

AFTER DEATH



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He was slowly walking down a cemetery alley thinking that he never used to like being at cemeteries. The stories of black crows, childhood fears and old superstitions never did anything for him, because he didn't think of death. But that was before... Now he liked to take walks in silence along the old graves, especially at night, when there was no one around and he was left all to himself.

Today he couldn't fall asleep and decided to come here again and try to calm down his rushing thoughts. The wind threw fall leaves under his feet and they rustled there, making him feel like he was finally home. It was

raining, so he raised his face to the sky and tried to catch some drops with his mouth. Wet leaves covered someone's tombs, falling on people's etched faces, names and dates of death. All this was truly beautiful, but today this beauty hindered his ability to concentrate on his thoughts.

At times he stopped to smoke a cigarette and read the engravings on the black marble of the tombstones. For some reason, the dates of death of these people whom he didn't know were important to him. "Ivanova, Tatiana. Born 1918. Died 1999. Good for you! You lived a long life. You lived a life of revolutions, wars, evacuation and occupation, hunger and food stamps. You didn't live, you survived. You lived a life that had no room for such thoughts as mine... Here's a child's grave: Sergey Stepanov. You are lucky, Sergey! You didn't have time to realize what it's all about. You didn't understand that life is hell. You see, I'm so young, but I already don't want to live. I'm very tired. Do you understand, Sergey? No, of course you don't. Tatiana Ivanova would understand me, I think. But maybe... My parents say that I'm crazy, that I've got nothing better to do. But I'm not alone. Look at how many young men and women become Goths and Emo. All of them have similar thoughts as mine. They write poetry and music and sing about death and losing their desire to live in this world. Why is this so? I don't think it used to be like this before. Aren't I right, Tatiana? Your generation wanted to live, do something, strive towards something. I guess that world is gone and can never be brought back. That world is fake. And we don't want to live in that fake, plastic world full of dead people, people who live like zombies, like robots, people who don't want to wake up from a dream. These people live in a lie. They lie to themselves and others that everything is going just fine, but everyone understands that it is not. Deep down inside they realize that this world is falling to its doom, but they've put on their rose-colored glasses and don't want to see the truth. As if rose-colored glasses can save them from their own tears."

It was completely dark outside now, the rain was coming down harder, and he headed towards the exit, looking at the familiar graves.

"Goodbye, my friends! I'll see you again soon. You are lucky, you don't have to deal with life anymore. I have to suffer here, look at your graves and wait for something."

Chapter One

It was dark in the university hall except for the projector lights that were falling down on the stage to light up the band. The concert has already started and Inna quietly slipped into her third row seat. She always took this seat because Ian could see her clearly and know that she was there, listening to him. He was standing on stage, playing the guitar and singing – tall, blond, with delicate

features. He reminded her of Alexander Blok with his proud posture and unexplainable sadness in his eyes.

Inna fell in love with him when she first saw him and now that they've been seeing each other for over a year thought of how much she still loves him. She loves him and he wants to die. Thinking of that made her want to cry, so she looked down at her hands and made herself think that everything was going to be fine.

There weren't many people in the audience. The student band "One Pint" wasn't very popular, but they didn't strive for popularity. Music for the musicians was more of a way of survival than an attempt to attract attention. Ian, who was not only the singer but the author of all of the lyrics, sang about things that he thought most about – death and the uselessness of life.

A woman's womb is not for you, it's just too tight.

The light of labor is not for you, it starts the fight.

It starts life's tortures that you cannot escape,

Our life's defiling and disfigured shape.

Remaining here, burning though your life,

Is not for you, it's not for you, this eternal strife.

Ian sang and looked in front of him, running his fingers over the guitar strings. Someone in the audience started to clap in response to his words and Inna saw that it was one of Ian's friends, she thought his name was Alex. Ian said that Alex liked to smoke weed more than he liked girls. Inna knew that Ian also liked to smoke sometimes, so she thought that today's evening was going to end with them getting high and pretend to talk deeply about the meaning of life. In reality, each of them spoke of how meaningless their own life was, trying to find support in each other. Support that Inna found only when she met her teacher. She wished that Ian would try to understand her ways, but she knew that he wasn't interested in simplicity. He preferred to believe that life was a road to nowhere.

Lately, Inna thought that she wasn't just holding on to Ian, she was clinging on to him. She thought of herself as a stupid fish that got caught on a sharp hook. The hook was scratching her throat and made her want to cry even more.

"You know, Ian," she wanted to say sometimes. "You aren't the only one who sees this emptiness that is life. I felt the same when I was fifteen years old. I woke up then with a strange feeling – my entire body hurt, my head was pounding. I felt that I couldn't breathe. I sat on my bed and thought that I was going to die right there and then. That thought was strange, but it gave me hope."

After that experience Inna cut her hair short, dyed it pink and started using black eye shadow. Her parents were shocked because they thought that their daughter looked like a scarecrow. Inna started to listen to strange music that sounded more like howling accompanied by broken rhythms of unknown instruments. She thought she found what she was looking for then, because if you think about it, love, tears and death have much in common.

She met similar young men and women and they smoked marijuana together and talked about each other and their lives. Most of the girls suffered from anorexia, talked about the importance of staying thin and soon Inna almost stopped eating, as well. At first, her arms became as thin as branches of a young tree. Then, her abdomen fell in and her ribcage could be easily seen. Inna looked like a small ghost with red lips, pink hair and sunk in eye sockets.

This lasted for a year. Her parents took her to psychiatrists, trying to figure out what was wrong with their daughter. Nothing helped. She continued to hide her food and throw it away. The psychiatrists talked to her about responsibility and love, and she laughed at them – what could these people know about love? It was all a joke to her until she met Ian.

She fell in love before she even saw his face – things like that really do happen. He had broad shoulders and long blond hair. This was the first time that she has ever wanted to put her face into someone's hair and smell it. Then, he turned around and Inna lost her breath when she saw his deep blue, sad eyes.

Now she remembered how she stood there, holding her hand to her mouth, losing her breath. She felt weak and helpless. She was weak and helpless. She remained to this day weak and helpless.

When she talked to him a week after she saw him first he looked at her and said that such weak people as Emo didn't interest him, even if they were pretty girls.

"I'm not weak," said Inna.

"Prove it," he smiled, but his eyes were still very sad.

"Like molten ice," thought Inna, looking into his face. Then, she pulled him down to her and kissed him on the lips.

Inna still didn't know where she found the courage to do that. Ian felt embarrassed, she saw that, but the next moment he pulled her closer and continued to kiss her, hungrily and passionately.

