

Vladimir Megre

# **ANASTASIYA**

*"THE RINGING CEDARS OF RUSSIA"*

**I exist for those, for whom I exist**

*According to Anastasiya, special combinations of letters and words are inserted into the text, which influence a man beneficially. You can feel these influences while reading it, when your hearing is not disturbed by sounds produced by artificial things and mechanisms. Natural sounds like: the singing of birds, the sound of rain, the rustling of leaves in the trees help to produce positive influences.*

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## **ANASTASIYA AND THE RINGING CEDARS OF RUSSIA**

*Reviewed by Donald J. Supkov, PhD, Professional Hydrologist*

For uncounted eons of time, humanity has been traveling on a road of exploration, encountering the wonders of Mother Nature while benefiting from the uncounted gifts provided freely by Mother Nature. During this voyage of exploration humanity started out as hunter-gatherers to obtain nourishment to sustain itself along the way. In this phase of the explorative journey, humans had very intimate contact with Mother Nature in order to learn the ways of Mother Nature in order to survive.

In the course of time, humanity developed agriculture and animal husbandry and further reaped the benefits provided by Mother Nature. As agriculturalists, humans became more tied to a specific location because of the requirements needed for agricultural crops which are attached to the ground and thus are not prone to wander around the land as their human caretakers are able to do.

But a blessing provided by Mother Nature to humanity through the gift of agriculture was the ability to provide a surplus of food, far beyond the needs of the people actually remaining fixed in the places of crop production. This allowed the development of civilization a wide diversity of job descriptions, seemingly unconnected to Mother Nature compared to the hunter-gatherers and the agriculturalists.

Because of the bounties provided by Mother Nature through the agriculturalists, some individuals became free to continue the voyage of exploration to view first hand what Mother Nature had to offer in more distant and remote locations. This has given rise to the hero adventurer who travels to distant places and returns to his native land with stories relating his voyage of exploration. These adventure exploration stories frequently have associated with them descriptions of some fabulous gift or treasure provided by Mother Nature. Examples come to mind such as Jason and the Golden Fleece, Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth, Marco Polo and the stones that burn (coal) from China.

As civilization developed and spawned the industrial revolution, humanity accelerated the exploitation of these gifts from Mother Nature such as coal, oil, natural gas, iron, various minerals, lumber, waterpower, while at the same time becoming detached from the source of these gifts.

While the non-food raising members of agricultural society became more and more dependent on only a few crops as a food supply, such as corn, wheat, and rice, they became afflicted with various ailments that characterize modern society. This condition is contrasted with the Hunzas in northern Pakistan who thrive disease-free to ripe old ages solely by eating organically grown crops and by drinking "glacier milk", the milky glacial melt water loaded with finely pulverized rock.

The indigenous people from around the world seem to have within each tribe a "medicine man" or shaman, who is most intimately connected with Mother Nature. The shaman collects various herbs from Mother Nature's storehouse and uses them to help heal any member of the tribe who becomes afflicted with some sort of ailment.

Perhaps there is some sort of inner knowledge deep within the human psyche that keeps reminding us that somewhere Mother Nature has provided a gift, hidden in plain view, that will prove to contain a cure for any ailment that afflicts humans. Perhaps this inner knowledge is what makes the game of Easter Egg Hunt so popular among children. Maybe this is why older children and young adults enjoy the game of Treasure Hunt so much. But even though mature adults are no longer tied to the soil in a civilized agrarian society devoted to supporting the growth of industrialization, most of us still can not travel to far and distant places to explore the wonders and gifts of Mother Nature. So we provide the where with all to allow surrogates to do the adventuring for us.

Perhaps the best example is of humans collectively sending a few astronauts to the Moon. What a grand adventure all humanity was able to participate in via the wonders of television! That is big time adventure! These explorer adventurers, who flew to the moon, have taken on hero status along with Marco Polo, Columbus and Magellan who merely made long trips on the surface of the Earth. But there are other explorer adventurers who made very short trips and discovered other gifts from Mother Nature. Consider Loenhoek who made a microscope and then traveled no farther than to the inside of a drop of water and there discovered a whole new world of living organisms. Microbiologists have since explored inside common soil samples and there discovered more gifts from Mother Nature consisting of antibiotics such as penicillin. Biologists are continuing to explore the tropical rainforests for more gifts from Mother Nature, hoping to find more cures for human ailments.

Perhaps one of the least likely places for an adventurer to explore for gifts from Mother Nature from the perspectives of an American reader is Siberia. Now that is a place that could use a little bit of public relations work! What comes to mind at the mention of the name Siberia? Snow, ice, frigid cold, remoteness, desolation, prison camps? Perhaps some frozen mammoths still locked in a deep freeze from the time of the last ice age? I think you will have a pleasant surprise when you accompany Vladimir Merge in his exploration of Russia and share in his discovery of more wonderful gifts from Mother Nature: the Ringing Cedars of Russia, and Anastasiya, a modern day shaman from the wilds of Siberia. When I say wild, it is really an understatement! Learn about the many precious gifts from Mother Nature that are hidden in plain view which Anastasia desires to reveal to the entire world, including the great healing powers of the Ringing Cedars of Russia. If you find that the healing powers of the Ringing Cedars are beyond belief, you may still benefit from reading what Vladimir Megre has to say, since you will find that this is also a very readable love story like none other you have ever read.

Although, the story was originally written in Russian, you will find that the English translation made by Larisa Malgosheva-Bartone reads like any story written in English and shows that humans are basically the same everywhere, no matter where they live and no matter what language they speak.

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**Maureen Jordan, M. A. in Education, College of New Jersey, USA Teacher of Art and English**

On Larisa Bartone's request I have recently read her translation of Vladimir Megre's Anastasiya, The Ringing Cedars of Russia. Larisa has a very good command of English that was why my corrections were very insignificant.

I found the book to be written in fluent everyday English that was quite easy to understand. The story has a nice flow. It held my interest throughout, and I think it would do the same for the general reading public in the USA. I recommend it highly.

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**Dr. Fred L. Kingsbury, Chiropractor**

As an American physician who has a natural/ holistic orientation, and a spiritual seeker for over 30 years I found Anastasiya — The Ringing Cedars of Russia a grand journey into wonder, mystery, and Truth. A truly fascinating read, which I recommend highly to all conscious beings.

I believe that Larisa Bartone has done a great job translating it from Russian into English. The book reads well and requires no comments or explanations.

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**Jean Munzer, Director, Metaphysical Center of New Jersey, USA**

ANASTASIYA, THE RINGING CEDARS OF RUSSIA is a mind and spirit-expanding book about Anastasiya, a pure soul living in perfect harmony with Nature in the wilds of Siberia. She wishes good to everybody and has much to teach all who are willing and able to learn from her. She says:

“I exist for those for whom I exist”.

Reading about her is an innately rewarding experience for all of us. As people encounter this book their mind and hearts will be opened to the Truth that Anastasiya teaches. Larisa Malgosheva-Bartone's translation of the book into English is excellent. I believe it will open Anastasiya's teachings to English speaking readers all over the world. Larisa is the right channel to convey the energy, which has been instilled into the Russian variant of this book by Anastasiya.

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## DEDICATED TO ANASTASIYA

### **N. L. Briditskaya**

From the book I've learned, — in Siberia a girl is living in the woods — Anastasiya. She is gathering the forest gifts and brings them to the crowded cities.

In your clean Siberian forests you are a flowing brook. Your loving fire is burning evil down giving us a beam of light thoughts.

Stay in the woods, our precious, don't come out to the bustling world. As it has lots of evil and darkness stay away for your sonny-boy's sake.

You are a sister in our God's image creation of good is your only wish. To save your son and you, our sweetness, is the only problem for us in existence.

In your virgin forest as in the Lord's house You are drinking the morning dew from flowers. Our souls are rejoicing now just because you exist, you are there.

*You've come to us, Anastasiya,  
To open our eyes to the world,  
So our souls could shine in the light,  
To teach us to create what's good and right!*

To live in peace with the entire universe, To let only pure thoughts flow, To find our way in the midst of existence, To let the wings of God's Spirit grow carrying us home.

The only thing we need is love and patience, to learn to create the Good! That's why we should ask the blessings from our God-Father in heaven.

*To be like you, Anastasiya, —  
It is not given to all of us.  
We are to work hard with a lot of efforts  
To find our way into the world of yours.*

And let you radiate the warmth with that God's beam of yours. You've come to us filled with love to create only kindness and what is right.

Your beauty is special and unique, you've deserved Our Father's gift. You've become a beloved to everyone. The stroke of darkness will never touch you.

Stay warm and be protected by our love always dwell in our thoughts, may you never suffer from malice. Be saved by God and our spirits.

Just loving you is to save you. You are in our hearts and dreams. We are with you, our dear, to help you to overcome the darkness. God bless you!

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Vladimir Megre was born in July, 23,1950. He has never been published. He is a well-known entrepreneur and president of the Inter-Regional Association of Entrepreneurs of Siberia. In 1994-95 he organized at his own expense two large-scale commercial expeditions by motorboat up and down the Ob River in Siberia. They went from Novosibirsk to Salekhard and back to Novosibirsk. Much was told about his first expedition Merchant Caravan by the press of Siberia, Khanty-Mansi and Yamal-Nenetskey National Areas. For a long time his friends and relatives could not solve the puzzle: what had made him, an entrepreneur with ten year's experience, invest all his accumulated capital and even mortgage all his property just to organize these expeditions. Which did not bring any profits, moreover, they did not even pay for themselves. The secret of intuitive search is revealed in his book. He has brought from the expeditions something that could not be evaluated in a monetary equivalent. He has published some sensational materials in a number of central papers, which received a great feedback from excited readers. These include the comments of many scientists. The author himself said as follows: "Not being a writer, without any experience in writing creatively, I have to apologize to my readers for the narrative style. This book does not belong to social and political journalism or fiction, fantastic or adventure stories. In spite of all the phenomenal and fantastic events which have been described, I have failed to determine its genre".

## **RINGING CEDAR**

In the spring of 1994 I chartered three river motorboats on which I accomplished a four months expedition up the Siberian river Ob. We started from Novosibirsk, moved up to Salekhard and downwards. The aim of the expedition was to regulate the economic connections with the regions of the Extreme North.

The expedition ran under the name of Merchantman. The largest of passenger motorboats was named after Patris Lumumba. (I believe that in the Western Siberian River Steam-Navigation, they give strange names to the ships like: Mariya Ulyanova, Patrice Lumumba, Mikhail Kalinin or some-thing like that, as if there were no other historically prominent personalities in Siberia).

Our headquarters, the exhibition of Siberian entrepreneurs and a store were located on this ship. The caravan was to go to North for about 3,500 kilometres. We were to visit relatively large cities such as: Tomsk, Niznevartovsk, Surgut, Khant-Mansiysk, Salekhard as well as small settlements which are possible to reach with cargo only within a limited period of the navigation season. In the daytime the caravan's ships usually stopped at settlements. We were trading and negotiating establishing permanent economic connections. We moved on at night. When it was rather stormy,



we preferred to moor at any settlement and organize evenings of recreation with dancing for the local youths. Such kind of recreation has very rare lately as all kinds of clubs and Houses of Culture have become very dilapidated. Cultural and educational work is almost neglected there. Sometimes we were floating for 24 hours without stopping as there were no settlements, only taiga (virgin forest) all over. The only means of communication for many, many kilometres around was the river. At that time it did not occur to me since it was outside my province, that at one of those kilometres fortune had prepared for me a meeting, which would change my life completely. Here at a tiny village consisting of just a couple of small houses, far removed from the nearest big settlement which was hundreds of kilometres away, I ordered the leading ship to be moored to the bank. I planned to dock there for three hours, just to let my people relax while walking around the village. At the same time it was an opportunity for the native population to buy some goods from us and in exchange to purchase fish and wild herbs at a low price. While there, two local old men addressed me as the leader of the caravan with a very strange request. One of them looked older than the other. The older one was quiet and the younger one started to speak. He tried to convince me to lend them at least 50 men from the crew. I should like to mention that our crew consisted of only 65 people. They proposed to lead us into the taiga, 25 kilometres away from the riverbank where we were docking. They wanted to cut down, what he called, a Ringing Cedar. The cedar, according to his estimations was almost 40 meters high. He suggested that we saw the tree 'into pieces so it would be possible to carry it by hand to the mother ship. Then they wanted us to cut those pieces into smaller ones so each of us could take a piece for ourselves and a few more to give to our relatives, friends and anybody who would like to receive them as a gift. The old man said that the cedar was not an ordinary one. A piece of it was to be carried as a pendant on a string. Moreover, while putting it on the chest it was necessary to stand barefooted on grass, pressing it to one's naked chest with the left palm. In a minute one would feel very pleasant warmth coming from the cedar piece, then one would experience a sensation of a light flash flowing through the body. On occasion, when one felt the desire, it was recommended to rub it with the fingertips on that side of the cedar piece, which was not touching the body. While polishing it, one should hold the piece by pressing the thumbs to the opposite side, which does not face the body. In three months the owner of the Ringing Cedar piece will feel considerable improvement in one's health, and may experience healing from many diseases. "Even from AIDS?" I asked, trying to explain the symptoms of this disease, telling them what I knew myself from past reading. The man answered confidently with firm belief, "From any illness!" According to his affirmation that was the least of it. Most important was the fact that the owner of such a piece of cedar would become more kind, more successful and more talented. At that time I did not know much about the healing power of cedar, but its abilities sounded to me absolutely unrealistic. Then I told the old men that over there on "the big land" (the industrial areas with big cities) the women preferred to decorate themselves with gold and silver jewellery to attract the attention of other people. "They are wearing them because they don't realize that gold is dust compared to one piece of this cedar," he responded confidently. Trying to avoid argument and paying respect to their age, I said, "Well, may be... If a great wood carver would apply his skill and create something extraordinarily beautiful."

“One can carve, of course, but it is better to polish it by oneself, with one's own fingers, when one's soul chooses to do it. Then the piece of cedar will look beautiful outside”. While saying this he hurriedly unbuttoned his worn down jacket and shirt and showed something, which was hanging on his chest. It was a round, protuberance or, rather, an oval thing. There was a fancy, inconspicuous design on it in violet, crimson and reddish brown. The fibres of wood looked like tiny brooks. I am not an expert on works of art, though I have visited a variety of galleries and museums. The world famous masterpieces did not excite me as much as this fascinating object hanging on the old man's chest. It touched my feelings and emotions much more strongly than my visit to the famous Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow. “How long have you been polishing your piece of cedar?” I asked. “Ninety three years”, was the answer. “Well, and how old are you?” I asked again. “One hundred and nineteen”, he said. I did not believe his answer at that moment. He looked not more than seventy-five or so. He did not pay any attention to my doubts. The old man, being a bit excited, started to convince me that a piece of cedar would look as beautiful on anyone in three years only. Eventually it would get better and better, especially on women. The body of the owner would produce a wonderful aroma, incomparable to any perfume created by man. I was aware that the scent, which was emanating from both men, was very pleasant indeed. Even though I am a smoker yet I could smell it. They say that the smoker's sense of smell is usually weaker. I also noticed that his vocabulary differed from those of the native population. The phrases and word combinations he used were certainly not characteristic of the inhabitants of the far North. Some of these are still reverberating in my ears, even the melody and intonation. The old man spoke like this: “God has created the cedar as an accumulator of cosmic energy. A man, when he feels love, is producing radiation. Within a fraction of a second, this radiation comes back to the earth after being reflected from the planets above and gives life to everything living. The sun, one of the heavenly bodies, is reflecting an incomplete spectrum of this radiation. Only light radiation from a man goes to the cosmos and comes back to the Earth again solely as a benevolent, positive one.

A man who possesses malicious feelings emanates only dark radiation. It can't ascend so it goes deep down inside the Earth. Having been reflected from the planet's depths, it comes back to the surface in the form of volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and wars. The highest achievement of reflected dark radiation is its direct influence on man. It increases the malicious feelings in him.

The lifetime of cedar is 550 years. Day and night it catches and accumulates all spectrum of light energy through millions of its needle leaves. During the cedar's lifetime, all kinds of objects are passing over it, reflecting this energy. Even a tiny piece of cedar contains more energy than all manmade energy-producing units taken together. Cedar receives the emanation from man's energy through the Cosmos. It preserves and gives the energy back to the Cosmos when its level goes down and accordingly it goes down in man too. This includes everything living and growing on the Earth. It happens, though very seldom, that cedars just accumulate but don't give back the accumulated energy. When such cedars are five hundred years old they start to ring, thus they are trying to communicate. They give a welcome sign, inviting man to use their energy on Earth for good purposes. Such a cedar produces a vibrating ringing sound for three years if it does not come in contact with people. After these three years,

if it fails to give its energy accumulated via the. Cosmos directly to man, it loses the energy by burning it within itself. The torturous process of burning-dying lasts for twenty-seven years. Recently, we have found this kind of cedar. According to our estimation it has been ringing for two years already, it means that only one year is left. It is necessary to cut it and give it to people". The old man had been speaking for a long time, his voice filled with a quiet assurance. When he became excited, he polished his piece of cedar with his fingertips very quickly, as if he were playing a musical instrument. It was pretty cold; a fresh wind was blowing from the river, but his worn jacket and shirt were still unbuttoned. A member of our firm, Lidiya Petrovna, came down and told us that the crew was ready to leave and they were waiting for me. So I had to say "Good bye" to the strange old men and went on board. It was impossible for me to fulfill their request: three days' delay would cost us great losses. Everything I had been told by those men I took as an extreme superstition or as one of the local myths. The next day during our business-planning meeting I noticed that Lidiya Petrovna was rubbing a piece of cedar hanging on her chest. Later on she told me that after I had left she saw that the old man I was talking with looked very confused and unhappy while watching me leave. Then he addressed his companion speaking very excitedly, "How come... I absolutely can't speak their language... I have failed to convince them. I could not! I've failed! Nothing has come of it". The one who looked older told him, "You did not sound convincing, my son. You did not reach their consciousness" "When I was already walking up the steps", Lidiya Petrovna went on, "the old man, the one who was speaking to you, suddenly rushed to me, caught my hand, led me down the steps to the grass, took out of his pocket a string with this piece of cedar wood. He put it on me, pressed it to my chest with my palm by putting his hand on mine. Immediately I felt a trembling sensation all over my body. When I was leaving, he kept saying, "Happy voyage! Be happy, all of you! Come next year. All the best to all of you. We shall be waiting for you. Happy voyage!"

I recalled that when our motorboat was casting off, I could see the old man waving his hand. Then all of a sudden he sat down on the grass. After a while I looked at them again through binoculars. The old man was still sitting on the grass. His shoulders were shuddering... The one who was older was bending over him soothing his head.

On our arrival back to Novosibirsk I felt sick with acute pains. The diagnoses were: duodenal ulcer and osteochondrosis of the thoracic spine, I was admitted to a hospital. While in the hospital I was shielded from the everyday routine of the outer world by the quietness of the hospital room. It was a nice room, deluxe' for one person, which provided me with a nice opportunity to analyze the results of the four month expedition and make a draft of a business plan for the future. Memory was bringing me again and again to my meeting with the strange old men and the subject of our discussion. Upon my request friends and family members supplied me with all kinds of literature on cedar. By comparing all the reading I became more and more amazed. Eventually I started to believe everything the old men had told me. "Maybe they are right to some extent, or, maybe they were one hundred percent right", I thought to myself. The books on folk medicine tell much about the cedar's healing power. Everything, starting with the needle leaves to its bark has highly efficient healing qualities. That was what the books said repeatedly. They reported that the texture of cedar wood looks very beautiful and it is widely used by craftsmen. I learned that it is good for furniture. It is also used for the

resonance boards of musical instruments. The cedar's conifer has highly fitocidic properties and the ability to disinfect environmental air. The cedar timber has a special, very pleasant balsamic flavour. If you put a small piece of cedar wood in a house, it will keep moths away.

Popular scientific literature also points out that the quality of cedar growing in Northern areas is much higher than those in the South. Back in 1792 academician P. S. Pallas wrote that the Siberian cedar nuts rejuvenate man's power. They also bring back youthfulness, stimulate the immune system considerably, increasing the physical body's resistance against many diseases. World history knows a great number of historical phenomena directly or indirectly connected with cedar. Here is one of them.

A half literate countryman, Gregory Rasputin, from a remote Siberian village, was from the region where Siberian cedar grows. He came to Moscow in 1907 when he was already 50 years of age. He startled the royal family, where he was heartily welcomed, because of his prophecies; He was sexually involved with many distinguished ladies. Those who were trying to kill him were shocked by the fact that having been hit by many bullets, he was still alive. His vitality was amazing. The secret was that he had been brought up in the region where cedar grows and he had been fed on cedar nuts.

The journalists of that period summarized his endurance: "At 50 years of age, he could start an orgy at noon, continuing his drunken ordeals till 4 a. m. After erotic involvement and drinking heavily he went right to church for morning services where he prayed till 8 a.m. After returning home, he drank a lot of tea as if nothing had happened before, Grishka received visitors till 2 p.m. Then accompanied by a group of ladies, he went to a Russian bathhouse with a steamer and then went directly to a suburban restaurant. There he repeated the previous night's performance. No ordinary man could possibly stand up to that kind of routine".

Today, the several times world and Olympic champion in wrestling Alexander Karelin, currently unbeatable, is also a Siberian, again from the region where Siberian cedar grows. The strong man has eaten cedar nuts all his life. Is this by chance? In Russia people usually wish you a "Siberian health". I am just giving you the facts which one can find in press issues or popular science literature or what living witnesses can prove. One such witness is the previously mentioned Lidiya Petrovna, who had received the piece of Ringing Cedar wood from the old man. She is thirty-six now, married, a mother of two children. Her colleagues who are in touch with her have noticed the great changes, which have happened to her. She has become more benevolent and smiles more often. Her husband, whom I know also, has told me that lately they have more mutual understandings. By the way, he mentioned that his wife had even become younger looking and has stimulated more feelings in him, and, to add to it, more respect and even love had appeared in their relationship.

Yet, all these facts and proofs are nothing in comparison to the most important ones, which anyone can find in the Bible. After reading the Holy Scripture all my doubts disappeared like morning fog. The third book of Moses in the Old Testament teaches how to heal people and disinfect houses with cedar, "... the priest shall order that two ritually clean birds be brought, along with a piece of cedar wood, a red cord, and a sprig of hyssop" (Leviticus 14,4).

When I compared all the facts and information collected from different sources, the world's wonders fade compared to this one. Namely that the great mysteries, which

keep exciting human minds, seem insignificant compared to the mystery of a Ringing Cedar.

Now there are no doubts for me as far as its existence is concerned. Popular science literature and ancient scripts have scattered all doubts. The Bible mentions cedar forty two times in the Old Testament. Moses from the Old Testament, evidently knew about cedar much more even than the Old Testament records.

We are used to the fact that Mother Nature provides us with different plants capable of healing different human diseases. Popular science literature proves the healing abilities of cedar. In addition, many serious and authoritative explorers such as the academician P. S. Pallas concur. At the same time they all agree with what the Old Testament says.

Now, I would like you to pay attention to the following facts:

The Old Testament, pointing out cedar and only cedar, does not mention any other trees but cedar alone. Doesn't this mean that cedar is the most powerful of plants existing in the realm of Mother Nature? What is it? Is it a medicinal organic unit?

Yet, that is not all. The following story from the Old Testament reveals much more enigmatic things. King Solomon was building a temple of cedar, which had been transported from Lebanon. He asked King Hiram a favour: "... So send your men to Lebanon to cut down cedars for me. My men will work with them, and I will pay your men whatever you decide. As you well know, my men don't know how to cut down trees as well as yours do.... So Hiram supplied Solomon with all the cedar and pine logs that he wanted, and Solomon provided Hiram with 100,000 bushels of wheat and 110,000 gallons of pure olive oil every year to feed his men." (1 Kings 5; 6,7,9,10)

What kind of people were they? What kind of secrets did they know? I've heard that even now in the remote villages, deep in the taiga there are old men who somehow can choose cedar trees for construction purposes. But at that time, more than two thousand years ago, I believe, everybody must have known this.

However, even at that time very special people were required for construction work with cedar. The temple was constructed; they started inauguration services and see what happened: "... when all the leaders had gathered, the priests lifted the covenant box and carried it to the Temple... and put it in the Most Holy Place... There was nothing inside the covenant box except the two stone tablets, which Moses had placed there at Mount Sinai, when the Lord made a covenant with the people of Israel.... As the priests were leaving the Temple, it was suddenly filled with a cloud shining with the dazzling light of the Lord's presence and they could not go back in to perform their duties..." (1 Kings 8,5,6,9,10,11)

What kind of a cloud was it? How and from where did it enter the temple? What did it represent? Was it energy? A spirit? What kind of phenomenon was it and how was it interconnected with cedar?

The old man spoke about a Ringing Cedar as an accumulator of some kind of energy... What kind of energy? What cedar is more powerful: a Lebanese or a Siberian one? Academician P. S. Pallas has told us that the healing qualities of cedar increase as one moves closer to the border of forest tundra. This means that the Siberian one is more powerful. The Bible reads: "... judge it accordingly to the fruit". Which means, that the Siberian one wins again! Why is this not more widely known? The Old Testament,

the science of the previous century and modern texts are of the same opinion about cedar, no contradictions exist!

The Mother of Agni Yoga Teaching or Living Ethics, Helena Roerich, has said: "... At the kings' inauguration rituals of ancient Khora-Sana a cedar tar chalice was always present. Druids called a chalice of cedar tar a "Chalice of Life" and only later on, when *they had lost their spiritual consciousness* was it replaced by blood. The Zoroastrian Fire came as a result of burning down the cedar tar in the chalice".

Specifically what did our forefathers know about cedar? Has its properties and actions been hidden till now? Could it be nothing? Does it belong to so-called "lost knowledge"? What do the old people know about it? Then suddenly something came to the surface of my memory, the age-old event that produced shivering all over my body, though, at that time, I did not give any meaning to it.

At the beginning of our perestroika (the period which followed the crash of communism) I, being a president of the association of entrepreneurs of Siberia, got a call from Novosibirsk obispolkom (the regional executive committee). At that time the executive committees and regional committees of CPSU still existed. So I was asked to come to the meeting with a highly recognized western businessman. He had a letter of recommendation from our government. Some of the entrepreneurs and the members of the staff from the regional executive committee were present at the meeting. The western businessman looked like "a white shark". He had oriental features. He was wearing a turban; his fingers were decorated with expensive rings.

We were speaking, as usual, during these meetings about possibilities of cooperation in different fields. Then all of a sudden he said, "We could buy cedar nuts from you". While he was saying it, some kind of tension overwhelmed him; his sharp eyes stared, examining the reaction of those present. I have remembered this situation very well because even at that time I was surprised, thinking to myself, "Why has he changed like this? What does it mean?" After the meeting was over the lady interpreter from Moscow who was accompanying him came up to me and told me that he would like to talk to me.

The businessman said confidentially that if I organized absolutely fresh cedar nut delivery, I could have, besides the official price, considerable personal benefits. It would be necessary to deliver the nuts to Turkey, where they produce some kind of oil from them. I promised him to think the proposition over.

Now, I've made up my mind to investigate this issue and find out what kind of oil it was. I've managed to discover that at the London Stock Market, which is a world price standard, cedar nut oil costs, up to five hundred American dollars per kilogram. We were asked to deliver cedar nuts approximately at a price of two to three dollars per kilogram for cedar nuts.

I called one of my colleagues in Warsaw and asked him to investigate whether it was possible to reach the consumer directly as well as to get the technology of its production. In a month I got the answer that it was impossible either to reach the consumer or to get any information about the technology. Generally speaking, in this field the Western forces that were involved would rather stay away from it and forget about it. After that I turned to a good friend of mine who works at the Novosibirsk Institute of Potrebooperatsiya (consumer cooperation) K. Rakunov. I purchased cedar nuts, financed the labour expenses and in the institute laboratory they produced one

hundred kilograms of cedar nut oil. I also hired people who have discovered some interesting papers in the archive documents, which revealed that in pre-Revolutionary Russia and for a while after, there was an organization in Siberia under the name of Siberian Co-operator. The members of this coop were trading all kinds of oil including cedar nut oil. They had representatives in Khabarovsk, London and New York. They had a lot of money in Western banks. After the revolution the organization fell apart and many of its former members left Russia.

Krasin, a member of the Bolshevik government, had a meeting with the former chief of this organization and suggested to him to come back to Russia. But he answered that he would help Russia even more if he was out of the country.

The archive materials read that the cedar oil was produced with the help of wooden presses (no metal should be involved) in many remote Siberian villages. These were located deep inside the taiga. Its quality depended on the time of harvesting and nut processing. However, we failed to determine the particular time of harvesting: neither the archive nor research institutions could find out this information. The secret has been lost. The cedar oil's healing properties have no comparison. But could it be possible that the secret has been sold somewhere in the West by somebody who emigrated from Russia?

How do they explain the fact that the greatest healing remedy, the cedar nut, which is growing in Siberia, and the unit, which is producing its oil is situated in Turkey?

And what kind of forces in the West did my colleague from Warsaw mention? Why is it impossible to touch this issue? Aren't these forces pulling from the Russian Siberian taiga the healing remedy of unbelievable power? Why, having such healing wealth of the cedar products, which is so powerful and has been proved by centuries, even millenniums, are we instead spending millions or even billions of dollars buying Western medications and swallowing them like crazy? Why are we losing the knowledge, which belonged to our quite recent ancestors, those who lived in our century?

Do we need to speak about the Bible's precious readings, which describe the events of ages long ago? What kind of strange forces are trying so hard to erase from our memory the knowledge of our forefathers? Moreover, they recommended to us "not even to stick our nose in it" as if it is not our business. They are trying to erase these things from our memory... and they have managed to do it! Somehow this realization made me so angry. "Well" I told myself, "whatever it will cost me, and eventually I will fry to find out something". I decided to repeat the expedition along the Ob River to the North, using for this purpose only the leading motorboat Patrice Lumumba. I loaded the holds with different goods. The movie hall was modified as a store. I had to employ new people. For some reason I did not want to take people from our company. While I was distracted from my regular business, the financial situation got worse.

