, would be happy to see my performances again and would want to learn more about my system! I promised to come back and returned to Moscow. What I encountered when receiving the money I had earned, as I later understood, is called " literature," when official documents say one thing, for example, that only half or even a quarter of the hall was sold, while the hall was filled to capacity. This was usually done to reduce tax payments (so-called double accounting), and the difference between the black and white accounting was distributed among the participants in the financial fraud.

However, in my case, it was exactly the opposite: I paid them everything for everyone, but the organisers received everything through black accounting and did not even warn me about it. But I do not regret it; the most important thing was that I did not participate in this fraud, and it was not important to me.

money, but the people who had begun to awaken from their centuries-long slumber. That was the main reward for my work. When you see people's eyes burning with life, your soul simply rejoices. Unfortunately, many people quickly caught fire and just as quickly... "went out". The reason for this was that an awakened person had to act according to their conscience and honour, and this very often comes at a high price, causing many problems and inconveniences. A person can suffer from this, lose their job, jeopardise their career, etc. And that is precisely why many people (well, not all) were not ready for it. It is better to sleep "sweetly" and see "beautiful dreams" when the truth about reality is so ugly, and can even be overwhelming. In short, a typical philistine philosophy. But I would like to remind those who are asleep that when a person freezes, at that moment they become very warm and have beautiful dreams, but those beautiful dreams are dreams of approaching death. So the "sleeping" people should not forget that their "sweet dream" can very quickly turn into a " frosty" dream, so isn't it better to wake up, even if they are "frozen", and start acting with the understanding that many things can change, perhaps even everything!

However, many people prefer someone else to do all the dirty, thankless, and sometimes dangerous work, and if something "works out," they are ready to join the winner afterwards. It was precisely this consumerist, philistine attitude that our enemies were looking for. But to my delight, even if only a few, there were people who cared and who were not afraid to declare themselves for the right cause, without thinking about whether it would bring them personal gain or big problems. And while these people were just beginning to wake up, I continued my war alone. But I was already expecting a new turn of fate and the appearance of a faithful companion in my endeavours, but I will not get ahead of events.

30. Moscow "holidays"

I returned from Arkhangelsk to Moscow. During my absence, nothing interesting happened in Moscow. The life of the city and its inhabitants continued as usual. However, some changes were noticeable. In 1991, Moscow witnessed a scene that was unusual for Moscow, but familiar to the rest of Russia. Shop shelves were emptying not in days, but in hours. Whereas previously there had been queues for scarce goods in Moscow, and these queues were mainly made up of people from the provinces and neighbouring regions who came to Moscow specifically to buy food and other goods, in the summer of 1991 more and more Muscovites themselves joined the queues, and these queues were not only in the centre of Moscow, but also in areas where travellers had never shopped before. You had to queue for all kinds of goods or buy them without queuing at markets, where prices were very high for the vast majority of people. And so, Moscow greeted me with queues almost everywhere. After returning to the capital, I continued my usual activities, working with people directly and on the phone. I met interesting people, people who were looking for answers to their questions from me. Everything was going as usual, which for many people was incredible even for Moscow standards. Shortly after my return from Arkhangelsk, Svetlana returned from Lithuania. She brought some delicacies from Lithuania, mainly Lithuanian meat products, which turned out to be incredibly delicious. Lithuanian carbonates and various types of smoked meats were a big surprise for me. There was nothing like this in Russian shops, and there were few markets where you could find anything similar.

As Svetlana explained to me, every town in Lithuania had its own recipes for smoking meat, its own specialities. Every master smoker had his own secrets, and Lithuania produced a lot of these meat products, most of which were exported abroad. The inhabitants of the Soviet Union (with the exception of Lithuania itself) had to eat "sausages" that contained almost nothing but the name. But convoys of high-quality meat products went abroad.

Soviet people had to eat, at best, almost pure starch, but everyone abroad had to eat well!

In general, the Soviet Union had a very strange attitude towards its own citizens. Every foreigner who arrived felt like a real king, even though in his homeland he might have been an ordinary teacher or shepherd (cowboy), but in the USSR he was almost a god. Every foreigner was taken care of, there were special shops, restaurants and hotels for them, which ordinary Soviet citizens were not even allowed to enter. I have never seen anything like this anywhere else in the world. In 1991, I travelled to Hungary and southern Germany, and later to the United States, but nowhere did I see anything like it. In all other countries around the world, their own citizens were given priority, and all newcomers were seen only as a potential source of income. In no other country in the world was it the case that a citizen of a given country could not enter a restaurant, shop, etc., while visitors were allowed in without any problems simply because they came from another country. The Soviet authorities showed their true colours by treating their citizens in this way. The inhabitants of a huge country were treated like slaves in their own country, even though we were all taught from childhood that the opposite was true. One could only realise the depth of this lie after visiting other countries and seeing with one's own eyes how the authorities of other countries treated their inhabitants. For them, their own citizens are human beings, while newcomers are something like second- or third-class people, depending on which country they come from. Such brutal treatment of its citizens is possible only in the USSR and nowhere else. But I will not digress...

When Svetlana returned from Lithuania, she began to visit me almost every day. The world of the Great Cosmos that I had opened up to her became like a "drug" for her — she was drawn to the stars more and more strongly. This became the meaning of her life. But this turn of events did not please certain forces, and they were very real, not mystical or otherworldly, as some people might think. Several people, very influential in the Soviet system and hunting for people with pronounced parapsychic abilities, as in the case of Svetlana, had long had their eye on her. So when they learned that she had "connected" with me and did not intend to give up what she had learned from me, they began to openly poison her. The harassment is very real and happens at all levels. Svetlana's "friend," who called her her dear sister, "for some reason" put poison in the drink she herself served to Svetlana, expressing her gratitude to her for all the good she had done for her. Quite an interesting way to express your "gratitude," isn't it? Svetlana called me while she was in a terrible state, literally turned inside out by her "friend's" " gratitude." This happened quite late in the evening, and as soon as Svetlana called me, I immediately went to her hotel. At that time, she was staying in a nice room at the Kiev Hotel, which was located near the Kiev railway station. The road was almost empty, and after about half an hour I was already with her.

I made it in time. The poison hadn't had time to do its dirty work. Perhaps it helped Svetlana that I had already worked with her a lot and had changed many things in her. Anyway, when I arrived, she was alive, and I immediately set about destroying the poison in her body and the damage it had already done. After some time of my work, Svetlana began to feel better, the severe pain that had gripped her throat disappeared, and her healthy complexion returned, although she was still pale. I suggested she try to get some sleep, and after making sure everything looked fine, I headed back home. In the morning, we called each other and there was no longer any threat to her health. Nevertheless, I went to check on her again to examine her. I did a little more work with her to clear her up more quickly. Her "friend", as one might expect, had disappeared without a trace. Of course, she had not been abducted by aliens or " fallen" into a parallel world, but the very next day, "for some reason," she urgently left for home without even informing her "best friend" for obvious reasons. And so, as soon as Svetlana came to my side, her "fun life" began too. The poisoning was the first swallow, but by no means the last. When the "friends" who were behind these

actions, they realised that they had little chance of success with poisons and other similar methods, so they began to act differently. They began to attack her psychologically, and quite severely. With her natural sensitivity, such attacks were particularly difficult for Svetlana. The attacks were carried out by people she knew, who threatened to destroy her if she continued to communicate with me. They told her that she would be destroyed, that her son would not live if she did not renounce me and betray me. That her father, whom she loved so much, had a weak heart and it could "suddenly" stop. And when words did not help, they resorted to action. They began to beat her, and very severely. The blows were so strong that they drove Svetlana out of her body. Sometimes, as a result of these blows, she fell into a deep coma, with barely noticeable signs of life, and sometimes into a state of clinical death. Each time, I managed to bring her back to normal. Although sometimes her "blackouts" from the blows lasted quite a long time - an hour, and sometimes even two! After each such blow, I not only brought Svetlana back to life, but also made another rearrangement so that something like this would not happen again. But her "friends" would strike her in a completely new place, and I would have to restore her again after these blows and create new qualities and properties to protect Svetlana from such blows. When the blows of the local "madmen" still did not achieve the desired results, they apparently complained to their masters and began to strike Svetlana themselves, and these blows were now more serious.

After two attempts to start my own family, I no longer believed that such a thing was possible for me. "Ordinary" women couldn't understand my goals and values, and those who were "advanced" in these matters almost always turned out to be narcissistic egoists who enjoyed basking in the glow of their own imagined greatness, as I discovered from my own experience. Besides, I have never been interested in relationships for their own sake. For me, love has always meant, above all, a kinship of souls, and so before I met Svetlana, I thought I would have to be alone for the rest of my life. After meeting such a beautiful and intelligent woman as Svetlana, I was delighted to have found someone who really understood what I was talking about, who was genuinely interested in what I did and what the meaning of my life was for me. I have always been able to tell when a person truly understands or is just pretending to understand. Naturally, I had warm feelings for Svetlana and was afraid that if I talked about anything more than friendship, I would ruin everything with my own hands. I really wanted to preserve this kinship of souls and not scare it away with some foolishness. Besides, my past experience had not inspired me to be romantic. But I saw with my own eyes how Svetlana was fighting for what I had been striving for my whole life, and I realised that she was my soulmate. And even when I realised this, I didn't rush to tell her my conclusions, because I assumed that she might misunderstand me and ruin this wonderful union of souls with her own hands. After they tried to poison Svetlana, I decided that because of me she was in mortal danger and that as long as she was close to me, it would not stop. And so I had to explain everything to her so that she could make her own choice: either to leave me and return to her normal life, or to decide once and for all how she felt about me. Because only if she is with me all the time can I help her when they beat her. So life itself was pushing me to act, and no matter how much I worried about her possible refusal, I decided there was no point in delaying any longer.

One evening, I called Svetlana and asked her if she would be available that evening, and after receiving a positive response, I went to her room at the Kiev Hotel. Before going to her room, I bought a beautiful bouquet of roses (at least I thought so) and when I entered Svetlana's room, I handed her the bouquet and asked for her hand and heart. I was a little nervous... and when I heard a positive answer, I was delighted. As I travelled back home, my soul rejoiced and I felt happy for the first time in my life. I have always liked Mr. X's aria from the operetta "The Princess of the Circus". I often hummed this aria quietly to myself, it was very close to my heart, the beautiful words of this aria were close to my heart: "***...flowers bloom on the sand, no one knows how lonely my path is, but where is the heart that will love me, may my destiny always be in a mask...***". Although I have always acted without a mask,

the meaning was no different. I thought that the path I had chosen doomed me to loneliness, because it was difficult to imagine a woman who would be willing to go with me against the tide and expose herself to danger, and doom me to a constant struggle, without which my path is impossible. And so, such a woman was found, and now she is by my side... But the most incredible thing about this woman came to light later, when we started working together and the events of the past began to unfold one by one before us, and the truth about the past became clear.

Shortly after I proposed to Svetlana, I found a flat in one of Moscow's residential neighbourhoods, and we moved into a one-room flat in a standard Khrushchev-era apartment block in a working-class neighbourhood. The flat was small, like all one-room flats of this type, but that didn't matter. After that, our "friends" got more active, and they weren't "friends" from here anymore, but from there. They used such different, really nasty methods of influence that there was no room for surprise. Even the most sophisticated sadists and torturers would envy the sophistication of their torture. I have always been surprised by the inventiveness of the Dark Forces in creating all kinds of mischief. If only this inventiveness were directed towards something good and creative, rather than destructive. But these monsters were not interested in creative endeavours. There was only one good thing in all this. In order to strike again, they had to "take out" more and more of their "trump cards" from their arsenal each time, and after resolving their meanness, they had fewer and fewer "arguments" in reserve that were unknown to me. Moreover, after applying their new "trump card," they gave me information to think about. In order to solve their next "task," I had to create new qualities and opportunities, to develop new bodies for myself and for Svetlana. After another quarrel with those who were striking blows, there were sometimes small pauses between the blows, and then I, having received another portion of "food" for the mind, created fundamentally new structures, created bodies and qualities that I had not even suspected until recently. Moreover, in order to neutralise the blows, I first had to study the nature of these actions, and once I understood this nature, I created properties and qualities such structures and bodies that allowed me to oppose not only this particular action, but also the entire spectrum of similar actions based on this nature and all possible combinations of them that I could think of.

I was able to quickly calm down the most violent ones in the immediate vicinity of our universe. At the same time, my actions were not limited to creating protection against such attacks, but also to... punishing the entire hierarchical system behind these attacks. After all, the attacks were often carried out by "pawns" who were sacrificed by those above them without much regret. That was exactly what they were counting on. If they failed, they would lose their soldiers, and that would be all. But I had a different strategy. Responsible not only, or rather not so much, the perpetrator, but the one who orders such actions. That is why, after neutralising the next attacker or attackers, I usually put them in "straitjackets" and started a conversation with them about who they were and why they were attacking, as well as who had given them the order to strike. In this way, I would work my way up the chain of command to the person who had given the order to their system. I would usually protest against such actions and challenge them to a fight. Fights with the leaders of the hierarchies were sometimes full of surprises that could not even be predicted. First, they always had surprises prepared, which they kept behind the curtain. Very often, they started the fight by learning what I had, but I was also "one of them" and revealed only part of myself, not everything, so that I would have the greatest possible advantage at the end of the fight. In other words, during the battle, each side tried to learn all the reserves of the opposing side, while at the same time maximising their own. When gaps were found in my system, they were hit with their own reserves. And those reserves were usually strikes that I did not have during the battle. That was my Achilles' heel in every battle and, at the same time, my slippery slope!

As I already wrote, when I was attacked with something I did not have, during the strikes I managed to have direct contact with new qualities and properties, with new matter that was unfamiliar to me. Direct contact allowed me to scan all of this and create similar qualities in myself. In this case, I was able to create new essential bodies, brain structures, and create something special. Because very often the information received during the battle and the new qualities and properties gave me the missing piece of the mosaic, without which it was impossible to create something fundamentally new, and not only for myself. Almost always during these battles, after receiving new qualities and properties, I managed to take an evolutionary step forward on my path. And during these battles and fights, Svetlana helped me a lot with her wonderful vision and telepathic technique. Thanks to her, I was able to concentrate only on the tasks arising during the battle, and Svetlana provided me with the necessary information, and thanks to this, everything happened much faster and more efficiently, with minimal losses and minimal damage, which in itself is important. I managed to come up with very effective tactics and strategies, but I had to take the blows instead of running away from them. It was always unpleasant, but always effective. I felt no fear, not because "the sea was beside me," but because I realised that if fear penetrated my soul... I would lose. Only the conscious absence of fear allowed me to act quickly and effectively, to make the right decisions, etc., despite the pain and partial destruction of what was part of me. I can assure you that this did not bring me joy, but I knew that this approach would allow me to find a solution to the problem before I was destroyed. And once I found a solution to the problem, I would immediately start applying it and emerge victorious.

Sometimes I recovered, sometimes I recovered radically during the battle, and sometimes I did it after it. But anyway, I kept moving forward, solving increasingly complex problems, which required me to change my perception of what was happening more than once, because without that, using the old models, it would have been impossible to solve almost all the problems that arose on my way. It is precisely this narrow-minded thinking that is the death of progress. I realised this quite quickly at the beginning of this movement. That is why every time I tried to find a new approach to solving problems, sometimes I succeeded immediately, sometimes it took time and the necessary "pieces" of the mosaic accumulated for a new leap in the approach to solving the problems that arose along the way. My mind was always open to the new, I never said to myself, " This cannot be because it can never be." If I encountered something new to me, n o m a t t e r how incredible it w a s , I always started by researching what it was and whether I could figure out its essence... and strange as it may seem, I almost always managed to solve seemingly unsolvable problems. And again, sometimes the solution came suddenly, sometimes the problem sank into the depths of my mind and "burned" there with an unquenchable ember until the necessary "pieces" were found, and then the solution would explode in my brain like a supernova, in the moment when a new solution was born. This has always happened to me, even when I was inventing various devices. I would throw a task into my mind and it would " simmer" there until a ready solution was born. When that happened, I would see the finished solution in my mind's eye in the form of a real device, sit down at the drawing board and draw the finished version in one go, without any intermediate versions. An immediate solution with all the necessary details. And this method of my approach to solving emerging problems was very useful to me during my activities in space. Anyway, everything I did in my life before TODAY "M" was useful to me in my star wars, and not only that...

Secondly, it turned out that most of the black hierarchies I had to fight were captured light hierarchies that were subjugated to the will of the more primitive blacks who had captured them. The evolutionary ceiling for the development of black hierarchies is very low (compared to white hierarchies), but they compensated for this by developing their flexibility and dynamism. Before capturing a light hierarchy, they usually sent

against him their servants, who attacked this hierarch and in the vast majority of cases were destroyed by these hierarchs. But those who sent their servants to their deaths were completely indifferent to what would happen to them; they calmly watched from the sidelines, without interfering in what was happening, but only studying the bright hierarch whom they had chosen as their victim. The purpose of this observation was to discover weaknesses in the defence, or better yet, evolutionary gaps that simply cannot be avoided at any level of development. The gaps will be different for different levels, but they will always be there, as there will always be something that is unknown to a given being. Once they had found a gap in the structures of the light hierarchies in this way, the dark hierarchies did not rush to attack their chosen victims. If they lacked the qualities necessary for the attack, they first set out in search of those who possessed them, and by attacking those they could handle on their own, they absorbed those who had lost themselves and thus acquired new qualities necessary for the planned attack. Only then did they attack their planned victim. In such a scenario, the weak hierarch found themselves in a position where they had no way to respond to the blow or blows and were captured. In such a situation, there is only one way out - to very quickly scan the attacker and create new qualities and properties, new bodies and structures during the battle. This is only one possible outcome, as it is impossible to defend yourself against what you do not know.

Unfortunately, few of the light hierarchies adhered to this type of combat. It is difficult for me to judge why this is so, as I did not set out to understand the reasons for it, since I had to fight rather than study the past of the matter. In any case, the Dark Forces have always acted as parasites both on the planets they have conquered and in the Great Cosmos, which they have tried to put at their service. Unable to develop themselves, the Dark Forces have always parasitised on those who had such an opportunity, exploiting their mistakes or shortcomings. This is a fact, however sad and unpleasant it may be to accept.

31. White Brotherhood

In any case, I was lucky and managed to block the next attacker without any consequences. After putting on my "straightjacket", I knew from my own experience that I could not trust the words of the black hierarch. I gained this experience at the very beginning of my cosmic odyssey in 1987, during the clash with Iyori, which I wrote about earlier. At the same time, I developed a method for radically solving the problem.

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Returning to the point of evolutionary distortion and giving another chance for development on the path of light, from my point of view, allows both to stop parasitic hierarchies and civilisations, and at the same time to preserve for the Universe the uniqueness of every civilisation, of every form of life! Isn't that great! I, perhaps by accident, managed to discover a way, and a radical one at that, to completely neutralise parasitic systems without destroying the uniqueness of every form of life and being. And so, applying my method , I got a completely unexpected result. When I started this process, after
neutralising my first serious opponent, who turned out to be a light hierarch captured by the Dark Forces, a real miracle happened. The process continued only until the moment when this
The being was captured by the cosmic parasites, and this being became what it
it was before its capture. In other words, the light being was completely freed from the control of the Dark Forces and once again became what it had always been in essence. It is difficult to imagine the joy I felt when this happened for the first, but not the last, time. Each such liberation of another captive of the cosmic parasites was a joy for me.

Once freed from the control of the Dark Forces, almost all of them were ready to

fight against such filth. They, more than anyone else, knew what the dark side was like. It is not for nothing that they say that for every defeated person, there are two undefeated ones. So in the case of those freed from the control of parasitic systems, their personal experience and justified indignation and desire to put an end to the parasitic system, wherever it may be, made them the best warriors against these forces. For a better understanding of the cynicism and meanness of parasites, I would like to mention a few methods for capturing them. For cosmic parasites, it was necessary to preserve all the unique qualities and properties of a bright hierarch after his capture. Therefore, when capturing them, they did everything to preserve him, without worrying at all about how the captured hierarchs themselves felt. The "happiest" ones were those who, in the full sense of the word, remembered nothing of what he (or she) had done after being captured. These lucky ones seemed to fall into a lethargic sleep after their capture and came out of it after their release, remembering nothing of what they had done during their memory loss. These are the "lucky ones" because there are also some who are not so "lucky," and here's why. In some cases, the parasites were unable to use the properties and evolutionary qualities when the consciousness of the captured light hierarch was shut down. Therefore, in these cases, they did not shut down the consciousness of the captured light hierarch, but only controlled his actions. It is difficult to imagine the grief of such a being, who saw with his own hands the destruction of everything that was the meaning of his life, everything that he himself had created, his companions, etc.

After freeing themselves from the control of the parasitic forces, these beings went through the most difficult period, but after overcoming this mental depression, they became the most active warriors in the battles with the parasites. They, more than anyone else, knew what cosmic parasites were. The liberation of the next captive meant not only the liberation of the chief hierarch from parasitic control, but also the transformation of the entire hierarchical system headed by this or that hierarch. The liberated hierarchs joined this struggle and became our allies.

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This does not mean that one can attack any civilisation or hierarchy of civilisations simply because their ideas do not coincide with ours, no matter how wonderful they may be. This is the difference between the Light and the Dark Path – that you cannot impose anything, even good things, on anyone. It's like that joke about the gentleman and the lady: should the gentleman insist that the lady get off at a certain stop if she needs to go to the next one, just because he is getting off at that stop and wants to do her a " favour" by getting off the transport with her! This is not the way to impose anything on anyone, no matter how good the thing you want to impose is. Interference in the internal affairs of other civilisations and their associations is unacceptable, as long as that civilisation or association of civilisations does not pose a threat to other civilisations or associations through its actions or direct aggression. Only in such situations is intervention without invitation possible. But, unfortunately or fortunately, the nature of the dark parasitic forces is such that they cannot exist without attacking other civilisations or their associations in order to assimilate their resources and the acquired properties and qualities of the light hierarchies. Therefore, there is no need to touch them, they will touch everyone. For a long time, their strategy and tactics worked flawlessly, but those days are gone, and when more flexibility is used against flexibility, and even more so, dynamics and mobility against dynamics, the parasites have nothing to " hide" behind. A new era has dawned in the Great Cosmos, when the Forces of Light have received in their hands such a weapon against the Forces of Darkness that they have and cannot have any serious counteraction. My accidental or not so accidental discovery has become the key to the effective fight against the parasitic forces. When even war leads not to destruction but to creation, when the parasitic forces defeated in this war are not physically destroyed, are not banished to locked cosmic reserves where they only accumulate malice and nurture even more insidious

plans in case of release, but are given another chance to return to the point of evolutionary distortion and follow the path of creation instead of destruction.

By the way, regarding the creation of doubles and the merging of units. This idea came to me back in 1987, when, after reviewing my own path of development, I discovered that at the moment of my conception, three entities at different levels of development had entered. The fact is that my main entity, named ... had such a level of development that it could not coordinate with the developing biomass in any way. The levels of development of the foetus and this entity were so different that there could be no question of its direct entry into the biomass. Therefore, the first entity to enter the evolving biomass was one with a level of development that had the ability to harmonise with the evolving biomass. In the same way, the essences of extinct animals successively enter the fertilised egg for a certain period of time, during which they evolutionarily elevate the developing biomass to a higher evolutionary level, allowing the entry of a higher-level essence, and so on, until the essence of the actual human being has the opportunity to harmonise qualitatively with the developing human genetics. In my case, everything was the same, except for one detail. The level of development of my main essence was such that the levels of the earthly essences of extinct animals were not sufficient to achieve harmony between the developing biomass and my essence. That is why two additional human essences with an intermediate level of development were introduced. Their task was exactly the same as that of the essences of the extinct animals - to become an evolutionary " step" between the main essence and the developing biomass of my physical body. Without these intermediate essences, my main essence had no chance of catching up with my genetics.

The levels of these two intermediate entities are also different. The first of these entities, the male entity, was the first entity to enter my biomass, which allowed it to develop quite rapidly to a certain level. The second intermediate entity was the female entity, which coordinated with my physical body after the first male entity had raised the evolutionary level of development of the physical body to the level necessary to coordinate with the second, female entity. This intermediate female essence, being in my physical body, raised the evolutionary level of my physical body in the shortest possible time to the evolutionary point where it was possible to harmonise my main essence with my physical body - ... The harmonisation of the main essence took place when I was fourteen years old, and then there was a development of this essence in my body. The sequence in which the intermediate essences entered my physical body is interesting. During the first seven years, the first intermediate male essence "worked" in my body, and during the remaining seven years, the second intermediate female essence. This is related to the fact that during the first seven years of life, male essences develop more quickly, while during the next seven years, female essences develop more quickly. During the first seven years, there is rapid development of the second material body (the etheric body), and then there is rapid development of the third material body of the essence (the astral body). In this way, both male and female intermediate essences raised the level of development of my physical body as quickly as possible, while the main male essence failed to harmonise with the physical body.

I only understood all this in 1987, when I began my reorganisation. During one of the discussions on human development, I encountered the concepts of yin and yang, male and female origins, and the majority opinion that human development is impossible without harmony between male and female origins. That the female principle has qualities and properties without which the evolutionary development of men is impossible, and vice versa, without the properties and qualities of the male principle, the development of women is impossible for similar reasons. The only way out of this situation was to seek a soul mate and obtain the necessary qualities and properties for development through the so-called white tantra. For some, this may be a fascinating path, but not for me, primarily because the chance of finding a soul mate

soul is very small, and the "intensive" searches in which some people try to find harmony through trial and error usually lead seekers to black Tantra, and as a result of the evolutionary "leap" they evolutionarily decline, primitively understanding the harmony between man and woman as intimacy between man and woman, which is an absolutely wrong understanding, specifically instilled by the Dark Forces through a number of Eastern "spiritual" teachings. The harmony between the masculine and feminine principles is the complementation of the masculine with the feminine principle at the level of essences, not at the level of physical bodies, and is a merging of the streams of primary matter that permeate both the masculine and feminine essences.

When I realised this for myself, the question naturally arose as to how I could achieve this harmony, rather than waiting for it my whole life (and there is no guarantee that you will find your soul mate). And then it somehow dawned on me! Look, your body has been consistently developed by three essences, one of which is female. What if we try to unite the male and female essences? Wouldn't that lead to a fusion of the male and female principles, which is so necessary for further development? But the fusion of the male and female essences creates a closed energy ring, which in itself is not conducive to development. And again, I found the key, strange as it may seem, within myself. After all, my body has been consistently propelled forward by the male essence, then by the female essence, and then again by the male essence. And a "crazy" thought occurred to me: what if we unite these three essences involved in the formation of my physical body? The merging of a male and a female essence results in the merging of the male and female principles into one, and the third main male essence, merging with the intermediate ones, provides the necessary qualities for my development as a man, as a male essence. The situation is similar for women, except that it is necessary to merge two female essences and one male essence into one whole. Isn't that a simple and beautiful solution? It has been done. I had everything at my fingertips – my own essences, participating step by step in the development of my physical body. I took my essences out of my body, "built" them according to the "thread" and announced my decision to them. For one reason or another, the auxiliary essences did not object, and I merged them into one. After that, I repeatedly merged with doubles of other beings or with essences that had decided to merge with mine and no longer wanted to incarnate.

Thus, the White Brotherhood was formed by the light hierarchies, freed from the control of the parasites. The White Brotherhood is not defined by skin colour, but by the essence of its worldview and principles of creation, rather than destruction, as is the case in parasitic systems. Among these Light Knights there were mainly humanoid beings, more or less similar to earthly humans, with the differences between them being mainly in skin colour, eye shape and colour, face shape, height, and the structure and shape of their hair, or what we call hair. The first to be freed and join them were the hierarchs: Dark and York, Thor, Ayan and Vilen. I would like to draw special attention to the latter two. The whole point is that the latter were not captured light hierarchs, but black hierarchs. More precisely, they began their evolutionary development in hierarchies that had already been captured by cosmic parasites, and underwent their evolution under the influence of the Black Forces. They knew no other way of development than the one imposed on them with their mother's milk. But despite this, having the desire to move forward, at a certain stage of this movement they "stumbled" into a dilemma - in order to move forward, they had to either become parasites, stealing new qualities and properties from those who were able to develop independently, or develop these new qualities themselves. They chose the second option and from that moment on ceased to be Dark Hierarchies. Of course, this did not happen in an instant, but from the moment they made this decision, they began to move in a completely different evolutionary direction, still within the parasitic system. They became, in the full sense of the word, strangers among their own and their own among strangers.

Of course, when they followed the bright path of development, they did not make "official statements," but simply, understanding the parasitic nature of the Dark Forces, tried to

minimise the consequences of this way of life on neighbouring spaces from their positions, not allowing the spread of parasitic systems. They were forced to hide their true nature from their immediate surroundings. It was not their fault that it was precisely the parasitic civilisations that had led to their existence. In such conditions, it was disproportionately difficult for them to reach the Light, but they managed to do so. When I first met them, their scan and behaviour told me that they were not black hierarchies. They had honour, which black people cannot have in principle. And many other things that suggested to me that the being in front of me was a light being. It was not easy to determine whether this was a cunning game of the enemy or not quite an ordinary situation in which the being found itself due to circumstances. But I determined their essence by looking deeply into their essence, where I saw nothing black, and I believed them, and later I never regretted it. It is always important to see the essence behind every form, and without it, you simply cannot move forward.

And this White Brotherhood set itself the goal of cleansing the entire Cosmos of social parasites at all levels! Who, if not you, knew better than anyone else what social parasites were? And who, if not you, had the right to do it? And who, if not you, would not be deceived by all the tricks and cunning of those who "devour" all good things? And in order to undertake this super-task, they did not need to attack social parasites on a cosmic level! So many civilisations and associations of civilisations constantly needed help in the fight against the parasite aggressors. And not only that — the cosmic parasites themselves constantly attacked the Light Hierarchies that had appeared out of nowhere, operating on a principle unknown to the parasites, because they posed a mortal danger to the parasites, a danger to their very existence, and they understood this perfectly well. During the battle, the "new" Light Hierarchies could develop new qualities and structures, and everything new created by each of them became the property of the entire White Brotherhood! And in this way, every surprise prepared by the parasites after their victory over the attackers became a new weapon against themselves, against which they had no defence.

Perhaps for the first time in the entire existence of reason in the Universe, the Forces of Light had the opportunity to truly and effectively oppose the Forces of Darkness without becoming like those they were fighting. When the opposition of the Forces of Light was carried out on the same level as the actions of the Dark Forces, sooner or later the Dark Forces still prevailed. Because, while repelling attacks on the material level, the Light hierarchies did not pay much attention to actions on other levels. And these actions have always been the main ones, while actions on the technological level have always been only a distraction. Most importantly, the new principle of fighting parasites allowed only the parasitic structures and systems to be destroyed, freeing all captives from their control, not only individual hierarchies, but entire civilisations and even hierarchical unions, among which there were many civilisations enslaved by cosmic parasites!...

32. A big "layer cake"

But in July 1991, all this was just beginning. There were only the first hierarchies freed from the control of parasites, the first civilisations freed from the slavery of social parasites. Earlier, I described the events that took place at the level of our hexahedron. But that was only the beginning. After all, a hexagon, no matter how huge it may be from an earthly point of view, is equivalent to an atom in the space of our Matrix for the Great Universe. Each of the six rays is located at the nodes of the honeycomb structure of the matrix space, and the matrix space itself is a Möbius strip of colossal dimensions. Matrix spaces of one type of spatial quantification form a multi-layered "pie" of the Great Universe from their Möbius strips, but this pie is not

the only one! When, during our "ascent" into the Universe with Svetlana, we reached the edge of the "multi-layered pie" in which our Midgard-Earth is located, we found ourselves facing the black, bottomless abyss of the Great Universe. It was like standing on the shore of a huge ocean, the other shore of which was nowhere to be seen. Out of habit, I "moved" forward through this black abyss, but, as they say in one of the anecdotes, "...I came out of the forest... and immediately entered...". And I immediately entered for one simple reason - as soon as I moved into this abyss, the bodies of my essence and my structures began to burn and disintegrate, which did not give me pleasant sensations.