That's how it all started. Today, Inna looked at Ian from the dark hall and remembered their first night together. Her parents went out of town and she invited him over. He came and as soon as she opened the door for him, she knew that he was on drugs. A lot of time has passed since then and drugs became a regular part of their sex and love life since then.

"Pills are awesome!" Told her Ian, but since she met Kalki, she knew that something else was much better than drugs.

Ian was very rough their first night. He ripped her clothes off, bit her shoulders and laughed all the time. She didn't fight him – her soul and her body were waiting for this moment for a long time. She remembered now how he painfully squeezed her breast, as if he didn't know what to do with it and the rest of her body.

"I love you," she whispered to try and calm him down, but all those words did were to rouse his appetite even more. Ian threw her on her bed and entered her harshly, not paying attention to Inna's pain. She bit her lip to not scream and wrapped her legs around his strong body.

Later, Ian apologized, holding her tenderly, but she didn't believe his apologies.

Their following meetings were the same. Sadness tore Ian apart, but he tried to fight it by hurting Inna, making her give him money for drugs, or subduing her to his will.

There was too much pain, anger and sadness – he was like a moth flying towards the flame, but Inna still loved him. She knew now too well that love can never save someone, but she still couldn't do anything, she couldn't fight her feelings.

From the dark hall Inna was looking at Ian, who was standing in the spotlight.

"He's like an angel," whispered Inna and smiled. She fell back to her memories again and remembered how he came to her for the first time to ask for money. She tried to explain to Ian that she didn't have any money – her parents didn't give her much, just the couple of hundred per month that she gave to him right away. That time he didn't want to hear anything: "Bitch! Slut!" He screamed. "Give me the money, you cunt!" She didn't cry, she just looked into his eyes and saw his dilated pupils, understanding that there was no point in talking to him.

"What are you looking at?" Suddenly asked Ian, grabbed her by her bang, pulled her head down and hit her with his knee. Blood gushed out of her nose and she tried to catch it with her hands, but couldn't, because they were trembling so hard. Blood streamed down to the floor and formed a small puddle.

"It's the same color as my hair," she thought then and threw up on the floor.

A week later she forgave him. She still didn't know where she found the feeling to do so, but was sure that it was because of her Teacher. She never reminded Ian of that horrible scene. She did, however, dye her hair dirty blond and now looked like a good girl, especially when she was next to Ian.

Inna knew that she wouldn't be able to stop Ian and felt that he didn't love her the way all the books told her a man should love a woman. She didn't care. For a long time now she didn't care what her parents or the few friends that she had thought of her. Inna didn't even care that she almost had no friends, because Ian took all of her time, emotions and energy. Sometimes she thought that she was so tired of the way she lived that she was ready to tell Ian to take a hike. All she wanted to do was rest. But then Ian came to her, smiled at her, held her, making her breath the smell of his body, and she forgot about being tired and couldn't imagine living without him. She looked at him and he looked into nowhere, much like in his songs.

After the concert was over Inna came up to Ian and took his hand. He smiled when he saw her and hugged her shoulders.

"I saw you," whispered he into her ear.

"I saw you too," said Inna and kissed him.

Then a group of them went into a small room that used to be a laboratory, but now was used by them as a smoking room. The men were passing along a joint, which Inna refused cuddling up to

Ian. In such moments Inna thought that nothing could pull them apart, but Ian was already far away. He was arguing with Ivan, the drummer of the band.

"Each person has the right to be or not to be," said Ian passionately.

"You sound like Hamlet," laughed Ivan.

"What does Hamlet have to do with it?" Screamed Ian and Inna realized that he was truly mad.

"Our freedom of choice in the question of 'live or die' is absolutely natural. And this is the first thing that each of us has to decide – should we be here, should we live alongside of the lying politicians, dirt, betrayal and human exploitation? What kind of life is it? Don't forget, that we live in peaceful times and there's no worldwide hunger. But people still suffer. For what?"

"Chill out, Ian," said Ivan, friendly slapping Ian on the shoulder. "This isn't an anti-government rally. Here, take this and relax," he passed his friend a pill with a butterfly emblem on it.

Ian took the pill and looked at it.

"Ian," softly said Inna. "Ian, don't."

He looked at her, then looked at the pill and returned it to Ivan, who looked at his friend in surprise.

"What's wrong with you?" asked Ivan. "Are you feeling alright? I thought you would give your soul for this."

"Don't be stupid," frowned Ian. "This isn't an option. I don't need rose-colored glasses, even if they are put on by drugs. It's absolutely useless."

Someone lit up another joint and passed it around. Despite what Ian said earlier, everyone was having fun, except for Inna. She felt very tense, like a small animal that felt a storm coming.

Ian didn't refuse the joint and laughed with everyone, making fun of their friend Alex who was telling the friends of how he was dumped by a girl.

Inna was quiet. She hated these conversations and was mad at Ian for not noticing her.

"You are such a sucker, Alex," said Ian. "No girl on this planet is worth any suffering. Our life is already a movie about monsters and people, and I will tell you that there are a lot more monsters. Just think about our corrupt government. It's like a prostitute who's ready to give herself to whoever offers her more money. You just don't want to notice it because it's more convenient to be blind. I don't want to be blind!" He was screaming again. "I can't look at all this dirt that..."

Suddenly, the door opened and the Dean of the faculty entered the room. He was looking around surprised, at first, not expecting to see his students here, who were impudently smoking weed inside the university. Then, when he realized that they were all stoned, he became extremely mad. He grabbed the ashtray and threw it into the trashcan, after which he turned to the young men and said:

"Alright, when I say 'one', you get the hell out of here! When I say 'two', whoever is still here writes an explanatory note to the Rector and leaves the University forever. I will make you all janitors, not students!"

At that moment he saw Inna who was trying to hide behind Ian's back.

"Inna? Why are you here?" There was an intonation of sadness in his voice. "You are such a good girl! What are you doing with these bums?"

Inna didn't say a word and stepped towards the door, following everyone else. Suddenly, Ian grabbed her hand and pulled her back.

"What do you want from us?" He asked loudly. "Inna is my girlfriend, you understand? And I'm not going to continue being a student in this circus!"

"Then get out!" Screamed the Dean. "No one is holding you here. If you don't want to study..."

"Study?" asked Ian laughing. "Study what? I want to become a millionaire. I want to be healthy and happy. I want to know how to approach women. Can you teach me how to do all that?"

"We want to give you a profession, so you don't end up a blue collared worker, so you can move up the career ladder and have a normal life," said the Dean.

"Have a normal life, he says," mimicked Ian. "Half of the graduates of this University can't find work, the other half works for pennies! But they are all educated! I don't need that kind of education! I'm leaving!"