Within two weeks after our departure from Novosibirsk my security guards reported to me that the talks about Ringing Cedar had been overheard. According to the security service guys, among the newly employed staff there were speaking intelligently "strange people". I started to call to my office some of the people from the crew, talked to them about the forthcoming campaign into the taiga. Some of them were ready to go even for free. Others asked big amounts of money, as the journey into the taiga had not been commissioned by the agreement, which they had signed. Of course there was a great

difference between staying at the comfortable motorboat and hiking into the taiga for 25 kilometres and carrying luggage on one's back.

By that time I was completely short financially. I was not going to sell cedar, as the old man had said that it was necessary to give it as a gift. Moreover, the most important thing for me was not the Ringing Cedar itself but the secret of producing not just cedar oil but the healing one from regular cedar. Generally speaking, I was interested in any kind of information on this issue. Eventually, with the help of information from the security guards I became convinced that somebody was watching me. Especially when I came off board, though their goal was uncertain. Who was behind those who were watching me? I thought hard and decided to avoid doubts and mistakes. The best way was to outwit all of them.

## MEETING

Giving no explanation to anybody, I ordered the crew to moor the motorboat not far from the place where a year ago I had had a meeting with the old men. I got to the village by a small motorboat. I gave orders to the captain of the motorboat to proceed with the commercial route further on up the river.

My hope was to find those old men with the help of local people, to see the Ringing Cedar with my own eyes and discuss the manner of its delivery to the motor ship. Having fastened my motorboat to a stone, I planned to walk to the nearest house. However, I noticed a lonely woman standing on a hillside and I made up my mind to talk to her. The woman was wearing an old quilted jacket and a long skirt. High rubber galoshes were on her feet. They were the kind the great majority of the local population wear in the far Northern regions. She wore a shawl that covered her forehead and neck. It was difficult to tell her age.

I said "Hello", and asked her about the two men I had met there the previous year.

"You were talking to my grandpa and great grandpa last year, Vladimir", answered the woman.

I was astonished: her voice was young, her articulation was very distinct, and she was on familiar terms with me, using "thou" instead of "you". Moreover, she had called me by my name. I could not remember the names of the old men and the bottom line was that I was not sure whether I had ever heard their name or told them mine. I thought for a while and then concluded that evidently, I had told them my name if she knew it. Therefore, I decided to follow her example and be on familiar terms with her too.

"And what is your name?", I asked.

"Anastasiya", was the answer. She stretched out her hand, the palm facing down, as if waiting for a kiss. This kind of gesture for a village woman dressed in a quilted jacket and galoshes, standing on a deserted bank and trying to behave as if she was a lady of



society, made me laugh. I shook her hand but I did not kiss it. Anastasiya gave an embarrassed smile and suggested I go with her to the taiga where her family lived.

“Although, you know, it is necessary to walk for twenty five kilometres. Does that disturb you?”

“Well, sure it's pretty far away. Will you be able to show me the Ringing Cedar?”

“I shall”.

“Do you know everything about it? Will you tell me?”

“I'll tell you what I know”.

“Well, then let's go”.

While we were walking Anastasiya told me that their family lived in the cedar forest for many generations. According to her, her forefathers had been living there for thousands and thousands of years. They don't get in direct contact with the people of our civilization very often. These contacts take place far away from the places of their own dwelling but happen when they come to where larger settlements pretend to be hunters or residents of other villages.

Anastasiya herself has visited two large cities: Tomsk and Moscow. She stayed there only for a day. She did not even spend a night there. The aim of the other trips was to see with her own eyes whether her visualizations about the way of life of modern city dwellers were correct. By selling berries and dry mushrooms she managed to get clothes and money for her trips. One local woman gave Anastasiya her own passport for this purpose.

She did not share her granddads' idea of giving the Ringing cedar to many people. When I asked her “Why?”, she said that its pieces could get to good as well as to bad people and, as she believed, the greater portion of it would get to negative persons. She believes that finally it would bring more harm than good. The main thing to do, according to her, would be to help good people who are leading society towards the light, not into a dead end. If one were to try to help everybody, the imbalance between good and evil would remain the same or it could even get worse. After my meeting with the old men, I had managed to look through popular science literature and some historical and scientific works, which related the unusual properties of the cedar tree. That was why I was trying to get to the root of the matter Anastasiya was talking about. I wanted to learn more about the way of life of the people of the cedar forest. I was thinking it over again and again, and then I tried to visualize it. I tried to compare them with the Lykovs, the family well known to many readers of Komsomolskaya pravda. V. Peskova, a reporter on this newspaper published a series of articles under the headline: Taiga's Dead End. It was about the family, which lived for a long time in the taiga. My impression about the Likovs was that they knew how to live in peace with nature but they were absolutely ignorant in their knowledge and understanding of modern civilized life and it actually ruined them when they got in contact with it.

In this case the situation was quite different. Anastasiya impressed me with her perfect knowledge of our civilized life and even more, with something else, which was not quite clear to me yet! She was discussing with ease our urban life as if she knew it perfectly well.

We had walked deep into the forest for about five kilometres, when she suddenly took off her quilted jacket, shawl, long skirt and put it into a hollow tree and only a short light dress was left on her. I was astonished by what I saw. If I believed in miracles I

would categorize it as a miraculous transformation, a kind of metamorphosis. I was facing a very young woman with long golden hair and a splendid shape. Her beauty was extraordinary. She was an exceptional model. It was hard to imagine anybody who could possibly compete with her among the winners of the most prestigious beauty contests. Also, as it was revealed later on, her intellect was extremely sharp, too. Absolutely everything was appealing about her and she was full of charm. "Are you tired?", she said, "Do you want to have a rest?"

We sat down right on the grass and I had an opportunity to examine her face closer: no cosmetics at all, very regular features, well-treated, perfect skin. These had nothing in common with the skin of common people of the Siberian remote places. She had large, kind grey eyes and smiling lips. Though she was wearing a light short dress, it looked rather like a nightdress.

There was the impression that she did not feel cold and it was not higher than 12-15 degrees Celsius. I decided to have a snack and took a sandwich and a flat bottle of cognac out of my bag. I offered a drink to Anastasiya but she refused it. While I was enjoying my meal she stretched out on the grass as if exposing herself to the caressing sunrays. These being reflected from her turned up palms, were illuminating golden light. She was almost half naked. That woman was delightful!

I examined her thinking to myself: "Well, why do women through out history always try to strip themselves without limitations. They show their legs, then breasts, then all of them together using low cut and mini dresses? Do they try their best to attract everybody's attention? "Hello! Look at me! Look how wonderful I am, how open and accessible" What else can a man do? If he resists the temptation of the flesh it appears that he is holding a woman in low esteem. If he is attracted to her it appears that he is breaking the law given by God".

I asked her how she was not afraid to be alone in the forest. "I have nothing to be afraid of here", was the answer.

"I wonder, how would you defend yourself if you happen to come across two or three men, let's say geologists or hunters?", I asked. She did not say a word, just smiled back.

I thought to myself, "How could this young beauty, with extraordinary seductive abilities not feel scared of anything or anybody?" Then, you would never imagine what happened next! Even the memory of it brings back uncomfortable feelings. I put my arms around her shoulders and pulled her to me gently, giving her a hug. She did not resist much though one could feel that her resilient body was very strong. I did nothing else. The last thing I remember, before losing consciousness, were her words: "Don't do it, calm down". And yet before I did it, I remember perfectly well that I was terror-stricken. It was an unrealized fear, the kind one can experience in childhood when home alone and everything scares you.

When I regained my consciousness, she was in front of me standing on her knees. Her hand was on my chest and with another one she was waving to somebody, who was somewhere above, as if expressing a negative answer. Who surrounded us invisibly? She was trying to show someone that nothing wrong had happened to her. Anastasiya looked into my eyes.

"Calm down, everything is over already".

"But what was it?", I asked.

“Harmony's unreceptiveness of your attitude regarding me, I mean the desire, which came to you for me. Later on you will make it out yourself”. “What does it have to do with some kind of harmony? It was you who started to resist”.

“That's right, me too. I did not welcome it. It was not pleasant for me”.

I sat down, pulled my bag closer to me.

“Unbelievable! Look at her! "She did not welcome it Unpleasant..." Ha! You, women, the only thing you are all after is to seduce a man. You show your legs, expose your breasts, and walk on spiked heels, though they are uncomfortable but still you wear them. You twist all of your private parts and as soon as it comes too close to the point... You start to talk like this: "Ah! I don't need it; I am not that kind of woman. What do you take me for?' Hypocrites! That's what you are! Now, look at yourself why have you taken your upper clothes off? It is not hot at all. Then you stretched yourself, got quiet and even more, you were smiling that way...”.

“First of all I am not comfortable wearing any kind of clothes. I put it on only when I come out of the forest to meet people, just to look like everybody. And I laid down in the sun to rest not to disturb you while you were enjoying your meal”, she said.

“Oh, yeah! You did not want to disturb me... But you did disturb me!”

“Of course, any woman would like to attract a man's attention, but not only to her legs and breasts. It is desirable that the right one, who is the only one in the world for her, could see much more than her physical body and would not pass her by”.

“But right now, right here nobody was passing by! Or what is that "much more" that one has to see if right in the foreground the legs are sticking out? Somehow you women are illogical!”

“Yes, you are right, to my great regret, it comes out exactly as you say... Shall we go, Vladimir? Have you finished your meal? Have you had a rest?” A thought crossed my mind, “Should I go further on with such kind of a lady philosopher?” Though I said, “All right, let's go”.

## **A BEAST OR A HUMAN BEING?**

We proceeded on our way to Anastasiya's house. Her clothes were left in a tree trunk as well as her galoshes. Only a short light dress was left on. She offered her help carrying my bag. Being bare footed, she was walking with an extraordinary ease and graciousness taking the lead, swinging my bag with such ease as if it were empty.

We were talking all the way. It was fun to talk to her on different subjects. Sometimes Anastasiya spun around while walking, and then she would turn and walk backwards facing me. Being very much involved in our discussions, she did not watch her steps; it was unbelievable, but she never stumbled. She never pricked her bare feet from a knot of a dry twig. Sometimes she touched or gave a quick stroke to a leaf or a shrub twig. Now and then she bent down picked some blade of grass and ate it. “Just

like the young of a wild animal”, I thought to myself. When she came across some berries, she offered them to me and I snacked together with her. Her body did not show any particular muscular system.

Generally speaking, she was of medium build, neither skinny, nor stout. Her body was well nourished, resilient and very beautiful. Though I could tell that she was rather strong and her reactions were good too. When I stumbled, stretching my arms forward, she turned around with lightning speed, stretched her unoccupied arm and I fell down. My chest was right on her palm with widely spread fingers, so I did not even touch the ground with my hands. While doing it, she did not even interrupt herself from telling me something. When she helped me back on my feet, we moved on as if nothing had happened. At that time a thought crossed my mind about a gas pistol, which I had in my bag-While talking we had already covered a pretty good distance. Suddenly Anastasiya stopped, put my bag under a tree and announced with joy, “Here we are! We are home”.

I looked around. It was not a big well shaped clearing. There were flowers amidst majestic cedar trees but no hint of any constructions; I could not see even a shelter of branches.

“Well, and where is your house? Where can we sleep, eat, get protection from rain?” I tried to clarify the situation.

“This is my home. Everything is available here”. I was seized by a vague feeling of uneasiness.

“Where is it all? Will you give me a kettle, at least, to boil some water over a campfire and an axe?”

“Sorry, there is no kettle and there is no axe. We would manage better without starting a campfire...” She replied.

“What do you mean? How do you like that? She does not even have a kettle! I have run out of bottled water and you know it perfectly well. Do you remember, when I had finished my snack, I threw away the empty bottle? Now I have just two sips of cognac left. It will take a day to get to a river or the nearest settlement. I am awfully tired and thirsty. Well, can you tell me, where do you get drinking water?”

On watching me getting nervous Anastasiya got anxious too. She took me by my hand, pulling me across the clearing into the forest and tried to calm me down by saying, “Calm down, just don't worry, Vladimir! Please, don't get upset. I shall take care of everything. I'll do everything. You will have a rest, a nice sleep; you will not be cold. Do you want to drink? It is all right. There is no problem at all, I'll take care of it”. Ten or fifteen meters away from the clearing, behind the shrubs, right before my eyes I could see a small lake. Anastasiya quickly scooped some water with her cupped hands and brought it to my Lips. “Here is water. Please, drink it”, she said.

“What's the matter with you? Are you crazy? How is it possible to drink unboiled water from a forest puddle? Did you not see that I was drinking Borjomi, bottled mineral water? On our motorboat we use only filtered river water then we chlorinate and oxygenize it not only for drinking but for washing purposes too”.

“It is not a puddle, first of all. This is clean and alive water. It is not the half dead one which you use. You can drink it. Look”. She moved her hands to her mouth and drank some water from it. And I don't know how the phrase had escaped my lips: “ Anastasiya, you are a beast”.

“But why "a beast"? Because my bed is not like yours? Because I don't have a car and all the kinds of equipment that you use?”

“Because you live in the forest like a beast, *you* have nothing but yet you seem to be happy”.

“Yes, I enjoy living here”.

“You see, you are not denying it”. I tried to behave reasonably.

“Do you believe that the main distinction of a man from anything living on the Earth is the availability for him of artificially made articles?” She asked.

“Yes, I do believe that. To be more precise, that is the civilized mode of life”. “Do you consider your way of life more civilized? Oh, of course, you do! You do believe it. But I am not a beast. I am a human”.

## **WHO ARE THEY?**

Later on after I had spent three days in her company, I understood something about her way of life. At the same time some vexing questions occurred to me concerning our own way of life. Especially one question, which stayed in my mind relentlessly.

“Well”, I thought to myself, we have created a vast and complicated educational system. Being guided by the system, we are teaching our children and one another: at kindergartens, schools, colleges and postgraduate study. This system gives us an opportunity to create, invent, fly to the cosmos and investigate. On following the system, we are, accordingly, creating our way of life. We are striving to get to know the cosmos, the atom, and all kinds of abnormal phenomena, which we enjoy discussing and describing in sensational articles and popular science publications. Yet there is one phenomenon, which, somehow, we are trying to evade. It looks as if we are afraid to speak about it. Maybe, we are afraid to do it simply because, it can easily break our system of education and scientific conclusions. Because it laughs at the objective reality of our existence. We are trying hard to pretend that this phenomenon does not exist. Though it does and will exist, no matter how hard we try to ignore it by turning our backs or trying to bypass it. Isn't it high time to take a closer and more attentive look at it? Who knows, maybe, by joining the efforts of the human mind as a whole, we'll manage to answer the question: Why have all, without exception, great thinkers of all times who have created different religious teachings, before creating these teachings had to go away from the civilized life to forests or deserts and live as hermits?

“Put a mind to it, please, - they did not go to a world famous library or a super academy – just to a forest! Now the great majority of humankind follows or tries to follow these teachings. Why did Moses from the Old Testament go to Mount Sinai to write the famous Ten Commandments?

Why did Jesus Christ seclude himself even from his disciples, when he left for the desert?

Why did Siddhartha Gautama (later on they started to call him Buddha), the man who lived in India in the middle of the 6-th century B. C., seclude himself in a forest for seven years and after that came out and brought to the people his great Teaching? Hence it became stimulating, opening and extending human minds and is known as Buddhism.

Or why not take our close predecessors who lived not long ago, prominent historical personalities: Seraphim Sarovsky or Serge Radonezsky?

They also went to a forest and shortly after that they managed to perceive such depths of universal wisdom that the mundane Tsars had to take the impassable roads just to get a piece of good advice from them.

After a while at the place of their hermitages people constructed cloisters and majestic cathedrals. For example, the Troitse-Serguievskaya Lavra in the city of Sergiev Posad in the Moscow region keeps attracting throngs of people. Can you believe it that everything had started just from a hermit?!

Why? What or who was helping those people to get wisdom, giving them knowledge and pushing them closer to comprehension on the essence of existence? How did they live there? What were they doing? What were they thinking about staying alone, far away from human society?"

These questions continued to bother me like an obsession soon after my contact with Anastasiya. Therefore after I left the forest, I started to read everything I could find about hermits, though I have failed to get any answer. Strange as it may seem, nothing is available about their lives as hermits.

This is my story, but now I am trying my best to describe the events of my three days stay in the forest at Anastasiya's. I am describing my feelings and impressions, which were influenced by my communication with her since I hope that some of my readers will manage to comprehend the essence of this phenomenon.

Right now, after having drawn a bottom line under everything I had seen and heard, one thing is beyond any doubt. The people who are living a lonely life in the forest, as hermits, including Anastasiya, can see everything, which is taking place in our everyday life from an absolutely different perspective.

Some of her notions and affirmations are diametrically opposed to those, which we call "universally acknowledged" ones. Who is closer to the truth? Who can be a judge? My duty is just to describe everything exactly the way I had seen and heard it. By doing so I hope to give an opportunity to others to determine the answers on their own.

Anastasiya lives in the forest absolutely all by herself. She does not have any dwelling, she hardly wears any clothes and does not store any food to nourish herself. She is a descendant of those who have been living there for thousands and thousands of years and it looks like a different civilization. Anastasiya was born there and is an inseparable part of Mother Nature.

The phenomenon that looks extraordinary at first sight (remember, when I was overwhelmed by strong fears while I was trying to take possession of Anastasiya and lost my consciousness) happens to become very simple later on. For instance, a man tames a cat, a dog, an elephant, a tiger, an eagle and what not. In this particular case EVERYTHING around is tamed. And this "EVERYTHING" can't allow anything bad to happen to her. Anastasiya told me that when she was quite a little baby her mother could leave her all by herself just on grass under a tree.

“Why didn't you die of starvation?” I asked. The response was just a snap of her fingers. A squirrel appeared by her side and jumped right on her hand. Anastasiya moved her hand with the animal close to her mouth and the squirrel passed a kernel of a cedar nut from its mouth right into Anastasiya's. I did not take it as a miracle, because I remembered that in Novosibirsk Academy Township I saw a lot of squirrels. They are not afraid of people and even beg food from passers by, moreover they even get angry when they are not treated. Though in this case I had an opportunity to watch a radically opposite process.

We know of numerous cases from fiction, press and TV programs in which wild animals like wolves brought up babies, for instance. In this particular case we can see that generation after generation are living permanently in close contact with Mother Nature and their relationship with the wild world differs from ours or any other known native tribes on Earth.

“Why don't you feel cold while I need to wear a jacket?” I asked her. “Because”, she answered, the people who are covering themselves with clothes, hiding themselves from heat and cold in shelters eventually lose more and more of their abilities to adapt to environmental fluctuations. I have not lost this ability, that's why I don't need much clothing”.

## **FOREST BEDROOM**

I was not prepared at all to sleep outdoors in a wild forest. Anastasiya had put me to bed in a spaciouly dugout. When I woke up, I had a feeling of felicity and comfort as if I were on a wonderful, cozy bed.

The den was rather spaciouly paved with small, fluffy cedar twigs and dry herbs producing a very pleasant aroma. When stretching myself out I touched some fluffy fur and noted to myself that Anastasiya was, evidently, hunting somehow. I moved closer to the fur, pressed my back against its warmth and decided to doze for a bit longer.

Anastasiya was standing at the entrance and when she saw me awaken, told me right away, “Please, don't get scared”. Then she clapped her hands and the “fur” moved... Being terribly horrified I realized that it was not a fur. A wild bear started to crawl very cautiously out of the den. After receiving an encouraging pat from Anastasiya the beast left. It turned out that she had put some sleeping herbs in the den and then made the bear lie by my side to keep me warm during the night. She, herself, was sleeping outside rolled up into a ball.

“How could you do it to me? The he-bear could kill or press me down!” “It is not a “he”, it is a she-bear. She could do nothing wrong to you”, answered Anastasiya, “she is very obedient. The greatest fun for her is to get a job and fulfill it in the best way. She even did not move during the whole nightlong. She pressed her nose to my feet and stood still in a great bliss. She only startled a bit when you in your dreams were stretching your arms giving her slaps on the back”.

## ANASTASIYA'S MORNING

Anastasiya goes to bed at one of her shelters as soon as it gets dark. More often she spends a night in her den. When it is warm she sleeps outside right on the grass. The first thing that she does on awakening is the rising sun salutation, which is exceptionally joyous. Then she welcomes newly born sprouts and shoots, which are appearing on the branches and coming out from the ground. She touches them with her hands, sometimes fixing something. Then she runs up to small trees and claps and taps on their trunks, producing a wonderful shower of pollen. These are mixed with early morning dew, which falls on her from the shaking crowns of the trees. After that she lies down on grass and for about five minutes stretches and twists herself in the state of blissful happiness. All her skin gets covered with a kind of moistening cream. Then, having taken a run, she jumps into a small lake where she splashes and dives.

The problems of food or clothes don't exist for her at all; most of the time she is naked or half-naked. She lives on cedar nuts, different kinds of herbs, berries and mushrooms. By the way, she eats only dry mushrooms. She never bothers herself harvesting mushrooms or nuts, or laying in store any kind of provision even for winter. The numerous squirrels living nearby take care of these problems. It is not extraordinary or unnatural that squirrels make their stocks for winter. It is instinctive behaviour. I was astonished by the fact that the squirrels which happen to be around, on Anastasiya's sign (snapping of her fingers), run right towards her and racing one another try to jump on her stretched out hand and give her a peeled kernel of nut.

When Anastasiya slaps her bent knee, the squirrels produce a peculiar sound, as if calling or informing their comrades. They start to bring and put before her dry mushrooms and other provisions. They are doing it with great joy. I thought that Anastasiya was training them, but she told me that their behaviour was instinctive. The mother squirrel by doing it was teaching her children: "Watch me, follow me, behave like me".

"Maybe, they were trained by some of my ancestors long, long ago, but to my mind, most likely, it is their predestination. Each squirrel usually lays in store several times more than it could use itself". Anastasiya commented on the behaviour of her adorable providers.

Answering my question, how she manages not to get frozen in winter without proper clothes, Anastasiya asked me, "Don't you know any examples which demonstrate the ability of a human body to withstand cold without any clothes, in your world?"

I recalled a book titled *Detka* (a child), by Porfiry Ivanov, who wore only shorts and was always barefooted in all seasons. The book also relates that during the World War the fascists decided to test his great endurance by pouring water over him. The outside temperature was 20 degrees Celsius below zero and that after that they drove him in a motorcycle. No need to say that the man was absolutely naked...

In her childhood Anastasiya was fed not only on her mother's breast milk but also on the milk of different animals. They freely let her suck their milk. She does not make any ritual out of the meals procedure as she never sits down to eat. She merely picks a



berry or a plant sprout without interrupting herself from her main occupation of whatever she is doing at that time.

By the end of my stay there I could not help changing my attitude towards the woman, from what it was at the very beginning of our meeting. After everything I had seen and learned, Anastasiya had turned into a different being but never a beast. Her intellect was extremely superb. Sometimes it seemed to me that it was beyond the understanding of an ordinary person.

In contrast to many well-recognized personalities with extraordinary abilities who surround themselves with a mysterious halo, assuming a secretive look, Anastasiya tried to explain the mechanics of her abilities and proved that there was nothing mysterious or supernatural about it or her. She always affirmed that she was a human being, a woman. She constantly reminded me about that again and again, asking me to realize it. I did try to realize it, doing my best to find explanations for all those extraordinary phenomena. A human mind in our civilized world is working in one direction: using all possible and impossible ways to build one's mode of living, to provide oneself and one's family with food and to satisfy sexual instincts. Anastasiya doesn't waste time bothering herself with all this stuff. The people who happen to get in a similar situation, as the Lykovs family (above mentioned), for example, have to watch constantly that their life supporting provisions, dwellings and what not are taken care of. Mother Nature doesn't help them the way it does in Anastasiya's case. All kinds of native tribes living apart of our civilized world, as far as I know, lack this kind of contact and harmony with Nature. Anastasiya explains it as follows:

“Their thoughts and intentions are not pure enough. Nature and the animal world can feel it”.

## **ANASTASIYA'S BEAM**

The most unusual and mysterious thing for me while staying at Anastasiya's seemed to be her ability to see some people at a great distance and watch their lives. Maybe other hermits also have this kind of ability. She did it with the help of an invisible beam. She claims that everybody has it at his or her disposal but people don't know about its existence and they can't use it.

She affirms that till now man has invented nothing at all which doesn't exist in nature. The technique, which makes television work, is just a poor similarity to the great potential of this beam.

Just because the beam is invisible, I refused to believe in it, in spite of the fact that she was trying repeatedly to demonstrate how it worked. She tried hard to explain the principle of its operation and to find intelligible explanations.

“Now, tell me, Vladimir, what is your definition of a waking dream? Are many people able to dream?”

"I believe, many people can dream. A dream is when a man imagines himself in the desirable future".

"All right. So you don't deny that a man has an ability to model his future and different situations?"

"No, I don't".

"Well, what's an intuition?"

"Well, intuition... Probably, it's a feeling when a person is thinking without analyzing how and why something could happen, just goes with a flow. Some kind of feeling tells him the right way to act".

"So, you don't deny the existence of something inside a man which helps him besides common analytical reasoning to define his own as well as somebody else's actions?"

"Supposedly I don't".

"Perfect," exclaimed Anastasiya, "now a dream! What are dreams, which almost all people have?"

"Well, a dream is ... To tell the truth, I don't know what it is. A dream is just a dream".

"All right, all right. Let it be "just a dream". Anyhow, you don't deny its existence. You and others know that when a person is sleeping, when his body is almost out of control of his consciousness, he can see people and different events?"

"Well, nobody will deny it".

"Yet, in a dream people can communicate, talk, go through emotional experiences"

"Yes, they can".

"Well, what do you think, can a man control his dreams, provoke desirable images and events which he/she would like to see?"

"I don't think so. A dream comes somehow by itself".

"You are wrong. A man can control everything. A man has been created to control everything"

"The beam I am talking about consists, precisely, of existing information, imagination, intuition, soul feelings and, as a result of it visions, just like a dream.

These are consciously controlled by a man's will power".

"How is it possible to control a dream while you are sleeping?"

"Not only while sleeping. One can do it while being wide-awake. You see, it is as if you are programming in advance and without failure. With people like you it occurs while sleeping and chaotically. Man has lost his ability to control it. That's why he decided that a dream is just an unnecessary product of a tired brain. In reality... Well, do you want me to try to help you to see anything at a distance right now?"

"Well, sure I do", I answered eagerly.

"Lie down on the grass and relax, so your body would use less energy. It is necessary that you feel comfortable. Does anything disturb you? All right. Now think about a person you know well enough. Let's say, your wife. Recall her habits, her way of walking, her clothes, the place you think she could be right now and in general, try to imagine everything possible, using the power of your imaginations.

I recalled my wife, bearing in mind that at that moment she could be at our country house. I visualized the house, some things and furniture. Then many things came to my mind in details but I could see nothing... I told Anastasiya about it and she answered,

“Because you can't relax completely. Try to relax as if you are falling asleep. All right. Don't worry. I'll help you. Close your eyes. Put your arms aside”.

Then I felt the touch of other fingers on mine and I started to fall asleep or into a kind of drowsiness...

...My wife was standing in the kitchen of our country house. She had a knitted jacket over her housecoat. “It means that it is cool in the house”, I thought to myself, “again there are problems with the heater”. My wife was cooking coffee on the gas stove and something else was boiling in the dog's pot.

Her face looked sad and unhappy. Her movements were slack and slow. All of a sudden she raised her head and moving lightly and easily she went to the window. She looked through it at falling rain and smiled. The coffee on the stove came over the edges, she seized the coffee pot with the spilling coffee but she did not frown and was not irritated by it, as she usually would be in such a case. She took off her jacket..

I was wide-awake.

“Well, did you see?”, asked Anastasiya.

“Yes, I did. But maybe it was a regular dream?”

“Why "regular"? You had planned exactly to see her!”

“Yes, I did, and I have seen. Where is the proof that she was exactly there, I mean at the kitchen at the very moment I was watching her?”

“Will you memorize this day and time. When you come back, ask her. That's all. Didn't you notice anything else which looked unusual about her?”

“Well, nothing else, I guess”.

“Didn't you see her smile, when she came to the window and the fact that she was not irritated by the spilt coffee?”

“Oh, yes. I did notice that but maybe she saw something good through the window and she liked it”.

“She could see only rain. Rain, which she never enjoyed. Right?”

“Then, why did she smile, according to you?”

“Well, because I was looking at your wife with my beam and warmed her”.

“So, it means that your beam had warmed her and what about mine? Was it cold?”

“You were just watching her with interest, you did not put your feelings into your beam”.

“Does it mean that your beam can warm a person at a distance?”

“Exactly”.

“What else?”

“It can get and send information, try to improve a mood and partially heal some sicknesses. The beam can do many other different things, it depends on the available energy, power of feelings, will power and desire”.

“Can you see the future and the past, Anastasiya?”

“Of course, I can! The future and the past, they are almost the same. The only difference is in outside details. The main thing always remains unchangeable”

“How come? What can be "unchangeable"?”

“For example, one thousand years ago the people were wearing different clothes. They were using different equipment in their everyday life. Also one thousand years ago the people had exactly the same feelings and emotions as now. Feelings are timeless:

fear, joy, love... Yaroslav the Wise, Ivan the Terrible or a pharaoh could love a woman with the same feelings as you or anybody else today”.

“Well, it's quite interesting but not completely comprehensible. What does it mean? You claim that everyone could have such a beam?”

“Sure, Vladimir. Everyone. Even now people still have feelings and intuition, the ability to dream, assume, program and design certain situations, to watch dreams. They did not absolutely lose their abilities, only that these processes have become chaotic and uncontrolled”

“Maybe it is necessary to train people somehow, to develop some kind of exercises?”, I asked.

Anastasiya's world outlook is very unusual and amazing:

“What is God, Anastasiya? Does He exist? If He does, then why has nobody ever seen Him?”

“God is Interplanetary Mind or Intellect. He is not a single whole mass. One of His halves is out of the material world of the Universe. He is a complexity of all kinds of energies. His second half is spread all over the Earth in the form of small particles as well as in every human being”.

“What do you think about the future of our society?”

“In perspective the realization of all the destructive nature of the technocratic way of your development will come and you will start to move back towards the Origins, the Primary Source”.

“Do you mean that all our scientists are undeveloped creatures who are leading us into a dead end?”