After getting a bit "burned" during my first attempt to overcome this failure, once I recovered, I was forced to think about such an unexpected problem. It turned out that even with my developed bodies and structures, it was impossible to escape alive from our "layer cake," and I really wanted to escape, but the question naturally arose: how? Because the presence of all the bodies of my essence, which I had developed precisely in this "layer cake," was not enough even to "cross" this abyss! I had to come up with a fundamentally new strategy and tactics for this and test it all on myself. It was important only to find such a strategy and tactics that would not lead to another " burning" of my essence. In other words, to cope and stay alive. That was the problem, the situation — you couldn't think of a better one! If I failed to find a fundamentally new solution, I would be doomed to " wander" within the confines of our " multi-layered cake," which in itself is not a bad thing, but... I had a tremendous desire to look beyond this abyss and understand what was there! And I started to "stir" my brain, which is sometimes very useful! I began by scanning and analysing the area of failure closest to where I was. And I realised that I did not have a single essential body or structure that would agree even with the closest area of failure. It seemed that it was time to "dry the oars," but I was in no hurry to give up. If I didn't have a single body or structure, why not create some, because I had previously created fundamentally new bodies and structures for myself, so why not try to do it now?

The only question was how to create bodies and structures in this very unusual case? And then it occurred to me to first find a material from which it would be possible to create the necessary bodies and structures. And I began to separate from myself that matter which in some way corresponded to the qualities of this failure. My logic was simple: if our spatial "layer cake" calmly coexists with such a black abyss, this can only happen if the border spaces are in a neutral state with this black abyss, in which there are no spaces and nothing else in the form familiar to us, but this does not mean that there is nothing there, just that in the black abyss there is fundamentally different matter. And I began to assemble new bodies, properties and qualities from the few pieces I had, which allowed me to take a small step into this black abyss without starting to disintegrate. After creating the first step across the abyss in this way, I began to create from the other pieces I had the next system of bodies and structures that allowed me to take the next step across the abyss and... and so on, until Svetlana, for whom I did the same as for myself, and I found ourselves on the other side of this abyss. And there, after this black abyss in which there was nothing - neither dead nor living matter, nothing at all - there was again a majestic Cosmos of incredible beauty, slightly different from that in our native "layer cake". Svetlana and I found ourselves in another "layer cake," in which the laws of the Universe were slightly different from those in our native one, but nevertheless it was the Cosmos in the literal sense of the word, with its stars and galaxies, Universes and matrix spaces. However, the basis of this new multi-layered cake was a different type of matter compared to ours, but that did not make the "local" spaces any less beautiful and majestic.

On the other side of the abyss, Svetlana and I were surprised. As soon as we crossed the abyss, we were greeted by an unusual creature. It was humanoid, but very unusual, even by our standards. Its body seemed to be covered in some kind of

unusual matter flowing through its body, which, according to our perceptions, was silver. The creature's name was Ordan, but what it "said" shocked Svetlana and me. Let me remind you that by "said" I mean telepathic transmission of information from brain to brain, because at these levels communication is telepathic. So, Ordan, who greeted us on the other side, "said" to us: "What took you so long?" We were both surprised by this question, and our first reaction was that there must be some misunderstanding. But it turned out that there was no misunderstanding and that it was the silver-red Ordan who was waiting for us, and that is why...

It turned out that Svetlana and I had come from precisely those spaces. My essence had long ago voluntarily embarked on an important mission in the spaces from which Svetlana and I had just returned. The goal of my mission was to find the key to solving the problem with the parasitic systems that had sprung up everywhere and had already twice led to the Great Universe, which contained many " layer cakes" of matrix spaces, had perished because the activity of these parasites had caused the very " fabric" of the Great Universe to become unstable twice, and it perished each time, or rather, another configuration of the Great Universe perished. The Great Universe perished in order to be reborn in a slightly different form. If the mythical bird Phoenix turned to ashes and was reborn from the ashes, then after its death, the Great Universe was also reborn, but not in the same form, and all the civilisations that existed in it perished almost without a trace. And everything started all over again.

The causes of the demise of previous Great Universes were the actions of parasitic systems which, lacking the opportunity for vertical development, parasitised on the conquered light hierarchies and hierarchies. As a result, often not understanding the essence of the opportunities obtained through parasitism, they tried to use them for their own purposes. Sooner or later, the moment came when such actions led to instability in the entire space, and the Great Universe perished, only to be reborn in another form. Parasitic systems have always acted like a "cancerous tumour" that sooner or later "killed" its host, whether it was a human organism or the Universe itself. Svetlana and I learned this and many other things from Ordan. In order to try to solve this problem in some way, or at least to "find" ways to solve it, I was sent to those spaces from which Svetlana and I had just emerged. And so it happened that in the course of this search, my essence found itself on our old Earth. Svetlana's essence voluntarily followed me, and in the end we "collided" on the Earth of Midgard. But everything fell into place...

After recovering a little from the shock of Ordan's words, we continued our journey. Having acquired new qualities and properties as a result of overcoming the black abyss and entering fundamentally new spaces, I joyfully began to create new bodies for my essence and for Svetlana's essence, without which it was impossible to move forward. I also created new brain structures, new qualities and properties. Ordan had provided us with a large part of his arsenal, which made things much easier for me. Anyway, after we overcame the black abyss, another qualitative transformation took place in me and Svetlana.

We learned a lot about ourselves from Ordan. It turned out that my essence voluntarily passed through this black abyss and, at the same time, during the transition, burned many bodies and structures that had already been developed before the transition. The purpose of this transition is to try to find in another "layer cake" the solution to the problem with the parasitic systems. There were no temporary solutions when the legions of parasitic systems were defeated in one battle or another, when their successive attempts to increase the size of the cosmic areas they had enslaved were only repelled. In the end, the maximum that the Forces of Light achieved was the creation of isolated quarantine zones in the Universe. These space-universes, into which the " virus" penetrated

of the parasitic system, they simply isolated themselves from the rest of the space by creating black abysses, through one of which Svetlana and I had just passed. The methods used by the Forces of Light only allowed the spaces "infected" with the virus of parasitism to be isolated from the " healthy" ones and to be observed with regret through these spatial qualitative barriers, through which the parasitic forces had no way of breaking through, how these parasites, both literally and figuratively, devour the civilisations and hierarchies that were not fortunate enough to fall into such a quarantine zone. All this is essentially similar to amputation in gangrene, when a part is sacrificed to save the whole. But with each such "amputation," the "whole" became smaller and smaller, because parasitic systems appeared independently of each other in different places. Such a method only prolonged the agony, because each " amputation" brought the parasitic system closer and closer to the "heart" of the Light Spaces, and sooner or later this method still led to the Great Cosmos dying again from the "cancerous tumour" of parasitism. And it was for this reason that I went to one of these quarantine zones in search of a radical solution to the problem of parasitism and eventually ended up on Midgard Earth, which had already been taken over by parasites. And so it happened that it was on this small planet on the outskirts of the galaxy, in conditions of complete memory closure, that I managed to find a radical solution to the problem of parasitism.

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Of course, I was lucky that with the complete closure, and most likely thanks to it (the closure), I managed to find this fundamentally new solution to the problem. Regardless of whether, as a result of all this, I ended up on Earth in Midgard, in the body I have nowьтгр://news.bg

Svetlana's essence had always been with me for billions of years until the moment I voluntarily set off into the black abyss. I left without telling her for one simple reason: I didn't want her to be in serious danger or to die in the process of finding the solution that had prompted me to embark on this journey. When Svetlana learned what I had done, she rushed after me, overcoming the black abyss on her own, and following in my footsteps, she also found herself on Midgard-Earth. Let me remind you that in order to incarnate in a physical body, the essence first reaches one planetary level or another. And being at this level, the essence waits for conception, at which point a qualitative leap occurs, harmonious with the level of the essence, and then this essence incarnates and begins its development in the genetics that correspond to the disclosure of its possibilities. In some cases, in order to accelerate the necessary fusion of the necessary qualities of genetics, the essences themselves or their "nannies" influence the destinies of certain people so that their life lines intersect and the desired incarnation of the essence becomes possible. As in my case, so in the case of Svetlana, it was arranged that the destinies of our parents crossed and the appearance of me and Svetlana became possible. As a result, the destinies of our parents not only crossed, but were also prepared to make our birth possible. The dark side, which also knew about our essences, did everything to prevent this from happening, going so far as to kill us before we were born. But anyway, Svetlana and I both appeared on Earth in Midgard, and for a long time we didn't even know why we were on this planet and why we were together. Each of us lived our own lives, but fate invisibly led us to the moment when our paths crossed at the same point, which in itself is already a miracle, considering all the circumstances and conditions in which we found ourselves after the incarnation of our essences.

Our paths crossed at a certain point in our lives, and we have been together ever since, even though we sometimes have to be apart for quite a long time, often through no fault of our own. Our enemies do everything possible and impossible to prevent us from being together. Although they managed to separate us physically, our spiritual unity did not weaken, but only grew stronger and stronger. They counted on the fact that, according to

their ideas physical separation should lead to spiritual separation, without realising the simple truth – when there is kinship and unity of souls, no distances and trials are frightening for those who have this kinship. The servants of the Dark Forces and the slaves of their physical bodies do not understand that there is something higher than physiology, and if a human being has reached at least the stage of a true human being (a person who controls their instincts), then for such a person the concept of love rises to a level unattainable for the stage of the rational animal, to the level of such emotions and such values that those who have not reached the level of a true human being do not even suspect or imagine that such a thing is possible. And so, by creating problems for us, by dividing us through circumstances they created, they thought that in this way they could achieve what they wanted - to destroy our union, but as a result of all their efforts, despite the difficulties we had to overcome, our feelings for each other did not weaken, but on the contrary, grew stronger many times over. The reason for this was that they projected their own ideas and concepts onto something they had no understanding of.

In general, the servants of the Dark Forces are capable of thinking only in their own categories and do not realise that someone else may feel and perceive the world around them in a different way, that there are other values besides those they know and besides which they know and understand nothing. But their lack of understanding or appreciation of everyone and everything outside their own "bell tower" does not mean that someone else cannot have different principles and values. And in vain, because with their meanness they only harden and strengthen what they so foolishly try to destroy. And despite the fact that their actions caused Svetlana and me emotional pain and suffering and created great internal tension, which required us to draw on our inner strength. But this intensity of mental strength did not destroy us, it only made us stronger, and this is precisely what our enemies did not understand. But all this was in the not-so-distant future, and the summer of 1991 was only the beginning of our joint opposition to the parasites. We could not even imagine many of the things that awaited us in that future, but I would not hesitate to choose the same path, despite all the difficulties that awaited me along the way. The only thing I would wish for if I had taken the same path would be the opportunity not to let my friends die. If it were possible to turn back time, that is exactly what I would do — I would prevent their deaths so that they could continue their journey to us, so that I could always feel their friendly support.

But war is war, and unfortunately, it cannot be fought without casualties. That is the harsh reality, and that is why we always had to close ranks and continue our fight against the parasites. And even though the parasites had an overwhelming numerical advantage, no one gave up. On the contrary, everyone continued to do their job with complete dedication. Neither death nor trials could stop this small army of true knights who fought and died not for their own benefit, but to free from the slavery of the parasites all those who did not even know about this invisible war that never stopped. They fought and died for those who were not even able to appreciate their feat. But they fought not for rewards and gratitude, but because their souls demanded it, because they simply could not do otherwise, even if those they defended and tried to save considered them weirdos and not of this world, because almost everyone they defended would gladly accept the benefits that these knights of the spirit refused. Such is, unfortunately, the reality. Most people have no chance of reaching the stage of the true human being, because the parasitic system does everything possible and impossible to prevent the masses from ever overcoming the stage of the rational animal (when instincts rule man), because only then are they able to rule and control the masses. But those who have managed to overcome the evolutionary barrier set by social parasites begin their struggle against this parasitic system so that others can wake up and become free people in the full sense of the word.

In any case, without seeking any kind of war, Svetlana and I found ourselves in the thick of this war, both in space and on Midgard Earth. In both places, we had to fight the parasites, which, as it turned out a little later, formed a unified parasitic system at all levels, both planetary and universal. Social parasites of various guises and levels created their own black "network" in the Universe, in which both individual civilisations and entire hierarchies of civilisations were caught. And one of the reasons for the invincibility of this parasitic system is that in order to defeat this system on a single planet — Earth, which the parasitic system had penetrated with its relatively small " tentacle" — it was necessary to destroy this entire "hydra" at all levels! Only then was it possible to free both the specific planet and the entire Cosmos from this filth. This is the essence of the struggle against parasitic systems. The struggle of a single civilisation or group of civilisations has almost always been doomed to failure. Even if a civilisation managed to free itself from its social parasites, the external parasites would either re-enslave the rebellious planet or simply destroy it if the local inhabitants put up serious resistance, or if the strategic importance of the planet was insignificant and it was not "worth" spending time re-enslaving it. Only war against the entire parasitic system of the specific planet Earth, simultaneously with war against the entire parasitic system of the Great Cosmos, offered a chance of victory in this truly universal war. The problem was that very few people understood this and could recognise the outer tentacles of the parasitic system, which extended to many Earth-like planets.

The particular complexity of the parasitic system of the universe was also reflected in the fact that practically no one could detect these "dolls" because they were created from the matter of the penultimate universe, which had perished before the appearance of the current one. When the parasites stumbled upon this incredibly well-preserved island from the previous universe, they realised that they had stumbled upon the "Klondike" they could only dream of. From that moment on, the Universal parasites began to devour one after another the hierarchy of light civilisations at an enormous speed, and it was precisely after the application of their "Trojan horse" that it was decided to isolate the infected spaces with a black abyss that the parasites could not cross, even if they had the matter of the dead Universe at their disposal. This does not mean that in the vastness of the Universe, separated from the " infected" spaces by the black abyss, there were no parasites of their own, but these parasites did not have the "absolute weapon" that their luckier "brothers" had stumbled upon. Only when Svetlana and I managed to come across the source of this "absolute weapon" of the parasites did I manage to find a way to radically solve the problem with the parasites on a full scale. But this would happen after many years of almost continuous war with the parasites. In July 1991, only the first stage of this Universal War with parasites was "launched". Neither Svetlana nor I could even imagine everything we would have to face in the near future. It was impossible to imagine how the events on our small planet at the edge of the galaxy were closely intertwined with the events in the Great Cosmos. All the most interesting and unusual things were ahead of us.

33. The one who makes the change

Meanwhile, everything went on as usual, I worked with my patients, met various interesting people; like everyone else, we periodically queued up for one or another scarce item, which was actually a basic necessity. There was practically nothing in the shops, but we could afford to buy food at the market. We usually went to the market in Warsaw, sometimes to the market in Riga. I didn't know Moscow that well, and although I've always had a good sense of space and could find my way around

quite well, I usually knew the neighbourhoods I needed to visit for work. And since I worked from home and people either came to me or I worked with them on the phone, there was no need to run around Moscow. But all actions in earthly reality were more of a necessity than a need, because real life for us was in space. It was the endless expanses of the universe that were our true home, our native home, to which we were drawn ever more strongly. With each passing day, more and more information about our past was revealed, and with each passing day, we became more and more aware of ourselves and our entire responsibility for what we were doing on this planet. Due to circumstances, we often found ourselves on different planets with one form of life or another. At first, obviously subconsciously, we chose humanoid civilisations for contact, but from time to time we also "encountered" non-humanoid forms of intelligent life. However, non-humanoids are fundamentally different from humanoids, not only in their appearance but also in their thought processes. With the qualitative change in the restructuring of our essence and brain, the basis for communicating with non-humanoids gradually emerged. But while this process was just gaining momentum, contacts were mainly with humanoid-type civilisations and hierarchies. Incidentally, the origin of humanoid or non-humanoid species of intelligent life is predetermined mainly by space itself. It is precisely the type of matter and the coefficient of quantitative distribution of space by matter that determine the form of intelligent beings originating from these spaces. It so happened that in our "layered cake" optimal conditions arose for the development of precisely a protein form of life, in its vast majority taking on a humanoid form.

But even among protein-based civilisations, something "special" can be found. At the very beginning of her "ascent" through space, Svetlana is struck by planet Earth, where huge flowers grow in shapes that are incredible to our "old ladies". But the most amazing thing was that these fantastic flowers with incredible shapes... sang. They sang, literally and figuratively. The "meadow" of these flowers sang a melody of incredible beauty, which is simply incomparable on Earth. To a certain extent, this music could be compared to organ music, except that the singing flowers formed a living "organ" of tens of thousands of sounding "pipes". And this sound of the flowers was not a cacophony, but an unearthly harmony of incredible sounds. This singing planet simply shook Svetlana. But even more so did the singing spaces we encountered beyond the black abyss. Of course, the spaces were not singing in the usual sense of the word. They pulsated in different rhythms, ejecting clots of different matter, which, overlapping each other, created universal "colourful music". But mostly, routine work was being done - defending against attackers and helping the attacked. The search for Svetlana was gaining momentum. The thing was, I was making more and more transformations to her brain and essence. Her new friends and allies in the fight against the parasites often brought her crystals from dead female entities they had found as gifts, most of whom refused the restoration I offered them and begged me to merge them with Svetlana's essence. After completing a specific task, my friends always came up with new developments, sometimes so radical that it was difficult to recognise them. Everyone shared their discoveries and new solutions with everyone else. Many of those freed from parasitic control
sought to fight this nastiness in the most active way possible.

If they were hierarchs of civilisations or associations of civilisations, they left someone in their place whom they could entrust with their responsibility for other people, and joined our cosmic "knighthood". Somehow, it just so happened that everyone considered me responsible, probably because I started this activity and began to free the hierarchies one by one from the control of the parasites. .....In Space, they even
they began to call me "the one who makes shifts". Of course, I passed on all my methods of action to my new companions, and they also began to make "shifts" — to free other hierarchies and entire civilisations from the control of the parasites. In principle, no serious work began without my participation, and I usually

I would assign roles and tasks to others or do the work myself. Gradually, the number of people wishing to join the Guard became very large, and it became necessary to select those who were best prepared and internally ready for such activities. As a result of the general discussion, it was decided to hold a competitive selection of those who were to form the permanent basis of this cosmic brotherhood. This was prompted by the fact that the problems my companions had to face more and more often required a quick and adequate response to emerging situations, as any delay cost the lives or serious damage to those delayed. Therefore, it was decided to leave only truly ready fighters, and there was no need for such a large number of warriors. There was a lot of work to be done to restore the normal state of the parasite-free expanses of the Universe.

Freedom from the influence of parasites does not mean the immediate restoration of enslaved hierarchies and civilisations and a transition to the path of truth. It was necessary for them to heal from the traces of the parasitic system, which required a considerable amount of time and effort. Therefore, reliable people were needed on this front. As a result, I developed special tests that were mandatory for everyone. After passing the first level of the tests, those who passed were allowed to move on to the next stage, and those who failed the tests were given the work that best suited their abilities and skills without any resentment. This did not mean that those who were "eliminated" by the test were alienated; they still had the right to visit, meet with friends, etc. In a bright hierarchy, there is no place for empty insults and foolish ambitions. In such a system, there is no place for patronage or any privileges. Everyone occupies a place in the battle formation that corresponds to their experience, abilities, and the responsibility they can bear. In general, the level of consciousness of the bright hierarchies has always amazed me, most likely because I myself was consciously formed on Earth in Midgard, where such a thing simply does not exist. I have never seen or heard any of them claim that he (she) is better (superior) than someone else, that he (she) deserves more, etc. Everyone was given a task that they were capable of solving, and in the event of an unexpected situation, the one who had the necessary qualities and properties to resolve the situation would help. The entire enlightened brotherhood was connected telepathically, and those in need immediately turned to others for help in unclear situations. There was no room for arrogance, such as, "I can solve everything myself and don't need anyone's help! There was no time for empty bravado when every moment was precious and procrastination was like death, not only for the "proud" but for all those on whom the solution of the task depended. For me personally, working with such comrades and brothers in spirit has always been the greatest honour and joy. Everyone was ready, if necessary, to die for the other, not in words, but in deeds. Unfortunately, such spiritual brotherhood is currently practically impossible on our Midgardian land, and this causes only sadness.

After some time, I managed to meet such beings on our old Earth, but most of them, despite having earthly bodies, possessed high cosmic essences. But it is difficult to expect the still unreasonable "children" of Middle Earth to manifest high cosmic morality; it is necessary first to create conditions on our planet that will allow the " seeds" of this high morality to " sprout". The " seeds" of this high morality. And so far, the "field" has not yet been ploughed, the "seeds" have not yet been "sown" in the "ground," and favourable conditions for the " sprouting" of these " seeds" have not been created. But this does not mean that we should give up on everything and wait for the "children" to grow out of their short trousers and reach the necessary level of consciousness. Unfortunately, most of them cannot and will never be able to do this on their own, for a number of reasons. The majority, unfortunately, need help in enlightening their consciousness. Of course, it is most valuable when a person achieves enlightenment on their own, but for this, a person must possess certain qualities and characteristics of mind and character, such as a well-rounded education, independent thinking, freedom from dogma and stereotypes, analytical thinking, diligence and... the ability to change qualitatively, creating new "organs of

feelings." And to all this we must add the speed of analysis, the speed of making the right decisions and... the presence of luck, which is also important in itself. And, of course, the presence of talent, preferably capable of self-development.

For a number of objective and subjective reasons, few people can and have managed to realise all this. And there is nothing discriminatory about this in relation to everyone else. Did Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt and the other giants of the Renaissance era discriminate with their works just because they managed to create their paintings, while all their other contemporaries were unable to create anything similar? Of course not! It's just that each person is capable of realising only themselves, not their "neighbour". What's more, over the last thousand years, social parasites have created a social system in which even those who possess the necessary qualities and characteristics must first break through the "concrete" of the education and upbringing system created by social parasites, which instils in everyone the idea of slavery - both physical and spiritual. In such extreme conditions, it is very difficult to even orientate oneself correctly, given that everyone is born an animal, goes through the phase of a rational animal, and only then reaches the phase of a human being. But this in no way means that one should give up and do nothing! On the contrary, it is precisely in such difficult conditions that everyone must do everything possible and impossible to overcome all these obstacles and barriers. And although not everyone can succeed in reaching their "ceiling of development," even moving forward one step on the evolutionary ladder is progress and the fulfilment of destiny. And let this not be the complete fulfilment of a person's destiny, but only one step, but in the next incarnation there is an opportunity to take the next step, then another, and so on, until the person who is moving forward realises their own potential.

Until that happens, those who have already awakened will have to bear the burden for themselves and for all those who have not yet awakened! This is equivalent to the question of whether we should save children from danger if they cannot see or understand that danger. The answer is unequivocal: we must save them, rather than wait for "manna from heaven," which is unlikely to fall from the sky, at least nothing like that has ever happened. When the planetary catastrophe occurred 13,016 years ago (as of 2007), it was not "manna from heaven" that fell from the sky, but thermonuclear bombs and fragments of the small moon Fata. And instead of "manna from heaven," the survivors received water poisoned by radiation, poisoned fruit, and a struggle for survival in the most difficult conditions. And although there is a popular phrase from an old Soviet film that " you save those who are drowning," any rational being, in the full sense of the word, cannot leave everything to chance just because others have not yet awakened. And if a rational being thinks and acts this way, it means only one thing — that being is not on the side of light! And the greatest responsibility for the rest falls on the awakened ones when the planet is under the control of parasitic forces. And by virtue of the fact that I managed to awaken and "shake up" some of the sleepers, I, still not understanding and not knowing the whole situation with the social parasites of Midgard Earth, felt it necessary to act. And I acted in the situations I encountered, willingly or unwillingly.

Of course, on the physical plane of reality, this struggle did not occur frequently. It so happened that the main war with the parasites and their systems was fought for me and Svetlana mainly in Space. It was only much later that it became clear that this was the only real way to fight the social parasites on our Earth Midgard. Without the ability to wage war in Space and without destroying the cosmic system of social parasites, there was no chance of winning the war against them on a single planet. This was the secret of the invincibility of the social parasites, which is why, without any regret, at the slightest danger to themselves or when the natural resources of this or that planet were exhausted, they mercilessly destroyed the planet along with its civilisation. Because for this cosmic parasite, a single planet or a single hierarchy was and is like a small " cell," and the loss of even a few million such " cells" was almost

imperceptible, and there is no need to talk about the sense of humanity of these cosmic parasites. That is why the fact that my war with the parasites began in earnest not with Midgard-Earth, but with the cosmic parasites, was not just a coincidence, but, as it turned out, the only correct tactic and strategy that gave a chance to defeat the parasites in principle, and not in particular. But this understanding came much later, not in 1991, when I had to defend Svetlana from the attacks of the parasites.

I often joked about this, telling Svetlana that if it weren't for her curiosity and wholehearted pursuit of space, who knows how many years, or perhaps even lives, it would have taken me to achieve what I did. After all, I couldn't allow Svetlana to be defeated and couldn't even allow attempts to capture her by the dark forces. And it was precisely my battles with the parasites that had begun to pursue Svetlana that made me "stir" my brain much faster, otherwise I myself would have been crushed and destroyed by them. So Svetlana unwittingly became an accelerator of my movement forward on the evolutionary ladder. And for that I am very grateful to her. It was a very interesting time, my usual life faded away, even though I continued to do my usual work. I worked with my patients, met with people, proved and explained to those who wanted to know how I understood what was happening in nature, but I perceived this more as routine work, while my soul demanded that I return to Space as soon as possible, because that was where our true life was, both for me and for Svetlana. And this is not an allegory or a beautiful phrase, but the absolute truth. At least our truth, our real life, in the full sense of the word. But, willingly or unwillingly, we had to "come down" from the "paradise" so dear to our hearts and deal with purely earthly matters.

Sometime in mid-July, Svetlana and I decided to go to Lithuania to visit her parents and son, whom I had not yet met. I couldn't go for a long period of time, but I managed to set aside a few days. We left Moscow around 6 p.m., and when we got on the motorway to Minsk, I pressed the accelerator and didn't let go of it until we arrived in the city of Alytus, where Svetlana's relatives lived. My Mercedes had an automatic transmission, but no speed limiter, so the muscles in my right leg began to ache unbearably from the constant pressure on the accelerator pedal, and I had to take my foot off and periodically press the accelerator pedal with my left foot.

We drove at maximum speed wherever we could and wherever we couldn't. For most of the way, the car was travelling at 220 km/h, including at night when it was almost impossible to see the road. I got out of the situation by orienting myself along the road, which was lit by my car's headlights, because that was the only way to determine where the road was. We stopped once to eat something at a roadside diner and fill up my car's tank. Early the next morning, we were in the small Lithuanian town of Alytus. Before visiting Svetlana's relatives, we stopped at the local market and I bought a basket of roses and... a basket of strawberries, paying three roubles for each. I am writing about this for one simple reason: the prices at Lithuanian markets were simply incredible for any resident of Russia, and not only for them. In Lithuania at that time, market prices were lower than those in shops, and the quality was incomparably better, especially for smoked meat and products that each seller prepared according to their own recipe. All this was simply incredible for all residents of Russia, who at that time could find practically nothing in shops, and prices in the markets were "biting" in both the literal and figurative sense. Surprised, I asked Svetlana: "Are there other prices in Lithuania, or just three roubles per bucket?" My question made her laugh, and after we had a good laugh, we returned to her home with a clear conscience.

I gave her mother a huge bouquet of roses and other gifts for everyone, which we had bought in Moscow, and the strawberries went very well with the dessert. I spoke to Svetlana's parents several times on the phone and was a little nervous about meeting them "in person". I met Svetlana's son when we were travelling to her home. He was playing with other children.

children on the street, and when he saw Svetlana getting out of the car, he rushed towards her. He was a wonderful little boy who timidly approached me and asked, "Can I call you Dad?!" There was such despair and unchildlike pain in that question that, as they say, "my heart was torn apart"! I answered yes, and his eyes lit up with happiness. How little a child sometimes needs to feel happy. Svetlana's parents welcomed me with rare hospitality, her mother quickly put together a rich feast, and I tried Lithuanian cuisine for the first time. The table was literally full of different dishes, everything was very tasty, they kept serving me and serving me and serving me. I tried the famous Lithuanian cepelinai for the first time. As I was told, people in Lithuania eat this way almost every day (at least in those days), and I was very surprised that with such a diet, there are practically no overweight people in Lithuania. That's what national metabolism means!

In our family, there was a tradition that everything on your plate had to be eaten. Russian families always treated food with respect, but this custom had a downside. So very soon I begged, literally and figuratively, for them to take pity on me and not put anything else on my plate. Svetlana's mother kept offering me to "at least" try one dish or another, but I couldn't even manage " one more bite". In short, I barely managed to "ward off" Svetlana's mother's culinary "attack". I lasted about an hour after a very hearty " breakfast", which was more like breakfast, lunch and dinner rolled into one, then I apologised and asked where I could rest for a while. After all, the twelve hours of driving, most of them at night, had taken their toll, and as soon as I touched the pillow, I almost immediately headed for the realm of Morpheus.

I woke up in the evening and Svetlana and I went to explore the surroundings of the town. She showed me the hills where the prince's castle had stood. Almost nothing remained of the castle itself, but the view from the hills was simply magnificent. The castle was located on a bend in the river, which in Lithuanian is called Nemunas, and from these hills you could see the entire bend of the river and the pine forest on both banks. One can only imagine what the view from the castle walls must have been like when they were still intact. The next day, we spent some more time exploring the city and talked a lot with Vasily Vasilyevich, Svetlana's father. It turned out that he had been interested in what I do all his life, not out of idle curiosity, but because his own daughter had shown abilities at an early age that were officially considered impossible for a human being. Unfortunately, the next evening we had to travel back to Moscow. But the most unpleasant thing was that we couldn't take Svetlana's little boy with us, not because we didn't want to, but because we simply had nowhere to go. We were hiding in rented flats, neither I nor Svetlana had a residence permit in Moscow, and therefore Robka (that was Svetlana's son's name) could not be enrolled in any Moscow school and was once again left in the care of his grandparents, who loved him very much, but at this difficult time for teenagers, he needed the firm hand of his father (he was eleven at the time). This was my first encounter with Svetlana's family and her son. However, I decided not to return at night, remembering our night journey to Alytus, when we had to find our way almost "by touch". So, after everything, I decided to leave the next morning. After saying goodbye to everyone, we got in the car and headed back. And even though I drove almost non-stop again, the way back was more fun.

Once again, I drove my iron horse at top speed, and the landscapes changed incredibly quickly, one after another. Unfortunately, there were many more cars on the motorway during the day, so it was not always possible to drive at top speed. Similarly, we had to slow down before the traffic police checkpoints so as not to pay the masters of machine milking, but this was not always possible either. Anyway, I had to pay fines to the "starving" traffic police several times, back then the " tax" was 25 roubles, which for most people

For residents of those "indestructible" times, this was a very significant part of the monthly family budget, which ranged from 80 to 200 rubles. Those "lucky ones" with a budget of 200 rubles were considered almost rich. However, all this mainly applied to the Slavic population of the country, which constituted the majority of the USSR's population. This state of affairs is perfectly reflected in one of the anecdotes from that time. A Georgian in his Volga, an Armenian in his Zhiguli and a Russian in his Zaporozhets had an accident on the Georgian military road. The Georgian got out of his Volga and said, "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear - we'll have to work all week!" An Armenian got out of his Zhiguli and waved his arms in annoyance: " Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear - a whole month's work!" A Russian got out of his Zaporozhets and said bitterly: "I've been breaking my back on this car my whole life!" A Georgian and an Armenian looked at the Russian and asked him: "Darogoy, why did you buy such an expensive car?"

We cannot help but reflect on the way in which the events in the USSR are presented around the world. It turns out that it was the Russian people who "imposed" communist ideology and Great Russian chauvinism on all other peoples of Russia, and later on many peoples of Eastern Europe, turning Russia into a prison for nations! But "for some reason", as can be seen even from the anecdotes of those years, the "enslaved" peoples of the USSR lived much better than their oppressors. Incidentally, now both Georgians and Armenians are free from Great Russian chauvinism, but "for some reason" they still do not live off the Russian people, even though they have a habit of taking advantage and crawling through all the cracks in Russia itself, which they throw mud at. Both Georgia and Armenia are now poor countries with poor populations, and there is not a single Georgian or Armenian who would not jokingly ask a Russian, "Why did you buy such an expensive car?" The Russian people as a whole have not lived with dignity, but they have a future, and it is a dignified one. But what is the future of those nations that have gained freedom... I got a little carried away again, but my soul hurts and demands periodic relief from this pain for my people, for their true culture and true history! ....

