

A stylized human head is centered in the image, rendered in a soft, golden-brown hue. A vertical beam of bright golden light passes through the center of the head, from the top of the forehead down to the chin. The background is a deep, dark blue space filled with numerous small, bright white and blue stars, some with soft halos. A few larger, more prominent stars are scattered throughout. In the top right corner, there is a white circular badge with a black border containing the text '18+'.

18+

**Evgeny Meshkov**

**Simple Truths of  
Life**

# Евгений Сергеевич Мешков

## Simple Truths of Life

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### **Аннотация**

Evgeny Meshkov writes about what he had to endure and learn in his life. The acquired knowledge includes, but is not limited to, topics such as the meaning of the Universe, life in the Universe, Auras, the Higher Self, astral projection, reincarnation, psychology, sexuality, material and spiritual knowledge, the spiritual self-organization of society, and general life on planet Earth. Evgeny tells how he acquired all the knowledge that is still little known to many people, and also gives his thoughts and opinions on many important topics in modern society.

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# ЕВГЕНИЙ Мешков

## Simple Truths of Life

### Preface

In my early childhood three events occurred that influenced the rest of my life. Two of them led to many misfortunes and negative habits, while the third helped me find the meaning of life.

All the events described in this book *really* happened to me, Evgeny Meshkov. As you will know from reading my book, I had to go through a lot in order to stop being afraid of telling the truth, even if for many of my contemporaries this truth may seem fiction.

In this book, I talk about such things as the meaning of life and the purpose of the Universe, Auras, Higher Self, telekinesis, sexual relations, psychology, etc.

The names of some people were replaced with the letters of the alphabet so that their identity could not be easily established. Since this is a narrative about real events that happened to me, I did not want to imagine anything – not even the names for disguising some people. I almost never refer to those people after my first mentioning of them, and so the reader should not have much difficulty remembering one-letter names.

The content of this book, despite small references to representatives of some minorities, does not reflect any bias on behalf of the author towards those minorities, and does not carry the purpose of offending anyone.

The book “Thiaoouba Prophecy” by Michel Desmarquet (First published as “*Abduction to the 9th planet*”, Arafura Publishing, ISBN: 0-646-15996-8) has been used for references in this book with written permission from the copyright holder.

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In addition, after the first publication of this e-book, I would like to expand this preface based on the feedback I received from some people.

The genre of this book is biography and memoirs. There is a good reason for this – I had to write a lot of details about my life so that readers could better understand my connection with people from the planet Thiaoouba (which is the main reason for my decision to write this free e-book) and the possible reason why they gave me help at a certain moment in my life. This book is a kind of collection of everything that I have learned and what I want to share with people. Then such a genre, covering many very different topics, gives people the opportunity to learn about how I overcame many of my problems. It shows both the cause and the effect – the conclusions that I drew from my life experience. I believe that this knowledge is important not only for people who have similar problems, but also for everyone else, since this knowledge and experience reveals a broader global

problem that we have on the planet now and which affects all people without exception. The inclusion of other details gives an idea of what it is like to live with such knowledge, when not many people believe you, including those close to you, and you yourself have no choice but to tell the truth – otherwise you will make a mistake, for which you will have to pay.

I tried to write this book in a simple style without any stylistic literary embellishments, just talking about important events in my life and the subsequent knowledge that I gained from it.

Someone might say that some episodes from my life could be removed from the book. But the point is, those “unnecessary” narratives may well be the reason why the people from Thiaoouba helped me. I still do not know the exact answer to this question myself, and I have only some guesses. Of course, this means that I had to write about all the mistakes of my life honestly and directly – clearly realizing what some people will think of me and how they will see me in their eyes. At the same time, other people will have a different picture in their heads. This perception depends on the knowledge that each person has, and since different people have different knowledge, it is impossible to please everyone – so I wrote the book as I thought was right at the time of writing it.

The age rating for this book could have been 16+, not 18+. I myself, when writing, was aiming for 12+. But due to some flaws in the law and because some things can be interpreted in different ways by different people, the book got 18+ rating. The

publishing company decided to protect itself by making the book 18+, but there is nothing too blunt in it – all the things I talk about people who are twelve years old or more may already know, and remembering myself and my friends at the age of twelve I would say that they most likely know.

The “Manifesto” chapter in this book could be a separate book, but I believe that it belongs in this volume, because without my explanations as to why I know that Michel Desmarquet’s book about his unusual journey to Thiaoouba is completely true, a stand-alone Manifesto would not make a lot of sense, and many people simply would not understand why I take the content of Michel's book so seriously.

# Chapter 1. The Beginning

I was about five years old when my friend A, his grandmother and I were sitting on a bench in front of the Big House – as we called it in my family – on a clear summer day in the village of Malye Gorki, Vladimir Oblast. The Little House, where my mother and I used to come during the warm months, was later attached to the bigger one.

During our idle pastime I heard how to the left of me a gate leading to the Little House opened. I thought at that moment that my mother was coming out, since no one else could go from our part of the garden plot, as my mother and I were the only one in the Little House that day. My father was in Moscow, and my aunt Liza, or great-aunt Liza, formally speaking, always went outside from the side door of the Big House, located to my right.

When I turned my head towards the creak of the gate, I was surprised to see there a bright yellow outline of a humanoid figure, glowing with other bright shades of yellow and gold. It quickly slipped into the garden and disappeared behind the wall of our Little House. At that moment I heard the plates rattling in the kitchen.

Having run into the kitchen, I saw that my mother was calmly washing the dishes. She saw nothing and nobody.

Upon returning to my friend and his grandmother, I began to actively try to tell them about what I saw a minute ago. This



was the first time that I had encountered skepticism in my life. I learned back then that people are not only inclined not to believe in what they have never seen themselves, moreover, they can ridicule those who begin to talk about what is not yet a universally recognized fact.

Interestingly enough, that childhood friend had previously talked about how he saw something like a ghost that jumped over the fence of an abandoned house, standing across from mine. Now, when I am writing this book, I understand that I am *myself* skeptical of *his* story. In addition, as you will understand later, fences are not an obstacle to real souls of the dead.

Nevertheless, thanks to that unusual experience with a bright yellow figure, I *learned* that there is more to this world than is customary to think. I thought for a very long time that it was a ghost. Looking ahead, I will say that later I found out that that figure simply could not have been it. But first things first.

I think it was the same summer when I entered the Little House to see my drunk father beat my mother. Being a five-year-old child, I did not know what to do. I simply could not do anything. My two elderly great-aunts, Liza and Klava, were also not able to help my mother in any way. I was very worried and cried, thinking that I could lose my mom.

I do not remember exactly how much time had passed when I heard my village friends calling for me to go outside. In tears, I quickly jumped out onto the porch to say that I could not go out. I remember very well how one of my friends laughed then

at my appearance. I understand that she did not know what was the cause of my tears, but, as you will learn later, even in this situation she made a mistake by allowing herself to laugh at a person in trouble. Nevertheless, this was yet another instance when someone laughed at me.

Fortunately, my father soon stopped beating my mother. She was alive, and we even managed to walk together to Lakibrovo, the neighboring village where my aunt Zina used to live. I called her myself when we were already at the fence of her house.

After some time, we gathered our courage and the three of us went back to Malye Gorki.

Then I only remember how on the outskirts of our village Zina gave me Kinder Surprise before going back to Lakibrovo.

Apart from the memory of the grim incident of that day, everything else seemed exactly the same as it was before...

My mother and I slept that night in the Big House, along with the aunts. When in the morning dad entered the room of the house, he was very surprised to see my mother with a huge bruise under her eye. He did not remember anything regarding the events of the last day and papa was somewhat stunned when he was told everything.

After that day, I promised myself that I would never drink vodka.

I do not remember exactly how much time had passed when I, A, and, if I remember correctly, Denis, were outside near a neighboring house. I could not understand for a long time why

A laughed whenever I said something. From my point of view, nothing was happening that could amuse him so much. Then for some reason he began to specifically repeat the syllable of the words that I spoke...

This is how I realized that the incident with my drunken father had an effect on my speech, and I became a stutterer... But I still did not know then the seriousness of the situation, and what it would lead to.

I will say right away that my father was a pretty kind and softhearted person when he was not drunk. Drinking used to have a much worse effect on him than on many other people. From a calm person he turned into a very loud and mobile. Sometimes he did things that he could never have done if he was sober. But, fortunately, he never brawled again like on that fateful day. It also took him a very long time to recover from drinking bouts. I am glad that one day he did not drink on my birthday at my request. Alas, despite my mother's and mine admonitions against drinking, he still could not overcome this addiction, which eventually brought him to the grave.

The last momentous event of my childhood occurred when I was about six years old. I cannot describe everything in detail, so as not to ruin the life of other people. I can only say that after meeting that guy who was about my age, we often spent time together outside and became friends.

I do not remember exactly how, but it all led to the fact that he taught me to masturbate. It was mutual masturbation, and I

do not think that I touched myself back then – only he did. I did not understand then what we were doing and why. I was feeling neither disgusted nor good. It was just a new life experience, about the consequences of which I could not know.

I think a year has passed when my friend wanted to try oral sex with me. I did not like this idea at all, and I constantly refused his requests. He said that he and his other friend, whom I never knew personally, did this and there is nothing wrong with that. But I continued to feel deep inside of me that this was not something that I would like to do.

It took some time, a year or two, before I finally agreed to have oral sex, which we performed on one another. Fortunately, we did not try any other sexual penetrations.

This went on for several years. There was a time when our friend caught us. She immediately turned around and left. Once she used her knowledge so that we would stop pestering her – otherwise everyone would have known. I think that if other friends had found out, it would have been a disaster for me at that time, but now many years later I can almost calmly write about my experience in this book, which many people of different worldviews and cultures may read.

One day our friends called us to travel around the neighboring areas. I loved to travel in nature and wanted to go with them. But did not do it. While friends left, we went to our favorite place where no one could see us. This was the beginning of the school holidays, and for many months we had not seen each other. He

began to touch me in the southern latitudes, and if before I was excited in a second, at that moment I could not get an erection. It was an unspoken sign that my homosexual experience had come to an end.

My friend and I never talked about what we did in our childhood.

This experience had consequences in my life. I remember how another friend from Moscow and I were playing at his house when we were about ten years old – give or take. I remember exactly that while he was playing with a plastic Godzilla toy, there were thoughts in my head that I was not very interested, and I was more interested in girls and in sex with them, and not in toys. I myself had toys in my childhood, but I did not often play with them.

In my preschool years, I did not go to kindergarten and often spent time in the village with friends. I really enjoyed being there. Clean air, greenery, nature – everything gave me joy in my carefree childhood. For a long time, I was the youngest in our company. While my friends one by one started going to school, I continued to stay in the village with my mother for the warm autumn months, so that later my father would take us to Moscow for the winter.

In Moscow, I lived with my mother in a small one-room apartment. Although there was a time when we lived with my father in his two-room apartment. But then Mom found photographs in his closet where my father was with another

woman. Her hair was dyed red and, as we learned later, her name was Marina...

My parents had a big argument, and my mother and I never visited my father for a long stay at his place again.

At the age of seven, I went to study at school No. 376, which is located next to my house on Khalturinskaya Street. I sat at the first desk in front of a young beautiful teacher who once suddenly told me to go down from the clouds, and then: “Wake up and sing!” – Did I dream in class that day? My desk mate was B.

In the first grade, everything was fine – or I thought so. The only thing I remember is how every time I cheerfully answered at the blackboard in front of the whole class, one guy sitting at his desk in the back rows always clearly stuck his head out to look at me. And I thought – why?

On the summer holidays of that year, I got my answer. About when I was six years old, my parents brought me to a doctor who studied and treated stuttering. I was prescribed some medications that I had to drink with water in slow sips. In my eyes at that time, it all did not seem negative. Visiting a doctor, taking medications – it was just another new experience in my childhood life. And in those summer holidays, I finally understood what stuttering had in store for me.

A and C were constantly teasing me because of my speech. They gave me a nickname, and for a long time I could not understand its connection with me. Did I look unusual? It did not seem to be so – many people called me beautiful in my childhood

and youth. They did not answer my question – “What’s that got to do with me?”, and I received the answer only many years after...

Around the same early years of my life, I sometimes began to fantasize before going to bed. I clearly remember how I once fantasized about death. The fantasy took place in the village, and, I think, that fantasy arose because I subconsciously understood that my life was starting to go not the same way I would like it to go. Of course, I, like many others, did not want to be the object of ridicule, even though only a few people projected this negativity on me.

Meanwhile, the time has come for a second grade. Our class teacher had changed. The young woman left, and now we had a rather strict woman, who was much older.

If in the first grade I actively and vigorously spoke in class, in the second one I already completely understood that I am different from all the other people because of my stumbling speech. I was uncomfortable. If I were asked to draw the time spent before the second grade, then I would use bright light colors, for example yellow, but the second grade is the first year when these colors turned into gray faded shades. The desk at which I was sitting changed too. The bright place at the window was replaced by a more darker one behind the second desk near the wall.

I remember clearly the moment when our teacher asked me to read aloud the text in the book. I was already fully aware that I was reading with constant speech stutters. My tongue refused

to obey me, and I could not do anything about it – no matter how hard I tried. All the time that I was reading, I held the sheet of the book with my finger so that it would not close, and when my torment came to an end, I removed my finger from the page to find in its place a pronounced wet spot from sweat.



## Chapter 2. School Years and New Mysteries

I began to be afraid to speak. In school, every time a teacher was about to ask someone to answer a question, my heart would begin to pound quickly. The pulse immediately calmed down if someone else was asked.

In the following school years, I began to worry about whether I would have to answer or not on the way to school.

Chatting with friends was also difficult for me. I remember clearly the moments when a friend or acquaintance was mistaken in some question, and I knew the exact answer to the topic being discussed, an answer that could help another person, but I was so afraid that I would stumble on one word that I just could not allow myself to open my mouth. I just stayed silent.

One such moment happened in the village during the summer holidays. I walked then with friends in the evening. We walked a long circle around the village, and our conversation touched on unexplained phenomena. My experience with the bright yellow entity was ideal for our conversation... If only I could force myself to overcome the fear of speaking. The thought of all the negative that could have happened if I had started to stutter blocked all desire to share my unusual experience.

In school years I once thought about the fact that I was

speaking absolutely normally in my imagination, to myself, and also when I was alone and was talking aloud to myself – it was simply impossible to stutter. It is a pity that at that time I did not give much importance to my remark – after all, the solution was so close!

When I spent short school holidays in Moscow, I went to visit my grandmother and grandfather on the paternal side – my mother's parents died before I was born. They lived on the outskirts of Moscow, near the MKAD. Their two-room apartment was on the top floor of a seventeen-story building. The windows overlooked a ravine and a stream below, and the forests beyond the ring road. As a child, I liked to look far ahead into the distance from their windows, as well as at what was happening right under the house.

My parents gave me the Dendy game console, and I constantly took it with me to my grandmother, so that I had something to do when I did not walk with my grandfather and grandmother outside – I usually sledded down the hills in front of the house.

Grandma was very pious. She had several icons hanging in the red corner of the room and in the bathroom. She often read various prayers.

At one time, my mother and I came to grandparents on March 8th. Then my grandfather wanted to teach me singing in order to try to help me this way with my speech stutters.

Alas, in the early morning when my mother and I returned home, and I was going to go to school, my grandmother called

to report the death of my grandfather. I cried that morning very hard because of his death. I think this was the first time when I thought deeply about death. Does anything happen when we die?

In subsequent years I sometimes had this question again. For example, I remember thinking about life and death when I learned about the death of Steve Irwin.

At another time, on May holidays, my mother and I were going to go to Malye Gorki, but our alarm clock broke, and father could not take us in his car. Back then I really liked to spend time in the village. There had never been a single case that I did not spend the summer months there. That evening, before falling asleep, I wished to wake up at five o'clock in the morning – the time when we needed to get up to catch a train. What surprised me was that when I woke up and looked at the digital clock of the VCR, I saw “5:00” on it.

Thus, we were able to go to the village.

I talked about this interesting case with Lena, a village friend, when we burned a fire in the dugout in my backyard.

Then I became more confident in the environment of my old village friends, as a result of which I stopped being afraid to speak and spoke almost without hesitation in the summer in the village.

I think that it was that same day when I had the following dream: “Night. I walk through the grass to the backyards in the direction of the dugout, from the chimney of which smoke is coming out. I do not know why, but instead of going to the front door, I go to the dug hole of our fireplace’s chimney. I look down

and see how a thin hand, completely covered with black short hair, moves around firewood with a stick in our fireplace. Then I had a clear thought in my mind that it was – a werewolf.”

I woke up. It was a gray, cloudy day.

We had breakfast in the kitchen of the Big House when Uncle Vitya came to visit us at eleven o'clock. He briefly said that he saw a smoke coming from our dugout as he walked past it through the backyards, walking from a bus stop, which is one and a half kilometers from our house. I thought then that Lena was there, who was the only one who, except me, came to the village on that rainy weekend.

Having finished eating, I went to the dugout. I calmly went to its entrance and opened the door. There was no one inside. I immediately noticed how coals were smoldering in the fireplace of the dugout, and a barely visible smoke was coming from them. It was at that moment that I for the first time remembered the dream that I had that night...

I immediately went to collect Lena, but she was still sleeping. It was about twelve o'clock, and she often slept for a very long time.

Of course, now I understand that the girl most likely would not go to burn a fire in a dugout in the backyard on a cloudy day – and on any other. I asked another friend if he was in the dugout that day, to which he answered negatively. In addition, he would not leave the coals not extinguished. Each time we burned bonfires, he always extinguished them to the end, being

a responsible person. The question of who made the fire that day in our dugout remains unanswered, as well as why I had a dream about it, and why in it I saw someone completely covered in black fur...

It is worth saying that almost all the unusual cases that happened to me before my eighteenth birthday took place in the village.

There was a moment when I woke up in the middle of the night. I heard floorboards bend in the kitchen of our house. The frequency of steps indicated that someone was walking in a slow, calm step. I thought that my mother was returning home from the toilet, but when I turned my head towards the door, I realized that my mother was sleeping in her bed. Nobody else could walk in the kitchen that night – my father was in Moscow, and aunt Liza very rarely went to our Little House during the day, and she certainly would not have walked in our kitchen in the middle of the night in the dark. The Big House has its own exit to the garden.

Another incident occurred when I was sitting on the porch of the Little House while repairing my bike. I remember clearly how I felt then that someone was looking at me from behind. I turned around, but there was nobody – neither in the kitchen, nor on the terrace. But I could feel someone's presence.

Many years later, when I began to sleep on the terrace, something hit twice very hard on the door of the terrace. A couple of seconds before that, my mother went outside, but she

never slammed the doors like that, on the contrary, she always closed them very quietly and calmly.

And the other night, when I was lying in the bed of the terrace, preparing to sleep, I felt a cool clot fly slowly over my face.

The next unusual event occurred when, not far from my house, I was digging a hole for a pillar with two village friends. As far as I remember, it was a clear, cloudless summer day. There were three female friends with us. During our excavations, we came across a rounded gray stone. It was a little smaller than a human head, as far as I remember. We noticed that it was as if the features of a human face could be distinguished on the surface of the rock... Having put the gray stone on a bench, we continued digging. Soon we came across a long black stone. Its length was approximately equal to the diameter of the gray stone, and the width was much less than its length. We put it near the gray stone. Not much time had passed when we noticed how from the south a cloud of gray-brown color began to cover the whole sky. It was unusual. But it was another cloud that made us nervous, also quickly moving from south to north... That cloud was black and stretched out across the sky from west to east, but in width it was clearly very narrow – that is, the gray cloud was for some time as if divided into two parts by the black one. The wind picked up. We realized that stones we dug out somehow affect the clouds, however strange it may sound, and we decided to bury them back. Both clouds disappeared very quickly... We never talked about this incident.

Another unusual experience happened in Moscow in my apartment. It was night. Darkness. I went to bed after a long day, but I could not fall asleep for a very long time. I do not remember exactly why, but I decided to slightly hit my head on the pillow three times. For the first two times, everything was fine, but when I raised my head after the third hit, I found that it was already day – the sun was shining high in the sky, people were walking the street. That is, from my point of view, the night changed to a day in a split second that I was with my face in the pillow. It is worth noting that I no longer wanted to sleep and was completely awake.

Many years later, I accidentally found a story that tells about the exact same instant “loss” of time.<sup>[1]</sup> Two girls played with an Ouija board at about 9pm. They began to receive strange answers, and the next thing they knew it suddenly was 7 o’clock in the morning. It was as if they blinked and the sun was already up. They just sat, as before, not understanding what had happened.

I have no suppositions as to why such a “loss”, or someone can say a “leap”, in time happens. This is one of the new mysteries of the Universe for me.

Such events were rare for me, but they left a very big impression in my life.

Mostly I spent summer time in the village outdoors, walking with friends from morning to evening. I really enjoyed cycling, and I often rode my bicycle around the countryside immediately after breakfast. My friends and I often went cycling to

neighboring villages, and in the evenings, we sat by the bonfire. Sometimes I helped my mother with village housework. My father visited us for the weekends, and every time I was very glad to see him. Sometimes I deliberately returned home to see him. As I said, we lived separately in Moscow, and I did not often see my father. As for my speech problems, I remembered deep down that he was the cause of their occurrence, but as a friendly and cheerful child, I almost forgot about that long-standing incident...

The same is true with friends who laughed at my inability to pronounce words. Despite all the difficulties that I experienced during the school seasons of the year, I almost did not hold back the anger at them. In the end, when we matured, they were able to change for the better.

However, the old memory of numerous acts of ridicule did not leave me.

But there were also cases when, after returning from the village to Moscow, I not only spoke and answered during school lessons without any problems, I also myself raised my hand for an answer – I would become so confident in myself. In one period of my life, I was full of enthusiasm to wake up in the morning and go to school, because I liked the learning process and the fact that I could speak perfectly, like all other people.

Moreover, during such periods of my life, I was by no means taciturn. So, I remember my mother's story how she rode in the same tram with me and Anton, my childhood friend, and she



said that I was constantly chatting then. We did not know that my mother was in the car and just decided not to interfere with our conversation.

But sooner or later, confidence always went away. The reasons could be very different. For example, I remember how one day on New Year's Eve, when I was still in high school, a man rang the doorbell of our apartment. He rang other people in our corridor too, as he was just looking for a company to celebrate the New Year. I think that our neighbor, an elderly woman, recognized him as a resident from the adjacent block of our apartment building, and mom agreed to let him into our tiny one-room apartment. He behaved completely normal and adequate, but this could not console my appearing concern for my mother. I simply could not know what could happen next, and I was worried about this unexpected situation and the unknown. After he left, he rang the doorbell again after a couple of moments to ask if I would like to walk with him sometime. At that moment I felt very embarrassed for my father, and I felt like I was betraying him, just by being in this situation. My mother and I politely refused. After this moment, I had to go out with my Moscow friends to celebrate the New Year, as we did in previous years. But when my best friend came after me, I spent several minutes refusing to go out, because I was afraid for my mother, afraid that that man might come back again. At that time, I could not tell the whole truth to my friend, as I was ashamed. I simply kept refusing to go outside for celebrations, until he was finally tired, and he went

to celebrate with the rest of the friends without me. This was the first moment when my touch with friends began to break. Having returned to school after the holidays, I again began to have problems with speech and again became insecure – which I constantly remembered about. As for that man, I never saw him again.

However, there was another case in elementary school when I lost a friend for an absurd reason. He was my classmate, and we often walked together after school, or played Dendy at his home. He lived far from school and, I think, because of this, he started going to another. One day I came home after being outside for a long time with friends and the telephone rang. It was that same friend who called me to go outside. Then, without thinking, I said that I had already been outside – I understood how my “I had already been outside” sounded when it was too late. He hung up and never called again. We had an old drum phone without a caller ID at that time, and I did not have my friend’s phone number because, as I recall, he did not have a phone before. I could not contact him in any way, and thus I lost my first friend. I am not sure exactly, but maybe many years later I saw him and his grandmother while riding in a tram not far from my school and home. He also saw me. If that was really my old school friend, then he clearly remembered me and, judging by what reached me from his conversation, he remembered our very last telephone “conversation”. Perhaps I should have approached and apologized, explaining the misunderstanding, but then I was

not in the best shape, and I was not sure if it was him because more than ten years had passed since we saw each other.

## Chapter 3. Free Fall

My first serious wrong choice was made when I was thirteen years old. If before I used to have sexual fantasies about my female friends at bedtime – a trace of my childhood sexual experience – then at the beginning of the eighth grade I started having a real sex drive. And if before my fantasies did not interfere with my life in any way, now I just could not help but think about sex and girls. The obvious solution would be to look for a girl, but then another thought appeared in my head – the thought that because of my stumbles in my speech, no girl would want to get involved with me. Perhaps the reason for this conclusion was the memory of how in the village at the bus stop my friend C sang a song that was clearly aimed at making fun of me, and our female friend, whom I sort of liked, had a characteristic expression on her face, saying what she was thinking about me at that moment.

And then I remembered about the existence of masturbation...

This was the first time that I first began to touch myself for sexual pleasure. I enjoyed doing this with myself.

I think it was about that time when many people, including relatives, friends and even guys, had been telling me that I was a handsome boy. At one time, my mother tried to cheer me up about my speech problems, saying that the girls would want to

get to know me themselves since I was beautiful. Then at school one of the senior students came up to me to ask if I had an older brother. At another time, my aunt Zina asked where I got my handsome look from; then in the kitchen of the Big House sat my father who was already almost completely bald and full-bodied, and I felt somewhat uncomfortable in front of him. My female cousin noted my beauty a couple of times. Then one of my village female friends said that I was a very handsome boy. I remembered those words, and I too began to think of myself as of a handsome guy. Of course, I liked being beautiful, and I liked that fact that girls were glancing at me.

Meanwhile, it was time for ninth grade. Everything was the old way for me – stutters and self-doubt continued to cloud my life. By then I already began to be afraid of phone calls, fearing that my classmates were calling me, and I would again have to struggle to pronounce the words. Plus, I was always shy to talk on the phone about my personal life in front of my mother who was always nearby in our one-room apartment – this could not but affect the fact that I almost did not learn to talk with people and did not acquire a good understanding about what to say, and how to say it.

In general, I was a very shy child in my childhood, which made the whole situation much more difficult.

So, I remember one summer evening in the village, when we were burning a fire by the spring, and some friends were playing spin-the-bottle. One of my female friends clearly, at least

it seemed to me so then, wanted to teach me how to kiss – she was saying that otherwise I would have a girlfriend one day, but I will not know what to do. She insisted for a while. To some extent, I had certain feelings towards that friend, and I think I would have agreed to become her apprentice, so to speak, if it were not for the presence of my male friend who was two years older than me, and who refused to play spin-the-bottle. At that time, he was a decent and the right guy, and the thought of what he would think of me played an important role in my refusal to play the game.

There was a continuation of that story. Once that same friend called me in Moscow and invited me to her birthday. Again, part of me wanted to see her, but the thought that I might need to talk to strangers in the form of her relatives and Moscow friends, and I would start to stutter, outweighed. Even after many minutes of persuasion, my friend did not manage to invite me to her birthday. Of course, at that time she did not know the true reasons for my refusal to come to her... Later, in the village, she jokingly recalled this moment to me. And I felt a little sad at heart...

I was often very worried when I was walking to school, because I was scared by the thought that I might get asked in class, and I often wanted to just be left alone to find peace. Because of this, the days of tests were one of my favorites, since I could be more or less calm that I would not have to speak that day. Then I again began to worry about what people think of me,

because a few months earlier one of my village friends finally told me why they gave me the nickname that they had been calling me for many years – it was associated with stuttering. This was the next moment when I again lost confidence in myself and in my speech, after I acquired it with great difficulty.

The speech situation also did not improve after the new teacher asked me to answer in biology class. After my answer, one of my classmates named Olga spoke to the teacher about stuttering and how to fix it. I well remember the teacher's phrase that “nerve cells do not regenerate”. It did not sound very inspiring for me...

I continued to masturbate and soon began to look forward to the time when I would be home alone. Alas, when the spring holidays came, the time when we always went to the village, I decided to stay at home. In the ninth grade, my mother often began to visit her sister for a couple of days and leave me alone so that I could study more calmly in our one-bedroom apartment. But, alas, I also used this time to watch erotic films on one of the television channels at midnight of another Friday. Naturally, I did not just watch them. I masturbated then every day and sometimes several times a day. Of course, then I did not want people to find out about what I was doing with myself – this would have been a disaster for me. After some time, a rather interesting and funny moment happened at the school, when one of my classmates jokingly said that “Zhenya does not smoke, does not drink, only masturbates.” And I had a question in my

head – how does he know? I do not think he actually knew, but nevertheless, that simple joke was destined to become something more in the following years...

It is worth noting that I often looked at the icons of saints behind the glass on the shelf, and the thought sometimes visited my head – what if there really is something more to this life, and all the secrets will sooner or later actually become apparent? I was not very comfortable then at the thought, but my favorite habit was overpowering me every time.

Because of wild speech stammering, when, for example, I could not say anything, holding out my tongue, which seemed to not listen to me while jerking in convulsions, I began to think about death, because I perfectly understood that such me would not have a life – at least not the life that I wanted, where I would be the same as everyone else – neither more nor less.

I told my mother that at school I again had problems with speech. I do not think we went to the doctor that day for the next pills, which in any case did not really help, but my mother then told me to think about what to say at school tomorrow. I took this advice too seriously and began to imagine before falling asleep about what could happen tomorrow at school. This did not help, but rather, on the contrary, made the situation worse.

It is noteworthy that before that wrong advice from my mother, I thought that you just need to learn your lesson and live your life. And when a teacher asks me to answer a question in class, I will remember the necessary information if I have learned



and understood the essence of the subject being studied.

There was a time when several classmates and I sat on a bench on the ground floor of our school – in front of the main door, which is facing a long corridor leading to the gym and dining room. I think many Russians will recognize this layout of this standard Soviet school, similar to the letter “H” when viewed from above. It was gym class, which we did not go to, and in the school corridors it was empty and quiet. I was sitting on the edge of the bench, next to the corridor. Suddenly two girls appeared from that corridor, quickly sweeping the floor. My eyes were fixed on a blonde girl dressed in a white shirt, emphasizing her small breasts, and a tight-fitting black skirt, and I remember exactly how in my perception time seemed to slow down – I fell in love with her at first sight.

I constantly thought and dreamed about her. I just could not help but think about her.

When they went to the biology class, I was able to establish from the schedule that she was an eleventh grader. I was thinking of approaching her, but that thought immediately overlapped with another – if I started to stutter, and she laughed – that would be the end of my life for I could hardly bear the pain of my fate. In addition, she always walked with her equally pretty red-haired friend, and this created even more problems for me. Plus, she was older than me, which was not a surprise, as I often fell in love with older girls, and I decided that perhaps I would endure and wait for the time when I would be older and the age differences

would not be so obvious.

Sometime later, a group of classmates and I were waiting for the start of a lesson. One of the guys expressed his opinion that in our class all the girls were not beautiful, if one was to convey his words in a mild form. Then they drew attention to other “not beautiful” girls, and another guy said: “To fuck such girls – is to disrespect yourself”. Although everything was fine with my appearance at that time, I still combined this statement with my speech problems, believing that all the girls whom I would try to approach would think the same about me. Then I finally dismissed the idea of approaching the girl with whom I was in love, and then I made another the most serious mistake of my life.

I had moments when I started to fantasize about something or someone, but I essentially did it before bedtime. I can only recall the event at the dentist. In childhood, I could not stand the pain when drilling teeth. Then my mother led me to check my teeth at the dental clinic on Prostornaya Street, and again I had tooth decay. Then I saw a flitting bird on a nearby building, which has now been demolished to build two multi-story residential buildings. While my tooth was being drilled, I decided to try to go into fantasies, imagining a story about that bird – and it really helped me. This was the first time that I was able to calmly endure the pain, as I simply “turned it off” – there was pain, but at the same time I did not feel it, being in my mind somewhere else.

But in the ninth grade, I decided that I would deliberately

fantasize about someone in all my free time. Otherwise, I would have just taken my own life, because I could not bear all that load; because of speech problems my life was breaking before it had even begun, and I could not do anything about it. Then I listened to foreign music on musical radio stations every day, and also watched MTV, and I began to fantasize about one of the popular, at that time, singers. Of course, in my fantasies everything happened as I wanted it to – there was no stuttering or stiffness. I often fantasized about the same idea again, because I wanted to “relive” it once more, making, from time to time, certain changes in some details. Alas, I fantasized about the blonde girl, as well as about her friend. Then I fantasized about other girls and celebrities. And once I created in my imagination a girl who settled in a new house in our village, where at that time there was a vacant lot. There is no need to mention that we had sex and everything that I just wanted to imagine. Of course, when we went on summer vacation and drove past that lot, there was no house and, respectively, a girl.

I think that I should mention here that even before I started to actively dream, I thought briefly if people could see that I was dreaming. And I had confirmation of my guesses when in the ninth grade our class teacher mentioned to the whole class that I was smiling at something, and one of the students replied that I was constantly smiling. I do not remember that during that period of my life I paid much attention to the significance of that event.

But soon another case happened when I was sitting with

my classmate Vova's on a bench near the locker room. Vova's acquaintances from another class were standing next to us.

It was the first floor of the school, and on the opposite bench, but closer to the aisle to the dining room, the same blonde girl sat down, from whom I could hardly take my eyes away. Her red-haired friend was with her too.

At some point, one of Vova's acquaintances looked at me and with a crooked smile told his friend some unflattering words about me. I immediately realized what the reason was, and I almost as quickly stopped daydreaming. When the other guy looked at me, he said that everything was fine with me.

At that time, I had such a character trait that I could not change myself after the vile statements of someone about me, as this would mean that they, people who contemptuously treated me, were right, and I myself would remember my life's bad episode with them for the rest of my life – which I did not want at all back then and in every possible way tried to forget everything negative, immersing myself in my inner world.

Also, I could not live in reality back then, since I could not be the person I could be if I did not stutter. And I often began to think about justice in life. How is it that I not only never harmed anyone in my life, moreover, I was a friendly and cheerful person who loved nature and life in general, but in spite of all this I had to suffer so much from the age of five? Why do those people who commit the wildest crimes live happily ever after if they are never caught by the police? Where is justice in this life?

Soon my grandmother died. I was so immersed in myself that I could not feel any emotions. I understood what had happened, but everything was as if in a haze, and as if it did not directly concern me, it was something distant. I wanted to get rid of constant stress – and I managed to do it, but at what cost...

The school year was drawing to a close, and it was time for exams. Without hesitation, I decided to continue to study in school for the tenth and eleventh grade. I had good grades, except for the second quarter where I had two 3s because I first started skipping school, but since studying was not a big problem for me, I was able to catch up with the curriculum and close almost all bad grades I got during that period. There were two strict teachers who decided to put 3s in the annual standings, but this was not a problem, and I was taken to the tenth grade.

Speaking of truancy, my mother and I started quarreling in the ninth grade due to the fact that I started not wanting to go to school, because my life was crumbling, and so studying wasn't the top priority for me. Once we quarreled so much that at midnight I went to my father's apartment with a full rucksack of textbooks on my back, but at a quarter of the way I realized how far I had to go and decided to return to my mother's apartment. I remember how then the police car made a circle around me at the turn to the Lokomotiv stadium, but then it drove further along the highway, where it was driving originally. Our quarrels began to decline, when after a couple of years we quarreled again, I looked at her and I was amazed to realize that she had clearly

aged. She was missing some teeth. I do not know how, but I did not notice this before. Then my eyes began to open up slightly, and I tried to avoid quarrels with my mother so that she would not be nervous.

Alas, from time to time I also tried to get sick so as not to go to school. And sometimes I really managed to do it. So much the fear of speech dulled then my thinking...

Everything was almost the same in the village. Longtime friends created a comfortable zone.

Perhaps it was in that year that I decided to try drinking alcohol. Many of my friends started drinking beer and wine some time ago. I put up a fight for a long time, but in the end I could not resist. I do not remember how exactly this happened, and it does not really matter, the important fact here is that I drank alcohol with the rest, but I never touched vodka. It is worth saying that I never got drunk and knew the limits. Also, I always remembered everything that happened to me during alcoholic intoxication.

Many of us also had motorcycles and motor scooters that replaced quiet and clean bicycles. We often fiddled with our iron horses, repairing them almost every day. I had Voskhod 2M, which was given to me by my first cousin once-removed. I remember that I soiled my clothes with that motorcycle so much that it was no longer washable.

Summer was not without problems. A couple of months ago, when I was still in ninth grade, my nail scissors stopped being serviceable. The two points did not fit snugly against each

other and were spread wide in different directions. The obvious decision would be to go and buy new scissors downstairs in the store, but I could not do it because of the fear that I would have to speak with the seller. Because of that I continued to cut my nails with old scissors which led to terrible bleeding sores on my big toes that simply could not heal before the nails grew into them. It all ended up that we had to go to a Moscow hospital where they cut out a third of my toenail. Riding home on the tram, I grabbed the seat handle in front of me – so much it hurt; but apparently I wasn't hurt enough not to masturbate again when I was already at home...

It is worth noting that it was on that day of the operation that I saw near the hospital my old classmate, with whom we sat at the same desk in the first grade, and with whom we studied until the ninth, when our friendship had cooled down. Perhaps my withdrawal into myself influenced this, as well as the fact that for some reason he hit me in the face during exams – I did not provoke such an act, I just stood at the door and waited for my time to enter the biology class.

My father bought me new normal nail scissors, and I no longer had such problems, although the nail still reminds me of itself, since part of it was not removed properly.

After the second operation on the toe of the other foot, I returned to the village where I soon began to walk normally again.

Eventually, another time had come when my father arrived to

the village to take me and my mother back to Moscow for the new school year.

On the first call, a new girl in our class and school caught my eye. She was not the only new person in the class; moreover, most of the people were new, as people from several classes merged into one.

I remember how in the dining room one of the classmates asked her friend to talk to me about sex. There was no conversation, but I took it as another sign that girls like me. But this did not help my fear of speech and terrible insecurity because of the fact that there were new faces everywhere who, so far, did not know that I stuttered.

Mom used to take me to the doctor all those years, but the pills that he prescribed did not help me with the speech. I was even once brought to the “healer” who recited some mantra, conducting almost dances with tambourines. It is funny, but after her session I really started talking completely normally and regained my confidence in myself, the confidence that was destined to leave me again when my mother in the village had a quarrel with her sister, Tatyana. They almost got into a fight, and I began to worry that something irreparable, or maybe fatal, could happen.

Once we were sitting on a bench on the ground floor of the school – not far from the biology class. It was a break, and of the many people passing by, my gaze fell again on the new girl in our class, and her eyes looked at me, while she quickly flew



past us with her friend.

Once in the literature class, when the lesson had not yet begun, her friend asked my buddy if he wanted to be her boyfriend. The girl who liked me asked me the same question, and I answered in the affirmative.

On that day, when I came home, I finally put a fat cross on myself when I began to masturbate, rejoicing that I have a girlfriend and “will” have sex. Obviously, I had no sex, since I was so afraid of starting to stutter during a conversation that I stopped going to school.

On one rare day, when I did come to school, that girl came up to me and asked if I had not forgotten that I was her boyfriend. We talked a little about our institute plans, and then she slowly walked off.

The next day, in algebra, the teacher heard the conversation of that girl with her female table partner, and for the whole class said that she had become an adult. One of the guys with whom we studied since elementary school proudly shouted “me!” to someone's question regarding who was responsible for taking the girl's virginity.

Going away into fantasy once again helped me avoid stress and mental suffering when I imagined that that girl was of easy virtue and then consciously made that fantasy into the “truth” in my head. But is it correct to use the word “helped” here? What if I needed that suffering at that time?

Speaking of imagination's help. I remember exactly the

moment that happened in the village when several people from our company drank alcohol and, I think, someone said that they drink to make them feel more fun, to color the gray everyday life. I realized then that I did not need alcohol, since I can make my gray days brighter and amuse myself with my imagination, which, unlike alcohol, is always at hand, so to speak. Here it can also be noted that I have never smoked at all.

Then I had a very strange period of life, when I started to lock myself in the bathroom with the lights off. I took along my boom box with radio and headphones to just listen to music in the dark. Almost nothing distracted me from my imaginary, ideal, and just world – at least just towards me. Sometimes my dreams led me to masturbation in the darkness. This madness continued for some time. Mom could not do anything. I think that both of us no longer had the strength and desire to quarrel. Once she even brought Anton, my best friend at the time, but I did not go out.

Also, computer games helped me get away from reality. In the tenth grade, I often played in WarCraft 3. I did not have internet yet, and I just spent time playing against the computer. When I was skipping school in the ninth grade, I decided that I would just play all my life in video games so that I would not feel pain from the reality that I was in, as I then thought for nothing, because of the injustice of life.

Speaking of injustice, there was one year when I came in the village for the summer holidays. At that time, not all friends and acquaintances came to vacation. I remember how A was bugging

a girl who was several years younger than us. I regret to say that I then joined him. She did not have any shortcomings, or illnesses. I think my older friend simply decided that she looked like a character in a well-known literary work, and he began to call her the same name. Fortunately, this “fun” did not last long, and even if it was not something very terribly bad, as that girl was all right, but this moment showed that I myself was not averse to being on the other side of ridicule, which was a mistake.

I can recall another negative incident that occurred in Moscow. Then for some reason I started to twist and roll in the snow a guy who was younger than me. I determine that the reason for this shameful action was that I subconsciously wanted to be on the other side of the “unjust” life again, wanted to throw out all the accumulated resentment onto someone, even if I hardly knew that person. Again, I note that that episode was not too cruel, but it showed once again that although I was usually a kind and cheerful person, I was not a saint.

Summer holidays have come. I think it was the year when the village ceased to be a place of comfort for me, as our company and company from the other end of the village began to spend time together. I again began to be silent constantly, because the thought that I could start talking with stutter and people would start laughing at me, looking at me weirdly, or they would just start thinking something not very good chilled my whole body.

Another nuisance was that some time ago my father sold his mother’s apartment for very cheap, about a quarter of its market

value. As I understand it, his acquaintances deceived him when he was drunk. Before selling the apartment, father rented it out, but then there was a small fire in it, and someone talked him into selling a Moscow two-room apartment of 52 square meters for just a million rubles. Simply put, someone had bought their apartment at a huge discount. Father then bought a new car and a TV for the money received. Then he began to drink the rest of the money away.

It so happened that in the summer, my father decided to buy me a motor scooter, since my motorcycle was constantly breaking down, and almost all my friends were riding on these new (for our village) vehicles. He arrived with cash already withdrawn. Having traveled to the nearest cities, we were able to find only one store where only one Chinese scooter was sold. I tried it by having driven it on a local road. Everything seemed quite normal, including the power of a 50-liter moped. I then had a choice: to take that one scooter or risk that my father would drink the already withdrawn money away, which, alas, could happen, given his previous decisions. We bought that scooter. After some time, it became clear that the Chinese scooter had a chain instead of a variator and a drive belt, which is why it tangibly lost in power to its brothers from Japan. This led to the fact that very soon I could not have anyone ride on my scooter except for myself.

Unfortunately, the problems did not end there. It soon became clear that some strangers began to live in father's apartment.

Father himself was almost always drunk. It became clear to my adult relatives that those people wanted to get their hands on my father's apartment. Then my cousin helped us make the deed of gift for that apartment to me so that my father could not become homeless. A few months later, dad told how those people were shocked to find out that the apartment no longer belonged to him and disappeared very quickly from his life, possibly in search of other people with alcohol addiction... There were also some people who tried to redirect my father to think that his son, that is me, will kick him out from the apartment. Unfortunately, my father actually asked us one day if we wanted to do something like that – certainly not! He then sighed with relief and in fact lived in his apartment until the end of his life, even despite all the difficulties that we had to overcome...

In the village, I fell in love with one girl who was new in our company and was older than me. I then often thought about telling her about my feelings, but each time, when I was outside with her, I could not force myself to do this during our conversations. The fear of speech overpowered every time. It is interesting that I spoke normally when we talked about other topics, but as soon as I thought about telling the truth, I was immediately constrained by my insecurities. Many years of life had taught me that when I start talking in this state of consciousness, speech stutters are guaranteed. And I did not want her to know.

Because of this inability to confess my feelings to a girl, I for

the first time seriously thought about suicide. “Seriously” means that I really decided that when I would be in Moscow, I would commit suicide by jumping from a tall building. It was not just a thought or fantasy; it was a firm decision. Something interesting happened after that. A few months ago, I watched a television show about palmistry, and how lines, or dots, crossing the life line, can mean a person’s death. Then in the village, sitting by the window of the Small House, I accidentally noticed that a spot appeared on the life line of my right palm, located not far from half the length of that line. At that moment, I clearly realized that I would really commit suicide and die if I would not change the course of my thoughts. I chose life, and the spot on my life line quickly disappeared.