"Go ahead," the Dean opened the door in front of Ian. "We don't want to have a drug addict as one of our students."

"Ian, let's go," Inna pulled Ian's hand. "Please, let's get out of here."

"Fine," said Ian. "Goodbye!" He spat in the corner of the room and slammed the door.

Their friends were waiting for them outside.

"You were awesome!" Said Anton with admiration.

"I think so, too," agreed Ivan. "If it weren't for my parents I would have left this dump a long time ago."

"Smart people dropped out and became millionaires. Stupid people were straight A students and still work minimum wage," said Anton.

Ian was quiet and Inna felt uneasy, just like she did during the concert.

"Let's go to your place," suggested she.

He took her hand and said goodbye to his friends.

Inna was lying next to Ian, holding him, trying to pretend that nothing happened. She was so tired from everything that happened that she fell asleep very quickly.

She had a dream that Ian died. She was given the news by a policewoman with glass eyes, who said:

"You have to identify the body."

Inna was very afraid because she has never seen a dead body in her life. She found herself in an ice-cold morgue and saw many pairs of feet with 1, 2, 3, 4 badges on them. Inna felt dizzy and grabbed the wall as to not fall.

"You're in the wrong place," said the woman and pushed her towards a white door.

Inna grabbed the door handle and opened the door slowly. There was a baby, sitting on a plastic covered table in the room behind the door. He had blond, fluffy hair and big blue eyes. When he saw Inna, he smiled and stretched his hands towards her.

"Is this he?" Asked the woman.

"Yes," screamed Inna. "Ian! Ian! Ian!"

She woke up and saw that Ian wasn't next to her. She touched his pillow gently, hugged it and breathed in his smell, still under the impression of her dream. It was four o'clock in the morning and the moon looked like a ripe apple hanging in the sky. Inna got up and quietly walked out of the room.

Chapter Two

Suicide

Ian loved Inna, but he loved his sadness more. After his first suicide attempt, when he tried to overdose on pills, he constantly thought of death. He cheated on Inna with this feeling – he imagined how he penetrated death, it's darkness and sadness, and thought more and more of the stupidity of human existence.

Today's conversation with the Dean pushed him over the edge. He waited until Inna was asleep, listened to her breath and got up.

"Forgive me," said he quietly and walked towards the bathroom.

He filled the tub with hot water and submerged in it, taking a cold razor blade into his hands. He felt fear, but didn't let the blade out of his hands, holding it until it was warm. He didn't have any doubt – doubt was for losers who couldn't handle the truth. They were all afraid of thinking about tomorrow, thinking about death. For Ian, death was the ultimate relief. Sometimes he thought of his parents and Inna, but those thoughts were miniscule, because he didn't know anything about other people's suffering. His own suffering was enough for him. He raised the razor blade and looked at its sharp edge.

"This is the end," thought he when he cut his wrist.

Blood rushed into the water. Ian looked at it for some time, then got his hands out of the water and grabbed his jeans. He pulled a joint out of the jeans' pocket, staining everything with blood. When he finally lit up he laid back down. His head was filled with his favorite poetry:

"I was completely blind when I was given birth,

And no one asked if I shall be or shall not be,

All promises to me where not completely worth

The false salvation, which turned out to be the Devil's spree.

I won't be here for too long,

This letter is my means to say I'm leaving.

I'm not afraid, don't worry, I'm not alone.

And don't you dare to long be grieving."

Ian started to sing along, took another drag and felt as if he were swimming in a sea of led, with crimson serpents coming out of his veins and escorting him into the wonderful world far from reality. His body no longer existed and he himself became a part of the molten led. His thoughts fell apart into a million pieces. There was no complete being named Ian, he was now just a feeling and nothing else... Everything real seized to exist and he fell into the darkness...

When Inna saw the locked bathroom door she understood everything right away and woke up Ian's parents. She stood there, pale as paper, looking how they broke the door down and entered the room. Ian was lying in red water with his eyes closed. There was a smile on his face. Inna took the headphones off of his ears and heard:

"You are forever destined to believe
That you must carry heavy burdens on your shoulders.
His blood is spattered on your sleeves,
And thus your life's as hard as breast of granite boulder.

I'll open up the skin around my wrist,
And rise up to the sky towards salvation.
And though it's painful, my life I will not miss.
Please take me, God, as I am your creation."

Inna grabbed her head with her hands and slowly slid to the floor.

Ian woke up in the hospital with IV's in his arms.

"Bastards! I'm still alive!" He started screaming and tried to get off of the bed, but his arms and legs were tied down.

"I'm in the psych ward again," thought he and started to scream again.

"Untie me right now!"

"You are the ones that need to be in the psych ward, not me!"

The nurse heard him screaming, came into the room and gave Ian a shot to calm him down.

"Stop trying to sedate me! Let me die the way I want to," he was now slurring his words.

Ian felt sick and ashamed. He thought that he was tricked – he was forced life like fish oil was forced upon him in childhood, when his parents told him it was good for him, but all it did was make him throw up. Idiots!

The next day he was put into a straight jacket and taken to a psychiatrist.

"What do you need?" He screamed. "I will decide how I want to live and if I want to live at all! I'm a free person!"

"Think about your parents," said the psychiatrist.

"Suicide is a sin," the psychologist tried another angle.

"Sin?" ironically said Ian. "All that is a fairytale made up by the church so that people are afraid of leaving their slavery. Where is this God? The world is full of all kinds of shit: wars, revolutions, terrorism, crime, hunger, epidemics, poverty and the lie that is told by those better off to those at the bottom of the food chain. It seems to me that God either doesn't care about us or is dead! I don't want to live in this world."

He went quiet for a moment, looking into the psychiatrist's eyes.

"What holds you here?" He asked suddenly. "The fear of death? Or an illusion that everything will be better soon?"

The psychiatrist shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing holds me here anymore!" Continued Ian. "Get me out of this straight jacket right now!"

The psychiatrist made a sign and two orderlies came up to Ian to give him a shot of tranquilizers. When he woke up he realized that Inna hasn't visited him ones in the days he's been in the hospital.

Inna was sitting in front of her Teacher, crying. The guru Kalki didn't try to stop the young girl, he just took her hands to his heart and Inna felt that her desperation was slowly disappearing.

"Do you remember Ian?" she finally asked the guru. "We came here together once."

"Yes, of course I remember him," warmly answered her Kalki, not letting her hands from his.

"Well, he started using drugs again and tried to commit suicide," the words barely left her throat and it took her a lot of effort not to cry. "Can you tell me why this is happening?"