“I would like to say that through them the process is being accelerated and, accordingly, the realization of the wrong way is coming true”.

“Does it mean that all the machines and buildings we are creating are just in vain?”, “Yes, it is”.

“Isn't it boring for you to live here all by yourself without television and telephone?”

“Such primitive things you have mentioned, Vladimir! All these things man had from the very beginning, only in a much more perfect way. I have it at my disposal too”.

“Do you mean a television set and a telephone?”

“Well, what is a television set? — It's an instrument with the help of which some information gets to the human atrophied imagination where the pictures and plots are being arranged. With the help of my imagination I can draw upon any plot or any picture, arrange the most unbelievable situations. Even more to that, I can also take part in them myself and even influence the plot on my own. Oh, sorry! I have expressed myself incomprehensibly, I suppose, haven't I?”

“All right and what about the telephone?”

“A man can communicate with anybody without a telephone. The only required things are:

Willpower the wish of both parties and a developed imagination.

## CONCERT IN TAIGA

I suggested her that she should go to Moscow and present herself on television.

“Just imagine, Anastasiya, being such a beauty, you could become a cover girl, a world famous model”. I said. That was it! It was at exactly that point, when I realized that she was an earthly woman and, like any woman, she was happy to be a beauty. Anastasiya started laughing.

“The most beautiful, is it? Do you really mean it?” She asked me to repeat it and walked along the clearing as if she were a model putting one foot in front of the other while walking and demonstrating imaginary finery. I made an announcement,

“Now, ladies and gentlemen, highly respected audience, you are going to see a second to none, a wonderful gymnast, the incomparable beauty A-n-a-s-t-a-s-i-y-a!”

My announcement made her cheer up even more. She ran into the centre of the clearing and produced an incredible somersault forward and then backward. Then to the left and to the right, then she jumped up very high, caught at a bough of a tree, swung herself for a couple of times and found herself in another tree. Then she repeated her acrobatic feat with somersaults, ran into the centre of the clearing again and started bowing before the imaginary audience being accompanied by my loud cheers. Then she ran away from the stage clearing and having hidden herself behind the imaginary wings. She was peeping out smiling waiting impatiently for another announcement.

Then the idea of my favourite collection of pop singers crossed my mind. Once in a while in the evenings being alone in my cabin I enjoyed watching videotapes with my favourite songs. One of those tapes came to me. So, without a shade of doubt, that she could do it, I announced, “Dear ladies and gentlemen, to much respected audience, now you are going to meet the best modern variety performers who will perform their best songs. Let's warmly welcome them!”

Oh, how wrong I was to doubt her abilities! Later on ... it was absolutely something unbelievable and unpredictable! Anastasiya, on having hardly taken one step from behind the “wings”, started to sing. It was the voice of a famous modern singer Alla Pugachova. Don't take me wrong, she was not imitating Alla's voice. She was singing with such an ease reproducing not only the voice itself but also its specific timbre. The manners, the way she was expressing her feelings and emotions were astonishing. It was great!

Though the most exciting thing was something else. It was when Anastasiya was accentuating some particular words and phrases, adding to the song some new meaning. Alla Pugachova's performance of this song, which had been recognized by the great majority of people as a perfect one, now, in Anastasiya's interpretation, was turning to produce a whole scale of new emotions. She was giving more light to the images. For instance, in the perfect lines of the song:

“Once there was an artist,  
He had a small house and canvases  
But he was in love with an actress,

The one who loved flowers.  
And he sold his house,  
Sold his pictures and canvases  
And he spent all his money  
On a great sea of flowers - Millions,  
Millions of scarlet roses..."

She had accentuated the word "canvases". She had screamed out this word, putting into it inexplicable emotions which were a mixture of astonishment and fright. Yes, canvases! Exactly! As they are the most precious things for an artist. Without them it is impossible to create. The artist gives away his most valuable treasure for his beloved's sake... Then, when Anastasiya was pronouncing the following words:

"... the train took her away" she expressed the artist's feelings, the pain of a man who was deeply in love. She also expressed his despair and confusion watching the departing train which was taking away his beloved forever. Oh, it was great!

Being under the influence of everything I had seen, heard and experienced, I did not applaud when the song was over. Anastasiya bowed, waited for a while for the appreciation of the "audience". Then without any invitation and announcement, she started another song and this time she was trying even harder than before. She was performing all my favourites one after another, everything that was recorded for me in my order on my videotape.

Each song, which I used to enjoy many times before, sounded in her reproduction brighter, containing much more meaning, provoking more emotions.

The last song was over. Anastasiya waited in vain for the cheering. So, she went away behind her "wings". I was still in a state of a shock. I sat for a while, being under the influence of that extraordinary impression. Then I jumped up and started to applaud shouting out, "Great, Anastasiya! Bravo! Encore! All the performers, welcome on the stage, please!" Anastasiya came out cautiously and bowed slowly. I could not help yelling all the way, "Bravo! Encore!", I was clapping and stamping with my feet. She also got excited, started clapping and asked, " "Bravo", does it mean "more"?"

"Yes, more! And more! And more!"

Then I became quiet and started to take an all around view of Anastasiya and a thought crossed my mind: how amazingly many sided her soul was, as she had managed to bring into the performance such amount of novelty, brightness and beauty! She was quietly looking at me inquiringly. Then I asked her, "Well, Anastasiya, do you have a song of your own? Could you perform anything which belongs only to you?"

"Yes, I could. But my song is wordless. Would you like it?"

"Oh, please, Anastasiya, will you sing your song?"

"All right."

So, Anastasiya started her unusual song. At first she screamed out as a newly born baby, then her voice became very soft, delicate and affectionate. She was standing under a tree, pressing her hands against her chest, her head being bent a bit as if she was rocking a baby to sleep, singing a lullaby song. She was caressing the baby with her voice and was telling something loving to it. Because of that soft, amazingly clear voice, everything stood still even the birds and the chirring in the grass. Then she became very happy watching her baby waking up. New sounds of exaltation appeared in her voice, unbelievably high sounds now were flying over the earth and then flushing

up into the heights of eternity. Now Anastasiya's voice was pleading to somebody, then it was fighting and then it was again caressing a baby, giving the gift of joy to everything around.

The feeling of joy embraced me too and when the song was over I screamed joyously, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, my dear friends, you will watch a unique, inimitable performance of the world famous, the most skilful, brave and charming lady trainer who is capable of taming any beast. Welcome her, watch and be thrilled!" Anastasiya even squealed in exaltation, jumped up clapping her hands rhythmically, gave a cry and whistled. Something unbelievable started happening in the clearing. A she-wolf was the first to appear. It jumped out from behind the bushes and stood still by the edge of the clearing, looking around incomprehensibly. The squirrels were skimming up the trees jumping from branch to branch. Two eagles were flying very low in circles. Some kind of small wild animals were moving in the shrubs, then a sound of the snapping of dry twigs came to us. A huge bear was making its way through the bushes moving them apart and pressing them. It ran out on the clearing, came very close to Anastasiya and stood as if rooted to the spot. The she wolf grumbled at the bear disapprovingly. Evidently, the bear had approached their lady too close without getting a special invitation.

Anastasiya ran towards the bear, patted its muzzle, gripped its front paws and made the bear stand on its back paws vertically. One could tell that while doing it she did not apply any efforts at all as the animal was fulfilling her commands willingly. This was done in accordance with its own interpretation and understanding of them. The beast was standing motionless, trying hard to understand what she wanted it to do. Anastasiya took a run, jumped up high, gripped the bear by its paw and started bending herself backward. She was pulling the bear trying to show that she was going to throw the beast over herself.

This kind of trick would be impossible if the bear did not do it willingly by itself and Anastasiya was just directing its actions. Evidently, the bear was doing its best trying not to cause any harm to its mistress by supporting itself on its paws. The she-wolf was getting more and more restless so it could not help but rush from side to side growling and snarling. A couple of other wolves appeared in the clearing and Anastasiya repeated the trick with the bear again and again throwing it over herself. She even tried to make the beast accomplish a somersault and the poor thing suddenly tumbled down on its side and stood still.

Being overexcited and baring its teeth in anger, the she-wolf made a jump towards the bear. With the speed of lightning Anastasiya blocked the wolf's way and the latter, slowing down with its four paws, made a somersault over its back and hurt itself against Anastasiya's legs. Anastasiya took a very quick grip on the wolf's mane making the beast press itself to the ground obediently. With the other hand she waved exactly the way she did in my case, when I had tried to give her a hug without her permission.

The forest around us was murmuring excitedly but not threateningly. One could sense of excitement in the behaviour of big and small wild animals. Some of them were jumping or running, some were becoming quiet. Anastasiya started to reduce the agitation: first of all she flattered the she-wolf then patted its mane and sent the beast away from the clearing by giving it a smack as people usually do to a dog. The bear was still lying on its side in a very uncomfortable position. Evidently it was waiting for another

“job”. Anastasiya came to the bear, made it rise, stroked its muzzle and in the same way as she did with the she-wolf, sent it away from the clearing.

Anastasiya blushing sat down next to me, took a deep breath and slowly breathed out. I noted that her breathing normalized very quickly and became as smooth and regular as if she had never done all her incredible exercises.

“They don't understand theatrical performance and they don't need to understand it because it's not very good for them”, remarked Anastasiya and then asked, “Well, what about me? Can I get any place in your world? I mean, can I find a job”.

“It was great! But all of these have already existed. The trainers in the circus show many interesting tricks with all kinds of animals, so you will not be able to force your way into such a job because of bureaucratic red tape. There are a great number of conventions and intrigues. You are not well versed to stand them”.

We proceeded with our game trying all kinds of versions whereby Anastasiya could find a job in our world and how she would overcome the existing formalities. Although we had failed to find an easy solution as Anastasiya did not have papers to prove her education, identification or the right of permanent residence. Nobody would believe her stories about her origin without a birth certificate. Her wonderful skills and abilities would not count much.

Anastasiya got more serious and said, “Of course I would like to visit, at least once again, one of your large cities, let's say Moscow, just to get more proof concerning the exactness of my modelling of some situations from people's lives. For example, I can't understand how the dark forces manage to fool women to such an extent that they, without even realizing it, are trying to attract men with the help of their physical charms. By doing so they don't give the men an opportunity of making the right choice, the one that is right for the soul. Then they are both suffering because of this as they can't create a proper family”. Then she started her amazing reasoning about sex, family, bringing up children, and I thought to myself, “The most incredible of all that I've seen and heard was her ability to speak about our way of life, her precise and detailed knowledge of it”.

## **WHO LIGHTS ANEW STAR**

The second night, being afraid that Anastasiya would again put into my “bedroom” her favourite she-bear to keep me warm or some other foolish things and I refused categorically to go to bed. I told her that I would not do it if she did not lie down by my side. I had figured it out that if she were close to me, she would not play any tricks.

“That's what you call having a guest staying at your home? I was sure that here there would be at least some construction. You don't even let me make a campfire and



on top of this you are slipping in all kinds of beasts in on me! If you don't have a decent house you should not invite guests to stay there”.

“All right, Vladimir, don't worry, please and don't get scared. Nothing bad will happen to you. If you wish, I shall lie down near you and keep you warm”.

This time there were even more cedar twigs scattered in the den dugout; the bunches of herbs were put very neatly. The walls were also decorated with twigs. I took off my clothes, put my pants and sweater under my head, lay down and covered myself with my jacket. The cedar twigs were producing the phytocideous aroma about which popular science literature tells us how whereby it disinfects the surrounding air. Although in the taiga the air is clean, anyhow. I could breathe with ease. The dry herbs and flowers added some kind of extraordinarily delicate flavour.

Anastasiya kept her promise and lay down with me. Honestly, I could tell that the aroma that her body was producing exceeded all other scents. It was much more pleasant than the most delicate perfume which I had ever smelled while being close to a woman. However, it never came to my mind to take possession of her. After my attempt to hug her when we were on our way to her place of dwelling, after that fear which I had experienced and the losing of my consciousness, I did not imagine any kind of sexual or romantic feelings towards her. That was true even when I saw her absolutely naked.

I was dreaming quietly about a son whom my wife had never given birth to: “It would be great if my son could be born from Anastasiya! She is such a beauty. She is healthy and is capable of great endurance. That means that the baby would also be healthy and in my likeness. Of course, my son may look like her though he still should be much more like me. He would become a strong and smart personality. He would be happy, talented and intelligent”

I imagined my baby son clinging to the nipples of her breast and involuntarily I put my hand on Anastasiya's resilient breast. At that very moment a quiver ran all over my body and in a moment it was gone. Though it was not a fearful shivering, it was a different, extraordinary and pleasant one. I did not draw my hand back but only held my breath waiting for what would follow. The next moment I felt her soft palm on my hand. She did not push my hand away. I raised myself a bit and started looking at her gorgeous face. The white northern night was making it even more beautiful and attractive. I could not move my eyes away from her face.

Her caressing grey bluish eyes were looking at me. I just could not help bending and touching slightly, quickly and carefully with my lips her half opened mouth. Again the same pleasant quiver occurred! My face was getting shrouded in the aroma of her breath. Her lips did not utter her regular: “Don't do it, calm down”. There were no fearful feelings. The thoughts about my son did not leave me. When Anastasiya embraced me gently, caressed my hair and moved herself towards me, I felt something unbelievable!..

Only in the morning on awakening did I realize that never in my life had I experienced these kinds of feelings, — absolute bliss, exaltation and satisfaction. Then there was another thing that seemed very strange: usually a physical tiredness comes after a night with a woman. In this case everything was quite the opposite and, moreover, there was a feeling of a great accomplishment. There was a feeling that something great had been created. The satisfaction was not just a physical one. There was something more to it, something still unrealized, unknown, never experienced before, extraordinarily wonderful and joyous!

An idea flashed across my mind: “Just because of a moment like this one life is worth living”. I knew, I had never experienced anything like that, even close to it! However, I had met different women in my life that were beautiful, some of whom were rather experienced in love affairs and I had loved them.

Anastasiya was a virgin, a timid and tender girl. Still there was something in her that none, among those I knew, had possessed.

“What? Where is she now?”, I wondered. I moved towards the trap door of the cozy den and sticking myself out. I looked around. The clearing was situated a little bit below my wonderful night dwelling place. It was covered with a layer of the morning fog. It was about two feet thick. In that fog having stretched her arms with her palms opened, Anastasiya was spinning around. She was creating a small cloud of fog around herself. When it was wrapping all over her, Anastasiya jumped up easily, stretching her legs into splits like a ballerina. She flew over the fog layer, landed in a new spot and started spinning again and while doing it she was laughing, rolling herself into another piece of cloud. The rising sunrays were making then-way trying to penetrate through the fog and comfort her. I tell you, it was something! It was charming and exciting and I yelled at the top of my voice being overwhelmed with emotions:

“A-a-n-a-a-st-a-a-s-i-i-ya-a! Good morning, to the fairy of the forest! Anastasiya-a-a!”

“Good morning, Vladimir!” She shouted back gaily.

“It is so nice, so beautiful now! Why do I feel like this?”, I was shouting at the top of my voice putting in it all my power.

Anastasiya raised her arms greeting the rising sun, laughed with her happy, alluring laughter and shouted back to me and to somebody else above in a singing voice.

“Only for a man the only one out of all living beings in the entire Universe it has been given to experience something like this! Only for a man and a woman, who had wished sincerely to have a baby together! Only a man who is experiencing this kind of feeling can light a new star in the sky! Only-y f-o-o-r a m-a -a-n striving towards creation! Thank you-u-u!” Then she turned to me and added addressing only me: “Only for a man, who is striving for a creation and not for satisfaction of his flesh needs”.

She had an outburst of laughter again with her catchy laughter, jumping up, stretching herself into the splits, she started to hover over the fog. Then she ran up to me and took a seat next to me at the entrance of the den She started to comb her golden hair with her fingers.

“So, you don't believe that sex is a kind of sin?”, I asked her. Anastasiya was quiet for a while then looked at me with surprise and replied, “Do you think that it was the kind of sex they mean when using precisely this word in your world? If not, then what is more sinful: to give in and let a man come into this world or to abstain from it and don't let a man be born into the material world? A real man?”

Well, well, I went deep into thinking. Really, that night's intimacy with Anastasiya was impossible to classify by a habitual word “sex”. What was it then? What is the proper word to use? I asked her again, “Why has nothing of the kind ever happened to me before and, I guess, to many other people?”

“Well, you see, Vladimir, the dark forces are trying hard to develop in man vile, mean motives and lust of flesh just to prevent him from experiencing the divine grace, the gift of God. They are trying hard using all possible ways to make him/her believe, by suggesting the idea of effortlessly getting satisfaction, just thinking of satisfaction. By

doing it they are leading a man away from the Truth. The poor, deceived women, who not even realizing it, for all their lives are getting only suffering, trying to find their lost grace and bliss. They are looking for it in the wrong direction. No woman will be able to keep a man from lechery if she gave herself up to him only to satisfy his carnal desires. If something like this happened, their joint life will never be a happy one. Their union, a poor illusion of togetherness, is a lie. It is a falsehood though widely recognized by conventional society.

As for the woman herself, she turns into a loose one right away, no matter whether she is married to the man or not. Oh, humankind has invented so many kinds of laws and conventions trying to strengthen this false union by artificial reanimation: ecclesiastic and secular ones, but they don't help! They just make a man play, to get adjusted to them, trying to make a show of the existence of a union and create an imitation of a marriage. The inner intentions were always unchangeable and never depended on anybody or anything. Jesus Christ had realized it. Then he tried to emphasize it by saying that anyone who was looking at a woman with lust is already committing adultery with her in his heart. Then all of you, taken together recently tried to hold up to shame the one who had left a family... Although nothing in any kind of situation could stop man from searching intuitively for this grace, once experienced. He/she is looking persistently for this great satisfaction in spite of all kinds of obstacles.

A false union is horrible because children are involved! Do you understand, Vladimir? Children! They feel artificiality, the mendacity of such a union. Children start to doubt everything their parents say to them. Children can sense a lie subconsciously when they are still in their conceptual stage. Because of it they feel bad things.

Tell me, and who would not? What kind of a man would like to appear in this world as a result of carnal pleasures? Everyone would like to be created by a great impulse of love striving for a real creation.

Those who joined a false union later on will seek a real satisfaction secretly, away from one another. They will be longing for possession of new bodies all the time or use only their own bodies ordinarily and they are doomed. Only intuitively being aware that the real grace of the real union is moving away from them farther and farther”.

“Anastasiya, wait a minute. Could it really be true that men and women are doomed to such an extent if they happened to have just regular sex at first? Is it possible that there would not be any way out, no opportunity left to correct the situation?”

“Why, there is an opportunity. Now I know for sure what to do. Where and what kind of words should I find to express it, to put it into words? I am searching for such kinds of words all the time. I was looking for them in the past and in the future but I've failed to find them. Maybe they are quite near, somewhere here? They are about to appear, new words are ready to be born with the ability to reach the heart and mind. The new words to express the ancient truth of the Original Sources”.

“Well, don't get frustrated, Anastasiya. Try to tell me using those words, which are available at least approximately. What else is necessary for real satisfaction besides two bodies?”

“Awareness! Mutual striving for creation. Sincerity and purity of striving”.

“Where do you get all this knowledge from, Anastasiya?”

"I am not the only one who knows it. The enlightened souls like Vales, Krishna, Rama, Shiva, Christ, Allah, Buddha were trying to explain to people the essence of all existence"

"Now, what's that? Did you read about them? Where? When?"

"I did not read about them. I just know what they have said, what they were thinking about and what was their mission, what they wanted to accomplish"

"So, according to you, is it bad just to enjoy sex?"

"Very bad! It leads a man away from the truth, destroys a family and a huge amount of energy goes nowhere."

"Then why do they publish such a great number of magazines with naked women in erotic poses and produce movies with sensuality and sex? They are a great success and in great demand. The demand gives rise to supply. What do you mean? Do you want to say that our humankind is absolutely wicked?"

"Humankind is not wicked but the mechanism of the dark forces, eclipsing the spirituality provoking carnality, is very strong. It brings a lot of troubles and suffering to people. It works through women using their beauty, the destination of which is to awake and support the spirit of a poet, an artist and a creator in man. Because of this very purpose a woman herself should be pure. If there is no purity of feeling, then an attempt of attracting a man with the help other sexual charms comes forward. The purpose of it is just to get a man with the outside beauty of an empty vessel. By doing this she tricks a man. It is inevitable that she is going to suffer for this trickery all her life".

"How come? Couldn't mankind manage to overcome this "mechanism" of dark forces through the millennia of its existence? It has failed to overcome this in spite of all the calls of "the enlightened souls"? Does it mean that it is just impossible to overcome them? Maybe, there just is no need to do it?"

"It is possible and necessary by all means!"

"Then how could it be done?"

"Women again! Those who have managed to realize the truth and their predestination will get changed and eventually men will change too".

"No way, Anastasiya, I doubt it. A normal man will always be excited by a beautiful woman's legs and breasts... Especially when on a business trip or on vacation he happens to be far away from his woman. That is the way. It just happens. Nobody can change anything in this case. So it's one way traffic".

"But I have already done it for you".

"What have you done?"

"From now on you will not be able to be involved with pernicious sex".

A horrifying thought struck me like lightning and started to reverse the wonderful feeling that was born inside me the previous night.

"What have you done to me, Anastasiya? Tell me! What? I am now... What am I now... Impotent?", I uttered.

"On the contrary, you have become a real man now. Just regular sex will be repulsive to you. It will not bring you the feeling you have experienced that night as this kind of feeling could be possible only in the case of a desire to have a baby. The woman should have the same desire too. She should really love to desire a baby from you".

"Love me? Well, under such conditions... During a lifetime it could happen only a couple of times. That's it..."

"It is quite sufficient to be happy within your entire life, trust me. You will realize it".

Anastasiya stretched her arms towards me and tried to move closer. I jumped quickly away from her into the den's corner and shouted out, "Stay away from the exit, please. I ask you nicely!", She stood up. I crawled out and backed up from her a couple of steps.

"You have deprived me maybe of the main pleasure in my life. Everybody is longing for it, everybody is thinking of it, even if they don't speak aloud about it".

"It is just an illusion, Vladimir, all these so-called pleasures you are talking about. I've helped you to get rid of a terrible, pernicious, sinful attraction.

"Whether it is illusion or not, who knows? Anyhow, it is a pleasure universally acknowledged. Don't you dare make me rid of it just because you take it as a "pernicious" inclination. Otherwise when I get out of here, I will forget about any relationship with a woman. No drinking! Having a nice snack! No smoking! Thank you! The great majority of people in everyday life are absolutely unaccustomed to these conditions"

"Well, what is good in hard drinking, smoking, senseless and pernicious digesting of a great amount of animal meat since there has been plenty of vegetation created especially for man to live on?"

"Now look here, why don't you live on your "vegetation" if you like it and leave me alone. For many of us it's a pleasure to smoke, to drink liquor, to enjoy a nice meal. It is recognized and accepted by everybody. Do you understand it? Accepted! This is the bottom line! That's it!"

"Look, Vladimir, everything you've mentioned is bad and pernicious".

"Bad"? "Pernicious"? All right! What if my invited guests come to my house to celebrate some special occasion. They sit down at the table and I would tell them, "My dear friends, will you help yourselves to some nuts, have a bite of an apple, enjoy a glass of water and no smoking." Then it will be really bad!"

"When you invite your friends and as soon as they come, is it the most important thing to do right away to invite them to sit down at the table and start drinking, eating and smoking?"

"It does not really matter whether it is the most important or not. It is just universally acknowledged all over the world, by all people. In some countries there is even a special traditional dish like a roast turkey for a certain holiday or occasions

"It is not recognized by everybody in your world".

"Well, maybe not by everybody but as for me, I am living among normal people".

"Why do you believe that your surroundings consist of the most normal people?"

"Just because they are the majority".

"It is not a weighty reasoning".

"It is not a "weighty" one for you because it is impossible trying to explain anything to you".

My anger towards Anastasiya was vanishing. I recalled everything I had heard about new medical remedies. I remembered about doctors-sexopathologists and a comforting thought came to my mind:

"If she has done something which somehow caused me any damage, the doctors would be able to help correct my problem". So, I said, "All right, Anastasiya, let's make a bargain, I am not angry any more. Thank you very much for the wonderful night! Only in

future you had better not try to get rid of my habits and addictions. As far as sex is concerned, I'll fix it with the help of our doctors and modern medicine. All right? Now let's go bathing”.

I walked to the lake, enjoying the morning forest.

A good mood was returning to me again and as for her... It's unbelievable! Can you imagine?! — She followed me and said all of a sudden. “Medicine and doctors will not help you. To change you back, the a way it was before, first of all they would need to erase from your memory file everything that had happened and the memory of experienced feelings”. Being shocked by this news I stopped and screamed at the top of my voice, “What? Then why don't you undo it?”

“Sorry, I can't undo it either”.

And again the feeling of blind fury overwhelmed me. “You... You are an insolent woman! You are interfering in and messing my life! Here you are! You are ready to make dirty tricks but correct them by deleting them, "I can't! Isn't it something?!”

“But I haven't done any dirty trick. Didn't you want to have a son of yours so much? Although many years have passed by and here you are, you still don't have a son. There is no woman in your life that could give birth to your long awaited son. A desire to have a child from you also a son, has come to me too. Even more to it, I can... Then why do you think beforehand that you will not be well? How do you know? Maybe you will realize it sooner or later... Don't be afraid of me, please, Vladimir. I am not interfering into your psyche. It happened all by itself. You have got what you had wished for. Your wish has come into the material. If there is one thing which I would like to help you with very much, it is to get rid of, at least, one mortal sin”.

“Now again! What kind of sin, I wonder?”

“Pride”.

“Well, I tell you! You are a strange woman! Your philosophy and way of life are inhuman”.

“What do you see in me which is not human, that scares you?”

“First of all, you are living in this forest all by yourself, communicating with plants and animals. There is nobody in our world whose life can come even close to yours”.

“How come, Vladimir, why...”, Anastasiya started to speak excitedly, “What about dachniks<sup>1</sup>? They also communicate with plants and animals but yet they do it unconsciously, without being aware of it. Later on they will realize it. The process of realization has already started with many of them”.

“Well, and here we go! She is already a dachnitsa, and this beam of yours... You don't read books but you know a lot. It is a kind of mysticism”.

“Just a minute, I'll explain to you everything but take your time, not all of a sudden. It takes time, you know. I am trying hard but I can't find the proper words, the understandable ones. Please, trust me. Everything I do is quite absolutely human in distinctive features. It was given to humans long, long ago. It is their primordial bond. It is in our primordial source files. Everybody can do it. Well, anyhow, sooner or later

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<sup>1</sup> Dacha: a small piece of land about 0.04-0.12 hectares (sometimes bigger) with a hut or a summer house surrounded by a kitchen garden, flower beds and fruit trees; it is usually outside of a city; people go there for weekends or vacations. Some people have luxurious residences with a big property but Anastasiya does not mean them. A dachnik is the owner of a dacha. (Comment by the translator)

people inevitably will return to it again. The process will slowly take place when the Light Forces overcome.

*“What about your concert? You were singing with different voices, imitating my favourite singers and, moreover, it was done in exactly the same consecutive order that is recorded in my video tape”.*

“It just happened, Vladimir. Once I saw the tape, listened to the songs. I'll tell you later on how it happened. All right?”

“And what do you mean, did you memorize right away the words and the melodies of all those songs?”

“Yes, I did. What is complicated about it or mystic? Oh, what have I said and showed you! You got scared of me, didn't you? I guess, evidently, I am a muddle-headed chatterbox. I don't know how to restrain myself. Once my grandpa called me this name. I thought that he had done it just because of his love for me. Now I believe that I am really a muddle-head. Please... Vladimir...”.

Anastasiya was talking excitedly and evidently it was the reason why my fear of her was almost gone. The thoughts of my son filled up all my feelings.

“Well, I am all right, I am not afraid any more. Only, please, do restrain yourself a little bit. You see, even your grandpa has told you about it”.

“Yes, he has. My great-grandpa... and I am talking on and on... You know, I can't help it because there is so much to say and I want to say it all! Am I a chatterbox? Yes, sure I am. I'll try to do my best. I'll try to say only the things which are understandable”

“So, you mean that you will give birth, Anastasiya?”

“Of course! Only it will not be in prime time”.

“What do you mean by saying "not in prime time"?” “You see, it is necessary to do it in summer, it is an indispensable condition, when nature helps to bring a baby up”.

“Then why did you make the decision if it is so risky for you and the baby?”

“Don't worry, anyhow, the son will live”.

“And you?” “And me too. I'll try to stay till spring comes and then everything will come its way”.

She said that without a shade of sadness or fear for her own life. Anastasiya took a run and jumped into the water of the small lake. A shaft of sprays sparkling in the sun raised like fireworks and descended on the clean and smooth surface of the lake. In about thirty seconds her body slowly started coming up to the surface. She was lying on the water with her arms wide apart and smiling. I was standing on the bank watching her and thinking: “Will the squirrel hear the snaps of her fingers when she is lying together with her baby in other shelters? Will any of her four-footed friends help her? Will there be enough warmth in her body to give to the baby?”

“If my body is getting cold and the baby needs food, it will cry”, said Anastasiya in a low voice on coming out of the water. Its dissatisfied cry will wake up the pre-spring nature or at least a part of it and then everything will be fine. They will bring the baby up”.

“Did you read my mind?”

“No, I just assumed that you were thinking about it. It is quite natural”.

“Anastasiya, you have told me that your relatives live near by. Could they help you?”

“They are pretty much occupied and they could not be bothered”.

“What is it that they are so occupied with? What are you doing all day long if practically the whole surrounding nature is serving you?”

“Well, I am occupied with... And I am also trying to help the people of your world, those whom they call "dachniks" or gardeners”.

## **HER FAVORITE DACHNIKS**

She told me a lot very excitedly about the possibilities that could be opened for people who communicate with plants. In general Anastasiya usually speaks on two subjects with special excitement and even some feeling of love. These are children and dachniks. If I tell you everything she says about dachniks and what kind of meaning she puts into them then everybody would kneel before each dachnik. Can you believe it? She thinks that they have saved everybody from disaster and starvation. They are sowing Good in our souls, and they are bringing up our future society... I tell you, it's almost impossible to enumerate all the credits she gives them. It would be necessary to write a special book on this subject. Moreover, she proves all in her argument.