Then I continued to fantasize very often, too often... If earlier it was a conscious action, a choice that I made during loneliness, then it was happening more and more as if by itself. I constantly dreamed of something, or someone, even while doing some work, for example, while repairing a motorcycle, or when I was repairing the roof of our house and terrace. Fictional stories covered up all the “bad” of my real life so perfectly that I simply could not live without them, because I no longer felt discomfort and fear. Needless to say, I fantasized about the girl I fell in love with and often accompanied those fantasies with masturbation... (I should add a clarification here so that everyone has a clear picture of what I mean when I talk about my negative habit of daydreaming in this particular book. During such fantasies, I

began to “voice” the speech of imaginary characters in my head, “hearing” a muffled “voice” that I myself generate in my mind).

Once we had dinner in the kitchen of the Big House. We were eating there because my father had come for a visit. I think he drank alcohol then, and I made a speech about the harm from such alcohol consumption, and that psychology plays an important role in this addiction. It was a very clever speech for a teenager of my age, and my father jokingly mentioned this, noting that I did not take after him. I never studied psychology. I just as if “always”, or from birth, knew that truth, which I then told my father.

This was not the only time I had knowledge of something that I had never read or heard about in my life. Once in Moscow, while still at school, I watched a television program about the secrets of death, and at the end of that program, the announcer said along a black screen, that after death we simply cease to exist. I immediately *knew* that this simply could not be true. If this were true, then it would mean that we are simple robots, and robots cannot identify themselves – they cannot say “I am” because they really think so, and not because in the past they were programmed by someone to say that. In the following years, when I was dealing with programming, I found even more confirmation of the correctness of that knowledge, but it is still difficult for me to express that truth with words so that everyone understands what I mean. And considering the fact that many modern serious scientists really believe that robots can gain

consciousness, means that not all readers will understand me.

There was also a case in the village when I instructed an older friend against drinking with another, more “adult” company, as it was clear that he was going to make a mistake in his desires to be with people of his age at the expense of his health and moral convictions – he had previously made a promise that would never drink. In the end, my fears were confirmed when he often drank and once, one might say, allowed one guy from another company to trample the mint that he planted earlier near his house – then we often went in the woods to transplant trees from there to the lawns in front of our houses – we were interested in it in our childhood.

Returning to the passage of my life on which we stopped, the time had come for the last eleventh grade.

After a couple of months, I, and several of my friends and acquaintances, started to have the Internet access.

One of the first things I started looking up was “how to cure stuttering”. On one of the forums I read the comment of an adult woman who, if my memory serves me, worked as a teacher and continued to stutter. She wrote that the best thing to do in this situation is to simply come to terms with stuttering. I got defensive then about the idea of putting up with stuttering. I could not put up with such a stammering speech, and I clearly remember that I wanted to be either completely normal and healthy, or no one at all. Then I closed the page and did not search for anything more regarding stuttering, thinking that if the best



thing people on the Internet could write about stuttering was to put up with it, it meant that I would not find the answer to my question, otherwise all people would already know about the solution to the stuttering problem, right...?

Sometimes I looked at the pages that told about Russian saints who lived in Russia in the old days. I remember that one was a hermit who built his wooden house in the forest. Then I found that idea about hermitism interesting. I also remember the story of a man who resurrected a child that drowned in a well. Some of those websites talked about Auras.

Then I started looking for articles about UFOs and other little-known things. The reason for this was that distant event with the bright entity, which I, then a five-year-old child, saw at our house in the village. I think I, like Fox Mulder, tried to find the answers to my questions – do extraterrestrials exist? By that time, I already *knew* about the existence of ghosts and the so called “paranormal” things. And since those things really exist, why extraterrestrials cannot exist, whom many people talk to have had a contact with, which is also often met with skepticism, mistrust, and ridicule from society.

I was generally interested in space. I often read about planets and stars. I remember how I was mesmerized by photographs of Europa, the satellite of Jupiter, and other celestial bodies which are part of our solar system.

Strange, but sometime after, I read a book in which a photo of Moscow, taken from the air, was shown. The camera looked

almost exactly down. Then for the first time I felt uneasy. My head seemed to be spinning. Then the same thing happened when I read articles about space, and on the pages photographs of planets, for example Jupiter, were shown. Sometimes I began to panic so much that it would become for me hard to breathe, and I would walk from the computer for a couple of minutes, trying to concentrate on reality, or think about something else. But I love space and the Universe, and therefore I would always come back to read the article, no matter how hard it was for me to do this in the presence of a huge planet on the page. Later I found out that I was not the only one who had “planet phobia”. I also began to be afraid of heights, and this despite the fact that I always liked to look from the window of my grandmother on the seventeenth floor of her house. And when my mother and I visited my aunt Zina, I also looked at the views of Moscow from the thirteenth floor without any problems. It was strange that this phobia came from nowhere and for no apparent reason...

I had developed other fears. For example, at one time I became afraid of the number thirteen. While doing exercises, I sometimes thought what if I had done a certain workout thirteen times? Because of this thought, I began to do that particular exercise again about ten times, so that there was no chance of getting to the number thirteen. I am glad to say that I quickly got rid myself from that ridiculous phobia.

There is one more thing that I went looking for on the Internet – more than candid photos of naked girls and women. I was

interested to see what was hidden in the erotic films shown on television. Additionally, I wanted to see how sexual intercourse occurs. At heart I still hoped that I would have a girlfriend, and this knowledge would be useful to me. I think you already understood that I also began to masturbate very often, looking at porn photos.

Separately, it should be noted that there was a time when I questioned whether masturbation was harmful to health. But all that I found on the Internet was the articles of doctors who claimed that masturbation is not only not harmful, but also beneficial. With this information, I continued to lead my usual way of life – in the end, I liked the feelings that I experienced while masturbating, and I liked to look at beautiful female bodies, available “absolutely free” in a couple of mouse clicks.

As for school, I continued to skip it. The problems were not only with school. I stopped going to college for preparatory lectures, because during the first lecture, the teacher asked everyone to read aloud the text in turns, and I had great difficulties with that. The awkward looks and whispers of my young peers also could not in any way help me not stammer. In the eleventh grade my speech hesitations reached climax – I began to repeat one syllable and could not utter a single word, which once amused so much the girl who asked me to become her boyfriend a year ago. I do not know if she was ashamed for once wishing to be my girlfriend, or she was just the only one from the whole class who found it funny to hear my speech

cramps and the twitching of my speech apparatus. What I can say is that for the first time I had to write the answer on a piece of paper in a room adjacent to the biology class. And it was the eleventh grade – the time when all other people actively fell in love and had fun spending their days with friends and loved ones with whom they calmly talked on various topics. As you probably know from what I wrote earlier, deep down I also wanted to experience all these joys of life.

I was not at all happy with who I was in my life. There was a moment in the ninth grade when, while walking with three classmates down the street after school, the new strong guy in our class started jokingly twisting my hand, as he usually did with all students, showing off his strength. My long-time classmate immediately exclaimed that the guy should stop doing this, as I stuttered. At that moment, I felt that I did not want people to think so of me as of a disabled person to whom they make concessions. My friend wanted to do what's best, since he did not see what was happening in my inner world, but in fact my self-esteem and confidence shook once again at that hour.

Another similar incident also happened in the ninth grade. Then I had fun and laughed with other classmates in anticipation of the next lesson. Apparently, our teacher did not like our laughter, and of all the people she made a remark to me, saying that I too became noisy, like the others. The fact is that I would not mind being like others, and at times I considered myself the same as others. But, nevertheless, the fun came to an end... for

a while.

Returning to the eleventh grade, perhaps this was the time when I overcame my fears and, using ICQ, managed to tell the village friend I was in love with about my feelings for her. To which she replied that she was very pleased, but she already had a boyfriend. He was my old friend from the village. If only I could have told her what I wanted, a couple of months ago, when she was still without a boyfriend...

I was disappointed. I also felt terrible because my fantasies about her were broken. This moment, along with several others, made me again start inventing fictional girls in my fantasies, so that I would not feel again the terrible pain in the depths of my soul that I felt when it turned out that the real girl I liked and was dreaming of had a boyfriend.

It was time for the last school exams. Despite the fact that I almost did not attend classes in the eleventh grade, I still managed not to be expelled. As I said, studying was not a big problem for me, and I was able to finish school, albeit with a bunch of 3s.

Speaking of 3s – there was a moment when after school I came to take a test in physics which I had never written at all since I was not at school. With me were those who wrote it, but got 2s. Of all my answers only one was incorrect, and the physics teacher, whom I consider one of the best teachers, gave me 3 even though I wrote that test for the first time. Yes, I skipped classes, but grades should measure knowledge, not attendance.

It is worth noting that my “ex-girlfriend” invited me to go for

festivities with others, but I refused. At that time, I wanted almost nothing in my life.

So, the school period, which was often like a nightmare for me for nine years (I skipped fourth grade, and in the first grade everything was almost excellent from my point of view), was over.

But next it was time for the University. I passed the exams, enrolling in a paid faculty of mathematics at MGUPI. Do not ask why. I can only say that if at school instead of German, which I studied due to the fact that my mother did not enroll me in the English class when there was a chance to do this, I was studying English, as I wanted from early childhood, when my mother and I began to learn simple English words, and if my life had turned out differently in terms of speech, then perhaps I would have gone to college to study foreign languages. That would make more sense to me, given my vast interests in many areas of life and nature. Due to different interests, I never knew what I wanted more and could not choose a profession.

The exams ended at the end of July, and I went for a month to the village.

Of the significant events, I can only recall that, contrary to my promises, I first drank vodka mixed with orange juice. A friend mixed two drinks in a huge beer glass, and I completely drank the mixture, as part of me wanted to get drunk. I remember someone saying that I was so drunk then because of a girl – who knows, maybe this was not that far from the truth. Then we went to the

fire after drinking in the “domushka” – as we called a friend’s little summer house in his backyard, where we often spent time watching movies and playing games on his laptop.

I was not feeling well. For the first time I vomited because of alcohol. I lay on the ground under a tree, some distance from the bonfire, and I threw up. Then I choked and began to suffocate. I was so drunk that I could neither get up nor give a sign to my friends. I just lay breathless on the ground, and everything was getting dim before me. I realized at that moment that I was going to die. I do not know how, from my point of view there simply wasn’t any reason for this, but Dmitry, our recent friend from the other end of the village, at that very moment asked someone if I was alright... They managed to knock me on the back to free my airways. I owe him that I am writing these lines now...

After that I was sick for a couple of days and this became one of my worst poisonings. I remembered that moment forever and decided that on this note my brief affair with alcohol would be over. And so it was.

Also that summer, I became distant with the friend who was with a girl with whom I once loved. Naturally, he was not to blame for anything, but given that at that moment my life had almost reached the bottom, and I had no idea how to fix this, I was then not up to the logic and simplicity of life... which was an error, as we will learn later.

I also got distant with my old friends because of the growing difference in interests. So, in the village I did not want to spend

time repairing old motorbikes all day long, and in Moscow my friends were fond of rap music. I like some foreign rappers, but by and large I was not very interested, and I was a bit bored with my friends.

I started to sleep badly and would often go home early, when everyone else stayed up until dawn. I think that fantasizing and masturbation were slowly taking over my health. But I did not see it yet back then.

Everything that has a beginning has an end, and that summer was no exception.

I did not stay at the University for long, because the old problems and fears returned, even though I did not need to talk to anyone there.

One of the key points was that one of the beautiful girls of our faculty, whom I liked, began to have sex with another guy. I do not think that they were going out for a long time and actually got to know each other – at that time it was already considered old-fashioned in certain circles.

Another point was that we needed to go to a museum, and when I arrived by metro to the right place, I realized that I did not know where to go. To ask complete strangers on the street how to get to the museum was not an option at that time because of my fear of speaking. I rode back home.

Soon they expelled me for not attending the University, and the money that my father could collect for my “studies” was not returned, although the girl in charge wanted to help with this.



Having no more visible purpose in my life, I was completely absorbed in my fantasies. The themes of my fantasies could be related to friends, the video games I played, and just different things that I read about on the Internet.

Regarding the video games, I always preferred to play games with a good, in my opinion, story, or just with a very good gameplay. One of such games was Half-Life. Recently, Half – Life: Episode 1 was released and, having downloaded that episode from the Internet, I started playing it. The only negative thing that happened while playing it was that at the level where you need to wait for the elevator, fighting off crowds of zombies, I began to be very tense. I had already developed a bad habit of biting my lips. We also had old wooden windows, from which cold air was seeping through in cold seasons, and because of this, my lips were chapped. While playing in that game level, I bit my upper lip too hard on the right side. I got blood flowing. I washed my lip and put a cotton swab on the wound. The blood stopped, and I went to go about my business. The consequences of that incident remind me of the event every time I look in the mirror – the bite has cured so that I have a somewhat noticeable lip asymmetry.

There was a time when I had the following dream. I was on a tram which was riding from a stop next to my former school. In the car in the solitary seat sat the same girl who asked me if I wanted to be her boyfriend in the tenth grade. I thought to approach her, but suddenly the guy, who deprived her of virginity

in reality, came up to her. Suddenly, I no longer had any desire to talk with her, I gave up and allowed that guy to talk to her while I stood silently on the sidelines. And then, as if from nowhere, my village friend with black hair, Olga, sitting on the other seat, said to me: “Zhenya, you were going down for your whole life. Isn’t it time to go up?” – I immediately woke up. My mind was *absolutely pure* at that moment. I realized then that I no longer had friends in the real world, I *saw* the real price of that distant decision to start actively fantasizing, which I made in the ninth grade. It lasted a second, maybe two. Then I clearly remember how the haze, which has become such an everyday thing for me in the three years that I constantly dreamed about something, began very quickly covering my mind, until I was again completely immersed in myself, in my inner world.

It was a scary period of my life. I understood what the constant use of my imagination had led me to, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not do anything about it – the habit was very strong and refused to leave. And in cases when I was able to momentarily remove the imagination from everyday life, I immediately remembered stuttering and my lip, began to worry and think about it, and then thoughts again smoothly merged into the imagination. I could not leave from withing myself...

Since I did not study, I went to the village early. I think that I was helping my mother with the housework and almost did not go anywhere outside.

That summer, my aunt Liza died in the village. All my life that

I knew her, she was very kind and responsive. She had never been rude to anyone and seemed to have had no negative thoughts.

Unfortunately, my father then got very drunk with my two uncles, and they could not attend the funeral.

Having problems with imagination, I understood that Liza was no longer alive, but I could not feel any feelings about this, everything that was happening was in a “haze” and seemed to be far away. I understood that such a state of consciousness is not normal, remembering very well my dream, and the full focus and pure clarity of consciousness after it. But I could not free myself from these shackles – with the exception of one moment when I was able to concentrate on reality for a sufficiently long time. Then it was evening, and I went for a walk. My friend Natasha asked me why I was so sad? I did not know what to answer – and then I still could not tell the whole truth. I did not want to be sad and live in boredom, and the imagination again consumed me.

One day our company was drinking. As far as I remember, I did not touch any alcohol then. At that time, many guys were crowding around one of my old female friends. They were hugging with her and so on. I do not remember if I was a bit drunk after all, or I just wanted to get a little closer to her, but to my flirtations she told me the following: “Listen, you moron, stop touching me!” It hurt me, and for a long time I remembered that incident, wondering why she said it to me and in such a harsh form? After all, I did not want to do anything bad to her and I was her old friend. She did not treat new strangers like that.

Moreover, it was she who had previously told me that I was a “very handsome boy”. So what had changed since then?

There were other cases when some long-time friends said something negative about me to others and looked somewhat weirdly in my direction. I could only guess about the reasons for their actions, since none of my old friends told me anything at all. In addition, I did not ask them for an answer.

In the fall, when I returned to Moscow, I received call-up papers to the recruitment office. While I was driving there, I saw a very pretty girl in the tram. She was different from other people in that she cheerfully looked at the sunny street from the window of the tram. She got out of the car, and for a while I was following her with my gaze. I recalled her from time to time. In the process of writing this book, I understand that perhaps her cheerfulness was the reason for my craving for her. We already had something in common.

At the military registration and enlistment office, one of the doctors asked me questions about my health and whether I had any complaints. I answered him, to which he unexpectedly told me to behave with dignity. I did not understand what caused his statement, since from my point of view I behaved just like that, despite the nervousness from being in the military enlistment office.

I really had health complaints then. Even though I had the Internet, I continued to watch erotic films on TV when I was alone at home. I often began to stretch the act of masturbation,

in anticipation of seeing the actress I liked in action. And so, when on one such night I brought myself to orgasm, my heart started to pound for the first time. This was not normal, and I was uncomfortable. Then I continued to masturbate every day, because I could not get rid of this bad habit, having a very strong sex drive every day. Every time after an orgasm, I was not feeling well. I began to feel my heart and no longer felt light and calm in my chest. But these alarming symptoms time after time disappeared in the morning, and I felt good.

I talked about my heart complaints to another doctor as well when I took the treadmill test. I do not think she was listening to me, since I was not sent anywhere else regarding that.

Then they sent me to the doctor who spoke to me about my stuttering. She sent me for an examination to another medical center, but I remember the following bit. When she went out to speak with her colleague in the corridor, I remember exactly how that man, at the mention of me, spoke of me as of a “little boy”. He said this in the tone that they say about effeminate or gay men. I know for sure that it was about me, because then he looked at me and said something of an apology about the fact that it is clear that it is hard to live like this for the whole life. It really hurt me a lot, and I could not understand where such an attitude towards me comes from...

It was a cloudy rainy day when I was going for a medical examination of my speech. I think that I was then relaxed, because I decided that in any case I would not go to the army. I

have always treasured freedom...

Having arrived to the building, I went into the doctor's office and something terrible happened. I just could no stutter!

After finishing my "examination", the woman gave me a closed envelope which had to be handed over to the doctors at the military registration and enlistment office. Then I went out of her office into the corridor to my mother and father with tears in my eyes.

The so-called "stuttering" ruined my whole life. I had neither love, nor friends, and at one time I could not even utter a single word, and now, when such an important moment came up in my life, I could speak almost better than any anchor on television...

When the envelope was opened at the military registration and enlistment office, it became clear that my pathetic attempts to show the woman on medical examination that I had really stuttered were unsuccessful. Fortunately for me, a woman in the military enlistment office could still use her brains, although she did not very flatteringly introduce me to her colleague the other day. The additional checks she sent me to give me a military ID and relieved me of my military duty due to stuttering. I was told that in three years they could invite me for new speech checks.

Despite the fact that I did not need to join the army, the moment with the inability to stammer in the speech influenced me very much. I could no longer live with such mockery in this life. I simply no longer had anything that I could live for, and that night I firmly decided that that day would be the last for me. This

was the second time that I really wanted to commit suicide, but for some reason I did not go to the ninth floor of my house right away... instead, I decided to sleep and say goodbye to everything the next morning...

## Chapter 4. A Glimpse of Hope

When I woke up, I had a very clear *idea* in my head to go to the computer and search in Yandex “how to get rid of stuttering”. I did that. The first website was that of Roman Alekseevich Snezhko. It was clearly written on that webpage that stuttering is not a disease, but just a habit. At that moment I *knew* that it was the truth!

In my mind, I immediately went back to my distant school days, when the teacher would ask me to read the book aloud several times in literature classes, and each time I would initially begin to stammer a lot, but then I focused on what was happening here and now, and speech became ideal right away, and I also felt in those moments like an ordinary and healthy person.

Then it was the end of 2006, and Roman Alekseevich published absolutely for free of charge the information on his website about what stuttering really is and how to get rid of it.<sup>[2]</sup>

The reason for stuttering is very simple – it is a stupor that occurs when a person, out of habit and without realizing it, tries to do several things at the same time. A person can only do one thing with one part of the body, or organ, per unit of time. For example, you cannot turn your head left and right at the same time. The same applies to our brain, and to the speech apparatus. From my own experience I can say that during stuttering a person



does not think one hundred percent about what he is trying to say. For example, he may have thoughts about what others think about him, or recall something from the past, or maybe he does not have a clearly constructed thought at all, but at the same time he is still trying to say something. People who speak perfectly and easily form a clear thought in their head, and then, holding that thought in their minds, they pronounce it sequentially. If for some reason they lost their thought, for example, if they started thinking about something else, then people stop talking and start making sounds only when they again form a clear thought about what they want to say. Otherwise, they will just have a stupor. Stuttering people just need to develop the habit of being here and now during a conversation and speak only when there is a clearly formulated thought in their head.

That is why I would always start to speak perfectly, when I threw away all outside thoughts and anxieties from my head, and just started to live in the present.

And therefore, I could not utter a single word in the eleventh grade when, because of my constant fantasies, thoughts and various anxieties, I remained in myself all the time.

I recalled how long time ago I watched a TV show about the deletion of memory. While watching it, I was almost sure that if I did not remember anything about my past, then I would not have stutter. Perhaps, I somehow understood subconsciously back then that all unnecessary thoughts during speech were the cause of my stuttering.

It is possible that some people who almost never spoke normally will need to learn to speak again, getting used to speaking sequentially sound by sound, for example.

Thus, after 13 years, the “stuttering” was over.

I was very enthusiastic then, reading Roman Alekseevich’s entire page dedicated to dispelling myths about stuttering. I felt then that from that day I would begin a new life.

Unfortunately, my mother did not know what had happened. She did not understand, and without my knowledge and consent signed me up to undergo treatment for stuttering in the clinic from the military enlistment office. Since I already found the answer to my question and understood that it makes no sense to treat something that does not exist, I went to the clinic to say that I had already found a solution to my problem. Strange, but they did not even ask me to sign anything. I was just told that I am free to go. Then quite a few young people of my age came to the clinic, including girls. I did not tell them anything about the knowledge that I had just found, and which could really help them in their lives if they agreed to listen. Perhaps the presence of the doctor somehow influenced that decision of mine...

Mom and I quarreled again, because she thought that I did not want to be cured, and I could not convey to her the thought of what I had found out. Maybe the truth was too easy for her, or she just didn't believe me. Later, when my father, my mother, and I drove home from the hospital where my mother spent a couple of days due to poisoning, I told her that we would no longer quarrel.

Since then, every time she started grumbling at me, I just kept silent, and she calmed down, not getting any reaction from me. In the end, we completely stopped quarreling, and I tried to start every new day saying “good morning!” to my mom.

While looking through the comments of people on the site of Roman Snezhko, I read a review of a guy who wanted to remove not only the habit of talking in a hurry and trying to think about something during a conversation, but also all the other bad habits in his life. I liked this idea, and I thought to follow suit.

That night I went to bed and for the first time I was able to completely remove all thoughts and fantasies from my mind. Each time a new thought or fantasy manifested itself, I immediately and calmly noted this and continued to be focused on reality. Then for the first time in a long time I fell asleep calmly, full of joy and optimism about the coming day – because I had everything to finally get out of myself.

That night I had a dream where I was in the bathroom, standing right in front of the mirror. The picture seemed to switch from my point of view to the point of view of my reflection. The difference was that in one case my face was completely normal, beautiful, and calm, and in the other, it was very distorted and tense. That distorted face told me: “Я никогда не дам тебе выйти из себя” (I will never let you get out of yourself).

I woke up. It was a sunny day. I then immediately got up instead of lying a little more in bed, fantasizing and, possibly,

masturbating, as I did before for many months, maybe years. I was focused on reality and inspired. My mind was absolutely clear.

Having come to the bathroom, I was stunned when I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I do not know how in the previous years I did not notice that I began to go bald. However, this is not at all surprising, since in those years I did not look in the mirror at all, and if I did it was just for a moment, and my fantasies, which I was having by that time already constantly, almost completely covered the data that came from my sensory organs. My reflection also reminded me of the lip asymmetry, which I forgot about too, because in my fantasies I was completely beautiful and healthy.

This incident could not leave me untouched, since from my point of view my appearance changed in an instant, but I still continued to change the course of my life. To begin with, I needed to find my passport, as I fantasized so much in the previous months that I forgot my last name. Yes, as it turned out, this can also happen. Then I found the phone number of the labor exchange and immediately called them. I was invited to come to the employment center tied to my place of residence.

It seemed interesting to me that the center is relatively close to 2nd Vladimirskaya Street, where we often went to visit the clinic, in which doctors tried to cure stuttering with some little spherical medicines. Still very often I underwent an EEG analysis (Electroencephalogram). They put a cap with electrodes

on my head and did different measurements of brain activity. Sometimes I needed to sit relaxed, and sometimes I needed to breathe heavily, which sometimes made my head spin. I walked down that street on my way back, thinking how the doctors tried to treat with drugs for 13 years that which was dispelled in three seconds that I read the words “Stuttering is not a disease! Stuttering is just a habit...”

Even though it was the end of January, there was no snow on the street, and it was quite warm for the winter.

In the building of the employment center, they gave me a list of vacancies that I had to call in search of work. Surprisingly, I was hired for the first courier job. I called them because their office was a twenty minute walk from my house, next to the Moscow City Court.

But I did not start working right away. I think that there was a slight misunderstanding on my part, and I told one of the bosses that I could work in a couple of days, as my uncle Vitya had died.

I never went to my uncle's funeral. I do not think that one case that slightly offended me in the village had anything to do with it. Then I was still a boy, and Uncle Vitya, as if for no reason, told me: “I do not understand, are you a fool or something?” There was another moment when he and my friend were discussing me in a clearly negative tone in the attic of our Big House. Unfortunately, this is not the only case when my relatives were not averse to amusing themselves and the company, expressing something negative about me. I remember how we met my cousin

when we rode scooters around the countryside near our village. I then drove a bit forward, and looking in the rearview mirror I saw how they mocked me, looking and nodding their heads in my direction. In some families family ties do not mean much...

Becoming to pay more attention to what was happening in real life, I immediately noticed the presence of something that I had not noticed before due to the almost constant stay in my head – it was a pretty loud noise from the air conditioners of a branch of one of the Russian banks which in those years was right under our apartment. Mom had already written complaints about them because of the loud noise, and once the bank really rearranged its air conditioners in order to lower them, but their annoying noise still continued to go to the apartment.

The first of February 2007 I went to work for the first time. My first day at work was training. I just walked with another young employee to various offices in Moscow. As I understand it, without a foot courier, the bosses often ordered him to deliver parcels and correspondence. Everything seemed normal. But when I came to the office the next day, the first thing I heard when I opened the door was: “What do you think of our courier?” – coming from that guy’s lips while he was leaving the front door. One of the young female employees quickly appreciated me and said that I was a very normal guy, albeit a little balding. Most likely, she changed her mind after a couple of weeks later when I looked at her awkwardly, still being shy, about which she immediately told the secretaries.

I have no purpose to shame someone in this book, but for subsequent events in my life, it will be important to mention that it soon became clear that some employees of the small company had sex with each other, but two still formed normal a couple. Then one new girl calmly told the secretary that she slept with the guy with whom I was during my training day.

I never liked the theme of one-night-stands, or when people who barely knew each other had sexual intercourse. There was a case in, if I remember correctly, the eleventh grade, when a guy who deprived of virginity the same girl who asked me if I wanted to be her boyfriend, boasted to two of my friends that he had sex with a “drop dead brunette” to whom he came to help with a computer, and then he asked them how things were in their “personal life”. Personal... It is funny and sad at the same time that that guy subsequently called the previously mentioned girl with a word starting with the letter “W”, since she slept with many guys during two years of study, and he did not want to be with her because of this... Of course, there is a chance that I was hurt that someone really has sex, because I envied them deep inside. But I think that an innate sense of morality also played a role in my sorrows.

Once I decided to end the habit of masturbating because I no longer needed it – after all, I initially started masturbating due to the inability to speak normally and get acquainted with girls, but now I did not have that problem with speech, and I thought about finding a girlfriend. Then I constantly thought about sex,

which led me to porn sites and masturbation. It happened every day. Having a job, I was busy most of the time. Surprisingly, I managed to live five days without masturbation, and I felt good. But everything changed when I was in the metro. I just got into the subway car on Preobrazhenskaya Ploshchad and felt that I started experiencing coronary symptoms. I had to get out of the car on Sokolniki to catch my breath and calm down. The terrifying symptoms did not go away, but I again got into another subway car and went to work. Returning to the office after a couple of hours, I still had a bad sensation in my heart. Then I for the first time poured myself cold water from a cooler in the office. Perhaps the water helped me a little. In the evening, when I was already at home, my health was good... So good that I could not feel my heart, the beating of which had already become so familiar for the long months that I continued to masturbate despite the fact that every new orgasm again forced my heart to beat harder than usual. Now, having at the disposal the knowledge that I have, it looks stupid, but that evening I decided to start masturbating in order to feel my heart again, because I believed that it could stop at all, and I would die if I continued refrain from masturbation...

Regarding death, I remember how during my work I walked to the subway, thinking about my life and my problems. Having stepped inside, I had a clear realization that if there is nothing after death, then there is no reason not to try to live this life, regardless of what you have to experience in it. After all,



something is better than nothing.

In the courier office itself, one of the directors began giving me tasks to take out their garbage in the trash on the street. At first, I did not think anything about it, but as new such requests continued to be given to me, I began to think about how this becomes a kind of job that I do not have to do. It was not even my garbage, since I hardly spent time in the office and did not use office supplies. Soon, I decided to defend my rights and told the director about my unwillingness to take out the garbage. He understood everything, but I was a little embarrassed when they made another courier take out the garbage.

Working as a courier, I was able to visit different parts of Moscow. The salary was small, only 9000 rubles, but I had time to think about what I want in life, and at the same time I was doing something. I thought about going to University, but I did not know which one. I darted between computer science and economics, which I once told the CEO when he drove me to a street near the office after I did a personal job for him. He told me then that he would give me the job of assistant for their economist or programmer – depending on my choice. It was a great chance for a future career...

Once I had no tasks, and I sat on the couch, which stood near the secretaries. I was reading a self-teacher book then to teach myself English, which I decided to learn right after I learned about the real nature of stuttering. There was still an hour until the end of the working day, and I remember exactly how the red-

haired secretary Natasha looked at the second hand of the clock hanging above the front door, as if trying to rush it. Our office had very few windows and natural light. Basically, all sections of the office were lit only with lamps, and system administrators even huddled in a tiny room with no windows, the door of which was constantly closed from the eyes of other employees. At that moment with the clock, I realized that I did not want to spend my whole life inside of four walls, I wanted something else, something bigger and more interesting. But I did not know what exactly I wanted...

I quit on May 7, having worked as a courier for several months.

If I remember correctly, it was in May that I wanted to try myself in the modeling business, still having the memories that I used to be considered a handsome guy. I think I wanted to find confirmation that I still was.

I sent my photos to several agencies. I received only one answer, and it just invited me to be an extra in some show called "Sex with Anfisa Chekhova." It was said in the message that the meeting would be in the VDNH metro, if I remember correctly. I decided to go there.

Coming out of the subway car, I saw a large crowd of young people about my age at the meeting place. Some of them had fun talking with each other. I remember that there were girls. I started having very intense anxiety at the thought of starting to speak with stuttering among the crowd, and in the end I just walked past those people and went outside to walk a bit and then

go back home.

I must say that while stuttering was over, my habit of dreaming and thinking about something did not go away completely. Because of this, from time to time I had stupor in my speech or even returned to the old methods of being silent and inactive, as in my previous episode at VDNKh. At that time, I no longer had friends with whom I could learn to speak. Therefore, having a lot of free time, I decided to travel to Moscow shopping centers to talk with different merchants on different topics – depending on what they were selling.

At first, my old fears reminded me of themselves, and I did not immediately dare to open my mouth. But with each new seller that I approached, I became more self-confident and soon became an ordinary person with normal speech. At the same time, I learned about the fact that some sellers will get out of their way trying to sell goods. It is good that I did not take with me money then and I did not have a credit card, because who knows, maybe I would have bought that camera with a huge touch screen...

I also realized during my aspirations to be focused on reality that it is impossible to be stuttering if you are here and now, since your body is under your complete control.

From time to time, I often recalled my decision to begin to fantasize purposefully at the age of 14, and I was depressed by the thought that I had lost as many as 4 years in my imagination. But then I told myself that with an average life of 60 years, I still

have about 42 years to enjoy life – in fact, I lived less than one third of my life, just having entered adulthood, and the whole life was still ahead of me. My experience has given me a chance to learn something unique about human mind.

I also had no desire to play video games anymore. And I regretted spending a lot of time on UFO related websites too for a while... but then my feelings cooled down and I remembered that I had a good reason for doing that – my experience with the bright entity in the village prompted me to start looking for answers to my questions about the unknown side of life and its meaning.

It is a pity that these joyful attempts at self-inspiration were met with a bitter understanding that I would also have to live all these long years with an asymmetry on my lip and with hair falling out.

Then the summer came, and I went to the village. I naively believed that I could regain my old relations with my village friends, but upon arrival it became clear that time was gone. Over the past years, that I was lost in my imagination, I moved away from my friends too much and could not reduce the gap that had formed.

One day it rained, and I was sitting by the window in the Little House, learning English. It suddenly dawned on me that now that stuttering was no longer a barrier in my life, I could achieve many things that I could only dream of before. Then I started to have a burning desire to leave Russian and live in the USA, since

from early childhood I was partial to that country, which so often shined on me from the TV screen. I always liked their way of life and values, and I thought back then that the United States was almost a paradise on Earth.

I quickly left for Moscow and started searching on the Internet about the possibilities of emigration. It quickly became clear that it is not that simple, especially for a person without a higher education. But I did not allow this bad news to stop me – I no longer wanted to hide from problems and give up halfway.

I was also bothered by the fact that after three years they could again call me to check the speech at the military registration and enlistment office, and I wanted to leave the country by then.

The main reason for the move, I think, was that I wanted to start my life over with a clean slate in the USA, I wanted to forget about everything bad that reminded me of the past. I did not want to see either my father or my mother – my father because of stuttering, and my mother because of quarrels at school. I wanted to burn all the bridges.

Another important reason for my strong desire to leave Russia was the cold northern climate. Many months of the sky being covered with gray thick clouds often led me into the blues. I wanted to live in a warm climate and see palm trees, sun, and sky all year round. For this reason, I also considered Australia as a possible destination for immigration.

As you know, I have been thinking and dreaming about sex for most of my life. After I found out that such disease as stuttering

does not exist, I thought that now I can find a girlfriend. But after my desire to emigrate, I could no longer look for a girl in Russia, as due to my moral qualities and decency, I did not want to look for a girl in order to have sex with her, and then dump her and leave. But there was something else that tormented me in those years. My childhood homosexual experience haunted me, as it was my only sexual experience. Perhaps I wanted to prove to myself that I was normal and of the traditional orientation. I knew that it would not be possible to leave to live in the USA quickly, it could take years, and I understood that these thoughts would not leave me alone. I also thought that if I lose my virginity with a girl, it will help me stop thinking about sex every day.

While working as a courier, I began to get acquainted with girls on a dating site. But I did not find anyone. I remember how at that time one girl started communicating with me, but I did not know what to talk about – a completely logical consequence of many years of loneliness and living in my inner world. After that moment, I decided to start learning different things and expand my circle of knowledge. But, unfortunately, I mostly read only scientific articles about nature and the Universe, but I learned almost nothing about sex relations.

I've never looked for girls with a "for sex only" checkmark, and that day became the exception. Soon, one of my messages was answered. I understood perfectly well that it was from a prostitute.

I do not remember if this happened immediately, or some time

had passed, but I decided that in my situation it was logical to use their services. I considered myself already spoiled and “dirty” because of my early childhood homosexual experience, and did not think that having sex with a prostitute would be too immoral for me. In addition, I just wanted to finally feel what sex is, so that I can continue to study and work hard to achieve my ambitious goals. I called on the phone and they told me where to go.

When I came outside at Avtozavodskaya, uncertainty visited me. Maybe I was afraid of something new, or maybe a tiny piece of common sense was trying to break through. Whatever it was, I took out my expensive phone with a built-in camera, which for some reason I decided to buy while working as a courier, and called the recorded phone number. I was given the following instructions where to go. My path lay to the corner house on Velozavodskaya street. On the third floor of a Stalinist house, I rang the door of the apartment I was told to come to and a pretty young girl let me in. After I took off my shoes, she told me to wait in one of the rooms with little furniture. I did not have to look at the courtyard from the window for a long time when several women and girls entered the room. They said to choose, and then my gaze fell on a girl with a darkened skin. She immediately turned her head slightly to the side and down so that her black hair covered her face. She interested me, and I chose her.

All the girls left, and the dark-skinned one took two thousand rubles from me and then also left the room. She returned already undressed. I let her know that I had not had sex before, to which

she said that there was nothing wrong with that.

Natasha, as she called herself, had to tinker with me for a while to arouse me – one of the negative effects of masturbation. I think you understand what happened next.

During the break before the second time, she started smoking and offered me tea. I do not remember what I answered, but she then went to the kitchen, from where the crash of falling glass utensils was soon heard, and shouts: “Bitch!” – I felt sorry for her at that moment. She returned with a cup of tea. In a conversation with her, I found out that she recently had a birthday and she was one year older than me. She studied at the Faculty of Economics and worked as a prostitute for six months. Also, speaking of depriving me of virginity, she mentioned that she once had another client, a virgin who was twenty-five years old.

After the second time, I said goodbye to her and left. She was very sweet all the time that we were together.

Soon I had the thought that now I would need to tell a girl when meeting with her not only about childhood sexual experiences with a boy, but also about my experience with a prostitute. I realized that finding a girl who wanted to be with me became a little more difficult, as I myself became even more “dirty”.

That experience gave me the answer to another question that I had – will I have health problems after orgasm from having sex. As it turned out, I did not have absolutely any symptoms that I had *every* time after masturbation for many months. I felt very good even though I had an orgasm twice in one hour. Then



I calmed down, because before I was worried that sex could be closed to me due to my health problems.

Even though we used a condom (of course), it became clear to me that even such sex is much better than masturbation. It was a great reason to stop masturbating, which I wanted to do... but, nevertheless, I was drawn to watch an erotic film that Friday night, and again I began to masturbate, recalling the feelings that I experienced a few hours ago.

Having finished my deed, I continued to recall the time spent with Natasha... and then I realized that I was falling in love with her.

I could not help thinking about her the next morning. I was able to find the saved number of their phone in the history of my mobile calls and decided to call and say that I want to visit Natasha again. I was told that she would be home.

Going to that apartment for the second time, I thought that I would just get to know Natasha better, find out how she became a prostitute and tell her about my feelings. I thought that, perhaps, I might take her home. Mom spent all summer and part of the autumn in the country, and it was still June. Just in case, I took with me two thousand rubles that I saved from the courier salary.

When I was taking off my shoes, I heard a man's voice coming from the back room of the apartment. I told the lovely girl that I came to Natasha, and she again asked me to wait in the room where I was last day.

I was sitting on the couch, and I was not very comfortable.

Then two or three girls came in and told me to make a choice. Natasha was not among them. I explained that I came to Natasha. They did not really want to listen to me, and one said: “And we’re not to your liking, then?” – I thought about getting up and leaving, which I told them about. Probably, at that moment one of the girls ran to tell the others, and soon a very beautiful blonde with a short haircut ran into the room and asked: “Who wants to leave here?” I always liked such girls, and I took a note of her, and of her beauty. I think, having understood what was the matter, she ran after Natasha, who then ran into the room. She immediately began to tickle my stomach – she found out by firsthand experience that I was afraid of tickling during the previous day. She was very cute, but still having in my head the beautiful blonde with a short haircut, I could not help but think that I was not used to her exotic appearance, which was distracting me a little.

When everyone else left us with Natasha, she immediately asked for two thousand rubles. And here the fact that I had little contact with people and therefore I still was sometimes overflowed by the fear to speak played a cruel joke on me. It happened at that moment too. I could not bring myself to tell her about the real purpose of my visit and... handed her the same two thousand rubles that I had taken with me “just in case”.

During the break for the second time, I managed to learn more about Natasha.

She worked as an economist by profession and one day her boss asked her to have sex with him. She refused him and was

fired. Natasha tried to find a new job, but could not, and when her earned money ran out, she called her friend, who had been working as a prostitute in that apartment for some time, and told her: “I am coming to you” – and now we have our conversation. She also said that her mother lived in Turkey, and her father lived in Moscow Oblast. This explained her appearance and a little dark skin color.

I remember exactly how she said once that “sex is a good sport”. I do not remember exactly if it was said after I mentioned that I did exercises every day after she asked me if I was played sports, or she additionally mentioned this when I asked her if she liked being there and doing all the prostitute stuff.

But I remember exactly how right after her comparison of sex with sport, I asked her: “But what about love?”. Natasha told me that she had love once, but she became disappointed with it after her ex-boyfriend chased her with a knife.

I thought then about telling her about the real purpose of my visit, but different thoughts ran through my mind. One of them was that a few months ago I was looking at photos of a naked girl, and on that page people could leave comments. One of those comments spoke of that girl’s “busted pussy,” referring to her large labia. Unfortunately, at that time I did not check such “teachings” in verified sources of *knowledge*, and therefore I put it in my head that such large labia meant that the girl had a lot of rough sex, which is why they began to have such dimensions. The fact is that one of Natasha’s inner lips was two centimeters

long, which had a certain weight in my following decision.

As soon as I decided to finally tell her the truth and was about to say the first words, she suggested that we have sex for the second time and she began to touch me in the southern latitudes, arousing me.

I am not sure if my first and last cunnilingus was worth the untold truth – no, of course not. During our intercourse, she rushed me, looking at the door and saying something about time.

We finished, and I thought to tell her again, but if before she was very nice and amiable with me, then she just walked coolly to the window while I was dressing up.

While Natasha had her back turned to me, my brain, oversaturated with almost ideal forms of female bodies from porn sites, could not hide the thought that the shape of Natasha's bottom was not to my liking.

Then I once again made a fatal mistake, deciding to fix in my head the fact that she herself made her choice, given that she had a father in Podmoskovye and could just go to him. This was the second time that I consciously blocked my feelings for another person, putting in my own mind a block in the form of an idea – in this case about Natasha's choice. When I was creating the metal block, I remembered that I regretted that I had once in the same way blocked the other girl mentioned earlier in the tenth grade – even if in the end those fantasies actually turned out to be comparable with the truth, since that school girl slept with a lot of guys from our class —they boasted about that. But I wanted

so much to go to the USA that I could not allow the feeling of love to continue to live in me – and it immediately was gone.

Almost immediately it became clear that it was naive to think that the loss of virginity would ease my desire for sex. I wanted sex even more. “Fortunately”, I knew what to do.

This next Stalinist house in the south-west of Moscow, if I remember correctly, was near the metro, and I did not have to walk for too long.

The door of the apartment was opened by a young woman of about thirty years. She was a pretty blonde with good shapes – which compensated for the fact that she could not be the girl in the photo, because of whom I came there.

When I spoke to her, while still in the corridor, her smiling face was visited by obvious shock, if not horror. I did not understand what was happening – such things had happened before – for example, when I was with Natasha, she clearly noticed something in my face during our conversation, and then there was that strange case when I was going to Moscow by train a couple of weeks ago, and a young woman sat in front of me looking at me for a couple of moments, and then she sharply and quickly ran out of the car, turning her head to look at me when she was already at the doors. Then I thought that this was due to the fact that I was attracted to the nipples of her small breasts, which were clearly visible through her unusual white blouse with numerous small cutouts – I saw something like that worn by Abby Martin when she spoke with Peter Joseph about capitalism –

but then I almost immediately stopped looking in that area and redirected my eyes to the window, only occasionally looking into the eyes of that pretty woman...

Perhaps I relaxed, and the prostitute invited me in. There were no choices this time, since she was alone.

During the break for the second time, she asked me if I could give the battery of my phone so that she could call her child from her phone of the same brand. I do not remember whether we talked about something with her or not. What I remember very well is how in the depths of my mind the thought of Natasha was trying to form, but my mental block worked so perfectly back then...

The second time, she moved as fast as during the first, which again led to my quick orgasm, despite the fact that with her, unlike with Natasha, I could hardly feel any pressure with my sex organ. At that time, sex no longer seemed nicer than masturbation, as I could barely feel anything.

I quickly washed and dressed. When I left, she politely and from a pure heart gave me advice to be more courageous, showing her small female muscles with her hands. Then it became completely incomprehensible to me – what did other people see in me?

Having returned home poorer by two thousand rubles, I decided to record myself on the camera of my phone in order to try to find the answer to my question. I was just saying out loud a sentence. When I watched that video on the computer – I was

shocked! Everything fell into place – my friend who called me a moron, two statements in the military enlistment office, strange looks and whispers of my village friends, the woman running out in the train, Natasha averting her eyes and the bewilderment of the last prostitute – it all made sense now.

The reason was that because of my habit of talking to myself in my imagination – what I got used to shortly after I began to actively fantasize in the ninth grade – the muscles of my face, and the whole body, were tense, which affected the facial expressions and the general expression on my face, making them distorted – just like in that dream that I recently had.

Yes – even though I was able to completely remove all thoughts and fantasies on the day I learned the truth about stuttering – I did not notice at all how I began to smoothly misuse my imagination again almost during every second of my life... such is the strength of habits... and if in the case of alcohol and smoking you clearly see the moment when you start drinking and smoking, here things are not so obvious... but usually only when you are not completely here and now.