"He hasn't found his purpose in life yet. The one that is forced on him by the society isn't what he's looking for. So he chooses to protest against the evil and unfairness surrounding him. But he also thinks that protesting is meaningless, thus, he's trying to run away from everything. He hopes that in death there's a salvation from all the suffering he feels."

"But what should I do?" Asked Inna in a much calmer voice. "I can't hold him here, I'm not strong enough."

"He needs to understand that the world can be changed if one starts within oneself," answered Kalki. "He's a fighter, your Ian. That's why you love him. As far as the drugs... People take drugs to change their reality into something that has no restrictions, contradictions, problems, complexes and lies. Ian just doesn't know any other way to feel free but to poison himself to get rid of the societal shell. When he takes drugs he enters the subtle plane and feels freedom. However, that freedom is temporary and after it's gone he feels imprisoned again. Deep down he understand that's not the solution, but he can't find any other way. You and I can help him. Ian needs to start practicing meditation and learn how to go into trance. This knowledge will help him forever get rid of the burden of the society with its problems and he will substitute it for drugs. Maybe I can help your friend if you bring him to one of our sessions."

After talking to her Teacher Inna, as always, felt at ease. Now she knew that the most important thing was to hurry.

When Ian was finally allowed to leave the hospital, he looked out of the window and saw Inna. She was waiting for him by the hospital stairs. He saw her thin silhouette, her dark hair was falling out of the cape of her raincoat. He suddenly realized how he missed her all these days.

"If I die, I will never see her," thought he and his heart skipped a beat in a fearful premonition.

When she saw Ian coming out of the hospital, Inna smiled. They held each other for a very long time, surprising everyone that passed by.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" Asked Ian, trying to look into her eyes.

Inna shook her head.

"You know, I saw you as a baby that night."

"Where?"

"In my dream..."

The next day they went to visit the Teacher. There were many people in the large bright hall and Ian felt shy. He held Inna closer and asked her:

"I didn't think there were this many people that come here."

"He's very much loved. Kalki helped a lot of them."

"Do you think he can save me?" There was irony in Ian's voice.

Inna didn't answer. She just put her finger on his lips, making him quiet. Kalki was wearing a priestly hat and a black tunic with a special sign embroidered on it. He started his speech:

"All of the human sufferings, the ignorance and the blindness towards one another, all the evil around us come from the fact that we feel separate from God, the environment and those who surround us. We feel ourselves isolated and don't understand that the world is a union and that everything is intertwined. Isolation is an illusion, it doesn't exist and only gives birth to egoism and the false feeling of self-worth. When two such selfish people meet, they start forcing on each other their truth and as such give birth to a conflict – one wants to subjugate and use the other.

If he cannot force his opinion, he starts using lies, politics, religion and the idea of riches and total happiness. This is how all of the problems and unfairness of a sick and egoistic society appear. We need to fight this illusion of isolation if we want to reach a true vision of the world, felicity and divinity. We can only fight this illusion with love, love for everything – for ourselves, the people that

surround us, for God, for nature. I call upon you to open your hearts and let the hidden love out. Let it shine like the summer sun and warm up those around you. Today, let's start with the love meditation practice. Make sure to fill your lungs with love when you inhale and let it all out when you exhale."

People began to prepare for meditation when suddenly there was the sound of glass breaking and people in masks, with machine guns in their hands entered through the broken windows. These were members of the local SWAT team. Some of Kalki's students were scared; others tried to run away. Ian and Inna didn't move and were looking at what was going on.

"Everyone down! Hands behind your head!" the SWAT captain was screaming. They started to kick and hit those who haven't obeyed the orders.

"Here's the main terrorist!" said the captain and kicked Kalki, who was quietly lying on the floor.

"Don't touch him!" screamed Ian, ran up to the SWAT captain and pushed him away from the Teacher, trying to cover Kalki with his body. "He's a man of God! He hasn't done anything wrong! You are terrorists yourself. You force your way in here, hiding your faces so no one recognizes you while you commit any crime your heart desires, any crime that you are ordered to commit by the demons that lead you."

The captain smiled and hit Ian with the butt end of the rifle. Ian fell down, other cops ran up to him and dragged him out, like a sack of potatoes.

"Ian!" cried out Inna and tried to run after them. One of the cops hit her and pushed her back into the room.

"Try to take this with all the love you have inside you," proclaimed Kalki. "Noise only points out the quiet, chaos emphasizes the calm."

"Shut up, you shaman!" said the cop and started to hit the guru. "You've trashed these people's brains with your stupid ideas. We will lock you up and put an end to this sect."

Ian woke up on the floor of a dirty cell. A man dressed in smelly rags was looking at him curiously.

"Got a smoke?" He asked Ian, when the latter opened his eyes.

"Fuck off!" Answered Ian and tried to get up. His head hurt and he felt nauseous.

The bum crawled to the corner of the cell and started doing something with the fly of his pants. Ian was trying to figure out if there is anything he could throw up in. Then he heard the metal door open and his name called out. He was being taken for questioning.

A lazy fat cop was sitting at a table with a dirty toothpick in his mouth. When he saw Ian, he threw the toothpick into the trashcan, put a blank piece of paper in front of him and said:

"You need to write down all about how you were being trained to become a terrorist here. If you testify to that, we'll let you go. But if you don't, we'll find something to put you behind bars for 5 to 7 years, that's not a problem at all. We were given orders to shut down your sect. If you all aren't stopped, others may pay attention and you can't control a mass of people believing in the same bullshit, can you? Your testimony will include your explanations of what was going on here: orgies, rapes, extortion and murder. We've even made a short film about you bastards," said the cop and pulled out another toothpick that was just as dirty as the one before.

Ian was looking at the cop without saying a word. His shaking hands were now clinching and he was ready to charge his oppressor at any moment.

"What the hell are you waiting for? Jesus ain't coming to save you," and the cop laughed, satisfied with his joke.

"I'm not testifying to anything. I know what you are up to," Ian was revolted by the bold lie of the officer, but trying to stay calm. "If you are ordered to put anyone in jail because you have to make quota, it's your problem. I know that the teacher is a saint and didn't do anything criminal. Everything you say is a bunch of crap. You can shove those fake films up your ass! I've always known that everything on TV is a lie," at that moment he could barely hold himself from hitting the cop. "All that I see on TV is propaganda that you push on us, much like the fascists did. You love to call everyone enemy of the state, but you are the true enemies. Bastards! If you want to know the truth, I'll write it down. If not, go fuck yourself!"

"Lock him up!" ordered the officer. "Cuff him and beat the crap out of him. Let's see what you say in a few hours," and Ian was violently dragged out of a room by another cop.