The last time traffic police stopped me on the ring road, they received another "tax for the hungry" from me, but this time they stopped me because I had a Mercedes-Benz and they were sure that in this case they would not be left "without milk". Nowadays, there are more and more foreign cars on the roads, but in 1991 they were still a rarity. When we approached Moscow and I slowed down to about 120 km/h, Svetlana looked around and asked me, "Why are we driving so slowly?"After spending almost the entire journey at speeds of around 200 km/h, she had become so accustomed to the landscapes flashing by at high speed outside the car window that 120 km/h seemed like a snail's pace to her. That was the end of my first and last trip to Svetlana's homeland. It was the first and last time I saw her father alive. The last time Svetlana saw her father alive, I recorded the trip and my conversation with her father on my video camera. It was the only video recording whose tape was later stolen from us. And that was the biggest annoyance that the theft brought us. Later, when Svetlana's father passed away, she repeatedly complained about the stolen videotape with her father, but... it couldn't change anything.

34. "I don't know any other country like this one..."

The events of 19 August 1991 left no one indifferent. When it was announced on television that the State Committee for the State of Emergency had been established and that Gorbachev had supposedly resigned from power for health reasons, it not only surprised everyone, including us, but also greatly alarmed us. Now it is no secret that all this happened with the full consent and approval of Mikhail Sergeyevich himself, that this was just another spectacle that the enemies of the Russian people tried to stage so that they could continue to destroy

the best people of the nation, under the guise of yet another false slogan about fighting the supposed "enemies" of the people. The Soviet Union was created by the international parasite to destroy Russia and the Russian people, its richest and greatest culture, and therefore the fall of socialism in the USSR was a real disaster for the world government. Under the guise of confrontation between systems, the world government had an excellent " cover" for its dirty deeds. All the actions of the leader of world parasitism - the United States - could easily be explained by the need to defend "democracy" from the red plague. And while the socialist system existed, especially the Soviet Union, the world government could get away with all sorts of antics. The whole world calmly watched as, under the slogan of saving the world from the red plague, the US subjugated one country after another. After the socialist system disappeared, there was no one left to play the role of the world villain, and they had to urgently come up with and test the idea of fighting global terrorism. But this idea proved to be not so effective. As events in Iraq showed, the actions of the United States revealed to the whole world the true face that the Americans had managed to hide for so long behind the " red" rag of the fight against the red plague. But that would happen much later, and in the meantime, the coup of 19 August 1991 took place with the full consent and knowledge of Gorbachev, who at that time was doing everything the United States told him to do. So the coup was beneficial above all to the United States and its faithful servant, M. S. Gorbachev, but by no means to the Russian and other indigenous peoples of the USSR.

I already had some idea of how the necessary control of the masses was ensured, so I began to search for the system behind the GKChP. Svetlana's help in this search was simply indispensable. We had to quickly find another generator, which this time the social parasites had implemented. There was no time for a second attempt; if it came to a military coup, the whole country would be plunged into darkness for a long time. Some people took to the barricades, but Svetlana and I knew that the real war was being fought on other levels and that only by neutralising the social parasites' new weapons could we stop the carnage that was already being prepared and the latest blow to the Russian people, which could turn out to be the last. I applied one method after another, but the strategies that had worked perfectly until then yielded no results. The parasites did not waste any time and used a fundamentally new weapon that was completely unknown to me. They acted according to the classic scheme - to use what the enemy does not have, in this case - me. This was yet another challenge of the "go there, I don't know where, bring this, I don't know what" type. At that time, I did not realise that the social parasites on Earth were only puppets in the tentacles of a cosmic monster. And there is no telling how it would have all ended if it hadn't been for the unexpected help. During this work, Svetlana informed me that some creature had appeared and asked me to listen to it as soon as possible.

We switched to this being for a while, and here is what it reported. The being, without even giving its name, told me that it had very little time and would be dead in a few minutes, and that it needed to give me information and structure to neutralise the situation I was working on before that happened. I had to make a quick decision on what to do about it. Should I trust this being and take advantage of what it brought me, or should I not trust it and continue to search for a solution on my own? In such a situation, you cannot rely on just one thing, whether to believe it or not. So I scanned both this nameless creature and its unexpected gift. The scan confirmed the truth of what the creature had reported. Of course, I could have been wrong, the scan could have given me false results, or I could have simply been deceived, but I had to make a decision and take full responsibility for the consequences. Because what I had been given were structures completely unknown to me, allowing me to control the flow of matter, which was completely unknown to me. At that time, I had no way of obtaining such structures and matter on my own. Because they were from spaces that I had not yet "reached" and "arrived" at during my cosmic

journeys that Svetlana had not yet reached during her productive travels through the universe. After weighing all the pros and cons in this situation, which was not quite usual for me, I decided to take a risk, as my analysis of the situation did not offer any other solutions. And so I took a risk and applied the structures and matter that had been given to me. My decision turned out to be correct and very timely. The application of the gift had immediate results. Svetlana informed me that after I used the gift, the system used by the parasites began to disintegrate right before my eyes. This happened during the night of 20 to 21 August, at two o'clock in the morning. And as we later learned, at exactly that time, the special Alpha squad and other similar groups, as well as the entire army, refused to carry out the orders they had been given. No one is belittling the courage of these people, but they could hardly have done so under the powerful psi influence of another parasitic generator, even if they had wanted to. The then head of the KGB, Kryuchkov, publicly stated that he did not understand what this force was that was capable of paralysing a perfectly thought-out plan.

Of course, no one knew or could have known about our work with Svetlana to neutralise a very dangerous situation and about the fact that an incredible creature paid for her help in this matter with her life and with the life of her essence. No one glorifies this hero, in the full sense of the word, who performed his feat in circumstances where no one could know about his actions. He remained forever an unknown hero not only to everyone else, but also to me and Svetlana, because he managed to pass on only structures and matter to me before he died. It would be more accurate to say that he was dying while passing on these structures and matter to me. Obviously, the parasites decided to play it safe and set up a self-destruction programme for anyone who tried to pass on these structures and material. They obviously thought that, by their standards, no one would be " stupid" enough to go to such lengths to pass on this information. They are unfamiliar with the concept of self-sacrifice for a higher purpose, for the sake of saving many, especially when those saved will never know who saved them and at what cost.

When everything was over the next morning and the GKChP dispersed, Svetlana and I breathed a sigh of relief. In the end, the right decision had been made and the result was immediate. And the fact that few people knew about it – we did it not out of gratitude, but because we couldn't do otherwise. True, we had to do a little more work when M. S. Gorbachev, who had been " saved" by a miracle, made an official statement about these events to journalists. At that moment, Svetlana and I were visiting the Popov family together with Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev and his wife. The Popovs had invited us to their characteristic Siberian pelmeni, and just as we were eating these pelmeni, the first president of the USSR said that it was impossible to put everyone under one " umbrella" because there were bad communists and there were " good" communists! In such a situation, we had no choice but to "poke" him a little, and the next morning he announced the dissolution of the CPSU, which was necessary.

The system created in Russia by its enemies after the 1917 revolution, aimed at the genocide of the Russian and other indigenous peoples, is state capitalism combined with slavery in its most horrific form. In Great Russia, where slavery had never existed in more than a hundred thousand years of its existence, where only in its western part Peter the Great introduced serfdom, it was in this country that real slavery was introduced in the first quarter of the 20th century! And not only introduced, but also imposed by force and accompanied by rivers of blood that do not accept the subsequent "common prosperity". A group of scoundrels without honour or conscience imposed the most terrible form of slavery on the territory of a huge country - slavery in which slaves were taught from childhood that they were the freest people on Earth! But at the same time, no one was allowed, under threat of death, to think independently or have their own opinion. For all this, in the " freest country in the world", people were punished with death, and under the guise of "fighting" the enemies of the people, the flower of the nation was destroyed, and

genocide was carried out, mainly against the Russian and other Slavic peoples in the USSR. So the lamentations for the Soviet Union, which can still be heard quite often, not only from pensioners but also from "new" communists, are due to the ignorance of the former and the brazen lies of the latter. The so-called socialist and communist social systems represent the maximum realisation in life of the plans of social parasites (for more details, see my book Russia in the Crooked Mirrors).) The "democratic" system applied in the rest of the world and so stubbornly imposed on Russia is a "softer" version of the realisation of the plans of social parasites. But for them, it is a version of the "socialist" system, which was and is the ideal they strive for. But more on that later. In the meantime, let's go back to August 1991.

One way or another, I managed to destroy the parasitic systems controlling the socialist countries in Europe. After accidentally stumbling upon the first parasitic pyramid in December 1987, I unwittingly found myself involved in a millennial war of magicians, which few people knew about, and those who did know or suspected something preferred to remain silent about it because they believed, not without reason, that if they opened their mouths about it, they would be "shut down" forever along with their master. It so happened that my actions to destroy these parasitic socialist systems took place in three stages. The first stage was the first pyramid in December 1987, the second stage was September-December 1989, and the last stage was the main parasitic pyramid, "holding" the Soviet Union - 19-21 August 1991, when I worked together with my wife Svetlana. It is commonly believed that the West tried with all its might to destroy the socialist camp, but this is not true, it is a delusion that they tried to instil in everyone - both the ordinary person in the West and the ordinary person in the USSR. In reality, everything is exactly the opposite! In the end, the revolution in the Russian Empire was carried out with the money of American billionaires, and not at all in the name of "liberating" the proletariat and the Russian people from the oppression of the "damned bourgeoisie". In fact, it was precisely these damned bourgeois, the most important of them, who gave their money for the revolution in Russia and did everything to turn the Russian and other peoples of our homeland into slaves. To turn people into slaves and suck the country's wealth dry, as well as to use them as a scarecrow for dirty purposes, sucking resources from the peoples of the controlled countries under the pretext of protection from the red plague, and also to conquer other countries under the same pretext. But that is another story (for more details, see my book Russia in the Crooked Mirrors), albeit a very entertaining one, but it will not be discussed in this book.

As always, parasites cover themselves with beautiful words about brotherhood and equality of all people, but, as history shows, these words are immediately forgotten once they manage to seize power. Such "carrots" have always worked flawlessly, both in 5th century Persia and in 20th century Russia, especially when hard times come for ordinary people, who are very easily deceived by "beautiful" lies, especially when helped by psychics. in Russia, especially when hard times come for ordinary people, who are very easily deceived by "beautiful" lies, especially when psi-generators and black magicians, who used black voodoo magic in their practice, helped in this. And so, the fall of the socialist (parasitic) system for Russia was a salvation, and it is no coincidence that the fall of this system occurred almost at the end of the Night of Svarog, which freed Midgard-Earth from its black veil in the summer of 7504 A.D. .M.Z.H.[9] (1995-1996). It does not seem strange to any thinking person that all attacks on Russian soil "fell" with the beginning of the Night of Svarog in the summer of 6496 AD (988), and the bloodiest regime fell with the last "breath" of that Night of Svarog in the summer of 7504 from S.M.Z.H..

[9] S.M.Z.H. - The Creation of the World in the Star Temple - the conclusion of a peace treaty between Great Tartary and Arimia (ancient China) after a long and bloody war.

35. Foreign Baptist

The beginning of the Night of Svarog was accompanied by the violent imposition of the Greek religion in the lands of Kievan Rus by the Jewish "Grand Duke" Vladimir, on whose orders the army, which was supposed to protect the people, mercilessly beheaded the elderly population, so that no enemy of the Russian people could ever do such a thing - almost 80% of the entire population was ruthlessly slaughtered. In the name of a foreign God, 9 million of the 12 million population of Kievan Rus were slaughtered, and Greek priests instilled a foreign belief in the God of the dead in small children or, as our ancestors called them, unreasonable children! Our ancestors called children up to the age of seven without distinguishing between boys and girls. Only when a child reached the age of seven did it receive a sacred name from the Magi, and only from that age did our ancestors divide children by gender, calling a boy a young man and a young man (adolescent). It was precisely between the ages of seven and fifteen that the child received the nickname otROK or otROkovitsa. ROK is an old Russian word meaning fate or predestination. Leaving ROK, in other words, creating one's own destiny, is the time when every person passes through the phase of a rational animal and must free themselves from ROK - their animal nature, overcome their instincts and become superior to their animal nature!

The Greek priests left alive only the children of the foolish, who had not yet realised their spiritual affiliation with the great worldview of their ancestors and on whom it was possible to forcibly impose the genetically alien worldview of the slaves. Just think about it! Nine million out of twelve were physically destroyed by order of the "great" Prince Vladimir of Kiev, who through treachery and betrayal destroyed the sons of the enlightened Prince Svyatoslav and, after carrying out a coup d'état, seized the throne of Kiev. In the modern "interpretation," this is ostensibly the son of Svyatoslav by the "slave" Malka, the key keeper of Princess Olga, Svyatoslav's mother, who hates him. First, there was never slavery in the lands of the Slavs; even enemy soldiers taken prisoner were not turned into slaves. After victory, the soldiers received one or two prisoners who worked for them on the farm, ate with them at the same table, and slept in the same house. After working for his master for several years, the captive had the right either to marry and live as a free and full-fledged person, or to return to his homeland. Many of them, after serving their sentence, voluntarily remained to live among their conquerors. So, these are the cases of slavery in Russia, and not only in Kievan Rus, because Kievan Rus was only one of the western provinces of the Slavic empire at that time.

And I would like to say a few words about the "slave" Malka. Malka was the key, in other words, the most trusted person of Princess Olga, who converted to Christianity after her stay in Constantinople. Malkah was also a Christian, although she was of Jewish origin, and not just any Jews, but from the caste of the Levites - direct descendants of Seth, the son of Eve and God Yahweh, according to the Torah and the Old Testament! Malkha's father's name was Malik, which translates as king of the Jews. Even her name comes from the same word - Malik - Malkha. But that's not all! The most interesting part is yet to come! The brother of the "slave" Malka was a voivode in Svyatoslav, and her brother was called in Russian... Dobrynya (Dabran). So, the Jews had long used the tactic of adopting or changing their names among the people among whom they lived. This made it easier for them to carry out their dirty deeds, as they almost always remained in the shadows, hiding behind such names. It turns out to be interesting: her brother, a Levite from the highest Jewish caste, was a voivode under Svyatoslav, and her sister was a "slave" in the service of Princess Olga! How absurd! In reality, Dobrynya (Dabran) was a voivode close to Svyatoslav.

But that is not the only interesting thing. The ancient principality was annexed to the Kiev principality ONLY after Prince Igor made it his vassal state. In the modern interpretation, there was a well-known uprising of the Drevchans against Prince Igor, during which Prince Igor was killed. The reason for the rebellion was supposedly Prince Igor's attempt to collect twice as much

tax. These events took place in the summer of 6453-6454 AD (945-946 AD) and ended with the death of Prince Igor. However, it seems to me that there is another mystification here. Most likely, the ancients attempted to free themselves from their vassal dependence on the Kiev throne. And most likely, the first tax was nothing more than military compensation for Prince Igor so that he would not destroy the capital of the ancients, the city of Korosten. Otherwise, how can we explain the fact that Prince Igor came to collect the first "tax" with his entire retinue, while the second, the so-called illegal tax, came with only a small number of his men! It seems absurd! Prince Igor came to collect the "legal" tax with his entire retinue, and the "illegal" tax with only a few warriors. Most likely, if we take this point of view, it should be exactly the opposite! But if we assume that Prince Igor only subjugated this principality in the summer of 6453 AD (945 AD) and returned from a military campaign with rich spoils, and then returned for the tax due under the vassalage agreement, everything falls into place. And then it becomes clear why he came to collect taxes with a small number of vassals - in fact, he did not come again to conquer this principality, but only to collect taxes. And this moment was used by the Drevlyans to kill him. And then Princess Olga came with her entire retinue and burned the Drevlyans' capital, the city of Korosten, to the ground.

I will not quote a rather beautiful legend about how Princess Olga punished the murderers of her beloved husband, as it is well described in contemporary sources. But then the actions of the grief-stricken Princess Olga become quite strange. She makes the daughter of the Drevlyan prince Mala her gossip, and her son only gets close to Svyatoslav, born in the summer of 6453 by S.M.Z.H. (945). And even if all this happened a few years after the murder of Prince Igor by the Drevlyans and after Princess Olga threw the Drevlyan prince Mala into prison, his children - son and daughter - were not young, if Dobrynya was already of age when he became a voivode. Not to mention that Malka could not have given birth to Svyatoslav's son Vladimir, since she was already a girl when he was born! Be that as it may, it turns out that Svyatoslav's seemingly illegitimate son by Malka, the Drevlyanskaya princess, Vladimir, who was born in the summer of 6471 from S.M.Z.H. (963), after killing his older brothers Yaropolk and Oleg, after the destruction, Svyatoslav became the prince of Kiev for seventeen years!

But this is surprising in this story, because when Svyatoslav's illegitimate younger son Vladimir was born, Svyatoslav himself was only eighteen years old, which means that he conceived him at the age of seventeen, and he already had two older sons, Yaropolk and Oleg! Yaropolk was born in the summer of 6463 from S.M.Z.H. (955), when Svyatoslav was only ten years old, and he conceived his eldest son at the age of nine! It turns out that Prince Svyatoslav married no later than nine years after his birth! This is a discrepancy!

The situation is even more absurd when one considers that Prince Svyatoslav, apparently going to the new capital in the Bulgarian lands in the summer of 6475 AD (967 AD) Preslavets, to prepare for the upcoming war with Rome (Byzantium), he put his eldest son Yaropolk, who was twelve years old at the time, but already married and had children, in charge of Kiev, and Svyatoslav's other son Oleg, was placed by Svyatoslav on the throne of the Drevlyan principality, and the illegitimate Vladimir, at the request of his uncle Dobrynya, was placed to rule in Novgorod! At that time, Vladimir was only FOUR years old, but he was already married and had many concubines, according to some sources - as many as a THOUSAND! Well, I just read all this and was amazed - what kind of "men" there were in Russia back then. In fact, it turns out that Vladimir, according to the modern version of events, began to reign in Great Novgorod at the age of four and, in a short time, from the beginning of his reign, brought the number of concubines to a thousand and began to cut down in the true sense of the word, his opponents, both by himself and with the help of his loyal warriors! And all this happened when he ascended the throne of Veliky Novgorod at the age of four! Well, perhaps the number of his concubines reached a thousand when he was about seven or eight years old!

If we go by the official version, we end up with complete nonsense. And the nonsense is real if we take the version of the official "historians" at face value. But if we take the real situation into account, then everything falls into place, without any four- or eight-year-old supermen.

And it was approximately as follows: Prince Svyatoslav in the summer of 6472 from S.M.Z.H. (964) liberated the lands of the Vyatichi from the Khazar yoke. During the Khazar yoke, Jews settled in the lands of the Vyatichi, and then these lands were freed from the Jewish yoke, and the Jews living in these lands ended up in the lands of the Kiev Principality. As a result, Dobrynya appeared at the Kiev court together with his sister Malka, who very quickly won the trust of Princess Olga. Malka arrived with her son Vladimir, who was already a young man. She had been well trained by the black Jewish woman Tantra. After winning the trust of Princess Olga, who had become a fanatic of the Greek religion, she found herself in the grand ducal court, where she had the opportunity to ensnare the inexperienced young prince Svyatoslav in her web of sexual magic. As a result of all this, she gained some power over Svyatoslav and brought her brother Dabran (Dobrynya), who turned out to be a pretty good warrior, into the prince's inner circle. Svyatoslav apparently adopted Vladimir and thus signed a death sentence for both his own sons and the country. According to the laws in force at the time, an adopted son was entitled to the throne only if there were no living sons. Therefore, Prince Svyatoslav's biological sons were doomed, as were their children. It was no coincidence that Svyatoslav's biological sons were lost, and it was not difficult for the Jews, who were very experienced in such matters, to organise the necessary scenario. And so, the dark-skinned and black-haired Vladimir, whose appearance had nothing Russian or Slavic about it, became Grand Prince of Kiev.

And also the rather strange appearance and death of Prince Svyatoslav. After that, he and his retinue, following a long and difficult war with Rome (Byzantium), when Prince Svyatoslav's seemingly inevitable defeat turned into another victory, when the prince's rather small retinue inflicted considerable damage on the emperor's army and the continuation of the war could have left the emperor without an army at all and especially without his guard, Svyatoslav, surrounded, managed to get his retinue (or rather, what was left of it) to leave Bulgarian lands with weapons in hand and without extraction. In this way, the emperor confirmed the validity of the signed Roman obligations. And so, on the way home, most of his retinue, the majority of whom had converted to the Greek religion, left him, and during the night, while he was asleep, remaining loyal to the prince, they attacked the Pechenegs and in this final battle almost all the soldiers loyal to Prince Svyatoslav and the prince himself were killed, his head was cut off after his death as a trophy, and the khan (prince) of the Pechenegs, Kuryia, made a cup out of it.

The question is why Prince Svyatoslav (this is the correct spelling of the prince's name - his name comes from the word SVET, not SVYAT, as it was later written) did not receive help from Kiev, even though he and his warriors, who had endured many hardships during their last winter at the mouth of the Danube, had been expecting it. After failing to wait for help from Kiev, exhausted but loyal to their prince, the warriors returned home on boats, straight into the clutches of the Pechenegs. They knew that their enemies were waiting for them, but they had no other choice. Kiev threw its prince to the Pechenegs, knowing that the Pechenegs were waiting for him on the Dnieper rapids.

Of course, Prince Svyatoslav's death was favourable for Rome (Byzantium), as his military actions had brought the empire to the brink of collapse, and Prince Svyatoslav was dangerous to them while alive. The empire would not have withstood another campaign, which Prince Svyatoslav would undoubtedly have organised. But were they the only ones who benefited from Prince Svyatoslav's death? According to what happened in the lands of Kievan Rus after his untimely death, his death was favourable above all to the forces

standing behind the still young Vladimir. The bloody madness that ensued in the lands of Kievan Rus after Vladimir seized power and began forcibly converting the country's foreign inhabitants to the Greek religion shows much more eloquently who benefited most from the death of Prince Svyatoslav. His death was also an act of revenge for the complete destruction of Jewish Khazaria. In such cases, it is always necessary to look for those who benefit from this or that event in order to see the truth among the many factors that contribute to it! Yes, by the way, about the Pechenegs. The Pechenegs were Slavic tribes who led a nomadic lifestyle. They had their own winter "quarters," their own cities, where they returned with their livestock for the winter. During the winter, they "lay" in their homes or, as they said, entertained themselves on the stoves. That's where their nickname comes from - Pechenegs...!

Once again, I couldn't help myself, I got carried away, when in fact I only wanted to draw attention to one lie about Vladimir's conversion of Kievan Rus, so no, I couldn't help myself, out of habit I started to explain everything in detail. Kievan Rus was Vedic, and so was the great prince Svyatoslav, Vladimir's "father." The next Night of Svarog begins in the summer of 6496 (988) from S.M.Z.H. (from the Creation of the World in the Star Temple), and it is precisely in this year that Prince Vladimir begins to convert Russia. A strange "coincidence", but that's not all! Vladimir was raised by Princess Olga, who was a fanatic of the Greek faith, and his mother Malka was a Jew who had converted to the Greek religion. He was raised in an environment of people of this faith at a time when most of the inhabitants had Vedic beliefs. And now, contemporary history convinces us all that after his military victories, Prince Vladimir placed idols of Perun and Veles and ordered human sacrifices to be made to them, not forgetting to invite overseas ambassadors to such a colourful spectacle, and to top it all off, all these actions were included in all reports to all courts in Europe. It was precisely for the sake of loyalty that everyone claimed that Perun and Veles brought human sacrifices. This whole "prince" Vladimir demonstrated to the West, because no inhabitant of Kievan Rus, for whom the Vedic worldview had been the norm for many thousands of years and who knew perfectly well that no bloody sacrifices, especially human ones, had ever been made not only to Perun or Veles, but to any other god or goddess of the Slavic-Aryans.

Our ancestors called the gods and goddesses their ancestors and people who had reached the level of the creator. The word God had a completely different meaning from what it means today. And so, engaging in such "pagan" abominations, Prince Vladimir "suddenly" decided to convert to the Greek religion, followed by his entire retinue. And then this same retinue began to offer the most, that is, a real bloody sacrifice to the new God, and one that would not be small - they destroyed NINE MILLION out of twelve, leaving only small children alive. If Vladimir ordered prisoners of war to be sacrificed to Perun and Veles, during the conversion he ordered the inhabitants of the country to be sacrificed, the power over which he had so treacherously obtained as a result of a delicately executed deception. This is a "good" sacrifice for the new God, but what cannot be done in the name of conversion to the new faith? Once again, the "stupid" Slavs do not "understand" that for them the new faith is simply manna from heaven and therefore all must be sacrificed to the "peace-loving" God. During the so-called 10th century, the number of those destroyed, TEN MILLION, is simply incredible!

We must not forget that the Julian calendar was introduced by Peter I only in the summer of 7208 S.M.Z.X (1700)! Until then, no one anywhere had used this calendar in the lands of Kievan Rus, and later in Muscovy! And so, the last Night of Svarog began with the nine million victims that the social parasites brought to God Yahweh, and at the end of this Night of Svarog, in the 20th century, the number of victims almost reached one hundred million! And the greatest role in this sacrifice to God Yahweh belongs to the communist regime, whether anyone likes it or not, but it is a fact! The communists did

everything "possible" and impossible to make the number of these victims as large as possible, methodically destroying the strongest of the people, as stated in the Torah and the Old Testament! And it does not matter that in words they did not believe in God and were "atheists" - in practice they carried out with particular zeal the instructions of God Yahweh to destroy the strong men of the nation.

That is why this false "teaching" had to be destroyed in order to free the Russian people from their millennial stupefying slumber! And it does not matter under what name this doctrine was imposed on the people — under the guise of religion or under the guise of atheism — because these are the faces of the same God, Yahweh! And so, when I understood the true nature of this system, I did everything possible to destroy this parasitic system, regardless of what other guise it might try to take on once again.

Of course, I did not yet understand everything as I understand it now, but even then I understood enough to consider the socialist system a deadly poison for the Russian people. It is even surprising how powerful the Russian gene pool is! Even the millennia of incredible bloodletting and the launch of the deadly "viruses" of the Greek religion and the atheism of the communists could not destroy the powerful genetics of the Russians, which is reviving again even stronger and with powerful immunity against the various "viruses" created by social parasites. Therefore, when Svetlana and I managed to destroy the main parasitic pyramid of socialism, we felt only joy that we had managed to cope with it. It is true that this time the victory would not have been possible without the sacrifice of a being whose name we did not even have time to learn. He only managed to pass on invaluable information and died in the process. So our victory was overshadowed by this. But war is war, and there is no escape from it!

It is important that these sacrifices are not in vain, it is important that as a result of this war, social parasites are destroyed! And not physically, as some people think. Physical destruction solves nothing, but destroys everything. When the entire cosmic system of social parasites ceases to exist and... then the puppets of this system on different planets, in different spaces, will be left without their "poisonous teeth" and will not be able to do their dirty work.

36. New parasitic attacks

Meanwhile, life returned to normal, if I could say that about what was happening to me. After we managed to defeat yet another parasitic system with timely help, the attacks against me and Svetlana did not subside, but on the contrary, only intensified. If earlier the black ones had tried to capture Svetlana mainly, after numerous failures they decided to change their tactics. The new tactic was truly Jesuitical. Their tactic of pain was particularly repulsive. By targeting Svetlana's nerve endings directly, they caused her unbearable pain. Her body was engulfed in unbearable flames of pain, and at that moment they told her in that deep voice that she only had to renounce me and the pain would stop instantly. When they did not achieve the desired result, they increased the level of pain. Such pain caused Svetlana to lose consciousness, which allowed her to be free from the pain for a while, but they brought her back to her body so that she could feel the unbearable pain again. And Svetlana, in the true sense of the word, gritted her teeth so as not to scream in pain, rolled on the floor and refused, refusing to betray me. And I myself, seeing her suffering and not knowing how to help her, told her to renounce, but she did not agree. And then I had to ignore her (which, believe me, was very difficult) and look for the key to the system that was causing her unbearable pain.

The thing is, in order to stop such an influence, you have to find the source of it.

influence, understand the principle of influence and, based on your understanding of its essence, block it, then neutralise the source of influence and the influencer, and then create protection against such influence and the possible combinations of such influence that come to mind. But, as always, pessimists in such cases use what they do not have and still have to discover what they do not know, and at the same time your loved one is suffering. It's a very "pleasant" picture, isn't it? And it is in such a situation that you would prefer your loved one not to suffer and you were ready to take all this pain and suffering upon yourself, but the blow is aimed at your loved one to hurt you as much as possible. And in such a situation, you are forced to disconnect from what is happening before your eyes, to detach yourself from how your loved one is suffering and focus on finding the source, while at the same time trying to alleviate the suffering in some way using known methods. Because only in this case is it possible to find a solution and truly stop the insane pain that has overtaken your loved one. Because only when the source and the principle of influence used by the parasites are discovered is it possible to stop this madness and neutralise the next attack of the parasites, and most often behind this inhuman influence stands a bright hierarch captured by the parasites, who himself has become a victim of these same parasites and serves only as a tool in their dirty " hands". And one must take all this into account, detach oneself from emotions and focus on solving the problem, and only then is it possible to resolve the situation. Isn't the situation "ridiculous" — a person dear to you is suffering, and you have to gather your willpower, detach yourself from it and concentrate on the solution, on finding the key, knowing that you must allow only pity and sympathy to penetrate your soul, and if you lose, you will not be able to help the person dear to you in any way and, in principle, you will become the cause of that person's death. It's not much of a choice, is it! But it's not even about choice, it's about becoming completely calm and focused on the task at hand, despite the other person's suffering! Doesn't anyone want to try it? I don't recommend it, it's incredibly difficult, but it's the only chance we have to find a solution to the problem!

I myself have had to endure very severe pain, I know what it is like when your nerves are "burning" with a bright flame and the fiery pain tries to crush your will. But that is nothing compared to when another person is suffering, and you have to, without paying attention to the suffering of your loved one, enter a state of absolute calm and not rush to help the sufferer, but search, search and search again for a solution. This is really very difficult! It was especially difficult when this happened for the first time and I first rushed to create a more powerful defence, invented new defences, created one thing or another, restructured my essence and... nothing helped. And then I realised that I had to act differently, to look for the cause. It's like in the fairy tale about the immortal Koschey — you have to find an oak tree, and on that oak tree — a chest, in the chest — a hare, in the hare — a duck, in the duck — an egg, and in the egg — a needle, which is the death of Koschey! It's the same thing, except that you don't know where the oak tree you need is, or even that it's an oak tree, and therefore everything else. In mathematics, this is called an equation with many unknowns, but unlike in mathematics, here there are no clues about the relationships between these variables, and there is no connection between them. And you don't have time, because with every minute that passes, Svetlana is getting worse and worse, and you can see it, and you don't know how much longer she can endure this unbearable pain! And no one can help you!

What is this perspective!? How many of you still envy me?! From the outside, everything seems "simple" and "easy," one "wave" of the hand and... the human brain is reorganised, another wave of the hand and... the planet's ozone layer is restored. And why shouldn't I try to do something similar, someone might ask, or think that I am worse than some Nikolai Levashov? The thing is, he is not worse, it's just that for everything to happen

If possible, I suggest that those who want to go through this hell, and hell is not abstract but very real, look death in the eye almost every day, search for something without knowing what, go there without knowing where and... to win, to find solutions, to fundamentally change their perception of reality and not to make a single fundamental mistake, and if a mistake does happen, it is necessary to find the right solution very quickly and not to allow the mistake to be realised, and much, much more. Is anyone still jealous? Well, then... welcome to our "club". I'm not trying to scare anyone, just to warn them about what awaits those who follow in my "footsteps" or even in this direction. And when they hit you with the "big guns", you have to smile and not show those around you how hard it is for you, that you are literally "collapsing" from exhaustion, that you are in pain, especially when your enemies are watching and smiling.

After several unsuccessful attempts to use the tactic I described above, the parasites began to act in a new way. Having achieved nothing from Svetlana with the help of pain, they decided to possess Svetlana so that she would see me as a black man! What do you think about this turn of events? Taking advantage of the fact that Svetlana is very sensitive and excellent at perceiving visual and telepathic holograms, the parasites created a negative attitude towards me, tried to make her believe and strongly suggest to her that I am the black one who deceives her, and they are so "fluffy" and "soft," and I don't give them peace! This impact on Svetlana was no less strong than the painful one before it. They were right about one thing — I did not give them peace. But in everything else — from their point of view, I was really bad because I really destroyed their systems, because I really changed their executors, I made them so-called "traitors". All this is true, except for one small "but"! What I was fighting against was parasitic in nature, or more accurately, the nature of social parasites who destroyed the best, turning the survivors into a herd of controlled biorobots! But when a very sensitive person like Svetlana is subjected to a very strong influence that imposes such an opinion on her, it is almost impossible to get rid of such an obsession without outside help. And in this case, I had to ignore what was causing this obsession in Svetlana and look for the next key to the next "door" behind which lay the solution to the next problem. Again, the hardest part was the first time my "friends" used this tactic. I couldn't understand the reasons why Svetlana began to react in this way to everything I said, everything I did or had already done. At first, I tried to explain everything to her, but it was pointless. I said one thing, but Svetlana heard something else. I tried again to explain to her what I had actually said, but she heard even more distorted words. And what can a person do in this case? Give up? But that's not my way.