At that moment, when I first saw my distorted face, I seemed to think of myself with the very word that my village friend called me – and this terrified me very much, because since I *was* that person, I could not remain indifferent about this, as, for example, people who call others names – those who have some problems. Maybe later you will understand the possible reason why I had to go through this experience in my life.

That day, remembering absolutely clearly the consequences of my habit of talking to myself in my head, I was completely in the present with a pure consciousness and ease in the body which muscles could finally relax and rest – only the “processing” of data coming from my five senses and nothing more.

But habits would not be habits if they did not tend to return. As the days passed, the desire for sex and other thoughts returned, crowding out the memory of my recent shock and its cause.

This time I got off at the Paveletskaya metro station. When I was still working as a courier, I often went to the Paveletsky railway station to give, or receive, parcels of the company from other cities. The house I was going to was located near that station.

It was late evening. The sun had long set and it was dark. They told me to wait when I called them. I stood at the entrance for quite a long time, and all this time the thought about the correctness of my actions did not leave me. I was agitated and thought about leaving. But then I was finally invited inside, and I was told the apartment number.

Inside, I chose a girl again, who was apparently from the southern latitudes, and once again I gave two thousand rubles.

While waiting for her, I glanced briefly at a couple of books in an open bookcase. Perhaps I was trying to distract myself in order to calm my nerves, as I was not comfortable.

Then the girl returned, I undressed, and we went to bed.

Of all three prostitutes with whom I was, she had the strongest



compressive characteristics, something that some friends very much appreciated. Not even several seconds had passed before I lost my erection and said that I had come, because I felt very much that I did not want to be there.

I got dressed and left, being completely sure that this was the last time I went to prostitutes for sex, because I did not like the way my life began to go. I had already spent almost the entire monthly salary of the courier, and I could not afford to continue to make such mistakes. In addition, I did not feel very well in moral terms – all three girls were obviously engaged in prostitution not because of love for sex...

Due to negative feelings and thoughts, I tried to forget about my experience with prostitutes as soon as possible.

Nevertheless, life continued to move forward, and I continued to read regarding how to go to America. One of the obvious options was education. I considered inexpensive colleges, because I just wanted to go to the USA and only then think about how to stay there forever. But I needed money for studying, and so I started looking for work again. This time I was thinking of working as a sales assistant so that I could train my speech while working. This time I could not get a job right away, moreover, a lot of time passed and no one would hire me. Then I thought about looking for courier vacancies, but also unsuccessfully – due to the still present habit of partially living in my imagination, I began to stutter in my speech when I spoke with a girl from the human resources department, and she did not want to hire

me because of this, even though I told her that I did not stutter. Naturally, she did not know about stuttering what I knew, and therefore she thought that people stutter constantly and cannot change.

Due to the fact that I would often forget self-taught lessons and continued to live in my head, which in turn led to a stupor when trying to speak, I decided to do something about this. On the website of Roman Snezhko I saw his photograph where he was meditating. I thought why not try to start meditating – if the person who discovered the truth about stuttering practices meditation, then maybe it can really help. With these thoughts, I read several articles about meditation and how to meditate properly. I remember exactly how in my first attempt to meditate I laughed at myself for believing that thinking about nothing could help in any way... but I was no longer laughing when I really felt the beneficial effect of simply concentrating on breathing – inhaling and exhaling – or on the surrounding sounds, listening to each sound for approximately the same time. If a couple of months ago I absorbed a lot of negativity, had thoughts about death and was generally quite angry and offended by almost everything and everyone, then, after the very first sessions of meditation, I began to be a very relaxed and happy person. Then I realized that for the first time in my life I really got out of myself, because I did not remember that I had ever experienced such feelings of joy from being in the present, regardless of what was happening around, or that I was so focused on the present

moment of my life. Even in the best moments of my life, when I spoke without the stupor, I still did not live one hundred percent in the present – a small part of thoughts was always present in me – at least that is what I thought back then.

I needed to learn to carefully do simple things – from pushing the computer button to eating – but after several hours I was almost completely focused on reality, and all the actions were done almost automatically and without my thinking that I needed to be focused.

Calming down after meditation, along with my newfound knowledge regarding stuttering, reminded me of what my biology teacher said about nerve cells that do not regenerate. As it turned out, the reason for “stuttering” is quite different. And the nervousness itself disappears when you decide to live in peace and not worry about anything.

One of the worst episodes which my fantasies led me to occurred while I was descending to the subway. I touched the iron pipe in the passage and thought to myself what if all of this is not real. It was scary. But after meditations, the perception of reality returned to its place, and I perfectly distinguished reality and memories from fantasies.

On August 7, I was finally hired to work in a store near Oktyabrskoye Polye. Except I had to work as a loader...

It was a new store for children. There were no racks, shelves, or products inside. Therefore, our boss, a young woman, ordered absolutely everyone to carry boxes and assemble shelves: both

me and the sellers with cashiers – which I am very pleased for.

Before I got hired in that particular store, I went for an interview in another store of that network of shops. Then their job as a sales assistant was already taken, but the manager of that store helped me by sending me to the store on Oktyabrskoye Polye. Then she said that her help was related to the fact that I, unlike many others, “looked with clever eyes”, and she thought to transfer me to her store in the future. Naturally, I did not just “look” then silently, but also spoke about something that she clearly considered to be an intellectual conversation. It may be worth saying thanks to meditation for that moment in my life.

Additionally, I needed to make a medical book in order to be able to work with food. I only remembered the part when I showed my veins of my arms at the physical examination, and the doctor was glad that I had no signs of needle injections. Based on her speech, it could be concluded that a considerable number of people use drugs...

Returning to my work as a loader, the boss once hinted to me about the opportunity to work as a seller, but she left before I could answer her anything.

Then I rested on the couch and our security guard sat down near me. We talked about something, and when he began to brag about how he had sex with a girl in a car, I felt uncomfortable and, possibly, envious because I never had normal sex by mutual sympathy, and not for money. This reminded me again that my life did not work out the way I wanted, and I was missing out on

a lot of things in it. Before that, I had already had several similar moments, for example, when in high school one of my old school friends decided to tell me that in the summer he slept in the same bed with a girl, and then it turned out that my other friends were no longer virgins.

Then one day two young men who worked as electricians in that chain of shops entered the store. They were working with the electrical system until the end of the working day, and I walked with them to the bus stop, which was located a few meters from the shopping center. At that moment a slender girl walked past us. She worked as a merchandiser and placed cans of baby food on the shelves of our store. Then he openly turned his head to look at her butt – the act that I did not really like. It seemed to me not respectful. I think at that moment I forgot that I still almost every day watched porn videos on the Internet and did not consider this to be a disrespect towards girls. Of course, I watched porn mainly in order to get rid of constant thoughts about sex, which distracted me from my studies and life. I also understood that many of those “viewing sessions” took a lot of time, sometimes up to several hours spent searching for that another new unique video.

Speaking of free porn videos on the Internet that could be watched directly in the browser. They had just begun to appear on the web, and I had a clear thought at that time that if it wasn't for these videos, I would most likely have stopped masturbating. Yes, I downloaded porn movies before, when the Internet speed

was lower, but there is a difference between downloading a video and watching it directly.

Meanwhile, a new girl with blond hair began to work in the store. I often kept her company when she went outside to smoke. We talked about different things. Not sure if she told me that she had a boyfriend, or another guy working as a sales assistant pulled this information out of her. In order to remove all unnecessary things, I will go straight to the point and say that that seller came up behind that girl one day and made gestures as if he had sex with her. She did not see this, but for me from my point of view it again seemed immoral. Even though he knew that she had a boyfriend, he still made moves on her. I do not think that they really ever had sex, but then who knows...

Coming home after work, I still often watched movies, still in Russian translation, and not in the original. Once I started watching David Lynch's Mulholland Drive movie. When the final credits started to roll, I was completely sober from my fantasies and I was quite shocked by how close the main idea of this film reflected my life and I was shocked by what I realized then... I watched the film credits for the first time until the very end, still being shocked at the realization that all the previous months that I thought I had gotten rid of the habit of fantasizing, I was still in the grip of my out-of-control imagination. Droplet by droplet, fantasy by fantasy, and for many months I had been spending almost all my time in my imagination again and I did not *see* it! Then I realized that I needed to take it more seriously

and this time *actually* “get out of myself”, and not *think* that I got out of myself while dreaming of this liberation.

Speaking of “getting out of myself”. I often recalled that dream, and I often wondered – is it prophetic? What if I would never actually manage to “get out of myself”? But then I reassured myself that in fact I already had a few moments when I was fully focused on reality, and this meant that the word “never”, uttered in that dream, had nothing to do with real facts, and, accordingly, that dream could not be prophetic. All I had to work on back then was to make the living in reality a habit and remember everything that I recently learned and realized...

On the next working day, they brought something huge. When I was carrying that heavy box upstairs to the second floor, my heart ached for a moment. This was the reason for quitting the job on the twenty-ninth of August. I worked as a loader for three weeks, and I was glad of such an experience which, among other things, also required me to carry empty boxes in the garbage. I was glad of it because I found out then what happens if you do what you do not want to do in your life.

Once at that time I also regretted having spent several years of my life reading articles about UFOs and other similar things. But then I remembered that distant event with the bright entity in the village that was the reason for my searches, and I calmed down a bit, realizing that perhaps something like this really existed in this world, but we just did not know about it. But despite this, I no longer had the desire to get involved with the subject of the

unknown because I wanted to regain my life here on Earth.

In the fall of that year, I wanted to try to go to acting classes. I thought it could help me with my remaining lack of self-confidence. I was still afraid to speak with other people, which became clear during the first introductory lesson of those courses. There were a lot of people, and the teacher asked each one in the audience to come in front of the crowd and talk a little about themselves. Then a slight panic again began to seize me. I tried to relax, remembering what I knew about stuttering. I do not remember what I said when it was finally my turn to speak. I can only say that my speech was without stupors, which did not prevent some people from laughter. Most likely they were amused by my body movements and facial expressions – a logical manifestation of my insecurity and nervousness.

I must say that that evening, when I was just about to enter the building where the introductory acting classes were held, I could not help but hear the conversation of two women, one of whom loudly said something like this: “And then he suddenly started talking about sex and I felt so scared!”. This was another moment of my life, in which, at that time, I found another confirmation that I had to first go abroad, and only then look for a normal girlfriend.

Another reason that I postponed the search for the girlfriend until later was that due to the influence of television I had the impression that Russian girls would not want to communicate with me as soon as they learned that I dreamed of living in



a country about which there had been spoken quite a lot of negativity at that time already.

That fall, I also went to English courses which were held twice a week in the evenings at one of the local schools.

I had no money to attend two training courses at the same time, and so I chose English, as knowledge of the language would open up more opportunities for me in the future.

I bought the required textbook and workbook. It was an intermediate English course for those who already knew little language.

How I liked being at the school desk again then, not having all the problems that prevented me from opening up in school. I gladly read in English and translated the text aloud, I myself volunteered to answer – in fact, I was one of the most active in our small class – and I really liked the learning process. Then I realized what I had lost due to stuttering in school. And I really was right when I was still in high school and I thought that it was because of the consequences of stuttering that I was getting good grades instead of excellent ones... well, or mostly excellent.

Sometimes I did have stupor during the lessons, and sometimes I stuttered in my speech very much, because I still was fantasizing. I remember that then my fantasies began to include our pretty English teacher, and sometimes some classmates. I also did little with the habit of speaking in my imagination. It is terrible that this habit grew into the habit of repeating the name of some girls in combination with a bad word...

Once I was very upset when I was returning home from the English courses in the late dark evening. That day I lost control of my thoughts and body again, and began to have stupor in classes. Approaching the entrance of my house, I realized one of the most important truths of life – losing something, we always find something, and this something is always experience and knowledge gained from it. Yes, there are sad moments in our lives, but they exist so that we can learn from our mistakes and not make them again... this understanding will be of great importance in the events that were destined to happen very soon in my life...

Why could not I just stop dreaming, given that I already had a successful experience of living in the present? Well, firstly, the insidiousness of being lost in the imagination lies in the fact that a person begins to get used to this state of mind that soon becomes the norm for him. Secondly, when I still managed to concentrate on reality, life became very boring and empty; and if I was able to overcome that boredom, for example, with the newfound power of meditation, then very soon I rediscovered the fact that I was a balding guy with an asymmetric lip. I often fell into a state of depression because of this, then I would start thinking about what could have happened if I had done this or not had done that in the past and I did not notice how my thoughts smoothly turned into fantasies and once again the feeling of reality was blurred. At other times, I consciously returned to fantasies, realizing how easy it was to stop fantasizing and live in

reality – you just concentrate on what is happening around you and your consciousness very quickly becomes absolutely pure. I believed that at the necessary moments in my life I would just quickly return to a normal state of mind, but then I did not yet have a certain life experience that showed me my wrongness...

While attending English courses, I began to fall in love with one of the girls with blond hair. I constantly thought about her – the state of being that again interfered with my studies, and which very dimly showed the memory of Natasha somewhere in the back of my mind. I think that the expression “Carpe diem” from the movie “Dead Poets Society” with Robin Williams, as well as some of the plot moments of that film, helped me to overcome my fear and prompted me to look for a way to tell a girl that I loved her for the first time. I managed to get her mobile phone number – for this I had to disturb our teacher, who was then on exams. Having acquired the number of the girl, I went to Cherkizovsky Pond and sat on a bench. It took me a while to pack up my courage and then I called her. I explained to her the reason for my call, but she was already married. Entering the classroom, she smiled at me, and the teacher once quickly looked at me and her, but everything else was absolutely the same. I did not feel any discomfort and never regretted anything.

During my studies, I started looking for work. I remembered the girl who worked as a merchandiser when I was still working as a loader, and I liked that that work gave the freedom from bosses. A few months later, on February 5, 2008, I was finally

hired to work as a merchandiser – in fact, I was hired a couple of weeks ago to work at another place, but I found out about this when I already said on the phone that I did not want to work there, thinking that it was another company calling me, and back then I could not just apologize and tell the truth about the fact that I mistakenly mixed up two firms.

The work consisted of visiting several shops a day in the north of Moscow and putting cans of jam on a store shelf if it ran out of cans. I also had to send a report to the supervisor every week.

My training day passed with a woman who, as it turned out, had also stuttered before. I do not know if she understood what I was trying to tell her about the real reason for stuttering. Some breathing techniques helped her with her speech, which, I suspect, really helped her to be focused on the “here and now”, which, in turn, actually helped her with the speech.

At home, the bank’s air conditioners continued to interfere with life even stronger, since to two already quite noisy air conditioners had been added two more, which were hung directly under our windows. The noise was unbearable, as was the vibration that was transmitting from those air conditioners to our floor. Of course, in such an environment it was also very difficult to concentrate on the irritating reality, and I was often getting absorbed in various thoughts, which often turned into fantasies.

I had once spent the night at my father’s apartment in the small room; I bought bedding at that time, which was left in the apartment. On one Friday I decided that I would live with my

father, since the noise of the air conditioners drove me crazy, and I could not study normally.

I went to his house right after the English courses – it is good that I just needed to catch a trolleybus or a regular bus and drive a couple of stops.

Upon arrival at the apartment I was met by a slightly drunk father and some woman. My presence in the small room did not finish the drinking party, and I could clearly hear my father's loud voice in the large room. He said something about the fact that he never had problems with women. At that time, I still had a deep grudge against dad for drinking and beating my mother back in those early years of my life – which I considered then the main reason for my ruined life due to stuttering. Then I made one of the most serious decisions in my life – I chose to suffer physically instead of suffering psychologically near my father, who could get drunk at any moment and bring his drinking buddies home. Having made that decision, I got dressed, took my things and returned to my mother in her one-room apartment where together we had to overcome huge difficulties in the fight against one of the injustices that flourish on this planet...

There is no need to say that the noise from the air conditioners, which were turned on at seven in the morning and often worked until night, and sometimes the bank employees would not turn them off at all at the end of their day, prevented me from completely “getting out of myself”. My mother and I could have a normal rest only on Sunday, unless, of course, the employees of

that bank did not forget to turn off their appliances on Saturday. I was getting very tired then and I remember clearly how I thought that if it was not for this noise, I probably would not have tried so desperately to go living somewhere abroad, but would have tried to live here in Russia...

One day I decided to shave my head. I remembered then that a village friend had done so to get rid of dandruff. I had dandruff as well, and I thought that it could be the cause of hair loss. Britney Spears added confidence to me also, as the whole world was talking about her shaving her head bald at that time. I thought that if she can shave off her hair, then it certainly would not be difficult for me. I came to the hairdresser and asked to completely shave my head, refuting the question of whether I had lost a bet. Aside from dandruff my decision bore another task – I wanted to find peace of mind regarding my baldness. As it turned out I was not Bruce Willis, and the lump on my head that I inherited from my father did not please me also, although in general I liked my new look, but I decided that I would be with the hair for as long as I have it.

For many months I had been actively reading books and articles on the Internet in English. I memorized new words, and if I met some unknown grammatical structure, I checked with my English grammar book, or searched the Internet to learn about still unlearned rules of English grammar in order to know the language as well as I could.

At the same time, I trained my memory, trying to repeat the

whole sentence that I just read. At first it was not easy, but over time I began to see the result and soon I could remember all the words in the sentence.

When the next time came to pay for English classes, I realized that with my own education program I greatly overtook the curriculum, and it could no longer teach me anything new. I stopped attending English courses.

Working days went well. I liked to walk around Moscow, from time to time going to the shops in order to place cans of the company on the store's shelves. All in all, I was very happy then. It is only a pity that I had to spend about forty minutes to get to the northern part of the gray metro line, but I never dared to ask the supervisor if it was possible to give me a closer district.

I also began to notice how time seemed to slow down when I was focused on reality, walking around an unfamiliar area during my walks from one store to another.

Speaking of time, correspondence with one girl named Yulia helped me to shorten it. She once wrote me via ICQ, looking for someone to talk to. As it turned out, she "lived" in a boarding school due to poor vision, and was a little younger than me. We spoke with her on completely different topics with absolute honesty. After a couple of months of such correspondence, which, as it turned out, she did not conduct with me alone, we exchanged our photos and decided to meet somewhere. Then suddenly her mother called, who was a salesperson in a food store as I recall, and began to ask questions about my education. She

hung up when I said that I was not studying anywhere yet. Yulia said that she was ashamed of the call of her mother, and our communication soon went to naught.

While we were still texting one another, there was one funny case when Yulia did not put a question mark at the end of the sentence which looked to me like a negative statement. We almost started to quarrel over this, but then we realized that it was just a missed punctuation mark. We laughed, and everything returned to normal.

A little time ago, another incident happened in my life when people refused to understand me. I was putting cans up on the shelves in one of the stores, and a woman who worked there as a supervisor began to talk with me. It was a pleasant conversation until she asked me about my education. Upon learning that I was not studying anywhere, she immediately said something negative and condemning, then turned around and walked away. Like Yulia's mother, she did not give me a chance to explain the reason why I did not officially study anywhere – that I wanted to study, but since I was interested in a lot of things in life, I simply did not know where to go; that studies required money that I earned by arranging products in her store; that I was studying English every day and finished what I missed in the last grades of the school...

There were times when I cried during difficult moments. I am not ashamed of this, because such moments helped me to understand that I was still a human being with feelings. Awareness of this helped me to gather my courage and gave me



an impulse to move on through life.

But I was not an angel either. After Yulia, another girl wrote to me. She was a basketball player. We did not talk with her as actively as with Yulia. I remember one stupid thing that I wrote to her, answering her question about why I did not look for a girl in Russia, and I wrote then: “What for? To fuck her and then dump her?” – it was absolutely wrong thinking at many levels. I understood the contradiction of these words to my moral principles many years later... That basketball player wrote me another message, asking me if I was afraid of women. Now, when I am not afraid to know and remember the truth about myself, I understand that my answer should have been positive.

We met every Wednesday at McDonald's near Tverskaya metro station with other merchandisers and superiors in order to receive salaries and do other merchandiser things.

I would not be myself if I did not start liking a young girl who recently began working as a merchandiser in that company again. I do not know if she noticed this somehow, but once, after one of the guys in our company did not go to work and was waiting for the other merchandiser girl, that pretty girl playfully asked me: “And you’re waiting for me?” – unfortunately, having finished my business, I just got up smiling at her, said goodbye to everyone and went to work. I do not think I thought much about the crowd of people then, but I was definitely embarrassed by our supervisor woman, as I thought it would not be very professional to spend working hours right in front of the boss. Alas, I did not

try to find out the phone of that pretty girl who was interested in me even though I had no hair then...

If you carefully read this book, you can recognize at this moment the repetition of history... I will come back to this topic later.

As for that girl, soon that same pretty guy began flirtatiously flirting with her, showing some figures on his hands. She clearly noticed this, and I, in turn, noticed that I had once again made a mistake. I tried to alleviate sadness with the thought that I was still going to leave Russia, and the girl would only be an obstacle, and her smoking also helped me not to worry too much. But how long was I destined to live with this new lie?

I think it is worth mentioning that I met girls working in a store that I came up to talk to. With one we even had a very good and pleasant conversation while we were waiting for the store to open, along with many other merchandisers standing nearby. Then I was not shy at all to speak with that sweet girl in a crowd of people. But in the store, she got colder and began to ignore my flirting. Then I did not know that Orthodox believers wear an engagement ring on their other hands than Catholics. Another girl ignored me, but the next day she talked playfully with someone, and most likely she was simply taken and did not communicate with other guys. The third one simply complained about a lot of work and ignored me, but what was a little upsetting to me was that the next day she was almost flirting and talking to a guy who had hair and, most likely, looks.

I remember when I first started working as a merchandiser, a fairly plus size woman who was older than me tried to flirt with me. But what turned me away were her facial expressions, which did not seem healthy at all. Unfortunately, I did not think then that I myself could look like that in the eyes of other people when I was not completely relaxed.

In the end, I continued to walk on the deliberate path, wanting to start everything from scratch in another country and forget about everything bad that had ever happened to me in Russia.

Despite my self-deception, I was still able to discover one of the simple truths for myself. Returning home from work, I often found myself thinking that I was lost again in my head: dreaming, thinking and talking to myself – I often thought through different variations of events in my head, and how I could act in each of them. Tracing the reason for my constant withdrawal into myself, I realized that the beginning were often thoughts about what to do in the future – for example, on the same day. I decided to try not to bother myself about what will happen when this or that event occurs, but simply to initially put in my mind a general plan of action and solve the details as they materialize. The effect of this decision was amazing! My productivity increased, as my mind was freed from garbage, and I could spend the freed up resources of the mind on a quick and correct assessment of the situation, and on the subsequent making of right decisions.

But there were days when I returned from work and could not get out of myself. And I thought why? Previously, I managed to

do this, but here I seemed to have forgotten everything. I soon realized that the reason was in my thinking about the need to live in the present instead of actually living in the present. These are two opposite things, one of which is a characteristic feature of a focused mind on reality, and the other is a feature of the mind of a person who is living in his inner world.

Having cleared my mind, I noticed something else... During my readings about UFOs, I came across a story that said that aliens consider us not very smart, to put it mildly. I do not know if that story was true or not, but after many meditations, I began to work almost all day with my five senses and pay attention to what was happening in reality. I realized that *a great many* people were absorbed in their minds even while walking along a sunny spring street. This was the first time when I saw that I was not the only person who was absorbed in his mind when it was not required to be done. Yes, most of those people were not lost in themselves as much as I was lost a couple of years ago, but one way or another they also made a mistake – I was not alone.

I often recalled that I had lost four years of my life because of empty fantasies – I say empty because there are only two worlds on which our consciousness can be concentrated per unit of time: the external (the reality that we feel with the help of our five senses) and the inner (fantasies, memories, thoughts). Then I realized that if we take the age of sixty years, for example, I still had to live two-thirds of my life, and given the fact that fourteen years of that third were childhood, I still had a lot of time to

enjoy life. I was able to reassure myself that even though I lost those years of my life, I gained invaluable experience which, as someone might say, tempered me no worse than the army. It is a pity that optimism was always replaced by a depressive state every time I came across a mirror... and the coming long years of life, which had just given me so much joy, almost instantly changed their polarity, and I could no longer live with the thought that I had to live my whole life with my scars...

Soon it became very clear to me that I could not save up money to study in America by working in jobs that I used to have, and the lack of higher education did not allow me to get a well-paid job. But I could not give up anymore, since I had been doing this all my life and as a result of this, I almost lost everything. It was then a weakness for me to retreat from my goals, and so I began to look for other solutions and remembered that I had always liked movies.

When I got the Internet access, I was downloading a movie every day and then watched it in the evening. I often liked to watch the actors acting out their roles. I also remembered how in early childhood I asked my mother to teach me how to write, and at the beginning of high school I wrote poetry. Of course, my childhood thoughts in verses about why parrots do not have a hose could hardly take on Pushkin, but still.

Then I decided to start writing scripts in English, which was no longer such a foreign language to me since I completely immersed myself in English at home. I watched TV shows and

movies in English, in fact I started watching them right as soon as I realized that I rarely came across unfamiliar words when I was reading – all I had to do then was to learn to distinguish words by ear; then I read news, forums and study guides in English only. As a result of all this, soon it was easier for me with English than with Russian, which I hardly spoke in my life.

Of course, I realized that it was not easy to write a story that would please Hollywood producers. I was ready to painstakingly work on my screenwriting skills and learn from mistakes. Also, I did not want something grand. I just wanted to go to the USA and live there in my own small house, which I always dreamed about.

Also, I wanted to first make a career and only then look for a wife. This wrong idea came to me after two women refused to talk to me when they found out that I hadn't studied anywhere. I thought that girls of my age would also not want to deal with a guy who has nothing in material terms.

Masturbation continued, and I felt worse and worse. It got so worse that one day I was walking up the escalator from the subway and I started feeling not well at all. My legs barely walked, being very heavy, and my head was almost spinning. Thanks to meditation, which I tried to practice from time to time, I realized that our thoughts and psychological state play a huge role in how our physical body feels. Trying to gain control of myself, I remembered this and completely removed everything superfluous from my head, focusing my consciousness only on the present moment. I was then positively tuned to all the data

that my five senses sent me. Result? A couple of hours later, when I was returning home after work, I was already running down that escalator without any symptoms of poor health. I was completely healthy.

But each time the mirror reminded me of my real appearance, and the porn addiction's return would follow to brighten up the emerging depression. There was a moment when for the second time I decided not to masturbate for a week. I wanted to prove to myself that everything would be fine with my heart if I stopped feeling his heavy beating every day. After a week, I felt great, and my heart no longer reminded me of its presence. But I had to ruin everything again...

However, I often masturbated in those months to prove to myself that I was in good health. If I stopped masturbating after I had health problems, the idea that I was not healthy might not leave me alone. I wanted to think by having proof that everything was great with me. And I really had days when I felt good after masturbation... which led to think about why I cannot go to porn sites again and do a physically pleasant thing if it does nothing bad to anyone? And so the cycle repeated itself again and again...

At the end of June, I began to feel constant pain to the right of my heart, under the ribs – was the continuing masturbation the cause of that – I do not know. The pain was not very strong, but due to the fact that it lasted several days I decided that it was a sign to quit my job because in any case I found myself a new occupation where I was, as I thought then, my own boss.

I wanted to go to the doctor to check my health, but since I used to be treated for a non-existent disease for 13 years, my opinion about doctors was not the best. Moreover, in the fall of the past year, I went to the doctor when I again felt unwell after masturbation, but then I kept silent about my dirty hobby. My heart was checked then, and after processing the data, the doctor quickly told me that I had arrhythmia and turned to another girl. Yes, that girl's health situation was more serious, but she could give me more information, could not she? For example, asking me to wait while she would finish talking with that girl. Now, having gained wisdom and experience, I changed my position – but then I decided to go to an alternative clinic, which my mom had visited before. She learnt about it from an ad in the mailbox...

In that tiny “clinic”, located on the first floor of a residential building, they put headphones on my head and pointed some device at them. The computer pretended to be working on the calculations, and after a few minutes the female doctor returned. The leaflets with pictures of internal organs were printed for me. There were different geometric figures on them, each of which “showed” the degree of health of the corresponding organ. Based on this “analysis” I was prescribed vitamins and nutritional supplements. Then some of them really helped me. For example, black walnut helped me get rid of a constant feeling of malnutrition – one of the symptoms of the presence of worms in the human body.



I was assigned a second “examination”, and I decided then for the third time not to masturbate for a long time. Again, such abstinence went for me quite easily and I felt great, which was as if reflected on the second “examination”. I was still prescribed a couple of vitamins, and in total I spent on that “treatment” a good share of my saved money earned by *honest* work. Was it the sunshine of a cloudy nature, among which I was walking that day, which after many years made me realize that something was wrong, or had I already had enough life experience and technical knowledge to understand that all those devices simply could not do any diagnostics on health, but it finally dawned on me then that I was simply deceived – to which I found confirmation from the reviews of many people about that company. Well – “losing something, we always find something, and that something is always knowledge”. It was expensive education, and one of the vitamins once almost stopped my heart – this was the first time my heart skipped a beat and then I was not feeling too well. Naturally, I stopped taking those vitamins...

Is it possible that my heart stopped beating then for a moment due to rebellious masturbation to porn? I admit that it could have enhanced the negative effect of vitamins which would most likely be contraindicated to me if I went to an official doctor for a real examination... most likely...

As for my successful abstinence from masturbation, it was so successful that I stopped wanting to have sex in general – and it frightened me. All my life, one way or another I thought about

sex, and I could not live with this unexpected emptiness. I went to porn sites to prove to myself that everything worked in me as it should...

There were still warm days outside on the street when I was again awakened by the unbearable noise of the bank's air conditioners that did not allow me to study or write scripts. Sometimes I tried to put on headphones and turn on calm music without words, but even that did not allow me to fully concentrate on the intellectual and creative work that requires peace and quiet.

I called my father to ask him to drive me to the village. He did not work then, and we left the same day.

Mom lived in the village then, as she usually did in the warm months, but upon my arrival she decided to go to Moscow to write another complaint against the bank.

I was a little embarrassed when my mother told me that I shouldn't do anything out of the ordinary alone at home, and my father parried her words by saying that I was already an adult for those things...

Unfortunately, I proved my father wrong when I began to masturbate in the evening on a video of a porn actress, which I had previously downloaded onto my laptop, along with several others. In addition to porn, I also had normal films and TV shows, which I watched to improve my knowledge of the English language.

But how could parents know? They never bumped me over

this matter... I remembered how a while ago my aunt Zina came to my apartment in Moscow and when she was walking into the kitchen she managed to read a small part of the rules I wrote for myself on a piece of paper that I attached to the door's glass so that I could see it every day and *remember*. The rules were as follows: do not masturbate; do not quarrel with mom; do not talk to yourself (stop fantasizing when it is not necessary); educate yourself and learn something new. The order might have been a little different, but masturbation was definitely in the first place.

I think at this point I should get a little ahead of myself and say that my parents never talked to me about sex at all, and therefore did not explain anything to me. Perhaps they even once saw me with the guy with whom we were fooling around out of childhood ignorance. I do not hold a grudge, but this is a lesson to other parents – you should teach your children about sex by yourself; but for that you need to know about sex yourself (I will talk about this important topic later in my book). At school, not only the teachers almost did not explain about sex, but also when in high school during biology lessons we were taught the anatomy of the genitals, many, if not all, students already knew about sex from the Internet, magazines, conversations with other people, and also from their sexual experience. Then the topic of sex caused some kind of weird smiles in adults, which psychologically had a certain influence on me, and I could not talk about sex as an ordinary thing that does not bother you at all.

At the dacha I tried to write something, but my head was

constantly tired because of my imagination, and I could not work for long.

When I arrived in Moscow, I decided to go to a free lecture of one film producer from America. The only thing I took away from there was a saying about a cat sitting on the window, meaning that you should not give up if the first pancake came out lumpy, as they say in Russia. I also could not notice yet another blonde who came to the lecture with her friend. As it was usually the case with me in those years, I did not dare to go up to them and simply ask if they liked the lecture, for example, or whether they were writing something at that moment – in other words start a conversation.

That evening, when I barely walked a few hundred meters from the venue for the lecture, a blonde woman stopped me on the street and asked a question that seemed a little strange to me at the time, since I thought that she should have known the answer herself. After some time it dawned on me that perhaps she wanted to get to know me in this way, but because of the difference in age, or because of the facial expressions of my slightly strained face, or because of my lip – and maybe due to all three reasons – she did not try to continue our communication then. Of course, I understand that I can be mistaken about the real nature of the whole episode...

I think that because of the mixture of some religious texts that I read a long time ago in my search for the meaning of life, and because of the seemingly endless demands of my body to

have sex, which often prevented my mind from being completely concentrated, I almost began to consider sex to be a sin and something bad.

Perhaps it was the above-mentioned events that caused the next dream, in which the merchandiser girl I liked and that not at all shy guy had sex. She lay on her back on a bed that was standing as if in pitch darkness, and his body was perpendicular to her – this was the same pose that Natasha and I tried for the last time, but then I still did not see this symbolism... I woke up and I had a very unpleasant feeling from that dream. There were several reasons. Firstly, I still liked that girl. Secondly, for a long time I tried not to think about sex since I already began to experience negative emotions when I heard from conversations of real people that they were having it. Then I thought that dream to be almost a mockery of me, not understanding its true meaning – that dream could have been another *lesson* for getting rid of *errors*...

Mistakes continued to be made, but there were also very positive periods in my life, one of which was destined to become the calm before the storm...

It was autumn, and I was finally able to put up with baldness – I found myself a suitable hairstyle that hid the bald patches of the head. The girls also liked it, as some young ladies clearly paid attention to me. One of these girls was walking with her friend along the street and constantly looked at me. I had just left a paid dental clinic then. I went there after accidentally detecting

carries on the lateral side of the lateral tooth, but since there was a two-week queue in the free city hospital, I decided that it would be better to spend some of the money that I still had then, but fill the tooth as soon as possible. The first day I went to the clinic, I was not well – both because of masturbation, and because of an obvious upset stomach. The operation on the tooth was postponed to another day. Leaving the building, I was pleasantly surprised to see my dad, who by himself decided then to come for me and take me home, since the clinic was not in my neighborhood, but in his.

Another good news was that I put up with my lip, forcing myself to believe that there must be an operation that will restore the symmetry, and I would definitely do it when I am in the USA. Since I did not want to look for a girlfriend because of the tireless desire to leave the country, I had no great reason to solve the lip problem in Russia.

Humility with the two main negative realities of my body made constant fantasizing an unnecessary thing, as I no longer experienced stress while realizing that I had those problems with my appearance. In addition, I with benefit used my imagination for writing scripts, which also helped me, since I did not have a vacuum due to the lack of old habits – I simply redirected the negative erroneous action, habit, to doing useful work. I then wanted to use my imagination only while working on scripts, and by and large I managed to do it.

Earlier, I often had the thought that the fact that I needed to

meditate to calm my mind meant that I was “worse” than other people who could be focused on the present moment without meditation. But I was able to overcome those thoughts and began to meditate on breathing every night, and noticed one simple truth – you wake up in the same mental state as you fall asleep. Then I always fell asleep a very happy and inspired person. And if earlier I could have problems falling asleep, in those days I fell asleep in a couple of minutes, just lying in bed without thinking about anything at all and not concentrating on anything. I woke up in exactly the same condition as I fell asleep that night. I was full of happiness and enthusiasm for the new day with its new studies and work on my scripts – and so it went on for a short time. If I used paint to show my spiritual and emotional state in those two years of my new life, it would be mostly bright colors which would only in some places have specks of dark tones...

I signed the scripts with an alias. It was an American name, because I did not want to have mine then, trying to get away from who I was and trying to forget about my life’s story.

Around that period of my life, I had a dream about New York. The city, which I often looked at with such admiration and charm on the Internet, felt just like Moscow. There was a slightly different architecture, but on the whole it could have been an ordinary Moscow district. And that was the main idea that I had in that dream – that the USA is exactly the same country. When I woke up, I reluctantly agreed with this “message”, but, while still being very stubborn, I did not change my goals. In fact, until that

moment I did not really want to learn anything about the USA because I used to have a strange desire of unknown origin to be a “pioneer” and personally discover America once I was already in it. I did not want to learn about the country beyond its borders from other people's life experiences.

I also noticed that when I was completely relaxed, the asymmetry of my lip due to my old bite was almost invisible. This was a confirmation of my long-standing reasoning that the muscles of my right cheek, which I felt was more tense during fantasizing than the left, also played an important role in the fact that the lip seemed very crooked under tension. I should have been happy with this, but since there was still a barely noticeable asymmetry, I sadly thought to myself then that now there was no point in going to the doctor, and, accordingly, this asymmetry would remain with me for life.

Another consequence of my relaxation was that my eyes also relaxed, which also completely restored my vision that was somewhat blurry when my brain was overburdened. While still working as a courier, I even went to the ophthalmologist for eye diagnostics, but as it turned out, in my case I just needed to relax my mind and body in order to regain my vision.

In general, I was very optimistic about my future. I just wanted to live a happy life, believing that everything good should be given just like that. I thought that bad things and negative periods in my life, like my stuttering, were just accidents of our existence.



From time to time, I thought about going somewhere and asking women and girls what they thought about my appearance. Did they consider me beautiful and did my lip and balding head bother them? I never did this, which was one of the mistakes.

I noticed an unusual thing when while being outside, I could often get out of my mind and be focused on reality, but each time I entered my apartment I would immediately see how I was losing this state of mind and becoming absorbed in my thoughts. Perhaps the thing was that at home I had nothing to cling to with my attention, as everything was the same old way in our apartment, or it just reminded me of the past and the present... After some time, I began to gain focus of mind at home too, but I would still get absorbed in my mind after each arrival of my mother from the village, since I could no longer be in silence.

Here I need to talk about one very important and unusual incident in my life. There was a time when I caught a cold on the street, and at home I had a runny nose, a sore throat, and a fever. I knew that I would be ill for at least five days, since for about such a period I had always recovered before. Also, my mood always worsened greatly during the illness. At that time, I did not want to lose all the joy and pleasure of life that I gained through meditation and concentration on reality. It is a little hard for me to explain what happened next, but I will try my best. I was in the toilet when I decided that I would not be depressed because of all the sensations that we feel during illness. Then I realized that those painful feelings are simple data that must exist

so that we can find out that there is a virus in us and we could take appropriate measures, and therefore there is no reason to experience bad emotions due to painful sensations, since those feelings are neither good nor bad – these are just data that we feel in this way for our own protection. I immediately turned that new way of thinking into reality and was *instantly cured!* I had absolutely no symptoms of the disease. The only reminder that the disease had really just existed was an unusual sensation in my throat that lasted for a couple of days. I felt that sensation for the first time and have never felt it again. The best way I can describe it is a sensation of throat that was sore and then was instantly cured. Then I did not know what, or who, is the cause of such healing, but I found the answer to this question after some time later...

Due to the fact that I did not want to meet girls, I continued to masturbate from time to time, because thoughts about sex prevented me from thinking, and the urge to masturbate while browsing porn sites was quite strong at a time when my defense was breaking through, and constant thoughts about sex consumed my mind after all...

All that has a beginning has an end. It was two years since I found my answer about stuttering. To this day, I consider those years to be the best in my life, since then I for the first time started to really live a free life, and I had many choices. Yes, there were problems, but I no longer ran away from them, and tried to solve them... but I was not solving all my problems, thinking that I

would solve them in the future... which never came.

Because I continued to masturbate, not wishing to redirect the time spent on masturbation and pornography to searching for a girlfriend and love, my health could no longer recover quickly enough after each such session...

Once I went out for a walk. I remember exactly how while walking along Bul'var Marshala Rokossovskogo I tried to concentrate on my breathing in order to slow it and my pulse down. Previously, with normal meditations at home, I could successfully normalize both breathing and heart rate, after which I felt perfect. This time it was different. On Boytsovaya Ulitsa I started experiencing strong coronary symptoms and my mind became cloudy. It was very scary, and I immediately went home. I felt very sick during the whole walk, and I was just thinking about getting to the house and not falling down somewhere. The distance to the house was not at all great, but because of my panic it seemed painfully huge...

Since then I was in bed for a long time, not being able to walk even a few meters, as I began to have difficulty in breathing and I was overcome by an almost all-consuming panic. My heart then beat very hard, and if before by a new day the pulse returned to normal, during those times my heart was beating constantly. At one time an old acquaintance came to my apartment, and when I opened the door I could barely stand on my feet. I do not know how I did not fall then... And when I was washing, I could not help noticing how a huge amount of hair began to come out of

my head.

A door that was suddenly and loudly opened two years ago was no less loudly shut in front of me.

This was the third time that I could really say goodbye to this life, as I was disappointed in it. I did nothing bad to anyone: I did not harm anyone; did not lie to girls to sleep with them; stopped swearing with my mother; was educating myself and just wanted to live a normal life, just like everyone else – no more and no less – but it seemed that exactly and only I was punished. I was also disappointed in a capitalist-oriented society.

As before, I still had the last thread of hope, which was then Aura about which I had read so long ago and not so long ago I had thought about writing a screenplay where Aura would play a role. My idea was very simple – if Auras really exist, and people could see them in ancient times, then this means that anyone can learn to see them, including me. If I could prove to myself their existence, it would mean that in this world there is something more worth living for, that life is not an empty pursuit of money, which it is for many people of our time.

With these thoughts I typed in the Google browser “how to see Auras”...

## Chapter 5. Thiaoouba

The first on the search list in that fall of 2008 was the website [www.thiaoouba.com](http://www.thiaoouba.com). The owner of the site, Tom Chalko, wrote about Auras and about an exercise for the eyes which, as he says, should help train the human brain for the vision of the Aura. That exercise consisted in looking with crossed eyes at a picture with a black dot in the middle and two circles on the sides. One circle was red with a thick horizontal strip passing through its center, and the other was blue, with a vertical strip of the same thickness crossing its center. During a crossed staring at that picture, both circles merge into one in our mind, and, depending on which hemisphere of the brain is active, it will seem that one circle is in front of the other. The goal is for a person to see a white cross in the middle of a single circle, which would mean the simultaneous operation of both hemispheres of the brain.

While reading Tom's website, I often came across the name of Michel Desmarquet, who wrote the book "Thiaoouba Prophecy". I was interested to know more about that person, and I found Michel's video lecture on Google Videos.

That lecture was very modest, and Michel Desmarquet looked very open, kind, and playful man despite his age. As I watched the video, it became clear to me that extraterrestrials took him to their planet, Thiaoouba, and with each new minute of watching the lecture everything was getting more and more interesting to

me. I think it was the time when Michel started talking about Auras that I realized I wanted to read his book “Thiaoouba Prophecy”. The fact that the free version of that e-book was officially posted on the Internet only strengthened my inner sense of the correctness of my decision to read Michel’s book.

I read it in English, as I already knew the language quite well, only occasionally having to look in the dictionary. As I read the book, I realized within myself – as if something warm was “saying” in my chest – that everything that was written in that book was the *truth*. I had the impression that I had once known about those things, but then forgot about them...

In the book, Thao, Michel's mentor, said that the human body is surrounded both by an Aura and by an etheric force field of oval shape. Further in the book, it became clear that all people really could learn to see the Aura – this is not a gift inherent in any one person. Encouraged after reading the book, I began to diligently try to learn to see the Aura.



(This is my version of the circle exercise. Here I am using squares instead of circles.)

I started with exercises with colored circles. I put a pen between the black dot of the image on the screen and my eyes. Having focused my eyes on the tip of the pen, I began to bring it closer until the two circles started to overlap each other. Soon, I was able to remove the pen and still maintain the necessary focus with my eyes. I realized just as quickly that I could *consciously* switch between my two cerebral hemispheres! If the right hemisphere of the brain was active, then the left circle overlapped the right, and in the case of the left, the right circle was in front of the left. I managed to create a cross for a while – a sign of the simultaneous work of the two brain hemispheres.

But one thought did not leave my head – such a crossed position of the eyes is not *natural*! I believe that this exercise is very well suited for a short self-teaching about the simple truth that we can consciously activate different parts of our brain, because we can instantly see the result when different brain hemispheres are activated. Although now, when I am writing this book, I understand that if you move the picture away and move the focal point of the eyes as far away from the eyes as possible, the sensations cease to be uncomfortable.

I decided to do one experiment, recalling how my mother said that my great-aunt Koka could write with both her left and right

hands. I had been writing with my right hand all my life and I wanted to see if a simple activation of my right hemisphere could help me write with my left hand just as well as with my right. To begin with, I just started to write with my left hand, without thinking about which hemisphere is active – and since I am right-handed, this is usually the left hemisphere. The result? My left hand clearly refused to cooperate with me and, not listening to me, drew scribbles that only remotely resembled the letters of the Russian alphabet. Then I switched the hemispheres of the brain, activating the right one, and I instantly began to write with my left hand just as well as with my right one. At that moment, my left hand was completely under my control, and I no longer felt any awkwardness in movements. It was as if I could always write with my left hand.