Ian was let out of the station in the early morning, when it was still dark. One of the cops grinned and jokingly poked him in his side with a fist. Ian cringed from pain – they were beating him all night and now his entire body hurt from even a slightest touch. He turned around and looked at the fat cop, putting all of his hatred onto his gaze. The cop looked away first and Ian pushed the door opened and stepped outside.

It turned out to be quite warm outside and Ian took some time to rest, sitting on a nearby bench. "Finally this nightmare is over," he thought. "I didn't rat on anyone, didn't sign anything. They didn't win." These thoughts should have made him feel better but he was still shaking. Ian suddenly realized that he was very tired. Tired of himself and all these people who were smiling, eating, kissing, having children, and who were ready to kill each other for the smallest thing that seemed important to them. Ian was tired of living.

"Why are they all lying to themselves?" He thought. "Why is it so difficult to be around them? Where is this justice and order that Heraclites talked about? Where's the freedom and love for which Osho died? He was imprisoned and then kicked out of the free America just because he dared to say the truth. Like the little boy from the fairytale, Osho dared to scream that the King is naked. Now it's time for another person to be persecuted."

Ian looked around – a night, a street, a lamp, a drugstore... Nothing changes. There is no justice. The world is full of lies, deception and violence.

"They will all soon die in Armageddon. I don't believe these lies about democracy! It's all a lie, just another lie! Why should I even try?"

He remembered how he felt his helplessness for the first time when he was five years old. He and his family always went to their country house for the summer and there was a big, hairy dog – Naida – that lived in the village nearby. Naida loved summers because those who came for the summer were always a lot more generous than those who lived in the village permanently. In the summers, she was sure to get a piece of bread, or maybe even a good bone to gnaw on.

Ian remembered how he hand-fed Naida large pieces of meat. After feeding her he got up on his tiptoes to reach her head and stroked her big ears. She was a huge dog! He smiled then and saw that his parents also smiled. It seemed back then that there was love in their family. Later in the summer Naida had puppies and brought them right under the stairs of their house. The house next to theirs belonged to a professor and no one knew whether he was a real professor, or was just called that for his big potbelly and the seriousness of his appearance.

Ian remembered the day when the professor and his wife came to visit. The wife looked just as serious and as stout as the professor. He remembered their faces and how they found Naida and her still blind pups under the stairs. He remembered how his parents took the guests into the house. He couldn't remember anything else.

The next day he was told that Naida left to live in another village. Several days later he and some of his friends found the body of a dead puppy by the river. "Naida was killed by that guy, your neighbor," said one of the older boys. "He's a bastard." Ian bent down and stroked the dull fur of

the dead puppy. In the evening he asked his father why he lied to Ian, but his father didn't say anything. He just whispered: "This is life."

Now Ian is all grown up and hasn't asked his father anything for a long time. He can answer all of the questions himself. "I've had enough," he said out loud. "Enough." Then he got up off the bench and headed home. He stopped at a store nearby to buy a bottle of vodka, opened it and took his first sip right there, in the store, not paying any attention to the surprised glances of the sales associates.

"Today is a special day," he told them before leaving. They just shook their heads and went back to their conversation. They didn't care if this day was special for him, they had things to discuss. To them it was just another day, filled with other people's money, hands, faces, complaints and scandals. They were used to men like Ian – all they wanted was to get drunk as fast as possible. What did his father say? This is life? Well, keep on living.

Stepping out of the store, Ian pulled out his watch – the cops returned it to him in the last minute. It was nine o'clock in the morning. He thought that his parents should be already at work. They haven't cared about what he did at nights for some time now. They were too busy fighting over the love that they once had towards each other, but that now was lost. They were bored without that love.

Ian was happy that they wouldn't be home now because he needed to be alone. When he came home he was already drunk, but he went into the kitchen, pulled out a glass and finished off the bottle. Then he turned on his favorite song:

"I've always strived to return to the holy abode,
And be like a free bird that flies through the skies.
The fastest of all has his honor bestowed
To me for the fact that I've reached my own highs."

Ian sang along, thinking about where he could get some rope. He wasn't going to cut his veins again, that was stupid. He was going to take another road. He tried not to think of Inna. "She'll be fine," he told himself and turned the music louder. "After all, she was the one that wanted this relationship." He took another sip of vodka and went looking for the rope.

He found the rope on the balcony. His mother used it to hang wet clothes to dry. He took it off and made a loop. The music was still playing when he put the rope on a hook in the ceiling and got up on a chair. With the rope around his neck he finished off the bottle of vodka and kicked the chair from under him. The rope suddenly got so tight around his neck that Ian started to feel the horrific burning of being suffocated. An out of place thought entered his mind: "I forgot to put soap on the rope!" He tried to grab something, but couldn't. Propelling his arms and twitching his legs he tightened the rope around even more and thought that the torture was never going to end. The pain kept on growing until he finally lost consciousness.

Suddenly, he heard a rumbling noise, as if he were going through a large tube, and felt lightness, a sense of freedom and another, forgotten, feeling. Maybe it was happiness? All of a sudden, he was in the room and he was conscious. "Damn it!" Ian thought. "I'm still alive! What the hell happened? I did everything right!"

Ian tried to grab his hair in a gesture of desperation, but his hand went through him, as if he were made of air. That made him terrified. He looked around and suddenly saw his own body hanging from the ceiling. He contained his emotions and looked at the body closer. It was his face, his hair and his bruises all over what used to be his body. "I should have taken a shower," thought Ian and tried to touch the hair again. Instead of hair he felt skin that was as rubbery as a toy ball. A red toy ball that his friend Sergei had when they were little and that he wanted for his parents to buy for him, too. Now this ball was the last thing on his mind.

Curiously, Ian tried to grab the skin on his arm. It was as soft as wax and when he pulled on it, it stretched without giving him pain or any unpleasant feeling. He saw that he could stretch his arm out as far as he wanted and touch any object in the room. He also noticed that he was now levitating high up off the floor, a fact that made him laugh, for some reason.

"This is interesting," thought he, bent almost in half and flipped in the air. He used to be very clumsy and Inna often called him Little Bear for that. She should see him now! The thought of Inna made him feel uncomfortable but he continued his experiments. In a few moments he realized that he could go to any part of the house just by wishing it. When he wanted to stop levitating and go back to the floor, he wished it and found himself standing. Although, he couldn't walk the same way that he used to – his feet sunk into the floor as if it were a swamp, but that wasn't important. He wished that he were standing by the window and in a moment he was there without making a move. Ian looked out into the street, stretched his arm and it went through the glass, as if there were nothing there. That didn't surprise him anymore. Then he decided to look closer at a painting that was hanging on the opposite wall. When he was alive this painting didn't interest him a bit. He only remembered that some famous painter gave the painting to his mother as a present. Now, he saw that it depicted sweaty horses that were galloping through a steppe. Their faces showed eternal suffering and fatigue. Ian looked at the horses closer and felt himself turn into one of them. He felt the sweat come out on his forehead and the weight of the fatigue almost pressing him to the earth. Ian moaned and made himself think about going back to the window.