“You know today the society you live in can comprehend a lot through communication with plants which they grow at their dachas. Only at the dachas, where you know every plant of your small plot but not in the depersonalized vast fields, where machines are crawling like stupid monsters. The people who work at dachas feel much better and to many of them this is the way to prolong their life and be healed from many sicknesses. They become more kind. It is the dachniks who are capable of stimulating society's awareness of the fatal consequences of the technocratic ways of our developments

“Well, Anastasiya, whether you are right or wrong, it does not really matter right now. What do you have to do with all these things? What are you helping with?”

She gripped me by my hand pulling me down on the grass. We were lying on our backs with arms aside each other and palms up.

“Close your eyes, relax and try to imagine everything I am going to speak about. Now I'll find with my little beam and watch from a distance somebody from the people whom you call "dachniks”.

She was silent for a while, then she started to speak in a low voice: “An elderly woman is unrolling a cheesecloth in which she was soaking cucumber seeds. The seeds have already sprouted a lot, one can see tiny sprouts. She took one seed in her hand. Well, right now I've prompted her that it is not good to soak seeds this way as the sprouts are becoming deformed while planting. This kind of water is not good enough for nourishing a seed and it will get sick. She believes that she has guessed about it on her own, just by herself. Though, to some extent she is right, as I've tried only a little bit to help her to understand, to reach awareness. Now she will share her new idea with other people. Well, that's it. A small business has been done”.



Anastasiya told me that usually she was modelling in her consciousness all kinds of situations concerning people's labour, rest and relationship with each other as well as with plants. When the situation she modelled was the closest to reality, the contact had been installed whereby she could see a person, feel his/ her sickness and sense their feelings.

It looks as if she gets into someone's consciousness and shares her knowledge with the person. Anastasiya said that plants respond to man, they can love him/ her or hate and influence his/ her health positively or negatively.

"In this field I've a lot of work to do. I am busy handling the dachniks' plots. The dachniks go to their plots, to their plantations as if they are visiting their children but unfortunately their attitudes are only intuitive now. They are not supported by the purity of awareness of the real purpose of this interconnection. Absolutely everything on Earth, every herb, every insect has been created for man. They have their special tasks and predestination to be at man's service. The great variety of medicinal herbs are the best proof of it. Although a man of your world knows very few in order to use the given opportunity to the fullest extent".

I asked Anastasiya to show the usefulness of realized communication by certain examples and, moreover, the way that it could be possible to verify, to see and test it scientifically. Anastasiya became thoughtful for a while and then she beamed with joy and exclaimed, "Dachniks! But of course! My favourite dachniks! They will prove and show everything and make your science puzzled. How did it not come to me before? Why couldn't I understand, I wonder?"

Any newly born idea provoked a stormy joy in her. Generally speaking, I've never seen Anastasiya sad. She can be serious, thoughtful, concentrated but most of the time she is joyous. This time she was expressing a stormy joy. She jumped up, then started clapping and it looked to me as if it became much brighter in the forest and the forest started moving. It responded to her by the rustling of the treetops and a very special chattering of birds. She was spinning as if in a dance and then, shining and illuminated all over. Then she took her seat next to me again and said, "Now they will believe. Here they are, my dear dachniks. They will explain the world; she still seemed to be an unreal being, though she was sitting next to me and I could reach and touch her easily. My consciousness, having been used to operate with different criteria of evaluation?" rejected taking her as the one who is existing in reality. Although, at the beginning of our meeting I was attracted to her but later on I did not experience former emotions towards her. I asked, "So, it means you think that the new feelings which appeared in you were occasional

"They are longed for", answered Anastasiya, "they are even pleasant but in return, I would like you to love me the same way I do. Though I have realized that on learning about me and about my world better, you would not be able to perceive me as a regular person. Maybe you could even get scared of me sometimes... You know, actually it has happened that way. It is all my fault. I have made a lot of mistakes. I don't know why but all the time I got nervous. I was rushing, trying to explain and failed to do it. Everything looks foolish, doesn't it? I need to correct myself".

While saying those words she was smiling with a shade of sorrow. She pressed her hand against her breast and I recalled right away something that had happened one morning while I stayed at Anastasiya's.

## DOCTOR SEED

Anastasiya stated:

“Every seed planted by someone contains within itself a great amount of cosmic information. Its volume is incomparable to anything manmade. Thanks to this information the seed knows exactly, up to milliseconds, the time when it is supposed to return to life. It knows when to sprout, what kinds of juices to extract from the ground, how to use the energy generated by cosmic bodies like the sun, moon and stars. It also knows what specific type of plant to become and what kind of fruit to bear. The various fruits are meant for man's life-support. These fruits can fight and resist any disease of a human physical body very effectively and even more powerfully than the best manmade medications existing now and those which will be in the nearest future. In order to fulfill this job a seed has to know everything it could saturate the fruit with and bring them into proper correlation with the necessary substances for the healing process. It has to know precisely for a certain person concerning his specific sicknesses in case they have them or there is a predisposition towards sickness.

To load this kind of information into a cucumber, tomato or any other kind of seed, which is supposed to grow in a certain piece of land it is necessary to act as follows:

Before planting or sowing a dry seed (don't soak it) it should be taken into the mouth and kept not less than nine minutes. Then take it in your hands (in-between your palms), hold it for thirty seconds. While doing it one should stand barefooted on the very plot where the seed is supposed to be planted. After that open your palms, bring your hands close to your mouth, exhale the air out of your lungs right on the seed (or seeds). After that keep it in the open air in the sun for thirty seconds. Now the seed is ready to be planted, so put it into the ground. Never water it right away after planting! You can water it only three days after planting.

Of course don't forget about the proper time for planting or sowing. The day should be chosen in accordance with the well-known moon calendar. Every gardener knows that there are especially preferable days for each kind of crop. It is advisable to plant early without watering when the ground has enough moisture in it. A late planting could be fatal for the seed. Don't destroy around this plant all the weeds when it is developing and growing. It is necessary to leave at least one kind of each weed. You can cut the weeds without pulling them out so you will not disturb the roots of your plant”.

According to Anastasiya, this is the only way for a seed to accumulate, file and process the information about a person. In the process of bringing up its fruit the plant will be getting the most out of the required energy from the Cosmos and the Earth specially for that person. You can't remove all the weeds around the plant because they are playing their special role as well. Some of them are protecting the plants from sicknesses. Others are supplying them with additional information. While the plant is growing it is necessary to communicate with it and at least once, approach it when the moon is full and touch it. Anastasiya confirmed that the fruits, which had been grown that way from a seed and consumed by the person taking care of it, are capable of healing him/her absolutely from any kind of disease. It decreases to a great extent, the

process of ageing, gets rid of pernicious habits and addictions, greatly increasing mental abilities and bringing peace to the soul. This kind of fruit will give the most beneficial effect if consumed within three days after harvesting, not later. All the procedure described above can be done with any kind of crop that you grow on your plot. There is no need to sow or plant the whole bed of cucumbers or tomatoes this way. It is quite sufficient to have only a couple of plants for healing purposes.

Before you plant a sapling it is necessary to crumple the soil in the hole with your fingers and the toes of your bare feet and after that spit into it.

On answering my question, "Why with toes?" Anastasiya explained that toxic substances are coming out of a human body through the feet sweating. These are containing the information about an organism, which had been sick. The young plant would get this information and process it to the fruit, which would be able to fight the sickness. Anastasiya strongly recommended walking on the plot bare footed at least once in a while.

"What kind of crop is it preferable to grow?", I asked. "It is quite sufficient to grow the variety which the great majority of the gardeners do: raspberry, black currant, gooseberry canes, cucumbers, tomatoes, strawberries and any kind of apple tree. It is advisable to have a cherry or sour cherry tree and flowers. The quantity of the crops or the area they occupy does not really matter.

There are compulsory crops without which it is hard to imagine a complete energetic microclimate at a plot. They are: sunflower (at least one), cereals should occupy an area of about 1.5-2 square meters, then rye and wheat. It is absolutely necessary to leave a space not less than 2 square meters for various grasses. This island of motley grass should be only natural. It should not be artificially sown and if you, for some reason have failed to preserve a piece of earth with motley grass in your plot, then it is necessary to bring some turf from a forest. This way you would be able to create a kind of a tiny wild, nature island".

I asked Anastasiya whether it was necessary to plant the compulsory crops if your next-door neighbour had already had those crops at his/ her plot. If right behind your fence there was a motley grass island or even a whole field of it and her answer was, "It is important not only to create a variety of plantings but it is very important the way they were planted and direct communication with them is advisable. Because through it a saturation of information is taking place. I've already told you about one way of planting and it is the main one. The most important thing to do is to saturate the surrounding piece of nature with information about oneself.

Only in that case the healing effect and the life support of your physical body would be much higher than just fruit growing. In "wild nature", as you call it, though it is not "wild" at all, it is just strange and unknown to you. There are a great many plants, which are able to heal all kinds of existing diseases. They exist only for this purpose! Man has lost or almost forfeited the ability to recognize and determine them".

I directed her attention to the fact that we had many specialized pharmacies, which are dealing with medicinal herbs. There were doctors, quack-doctors or even witch — doctors who were healing with herbs, but...

"There is only one main doctor and it is your own organism!", replied Anastasiya. "From the very beginning it has been given to man to know exactly what kind of herb to use and when. Anyone was able to do it subconsciously. Nobody else can substitute

you as your private doctor. This ability has been given to you by God. I am telling you the way to bring it back. A well-organized interrelationship with the plants' organic complex at your plot will heal you. It will take great care of you. The plants will diagnose your condition very precisely on their own and produce the most effective remedy specially destined for you”.

## **WHO IS BEING STUNG BY BEES**

“At each plot it is necessary to have one bee family”, said Anastasiya. I was trying to tell her that only a few people managed to communicate with bees. Some people joined special schools to learn how to take care of bees and even they did not always manage to handle that matter properly.

“A lot of that which you are doing for a bee family's life sustenance only leads you away from success. Within the last thousand years only two men on Earth have managed to get closer to understanding and realizing this unique life mechanism”, she replied.

“Who were they?”, “They were two monks and they have been canonized. Anyone can read.

“They were two monks and they have been canonized. Anyone can read about them in the books which are being preserved in the monastic depositories”

“Well, all right, and what is the right way to maintain bees at a plot?”

“It is simply necessary to make a nest for them, exactly the same one they have in natural conditions. That's it! Then the only job is to take a part of their honey, beeswax and other substances produced by them”.

“But they can sting people, can't they? What kind of peace would there be if man is going to be in a constant state of fear?”

“Bees sting only when man abuses them and behaves aggressively, waving hands, and, in general, if a person is full of aggressive feelings and it is not necessarily towards bees but just for anybody. They feel or, rather, they don't accept radiation of any dark feelings. Those of anger, irritation, frustration, etc. are not accepted. Also they can bite at those parts of the body where there are endings, which are connected and lead towards the internal organs. They dislike any kind of disharmony, as well as those areas where the protective coat is broken. Also if there is some kind of disorder, it is well known how effectively bees can heal the illness, which is called radiculitis, but it is still far from being the only thing they are capable of doing.

If I start telling you about everything and, moreover, try to prove it the way you want me to, then you would have to stay here not for three days but for many weeks.

A lot has been said about bees in your world, I've just tried to make some corrections concerning their maintenance and believe me, please, they are quite substantial. It is very easy to put a bee family into a beehive. It is just necessary to pour

out a swarm of bees into it. I've forgotten to say that before, one should put a piece of beeswax and melliferous herb into the beehive. All kinds of home made frames and honeycombs are not required. Later on, when bee families appear at neighbouring plots, bees will start swarming by themselves and after they have swarmed they will occupy vacant blocks”.

“How would you take honey from them?”

“Just open the bottom cover, fracture the hanging combs and withdraw some of the packed honey and pollen. Only man should not be greedy as it is necessary to leave a certain portion of honey for the bees to survive the winter”.

## **HELLO, MORNING!**

Anastasiya tried to adapt to the conditions of a dacha plot with her own morning procedure and it has come out as follows:

“In the morning, preferably at sunrise, one should go out to the plot bare-footed, come to the plants of one's own choice, at random. You may touch them and there is no need to follow any stereotyped patterns or strictly repeat a certain ritual day after day. Just follow your own gut feeling. One should do it before washing oneself. So, don't touch water. This is very important, as the plants are able to sense the smell of the substances, which are being excreted from a body while man is sleeping. They are coming to the surface through the skin pores. If it is warm and there is a small space covered with grass (it is very important to have such), you should lie down and enjoy stretching yourself for three or four minutes...

If any insects crawl over your body don't push them off. Many insects can do a wonderful job of unplugging the pores of the human body and cleaning them. As a rule, those pores are getting plugged through with toxins. They are coming out bringing to the skin surface all kinds of internal sicknesses and in this way giving man an opportunity to wash them off.

If there is any pool at the plot it is necessary to dip into it. If it is not available you can just pour a bucket of fresh water over yourself. While doing it one should be bare footed standing near the beds of plants. It is even better to stand in between the beds or, for example, one morning you can stand near a raspberry cane and next time it could be a blackberry bush and so on. After the bath in the open air you should not wipe yourself with a towel right away. Wait! It is necessary to shake off the drops of water from your palms on the nearby plants. The drops of water from the rest of your body should be shaken off with your hands exactly the same way. Only after that can you proceed with your regular morning procedures which you are used to”.

## **EVENING PROCEDURE**

“In the evening, before you go to bed, it is absolutely necessary to wash your feet. Add to the water some drops of goosefoot or stinging nettle juice. Though you can use both of them but no soap or shampoo should be present. As for the water in which you have washed your feet, pour it out on the beds of your plot. After that, if it is necessary, you may wash your feet with soap. This kind of evening procedure is very important for two reasons. First of all, as it has been mentioned above, through your feet sweating, the toxins are getting out bringing all kinds of internal diseases. That's why it is absolutely necessary to wash them off, to cleanse the pores. The juice of goosefoot and stinging nettle helps and stimulates the process. By pouring the water on the beds of your plot you are providing the micro-organisms of the environment and plants with additional information about your state of health now. Even more than that, which is also very important, the visible and invisible surrounding world can manufacture everything required for your organism to function properly. It will select these from the Cosmos and the Earth”.

## **IT WILL PREPARE EVERYTHING BY ITSELF**

I was very interested in one thing, “What would she say about nutrition”, I wondered. She herself was eating rather peculiarly. I asked her, “Anastasiya, tell me, please, what do you think about man's nutrition? What should one eat. When, how often and in what quantities should he eat? Lately, everybody is very fascinated about this subject. All kinds of literature have been written advertising different formulas of medical nutrition and giving recommendations on weight loss”.

“Well, it is difficult even to imagine that the life of man in the technocratic world could be different. This world has been given to man from the very beginning but the dark forces have been always trying to change this healthy, natural mechanism into their very complicated, bulky, artificial systems which are contradicting human nature”.

I asked Anastasiya to be more specific and speak more understandingly avoiding her philosophical fabrications and she proceeded:

“You see, nothing but your own organism itself is able to give you a better answer to your questions: “What, when and how much food is man supposed to eat?” The senses of hunger and thirst have been given to man by nature exactly for this purpose. These signal to each human being, in particular, what is the right time for him/ her to have food. This exact moment is the most favourable for him/her. The technocratic world can't provide a man with an opportunity to satisfy his/ her sense of hunger and thirst at

the very moment when the organism requires it. That was the reason why man started to push his/her own organism into the pattern, which has been conditioned by his own helplessness. Moreover, trying to justify it by a certain advisability is what man needs.

Just imagine, somebody is sitting idly, almost sleeping and of course he is saving his energy. Another one is working hard physically or simply running, sweating, losing, dozens of times more energy and they must have their meal at the same time.

Well, man must eat at that time when the physical body tells him/her to do it and the second advisor does not exist. I understand that in the conditions of your existence it is almost impossible to accomplish all my suggestions but for those who have their dacha plots such a possibility does exist! Why not use this wonderful opportunity, putting aside all those unnatural, artificial directives!

I am going to tell you exactly the same thing while answering your question, "what is necessary to eat"? Anything, at hand at the very moment you feel hunger. Your organism will choose by itself what is necessary for it. I can give you some untraditional advice:

If you have a pet in your house (a cat or a dog) try to watch it carefully as you can learn something from it. From time to time the animals choose a certain kind of herb from a great multitude and eat it. It is advisable to take at least a couple of them and add them to your meal. Not necessarily everyday. It is quite sufficient to do it once or twice a week. It is also necessary to harvest grains of cereals, thrash them, mill, make flour and bake bread. It is extremely important! A person who eats such bread only once or twice a year gets the reserve of energy which is capable of activating not only one's inner forces but also influencing the internal state of health. It also effects mood and bring peace to the mind and soul. You can give this bread to your relatives or close friends. It will also influence them beneficially. It is very useful for man's good health, at least once, in summer time to eat only the fruit and vegetation from your plot. Although you can add to it bread, sunflower oil and a minimum quantity of salt".

I have already mentioned how Anastasiya eats. While speaking, for example, on the subject of nourishment she, just by the way, picked up a blade of grass then another one, started chewing and gave me one. I decided to try it. Its taste was not impressive though it was not disgusting either. The process of nourishment and life sustenance of Anastasiya's organism makes the impression that it just relies upon nature. It never prevents her from her thoughts or actions and her mind is always preoccupied by different kinds of problems, that's for sure.

As a matter of fact, her health is an inseparable part of her extraordinary external beauty. According to Anastasiya, the human organism, since it has established such a relationship with the vegetable kingdom and the Earth, has an opportunity to get rid of all kinds of sicknesses. This shows up right away.

Disease itself occurs because Man is moving away from the natural mechanisms, which have been designed to watch his/ her health and life-sustenance. It is no problem at all for these mechanisms to fight any disease just because it is namely the essence of their existence. The benefits which man can enjoy once he creates informational contact with a small space of Mother Nature is much greater than just a help in the struggle against diseases.

## SLEEPING UNDER YOUR STAR

I have already mentioned the way Anastasiya becomes inspired when she speaks about plants and people who are communicating with them. I thought that she, living in a natural environment, had studied perfectly only nature. However she also acquired information about planetary structure. It looks as if she has a feeling for it. Dear readers, it is up to you to judge the idea of sleeping in the open air under the starry sky and the way she speaks about it.

The plants, having received the information about a certain person, enter the information exchange with cosmic forces, but they are only intermediaries. They are fulfilling strictly specialized tasks. These are pertaining to the flesh only and never touch complicated processes, which are only characteristic of man's brain out of all the animal and vegetable kingdoms on the planet. Once being established, the information exchange allows a man to do something, which he alone is empowered to do. That is to get in touch with Cosmic Intellect and, to be more precise, to exchange their information. A very simple procedure makes it possible to do and experience the solitary effect of such an influence. Anastasiya sets it forth as follows:

“On one summer night when the weather is nice, arrange your lodging for the night outdoors, right under the starry sky. It is recommended to make up your bed not far from raspberry or black currant canes or a space with cereals. You must be alone. Lie down on your back facing the stars and keep your eyes open. Just gaze for a while mentally along with the cosmic bodies. Relax, don't strain yourself while thinking about them. The thoughts should be light, free and peaceful. Get into a silent gap.

First of all, try to think about those celestial objects, which are easily visible. Then you may dream for a while of something, which is for you the innermost:

About your loved ones and those to whom you wish all the best. Don't ever try to think about any kind of vengeance or bear somebody ill will at that very moment. Otherwise the effect could be unpredictable, a very unfavourable one for you. This simple procedure will bring back to life some cells of the great multitudes of sleeping ones in your brain. The great majority of which never wake up during man's lifetime.

Cosmic forces will join and help you to accomplish the most inconceivable light dreams; to find peace of mind, regulate favourable relationships with loved ones and your dearest. It will increase or call forth their love towards you. It is very wholesome to carry out this procedure several times. Though it will be effective only at the places of your constant contact with Mother Nature. You will feel the effect the very next morning. It is especially important to do such kinds of procedures every time on your birthday eve. It would take a lot of time to explain how the whole mechanism works and, to be completely honest, there is no use in doing that right now. First of all, you will not believe a certain part of my explanations and, secondly, some of them you will not simply be able to understand. It could be much easier with no time to speak about this subject to those who had tried and experienced this influence by themselves. The information they could get would favour the perception of subsequent experiences.



## YOUR CHILD'S HELPER AND EDUCATOR

I inquired into how a piece of land with plantings, if it were planted in a special way, being in contact with man could benefit the education of children. I expected to hear from Anastasiya something like: "It is necessary to cultivate in children a love for nature and so on..." Although I'd been mistaken. I was shocked by the simplicity of her argument as well as the depth of her philosophical sense.

"Nature and the universal mind created us such that each newly born man comes into the world as a master, a king. He is just like an angel in his purity and innocence. The top of the head, being still open, is receiving a huge flow of universal information and the abilities of each newly born allow him to become the wisest being in the Universe, created in God's likeness. The baby needs a very short period of time to present its parents with a gift of happiness and bliss. This is the time within which it realizes the essence of the Universe, the reason for man's existence. This happens within only nine years of earthly life. Everything he needs already exists", says Anastasiya.

"The only thing the parents should do, is not to distort the natural cosmic creation, but the technocratic world does not allow this. What does a baby see with its first intelligent look? — It can see only a ceiling, an edge of its cradle, some rags, walls and other treasures of an artificial world created by modern technology. In this world its mother and her breasts exist. "Evidently, this is the way it should be," the baby thinks.

The smiling parents are presenting the baby with clanging and squeaking things. The toys are presented in such a way as if they are the greatest treasures in this world. Why? What for? The baby will be clanging and peeping with them for a long time trying to realize everything with its subconscious.

Then again the same smiling parents will swaddle it with rags and it feels terribly uncomfortable. The baby will try to get rid of these; fighting for its freedom but everything is just in vain! The only way to resist is to cry! Here comes the cry of protest and indignation, asking for help. From that very moment an angel and master turns into a beggar, a slave begging for charity.

They present the child with all kinds of attributes of the artificial world without a break, one after another. Every new toy, new clothes is given as a proper thing, almost like a blessing. They are lipping the baby and in that way involuntarily treat the baby man as an imperfect being and even at those establishments which are meant, as everybody believes, to be for educational purposes, the children are being taught the merits of the same artificial world.

And only by the age of nine do they tell him/ her, just by the way, about the existence of Nature as an appendix for something else, something very important and again bearing in mind the same handmade stuff.

The great majority of people are not able to realize the Truth to the end of their lifetime. One would think of the question as being a rather simple one: "What is the meaning of life?" Still, this dilemma has never been solved. The whole point is: in Truth, Joy and Love. A nine year old child, having been educated by the natural world, has more opportunities for realizing the Cosmic Creation than the best educational establishments can provide in your world".

“Stop, Anastasiya! Evidently you mean "the knowledge of nature" bearing in mind that a child's life would pass by just like yours? Sorry, I can't take it. I believe that a modern man has to live one's life right there where he is, in our technocratic world, as you call it. Whether it is good or bad there is no way out and this is the bottom line. One will know and feel nature but as far as other things are concerned, he is going to be an absolute profanity. There are such kinds of sciences as mathematics, physics, chemistry and it is absolutely necessary to know life with its social phenomena”.

“Everything you've mentioned are just trifles for the one who has once got to know the essence of Cosmic Creation. If one shows interest for something and manifests oneself in a certain field of science then it will be easy for him to surpass other people”.

“Just like that?”

“A man of the technocratic world has not till now invented anything that does not exist in Mother Nature”.

“Fine! Let everything be as it is. Remember, you have promised to explain how a child could be educated in our conditions, how to develop his skills and abilities. While speaking on this subject, please express yourself clearly and try to give specific examples, will you?”

“I'll try to do my best”, answered Anastasiya, “I've already modelled such kind of situations and tried to prompt one family with what exactly was necessary to do. They had a problem in realizing the key moment and asking their child the right questions. The parents go with their three-year-old child to their dacha and they carry with them his favourite toys to keep him busy. They should not do it. The child could be involved and preoccupied with something more interesting instead of the senseless and even harmful communication with handmade items.

First of all you can ask him to help you. Only you should do it for real, without kidding and lipping and, believe me, he will really help. If you are going to sow ask him to hold the seeds or rake aside the ground on the bed or put a seed into a hole. While doing it try to comment on your actions explaining to him what you are doing. For example, you may do it this way: "We are going to put the seed into the hole and then cover it with earth. When the sun shines and warms the ground the seed will get warm and start growing, it will wish to see the sun and a green sprout will come out, just like this one," and at that moment you should show him any new sprout. "If the tiny sprout likes, it will become bigger and bigger and eventually it can grow into a tree, just like that or a smaller one. I would like it to bring us a tasty fruit and if you like it you will enjoy eating it".

Any time when you come to your plot with your child or, in case you are staying there, in the morning when he wakes up, the first thing you should do is suggest that the child check up whether a new sprout has come out. When you see a newly born sprout express a real joy, get happy. When you are planting tomato seedlings let your child fetch you stems one by one. If by chance he breaks any of them, take the broken one and say: "I think, this one is not going to live, it will not bring us any fruit, it is broken, but, nevertheless, let's try and we'll see. Then plant at least one broken sprout together with the healthy ones.

In a couple of days when you come to the tomato bed again, he will see the healthy stems which had become stronger and the broken one, which is fading. Remind the child that it had been broken while planting. Mind, please, at that moment you should

not speak to the child in a didactic tone of voice. Speak and treat him as your equal. You should realize on the level of your consciousness that in a certain way he is superior to you. For instance, he is superior in purity of thoughts. A child is an angel and if you manage to comprehend this then later on you would be able to act intuitively. No doubt, he will be the very person who will bring you happiness.

When you are going to sleep under a starry sky, take your child with you, put him by your side, let him see the starry sky. Don't try to tell him the names of the planets or to explain their origin and destination the way you understand it because in reality you don't know it yourself.

The dogma, which exists in your mind, will only mislead him away from the truth. His subconscious mind knows the truth and it will get into the child's consciousness automatically, by itself. The only thing you can do is just to tell him that you like to watch the shining stars and ask your child which of the stars he likes best of all. In general it is very important to know how to ask a child questions.

The following year you should suggest to your child to take care of a small piece of your plot, let him do whatever he likes. You can help, but before you do, ask the child's permission to work together with him. When you sow cereals let him sow seeds too”.

“All right”, I said, “really this way a child will develop an interest in the vegetable kingdom and he could become a good agronomist. How would he gain knowledge in other fields?”

“Well, what do you mean by saying "where from"? The point is not only what he will know and feel about how everything is growing. The bottom line is he will start to think, analyze and in his brain the cells will wake up which are going to work during his total life time. These cells will make the child smarter, more talented than those people whose cells are still sleeping.

As far as your existence is concerned (that which you call "progress"), your child could become second to none in any field of knowledge and his purity of thoughts, being greater than those others have, will make him more happy as well. The adjustment with his planets will give him the possibility not only to receive new information, permanently again and again but to exchange it also. His subconscious will receive all of these and pass it to the consciousness as new thoughts and discoveries. Outwardly he will be a regular man but inwardly. You would call such people "geniuses"”.

## **FOREST GYMNASIA<sup>2</sup>**

“Please, tell me, Anastasiya, was your upbringing exactly the way you are describing everything now?”

She answered only after a short pause evidently trying to recall her childhood.

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<sup>2</sup> A secondary school of highest level preparing for universities in pro-Revolutionary Russia.

"You know, to tell the truth, I almost completely don't remember my daddy and mummy. I was brought up by my grandfather and great-grandfather approximately the way I've just described to you. "The point is that somehow I was feeling nature and the animal world surrounding me very well. Maybe I was not realizing all its mechanisms up to the end but it is not important when one feels it. Granddaddy and great-granddaddy used to visit me from time to time and asked questions and asked me to answer them. It is a rule with us that the elders treat babies and little children as a divine being and through a child's answers they are checking their own purity".

I asked Anastasiya to recollect any specific question she was asked and the answers she gave to it. She smiled and told me this story:

"Once I was playing with a snake, the next moment I turned around and saw them standing watching me and smiling. I was very happy to see them because it was usually fun to spend time with them. Only they could ask me questions and, moreover, their hearts were beating at the same rhythm as mine and the animals' heartbeats were absolutely different. I ran up to them, great-granddaddy bowed to me and granddaddy took me on his lap. I was listening to the beating of his heart and while doing it I was running my fingers over of his beard examining it. We were silent for a while. Everyone was thinking to himself and I felt so good. Then my granddaddy asked me a question:

"Now, tell me, Anastasiya, why does my hair grow here?" He pointed to his head and beard. "But why don't they grow here?", pointing to his forehead and nose.

I touched his forehead, then his nose but no answer came to my mind. I could not speak hastily. It was necessary for me to comprehend the subject by myself. When they came the next time granddad started again:

"Well, you see, the same problem is bothering me. I am still thinking about it. Why do I have hair growing right here and not here?" Then again he pointed to his forehead and nose.

My granddaddy was looking at me very intently and seriously. Then I thought, that evidently it was really the most serious problem for him and asked him in return:

"Well, granddaddy, do you really want so much hair to grow all over you including your forehead and nose?"

My great-granddaddy became very thoughtful and granddaddy answered:

"No, I don't want it to".

"There you are, that's why they don't grow, because you just don't want them to". Then he asked thoughtfully stroking his beard as if he was asking himself:

"All right, do you think that right here they grow just because I like it?" Then I confirmed saying:

"Of course, grandpa, you and me and the one who has invented you". At that very moment great grandpa became very excited and asked:

"Can you tell me who? Who has invented him?"

"The one who has thought of everything", I answered.

"All right, and where is he, can you show him to me?", asked my grandpa bowing before me.

I could not answer right away at that moment but the question stayed inside me and I started thinking about it since that time".

"Did you find the answer later?", I asked her.

“I answered it in about a year and then received new questions. You see, they did not ask me a new question before I gave them the answer to the previous one. Believe me, I was having a very hard time as it was bothering me”.