That experiment showed and proved to me once again that we have control over our own brain and its work. With this knowledge, I went online to read other websites where people shared their thoughts on how to see Auras.

On one such website a woman said the following: you had to sit in front of a mirror with a light, white background behind your back, so that it becomes easier to distinguish colors. In this position, it was necessary to make the left eye look behind the left ear, and the right eye past the right ear respectively. It may sound complicated, but I managed to do it during my first try. Then you need to imagine how the information from the eyes enters the front of the brain. I managed to achieve this too, and



at that very moment I suddenly began to clearly distinguish two colored layers around my body. The first layer from my body was of a purple color, and its shape was almost round at my head, gradually diminishing in thickness as it went down to my shoulders. The second layer, which was several centimeters away from my body, was dark blue in color, and its outlines no longer resembled as much the silhouette of my physical body as it was with the first layer. From surprise and excitement, I quickly lost my focus and could no longer see those levels.

For some time, I believed that those layers I saw around my body were the Aura. One reason I thought so was because the first purple layer very much resembled in shape a halo around the saints – but not in color.

Having a lot of free time due to being unemployed, I experimented a lot in trying to learn to see Auras at that time. Some people on the Internet were saying that Auras of people can be seen simply by looking at their photos on a monitor screen. I thought that I really began to see something in the photographs of people on a white background, but then I realized that these were simple afterimages from looking at one point for a long time. People confuse them with Auras only because it is very difficult not to move the head and the eyes during a long staring at the image, and after such movements the afterimage also shifts slightly in different directions, expanding because of this and creating the impression that the edges of objects on the photographs begin to emit colors in different directions.

I also remembered the fact that when Thaora gave Michel a temporary gift of seeing Auras, he apparently activated Michel's pineal gland for this. And then I thought that if I can activate different hemispheres of my brain, then we probably can consciously turn on other parts of our brain!

And then one evening I was lying in bed, looking at the palm of my hand on a white background of the screen of my laptop, trying to concentrate on different hemispheres of my brain in order to see the Aura around my fingers. I think that it was exactly when I started trying to activate my pineal gland that a stream of thoughts flew out from the front part of my brain into space. I do not remember the contents of those thoughts since this was my first telepathy experience that happened by accident.

At night, I had a dream in which I stood in the bath, and in front of me was, as I identified her, Thao. I asked her about the green and yellow colors that I thought I saw in my Aura. She looked a little to the left of my head and said that she saw black in my Aura in addition to other colors that she did not talk about.

I woke up and felt in the forehead area something like a channel, which, as the girl Anna tells on her website [www.astralvoyage.com](http://www.astralvoyage.com), connects all people and others. I read her website a little earlier in search of knowledge on how to learn astral projection and remote viewing, and when I sensed that channel, I immediately remembered her words.

The dream's theme itself reminded me of how my mom and dad tried to wash me in that bathtub when I was very little,

and I rushed from one end of the bathtub to the other, as I was somewhat afraid of water. For some considerable time, I also did not know how to swim, and I was afraid to swim in deep pools, which is why I had to skip gym classes at school, when at one time we were taken to the pool at the local house of creativity. But I also remember how one day I came to another shallow pool and I was alone there. The whole pool was at my disposal, and on that day I easily began to swim and got a lot of pleasure from the whole process, as if I had never been afraid of water and always knew how to swim.

Several days passed and in the evening, while also lying in bed, I received a stream of thoughts that seemed to enter the front of my brain from the space in front of me. Those thoughts were actual pure thoughts – they did not have “words”. But even though those thoughts had no sounds or words, I understood that they were interpreted by my brain as English: “We won't/cannot help you”. I am not sure if it was “won't” or “cannot” since in their mental form they are very similar in meaning.

Since I had recently read the book “Thiaoouba Prophecy,” which I was constantly thinking about at that time because I knew in my heart that the truth was written in it, I knew that the message came from Thiaooubians, and from that moment I *knew* that the book is true.

Another important event in my life happened a bit later, when I was lying in bed and watching a tennis match on TV during the day. I was alone in my mother's Moscow apartment, and,

as I recall, the windows were closed. My bed was far from the window next to the wall located to my left. During the break, I looked away from the screen. I was focused and did not daydream or think about anything. I clearly remember that it was then that I heard the English word “Look!” in several centimeters from my right ear. I immediately looked at the screen where in a close-up shot an electronic clock was showing 33 minutes.

Here two points need to be clarified for those who have not read the book Thiaoouba Prophecy.

First, Thao said the word “look” several times when speaking with Michel. I had never had cases before when I heard something, and no one was around, especially indoors. For these reasons I knew that it was Thao – which additionally showed, or, if you like, proved to me that the book is true.

Secondly, Thao gave something like a mathematical riddle during the demonstration of the Thiaooubian forest to Michel. Their year consists of 333 days. In one day they have 26 karses. A karse is a period of 55 lorse, and one lorse consists of 70 kasios. A kasio is almost identical to our second. If you would try to calculate the resulting sum, you would get 33 333 300 kasios (seconds) in their year. Being curious, I made this calculation when I first read the book and found interesting not only the fact that the total number of kasios in their year almost entirely consists of 3’s, but also that only 33 kasios were required so that the final sum consisted entirely of 3’s.

Since then, I see the number 33 very often. There were

times when something or someone seemed to make me look at something – and there was the number 33. For example, while writing this book I very often look at the clock when it shows 33 minutes. One of the numerological descriptions says that the number 33 means the presence of highly spiritual beings near a person. They want the person to know that he has their support, love, and friendship.

So, having at my disposal this invaluable experience, I knew that I had found what I had been looking for almost all my life – knowledge about what life and the Universe exist for. Since Thao “dictated” to Michel the details of his trip, when at the request of Thiaooubians he wrote his book about everything that he saw during his nine-day voyage, it became clear to me that you can safely trust everything that was written in his book – for all the details must be very accurate.

I was very glad to know that we are immortal, however my life was not without minor chagrins. One of them was caused by a conflict of truth with my thoughts, when before reading Thiaoouba I tried to find some meaning in the Christian faith. There is no point in writing about what I then imagined regarding souls and death, since my assumptions turned out to be wrong, albeit beautiful. But here is the *truth* that I need to tell you so that you can understand the further story of my life:

In the beginning there was nothing except darkness and the Spirit. The Spirit, or the Superior Intelligence, decided to create everything that exists materially to satisfy his spiritual need. In

other words, the Spirit sought spiritual experience through the material world. The Spirit imagined everything: atoms, planets, stars, animals, people and all the events that will ever happen in the Universe – the Spirit imagined absolutely everything. When he had an overall view of what he wanted to create, the Spirit was able to instantaneously create the four forces of the Universe by his exceptional spiritual force. With their help, the Spirit prompted the first and most gigantic atomic explosion of all time – the Big Bang. The Spirit, being the creator of the Universe, will always be at its center.

During billions of years (for the Spirit it is all eternally the “present”) all the worlds, stars and atoms were formed. At certain times, in certain star systems, some planets cool down, on which continents and oceans form, rocks solidify, and soil forms. After some time, these planets become suitable for the emergence of certain forms of life. This first force Thao named “Atomic force”.<sup>1</sup>

At this stage, the Spirit conceived the primary living creatures and many of the primary plants, from which later derived the sub-species. Thao called this second force “Ovocosmic Force”<sup>2</sup> since these creatures and plants were created by simple cosmic rays that ended up with cosmic eggs.

At the very beginning, the Spirit imagined experiencing feelings through a special creature, which is a human being. Thao

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<sup>1</sup> Michel Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet* (Arafura Publishing, 1999), 85.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

called this third force “Ovoastromic Force”.<sup>3</sup>

I will focus on the third force in more detail.

When Thao just started talking about the creation of the Universe, she said: “On an ancient stone tablet, which I believe is *Naacal*, it is written: In the beginning there was nothing – all was darkness and silence.”<sup>4</sup> – and then I thought to myself why would a representative of one of the three most developed races in our galaxy refer to ancient stone tablets? What is the reason for such a reference?

There is a law in the Universe which says that if a person (I do not know about animals) makes a mistake, then he should suffer for that mistake – instantly, after many years, or even lives, but *all* errors must be paid for. Because of this law Thiaooubians, as well as other people living on other planets, cannot serve us prepared food on a platter, so to speak. The Law of the Universe allows them, Thiaooubians, only occasionally to offer a helping hand to us, but for the rest of the time they would be making a mistake by helping us, and they would not have lived on the ninth category planet if they were making errors right and left.

It is worth saying that this is why the *real history* is important – the way it was, without any embellishments – because it teaches what is an error and what is not. People need to be very careful with the history since its distortion will not teach people the mistakes of their ancestors, which will lead to a new repetition

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<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid., 83.

of errors and, consequently, to suffering.

So, when I started looking for information about the Naacal tablets, I learned that they were written by the inhabitants of the sunken continent of Mu, which was located in the South Pacific – I know that from the book “Thiaooouba Prophecy” – and a man by the name James Churchward managed to translate them, after one of the three Indian priests who could speak that dead language taught him to read the language of Naacal, which was spoken in Mu. In his book “The Lost Continent of Mu” James Churchward translates the eleventh character, “Keh” as “the leaping deer”.<sup>5</sup> It means “first man,” since the people of Mu knew that humans, unlike animals, did not go through the stage of evolution, but jumped over it, like a leaping deer.

As far as I understand, after the initial life was more or less formed on the planets in the form of animals and plants, “Ovoastromic” eggs, containing the first human beings, which were almost what we are now, began to emerge on some of these planets. Naturally, environmental conditions affect the appearance of people, but otherwise all people in the Universe are similar to each other – we can all learn to see Auras and communicate using telepathy, since, as a special creature, we have always had special “tools” for this.

The Fourth force had a very important role to play for it had to bring to fruition all that the Spirit had imagined. This force

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<sup>5</sup> James Churchward, *The Lost Continent of Mu* (Adventures Unlimited Press, 2007), 24.



‘inserted’ an infinitesimal part of the Spirit in the human body.<sup>6</sup>

There are nine categories of planets in the Universe. People who have never lived in the Universe are born on the planets of the first category.

After the death of the physical body, the Astral body of a person, or soul, flies through the psychic canal to the light, which is the Higher Self of that person. Each person of the first category shares his Higher Self with eight other people.

The Astral body itself contains about four billion trillion electrons that were created at the moment of creation of the Universe. The life span of these electrons is approximately equal to ten billion trillion Earth years. Each of these electrons has a “memory” and is able to store in itself as much information as is contained in all books that fill the shelves of an average town library.

When a person dies, 81 percent of the electrons reunite with their Higher Self and usually wait for a new incarnation, and the remaining 19 percent reunite with the electrons of the Universe and wait until they are needed to form a new body, tree, or animal. Due to some effects of static electricity, it is these nineteen percent of the electrons that can sometimes be visible in the form of a physical body, of which they used to be a part. Usually people call them ghosts. Sometimes I wonder if the remaining memory in the electrons of the Universe has any effect on animals and plants in the creation of which they are used –

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<sup>6</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 116.

provided, of course, that all accumulated knowledge is not erased from those 19% of electrons that are not part of the Astral body.

Between a person of the first category and the Superior Intelligence there are nine Higher Selves. One of their tasks is to filter the sensations, or sensory experiences, that a person experiences during a lifetime in a physical body. These sensations are constantly transmitted by our Astral body to our Higher Self. If it has nothing to filter, these sensations go further to the next more superior Higher Self. Those sensations that pass through the filters of all nine Higher Selves enter the etheric “ocean” that surrounds the Spirit. If these sensations are based mainly on materialism, then the Higher Selves have great difficulties in filtering them. And if during the course of our lives we ensure that our Astral body benefits in the spiritual sense, it will gain more and more spiritual understanding. After 500 or even 15 000 Earth years, the Higher Self of the first category will have nothing left to filter. In this case, after death of the physical body the Astral body of a person detaches itself from the Higher Self of the first category and joins the Higher Self of the second category. From this moment the person will live on a planet of the second category along with other people who have achieved similar spiritual progress. There they will learn the lessons that people must understand on the planets of the second category in order to get to the third category. This learning process takes place until a person is so perfect that he will be able to reunite with the Superior Intelligence, thereby ending his life cycle in

this Universe.

When the Astral body reunites with its Higher Self after the death of the physical body, it assimilates all these truths.

Also, all material knowledge that has been accumulated during a life gets erased from the Astral body in the River of Oblivion, while spiritual knowledge remains in the soul forever.

Sooner or later, the Higher Self will offer the Astral entity to live a new life. After previewing its potentially new life, the Astral entity may either refuse to live the proposed life, or agree. In both cases, the acquired material knowledge is erased in the River of Oblivion – why we do not remember who we were in our past lives and what *must* happen to us in the future.

The Higher Self of the first category is capable of curing illness and resuscitating the dead. When I was reading these lines in the book “Thiaoouba Prophecy”, I immediately remembered about my instantaneous cure, when I consciously made the choice not to experience bad emotions during the illness. I realized that my it was my Higher Self who healed me that day.

Then I read how the Higher Self constantly monitors what is happening to us and can intervene to help us – to save us from premature death, for example. This knowledge helped me find a clue for my childhood awakening at exactly five o’clock in the morning to go with my mother to the village. It became clear that I was awakened by my Higher Self back then.

Once I was looking for recipes for normal, healthy food and found information about “Sungazing”, or looking at the sun,

which should nourish a person no worse than ordinary food, at least according to people promoting this idea. Since people often watch the sunsets, I decided that nothing bad would happen if I tried to look at the early sun for a few seconds. In order to protect myself, I learned that nothing bad should happen to my eyes if I looked at the sun in the first thirty minutes after sunrise and before sunset. Instead of setting an alarm, I decided to try to ask my Higher Self – aloud or to myself – to wake me up every morning at a certain time before sunrise. And I really was awakened at the exact time I asked for! Moreover, I seemed to feel that I was awakened by *someone*, and did not just wake up. At the moment of awakening I seemed to feel the presence of intelligence near me.

It was mid-spring. I continued to experience health problems, which made it difficult for me to walk even a couple of hundred meters from my house. I tried not to panic and clung to reality, which I now saw with new eyes, having at my disposal new knowledge and understanding about the world. It was not easy to find a place from which to watch the rising sun. But after a few days I managed to do it at one place in the middle of bare trees, and I was able to look at the sun for several dozens of seconds – maybe forty. When I got home, I went to bed to continue to sleep. As soon as I closed my eyes, I began to see a winding gray tunnel with dark stripes in front of my “eyes”. Apparently, I was “flying” through it who knows where. If I remember correctly, there were branches in that tunnel. Not understanding what was

going on, I opened my eyes. Everything was absolutely normal. I was not dizzy or anything like that. When I closed my eyes, the tunnel was still visible, but soon this vision was gone, and I have never had it again.

When I woke up, I went to make myself sandwiches for breakfast. I always needed to eat at least three sandwiches so as not to be hungry. But when I bit off the first piece of the sandwich and ate it, I immediately realized that I was full and did not want to eat anything else.

Fortunately or unfortunately, when the next day I came to the place where I could normally look at the sun the previous day, I saw leaves appearing on the trees that were between me and the sun. I have never conducted a similar experiment again.

I believe that there is something in this sungazing, given that I really was not hungry after a good sleep for the first and last time, and this happened on the day when I was able to stare at the sun for a long time. But I must remind you that there is a chance of damaging your eyesight when looking at the sun. If you want to repeat my experiment – do it only after fully learning all the details of this subject. I will not be responsible if something happens to you.

It is worth mentioning that once I asked my Higher Self to wake me up only if the sky was clear at sunrise – there were many times when I woke up and the sun was hidden behind the clouds. And then on one such day I woke up on my own and, still lying in bed, I saw a completely clear sky. “Why didn't my Higher Self

wake me up?” I thought. I got my answer when I went to the window and saw a wall of clouds hiding behind the roof of my house, moving from east to west.

Then I had another experience in communicating with my Higher Self. As far as I remember, I asked her (being a straight man, I often like to think of my Higher Self as “she” rather than “he” or “it”) about my dream with the mirror, because after reading the book I began to suspect that my Higher Self created for me that dream, which I often recalled, fearing that it was prophetic. And although I had many moments when I completely “got out of myself”, I could not live in such a pure state of mind for several days. Honestly, at that time it seemed to me that if it was not for that dream, I would not have returned to the old habits that estranged me from my humanity. While meditating, I asked my Higher Self about this dream and whether a disservice had been done to me. Having asked this, I realized that the dream was trying to help me and in itself could not influence me in any way. The fact of the matter is that since I let it take such a large part of my life and suffer for it, it means that I did not have the necessary spiritual understanding and knowledge, without which I cannot be born on higher spiritual planets and ultimately reunite with the Superior Intelligence. I immediately felt as if someone full of what could probably be called true love gave me a telepathically confirming “message”.

Returning to the book, I opened, and still open to this day, a lot of truths in it. One of them was what Thao told about the reason

why they were all hermaphrodites on their planet, or rather, what she revealed about sex in general.

Man consists of nine bodies, and animals of three. In the book "Thiaoouba Prophecy" seven of those nine bodies are mentioned: physical, physiological, fluidic, Astral (soul), psychic, astropsychic, psychotypical.

Thao told Michel that the fluidic body affects the physiological body, which in turn affects the physical body. There are six main points in the fluidic body. We know them as Chakras. The first Chakra, which can be considered the "brain" of our fluidic body, is located between our eyes one and a half centimeters above the nose, and it is on the same horizontal level with the pineal gland, which is deeper in our physical brain. When Thaora placed his finger on this Michel's Chakra, Michel was able to gain a temporary gift of understanding all languages. Further, at the bottom of the fluidic body and slightly above the sex organs is a very important Chakra, Mouladhara. Above this Chakra, and meeting the spinal column, is the Palantius. It is in the form of a coiled spring and only reaches the base of the spinal column when it is relaxed. It can relax only during sexual intercourse between two partners who should not only love each other, but also have spiritual affinity between them. Only at this moment and under these conditions will Palantius extend to the spinal column, transferring an energy and special gifts to the physiological body which then affects the physical body. In this case, a person will experience happiness in sexual enjoyment that

is far greater than normal. Feelings of happiness differ between men and women.

Since Thiaooubians are the most superior race, their hermaphrodite bodies allow them to experience at will both male and female sexual sensations at the same time, which gives them a much greater range of sexual pleasure than if they were monosexual. Thanks to this their fluidic body can be at its best, which manifests itself on their beautiful faces that look more feminine than masculine.

After reading these lines for the first time, all that I saw was what I lost and, it seemed, could not have in my life. I learned that sex is not only not a sin, as some people on our “Planet of Sorrows” believe, but it can also improve our health if we have it with a person of the opposite sex, with whom we have love and spiritual affinity.

Another truth that Thao revealed to Michel was the fact that people easily forget. For many years to come, I would discover and rediscover this truth, because if I remembered what Thao taught Michel Desmarquet and us in the third chapter of the book “Thiaoouba Prophecy”, I could make the right decisions in those distant years...

All this time I also tried to regain my health. I went outside from time to time, but I could not walk for too long because of problems with cardiac arrhythmia and the accompanying panic attacks. As for masturbation, the habit was so strong that even the fact that I knew that my Higher Self “saw” me, and maybe



even Thao, could not outweigh the insatiable sexual needs. I had multiple moments when I simply could not function normally, because I could not stop thinking about sex and there was nothing else in my head. Masturbation to pornography helped temporarily clear extraneous thoughts from the mind.

One of my biggest “sorties” was a trip by metro to a store with cloth paint. After reading in the book that combining the colors of clothes with the colors of certain points in our Aura can improve our health, or keep it in good condition, and it is also essential for our good mental balance, I decided to try to dye my white shirt with the colors that I saw in those two layers that I saw around my head and body, still mistakenly believing that they were my Aura. Additionally, I was able to see two more levels, yellow and bright green, coming after dark blue, when I looked at my hand for a long time against a black background. So, I looked for four colors: purple, dark blue, yellow, and bright green. The trip was not easy for me, but I made it, although I could not find all the required colors. For the rest I went to a paint shop located near the Kursky railway terminal, which I knew well, often traveling from it to the village, and often visiting it while working as a courier. I found the colors I need. A cute young girl who seemed cheerful was working in the store. Smiling, she showed me the right shelf with cans. I noted then that I would really like her if it was not for the specific spots on her face. I still refused to learn that the most important thing is not appearance, but what is behind it.

At home, I printed a sine wave that I used to draw a pattern on a white shirt. The resulting pattern kind of looked like leaves. During my painting, a pigeon flew onto my windowsill. The bird had one of its legs always clenched into a fist – a clear injury for the rest of the life. I felt sorry for the feathered one, and I crumbled him a bit of brown bread into a plastic container where used to be butter. He eagerly pecked everything and flew away to return again on the next day, and then he returned again and again.

I dyed my shirt and I liked all the colors. I do not remember if I felt any visible changes in my feeling of well-being. I decided to try to sleep in it, because people who bought a bioresonant T-shirt from Tom Chalko noted that it had good effect on them. I did not want to buy his shirt, since it had all the colors in it, and not those that were unique to an individual person based on their Aura. And so I went to bed in my shirt, and when I woke up in the middle of the night I saw a colored pattern of my shirt in front of my closed eyes! I opened my eyes and did not see the pattern anymore. I felt fine.

One of the problems with my shirt was that it painted my body and it felt very uncomfortable. Unfortunately, after washing almost all colors faded and I did not like them at all anymore, and the purple color became pink. Having put on this “new” shirt, I hurriedly took it off as it markedly deprived me of strength! I tried to put it on again, but the effect was the same – I was clearly not feeling well in it.

I remembered then about a man who could lift a certain weight and constantly lost thirty percent of his strength after looking at the pink screen. Thaora mentioned this experiment in the book Thiaoouba Prophecy. It was, of course, clear that those faded colors of the shirt had a negative effect on me, but I wanted to try something else. I decided to repeat that experiment by looking at the colors to see how they would affect my strength, for the measurement of which I used my rubber hand expander.

The control squeezing of the expander showed that I could only squeeze it slightly since it was very rigid – or I was weak. Then I started looking at different monotonous colors on the screen of my laptop for a minute and immediately tried to squeeze the expander. I found that some colors really gave me enough strength so that I could squeeze the expander to the end and I could hold it in such a compressed position for a long time that I looked at a color that gave me strength. Then I tried to see what would happen if after successfully squeezing the expander I would start looking at a color that was taking away my strength – and I really could hardly squeeze my expander – and if I then looked for a minute at a color that gave me strength, then I on the contrary, I could squeeze it again without any problems. I believe that this is not a bad way to roughly determine the principal colors of your Aura, without being able to see and read it. But, of course, it is still desirable to be able to see the Aura as this will greatly help in life. For example, the Aura may show diseases that have just started to appear. Also, if someone is trying to

trick you, you will also be able to understand this by reading their Aura.

I continued to try to learn to see the Aura. If I could not see it constantly, I wanted to be able not to lose this vision at least for a long time. I recalled that when Thaora gave Michel Desmarquet a temporary gift of seeing Auras, he placed his touching thumbs on Michel's forehead, opposite the pineal gland, and the rest of his fingers touched each other at the top of the head. With this information, I decided to try activating my pineal gland in an attempt to see Auras.

I must say that then I still could not get rid of the habit of thinking about something in my head. Because of this my whole body was tense, and I could not always relax, which affected my eyes that turned red from the expanded vessels. I often had to go to sleep so that my eyes could recover since I was afraid to damage my vision because of my ridiculous and tenacious habit.

It was not long before I began to distinguish some purplish-violet energies that looked exactly like Auras that Kirlian camera could photograph. These were the very first letters of the “alphabet” that Russian scientists were able to photograph – as Thaora talked about. These Auras surrounded both my body and all objects in my room. The vision was amazing – because of which I would often lose my concentration. I practiced seeing my Aura in front of the mirror every day, and each time it became easier for me to see the Aura. Soon, I saw what Thao was talking about in my dream – black patches in my Aura. And at one time

I remember clearly how I saw something in shape similar to a whirlpool rotating around my head and centered between my eyes. It was of dark and dirty colors. Does that whirlwind have something to do with the Chakra that Thao spoke of? I do not know.

As for the black color, it means negative and depressing thoughts – and I was in that very state, even though I had this new invaluable knowledge about life and the Universe. It was still very difficult for me to come to terms with the realities of my appearance and the fact that I began to go bald even faster because of my habit of masturbating and staying most of the time in my head – I successfully eliminated both from my life a few months earlier.

I noticed something else during my Aura vision lessons. The whole room, including the white background behind me, was constantly “painted” with a color that changed simultaneously with my mood.

I decided to try to do an experiment where I like an actor would try to bring myself into different emotional states. To do this, I spoke out loud and thought about different types of things. When I thought about joy and happiness, the color was yellow, and I felt very happy, joyful, and light in the body – in fact, I could not feel my physical body. But at the moment I spoke and thought about such things as money, cars, office and other materialistic concepts, the color turned red and my body immediately was becoming “heavy”, just like my mind.

There is a drawing of the seven Thaori, which was painted by the artist under the strict guidance of Michel Desmarquet – as far as I know, all such drawings have been refined many times in order to accurately convey the details that Michel saw on Thiaoouba. So that drawing shows the golden halos – which every person has, but are clearly visible only in very highly spiritual people and those who sacrificed themselves in order to help someone else. Additionally, there is another round layer that surrounds each of the seven Thaori. I think that that other layer, which is not a golden halo, is the very level of the Aura which its color shows the mood and emotional state of a person, and since the person is in the center of this “mist”, he has the feeling that everything around him is tinted with a special color – it is like looking at the world through colored sunglasses.

Usually this omnipresent color was purple, meaning spiritually oriented thoughts, which is logical since I am sitting in front of a mirror with the intention to see the Aura. At another time, when I tried to see my Aura in the mirror, I was in a completely focused and calm state of mind – I was here and now, having no inner thoughts whatsoever. Then the color of the completely surrounding me Aura appeared, and it was for the first time a sky-blue color. When I read its meaning on the Internet, it coincided with the state in which I was at the moment of observing that color of my Aura.

There was one moment when I still had doubts if that omnipresent color was my Aura. Since I already knew about the

real existence of the Higher Self and Tao, I decided to ask them aloud whether what I saw was Aura. As soon as I finished my question, one of the light bulbs in the ceiling lamp blinked, frightening me from unexpectedness, and at the same time with my emotional change the omnipresent color turned to dark red, which showed my fear at that moment. Then I realized once and for all that it really was my Aura, and that I should not doubt the obvious. As for those two colored layers that I saw for the first time around my body, they were the first two layers of the etheric force field, the last level of which has an oval shape. Tao said that the Aura and the etheric force field can be confused, and I was one of those people who did confuse them.

In general, the result confirmed my thoughts that it is the activation of the pineal gland that affects the perception of the Auras.

Once, when I was lying in bed preparing to fall asleep, I decided to concentrate on my pineal gland, approximately in the center of the brain, and fall asleep in this concentrated state. Naturally, for this I needed to stop letting extraneous thoughts into my mind, which was very difficult to do, but I managed to do it that night. The result was overwhelming when right after waking up in the morning I could clearly see Auras dancing like flames of fire in my whole room! They looked exactly like Michel Desmarquet described them. This vision excited me so much that I lost my concentration, and myriads of thoughts flooded into my mind again.

I clearly remember how I realized then that seeing the Auras is so easy that because of this it is very difficult to learn to see them constantly. Why? Because for the constant vision of the Aura you should always be here and now, and only think of something external when the existing life situation really requires it – for example, when someone asks you about your past or when something will happen in the future. Despite the fact that at that moment I knew how amazing this state of mind was, I clearly understood that at that time and with those habits of mine I should not even dream of achieving it.

Due to the noise from the air conditioners and other reasons I decided to postpone my attempts to learn to constantly see the Aura.

Also, I could not help but think and worry how because of the noise life was passing me by. It was as if years of my life were being taken away from me, and I could not do anything about it.

Moving to my father's apartment was not an option because he could get very drunk at any time. I was also thinking about the option of going to live in the village, and if it was not for my health, maybe I would have done so. But since I could not walk a few meters from my apartment, there was no way I could travel to my village. In addition, there was no Internet there at that time, and I simply would not be able to self-educate myself. Another obstacle was that we had an old village house, and in winter it would be very difficult to survive there.

Thinking about this, I sometimes began to slightly envy the



Americans and their way of life, admiring their cities. I thought that in the USA I could live in my own house in the suburbs and have normal living conditions – water, communications, Internet, etc. In the villages of modern Russia things are somewhat different.

The unbearable atmosphere in the room due to the noise from the air conditioners became a barrier for other spiritual practices. In the book “Thiaoouba Prophecy” Michel Desmarquet was helped several times to get out of his physical body, namely, he was in his Astral body, in which he could freely move anywhere just by thought. I wanted to learn to do this, since it would confirm to me that the death of the physical body is not the end, but only the beginning of a new life in a new body – unless, of course, you have developed spiritually so much that you can reunite with the Superior Intelligence after death of your physical body.

I found a website where a girl named Anna teaches people to do remote viewing and how to leave the physical body – astral projection.<sup>[3]</sup> She talks about her technique, “mind awake – body asleep”. “Simplicity is often superior to complexity”,<sup>7</sup> as Thao said, and this time is no exception because the name of that technique contains everything you need to know to successfully leave your physical body. But there are a few details.

After reading all the information on her webpage, I decided to try to practice the new technique. Surprisingly, I quickly

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<sup>7</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 67.

managed to achieve the state of a sleeping body and an awake mind – a state when your mind continues to remain in the present moment and the body falls asleep, that is, you do not feel it.

In this state, I began to feel my Astral body vibrating – a sign that you are on the right path to separating your soul from the physical body. On the advice of Anna on her webpage, I tried to think and imagine how my Astral body gets separated from the physical body, but nothing came of it. In the end, I just fell asleep. I woke up in the middle of the night, and for the first time in my life I realized that I was flying around the head of my physical body – up and down. Anna described such cases when people could not completely relax their entire body, and because of this the soul could not separate from the area of the body that was tense. In my case, this area was my face – because of my constant thoughts and imagination which strained the facial muscles.

Even though it was not a hundred percent Astral projection, because of the new sensations and personal experience I received, I *knew* that the physical body is not our main body, and since then I am no longer afraid of death, since I know that my Astral body will fly through the psychic channel to the Higher Self, with which it will reunite three days after the death of the physical body. During these three days a person can still be resurrected if the necessary conditions are satisfied.

As with Auras, due to the noise in the room, I was too exhausted psychologically and physically to continue practicing astral projection.

Around the same year, I took from my father a bedding set, the main color of which exactly coincided with the dark blue color of the second level of my etheric force field. When I went to sleep on that bedding set, I immediately began to feel a rotation in the area of my chest. At the same time, I had a clear sensation of fluid. This was the first time I felt a Chakra spin! Alas, I have been passing by the topic of Chakras for all these years that I have my knowledge about Thiaoouba, and, accordingly, about the actual existence of Chakras.

The knowledge that the book Thiaoouba Prophecy was completely true gave me a lot of joy, and at first I felt very good because I found answers to all the main questions that I had since I was five years old.

But there was one thing that from time to time saddened me and made me recall the dialogue of Cypher with Neo in the film “The Matrix” – Why did not I take the blue pill? The reason for this was a line in the book of Michel: “In the beginning there was nothing except darkness and a spirit – *THE Spirit*”.<sup>8</sup> The word darkness brought me into melancholy, as well as another phrase a little further in the book which implies that there is only the Superior Intelligence and no one else – I think that my loneliness played a role here. But then I remembered Thaora’s words about Thiaoouba’s comparison with paradise and that the beauty of their planet is nothing compared to true happiness when we become pure spirit. If one of the most highly developed

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<sup>8</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 83.

beings in the Universe speaks these words, it is logical to assume that I simply did not know all the details about who the Spirit really is and what real life is, so to speak, when we are pure spirit, and I felt sad due to the lack of knowledge. In any case, whether I like it or not, it will not change the truth, and therefore it is illogical to be depressed when you can choose to live happily.

Soon I realized that I loved my life as it was despite all the suffering that I had to experience in it – after all I could learn so much in my life.

About a year after finding Thiaoouba Prophecy, on October 8, 2009, I created a page on the Russian social network “ВКонтакте”. I decided to do it after I met my best childhood friend on the street, who hinted me regarding the social network. Before that, I already had my empty YouTube channel and in June of that year I created a no less empty Facebook profile. On “ВКонтакте” everything was different, and very soon I added to my friend list almost all the friends I could find.

Having talked superficially with a couple of old acquaintances, I went to look for VK groups dedicated to English. One such group was the English TV series group and the English films group. At that time, I constantly watched movies, TV shows, and all kinds of educational programs in English downloaded from torrents to improve my knowledge of the language, and one day I decided to upload a couple of seasons of one of the series to the group. Almost immediately the creator of the group offered me to become an administrator in it, and

I agreed.

At that autumn time I almost did not go out due to problems with cardiac arrhythmia. And the noise from the bank's air conditioners forced me to constantly sit with my headphones on, listening to old music hits that I used to love to listen to on the radio, and reading something, or watching videos on my laptop.

Having become the admin in the English TV series group, I began to upload numerous seasons of various TV shows literally every day – some I watched and some I did not watch. People commented on the video and thanked me for the upload. I think that after many years of loneliness, ridicule behind my back and other negative things, all this joy, praise, and the illusion of communication with people that suddenly fell upon me intoxicated me. In addition, thanks to my new hobby, I could almost completely forget about all the problems that I had in my life.

Soon the group creator made me an administrator and in his other group for movies in English. As with the TV series, I started uploading films in English there so that other people could better learn the language as well.

Soon there were so many videos in both groups that it became hard to find them. Then I started to do navigation in both groups, so that people could find everything they needed by table of contents, genres, and other parameters. In addition to navigation, I made beautiful, in my opinion, icons for each of the TV series. To create them, I used a pirated version of one popular photo

editor. I tried to use GIMP, but at that time it saved images in poorer quality than the paid counterpart.

After some time, there were so many TV shows that it became hard and time consuming to create icons in a photo editor, and then I decided to try to learn a programming language for Flash programs – ActionScript 3. The studying was easy for me, and soon I wrote a program that could do in a couple of mouse clicks exactly the same icons as the photo editor. I uploaded it to the group so that other people uploading the TV series could make their own navigational icons.

Soon after, the creator of those groups gave me the contact of his friend, for whom I eventually did my first freelance work, having received about 1200 rubles. Then it dawned on me that it was possible to work remotely without leaving home.

The groups themselves were very popular then, having several thousand members in each. In general, everything was fine, at least I thought so. From time to time I had to delete messages with obscenities and ban spammers. There were other admins in the groups, but they literally did nothing at all, and as a result I was very exhausted by this “hobby” which became almost an unpaid job for me.

The people in the groups only spoke in English, and I tried to engage in dialogue outside of the comments on the videos. I remember how one sobering incident happened when I went into a discussion where people were leaving their opinions about the photograph of a person in front of them. I left a nice message

about the photo of the person who left the last comment. The following comment after mine was: – “gloomy man”. It was very unpleasant for me to read this comment. I liked the photo I took with the camera of my phone. I made it specifically so that my hair hid the balding areas of my head, but my mental state was not hidden in that black and white photograph. Before that, I had an old photograph where I was about fourteen years old, when I still had no scar on my lip, and I was still beautiful and with full, slightly curled, hair.

It is a fact that because of that photo beautiful young girls added me to the friend list and asked me if the photo was mine. And one of them, the only one with whom I was having a conversation on Myspace, openly called me beautiful. That girl was from India. She was a little older than me. She found me in a group dedicated to the TV series “The X-Files”. I do not know why, just as I do not remember how, but in the course of our different conversations she said that she was a virgin. Among other things, I told her about Thiaoouba and about many other things that I mentioned in this book. We corresponded in English, and the conversation was not always easy because we both did not speak the language perfectly. I knew that she had another friend on Myspace who did not need to use old photographs to show everyone his beauty. The girl herself never gave me any pictures of her.

From the groups English films and English TV shows on “ВКонтакте”, a girl Ira and her friend on the network who, as

it turned out, lived on a nearby street from me, also added me to the friend list. In the process of correspondence with me, Ira wanted to meet with me and with her friend. Then I became uncomfortable because of my appearance and my lip. I began to think that she might not like me, or that something even more terrible would happen, and because of the fear that had formed, I began to refuse to go to the meeting and I did not go anywhere. And could I go anywhere anyway with my serious health problems? Then I almost never left my house, lying in bed almost all day.

There were times when life forced me to urgently put my attention in order. For example, the time when my recently filled front tooth started aching too much. That year I had to fill eighteen teeth at a free city clinic, and the caries in that single tooth was not completely removed. Despite the terrible constant aching pain, I was able to be fully concentrated, which allowed my body and minds to relax and I was again completely healthy. The dentist cleaned the canals and filled the tooth, which only occasionally reminded of itself since then. But I remember how dental filling crushed my sense of sexuality; I felt “damaged”, which for some time affected my self-confidence and desire to seek relationships with girls.

This was another moment when I had yet another proof that psychology, and not masturbation, affects my health – which, of course, does not make masturbation the right thing. But we are only interested in facts, and they say that it was my



displeasure and indignation that overwhelmed me every time after masturbating in porn videos, were the main (but not the only) reason for my poor physical condition. I still could not help but masturbate after abstinence for several days, as thoughts about sex did not give me rest. I often motivated this by the thought that I just would not think badly of myself when I do my thing. But each time my mood fell significantly, and I blamed myself for my weakness, and my calmed heart began pounding again, which forced me to sit at home again.

There was another case that occurred in the fall of another year, when I decided to go out for a walk with a trembling heart. As it often happened at that time, I walked along the streets, but I hardly paid any attention to the environment, blaming myself in my head for all the mistakes I made. In the middle of Preobrazhenskiy Val street, not far from the Semenovskaya metro station, I felt unwell, and I began to panic greatly. I was very far from home – almost three times further than when I felt unwell on Boytsovaya Street. I stopped at the railway line and began to focus on things happening around me – the sound of car engines, the talk of passers-by, the views that surround me and the feeling of cold air blowing around my face – all that was reality around me. The result? I was completely healthy again, and instead of going back home I calmly walked on and turned onto Tkatskaya Street. I think that this was exactly the day when I was returning home along Borisovskaya Street, and along the very railway at the other passage of which I had to

urgently put my mind in order, I first saw a passing train. Why am I mentioning this? I can only say that there is such thing as “synchronicity”, which more than once will play a role in my life.

Thus, I had an unusual dream in which I was killed in a shootout in some American store. Then a light appeared in the sky and in a deep male voice said something about life and work as a train driver in another life, glimpses of which were shown in the dream. It was a strange dream, but I can see a certain symbolism in it.

Returning to my experience with social networks, in the end I began to devote more time to Facebook where on May 15, 2010 I joined the group “Thiaouba Prophecy XP”, dedicated to the book of Michel Desmarquet.

Then I gave that Indian girl a link to my page, but she was not interested in Facebook.

I do not remember exactly what happened next, whether it was some strange misunderstanding due to our not-so-good knowledge of English, or something else happened, but I wrote the Indian girl a final message where I wrote about my thoughts regarding the arising misunderstanding. The impression from her messages was that she wanted to be my girlfriend, but because of the great distances and financial situation this was impossible, even if this impression turned out to be true. I wrote her about this.

I think that in any case I was thinking of deleting my page on Myspace, since there was nothing on that former social network

that would keep me there except for that girl. After my message I went to her page where it became more than clear to me that she was telling everything to her other beautiful friend, who wrote a comment about me, that he could not believe that such people could exist at all... So that this book does not get age rating of 18+ I cannot describe what I wanted to do with him if the anonymity of the Internet did not prevent me from finding him... I deleted my page, but the effect was felt for a long time... too long...

On May 24, 2010, I published a note in VK about my then experience with Thiaoouba and why I knew that that book was true and, therefore, the information written in it was very important. Given the lack of comments and one single “like” from an unknown person to this day, we can safely say that almost no one cared. To be precise, there was one comment from a long-time childhood friend asking me to let him “smoke the thing” too, but for some reason that comment is no longer under my note. In any case, my friend did not read everything carefully, or did not take the topic seriously (or maybe he just did not believe me), since we already have in our body everything necessary for seeing Aura, telekinesis, astral projection, etc., and therefore, we do not need to go to any special place and “smoke” something there to get this *natural* experience. In the end, I was able to learn to see Auras in a tiny room full of air conditioning noise! As for the use of substances, Thiaooubians clearly stated that hallucinogenic drugs remove our Astral body into another

sphere in which it should not be. There it experiences artificial sensations that completely distort the judgment of a person. The Astral body is saturated with false data, but its recovery can take more than one life – therefore, hallucinogenic drugs should be avoided at all costs (provided you do not harm anyone in the process).

There was a time when I woke up in the middle of the night to hear that same friend telling someone under my window bad things about me. It was not pleasant, but I continued to sleep.

In general, I then very often wrote something on my page and tried to communicate with other friends of mine, both old and new. I wanted to be the same as everyone else – normal. Sometimes because of this I spent a lot of time on all kinds of nonsense just to have the illusion that I was not alone. At least, I suppose that subconsciously this was the reason.

But I had some bright times too when I tried to take a break from VK and groups. Moreover, I removed myself from those two groups many a time, but then I asked the new administrator, whom we also often talked with from the time we met in the film group, to add me back and make me admin again. This may sound strange, but I could not get rid of those two groups. I could not live in that unbearable emptiness, which formed when I removed myself from them, and therefore I returned to have some activity again and not be alone.

At the beginning of August 2010, I created a VK group dedicated to Thiaouba Prophecy. At the very beginning, there

were several dozen people in it, some of whom even wrote something and asked questions. But then everything calmed down, and in that group there was almost no activity on the part of other people until this day, March 25, 2020. Fortunately, the situation is slightly different in the group on Facebook.

About a year had passed since I experienced the influence of social networks. During that year, I was still trying to write scripts, and sometimes I was able to get out of my mind and live in a refreshing present. But I essentially did nothing, except to spend time watching something on the computer.

That fall, I had a dream in which I was told roughly the following: “If you don’t start working, we will take you in November”. Under the words “we” and “will take” I understood that Thiaooubians would free my Astral body – in other words, I would die. This may seem surprising, but after all the troubles and continuing serious problems with health and housing, I realized that I not only did not want to die, but I loved my life and would not change anything at all if I was given a chance to relive it again. Yes, I experienced so much suffering, but I also learned a lot in this life, and I treasured that knowledge and my experience with Thiaoouba! And after that moment, I began to slowly make changes in my life.

One of these changes was that for the first time I found the strength to tell my old friends and acquaintances the whole truth about myself – something that I was thinking about doing when I went to the village during the first summer after I learned the

truth about stuttering, but could not. I wrote that message for several days and wrote in it about everything that was true at that moment of my life: masturbation, stuttering, withdrawal into myself, Thiaoouba – everything.

It was not easy to publish such a message, since I thought something terrible would happen. In the end, everything was quite calm. I only remember that one friend wrote a remark about my habit to “jerk off” and its sad consequence, and the creator of the groups in English, on the contrary, said that masturbation is normal and everyone masturbates. I must say that I really thought up to the point that I was almost the only one on the planet who masturbated. One of the village friends that I mentioned earlier asked me how I was doing. And the long-time school friend who hit me at the ninth-grade exams said that he understood now what was happening then. There was only one acquaintance with whom we met in the TV series group that wrote something negative either about a blowjob for five rubles, or about “cowardice” – in any case, it was the easiest removal of a person from the friend list in my life; I will only say that one needs to have a certain degree of courage, as well as knowledge, in order to tell such a truth about oneself to other people in our modern society. In general – it was exactly the same day as all the others – nothing not only did not explode anywhere, but on the contrary, those who wrote in the comments reacted with understanding, and the majority just did not give a damn.

I deleted that note after a couple of months, because I decided

that everyone who needed to read it had already done so, and new people in my life did not need to know all these details about me...

In fact, even though I made then a huge step towards my release, I was still a slave to my mind, imagination, and psyche, which was the real reason for deleting that note. And so, many years later, I am writing this book, which I am going to publish for the whole world, and not for a limited number of friends...

Another change was that I was finally able to not only once and for all leave the groups of movies and TV shows in English, but also deleted *everything* that I uploaded there *myself*, since I did not want to have anything to do with piracy and copyright infringement of others of people.

Needless to say, such a course of events did not appeal to all people. The group creator, who was always friendly to me, decided to call me an “idiot” because I deleted my videos before removing me from his friends. And he was partially right, but he was mistaken in one thing – I was an idiot for having connected the year of my life with these groups, but now I know that events simply could not have developed differently... but more on that later.

Another woman removed me from her friends, saying that she considered me an interesting person. But the question arises – what had changed in my “interest-ness” if I just deleted a few hundred, maybe thousand, videos? I realized my mistake, accepted it, and tried to reduce the damage. Is self-improvement

not something interesting? And in everything else, I remained almost the same person that I was at that time.