"This is great," thought Ian when he felt safe. Another shock was waiting for him, however. When he looked at a cup of coffee that was left standing on the coffee table from the day before, Ian realized that he could taste its content. It was bitter, with a touch of cinnamon – just the way he likes it. Or liked? He had no sensory organs anymore but could feel and taste everything. Ian then looked at a closed book, put his hand on it and was able to instantaneously read the first page. He saw all of the words as if the book were opened and he was looking at the pages with his own eyes. He spent the next few minutes reading the book with his nose, his left hand finger and his right toe.

While Ian was having fun seeing what he was capable of in his new state it was time for his parents to come home from work. He heard the key turn in the door lock, looked through the door and saw his mother and father. "Mom!" He screamed, but she couldn't hear him. When the door opened, his mother saw his body and started to slide down the wall. His father tried to help her and Ian was there stroking her hair, but she couldn't feel him. After sitting his mother on a chair, his father went into the room and attempted to get his body out of the rope.

"I'm here! I'm alive! Why are you all paying so much attention to that dead body? That's not me! I'm still fine!" Ian was trying to tell them what was going on but finally realized that it was pointless. He decided to just stay there and watch what was going to happen.

Neighbors peered through the open doors and someone finally called an ambulance. Ian heard his dad dial the phone and start screaming into it. "My son," whispered his mother and put the head of his dead body on her knees. She was very pale and for the first time Ian got truly scared. He kneeled down next to his mother and tried to touch her hand. It seemed that she felt his touch because she raised her eyes and looked right at him. "Mom," he said. "I love you. Please forgive me." But she was already looking back at his dead body.

Ian looked at her and felt incredible pain in his chest. The pain was growing and became unbearable. He realized that it was HER pain and suffering that he was feeling. He was looking at his mother and felt everything that she felt. When he walked up to his father he felt the horror that consumed him. He tried to look the other way but there was no relief.

He realized that he could read every thought they had, especially the thoughts that were about him. He started to catch on to the thoughts of his relatives who were not in their house, but who already knew what had happened to him.

At this time Ian noticed that there were a lot of flies in the room and understood that those were the thoughts of everyone who was thinking about him. Each moment there were more and more bugs and slugs that were as big as a baby's head. All of these were leeching on his parents and were sucking a substance that was coming out of them.

"I think these creatures feed off of human negative emotions and worries," thought Ian and tried to scare them away from his parents. Though he was able to get them off, the creatures got right back to their business of sucking the substance from his parents.

Several minutes later Ian saw Inna running into the house. She was out of breath, her hair was hanging loosely down her cheeks that were red and covered with tears. When he saw her, Ian felt relieved. He smiled and happily waved his hand at her, but she couldn't see him, rushed towards his dead body and started to cover him with kisses. Ian got angry – why are people so funny? Even

his delicate, smart and subtle Inna preferred to pay attention to something that was a pile of dead cells. She didn't want to look around and see things for what they really were. Ian remembered how together they read "Little Prince" by Antoine de Saint-Exupery. Only now did he start to understand the meaning of that story.

Inna suddenly got up and ran out of the house. Ian felt that she was going to see the Teacher. "Maybe he will be able to see me," thought he and followed her. He was right next to her all of the way but Inna didn't feel him. She ran through the streets, crying and whispering his name, without noticing anyone around.

Ian saw that the people along the way were attacked by large bugs and jellyfish. They penetrated the body and made people feel negative emotions and think foul thoughts, feeding off the negativity produced.

Ian could also see through the people's clothes and what was inside them. He saw that most of their organs were black and only children remained untouched and bright inside. In fear, Ian looked at Inna and happily saw that she was also still bright on the inside. That gave him hope.

"I guess those are illnesses," thought Ian.

Chapter Three

Ghost

Inna pulled the large door trying to open it. She had so little strength that it took her several tries to finally enter the room. She saw Kalki in the center of the hall and his students sitting around him.

"As if nothing had happened," thought Inna and started to cry. Kalki looked at her carefully, got up and hugged her tightly.

"Why?" Inna asked. Her voice was coarse and she was suffocating with tears. "Why? Why? Why?!" Kalki continued to hold her, as if taking the unbearable pain that was inside her away. When Inna calmed down, the teacher said:

"Don't worry," he said. "He didn't die, he's alive and is right next to you. He feels better now but your worries darken his world, he can sense them all."

Inna listened to him and felt better, as if someone untied a knot on her chest. Without pushing her aside, Kalki signaled for his students to come closer. They all encircled Inna and hugged her, trying to pass on their love and compassion.

Finally, the girl stopped crying. She was even able to smile a little bit and Ian felt relieved right away. As soon as he entered the room he understood that the Teacher feels his presence, but this wasn't the only thing that surprised him. There was something else that made Ian pay closer attention to Kalki and his students.

Kalki had a glow around him that started as bright as the sun right around his body and ended in a rainbow. There was a halo around his head.

"He's like a star," thought Ian and saw that all of the students had a similar glow around them.

Unlike regular people that were surrounded by a gray cloud, Kalki's students all had a bright halo around them. There were no slugs or flies, but glowing balls that emitted positive energy towards one student or the other.

"This is so nice," thought Ian.

Kalki raised his head and looked at his students.

"Let's pray for Ian and wish him a happy journey to the better world," said he.

Everyone knelt down and closed their eyes. Several minutes later each student had a ray of light coming out of their head that went through the roof of the building and disappeared in the sky. It seemed that Ian was in the middle of such a ray – he felt wonderful, like he’s never felt before in his life. He felt that he was swimming in the feeling of love and blessing of these wonderful people. At the end of the prayer everyone rejoiced, wishing Ian all the best. Inna rejoiced, as well – the feeling of happiness passed on to her and she was now covered in bright light.

But everything comes to an end some time and Kalki’s students started to leave. Ian remained in the room even after everyone was gone. He didn’t follow Inna because dark thoughts of his relatives began to penetrate him again.

As soon as he thought about his parents he found himself at home. His mother was lying on the couch and crying hysterically. His father was trying to give her some kind of calming drops, but his hands were shaking so hard that it was impossible for him to put the drops in a glass of water. Horror and pain saturated the room and consumed Ian. He felt the eternal fatigue of his mother and how difficult it was for his father to keep on trying to calm her down. Ian felt that he was being torn apart.