When I realised that what Svetlana was telling me was imposed on her by the strong influence of the parasites, I stopped trying to explain to her that I was not a "camel"! I started looking again for where this influence came from and how! Why the parasites did it, I think, needs no explanation. And so, after once again discovering the key to the essence of this latest influence of the Dark Forces, I found an "antidote" and created new defence systems and new brain structures for Svetlana's perception, so that next time she could see the essence of the influence coming upon her, so that she could distinguish truth from lies, seeing that lies are not filled with life, while truth is alive because behind it are real events and processes that it reflects. Learning to see this is one of the most difficult tasks, as parasites are great masters at creating so-called camouflage. In other words, the illusion of reality instead of reality itself. The truth is like the tip of an iceberg. The living truth has its continuation below the "surface of the water" of the ocean of truth, and the illusion of truth, no matter how beautiful it may seem above the "water", has nothing below the water of the ocean of truth, or has a "dead" continuation that is not filled with the life of real events.

After trying to influence Svetlana in this way several times and seeing

how pointless it was, the parasites soon stopped using this tactic. However, they occasionally attempted to use this tactic, relying on "chance," but they did not succeed because they made me think about this situation and I was able to create a scanning system for both myself and Svetlana, where the scanning takes place simultaneously in millions of different ways. When the scanning system changes itself during the scanning process, it leaves virtually no opportunity for false information to be imposed in any form! I used my experience to create such scanning structures, knowing that even during the scanning process it is possible to study the scanner and create counteracting systems.

I have never considered myself smarter than my enemies. If I have invented it, then my enemies can also invent it, if they have not already done so before me! That is why I have invented a new (or perhaps not so new) scanning principle, which at least complicates the possibility of information countermeasures by the parasites. So, while our brains are still "working," it will be difficult for the parasites, and they will also have a "fun" life, not just me and Svetlana!

37. Silver thread

And so, the "friends" kept Svetlana and me busy, both literally and figuratively. After the turbulent events at the end of August, there was a lull for a while. This did not mean that the black ones had left us alone, there were simply no serious attacks, and they were once again thinking about how best to destroy Svetlana and me. Almost every day, or rather every night, Svetlana roamed the vastness of the universe. After the changes I had made in her, her essence was no longer tied to her physical body, as it is in all others. The connection with the physical body still existed, but on a fundamentally new basis. In a normal situation, if the essence of a human being leaves its physical body, not only can it not pass through the qualitative planetary barriers, but it is also unable to move away from the body at distances greater than those allowed by the so-called silver thread connecting the essence to the human body. The further you move away from the physical body, the thinner and thinner this silver thread becomes, and at a certain distance from the body, the thread becomes so thin that it can break! This happens from time to time when inexperienced people try to leave their bodies or get too carried away after leaving them. It is like diving to a great depth in the sea, when a person, noticing something interesting or beautiful at the bottom, tries to dive down to it, and sometimes succeeds, but must remember that they have to return. And underwater, without a mask, distances are deceptive.

It can happen that a person reaches a shell but does not have enough air for the return trip. This example is not theoretical, but from my own experience. In mid-July 1986, before starting my military service, I went to the Black Sea for the first time in my life, to the town of Sudak, which is familiar to many people. It so happened that although I was born in the North Caucasus, almost equidistant from both the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, I had never been to either of them before 1986. The thing is that during the summer holidays, when my parents were on leave, we always went to the Kundryuchensky farm in the Rostov region, where my maternal grandmother lived and worked as a beekeeper. The steppes there were magnificent - the Salsk steppes, but... there was no sea, neither real nor artificial. However, there were several very good lakes with fairly clean, slightly bitter water. It was in these lakes that I learned to swim, and quite well at that. And here, after seeing the sea for the first time, everything was strange to me. Near Sudak, the sea has a rocky bottom, so there is very little suspension in the water and the water is clear. One sunny day, I dived and really wanted to pick up a beautiful mussel from the bottom. To get it, I dived deeper and deeper. And when I reached the desired one, I started to rise to the surface, and in my lungs

I had no air left at all. I swam upwards as fast as I could, the surface of the sea seemed so close – just reach out your hand and you could touch it, but in fact it wasn't getting any closer. I couldn't breathe at all, my eyes told me - just a little more and you'll be able to breathe! But that little bit didn't come and didn't come. That's how I learned my first lesson in visual deception underwater. I managed to suppress my reflexive desire to breathe, no matter what, and finally reached the surface of the water and managed to inhale the much-desired air.

When you dive underwater, you enter a completely different world, so unfamiliar to those of us who live in an air environment. If the water is clear enough and the seabed is rich in colours, then, once you enter this mysterious world, you completely lose your usual sense of time and space. I have experienced this myself, and I think that everyone who has ever gone below the surface of the water has experienced it. And I have brought this feeling of immersion under water for one simple reason! When a person leaves their physical body, they find themselves in a completely different environment, where the laws are radically different from the physical world we are used to. That is why, when a person leaves their physical body by virtue of their consciousness, they retain their " earthly" consciousness with all the consequences that follow from it. Perceiving the world through our physical sensory organs is not at all suitable for action in the conditions after leaving the body. The differences in perceptions before and after consciously leaving the body vary greatly; one could say that they are incomparable to the differences in our perceptions above and below water! Therefore, in order to imagine at least these differences in perception inside and outside the body, those who wish to do so can multiply the differences in perception when diving underwater by hundreds of times. And if all the same laws apply below the surface of the water as above the surface, only with some peculiarities, then after leaving the physical body, the essence of the human being finds itself in conditions that are completely unfamiliar to it. Quite often, this causes serious consequences for the newcomer, and sometimes even leads to his death.

It should not be forgotten that consciously leaving the body is fundamentally different from leaving the essence during normal sleep. When a person falls asleep and their essence leaves the physical body, the barrier at the subconscious level is removed, the essence gains a complete understanding of how and what it needs to do outside the body, since practically every person has had previous reincarnations (incarnations) and quite long periods of residence between bodies, during which there was enough time to study the peculiarities of other planes of our planet. When a person consciously leaves their physical body for the first time, they have only one perception of reality — that which they have acquired in their physical body — and there is no awakening of memories of the past. This is mainly because the consciousness acquired in this particular incarnation does not allow for anything else. So, leaving their physical body and continuing to think in the same way as when the essence is in the body, a person finds themselves in completely new and unfamiliar conditions. But nevertheless, when a person consciously finds themselves outside their physical body, what they see and perceive is always amazing. A person ceases to orient themselves in time (we must not forget that time is a conditional concept introduced by humans) and space. The surrounding environment simply hypnotises and shocks a person who has left their body for the first time. And often, as if hypnotised, the person who has left their body consciously begins to "move away" more and more from their empty physical body, sometimes not even paying attention to the fact that the thickness and brightness of the silver thread connecting their essence and their body becoming smaller and smaller and losing its brightness and density. And if the person who has left the body gets carried away "a little" by what is happening around them, the silver thread often breaks and their physical body dies.

It is the same as diving too deep and not calculating the need for oxygen on the way back. Here too, by straying too far from one's physical body, one can break this silver thread and also perish! In addition, there are areas of

space where an inexperienced being can be easily swept away as if in a whirlpool, with all the consequences that entails. In addition, inexperienced travellers to other dimensions of the planet (these journeys are incorrectly called astral) are awaited by various predatory or parasitic beings, both conscious and unconscious, who track such newcomers and/or break the silver cord and turn the entity thus captured into their eternal slave or eternal donor of potential, or begin their dirty game with them in the name of that very potential. At the same time, the game can be played very subtly, usually by scanning the minds of newcomers and creating camouflage masks that the specific person can easily "fall for". If a person believes in or has even heard of "angels," "angels" appear before them, but it is only necessary to remove these "angels'" "costumes" to find the monsters themselves underneath.

How many people fall for these primitive tricks of parasites of one level or another simply because they carry their perceptions from the physical plane to other planes where completely different laws and concepts operate. Is it so difficult to understand that it is impossible for the perceptions acquired by human beings with the help of the five sensory organs on the physical plane to be transferred to other planes? Is it so difficult to understand that it is necessary for a person to expand their perceptions by creating new sensory organs for each new level! And with the help of these new sensory organs, to create new perceptions corresponding to each new level! Only the expansion of perceptions for the new levels, and not the projection of the already existing ones, allows a person to get a more or less adequate idea of the other dimensions. But "for some reason" such a trivial thought has not occurred to any of those who, in one way or another, have managed to "jump out" of their physical bodies. And one of the main reasons for such a "theatre of the absurd" is that the consciousness of these people has been deliberately distorted by the system of false ideas imposed on them by the social parasites who have been running the show on our Earth Midgard for quite some time! And, of course, there is also often a distorted understanding of one's own "greatness," which simply does not exist and cannot exist for one simple reason! Is it so difficult to understand that if you have seen an event in the "window," it does not make you a hero of that event! Contemplating an event is important, but it does not affect the event itself in any way. Only active participation in the event gives a person the right to talk about their participation in it, and depending on what the intervention has led to, the right to talk about it also arises. And even if this intervention was positive for the event or action, a normal person will not "shout" about their greatness, even if their actions really did lead to something significant or grandiose. Because the actions taken show that this person has reached a certain understanding of nature and responsibly understands all the consequences of their intervention.

And if a person has achieved understanding in the full sense of the word, it is simply foolish to engage in self-praise, and this shows that the person who praises himself has not grown up with an awareness of what he can do, and this is fraught with consequences. Such blindness speaks to different levels of development of such a person's abilities and consciousness, as well as responsibility for their actions. And if a person does not understand this and does not eliminate such a difference in their development, they become easy prey for parasites of various colours or sooner or later fall into the category of parasites themselves. Because such a qualitative difference between consciousness and capabilities can only exist for a very short time, during which the level of consciousness must rise to the level of capabilities or even higher! And this is impossible without a person rethinking their perceptions and understanding of what is happening and realising their responsibility for everything that happens. Understanding what is happening requires a person to take responsibility for it. I will try to explain the latter with an example that everyone can understand. If a passer-by sees someone drowning in a river or lake, a normal person will try to save the drowning person. If the person can swim, they must (if they are truly human) jump into the water and pull the drowning person

to the shore, and if necessary, they must do everything possible to support and save the drowning person's life. If a person cannot swim, they must do everything possible and impossible to find a way to help the drowning person. Throw the drowning person a rope, a life jacket, or any other floating device so that they can hold on while you call for other people to pull the drowning person out of the water.

And if a person who cannot swim does not try to do something to save a drowning person, and the latter dies, then one can only regret that this person did not try to do something to save another, but he cannot be blamed for the death, only for passivity. But if a person can swim, even very well, and does nothing to save a drowning person for one reason or another, then that person is responsible for the death of the person, even though they are not to blame for that person being in the water. He is guilty of his death because of his inaction. And he cannot justify himself by saying that there was no time, or the water was cold, or I was in a hurry, etc. - there can be no excuse for inaction that has caused the death of a human being. I hope that every normal person would agree with this position. This example, which is accessible to everyone, can clearly demonstrate a person's responsibility to others and, above all, to themselves for the consequences of their actions or lack thereof. In this example, the ability to swim is a person's capacity to act, and the actions to save a drowning person are the responsibility of the person who can swim for the life of the drowning person. The person who can swim is responsible for the life of the drowning person because the life of the drowning person depends on his action or inaction!

The ability to swim refers to a person's characteristics and capabilities, while actions or lack thereof refer to their understanding of their responsibility towards others and depend on the person's level of consciousness. Nothing changes if a person has fundamentally different properties and capabilities — to influence natural processes on a larger or smaller scale, to control these processes, or even to change them. The only difference between a person who possesses these abilities and a person who can swim is the level of responsibility for their actions or inactions. The more a person can do, the higher their level of personal responsibility, whether they want it or not, whether they like it or not! With this understanding, a person cannot have any thoughts of their own exceptionality, because the only exceptionality in such a situation is that person's exceptional responsibility for their actions or inactions. And this is not "basking" in the rays of one's own "glory," but a huge burden of responsibility for such a person before everyone else, especially if the others are still asleep!

Unfortunately, due to a distorted worldview, most people who are naturally gifted with certain abilities do not have an appropriate level of consciousness development. And it is precisely this discrepancy between the levels of abilities and the levels of consciousness that is exploited by social parasites at various levels. Of course, a ***temporary*** discrepancy between the level of abilities and the level of consciousness is inevitable, but a lack of understanding or neglect of this moment sooner or later leads such a person to the Dark Side or allows parasites to take over such a person.

I have always been surprised by a peculiarity observed in almost all those who claimed to be exceptional when, due to one circumstance or another, a person discovered that they possessed abilities that most others did not have. Very often, these natural abilities were discovered at an early stage, but the person did not even think about it, only emphasising that they possessed something that others did not have... and this filled the human soul with an understanding of their "exceptionality," which was usually immediately exploited by parasites. And so, the parasites of various colours, seeing such a contradiction between the level of abilities and the level of consciousness and responsibility, begin their dirty work. They do everything in their power to ensure that this sometimes still relatively small difference between abilities and the level of consciousness

is increasing more and more. And, of course, they can only achieve an increase in the size of this gap by distorting and twisting human consciousness, since they are incapable of creating new qualities and properties. And they achieve this quite simply. First, the parasites scan such a person and, after establishing what he believes in, they create a camouflage in accordance with that belief. For example, if a person believes in Christ, the parasites appear before him in the image of Christ, and in such an image that fully corresponds to the person's ideas of what Jesus Christ should look like.

This simple psychological trick, confirmed by the corresponding hologram, works flawlessly not only with Jesus Christ, but also with any other image in a person's mind that they trust, if not absolutely, then at least to a large extent. In this way, the parasites put on a camouflage that exactly matches the perceptions of the specific person at the level of his subconscious, and therefore this person feels extreme trust in such an image. And then, when the person has "swallowed" the camouflage, which immediately indicates a lack of understanding of what is happening on other levels of reality, the parasites begin their main game. This consists primarily in the fact that the "Jesus Christ" who has appeared, for example, begins to telepathically convey to such a person that he has appeared only because he (she) sincerely believed in him.

But the interesting thing is that the exact same words, "Jesus Christ," speak simultaneously to hundreds (if not thousands) of other people in the same situation. But then the significant differences begin in what this "Jesus Christ" communicates to his "chosen ones." These "chosen ones" then print the "revelations of Christ" that have been communicated to them, and what is most "strange" about these revelations is that all these "revelations" differ from each other like heaven and earth. And the most interesting thing is that the "revelations of Jesus Christ" in each case corresponded to the level of education, understanding, culture and, most importantly, the personal perceptions of these " chosen ones". And there is a very simple explanation for this: the parasites playing the role of Jesus Christ drew their "revelations" from the depths of the consciousness of their "chosen ones". But if it is clear why this category of "chosen ones" fell into a pitiful trap, it is very difficult to understand those who were primitively caught up in their personal ambitions! The person has just opened their "eyes," and those who have come into contact with them declare that he (she) has been appointed ruler of the Earth, the galaxy, or the universe, depending on the level of the person's ambitions. And the person begins to "swell" with their own greatness and does not even ask the question that is quite natural in such a situation: "What have I done to deserve such responsibility?" After all, simple logic dictates that the person still does not understand anything at the level of a planet (let alone something bigger), yet they are told that they must rule, for example, the universe! This is equivalent to appointing a small child who has just said " ago-ago" for the first time as commander-in-chief! Isn't that ridiculous?

For some reason, no one does this, and even more so, no one obeys the orders of the "supreme commander" like "agu," "mummy," "daddy"! And not because the "baby" is bad, but because the "baby" must first learn to walk, talk, receive a proper education, demonstrate its great talent as supreme commander, and only then will it be appointed supreme commander and bear full responsibility for its orders and for the people who have entrusted their lives to it. Somehow, this is clear to everyone, but this elementary understanding "somehow" disappears somewhere when the "evolutionary baby" takes its first "breath" at birth. And a person's breakthrough to a higher level is nothing more than their " birth" at that level, with all the consequences that follow. But if for a child born of a woman, the first words " mummy" or " daddy" are quite natural and normal, then for an adult "born" on another qualitative level, such behaviour is ridiculous, to say the least! A talented person can very quickly pass through all the intermediate steps between these levels, but it is necessary to pass through them first before the necessary experience and qualities for managing the Universe appear. And the lack of understanding of

This simple truth makes such an evolutionary "child" easy prey for parasites of all levels. Once caught in the "clutches" of parasites, such a person with a distorted consciousness is almost always doomed to evolutionary death, because as soon as the parasites see that this person has a discrepancy between consciousness and capabilities, they will do everything possible and impossible to keep this person forever in ignorance of what is real. But they will not only support false ambitions, they will also create conditions for this gap between the level of consciousness and potential to become a huge chasm over time. Because only in this case will they be able to constantly steal from the person who has fallen into their nets, to devour their qualities and potential! But the strangest thing in this case is that when you explain the situation to such a person and even show them w h o a c t u a l l y "elevated" them to the status of "ruler of the Universe," he (the person) continues to deny the obvious, because he personally likes being the "ruler of the Universe" and does not want to hear anything else on the matter! And in this way, it is entirely possible that he deprives himself of the opportunity to truly become the ruler of the Universe, if he had continued his development further, instead of stopping at the threshold of this development!

Honestly, I feel sorry for such people who, despite having natural talent and opportunities for development, buy into primitive lies simply because these lies coincide with their ambitions, lacking basic logic and analytical thinking skills! One way or another, parasites on a planetary level reap their rich harvest, and unfortunately very few people are able to break through their cordon. And the main reason for this is the attempt to project habitual perceptions onto a qualitatively different reality, instead of expanding old perceptions by adding new ones acquired at another level of reality. And this quality of expanding consciousness is the main condition for development. Because it is so obvious: our consciousness on the physical level is formed through the five senses, which serve to help humans adapt to the ecological niche that humans occupy as a species of living organisms. When, for one reason or another, a person breaks through to another qualitative level of reality, he (the person) finds himself in completely different natural conditions corresponding to that particular level. At this level, the five usual human sensory organs cannot adequately reflect the reality of this level. This is because at another level there are no light waves from the physically dense world, just as there are no sound waves, touch, smell and taste in our usual perception. Our brain, "tuned in" to another level of reality, does not have sensory "organs" for this reality and is forced to transform the information coming from this level into forms familiar to human beings. In this case, a huge amount of information is lost, and a person is essentially "blind" at this level, even though the brain can receive much more information than at the physically dense level of reality.

But more does not mean everything, only that additional information enters the brain that the person did not have before entering another level of reality. But this additional information is only a small "trickle" of the information that exists on that other level. Only this small "trickle" is not even suspected by the human being. Only by creating new sensory organs (brain structures) that replace the eyes, ears, etc. at other levels can a person expand their consciousness to a new qualitative frontier. After all, our physical sensory organs are just sensors through which the brain receives information, and only the brain "organises" everything on the shelves of our consciousness. When developing on other levels, a person does not grow additional eyes on the back of their head or elsewhere, or anything else, as many people who do not understand how our brain works may think. New brain structures, created and transformed into somewhat unusual " eyes", " ears", etc., appear at each new level of reality that a person breaks through in their evolutionary development. A human being who receives information in a slightly unusual way in their brain (through brain structures) can then transform it into forms that are familiar to them and others - visual or auditory. Of course, some of the information will be lost in this way, sometimes a very large part of it.

it, and one should not forget this. But if the purpose of such simplification is only orientation in space, then there is no harm in such simplification. However, one must always remember that when adapting information from other levels to forms that are familiar and habitual to humans, many things are " left behind," but if you use it only for orientation at other levels, it will only be useful. Once a person has selected the necessary information from their surroundings at another level with the help of such simplifications, they can "turn on" the rest of the information from that level, but only that which is really important and necessary. This method of two-stage, or rather multi-stage, work with information allows a person not to "drown", both literally and figuratively, in the information that saturates each new level of reality that opens up to a person as they move forward.

Yes, I would like to dwell a little on a very popular concept today – the information field, which a person can "tune into" and receive all kinds of information. Some people believe that all knowledge exists in the "information field" and that one only needs to "tune into" this field and "read" this information. But this is far from true, and some people deliberately impose it in order to create conditions for those who believe in it to "miss" only the information that is favourable, so as not to allow people to wake up after breaking through to another level. In the physical world, we are surrounded by nature everywhere, and every second our senses send information to our brain about what is happening around us. We see and hear the wind rustling the leaves in the forest, the buzzing of a bee collecting nectar from another flower to take it home, we hear the birds singing, we see them fluttering in the sky, we admire the beauty and diversity of nature. But is all this knowledge? No, it is only information about what is happening inside us and around us, and this information will only become knowledge when a person comprehends this information, understands the cause-and-effect relationships and ultimately achieves enlightenment through knowledge.

So, moving to another level of quality, a person encounters exactly the same situation. If there is an opportunity to obtain reliable information from another level, a person simply collects it. There, as on the physical level, knowledge does not exist in a ready-made form. A person can acquire knowledge only by passing new information through themselves and comprehending it, reaching enlightenment. But someone may object, saying that they have been given knowledge! Indeed, some people who have reached another level of quality are given this or that information. But the question arises: to whom and why is this information transmitted, and is it really reliable? But no one asks this question "for some reason", and the reason is that a person first becomes aware of their uniqueness, and when a person " melts" from this, they begin to transmit various " revelations" through them. And all this is done by... the same PARASITES! And their goals are the same as those I outlined earlier — to mislead and use the newly awakened person for their own purposes, preventing them from developing further. The fact is that the Forces of Light NEVER transmit knowledge for one simple reason - the awakened person must be ready for knowledge, and it is impossible to achieve enlightenment by simply transmitting knowledge. Enlightenment comes only when a person subjects themselves to enlightenment, passing new information through their consciousness and testing this understanding in practice through their actions. Only adequate practical actions show how well a person has understood the new information and is ready to move forward. Transmitting knowledge to a person who has not attained enlightenment is equivalent to giving a nuclear briefcase to a child with instructions not to press the red button under any circumstances, because otherwise something terrible will happen. There is probably no need to explain what a child will do after such a comment about the red button!

In general, earthly parasites have achieved a lot on our Mother Earth. They have created a "realm of crooked mirrors," imposing false ideas on all people, including about man himself. The imposed idea, by the way, is a double idea that works for

the destruction of human logical thinking and thinking in general. On the one hand, the idea that man was created in the image and likeness of God is imposed, which fills man with the idea of his greatness (after all, God's likeness), and on the other hand, the same person is forced to accept the idea of his sinfulness, uselessness and, most interestingly, that man is a slave to God! In fact, this is strange: in some way, God's likeness turns out to be his slave! Which in itself is absurd. But it is absurd only at first glance. Because if you "look" a little more carefully, you will discover a real "underwater mine". Opposing attitudes towards human consciousness, released simultaneously, "pull" this human consciousness in opposite directions and lead to the destruction of the integrity of this consciousness, to the creation of mutually exclusive "currents" in consciousness. This is why a situation arises where a person who has broken through to a qualitatively new level thanks to their natural gifts does not even think about developing their consciousness in fundamentally new conditions, but "simply" projects already existing ideas! Why should we develop anything if we are created in the image and likeness of God? After all, we already have everything, we can be "a little" lower than God, otherwise how could we be His likeness? And this logical trap works almost always! When a person consciously leaves their body, they retain all these false ideas. In principle, consciously leaving one's own body only further convinces a person that they are "created" in the image and likeness of God! After all, the seemingly incredible has happened — the departure from the physical shell of a person! This clearly speaks of the "divine" nature of man, according to those who have fallen under the influence of false ideas. And that is why they do not even think about self-improvement. After all, the "image" and "likeness" of God has nowhere to improve! After all, only God Himself is higher than the likeness of God! And they (still) do not claim to be God Himself, but nevertheless are confident in their inherent greatness, which does not exist and cannot exist for one simple reason: the greatness of man is in his deeds, not in his ego.

But the false system of ideas about human nature created by the social parasites on Earth is precisely such a breeding ground for man's imaginary pride. And if someone objects that not everyone on Earth believes in God, that there are so-called " atheists" who deny God and therefore do not fall under the destructive influence of false ideas on the consciousness. Unfortunately, this statement is also incorrect, because "atheists" say that man is the "king" of nature, and... that says it all! It is also important to note that the same social parasites created the belief in God and created "atheism" in order to more easily manipulate the masses and turn them against each other to achieve their own goals. In this way, social parasites "take under their wing" both those who believe in God and those who do not accept this belief! Isn't that a good idea! Social parasites have everything working for them! In both cases, they form a distorted consciousness in people, distorted to such an extent that it does not allow people to truly understand the essence of the person themselves, their consciousness and their possibilities. In both cases, the parasites lead people into the dead end of a false understanding of essence, because only in this case can they keep people under their control. Parasites deliberately create a contradiction between content and form. And unfortunately, people willingly accept this lie because it promises them imaginary "greatness," because the true greatness of every person lies in their deeds and actions, great and small, in the routine hard work that a person has to do every day, day after day, and in which, at first glance, there is no greatness, but true greatness is always born from such routine work in the name of something greater than the satisfaction of a person's physiological needs.

True greatness is not about shouting about your greatness; usually, people who have failed to realise their "great" ambitions shout about their greatness. True greatness is about working for the benefit of others without expecting gratitude or glory.

honours and recognition. All of this is a "flake" of distorted ideas imposed on people by parasites in order to cloud their minds with false ideals that they do not need to strive for. And all this together leads to the fact that a person who has just opened their " eyes", relying on false guidelines, closes forever (or for a long time) the path to greatness, the essence of which is the great responsibility for their every deed and action, the responsibility for those who depend on them! And it is very sad to see how people with great natural talents, relying on false guidelines, become puppets in the hands of parasites of various levels. And the most unpleasant thing is that such people most often refuse to help free themselves from the control of parasites because they do not want to give up the "throne" on which these parasites have placed them. For them, sweet illusion is more desirable than hard work in the name of who knows what! Here you are God, king and hero, but there you have to "move" your brains, solve emerging problems, risk your life and health, and it is still unknown whether there is enough "dust" for all this. This is the solution to the paradox - why parasites from different strata so easily and quickly subjugate to their control the majority of naturally gifted people who are just beginning to open their eyes... And now I will return to what I started with in my latest "lyrical" digression.

The brain restructuring that I managed to devise fundamentally changed the situation with the silver thread connecting the "empty" physical body and the human essence that emerged from it. After the transformation of the brain, a person can consciously leave their body at unlimited distances in principle! More precisely, the distance of the essence from its physical body after the brain transformation is determined only by the qualitative level of development of the essence itself, and not by the "length" of the silver thread between the body and the essence, as is usually the case. If, after the brain transformation, the essence "encounters" some kind of qualitative barrier and is unable to move further, it is enough to create new properties and qualities that are lacking, and... forward! An unusual qualitative manifestation after the reorganisation of my brain unexpectedly appeared during the instrumental examination. It was first observed in May 1989 during filming at the Brain Institute in Moscow. Journalist Mikhail Dekhta voluntarily agreed to act as a guinea pig. The encephalographic sensors were connected to Mikhail's brain in a Faraday cage, which excluded any other external field influences. When everything was ready, Sergei (I don't remember his surname), a member of the brain laboratory, turned on the recording and suggested that I do something special with Mikhail. I decided to try out an idea of my own. I sent Mikhail not into outer space, but into the microcosm, which I also found very amusing. I put him in the necessary quality state and... made him microscopic in size! And then I sent him to travel inside his own body. Once he entered his blood vessel, he travelled inside his own body with the flow of his blood. This was the first time I had conducted this experiment, and the first time Michael had been inside himself. You could say that Michael "inhabited" his red blood cell and began to move with it from organ to organ. When it all began, Michael was so shocked by everything he saw during his unusual journey that he told everyone about his impressions for a long time afterwards.

When he ended up in one of his cells in this unusual way, I suggested he take a walk through his own chromosomes. I shrunk him even more, and as a result, the spirals of his own chromosomes turned into huge tunnels through which he could "walk". With a slight adjustment to his perception, made by me, he could see every gene in the spiral, and knowing the chemical and spatial structure of the nucleotides that make up our genes, I gave each of the nucleotides a different colour, and he could see not only every gene on his own chromosome, but also every nucleotide! But that wasn't all! All I had to do was set the task, and Michael could not only see his own genes, but he could also find out which of his genes had this or that defect. The benefit of all this was that he could travel in the same way to any

another person and at the same time... not only in his present, but also in the future and in the past! But not only to travel, but also to "extract" any information about the state of the organism at the molecular or cellular level, depending on the need. And all this data reflected the real state of the person, the root causes of their illnesses. Mikhail himself could not control all these journeys; he was an observer-passenger whom I transported both into the past and into the future, controlling all these processes.

But even the role of a passenger was not so easy. Willingly or unwillingly, he was subjected to heavy burdens, which were nevertheless very important to him. Despite all this, during his unusual journey, Michael described everything he saw with genuine surprise and amazement. Some of those who read these lines, especially the sceptics, may be tempted to roll their eyes! But I would advise them not to, if only because, as very real tests with the most accurate instruments have shown, the information obtained in this way completely coincided with the results of instrumental studies, which sometimes took a lot of time and money, and the result was the same. Not only the same, but also much more complete, allowing you to obtain all the nuances you are interested in, which no instrument is capable of. But that's not all! You should have seen the face of Sergei, a researcher at the Brain Institute, and the way he looked at the readings on the encephalograph! According to the readings on the encephalograph, during this experiment, Mikhail was at least in a state of COMA! At least that, and usually such straight lines on the recording devices of the encephalograph correspond to a state of clinical death or even a dead person... if we believe the readings of the devices! So I suggest that sceptics "twiddle" their fingers in the "temples" of the devices! And at that moment, when according to the readings of the instruments Michael should have been dead or on his way to death, he calmly and even with great inspiration and amazement describes everything he sees during his journey! So one can imagine the confusion of a researcher at a brain institute! But this is, so to speak, an internal journey of a person, albeit a little unusual. Although Michael has not left his physical body, he walks with his greatly reduced essence inside his body. As for the "external" journey of the essence - everything is absolutely the same!

I first conducted experiments with the complete exit of the essence from the body while recording the brain electroencephalogram when I was already in the United States and acquired a multi-channel electroencephalograph with data output to a computer monitor. My wife Svetlana acted as a guinea pig in these experiments. At first, brain signals were recorded for some time in a normal state, when Svetlana's essence was in her body, and only after the device showed absolutely normal operation did I suggest that Svetlana leave her body. As soon as she left her body, all the readings on the encephalogram immediately dropped to zero! The data from the encephalogram was displayed on the computer screen in colours ranging from dark blue to red shades. At zero amplitude of the encephalogram signal, the colour was dark blue, and as the amplitude of the signal increased, the colour became "warmer" and "warmer" (blue, green, yellow, orange and red). So, after Svetlana left her physical body, the signal amplitude immediately dropped to zero and the entire screen turned dark blue! This condition corresponds to a very deep coma or death, but Svetlana was speaking calmly, she could move, her body temperature did not drop! All this indicated that she was in a normal state, while at the same time her brain's electroencephalogram showed that her brain was not functioning at all! This cannot happen because it can never happen! But it is REAL and it has been PROVEN to be so, whether anyone likes it or not! And if anyone still maintains their "scepticism", that is their right!

After all, there is still a "Flat Earth" society in South America that is convinced that the Earth is flat and not round at all! And they make this "incredible"

conclusion based on the fact that every morning they see the Sun rising in the east, moving across the sky and setting in the west, while the Earth remains motionless and flat, because they see the flat horizon with their own eyes! No arguments to the contrary satisfy them, because they trust their senses! Similarly, if we trust only the readings of instruments based on at least incomplete ideas about the nature of living matter, zero activity of the cerebral cortex means only DEATH for a person, or at least a deep coma in which a person can neither speak nor move nor exhibit any other activity characteristic of living and healthy people! And the most interesting thing is that... in the vast majority of cases, they will be ABSOLUTELY right! The thing is that the "oddities" in the behaviour of the devices appear only when a person has undergone a qualitative transformation of the brain, when the human brain begins to work in a fundamentally new mode, about which modern scientists have not the slightest idea. After a qualitative transformation, the human brain begins to operate in completely different modes; more precisely, a person can, at will, switch the brain's operating mode to different modes. These are modes that were simply impossible for a person before the qualitative transformation of the brain.