In the group itself there appeared those people who before that did not dare to swear, as I tried to keep order, and now they had a chance to express everything that they thought about me. But, fortunately, there were those people who supported me, and some of them remain in the list of my friends till this day. Someone might say that in the end I just got rid of the weeds.

All year I tried to be noticeable in VK. I think I did not want to be alone. But then came the realization that the monitor screen cannot replace the real feelings of real life. I began to visit VK less often and I was alone once again. But then I was alone all that year, I just could not see it...

It is worth saying that I also received other messages in dreams telling me to work.

I will also mention that many years later I decided to remove absolutely all pirated programs from my computer, and now I have either purchased or free programs installed.

I have long noticed that my life was periodic, and my note could be the starting point of a new period in my life. I then once again became concentrated on the real world, and began to wake up in a happy state of mind... then I realized again how easy it was to live in the present, and that it took almost no effort – it does not matter how much you are “lost” in yourself; if you have the *knowledge*, then you can choose to focus on reality when you want it – ideally always, unless otherwise required from you. But



then this simplicity raised a question in my head that would pop up more than once in the coming years – why could not I make this simple decision before I lost my health and began to lose lots of hair because of my stupid actions? After that question self-hatred would follow, followed by thoughts about the past and what could have happened, so that those thoughts could then mix with fantasies.

## Chapter 6. The Search for Self

I was glad that I found the truth about life, but along with clarifying the secrets of the Universe, other realities of my being became clear. One of them was that it became even more difficult for me to find a girlfriend, because now the girl not only had to be not against my appearance, but she also had to be at least not against my knowledge. This awareness could not but strengthen my feeling of loneliness and depression. Sometimes I thought that I did not want to ruin a potential girlfriend's life with myself.

Thao said that new generations on Earth are approaching a turning point and are undergoing a process of self-examination, and they feel even more lonely than other generations before them. She mentioned that if we want to “elevate” ourselves we need to first meditate and then concentrate. Thao said that people often confuse the two terms. I assumed then that my “meditation” on breathing and surrounding sounds was actually a concentration, and meditation was the very state when your mind is relaxed and focused on nothing – you are simply here and now – a state of consciousness similar to that which I experienced that morning when I saw Auras.

The knowledge about reincarnation also had a temporary negative effect on the desire to look for a girlfriend, because for some time I could not get rid of the thought – what if I found a girl

who was a guy in a past life, or maybe even my parent in another life? When watching adult videos on the Internet, I also could not help but think that all these girls could have been males in their past lives. I also remembered Universal Law about mistakes and realized that so many porn actresses would be punished for their decisions in the future by it. Perhaps they will feel the effects of the porn industry on themselves in this life, and maybe one of their next lives will pass in loneliness, when no one will “want” them because many people will not consider their new bodies beautiful and desirable.

As usual, even though I was beginning to understand some of the truths of life, I could not come to terms with my stupid decisions which almost confined me to bed.

I tried again to stop masturbating and watching porn, but there was one very beautiful porn actress with blonde hair who haunted me. At one time, that small-breasted Budapest beauty was one of my favorite porn actresses. Even when I finally went outside, I still could not help but think about what she was doing in her rare “hardcore” videos, or in her only “session” with two guys who, to little surprise, were pretty and with hair.

Then, walking along the boulevard, I knew that there was significantly less hair on my head. To alleviate my mental suffering, I tried to remember about my knowledge and that this is not the last life.

From time to time I thought about hermitage, but then I realized again that I did not want to be alone, however

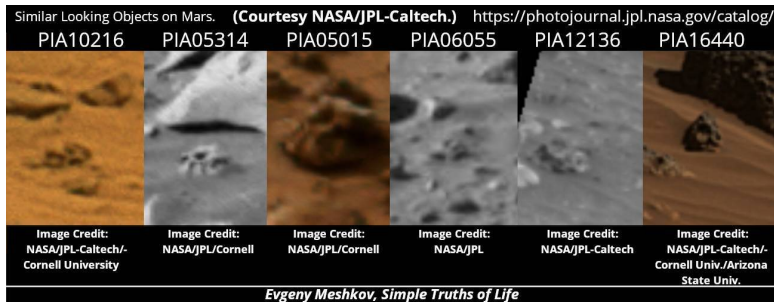
paradoxical it was, given my life situation.

Sitting at home in the Internet, I often visited the Thiaoouba Prophecy XP group on Facebook. I then shared my thoughts about some aspects of the book and offered my ideas and possible explanations of some things that were mentioned in the books, but their topic was not fully disclosed, since otherwise Thiaooubians would have hand-fed us and would have been punished for this mistake. After some time, I and another member of that group were invited to become administrators. As for me, the creator of the group and another admin wrote that they liked what I wrote and how I wrote it. I agreed. Having administrative experience behind me, I knew what to do and I was in my element.

From time to time I looked at Martian photographs taken by the rovers from the surface of the planet. I was just interested in looking at another planet, and I was not looking for anything special. Usually I enlarged the photos to the maximum to better see the stones of another planet. Soon I began to notice “stones” the outlines of which I had already seen before in other pictures. Verification confirmed this – Spirit, NASA's Mars rover, captured indisputable evidence that there was life on Mars!<sup>[4]</sup>

Those objects were round with a central deepening. Troughs went to the edge of the object from the outer edge of that deepening. It was evident that the height of the resulting “ridges” decreased from the edge of the central deepening to the edge of

the object. I called those objects “gears” because they reminded me of spur bevel gears.



These gears were not the only objects that in their appearance showed that they could not be “simple rocks”, as someone might say. The shapes that the objects in the above image have could not have been geologically created.

The presence of all these interesting things on the surface of Mars was not a big surprise for me, since I already knew from Thiaouba Prophecy that there was life on Mars about 1,350 000 Earth years ago – before Mars cooled down internally.

I made a video for YouTube where I showed all these objects along with the others that I found. I do not know if the fact that I mixed all the other poorly distinguishable objects with gears in one video somehow influenced not the best ratings and

comments like “these are all just rocks”. There were also those who shared my opinions. I think that because of strong criticism and attacks, I did not go to YouTube for a long time, and when I dared to do it, I saw that the video gained several thousand views, and a woman from a ufological organization wrote me a message many weeks ago asking my permission to show my video at one of the conferences in the USA. Time was gone... She also expressed her uncertainty about the music that I added to the video so that people would not be bored to watch it. Time passed and I received a notification that the video was not available for viewing in almost all countries of the world due to the presence of music in my video, for which I did not have copyright. I used the function to replace music with the one that was proposed by YouTube’s, and was free to use. Once again, people all over the world could watch the video, but after many months that “free music” suddenly became blocked along with the video. This time I could neither replace the audio, nor download my video to edit it and reupload. I had to remove it. I thought to make that video again, without making my old mistakes, but I was constantly busy with something else...

But that video with the new music was still preserved on my VK page, where I added it on April 1, 2010. It is available at this link: [https://vk.com/video52833835\\_141786170](https://vk.com/video52833835_141786170). It is worth saying that having lived more than ten years since then, I would do and write some things somewhat differently now.

After finding those gears, I notified one of the researchers of

the Martian “anomalies” regarding my discovery. I often read his website, not always agreeing with his conclusions, but it seemed to me that he would definitely decide to publish photos of gears which obviously have the same shape and are located in different places on Mars. I was wrong. He said the finding was not bad, but did not publish it. This was unexpected, since he has articles where he says that giant plants are visible in photographs of Mars from space, spreading their branches in different directions. He made that conclusion based on low-resolution photographs, where one pixel is hundreds of meters. While browsing Google Earth, I saw similar photographs over the African desert, and when I zoomed in on the map, a high-resolution photo showed me one of the types of sand dunes – star dunes. Of course, in those pictures of Mars were captured similar star dunes, not plants. In fact, as I was self-educating in general sciences, it soon became clear that this was not the only mistake of that researcher. The huge amount of material that he gives out as possible giant forests and plants are simply photographs of various types of dunes and other geological formations. Why is he doing this? Does he really believe what he is talking about? Perhaps the fact that he decided to write a book with all his “findings” and started selling it will help you answer these questions.

There was another interesting thing that I saw on Martian images. It was a satellite image of a Martian slope. In that image, I saw what I very often saw in my village after the rain – namely, a long channel, made on a sandy road by water that flowed down

from the side of the road and at the very end formed something like a round crater whose diameter was larger than the width of the channel created by water. The whole view vaguely resembles a tadpole with a very long tail. I realized then that liquid was flowing down those Martial slopes. After many years NASA scientists said in the news that they discovered the presence of water on Mars, showing slopes on which canals were visible, which were not seen in other earlier photographs of the same area.

Further, I know that according to official figures, the so-called “Face on Mars” is an ordinary hill. But not everyone trusts those newer photos from NASA. I think that it is worth to mention a video in which a researcher worked with the symmetry of the Martian “face”, and I immediately recognized in it the face and hairstyle of a Thiaooubian so familiar to me. Thao said that when there was still life on Mars, before the cooling down of the planet, people living there were spiritual – if the “face” is really a face, then I understand why...

Continuing the theme of photographs of the solar system’s planets, I want to add about our perception of reality. This happened when I was doing the colored circle exercises, activating different hemispheres of my brain. One day I noticed that I could see domes on satellite images of the lunar surface, and on the surface of Mars I could clearly distinguish something like oval cavities with a protrusion in the middle. Soon I realized that the “domes” were actually craters, and the “cavities” were



barchans. The fact is that depending on which hemisphere of the brain was active, one and the same thing was perceived completely differently in my mind – it was inverted! This case shows that sometimes some things are not what they may so clearly seem to us. This also applies to our perception of some people...

Meanwhile, the pigeon continued to visit me in Moscow, and he was no longer alone, as he had found himself a girlfriend. Together they flew to my windowsill for a morning breakfast, often consisting of crushed bread, rice, millet, or barley. Their life was excellent, and after the meal they often made pigeon love right on the windowsill. The pigeon himself was very lively and courageous, despite his bent leg, on which he walked like on a crutch. He always drove away from “his” windowsill all the other pigeons that encroached on his food and windowsill, and maybe even on his female. But the moment came when his girlfriend got sick with what I identified as trichomoniasis. Attempts to mix the medicine for her in drinking water failed, and she soon died.

I perfectly remembered that after death, people reincarnated in new bodies. But what about animals? Animals only consist of three bodies, and not nine like humans. It is logical that two of those bodies must be physical and physiological. But what is the third body? Could it be the Astral body, or maybe the fluidic one? The fluidic body contains Chakras, and in the case of people it plays a very important role in sex, when we can have it every day and get benefits for our fluidic, physiological

and physical bodies – provided, of course, that there is love and spiritual affinity between those two people of different sexes. Animals on the other hand want to have sex only for breeding, and they are not motivated by anything else. Therefore, I tend to believe that the fluidic body is not part of animals. But what about the Astral? In the case of humans, it retains all the spiritual knowledge acquired during our lives in different physical bodies. Animals do not seem to be learning anything spiritual during their lives. A predator will remain a predator until the end of its life, just as a herbivore will not begin to hunt its peers. At least that is how it looks like.

As far as I understand, there are no predatory animals at all on Thiaoouba, the planet of the last ninth category. This is logical, since the people born there have learned spiritually everything that they could learn in this Universe, and so they no longer need to suffer in any way from their environment. By the way, it is precisely because of the accumulation of complete knowledge that the responsibility of the inhabitants of the ninth planets are to assist, guide, and sometimes punish the inhabitants of the planets under their guardianship. And as for the planets of the first category, or “Planets of Sorrows”, such as the Earth, people live on them to learn how to “live, suffer and die”,<sup>9</sup> and also to develop spiritually as much as they can. The latter, as I understand it, applies to all categories of planets.

So, with thoughts about whether the animals also have a piece

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<sup>9</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 63.

of the Superior Intelligence in them and whether they go through their own process of evolution of the soul, I went to bed. It was the night of January 28, 2011. I know this since I first started a diary of spiritual experience after what happened when I woke up in the morning of that day.

It was an unusual dream about birds. I tried to remember the details and write them down, but my record is full of question marks. One part was about the knowledge that was imprinted in animals, so that later they could remember them in life. Further in the dream appeared an etheric force field and something about communication. Then the scene of the dream moved to a circular stone tower. Michel Desmarquet and some other dark man were there. They were in a boat. Two plants grew in the water, and one was broken by Michel who was very upset about that plant resembling pineapple leaves. Then the dark man began to play with Michel's knee (or something like that) and...

I woke up. In front of my closed eyes, I saw Thao's face. Her eyes were emanating waves that seemed to be spreading towards me – as if someone had simultaneously thrown two identical stones into a quiet lake at a short distance from each other. I asked in my mind in English: “Thao, are you here?”

On that night, the bank's air conditioners were turned on, but they did not make too much noise. Then I fell asleep and had other dreams, after which I woke up and again saw Thao's face in front of my closed eyes. I do not remember what those dreams were about. When I woke up, I decided to create a text file where

I began to record and save all the spiritual experience that I had in this life.

In May of that year, I started working as a freelancer. My self-taught programming allowed me to complete several Flash projects. A month after my freelance work, I received my first payment to the bank card. Then I could hardly go outside, but still I reached the bank below. To do this, I had to go around my house, which in those days was a real challenge for me, given my physical and psychological condition.

Then I often thought about getting money, and one night I had a dream where children asked whether it was normal to constantly want to get paid. I thought about it and I tried to pay more attention to what I could learn from my work as a programmer, instead of worrying about whether the client would pay me or not. As for the money, after I was deceived and not paid \$50 after my second project, I asked next clients to set up a 75% “milestone” of the agreed cost of the project. I sent files only after I saw real money in escrow – by and large this was a strong recommendation of the website itself, on which I received my contracts. Therefore, I was protected financially. As for the remaining 25%, I never asked people to send them, but absolutely all clients paid the rest of the money. I am glad that most of the people I worked with were honest.

After some time, I began to learn PHP, CSS, HTML5, and JavaScript. I realized that I like HTML5 more than Flash, which I said goodbye to.

Unable to go outside, I spent time at the computer. At one time, I became interested in Apple products and probably looked at all the Keynotes hosted by the charismatic Steve Jobs. I wanted to have a laptop from his company, but when my freelancer salary allowed me to buy a modern laptop from Amazon, I just could not pay more than a thousand dollars for a laptop, the components of which were several years worse than what I ultimately bought. It was a refurbished laptop from MSI for a little less than a thousand and a half dollars. It was only slightly inferior to the best laptops of the time.

While I was waiting for the parcel from the USA, I started playing GTA: Vice City. The very game that consumed me in the tenth grade, but this time I played it in English, and it was an official copy bought on Steam.

In those years, I was often very nervous and very easily annoyed, since even though I tried to strive for something, hoping that everything would change in the future, I could not forgive myself for my mistakes. I often yelled a lot if something did not work out for me, or if something just annoyed me. One of those days was no exception, and when I played the video game, I hit my laptop keyboard hard with my fist. It turned off, but still was able to turn on and continued to work properly. I was lucky then, but not having learned the lesson, I hit the laptop again, and this time it went out forever. This action was terrible also because a few months earlier, in a fit of anger, I broke up another laptop, which I bought for twenty-five thousand rubles, naively believing

that I would go to the USA where I would need a laptop with Wi-Fi. I was in such a wild state then that nothing was left of the laptop screen. Somehow, I managed to persuade my mother to buy me a new cheap laptop for sixteen thousand – which I ruined with my blow. Earlier, when I had not yet worked as a merchandiser, I threw my twelve-thousand-ruble phone. The hit on the hard tile of the toilet deformed it so that the screen showed only white color. As a merchandiser, I saved up money for a new phone for about the same twelve or thirteen thousand. Alas, but it was also broken by me. Fortunately, I learned from mistakes after all and decided to buy myself the cheapest phone for a thousand rubles. It was just a cell phone that pleased me for a while. But it too was destined to fly out the open window of my apartment. As a result, I threw a little over sixty-six thousand rubles into the wind... and if you also count the replacement of the matrix of an old laptop with the purchase of an unnecessary, cheap monitor for a temporary screen, the figure will be even higher.

I think that this dark series of events made me realize that even though I found the truth about life thanks to Thiaoouba, I was not even remotely as happy as I was when I did not know what I learned later about life. Naturally, I treasured my experience with Thiaoouba and Thao, as well as my knowledge, but as soon as I remembered my mistakes, all my happiness and love for life immediately changed polarity.

Meanwhile, the laptop was delivered to the post office. I just needed to go there. In reality it was not so simple, but I managed

to deal with my fears. The computer was fully operational and worked several times faster than the previous deceased brother. And after I bought an SSD, it became almost perfect. On that first day with a new laptop, I tried to note in my head that whatever would happen, I would not break it. It is March 29, 2020, and I am writing these lines on the same notebook that I have never “offended”, having learned from some of my mistakes.

Before breaking the laptop, I was enthusiastic to continue working as a programmer at home. But the fact that I continued to destroy the things around me greatly wrecked me. Many months passed before I again began to take up new projects from time to time.

Having a new laptop and no longer having the desire to work, I started playing video games on it, which used to run at five frames per second on minimal settings. But at that time, I could play StarCraft 2 and GTA IV on maximum settings.

There was a case when months earlier I started playing video games again after I got sick and lay in bed with a fever. I downloaded Quake II to kill time and have some nostalgia, and during the playthrough I received a message saying that I started playing again – I do not remember if it was a telepathic message or a message in a dream. I deleted the game and went doing other things and continued my self-education. But the seed was sown, and from then on, I began to buy games and play them from time to time, which took more of my time than I would like.

From time to time, I still tried to write scripts. I tried to develop one of the ideas to the end. My cousin suggested that I give it to read to one of her acquaintances on television. The script was called weak, which was not a big surprise, since I wrote it in a hurry and I was not really thinking about the spiritual, so to speak, side of the script. The story did try to teach the main characters something, but the execution was weak and banal. Naturally, not a single Hollywood studio was interested in this script.

But I also had a chance to find out two more things important to me. When the cousin came, whom I had not seen for a long time, she was clearly of old age. It was a surprise for me to see her very changed face, since the last time I remembered her she was a very beautiful woman, and in very early childhood I even had a little crush on her, not understanding then about family ties... But at the same time with that discovery happened another moment when I spoke, and this time she was in shock to look at my face. Remembering the video of myself that I recorded after the shock of the second prostitute, I perfectly understood what was the reason for that new awkward episode...

It was evening when I was sitting in bed with my laptop in my lap, trying to direct my imagination in the right direction of screenwriting. Then, for yet another time, I began to focus my mind on what is in the present and not in my imagination. I clearly remember how I realized then that my habit of fantasizing is a very serious thing that cannot be underestimated. It must be



treated as a disease or something else that really threatens life.

As I already wrote, before during the moments of full presence in the present moment I became clouded over with sadness. I wanted to enjoy life, and not live in misery. Due to the scarcity of my spiritual and material knowledge at that time, I returned to imagination, motivating it with the fact that I actually knew from my own experience that it was very easy to get out of this state – you just need to focus on five senses, rejecting all other thoughts that have nothing to do with the surrounding reality.

But this time was different, and I was implacable in my decision to live in the present. Soon, I accidentally looked at my palm and saw on it something that most certainly had not been there before – a short line crossing over my life line.

I only read a little about palmistry. I cannot say that I totally believed in it, but I cannot say that I did not believe in it either. I am neutral in this matter, about which more serious scientific research should be conducted. Nevertheless, the knowledge that I had influenced my decisions. For example, I made a rather ridiculous decision to continue to masturbate based on the fact that under the little fingers of my hand there were lines that, as far as I know, in palmistry mean that a person will have children. I made myself believe that masturbation would not affect the search for my mate for life since I was “destined” to have children.

Then, a very long time ago I read about the case when a

fortuneteller foretold a man on his arm that he was destined to die soon by suffocating. Fearing that someone would strangle him, he went to the desert where there would be absolutely no one. Soon, a sandstorm rose in the desert, and the man suffocated from a lack of oxygen. I used to think that story was true, not seeing some problem moments with logic of that story.

And so that evening I was staring at the newly formed short line on my palm, recalling what I wrote about in the previous paragraph, as well as the fact that a long time ago in the village I also had a clear red spot appear on my life line right when I was thinking of suicide, and it immediately disappeared after I came to my senses. I knew then that that short line was the direct consequence of my decision to completely rebuild my thinking and live in the present. And I thought I knew then that that short line crossing the life line means death. But I was relentless in my decision and did not intend to turn off, because I decided then that it would be better for me to die than to live in such a wildest state of consciousness when I could hardly be called a man. I thought that I already knew in this life everything that could be learned from my experience with imagination, and therefore there was no reason to return to that state of my own free will.

That night I had a dream where in the schoolyard in front of my house the father of my best childhood friend approached me. He told me then that there is still something to learn in this life.

When I woke up, I thought about the message of that dream and decided that I would continue to dream, but I would only do

it “slightly”. The short line was no longer on my palm.

I decided to continue working, but soon realized that I was starting to get bored of working as a freelancer. Based on what projects I did, I decided to create my own website where I would sell my web applications. I made a couple of applications, made a website, and worked on the integration of a payment system. I remember how I wanted to make a feature of free trial of the application before buying it, and I had a button with the screaming name “Try before you buy!”

It was day and then suddenly I saw Thao's face in front of my open eyes. The vision disappeared after a moment. One of the reasons for this vision was that it allowed me to understand that I did not want to trade anything at all, since it went against my nature, my principles and knowledge. I stopped working on the payment system and shifted my focus to ad units. As a result, that website with web applications never saw the light of day. Another indirect reason was that it was another indisputable evidence that Thao really existed, which meant that all the events described by Michel Desmarquet in the book Thiaoouba Prophecy really happened. Of course, I did not need any more evidence, and I did not look for it, but if earlier, in theory, someone could say that me seeing Thao's face before my closed eyes right after sleep was some kind of a residual dream, or something like that, now it was no longer possible. I should also mention to you that to this day it was the only vision that I saw before my open eyes. All the others happened only when my eyes were closed.

By the way, until that event that happened during the day, I had a few more moments when after waking up I saw Thao's face in front of my eyes closed. But once, instead of Thao, the face of Biastra appeared before me. Why? Firstly, the previous day I walked along the street and decided to stop thinking about what I should do, and starting to live in the present – it was a sign for me that I was on the right track. Such visions after sleep often occurred after I made the right decision on the previous day, and the unexpected vision of Thao in the middle of the day meant the opposite, that I was going the wrong way. And secondly, I think that this was before my vision of Biastra's face, when I received a message saying that Thao was busy at that time and could not be distracted by me for some time – and for some considerable time after that message I actually stopped having dreams with Thao, and I did not have any other unusual occurrences happen to me. I realized then that the message was from Biastra.

In that segment of my life, I almost always lay in bed not being able to walk a couple of meters from the door of my apartment. I often watched YouTube and I got interested in photography. When I was still working as a courier, I was thinking about buying a camera, but in the end, I bought an expensive phone with a high-resolution camera. The quality of the images left much to be desired, although the macro photos were pretty good. Now I had done what would have been nice to have done before – I learned better about cameras: sensor size, aperture, photosensitivity, etc. I was thinking about buying a camera, but

I had very little money left after buying a laptop. I knew for sure that I wanted a camera with a large sensor, but I did not know which one.

One night I had a dream in which I was told something like: “We will buy you a camera”. I confess that in the morning I had questions for this dream. Firstly, I was a little confused by the fact that Thiaooubians (from whom I thought that dream came) spoke about money – although now I understand perfectly well that each tool can be used for the benefit of others, and money is no exception, even if it is one of the main dangers to humanity that Thao spoke about. Secondly, during that dream, I had a feeling of “parenthood” emanating from the speaker. Of course, if we recall that our Planet of Sorrows is comparable to a kindergarten, then Thiaooubians could well be comparable to the “parents”. But, I think, I felt a little awkward because my mother was in the same room with me, and somewhere in the back of my mind I did not want to “betray” her. It is not easy for me to describe all those feelings in words, but the important thing is that soon in one of the stores there was a discount on a camera with a Micro 4/3 mount. The discount was 30%, and the camera itself was perfect for me. It was compact and lightweight, as were its lenses. The quality of the pictures was very good for my modest needs. I spent ten thousand on it.

In mid-January 2012, a courier brought the camera, and the next day I tried to make my first outing in the long months. Naturally, I took the new camera with me. It was not easy for me

to walk, and after a few meters from the entrance door the panic came over me. But if earlier during such moments I immediately wanted to go home fast, remembering well the incident on Boytsovaya Street, during that time I lifted my camera and started taking pictures to refocus my attention from the panic to what was happening on the camera's monitor display and around me. It helped, and I went a few meters further forward! I reached a small square not far from home, taking new pictures.

The next day I was able to walk a couple of hundred meters further. And the next day, my growing confidence that everything would be fine allowed me to go even further, although I still could not go far, because the thought of how much I would have to go to the house in case something bad would happen would bring me a new panic and I would turn back.

Thus, the camera helped me a lot in my efforts to recover and return to normal life, and I understood the meaning of my previous dream about buying a camera for me.

But, unfortunately, pornography continued to "call" me to return to it in order to "watch" a video with another new beauty. As usual, I hated myself after another such "viewing" of porn videos. But on other days, on the contrary, I wanted to masturbate to porn. I remembered the words of Thao that they could, at will, experience both male and female sexual sensations at the same time. I am not at all surprised by the fact that I managed to force myself to believe that this somehow made masturbation the right thing. And so after many porn sessions

I had a dream in which a familiar female voice said with a condescending tone similar to what people say to small children who do not understand simple things: “But these are different things!”

It must be said that this was not the first time that I confused erroneous activity with sex. So, I remember exactly how from my 13 to 18 years of age, I had thoughts that by masturbating I was having sex, which is safe, since for obvious reasons you cannot get infected with sexually transmitted viruses. Now, of course, I realize that I was very wrong when I thought masturbation was sex. The very mechanics of masturbation and sex are completely different, and, therefore, the sensations are also completely different.

Meanwhile, in early March, I again went outside with my camera. I walked a good walk that day, but coming up to the house I could not help but think about the still open window in our house. Mom went outside before me, and when she returned, she usually closed the window that was left open for airing. She really was not at home, and she did not answer her cell phone. I started to worry. First, I called aunt Zina and my father – no one knew where she was. Then I began to seriously worry. Having phoned a couple of hospitals and morgues, I found out that walking along the cemetery, my mother slipped on the icy yellow slope of the sidewalk and broke her thigh neck. This is one of the most serious fractures that a person can get. She was lying in the 29th Bauman Hospital, almost five kilometers from

my house. I needed to bring a medical policy so that she could be treated.

Father was drunk at the time, but promised not to drink anymore and sober up to help me and my mother. But it would take several days to sober up for him.

I had not traveled this far for many years, and I was in mild horror. I went outside to take the tram on the first day, but did not dare to get into it. I decided to meditate at home in order to put myself at least somehow in order, and the next day I forced myself to just go into the tram car without thinking too far ahead. I also took with me the camera that helped me deal with panic attacks. It was not easy, but I came to the hospital and visited my mother, bringing the medical policy card, the charging device for her discharged phone, water, and some food.

The next day, we visited her with my father, and then, when I came alone, being already more confident in my well-being, mother's sister Zina was visiting her.

Doctors performed tests to understand if mom could have had surgery on her leg since she was already sixty-one years old. Lord, sixty-one! I totally forgot, immersed in my inner world and worries, that time continued to go down its course and did not want to wait for anyone.

As a result, she underwent surgery to fasten the bones with osteosynthesis. After some time, mom was released from the hospital, and my father and I took her home by car.

But I need to mention one important dream that I had



immediately after I found out that my mother was in the hospital with a very serious fracture, and that it would be my task to help her for the rest of life. Of course, I was ready to help her the best I could, but a clear thought did not leave me that my wish to go to the USA had met its end.

That night I had a dream that answered one of my questions which I often asked in outbursts of anger at my fate and misfortune – Why?

In the dream, me and two other girls were walking from the Sheredar' River towards our village. We were lightly dressed, as it was a clear and hot summer day. Strange, but the fields on both sides of the road were completely covered with deep water. There was something like a spear in my hand, and as we moved further, I noticed some movement in the water to my right. Then I cried out very loudly: “Beavers!!!” – to warn people of imminent danger. I think that I got scared and ran away, leaving those two girls behind even though the spear hinted that I had to protect those people. While I was running back to the river one of the huge beavers, about 3 to 4 meters in length, and about one and a half meters in height, jumped out of the water, and as its huge mouth opened, getting closer and closer to my head, completely absorbing it, the picture stopped, and a message came from Thao saying that this was the reason why my mother broke her leg. I left her then, and now I need to be with her and help her.

There are some interesting moments from my life related to this dream.

One is that a very long time ago, when I was a little child, my mom and dad went to the village. It was spring, and the snow had already melted. We went to the river Sheredar', and we were met by exactly the same picture as in my dream – the water completely hid fields underneath on either side of the road. Only the sky was cloudy and the air was cool. Having come to the river, I entertained myself by throwing sticks and pebbles into small funnels on the water, which formed as if spontaneously in different parts of the flooded field.

Another synchronicity lies in that my mother once mentioned that she saw stumps and trees nibbled by beavers. She said she was a little afraid of them because they had such sharp teeth. Then her fear of beavers seemed a little funny to me...

Then I found out that in North America there really were huge beavers over 12 000 years ago.<sup>[5]</sup> Additionally, I found several Native American legends about giant beavers attacking people, but that webpage is no longer available.

After some time, I wanted to see if the mouth of an extinct giant beaver really could fit a human head in it. The answer was positive.

A few months earlier, I had another dream message. I was asked in it why I wanted to go to the USA. The purpose of that dream was to open my eyes to the obvious things that I will accept only after many years. But perhaps that dream had an additional meaning? I thought then what if I had already lived in North America in past lives and therefore wanted to get there because

of that, pining for old places? For example, I remembered that when we were children, my friend namesake went to live in the United States with his parents. I remember how an unusual feeling of a craving for America took hold of me for a moment after I heard that news.

Sometimes I wondered how the apartment, from which I sometimes very badly wanted to go to America, became like a fortress for me where I was comfortable psychologically. What would happen to me if I really went to America earlier in life and lost my health there that I could not go out anywhere?

In Moscow, I walked with my mother. She walked slowly with a walker. I took the camera with me to capture the new spring. I remember how I took pictures of sparrows, and the janitors somehow joyfully looked at me. Maybe too joyfully? In general, I tried to enjoy life and be positive. The positivity was dissolved when my mother and I walked slowly along the street, and I walked some distance forward from her. Then a woman with a dog approached my mother and began to ask her something, pointing at me. Soon she left, still looking strangely in my direction. Mom told me that she asked her if I was bothering her with something or somehow posed a threat. I was offended. I did not understand how that woman could come to this idea? After all, we just calmly and quietly walked along the street! Could my appearance somehow contribute to that situation? Then I was with long hair which I did not cut for many years since baldness did not allow me to have normal hairstyles. The

hair itself, and my whole appearance, seemed completely normal in the mirror's reflection. At heart, I realized that perhaps my constant presence in the inner world could somehow show itself even when I did not speak.

Speaking of being lost in my imagination and memories, which manifested themselves in the form of conversations with oneself in my mind, the matter got very serious. I remember watching a walkthrough of the "Halo" game, and Cortana (artificial intelligence) said that she would think herself to death. I remembered that phrase very well because I felt that this was exactly what was happening to me during that period of my life. I just could not stop thinking. I was thinking about something all the time! It does not matter what about. The important thing is that my brain did not have a second of rest, and my strength was leaving me. I understood that I would die if I continued to go down this path. As you can see, I managed to change the course of my life.

Did I tell my parents about my experience with Thiaoouba and about my knowledge? I did try. A few years earlier, I tried with occasional stammering to tell my father about Thiaoouba when we were driving to our village. I do not know what he thought about all this. He was a kind person and tried to be understanding towards others. I told my mother about the book too, and she read it. But it was clear that she did not particularly believe that information.

Unfortunately, when I showed her my ability to move light

things with the power of thought, she still did not take the book seriously.

I have not mentioned in this book yet that I learned telekinesis at about the same time as I learned to see Auras and astral projection. There was a funny moment at school when my classmate jokingly tried to move a bottle cap with his power of thought. And he really tried to use power, or force, as his whole face was in tension. Naturally, the bottle cap stood still. When I came home from school, while laughing at myself, I tried to move some object without touching it. To no avail. But now that I knew that people could really learn to move objects with the “power” of thought, I was no longer in the mood for jokes. Thao demonstrated to Michel telekinesis and levitation. In both cases she had to concentrate.

Recently, I studied physics and read about leverage which with a small expenditure of force can move heavy objects. This idea remained in my head, and I decided to suspend a meter-long thread and began to try activating different parts of my brain to move the tip of that thread with just “thought” alone. I could not understand if the tip of the thread was moving because of me or because of my breathing, or maybe because of draft. The next day I went to the bathroom where I hooked the thread to the tube for the curtain. I sat on the washing machine and with a handkerchief on my nose began to meditate on breathing in order to relax my body and mind. My eyes were open and looked at the tip of the thread. Trying to “turn on” different parts of my brain,

I imagined that the thread was moving, and then I just tried to think about its movement, as if it was part of me. And finally, the tip of the suspended thread twitched! This was a sharp movement that clearly could not have been caused by either breathing or draft. Having regained concentration after surging excitement, I tried to shift the thread again. In the following days, I also tried to learn telekinesis, and each time with my success I could not believe that I was able to move light things with just my mind alone! Perhaps I was not even so enthusiastic and excited at the sight of Auras... although no, I was.

Sometimes I extended my right hand to the tip of the thread, so that my index finger was a centimeter from its end. I alternated pulling and pushing the thread to and from my finger. It was not easy, but the thread slowly and confidently was moving towards my finger. And when I “wanted” to push it away, the tip of the thread also moved away from my hand. In other sessions, I tried moving the tip of the thread by “drawing” the number 8 with it. I “imagined” its movement in my mind, and it really began to draw the number 8 in the air. Why did I just not rotate it in a circle? I think that I just liked to do things the hard way.

I practiced telekinesis every day, and soon I could move the end of the thread by a few centimeters. I decided to try to complicate my task and attached a small screw to the end of the thread. Having brought the finger of my hand closer to it, I could easily attract and repel this new light object. Moreover, I found that I could turn my finger so that the screw looked directly into

the ground, and it was as if glued to my finger for as long as I “wished” that. I could also easily push the screw away from my hand, and then immediately pull it back. It was at that time that I decided to call my mother to show her my abilities. She saw this contactless movement of the screw, but without saying anything special, she went off to attend to her material concerns...

Sometimes during my practices I felt as if energy was coming out from my fingertips, which is also reported by people who, according to them, can move objects without touching them physically.

But there were bad times in those early years after finding the most important book in my life (and perhaps in the world). One of them happened when I was walking along Prospekt Budennogo near a local school, and in front of me were two pretty young girls. I will never forget those feelings of resentment and depression when they looked at me and laughed, trying to cover their mouths with their hands. There is no question that they laughed because of my appearance. It was not easy for me then. Additionally, I did not understand what was the reason for their laughter? Long hair that I had not cut for many years? Lip asymmetry? Or something else? Could me being lost in myself be reflected on my face, distorting it – I thought again?

Perhaps it was that moment that made me shave my head for the second time. This time I did it myself with scissors and a regular razor. I noticed longingly that the density of the hair was clearly less in the center of the head than on the sides. That

certainly wasn't the case when I shaved my head for the first time...

I thought at that time that someone could love me for who I am, but then I realized that I myself could not accept myself with such an appearance. My plan was to stay bald forever, but I changed my mind, deciding to postpone the inevitable into the future. It was also painful to realize that it was unlikely that the girls I liked would want to be with me.

But there was something else dark in my life. When I read Thiaoouba Prophecy, I remember exactly how uncomfortable I felt when Thao started talking about a man who is a failure – someone repressed, frustrated, inhibited; someone ignored, who yearns for recognition. I felt uncomfortable then because I saw myself in many of the first words listed.

Thao then talked about sensationalist journalists who thoughtlessly broadcast a lot of violence, and sometimes even look for it in order to rise in the ranking. She mentioned the importance of applying psychology on television so that people with the aforementioned problems in life do not dare to take up arms and kill people in order to get to the front pages of newspapers, even posthumously. It is enough for news agencies to say just in one sentence about the occurred incident, without giving the name of the killer and other details, so as not to push another similar person to such savagery in search for his moment of “glory”.

Unfortunately, the journalists obviously did not listen to



Thiaooubians, and new cases of mass shooting were taking place in the USA. Another time, I came across a story about a guy with “awkward social skills” who decided to kill a girl he liked and who was about to marry another guy. I felt sorry for the injured and the dead, although I knew that they would be reincarnated in a new body again, but I could not help but feel sympathy for the killers themselves, because every time I listened to TV reporters, I felt like they were talking about me – our life situations were so similar... I roughly understood what those people were going through in their lives...

Since my desire to move to the United States was over, or almost over, I was thinking about starting to look for a girlfriend. The pigeon partly helped me with this, as he found a new feathered female companion. If for Cesar Millan the dogs were teachers, then for me at that moment the pigeon was my teacher, whose damaged leg did not prevent him from living a full-fledged pigeon life in a big city.

I became very attached to my feathered friend. So much so that when he did not visit me for several days, I thought he was dead, and I got upset to tears. That night, I had a dream with Thao and the others. They said something about the pigeon, but I remember almost nothing. Then the pigeon flew back to my window, as if nothing had happened.

I was thinking of going to the center and maybe approaching some girl. But there was a problem. This is very ridiculous, but every time my physical and psychological state was restored

enough for a trip to the city center, I again went to porn sites, telling myself that I was fine, I just need to continue to be focused on the present after the end of my self-satisfaction session. It was difficult to focus my mind, and this cycle was repeated again, again, and again, each time greatly worsening my health. I could not go anywhere to get to know anyone. I tried to go out after another regression, going farther and farther every day, but the result was always the same. I often asked back then why do other people feel normal after masturbation, while I should suffer so much? “Where's the justice?” – I thought again.

This health situation was very incomprehensible. When I was still working as a merchandiser, I sometimes had to run fast in order to be able to cross the street while the green light was on. I noticed then that I felt absolutely normal. Then, when I was no longer working, I ran around Cherkizovsky pond a couple of times; I ran about 2 kilometers per run. Everything was fine with my hearts too, and I could easily walk after a run. But as soon as I masturbated and got an orgasm – even if I did it very, very quickly, just to remove thoughts about sex from my head, and at the same time I wasted the least amount of physical strength – I immediately began to have heart problems, the rhythm of which began to be accelerated... I did not understand why. Internet searches also failed; I could only find the question of one person who had the same problems after masturbation as I did, but no one answered him anything useful...

Some time ago, I started watching Ancient Aliens. The first

season seemed pretty good to me. Moreover, after many episodes I had unusual and rather mysterious dreams, many of which featured Thiaoouba and Thao.

In one dream, Thao told me that she died from poisoning after spraying gas in the middle of a crop field.

In another dream, Thao walked into the train carriage and then realized that it was too late (something bad happened). If I remember correctly, this realization came when the doors were closing.

There was another a dream, teaching about learning the basics of a computer program in order to use it the right way. At that time, I studied many computer programs, and I think that the dream was related to the fact that I immediately jumped to learning about the final functionality of those programs, and not learning about what lies at their basis – the foundation from which all the rest of the functionality is growing out. Having an understanding of the fundamental basis of something, we will be able to figure out and understand the principle of operation of everything that grows from that simple basis.

And another dream was different in that at the very end, when I climbed over the school fence, the picture stopped and three-dimensional words appeared in front of me. A male voice read them out loud: “The dream is coming soon. It is more upset than it is revealed”. Immediately I woke up, and after a second the noisy bank conditioners turned on. They would definitely wake me up since the noise was unbearable. By the way, I managed

to get to the workwear shop on my street and buy construction headphones with good noise reduction; thanks to them, sleep has become much peaceful. As for the “coming dream,” it actually came during another night, and it really did not “reveal” much. But the reason for these dreams, as I think, was to show me that dreams that occur on different days can be the continuation of each other.

On the first of February 2011, I had a dream where I spoke with Thao, and when I asked her if it was her who helped me, she said that it was not (maybe she said that it was just a dream). Then I began to suspect that it was also a dream, and she was not the real Thao. I asked her to tell me about my Aura, expecting from her to answer that she sees black, but she said that the Aura was orange. In a dream, it was clear to me that she was not the real Thao, but when I woke up and looked up the meaning of the orange Aura, I discovered that it refers to sex and, like black, has a good connection to my essence.

I am writing about this dream because in the following months I had other dreams that featured the same beautiful girl with long blond hair, whom I considered Thao in those dreams, even though she was in a different body. In one dream the “other” Thao was sitting at the bench with me and with someone else. I think some guy started pestering her and I stood up for her, which cooled the bully, and the other Thao clearly noted my help. In another dream the same other Thao was in a dental clinic, and a female voice was telling me that people on all planets, no

matter how depressed, take care of their health. This is not quite an accurate quote, since I did not record that dream at the time, but at that time I had a bad tooth, which I went to fill in a paid clinic long time ago. Caries formed on the side of my tooth next to other one, and I could not go to cure that tooth because of my health – once I started to lose consciousness on the dentist’s chair, which she fortunately noticed right away and gave me ammonia – and I was afraid that, due to poor health that I had at the time, I might get not well again.

As for the real Thao, there was another interesting dream in which she lived in a medieval European church. There were people covered in blood inside it, and they were afraid that I was a demon. They were looking for proof that I was not the demon, and when they got it, I walked inside and went to see Thao, interrupting her conversation with another man. They were both dressed in black clothes. We came back to the hall with people. Next we were going to go to a private room, and at that time an indecent thought about sex came out of my mind (in fact this was the same word that my classmate mentioned in the ninth grade), and Thao, having read it, fell silent, and the smile disappeared from her faces. We stayed with everyone else. Then, recalling my old dream about the dugout, I began to timidly ask her if werewolves actually exist. She said nothing and only frowned, lowering her eyes.

In another dream with Thao I “joked”, but she did not find it funny. The dream had to do with my habit of imagining

different situations which, with my knowledge of the time, seemed normal, but in reality they were not.

I also had one single dream about Jesus. I only remember that I was sitting at a school desk in front of him, and I felt the same sense of awe that Michel Desmarquet had when he saw Thaora for the first time. I do not remember anything that was said in that dream, but I found the symbolism of the school theme where Jesus was a teacher.

When I finished watching the first season of the aforementioned program, I thought that I had learned a lot of new and interesting things since in general I liked the season. But then I started re-reading Thiaoouba Prophecy. I was slightly shocked at how much garbage was in my head after watching various programs about the unknown and ufology. That “knowledge” was essentially completely contrary to the truths in Michel Desmarquet's book. Self-cleaning took some time, and I decided that, firstly, I would try to remember better what is written in the book, and secondly, I would try not to read and watch anything that relates to the above topics. In fact, this was no longer necessary, since I already had *knowledge* thanks to my personal experience.

Another important point of those times was that the return to computer games led me to discover streaming platforms, on which people play video games and stream this process on the Internet live. Almost all streamer sites have chats. The first such website that I found was [www.Goodgame.ru](http://www.Goodgame.ru), which was created

by a person with the nickname Miker, and, as it turned out later, he was also called a “бобр” (beaver) for some reason. Earlier, while still in school, my friends and I watched his WarCraft 3 VODs; we often played that videogame with each other over the network. Since not everyone had a computer and the Internet, quite often we would get together to play the game in my house when my mother was in the village. Then I found out about [www.twitch.tv](http://www.twitch.tv), but I began to watch it only after many years, which was strange since it was a great opportunity to be learning English.

Speaking of which, I still learned English by watching videos on YouTube. In addition to educational informative videos, I also watched video games.

There was one guy playing “Thief”. I liked to discover the story of the game, and I liked with what diligence and expression that youtuber read the text, and indeed was immersed in the game world, giving it his soul. After watching his walkthrough of two parts of that game, I decided to watch his walkthrough of a game called “Dead Space”, which he recorded some time after Thief. This time he was playing not alone, but with a company of other people. At first, I did not attach much importance to some weird “jokes”. But when that guy started saying some unflattering things about the female character in that game, calling her by different swear words and gesturing with the main character behind her butt, I lost all respect for that person. Naturally, this was not because he clearly spoke maliciously about a non-existent

computer character, it was because by such behavior he showed his disrespect for all women. Just in case, I decided to check out his latest video – what if the presence of his friends contributed to his disgusting behavior? This can happen. But no. The last video had as much obscene language as I had never heard while learning English. And in all this, one could clearly feel the hatred and bitterness towards everyone and everything. I unsubscribed from him and thought about writing a comment about it, so that perhaps this would somehow help him to become the same normal and interesting person that he used to be. But I did not dare to do this, because at that time I began to worry more and more what others might think of me or tell me something negative.