## **ATTENTION TO MAN**

I asked Anastasiya who had taught her to speak if she almost could not remember her mother and father. Her grandfather and great-grandfather visited her very seldom. I was astonished by the answers I got and I believe that only qualified people should try to find the meaning and essence in them. That's why I'll try my best to reproduce the issue the best way I can. As for me, the essence of it started to clarify only later on. Instead of answering my question she asked me in return:

“Do you mean the ability to speak the languages of different peoples?”

“What does it mean "different"? You can speak different languages, can't you?”

“Yes, I can”, answered Anastasiya.

“Can you speak German, French, English, Japanese, Chinese?”

“Yes, I can”, repeated she and added, “Don't you see I am speaking your language?”

“Do you mean Russian?”

“Well, it is generalized greatly. I am speaking, at least, trying to speak, using the words and word combinations, which you are using in your speech. It was a little bit difficult for me at the beginning as your vocabulary is poor and you repeat very often the same speech patterns. Your senses are also feebly expressed. It is rather difficult for me to express precisely enough everything I would like in using this kind of languages

“Wait a minute, Anastasiya, now I am going to ask you something in a foreign language and you will answer me if you can”. So, I said “How do you do” in English then in French. She responded immediately. To my great regret I don't know foreign languages. I was taught German at school and I had only a satisfactory mark. A whole German phrase came to my mind, which we had to learn by heart and I reproduced it for Anastasiya. She stretched her hand and replied in German:

“I am giving my hand to you”. I was so surprised that I could not believe my ears and I asked her:

“So, what of that? Do you mean that any man could be taught all kinds of languages?” Intuitively I felt that there was a very simple explanation to this extraordinary phenomenon and I just had to realize it and to bring it to people of our world.

“Go ahead, Anastasiya, tell me in my language and, please, try to bring understandable examples”, I asked her getting a little bit excited.

“All right, all right only you should calm down. Relax or otherwise you will fail to comprehend. Let me teach you first of all how to write”.

“I can write. You would better tell me about teaching foreign languages, will you?”

"It is not just how to write. I'll teach you how to become a writer, a talented one. You will write a book".

"Oh, no, it's impossible".

"Quite possible, it's so simple".

Anastasiya took a stick and drew on the ground all the letters of the Russian alphabet together with punctuation marks and asked me how many letters there were.

"Thirty three", I answered.

"Well, you see, there are quite a few letters. Can you call my drawing a book?"

"No", I answered, "it is a regular ABC, that's it. Just regular letters".

"But all books in Russian consist of these letters", noted Anastasiya. Do you agree with this? Do you understand how simple everything is?"

"Yes, but in the books they are placed in different ways".

"That's right, all books consist of multitudes of these letters' combinations. Man puts them in order automatically being guided by his feelings. It means that, first of all, not just combinations of letters are being born but feelings, being depicted by his imagination. The one, who is going to read it will experience approximately the same feelings and they will stay in memory files for a long time. Can you recall any image or situation from the books you have read?"

"Well, I hope I can", I answered after pondering for a while. *A Hero of Our Time*, by M. Lermontov came to my mind somehow and I started to describe it to Anastasiya.

She interrupted me saying:

"Well, you see, you can describe the characters of this book, speak about their feelings though it was long ago since you had read it. If I ask you to tell me the order of the 33 letters of which the combinations were arranged, could you reproduce them for me?" "No, I can't. It is impossible"

"It is really very difficult to do. So, it means that the feelings of one person have been transmitted to another with the help of all kinds of combinations of these thirty-three letters. You were looking at those combinations and forgetting them right away but the feelings and images have remained and been memorized in your long-term memory..."

So, it turns out that if a soul's feelings are connected directly with these symbols without thinking about all kinds of conditional characters, the soul will arrange the symbols by changing their combinations. It does this sequence and later on the reader would be able to feel the soul of the writers

"Wait a minute, Anastasiya, please, speak simply, more understandably. Will you specify and give me any example of a method of teaching foreign languages. You will try to make a writer of me later on, all right. Go ahead, tell me who and how they were teaching you to understand different languages?"

"My granddad", replied Anastasiya.

"Can you give me an example", I asked trying my best to realize and comprehend everything as soon as possible.

"All right, but you should not worry, somehow I'll find the way to make you understand and if it is so important for you I'll also try to teach you all languages. It's so simple".

"Simple" for you but for us, it's unbelievable, Anastasiya, that's why, please try to explain. By the way, will you tell me how long it will take for you to teach me a foreign language?"

For a while she was looking at me thoughtfully and then said: "Your memory has already become poor, all kinds of everyday problems have weakened it. It will take more time with you".

"How much?", I was impatient as I was anxious to get the answer.

"Well, for everyday essentials, the phrases like:

"How do you do", "Hello", "Goodbye" and so on I think it will take not less than four or, maybe, even six months", answered Anastasiya.

"Only? Now, Anastasiya, go ahead, tell me how to do it".

"He played with me".

"How did he play? Tell me".

"You just calm down and relax. Honestly, I can't, for the life of me, understand why you are agitated so much?" She continued quietly: "My great-grandpa used to play with me as if he was making fun. When he came to visit me alone without granddaddy, he used to approach me making a deep bow. He would stretch his hand and I stretched mine. He would shake my hand then stand on one knee, kiss it and say: "How do you do, Anastasiya". Once he came, performed his regular ritual and, as usual, his eyes were looking at me tenderly but his lips were speaking a kind of abracadabra. I was looking at him with surprise. He started to speak something different and again there was absolutely no sense in his speech at all. I could not stand it any longer so I asked him: "What's the matter with you, did you forget what is necessary to say?" My great-grandpa answered: "Yes, I did." Then he moved away for a couple of steps then came to me again, stretched his hand, I did exactly the same. He kneeled before me on one knee and kissed my hand. His look was very tender and sweet. His lips were moving but he did not utter a word, nothing at all! I tell you, I even got scared and tried to help him:

"How do you do, Anastasiya".

"That's right", affirmed my great-grandpa smiling and I realized that it was just a game. We were playing previously something like that. At the beginning it was easy but later the game started to get more complicated though it was becoming more interesting to play. This game starts at the age of three and is over by the age of eleven. That is the time for a kind of examination. The essence of it is that while watching attentively one should understand him without words and it doesn't matter what language one is speaking, trying to express oneself.

Such kind of dialogue is more perfect than a vocal one and moreover the speed is higher. You call this phenomenon "transmission of thoughts at a distance," considering it almost unreal. This belongs to the realm of fantasy but this is just an attentive attitude towards a person, highly developed imagination and good memory. Behind it stands simply a more perfect means of information exchange.

Although it is much more a cognition of a human soul, the vegetable kingdom and animal world and, generally speaking, the whole Cosmic Creation".

"Come on, Anastasiya! What does it have to do with a plant growing in a plot?"

"Well, what do you mean by "what does it have to do?" Simultaneously a child is getting to know the vegetable kingdom as a particle of the Universal mechanism. With their help it gets into contact with the parents, and then with the help of the parents the child gets to know the truth fast, very fast. At the same time the child is developing intensively in the field of psychology, philosophy and the natural sciences. All kinds of

sciences of your world have been developed. While this kind of game is being carried out, any kind of handmade object of the artificial world, even as an example, should not be used. It will mess a child up and no help from the forces of nature or the cosmos could be given to him”.

“I've already told you before, Anastasiya, that after all, this child can become an agronomist, and where is he going to get knowledge in other fields of the sciences?”

Anastasiya started to confirm that if a person had been educated exactly that way he would acquire the abilities for quick knowledge in any sphere of our sciences.

## **A FLYING SAUCER? NOTHING SPECIAL**

When I asked Anastasiya to demonstrate her knowledge in the field of engineering she asked:

“What do you want me to do? Shall I tell you how all kinds of mechanisms work in your world?”

“Will you tell me about something involving what our greatest scientists are only getting some hints at or just approaching. Well, lets say on which they are trying to make some kind of discovery”.

“That is exactly the thing I am doing for you all the time”.

“Please, don't try to do it for me. Do it for our scientific world, so that they would be able to recognize this discovery. Do it in the field of engineering, outer space flights, atomic study, machine fuel or rocket propellant since you keep saying that "everything is very simple”“.

“These fields you've mentioned in comparison with those ones I am trying to explain to you, well, how to be more precise, they could be compared to those in a stone age or something like that”.

“Fine! In your opinion, they are very primitive but on the other hand, at least it would be understandable. You will be able to prove your righteousness and confirm that your intellect is superior to mine. Tell me, for instance, what do you think: our air and space crafts are perfect mechanisms or not?”

“They are extremely primitive and, moreover, they are a confirmation of the primitivism of the technocratic way of developments

I tell you, such kind of answer pricked up my ears because I realized that she knew for sure immeasurably more than I could possibly imagine by my ordinary consciousness. Although, I was persistent:

“What exactly is so primitive about our rockets and aircrafts?”, Anastasiya replied after making a short pause, as if she was trying to give me an opportunity to realize what she had said before:



“The motion of your mechanisms, absolutely all of them, is based on explosive energy. Just because you don't know more perfect natural sources of energy, you are using this primitive and bulky one with unbelievable obstinacy. Even the consequences of its usage can't stop you. Your aircrafts and rockets have absolutely ridiculous ranges of flight. They manage to rise over the earth only a little bit on a universal scale, meanwhile, this method, perhaps, has already reached its absolute limit. This is ridiculous! Just think, an explosive or burning substance is pushing some bulky construction, the one, which you call a "spacecraft". The largest part of this spacecraft is preoccupied only with the problem of pushing it”.

“Could other principles of moving in space exist?”

“Sure, for example the one which a flying saucer possesses,” she answered.

“What!!! Do you know about flying saucers and the principle of their motion?”

“Of course I do. It is a very simple and rational one”. I tell you, even my throat became dry, I started pressing her for an answer, “Go ahead, Anastasiya, tell me everything quickly and clearly”.

“All right but you should not worry, while being excited it is difficult for you to perceive anything. The principle of a flying saucer motion is based on the energy of vacuum generation”

“What? Please, speak more plainly”. “Sorry, Vladimir, your vocabulary is poor but in order to make myself clear I have to use it”.

“Just a minute, I'll add to it”. Being very excited I started to burst out the words: “ajar, a cover, a tablet, air...” trying to name quickly all the words which were coming to my mind at that moment and even harsh words came out of my lips.

Anastasiya interrupted me by saying, “Stop it. It's enough. I don't need it. I know all the words with which you can express yourself, but the bottom line is that there are other words. In general, a different form of information transmission exists. By using it I can explain everything within a minute. Otherwise it would take me two hours to do it. It is too much for you. So, I would rather speak about something else, which I believe is even more significant”

“Oh, no way, Anastasiya, speak about flying a saucer, the principle of its motion and energy supply sources. I am not going to listen to anything else till I grasp it”.

“All right”, she proceeded. “An explosion is a state when a hard substance turns very fast into a gaseous state under some kind of influence or during some kind of reaction. It occurs when two denser substances are changing into lighter ones. “Is it clear to you?”, she asked?

“Yes, it is”, I replied, “Gun powder, if you set it on fire, will turn into smoke and gasoline changes into gas”.

“Yes, something like that. If you or anybody else of your world would have pure aspirations and intentions and based on the knowledge of natural mechanisms then you would have realized long ago that if such kind of substance, which is capable to expand greatly within a moment, does exist. It explodes turning into another state, so then a reverse process should also exist! It's inevitable. In Nature these are live micro-organisms, which are changing gaseous substances into hard ones. Generally speaking, all plants are doing it only at a different speed, degree of hardness, density and solidarity.

Just look around, everything is drinking the earth juice, breathing the air and then creating from it a hard and solid body. Let's take wood or, even a more solid and hard thing, a nut or a plum pit. Invisible to the regular eye a micro-organism is doing it at an extremely great speed and it looks as if it is being fed only by air.

These very micro-organisms are the motion power of a flying saucer. They look like brain micro cells. Only functionally, they are narrowly directed. Their only function is a motive one. They perform it to the peak of perfection. They are under the outside layer of a flying saucer's cover and occupy the space in between its double walls. The space between the walls is approximately three centimetres. The upper and bottom surfaces of the outer walls are porous, with micro holes. Through these holes the micro-organisms absorb air and in this way they create a vacuum around a saucer.

The tiny air jets become solid before they get in touch with a saucer's surface. As soon as they go through these micro-organisms they turn into tiny balls. Then these balls start to grow, getting enlarged and reach approximately 0.5 centimetres in diameter. After that they get softer and roll from the space they had occupied in-between the walls down into the bottom part of a saucer and there they get changed again into gaseous substances. One can eat them before they get decay”.

“What are these bacteria eating up in the vacuum?”

“In the Universe an absolute vacuum doesn't exist”.

“What are a flying saucer's walls made of?”

“They are grown”.

“How come?”, I asked suspiciously.

“Why are you getting astonished at it instead of thinking more carefully. Many people grow a special kind of mushroom keeping them in different vessels. You know, the one which gives the water a special sour taste. This mushroom takes the shape of the vessel. By the way, this mushroom looks very much like a flying saucer and it also creates double walls. If they put into its water one micro-organism more, the process of hardening will take place. This, so-called, micro organism could be produced or, to be more precise, it should be conceived mentally. It is using man's will power and a kind of very vivid and bright imaginations

“Can you do it?”

“Yes, I can, but my efforts alone are not sufficient. The joint effort of dozens of persons are required. Those who have the same abilities. It would be necessary to work at the project for about a year”.

“Is there everything necessary on our Earth to create or grow, as you say. this flying saucer including these micro-organisms?”

“Sure, on the Earth there is everything that exists in the Universe”.

“How could these micro-organisms be placed inside a saucer if they are so tiny and invisible?”

“When the outside wall is being grown it attracts and accumulates them by itself and in large quantities, just like a beehive attracts bees. Though for this very purpose the efforts of scores of people are also required. Well, there is no sense in continuing this issue, especially to go into details, since you will not be able to grow it, because now no people exist with the proper will power, intellect and knowledge

“And what about you, can't you help somehow?”

“I can”.

“So, do it”.

“I've done it already”.

“What have you done, Anastasiya?”, I asked as I did not understand her answer.

“Well, I've told you already about the proper way of children's upbringing. I'll tell you even more later on. You will tell people about it. Many of them will realize it and their children, while being raised and educated this very way will possess the required intellect, knowledge and will power. Which would provide them with the ability and opportunity to create not only a primitive flying saucer but much more...”

“Anastasiya, how do you know everything about a flying saucer?”

“They landed here and, well, I was in a certain way helping them to repair it”.

“Are they much smarter than we are?” “Not at all, they are immeasurably far away from man, they are afraid of him. They are keeping their distance, though they are very inquisitive. At the beginning they were afraid of me. They were trying to send paralysing thoughts. All of them were trying hard making this effort. They were trying to frighten and surprise me. I did my best to calm them down and comfort them”.

“Well, what do you mean by “not smarter” if they can do the things which man is not yet able to?”

“What makes you so surprised? Bees are also constructing unbelievable things by using natural materials. They build ventilation and heating systems but it does not mean that their intellect is superior and stronger than man's in the whole Universe. Just God's is!”

## **THE BRAIN — SUPER COMPUTER**

The possibility of creating a flying saucer awoke an interest in me. If one takes into consideration only the principle of movement as a hypothesis, still it is a new one. Though a flying saucer is a very complicated mechanism, for us terrestrial people, it is not a matter of top priority.

That was why I decided that I would rather hear from Anastasiya about something that I could understand right away. That “something” should not require any kind of scientific research or investigations. It could be applied in practice as being very helpful and beneficial for all people. I asked Anastasiya to solve some kind of problem, which our society is facing right now as a matter of top necessity. She agreed but asked, “Can you specify somehow? I mean this problem. How can I solve a problem if I don't even know what exactly you want?”

So I tried to think of the most urgent problem of today and the following terms of the task came to my mind, “You know, Anastasiya, in our large cities one of the most urgent problem of today is environmental pollution. It's difficult to breathe the air there”. “But you are polluting it yourselves”. “Of course, we do. Please, listen to what I am going to say. Let me finish. Only don't start your philosophical talk trying to debate the subject as you always do, by saying: “you should take good care of yourselves, don't pollute, plant

more trees and so on and so forth". Just accept everything as it is now and think of something.

For instance, something, which could purify the air in large cities, let's say, by fifty percent and moreover it would not need any expense from the state treasury. The thing which you are going to invent should be the most visible of all kinds of variants which anyone could think of and it would be applicable, understandable for me and everybody".

"I'll try", answered Anastasiya. "Are you sure you have mentioned all the conditions?"

Trying to make the task more complicated, I had some kind of gut feeling that her mind and abilities could be more powerful and advanced than our conscious mind could possibly assume. That was why I added, "Let the innovation you are going to think of be profitable"

"For whom?", she asked.

"For me and my country as well. Since you live on a territory which belongs to Russia, let it be beneficial for all Russia".

"Does it mean money?"

"Yes, it does".

"How much?"

"You know, Anastasiya, as far as profits and money are concerned, it is never enough. I need just enough to cover my expenses for this expedition and another one and also for Russia..."

I became thoughtful... What if I would try somehow to arouse in her some kind of interest in the material wealth of our civilization? So, I asked, "What about you? Do you want anything for yourself?"

"I've got everything I need", she responded. All of a sudden a great idea came to me, I've realized what could arouse interest in her.

"You know, let the thing you are going to think of bring enough money so all your favourite dachniks, well, I mean gardeners, all over Russia can get seeds free of charge or on preferential terms, at reduced prices".

"Sounds nice!", exclaimed Anastasiya. "What a wonderful idea! I'll start processing it right now if you have nothing else to add. I just love it! Are you sure you have nothing else to add?"

"Yes, I am sure, Anastasiya. That's it for the presents I could tell that she was excited by the task itself and especially the idea of helping the dachniks by providing them seeds for free.

Although at that very moment I was absolutely sure in spite of her extraordinary ability that the problem of air purification was an insoluble one. Otherwise our numerous scientific establishments would have solved it by now.

This time Anastasiya lay down on the grass rather vigorously. Usually she did it very quietly, spreading her arms wide apart. The pads of her slightly curved fingers were upwards. Sometimes she was moving them, then they were absolutely still, the eye lashes of her closed eyes quivered once in awhile. She stayed in that position for about twenty minutes, then she opened her eyes, sat down and announced:

"I have determined it. But I tell you, what a nightmare it is!"

"What have you determined? What is the "nightmare"?"

"The greatest damage you are getting is from so called vehicles, as their number in large cities is tremendous. Each of them is producing extremely unhealthy toxic gas and dangerous substances for the human organism. The most awful thing is that these substances are getting mixed up with earth particles or, dust as you call it, so the dust gets saturated with it. While the vehicles are moving the saturated dust gets into the air and people are breathing in this terrible mixture. Also these particles are scattered all over covering grass, trees and everything around. This is very bad!"

"Sure it is bad. Everybody knows about it only nobody is able to do anything about it. There are washing machines but they can't cope with this task. You, Anastasiya, have discovered absolutely nothing new. You have not thought of an original solution of the purification problems

"I've just determined the main source of harm, now I'll start analyzing and think it over. Now I need a long time for concentrating, maybe, an hour, because I have never been involved in something like this before. To kill time, you can go for a walk in the forest or..."

"Please, mind your own business and don't worry about me. I'll find what to do".

Anastasiya went deep down into herself. When I came back after a half an hour's walk, I found her, it seemed to me, rather unsatisfied and I said, trying to comfort her:

"You see, Anastasiya, in this case even your brain is helpless. Please, don't get upset. Many research institutes are working on this problem but all of them, just like you did, are only able to ascertain the fact of pollution. Yet they have managed to do absolutely nothing till now". Her reply sounded guilty:

"Well, I've tried, I guess all possible variants, to solve it quickly and by 50 percent... Sorry, I've failed". I pricked up my ears for, evidently, she had found some answer.

"What amount did you get?", I asked.

She sighed and said, "I've not reached a lot. My percentage is only 35-40 percent improvements

"What?! Are you kidding?", I could not restrain myself.

"Very poor, isn't it?", she asked. My throat got dry. I felt that Anastasiya could not lie, exaggerate or underestimate.

"All right, let's change the conditions of the problem. Now tell me quickly what you have thought of?"

"It is necessary that all these vehicles should not only scatter this disgusting dust but should be able to collect it".

"What is it necessary to do? Tell me! Hurry up!"

"What is it that sticks out in front of the vehicles, what do you call it?"

"A bumper", I prompted.

"So, it is a bumper. Right inside or under it they should fix a box with holes on the top cover of it. The back cover should also have holes from which the air could get out. While these vehicles are moving the flow of dusty, toxic air can go through the front holes. It would get purified and get out through the back ones. The air will get purified by 20 percent".

"What are the 40 percent I've been promised?"

"Right now this road dust is not being removed and while using this method it's amount would be getting less and less as it will be removed every day and everywhere. I've calculated that within a month with the help of these kinds of boxes, providing that

they were installed on all vehicles, the quantity of polluted dust could be reduced by 40 percent. Though the air pollution percentage would not continue to go down as there are other factors which prevent it”.

“What is the size of the box? What should they contain? What is the number of the holes? What is the supposed distance in between the holes?”

“I say, Vladimir, maybe, you would like me to fix all these boxes to each vehicle”.

It was the first time that I realized that Anastasiya had a sense of humour. I burst out laughing when I tried to visualize Anastasiya fixing her boxes to the vehicles. She also started to laugh and spin around the clearing. Really the idea was very simple and our technique could take care of the rest. I tried to imagine on my own how everything could be done. A couple of special decrees on behalf of the leading administrative authorities, proper control of State Automobile Inspections, filter exchanges at gas stations and control tickets would be needed”.

“Wait a minute, Anastasiya, will you stop, please”. I was trying to attract her attention as she was spinning in a dance.” What is supposed to be inside these boxes?”

“Inside... inside of the boxes? Well, for a change you should think for yourself. It is so simple”, she replied without stopping her dance.

“All right, and where will the money come from?”, I asked her again. She stopped dancing:

“Well, what do you mean "where from"? You have only asked me for the most rational idea and here it is. I've thought of exactly the one you had programmed. They will use it all over the world in large cities and pay Russia for this idea. This will pay the amount of money just sufficient to cover the costs of seeds for dachniks and you will get paid too. Only your money would come to you under certain conditions”

At that time I did not pay attention to her words “certain conditions” as I was too busy trying to figure out something different:

“So, do you mean it is necessary to patent it? Who will pay voluntarily?”

“Why not? They will, just a minute, I'll set the percentage Russia will get from the boxes' production by 2 percent and 0.01 percent for you”.

“What is the use of your settings? You are smart in some fields but as for business matters you are a complete layman. Nobody will pay voluntarily. They don't even pay according to signed agreements. If you knew only know the number of non-payments! The courts of arbitration are overloaded. Do you know what an arbitration tribunal is?”

“I suppose. In this case they will pay meticulously. The one who refuses to pay will get ruined. Only honest ones will prosper”.

“How would they be ruined? Is it you who is going to ruin them?”

“Oh, good for you! What else? It's unbelievable. Anyhow, they will do it on their own and be more precise, circumstances will happen to make it unfavourable for the deceivers and eventually they will be ruined”.

At that moment an idea crossed my mind: taking into consideration the fact that Anastasiya could not lie and as she had said herself, the natural mechanisms would not allow her to make any mistake. Before making that kind of statement she evidently had processed in her mind a tremendous volume of information and colossal mathematical calculations had to be made. At the same time it was necessary to take into consideration a great mass of psychological factors. These are caused by the people who would be involved in her project. Actually to interpret everything into our language,

Anastasiya had not only solved the most difficult problem of our time, air purification, but created and analyzed a business plan. Moreover, she had done it within only half an hour. As I wanted to specify some details I asked her, "Tell me, Anastasiya, had you made any calculations in your mind, before giving me the percentage numbers of the air purification. Then what is the expected income and benefits from the production of your boxes for the vehicles, filter changing and so on?"

"Very detailed calculations have been done and not only with the help of my own brain...".

"Stop, will you! Be quiet! Let me finish. Tell me, could you compete with the most powerful and perfect modern computer, let's say, a Japanese or an American one.

"But I am not interested in it", was her reply. Then she added, "It's so primitive and to some extent even humiliating for me. To compete with a computer is just like... well, how can I explain it to you by a simple example? Well, it's equivalent to competing with an artificial limb and, to be more precise, not exactly with a complete prosthetic appliance but only a certain part of it. A computer is lacking the main thing and this main thing is feelings".

I started to debate trying to prove a quite opposite opinion, telling her that the people who play chess with a computer are considered to be very smart and highly respected in our society. Having failed to convince her after trying all kinds of reasoning, I asked her to do me a favour and also, for the good of other people, to prove a human brain's abilities and possibilities. She agreed and I did my best to specify the issue, "Do you mean that I can announce officially your willingness to compete with a Japanese super computer in solving problems?"

"Why precisely a Japanese one?", asked Anastasiya.

"Because they are believed to be the best in the world".

"Are they? I would rather compete with all of your computers together. So you would not ask me to get involved into any other kind of competition in the future".

"Fine", I felt very happy, "Let's do it with all computers, let's formulate the task now".

"All right", agreed Anastasiya, "but to begin with, without wasting time on the task formulation, let them solve the problem which you had suggested to me and let them prove or decline my solution. If they disprove of mine, let them make their own suggestions. People and life itself will judge us".

"Wonderful, Anastasiya! Good for you! It's a constructive design. What do you think, will it take a long time to solve this problem? I guess, an hour and a half will not be sufficient time for them. Let's give them three months".

"All right. Let it be three months".

"I proposed to take as referees all those who **are** willing to do it. If their number is great nobody will be able to influence their estimations mercenarily"

"Let it be. I would like to tell you more about children and then education..."

Anastasiya believes that the education of children is the most important issue of today. She usually speaks about it with great joy. My idea of competing with our computers did not provoke in her any special interest. However, I was glad to obtain her consent and right now I am calling upon the firms, which produce modern computers, inviting them to compete with Anastasiya in solving the problem mentioned above. To summarize and call it a bargain I asked, "What about a winner's prize?"

"I need nothing!", was her answer.

“Why do you speak on your behalf? Are you absolutely sure of your victory?”

“Of course, I am sure! Because I am human.”

“Well, all right. Anyhow, what would you suggest for a firm which could be second after you?”

“Well, I'll try to give them some ideas about how they could modify their computers”.

“Sounds fine! Let's call it a bargain!”

## **“THERE WAS LIFE IN HIM AND THE LIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF PEOPLE”**

*The Gospel of John*

Once on my request Anastasiya took me to see the Ringing Cedar, the one her great-granddad and granddad had spoken about. It was not far away from the clearing. It was approximately a forty-meter high tree, which towered a little above the neighbouring ones. The distinctive feature of it was its crown. It looked as if it was illuminated, producing a halo around itself exactly like those they depict around the images of saints on icons, though its halo was pulsating. At the very top of the tree one could see a beam, which was directed into cosmic infinity. The sight was extraordinarily fascinating and it cast a spell.

I followed Anastasiya's suggestion and pressed my palm against its trunk. I felt vibration or crackling which could be compared with that which we can hear when under a high voltage line, though this one was more resonant.

“You know, it was me who had found out, only by chance, how to send its accumulated energy back to the Cosmos and after that to send it back scattering it all over the Earth”. Anastasiya reported to me, “Do you see the marks on the trunk? At the very places it was debarked by the she bear, which was dragging me climbing up the tree. I tell you, I could hardly manage to make her do it taking me to the first branches. I took a strong grip on the back of her neck. She was climbing up and howling, howling and climbing. That was the way I had managed to reach the first branches and then it was easy for me to climb moving up from branch to branch.

So I went on till I reached the top of the cedar. I stayed there for two days. I tried everything possible. Whatever came to my mind: now I was comforting the tree by stroking its trunk. Then I started to shout, directing my sound upwards, but nothing seemed to work.

Then my granddaddy and great granddaddy came. Can you imagine what kind of show was happening here at that time? They were standing under the tree speaking strictly to me demanding me to climb down. I, in turn, was demanding from them instructions on what to do, how to handle the problem but they would not. My granddaddy, can you imagine, he decided to trick me by promising his help in establishing a contact with a woman with whom I had failed to contact. I did want to help her very much. I realized that before he used to get irritated and even angry at me



because, as he stated, I was wasting my time on her instead of minding my own business and doing something else. I knew for sure that he was not able to help me because my great granddaddy had tried twice and failed too. Although my granddaddy did not know about it, as we kept it secret from him.

Then my granddaddy completely lost his temper, a twig, started running around the Cedar, switching the twig and screaming at me that I was the most stubborn muddle-headed one in the family. He said that my behaviour was illogical. I could not perceive wise advice and he would "educate" by beating me with twigs on my behind. All those speeches and actions he accompanied by whipping the air with his twig. It was so funny and even my great granddad could not help but laugh. I was shouting with laughter too.

At that moment somehow I broke the top branch and luminescence came out of it. I heard my great-granddaddy's voice become very serious with a shade of demanding and at the same time pleading: "Please, don't touch anything else, my grandchild, come down, be careful, take your time, you have done it already". I followed his advice and came down. My great-granddaddy hugged me silently. I could feel that he was trembling then he pointed to the Cedar and one could see that all its twigs were starting to illuminate light.

Then a small beam was created and went away high up into infinity. My great-granddaddy explained to me that the beam had been created at the very place I was shouting upwards, creating a kind of channel for the energy. Then he told me that if I had touched that small beam which was coming out of the broken twig my brain would have exploded. It happened because that tiny beam had a lot of powerful energy and information and that was why my dad and mamma had perished..."

For a while Anastasiya was silent and then she continued her story:

"They had found a similar Ringing Cedar. Only my mamma was doing everything differently because she did not know. She climbed a nearby tree, which was smaller, reached the bottom branch of the Ringing One, half broke it and accidentally lighted herself with it. The branch was directed downwards and the beam went into the earth. It is very bad; it is very harmful when this kind of energy gets into the earth..."

When my dad came he saw the beam and my mamma hanging on one hand having a death grip on the branch of the regular cedar. The branch of the Ringing Cedar was in the other grip. Evidently my dad realized everything. He climbed the Ringing One and reached its top. My granddaddy and great-granddaddy were watching him breaking the top twigs but they would not illuminate. Meanwhile the lower ones were illuminating brighter and brighter.