“I can’t believe this! I don’t want to believe this,” his mother was now screaming. “It’s all you! You couldn’t stop him. You just care about your work and couldn’t pay even a little attention to your son. Get this stuff away from me!”

She pushed her husband’s hand that was holding the mixture away and the smell of medicine filled the room. Then she fell back on the couch and continued to suffocate in her own grief.

“If you only knew how horrible you make me feel,” thought Ian, looking at them. “You would stop feeling grief and feel happy for me, like the wise Kalki. Why are people so blind? They cry over dead bodies, not understanding that they are inflicting pain on their loved ones.”

For hours his mother cried and finally, his father called an ambulance. The doctors came quite quickly, gave her a shot of sedative and she fell asleep. His father was so exhausted that he fell on the bed and passed out, without even taking off his clothes.

Ian felt better only after everyone was asleep.

He continued experimenting with his body and soon realized that he can change its form to whatever he wished. Ian thought of himself as a dog and in a moment, he was one. He wagged his tail, then got tired of it and imagined himself as a frog. And there he was, a frog in the middle of a city apartment!

“Wow!” Thought he and imagined an elephant.

After being an elephant, he tried himself as a tiger, monkey, cat and even fish. After he had enough, he turned back into himself and experimented with changing his clothes. He first imagined the clothes that he usually wore in his day-to-day life and saw himself dressed in his favorite black jeans, t-shirt and white moccasins. But that felt boring, so he imagined a top hat that he could take off, elegantly bowing to an imaginary audience. Then he thought of an army uniform that he once saw in an old book; a kilt; knight armor; a woman’s evening dress and a Mexican poncho.

His new images captivated him so much that he forgot about his desire to die. He felt so easy and light in his new reality, as he never felt before. Everyone was asleep, but he didn’t feel tired at all.

“I am now so free!” Exclaimed Ian, but he knew that it was just the beginning of the path that he would have to walk. He was excited to think about what would come ahead and how he was going to change.

Three days later his body was buried. His parents were dressed in black, his mother barely able to walk. They first went to the morgue and Ian followed them, wanting to see what was going to happen.

He saw all of his relatives and each of them was devoured by bugs, jellyfish, worms and snakes. These creatures penetrated the human body and consumed what was once naiveté, love and happiness. In just several minutes good emotions were replaced by deep holes of desperation.

Now Ian knew that many of human misfortunes and unhappiness are directly linked to these creatures that make people feel misery and force them to do stupid things. When one person was angry at or envious of another, he as if sent parasites towards the object of his hate and they started to attack the victim like hungry dogs attack a dead lamb. If the victim was a positive person, the parasites were unable to succeed and were repelled back towards their master.

Rarely, he saw balls of light next to some people, much like those that he saw around Kalki’s students.

His was an open casket funeral and his face was calm in a way that it never was during his life. His body was dressed in a gray suit that wasn't his and he thought that it was something that was 'borrowed' from the morgue.

Ian tried not to look at his parents as to not be consumed by the eternal sadness that was radiated by them. His relatives were coming up to his body to say their last 'goodbye' and none of them even tried to look around and see the real him.

Finally, the casket was closed and lowered into the tomb. Everyone started to throw handfuls of earth into the tomb and in minutes, his dead body in its wooden bed was covered completely with earth. At that moment, Ian saw a white shadow over the grave. The shadow had his face.

"Is it a ghost?" Ian wondered.

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

"Probably, that's what it is," Ian thought.

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

Inna was at his funeral, as well. She was standing next to his parents and prayed to God for his soul. Ian saw that she was calm now, thinking of the better life that was waiting for him in the afterworld.

After the funeral everyone went to a church and Ian followed them.

There was a white cloud over the church that was being fed by the prayers of the people inside. Every once in a while, a swirl of energy left the cloud and entered one of those who were praying.

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

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

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

Chapter Four

Road to Hell

Several days or weeks have passed after his funeral. Time wasn't important in the dimension that was now Ian's home. Here, time didn't disappear like it did in earthly life, leaving after it only reminisce of thoughts, unnecessary words and stupid actions. Where Ian was now time was like a mountain stream, cool and crystal clear and Ian swam in it slowly understanding what he was capable of.

While his body was still stored in the morgue he felt the gravity of his earthly life pull him towards his relatives and his past. But now he felt that it was time to move on. He didn't know where he was supposed to move to, but knew that everything was so familiar to him since his birth was choking him like the rope on which he hung himself. He knew that his earthly life was just a stage of a passage most of which still laid ahead.

Ian learned how to fly and now didn't need any means of transportation to move around. He simply imagined a place where he wanted to end up and was there instantly.

He hasn't thought of Inna for a while, consumed in his new life. But once, he set his mind on her and ended up at one of her Sampo classes that were taught by Kalki. Inna was wearing a black t-

shirt and leggings. She was surrounded by other students and carefully listened to the Teacher. For a second, Ian thought about how beautiful she was, but then made himself concentrate on what Kalki was saying. He was teaching his students how to get rid of slugs and clean their auras from different parasites; how to hit them with waves of energy, as well as how to break contact with energy vampires and egregores.

Ian saw that each person had what looked like wires coming out of them and connecting them to other people and egregore-clouds. These wires delivered electricity that controlled the person like a puppet, he was so entangled in them that there was nothing left of his actual self. He did, thought and worried about the things that were dictated to him by others, not what he actually wanted to do and feel.

Kalki was telling his students what Ian could see now. He thought about how when he was alive he was consumed by hatred and anger. His life that was painted black now disgusted him.

"I guess I was also consumed by parasite," thought Ian looking at Kalki and his students, who were surrounded by bright balls of light. "I was blind!"

Ian flew around the city thinking about his past life. Once, he visited his university, where nothing has changed since his death. There were the same classes with students copying exams from each other, or doing whatever it is that was more important to them – some read magazines, other played poker with their friends, some even managed to be drinking. At times one could hear someone snoring, the ring of a cellphone or someone laughing. The teachers didn't care much, they were used to it. They quietly gave their lecture, drawing something on the board and wishing they were somewhere else.

Ian didn't care about that life so he headed towards the exit, where he suddenly saw Sergey who was surrounded by a group of girls.

Sergey and Ian had a conflict that started over Inna. Sergey started trying to date her as soon as Inna came to their school, but she didn't care for him at all. When Ian and Inna started dating, she told him how Sergey asked her out on a walk in the university garden.

"I don't take walks in gardens," answered Inna, smiling in his face. She told Ian that after these words Sergey turned red and grabbed her arm. She was lucky that one of her professors was passing by, because Sergey was capable of anything.