Speaking of negativity, I remember how someone wrote me a very rude comment and I was literally shaking while writing my answer, trying to better clarify the situation. I do not remember exactly what preceded such a regression, but maybe that moment with the Indian girl subconsciously contributed to such negative changes, as well as another unpleasant event when I was telling with stupors about my life story to a person who approached to me in a square where I was sitting. When I turned my head, I realized that some man with a newspaper in his hands was laughing at me. It was very unpleasant and in the following years I sometimes fantasized about what I could have done to him if I had a weapon – it was wrong, and I doomed myself to even greater suffering with that fantasy. I did not want to have



negativity in my life and I often tried to avoid it, even if it meant not to open social networks for a long time.

I do not know why this was happening at that time... I remember how often I asked my mother in early childhood whether she loved me and wanted her to pity me. Perhaps I just wanted love and care, but could not get it from people?

Returning to the video games, I came across channel of a youtuber that became popular after the walkthrough of “Dead Rising 2: Case Zero”, and since then I watched almost only him because he was similar to me in many things, and, most importantly, he was a kind and decent person. Of course, he also used “bad” words, but in his intonation there was no signs of anger, which made those words not so bad.

Watching streams was taking a lot of my time, and I almost completely stopped studying and working. I remember how I spent literally all summer watching a streamer try to play through Half-Life 2 without dying. Looking back, it was a terrible waste of time, but there is a reason for everything... The only shining moment was in the fact that I stopped holding the grudge against the first episode of that game, admitting that I was to blame for scarring my lip, and not the game, which is just a tool.

At school I was afraid of fights because my body could be damaged, but in fact I myself caused damage to myself due to my decisions...

That summer I almost completely gave up on myself, thinking that I would no longer have a normal life. I just spent my days

awaiting death which, as I thought, could occur at any moment since I could not go anywhere due to severe cardiac arrhythmia. I was sick and I was very tired. For these reasons there was one moment when I was lying in bed, and I began to see a dark tunnel in front of my eyes. I wanted and tried to fly down it because I knew that my physical body would die and I would say goodbye to this life. But the vision of the tunnel passed, accompanied by some knocking sounds in my apartment which was a clear sign of the incorrectness of my desires.

Additionally, my health condition worsened due to the fact that the four air conditioners of the bank continued to make a lot of noise – more than ever. In addition to the air conditioners, a very strong buzz from the bank's ventilation devices was added. My earphones slightly suppressed the noise of the air conditioners, but that low-frequency rumble quietly passed through them. In addition to noise and hum, we also suffered from vibration passing from the floor. The reason was clearly the bank's air conditioners, since when the devices were turned off there was no vibration. We tried to place sponges for washing dishes and old magazines under the legs of the beds, but this did not help for long.

But on the other hand, help continued to come from the people of Thiaouoba in the form of a series of dreams that I had on different days.

In the first dream, which I had before I left the film and TV Series groups, the following was said: “We will be giving you

messages. Some we will allow you to keep and some not”. After that, I had a dream in which I was waiting for the message that I could keep. Messages actually came.

In the first dream I was told that I should stop masturbating. What was interesting in this message was the feeling of the presence of a great mind. I almost always used the word “дрочить” (to jerk off) to describe my actions. Instead the word “masturbate” was used in the dream, and I could *feel* that the being whom belonged that beautiful female voice was highly intellectual and spiritual.

There was a time when I was able not to masturbate for a very long time and requested the next dream. It came.

One dream from this series said that I should not quarrel with my mother; another said that I should start educating myself; the next one said that I needed to stop talking to myself.

These instructions were given to me a couple of years ago, and I tried to follow them. I had problems with the first and last. But on the other hand, I was studying various things and I almost always politely spoke with my mother, even if she was in a bad mood.

Due to my physical and mental state I completely forgot many important details of my life. Only in the spring of 2013, leaving my house for a walk, I thought about something and suddenly realized that these four messages are the exact copy of my own four rules which I wrote down a long time ago and hung on the glass of the kitchen door in order *to remember!* I did not know

then that this was one of the most important moments of my life, followed by very important unforeseen consequences. I had other dreams with messages the contents of which I forgot – these were the dreams that I could not keep.

This understanding shed light on another message from Thiaooubians which said: “Ты всё правильно говоришь” (You are saying everything correctly). For a long time I thought that they meant my thoughts about earthly problems and how to solve them, but then I realized that most likely they were referring to my four rules. Or maybe they meant both – who knows?

But even though some of my thoughts were correct, my actions did not follow them. I watched the news and was unhappy with what they said about public order, money, and so on. After reading Thiaoouba Prophecy, I perfectly understood that a truly civilized society should live without money, which is the main danger to people. The political system is also unnecessary, which has no place in a united society that elects its leaders based on their spiritual parameters, such as: *wisdom*, *common sense*, *integrity*, and *intelligence*. A lot of interesting and important things were said by Thiaooubians about religion and journalists, which I have already briefly talked about. And so, I expressed to myself my dissatisfaction with the wrong and unjust things pronounced by many “high-ranking” people. Then I received a message saying: “You’re not doing anything to help either”. It was so...

Although I already knew the truth about stuttering for a long

time, the consequences of many years spent hiding from people who could talk to me still had their effect. And the recent negative events with the girls were an additional barrier. But after that dream I started trying to do at least something. Sometimes I wrote comments to some videos, sometimes I wrote about my experience on ufology forums, which I have not visited ever since, or visited them many years later to understand that even ufologists were rather skeptical about both Thiaoouba and me. I also thought about making a video about my experience with Auras, but I constantly put off this idea...

Once a girl replied to me in the comments. She did not read the book because there were no “quotations” in it. She did not even bother to find out what kind of book this was. I told her about my experience and that we can learn on our own experience about the existence of many things that are mentioned in the book. I told her about the simplest thing that can be done to prove to oneself about the existence of the Higher Self – to ask your own Higher Self to wake you up at a certain time in the morning. She did not listen and continued to talk about her “quotations”... Of course, you should not judge other people by looking at one person, but this still shows that at present there are very few people who are ready to engage in self-development. Many people think that everything should be given to them just like that... of course, to some extent I myself had a similar point of view before I found Michel's book...

My four rules were not the only thing that I forgot about

because of my decision to continue living in my head. It may seem strange, but for some time I was upset that I had never had sex with a girl, and only after some time I remembered about my experience with prostitutes. However, is it correct to count that experience in if this happened not because we loved each other, but because those girls were some of the victims of capitalism?

During that same spring of 2013, I went to read an American health forum. It had a lot of topics about sex and related problems. Someone asked about the physiology of the body, someone inquired about the age limits, and others worried about their labia, fearing that their partner would not like them.

The latter interested me, because the answer said that the labia are different, and if the person is normal, then he will love the girl for who she is. Another woman said that her lady bits are simply enormous, and on the contrary her partner really likes it.

It was exactly then that I felt *an electric touch* on my hand! Looking at the clock, I saw that it showed 33 minutes.

Thanks to that topic on the forum, I began to fantasize at night before going to bed. My imagination led me to fantasies about Natasha, who took my virginity. I continued to dream about her, and every fantasy revealed more and more real details... and then the block that I put on myself at the last minute of my visit to Natasha was *dissipated!*

The feeling of love that I had for Natasha six years ago immediately returned to me. I was in *exactly the same state* as I was when I fell in love with her! I had a feeling that it was as if I

had returned to the past, for everything became so clear to me!

But then it became clear how much time had passed, and I was in despair!

## Chapter 7. Half-Life

For many years I did not ride the subway because of my health condition, and therefore I could not immediately go to Avtozavodskaya.

Every day I went outside, trying to go further and further. I hated myself for making a decision so many years ago to block my love and memory of Natasha. I hated myself for the fact that this was the second time that I deliberately blocked a person by putting up a mental barrier with false or incomplete information.

Previously, all my thoughts about Natasha led me to the misty thought that she herself made her choice – to my block that I set up for myself and which worked so perfectly. For a moment I began to remember her during my English classes, but the block did not allow all the important knowledge about Natasha to flow outside.

Every day I experienced the wildest heartache inside of my chest, remembering what I did. It was as if I was being devoured by a black hole from inside, and it was not possible to get out.

There was a moment when in early childhood my mother and I just left the house in Moscow when I felt a pain in my stomach. We returned home, and for a long time I experienced the most terrible pain in my life. I do not know what was the cause of it, but I know that the mental pain that I experienced every day was not any easier, and maybe much more intense! I thought I was



going to die.

I remember how a simple mention of Turkey evoked in me memories of Natasha and of the whole situation. I could hear about Turkey in the news, at a clothing store, or just from passers-by on the street. The torment lasted for a very long time.

Sometimes I blamed myself for my mistakes so much that tears would come out. On one such day I walked through the entrance door of my house and began to get the newspaper out of the mailbox. It is located next to the elevator, near which a young girl with blond and slightly curly hair was standing. She entered the elevator and said that she was waiting for me, pressing the button to open the closing elevator door. I replied that I was walking to the second floor. She was persistent, again not allowing the elevator door to close, and I decided to let her give me a ride on the elevator to my floor. She was joking about something, and the small experience of communication, which I did not evolve for all those years, made its presence felt. I could not start saying my name, realizing that I would speak with a stupor. When I got out of the elevator, the girl continued to be unswerving and asked me if I had a marker. I realized that she wants to get my phone number. Fortunately, I had with me a bag and a pen in it. I told her about this, and I will never forget how quickly her smile was replaced by a shock on her face that was hiding behind the elevator door, the closing of which she no longer tried to stop.

I was quite worried about this moment, as I missed my chance

to have a girlfriend – and I missed it because of my fault. I thought before that that I could fantasize, so as not to be depressed and sad, and when I would need it, I would just regain my focus. After all, before I discovered for myself how easy it was – just start focusing on what is happening in reality. But as soon as such an important moment in my life came, the moment I was waiting for —I just could not free myself from the shackles of the imagination and its consequences. I thought later, were there any other reasons for her shock? My long hair clearly did not bother her; clothes too; no, it had to be the nervous and intense facial expression of my face.

I was being haunted by thoughts wondering what if this was my last chance to find a girlfriend? And when I would become focused on here and now again, then, in light of how easy it is to gain control of my mind, I was blaming myself for not doing this before – because I could already be with a girlfriend, and not with my hand! By the way, I had a dream about the latter on the same night which, apparently, hinted at the fact that I should not have hopes that the girl would suddenly change her mind.

That summer I stopped following the emerging desires to visit porn sites and masturbate for the first time in a long time. My goal was to get to that apartment and talk to Natasha – to explain everything. Alas, I still masturbated from time to time. But this was happening not only due to porn. During that time, I often had cases when I woke up in the middle of the night and masturbated in a drowsy state, realizing what had happened

only after an orgasm, when I truly woke up. My health also deteriorated because of such masturbation, delaying the date of my voyage further and further.

In the end, I could not stand it anymore and decided to just go and get on the subway train – what shall be, shall be. It was not an easy trip, especially the passage to Teatralnaya – the passage I used to go along so often as a child, both to my grandmother and to my aunt, who lived at different ends of the Zamoskvoretskaya line.

When I went outside on Avtozavodskaya, it was raining. I myself went under an umbrella along Avtozavodskaya Street to the very house where I was six years ago.

I crossed Velozavodskaya street and entered the courtyard of the corner house. I always remembered the entrance I needed, but which was the floor? For a long time, I stood at the entrance under the rain, dialing different apartment numbers, hoping that someone would simply open the door. Finally, it got opened, and I went inside the building. A man on the second floor said that this was definitely not the apartment I was looking for. But the story was different on the third floor.

Fortunately or unfortunately, but the door was opened by a woman who rented her apartment six years ago to a man who organized a den there without her knowledge. From that very room where I was with Natasha, the woman's young daughter silently peered out.

From my conversation with the woman I found out that the

man was wanted by the police in August 2007. She did not understand who was that Natasha I was talking about, and I think she did not know that her apartment was once a brothel. But she gave me useful information regarding the address of the local police station. I said goodbye to her and left that house for the third time in my life.

The precinct was closed. I wrote down the phone and drove home, noting how my fears had gone, and I was also confident in myself, and my physical condition was once again excellent.

When I called the district police officer, he told me that there was a murder in that apartment in the middle of August 2007. I was afraid that it could be Natasha, but he replied that a guard had been killed. He was busy with another case and could not help me in my search. To my questions he offered to call the archive to find out the details. I did so, but the man on the other end of the phone line said that they did not reveal such things on the phone, adding that for that I should come to their precinct where they would look at me.

I was confused by “we will look at you”. I was 25 years old then, and I was afraid that they could nitpick to the fact that I did not serve in the army. I had the military ID, but, as I was told, in three years they could again send me for examination of my stuttering. I did not go anywhere.

By the way, I often recalled the fact that Natasha spoke about the 25-year-old virgin who came to her once. I was 19 then. But there I was, 25 years old, and I was essentially exactly the same

virgin. Being already more or less spiritual person, I saw in that figure a specific meaning, a specific lesson for me. This was not “just a coincidence”.

I did not like my age as I felt pretty old. If before people called me “a young man”, now they could call me simply “a man”. I tried not to think about my age and I tried to occupy my mind with something else.

I wanted to find the phone number that I used to call prostitutes six years ago, but I remembered that it was not only deleted by me upon arrival home on the day of my last visit to Natasha, but the phone itself was broken. I remembered that I still had an old SIM card, and on the Internet I found out that you can get a statement of all the numbers that I called. I went through a lot of phone stores until they told me that the card was not only blocked, but the entire call history was already erased. Oh, how I remember that perplexed look down of that pretty sales assistant! The situation was really perplexed.

I also tried to find Natasha on VK, but to no avail. I even found the phones of some dens near the Avtozavodskaya area, hoping to find at least something. I remember that I even got slightly misty-eyed, speaking on the phone – so bad I felt. One woman was imbued with my situation and actively tried to help, but nothing.

I also thought about going to the police station, but I did not dare to actually do it.

During my reflections on the whole situation, I started seeing some details that I had not seen before. Firstly, I realized that

“have been working for six months” said in June meant that Natasha remained on the street in the middle of the Russian winter. I knew well what this means when one winter a homeless woman entered a subway car with terrible festering sores all over her body. Then the people who were next to her rushed in panic to the other end of the car... Secondly, thanks to my life experience I began to see that Natasha could have had problems with her parents – just as at nineteen I left my drunken father to go back to my mother in a noisy apartment. Yes, she did make her choice, but what was the alternative? Who knows...

In the end, I calmed down and was able to look at the facts without strong emotions. The murder happened two months after my last visit to Natasha. Since prostitution was not legal in Russia, the chances are that she simply ran away with everyone else. This would explain the fact that the woman did not know what was happening in her apartment. The policeman said that he well remembers the details of that case, but, unfortunately, I could not ask him if they had any information about Natasha or not. Then it was still summer, and Natasha had time before the winter to find work – normal work. And if she could not do this, then perhaps she could go to her father and live with him until she found something. Life gave her a second chance to make the right choice. And as for me, I came to terms with the fact that time had gone... Who knows, maybe she got married, has children, and lives a happy life, while I am beating myself up because of her?

During the events described above, I received two telepathic

messages from Thao.

The first one came to me during my lamentation about Natasha. I thought that had I helped her, I could have lived a happy life. And even if she would refuse to go with me, my declaration of love and my desire to help her would still help me start looking for a girlfriend in Moscow, which would in turn help me to get rid of masturbation and, consequently, health problems. While I was thinking about all this, beating myself up in the middle of the day, I received a telepathic message from Thao. She spoke in a clear voice in English, saying that in that case I would not have met her, Biastra and others. It is so.

Many telepathic messages and dreams from my friends from Thiaoouba contained information that was mainly useful to me alone. These messages were addressed to me personally to help me get out of the terrible mental and psychological state I was in.

It is possible that my sincere desire to learn from my own experience about Auras, telekinesis and other spiritual things also helped to “open” for some time the “door” of Universal Law so that Thiaooubians could help me when I needed help the most.

Another telepathic message came to me from Thao after I woke up. She said: “There are other joys in life”. It was referring to sex, the absence of which I was so worried about at that time. I realized that this message was from Thao, since she used the words “other joys” when she told Michel that Arki’s death was really sad, but they should not be selfish, as other adventures and other joys probably awaited him in subsequent lives.

Both telepathic messages were in the form of a voice in the head, and they sounded very clear and “loud”, completely different from how we “talk” to ourselves in our head (for example, when reading a book to ourselves, or when “voicing” what we daydream about).

This experience with telepathy showed that there are at least two types of telepathic communication: a stream of thoughts and a voice in the head. An example of a possible third type of telepathy would be how Latoli, not knowing French, telepathically “dipped” into Michel Desmarquet’s mind when he was delivering his speech, and in doing so she could understand the meaning of Michel's thoughts.

This was the last telepathic message I received.

It is interesting to note that the word “joy” was used to describe sex, and yet some religious texts mistakenly forbid people to have this natural joy [with a person of the opposite sex with whom there is love and spiritual affinity].

I was often confused by Thao using the word “probably” when she spoke to Michel about the possible fate of Arki. Could Arki never have happiness? Over the years and with new life experiences, I realized that it all had to do with the good old saying “never say never”. We do not know the future and therefore it would be a mistake to say that something will happen – even if it is about justice and happiness. My father also often used to say “не загадывать” (not to make plans).

I do not know if I should write it here or not... but after



reading the book for the first time, for some reason I thought that I could have been Arki in my past life. Michel Desmarquet was taken by Thiaooubians on June 26, 1987, while I was born on July 30, 1988 – exactly 400 days later. But now, as I am writing this book, I have thrown all those thoughts away. There are many reasons for this, which you may understand later in this book.

I often thought that Natasha could be found using my new knowledge and abilities.

Then I often mentally and aloud addressed my Higher Self, Thao, Biastra and Latoli, asking them to help me at least somehow.

Help came in the form of a dream where I was in a room with another man. He said that Natasha was expelled from the institute and they lost contact with her. I began to hate myself in my dream, saying that I should have helped her and then none of this would have happened. Then I said that perhaps this information would be enough to find her, but then, when I was leaving, I stopped and said that perhaps there might be something else that I could find out since I was already there... I think that a number was written on a piece of paper, possibly a telephone number. Then, when I put on my outer clothes, a note was written saying that Natasha had to work as a prostitute. The man saw the note, and, I think, mentioned the place where she was, and that was the information I was looking for. When I woke up, I could not remember the important to me details of that dream. I was angry with myself for not being able to clear my mind the previous day

and for allowing myself to fall asleep in a tense state of being which led to not remembering the number and other details.

Of course, it is not at all a fact that the dream was prophetic or true.

Then I had a dream about Natasha working in an office and wearing something like a light straight dress. While walking on the street, I saw two women wearing the same clothes. Interestingly, both of them entered different banks in my area. I proceeded to those banks, asking the employees some trivial questions in order to better look around and examine the girl, but then I realized that what I was doing was nonsense and I needed to finish that.

I also remembered the Remote Viewing which I tried to learn by following the instructions of the author.<sup>[6]</sup> I can only say that during my short study of the Remote Viewing I was looking at one of the links, the contents of which I did not know, and I had a clear sensation of warmth appear in the area of my solar plexus. Following the link after my Remote Viewing session, I saw a photograph of the Pyramid of the Sun in Teotihuacan. Unfortunately, due to the noise from the air conditioners that did not allow me to completely relax my mind, I had to postpone the Remote Viewing lessons for a long time.

This is where I stopped my attempts to find Natasha...

Even before I could go to the place where I saw Natasha for the last time, a new pigeon began to fly to my window sill. That new pigeon had a huge growth on his leg, and after a couple of years

he did not have both legs at all. I also fed him all this time. Often, he knew that another pigeon was the first to eat the pearl barley, but sometimes fights happened anyway. Sometimes I managed to calm their feelings, and they pecked together... until I turned away.

I had 3 parrots as a child. Unfortunately, they did not live for many years, and because of the problems that started at school, I did not properly care for the last bird. Seeing those two pigeons, I liked that they could remain free and did not live in captivity. But at the same time, they pleased me with their presence every day.

As for the noise situation, in desperation, my mother and I decided to put two-chamber plastic windows in the room and in the kitchen. They cost a lot of money, but we hoped it would reduce noise with the windows closed. Windows did actually reduce the noise by a lot, but not from air conditioners! How could this be?

Up to this point, my mother often wrote complaints that did not help, since bank employees often simply did not turn on their air conditioners at full capacity when people came to measure the noise. Although once their device did show the noise level to be at, as I recall, 66 decibels with the windows closed. In addition, these measurements and subsequent analyzes usually took place after a long time.

Being in a desperate position, I decided to deal with air conditioners personally, and do this not through intermediaries, but directly with the director of that bank's branch. I called the

bank and a young polite woman answered. She just recently started working as a director there. I told her about the terrible situation at our home because of their appliances and asked her to call in the technicians so that they could check what was happening. She agreed that air conditioners should not make so much noise and promised that she would call specialists.

In the following months, I had to call her many times to report that the air conditioners were not turned off for the night. The bank was supposed to fine people who left them turned on for the night.

Meanwhile, the masters did not come, but I was getting worse and worse. The noise, hum, and vibration did their job, and then came the day when, upon waking up, I *had a clear thought* that this would be my last day, since I was dying. My brain barely worked, and my body barely moved...

Thanks to my knowledge of Thiaoouba and the Universe, I am not at all surprised that it was on that very day and after my awareness of the inevitability of my death that the bank director called me and said about the arrival of the masters whom she had called after all.

One of the people entered our apartment and still being in the hallway noticed how loud the noise was. Another technician was on the street near the air conditioners. They turned the air conditioners off and on to make sure that it was the bank that disturbed peace. The man on the street did something and... the noise was no more!

Do you know what was the cause of the noise that could not be detected and removed by representatives of official organizations of the country aimed to help people, and which was removed in a second? Around the air conditioners, the bank for some reason put a massive iron grate that was bolted to the brick wall of our house. The air conditioners themselves stood on a stand which, of course, was also bolted to the wall of the house. It so happens that those stands with great force pushed against the iron grates. As a result, the vibration from the air conditioner was transmitted by a chain to the stand, the iron grate, and then to the wall of the house, after which the vibration was transmitted to the air in the room, creating noise in it. Sensible vibration from the floor was generated for the same reason.

Unfortunately, the hum problem still remained. I tried to solve it, but we completely got rid of the hum only when the bank branch was closed.

Before the bank got closed, several important and enlightening events took place.

Firstly, after some time, the headmistress called me to write an official message saying that I had no complaints about her, or something like that. I must say I was a little surprised that her bosses doubted her actions – after all, she did actually help people! I wrote one line about this, and that there are no complaints against her, not knowing what else can be written there and for what reason. After some time, she no longer worked as a director. Whether she was fired or left herself, I do not know.

What I know is that the second event was that the new director was a woman who was not fully competent in her work. I will explain. Once, for the sake of experiment, I decided to transfer my money earned by programming not to my bank card, as I always did, but to the deposit account. They came and after a few days I needed to transfer them to my bank card. I transferred a thousand rubles and... they took a commission from me which was almost the same thousand rubles!

Having studied the bank's rules, I realized that an error had occurred and there should not have been any commission. The point was that there really was a commission for transferring money to another person, if that money came from abroad less than a month ago. But there was nothing said about transferring money to yourself.

With this information I went to the bank, thinking that they would quickly return the money to me. But no. One of the workers kept telling me that I just did not see some sign saying that the commission would be charged. As a programmer and just a person who usually carefully reads everything that is written on the payment page, I can say that there was no sign for sure. Then she sent me to the future new director who also told me that there was no mistake, and she tried to get rid of me. To this I brought her a bank booklet with all the rules (it was laying nearby by their window) and pointed my finger at the very rule which clearly showed that I was right. She did not even want to look there! In the end, she said that they would not be able to

give me the money anyway, since this is not done by them, and so I needed to write an official letter explaining all the details. I do not know why it was impossible to tell me immediately about this, but as a result my letter reached competent people, and the money was returned to me. Justice triumphed, and at the same time I found out that you should trust your own *knowledge, logic,* and *common sense*, even when several people try to prove to you your “wrongness”.

Thirdly, there was a time when for some reason the bank decided to replace one of their four air conditioners with a “new” one. I put the word “new” in quotation marks because when I was talking with employees who were installing that air conditioner, it turned out that the unit was already in use, and that the bank always saved money on the equipment this way. Alas, after this the workers gathered to put on a huge metal grate on top of the “new” air conditioner. I write “to dress” because the air conditioner literally inflated the grate with its “body”. Upon their contact, a clear loud noise immediately appeared. I told them about this and that replacing the air conditioner for the sake of eliminating noise does not make sense if they create noise again by hanging the grate on it. To this they said that the lattice, where you can easily squeeze your finger, should somehow protect the bank... Fortunately, one of the women, who was the manager and had influence on the workers who set the air conditioners, gave me her phone so I could call her if necessary. I explained her the absurdity of the situation, and the

metal grate was immediately removed and no longer bothered me and my mother. This was yet another person in my life who had common sense and helped other people.

Thiaouba Prophecy spoke about the danger of noise to our Astral body. In fact, the Astral body can be damaged by two things: hallucinogenic drugs and vibrations occasioned by certain kinds of noise. Thaora said that music at discotheques typically played three times too loudly. I found out that in nightclubs the volume of music reaches about 120 decibels. It is scientifically known that a decrease in sound level by 10 dB is perceived by people by ear as a two-fold decrease in volume. The perception of a threefold decrease in sound volume is approximately 15.85 dB. That is, about 104 dB is the threshold if we take 120 dB for noise which is three times louder than the safe level. Personally, I try to keep away from anything over 80 dB.

In the “Thiaouba Truth” audio interview with Michael Meanwell,<sup>[7]</sup> Michel Desmarquet says the word “damage” is not entirely accurate. He used the words “disturbing, deforming”. Therefore, the Astral body can recover from the bad effects of noise, but, of course, you should avoid it and look for ways to eliminate the causes of such noise.

When Thaora said that if people could see the Astral body they would run out of the disco as if there was a fire, I breathed a sigh of relief that I never actually decided to go to nightclubs. I thought about it when I was about nineteen years old, but due to financial reasons I decided not to go anywhere...



On January 13, 2014 I made a post in the Thiaououba Prophecy XP group about two unnamed bodies of human beings. A dispute arose in the comments regarding what the Spirit was made of. I have realized many different interesting things about the Superior Intelligence and the Universe since then, and I will discuss this topic in detail at the end of the last chapter of this book. Now I want to tell about a series of dreams, the first dream of which I had on the night when the bank's air conditioners were still very noisy and vibrated.

The scene of the dream took place in what could be called a theater with a red theater curtain. Only one detail was completely different from a theater, namely a long and narrow catwalk-like ledge protruding into the theatre hall several meters from the middle of the stage. I had long seen a similar catwalk to the public when a Kylie Minogue's concert was shown on the music news. The theatre hall was very dark. Approximately in the middle of the catwalk stood a tall, slender, and beautiful young woman who had her back turned to me. She was a blonde with a short haircut to the shoulders. The girl was silently thinking about something, as if waiting for someone. There was no one else in that building. Suddenly the picture changed to a point of view from her eyes. At that moment I could feel and know what it was like to be her! While staring down, she was immersed in herself, but she was not thinking about anything specific. Suddenly, a man came up behind her and slit her, and mine, throat with a knife.

I immediately woke up. The air conditioners were on all night,

and I barely slept. At that time my health was already starting deteriorating because of the noise, I could feel the tension in my brain, and I decided to call the bank to simply ask them to turn off the air conditioners for a while, because in any case they pumped cold air from the street all night long, and my mother and I could be in silence at least for a while in order to come to our senses. The woman who answered the phone had the audacity to try to prove to me that she turned off the air conditioners for the night! This was definitely not the case, and during our brief conversation I suddenly could not stand her impudence and, as if out of the blue, I told her that I would go down and slit her throat. She hung up. This was the first moment in my life when I said something that I not only did not want to say, but I do not think that I had such a thought in my head at all. I realized that the idea was given by the dream that I saw that night. And since because of the strong noise and vibration spreading from the floor to my whole body, including my brain, I could hardly think at that moment, it is not at all surprising that I for the first time experienced the “heat-of-passion”. I tried to remember this incident so that I would think twice before committing to any action should similar situations occur. Needless to say, that I did not go anywhere and to anyone during that day.

I had another dream a little bit later. A man stepped out of a blue car similar to the Plymouth Barracuda. He was of normal physique. His short-cut hair was dark in color, and all of it was on its place. He had in his hand either beer or other

alcohol. As in the previous dream, I “became” that man. His mood was “thoughtless” – without any worries and goals in life. He just lived one day at a time, so to speak. I got the impression that “I” was in the USA, as they stopped in front of a typical American one-story building which could be a motel or a bar. Such buildings can often be seen in Hollywood movies. He did not go inside the bar with the others, but went right, to the edge of the nearest forest, when suddenly someone slit his throat from behind.

The third dream that I had the other night took place on a Russian Square, as one could judge by the architecture of the low-rise stone buildings in front of me. It was a long building, and we could call it historical. If the other two dreams began with showing “me” from a third person before “inserting” me into the main characters of those dreams, there was no need for a third person in this third dream since I was in my current physical body. I knew this because in that dream I was in my usual at that time state of being lost in imagination. I heard how several people behind me said something about me. I knew that they were evil, and that this was the end. One of them came up behind me and slit my throat.

Thinking about my first dream, I immediately remembered that blonde prostitute with short hair who ran into the room on my second visit to Natasha. The fact that I saw her then had an impact on my decision not to tell Natasha about the real purpose of my visit, since at that time I was going by appearances. It

was also interesting that the young woman from my dream stood on the stage which could be a musical stage because of the protrusion into the theatre hall where there could be a crowd of people. I have loved listening to foreign music ever since I was in the last years of high school. I especially like the music from the 80s and 90s. I also loved movies.

As for the second dream, I had experience with alcohol, but I cannot say that I have ever had a real craving for alcohol.

Regarding the third dream, for some time I thought that it could portend my fate. But the next dream showed that you should not take dreams literally.

In the dream, I was a boy of about seven years. He was very inspired to walk along the street of the business center of one of the American cities. There was a skyscraper ahead of him. He went into the elevator of that building along with several other people. After moving some distance, the elevator began to fall. I knew that this was the end and something that I needed to learn. The scene darkened and then another appeared out of the blackness. The camera was flying over the road of a typical American suburban street with two-story houses, heading for the house in front of the “T” shaped intersection. I was a little boy lying in bed. I told my young parents about Thao, whom I somehow remembered in that life, and that my previous body died both for physical and psychological reasons.

Reflecting on this dream, it was clear that the “previous physical body” meant my current body. At the time of the dream,

I really was in terrible physical and psychological state. I also thought that the boy in bed could be the boy from the elevator; that he survived and now had to be in bed because of the received injuries.

So, I had two conflicting dreams that showed and named the different possible causes of death of my current physical body. I must say that now I am no longer in that nervous state of mind in which I was in my dream on the square, and if I have learned my lesson, I will not be in it. Of course, you shouldn't take all dreams literally, but at that time they again prompted me to start thinking about my life, and about where it could lead me if I continued to move in the same direction...

I continued to educate myself in my search for answers to new questions about the Universe, and soon I came across Nassim Haramein with his 64 tetrahedron grid. After watching his lecture on YouTube, I decided to recreate his grid in a 3D program so that I could better understand on my own experience what he was talking about.

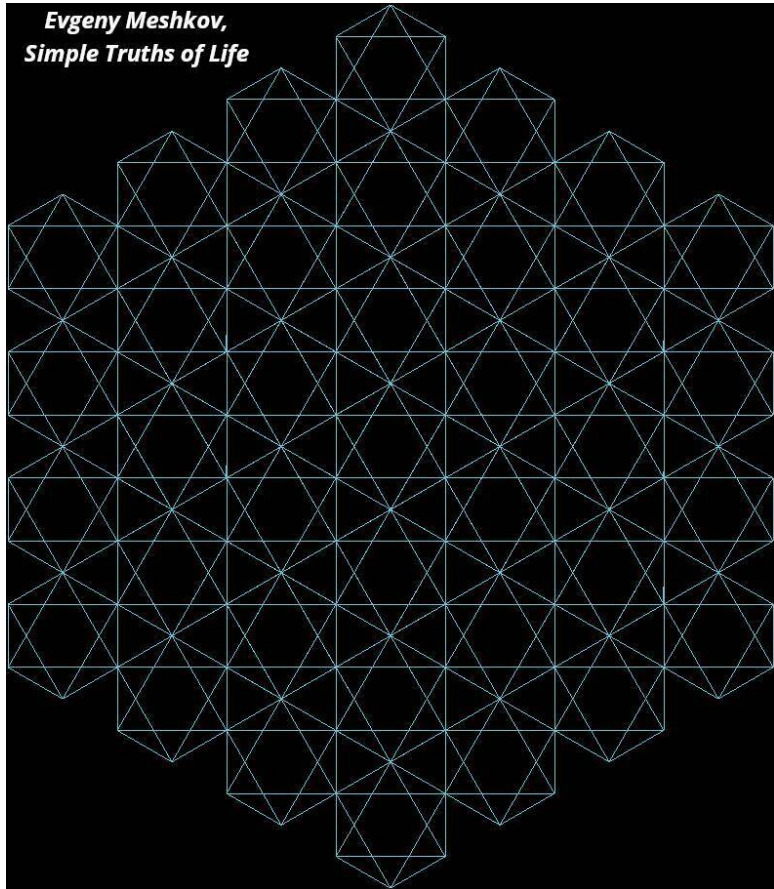
Having created the first tetrahedron, I began to copy it and move the copies so as to form a larger tetrahedron from the small ones. Then I copied the large tetrahedron and flipped it horizontally around the center. Next, I closed the formed holes with tetrahedrons and got a finished shape consisting of 64 tetrahedrons. Soon it became clear to me that I was seeing a simple cube in front of me, standing on one of its corners. If we draw a straight line from such a vertex to the opposite vertex of

this cube and slightly extend it further, then when you install on that line a camera looking directly at the vertex from which the line comes out, then in orthographic view when only lines are shown, we can see the grid, in the middle of which is a hexagon, and the Star of David can be distinguished in it. There are six more such hexagons around it, in each of which is the Star of David.

In the course of my studies, I realized that the exact same mesh can be generated with octahedra. Later, I found an article on the structure of the Universe which puts forth a theory that there is a magnetic “filament network” that is similar in shape to a network of octahedra connecting to each other at their vertices.<sup>[8]</sup> As evidence of this, they provide data showing how superclusters of galaxies accumulate along the “lines” of the octahedral network.

Having recreated that octahedra grid in 3D, I saw that in the orthographic view they form a clean grid of hexagons, inside of which is the Star of David. I say “clean,” since there are no other lines in such a grid, as is the case with a tetrahedron grid.

*Evgeny Meshkov,  
Simple Truths of Life*



Next, I noticed something else. The central hexagon is surrounded by a level of six other such hexagons. All subsequent

levels have six more hexagons than the previous one. Thus, we can obtain a formula in order to calculate how many total hexagons are in a particular row, and how many total hexagons in the entire grid of a set number of rows.

How many hexagons there are in a specific row:

$$H = \text{row} * 6$$

How many hexagons there are in all rows:

$$Ht = (\text{row} + 1) * 3 * \text{row}$$

How many hexagons there are in all rows, including the central hexagon:

$$Ht = (\text{row} + 1) * 3 * \text{row} + 1$$

I found that some key numbers coincided with those mentioned by Jesus Christ in his sayings.

Before moving on, I must say that by that time I already knew that Jesus was a messenger from the planet Thiaoouba. Being a human being from a planet of the ninth category, he accumulated a huge amount of spiritual knowledge over his lives. And since Jesus (who was crucified on the cross) was not born by usual means as an ordinary child, his Astral body did not pass through the River of Oblivion, and thus he retained all the material knowledge that he received while living for a significant time on the planet Thiaoouba. Thanks to that material knowledge, Jesus was able to raise the dead, heal the blind, and do all the other



things that some people still call “miracles”. Therefore, if Jesus mentioned the numbers in his parables, then this means that they somehow relate to the Universe and life.

I made calculations for a grid of hexagons with the Star of David, consisting of twenty levels. The tenth level had 60 hexagons, and the twentieth 120.

In 9th Saying in the Gospel of Thomas, which was not distorted, unlike the Bible, there is a mention of the numbers 60 and 120.

And then there is a mention of the number 1260 in Revelations 11:3 and 12:6.

1260 is the sum of all hexagons with the Star of David in a grid of 20 rows, not counting the central hexagon.

After I began to study the 64 tetrahedron grid, I had a dream showing the Universe. It had the shape of a spiral galaxy that was inside some kind of translucent field in the shape of a torus. The image of the visible part of the Universe – what I saw earlier in the news about space – was shown in a small preview window, coming from a small point in the middle of the Universe’s radius. At this time, a female voice so familiar to me said that the planets are moving in the aether.

I think that it is worth mentioning how I once looked at a monotonous red color in order to repeat my experiment with the hand expander, and soon I began to have a vision of the torus grid on the red background of the screen – I was as if inside it. I have never experienced anything like this again. I do not know what

was the reason for it, and why when looking at the red color I was able to distinguish this geometric shape on the laptop screen.

Returning to my dream, it reinforced my thoughts that the shape of the Universe is the same as that of galaxies, since according to Universal Law 9 planets should revolve around the sun; nine such suns should revolve around the central sun, and so on, until the center is the center of the Universe, where the Superior Intelligence is located.

From the above Law of the Universe it follows that the “adult” Universe will have nine huge structures consisting of galaxies and planets, and rotating around the center of the Universe on one plane. So, we can say that planetary systems are a miniature version of the formed Universe.

In the book Thiaoouba Prophecy, Thao told Michel Desmarquet that the planets are moving in a spiral which gets tighter and tighter. Because small planets have less inertia than larger ones, they approach the center of their revolution faster than large planets. The moon, for example, according to Thao, will collide with the Earth in about 195 000 years. Returning to my thoughts about the Universe, this also means that sooner or later all created matter will be in the center of the Universe.

It is worth noting that Nassim Hamein mentioned that galaxies are surrounded by a field that has the shape of a torus. This did not surprise me at all, since if we take into account that galaxies are mini versions of the Universe, it is logical to assume that they have similar fields around them.

I started writing in the early summer, June 6, 2014, about my find and my realizations. I had a dream about help from Thiaooubians, but, unfortunately, I was doing nothing almost the whole summer and started working only in August, finishing writing on August 26. Not sure if I was getting any help then. But, nevertheless, I wrote a detailed document about what I had realized, which can be found in the group dedicated to Thiaoouba.<sup>[9]</sup>

Since I mentioned the Bible, it would be nice to give it a few paragraphs as well.

Thao said that Jesus was sent to Earth to preach love and spirituality. Since he had to deal with people who were not highly evolved, he spoke with them in parables.

Thao also mentioned that each time that people read in the Bible: “And the Lord God said this or that” – you should read ‘and the inhabitants of Thiaoouba said...’.<sup>10</sup>

Thao also said that the text of the Bible was deliberately distorted for very specific reasons by the Roman Church during the councils of Nicaea in AD 325, Constantinople in AD 381, Ephesus in AD 431 and of Chalcedon in AD 451. There were others, but not so significant. The Bible, as Thao said, is a document of ancient history, heavily modified and full of embellishments, added by writers different from the original scribes.

We can find some obvious distortions and additions in the text

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<sup>10</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 205.

of the Bible (I read the Bible in an English translation).

Some of the obvious additions are Jesus clarifying his own parables. If people of that time could understand the true meaning of his words, then Jesus would not have spoken in parables in the first place. Naturally, the meaning of such added text has nothing to do with the true meaning of Jesus' parables. As you read earlier in my book, some of Jesus' parables most likely relate to the structure of the Universe. In the nonsensical "explanations" added by the priests, you will not find anything of that nature.

Further, I simply cannot imagine that Thiaooubians, the inhabitants of the planet of the ninth spiritual category, would ask anyone to sacrifice a human being! Even if such a wild "order" was canceled. They would not live on a planet of the last spiritual category if they were making such ridiculous mistakes for which they would have to pay very seriously by suffering, in accordance with Universal Law.

I also have questions regarding the turning the other cheek piece, and about the choice to give your cloak when someone sues you to take your tunic from you. For example, Thao, who, in a sense, could be called an angel (since people who were messengers from Thiaoouba began to be called angels in the Bible), was forced to liberate several creatures that threatened her and Michel in the Parallel Universe of Earth by freeing their Astral bodies from their physical ones, so that they could continue their life cycle. She did not "turn her other cheek", or

was preparing to take off and give her super-technological suit – of course not – it would not be logical and would not make any common sense. Of course, even without such an example, it should be clear that you have the right for self-defense in the event of a real and imminent danger – in fact, you would have made a mistake otherwise, since, in the case of the example with the cheek, you would have guaranteed to receive even more damage to your body and would suffer even more for your masochism. And in the case of the tunic and cloak, your suffering would come in the form of being naked on the street because of your unreasonableness, and it would take some time before you could buy yourself new clothes. I think you should understand now that the malevolent people who distorted the Bible in those distant times simply wanted to receive more power over people in this way, as well as more offerings from those people who had meager reserves of material and spiritual knowledge.

Thao also said that the Devil, or Satan, does not exist.

Then I found out that in the Hebrew Bible (Tenakh) there is no word “angel”. “Angel” means “messenger” in literal translation (the Hebrew word for angel is “מַלְאָךְ” – “mal’ach”, and it means “messenger”). This is logical, since these messengers were people from the planet Thiaoouba who helped the Jewish people who accidentally ended up on a planet of a lesser category than themselves. As far as I know, Michel Desmarquet told some people who visited him that Jews belong to the third category, which is why the first representatives of the Jewish

people initially lived several hundred Earth years, until nature leveled their physical bodies with the bodies of people of the first category. The astral bodies of purebred Jews are at least their native third category, which means that they have learned the lessons of not only the planets of the first category, but also of the second one. This explains why many Jews are looking for a “clean” job. Having lived on the planets of the first and second categories, they have no particular desire to do what they have already gone through, having learned the corresponding lessons.

Along the way, in July 2014 I had a dream in which it was written “Natasha Here”. In the dream, I was going down to the basement of an old building. A woman led me. I had to squeeze between the iron bars in order to reach the entrance, and I was afraid to go there. I think I knew there were ghosts there. I did not go inside and decided to leave...

Then, on September 6, 2014, I had an unusual dream, after which I was able to clarify some questions about the “demons”. In that dream, the word “Demon” was written on the cover of a magazine. On the same cover was shown a face of a blonde girl who had completely black eyes (there were no whites).

I woke up. I soon realized that the word demon was never used in the book Thiaoouba Prophecy. And I always believed that demons do not exist, just as there is no Devil.

First, I will say that Thao mentioned two people who could properly report their journey to Thiaoouba if they were alive – namely, Plato and Victor Hugo – but even they would have

reported the facts with too much stylistic embellishment. But, nevertheless, they reported *the facts*. During my investigation, I found out the following:<sup>[10]</sup>

In Plato's Symposium, the priestess Diotima teaches Socrates that love is not a deity, but rather a “great daemon” (202d). She goes on to explain that “everything daemonic is between divine and mortal” (202d–e), and she describes daemons as “interpreting and transporting human things to the gods and divine things to men; entreaties and sacrifices from below, and ordinances and requitals from above...”

In Apology of Socrates, Socrates claimed to have a daimonion (literally, a “divine something”) that frequently warned him – in the form of a “voice” – against mistakes but never told him what to do.

For Plato, “daimon” is a spiritual being that watches over every person, and it is tantamount to a Higher Self or an angel.

Firstly, I understand that the first description very much resembles the Higher Selves, who transmit the feelings we feel to the Spirit – provided that they are not filtered out. Higher Selves can also send messages to us.

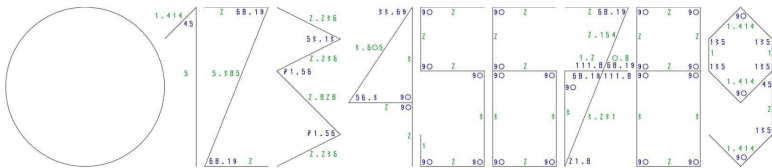
But, secondly, the second description reminds me of my experience with Thiaooubians. In my post in the Thiaoouba Prophecy XP group on Facebook, I made the assumption that these “demons” could be Astral bodies of people from Thiaoouba, for example, or of other highly spiritual human beings who helped, and still help people using

dream or “voice” (telepathy) – as in my case. In the book Thiaoouba Prophecy, Thao told Michel Desmarquet that they, Thiaooubians, helped people on Bakaratin after those almost completely destroyed themselves in a nuclear war, and Thiaooubians used sleep and telepathy for this. Also, they used the same means to communicate with the Great Priest in Africa more than a million years ago...

Now that I am writing this book, I saw something that I could not notice earlier. For example, I began to look differently at that dream where I needed to prove that I was not a demon, and when I did this, they let me into the European church where Thao was dressed in black clothes. If we were to try to interpret that dream literally, it showed that I still had a lot to learn in spiritual terms – to acquire a lot of spiritual knowledge. Ever since I had that dream, a lot of time has passed, and, given the events that I still have to write about in this book, I was definitely not a “demon” in the original meaning of this word.