So, real instruments show that after a qualitative brain transformation (especially for Svetlana, who went through such brain transformations that I can only imagine), the interaction between the physical body and the essence of a person changes fundamentally. When consciously leaving the physical body in a normal state, the person's physical body ends up in a deep coma, which is very close to clinical death. A person in this state shows virtually no signs of life, breathing is very weak and imperceptible, and heartbeats are very rare. They neither speak nor move normally, and the body is an empty vessel. After the brain transformation, with practically zero activity in the cerebral cortex, which was confirmed both by experiments at the Brain Institute and by my own experiments with an electroencephalograph, the person continues to behave as if the essence is still in the body, even though it is not there! For quite understandable (I hope) reasons, I will not describe how I managed to achieve this, not because I cannot explain what I did myself, but because I do not want the detailed information to fall into the hands of enemies who, using this knowledge, could cause a lot of harm, not to me, but to many other people.

In one way or another, after the transformation of the brain, a fundamentally new qualitative interaction arises between the physical body and human essence, when the essence, when consciously leaving the body, does not find itself tied to its body like a silver thread, but acquires true freedom from its physical body without leaving it forever! But that's not all! In the case of ordinary conscious leaving of the body, the human essence finds itself in the state of an ordinary observer and has the potential that this essence has accumulated at the moment of leaving the physical body, but after the transformation of the brain, the essence still has all the potential of its physical body, just as when this essence is in the body. With such a conscious departure of the essence, not only does the body continue to behave as if the essence has not gone anywhere, but the essence, being outside its body, disposes of the potential of its body in the same way as when it is in its body. It is also necessary to take into account that the conditional term "brain restructuring" should be understood as a qualitative transformation not only of the brain itself, but also of the essence of the person, of their physical body at the chromosomal level, when not only are the so-called "dormant" g e n e s are activated, but fundamentally new structures of these genes are created, when chromosomes become multidimensional and qualitatively fundamentally different from the original ones, despite the fact that neither the person nor their genes change externally.

The human brain undergoes quite a significant change, which leads to the fact that even the shape of the skull changes slightly, but this is not so important for the present analysis. Therefore, after the transformations that Svetlana undergoes, she can not only

move when leaving the body, whether it is a conscious exit from the body or an exit of the essence during sleep, she can not only move incredible distances without harming her physical body, but she could also, while outside her body, act actively, if not to the full extent of her potential (after all, the essence and the body are separate), then very close to it! And this radically changes the situation
- throughout the entire existence of the civilisation of Midgard-Earth (and perhaps beyond), the possibilities of consciously leaving the body or, as many call it, during "astral travel" (which is completely wrong), are practically limited to contemplation. And although contemplation is also important and useful in many situations, it belongs to the passive type of action and contributes little to the further development of the person. After the transformation of the brain, a real opportunity arises not only for passive contemplation of what is happening when we consciously leave the body, but also, with appropriate analysis, strategy and tactics, to perform active actions, continuing our development even when we consciously leave the body and even during the most ordinary sleep, when the body rests from its righteous labour during the day.

In this way, in every situation there is the possibility for continuous development, as well as for action that radically changes the situation. This also means the following: if, in one way or another, my enemies manage to eliminate me physically, for example, or put me in a coma, or damage my physical brain in one way or another (this is in the case of " if"), my actions will not suffer in any way as a result, but on the contrary, for certain reasons I will be able to act on a much larger scale! It turns out that a situation has arisen in which the presence or absence of a physical body does not change anything in practice! Simply, as long as my physical body has not yet been destroyed, my physical body remains the basis of my essence. When I lose this physical body, for certain reasons, I am able to create any physical body and in any place, and if necessary, I can create several physical bodies existing independently of each other, and at the same time my essence will be in them, however paradoxical that may sound.

It is difficult to imagine what opportunities and qualities a person can acquire if they follow the right path. At the same time, the world around us becomes truly multifaceted and stunningly beautiful, magnificent, wonderful, delightful — there are simply not enough synonyms to convey the full splendour and multidimensionality of what we are accustomed to calling the Universe! But what modern humanity understands by the concept of the Universe differs from the real Universe, the one that actually exists, just as the sky differs from the earth!

As usual, I have once again indulged in a "little" philosophising, but the only thing that comforts me in such cases is that my philosophising will help someone understand certain issues. I sincerely hope that this is the case. And now I will return to the events of my life in the "real" worldhttp://.....

38. Second tour of Arkhangelsk

In September, life was going on at its usual pace. Normal for me, but not for most people. We are all so organised that even the most incredible events, if they happen regularly, become ordinary for us. That is why " news" in life becomes something that changes this "usual" balance of things. At the beginning of September, I received a call from Kirill Kasatkin, the same young diplomat I had met after my speech at the press conference of the Folk Medicine Foundation at the Historical Museum on 29 March 1989, and who had organised a press conference for me at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The two of us kept in touch sporadically, as not only was I not often in Moscow, but he was also almost constantly travelling abroad on business. And so, Kirill, after returning

During his latest business trip, this time to the United States, he called me and told me that while in San Francisco, he had visited an American millionaire, Harry Orbelian, who had emigrated from the USSR during World War II, and told him about me. Now the Orbelians are in Moscow for the treatment of Harry Orbelyan's wife, Vera Ivanovna, who has been diagnosed with the so-called Bekhterev's disease. This disease is considered incurable, and all attempts to get rid of it in the West have failed. And now they have come to Russia in the hope that they will find help here. Treatment in clinics in the United States and Western Europe has not brought even slight relief, and this woman is now forced to walk with the aid of a cane.

When we met, there were only a few days left before our departure for the United States. Vera Ivanovna had never encountered a method like mine before, so she was very curious to see what I would do with her. It turned out that she was very sensitive and tolerated the stress of my work very well. During my work, she saw her own vessels and nerves and was very surprised by this. But she was even more surprised when, after the concert that same evening, she completely forgot about her cane, without which she had been unable to cope for a long time. She was so shocked that she stayed in Moscow for another ten days until her husband returned home as planned. During those ten days, I worked with her every day. We travelled to the apartment of her son, Konstantin Orbelian, who at that time was already a well-known conductor and pianist and who rented an apartment in the famous Naberezhnaya building. During those ten days, not only did I work with Vera Ivanovna, but all of us, including her youngest son Konstantin, talked about various aspects of life, especially paranormal phenomena. And almost every day, Vera Ivanovna told me and Svetlana that we absolutely had to come to America, to San Francisco. And that her eldest son, George, would be overjoyed to meet us.

Ten days passed and Vera Ivanovna flew to the United States and began calling me from there to continue her treatment. She began repeating that we absolutely had to come to San Francisco, that all her friends, after learning what had happened to her in Moscow, wanted to undergo my course of treatment, since almost all of them had their own ailments that they wanted to get rid of. Vera Ivanovna had arrived in the United States from Nazi Germany, where she had been kidnapped by the Germans, who had stopped the tram she was travelling on and taken all the young boys and girls from it to send them to Germany to work as slaves. She tried to escape from her slave owner and ended up... in a concentration camp. In 1941, she graduated from the Kharkov Medical Institute, got married and... instead of a hospital room, ended up in a concentration camp. She was Russian, like millions of other boys and girls who were taken to Germany. After the end of the war, she went to a camp for displaced persons in the western sector of the occupation and... was afraid to return to her homeland and end up in a Soviet concentration camp, from which she would hardly come out alive. She returned to the USSR only at the end of the 1980s, during the so-called perestroika. And so it happened that she knew Kirill Kasatkin, who suggested that she meet with me about her medically incurable illness. As I already wrote, in 1990 I was in Germany for almost three months, and I was invited to go back to that country. But the situation was such that two people invited us to come to San Francisco. Vera Ivanovna was the second person from that city who invited me and Svetlana to this glorious city and... after thinking about it for a while, we decided that we should go to the United States, since I was in Germany, and both Svetlana and I wanted to see distant America.

In any case, we promised Vera Ivanovna that we would definitely come to America. One of the strong arguments in favour of America was the fact that Vera Ivanovna said that many potential patients were already waiting for me in San Francisco, shocked by what had happened to her. I assumed that she belonged to the circle of wealthy people, and I would have no problem finding patients who could pay for my work. This way of thinking, although it seemed logically correct, in fact had nothing to do with reality, and not even because there were no wealthy people in Vera Ivanovna's social circle, but

everything fell into place. In September 1991, Svetlana and I were still in Moscow, and I was preparing for my second trip to Arkhangelsk. At the end of September, Svetlana went home for a few days to visit her parents and son. I periodically called Dmitry Raskazov about the preparation of my course for doctors, which we had agreed on during my first visit. Nadezhda Yakovlevna Anshukova, at that time chief physician of the Arkhangelsk Medical and Preventive Sanatorium, was actively involved in organising my course. As it happened, I had to give two lectures every day, but more about that a little later.

So, just a few days before we got to Arkhangelsk, Dmitry Raskazov called me to sort out the schedule, and while we were chatting, he asked if I could do something about the acid pollution in the Arkhangelsk region. It had gotten to the point where the water in the region's rivers and lakes had become acidic. Acid rain had become the norm in the region, fish in rivers and lakes were floating upside down, and in the Dvina delta, acidic water had destroyed the flora and fauna of the White Sea. In short, a real ecological disaster had occurred. The reasons for this state of affairs were the industrial enterprises in the region, which dumped their waste without caring about the consequences of their actions. Over time, the ecological situation in the Arkhangelsk region became critical. It was this situation that Dmitry Raskazov outlined to me and asked, "Can I do anything about it?" I promised that I would try to do something about it. In principle, you can solve any problem if you find the right key to it. I have managed to solve many serious problems very successfully, and I have written about this before. I saw no reason why I couldn't solve this one too. Without putting the question in a long box, I started to solve this problem, and Svetlana helped me with it. By analogy with solving the ozone layer problem, I decided to separate the acids in all the waters of the Arkhangelsk region - in rivers, lakes, swamps, groundwater, in other words, everywhere where there was acid poisonous water. The thing is that, working together with my wife Svetlana on the problem of water acidity in the Arkhangelsk region, I took five minutes and all the rivers, lakes, swamps and groundwater in the entire region, which covers an area of 589,200 square kilometres, were purified.

The acid rain that constantly fell on these lands also stopped, and during all this time not a single fish or plant died, either on land or in the water! And ultimately, the area of this region is larger than the area of the whole of France together with the island of Corsica (543,965 square kilometres), and France is the largest country in Europe in terms of area! And what is most interesting i s t h a t the timber industry in the Arkhangelsk region has not stopped poisoning the water with its waste, but nevertheless, sixteen years after my work in October 1991, the water in the Arkhangelsk region is still the cleanest and best in Russia! And this is another fact that, for some reason, was not reported in either the Soviet or Russian press! But the ecological disaster in the Arkhangelsk region was no secret; many newspapers wrote about it, and it was reported on regional radio and television. And then one day everything disappeared, everything became just wonderful, and no measures were taken by the state, and no state measures can solve this problem; from a "scientific" point of view, it is IMPOSSIBLE. But there was no reaction to what had happened, even though many people knew who had done what. Everyone preferred to keep quiet about what had happened, as if nothing incredible had happened. The media "simply" stopped talking about the acidity of the water and that was it... everyone forgot about it, as if the problem had never existed.

It seems that specialists were ordered to remain silent, while others did not notice anything. They had already been "fed" with other information, and in such quantities that people quickly forgot about acid rain and dead fish in rivers and lakes. This method of manipulating public consciousness has been tried and tested for a long time and has also been used for a long time. It is true that some information leaked to the press, but no one even connected it with my work. And first of all, because the phenomena that people observed were very

unusual. It seems that the large geographical width of the Arkhangelsk region was the reason why, at the time when I was working on the problem of water purification in the Arkhangelsk region, the holographic projection of my hands was projected into the sky. This is what eyewitnesses saw:

"...Many villagers observed an even more unusual picture after the one described above. Something like a warning message from the sky. From what? This is worth considering. And so, at around 6:15 p.m. (2 October 1991), those who decided to observe the sky saw and told me the following: in the place where the first cloud with a circular "spot" had disappeared, a second, enormous spot suddenly appeared, covering half the sky, bright green in colour. From the second "cloud," a "hand" began to take shape, very similar to a human hand in outline, up to the elbow. A hand with a finger pointing upwards has been a warning sign since time immemorial. And so, the "hand" was raised upwards, the index finger was straight, and the other four fingers were pressed together. After remaining in this position for about five minutes, the "hand" began to slowly descend from the shoulder. And it descended for no more and no less than half an hour. When it was completely lowered, the index finger was pointing towards the Navolok quay, which was not far away. Suddenly, a red glow appeared at the tip of the index finger, which began to rise up through the invisible "vessels" of the "hand". When the glow rose to the elbow, the contours of the "arm" at that point began to change, it lengthened (as if separating from the rest of the object), after which the image began to gradually fade and disappeared completely"[10]

Many children who attended my first performances in Arkhangelsk pointed to the sky and said they had seen their uncle in the sky! Unfortunately, no one filmed this phenomenon in Arkhangelsk at the time. Something similar was filmed much later, in 2002 in the United States, when I was working on neutralising the superstorm "Lily." The photo was published in several magazines under the name "The Hands of God," but then it was declared a fake and the author was harassed. But that would happen many years later, and then there were many discussions, several publications in Arkhangelsk, and after a while it was forgotten. It is interesting that eyewitnesses observed the projection of my work in the sky with a significant delay.

The day after this job, Svetlana and I had to catch a train to Arkhangelsk. We were supposed to go with our friend, but... due to the incredible traffic jam on the Garden Ring at that time, we were late for the train. When we ran to the right platform, we saw the "tail" of the train we were supposed to take. This upset us, but it didn't stop us. Thanks to an acquaintance, we got two plane tickets and f l e w to Arkhangelsk instead of taking the train. We notified Dmitry Raskazov of the change in our arrival and he met us at the airport in Arkhangelsk. After settling into the hotel, we explored the sights of Arkhangelsk. While I had some idea of what to expect from this city during my first visit, it was Svetlana's first time there, even though she had toured almost the entire Soviet Union with her concerts. However, fate had never brought her to Arkhangelsk before.

The next day, I began my work schedule. In the afternoon, I met with medical staff from hospitals and clinics in Arkhangelsk, as well as students and teachers from the medical institute. I gave them a lecture and demonstration. The essence of the lecture was to analyse the current state of medicine, its pros and cons (the latter, in my opinion, were much more numerous). I usually began by saying that at the beginning of the 20th century, doctors announced that once they had sufficient quantities of high-quality medicines and accurate diagnostic equipment, all diseases would be defeated and... all this came to pass, but the number of diseases and sick people did not decrease, but rather

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[10] "Sovetskaya Onega" for 12 October 1991.

much more. I also pointed out the wrong approach to treating people, when the main focus is not on the root causes, but on the symptoms of the disease, on the misunderstanding of the mechanisms of action of the human immune system, etc. And although I think that many doctors inside were boiling with indignation at my words, everything passed without any violent outcry from the people in white coats. After all, this was said to them not even as a medical professional by education; at that time, I had no scientific titles, monographs or books to my name. Of course, among these people there were also progressive, thinking people who realised that the medical issues I raised were not a malicious conspiracy by an ignorant person; there was also my influence on the audience, which is always present, but there was another aspect that knocked almost all my opponents off their feet.

During my speech, I not only analysed the situation, but also proposed a way out of it. I did not propose a hypothetical solution, but a very specific one, which I demonstrated immediately. To confirm my words, I will give you an interesting example. The doctors came to meet me with very different moods and motives. One radiologist came to meet me with the desire to expose a charlatan, as she told her colleagues. After my lecture, I was going to move on to the evidence-based part of my presentation. I was going to check all those present for the dynamics of their genetics necessary for the transformation of the brain and essence. I usually asked everyone present to clasp their hands together and then, using waking hypnosis, I influenced the muscles of their hands and the brain centre that controls the body's muscle tone. In short, as a result of my actions, the arms of sufficiently sensitive people would lock deliberately, and the person would be unable to unlock their arms on their own. At the same time, the person is fully conscious, fully adequate, but... cannot unlock their own hands. In this way, I quickly identified people with the necessary genetic dynamics, and in a very clear and reliable way. I asked everyone who was "captured" in this way to come out to me, and after I freed their hands from "captivity," I began the transformation of the brain and essence, as a result of which people could see the internal organs of others and their own, and much, much more.

So, I perform my usual test at this clinic, identify the people with the most dynamic genetics, and begin brain transformation. After transforming the brain of a woman and she saw her internal organs for the first time, or rather, if my memory serves me correctly, the blood vessels of her own hand, and then her muscles and nerves, her eyes expressed an extraordinary degree of surprise. I paid no attention to this doctor's strong surprise and continued my demonstration. I immediately suggested that we test the "quality" of the newly acquired abilities I had just created. To this end, I turned to one of the colleagues of the newly born clairvoyant and asked for her consent to participate in testing the new abilities of her colleague, the doctor. Everyone present at this meeting watched with great amazement what was happening to this woman during the brain transformation. I did not pay much attention to this and continued with the lecture-demonstration. I asked the volunteer colleague if the colleague on whom I had just performed the brain transformation was aware of her health problems. After receiving a negative answer, I suggested that the new clairvoyant could identify her colleague's health problems, starting from childhood.

After suggesting how to use my new abilities and coordinate my actions, I offered to describe all the problems that would be discovered. And here the most interesting part began: the female doctor began to list the pathologies she saw. She quickly and accurately identified all health problems, indicating the age at which they appeared, how they progressed, what consequences they had and in what form they left. Everything was absolutely accurate and the "mistress" of these problems fully confirmed everything she said. I suggested that we try to do a blood test without taking the blood to a laboratory for analysis. My suggestion somewhat puzzled the new clairvoyant, but I quickly helped her to orientate herself in this case as well. I suggested that she simply assign

her brain to display the blood test results holographically, in the form of a familiar table. And... literally in a few seconds, this woman began to give information "off the cuff". This number of red blood cells, this number of white blood cells, platelets. The composition of the white blood cells - so many neutrophils, lymphocytes, eosinophils, basophils and monocytes...

When the doctor read the accurate information, which seemed to appear out of nowhere, almost everyone present was simply shocked, but the most shocked was the new clairvoyant herself. Soon the reason for such a reaction to what was happening became clear. It turned out that this doctor was the radiologist who had come to meet me with the desire to expose the "charlatan" who claimed to transform a person's brain so that they could see internal organs.

It so happened that this doctor, who was a militant sceptic, had the ideal basis for transformation, and it was she, a convinced sceptic and opponent, who showed all her colleagues that everything I say is true and real! The twists and turns of people's destinies are quite curious sometimes, aren't they! Then this woman came to my speeches and lectures. Such were the conditions for contact with the medical teams in Arkhangelsk. I had to fly to Severodvinsk to give a similar lecture-demonstration there. For the first few evenings in Arkhangelsk, I still gave presentations, which usually started at 7 p.m. and ended no earlier than 11 p.m., and then I met with people for at least an hour, answered their questions and tried to help them. This time, the auditorium of the Officers' House in Arkhangelsk was filled to capacity. People sat on extra chairs in the corridors and stood in the hallways. It seems that my first tour made a strong impression on the residents of this city, and from the very first day, people were waiting to see what new things I would show them. I will not tire of repeating what I have already described, but will only mention some interesting cases.

Among the interesting things related to the treatment, I would like to mention one interesting case. One day during my performances, after a mass session, I was invited to talk to a girl who was overwhelmed. When I approached her, it turned out that the girl had tuberculosis of the spine, had undergone several operations, after which she could only move with the help of crutches. One of her legs did not move at all, while the other still had some mobility. Her crutches were next to her, and I decided that since she had such good sensitivity, why not restore her full mobility? I did a direct session with her right there and managed to completely restore her spine, so after five minutes of my work, this girl stood up on her own two feet and went on stage without crutches, where I adjusted her spine a little more and she began to walk around the stage completely normally. At that moment, I didn't think about the fact that I could cause a real sensation at St. John's, I didn't even think about using the fact that the girl came to my performance with crutches and left with those crutches under her arm. Perhaps, from the point of view of my own publicity, it would have been right to draw the attention of the entire audience to the unnecessary crutches, but... As they say, it's not in my nature to draw people's attention to what I do, I was just focused on the task of bringing the girl's spine and legs to optimal condition, because such an ability to withstand stress is quite rare, and that's a pity! If the human body could withstand such a level of stress as that of the girl, it would be possible to practically recreate a human being in a matter of minutes, solving almost every health problem! But, unfortunately, the vast majority of people are not able to withstand such stress, and therefore, in the treatment of certain diseases, it is necessary to move forward in microscopic "steps" instead of taking just one big "step". But it is curious that the media does not say a word about this; it seems that such things "happen" almost every day and no one is interested! But let's leave it to the conscience of the journalists from Arkhangelskhttp://....

During one of my speeches, I received a note with very interesting content, so interesting that I invited those who had written it to come to me after the speech. The question was as follows. During my first performances in Arkhangelsk, there were various containers of water on stage, ranging from one-litre glass jars to jerry cans. They remained on stage throughout my performance, and only after the performance had ended did people collect the "FILLED" containers. It so happened that one of the young women treated her friend to tea made from my water. After drinking the tea, her friend began to see other people's internal organs, and her brain began to "talk" to her, informing her of certain pathologies. She began by identifying all of her parents' illnesses, telling them that she could see their problems and that her brain was telling her what those problems were. Her parents became concerned about their daughter's mental health and immediately took her to the appropriate specialists, who, after hearing that her brain was "speaking" to her, immediately prescribed appropriate medication and after some time... her brain stopped "talking" and everyone breathed a sigh of relief!

This was a completely natural reaction on the part of both the parents and the doctors, but in this situation, only one thing surprised me: no one even paid attention to the fact that the "talking" brain was providing absolutely accurate information about the existing problems, and this, if you will, cannot be the result of a diseased brain! The comedy of this situation lies in the fact that the water standing on the stage throughout my performance also recorded my work on transforming the brains of the people I selected during the tests, and I also created a converter for the information received from the brain into an accessible and understandable verbal form for the convenience of the newly minted clairvoyants. And all this was imprinted on the water standing on the stage during my actions. Of course, the residual energy in the water was small, but for a person with a high degree of sensitivity, such as this young woman, it was sufficient. For her, even a trace of my brain transformation action was enough to transform her brain! But at the same time, she did not receive what I had already shown in words and examples to those who had gone through my transformation, the basics of how to properly use these new possibilities that I had created for people. This led to the misunderstanding with the "talking" brain. But that's not the end of this mishap! The people who wrote me the note were the parents of this young woman, who had attended my lectures with her daughter. The note ended by saying that the young woman's brain had started " talking" to her again during my performances, and her parents asked me what they should do in this situation. I suggested that they come to me after the performance, and when they approached me with their daughter, I told them to decide what they wanted to do — I could permanently shut down her brain so that it would no longer speak to her, or she could come to my courses and learn how to use all of this. After some consideration, she said she would like to attend my lecture course, and that was it, and she became my student.

In fact, there were other amusing cases. One woman kept coming on stage after my test, but her reaction to the test was minimal. The blockage in her muscle mobility disappeared very quickly after I stopped my action. So, she wasn't ready for brain reprogramming yet, but she really wanted it and showed up on stage every day. And then one day it hit her! As soon as I started any of my effects, she just stuck to the floor and couldn't get her feet off the floor no matter how hard she tried. But the funniest thing didn't happen on stage. My performances ended after 11 p.m., often close to midnight. After the performance, almost everyone went home, except for those who stayed to ask me personal questions or request treatment. And so, this woman was walking home when she suddenly lost the ability to move again. The inability to lift her feet off the ground lasted a few minutes, after which she regained control of her body. She was delighted and continued on her way home. But her joy was premature. After a while

This happened again and again... several times. Once, when she was again "pinned" to the ground, a suspicious man began to approach her, which frightened her greatly. She tried to move from her spot, but could not do anything. The suspicious man was getting closer and closer, and she began to feel terrified, but suddenly her legs became mobile again, and she ran home, which, fortunately, was very close by! It turned out that every time I started to influence someone in the Officers' Chamber, her legs would stick to the spot where she was standing at that moment. She later told me about this incident, which would have been quite amusing if it weren't for the fear this woman experienced on her way home. But all's well that ends well! And in this case, it did end well!

There were also several interesting moments during the performances themselves. I tried, as far as possible, not to repeat myself in my performances, trying to come up with something new and entertaining. Once, I decided to organise an elegant banquet for everyone who helped me on stage. I created an exquisite table with dishes that few people could afford at the time and that many people had never even tasted in their lives. I put red and black caviar, boiled crabs and cucumbers, and many other delicacies on the table. There were also exotic fruits on the table - pineapples, bananas, kiwis, etc. In short, for those times, the table turned out to be magnificent. After I set the table, I invited people to start eating, but my suggestion did not generate much enthusiasm. The reason for this soon became clear when I suggested again that they try the delicacy, and one person timidly asked how much they would have to pay for it. I saw that the abundance of rare and very expensive dishes made people feel uncomfortable. When I understood the reason for their restraint, I advised them not to think about it, as this delicacy was free. Upon hearing this, people began to come to the table and eat, timidly at first, but then more and more boldly. I asked the people how they liked the treat, and they all said that everything was delicious and very fresh and that they had never eaten anything like it before. It was the first time I had created something like this, so I was curious to see how people would feel when they ate the energy food I had created in an unusual way. Everyone ate with great pleasure, and you could even see how they devoured the food, chewing and swallowing it, feeling truly full and satisfied, as those who participated in this meal later told me. I did not even expect such a result.

Another day, I revealed hidden treasures to people – chests full of precious stones, mountains of gold coins and jewellery. It was very interesting to see how different people with different mentalities reacted to the fact that anyone could take as many treasures as they wanted. I remember how a little girl, I think the daughter of the head of the Officers' Club, ran up to me, holding several precious stones in her hands, and asked me if she could take them. But there were very few such questions; some people, after hearing that they were allowed to take as much as they could, only asked where they could get bags to put their "trophies" in. When they got the bags, they began to fill them with precious stones and gold, and then, straining themselves, they dragged their bags away until no one changed their mind and asked to return everything. Some of them were so full with their sacks that they could only drag them along the floor, straining all their muscles and covering themselves in sweat. Everything that was happening on stage was both funny and bitter. Seeing the mountains of gold and precious stones, many people took off their masks and showed their true faces. If anyone tried to take away the gold and precious stones that they already considered theirs, they would kill anyone who mentioned it. Unfortunately, this is also human nature, but fortunately, not all of them...

During one of my evening performances, I decided to transport the people on stage not to the past, but to the present. A Volga with a flat tyre appeared on stage, and I suggested that we change the flat tyre. Several people joined in the work of changing the flat tyre. Someone put in a jack and lifted the car so that the flat tyre could be removed, someone unscrewed the bolts with a wrench, someone put on a new wheel! At the same time, everyone

The participants in this "strategic" operation, which required considerable physical effort, were sweating, their muscles trembling with tension as they had to tighten the bolts more firmly. In short, the whole process was like changing any other flat tyre. Later, when the recording of this process was viewed by professionals, they were shocked by what they saw. All the movements of the people changing the flat tyre were absolutely precise. The position of the wheel bolts exactly matched that of the real car. The expert professionals on the television screen saw nothing but empty space, but the people on the stage not only saw the Volga in front of them, they also really felt the hardness and coolness of the bodywork, the warmth of the punctured tyre, and the "tightness" of the securely fastened bolts. For them, the car on stage was absolutely real and tangible to all their senses, just as in another case the participants could smell and taste the dishes on the table; just as they really felt the enormous weight of the bags full of gold, which they could only drag across the floor, because for them they were real!

I organised all the performances during my second visit on the same principle as during my first visit, when I decided to combine an informative lecture, health sessions and the so-called "circus" into one whole! Such a combination of seemingly inseparable things proved to be very successful. Almost every performance ended around midnight, and then people with their illnesses were still waiting for me. Many people came to Svetlana for help, especially women with breast cancer. Svetlana did not have enough experience in treating such diseases, but her good heart could not help but respond to the request for help. Emotions in this business are unacceptable! Emotions can be before or after treatment. If you allow emotions during work, expect trouble, which is exactly what happened. After Svetlana worked with one of the women with breast cancer, one day a rather large tumour appeared in the same place where the woman had been. Svetlana, of course, was not happy with such news, but she did not experience any of the panic that one would expect in such a case. And not because she was sure she would remove the cancerous tumour, but because she has always had the character of a fighter, even though she is a woman in the full sense of the word! After all, until the tumour disappears, one cannot feel at ease. I immediately started working on eradicating this tumour, as tumours obtained in this way grow like mushrooms after rain. When this happened, I advised Svetlana not to do any more procedures. People were not very happy when Svetlana announced that she was ending her treatment sessions with everyone. Sometimes one is amazed at people when they are only interested in getting what they want, even if it harms someone else. Of course, the desire to be healthy and the desire to save oneself from a death sentence are understandable. But when a person is not interested in the fact that the person they are helping may die, just to save themselves from death, to deceive the old woman with her hair, even if it means framing someone else - such a position has never been understandable to me. For those interested, Svetlana held these personal meetings after my presentation not for the money, but because she wanted to help those doomed to death by ruthless cancer.

Anyway, I managed to rid Svetlana of the "gift" she had acquired in this way, although the weakening of this area remained for a long time and our "friends" then liked to strike this affected area, wanting to revive the cancerous tumour and thus destroy it physically, but they failed to do so!

The days passed very quickly, and then... the last performance in Arkhangelsk, and my daily routine began. It so happened that there were two groups of people who wanted to attend my lecture course - a group of doctors and a general group. So I had to conduct two courses a day - from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m. classes were held with doctors in the assembly hall of the medical-preventive sanatorium, which was headed by Nadezhda Yakovlevna Anshukova. With the second, general group, I held classes from 6 to 10 p.m. on the same day, and so on... throughout the ten days of my seminars. There were about eighty people in the medical group and more than two hundred in the general group, but I never found out the exact number of attendees.

I learned, and Dmitry Raskazov never showed me the complete lists of my listeners. There is probably no point in mentioning the reason, but... I will not get ahead of myself. The most interesting thing about my medical group was... that there were almost no doctors in it whom I had chosen during the demonstration lectures. In practice, all the chief physicians sabotaged my lecture courses by sending those they considered their supporters to attend, so that these people could then expose me to the rest of the staff. Such sabotage did not scare me, but it was a little worrying that those sent did not have a sufficiently mobile genetic basis, especially when I had identified such people and could have achieved much more with them. But the chief physicians were not at all interested in what the person they had sent to my lectures might or might not gain. They did not care that a better-trained person would be able to use new opportunities as a doctor to help many people, and to provide real help, not illusory help, as modern medicine did and continues to do. They were only interested in one thing: exposing me, everything I had said and done.

Of course, it was much easier for me to work with a medical audience; I didn't have to explain to them what the liver or heart is, where they are located and what functions they perform, as well as all the other organs and systems of the human body. I simply gave them an understanding of what living matter is, everything that no one had ever explained to them in medical school. Among my listeners were doctors and medical science candidates who also listened with great surprise and interest to what I was telling them about the functions of the organs and systems of the human body. I was happy to see how, with each passing day, the eyes of these people, most of whom had a negative attitude on the first day, became more and more alive! How they were genuinely interested in what I was telling them, in the information about human beings, which turned out to be completely unexpected and very interesting to them. All the pomposity and false aplomb fell away from them, and they became living people again, with living eyes, just as they had been in their distant childhood! With each passing day, these people became more and more alive, opening up with their souls. Every day I worked with all of them to change their foundations, and I gave my understanding of what living matter is in general and what man is in particular. I explained my understanding of the nature of problems in the human body, how and where to look for the root causes of diseases, and many, many other things. And literally with each passing day, these people gained more and more sparks of understanding.

About a week after the start of the training, a curious incident occurred. One of the students (who, as it turned out later, was the head of a department in one of the hospitals) came to the next lecture and... burst into tears. The reason for her tears was that she had managed, using my method, to remove a blood clot from her patient's vein within a few minutes. This shocked her so much that she couldn't talk about it without crying. She said that after working in medicine for almost thirty years, this was the FIRST time she had REALLY managed to help someone! And that's not all! Convinced by her own experience that my system is real medicine, she admitted that the chief physician at her hospital had sent her to my lectures to take my course and then speak to the entire staff to expose me. I think that not only she, but many others came to my lectures with a similar task. But there was a positive side to this. After only ten days of three-hour classes a day, almost all of the students not only fundamentally changed their opinion of what I was teaching them, but also learned to apply, even at the most basic level, the new qualities and abilities that I had managed to teach them and create in them. Of course, if the people I had selected during the demonstration lectures had come to my lectures, I would have been able to teach them much more, but what I managed to do with those who were sent had an even greater impact on the doctors.