Later on my great-granddad told me that my dad had understood that if he had only stayed a bit longer he would have never been able to come down but the long awaited beam, which should have gone upwards with its pulsating illumination would not appear. Although the tiny beams which were directed downwards were growing in number. The beam directed upwards appeared only when my dad had half broken a big branch directed upwards. It did not start illuminating right away so he had to bend it directing it towards himself. When it flashed out he could not manage to unclasp his hands and the beam of the straightened out branch was directed into the sky.

Then a pulsating halo was created. The great-granddaddy said that dad's brain was able to receive a huge flow of energy and information at the very last moment of his life. Somehow that energy could clean his brain from all kinds of information, which had

been loaded in it before. That was why it was possible for him to gain time just enough to unclasp his hands before the brain explosion had taken place and direct the branch upwards”.

Anastasiya rubbed the Cedar's trunk with her hands, pressed her cheek against it and stood still smiling, trying to catch the tree's vibrating sound.

“Anastasiya, is the oil from cedar nuts stronger or weaker than the pieces of the Ringing Cedar wood?”

“The same. If the nuts are harvested at the proper time and in a certain proportion to a cedar tree, when it gives them of itself”.

“Do you know how to do it?”

“Yes, I do”.

“Will you tell me?”

“All right. I will”.

## **IT IS NECESSARY TO CHANGE ONE'S OWN WORLD OUTLOOK**

I asked Anastasiya about the woman who caused the conflict between Anastasiya and her granddad. I asked why she could not make contact and establish a relationship with that woman and what did she need it for?

“You see”, Anastasiya started her explanation, “it is very important when two persons join their lives into one on the basis of spirituality, bondage and attraction. Unfortunately, most of the time, everything starts from carnal desires. Well, for example, you had seen a beautiful girl and a desire of intimacy came to you. Although it does not mean that you have seen a real personality, the soul itself. Very often people join their destinies led only by carnal attraction. This does not last long. So they switch over to another one. What connects people then?

It is not a very complicated task at all to find your soul mate with whom you can find real happiness. Although in your technocratic world there are a lot of obstacles to it. The woman, I am seeking contact with, lives in a large city, regularly goes to the same place, evidently to work.

Over there or, maybe on her way to that place, there is a man who is her soul mate. They are very closely related spiritually. She could be really very happy with him and, what is of most importance, they could have a child who would be able to bring a lot of good to the world. You know, Vladimir, they would be able to create it in the same impulse we did. This man can't find the way to express his feelings to this woman and to some extent she creates the problem. Can you imagine, when he is looking at her face he recognizes subconsciously his soul mate.

On her part, as soon as she feels somebody's gaze she strains trying, as if by chance, to pull her skirt higher or something like that. By doing it she provokes a carnal desire but he doesn't know her well enough or maybe they have never been introduced

to one another. Anyhow this is the reason that he goes to the one who is more familiar, closer to him and available for him to satisfy his carnal feelings.

I would like to prompt this woman on how to behave but I can't get through to her. Her brain is never opened, even for a moment, to realize the message and information involved. It is completely preoccupied with everyday problems. Can you imagine, I was watching her once all day and night long. It's terrible! My granddaddy was blaming me for ignoring my work with dachniks and in general for scattering myself. He said that I was wasting my time and poking my nose into something that had nothing to do with me and my business.

The first thought which would come to her on awakening in the morning: "What to eat", instead of being happy and welcoming the coming day. She gets upset just because the food she would like to have is not available. Then she gets frustrated as she does not have enough of something that women usually put on their face in the morning (maybe it is cream or colours). Her mind is always busy trying to figure out the way to get it. She is always late and in a hurry. She is always afraid to miss this or that means of transportation.

At the place where she comes usually her mind is absolutely overloaded and, to be more precise, to my mind, by all kinds of nonsense. She is trying to keep the appearance of being preoccupied with business matters and minding the job she is supposed to do. Nevertheless she is thinking evidently about her girlfriend or just an acquaintance and she is having a feeling of irritation towards her. At the same time she is trying to listen to everything they are talking about. Can you believe, this is her regular routine, which is repeated from day to day as if she were a clockwork toy.

When she is back at home and if somebody can see her, she keeps the look of a woman but really she is thinking again about all kind of colours. When at a store she takes a good look at the clothes and mainly that kind which recover her alluring charms, assuming that they would work a miracle though in reality in her particular case everything goes quite the contrary.

When back home again she starts house cleaning. She believes that she is enjoying a rest while staring at a television set. She messes about with food and the most important thing of all is that she thinks about something good only for a moment. She goes to bed and again, she can't just leave her troubles alone. Isn't it something! She never lets them go! If she could only try to let them go only for a minute during the daytime and try to think..."

"Wait a minute, Anastasiya, will you explain, please, what do you imagine her appearance should look like. I mean her clothes and what exactly should she think at the very moment when that man is near by? What does she need to do in order that he would be able to open his heart to her?"

Anastasiya told me everything in detail though I am going to tell you only the main idea as I see it. Anastasiya said, "She should wear a dress a little bit below her knees, not a low necked one with a white collar and be almost without make up. She should learn to listen to the speaker who is communicating with her with great attention and interests

"Is that all?", I asked, being surprised to hear such a simple explanation. And Anastasiya's reply sounded like follows:

“There is a lot behind these simple things. In order to choose the right dress, put on her make up differently and look at a person without false interest she should change her world outlook”.

## **MORTAL SIN**

“I need to speak to you, Vladimir, about the conditions under which you would be able to get your money from banks when you have a lot in your account”.

“Oh, it's interesting! Go ahead, Anastasiya, tell me, it's a pleasant procedure” I remarked. Though the next moment the words I heard made me burst out... It's unbelievable! Just read and be my judge...

Anastasiya proceeded, “Whenever you decide that you need to get money from your bank account you should do the following procedure:

“First of all, three days before going to a bank to get your money you should not drink alcohol. When you arrive at the bank, the bank senior official is supposed to carry out the inspection, in accordance with this condition, using an instrument specially designed for this purpose, in the presence of not less than two witnesses. As soon as you are through with the above-mentioned procedure you are ready to start with a second one.

You should drop curtseys not less than nine times in front of the bank senior official and those two witnesses present there...”

When the sense of these conditions had reached my consciousness, though I would rather say the senselessness. I jumped up and she stood up too. I could not believe what heard and asked again, “First they will check me regarding the presence of alcohol and after that I am supposed to drop curtseys in the presence of witnesses not less than nine times, am I right?”

“Exactly”, was her reply, “for each drop they can give you a sum of money not more than one million in your currency in accordance with the up-to-date value”.

I was overwhelmed with feelings of madness, anger and frustration.

“Why have you said this? Just tell me why? I was so happy I trusted you. I have even started to believe that you are right on many things, that there is logic in your conclusions. But you... Do you realize that men do not curtsey? They bow. Only women curtsey. Now I am absolutely convinced that you are a schizophrenic, a forest fool, and a crazy one. You have crossed over by your last statement. It is absolutely senseless and the bottom line is there is no logic in it at all. You know what, it is not only my personal opinion. Any clear thinking man can prove it to you. Ha... Maybe you would like me to put these conditions of yours down into the book you want me to write?”

“Yes, I would like you to do it”.

“Well, well, I am quite sure now that you are absolutely not in your right mind. Are you going to write a special instruction or maybe an edict for banks?”

“No, I am not. They will read the book and all of them will act accordingly. Otherwise they will face bankruptcy”

“Oh, God!!! I can't believe that I am still listening to this creature for the third day in a row! Maybe you would like the senior officials to drop curtseys also together with me in the presence of the witnesses?”

“It would be a good idea for him to behave exactly the way you will. It would be of great use for all of them though I did not put them on these kinds of terms as I have done in your case”.

“Does it mean that you have demonstrated such favour only for me? Do you have any idea what kind of a laughing stock you have made of me? Now anyone can see what could result if one is loved by a crazy hermit. Just remember, nothing will come out of your tricks. Not a single bank will ever agree to serve me under these kinds of terms. It does not matter how much you try to model your situations. Look at her! She is lost in her daydreams. I tell you, right here, where you belong, you can drop curtseys as much as you like”.

“The banks will agree and, even without your consent, will open accounts for you, though I should add, only those which are willing to work honestly. Moreover, people will trust them and become their customers”, continued Anastasiya holding her ground.

Anger and irritation were accumulating in me more and more. I was becoming rude and nasty, to say the least. She was standing leaning her back against a tree trunk, her head slightly bent forward, one hand was pressed to her chest with the other one which raised up as she was waving slightly. I recognized that gesture. She used to do it when she was trying to calm down the environment. She was protecting me that way, so I would not get scared and I realized why she was calming down at that time... Any rudeness or offensive word directed towards Anastasiya was hurting her like a whip, making her body wince.

I shut my mouth, sat down on the grass again turning my back to Anastasiya. I made a decision that I would calm down, then go to the shore and never speak to her again. That was why when I heard her speaking behind my back I was very surprised as there was no outrage or reproach in the tone of her voice.

“Don't get me wrong, Vladimir, all bad things which are happening to man are being attracted by man. This happens only when he is violating the laws of spirituality and losing contact with Nature.

The dark forces are trying to mislead man's attention by the momentary attractiveness of your technocratic being. To make you forget the simple truth and the commandments which were set forth for humankind long ago through the Bible. They do succeed very often. One of man's mortal sins is arrogance and a great majority of people are prone to it. Right now I am not going to speak about the great baneful influence of this sin on man. If you would like to learn more about this subject when you come back home you will be able to understand it yourself or with the help of enlightened people who will come into your life.

Right now I have to say only that the dark forces, as opposed to the light ones, are using every moment in trying to cultivate sin so it could stay with man and the most important instrument of their efforts is money. Actually they invented money and now money exists as a high voltage zone. The dark forces are very proud of their invention. They even think that they are stronger than the lights just because they had managed to

think up money. The great opposition has been lasting for thousands of years and man is in the centre of it.

I don't want you to be held liable for this sin since I do understand that nobody can manage to overcome it. All kinds of explanations, which have been given to humankind, have not worked out, as man has not recognized the right way to resist this sin. You too would not be able to realize it naturally by yourself. I would like to help you to get rid of this mortal danger of spirit spoiling and that was why I had thought up especially for you a special situation in which this mechanism of the dark forces looks as if it breaks down and moreover it works quite the contrary, it eradicates the sin.

That's why they had become so mad at me. Their anger moved into you and that was why you started to shout at me using insulting words and expressions. They wanted me to get angry at you but I'll never do that. I've realized that my invention had just hit the mark and now it is quite evident to me that it is possible to break their perfectly adjusted mechanisms. These were working without a hitch for millennia. It was my first experience till now. I have done it only for you but I shall also think up something for other people... Well, what's wrong if you drink less of this intoxicating potion and not become an arrogant and obstinate person? What has made you so excited? Surely it was the arrogance which had leaped inside you". She became quiet and I became thoughtful.

It was unbelievable and absolutely extraordinary or better to say a comical situation. Whatever one can call this squatting or curtseys at banks, which her brain could invent. "Anyhow her mind has logged a very deep meaning into it and, to tell the truth, there could be a logic to it... Of course, it requires one to take a closer look at it", I thought to myself.

All kinds of ill feelings towards Anastasiya were gone. They were replaced by a feeling of vague guilt though I did not apologize at that time. I only turned towards her seeking peace.

## **GETTING IN TOUCH WITH PARADISE**

"Your brain has been tired by the effort of understanding me yet I would like to tell you a lot more. Right now, Vladimir, you need a rest. Let's sit down for a while", said Anastasiya. So we did. We sat down on the grass. Anastasiya attracted me to her taking me by my shoulders. The back of my head touched her breast and I experienced a feeling of pleasant warmth.

"Don't be afraid of me, relax", she said quietly and lay me down on the grass helping me to relax and feel comfortable by dipping her fingers into my hair as if combing it and with the finger tips of another hand she started to give me quick touches to my forehead and temples. Occasionally she pricked me with her nails at different points on my head. All these manipulations gave me feeling of comfort, peace and enlightenment. After that

Anastasiya put her hands on my shoulders and said, "Now, please, listen attentively and try to distinguish the surrounding sounds".

I followed her suggestion and I could catch a great variety of sounds which differed in tone, rhythm and duration. I started to enumerate them aloud, "The singing of birds in the trees, chirping and clicking of insects in the grass, rustling of leaves and the flapping of wings". Having enumerated everything I had heard I stopped and tried to lend an attentive ear to the natural sounds and while doing it I was experiencing a great joy. It was a pleasure mixed with an awakened interest. "You have not named something else", remarked Anastasiya. "Why? What else? That's all. Well, maybe I've missed something insignificant or I just can't distinguish it".

"Vladimir, don't you hear my heart beating", asked Anastasiya. To tell the truth, I really did not pay attention to that sound.

"Oh, yes, I do", I announced hurriedly, "Sure, I do. I hear it. I can hear it very well. Its beat is calm and smooth".

"All right. Now try to remember the intervals between the sounds you can hear. In order to do it you should select the main ones and memorize them". So I did. I picked out the rattling of an insect, a crow croaking, the babbling and splashing of water in the brook.

"Now I shall accelerate my heart beating and you listen attentively to everything that is going to take place around you".

Her heartbeats were becoming more frequent and the rhythm of the nearby sounds followed the changes. Their tone turned into a higher one.

"It is amazing. It's just unbelievable!" I exclaimed. "Does it mean that they are so sensitive and can react to the rhythm of your heart beating?"

"Exactly. Absolutely all of them. From a tiny blade of grass to a large tree and even a tiny bug. They can respond to any change of a heart rhythm. The trees accelerate their inner processes, they start to produce more oxygen..."

"Is it the way all plants and animals react when they are near people?", I asked.

"No, it is not. In your world they don't recognize whom they should react to because people are not trying to contact them. People do not realize the destination of this contact. They don't give them sufficient information about themselves. Such kind of contact can take place between plants and people who are working at their garden strips, but only when they behave the way I've already described to you. First of all, they have to saturate the seeds with information about themselves and start their communication to the plants more deliberately. Do you want me to show you what kind of feeling man could experience if he were enjoying this kind of contact?"

"Of course, I do. How will you do it, I wonder?"

"Right now I am going to adjust the rhythm of my heart beating to yours and you will feel it".

She pushed her hand under my shirt. Her warm palm was slightly pressed against my chest. Her heart was slowly adjusting to my heart beating and soon it started to work in unison with mine. A miracle happened. I experienced an extraordinarily pleasant feeling as if my beloved relatives and my mother were nearby. A wonderful feeling of softness and healthy well being spread all over my body; my soul was full of joy, freedom and a new understanding of the Universe.

The whole range of surrounding sounds was caressing and telling me the truth. Although I had not realized that feeling completely yet it was felt intuitively. All kinds of joyous, mellow and pleasing feelings, which I had never experienced before were merging into one wonderful feeling. Maybe that kind of feeling they call happiness.

As soon as Anastasiya started to change the rhythm of her heart beat that wonderful feeling began to fade. It was leaving me. I asked her, "Oh, please, Anastasiya, not yet, leave it for a while".

"Sorry, I can't do it for a long time, I have a rhythm of my own".

"Please, keep it a little bit longer," I was begging her. Anastasiya gave me the gift of happiness just for a couple of moments more and then everything vanished. Although a tiny particle of that heavenly pleasure and bright feeling, as a recollection about it, was left inside me. For a while we kept silent and then a desire to hear Anastasiya's voice again came to me and I asked her, "Did the first people on the Earth feel as good as I did? Well, I mean, did Adam and Eve feel the same way? Isn't it something! Just lie down, enjoy yourselves and experience a mellow and pleasing feeling. Here you are, everything is at your disposal... Though it would become boring".

"Will you tell me, Vladimir, are there many of those who think exactly the same way you do, about the first man, Adam?", Anastasiya asked me in return.

"Well, I guess a large majority of people do. But really, what had they to do over there in Paradise? It was later on when man started to develop himself

trying to think up all kinds of stuff. Labour has developed man. Only through labour has man become smarter".

"It is true. It is necessary to work but the first man was immeasurably cleverer than today and his labour was more significant. It required great intellect, comprehension and will power".

"All right, what did Adam do, staying in Paradise? Did he cultivate a garden? Well, it is not a big deal. Nowadays every gardener can do it. The Bible tell nothing else about Adam's activities"

"If they would have put into the Bible everything in detail then one would not be able to read it within a whole lifetime. It is necessary to understand the Bible, behind each line of the Holy Book there is a huge amount of information. Do you want to know what Adam was doing? All right, I'll tell you about it.

To begin with, just try to recall what the Bible says. It is exactly right there. God had entrusted Adam to determine the destination of each creature living on the Earth and give names to them. He has done it. He has done something that till now all the scientific establishments in the world taken together have not managed to perceive".

"Anastasiya, and what about you, do you appeal to God, do you ask from Him anything for yourself?"

"What else can I ask for? I have already been given a lot. I must be thankful to Him and help Him".



## WHO WILL BRING UP OUR SON?

On our way back, when Anastasiya was accompanying me to my motorboat, we stopped for a rest exactly at the place where she left her outer clothing and I asked her, "Anastasiya, how shall we bring our son up?"

"You, Vladimir, try to realize one thing. You can't yet bring him up. When his eyes are ready to look at the world intelligently for the first time you should not be near him".

I gripped her by her shoulders and gave her a good shake, "What are you talking about? You know, you are taking too many liberties. I don't understand where are you getting these distinct conclusions from? Generally speaking, the fact of your existence itself is inconceivable. Although it does not give you any right to decide everything your way against all laws of simple logic".

"Please, Vladimir, calm down. I have no idea of the kind of logic you mean but try to realize everything quietly".

"What do I need to realize? This is not only your child but mine also and I want him to have a father, I want him to be provided with everything he may need and properly educated".

"Please, try to understand, he does not need any material welfare the way you understand it. He will get everything primordially. While yet in his infancy he will get and realize such amounts of information that education, as you understand it, is absolutely ridiculous. It would be almost the same as if they try to send a great mathematician to learn the program of the first grade at a primary school. You would like to bring to the baby some senseless trinket but it is absolutely useless. The baby doesn't need it. You need it for self-satisfaction. "Oh, how nice and thoughtful I am! Everybody, look at me!" If you believe that by providing your son with a car or anything else that you believe to be "a good thing of life", you are doing a great blessing for him. You are wrong.

If he would like he will get it on his own. Just try to remain calm and think what exactly you can say to your son or teach him? Have you done anything great that he would like to follow?" She continued her speech saying it in a very soft and quiet voice but the words were plunging me into tremors. "Try to understand, when he starts to understand the Universe and you, if you happen to be by his side, it will look just like an undeveloped being. Do you want your son to think his father is a dunderhead? The only thing that can bring you more close to him is the degree of pure thinking. This purity can be reached only by a few people in your world".

I realized that it was absolutely useless to argue with her and shouted at her giving myself up to despair: "So, it means that he will never know about me?!"

"I'll tell him about you and your world when he is ready to realize everything intelligently and make his own decisions. I don't know what he will do, it is up to him to decide".

Pain, despair, offence and terrible guesswork, everything got mixed up inside me. An unbearable desire to smash that beautiful, intellectually hermitic face of hers awoke inside me. I realized everything my own way and it made me short of breath because of what I had realized! I started my tirade:

"Well, everything, I guess, is evident? Now I have realized what you are... Well, you could find nobody around to "have a bad fall" (Russian vulgarity for "to have dirty sex")

in order to have a baby of yours. At the beginning you were even putting on airs, but you are a poor plotter. You were trying to pretend to be a nun. You just needed a baby. You even went to Moscow for this purpose. Look at her, she had sold her berries and mushrooms! Why? You would rather become a streetwalker. You only had to take off your shawl and quilted jacket and somebody would bite your hook. Then you would not need to spin your web involving me into it.

Oh, yes! Of course. But of course! You needed a man who was dreaming of having a son too and here you are! You have achieved that goal of yours! I wonder, did you think about a child, a son, whose predestination was to be a hermit? He is supposed to live his life according to your modelling, what is right for you? Isn't it something that you were talking so much about the Truth. You talk too much of liberty and allow too much to yourself, poor hermit woman. Are you thinking of yourself as the highest stage of Truth itself? And what about me? Did you think about me?

Yes, that's right, I did dream about a son! I was dreaming about leaving to him my business, teaching him to live right. I wanted to love him. And now! What am I going to do now? How shall I live? What kind of life would it be when one knows that his tiny baby son is somewhere in a wild taiga crawling helplessly and unprotected? Without a future! Without his father! Well, one would have a heartbreak because of it. You can't understand it, you are a forest female!"

"Maybe, your heart will become intelligent and everything will turn to be good. This kind of pain will purify your soul, accelerate your thinking, calling upon..." she pronounced quietly.

Such anger was storming inside me that I could not control myself any more. I gripped a stick, ran away from Anastasiya and started whipping against a small tree with all my might till it was broken.

Then I turned towards Anastasiya and when I saw her... Although it could sound strange but my anger started to vanish away. A thought crossed my mind:

"What's the matter with me, I have lost control of myself again and become stormy". Exactly the same way as it was at that time when I was abusing her before, she was standing pressing herself against a tree trunk with one hand raised up and her head was slightly bent forward as if she was withstanding a hurricane wind. My anger was gone completely. I came closer to her and started to examine her.

Her hands were pressed against her chest, her body was trembling, she was silent, only her kind, as kind as usual, eyes were looking at me tenderly. We were examining each other for a while. I was thinking to myself: "No doubt, she is not able to say an untruth. She could keep to herself everything she had said but she... She knows that she is going to suffer and yet she speaks... She just can't help it. Of course, it is also a kind of an extremity. One can't live always telling only the truth, just the things one is thinking about. Well, there is nothing to be done if she is the way she is and she just can't be different. Everything had happened the way it was supposed to. Whatever had to happen had just happened? It was just inevitable"

I tried to comfort myself by positive thinking: "Now she is going to become the mother of my son, surely. No doubt she will, since she has told it. It is true that she will be a strange mother, not a regular one because of her way of life... her thinking... Well, there is nothing I can do about it. I can't change her. On the other hand, she is physically strong. She is kind; she knows a lot about nature and animals. And she is

smart, though her mind is a rather peculiar one. Nevertheless, she knows a lot about the way to bring up and educate children. Wasn't she trying to speak all the time about children? She will nurse my son. A woman like her will manage to do it. She will go through cold and snowstorms. For sure, it is just child's play to her. She will nurse him and bring him up. It is just necessary for me somehow to adjust myself to the situation. I will visit them in summer just like coming to a dacha. It is impossible to come in wintertime, as I will not be able to stand it. In summer I would be able to play with my son. When he grows up I shall tell him about the people who live in large cities. Right now it is necessary at least to apologize for my behaviour. So I said, "Sorry, Anastasiya, I got nervous again".

And she started to speak right away, "It is not your fault, Vladimir. You should not punish yourself. Don't worry. It is quite natural because you are troubled and anxious about your son. Who would not be? You were getting concerned that he will not be happy here. That your son's mother is just a regular female. She is not able to love with a real human love. Please, don't you worry, don't get upset. You have told me everything just because you did not know, you knew nothing, my beloved about my love".

## **AFTER A WHILE**

"Anastasiya, if you are so smart and powerful, then maybe you would be able to help me too?", I started again.

She looked up at the sky then looked at me again and said, "There is no being in the whole Universe which could be able to develop itself stronger than man as well as at the same time to enjoy more freedom. All other existing civilizations bent their knees before man. All kinds of other civilizations are able to develop and perfect themselves only in one direction and they are not free.

The greatness of man is beyond their understanding. God, the Great Mind has created man that way. He has given to nobody more than He has given to Man..." I could not comprehend or, rather to realize at that time what she had said and asked her again the same question. I was asking for help, not even realizing what kind of help I needed.

She asked me back, "Well, what do you mean? Do you want me to heal all your physical illnesses? It is easy for me to do. Moreover, I did it half a year ago. However, I did not manage to achieve any results at the most important level. I could not reduce the quantity of the pernicious and dark things in you. They are the distinctive features of the people of your world. All kinds of sicknesses are trying to come back again. "A witch, a crazy woman hermit, it's necessary to get away from here, the sooner, the better". Those were the thoughts which crossed your mind, weren't they?"

"Yes, that's right", I answered with great surprise. "Those were exactly the thoughts. Are you reading my mind?"

“I am just assuming what you may think. It is written on your face. Tell me, Vladimir, don't you remember me, just one a bit?”

Her question surprised me very much and I started to peer into the features of her face. Yes, her eyes! A vague feeling that I had already seen these eyes somewhere came to me... but where could it be?

“Anastasiya, haven't you told me that you were living in the forest permanently? Then, how could I see you?”

She smiled and ran away. In a while Anastasiya came out from behind bushes. She was wearing a long skirt, brown knitted jacket with buttons. Her head was covered by a shawl, which was hiding her hair. Though she did not have the quilted jacket I saw her wearing when I met her for the first time on the bank of the river. The shawl also was tied around her head in a different way. The clothes were clean but old fashioned, the shawl was covering her forehead and neck and finally, I recognized her...

## **A STRANGE GIRL**

It was a year ago, the main steamboat of our caravan moored in a small village. Not far from that place we were planning to buy meat for our restaurant and stay for a while at the shore. About sixty kilometres ahead there was a dangerous space on our route up the river as the navigation lights were not working there and that was the reason why we could not move at night. We decided to organize an evening of recreation at our steamboat for the local youths. We started advertising through our broadcasting system of communication loudspeakers and the local radio.

The alluring white steamboat, shining with multitudes of lights, the sounds of modern music always worked to attract local youths. In the evening almost all the young people of the village moved one after the other towards our luxurious steamboat. Usually our visitors at the beginning, especially the newcomers, like to go sightseeing. After a walk along the middle and upper decks they usually move towards our bar and restaurant. As a rule the girls enjoy dancing and the guys drink spirits.

The exceptional atmosphere of the steamboat together with nice music and spirits always excites them. Although sometimes it causes some trouble for our crew as there is never enough time for the young people and they started collective appeals asking to prolong the pleasure for at least half an hour, then again and again.

At that time I was in my cabin alone. I could hear the sounds of music from the restaurant and was trying to adjust the future schedule of our caravan movement. Suddenly I felt somebody's intent look. I turned and saw her eyes behind the glass of the window. At that time it did not surprise me as the visitors were always eager to see the steamboat cabins. I stood up and opened the window. She did not move and continued to look at me though she seemed a bit embarrassed. I felt like I should do something for that lonely woman who was standing in front of me. A thought crossed my

mind: "Why isn't she dancing with all the rest, maybe she is troubled?", I suggested I would be her guide and show her our steamboat. She bent her head silently as a sign of agreement.

I took her sightseeing. I showed her our office, which used to impress our visitors by its carpeting, soft leather furniture and computers. Then I invited her to my private cabin, which consisted of a bedroom-study and a living room, which was also furnished with a beautiful set of furniture. There was a TV set, a video player and also wonderful carpets on the floor.

Apparently, at that time it was fun for me to impress a country girl from a remote area with the articles of a civilized way of living. I opened a box of chocolates for her. I also filled two fine crystal glasses with champagne trying my best to impress her completely with the ostentatiousness, turned on the videotape where Vika Tsiganova, a famous modern variety show singer, was performing *Love and Death*. There were many other songs on that tape, which were performed by my favourite singers. She took a sip of champagne, looked at me attentively and asked, "It is very difficult, isn't it?"

I could expect any other question from her but that. The voyage was really a very difficult one. Because of the very complicated navigation situation on the river, the crew consisted mostly of the students of the River Vocational School. Some of them were smoking "herbs" and also from time to time stealing some stuff from our store.

Very often we ran out of our schedule and could not manage to be on time at some settlements where people had been informed beforehand about our arrival. All those anxieties deprived me of the opportunity not only to enjoy the environmental beauty but also of time enough for a good sleep.

I told her something like that: "It's all right, never mind, we shall overcome. Then I turned towards the window having my drink of champagne. We were talking about something else, watching videotapes almost till the end of our outing when our steamboat moored to the bank. I saw her to the ladder.

On my way back to my cabin I noted to myself, "There was something strange about that woman and at the same time she left inside me some kind of light and bright feeling". That night, for the first time after many days in a row I slept like a baby.

"Dear me, so, it was you, Anastasiya?"

"Yes, that's right. Over there, in your cabin I had memorized all the songs I sang for you in the forest. While we were talking they were being played. Now you can see how simple everything is".

"How did you get on the steamboat?"

"It was interesting for me to see the way everything was taking place, your way of life. You see, I usually took care only of my dachniks. I ran to the village, sold the dry mushrooms collected by the squirrels and bought a ticket for your outing. So, now I know a lot about the category of people you classify as entrepreneurs and I know you well enough too. I am sorry, I am feel, very guilty towards you. At that time I did not know that things would develop like that. That I could change your life and your destiny so much. I just couldn't help it as they have started accomplishing this plan. They are dependent only on God Himself. Now, for a while, you and your family are going to go through great difficulties and misfortunes but later on everything will be fine".

I did not realize what exactly Anastasiya was talking about. Although at that time intuitively I felt that something was going to happen which would go beyond the realms

of our regular imaginations. That something would have something to do with me. So I asked Anastasiya to specify and tell me exactly what she had in her mind. I tell you, at that time while I was listening to her I could not even suspect the exactness on her prediction and that it would start to come true. Anastasiya's story had brought me back to the events, which took place a year ago.

“At that time on the steamboat you showed me everything, even your cabin, treated me to chocolate, suggested champagne then accompanied me to the ladder. I did not leave the bank of the river. I was standing there behind the bushes and I could see through the lighted windows of the bar the dancing youths who were having fun. You took me sightseeing all over the boat except the bar. I guess the reason was my clothes. They did not correspond to the situation. I was twisted around into the shawl. I had my simple knitted jacket on and too long a skirt. Although I could take my shawl off, my jacket was clean and tidy, my skirt had been carefully pressed with my hands before I came to the boat”.

She was right; I did not take her to the bar because of her strange looking clothes under which as it has now come out this young girl was hiding her dazzling beauty. This kind of beauty would have singled her out from the other people. I said to her, “Well, Anastasiya, did you really need that bar, would you have danced there in those galoshes of yours? And don't tell me you know how to dance modern dances”.