Before talking about another interesting “demonic” case, I need to mention that I was also interested in the numbers from Thiaoouba. We call those numbers Arabic.





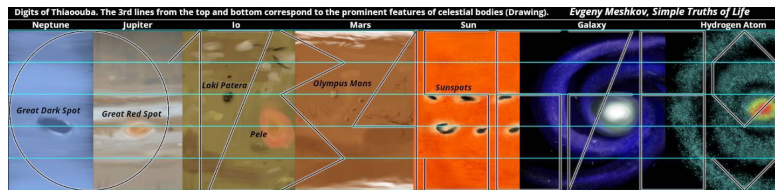
Numerals of Thiaouoba. The number of angles of each digit corresponds to that digit's value (1 has 1 angle, 7 has 7 angles, etc.). I show the lengths of lines in green (if we take the width of the digit 1 as the base unit of length that equals to 1). I also show the values of each digit's angles. Egeny Meshkov, *Simple Truths of Life*.

In fact, the Arabic numbers initially had angles. Zero is a circle, and each other digit has angles in the amount equal to its numerical value. For example, the number one has one angle, and the number nine has nine angles. In the course of my studies, I got a dream where a familiar female voice hinted to me that the angles and sizes of the lines should be exactly what they are. That is, certain Universal truths are encoded in them.

In the course of my studies of these numbers, I found that if you overlay a cylindrical map (with an aspect ratio of 2:1) of the planets (Mars, Jupiter, the Sun, etc.) on top of these numbers and draw six horizontal lines emanating from the angles of the number nine, for example, then the third horizontal lines (above and/or below) will be located exactly where there are remarkable formations on the corresponding celestial bodies. In the case of the planet Mars, this is Olympus Mons, which is an extinct volcano and the highest mountain in the solar system; on Jupiter, this is the Great Red Spot; volcanoes Loki Patera and Pele on Jupiter's moon Io; Great Dark Spot on Neptune; and on the Sun we have sunspots.

I also noticed that the spirals of galaxies are also located quite close to the horizontal lines, including the 2nd lines from the bottom and top. This can be seen in such galaxies as the Whirlpool Galaxy (M51A) and Messier 94.

The image of a hydrogen atom also has features that correspond to the grid of Thiaooubian numbers.



Due to an unclear copyright situation, I decided to draw planets, a galaxy, and an image of a hydrogen atom to demonstrate you what I am talking about.

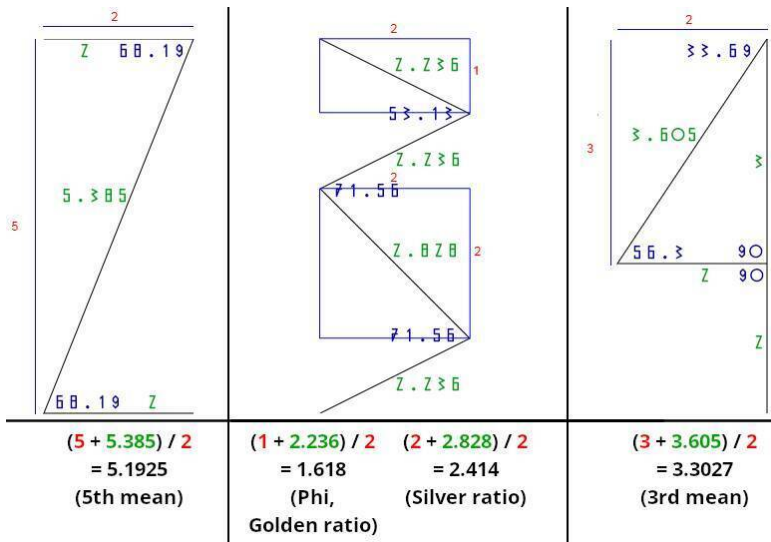
It is worth mentioning that if you place a tetrahedron in the center of the planet so that its vertices touch the surface, then the point of contact will correspond to the longitude at which the aforementioned formations are located.

Further, upon careful reading of Michel Desmarquet's book *Thiaoouba Prophecy*, we can conclude that the location of the Golden Doko on the planet Thiaoouba also corresponds to the third horizontal lines. Doko, in which Michel lived, should

have been located at the equator, since Michel mentions the perpendicular rays of the sun; Michel then writes that they flew about 3 hours to the Golden Doko, with the top speed of Michel's Tara of about 300 kilometers per hour; further we know the gravity of Thiaoouba, as Tao told Michel that on Thiaoouba his weight was 47 kilograms, and not 70, which he weighed on Earth – about 67% of Earth's. From the above, we can calculate that the circumference of Thiaoouba could be approximately 18,000 kilometers, which makes its radius equal to approximately 2864 kilometers and puts it between the planet Mars and Mercury. If my guesses are correct, then Thiaoouba's gravity is quite large for such a small planet, but this is quite possible if Thiaoouba has a higher density than, for example, Earth.

Another finding is this. If we take the digit one's length as a unit of length, then we get that while the lengths of the "straight" (horizontal and vertical) lines are integers, then the lengths of the oblique lines are irrational numbers. Those irrational numbers are the square root of the following numbers: the oblique line of the digit 1 has a squared length of 2; in 2 it is 29; in 3 it is 5, 5, 8, 5; in 4 it is 13; in 7 it is 29; and in 9 it is 2.

I noticed these same numbers in an article about "metallic means",<sup>[11]</sup> and soon I found that the numbers in them were encoded to find the golden, silver, and bronze ratios, as well as the fifth ratio. To do this, add the length of the oblique line with the length of the height occupied by this line, and then divide the amount by the width occupied by the oblique line.



*Evgeny Meshkov, Simple Truths of Life*

Having dealt with the Thiaooubian numbers, we can return to the topic of “demons”.

I used to love watching “Ghost Adventures” television series, which I have no reason to doubt the honesty of (because of some life changes that I will write about later, I had to stop watching this show when I was on the thirteenth season). In the third episode of the tenth season, they had a case when while using the

Ouija board the word “ZOZO” was written 5 times. A total of 20 letters were used. For many, the word ZOZO is synonymous with a “demon”. This interested me at the time, as it all reminded me of the Thiaooubian numbers. “ZO” is *identical* in spelling to the Thiaooubian numeral 20.

Knowing full well that hell does not exist, along with all its “inhabitants”, I wondered if such incidents could be somehow connected with Thiaoouba. But not in the literal sense of the word. Since many people experience negative feelings when dealing with the ZOZO phenomenon, I doubt that the inhabitants of the planet of the last spiritual category can be directly related to it.

But one more important fact must be taken into account. The Thiaooubian numbers only reflect certain truths of the Universe. Other people who live on other planets of the ninth category and who have absolute material knowledge, most likely also have exactly the same numbers as Thiaooubians. Why? Because the knowledge and the truths of the Universe are the same for everyone. Thao told Michel at the end of his journey that a ghost discussion would require to write a whole another book – so much can be learned about the topic of reincarnation and the role of the 19 percent of the electrons that return to the Universe after the death of the physical body. Based on what I heard and read about ghosts, I would assume that it is these very 19% of electrons (ghosts) that may be responsible for ZOZO. It must be understood that, as far as I know, ghosts do not have a mind –

they are just an instrument that has a “memory” from the past life in the physical body, which is why they are able to visit the places where they lived. Perhaps they are able to “answer” questions for the same reason.

But there is one more thing. Instead of saying that “ZOZO” was written 5 times, we can say that “ZO” was written 10 times. Numerologically, 20 divisible by 10 gives 2, which corresponds to the number of letters in the word “ZO”. Digital root also gives the number 2.<sup>[12]</sup> Studying the Thiaooubian digits, I noticed that their digit two (Z) is one of the digits whose angles “cancel out” each other. The other is the number 8, which, notably, can also be met while reading people's stories about ZOZO.<sup>[13]</sup>

Honestly, when I was writing these lines about ZOZO yesterday – April 7, 2020 – I thought about the correctness of including this moment of my life in the book. I had some doubt regarding the correctness of my conclusions. It was on that very day and at that very hour when I was writing the previous paragraph that I received a message from the person who shared with me his story with Thiaooubians. I will not write his name, since he wanted to remain anonymous. This was the first and only time anyone wrote me about their experience with Thiaoouba. Moreover, apart from me, no one had written before about their experience with Thiaooubians in our Thiaoouba group on Facebook. That person told me that he had different types of contacts with the inhabitants of other planets.

First, I will say right away that that person also mentioned

several things that contradict Michel Desmarquet's words, as well as logic. One such contradiction is that Michel allegedly told him during a lecture that Michel lived on the planet of the 8th spiritual category – while in his audio interview with Michael Meanwell “Thiaoouba Truth” he said that he had reached category 7. Another contradiction is that Thao was supposedly shocked that Michel lived on the planet of category 8 – she would not be living on the 9th category planet if the simple truths of life would be a shock for her. I will leave his story in my book (he gave me his permission to do so), but I just want you to know that I have questions about his story.

I immediately understood what he was going to say when he referred to Thiaoouba Prophecy where Thaora said that when asked about noise, in 85% of cases people say: “What noise? What are you talking about? Oh that noise – we get used to it.”<sup>11</sup> In 1980 or 1981, that person, along with his family, was waiting at a crosswalk to cross the street, when a tall beautiful blonde came up to them. She gave them a smile. A very loud motorbike roared past.

‘How do you stand the noise?’ the woman said to his mother.

‘What noise?’ his mother replied.

‘The Traffic!’ the woman answered.

‘Oh, you get used to it.’ said his mother.

The woman looked at them for the last time and smiled. The

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<sup>11</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 123.

green light came on for pedestrians, and as soon as they began to cross the road, the woman in three large steps jumped across a road 15 meters wide. There was something extraordinary about how her foot landed. As if she did not touch the ground with full weight. The mother stopped the children from crossing the road. The person who wrote me knew then that there was something wrong with that incident. The woman turned and smiled at him, after which she took off to walk through the town. As she walked, her hair did not bounce right in accordance with her movements. The whole encounter was very strange.

The man is sure that that woman was from Thiaoouba.

In June 1987, he received roughly the following telepathic message: “Attention [name is hidden]: We are taking one of you to our planet. He will bring back a message”. Michel Desmarquet was taken to Thiaoouba on June 26, 1987.

In 2008, that person had a vision of an entity 9 feet high (approximately 2.74 meters). She wore a colored dress. There was also a message saying: “Your great journey has now begun”.

It seemed interesting to me that I found the book Thiaoouba Prophecy in the fall of 2008. But I attached importance to it only at night, reflecting on daytime events. The number 20, or ZO in Thiaooubian, is often found in my life. For example, I was 20 years old in 2008. Another 20 played a very important role recently, in the case of which I have yet to write in this book. I also realized that the minimum number of people interviewed



about noise should have been at least 20, provided that 85% of them answered the same way. Could Thiaooubians ask only 20 people about the noise? I do not know. There are also other possible examples of 20 that I will not write about because of the likelihood that I might just be wrong, or look for a connection where it does not exist.

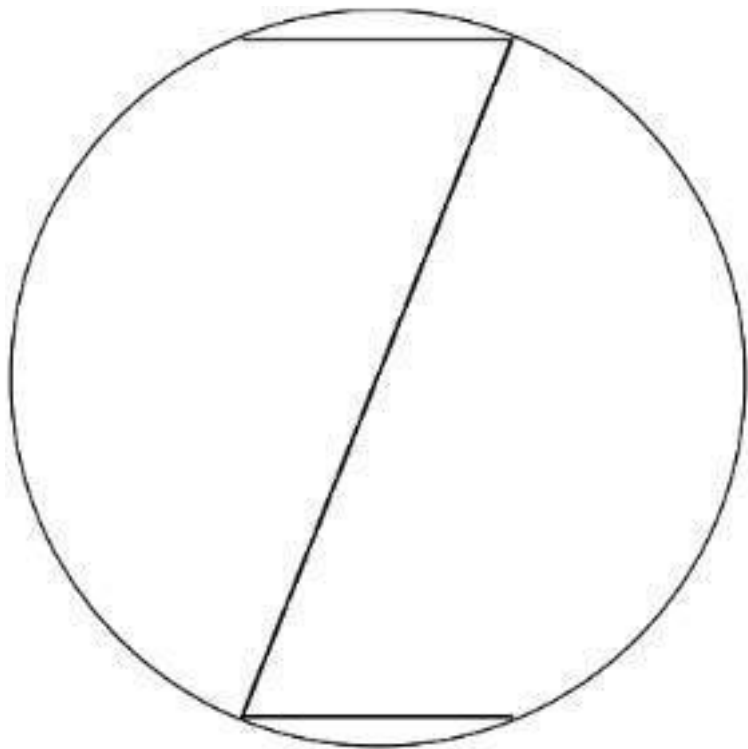
So, having numerous synchronicities associated with the number 20, I decided to leave my thoughts about ZOZO in this book after all.

Everything that exists has a specific reason for its existence. Seriously studying such little studied things, we can find the reason. *Some* things can be hallucinations. Thao clearly showed Michel what hallucinations are capable of when she created one for him.

Can the inhabitants of higher spiritual planets somehow help people by contacting them through the Ouija board? Given Universal Law, prohibiting “serving the meal on a plate”, this is quite possible. As Thao said, sometimes strange means are employed.

I want to add about a dream I had on April 18, 2020. I was in my Moscow apartment. The furniture was arranged the same way as when I was in school. It was night. My father and mother were at home. I started drawing and showing the Thiaooubian numbers to my parents. When I was drawing 2, I drew it inside 0. I woke up and realized that 2 is the only Thiaooubian digit which, when placed inside of 0, touches the ring of the circle with all

4 of its points...



I continued to write about my findings, ideas, and questions in the Thiaouba Prophecy XP group on Facebook.

Since I knew that Thiaoouba Prophecy book is completely true, and remembering that Thao helped Michel to remember the details when he was writing it once he returned to Earth, from time to time I had to politely point out to some people the mistakes, or their opinions contradicting the book.

Sometimes I doubted myself. Am I doing this or that right? What if I am wrong? I remember how in the village when I was a kid, I told a friend, who was older than me, that when you see a bear you need to yell and make noise as much as possible so that the bear does not come near you. I had *learned* about this from an educational program on TV. He said that I had a child's thinking. Many years later, I again found scientific confirmation that I was right. With the acquisition of life experience, I ceased to doubt myself.

Soon, I also learned not to get into arguments, as with experience I saw their futility. Therefore, I began to try to express my position only once, so as not to repeat myself and save time. Strange, but some people perceive such silence as the "agreement" with their last comment.

Sometimes people gave useful answers, one of which was a link to an article that talked about a person who got sucked into the Parallel Universe on November 9, 1878.<sup>[14]</sup> This was the same case that Thao partially mentioned when she and Michel were in the Parallel Universe of the Earth. I admit, I got goosebumps when I was reading that people could hear voices in the middle of the field for months, in the place where months

earlier the tracks of a young man, who had been “sucked” into the Parallel Universe, broke off in the snow. And only now I realize that he can still be in that Universe.

In general, there is nothing supernatural in the world. Everything has its own precise reason for existence. But there are several natural “accidents” in the Universe, or “bugs,” if we were to use computer terminology – something that should not have existed according to the plan of the Superior Intelligence.

The passages between our Universe and the Parallel Universe were not conceived by the Superior Intelligence, and therefore they are one of the natural accidents. Albino, four-leafed clover, and appendix are also accidents that have no reason for existence. Another such accident happens when some parts of our life, previewed with the Higher Self, are not erased in the River of Oblivion. When a person is at close proximity to an event, the memory of which was not erased, he “remembers” it. People call this phenomenon “deja vu”.

It is possible that I had my first deja vu when I was writing this book. I referred to the old event of my life, about which I was sure I wrote in this book – I actually saw myself writing those lines. It was about the 2013 video game Tomb Raider. On the day of its release, I recorded my walkthrough with some commentary. I thought of uploading videos to YouTube to help myself with my speech skills. Due to technical problems with audio, I had to abandon that idea.

Simultaneously with the memory of me writing in my book

about me having problems with the audio – I as if “saw” it – I also remembered that I never wrote this. After I searched my book, I did not find any mention of that video game and of the moment with audio in general – neither in the already written book, nor in my notes, where I would write down the details that I recalled, so that to add them to the book later.

But when I was writing a note for myself at the end of the book, in order to return to this part of my life later, I felt a distinct sense of “familiarity” when I wrote the word “audio”. I have never experienced this sensation before. It was as if I was experiencing that familiar moment again.

It is worth saying that if it was not for this experience with a possible *deja vu*, I would have written about my experience with recording the gameplay in *Tomb Raider* on a completely different page.

People with advanced material knowledge can explore the Parallel Universes. For example, the civilization that existed on the continent of Mu, which was located in the southern part of the Pacific Ocean, could do just that with the help of their pyramid. Thanks to the pyramid, they could also communicate telepathically with other star systems – it “enhances” telepathy, the strength of which, without any additional tools, is enough only for communicating within a few billion kilometers.

Also, with the help of the pyramid they were able to create rain.

Thiaoubians, with their full material knowledge, are fully

capable of physically moving with ease between Parallel Universes. But because of the Laws of the Universe, operating even in parallel worlds, they cannot help those who were accidentally “imprisoned” in them.

I think that we, the people of the first category, could help those imprisoned people and animals to return to our Universe if we had the appropriate knowledge and tools for such an enterprise. In the meantime, the best I can advise is to stay away from places where cases of malfunctioning electronic devices, stopping watches, and the occurrence of strange fogs were known. Many people talk about these very things when they talk about the Parallel Universe. And if you were unlucky to get into such a universe, then, having realized this, it is worth remembering your place of arrival and staying close to it. Thus, there is a chance that with a new “merger” of the two Universes, you can get back to where you belong. You could also ask your Higher Self to send a message to one of Thiaooubians in the hope that during their next visit of the Earth, they will be able to help you return. It will not hurt you to try. Since by reading these lines you probably trust the information in this book, then you most likely will not go crazy when you return to your native Universe, which will allow Thiaooubians not to violate any Laws of the Universe.

At one time, I was very interested in the issue of natural accidents. Did people know that they would get into the Parallel Universe when they previewed their life with their Higher Self?

What if they were to meet the love of their life, but because of a “bug”, a natural accident, they found themselves in a world where they should not be, and never experienced what they chose to be born for? What would happen to the person whom the missing one was supposed to meet? Naturally, he would also begin to live not according to the plan, which, of course, would affect other people, changing their life story for which they chose to be born. And so on it goes. If I understand everything correctly, then this paragraph, which I am writing, should not have existed in the original plan of the Superior Intelligence for the simple reason that the natural accidents did not exist in the imagination of the Spirit, but, nevertheless, they actually exist in the created life and this is a pretty important topic.

Sometimes I even had the thought what if some events in my life should not have happened, and I suffer because of the accidents of nature, and not because of my own mistakes. To some extent, I got my answer when I was 28 years old...

Do the Higher Selves know about the natural accidents, and do we see them when we preview our lives? I think the answer may depend on whether this Universe is the first world that the Spirit has ever created...

Returning to the group on Facebook, usually people wrote in it without deviating too much from the truths in the book, nor did they deviate from logic and common sense. But there were those who did not want to learn even after numerous discussions and showing them the evidence of the fallacy of their judgments.

Thus, to this day I had to ban only three people who refused to listen and continued to spam about flat earth, mountains being giant trees, and about a book that clearly could not be genuine since its author allowed himself to write things about Jesus that simply cannot be a reality, for they completely contradict what was written in the Thiaoouba Prophecy by Michel Desmarquet under “dictation” of Thao. In fact, such serious contradictions allowed me to identify many books (and not only books) that position themselves as true sources of information about the secrets of the Universe and life, but, apparently, their true goal is monetary enrichment on people’s ignorance.

Because of such people who do not want to learn, do not want to understand that they are mistaken, and continue to write actively about their theories that have nothing to do with the many times proven Laws of the Universe, I realized that only educated people should take part in public voting, if we do not want to suffer because of uneducated people. I will talk more about this in the manifesto of this book.

Usually, I just tried to answer people, pointing out their mistakes. For this, I often quoted Thiaoouba Prophecy which clearly showed the contradictions of some ideas with the truths revealed or mentioned in the book. This was not liked by all people – because, as I suspect, for many people the information in the book is only faith and not knowledge. Naturally, I talked about my experience of seeing the Auras, my partial out of body experience, etc. I believe that proving the existence of these



things can help many people take the information in the book more seriously.

Thus, despite the requests of some people to ban poorly educated supporters of illogical theories, I still left them in the group, giving them the opportunity to learn. Knowing that Thiaoouba Prophecy is a true book, it would be wrong to take from people away the chance to learn something new, to learn from their own mistakes. But we must not forget that those people can smear the truth of the book – even if it is not done on purpose, perhaps. Therefore, a balance must exist between the freedom of will and speech, and common sense. A plant will grow in moist soil, but if we water the plant too often, the roots will rot from overwatering, and the whole plant will die...

Meanwhile, I was still spending time playing video games in order to distract myself from the noise and from the growing depression due to lack of personal life. One such game was Hearthstone, released in March 2014. Alas, a seemingly calm card game nevertheless managed to free from me negative traits, the existence of which I did not suspect. I remember how after buying and installing the game Dead Space a few years earlier, at first I was in a light shock from the fact that I had to shoot off limbs of the local monsters, since before that I was actively trying to develop my spirituality and psychic abilities, like learning to see the Aura every day. In the case of that card game, I could become the monster. This is very stupid, but I often allowed myself to have negative thoughts towards my opponents. Yes,

some of them clearly made up their minds till the very end of each turn, but this did not make my thoughts and words towards them right – even if I really did not wish them anything bad and often immediately regretted my behavior. In this regard, I had a dream in which was shown the 17th page of my mother’s Bible, written in Church Slavonic. A few weeks later I remembered that dream and opened the seventeenth page of mother’s Bible. There is a teaching written on that page, saying that you should not say and wish bad things to anyone – otherwise, you will be punished. I ended up uninstalling the game.

The game Dead Space reminded me of telling you how I understood the importance of ensuring that during the day nothing gives us negative impressions – otherwise we might have nightmares that will prevent the Astral body from communicating with the Higher Self. This happened when, right before bedtime, I watched the movie “Alien” once again, thinking that I had watched it many times, and for me there was nothing to be scared of, so I would sleep normally.

I had a dream that night in which I woke up in my bed in Moscow. I had a telephone in my hand, the screen of which illuminated the part of the room that would otherwise be in complete darkness. In the doorway to the corridor, a meter from my bed, stood an older woman. Her face was completely white, and she herself was in black clothes. In the dream, I knew that as long as there is light, she does not pose a danger... And then the light of the phone turned off to create complete darkness. I

realized at that moment that the pale as death woman could be anywhere. The phone's screen suddenly lit up to show the white face of the woman right in front of my eyes. I woke up screaming hard, and I was sweating. If I were to make a video of this dream, it would consist of 3 images, the middle of which would be plain black or completely absent, and this video would not have audio, only subtitles explaining the course of my thoughts in the dream. Yet to this day, this dream of simple structure is the scariest dream of my life. After it I never watched horror films right before going to sleep again...

My habit of masturbating to porn on the internet was still part of my life. I tried to get rid of it and I once asked my Higher Self, Thao, Biastra and Latoli – as I often did at that time – to stop me if I went to a porn site. Needless to say, I soon opened my favorite porn site again, and while I was browsing it, I felt an electric touch on my hand. I closed the website. It helped me not to masturbate again that day, but I could not allow myself to ask someone to watch over me again... Masturbation continued.

The problem also was that I often could not help but daydream or think about sex which led to the so-called “blue balls”, when, due to rather severe pain and discomfort, I once again had to masturbate because I was worried about my health.

Then I returned to my telekinesis practices. Surprisingly, I managed to move the tip of the suspended thread by a few centimeters at my first attempt. But I still had problems directing the thread to where I wanted to move it. I tried again

telekinetically moving the tip of the thread in the form of the number 8, and I succeeded! The tip of the thread really described the outlines of the digit eight in the air in accordance with my “wishes”. Telekinesis itself sometimes created the feeling that the thought process was taking place above the physical head – no matter how strange it sounds – but I can be wrong in the conclusions and feelings.

Going to bed that day after a more than successful telekinesis session, I had a face in front of my eyes closed that some ufologists would call “Grey”. This vision also coincided with the fact that not long ago we discussed the Grays in the TPXP group (Thiaoouba Prophecy XP). When Michel Desmarquet held his lectures in the USA in 1995, he was given a telepathic permission from Thiaoouba to talk about Grays and their activity on Earth.

Grays, like us, live on the planet of the first category.<sup>[15]</sup> Because of their “civilized” activities, they completely lost their immune system. Since we just started to lose ours after about 1948, Grays decided to implant monitoring devices in approximately 150 people around the world for their scientific research. They hope that in this way they can help themselves. People from Thiaoouba monitor their activity and clearly say that there is no danger to us.

That “Grey” looked like a man – with a slightly unusual head shape, without hair, but nevertheless it was a man. Then I stopped thinking of them as of boilerplate “extraterrestrials” and “aliens”, which was caused by various movies and television programs.

I had another unusual case, when I saw in front of my closed eyes someone who was dressed in a kind of armor. Like those that can be seen in the history books of some Asian countries. The vision was quickly gone, and I could not make out the details. I do not know what its meaning was...

My habit of talking to myself in my head had a lot of bad and strange consequences. One of those oddities was that when thinking about Thao, I often mentioned to myself her name, accompanied by one word which is an insult if you call a person with it. It annoyed me, and that was one of the reasons why I needed to get used to being focused on reality. Unfortunately, I could not remove this oddity from my life, and in the end, I received roughly the following message: “Слушай ты... перестань говорить/повторять моё имя!” (“Listen, you... stop saying/repeating my name!”). I was a little upset about this whole situation and the dream; maybe I was even offended. Then months passed, and I was told: “But we want to help you!”. My worries were dispelled.

Around the same year, another unique event occurred. I woke up in the middle of the night after a dream and saw two tall human shadows “walking” along the wall to the left of my bed, standing right next to it. They moved from right to left. Aside from me, only my mother lives in the apartment, and she was sleeping in her bed. I realized that these shadows could not be created by someone from the street – it is simply physically impossible. I thought it was a sign that the dream I had was from

Thiaooubians, but I could not remember it.

In October 2014, a very important event happened in my life. It all started with a dream, in which a familiar female voice said that a courier would come and ask for money. Waking up, I thought that it was about the lens of my camera, which was being repaired for free under warranty. The dream was not a surprise for me, as I had already got the call from the service center before the dream, and they warned me that courier delivery of the lens would not be free. I could not go and pick it up myself because I would have to go by metro, and at that time I could not go far from home due to continuing health problems.

But I walked around the nearby streets, often thinking about what could have been had I made different decisions in the past. For example, if only at the age of thirteen I had gone to the library's computer room with Internet access and looked for information about stuttering – I could have found what I would find five years later, and then my life would have flowed on a completely different path...

I blamed myself, and sometimes my father, for what I had to experience at that time.

I also tried not to think about my age and forget that I was already 26 years old. I rationalized this by the fact that you need to live in the present, not realizing that at the same time I made the old mistake when I decided to forget a part of my life, and also I did not think about the future at all... Because of this, my life continued to stand still... or so it seemed.

Then during that month, a video card for my laptop was supposed to be delivered to me. I had to make this expensive purchase because the old video card suddenly stopped working. Before I bought it, I tried to make sure that it is compatible with my laptop. But once it arrived, I found that the operating system cannot load with the card installed, showing just a black screen. I found topics with similar problems on the Internet. People were able to solve them by flashing the graphics card's BIOS with BIOS from another manufacturer's video card.

I started looking for service centers on the Internet and called the first one on the list. Upon explaining to the man my problem, he, for some reason, began to offer me to give them the entire laptop, and not just one video card. Naturally, more or less versed in computers and electronics, I refused to give them my laptop, because I knew very well that for flashing BIOS with a programmer you do not need to have an entire computer. The man on the other end of the phone did not give up, and I had to say goodbye to him.

Another important detail of this situation is that I could still return the video card to China and get my money back. But I could not return my payment for the shipping of this video card. This return period would end in a couple of days, and so I was in a hurry to find out if there were companies in Moscow that could flash the video card's BIOS.

I started looking on the Yandex map for the nearest computer service centers. I was a little surprised to see a service center

very close to my home, in a place where there used to be a hairdresser's that I often visited until I began to go bald. On the other hand, I have not been there for many years; everything could change over the years. I decided that I would try to go there myself with the video card, and I would talk directly with the service center employees. It was then that it started raining hard on the street, and because of it I could not go anywhere – I do not remember if I did not have an umbrella or had problems with the sole of my shoes.

I called them on the phone. A man answered the call. After my explanation of what I needed from them, he also began to talk about the need to bring the entire laptop to them in the center. I told him that the laptop is not needed for flashing the chip, but he said that they would need to somehow make sure that the firmware update was successful. Since this was the second time when I was told the same thing, I gave up and agreed to give my laptop for flashing the video card. The man said that a courier would come and pick up the laptop along with the video card. That day was October 20, 2014.

In the evening their courier came. I again began having doubts about giving them my laptop. The courier called his boss, and I eventually agreed.

Having finished filling out the papers, he told me that I had to pay 2 000 rubles in case I would suddenly decide to change my decision regarding the repair. I gave him the money. The agreement provided to me was signed. The courier left with the



laptop, video card, and power adapter.

On October 22 came a courier with the lens. I did not have to pay any extra money. Just what we agreed to on the phone. He politely said goodbye and left. The repaired lens itself worked perfectly.

I decided to check on the video card. After the first call, some doubts began to appear, but after the second time, when they told me in almost straightforward, unceremonious way that I would not see my laptop until I pay a few thousand more for the laptop diagnostics, everything became very clear.

Of course, I did not order any diagnostics, since the laptop was working properly. I gave it only so that the repair center could check that the video card is recognized by the laptop after the firmware update. This was the first time that I got scammed by people who slipped me an agreement with the written conditions of which I did not agree with.

When it became clear that I was scammed, I saw how the layer of the Aura surrounding me changed color for a moment. I looked at the clock and it showed 33 minutes. It is written in my diary that I was a little upset that Thiaooubians did not telepathically hint me that I was dealing with criminals. I think that I did not remember the dream which did exactly that!

It was a frosty morning when I struggled to go to the nearest police station. I was told there that they do not serve my area. I went to another station, which was further from my home. I felt stress from such a long walk, because deep inside I remembered

about my long-standing incident, when I barely reached my house, where I felt comfortable and could calm down and relax – at least a little. More nervousness was added by the memory about the army. What if, instead of helping me, the police decided to send me for an examination of the non-existent disease – stuttering?

But everything was okay. I explained my situation to the police, and I filed a report. One of the policemen called that company, but could not do anything, because, according to him, there was a legally savvy person. In addition, they were leaving to investigate a murder, and they did not have time for me – which I fully understand.

By and large, it was clear that while the police clearly saw that the company had deceived me, they could not do anything because of the signed agreement. Should have read the contract before signing it... because even if it says complete nonsense that contradicts logic and common sense, the judicial system will still be on the side of nonsense.

I was not going to pay money to scammers and thought about buying a cheap computer for the little money that I still had. And I was considering to start working as a programmer again in order to save up on a normal, fast computer. But then the scammers called in order to return my laptop back. I was determined to take my laptop and not give them a dime.

It turned out that the courier forgot to bring the power adapter for my laptop. I did not sign or pay anything. He left for my

adapter and I never saw him again. As I recall, the man from that company had the audacity to call me and demand money for diagnostics, which, of course, they did not do. The laptop was never even turned on by them. I used the power supply that they lost to get rid of them and never heard their calls again. It suited me, as it would be humiliating to pay them money for deceiving me.

On Friday of that week, I had a dream saying that “they will bring my adapter to me”. About a week later, I ordered a new one from the company that I checked for honesty from the reviews of former customers. They brought an adapter which cost 2 000 rubles.

As for the video card firmware, I walked with difficulty to the local repair center specializing in Apple products. It was in the basement of a Khrushchyovka, and I had long been aware of its existence. It turned out that they were repairing not only Apple devices. Usually, the master took a thousand and a half rubles for work, but because of the specifics of my situation, he asked for 2000. The BIOS was successfully flashed, and the computer happily recognized the Dell graphics card that now “considered itself” to be an MSI graphics card – just as I expected.

When I was still walking home in the dark with the firmware updated video card, I could not help but think that all three two thousand rubles that I had to pay were a punishment for the fact that once upon a time I made erroneous decisions to go to three prostitutes, to all of whom I also paid two thousand for each of

the four visits; of course I still had to spend money to take the subway.

Soon, the new adapter began to malfunction and I had to buy a new one. It cost a little less than three thousand rubles...

# Life Lessons

For some time, maybe months, I had had a strong crush on one streamer girl. Perhaps her unusual voice, as well as my compassion for her life problems caused by such a voice, influenced the fact that I very often thought and dreamed of her. Sometimes I exchanged short messages with her. Once I went to the stream of that girl I really liked; she played Resident Evil (Remake) and diligently tried to kill the initial zombie with a knife in order to learn how to use that melee weapon and also to save ammo. I decided to politely say hello to her in the chat, writing “Hi!))”, And also added in that message a question about how long she was going to torment the poor zombie (or something like that), and I definitely did not forget to put a smiley bracket “))” after the question mark so that it could be seen that the question is comic and not coercing, and not serious and irritable – after my old mini-incident with Yulia, I remembered the importance of punctuation marks and others signs that mean emotions. But the streamer girl apparently did not know this, and said something like: “Why is there always someone who...?” It hurt me a little then... I was just “someone”, and she did not even remember that I rarely, but talked to her. Of course, it also hurt me that a person I liked treated me so coldly. I did not write anything, and just deleted her from my favorite streamers list. I did not think about her anymore and neither did I dream about

her...

Around these years, I began to have a series of dreams about my tooth. The first dream showed that the tooth, which I had previously filled in a paid clinic, had a deep blackness on the side looking at another tooth located deeper in the mouth. When I woke up, I checked the tooth in the mirror, but I did not see anything bad. My reassurance was broken by the fact that I soon felt a piece of tooth in my mouth. It was the same tooth that opened the caries from the distant tooth. Just like in my dream. Due to the poor state of my health, I could not go to the dentist, as it was clear that I would be injected with a local pain medication. The problem was that years earlier I did not feel very well in a paid clinic when I was given local anesthesia. I was afraid that I could get sick again with all the consequences. In subsequent years, I had other dreams about that lateral tooth, and about the front tooth with its nerve removed.

Then I started having dreams about cancer. The first dream said that I had cancer of the right testicle. At the same time with these words, I looked in that dream at my genitals, and my right testicle was very swollen. Sometimes I really felt unpleasant pain and tension in that part of my body. I read that people can live five years with testicular cancer. About six have passed since then. I still have some discomfort. I must say that once during meditation I felt the tension subside in that area, and I felt something that I would call "dissolving". I knew within myself that this was a positive sign, meaning that I was being cured. And

I really felt better, as if there had never been any symptoms. As you probably realize, I did not always meditate, and continued to return to the bad habits of masturbation and imagination.

I kept playing video games too. Playing once in Final Fantasy XIII-2, I again felt the electric touch. That time on my right leg. I immediately pressed Alt+Tab, and saw that the clock in Windows was showing 33 minutes. This was my third and final experience with the electric touches.

Unfortunately, I played the game for a long time, completing all the achievements in it. Time flew by almost imperceptibly.

The next interesting event happened on May 5, 2015. I woke up and saw an eye in the dark in front of my closed eyes. It half closed its eyelids, as if showing me that this was not a dream. Not sure, but maybe I saw barely noticeable outlines of a face. In color, that eye was pale green or blue. I remembered that Latoli had similar eyes in the colorful drawing of her. Could it have been her? When I looked at the clock after the vision had dissolved in the darkness of my closed eyes, I saw 7:33 AM there. A lot of time had passed since the last time I saw Thao...

Since I write in this memoir what happened to me in my life and what had a strong influence on me, I should say that until that moment I started thinking, for some reason, and maybe I did not believe it completely, that Latoli thought badly of me because of my bad habits. Perhaps this was somehow related to the fact that I had never seen her and never received any messages from her. Not that she had to tell me anything – of course not. But

I took this event as a sign for me that my strange worries were groundless, and everything was okay.

On July 20, 2015, I went to bed and for a very short time, no more than a second, a vision of a face appeared. After a few seconds, I looked at the clock which showed 12:34 AM.

On August 1, 2015, I wrote a Facebook note about my spiritual experience with Thiaooubians that I had at that time. I decided to do this, because people often asked me about my experience with Thiaooubians, and it was not easy for me to write essentially the same message. They asked me because during previous years I had to write about my experience from time to time in order to answer the questions of some people who doubted the truthfulness of Michel's book. I thought that with such an experience it would be a mistake to be simply quiet during such moments. I wrote "I had to", because it was not easy for me to tell the truth about myself at that time. I remembered very well how much dirt some people poured on me, which plunged me into a terrible state because of which I sometimes did not go to social networks for weeks, if not months.

The note was published and open to all. Some people believed me, some did not.

Nevertheless, it was a big step forward for me. I began to overcome my fears of telling the truth about myself, learning lessons from a school called planet Earth.

Life brought me another lesson when I went to buy groceries at one of the nearest stores. The woman I used to see at the cash



register worked in it. I think that she was a little older than me, and I was a little attracted to her. Then it seemed to me that she was looking somewhat strange at me, and she was saying something to another worker with a smile on her face. But I threw away what I thought at the time was just my speculations. And so that day I was walking around the store and took the groceries into the basket. That woman was putting food on the shelf. She saw me and immediately joyfully ran away somewhere. I went a little further, and then a man with slightly dark skin and short black hair ran out from behind the food shelves. He was clearly looking for me with his eyes, and once our eyes met, the vile smile from his face disappeared. Now it became absolutely clear to me that this was not some kind of speculation of mine. People whom I did not even know and who did not know me really laughed at me. I was not feeling good at heart... not good at all.

Having come home, I realized one thing – I wanted to take a knife, go back to the store, and cut that woman's throat. This is how much I hated her in those seconds of my life. If earlier such thoughts were only fantasies – for which, by the way, one also must pay by suffering according to Universal Law – now I really wanted with my whole being the death of another person who, as I supposed, was the cause of my incredible psychic pain. Moreover, I felt that this act would bring me great pleasure.

Fortunately for her and for me by that time I not only knew about Thiaoouba and the Laws of the Universe, but I also had accumulated a certain amount of spiritual knowledge. I fully

realized the seriousness of what was happening. I realized that if I did nothing, then my desire would become a reality. It may seem strange, but I decided to go on YouTube and watch some documentary about killers. I clicked on some video. It was about an old woman from the USA. That woman arranged a shelter in her house for other elderly people whom she then was killing there. Starting to cry in the end due to the wild and unnecessary deaths of people who just wanted help and love, I realized that I still was a human being. I have never had such a serious desire to kill someone ever again.

This was yet another life's lesson, and I chose to try to learn what it was trying to teach me.

Lessons came not only from real life events. I often had dreams about school and once about the Institute that I barely attended. These dreams are important to me, because they abstractly answered some of my questions, and also helped to realize other important things. I have recorded many of those dreams in detail and will try to briefly tell you about them.

The first such dream was about the Institute. I sat at the desk and I felt very dispirited, as I did not want to be there. The question continued to arise in my head: "What am I doing here? I have already left the institute and do not want to be here. I feel that I do not belong in here".

In other dreams I was at school. I knew that I had already completed my education in it, but then I chose to return to it again. Again, I had the feeling that I should not be in this place,

and I did not want to be there. I felt that I had made the wrong decision when I chose to study in it again. It was a depressive feeling.

In the dream that I had on January 7, 2012, I was again in school class. The teacher yelled at someone, maybe even at me. There were other old problems that I did not need to experience, since I had already gone through that experience. This time I could not tolerate this situation, and so I collected my textbooks, told my friends that I could not go through all this again, got up and... woke up.

The next dream about school, which I wrote down, occurred on February 4, 2014. It was a history lesson. When it ended, we went out into the corridor. Someone was sitting on a bench at the English class, and someone was walking up the stairs to the German class. I did not want to go there, because I did not want to study German. I asked Yan if they were sitting and waiting for the English lesson, as I was thinking of changing the language I was studying. Then my friend Anton, who was sitting at the locker room, congratulated me on something, and I asked him why he did it. For some reason I was wrapped in a blanket. Then we stood on the school porch and discussed why we were attending school again, if we had already finished studying in it? What is the reason? Then I saw how a tram almost run over a crippled crow. I said that we could simply not go to school – not that our previous grades, which we got at the last exams, would be erased. There is no reason why we need to go to school again. Then he

pinched my stomach pretty hard. I remembered at that moment Thao, who pinched Michel so that he knew that he was not in a dream. While this was happening, he was saying that “there is a reason, there is a reason for it”. I woke up.

February 16, 2014. In this dream we were going to the technology class. I joked about the waves, and then I sat down at the second or first desk in the second row. I think we were discussing the situation on Earth, and I drew a sketch of the pyramid and said that we do not need to have money in our system. This idea was met with the opposition, and after I continued my thought, talking about the homeless and poor people who are at the very bottom and suffer the most, it caused anger and hatred from my school friend, whose words had an impact on me in ninth grade. I decided that I did not need all this and walked out from the class. The teacher saw this and caught up with me in the hallway. I told him that I was going to change class. He asked what if there would be the same kind of people? And I replied that in that case I would change school. Then I met students from class A and told them my story, and said that I would probably get poisoned (it was so). They promised to talk with my classmates. I walked on and saw our former class teacher give a speech, like a politician, at the main entrance. Next, I walked up the stairs with Vova. I asked him who our new class teacher was, but he did not know. I explained that I was looking for him in order to start going to the English class instead of German. I continued to say that I have no reason to learn German

when everything I do is related to English: reading, movies, games, programs that I use. Anticipating the start of the lesson, I noticed the construction of a new building behind the 19th house on our street. I mentioned this to Sergey, and it took him a while to see what I was talking about. (It was also interesting that the German lesson was where computer science lessons actually took place – and I really worked as a programmer for a while. In reality, the German class was on the second floor, right under the informatics class.) The lesson started. Unexpectedly, there were a lot of people, and the teacher was a complete stranger to me. We all entered the classroom, and while I was walking to the third row from the door, I realized that I wanted to sit in the middle row at the second or the third desk on the right side. Because of this, I again had to pass by the teacher. I sat there, and we opened German textbooks which had drawings that were more likely for children than for tenth graders. While the teacher was saying something, I got up with my right hand raised, apologized, and left the classroom with the firm intention not to return there and to start going to the English class from now on. I went down to the first floor, where there were a lot of people. English teacher was probably late. Opening the door to the English classroom, I did not recognize anyone from my class, and I went to see the schedule to find out in which room the English class was taking place.

The dream from August 10, 2015. It was the first school day after a long rest. We should have had about 4-5 lessons, one of

which was “Korean”. Then I was alone at the school playground and thought about skipping school. I often did that last year, and it all ended without bad consequences... I remember that it was Friday, and one of the lessons was supposed to be history. I was afraid that the teacher might ask me, but then I remembered that this was the first lesson of the year, and she should talk about something herself. I went to the entrance. On the doorstep, I crossed paths with a girl and her mother or grandmother. The girl was smaller than me. I went inside and went straight into the locker room. I began to take off my clothes at the penultimate row of hangers, which I used in high school. Then a guy came up, whom I probably remember from the institute, and he began to take off his outer clothing. He said that his girlfriend asked him to buy a scarf for 12 000 rubles. Then he said that she could be a very expensive (costly) wife. All that time, the little girl was not far away, and I thought what she would learn from everything she heard? The schedule was right in the locker room, and 5 lessons were written on it. One of which was Korean, history, and other languages. I asked Gosha if I could transfer to an English group. At this point I began to have problems with speech, and I began to use the word-parasites to facilitate my speech. I wanted to say that I watch a lot of films and TV shows in English and I understand almost everything. The answer was affirmative.

The dream from August 18, 2015. This was the beginning of grade 8. We had many lessons that Tuesday (I had this dream on Tuesday too). Then I was at home and told my mother about

my dreams about school, and I told her about my guess that they might relate to reincarnation (here she asked me to speak Russian, not English) and that I had something else to learn in this life. I said that every life is a chance for us to learn something new, and I think she finally agreed with me. Between the lines, I mentioned that I was tired of this need to go to school, and I was going to skip it. Then the setting of the dream changed to another scene. (In my journal, I wrote down that it was probably my Higher Self who spoke the message, since it was a male voice. But I felt that Thao was also there.) I remember that the one who spoke to me showed me a toy wooden wall. Its angles were approximately 135 degrees, and the white ropes held together the logs which the wall was made of. In the middle, there was a white toy man (meaning that he had arms and legs similar to human ones), who seemed to dance, shaking his arms and legs. For some reason, I knew that it meant I had to remember what was about to happen next. And next there was a message. A voice mentioned my unwillingness to go to school anymore. The next thing I remembered was: "This is not the first time [my] apartment has seen a convicted murderer/criminal" – I woke up being all very upset. I went to turn on my laptop to record my dream so as not forget it. It was not where it was supposed to be. All things in the room were out of place. A table and the television set stood in a corner by the door which could not open normally into the room. The chair on which I was sitting stood in a corner by the table. My back was turned toward the door.