Later, as I learned, many of those who had attended my lectures were threatened with dismissal and blacklisting if they did not "expose" me to all their other colleagues. Some of them were forced to do so, but I do not feel any ill will towards them, as I understand the situation they were in. However, I regret that in this way they

"extinguished" the living sparks of their souls that I had managed to ignite in them. But even the very fact of such intense pressure on these people shows that the medical staff were very afraid! Imagine what could have been achieved with these people if the classes had continued for a month, two months, a year or more!

From six in the evening until ten, I taught at a general education school with over two hundred students. I taught practically the same classes as I did to the medical students, except that I had to devote more time to medical concepts and ideas that were unfamiliar to most of the students. A large part of the audience at my evening lectures were people who had passed my exam and helped me on stage. Among them was Tatiana Divnich, who came to all my performances and dreamed of achieving a brain transformation for herself. On the last evening of my performances, I managed to bring the process of her qualitative transformation to a level where brain transformation became possible. At that time, it was difficult for me to imagine what this would lead to in the future, what kind of monster this ambitious woman would turn into. Immediately before Svetlana and I left for Moscow, I met with a group of my listeners, among whom was this "lady". From the nonsense this woman was saying, it immediately became clear to me that the dark forces had quickly taken over her, influencing her desire for self-promotion and glory.

I then explained to her in a very delicate way that the dark forces – the parasites – very often mislead inexperienced people by deliberately giving them distorted or outright false information, and that one must be very careful and always check the source of any information. That no one from the Light gives any information and that one must realise and understand what is happening based on one's own experience, and that in her case she had become another victim of the parasites. And this woman, who had received these opportunities from me and only a few days after they became available to her, told me that I was being deceived by parasites and that she was in contact with "higher" light forces, and everything became clear to me immediately - I had a real clinic in front of me! But I could not have expected that this "clinic" would start operating actively after my departure, hiding behind my name. And I could not have expected that so many people, including some of my listeners, would fall under the influence of this woman with an unstable psyche and excessive ambitions in a vacuum. But that is a topic for a special conversation, and I will return to it later.

Every day of our stay in Arkhangelsk was filled with excitement from early morning until late at night. Between the morning and evening classes, there were only a few hours left to eat and rest a little before the evening classes. Often during this break, I had meetings with people to whom I tried to convey my understanding of the world. At the request of Raskazov Sr., I held a meeting-performance for the employees of the regional television centre, and four one-hour programmes entitled "Meetings for You" were also recorded, featuring some of the scientists and doctors who attended my lectures. In short, the workload was "bursting at the seams"! And even though everything together was very busy, I was happy and excited about what was happening. Taking into account my previous experience, I explained to all the interns what they were allowed to do and what they were not allowed to do using the brain structures I had created, and most importantly, why! After the explanation, I warned that if these new qualities I had created were not used as intended, everything would disappear and the person who broke these rules would end up with a "broken trough". During those ten days, I put everything I knew into the heads of the people who had come for knowledge, without hiding anything. The only thing I didn't mention in my lectures was the information about what I had done in space. I just didn't think it was right to talk about it, and here are the reasons why.

Firstly, everyone must be prepared for the information they receive. It's like going to a kindergarten and starting to teach children quantum physics. Of course, you can do that, but it won't lead to anything good. And not because children are stupid, but because children must first go to school, get

good education, go to university to study radio physics, and only then is it possible to teach them quantum physics. You cannot skip the intermediate stages and go straight to studying quantum physics. And this applies not only to quantum physics, but to everything else, especially what I wanted to convey to people. Secondly, I did not want people to have an inferiority complex after my stories. Thirdly, the purpose of my lectures and practical classes with people was to impart knowledge, to wake people up from their slumber, not to promote myself. At that time, I thought that if I imparted what I knew to people, "chewed it up" well, the listeners would only have to swallow it, that's all! ....

After all, no one had "chewed it over" for me; I had learned everything myself, and if I shared my understanding with others, it would be very easy for them to grasp everything. That was my thinking, and that was my mistake. Every person's brain perceives from the incoming information only that which is close to what has already been instilled in that brain. And if false ideas have been hammered into a person's brain, both at school and in higher education, that brain will "filter" only what is close (which does not mean identical) to what has already been instilled in it. Such a brain filters out everything else, whether someone likes it or not, including me! The foundation of knowledge that society lays in the human brain is of fundamental importance, because a person cannot do it alone, since the process of laying the foundation begins in early childhood and does not depend on the individual at all, but only on the knowledge that human society possesses. In this way, almost all of us are doomed to assimilate only what we are given, and we cannot influence it. And if we are deliberately given a false foundation, we are unable to understand it until we free ourselves from its power (the false foundation). If we are given correct ideas about the nature of things from childhood, a person develops very quickly and many, many people can reach the stage of the true human being. But this is only if we acquire the correct foundation, which unfortunately is not happening on our Earth Midgard at the moment.

Of course, all this is not accidental; social parasites do it deliberately to prevent people from waking up from the evolutionary sleep they have caused. In order to awaken, a person must have tremendous willpower and a tremendous desire to understand what is happening, without thinking about whether it is convenient for them or not, whether it will be profitable for them or not, etc. In modern conditions, a person must go against the entire system, against everyone and everything, in order to have the opportunity to feel the truth. But few people dare to do this; few people with higher education go against the authority of science, because anyone who dreams of becoming a scientist wants to defend a candidate's dissertation and then a doctoral dissertation. And this is impossible if you do not obey the requirements and ideas of orthodox science, which is as far from understanding nature as it was in the time of Aristotle and Socrates. And that is why almost everyone follows the line of "traditions," which are actually plausible falsifications, and conscious falsifications at that (for more details, see the article "Theory of the Universe and Objective Reality"). And that is why, if someone did ask questions at the beginning, they very quickly had such a desire to disappear if they dreamed of a scientific career, as they had thought. Moreover, if we do not have additional sensory organs beyond the usual ones, it is almost impossible to find the path to truth. That is why almost all people are victims of false ideas about the nature of things, but the funniest thing, if one can say so, is that the human brain does not understand and does not know that social parasites have "pumped" a false system of ideas into it, and it (the brain) tries to preserve the already created picture of ideas, without even realising that it does not correspond to the real state of things in Nature. But this cannot be explained to the brain, and it " kicks" as hard as it can, trying to preserve the false ideas within itself.

In any case, my expectation that I would only have to "digest" the new ideas about nature well and that would be all, did not come true! At best, people's minds

selected similar elements from the entire flow, and that was all! And even in this situation, similar does not mean identical. In this case, there was a contradiction between form and content, which inevitably led to a distorted understanding and reflection of the information received. This does not mean that a person who has received an orthodox education will not be able to assimilate new ideas about nature, but only that it will take a lot of effort, hard work and patience before the false ideas about nature imposed by social parasites are replaced with correct ones. To this we can only add that the more versatile a person's education is, the broader the spectrum of their interests, the easier it is for such a person to switch to new "tracks" of ideas about Nature. To this we can add a person's ability to think analytically and independently. And, as always, a person must have talent.

These were the "nuts and bolts" that I discovered when I was faced with the task of teaching my system to other people. But in October 1991, I gave my first lectures and hoped that a thorough explanation of the basics of the concepts and important nuances would be enough to give my students a correct understanding of the nature of things. In addition, I hoped that my listeners would carefully follow my instructions on how to scan and process the information they received, how to develop tactics and strategies for action, and how to calculate the necessary potential and qualities to be able to solve the task at hand (the task to be solved). Everyone listened to me attentively and let everything go in one ear and out the other, watching me do everything "simply". The apparent simplicity of my work consisted in the fact that I already had a lot of solid experience in understanding, backed up by practical results. But for some reason, almost no one thought about it.

Anyway, even with all the negative aspects that came to light later, I am glad that I helped people wake up. And even if they did not become enlightened immediately or did not become enlightened at all, they had the chance to do so, which people were deprived of without being asked. The training for my courses was paid for, anyone who wanted to attend had to pay a thousand roubles. According to the agreement with the Raskazovs, all finances went through their cooperative "Uchitel" for my performances and for the two courses of my lectures. Dmitry Raskazov promised me that he would come to Moscow with a financial statement and my income. At this point, we parted ways. Svetlana and I boarded the compartment car of the Arkhangelsk-Moscow train and travelled back to Moscow.

39. Problems in Moscow

When we returned to Moscow, we began to think about our immediate plans for the future. First, we decided to move to another flat, as the area where we had previously rented was high crime. Several times, the windscreen wipers were stolen from my car, the Mercedes emblem was broken, the small rear window was smashed, not to mention that someone tried to rob the flat by breaking down the very fragile door. However, sensing that something was wrong, I returned home faster than the thieves, who were working on a tip-off, had expected. Of course, the robbery was organised not by a street gang, but by a "gang", and a very solid one at that. Through her acquaintances, Svetlana was being sought by the same friend who had given her the poison and then disappeared so "unexpectedly". Svetlana had to get some of her documents and personal belongings from her and, of course, she really wanted to look this person in the eye. They agreed to meet near the main entrance of the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where I drove Svetlana in my car. Svetlana wanted to pick up her foreign passport and at the same time withdraw her salary in foreign currency from her account. Svetlana never met her " friend" and was unable to get her passport, as she was told that it had been destroyed in

the property. She was also unable to access the funds in her account, as they had already been withdrawn at Svetlana's request and allegedly on behalf of the same "friend," who would not have been able to accomplish this on her own without direct support after Svetlana had tied her fate to mine.

No one knew that I would take Svetlana to the meeting, except for her "friend" and those behind her. They probably expected me to stay and wait for Svetlana, and they were a little confused. I had known for a long time that the door to the flat was fragile, so on my way back I stopped at a shop to buy the necessary repair materials. After buying the necessary materials, I arrived at the flat and saw them at the very beginning of the robbery. When the thieves saw me coming back, they immediately left the flat, not having much time to take anything. They did not have time to take the television, video camera or anything else, or they did not come for that. Several video cassettes were missing, and the most unpleasant thing was that the cassette with the recordings I had made in Alytus, including the video with Svetlana's father, was also missing. It had to happen that the tape with the only and, as it turned out, last video with Svetlana's father was stolen! It was hardly a coincidence, considering that there were items in the apartment whose material value was hundreds, if not thousands, of times greater.

Anyway, no one expected me to return so soon, so I prevented what I thought was a burglary. The materials I had brought to repair the door came in handy. A friend of mine arrived with tools and the door was repaired properly. I don't think the break-in would have happened if the door had been repaired earlier. Those who organised the "robbery" would have been able to enter through a sturdy door. In principle, my instincts did not fail me, and the uninvited "guests" not only failed to take any valuables, but also failed to find what they had actually organised their "visit" for. But one thing is absolutely certain - the break-in was organised with the participation of Svetlana's " friend" and I doubt that it was organised by a street gang. In any case, even before our last trip to Arkhangelsk, we moved into a new flat, which was also located in one of the tall buildings, not far, if my memory serves me correctly, from the Profsoyuznaya metro station. The apartment was on the eleventh floor, which was the only thing that caused some inconvenience when the lift wasn't working. It was a one-room apartment, and we had to buy furniture to furnish it somehow. And this place became our last "base" in the USSR.

After returning from Arkhangelsk, life continued at its usual or almost usual pace. The shelves in the shops were completely empty, and there were queues for everything, including bread. Whereas previously queues were only for scarce goods, now they were for almost everything. Those who remember that time are familiar with all this, when even sugar was issued with coupons and rations. It is true that almost anything could be bought at the markets, but the prices there were steep, very steep! Many people could not afford them. At that time, the prices of imported goods in commission shops were rising every day. I have always been interested in electronics, and I remember how, in a few days, the price of a video recorder rose by a thousand roubles, even though the price was already unaffordable. And people's salaries remained the same, or in other words, miserable. A few days later, Dmitry Raskazov came to Moscow and brought me the money, or rather, he brought less than a third of the amount we had agreed on, which I pointed out to him. He tried to mumble some explanation for this, but I clearly put an end to all ***the "ifs"*** and he had no choice but to mumble some excuses about the fact that the money for the lectures for medical students had not yet been transferred, and the money for the speeches and the other course had only been partially received so far. I clarified the situation again and suggested that he should not take me for an idiot, which even made him feel uncomfortable. He muttered something about clarifying the situation and bringing me the rest of the money.

Needless to say, I never saw him again. Much later, after

When I brought up this topic in a conversation with Nadezhda Yakovlevna Anshukova, I became convinced that I was right in my conclusions about the "honesty" of the Raskazovs, both father and son. She told me that during the classes themselves, she had transferred the money for the medical group to the accounts of the Master cooperative. She informed me that the Raskazovs had recently purchased a channel on regional television and, considering that they had never had much money in their cooperative, it was entirely possible that they had used the money they had stolen from me, or that it had constituted a significant portion of the money paid for the purchase. In other words, the Raskazovs simply screwed me over, which was not so unusual in those days, and even now. I lost the money I had earned, that's all, but they lost their face, their honour. That may mean nothing to them, but it means a lot to me. Of course, it was shameful that these people did this, but I was still happy with what happened in Arkhangelsk. My speeches, and later my lecture courses, helped many people at least open their eyes, wake up from their social slumber. And it allowed some people to close their eyes again, thinking that it would be easier and more profitable for them to live that way. Sooner or later, they will realise that the position "my house is on the edge, I know nothing" is self-deception, and sooner or later reality will "catch up" with such a person or affect them, even though they have declared their position of non-interference.

Social parasites deliberately create the illusion that if a person withdraws from active action in the name of a just cause, no one will touch them. But this is the most primitive trick for creating conditions for people who are hesitant or indifferent to withdraw. The illusion of non-interference, so actively imposed by social parasites, is beneficial only to them and no one else. The long arms of the parasites will reach people with a neutral position, only a little later than people with an active position of resistance against the spread of parasitism. The policy of non-interference only postpones the end for a short period of time, and then the social parasites take over the neutral people as well. So no one can avoid the clash of interests with the parasites, even if they hide in some desert in the depths of Siberia, and that will only postpone the inevitable. And even if one goes to the desert, one gains nothing, because this inevitably leads to spiritual impoverishment, which again is favourable to social parasites. Only when those who are indifferent to what is happening realise that it is impossible to escape the fate prepared for everyone by the social parasites and finally wake up, only then will the social parasites be unable to carry out their dirty deeds to turn people into rational animals, into their slaves, trembling at every threat to their " precious" lives, obeying their animal instincts, the main one being to survive at any cost! ....

Until this happens, while people believe they will gain something by staying on the sidelines, social parasites are relatively untroubled. But after the destruction of the psi generators, after the entities awaiting incarnation were freed from the karma blocking their development in 1995, more and more people who are already living are awakening, and newborn children are receiving fundamentally new opportunities for development. It is only necessary for both groups to be able to obtain true information and attain enlightenment through knowledge. This process has already begun and cannot be stopped. Extraordinary children are called "indigo children" because of the special glow of their "auras," as explained by those who are able to see them. Although in fact the so-called " aura" is only a consequence, a manifestation of the peculiarities that indigo children possess.

Due to the fact that the entities awaiting incarnation in 1995 were freed from earthly karma and various blockages imposed by social parasites upon incarnation and with the beginning of development in physical bodies, even at a young age, they have active saturation of the fourth material bodies of entities and there is an opportunity for rapid development. Due to the fact that entities with different degrees of development incarnate, clairvoyants do not see a pronounced dark blue glow in all children. But this glow,

even in those children in whom it is most pronounced, does not mean that these children are representatives of a newly emerged race of humans. Freedom from karma and blockages ONLY provides the opportunity for rapid development and the possibility of reaching the level of a creator, but it is not something that has already been achieved. Regardless of the fact that these children demonstrate many talents and abilities, this is only the starting point of development, and without the right ideas and the right education, these children can grow up to be moral degenerates with ambitions of being " gods" in a vacuum.

Social parasites realise that such children pose a real threat to their future, and therefore they (the social parasites) try by all means to impose on these children the belief that they are representatives of a race that is "superior" to all others. The dark forces similarly try to drive a wedge between these children and everyone else. And in childhood, when the indigo child goes through the stages of animal and intelligent animal, it is quite easy to achieve evolutionary bias in these children through such propaganda and other actions. This is exactly what social parasites are trying to achieve. They cannot do anything about the appearance of such children, but by controlling the mass media, they try to " brainwash" such children and, unfortunately, they are partly successful. The evolutionary distortions introduced by the efforts of social parasites lead to some indigo children not reaching the levels of development they would have reached if they had been properly developed. Fortunately, most of the most talented and promising children end up in so-called mental schools, where their development is harmonious and they have the opportunity to attain enlightenment through knowledge and realise their full potential! All this is still in the future, albeit in the not-too-distant future.

In mid-1991, I had just finished my first lecture courses and was "flying high" with joy at seeing how eagerly and with what interest people were receiving what I had to offer them. There is no comparison to the feeling you get when you see the light in people's eyes, when life and meaning appear in their dull eyes. I saw that it was possible, I achieved it myself, and I know for sure that it is possible. Unfortunately, for most people it is still impossible to maintain this inner light, but in principle it is possible, and that is the most important thing. My mistake was to think that once I had managed to light this light in people's eyes, it would continue to burn without my help. But sadly, most people are still unable to keep this light burning on their own. Most people are unable to resist everything that social parasites have already created on Earth in Midgard. And so the sparks of light that I lit in people's eyes without constant nourishment on my part could not last long in such conditions, but nevertheless, most people still have a trace of it and are ready to fill their souls with light again. When I was conducting my classes, I did not know all this, I did not know that for most people it takes a long time to fundamentally change their consciousness and perceptions. For some people, it can take a lifetime, because it is always more difficult to replace one foundation of consciousness with another, and it does not matter that the existing foundation is false! For some, replacing one foundation with another can take several years, but in any case, it will always take a long time to happen.

I realised all this later, after observing my American students for more than twelve years. But I still managed to excite many people, and rumours spread throughout Russia. And although the rumour distorted many things, there was still a grain of truth in it, and everything I did in 1991 was not in vain, even though at the time I saw everything in a slightly different light. I thought that once a person woke up, they would not want to fall back into hibernation. Few found the strength of spirit and will to go against the general trend. And even though some had so-called valid reasons – children or sick parents, or fear of losing their jobs and getting a red card, which at that time (and even now) meant that a person was practically outside the law. And even though

I understand why people under such pressure resorted to betrayal, but still, somewhere deep down in my soul, I felt pain from it. In the end, I had to make decisions and practically go against everyone and everything... and I did it not for my own benefit (quite the opposite, in fact), but because I had no other choice, so that everyone else would at least have a chance to free themselves from the stupidity brought about by social parasites. After all, the slavery created by social parasites will not disappear on its own, and they themselves will never voluntarily give up their parasitism. But we cannot expect everyone else to act according to their conscience and not just for their own benefit. In fact, the slave philosophy imposed on Russians for the last thousand years, even at a subconscious level, encourages people to let others act, even if they lose, they will remain alive. Endure everything and you will live! But the same subconscious does not tell a person that they will live, but that they will live as a slave, and when the masters want to, they will take away the miserable life of the slave, whom they do not consider a human being. Is this life? For some people it may be life, but for me this state of affairs is death! The condition of a slave is like that of a living dead person who does not even realise that he is dead, because the soul in slavery dies. That is why I believe that more and more people will realise this, and if I have managed to make my small contribution to this, I will consider myself a happy person.

For now, I will return to Moscow at the end of October or beginning of November 1991. When we decided to go and see America, Konstantin Orbelian said he would take care of all the documents. I gave his secretary the money for the tickets, expecting that he had indeed arranged everything, but it turned out that this was far from the case. Kostya entrusted the tickets to his secretary and the visas to his cousin Vladimir Mironov. But first, Svetlana needed to be issued a foreign passport to replace the one destroyed by her "friends." And here there was a problem. The thing is, at that time I was registered in Kharkiv, because during my three years of residence in the capital, I was unable to exchange my apartment in that city for one in Moscow. Svetlana was registered in Lithuania, which had already separated from the USSR, but had not yet issued its own foreign passports and did not want to issue Soviet passports. We were not yet married for the same reasons. So we had to resolve these two issues in the near future. And good friends helped us with that.

High-ranking officials from OVIRA, after learning the details of our situation, refused to help us very quickly. But help came, again through friends, from an employee of the district branch of OVIRA, who showed humanity and, as they say, "got into" our situation and issued a passport to Svetlana. To avoid any misunderstanding, I want to say right away that he did not do it for money, but simply helped us out of human kindness, which was a rarity then and even more so now. He simply refused the money I offered him and even said something about there being some things that are more important than money, which pleasantly surprised me. Once we had foreign passports in our hands, we could start processing visas to enter the United States. And we, trusting Konstantin Orbelian, handed over our passports to Vladimir Mironov, who was then working at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. We could not even imagine what adventures we would have to go through as a result of our trust. But I will tell you about that later. For now, I will continue my story in the order in which the problems arose.

The only way to legalise our relationship was to sign a marriage certificate at the village council, where this could be arranged quite quickly. Once again, our friends came to our aid! One of our friends had good connections in the village council of Spasko-Lutovinovski in the Orlovska region, which was established on the site of the former estate of the writer Turgenev. And one fine day we drove there in my car, accompanied by Vladimir Sergeev and Nina, who organised it for me and Svetlana, as witnesses. We got there quite quickly and, after a bit of mud on the dirt roads, we found ourselves at the right village council. However, when you haven't visited a village for a long time, especially during

autumn and winter, you forget what it is. So, when we left the warm car, it turned out that we had to overcome a little mud. The positive thing was that the mud had frozen a little, so we set off to tackle the last "obstacle"! To do this, Svetlana had to lift the hem of her leather coat and wade through a small " sea" of half-frozen mud. We found it all very amusing and immediately started joking that no one had ever had a wedding ceremony like this before! We waited for a while until all the officials gathered in the village council and the ceremony began. The chairman of the village council said the necessary words, we signed the documents, including the witnesses, and ten minutes later we received our marriage certificate and stamps in our passports! That same evening, a small group of friends organised a wedding reception for us in one of Moscow's restaurants. Svetlana and I were grateful to all of them for the warmth they showed us.

40. Departure for the United States

At the very beginning of December, there was a final attempt in the USSR to arrange an accident for me. One day in early December, a friend of ours and I were travelling on business to the outskirts of Moscow, where he was staying with his uncle, whose wife had incurable breast cancer. We were driving through the centre of Moscow and I turned from the Garden Ring onto Mira Avenue. The road was icy and I was driving slowly. When my car entered the Krestovsky Bridge, I suddenly discovered that my brakes had failed! I pressed the brake pedal all the way down and... no response. As we descended the bridge, the car began to pick up speed. Fortunately, there were few cars and I managed to cross the bridge without hitting anyone. After driving a short distance beyond the bridge, I pulled over to the side of the road. I left Svetlana waiting in the car while my friend and I took a taxi to a car shop that sold special fluids and bought some brake fluid for my Mercedes. We poured the fluid into the brake system and continued on our way. The calculation was quite simple. My " friends" drained some of the brake fluid, so when I left home, the brakes worked fine, but over time there was not enough brake fluid left for the pump and the brakes on my car... ceased to exist. But even this trick did not achieve the desired result. No one (not even the car) was harmed. And until we left for the United States, there were no more attempts to destroy me physically, or I, most likely, through my influence on the situation, did not allow them.

But it is not essential why there were no further attempts to rid the world of my presence at that particular moment. However, we encountered sufficient other difficulties, and from a source I had not anticipated! After Svetlana's passport problem was solved, we met with Vladimir Mironov and gave him our passports for visa processing. As I already wrote, he was Konstantin Orbelian's cousin and worked in the Foreign Ministry. Everything was well organised, but that was only at first glance. The first surprise we got was when Konstantin Orbelian's secretary handed us the purchased tickets. It turned out that the tickets were bought to Montreal, Canada! When I asked in surprise why we needed tickets to Montreal, she muttered something about the complexity of the tickets. Of course, the tickets were in the right direction, but... Montreal is Montreal, and San Francisco is San Francisco, and there are several thousand miles between them, which is quite a long way even by Russian standards. I was a little upset by this fact and said that before buying such tickets, she should have consulted with me, since I myself, without any "help", could have bought tickets from Moscow to San Francisco, and what should we do with these tickets now? Kostya decided to correct his mistake and promised that he would resolve the issue with the tickets from Montreal to San Francisco himself. That was the end of it, without realising that more surprises awaited us...

Meanwhile, at the request of a group of Muscovites who knew me, I gave a lecture on

a small group of enthusiasts. The venue for my classes in Moscow was a kindergarten that Nina had arranged... and for ten evenings I held my classes with the group at the kindergarten. Of course, it was a small group of people, just over a dozen, but I decided it would be good if there were at least a few people in Moscow who had taken my course. Everything went very well, from my point of view, and once again I was convinced that for the vast majority of people, my information and everything I do is like a revelation, and people simply glow from within from the awakening of knowledge. I will not describe how my classes in Moscow went for one simple reason: my classes in Moscow were essentially no different from my classes in Arkhangelsk, and I have already described the latter in detail earlier. Otherwise, everything continued at its usual pace for me.

According to the tickets we had purchased, we were supposed to depart from Moscow at 9 a.m. on 30 December. In mid-December, we still did not have American visas. This began to worry us, and we asked Vladimir Mironov about the status of things, who again began to reassure us about the visas. I had the opportunity to quickly obtain American visas through other channels, but Vladimir Mironov refused to return our passports, explaining that they were at the embassy. But when even a few days later the "vehicle" remained there, I began to worry somewhat. It was a mistake to trust this man, but it was too late to reconsider. Finally, on Monday, 23 December, exactly one week before our departure, he called and suggested that we go to the building opposite the American embassy at 4 p.m., where he would be waiting for us. I began to think that my suspicions about this man were unfounded, and I even felt uncomfortable because I had thought badly of him. I thought that my assessment of the situation had been wrong, that I had become overly suspicious and had begun to view everyone as an enemy. But my doubts lasted only a short time. When Svetlana and I arrived at the appointed place, Mironov got into the car and suggested that we go to the Russian OVIR, as it was necessary to obtain exit visas there first! And then I realised that Mironov was indeed sabotaging the visas, and my intuition had not failed me. Anyway, we arrived at the Russian OVIR, or rather the OVIR of the RSFSR, and met with its head. After listening to us, he called one of his employees and instructed him to deal with our issue, saying that we should come back tomorrow at 3 p.m., having paid the fee at the Savings Bank, according to the forms they gave us there. We thanked the man and went home.

The man who was assigned to deal with us, after learning that we had a car, asked me to drive him to the Dzerzhinsky building. Of course, I agreed to do so, especially since it was on our way. We talked for a while in the car, and I told the man how long it had taken us to resolve the issue with Svetlana's passport. After listening to my story, the man said that we should have contacted them and the problem would have been solved! After dropping him off at the right place, we headed home. Later, Vladimir Mironov came to visit us, which was a little surprise for us. I thought he had come with some information, but it turned out that this was not the case. He asked me in great detail what I had been told to do next. Meanwhile, I told him that it was a pity we hadn't known this man before, when we were trying to get a passport for Svetlana. It turned out that the passport could be done very quickly and without any hassle. Obviously, my story infuriated him, and he told us, almost foaming at the mouth, in emotional rapture and with many caustic remarks: "No, no, no:

- You will never leave the Soviet Union! Well, maybe you," he turned to me, "will perform a miracle." He said it with obvious malice in his voice and clearly did not believe that such a thing was possible at all!

That was the last time I spoke to this man. Mironov left our house in a very excited state, planning what else he could do to make his words come true. But he obviously hadn't taken into account that miracles do happen, and this is especially true for anything related to me. Although Vladimir Mironov really did

everything possible on his part to make my departure impossible. And here's how. When, on Tuesday, 24 December, after we had paid the exit visa fees, Svetlana and I arrived at the OVIR of the RSFSR at around three o'clock in the afternoon, as we had been told, the head of the OVIR invited me into his office and asked me:

- Why are you engaging in extramarital relations with my subordinate? You see, Mironov came to me at two o'clock in the afternoon and told me about it.

This man was obviously disgusted by people like Vladimir Mironov and told me specifically about his attempts against me. I explained to him that nothing of the sort had happened and could not happen, as Svetlana already had a foreign passport and that there had only been a hypothetical conversation about the possibility of her passport being issued quickly through your institution. After this brief conversation, the main purpose of which was this man's desire to show Mironov's true colours, he handed me the passports with exit visas and wished me a happy journey. So, on the evening of 24 December, contrary to Vladimir Mironov's efforts, we had passports with exit visas, but we still did not have American visas. I informed Konstantin Orbelian about the visa situation and we agreed that he would go with us to the American Embassy. On Thursday morning (Wednesday is a holiday at the American Embassy because of Catholic Christmas), we went with him to the embassy and filled out the forms, to which he added his invitation, which almost turned out to be a disservice. As it turned out later, the invitation from Konstantin Orbelian almost played a negative role for us. The thing is, he wrote about two hundred invitations to the United States within a year and ended up on the Americans' blacklist for issuing a large number of invitations. Anyway, we took the visa documents and were told to come to a certain window at 5 p.m. to get an answer. We went home and went to the American embassy at 5 p.m. We found where the visa windows were and I calmly, without suspecting anything, walked past a huge queue of people waiting for something. I reached the right window at exactly 5 p.m. and, after waiting for another person to move away from the window, I took his place and asked if my documents were ready.

They told me it wasn't ready yet and that I had to wait a little longer. I left the window and waited for my documents. While waiting for my documents, I had the opportunity to look around and only then realised that the entire long queue we had passed was also waiting at the same window I needed. I just assumed that they had told me to be at such and such a window at 5 p.m. and that was it! I didn't assume that everyone else had been told the same thing. I hadn't seen such a huge queue in a long time. Previously, such a queue could be seen at Lenin's mausoleum, when thousands of people, misled by Soviet propaganda, queued for hours to see the "great" Lenin. In 1972, when my mother and I visited Moscow and came to Red Square for the first time, we saw a huge queue of people wanting to visit the mausoleum, and we even wanted to stand at the end of the queue, but it was a very hot summer day and very soon the desire to stand in the queue evaporated and we continued our acquaintance with Moscow without the traditional visit to the mausoleum. Later, when I understood who Lenin was and what he represented, I never again felt the desire to visit his mausoleum.

And so, there was the same long queue for visas at the embassy window. I was sure that if I had been told to come to the window at exactly 5 p.m., then I had to come to the window by that time. I stood at the window for about fifteen minutes and again, when another person moved away from it, I asked for mine. This time the answer was already there, I paid for the visas for myself and Svetlana and took our passports with the visas. They gave us six-month visas, a B1 visa for me and a B2 visa for Svetlana, which meant business visas without the right to work. They gave us these visas because a conference on alternative medicine was to be held in San Francisco and I had been invited to participate in it. So we got our visas within 15-20 minutes without having to queue. No one in the queue was upset, no one asked me who I was or whose turn it was. When I told my friends about this, no one wanted to

believe it. As I was told, people would queue up from 5-6 a.m. and if they didn't manage to get to the windows that same day, they would sometimes spend the night at the American embassy to make sure they could get in the next day. Sometimes people spent several days waiting for their turn because the windows opened for issuing visas at 5 p.m. and, if I remember correctly, closed at 8 p.m. People waited for their turn and very often, when they came to the window, they were refused. I didn't know all this, I only knew that I had to go to the window at exactly 5 p.m. to get an answer. It was this attitude that made it possible that when I went straight to the window, no one said a word, and while I was waiting at the window, several people came up to the window and none of them even asked me who I was, why I was standing there, or who I was queuing for. I did it unintentionally, I never left the queue, it was all due to a misunderstanding. I did not deliberately influence people in this situation, it was simply my mood, caused by the information I had been given, that led me to unintentionally, on a subconscious level, influence the people standing in this huge queue.