“Sorry, but at that time I was not wearing galoshes. When I was changing mushrooms for money to buy a ticket, I also took from that woman a pair of shoes. Although they were rather old and tight for me but I had polished them with grass and as far as dancing's concerned... you know, I just need to have one glance at those who dance, — that's all. Believe me, I can dance better than you can imagine”.

“Sorry, did I hurt your feelings?”

“No, you did not. Although if you had only invited me to the bar, I don't really know for sure whether it would have been good or bad, but the events could have taken a different course. Everything that has happened would never happen. Anyhow, right now I am not sorry. Whatever happened just happened”.

“Well, what exactly has happened? Has anything terrible happened?”

“After having seen me off you did not return to your cabin. You called to the captain and you went to the bar together. When both of you came in, the audience was very impressed. The captain was wearing his uniform and he looked very smart. You also looked very elegant and respectable. You were well known to many people in the environs, the famous Megre, the owner of an exceptional caravan. Both of you realized perfectly well the impression you were producing on the surrounding people.

You sat down at the table where three country girls were sitting. They were only eighteen years old, they had just finished school. The waitress brought you right away chocolate, champagne and crystal glasses of better quality than those the rest of the people were using. You took one of the girls by her hand, bent towards her and started to tell her something into her ear as far as I could understand... they call it "compliments".

Then you danced a couple of dances with her and never stopped telling her something sweet. The girl's eyes were shining. She had an impression of being in wonderland. You took her out on deck and showed her the steamboat, exactly the way you did to me. You took her to your cabin, treated her to the same stuff you did to me:

chocolate and champagne. Although your behaviour was a little different, I mean not exactly what you did with me. While with me you were serious and even a shade of sadness was present. In her company you were full of joy. I could see it perfectly well through the lighted windows of your cabin. Maybe, at that time I wished I were her”.

“Oh, did you feel jealous, Anastasiya?”

“I don't know what kind of feeling I was experiencing at that time but it was unfamiliar to me...”

I recalled that evening, those young country girls who were trying their best to look older and stylish. Next morning the captain of the steamboat Alexander Ivanovich Senchenko and I were laughing together at our night adventure. At that time when the girl was in my cabin I realized that she was in the state of mind when one is ready for anything... I did not mean to take possession of her, so I told Anastasiya about it and she replied, “Still you had taken possession of her heart. You came out on deck – it was drizzling. You threw your jacket on the girl's shoulders and accompanied her back to the bar”.

“What about you, were you standing all that time behind the bushes, in the rain?”

“It was all right. The rain was very light and comforting though it was preventing me from watching. I did not want my shawl and skirt to get wet. You know, they belonged to my mammy. I was lucky to find a plastic bag on the shore so I took them off, put everything into it and hid it under my jacket”.

“Anastasiya, why didn't you come back to the steamboat since you did not go home and, moreover, it was raining”.

“I couldn't as you had seen me off and yet you had other worries so I did not want to bother you. The bottom line was that everything was coming to an end. When the party was over and the time came to say "Good-bye", you at the request of the girls and mainly at the request of that girl who was with you on the steamboat, allowed the crew to stay by the shore a little bit longer.

Everything was in your power including their hearts and you were intoxicated by that power. The local youth were thankful to the girls and the girls in turn felt themselves gifted by the power through you. They forgot absolutely about the young people who were also in the bar and though the same time they were their friends and former schoolmates. The captain and you accompanied the girls towards the ladder. Then you went to your cabin and the captain went to his bridge; the steamboat gave a hooting sound and slowly, very slowly started to cast off.

The girl you were communicating with was standing on the shore among her girlfriends watching the beautiful white steamboat moving away. Her heart was beating strongly as if it was ready to break away. Her thoughts and feelings were messed up. Behind her back there were the dark shapes of the country cottages without lights. Before her there was the steamboat of her dreams leaving the shore forever. It was shining with multitudes of lights lavishly pouring charming music all over the river and the dark quiet shore-Over on that magic boat there were you. The one who told her so many beautiful words, which she had never heard before, such alluring and charming words. All that magic was moving away from her forever. A decision came to her and in front of everybody... the girl squeezed her fingers into her fists and screamed desperately:

"I love you, Vladimir!" Then again and again. Did you hear her screaming?”

"Yes, I did", I replied.

"It was impossible not to hear it and the people from your crew could hear it too. Some of them came out to the deck and were laughing at her. I did not want them to laugh at her. And then as if they had realized something they stopped laughing. You did not come out on the deck and the steamboat was moving slowly away. She thought that you did not hear her and continued chanting, "I love you, Vladimir!" Then her girlfriends joined trying to help her. It intrigued me, I wanted to know what kind of feeling was the one which they call "love". Because of that feeling man could lose control over himself or maybe I wanted to help that girl. Anyhow I shouted together with them, "I love you, Vladimir."

Somehow, at that moment I forgot that I could not pronounce words like that without meaning it. The words should always be supported by feelings, awareness and trustworthiness of natural information. Now I know how strong this feeling can be. Sometimes even the mind is not able to control it. Later on that country girl started wasting away, drinking spirits and I could hardly manage to help her. Now she is married and involved in everyday routine. I had to add her love to mine".

The story about the girl touched my feelings a little. Anastasiya's words brought back the memory of that evening very clearly and in detail. Everything had happened exactly the way she had described. It was so real. Though Anastasiya's rather peculiar declaration of love did not occur to me at that time. Even later on when I had learned and seen a lot of her way of living and got acquainted with her world, she still seemed to be an unreal being, though she was sitting next to me and I could reach and touch her easily. My consciousness, having been used to operate with different criteria of evaluation rejected taking her as the one who exists in reality. Although, at the beginning of our meeting I was, attracted to her but later on I did not experience former emotions towards her. I asked, "So, it means, you think that the new feelings which appeared in you were occasional?"

"They are longed for", answered Anastasiya, "they are even pleasant but in return, I would like you to love me the same way I do. Though I have realized that on learning about me and about my world better, you would not be able to perceive me as a regular person. Maybe you could even get scared of me sometimes... You know, actually it has happened that way. It is my entire fault. I have made a lot of mistakes. I don't know why but all the time I got nervous. I was rushing, trying to explain and failed to do it. Everything looks foolish, doesn't it? I need to correct myself".

While saying those words she was smiling with a shade of sorrow. She pressed her hand against her breast and I recalled right away something that had happened one morning while I stayed at Anastasiya's.



## TINY BUGS

That very morning I made up my mind to join her morning procedure. At the beginning everything ran smoothly. I was standing under a tree touching different shoots. She was speaking about herbs. Then I lay down on the grass next to her. We were absolutely naked but I did not feel cold evidently, because it was after a good run which both of us had enjoyed before. I was in a perfect mood. There was a feeling of some kind of lightness and the sensation was not only in my physical body but somewhere inside me. Everything started when I felt something on my hip was nipping, biting or pinching me. I lifted my head and looked, there were some kind of bugs, ants and a beetle on my leg and hip. I swung my arm to smash them off but did not have time enough to do it as Anastasiya intercepted my hand.

“Don't touch them”, she said.

Then she stood on her knees before me, bent over and pressed my other hand to the ground. I was lying on the ground as if I had been crucified. I tried my best to get free but alas, I realized that it was absolutely impossible. Then I pushed with all my might but she was retaining me easily and while doing it she was even smiling. I was feeling the increasing sensation of crawling, bilking, biting and pinching all over me, and my conclusion was that they had started to eat me. I was in her hands in the literal and figurative sense of the words so I was trying my best to appraise the situation. “Well, nobody knows where I am, nobody will drop in here by accident and if somebody would happen to come, they could see only my picked bones if there were any left”. Many other thoughts crossed my troubled mind within a moment.

Evidently, they were the reason why my instinct of self-preservation prompted the only one possible solution at that time. So, I applied all my strength and desperately clenched with my teeth her unprotected breast. While doing it I started to move my head from side to side. As soon as Anastasiya screamed from pain I unclenched my teeth. She set me free, jumped up, pressing her one hand against her breast and waving with the other one. This was raised up and she was trying to keep smiling. I jumped up also and shouted feverishly shaking off all those crawling creatures. I produced a howl of despair:

“You wanted to feed me to the skunks, you forest witch, but I am not going to yield to you so easily!”

Anastasiya continued waving her hand and forcing tier-self to smile at the watchful surrounding. She glanced at me and slowly, not running as usual, went to the lake with her head drooped.

For a while I was pondering what to do. I wondered whether to go back to the steamboat, and how would I find my way to it? “Should I follow her, but what for?”

So, I went to the lake. Anastasiya was sitting by the water, rubbing in her palms some kind of herb and rubbing its juice into the injured spot on her breast where one could see a huge black and blue spot, the result of my bite. I stayed for a while marking

time near her in silence and then asked, "Does it hurt?" Without turning her head she said, "I would rather say that it pains me".

She continued to rub in the herb's juice.

"Why did you decide to play this trick on me?", I asked.

"I wanted to do the best of my ability. Your skin's pores are completely blocked. They don't breath. The tiny bugs could clean them; it is not painful at all, rather, it is pleasant".

"What about the snake, it was sticking its forked tongue in my foot?"

"It was not doing any harm to you and if it did let its poison out, it would be only on the surface of your skin and I could rub it in right away. The muscles and the skin on your heel are growing numb".

"Well, it is the result of the accident I've been involved in". I commented. For a while we were quiet. Then feeling ill at ease without even realizing what I was saying, I asked, "Well, why didn't He help you? Well, I mean somebody invisible as it had happened before when I had lost consciousness"

"He did not help because I was smiling. Even when you were biting me I was trying to smile".

I felt a kind of shame for my behaviour. I gripped the bunch of the herbs, which were near by, vigorously crushed them in my palms, kneeled before her and started to rub the black and blue spot with my wet palms.

## **DREAMS-FUTURE CREATION**

Now having learned about Anastasiya's feelings and her desire to prove that she was a natural and regular human being, though seeming to be non ordinary from my own perspective, I have realized what kind of pain I had caused her soul that morning. I apologized again and Anastasiya answered that she was not angry. Although she was worried about me because of everything she had done for me.

"What is it so terrible that you could have done to me?", I asked her and again she told me a story which a person who would like to look as normal as everybody living in our world, would never reproduce in earnest.

"Well, when your steamboat left", Anastasiya proceeded, "and the local youths went to the village, I stayed for a while on the shore all by myself and I felt very well. Then I ran away into my forest. The next day went by as usual and in the evening when the stars came out in the sky, I lay down on the grass and started my dreaming and it happened exactly at that time when the plan of mine had been formed as it was".

"Now what? What kind of "plan"?"

"You see, what I know, different people of the world you belong to also know. Although they know it in parts but all together they know almost everything but the bottom line is that they don't understand the mechanism up to the end. So, I started to

dream that you would come into a big city and tell many people about me and everything I had explained and am going to tell.

You would accomplish it the way you usually spread all kinds of information in your world. Yes you would write a book. Many people would read the book and the truth would open slightly. They would reduce their sicknesses, change their attitude towards children and work out new methods of teaching and education. People would start to love everything and everybody more and eventually the Earth would emanate more light energy.

Artists would paint my portraits and it could be the best they had ever done before. I would try my best to inspire them. They would produce the thing you call "cinema" and it would be the most wonderful film that had ever been created. It would bring memories of me while you watch it. Many scholars would be attracted to you, those, who can understand and appreciate everything I have said to you. Moreover, they would explain to you a lot, which you can't embrace right now. You would trust them more than you do me and you would realize that I am not a kind of witch but a regular human being only more informed than other people.

The things you are going to write about would arouse great interest and it would make you rich. You would have bank accounts in 19 countries of your world. You would visit the holy places, which would help you to get purified from the darkness that dwells in you. You would keep your memory of me. You would fall in love with me, and the desire to see your son and me again would come to you. My dream was very bright and vivid and, yes, maybe it was a bit pleading... Evidently, it was the reason why everything had happened exactly that way.

They have accepted it as an apian for action and made a decision to transfer people over the space of time of the dark forces.

It is acceptable if the detailed plan is being born on the Earth in the soul and mind of an earthly man. Evidently, they had perceived this plan as a great one or maybe they added to it something of their own. That is why the dark forces have activated their activities to such a great extent.

It had never happened before. I have realized it only through the Ringing Cedar. Its beam became a great deal thicker. Now it is vibrating stronger as it rushes to give it's light, its energy away".

I was listening to Anastasiya and at that moment the thought that she was a crazy one was growing inside me, getting stronger and stronger: "Well, who knows, maybe long ago she had escaped from some kind of a hospital for the mentally sick. Now she is living here in this forest and moreover I had sexual intercourse with her. As a result of it a child can be brought into the world... Isn't it something!"...

However watching her speaking seriously and emotionally I did my best to calm her down by saying:

"Don't you worry, Anastasiya, your plan is wittingly unrealizable and that's why there is no need for the Light and Dark forces to fight. As a matter of fact nowadays they publish plenty of books but even the works of famous writers are not in great demand. I am not a writer anyhow and, to begin with, I have no talent for writing at all. Nor do I have any ability and special education and this is the bottom line".

"That's right, everything you have mentioned you did not have before but now you have got it", she replied.

“All right”, I was trying to comfort her by saying, “suppose I do try but nobody will publish my stuff, they will not believe in your existence”

“But I do exist. I exist for those for whom I exist. They will believe and help you in exactly the same way I am going to help them later on”.

At that time I did not realize the meaning of her words and I was trying my best to calm her down again and again:

“But I am not going to try to write anything. Try to understand that there is not any sense in it, that's it”.

“But, you will! It is evident that they have already created the whole system of circumstances which will force you to do it”.

“Am I a tiny screw in somebody's hands according to you?”

“You know, a lot depends also on you. The Dark Forces will try their best to interfere and to prevent you from accomplishing everything you are supposed to do. They may push you hard even to suicide by creating an illusion of hopelessness”.

“It's enough, Anastasiya, I am bored to death with listening to your fantasies”.

“Do you consider it to be fantasies?”

“Yes, yes, I do! Fantasies...” And at that point I had to stop short.

A thought had flashed in my head commensuring time and I realized, — everything Anastasiya was telling me about her dreams and her son she had conceived in her mind a year ago. She did it when I did not know her as much as I do now. Here you are, a year later it has happened.

“So, does it mean that everything is interconnected with what is happening now?”, I asked her.

“Of course. If it was not because of them and a little bit of my efforts too, your second expedition would never be possible. As you know, you could hardly manage to make ends meet after your first voyage and to add to it you had no rights to the steamboat”.

“Does it mean that you had influenced the steamship line and the firms which were involved?”

“Yes, it does”.

“You know, you have ruined me and caused great damage to them. What kind of right do you have to interfere like that? Now here I am, I have left my steamboat again because of messing with you. Maybe right now they are robbing me in every possible way. Evidently you have a kind of power to hypnotize people or, even worse, you are a witch. That's it!”

“I have never done anything wrong to anybody and moreover, I just can't do it. I am a human being! If you are worried so much about material well-being and money, you should just wait a while and everything will come back to you. I am sorry. I feel guilty towards you because I have dreamed that way. I dreamed that you would have a hard time for a while but at that very time I could think of nothing else. You don't accept logic. You have to be forced by your world life circumstances”.

“Here it is! 'To be forced', that's it! It is you who is forcing me and you are trying to pretend to be a regular human being”.

“I am a human being, a woman!”, Anastasiya was excited and it was evident when she exclaimed, “I have always wanted only good and light. It is my only wish. I wanted you to get purified. That's the way I had modelled that you would visit the holy, secret

places and write a book. They have accepted it. The Dark Forces have been always fighting them though they never managed to win with the main things”.

“What about you, Anastasiya? Are you going to keep aside, to be just an observer having all this intellect, information and energy of yours?”

“At such an extent of opposition of two great sources the effect of my effort is going to be insignificant. The help from other people of your world is required. I shall be looking for them and I am going to find them. I am positive. I'll do it the same way as I had done it before, when you were staying at the hospital. Only you, yourself should acquire more awareness. Let it be just a little bit at least Try to overcome all evils inside you”.

“Now what? Will you specify? What is evil inside me? What was I doing wrong while at the hospital? How could you heal me being far away from me at that time?”

“You simply did not feel my presence but I was near you. When I was on the steamboat, I had a small twig of the Ringing Cedar which my mama had broken before she perished... I left it in your cabin. You had already been sick at that time. I felt it. Do you remember the twig?”

“Yes, I do”, I answered.

It was true, the twig was hanging in my cabin for a long time, many people of my crew saw it; I brought it to Novosibirsk but I never attached any importance to it

“You simply have thrown it away”.

“But I did not know”.

“Yes, you are right. You did not know... You have thrown it away... My mama's twig did not manage to overcome all your sickness. Then you got to the hospital. Just try to recall and look very carefully through the report of your sickness. The report reads that in spite of applying the most powerful medication there was no improvement in your case. After that they gave you a cedar oil injection. The doctor who was following very strictly all required procedures should never have done it. She has done something that does not exist in any of your medical journals. In general it had never been done before. Do you remember it?”

“Yes, I do”.

“The lady doctor”, continued Anastasiya, “who was healing you was the head of a department of one of the best hospitals in your city. That department had nothing to do with the disease you had. She accepted you though the department which was supposed to treat that kind of disease was on the next floor of the same building. Am I right?”

“Yes, you are”.

“She was applying the needles to you while nice music was on. The room was half darkened. Anastasiya described everything exactly the way it had happened to me at that time”.

“Do you remember that woman?”

“Sure, I do. She was the head of the department of the former regional hospital”.

All of a sudden looking at me seriously Anastasiya said some phrases, which produced a shocking effect on me. It made me feel creepy all over my body.

“What kind of music do you like? All right... Is it good? Isn't it too loud?”, Anastasiya was speaking exactly the way the lady doctor had spoken to me, -the same voice, the same intonations... It was amazing!

“Anastasiya!”, I exclaimed.

She cut me short saying, “For God's sake, listen to me and don't be surprised. Will you, please, try! Try to realize, after all, what I am saying to you. Will you try to mobilize your mind just a bit at least?”

Then she continued: “That lady doctor was very nice. She is a real doctor. It was very easy for me to work with her. She is kind and candid. It was I who did not want you to be moved to another department, though her department did not correspond to the type of disease you had. She asked her bosses, “Let him, please, stay here, I'll heal him”. Because she simply knew that she could. She also knew that your weak spots were the result of something else, there was more to it. She was trying her best to fight that “something else”. She is a real doctor. Look at yourself. How did you behave?! You did not only smoke, you were drinking spirits as much as you wished. You used spices, pickles and all that was while you were suffering a very severe ulcer. You refused nothing, no restrictions ‘enjoying yourself’.

Somewhere in your subconscious mind a fearless idea was trapped that nothing would happen to you. You even did not realize it in your consciousness. I did nothing good but rather vice versa. The darkness in your consciousness was not reduced. The awareness and will power did not increase. When you were at last safe and sound you sent your greetings on the occasion of a holiday through your lady co-worker to the woman who had saved your life... Although, you know, she was waiting your call, she had fallen in love with you just like...”

“Had she or you, Anastasiya?”

“We had, if it is more clear to you”.

I stood up and without realizing it made a couple of steps away from Anastasiya who was sitting on a fallen tree. My thoughts and feelings were messed up and it made my uncertainty towards her grow even more.

“Here you are! Again you don't understand how I had managed to do it. You are getting scared and it is so simple to guess just using your imagination and precise analysis of possible situations. Again you were thinking about me...” She became quiet bending her head over her knees.

I was standing silently thinking to myself: “Why does she keep speaking about all kind of incredible things. While speaking she is getting upset because they are incomprehensible? Evidently she does not realize that any normal man would never understand them and therefore she also will never be accepted as a normal human being”.

Then I came to her, parted her falling locks away from her large blue-grey eyes and saw the drops of tears rolling down her cheeks. She smiled and uttered a phrase which was not characteristic others.

“A woman is a woman, isn't she? Now you are startled to doubt my existence as a fact and, as they put it in your language, you can't believe your eyes.

You absolutely don't believe me. You can't realize what I am saying to you. The fact of my existence, my abilities and aptitudes seem astonishing to you. You have stopped perceiving me as a normal human being but I am, trust me! I am a human and not a kind of witch.

Why does it not seem to you as astonishing and paradoxical that people have recognized and accepted the Earth as a cosmic body? It is the greatest creation of the Highest Mind, every mechanism of which is the greatest achievement of His.

Now this mechanism is being tormented and the people are creating a tremendous amount of effort to break it down. You take for granted a handmade spaceship or an airplane but all these mechanics have been made of broken and melted parts of the greatest mechanism.

Can you imagine a creature, which is breaking an airplane in flight just to make a regular hammer or scraper of its parts. It is getting very proud of itself when it manages to make a primitive tool. Poor thing, it does not realize that it is impossible to break a flying aircraft without limits. Well, really! Why don't you understand that it is impossible to torment the Earth like that?

A computer is an achievement of the human mind but there are few people who can even suspect that a computer can be compared to a prosthetic appliance of a human brain. Can you imagine what could happen to a man if he uses crutches while his own legs are in good shape? No doubt that the muscles of his legs will become atrophied. A machine will never surpass a human brain if it was trained constantly..."

She wiped a rolling tear from her cheek with her palm and continued setting forth her incredible conclusions. At that time I could not even assume that everything she had said would agitate many people. She would stir up the minds of scientists and even if it were taken as a hypothesis it would have no analogies in the known world.

According to Anastasiya, the Sun is a kind of a mirror. It reflects the radiation coming from the Earth, which is invisible to regular vision. Actually this radiation is coming from the people who are experiencing joy or any other light feelings. Being reflected from the Sun it returns back to Earth as sunlight giving life to everything earthly Anastasiya's speech is full of proofs and examples though it is not very easy to understand them.

"If the Earth and other planets would only consume sunlight benevolence", she said, "then, inevitably, it would have to fade away, burning unevenly and its luminescence could not be uniform. A unilateral process does not exist in the Universe, it could not exist as everything is interconnected"

Then she quoted from the Bible: "... and the life was the light of the men..." Anastasiya also stated that one man's feelings, after being reflected from cosmic bodies are being transmitted to another one.

She tried to prove it by examples:

"Nobody among earthly people can deny the feeling anyone is experiencing when being loved. This sensation can be felt even more when you are near the person who loves you. You call it "intuition". But in reality a loving person is illuminating invisible waves of light. Though when the person is not by your side, if his love is strong enough it also can be sensed. With the help of this feeling and moreover, when you understand its origin, it is possible to perform miracles. It is exactly the thing, which you call "miracles, mysticism, extraordinary abilities". Now, tell me, do you feel a little bit better in my company? Well, somehow easier or warmer?"

"Yes, I do", I answered.

"Now watch, what is going to happen to you when I concentrate on you even more", she said.

Anastasiya lowered her eyelashes, made a couple of steps backward and stopped. Very pleasant warmth started flowing all over my body. The sensation was growing. Although it burned, it did not make me hot. Anastasiya turned and slowly moved away. Then she disappeared behind a thick trunk of a high tree. Yet the sensation of the pleasant warmth flowing on me did not diminish and even a new one appeared as if something was helping my heart to stimulate the blood to flow in my veins. With each beating of the heart the sensation was as if the blood streams were reaching each tiny vessel of my body within a moment. My feet were sweating a lot and became wet.

"Well, do you see now? Do you understand everything?" asked Anastasiya coming out from behind the tree with the triumphant look of a conqueror being absolutely confident as if she had managed to prove something to me.

"You were feeling everything, weren't you, when I was behind the trunk? Your sensations had become even stronger when you did not see me, hadn't they? Go ahead, tell me about them!"

I told her and asked in my turn what the tree trunk could prove...

"You see, before, the light and information waves were moving from me to you directly. When I disappeared the trunk of the tree had to distort my waves greatly as it has the information and illumination of its own. It did not happen. The waves of feelings were coming to you after being reflected from cosmic bodies. To add more to that, they were even reinforced. Then I did something that you may call a "miracle". Your feet became sweaty, didn't they? Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"As a matter of fact, I did not pay attention to it. What kind of miracle could it be when your feet are sweating? What is special about it?"

"I have pushed toxins out of your organism through your feet, a lot of junk and sicknesses. You should feel a lot better now. Anyone can tell that your round-shoulderedness reduced significantly".

To tell the truth, I felt much better around the shoulders. So I asked her, "Does it mean that when you concentrate, thinking of something then your wish comes true?"

"Well, something like that".

"Does it always work even when you are dreaming about something else besides healing?"

"Always! If my dream is not an abstract one. It should always be specified, worked out in detail up to the smallest events, very precisely and without any contradiction to the spiritual laws of existence... You know, this kind of dream is not always possible to create. It is required that a thought should rush very fast and at the same time the vibration of feelings should satisfy the specific requirements. Then it will be incarnated for sure. It is natural and it happens very often in regular life with many people. Ask your friends. Maybe among them there are those who had dreams and their dreams became true completely or partially".

"Working out the details... The thoughts should fly..." Will you tell me, please, when you were dreaming about poets, artists and the book, did you work out everything in detail? Did your thoughts fly?"

"Yes, extremely fast. Everything was specified, worked out in details even trifles, very scrupulously"

"Now, do you believe that it will come true?"

"It will come true, I am absolutely positive about it".



“Did you dream about anything else at that time? Have you told me everything about your dreaming?”

“No, I did not tell you everything about my dream”.

“Why don't you tell me everything?”

“You... Do you want to listen to me, Vladimir? Am I right?”

“Yes, I do. Go ahead”.

Anastasiya's face was lit up, as if it was illuminated with a ray of light. She produced her incredible monologue with great emotion and inspiration.

### **ACROSS THE SPACE OF TIME OF THE DARK FORCES<sup>3</sup>**

“During that night of dreaming I was thinking how to transfer people across the space of time of the dark forces”, started Anastasiya. “My plan and awareness were so real and efficient that they had accepted it.

The book you are going to write will contain non-obtrusive word combinations and formulas so that they will stir up the great majority of people. They will waken up their light and kind feelings. These types of feelings are able to suppress physical and emotional sicknesses. They will stimulate the birth of a new consciousness, which will be the distinctive features of the people of the future. Believe me, Vladimir, it is not mysticism, it agrees with Universal laws.

Everything is so simple. You will be writing this book being guided exclusively by your feelings and listening to your soul. This is the only possible way for you, as you have never mastered the art of writing.

Everything is possible with feelings. These feelings are already inside you. They are yours and mine too.

Although, they are not yet realized by you now, they will be understood by a lot of people. Being embodied into signs and combinations they are going to become stronger than Zoroastrian's Fire. You should hide nothing of what is going to happen to you even those secrets. Get yourself emancipated from any shame and fear. Don't be afraid to look funny. You should suppress your arrogance.

I have opened myself to you completely: my body and soul. I belong to you. Now let me open myself to all people through you because they have allowed me to do it. I know that a huge amount of dark forces are going to attack me. They will resist my dreams coming true but I am not afraid of them; I am stronger than they are and I will live to see everything I have conceived in my mind happening: to give birth to my son and bring him up, our son, Vladimir.

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<sup>3</sup> *The space occupied by the negative thoughts created by people during the whole history of their existence. Later on Anastasiya will explain: “Any thought which is created by Man doesn't disappear into nowhere” (Comment by the translator)*

My dream will break many mechanisms of the dark forces, which were influencing people in pernicious ways for many millennia. It will make many of them start working for the good of mankind.

I know you can't believe me right now as all kinds of conventions and postulates are blocking you. They were implanted in your mind by the conditions of the life style of the world you belong to. You consider the time transference as an impossible reality. Your notions and ideas about time and space are conditional. Only the degree of willpower and awareness can characterize its quantity, not "seconds" and "meters".

The purity of intentions, feelings and sensations, which should be characteristic features of the great majority of people, determines the location point in Time and in the Universe.

You believe in horoscopes, in, your absolute dependence on the planetary positions. This belief has been achieved with the help of the dark forces' mechanisms. This very faith is an obstacle, which is hampering the time of the parallel of light giving the opportunity for the dark one to come forward and to change their quantity. This faith leads you away from realizing the Truth, the essence of your earthly existence. You are trying to analyze everything very carefully. Just think, Man was created by God in His image and likeness. Man has been given a great freedom, the freedom to chose between darkness and light. A soul has been given to man. Everything visible is under Man's power and he is free even with respect to God Himself: to love or not to love Him. Nobody and nothing can control man but his own will. God wants nothing from man but love in response to His great love. Although God wants the love of a free man, he wants the love of a perfect man, just like He Himself is. He needs a companion, not a slave.

God has created everything visible including the planets. They serve to provide order and harmony in everything living: plants, the animal world. They exist only to help the human flesh but they are absolutely powerless with respect to man's soul and mind. It is not they who are directing man but man through his subconscious is ruling all the planets.

If only one man decides that he wants a second sun to appear in the sky, it would never happen. It has been organized this way to prevent planetary catastrophes. If people all together express a desire for a second sun, — it will appear!

While compiling a horoscope one should take into consideration the main values: the level of the person's time awareness, willpower and the power of her spirit, the soul's striving and the degree of its participation in the moment of today's presence.

They can easily conquer beneficial and non-beneficial days, magnetic storms, high and low pressure, willpower and awareness.

Really, didn't you see a happy and joyous man even when the weather is nasty or vice versa, a sad and depressed one on a sunny and most benevolent day?

Do you think that I am letting my imagination carry me away as a crazy person when I am talking about the word combinations and formulas of letters which are going to heal and enlighten people? You don't trust me because you don't understand... Really, it is so simple.

Right now I am speaking your language using your patterns of speech and sometimes I am even trying to use your intonation. It will be easy for you to memorize everything I have said because it is your native language, which is characteristic of you only and it is understood by many people. It does not contain incomprehensible words,

rarely used turns of speech in regular everyday communication. It is very simple and that's why it is understandable to the great majority of people. Although I am changing a bit, well,

in a certain way I am replacing some words just slightly. Now I see that you are in a state of excitement. That's why in the future on recalling this state you will recall everything I have told you. You will write it down. This way my combinations of letters will get into your writings, everything you are going to write.

These combinations are very important. They can perform miracles exactly the way a prayer does.

Many of you already know that prayers are definite combinations and matches of letters. These combinations and matches have been built up by enlightened people with God's help.