After Inna became Ian's girlfriend, the two young men had serious fights, but Sergey was afraid of Ian's uncontrollable anger and preferred to make up rumors behind his back. Many students didn't like Ian and believed those rumors.

Looking at Sergey surrounded by a group of girls he heard his own name and came up closer. Sergey couldn't calm down even after Ian's death and was telling people that Ian committed suicide because he was gay and his parents found out.

"His girlfriend thought that something was wrong with her, she even told me about it," said Sergey.

"Well, I made her feel better. Once, I met him at a club, stoned out of his mind. I followed him into the bathroom and fucked him there. The guy had a lot of fun!"

"I would never think that Ian was gay," said one of the girls. "He was so brutal."

"You should have seen him flirting with me," laughed Sergey and shook his but, mimicking Ian.

Hatred flowed over Ian. He wanted to smash Sergey's face and look into his eyes when he was dying in pain.

At this moment Ian saw that he was being surrounded by black clouds. He didn't have time to think as they started to drag him somewhere.

"What is this? What's going on?" He wanted to scream, but couldn't.

Suddenly, he was in a dark place that looked like a cave or a crypt. But that wasn't the scary part. The scary part was the fact that this cave was filled with horrific creatures that reminded him of winged gorgons and hyenas from his childhood books. The creatures attacked Ian and started to devour him, which brought horror and great pain to him – a fact that made his attackers even more violent. They were tearing Ian apart, their claws penetrating him, their breath burning his skin.

Ian understood that he was in hell and didn't know how he could get out. His misery only fed the demons, who came up with new tortures, including psychological ones. He opened his eyes and saw his dead body and smelled its horrible stench. Then he saw Inna being raped by the demonic creatures, who were ripping her breast apart and ejaculating all over her delicate body. He never suffered as much as he did at that moment. He closed his eyes and when he opened them again he saw Sergey who was promising to rape Ian. He was punching him and winning and everyone Ian knew was standing around them, laughing and enjoying Sergey's victory.

"You stupid bastard! That's what you get!" Screamed everyone.

These screams as if woke Ian up and he looked around, realizing that none of what he was seeing was real. He was still sitting in the dark cave, surrounded by the monsters, who were ready to show him new episodes of the horror film.

Chapter Five

Ian didn't know why he thought about Kalki, but it seemed the only thing that could bring him salvation. Kalki, Kalki...

"Help me, Teacher! Please help me! I beg you!" He screamed and his belief in this salvation filled the cave with power.

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

"Look at my face. Look at me," said Kalki.

Full of hope, Ian stared at his teacher's face.

"Calm down. Try to remember something pleasant: a park or one of our seminars. Something that makes you happy. You need to think positive thoughts."

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

"Now look around you," said the teacher.

Ian looked around and saw a meadow with a stream running through it. He saw the sky painted with the colors of the sunset. There were bleaks of a church far away.

"You see," said Kalki. "In the subtle body, where you are right now, everything depends on how you feel – heaven or hell, the past or the future. Any part of this world or parallel realities obey your wish and you can find yourself anywhere with just one thought. What you see here appeared from your mind, or the mind of other beings. Unfocus your vision like you do when you look at a candle. You see, it's just a field of energy."

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

"So the river and the church are not real?" asked Ian. He felt disappointed because he wanted to stay in this reality for some time.

“They are real,” answered Kalki. “If you wanted to, you could swim in the river or pray inside the church. You could also stay in hell... All of it is real. They are made of energy, being born by the power of your imagination and your thoughts, by the power of thought of other people that make you see what they wish.”

“What is real then? How can I see the world the way it really is?” asked Ian with interest.

“God is the true reality. But it’s not easy to see Him. You don’t know how to tune into the energy around you to be able to touch Him. If you wouldn’t have died and continued to visit my school, I would have taught you how to meditate and go into Samadhi, to reach God. Everything is divided in the subtle body and teachers are located on a level different from other beings. It all depends on the energy field. Their paths can cross for a moment and only with the help of a special practice. I can’t teach you how, but I can take you with me to my Samadhi, so you can see true reality even if for a split second. If you try hard, you will have another destiny in your future life and you will be able to know Eternity. Now look into my eyes and don’t be distracted.”

Ian looked inside his Teacher’s dark eyes and started to feel like he was sinking into the warmth of them.

Suddenly, he saw a glowing white ball that was radiating beams of light. The ball was glowing in front of a dark abyss that reminded Ian of the eternal Cosmos. Ian’s life flashed in front of his eyes and he saw the horror and shame that was his life. One moment he was a little boy, sitting in his mother’s lap and his father was giving him an apple. Another moment he was in first grade and a cute little girl was sitting next to him. The girl was carefully writing something in her notepad and for no reason at all Ian poked her with his pen. The girl looked at him and Ian saw her eyes being filled with tears. Then he saw himself when he was around 15 years old, screaming at his mother for her not to tell him what to do. There he was trying his first joint with his friends in an attic of some deserted house. He’s pushing away his mother, who doesn’t want to let him out of the house. He’s pushing Inna, who’s looking at him the same way that girl in first grade did. Inna again, and the university, and his professors, whom he told horrible jokes and laughed at them. He’s lying in the bathtub, slitting his wrists...

Sadness filled Ian’s heart, sadness for a life wasted. A feeling he never felt before. However, the light of God didn’t seem to judge him for it. It enveloped him with love and hope, the hope that he will understand the truth and be able to reach the greater good. The light didn’t make a sound, but Ian understood that it was talking, he understood what it was saying, feeling it with his heart and every part of his soul.

“This is what you could have received, my son. If you longed for Me in your life, you would have become Me,” God as if told him.

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

Suddenly, the light started to become wider and embraced Ian. He felt such endless love that he started to dissolve in it and disappeared completely. Now, there was only the eternity of the Universe. And though Ian was gone, he felt himself God. He felt that he was everywhere at the same time, that he was a part of space that was endless in all of the worlds and galaxies, in all the stars and beings that lived on Earth and elsewhere, knowing everything about them, living their lives. He was the past and the future of everything he ever made. He was eternal. He didn’t feel the creation the way that it was at that moment. In fact, there was no moment at all.

He didn't see his creation as a single deed. He saw it as his own life, in its entirety, until it was one with him. This is how he felt Him, or rather himself in everything he formed. He was full of the great creating power that could make thousands of worlds in one moment, the power that was full of incomprehensible sense of knowing everything, the power that was full of incalculable feelings of love, bliss, sanctity and all other possible emotions and states.

Notice! This book has a special code.
The more times you reread it,
the sooner all your problems will be solved!