Anyway, on the evening of 26 December, we had American visas in our passports and permission to leave the USSR. We thought that our visa adventures were over, but it turned out that this was not the case, and here's why. We had to get tickets from Montreal to San Francisco, which Konstantin Orbelian had ordered for us. At that time, the offices of Western airlines were located in the Hammer Centre, and since Wednesday, 25 December, was a holiday for all Western companies and institutions, and we did not receive our American visas until Thursday, we went to pick up the tickets on Friday, 27 December. We agreed to meet Konstantin at 11 a.m. at the entrance to this international centre. We met as agreed and went together to the office of the right airline. Konstantin picked up the tickets he had ordered for us, and almost at the exit, the agency representative caught up with us and informed us that it might be important for us to know that we would be arriving in Montreal at one airport and departing for the United States from another, and that we would only have one hour between arrival and departure! His warning was very important, but it was also, if I may say so, mocking... and here's why! To get from one Canadian airport to another, we needed a Canadian transit visa, which we did not have in our passports at 11:30 a.m. on Friday, 27 December! And because of the Christmas holidays, all Western embassies and consulates were only open until 12:00 noon! These are such "pies"!

The Canadian Embassy was located not far from the centre of Hamer, but when we arrived there early in the morning, no one was allowed into the embassy. We were only allowed in because Konstantin Orbelian, an American citizen, was with us. But the most important thing was to get inside, and we did. After a while, an embassy employee came out and asked us the reason for our visit. She spoke Russian very well, and I explained our situation and that we needed Canadian transit visas. She informed us that the ambassador (or consul) had already left. However, I knew that they always had visas on hand just in case, and I persuaded her to help us. The consular officer paused for a minute and then, telling us that she would try to do something, left the reception area. And after about ten to fifteen minutes, she came out with our passports, which had Canadian transit visas in them. She didn't even charge us a processing fee, as the cashier's office and everything else was already closed. We thanked her for her help and left the Canadian embassy. So, at one o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, 27 December, we had everything we needed for our trip to distant America. Svetlana and I just had to pack our bags and that was it! No matter who we told about our visa adventures, no one wanted to believe us! But we didn't care whether they believed us or not, we knew it was true, and we had witnesses who were with us, so, as they say, believe it or not, that's just how it was.

It so happened that the last week before our departure turned out to be very stressful and full of surprises. Surprises that were presented to us by people like Vladimir Mironov,

whose humble behaviour surprised us, and not only us. The actions of the head of the OVIRO of the RSFSR, who himself considered Mironov's behaviour to be despicable and hypocritical, were also a pleasant surprise. Otherwise, he would never have told us that Vladimir Mironov had come to him at two o'clock in the morning to do everything possible to prevent us from obtaining permission to leave. It was only because of Mironov's sabotage that our last week before leaving the USSR was so tense. We spent most of the last Saturday and Sunday before our departure at home. On Sunday, I drove my Mercedes for the last time and parked it in the garage that Nina kindly provided me with... and her husband. I paid the rent for several months in advance, and we were basically ready to fly into the unknown. At that time, America was another "planet" for us, and although we knew a lot about that country, we were sure that Soviet propaganda was deliberately distorting everything. At the time, I thought we would stay there for a few months and then come back. I couldn't even imagine, and would never have believed, if someone had told me that I would live in the United States for almost fifteen years. Our closest friends visited us on Sunday and wished us a safe journey, and early in the morning, around 5 :30 a.m., we set off for Sheremetyevo-2. Vladimir Sergeev drove us to the airport in his Zhiguli, and our friends who had come to say goodbye followed in another car. In December 1991, there were few cars on the roads, and we reached our destination without any problems.

During passport control, we were asked if we were carrying any currency. We answered in the affirmative and said that we had a thousand dollars each, and we were very surprised that the border guards asked us to hand over one thousand six hundred dollars for safekeeping, as only two hundred dollars per person were allowed, and when it was published in the newspaper that the President of the RSFSR, B. N. Yeltsin had "allowed" people to leave with a thousand dollars per person, they said that this was not an order for them! So, after leaving most of my currency at the border, Svetlana and I passed through border and customs control and reached the so-called neutral territory of Sheremetyevo-2 airport. When passing through customs control, they asked me to open my suitcase, and after finding nothing of interest to themselves, they allowed me to put everything back. I had to quickly put my things back in my suitcase, which was not as neat and tidy as everything had been packed at home. But that was the last unpleasant moment before our departure.

While we were waiting for the boarding announcement for our flight, we curiously looked at the shop windows, which tempted us with duty-free purchases. I was particularly interested in the windows displaying photo and video equipment. Our flight was not delayed, and after a short wait, they announced boarding. Our documents and tickets were checked one last time, and then we were "loaded" onto the bus that took us to the aircraft ramp. We settled into our seats as comfortably as possible (especially me) and after about ten to fifteen minutes, our plane was pulled onto the runway. The plane began to accelerate, gave one last push as it left the runway, and we flew into the unknown.

Nikolay Levashov
22 November 2007

Other books by the author

Last Appeal to Humanity

In his first book, the author offers readers a new system of knowledge and ideas about the laws of nature, which are necessary not only to prevent us from destroying our planet, but also for the understanding of every thinking person, everyone who wants to understand and realise what is happening to them and to the people around them at home or at work. This book is for those who seek to penetrate the secrets of nature, to understand and realise the miracle of the origin of life, to understand what the soul is and what happens to a person at the moment of death and after it. Concepts such as soul, essence, reincarnation, from representations of a mystical "miracle" become real concepts, conditioned by the laws of the evolution of living matter. For the first time in this book, almost all phenomena of living and non-living nature are explained, and the unity of the laws of the macrocosm and microcosm is shown. The author has succeeded in creating a unified field theory, bringing together ideas about nature into a single whole.

Essence and Cause. Volume 1

In this book, the author continues to use his theory of the heterogeneity of space to tear away the veil of mystery from the next "paradoxes" of nature. This time, the focus of the cognitive lens is on living nature and man himself. The author formulates the necessary and sufficient conditions for the emergence of life on planets. The simplicity and beauty of the concepts allow the reader, for the first time in their life, to experience the enlightenment of knowledge when they feel that knowledge becomes an integral part of themselves. In the first volume of this book, the author reveals the nature and mechanisms of emotions. He shows the role of emotions in the evolution of life in general and of humans in particular. For the first time, an explanation is given of the feeling of love, and this explanation does not diminish the beauty of love; on the contrary, it allows a person to understand what is happening to them and to avoid unnecessary disappointments. In addition
The author sheds light on the nature of memory, revealing for the first time the mechanisms of formation of both short-term and long-term memory. On this basis, he reveals the mechanisms of the emergence of consciousness.

Essence and Cause. Volume 2

In the second volume of the book, the author clearly and categorically demonstrates the necessary and sufficient conditions for the emergence of consciousness at a certain level of vital development. Understanding the mechanisms of memory and consciousness formation at the level of the material bodies of the essence allows the author to explain the phenomenon of life after death that occurs in people in a state of clinical death. Thanks to this, these facts from the category of inexplicable phenomena move into the category of natural phenomena of living nature. The phenomenon of reincarnation - from the category of religious and mystical concepts, again moves into the category of real natural phenomena. Just as the concepts of karma and sin cease to be instruments for manipulating the consciousness of the masses in the hands of state and religious leaders and become manifestations of the same natural laws. Understanding all this makes man truly free and the creator of his own destiny. Neither God, nor the king, nor the hero, but man himself determines his actions and bears full responsibility (not only moral) for them.

A heterogeneous universe

The laws of nature are formed at the level of the macrocosm and microcosm. Man, as a living being, exists in the so-called intermediate world - between the macrocosm and microcosm. And in this intermediate world, man encounters only

the manifestations of the laws of Nature, but not directly with them. As a result, there is a problem with creating a complete picture of the Universe. One of the main reasons for this is that the sensory organs that humans use to explore Nature do not give them this opportunity due to the fact that Nature created human sensory organs not so that humans could explore it, but as a mechanism for adaptation and adjustment to the ecological niche that humans occupy ... The book contains 99 high-quality illustrations by the author.

Russia in Curves

Volume 1. From Star Russians to Desecrated Russians

The author began working on this book in 2003, although the idea for writing it had been conceived more than a year earlier. His childhood fascination and interest in the past, both of his homeland and of the entire planet, did not fade with time, but became one of his vocations. Analytical thinking, unusual opportunities and many books read ultimately led the author to the idea of writing a book about the true history of Russia, rather than the "version" imposed on the Slavic Russians by " well-wishers" with the coming to power of the Romanov dynasty, whose founders agreed to betray their people and the great past of their ancestors in exchange for the throne. In his book, the author shows "**history**" in a fundamentally new light, like no one else before him. He supports his conclusions with real historical documents and maps, which the reader will be among the first to see. Step by step, the author reconstructs the true past of our planet and Russia, which for many thousands of years played a key role in the development of Earth's civilisation, which was originally a colony created on planet Earth by a large union of humanoid civilisations. Of course, it was not called Russia then, but it is not about the name, but about the essence of what lies behind it. And behind Russia lies the amazing past of the people who inhabit it, without which there would be not only many cultures, nations and peoples, but also modern civilisation.

Svetlana de Rogane-Levashova

Revelation

Volume 1. Childhood

Svetlana means "bearer of light." It is very rare to find coincidences where a person's destiny, deeds, and name coincide almost completely, as is the case with Svetlana de Rogane-Levashova. Her entire life, from early childhood, has been imbued with a desire for Light, Knowledge and spiritual development. To say that her destiny is unusual is to say nothing. From the earliest years of her life, she had to adapt to the fact that she was not like everyone else, that she could do many things that were incomprehensible and inaccessible to the people around her. Svetlana had to study and master her own abilities, learn to control them and use them correctly. She learned early on the bitterness of misunderstanding and mistrust, envy and cruelty, loneliness and hatred. The wonderful abilities she possessed as a child were misunderstood and unrecognised by the people around her; she had to survive and live in this world - a very dangerous and treacherous one, especially for a lonely little girl.

Books the author is working on

Mirror of My Soul

Volume 2. It's nice to live in the land of the Americans...

This book will tell about the American period of the author's life, which lasted almost fifteen years - from 1992 to the end of 2006. This time was filled with a huge number of different encounters, events, achievements, struggles, retreats and victories. Many of them influenced the lives of the author and his wife Svetlana, some of them had planetary significance, and others affected our universe. Life in America turned out to be quite different from what was shown on television or written in beautiful magazines. Life is never as it is presented in advertisements. And this is not because some people consider themselves stupid and others smart, some greedy and others generous. There are smart and stupid people everywhere. The point here is that a huge myth has been created on Earth, consisting of many other myths, such as the myth of freedom, the myth of democracy, the myth of God and the devil, equality and brotherhood, the myth that science knows something for sure, the myth of relationships between people, and many others. And we, humans, are forced to think and live according to these myths, rather than according to the real picture of the universe and the laws of nature. This is very evident in America, which at first causes the characters in the book to be completely baffled and even somewhat confused. Later, after they understand where the wind is blowing from, they begin their long-term clash with the System. This is what this book is about.

Russia in Distorted Mirrors

Volume 2. Russia Crucified

In the second volume of the book, the author presents his view of Russia's past. In doing so, the author not only raises the issue of the deliberate distortion of past events, but also reveals for the first time the reasons for this distortion, showing who is behind it and why, and how all this became possible. The author suggests that we look at events from the distant and not-so-distant past from a completely different angle, or rather from several angles at once. The author examines a whole range of phenomena from the life of society as a whole and shows that almost every event from the past of any country, when viewed in this way, cannot be interpreted in two ways, as it is favourable to those in power. It receives a very definite explanation that does not depend on the desires or ambitions of the person explaining it, but only on the objective processes taking place in the human community. Thanks to this approach, he manages to "clear" the murky waters of the temporary "river" of the past of the civilisation of Middle Earth, especially with regard to the past of Russia, even though this Slavic-Aryan empire had many different names during its existence. The reader can learn how he managed to do this in this book...

Essence and Cause. Volume 3

In this volume, the author continues to reveal the secrets of nature to the reader step by step. He focuses on the nature of human psychic phenomena. In addition, the author provides a whole layer of innovative insights into the phenomena of the human psyche and societies that no one else before him has touched upon. He introduces new concepts such as human geopsychology and evolutionary geopsychology of societies. These concepts allow us to look at the development of earthly civilisation and historical events from the past, present and even the future in a completely different way. This knowledge allows us, instead of the "chaos" of events and the "arbitrariness" of individuals that historians like to talk about, to see the regularity of what is happening, determined by the real

natural laws operating in the human community. As a result, for the first time, it becomes possible to understand the reasons behind certain social events and phenomena and to see the puppeteers who have been in the shadows for so long; and if anyone had guessed at their presence, without understanding the natural laws, the efforts of these puppeteers would have turned them into either a madman or a fraud. The author then introduces the concept of human cosmopsychology and explains the influence of cosmic phenomena on the development of civilisation.

The laws of healing

Modern medicine is "lost" in a labyrinth of its own creation, and having lost "Ariadne's thread," it cannot find its way out. In the middle of the 20th century, doctors claimed that with accurate diagnostic equipment and the necessary medicines, they would lead humanity to a golden age of universal health. They have everything... But despite this, people are no less sick than before, they are even sicker. Children are born with already weakened immune systems; arriving at a hospital or clinic in relatively good health, a person is at great risk of leaving it with a number of diseases, often leading to fatal outcomes. And all this can happen just by breathing the air in these "temples of health". In this book, the author explains the reasons for this and gives an idea of the medicine of the future. The knowledge of this medicine is already in use and the real results confirm the correctness of the new path. In this book, the author explains how the living organism functions, how and why diseases and pathologies arise, the mechanisms for scanning the body, the methods for determining the root causes of diseases, the strategy and tactics for treating diseases and restoring the body to a healthy state, and even genetic correction of the body.

Nikolai Levashov

The Mirror of My Soul

Autobiographical Chronicle

Part 3. Life Goes On...

Moscow 2011

Chapter 1. The X-Files San Francisco-2

Spring 1994... how long ago it seems, as if it were in another life... But it is not from another life, it is still from this one...

The events of past moments leave
invisible traces in us. For some, they
bring revelation,
for others, everything is a
delusion! Who is right - time will
tell what my chronicle will
become. For me, however, the
events are a burden,
is merely my confession...
In it, truth is everything, in it, the cry of the
soul, the desire to share the truth.
And in this mirror of the soul,
my fate is fully reflected...

It just so happened that my life was different from the very beginning. I was always "different"... I always remained true to myself and never sought advantages for myself, but sought the truth... and often this brought me nothing but problems, but regardless of all that, I continued on my path. Even at school, they nicknamed me "dinosaur", jokingly of course, but as they say, "there's a grain of truth in every rumour"! With a subtle reference to on , that all dinosaurs died out and I am by chance dropped out of
the "evolutionary" process and survived. The reason was that I never used foul language, did not smoke, did not drink, did not try to be "like everyone else," but was "myself." Of course, not everyone liked it, but I never tried to please everyone, and it is entirely possible that this was one of the reasons that allowed me to achieve something. Incidentally, I still don't use foul language, drink or smoke, even though I worked i n a factory, studied at university, served as an officer in the army, etc.

And if in childhood my attitudes were based more on intuition and aversion to any kind of violence or coercion, over time I came to understand all this and my attitudes became convictions. One of the reasons for my intuition was that whenever someone next to me uttered a swear word, I perceived it as a blow, in the literal sense of the word, not to mention that those words humiliated the person who uttered them, and not only him, but also women. And I considered such behaviour unworthy of a man. As a child, I had my own concept of honour and what a man should be like. And even though it caused me further problems, I did not change my beliefs. I never thought about what would be easier for me, but what would be right. Provocations such as
"mama's boy" or "weakling" had no desired effect on me, and what is most interesting, practically no one ever said anything like that to me to force me

do something I didn't want to do. It is clear that even children and young people sensed who such things worked on and who they didn't.

But perhaps my own influence on others, which I was unaware of during my childhood and adolescence, was to blame. Nevertheless, there was a very strange phenomenon. Regardless of the fact that I was a "black sheep", other children were drawn to me, even though I didn't like parties as a child and spent a lot of time reading books and pursuing my other hobbies – drawing, modelling, "secret expeditions" to the nearest ravine, forest or Změjka Mountain. My mother did not approve of my "secret expeditions" because I often came back from them covered in dirt and she had to rewash clothes that had recently been washed. I often tried to cover up the traces of my "crime" by washing myself thoroughly in the nearest stream, which gurgled at the bottom of the ravine. The necessity of such washing was due to the fact that I did not know how to walk on water at the time (incidentally, I still don't know how to do it today), and while studying the nearest swamps, streams and lakes, my clothes often suffered from my ignorance of walking on water, and unpleasant traces of my "crime" appeared on them. At that time, I didn't even try to master this technology, but that didn't change the essence of the question... Once again, I let myself get a little carried away by my memories, this time from my childhood...

So... in the spring of 1994, Svetlana and I encountered a very strange situation. It happened that the world government seized another "flying saucer", popularly known as a UFO. And this UFO was not allowed to remain in their hands under any circumstances. They placed it in a secret base, where other UFOs were also located, along with the captured pilots of these spaceships, the bodies of the deceased, and a number of different laboratories not only for research into extraterrestrial technologies, but also for research into the extraterrestrials themselves with the aim of creating hybrids. There are many reports in the press that extraterrestrials are abducting people, examining them, conducting various experiments on them, crossbreeding them with themselves... These are the facts, of course, but... there is not a single report in the press about what Earthlings are doing with captured extraterrestrials! And Earthlings very often do things to extraterrestrials that are much crueller than what extraterrestrials do to humans, but that's a topic for another time...

A secret base with alien spacecraft... everyone immediately thinks of the famous Area 51, and everyone is... completely wrong! Yes, yes, everyone will be wrong, because Area 51 is a beautifully crafted "hoax"! This base has clearly created the necessary environment, which is actively supported by the press and also by Hollywood, where many films have been made in which Area 51 itself is the main (or not so main) heroine.

But one of those "other places", perhaps the most important one, is located where no one would ever look... near one of the most famous cities in the United States. And there is no number in the name of this place, and it is not a military base (officially), even though it is one of the most secret places in the United States. From the outside, there is nothing to indicate that this is a top-secret military facility; these are ordinary houses where real people live, unaware that a top-secret facility lies beneath and beside them. Are you all sufficiently intrigued? I won't test your patience any longer...

This top-secret base is hidden in a small town called Sausalito, located near San Francisco, not far to the north. Just drive out of San Francisco

over the Golden Gate Bridge and turn right immediately after it. Sausalito is best known for its cosy bay, which is home to a marina for the yachts of San Francisco's wealthy residents. The town is located at on the gentle slopes of low mountains on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, in Richardson Bay. This town has many restaurants, shops, places to relax and have fun, and is somewhat reminiscent of a small European town, which is quite unusual for American towns. It is always full of people, tourists, a constant flow of people and cars... Simply a beautiful place to hide a top-secret facility.

But the facility itself is hidden in the heart of the low mountains of the Pacific coast! It is of incredible size and has an underground and underwater harbour for submarines, which sail unnoticed into the bay and anchor in an underwater cave-bunker. But the employees of this top-secret facility arrive in town like everyone else, go to the shopping centre... at the right place, they enter the "right" door and after a while they show up at work, and after work they blend in with the crowd just as inconspicuously and go to their families... And no one suspects anything, because the place is very popular with San Francisco residents and tourists, who often come to the town just for dinner. Many restaurants are open late into the night, so the cars arriving and departing do not arouse the slightest suspicion. Isn't this the ideal cover and the ideal place to hide a top-secret facility?

There is another ideal cover for this top-secret base. During World War II, a coastal artillery military base protected the entrance to San Francisco Bay. Strong reinforced concrete bunkers and fortifications were built on both sides of the bay, providing full fire coverage of all maritime approaches to the bay. To this day, you can still see the impressive dimensions of the coastal artillery's firing position. Everyone and everything was hidden inside those low coastal mountains. Now all these structures are abandoned, but getting inside is as impossible as ever. All of this together serves as excellent cover for the ventilation system of the top-secret base, which is ingeniously connected to the ventilation system of the former coastal artillery base...

Brilliantly conceived, isn't it? No one has ever suspected, and still does not suspect, that one of the most secret US facilities is located exactly where I have described! Thousands and thousands of people walk around and inside this facility, meet its employees almost every day, and... no one has any idea! Well done, Americans! And now to the "contents" of this top-secret base, at least as they were in the spring of 1994. And they were as follows...

Shortly before the events mentioned above, a UFO was transported to this base by submarine. It was not a typical UFO, of which there have been quite a few captured in various countries, but a telepathically controlled UFO. The Americans tried with all their might to obtain the access code to control this ship. If they had succeeded, I don't think it's necessary to elaborate on the consequences. Most likely, nothing would have come of this idea, but... they began to act in a way that was unexpected to everyone, and these actions could have led to a planetary catastrophe. Some of them realised that access to the ship and all its systems could only be gained telepathically. Perhaps I myself inadvertently pushed them towards this idea when

I told my listeners in the USSR and America about my first experience of communicating with a fragment of a UFO in 1987. In any case, shortly before these events, two female psychics were brought to the base and attempted to establish telepathic contact with the ship. They did not succeed, and the ship was forced to destroy the aggressors, because in the absence of an adequate level of development and qualities, the ship telepathically transmits a command to immediately break off contact and move to a safe distance from the ship.

The women apparently managed to establish contact with the ship, but... apparently under pressure from their superiors, they did not terminate the contact attempt after the ship denied them access. Perhaps the women themselves would not have risked further attempts after the rejection, but... when the
"breathing down your neck," few dare to protest... As a result, they turned into corpses, because repeated attempts at telepathic contact after rejection are evaluated as an attack with all the consequences that follow... And the consequences of such an attack lead to the ship destroying the aggressor. When I encountered a similar phenomenon for the first time in 1987, all this information was "revealed" to me by a small piece of a UFO that came into the hands of Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov. And even this small fragment caused injuries to the aggressors, only the force of these injuries was proportional to the size of the fragment, and therefore did not manifest itself so dramatically.

People could feel dizzy or have nosebleeds, but no one understood the causes of these events, the manifestations of contact with extraterrestrial technologies. Only prolonged interaction with this fragment caused serious problems.

So, in the USA, the secret services got hold of not just a small fragment, but the entire ship, practically undamaged. That is why it caused more powerful strikes, as a result of which the two psychic women were destroyed after being warned. But before their death, they managed to communicate that the ship had telepathically prevented them from maintaining telepathic contact, with identical comments. When they died because of the stupidity of the secret services, the latter not only did not stop their efforts to penetrate the ship, but on the contrary – everything that happened only strengthened their "appetite". And that meant one thing – they would transport people again and again until someone was released by the ship's protection system. And if a person's spirit passes the test, but their knowledge is at the level of a Stone Age man, then once they get inside such a ship, this person can trigger processes with their thoughts that will lead to an annihilating explosion with all the ensuing consequences. And therefore, even the possibility of such a scenario could not be allowed.

All this was told to us by friends who themselves were "not from here". Some of them even created earthly bodies that had a certain independence from their creator and appeared not only as an extension of themselves, but also had their own knowledge, which, after completing their mission, merged with the knowledge of the original. So, they told us that this ship must be taken out of American hands as soon as possible and therefore must be teleported to its home base. I had never dealt with teleportation in the conditions of Midgard-Earth, and although I was well acquainted with its principle, I did not have time for "rehearsal". My "re-pe-pe-pe-tice" of the "Vesjolyje rebjata" type would have been ridiculous, and moreover, it was not clear what it would lead to. In the best case, nothing would have happened to me!

Perhaps there was a "tiny-tiny" chance that something would happen to me,

but... I didn't have time for experiments. Svetlana had spontaneously teleported herself several times over relatively long distances, but... she couldn't control the process. In short, it was a very interesting situation, if you can call it that. We had to find a "third party" who could ensure the successful execution of operation "Y" through their actions (which were essentially the most important). The
"third" was an Earth doppelganger . . . . . , whom he gave a very amusing name – Adam. Which shows that our friends there have a good sense of humour in the Earth sense. Due to her natural mobility, Svetlana was given the most interesting and dangerous part of the operation, and I was given the least interesting part – ensuring the protection and potential of Svetlana herself and, in the second phase, teleporting the spaceship to the mother base. Adam was responsible for the technical part of the operation – entering the teleportation coordinates and the corresponding "programmes" for these teleportations. Such was the division of functions and tasks among our trio.

One fine day, Operation Y entered its final phase. Using my energy flow, Adam teleported Svetlana to an underground bunker where the desired UFO was located. Svetlana materialised in the bunker right in front of the head of NASA's extraterrestrial department and the head of the CIA! Svetlana only had time to see the very surprised faces of those people with their mouths open and... she immediately reported it to us, and Adam immediately performed a reverse teleportation. She dissolved just as strangely as she had appeared, before the eyes of those still shocked by her strange appearance. Yes, I would have loved to see their faces at that moment! I think practically everyone would have reacted similarly. Imagine that the air in front of you begins to thicken... something like a fog forms, which thickens, becomes transparent, and lo and behold... in a moment, a translucent spirit appears before your eyes, which quickly materialises and transforms into a living, very beautiful woman with large eyes the colour of sea water! And that woman, seeing you, is as surprised as you are and immediately begins to "melt away", and in a few seconds there is nothing in front of you... Unless you have a hangover, not everyone can handle something like that. True, even with a hangover, people do not see unknown beauties, but demons, or rather astral creatures... Svetlana later told me about her feelings during teleportation, because during the spontaneous teleportations she had experienced before, she had memory lapses. She "switched off" and... "switched on" in a different place, remembering nothing of what happened during the teleportation. In this case, the teleportation took place while she was fully conscious, and Svetlana's enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Svetlana told me about her feelings. She said that bubbles appear in your body, like in a bottle of carbonated water when the cap is opened. And then, Svetlana said, you feel as if you are beginning to melt... melt, and suddenly you realise that you are in a different place. Teleportation is like a light breeze, like a ripple on the water when, in windless, warm weather, a breeze suddenly blows across the water's surface and... in a few seconds, everything is calm again, as if nothing had happened!

Teleportation is a ripple in the fabric of space, during which two secret doors suddenly open at different points in space, but to the space traveller it looks as if there is only one "door", because it all happens so quickly. And there is no energy vortex between the two doors that mercilessly tosses the space traveller from side to side, as sci-fi films like to show! Undoubtedly, an energy vortex is very beautiful, fascinating and tickles the nerves of viewers, but it is just

a director's invention and has no relation to actual teleportation, just as there is no rumbling! The most ridiculous thing about the situation was that they recognised Svetlana just as Svetlana recognised the CIA director. The unexpected witnesses to Svetlana's appearance out of nowhere in a secret bunker were stunned. They already knew a lot (or rather, they thought they knew a lot) about Svetlana and me, but something like this was completely unexpected for them, and they even nicknamed her *the flying woman.*

After the first unsuccessful attempt of Operation Y to liberate the UFO from the clutches of the insidious American secret services, a new attempt was soon made. Operation Y-2 took place with the same team and the same division of operational tasks as before. The difference in the second attempt was that before Adam began teleporting Svetlana to the underground bunker with the UFO, they first checked that there were no people in the bunker and surveillance cameras showed that "all was quiet in Baghdad," and only then did the teleportation begin. This time, everything went smoothly. Svetlana materialised in the bunker, and no one was there! Then the main act began. Svetlana became the guide for the entire operation, the eyes that monitored the process on site. The flows of primordial matter necessary for teleporting the aliens' spaceship to their home base passed through her. Adam provided the necessary coordinates for teleportation, and I provided the necessary potential for teleportation to take place. In short, we were a well-organised "trio", as a result of which the UFO disappeared from the underground bunker! It would have been amusing to see the faces of the employees of that top-secret base when they couldn't find the UFO in the place where it had been all along! And it would be even more interesting to see the report on where and how the top-secret spaceship disappeared, the technological secrets of which the US military and government leaders, obsessed with the idea of world domination, were so eager to unravel. One can only guess at their reaction, but for some reason, it seems to me that their reaction was not at all joyful....

Unfortunately, the top-secret base not only contained alien spacecraft that had been captured by fair means or foul, but also living and dead aliens themselves. The top-secret base also housed an equally top-secret laboratory where genetic experiments were carried out on aliens. In this laboratory, they not only crossbred humans with extraterrestrial beings, but also... implanted extraterrestrial implants in children with the aim of creating superhumans! To do this, they "simply" abducted children with special paranormal abilities, inserted various extraterrestrial implants into them, and then watched what would happen!

I think it goes without saying that the children did not enter this prison, from which there was no way back, of their own free will. They disappeared without a trace and forever from their families and loved ones. But after the insertion of these alien implants, many children died in terrible agony, while this suffering was calmly observed by tyrants in white coats, "scientists" who longed to become famous and rake in a lot of money from this child suffering, if, I repeat, if, as a result of these terrible experiments on children, they achieved the desired result – superpowers! These outcasts, for there is no other way to describe them, did not even imagine or understand that these children, given proper development, could acquire superpowers that seem fantastic and unattainable to extraterrestrials!

In this context, I am reminded of how foreigners were treated in the USSR. Any foreigner was welcomed in the Soviet Union as a heavenly being, with all the

consequences. They enjoyed greater rights in our country than the citizens themselves. Even the powerful grovelled before foreigners. The governments of all countries behave in the same way towards extraterrestrials. It is assumed that if they flew to us from another planet, this fact alone speaks for the fact that they are highly developed, have superpowers and so on... Of course, at this stage of development, the civilisation of Midgard-Earth, built according to the plan of social parasites, is, to put it mildly, at a very low level of development. Not to mention the fact that the current civilisation is based on the principles of crude materialism. But... the inhabitants of Midgard-earth, especially the representatives of the white race – the oldest of the races living on Midgard-earth today – have incredible potential, which, thanks to the activities of social parasites, is blocked in the vast majority of cases and lies in a deep lethargic sleep.

It is precisely in the unique conditions of Midgard-Earth that there is a real possibility not only to emerge from a state of lethargic sleep, but also to develop abilities to levels that representatives of extraterrestrial civilisations could not even dream of. I have always been surprised by the logic, or rather the lack thereof, in higher military and government circles. It is not high-ranking civilisational hierarchs who arrive in spaceships on Midgard-Earth, but ordinary pilots or researchers at the level of young scientists, and these beings do not and cannot a priori possess anything other than their professional knowledge at their level. It is the same as capturing the pilot of a military or civilian aircraft and demanding information from him on how to build an aircraft, including all the theoretical explanations of the principles of movement in space, etc. I think that a pilot cannot say much about all this, and even less so can the pilot of an extraterrestrial spacecraft talk about everything concerning the possibilities and capabilities of the leaders of his civilisation.

One could argue about this for a long time, but... every thinking person understands what is going on, and similarly, a thinking person will not beat information out of captured pilots that cannot be obtained from them on principle. A spaceship pilot only knows how to fly a spaceship and what to do in this or that situation that may arise during or after the flight, and that's all!

The funniest thing about all this is that not so long ago, after the fragments of Luna Fatta fell on Midgard-Earth, people came from distant planet-Earths to discover new and hidden abilities within themselves for further advancement on the evolutionary ladder! They arrived, including from Ingard-earth, which orbits around Dažd'bog-Sun in the constellation of Rasa (today's name of the star is beta Leo) – one of the main planet-earths from which the White race colonised our Midgard-earth. The Slavic-Aryan Vedas contain a legend about Ladaad, who was born on the planet Ingard and flew to our planet Midgard to continue his development and reach a higher level of evolution:

…….…… And

at the appointed time, Ladaad learned
about the eight paths that lie among the stars,
how time flows by on them...
Through dimensions, the path connected Ingard and
Midgard, worlds of golden suns in one arm.
To walk this path means to dwell

on MANY Earths near bright stars. Midgard called the soul with a dance of dreams,
for he gathered the wisdom of many stars, which is protected by the inhabitants of that world.
In that distant world, near the border Is
the Source of Life on holy ground
He nourishes the souls of those LIVING in Midgard.
...[1]

This excerpt clearly shows that the final stage of development is taking place on our Midgard Earth, after the wanderer has passed through all other stages on other planet-earths, and without completing the final stage on Midgard-earth, **it is NOT POSSIBLE** to move on (even for representatives of ancient, parental civilisations, highly developed civilisations) to a higher level of development – the level **of CREATION!**!! It is no coincidence that our planet-earth was chosen for colonisation, distant from the main planet-earths of the Union of Civilisations of the White Race, lying on the very edge of one of the four arms of our World (galaxy), in the immediate vicinity of the Border – a territory controlled by the Dark Forces (cosmic social parasites)! Moreover, as the galaxy rotates around its axis, it periodically enters this Hellish borderland, as described in the Slavic-Aryan Vedas about these places controlled by the Dark Forces!