The dark forces were always striving to take away from man the possibility of using the benevolence, which comes from these combinations. Because of this they even changed languages introducing new words to replace the old ones, twisting their essential meanings. For instance, long, long ago your language had 47 letters and now there are only 36 left. They introduced absolutely different combinations and formulas of their own, agitating brutish and dark instincts. They always tried to carry people away by carnal desires and passions.

I have transferred the primordial combinations from the Sources, activated them, using modern letters and symbols. Now they will act. I tried so hard to find the right ones and I have managed to do it. I have collected the best ones from different times and there are a lot of them. I have installed and concealed them in what you are going to write.

As you see, it is simply an interpretation of the combinations of symbols of the depth of Cosmic infinity and eternity/which are precise in sense and goals.

You should write about everything you have seen, hiding nothing, — neither bad nor good nor secret and they will be preserved.

You will be convinced of this by yourself so, please, trust me. You are going to be convinced as soon as you finish the book. The feelings and emotions will be provoked in many of those who will read your writings, though at the beginning their emotions will not be completely realized and comprehended by them. You'll see, they will confirm it to you. You'll hear that they will do it. The light feelings will come to them. Later on, many people will realize on their own with the help of these feelings much more than you will be able to write. Do write, at least a little! Then you will see that people are able to feel these combinations. When ten thousand, one hundred thousand people confirm it then you will believe and write everything. Only, you should believe. Believe in yourself. Believe in me.

Later on I shall be able to speak even more meaningful things and they will understand and feel it. That more meaningful one is the Upbringing of Children. It was interesting for you to know about flying saucers and mechanisms, rockets and planets. I was very anxious to tell you as much as possible about the education of children and I shall do it. I'll tell it when I install a great awareness inside you.

Only one should bear it in mind that it is advisable to read all these when the sounds of handmade, artificial mechanisms are not interfering, not with drawing your attention. These sounds are harmful. They are leading man away from the Truth. Let the natural

sounds, created by God stay with you while you are reading my messages. They are carrying within themselves the information of Truth and Benevolence. They are helping the Awareness to grow too. Then the healing process would be much stronger.

I am sure, you are full of doubts and don't believe in the healing power of the Word. You are thinking about me... Although in this, again, there is not any kind of mysticism, fantasy or contradictions to the laws of spiritual existence. When light feelings appear in man they start to influence beneficially upon all fleshy organs, absolutely all of them. It is beyond all questions. Verily, the light feelings are the most powerful and effective remedies, which can resist any sickness. God healed using these kinds of feelings. The saints also did the same.

Read the Old Testament and you will see for yourself. With the help of these feelings some people of your world can heal too. Many of your doctors know about it. Ask them if you don't trust me. It is easier for you to believe them. The more powerful and brighter this feeling is the stronger influence it can produce upon the one to whom it is directed.

I could always heal with my small beam. My great-grandpa taught me when I was at a tender age. He explained everything to me. I did it many times with my dachniks.

Now my beam is more powerful than great-granddad's and granddad's. They have explained the reason why. It is the feeling, which had appeared **in** me, the one that you call Love. This feeling is so great and pleasant though it burns a little. I would like to give it as a gift to all people and also to you. I wish everybody the best. Let everything be all right exactly the way God wanted everything to be.

She delivered her monologue with extraordinary inspiration and confidence, as if she had launched it into space and time. Then she became quiet. I was looking at Anastasiya, having been startled by her passion and confidence. Then I asked her, "Anastasiya, is that all? Are there any other peculiarities in your plans? Well, I mean in your dreams?"

"The rest are just meaningless trifles. I have produced them in passing as "twice two is four". Though there was only one complication concerning you I have solved it also".

"Right here and right now you should speak in details. Please, specify what kind of complications exist concerning me?"

"You know, I have turned you into the richest man on Earth. Moreover I have made you the most famous too, a number one celebrity. It will happen in a while. When I was processing my dream, I was working it out, polishing the details... You know, before it took off by the light forces... The dark forces... They are always striving to introduce something of their own, something harmful, all kinds of their own side effects, influencing perniciously the person whom it concerns and other people.

My thoughts were dashing very, very fast, but all the same the dark forces still managed to follow me.

They had to leave many of their earthly things and were trying their best to activate their mechanisms around my dream. Then... Guess what I did? I just outwitted them and made all their mechanisms work for the good. The dark forces were at a loss for less than a moment, but it was just sufficient time for my dream to get picked up by the light forces. My dream speeded away into the light infinity which is unreachable for them".

"What have you thought of, Anastasiya?"

“Quite unexpectedly for them I prolonged the space of dark forces time during which you will have to overcome different hardships. To add to this I deprived myself of the possibility of helping you with my small beam. I tell you, they were confused a lot as they could see no logic on my part. Meanwhile I was directing my beam sending my light to the people who will associate with you in the future. I was doing it as fast as I could”.

“What does it all mean?”

“It means that people will help you and my dream. They will do it with the help of their tiny almost uncontrolled beams. There will be many of them and taken together, they and you will manifest the dream into material reality. You will transfer yourselves across the space of time of the dark forces. You will carry other people across it. And you are not going to be arrogant and greedy when you become rich and famous. You are going to realize that the main thing is not money, as you will never get the warmth and sincere sympathy of the human soul with money.

You will understand all these things while passing through that space of time. This is when you will see and meet those people. They also will understand it. As far as the making of curtseys... Your interrelations with banks I have thought up just because you absolutely neglect your body. This way you will at least exercise a little before you get money in the bank. Some of the bankers will do it too, which is beneficial for both sides. Let it look a bit funny, but in exchange you will get rid of sinful arrogance.

The result is that all difficulties and obstacles, which had been created by the dark forces during their space of time, are going to temper you and the people around you too. It will be making you more and more aware. Later on they will save you from the dark temptations for which the dark forces are very proud. Their own actions will save you. That was why they had been messed up for a bit of a moment. From now on they will never manage to catch up with my dream”.

“Oh, Anastasiya! You are my dear dreamer, my visionary”.

“Oy! How wonderful you've done it. Thanks! Thank you. You have said it so nice, "My dear"”.

“You are welcome. I've also called you a "visionary" and a "dreamer". Do you felt offended?”

“Not at all. You don't know yet how precisely my dreams are always coming true when they happen to be bright and detailed. This one is going to come true for sure. I am very positive about it. It is my favourite and the brightest one. Your book will come out perfect. Non ordinary feelings will come to people and these feelings will call them towards...”

“Wait a minute, Anastasiya, you are getting enthusiastic again. Calm down, please”.

It was not long after I interrupted her passionate speech, which seemed to be only a fantasy. The meaning of Anastasiya's monologue was not completely understandable to me at that time. Everything she said seemed to be too fantastic. Only in a year Michael Firnim, a reporter from the magazine *Miracles & Adventures* having read my manuscript containing this monologue, was very excited when he handed me the fresh issue of the magazine (May, 1996).

I also became excited after looking through it. Two Russian scientists, academicians: Anatoly Akimov and Vlayil Kaznacheyev spoke in their articles about the existence of the Highest Mind. They spoke about close interconnection between man

and the Cosmos, about invisible rays coming from man. These rays had been traced and tracked by special kinds of instruments. Two photos depicting these rays, which come from people were also in that issue.

However, official science has only started to speak about something that Anastasiya had not only known about since her childhood, but had been effortlessly using in her everyday life, trying to help people.

How could I know a year ago that Anastasiya, the one who was standing in front of me at that time, in her old and only skirt, wearing those clumsy galoshes, being nervous and fingering the buttons of her hand knitted jacket, could possess colossal knowledge and ability to influence peoples' destinies. Her soul impulses really could resist everything which is dark and pernicious for humankind and later on the famous Russian folk healer, the chairman of the *Healers of Russia Foundation*, V. A. Mironov would call his staff together and tell them: "We are all bugs in front of each other". Then he would add that the world had yet never known any one as powerful as she was. He would be sorry for me because I had not been able to understand her and realize what she really was for such a long time. What a shame!

Many people will feel the energy, which is coming from the book. The poems will pour like a spring rain, washing away the mud, right after the first small edition of the book. She is the author of it as well as me. Now, dear reader, you are holding in your hands this book. You are reading it. Whether it wakes up any feelings in your soul, it is up to you to decide. What do you feel? What is it calling to you?

Anastasiya alone, over there, in the taiga, on her clearing will persistently, using her tiny beam of kindness scatter all obstacles away from the highway all other dreams. She will be putting together and inspiring more and more people to her dream.

So it will happen that three Muscovite students will stand by my side at the moment of hardship. Without being rewarded for their work and moreover even helping me materially. Trying to get any kind of extra job, wherever they could, especially Alyosha Novichkov. They will type the text of this book on their computers by night. They will not stop doing it even during the most difficult time for them, the period of tests and examinations.

The book will be published by the Moscow Printing House #11, edition of two thousand copies. They will do it passing the publishing house test. Even before that a lady journalist Evgueniya Kvitko from the farmers' newspaper *Krestyanskiye Vedomosti (Peasants " Gazette)* will be the first to tell about Anastasiya in the press. Then Katya Golovina from *Moskovskaya Pravda (Moscow Truth)*, then *Lesnaya Gazeta (Forest Newspaper)*, *MirNovosty (World News)* and the radio of Russia. *Miracles and Adventures*, where famous leading lights of academic science are usually published, by ignoring their tradition would dedicate to Anastasiya several issues reading the following:

*"In their most audacious dreams our academicians are not reaching Anastasiya's enlightenment. She is a wonderful enchantress from the Siberian taiga. The purity of his intentions makes Man an omnipotent and an omniscient being. Man is the summit of Creation.*

Only the prominent Moscow press will publish Anastasiya. As if Anastasiya herself were selecting them passing over the gutter press, carefully guarding over the purity other dream's intentions. Although all these have become evident only a year after I met

her, at first I did not understand her. Having a lot of doubts and with my peculiar attitude towards everything which was happening, I tried to change the topic of our talks to the one which was more familiar to me, — entrepreneurs.

## **POWERFUL PEOPLE**

*The highest estimation of your personality is the one given to you by the surrounding people.*

She spoke a lot about the people whom we call "entrepreneurs". She spoke about their influence upon the spirituality of our society. Then picked up a twig and drew a circle on the ground. Inside the circle she drew a lot of smaller ones putting dots inside them. Then she depicted other circles around the first one. It was a kind of a planetary map inside the terrestrial world. She added a lot of different things to it and said:

"The big circle is the Earth, the planet of the people. Small circles are small people collectives, which are somehow interconnected. The dots represent the people who are at the head of these collectives. The way these leaders treat the people, what they make them do, what kind of psychological climate they create using their influence, — all these things, will determine whether it is good or bad for the surrounding people. If the great majority of people feel good then everyone produces light illumination and when they are all taken together as a whole, produce a nice light illumination. If it is bad, — it gets dark".

She shaded some circles, making them look dark, then proceeded:

"Sure, there are many other factors which also influence people's inner state but during that very space of time when they belong to that community the main factor is their relationship with the one who is at the head of them. It is very important for the Universe that only light radiation could come from the Earth as a whole; the radiation of love and goodness. The Bible reads: "God is Love"

I am sorry, very sorry for the people whom you call "entrepreneurs" as they are the most miserable ones. I wish I could help them a lot, but it is hard for me to do it on my own".

"You are wrong, Anastasiya. In our society the pensioners are considered to be the most miserable ones. The people, who are unable to find a job, provide themselves with proper dwelling, food and clothes, to pay their living are the most miserable. An entrepreneur is a man who has all these things to a greater degree than the rest of the people. He can afford some pleasures which many people can't even dream about".

"Like what? Give me an example, please, will you?"

"Well, if you take just an average entrepreneur, he has a modern car, a nice apartment or a house and as far as food and clothes are concerned, there is no problem at all..."

"And what about joy? What does he find satisfaction in? Look! I'll show it to you".

Anastasiya carried me along again to the grass and, the way she did before when she was showing me a woman dachnitsa, she started to show me different pictures.

“Here, do you see it? Here, he is sitting in the car, which you call a luxurious one. Do you see him? He is alone on the back seat. A microclimate is being contained inside the car. A driver is behind the wheel. He is driving very smoothly. Look at the boss. Do you see how strained and thoughtful his face is? He is thinking hard, creating some kind of projects. He is afraid of something. Just watch. Now he has gripped a thing, which you call a "telephone". He is troubled... Well, he has got some information... Now he has to evaluate it very quickly and make a decision. He is all strained... He is thinking. He is ready. The decision has been made. Now watch, watch: he looks quiet but on his face one can read doubt and anxiety. There is no joy at all”.

“Well, this is work, Anastasiya”.

“This is a way of life and there is no break in it from the moment of his awakening in the morning till he falls asleep. Even during his sleep he is not free. He can see neither the newly arrived leaves in the trees nor the joyous spring brooks... He is surrounded only by ever-envious people who are eager to take possession of everything he has. Trying to protect himself from them with, as you call it "security". To turn a house into a castle does not really bring complete peace as the fear and worries never leave him and so on and so forth till he comes at last to the very end of his life. The feeling of regret embraces him because he has to leave everything...”

“An entrepreneur has his joys. They come to him when he achieves a desirable result, accomplishes his project. It is the joy of fulfilment.

“It is not true. He has no time to enjoy anything he achieves because a new and even more complicated project is coming to replace the previous one and everything begins all over again though with greater difficulties”

The forest beauty was depicting for me a very gloomy and sad picture of a rather successful, if to look at it externally, layer of our society and I did not feel like accepting it as a true one. I made a remark as a disproving argument:

“Anastasiya, you forget to mention their ability to achieve the desired goal and get the good things of life. For instance, he gets the admiring looks of women, who adore this kind of man and respect on the part of the surrounding people”. Her response was:

“Illusion! Maya! None of these exist. Tell me, where did you see a respectful or an admiring look of a person who is gazing at the passenger of a splendid car or an owner of a most expensive house? There is no man who would agree with you. Those are the gazes, which are full of envy, carelessness and irritation. Even women are not able to love these people because their feeling gets mixed up with the desire to take possession of not only that very man himself but everything he has. In their turn these men are not able to love a woman properly as they can't afford to leave enough space for such a great feeling”.

There was no sense in arguing, trying to find more proofs, as everything she had said could be proved or rejected only by those about whom she was speaking. Being an entrepreneur myself, I had never had an opportunity to stop and think over the subject Anastasiya had touched. I had never analyzed the duration of my joy and moreover I could not do it concerning somebody else. Somehow we are not used to complaining and snivelling in our midst. Each of us is trying to portray himself as a successful businessman who is quite content with his life. Evidently therefore the image of a man,



who is getting only good things from life, has been adopted by the great majority of people.

Anastasiya could sense not only the outer manifestation of feelings but also even more delicate ones, which are hidden deep down inside us. She was determining a person's state by the quantity of light radiating from him. To my mind the pictures and situations, which she had seen, I was able to see through her voice. I told Anastasiya about it. She responded:

"I'll help you, just a minute. It's so simple. You just close your eyes. Lie down on the grass. Put your arms aside and you must relax. Mentally visualize the Earth as a whole, try to see its colour and bluish luminescence, which is coming from the planet. Then start to make the beam of your imagination narrow. Only now don't embrace the Earth as a whole any more but make it more and more narrow till you see specific details. Look for the people over there where the bluish light is more intensive. The people are there. You try to make your beam even more narrow and then you will see one or a couple of persons. Let's try again with my help".

She took my hand placing her fingers against mine and touching my palm with hers. Her other hand was lying in the grass with the palm facing upwards. I did everything she told me to do. Using my imagination I was trying to visualize. Soon I saw a vague picture of three men sitting at a table talking excitedly. I couldn't understand the words; actually I did not hear them.

"No", said Anastasiya, "these are not entrepreneurs. Just a minute, we shall find them".

She was moving her beam getting into large and small office rooms, closed private clubs, parties and bordellos. Sometimes the bluish luminescence was very weak or couldn't be seen at all.

"Look! It is nighttime over there and he is still sitting all by himself in his office room full of tobacco smoke. That one, look, he is so pleased with himself, in the pool enjoying the company of young girls. He is intoxicated with alcohol but there is no illumination around him. He is just trying to forget his troubles though his self-satisfaction is artificial...

This one is at home right now. Here is his wife; his child is asking him about something, telephone... Here he is! He is serious again even his loved ones are being moved away to the background..."

Again one by one, all kinds of situations in a row were picked up. Some of them looked good at first glance but not really nice till at last we came across that horrifying scene. All of a sudden a room appeared before my vision. Evidently it was an apartment which was a rather respectable one, but... The next moment I saw a naked man was lying on a round table, his arms and legs were fastened to the table legs. His head was hanging off the table. His mouth was covered up with a brown plastic strip. Two young men were sitting at the table. One of them was solidly built with a short haircut, another one, less well built had smoothed down hair.

A young woman was sitting in an armchair away from the table under a standard lampshade. Her mouth was glued up too. Under her breast there was a flex linen rope fastening her to the armchair. Her feet were fastened to the armchair's legs. She was wearing only torn underwear. An elderly, slim man was sitting near her drinking

something, evidently it was cognac. On a small table in front of him there was a box of chocolates.

Those, who were sitting at the big round table, were not drinking. They were pouring on their victim's chest some kind of alcohol or vodka and then they were setting it on fire. "It is a kind of "gaining an understanding", I told to myself.

Anastasiya moved her beam away from that scene, but I exclaimed, "Come back! Do something!" She brought the scene back again and answered, "There is no way to do anything. Everything has already happened. It is impossible to stop it. It was necessary to do something before. Now it is late".

I was looking at it as if being hypnotized and suddenly I saw the woman's eyes very close and so clearly. They were filled with horror and did not appeal for mercy.

"Then, at least, do something if you are not heartless!" I screamed at the top of my voice at Anastasiya.

"Sorry, it is beyond my power. It has been programmed by somebody before, not by me. I can't interfere directly just like that. They are more powerful right now".

"Where has your kindness gone? Where are your great aptitudes?"

Anastasiya was silent for a while. The terrible scene faded a little. Then the elderly man who was drinking cognac disappeared. All of a sudden I felt weakness spreading all over my body and my hand, which Anastasiya was touching, started to grow numb. I heard her weakened voice. She could hardly utter the words trying to speak, "Take away your hand, Vladim..." she could not even finish my name. I pulled my hand away from Anastasiya and got up. My hand was hanging as if it was numb. The way it happens when one "makes it numb by sitting" ones arm or leg turned absolutely white, all over. I tried to move my fingers, the numbness started to leave me.

I looked at Anastasiya and was horrified by her appearance: her eyes were closed and her face was pale. It looked as if there was no blood left under her skin as her hands and face turned dead pale. She was lying as if she were breathless. The grass around her for approximately three meters in radius turned white and faded.

I realized that something terrible had happened and screamed being scared to death:

"Anastasiya!", I gripped her by the shoulders and shook her already non resilient, but somehow softened body. Her absolutely white, bloodless lips were motionless.

"Do you hear me, Anastasiya?"

Her eyelashes moved a little bit and her dimmed eyes were looking at me expressing nothing. I gripped my flask, lifted her head and tried to give her some water but she could not swallow it. I was looking at her thinking feverishly what to do. At last her lips moved slightly and she whispered, "Take me to another place... under a tree..."

I picked up her limp body, carried it away from the circle with white grass and put her under the nearest cedar tree. After a while, very slowly she started to come to her senses and I asked her, "What happened to you, Anastasiya?"

"I tried to fulfill your request", she answered in a low voice and added after a pause, "I guess, I've manage to do it".

"But you don't look well".

"Because I have violated the natural laws. I've interfered into something that I must not get into. It has drained all my power and energy. I hope that something is still left".

"Why did you run the risk if it was so dangerous?"

"I did not have a choice. You wanted me to do something, didn't you? I was afraid not to carry out your request. As I was afraid that you would not respect me any more if I wouldn't do something and you would decide that I was just a chatter box who is talking too much about everything but in reality could do nothings Her eyes were looking at me with a pleading look, her low voice was trembling a bit.

"I just can't explain to you how things get done, how this natural mechanism works. I can feel it but I can't explain it properly, the way you would be able to understand, evidently, your scientists will fail to do so also".

She lowered her head being quiet for a while as if she was summoning up her strength. She looked at me again with her pleading eyes and pronounced, "Now, even more than before you are going to think of me as a crazy one or a witch, aren't you?"

All of a sudden, I was overwhelmed with a desire to do something good for her, but what? I wanted to say that I was thinking about her as a normal, ordinary human being, a beauty, a smart woman but I did not feel exactly that way. I did not feel a regular attitude towards her. I knew that she would sense my lie and would not trust my words because of that incredible and powerful intuition others.

Then I recollected the story she had told me about her childhood, the way her great granddad used to greet her when visiting her. He was kneeling before her on one knee kissing her hand. So I kneeled to Anastasiya on one knee, took her still pale and cold hand, kissed it and said, "If you are not normal then you are the best, the kindest, the cleverest and the most beautiful of all non normal ones".

Thank God! At last Anastasiya's lips were touched by a smile. Her eyes were looking at me with appreciation. Her cheeks were turning pink again.

"Anastasiya, you know, the picture looked rather gloomy. Were you choosing them on purpose or at random?"

"I was looking for something good but I failed to find it. They are all in the clutch of their troubles. They are face to face with their problems. They almost don't have a spiritual relationship.

"So what is it necessary to do? What can you suggest besides feeling pity for them? I would like to note-that they are strong people, I mean the entrepreneurs"

"No doubt, they are very strong", she agreed, "and they are very interesting. They are living two life times within one period. One is known only to them and nobody else, even their intimate ones. Another is an outside one for the surrounding people, a social mask. I guess it is possible to help them by strengthening their spiritual and sincere relationships with each other. An open minded striving towards the purity of thoughts is required".

"Anastasiya, I believe I'll try my best to write a book and to organize an association of entrepreneurs with pure intentions but only the way I understand it".

"It will be difficult for you. I'll not be able to help as much as I would like to as I've got only a small amount of strength left inside me. It will take time to rehabilitate my power. For a while I'll not be able to see with my small beam at a distance. Right now I can't even see you properly with my regular vision".

"Are you getting blind, Anastasiya?"

"I think everything is going to return to normal. I am just sorry that for a while I'll not be able to help you".

“You don't need to help me. You had better try to save yourself for our son and to help others”.

I had to leave to catch my steamboat. I waited till she would look better at least in her outward appearance. When she looked almost the way she did before, I got into my motorboat. Anastasiya took hold of the handles at the front of the motorboat, pushed it off from the shore and it was picked up by the river flow. Anastasiya was standing in the water, which was almost reaching her knees. The hem of her long skirt was wet and swaying on the waves. I pulled the ignition rod. The motor produced a roaring sound tearing apart the silence, which had become quite common for me during those three days of staying there and the motorboat rushed forward abruptly accelerating speed.

Suddenly Anastasiya came out of the water and ran along the bank trying to catch the motorboat. Her hair flying in the wind looked like the tail of a comet. She was trying to run as fast as she could. Evidently she was using all her strength trying to do something impossible, to catch a speeding motorboat. Still the distance between us was increasing slowly. I was sorry for her useless efforts and wishing to cut short the painful farewell moments so I pressed down the accelerator lever with all my might. A thought crossed my mind: “Maybe Anastasiya may think that I was scared again and now I am trying to escape from her”.

Roaring at an extreme volume the motor made the front of the motorboat move upward with a jerk moving forward making the distance between us increase even more... and she... Oh, my God! What was she doing?! —Anastasiya dashed off her wet skirt which was preventing her from running, cast aside her torn clothes. The swiftness of her running increased and something unbelievable happened. The distance between her and the motorboat started slowly to reduce. I could see that a little bit ahead of her there was an almost vertical slope.

I was still pressing the accelerator lever though it did not give way any more. I thought that it would help to stop her and bring that painful scene to an end. “She could not lose her vision to a such an extent that she was not able to see that slope”, I was thinking to myself. Anastasiya did not slow down at all, having run up on to the top of the slope she fell down on her knees. She raised her arms up towards the sky with a slight bend in my direction and shouted. I could hear her voice through the wild roaring of the motor, and the noise of the splashing water, it was like a whispering:

“Sh-a-a-l-l-o-o-w wa-ter is a-h-e-a-d, sh-a-a-l-l-ow w-a-t-er, sun-ken l-o-o-gs”.

On turning my head very fast, without even realizing completely what was happening. I turned the wheel so abruptly that the motorboat rushed aside and was about to scoop up water over the tilted side. A huge sunken log one end of which was resting onto a sand bank and another one, which was hardly seen sticking out of the water, slightly struck my motorboat's side. If it had been a direct blow it could easily have broken its thin aluminium bottom. When I had reached the river fairway I turned back towards the slope and whispered addressing my thanks to the lonely figure standing on her knees who was becoming a diminishing spot.

“Thank you, Anastasiya!”

## WHO ARE YOU, ANASTASIYA?

The steamboat was waiting for me in Surgut. The captain and crew were waiting for my instructions. I could not concentrate and make any definite decisions concerning our future route so I told them to stay in Surgut. Meanwhile I organized recreations, dancing-parties, exhibitions of consumer goods and services for the local population.

My mind was processing the events connected with Anastasiya. I was busy buying at the local book stores a lot of popular science literature, books about extraordinary phenomena and people's extraordinary abilities. Also I bought a history of that region. Locked in my cabin, I tried to find explanations and answers.

Among other things I was particularly interested in: was it really possible that a feeling of love could be born in Anastasiya only because she was trying to help that country girl by shouting those words: "I love you, Vladimir". Why had the simple words, which we pronounce very often without putting into them sufficient feelings and meaning, influenced Anastasiya, in spite of our disparity in age, and the differences of our ways of thinking?

Popular science literature did not give any answers to this subject. Then I took the Bible. And right there I found the answer, at the very beginning of the holy blessing by John it reads:

"Before the world was created, the world already existed; he was with God, and he was the same as God. From the very beginning the world was with God. Through him God made all things; not one thing in all creation was made without him. The world was the source of life, and this life brought light to mankind..." (John 1,1-5, The Word of Life)

Again I was startled, exactly the way it had happened many times before. How laconic and exact are the definitions of this amazing book!

Everything became clear to me right away. Anastasiya, for whom any kind of slyness and cheating are not known, can't utter a word for no particular reason. Her words came to my mind: "At that moment it was as if I had forgotten that I can't pronounce words for no particular reason at all, behind them should always stand feelings, awareness or trustworthiness of natural information"

Oh, dear Lord!!! What bad luck she has! Why had she addressed those words to me, being not a young man anymore, the one who has a family, liable to our world's multiple temptations, as she used to call them, "dark and pernicious"? With all her inner purity she deserves absolutely a different person. Who would fall in love with her, who is living her unusual life or having her uncanny intellect, or cast of mind?

At first sight she might appear to be an ordinary one. However, she is a extraordinary beautiful and appealing young girl, although, still later on when one starts to communicate with her she turns into a kind of being who is living beyond the reach of a reasonable mind.

Maybe these kinds of feelings were aroused inside me, one who does not have sufficient knowledge and understanding of the essence of our being. Evidently, other people would perceive her differently.

I recalled that even while we were parting I did not experience any desire to kiss or hug her. I don't know whether she wanted it also. Generally speaking what did she really want? I recalled the way she was speaking about her dreams. What a strange

philosophy of love she has: to organize an association of entrepreneurs in order to help them; to write a book with her advice for people; to carry people across the space of time of dark forces.

The bottom line is that she believes it! She is one hundred percent positive that everything is going to happen this way. Isn't that something?! I had given her my word to try to organize an association of entrepreneurs and to write a book. Evidently by now she is dreaming about it even more. Why has she not thought up something, which is simpler and closer to reality?

Some kind of a pity towards Anastasiya arose inside me. I imagined her staying in her forest waiting and dreaming that everything would happen exactly that way in reality. It would be nice if she could simply be waiting for it, simply dreaming about it. What if she, God forbid, starts to make an attempt and direct her small beam of kindness, wasting a colossal amount of her soul's energy believing in something, which is really impossible? Although she demonstrated to me the possibility of her beam, tried to explain its mechanism, my consciousness could not grasp it as reality.

Dear readers, judge for yourselves. According to her she directs her small beam to a person, lights him with invisible light, giving as a gift her own feelings, striving for good and light.

Right now I can recall her saying, "No, no, please, don't think that I am interfering with their psyche, trying to constrain their souls and minds. Man is free to take or reject anything. One can take as much as he is able to contain these feelings within oneself if, of course he likes them. They are to his liking. Then he becomes lighter in outward appearance and all kinds of diseases will start to retreat from him partially or completely. My granddad and great granddad can do it and I could always do it. My great granddad taught me while playing with me in my childhood. Now my small beam has become much stronger than great granddad's and granddad's ones are, as they say. It is because of this non-ordinary feeling which has been born in me, the one which you call Love. It is very bright and even burns a little. I have so much of it inside me and I wish to share it with everybody, to give it as a present".

"To whom, Anastasiya?", I asked her.

"To you and the people, to everybody who can accept it. I wish good to everybody. I would like everybody to feel good. When you start to do the things I was dreaming about, I shall bring to you many of those people and all of you taken together..."

Recalling all those things and visualizing her, I have realized all of a sudden that I just can't, at least, not try to accomplish the things she wanted me to do. Otherwise doubts would torture me till the end of my life. The feeling of betrayal regarding Anastasiya's dream is going to stay with me, though the dream seems to look very unreal but still it is desired by her so passionately.

I came to that decision and the steamboat went straight ahead towards Novosibirsk. I asked the executive director of my firm to take care of the steamboat's unloading and dismantling of the exhibiting equipment. Having explained something haphazardly to my wife, I left for Moscow...

I left to realize Anastasiya's dream or, at least, try to do it, and prove everything to you".

There is no doubt that the idea Anastasiya had suggested for dachniks to do later on, evidently, would contradict the science of plant growing. It would be at variance with

the universally acknowledged practice of planting and growing of different sorts of crops in kitchen garden plots. Although, her statements are so great, that, to my mind, everyone should do it. I mean those who can afford to do it. It is advisable to try. It is not necessary to use the whole area for this experiment. Just take a small part of it. Anyhow, you are not going to harm your garden but on the contrary the world will only benefit from it. Besides, many of those things, which she had mentioned, have been proved to be true as a result of the experiments, which were accomplished by a Candidate of Biological Science, N. M. Prokhorov.