It was only because of the uniqueness of Midgard-Earth that our planet Earth was colonised by a coalition of White Race civilisations 800–600 thousand years ago, and that for many hundreds of thousands of years, the combined forces of the Light Forces carefully guarded the secret of the construction of the Midgard-Earth colony from the spies of the Dark Forces. Our planet Earth has unique natural properties necessary for the development of intelligent beings to the level of creators! I do not know if there is another planet like Earth in our petal-universe, but I very much doubt that, even if such planets did exist, they have not already been destroyed by the Dark Forces:

..... The rate of movement of our world
along the Pure Svarog was initially
but its journey often crosses the Boundary...

And the gods constantly watch over Midgard,
protecting the Source of Life from those who were born in the Hellish world, in the bottomless depths.
Golden vajtmares protect Midgard from unknown forces arising from Darkness, lest they do unnecessary work.

The undead and non-humans and all manner of demons long to drink from the Source of Life,

[1] "Slavic-Aryan Vedas", Book Four "The Source of Life", First Message, pp. 15-16.

so that they may equal Svarog in POWER.
The highest law of the Universe commands
that all Sources of Life be protected so that
development in Svarog may be completed.

.....[2]

This is how the old man taught Ladaada in his native Ingard land, explaining to him the milestones of his personal ascent up the Golden Ladder of Development. These lines clearly show the importance and role of our Midgard land for the Forces of Light and the reasons for such a long struggle between the Forces of Light and Darkness on this tiny planet-earth on the edge of the galaxy. The Dark Forces have tried and are trying to gain the powers of a creator for themselves, and they do not understand the simple fact that this is **NEVER** possible for them! Furthermore, as proof of this, the old man teaches Ladaada that:

..... From
various Cherthogs of Svarog's Circle, the
Light Gods descended to Midgard
and each gave instruction to the people ...
For a righteous life in the Time of
Darkness, before the arm returns to the
Light again
and the Gods of Svarga return to their descendants.

.....[3]

At this point, the old man instructs Ladaada about the so-called Days and "Nights of Svarog". When the arm of our World (galaxy) reaches the border of the Hellish World during its rotation around its axis – the border territory controlled by the Dark Forces, social parasites – the "Night of Svarog" begins, which ends only when the arm leaves that border. Then the "Day of Svarog" begins. The length of the "Nights of Svarog" depends on the time it takes for the arm of our galaxy to pass through the areas of the Hellish World during the galaxy's rotation around its axis in order to leave the places controlled by the Dark Forces. Therefore, the length of the Days and Nights of Svarog varies and depends only on the dimensions of the areas controlled by the Dark and Light Forces, since the speed of our galaxy's rotation around its axis is constant.

And there is one more interesting point. The last excerpt clearly shows that the Light Gods from various Chambers of Svarog's Circle appeared on Midgard-earth only during the Days of Svarog. And that is completely understandable. The appearance of the Light Gods (Hierarchs) on Midgard-earth during the Night of Svarog would mean the beginning of a new Star War. After all, during the period of Svarog's Night, Midgard-earth is formally located in an area controlled by the Dark Forces, even though our World (galaxy) itself belongs to an area controlled by the Light Forces. Well, such paradoxes sometimes occur in the Universe. And what does it mean when a planet-earth orbits a star from the edge of the arm!

All this clearly shows that our Midgard-Earth really has a special position among the many inhabited planets-Earths in our Universe. Just the Universe, but maybe not just our Universe-leaflet, because the colonization of Midgard-Earth was participated in by light civilizations not only from our galaxy (World), but also from others

[2] "Slavic-Aryan Vedas", Book Four "The Source of Life", First Message, p. 16.
[3] "Slavic-Aryan Vedas", Book Four "Source of Life", First Message, p. 17.

galaxies. This alone speaks to the uniqueness of Midgard-Earth. It is precisely because of this uniqueness that our planet Earth, located on the edge of the galaxy, has been the arena of a continuous war between the Light and Dark Forces for more than a hundred thousand years, ever since the Dark Forces learned about Midgard-Earth and what was happening there.

But the Dark Forces did not manage to gain access to the Source of Life, which our stellar ancestors placed inside Midgard-Earth to block the development of superpowers without the necessary level of spiritual development. And only in places where the Source of Life emerged to the surface did they remove the blockages to abilities, but only to abilities that were already present in humans. The Source of Life did not give the newcomers what they did not have, but only removed the blocks from what they had by nature and which lay dormant until humans matured spiritually and morally. But more on that later...

.....

Gathering together their brothers-in-arms On a
small fire-lit platform
fate led them, from Ingard across the
World... Through the dimensions, they
flew along Svarz, learned about many
worlds and their fates, and soon arrived
at Midgard...

.....[4]

To achieve his secret goal, Ladaad gathered his companions and on a small fiery vajtmar (a small mother ship for travelling long distances. I would like to remind you that vajtmars are mother ships for travelling considerable distances across our galaxy and elsewhere. A large vajtmara carries 144 vajtmans, capable of travelling several distant distances (distant distance – 1.4 light years). So, a small fire vajtmara is a spaceship for long-distance flights, carrying several dozen vajtmans – relatively small spaceships for interplanetary transport. In any case, it is a serious spacecraft and undoubtedly well armed. As the text suggests, Ladaad and his companions visited many planet-earths with this spacecraft and soon arrived on Midgard-earth. This means that they travelled through space at speeds many times faster than the speed of light, which in itself speaks volumes.

But above all, it speaks to the following: even technology of such a level, where spaceships can travel through space at speeds many times greater than the speed of light, **DOES NOT provide** a high level of development to its creators. Why else would they fly to a distant planet with a low level of development in order to receive a qualitative impulse for advancement to the level of creation? It turns out that it is not technology, and it is not technology that wins battles between the Light and Dark Forces, but the individual levels of development of those who have reached the level **of CREATION!** Such are the
"cakes"! But it was not only civilisations of light that flew to Midgard-Earth with the aim of discovering new possibilities, not understanding that the Source of Life **GIVES NOTHING**, but only removes the blocks from what is already within man:

[4] "Slavic-Aryan Vedas", Book Four "The Source of Life", Message One, p. 17.

..... For
several days, the Guardians of Wisdom
argued heatedly about whether to allow
the guest to approach the Source.
What if his kindness is just a ruse to
get to the Source of Life
and commit inappropriate acts there...

After all, it was still fresh in their
minds how those who came from Hell
tried to drink from the sacred Life
Source.
They pretended to be protectors
who had come to Midgard from the Council
of the Three Worlds, which illuminated many
worlds with its wisdom.
.....[5]

The fact that the Source of Life **does not GIVE** anything to anyone, but only **REMOVES BLOCKS** from what is natural in man and from what he has achieved himself in his development, is directly referred to in the first Proclamation:

..... As soon as
the path led them to the place, Darislav
disappeared among the sacred trees, leaving
the guests at the secret spring.
Ladaad drank from the Source of Life,
and unknown powers opened up within
him,
GIVEN BY THE LIGHT GODS FROM THE BEGINNING...
.....[6]

"***...GIVEN FROM THE BEGINNING...***" – these words clearly state that the Source of Life gives nothing **NEW** to anyone, so the Dark Forces' hope of penetrating the Source of Life and gaining new superpowers is a complete mistake on their part! But... The Dark Forces, social parasites, measure everything by their own "yardstick" and think that if the Source of Life opens up superpowers to someone, why wouldn't the Source of Life open up the same superpowers to them? They do not understand at all that these superpowers are the result of development on the Light Path over many millions, and sometimes even billions, of years, fixed in the genetics of the carrier! And even if the Dark Forces managed to pull the carrier of such genetics over to their side, it does not mean that such a defector can fully realise this potential stored in their genes.

[5] "Slavic-Aryan Vedas", Book Four "The Source of Life", First Message, pp. 18-19.
[6] "Slavic-Aryan Vedas", Book Four "The Source of Life", First Message, p. 22.

In order to unlock these possibilities within themselves, people must undergo a certain path of development, evolve to this level, and only then is it possible to unlock their dormant superpowers. And only then, when the qualitative barrier between dormant abilities and what has been achieved becomes as thin as a sheet of paper! But if a person does not rise to the necessary level in a particular life, even with the presence of dormant superpowers in their genetics, **NOTHING WILL HAPPEN,** no qualitative barrier will disappear! But the disappearance of the qualitative barrier can only be achieved on **the LIGHT PATH!** And proof that this is indeed the case can once again be found in the text of the Slavic-Aryan Vedas:

..... As the Source of Life gives strength to people, gods and various plants, WHAT IT OPENS in every being, what gifts life bestows... In Gods, it reveals hidden powers, giving to people according to their minds...

.....[7]

As can be seen from this excerpt, the Source of Life **ONLY OPENS**, but does not reward with anything new! Everything is completely clear and understandable, but the Dark Ones are unable to think simply, and even less clearly! In order for hidden powers to open up in a person, it is necessary for these hidden powers to already be present in the person at the genetic level and for a being of the corresponding level of development to be incarnated into the genetics. Without a high level of being in the corresponding genetics, there can be no question of any opening of superpowers at the level of creation! And even if a highly developed being of the corresponding level incarnates into genetics with powerful potential, but is unable to pass through the stage of a rational animal, such a being will **NEVER** be able to unlock its potential and the potential of genetics, even if it comes under the influence of the Source of Life.

I encountered this completely by accident in 1991 during my performances in the city of Arkhangelsk. At one of my performances, after my mass session in the hall, a young woman appeared among those who were overly overwhelmed by my work. When I brought her back to consciousness and was ready to move on to the next person who needed my help, she fell back into a comatose state. I brought her back to normal again, but as soon as I took a few steps away, she suddenly collapsed again. It was only on the third attempt that I was forced to deal with her more thoroughly. Her being telepathically told me that she was very grateful to me for freeing her "from that stupid body"! Once I understood the cause of the young woman's condition, I returned her being to her own body and told her that she had to work with her body herself and get it to the appropriate level, and that this was her destiny or fate! Then I returned her being back to her body and did not give her the opportunity to slip out again. Only then did the young woman stop falling into a comatose state. And I hope that the being was able to develop in this physical body and fulfil its destiny.

[7] "Slavic-Aryan Vedas", Book Four "The Source of Life", Second Message, p. 27.

As can be seen from this example, even if a being of the appropriate level incarnates into genetics that carries superpowers, it does not mean that these abilities will open up! Superpowers, based in humans at the genetic level, can be unlocked when, and only when, a being of the appropriate level, incarnated into this genetics, is able to develop to such a stage that the qualitative barrier between genetics and the being completely disappears or thins out. So even if a person has superpowers at the genetic level, it does not mean that they are predestined to rule with these superpowers.

For this to happen, a person must go through a path of development, namely the Light Path of development, and evolutionarily develop their being to a level based on the level of genetics. The qualitative barrier between genetics and spirit arises after the being is incarnated into these genetics. The being creates a new physical body, starting from a single cell, and all evolutionary stages take place inside the womb until the being itself can coordinate with the developing biomass with human genetics (for more details, see "The Last Appeal to Humanity", Chapter 6).

And this alignment is possible even at the lowest level of the being, since the essences of extinct animals, symbiotically developing biomass, can develop biomass with human genetics **ONLY** to their level, not higher. That is why, after birth, a person begins their life journey from the animal phase, and after successfully passing through it, they continue their development in the rational animal phase, and if they manage to pass through this phase, they reach the level of a real human being, and if they pass this stage, they gain the opportunity to discover superpowers within themselves, if they are based on the level of genetics, and they gain the chance to advance in their development to the level **of CREATION!**

The dark ones, due to the limitations of their understanding and thinking, cannot in any way "enter", and even if they penetrate the Source of Life, they will receive "***...according to their minds...***" – and what the "minds" of the Dark Ones are like, in my opinion, needs no comment! What is certain is that they will gain nothing good, but the Source of Life will "transform" them into "frogs" – for their level of development is no higher than that of frogs, regardless of what they themselves think about it.

And the Dark Forces rushed to the Source of Life, of course, not to unlock their superpowers, which they simply do not have, but to neutralise its effects. To prevent the Source of Life from opening up what people have from Nature, but on the contrary, to firmly close these superpowers so that no one could open them and become an unattainable opponent for them as a result... Well, as they say, "they can want..."!

Besides, not every representative of the Forces of Light was admitted to the Source of Life, and not everyone who was admitted manifested themselves as a sleeping God whose hidden powers were awakening. It is necessary to be a sleeping God — a bearer of the qualities and attributes of creation — and to go through the necessary path of development for this to happen. As follows from the text of the First Message, of all those who came from Ingard-land, only Ladaad was admitted to the Source of Life. And even then, only after careful examination of his readiness and knowledge.

A very important conclusion follows from all this. Captured extraterrestrial beings are mostly **JUST** pilots, **JUST** researchers who travel to different planets-earths according to a given task and only for that reason! **They do NOT possess** superpowers and

period! Of course, they are pilots, for example, of spaceships, which do not exist on Midgard-Earth, and of course they know how to fly them, but they do not know how to build them. And one more thing I would like to point out again. Ladaad and his companions flew from Ingard Earth to Midgard Earth in a small fire vajtmana – a spaceship capable of traversing distances between galaxies (worlds) in a very short time. But, regardless of the technical superiority of this civilisation at the time of their arrival on Midgard, Ladaad came to Midgard precisely to advance to a higher level of development – the level of creation. So it is not about spaceships, how perfect they are or are not, and it is not about the pilots who control these ships... All this is good, of course, but... it is nothing compared to the abilities that a person develops when they develop correctly and reach the level of creation! It was precisely thanks to his abilities that God Tarch-Dažd'bog was able to destroy the fleet of military ships of the Dark Forces, ready to attack, together with Luna Lelia, thwarting the Dark Ones' plans to occupy Midgard-land! However, God Tarch acted with the power of his mind, and did not send military spaceships to Luna Lelia and did not drop fas-destroyers (atomic and nuclear bombs) on it.

The Dark Forces do not and cannot have such abilities! This is confirmed by the descriptions of those planet-lands in the Slavic-Aryan Vedas that were destroyed by them:

.....

4.(132). ***Now Troara is a wasteland without Life... The***
Multifaceted Circle torn apart,
The mountains are worn down to many needles...
And the ashes of the burnt areas lie seven fathoms deep...
Such a picture, pitiful and sad, I saw
in Arkolna, on the land of Rutta,
which once shone in Makosha the
Bright...

.....

6. (134). ***FAS-NICITEL evaporated the***
rivers, the sea, and the sky filled with black
clouds, impenetrable through the smoke,
A ray of light cannot pass through...
... and Life will not return to this World anymore...
..... ***This has***
happened to MANY LANDS,
which were visited by enemies from the Dark World...
.....[8]

From this text, it is clear that the Dark Forces in Star Wars use **ONLY TECHNICAL MEANS OF DESTRUCTION**! In the past, the Dark Ones destroyed planets-earth by dropping fascist destroyers – atomic and thermonuclear bombs!!! Then their persistence in relation to Midgard-earth becomes understandable. The Dark Forces discovered that on

[8] "Slavic-Aryan Vedas", Book of Wisdom of Perun, Circle 1, Santia 9, p. 68.

Midgard-Earth can be advanced to a fundamentally different level, and they decided to acquire these superpowers for themselves, thinking that if they occupy Midgard, they will gain access to these superpowers! With their twisted minds, the Dark Ones cannot understand one simple thing – wanting something and getting it are two different things. Their thinking was reflected in the way they emphasised and continue to emphasise that they belong to the "elite".

In the past, the elite on Midgard were people who had reached high levels of development. Extraordinarily beautiful structures formed around their heads, which many could see in the form of a glow. The dark ones created something similar in the shape of a crown from natural crystals, and placing it on their heads, they thought that this confirmed their belonging to the "elite". This is kindergarten-level logic. No matter how beautiful the crowns may be, they are still nothing more than goldsmith's decorations. Crowns are just poor imitations! Anyone can put a crown on their head if they obtain it in battle and kill or take it from its previous owner, but putting a crown on your head does not add anything to it.

The Dark Ones used such attributes to convince the subjugated nations of their right to be the "elite," and over time, this pseudo-elite succeeded. For a long time, people bowed down before the wearers of crowns. No one remembered that the true elite of the nation wore structures on their heads, not goldsmith's decorations. And most importantly, the true elite perceived their position as **a RESPONSIBILITY** for their nations, for their well-being and the prosperity of their countries, and not as a means of personal enrichment and unlimited tyranny over their people. And that is the fundamental difference between the true elite and the pseudo-elite. Social parasites, having destroyed the true elite, tried with all their might to resemble them, but realised that this was impossible due to the limitations of their very primitive minds. They tried to artificially imitate the external form, but did not understand the internal content. That is the first thing.

Secondly, they tried to deceive and mislead people in this way, using the well-known cuckoo effect. The dark ones have always been great masters of camouflage, and what is most sad about it is that people almost always fell for it! As a result, when the Dark Forces took control of Midgard-Earth during the last Night of Svarog, they created a parasitic social organism whose worldview imposed pseudo-ideas on people. And in accordance with these pseudo-ideas and understanding, people are convinced that all inhabitants of other planets are superior to earthlings in all knowledge, including their abilities. While earthlings are primitive, never good for anything! Imposed "spiritual" teachings turn people into slaves of the clergy, forcing them to believe that they are sinful by the very fact of their birth and that they must humbly accept their servile fate.

With such a mentality, it is no wonder that people believe every piece of nonsense. Indeed, after a thousand years of brainwashing and destruction of the carriers of alpha genetics (gifted people), after a thousand years of reign of social parasites, the civilisation of Midgard-Earth finds itself in a very primitive stage of development of machine civilisation, but... many nations have remained carriers of incredible abilities and talents, which are in a state of hibernation and can only be awakened with proper development. And for this, it is necessary to change the worldview! Without this, the incredible abilities that are in a state of hibernation will remain in that state... sleeping Gods will remain asleep! But even if they all wake up, it does not mean that they are all "sleeping Gods".

Only with a certain combination of certain genes is their carrier a "sleeping God". But in order for the genes of "sleeping Gods" to awaken, a being of the corresponding level must incarnate into such genetics. But in order for the incarnated being to awaken the "sleeping God", it is necessary for the being to reach a certain level of development, otherwise no awakening will occur! Everything is very simple and very complicated at the same time! But... it is precisely on Midgard-Earth that the conditions exist for the awakening of the "sleeping Gods"! It is precisely on Midgard-Earth that the carriers of the genetics of the "sleeping Gods" are found! But the overwhelming majority of those who have come and are coming to Midgard-Earth **DO NOT HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THIS!**

So the hopes of the US secret services (and not only them) that crossbreeding aliens with earthlings could result in superpowers are completely unfounded. In many people (mainly of the white race), these superpowers are already genetically determined and lie dormant. But even in those who possess such abilities, they will remain dormant until they reach a level of development at which these superpowers can be awakened. After the highest caste Antlanie (Atlantis) caused a planetary catastrophe in the past on Midgard-earth, resulting in the civilisation of Midgard-earth returning to the Stone Age, The Light Hierarchs (Gods), having saved Midgard-Earth from destruction, blocked the manifestation of superpowers in their carriers until the genetic carriers of these superpowers reached the cosmic level of development and fully completed the planetary cycle of development.

In a top-secret base near Sausalito, they tried to obtain superpowers from abducted children in the interests of the USA and "world peace" through extraterrestrial implants and the creation and cultivation of hybrids between the human race and extraterrestrials. Many children died from the implants, and most of the survivors experienced permanent pain and were aware of their mutilation. But the "good" uncles and aunts got new children to replace those who died in these barbaric experiments and paid no attention to the suffering of the surviving children.

If the surviving children did not exhibit any of the desired traits (which was the case in the vast majority of cases), they were simply disposed of like used material. But those who showed even the slightest sign of such traits were studied and sought to be used for "peaceful purposes". Many children were outwardly transformed after implantation and were forever condemned to become prisoners of this base. But the abilities of the surviving children did not open up because of the implants, but because of stress and shock, which partially opened up dormant abilities at the genetic level. The "great" experimenters had no idea what was happening or why. Unfortunately, similar things are happening not only in the USA, but also in many other countries around the world, including Russia.

After all beings on the planetary levels of Midgard-Earth were freed from karma in 1995, and those who wished to do so were returned to their native planets-Earths, and new beings-volunteers came in their place, significantly more indigo children began to be born on Midgard-Earth, as children gifted with paranormal abilities were not entirely successfully "baptised". And literally at once, such children became the target of a hunt by the secret services, the church and various religious sects. And they are all indifferent to these children, simply maiming them and turning them into blind weapons for their own, very often

far from noble goals.

The church especially cripples children, imposing on children with superpowers that through them the Lord God shows people his power, that they are only **VESSELS** for "God's manifestation"! That they themselves are just worthless slaves who must be happy that the Lord God has chosen them to demonstrate his power through them! And believers who see the demonstration of "miracles" through children are convinced of his existence.

The Church has always proceeded in this way. People gifted with paranormal abilities were lured into the bosom of the Church by clergymen, who attributed the miraculous deeds performed by them to the Most High, and in time assigned them to the ranks of the saints. And all those who did not want to wear a cowl were labelled witches and wizards and burned at the stake in front of crowds of people, announcing that the "purifying fire" would save the souls of the stray sheep of the Lord God from the clutches of the Devil himself!

All of this, ignorance and lack of knowledge, are tools of social parasites! After all, it was gangs of ignorant Christian fanatics, incited by "spiritual teachers", who destroyed "worthless" archives of books, manuscripts, parchments and papyri in the libraries of Alexandria (followers of the cult of Osiris, which in principle differs little from Christianity), Rome, Venice and other cities. Social parasites can only "reign" where ignorance and animal instincts prevail! It is unpleasant that all this is still happening in the 21st century! Pseudoscience has officially announced its incompetence. But the most interesting thing about all this is that people have not even realised it! That's how brainwashed people are! After all, when the "scientific world" officially announced that it knows **ONLY TEN PERCENT OF THE MATTER IN THE UNIVERSE,** no one even reacted! And that's a shame, because it would have been necessary to ask the "scientific world" about it!

It is precisely because of the ignorance of "science" that Midgard-Earth has been on the brink of extinction several times! It is precisely the "scientific methods" applied in agriculture that have led to many "cultivated" countries turning into "fertile" wastelands where nothing grows anymore! The waters of the oceans have been poisoned, etc., etc. If this is "scientific progress", then who needs such "progress"?! After all, there is a way for humans and nature to coexist harmoniously, where humans get what they need for life and nature is not destroyed! Only the servants of science do not want such a development of events, because they have no place in the new world and they do not want to lose their "positions", regardless of the fact that these "positions" lead to the destruction of the planet and themselves. But that is a topic for a separate discussion...

After all these events, the US secret services "led" Svetlana and me under code name *"Aliens in human bodies"*! And they gave Svetlana the nickname "flying woman". That's how such "pancakes" get around! The strangest thing about all this is how strongly social parasites managed to change people's knowledge and thinking during the last Night of Svarog! Instead of developing and exploring their gifts, as is necessary with any other gift or ability, people gifted by nature begin to see themselves and behave as if they were chosen ones and "gods". Consciously or unconsciously, those around them "help" them in this. As a result, due to the unconscious actions of their owners, the seeds of superpowers either remain forever in their embryonic stage or disappear, often along with their carriers. And they disappear not in the sense that they are "abducted" by aliens, but in the sense that the carriers of the prerequisites for superpowers die

themselves due to their misuse.

And what could they achieve if it weren't for this nonsense, brought into people's knowledge by social parasites! How many people could advance to the level of creation! Unfortunately, this will not happen. But without proper understanding a n d development of the gift, it is impossible; nothing exists in a finished form. And it takes tremendous, arduous work for the true gift to manifest itself from natural predispositions. And most importantly – understanding! For me, everything happened just like that. As I gained understanding and explored my abilities, I also came to understand what had been happening to me before I became aware of my "peculiarities".

When I was a student and just beginning to understand that what was happening to me was not happening to others, very strange things happened to me that I could not explain at the time. Here is one example of the peculiarities in my life. In order to make it to my 8 a.m. class at university, I got up at 6.30 every morning, just like everyone else who didn't want to be late for class. There was nothing unusual about that, but what was unusual was that when I woke up at 6:30 in the morning, I started to shiver so badly that my teeth were chattering, in the truest sense of the word. First, I quickly ran to the kitchen, turned the gas on full blast and held my hands over the burning flame. I felt the hot air flow restoring warmth to my body. Then I put the kettle on the gas stove, and when the water started to boil, I poured myself a litre mug of tea and drank it normally. Only then did my chills subside. I felt the warmth penetrating every cell of my body and calmness coming over me.

This happened to me in summer, winter, spring and autumn! And what is most interesting is that, regardless of the season, when I didn't have to get up in the morning and could afford to lie in a little and got up at 8.30-9 a.m., nothing like this happened. And if anyone thinks that I was born in the south and that's why I'm so "soft", I'm afraid I have to disappoint them. In winter, it's freezing cold in the south, more precisely in the North Caucasus, in the Caucasian Mineral Waters. Even though it rarely freezes to -25...30 degrees in Mineralnye Vody in winter, and most of late autumn and winter the temperature is around zero, -2 degrees Celsius, -3 degrees Celsius, or simply 0 degrees Celsius, there is almost 100% humidity and strong, gusty winds from the Caspian Sea. Therefore, no matter what you wore, the wind blew through everything, and when Siberians came to Mineralnye Vody in winter, they froze, while we, the locals, felt completely comfortable and did not even think about freezing.

When I started studying in Kharkiv, I was even surprised by how cold-blooded the people of Kharkiv are. At -18 degrees Celsius, they wrapped themselves in warm clothes from head to toe, and I was hot even in a warm coat and walked around in an autumn coat. This caused astonishment among my classmates. At first, they even thought that as a southerner, I didn't have any warmer clothes, but they soon realised that this wasn't the case, but that the spa weather had really toughened me up, so there was no need to dive into a hole in the ice. Speaking of holes i n the ice... I didn't dive into holes in the ice, but... it was not uncommon in winter for us boys, when snow fell and lakes and rivers froze over, to take advantage of the situation and go sledging, skiing or just playing. The thin ice regularly broke and my feet ended up in icy water. True, I didn't sink deeper than my knees under the ice, but when I climbed out of such a "bath", I took off my shoes and socks in the frost and wind, poured the water o u t o f my shoes, wrung out my socks, a n d then put everything back on a n d set off

home. Other times, I continued playing, not wanting to miss out on the snowy weather and sledging. Sometimes I caught a cold as a result of such experiments, but not every time... And now it's time to return from childhood memories to the phenomenon I mentioned...

For a long time, I didn't understand the cause of my chills when I got up early in the morning. It was only after I began to understand a little about what was going on, and not just with me, that I understood the cause of this phenomenon. During sleep, my spirit, like the spirits of all other people, leaves the physical body and travels to other levels. My spirit was still working while I slept, often travelling far and for long periods of time, consuming a lot of energy in the process. As a result, my physical body cooled down and its temperature dropped significantly.

Unfortunately, it did not occur to me at the time to measure my body temperature, but judging by information about people who have been in a state of clinical death, after their return to life, the temperature of their physical bodies was always below normal, at 30-34 degrees Celsius. Their bodies simply did not have time to cool down to a lower temperature, as they often come out of clinical death within the first 7-9 minutes. So people brought back to life shiver with chills, which so often shook me when I woke up before my spirit, returning to my physical body after my regular travels to other levels and worlds, had time to warm my physical body to normal temperature.

Every person has their own biological clock, and therefore, when we live according to a schedule designed for everyone, we can, to a greater or lesser extent, deviate from this schedule. "fall out". It just so happened that I went to school and university on the first shift *(in the USSR, children went to school in shifts – morning or afternoon, translator's note),* so I had to get up at 6.30 a.m. There's nothing terrible about that, I can get up at any time without any problems, at 5 a.m. or even 4 a.m. When I was a child, in the summer, my neighbour Jura and I would get up at 4-5 a.m. and walk quite a long way with our fishing rods to catch crucian carp. No one forced us, but the desire to go fishing won out over the desire to legitimately lie in bed during the summer holidays. But... that doesn't change the essence of the internal biological clock phenomenon itself. And if my spirit didn't wander far during sleep in my childhood, then... when I was studying at university, my spirit didn't
asked for permission, seeking adventure far from my physical body, which had time to cool down quite a bit.

It was only later, when I understood many things and began to change and remake myself "right" and "left", did all these phenomena cease. And they ceased not because my spirit stopped working when my physical body was asleep, but because I had very strongly changed both my spirit and my physical body. That's the first thing. And secondly, I did it in such a way that the problems I had already solved were dealt with not by my spirit, but by my double! My doubles work not only at night when my physical body is asleep, but also during the day. At the same time, an unlimited number of my doubles can be active, who, like hard-working bees, fulfil their task, return to their "hive", that is, to me, and bring information about their activities.

In addition, I have created my doppelgangers so that they have their own independent minds only to the extent necessary for solving complex tasks. After completing the necessary task,

my doubles return and merge with me, adding some local nuances to my existing experience and thus enriching it. And in the process, I gain a lot of time to "act crazy"! Otherwise, the routine of repetitive tasks that I would have to solve would drag me into a swamp so that I would never be able to think about anything new and move forward.

Sometimes, at least in my case, finding a way out of a seemingly hopeless situation has opened up new horizons for development that I didn't even know existed. In short, we sometimes create obstacles for ourselves, which we then categorise as insurmountable, or society imposes such a state of affairs on us, and we blindly believe this society and submit to the opinion of the majority. And what's worse, we don't even try to verify it! I'm not encouraging you to reject everything, but... it's always necessary to approach tasks with an open mind. You can never stretch old "trousers", no matter how "beautiful" and comfortable they may be for us, to fit completely new phenomena and concepts. It's like using an ordinary ruler to "measure" the length of waves! They seem to be there and there – mm, cm, metres, kilometres and their derivatives, but... if you try to measure the length of a wave with a ruler, you will achieve nothing! Does this mean that waves do not exist because they cannot be measured with a ruler? Of course not! But many natural phenomena differ from those we are used to, from those we are accustomed to encountering i n everyday life. And they differ much more than electromagnetic waves differ from a cube, with its length, width and height! And we must not forget that! Otherwise, we will find ourselves trapped in our own illusions and artificially created obstacles...

I have always been surprised by people who are naturally gifted. And they surprised me not with their natural abilities, although that is also very interesting, but with how these people behaved t o w a r d s what they received from nature or f r o m the will of His Majesty Chance. By this I mean the acquisition of extraordinary abilities as a result of some unfortunate accident, after clinical death or a strong emotional shock. So, what surprised me about them was that **NOBODY** (at least among those I met) even thought about finding out the nature of their gift, nobody tried to figure out what was going on and how, how it was possible to develop their gift!

Everyone just used it blindly, often destroying their gift and themselves, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly. The example of others taught them nothing; such people always believed that it could happen to anyone but them... But it happened to them too! Every talent, every gift is like an uncut diamond! No shine, no beauty! Only after we cut a natural diamond do facets appear on it, and the more facets there are, the more beautiful the diamond, the more it shines. A natural gift is like an uncut diamond. A gift must be
"polished", "faceted", and then, and only then, will it shine in its true splendour. And I can find no other explanation for all this than that they are under the influence of a parasitic mentality. Yes, precisely under the influence of a parasitic social system that imposes a consumerist approach to everything on people. When a person has something, a talent, a gift, it comes from the Lord God, and with God, everything is perfection! Even though many do not even think about this absurdity.

Many will immediately want to protest against such a conclusion, but... let's not rush... It is not my words that prove it, but the text of the Old Testament, in which it is written in black

written in black and white that the Lord God created man **IN HIS IMAGE AND LIKENESS**! If the Lord God created man in his image and likeness, then why do people display so many base qualities and behaviours?! This means that the copies of the Lord God are far from perfect, and that means that the original itself is just as far from perfect! After all, a man created in the image and likeness must be identical to the original, and... no one sees or wants to see this analogy. But the same analogy continues to do its dirty work. People with paranormal abilities begin to consider themselves chosen and... closest to God, who has "gifted" them "more generously" than everyone else with their abilities, and... they do nothing with this natural gift, condemning themselves to ignorance and self-destruction...

Once again, I have let myself get "a little" carried away with describing my worldview, and it is time to return to the story. The X-Files San Francisco will seem unbelievable to many, but... if people knew **the WHOLE TRUTH,** it would shake them immeasurably more than these events. That is why I am returning to my routine, which seems, to put it mildly, fantastic to many...

What happened to us every day really became routine for Svetlana and me, but events that surprised even us occurred regularly. But more on that later...

To be continued...

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