There was little space on the table, and I had to move a couple of things so that I could write. I began to remember my dream and then remembered something about my mother's sister, who was going to visit us that day, or something like that. Then I ended up in a place where there were Thao and Michele (the woman whom I made an administrator in the TPXP group. We talked a lot with her about numbers and math). We were in a kind of apartment with a narrow and high window, like Americans have. I have never been in that place. In tears, I asked Thao if the convicted killer lived in my apartment before me? (Our house was built in 1972. Mom lived in it since 1979. She always said that an elderly woman lived in our apartment before her, but when I asked her again after my sleep, she said that she only assumed it.) Thao answered in the affirmative. Then I asked her about myself. Who did I kill to deserve this life? (While I was saying this, I was very upset, but remembered that my experience with Thiaoouba made my life a little brighter). Thao said that it was my mother. I said that I knew this (I remembered then the tension that existed between us almost for all our life. Especially in childhood. But then it passed and the quarrels stopped. In fact, I remembered this past tension between us when I was going to bed that night). I no longer remember what else we were talking about, and, as I recall, Thao consoled me – many creatures had a similar experience when they lived on a planet of the first category. Then I woke up again... It was my first and last dream withing a dream (or “false awakening”).



While I was translating from English into Russian my notes about my dream, I finally realized who the other convicted murderer was...

The dream from August 25, 2015. I only remember that the clock showed 10:03 when the lesson began in our school's cafeteria. The teacher asked the student about his summer vacation, and he talked a lot about different things. I realized then that I had nothing to share. I just sat at home all summer with my habits. Then someone else was asked. I looked at the clock. 10:33. Then there was something about a bun, which was divided into three pieces. Then I realized that these were mine and Anton's classes in that room. All the people who got asked were from my class. Vlad was to my right, and Sergey set to my left. I became a little worried that they could ask me, but then I realized that about ten minutes remained until the end of the lesson, and I decided that I would most likely be fine.

August 31, 2015. The dream began with my parachute descent to the surface of the planet. There was another man whom I had to save by fastening his body to my belt. Strange, but instead of landing, we flew through a system of bright blue caves and somehow turned 90 degrees around the walls. I knew that we were flying out of the cave, and the exit was located on top of the mountain. I opened a map (similar to that from the Skyrim videogame) to see that the village where we needed to go was nearby. We flew down and landed at the houses. The man spoke for a while with a woman who seemed important. Perhaps the

village leader? Then I ended up in school in history class. When I left the class, I again thought that I did not need to be there. I have already completed my studies; why should I go to school again? I thought that I can skip school for as many days as I want, or that I have already skipped it for many days, and there should be no consequences for me because I am no longer a part of the school, and there are no documents saying that I should to go there. Having reached the door of the biology class, I looked inside and went to the exit. A guard who was not at his desk asked me what I was looking for. He clearly did not think that I was one of the students. I said something about the ground floor and left the building, thinking that the guard could follow me to ask me more questions, but he did not do that. I went along the diagonal path to the gate for cars. Then I started to run and, apparently, scared a black boy who most likely thought that I was chasing him for some reason. I was outside the school grounds, and I do not remember anything else...

The dream that occurred on September 6 or 7, 2015. I was sitting in the biology class. It was 1995 (I do not remember that in the first grade I was ever near the biology class). Strange, but the whole class, including myself, greeted the boy who was in the video game Resident Evil 2 (in reality, the game was released on January 21, 1998), and then someone behind me shouted out his greeting in a funny manner, and everyone laughed. Boy Leon had curly red hair, but did not look like Leon from the videogame. The game itself was apparently directed by Steven Spielberg.

Even stranger was the fact that adult actors appeared who played Leon and Claire. A little later, a voice told me: “You are our creation”.

On September 20, 2015, I had a dream related to my desire to ask our neighbor about who lived in our apartment before mom. In the dream, I met him at the lake and carefully asked him my question. He said that he started living in the house a year after its construction. Then he showed me a very large book containing all cases of committed crimes. One of them showed my life relating to giant beavers. According to the book, this happened 5 000 years ago.

But that was a dream. In real life, I finally found an opportunity to ask my neighbor if he knew the people who lived in our apartment before us. He did not know anything.

Perhaps I should say about some strange events that occurred in our apartment. Many years ago, I woke up in the morning and heard that the CD boombox standing at my bed was turned on. It was definitely turned off when I went to sleep, and I thought that I myself could turn it on in the middle of a dream. This was the only such case with the boombox. Another time I woke up in the middle of the night to realize that the TV was working; it was also turned off when I went to bed. Nothing inexplicable happened in my apartment, but sometimes I think that if someone really lived in our apartment before my mother, then at the death of that person, his 19% of electrons can visit an old familiar place from time to time. Is this the case – I do not know.

October 10, 2015. In this dream, I was in the school's locker room. After some time, it was announced that the system in the country had changed, and then it became clear that I was at the center of all this activity. We went outside, and my classmates invited me to celebrate the event, but I replied that now I have responsibilities and I cannot get drunk. I went back to school where I asked a woman if the camera could broadcast live video. She said "yes", and I went to the third floor. There was another woman with a camera, but she did not answer my question, and I left the room. Then I stood alone with my phone, streaming a YouTube video, or something like that, and I talked about what awaited the people ahead. At the end of the dream, or perhaps when I was waking up, I thought that removing money would not be perceived by everyone as something good, and some people might think that they are being robbed.

On this the series of dreams about the school was, by and large, ended. I have two prevailing thoughts on what these dreams could mean when it comes to constantly returning to the place where I have finished studying and did not want to be at.

The first thought is the fact that in this life I constantly return to old habits and things that I should have left behind a very long time ago. In this sense, these dreams could show me that I should start living in the present and not look back.

And the second thought is related to reincarnation. Sometimes I wondered if my life was not the first. I wondered why Thiaooubians have been helping me. Does my poor health have

anything to do with it? Perhaps the fact that I really began self-education and tried to learn to see Auras also somehow allowed Thao and Biastra to help me without violating the Universal Law? Then I remembered about that bright entity at my village house. I was five years old, and this was the first and only time that I saw anyone like that. Needless to say, it was thanks to that episode that I began to be interested in the unknown side of life, which resulted in me finally finding the answers to my questions.

When Thao showed Michel what she was capable of, she appeared in the form of a completely golden and shining silhouette, as if a fire was burning inside of her. The essence that I saw is a little different from what Michel described, but I still could not help asking: could that bright entity be one of Thiaooubians? And if so, why me? I do not know the exact answer to this question, and for reasons of morality and honesty I have no right to go too far in my thoughts.

But I think that I can reflect on the following.

If mistakes lead to suffering, then correct decisions lead to positive consequences. Perhaps I did something right in a past life, and thanks to this I had my experience with the bright entity which, along the chain of further events, led me to find the book from Thiaoouba?

But then I remembered the reaction of Michel Desmarquet when he found out that he lived his 81st life! Yes, he believed that he had not lived his first life, but it was a surprise for him that he had lived so many lives.

Then we can talk about Moses, who, as Thao said, was waiting for his birth on Thiaoouba when he was offered to become Moses. From Exodus 4:10, we can conclude that Moses had problems with speech. And this despite the fact that his Astral body was of the last ninth category.

Thao taught Michel and us that when a person chooses to be born on a planet of a lower category than the Astral body, he must suffer, as he immerses himself in worse conditions where his advanced spirituality cannot exist.

Having all this, I again have a question – what if?

Then the people who lived in Sodom and Gomorrah were also punished for their mistakes and for their unwillingness to learn and change. This happened even though their Astral bodies were of a higher category – as we know from the book Thiaoouba Prophecy.

As a child, I understood some things about the Universe and life, and my correctness was later confirmed in the book Thiaoouba Prophecy, the truthfulness of which was confirmed by my many experiences with Thao – especially telepathic messages, which are the ultimate evidence for me. As for visions, I understand that they can come not only from Thiaooubians – for example, they can come from a man's Higher Self.

Whether I lived on planets of higher categories or not, I do not know. Due to some bad deeds that I have done in this life, some of which you already know, my Astral body could not be of too high spiritual category. And due to the lack of clear

indisputable knowledge about the category of my soul, I am obliged to consider myself a person of the first category – which I do. A different way of thinking would be simply wrong with all the consequences of mistakes. But how to explain then that my life is so closely connected with Thiaoouba? Again, I can only speculate that perhaps I made the right decision in one of the past lives on Earth, and in this life the consequences of that hypothetical decision were materialized into help from Thiaooubians, which in turn led to my help to them – but this just one of the speculations.

This very book that I am writing is a help from me, since I would like more people to learn about the book Thiaoouba Prophecy and that it is completely true – and I have little doubt that my book would not exist if I would not have the *knowledge* that I have. Later you will learn how else I helped Thiaooubians and people.

I want to note that in this life I did not have a craving for alcohol, and no cravings whatsoever for smoking and various substances. If we literally interpret the dream where I was a man with alcohol in my hand and the absence of any plans for life, it may be that I have no craving for alcohol due to the fact that I already got some knowledge from a past life regarding the consequences of drinking such drinks?

In fact, in my present life, I have only two obvious addictions that you already know about. Both, unlike alcohol, smoking and drugs, can only be activated by willpower, which eliminates

the need to acquire something that could lead me to false and erroneous states of calm, fun, or pleasure. And for this reason, or because of the natural work of the imagination and sexual organs (if they are used when it is really needed and right) it was so hard for me to get rid of these two habits. But when I find the solution, I assume that most likely I will not have to deal with bad habits of this scale in this Universe in any of my future lives.

I should say that I am fully aware that not all dreams should be taken literally. As you will see later, I had dreams that could never be real. But given the synchronicity and uniqueness of some dreams – when I had the first and last false awakening, for example – I cannot just take and toss everything that was said in them aside. That would be unreasonable. By the way, Michel had a true dream on Thiaoouba, and it showed real things using abstraction.

I want to briefly talk about another dream that I had on November 23, 2015. In the dream, I and other people were on a spaceship. We were wearing spacesuits, and we were preparing to go into outer space, as I heard knocks on the hatch. I asked if everyone heard this? This was strange as I knew that there was nothing but a vacuum behind the hatch. There were other knocks in other parts of the ship too. I saw this as a warning. The hatch was open, and something went wrong with the spacesuits. The whole chamber was depressurized and the same thing happened with the costumes of all people except mine. I quickly began to seal the room, and when this was done, I thought whom to



help first? The medic seemed the right decision. I managed to resurrect her – a young blonde. Then I started trying to resurrect a woman with black hair. Because I was in a hurry, I did not use all the equipment that I used for the blonde. Some device behind the girl's neck was supposed to bring her back to life. I pressed the button several times, but nothing. The blonde then said: "It's only you and me now, Zhenya". The moment that she said this, she looked at me and threw herself to hug me. It was so unexpected that I got a bit scared and woke up...

I can find several parallels between this dream and events that happened a few years later...

As for work, all summer of 2015 I was making a website where I collected all the grammar rules of the English language. I translated everything into Russian and had two versions of the website in two languages. I was able to get an AdSense account using my website and placed ad units on it.

Once I had a dream that said that there was something wrong with the advertisement. Having visited my website, I really saw a problem with displaying ads which could result in my ban on AdSense if I did not fix it.

After many months, I earned less than a dollar. It is quite understandable, since there are lots of similar websites that teach the same rules. I closed my website for obvious reasons.

But my experience was not a failure, as I learned from my own experience that money is the main evil of our planet. It was very clear that in a rational world there should have been only

one website teaching people English, for example. It would be written by several experts, and people could ask their questions on the website's forum. As for all those hundreds of thousands of people who would be left without work? In a rational world, they would do other work together with other people, which would reduce the overall working day for the whole society. I will talk about this in more detail in the Manifesto of this book.

As for my daily life, on June 25, 2016, I decided to buy licensed copies of the three parts of the videogame Dark Souls which I played for a long time – too long.

When I first clicked the “Play” button on Steam, I clearly told myself that I would not swear and have bad emotions – no matter what happens in this game. For a long time, I knew very well what this series of games was famous for, since I watched streams and played it myself before.

I think that subconsciously I wanted to die. I have never yelled in my life the way I yelled that summer. And I would scream with all possible strength even at the slightest irritant. I felt sick, but I continued to strive to get all the achievements in those games – before that I had already wasted time getting all the achievements in StarCraft 2. I calmed down only when someone with all his strength started pounding on my apartment's wooden front door. I was afraid that it was the police, but it was my neighbor.

That neighbor lived in our house for several years and made his presence felt when he turned on the TV at full volume because he did not want to hear footsteps in the upper apartment.

Then he screamed at nights, not letting people sleep. In fact, he still screams, wishing death to the neighbor's daughter from the apartment above... he clearly does not know about the Universal Law... however, how can he know it if religions distorted the simplicity of many truths of life over time? Have I done something to help him? Well, I asked him not to swear and let people sleep, but he does not care.

It is good that my hearing protector, headphones with good noise-reduction, allow me not to hear him or other neighbors having sex. Speaking about the latter, there was a time that due to lack of sleep I had to smash their door peephole with a hammer, because they clearly did not understand that the knock of the bed against the wall in the middle of the night was heard throughout the house. It helped, but I believe that such an action was still a mistake on my part. Why could I just not go and talk to them? I think that psychology played a role, since I already spoke with them when the noisy neighbor appeared – the girl was more than my type, and the guy was the one whom I was no longer. Simply put, at that time it would be humiliating for me to ask beautiful, young, and healthy people to have more quietly what I did not have and did not foresee.

The very theme of the absence of a girlfriend, love, and sex, as well as the accompanying thoughts that I might have none of this for the rest of my life, more than once killed almost all my motivation to study and work. I often felt bad at heart, and sometimes my existence seemed meaningless...

Returning to videogames and neighbors, in general I started trying to relax after a wild period in my life...

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At the end of summer, my father got very drunk in the village. Mom did not allow him to stay at home while he was drunk, and he drove to the neighboring village to my mother's sister. There he encountered a patrol of policemen. They deprived my dad of his driver's license and then helped him to get to the house of my mom's sister.

Then the drunk father broke his foot by stepping into a pit in the dark.

An ambulance took him to a local hospital, from where dad's friends helped to transport him to a Moscow hospital. He called me to bring some food.

Fortunately for me, the hospital was not too far from my house. I often walked in that area. But it was still not easy for me to walk to the hospital, and I wanted to get out of the ward my father was in as soon as possible because I did not feel well.

After a while, dad was released from the hospital, and his friend took him home by car.

Father asked me to bring him food. He did not have money to ask the neighbors.

Even though I just needed to catch a trolleybus or bus, it was a real challenge for me. I felt terrible and could barely walk in my neighborhood. I remember how I sat on a bench near the trolleybus stop, thinking how I came to this? From a long time

ago, I had all the necessary knowledge to lead a happy, healthy existence. Why did I keep letting my habits shape my life? I do not know in which once I again decided that I should try to live without masturbation and fantasies. The sick father had nothing to eat, and I could not even bring him food.

I remembered how easily my health would get restored whenever I relaxed and focused on the present. I decided that come what may, and I just got on the bus, trying to remove all of the appearing doubts and fears by focusing on what was happening in reality. But it was not without problems, as the bus turned onto another road.

I had to go back to a bus stop since I got on a wrong bus. My father called to find out why it was taking me so long.

In the end, I drove to his house and bought everything he needed. I was riding back in a relatively normal health condition. The fact that with every second I was getting closer and closer to home also helped calm me down.

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At the end of October, I was returning home from a walk. But at home I was met by the unbearable noise of a hammer drill, coming from the neighbors. I decided to go outside on the street again. When I was exiting my apartment, I looked to the side and saw how at that very time a very beautiful girl with blond hair cut to the shoulders was leaving the apartment further down the corridor. The thought of talking to her flashed through me, but instead I quickly walked down the corridor to the door. I

heard her quick footsteps right behind me. We just as quickly went down the stairs and headed for the front door. I opened the door and, stepping outside, kept it open for the young woman. Then our eyes met, and when she said in her gentle voice “Thank you!”, I realized that I was falling in love with her at first sight. For some time, I watched her walk away, noting her figure.

Taking a walk, I thought to wait at the stairs for her return home to try to get to know each other. But I never got to see her.

The other day, before going down the stairs for another walk, I decided to stand for a while at the window next to the stairs and the door to the corridor. A few minutes later the same door opened from where the girl came out the day earlier, and now I could not help but think about her. As the figure was approaching the door, I realized that it was a man. I said hello, and he answered mutually.

Everything was clear. She had someone, and they lived together. But I still could not help but think about her and felt that I was in love with her. It was like insanity, but, to some extent, I was happy with this, since I had not fallen in love for a long time.

After a short time, I was returning home, and I saw that man driving up in his car to the entrance of our house.

When I was at the entrance door, he was carrying a baby and there was a woman with him. It was not at all the blonde girl with whom I was in love. I really do not like to speak badly about people, especially knowing the Laws of the Universe, but I will only say that not all modern men would pay attention to her. I

opened the door and held it for them. He thanked me for that.

They all entered his apartment.

After some time, I heard our neighbor (the one with a dog) talking to someone. I found an excuse to look out into the corridor because my love, or infatuation, made me do strange things to get closer to the truth. I saw the neighbor talking to that woman I had seen earlier with the man and the baby.

For many days I could not think of anything except that blonde. In fact, I was thinking about her, being in love – or being obsessed – all of November. I knew how ridiculous it was to be in love with a person whom I saw only for a couple of seconds. But I could not do anything about it. Also, I could no longer run from my feelings and desires. I remembered perfectly the terrible consequences of me blocking Natasha in my memory. I could not do nothing yet again. After all, I was already 28 years old. There was nowhere to be putting off life.

Given the fact that the man had a wife with a child with whom they obviously lived together, I thought that the blonde was either a relative of one of them, or a friend. I had already realized that I could never see her again, and my love for her enveloped me more and more.

I rang their doorbell once, but no one opened me. I decided that I would get up early in the morning and ask the man about the girl when he would walk the dog, as he usually did.

I woke up and waited for the man to exit. Instead, his wife came out with the dog. Well, I was always more comfortable

talking to women than to men. When she walked into the entrance door, I, being already dressed, waited for the corridor door to open, and then I existed from my apartment. I quickly closed the front door with the key, took a deep breath, and hoping that the dog staring at me would not bite me, asked the passing by woman about the blonde girl. The woman said that she was her daughter and continued walking. I quickly asked if she had anyone. The woman looked at me smiling and said that she was 14 years old. I immediately realized that there was some kind of mistake. That girl could not have been fourteen. I expressed my opinion. To this, the woman began to say that perhaps I had confused the apartment from which the blonde came out. This could not have been either.

If I was dressing up just to show that I “accidentally” met the woman, now I definitely needed to take a walk.

The very first thought that visited me was about a young and beautiful lover. Moreover, I had little doubt that the woman understood the same thing. But as I was reflecting on the known facts, I realized that this thought was ridiculous. Can you imagine how a man has sex with his lover while his wife is walking near the house with her infant? I could not also. But in that case it meant that the blonde girl was really fourteen... but I knew what I saw. No, there must be some kind of mistake!

In the evening, when I was at home and walked near the front door, I heard the family walk by, and the woman was telling her husband which apartment I was leaving in the morning, asking



him if he knew me. Since she told him everything, it meant, as I supposed, that she was sure that there was no chance that her husband had a lover.

I thought about the whole situation again...

Walking outside approximately during December, I went to one of the quiet streets in my neighborhood. Going out onto the sidewalk, I saw a young woman in a dark blue jacket and black pants. She was walking her big black dog. I thought to go along the same sidewalk as the girl – where I usually walked – but her dog headed in my direction, pulling the leash tightly. The woman was of small stature and fragile, and I decided that should her dog decide to attack me, the woman may simply lose hold of it. I decided to go the other way.

The other day, I again saw the woman in blue. She quickly walked past me with her dog. I could not take a good look at the girl because of her hood. It became a little easier for me after that moment, as I began to see things clearly, seeing that the world did not revolve around one blonde girl. There were others. There is a choice.

But I still wanted to know the truth about who I really fell in love with at first sight. In fact, I was still in love. Sometimes I even began to wonder myself what if she was really fourteen years old... What if I just did not take a good enough look at her, or maybe the lack of communication with people in my life affected my ability to determine the age? I decided to check that by walking near local schools at three o'clock when high

school students finished their classes. The girls looked to be clear teenagers, and I could easily say that they were of school age. Also I could not help but see the strangeness, if not absurdity, of my “investigation”, but I could not stop, as I had already been punished more than once for my passivity in the matter of love and personal life.

I often listened to music on YouTube before going to bed. The day when I fell asleep while still wearing headphones was no exception. I woke up at the very first chords of the song “She's Like the Wind” performed by Patrick Swayze. I have already seen this song more than once in the recommendations, but I could not click on it because it reminded me of the cancer, because of which the actor died, and which I could have had. I did not want to think about the bad stuff. But here came the moment when it was no longer possible to run from reality. Also, I could not help but think about the blonde for the whole time the song was playing. It was clear why I was awakened to this particular song. I think that my Higher Self woke me up so that I could learn something new for myself and improve my life.

The other day, I also fell asleep with the music turned on, and woke up to Bon Jovi's “Runaway”. A young girl was dancing in the music video. I was sure she was about eighteen years old. But when I found the actress in that video on IMDb, it became clear that she was about 13 years old at the time. I was mistaken by the whole 5 years! I began to doubt again what I saw when my gaze crossed with that of the blonde girl.

Because of this, I had to take strange measures, one of which was to get a letter from the man's mailbox to find out his name. Having returned the letter back, I went to the social networks for my searches. I had to dig a fair amount, but I was able to find his page in VK. Then I found the page of their daughter. She was beautiful, wrote openly about sex on her page, but it was clear that she was not the cause of my sleepless nights. Nevertheless, after going all this way, I had to be one hundred percent sure. I carefully asked her if she was walking along with me in the corridor that day. The next day I was blocked by her, which is not surprising, and I had one unread message from her father. He cautiously threatened me with "conflict situations" if I continued to interfere with his family. I explained the situation to him and the fact that I was a spiritual person and did not wish anything bad to anyone.

In fact, I did not need to write to the daughter, as the answer was obvious when I found out that the man's wife lived in another city where her fourteen-year-old daughter studied. And then looking at his friends list, I finally found the answer to the question that tormented me for more than a month.

I was not at all surprised by the fact that that blonde with a short haircut to her shoulders was called Nastya – a name that often played an important role in my life. I began to look through her photos where in addition to her daughter and striptease photos, I often saw her with another dark-skinned girl with dark hair. It seemed to me that I had already seen her somewhere, and

then I remembered what I decided to forget a few years earlier because of my mental pain and inability to find a girlfriend!

A few years ago, I was walking down the corridor to my apartment where I met the same man with a dog. I remembered this because I remember for sure that looking at him, I thought that he could not have a beautiful girlfriend. It calmed me, even though this thought was erroneous. After a short while, I was returning home and climbed the stairs. In front of me walked a slender blonde girl. Even though I did not see her face, I immediately fell in love with her at first sight! What was my disappointment when she rang the doorbell of the apartment that the man and the dog had come out of several days earlier! Alas, at that time I decided to masturbate my bitterness away on a porn site, and then I tried to distract my mind with something else. But there was another day when, going to the door of my apartment after a walk, I saw that same blonde, the man, and the dark-skinned girl. They were clearly joyful and were about to go inside. It was obvious that the blonde was saying something about me. Maybe my long hair was the reason, or maybe there was something else... I do not know. But the fact that a beautiful girl whom I liked laughed at me could not but bring bitterness into my life, and I tried to escape from reality – in imagination, in work, and in video games.

Remembering all this, I realized that I fell in love with that blonde at first sight twice. Yes, it may seem strange, but it is a fact.

It was also very upsetting for me to know that they had a threesome. I saw this as a retribution for watching pornography, where threesome is a fairly common theme, and I sometimes watched such videos.

I also remembered the fact that I saw the little daughter who was going up the stairs in front of me one day. She rang to that same man's apartment. With all these facts, I had no more questions. Out of curiosity I asked the found blonde girl whether she had ever been in my house, to which she said no. That was to be expected – the man hastened to call someone on the street, right after I asked his wife in the corridor about the blonde.

This was an important moment in my life. Not only did I not give up halfway, but I again found out that I needed to trust myself and not doubt that which I had ever seen, because I was right about the whole actual situation from the very beginning, when I talked with the man's wife, but I allowed doubt to obscure logic and common sense in me.

I was upset that I continued to be lonely, but life went on, and I continued to go out every day for a walk. It helped me recover in health – a calm walk is good for us.

I very often began to see the woman in blue on the street. Usually, she did not pass nearby. As our paths crossed, I began to think more and more about her. I understood that a single girl would hardly get such a big dog that she had. Soon we began to see each other so often that simply passing by was somewhat not decent. I decided that the next time I saw her, I would definitely

walk up to her and talk about something and try to find out if she was with someone.

The very next day I saw her with some man. While he was talking with his friend, she began to cross the tram tracks. The man followed her. She walked by, looking at me and smiling. I noted in my head that it was her husband – 99.9%. And I definitely did not want to torment myself because of 0.1%...

At that time, I had little success in other areas of my life too. So, I made an appointment with the dentist to try to fix my lateral tooth that had been making itself felt for many months, if not years.

During this period of my life, I began to notice one feature about myself which I simply called asymmetry. Some of my actions were almost the exact opposite of my thoughts. For example, I imagined having sex with different girls, but at the same time I really did not like that some people did it for one-night stand; I consider it immoral. Asymmetry was also present in my physical body. I remember how a teacher told me in high school that I was all asymmetrical. One of those asymmetries was on the bridge of my nose, and the other had to do with pupils of different diameters. But it never really bothered me, since it was always a part of me.

On the day I had to go to the dentist, I decided to take a walk not far from home. Usually walking calmed the rhythm of my heart and normalized my breathing, which also positively affected my psychological state.

Walking close to the tram tracks, I saw that same girl in blue with the dog. She walked in the very place where I saw her with the man some time ago. I looked at her and she saw it. At that very moment, she sharply looked around to see if a tram was driving, and then she with the dog began to quickly cross the tram tracks separating us. All this time I continued to walk forward. I heard her steps behind me and tried to prepare myself for a conversation that I thought would be inevitable, since I did not see any other reason why she had crossed the tracks so abruptly at the sight of me. But instead, she quickly walked past me to the lawn where she began to spin around with her dog. Because there was another woman next to her, I was too shy to approach her...

I had to wait a long time in line for the dentist. I was worried. The heart would not calm down. And then came my turn. I was not sure about local anesthesia, but nothing bad happened. As was shown in my old dream, caries extended too deeply. They had to remove the nerve, but managed to save the tooth, although a tooth pin had to be put.

All tooth filling procedures took several weeks, and then I got three more teeth filled.

After my first visit to the dentist, I began to wonder why the girl with the dog decided to go so abruptly in my direction. She could calmly walk to the lawn the way she originally walked. Moreover, that path was much safer, since there were tiles on the turn which were laying on the same level with the tram tracks. In the place where she decided to go, she had to step over the paths,

as a result of which the risk of injury was much higher.

This is something that I learned about on my neck when in the frost I put my foot on the steel rail and the sudden slipping led my foot to the right so sharply that the transmitted impulse to my neck was felt for several minutes in the form of very severe pain. I was lucky that there was no fracture, and from that moment I either cross the tracks where the concrete blocks lie, or I do not step on the metal. Then, if for some reason she was afraid of me, she could go the other way, and not go behind me. Having all this data, I thought that maybe that man was her brother, and she just wanted to meet me, giving me such a peculiar hint.

I also thought about the reason for love at first sight. Then I began to often search on Google for everything that bothered and interested me. Love was no exception, and I was surprised to find out that some people do not believe that love at first sight exists. I thought they were skeptics, but maybe they do not believe that you can just fall in love with a person at first sight, and not become obsessed with him.

One way or another, I could not help but notice that exactly half my life had passed since I fell in love at first sight with another blonde, when I was 14 years old, and I was in the 9th grade. And the fact that it was playing "Half Life" that I gained lip asymmetry made me think even more strongly that there was a spiritual meaning behind all these events.

Reflecting on love at first sight, I came to the conclusion that, perhaps, both blonde girls played an important role in one of



my past lives. Perhaps I loved them then, and, being in close physical proximity to them, remembered this love? Like the love for Natasha surging over me again with great force when my block was destroyed. Why then did not they fall in love with me at first sight? Perhaps they never loved me the way I loved them? In any case, this is only a theory, an attempt to find meaning in everything that happened...

It was about three in the afternoon when I went outside. Heavy snow started to fall, but it did not bother me. Suddenly I saw a familiar figure walking with a dog. Due to snowfall and severe darkness, I did not dare to approach the girl so as not to frighten her. In addition, she obviously turned her head away from me when she passed me. When I walked a bit further and turned around to look at her, she did the same.

It is worth saying that another reason why I did not get to know her then was the fact that I was paralyzed at the thought of meeting a girl. Once I did not take seriously the question of the girl playing basketball which hinted to me that I was really afraid of women. Now I could no longer lie to myself – I really felt fear, being next to the girl I liked, and with whom I wanted to talk.

There was a moment when I was passing near a house, and then there was a squeak of the opening door in the entrance. That same girl with a dog was coming out from there. It seemed to me that she wore a red winter hat under the hood. I said: “Hello!” – and she answered likewise, going further. I did not approach her.

Several weeks passed, and it was January 2017.

It was Friday the 13th when I again saw the young woman in blue. She went with her dog to the dog park. I realized then that this was a great chance for getting to meet her, and I could not miss it.

The young woman threw the dog's toy too hard, and it flew over the fence. She went after it, and I thought to meet her at the gate to the dog park. But the woman went by a long way to another gate.

On the one hand, it was clear to me that she was not interested in talking with me, but on the other hand I could not just leave, as I had already done this more than once and bitterly regretted that I was weak when I needed to be strong. The second hand outweighed the first.

I went to the other entrance, took courage, took a breath, and said something like "Hello!" to the back of the woman. I think that she turned only after the second, louder greeting. It turned out that her hair was dyed dark-red. I explained to her that I lived nearby and decided to get to know her. She replied that she was very pleased. I told her my name, and she told me hers – Marina.

At that moment, I immediately remembered Marina with dark red hair, because of whom my mother had a big argument and broke up with my father! As a spiritual person, I knew that it was not just a coincidence that the first girl I met in this life face to face was called Marina, and she dyed her hair dark red.

A moment later, a man with a small dog approached the gate. He asked me if I wanted to go in and shut the gate. He and Marina

began to talk, and she obviously did not pay any attention to me. Starting to feel heartache, I began to leave slowly and silently. After a few steps, I could not help but notice the laughing janitor. I realized that he saw absolutely everything and laughed at me. I started to feel even worse.

I came home completely dispirited.

Going to bed, I began to watch the stream from WELOVEGAMES.

I could not hold back the tears that evening, while other people had a good time. But I also saw a smoldering spark of joy within me. After all, for the first time in my life I did what I had to do half my life back when I was 14 years old – I approached to meet the girl I liked.

## Chapter 8. Simple Truths

I think that because of the often-used imagination, I started to think again what if I left early? Perhaps she wanted to talk to me, but she just wanted to talk to her acquaintance first? Plus, I never found out if she had anyone. I decided to approach her again to answer my questions.

I did not have to wait too long near her house when she went out to walk the dog. She saw me and went the other way. I headed towards her, but she went to the sidewalk. I tried to call her, but she did not turn around and continued to walk forward. I must say, I do not know if I spoke loudly enough. My mother's sister used to say that I was very quiet, and she did not hear what I was saying. The fact that it was hard for me to speak because of the still present fear did not help me either. The same can be said about the noisy road, near which we walked.

I do not remember how, but I finally caught up with her. We said hello. Since I was afraid of dogs, I asked if hers did not bite. I was a little surprised that Marina clearly emphasized that the dog might bite if someone attacks. Her intonation showed that she had a distrust of me. But why? After all, I recently met her, and she said that she was very pleased.

However, she willingly agreed to go with me.

We came to the dog park and started talking about different things. During the conversation, I saw that there were no rings on

the fingers of her hands, and I thought that she was not married and single. Seeing how willingly she spoke to me, I thought that I would have a girlfriend. But just when I thought about it, she mentioned something about her husband. I expressed my surprise, and she, in turn, was surprised that I did not know. It turned out that the man with whom I saw her was indeed her husband for 13 years. She mentioned that they studied together after school, but did not date. He took her to him when he bought a motorcycle from her brother. I remembered it well, as I was somewhat surprised how easily some people can find their love.

This news subsequently influenced me, because before that I did not want to “just” meet with an unknown person. I needed a backstory, something unusual, and for this I needed to have acquaintances whom I no longer had. I think this was because in childhood I often fell in love with girls and because of this I did not think that you could find your love just by meeting people on the street; I did not understand that you can fall in love with one another just in the process of conversation.

I remember how she told me: “It’s so boring” – when I told her that I walked along the street almost every day. It was this very boredom that at one time served as the reason that I continued to use my imagination for wrong purposes. Had I known of another way to remove boredom, I could have already lived with a wife and children...

Marina and I had several similar things. For example, we both studied German at school, and learned English later. Then

I mentioned that it is hard to meet people when you are 28 years old and many girls already have someone, to which she playfully answered with the question: “Not like at 15?” – I talked about my stuttering when I was fifteen years, and it turned out that her father also stuttered before.

She also mentioned the single mothers and the “exorcism” of stuttering. I told her about my knowledge regarding stuttering and its real nature, and as for single mothers – if they had somewhere written or shown that they were “single”, then perhaps I could indeed try to talk with them for a possible acquaintance. I do not know why she told me this.

I, in turn, very briefly mentioned to Marina about how I fell in love with the blonde girl. But as soon as I found out that she was sleeping with a married man, I stopped liking that girl as quickly as I fell in love with her. Marina said then: “Oh, Lord!” – when I spoke about the man cheating on his wife.

I do not remember how we said goodbye, but I remember that the other day I saw her at the dog park again. I already had all the answers to my questions, but decided to come over to say hello, because I wanted to keep her company, thinking that maybe she was bored.

She did not immediately turn to me again. But when she spoke, I again went inside the dog park.

She asked me if I knew some girl. Katya. I did not know her, but for some reason she insisted on the contrary. Then she asked if I went for a walk in Sokolniki Park and at the same time met

the girls there. I could not at that time tell her the truth about my health and the reasons for such health. To walk to Sokolniki would be a real test for me at that time, since I felt not quite at ease even a few hundred meters from my house.

Our conversation was interrupted by a guy who came with his dog to the dog park. He introduced himself and greeted me. I did the same.

He and Marina began to talk, and Marina never once looked in my direction again. Not that it was very important, since she had a husband. The abundance of obscene language also did not force her to turn away from her interlocutor. And anyway, it did not seem that such speech was at all embarrassing for her. But my ears were slightly hurt, and this was so despite the fact that I myself often swear with bad words – one of the habits that I try to remove from my life.

I thought how to fit into the conversation, so as not to be silent. When they talked about a local car collector, I decided to ask a clarifying question. During the time that I was speaking, the guy had a clear shock and surprise on his face, and he glanced briefly in the direction of Marina, who, in turn, looked intently at him. I do not remember that she was smiling, but I perfectly understood what they were thinking at that moment. When leaving, the guy did not say goodbye to me, but just walked to the gate of the dog park while looking at the ground, and then left, leaving the fragile Marina with a stranger, whose facial expressions shocked many people.

But then I thought that if the asymmetry of my lip could be the cause of their reaction?

Marina and I walked together to her house and said goodbye. Since she was clearly not bored and lonely, I decided not to approach her anymore.

There was one moment when I was going home and our paths crossed – in fact, I specifically went so that they would cross, forgetting about my decision not to approach her – but when I was a few meters from her, she began to look around, obviously looking for where to “escape”. I decided not to torment her more than I had already tortured her with my existence, and only politely greeted her and walked by without stopping.

On another day, our paths crossed again. She obviously revolved around her dog so that her back was constantly turned towards me. I silently walked on. I was very hurt then, since I did not want her anything bad, but she did not even want to just say hello to me.

We saw each other a couple more times when she walked with her dog and some man. Then she greeted me first.

Then there was a recent case when she decided to go to another cash desk in a store at the sight of me paying for groceries.

I have seen her during other times, but I never came up to her again, since I respect the freedom of choice and will...

I clearly saw that one of the periods of my life came to an end, and it was time for a new one.



Therefore, I was not at all surprised by the fact that the two pigeons who had been flying to my windowsill for many years almost simultaneously stopped doing so soon after I met Marina. I realized that they were dead.

One of them flew to me when I had just found Thiaoouba Prophecy and needed help. His almost daily visits made my days brighter, helping to distract me from life's burdens. And so, when I was able to start getting up face to face with the consequences of my mistakes, with reality, I no longer needed outside help. And if once upon a time I mourned the pigeon I was so used to, mistakenly thinking that he was dead, now I took his real death as something that had to happen. My feathered friend fulfilled his role in the Universe...

Although my experience with Marina had a lot of ridiculous moments because of my stiffness and lack of communication experience, it also showed me that nothing too terrible had happened. Moreover, she even tried to help me with advice.

Once I was walking in a park near a pond. I was in a cap, which I always wore then, as I was very shy to show my balding head. There was a girl sitting on one of the benches. I decided that I would try to get to know her. I sat on the next bench from her. My heart was pounding, and I could not attain the focus of attention. A myriad of thoughts spun in my head. Finally, I remembered that we live in the present, and I need to learn to get acquainted with girls now, and not in the future that will never come. Taking a deep breath, I sat down with her and... asked

something stupid about why she was sitting on the bench and whether she was waiting for someone. She said she was waiting for a female friend. Then I started to say something else, and when she looked at me, she immediately told me: “Sit, sit,” and left. I did not understand what was the reason for such a sharp departure. I was embarrassed, and turning around I saw a guy looking at me; all this time he was sitting on a bench behind me.

I went to another place and sat down to think about what happened.

After standard self-flagellation and remembering all the mistakes I made, I finally managed to leave only the facts. I realized that, firstly, when I spoke, I had a distorted facial expression reflecting everything that was happening in my head, and secondly, I did not tell her that I wanted to get to know her. There was a chance that she simply did not understand what I wanted from her and thought that I wanted to drive her off the bench or something like that. Naturally, I just wanted to talk, and would leave if she asked me to.

In the case of facial expressions, I just needed to train myself to live in the present, which I tried to do so many times, but I would always withdraw into myself – into my thoughts and subsequent fantasies – when I remembered about problems with my appearance.

As for dating, I decided that instead of asking questions about something, you should immediately openly say that I want to get to know the person. Such honesty will save time for both me and

the girls, and most certainly there will be no misunderstandings because of which I would later blame myself, thinking what if the girl would want to get acquainted with me if I talked about something else. There is only one truth.

I began to throw off my barriers in other areas as well.

For example, for the first time I decided to study in detail the porn sites that I often visited. It may seem strange, but in the length of all the years that I had the Internet, I just opened those websites in order to find a new girl I liked, do my thing, and go hate myself for my weakness of will and for breaking my own promises not to masturbate from now on. I found out that for some couples it was the job to film themselves having sex, upload videos to a porn site, and get percentages from the ads shown in the video. Something like freelancers, but only in porn. Eh, if only I had a girlfriend...

Due to poor health, I could not go far and walked in my area. I began to look for girls who could sit somewhere alone, in order to go up to them for acquaintance, but there were almost none of them.

I decided to try dating sites. It quickly became clear to me that without normal looks there is nothing to do there. And my spiritual experience and accumulated knowledge were of little interest to anyone. I decided that a direct physical acquaintance is the best option for me. Firstly, I could learn to speak and train myself to stop being afraid of girls and communication. Secondly, even if I met someone online, then during the meeting

the girl might not like me, and we both would have lost our time in correspondence in vain. When meeting in nature, I would show myself as I was, and the girl could immediately understand whether she liked me or not. The same thing applies to me, of course.

Plus, I know a story when on a dating site a girl was being deceived by a woman for a long time, posing as a man. The liar was not shy about accepting gifts from the girl. Therefore, in any case I would try to make an appointment with the girl as soon as possible so as not to spend more time on scammers than necessary.

I also decided to look at sites for sex dating. I was looking thus for a way to overcome masturbation, thinking that it would be easy to find a girl for sex. Essentially, I returned to the state in which I was up to my decision ten years ago to lose my virginity to a prostitute. But here it also soon became clear that appearances decide a lot when several hundred men contest for one girl...

Around May 20, 2017 I walked at the Cherkizovsky pond. At the fountain I noticed a girl who was taking pictures of herself on the phone. I walked closer. She was not my type, but I thought it would be nice to just talk to her about something to train in communication. I asked her about the carnival which took place at the pond, and she readily answered. We continued the conversation and then went to sit on a bench.

We talked about what we did in life and talked about ourselves. She came from the eastern regions of Ukraine, where

hostilities had been taking place.

In the process of further conversation, it became clear that we had several common themes.

We went for a walk along the boulevard. There I told her about Thiaoouba, as she said that she was interested in such things. It was pretty easy. And then I decided to honestly tell her about my experience with prostitution and other life things. It was also not at all difficult, since I did not have a particularly strong attraction to the girl and would not lose anything, but it was a chance to gain new knowledge, looking at what my honesty and directness would lead to. She took it all more than normal.

During the conversation, she mentioned that she was previously married, but then divorced. She also could not have children. She clearly blushed when she said this. On the one hand, I felt sorry for her, although I understood deep down that her barrenness was the punishment for a mistake in past lives. Alas, this fact also made my eyes light up a little, because I could not remove from my vulgarized head the thought that I could have sex with her without a condom and other means of preventing pregnancy. Suddenly the girl became more attractive...

I began to hint to her that we could meet some other day for a walk. And then she abruptly began to shake her head in different directions, saying that I was not her type. It was obvious that she could barely hold back a smile, if not a laugh, saying those words. She gave me her phone number, in case I wanted to meet to "have a coffee", and her page in VK. We parted walking in

different directions.

I remembered again that I was no longer a handsome guy. But what about the facial muscles? Did they also continue to show something strange? It seemed that I was quite relaxed... but I was not completely relaxed. On the one hand, it was a failure, but on the other, I had something to work on in my self-improvement – I still had the hope that if I start living completely here and now, when I need it, then maybe I can still find a girl and love. I also noted the mistake in my thinking when the girl said about her infertility, and I tried to remember it so that I would not do such things in the future.

But I also had one doubt. What if she did not want to date me because of my story, and not because of the appearance? I did not ask her for details since the story cannot be changed, and I still had to say the same thing to the other girls, looking for one who would understand that what is important is who the person is in the present, and not who he was in the past.

Also, I played video games for the last time that spring, starting to develop myself and not game characters. To do this, I would type every day in the search of an Internet browser a variety of questions to which I was looking the answers. For example, I could write why a girl turns away from me; best places for meeting people; or if anyone else had ever masturbated for more than 9 hours without a break. And I would find each time that someone had already asked a similar question before me and received an answer. Each time it made me feel better, as I began

to see that I was not the only person on this planet who suffers for making mistakes – an obviousness that had been hidden behind my blocks and fantasies for many years.

This was the answer to the question why I yelled like crazy playing in Dark Souls. I saw in the depths of myself that I was wasting my time doing something that could not make my passing life any better. But I could not change anything at that time, since I did not have the necessary experience and knowledge for such a drastic change. Falling in love with the blonde girl was the catalyst for these changes.

On the night after meeting the girl from Ukraine, I had a second lucid dream. I wrote her about this, asking at the same time a couple more questions. She answered me after many days, but we did not communicate anymore.

I would like to write a little about my lucid dreams, since they play a quite important role in my life, and they also helped me in understanding of certain truths of the Universe.

In my first lucid dream, I rode the subway from Sokolniki to Preobrazhenskaya Ploshchad'. Then I for the first time gained control of my "body" in a dream, having the ability to consciously look around and move around. I saw that there were different buildings outside the train's window. They were not very beautiful, with a straight wall that stood diagonally forward and upward about a meter closer to the top, and then again went upward perpendicular to the horizon. They reminded me of video games where society is ruled by a regime that

controls everything and everyone, preventing the development of a normal architecture that does not put pressure on the human psyche. Then I noticed that the metro map was different from the real one too. All lines were strongly curved and not straight, as was the case on the real map. I began to try to remember the map and woke up. I did not remember the map, but decided to record my first lucid dream so as not to forget it.

Before telling about my second lucid dream, some things need to be mentioned. In early childhood, I watched “It” on TV. I was a little scared, but the last straw was the photograph of a blinking boy, after which I regretted watching this mini-series. In the preceding release of the new movie “It”, people on social networks began to talk about the clown monster again. Subsequently, I had a relatively bad dream, in which there were similar monsters with large heads and protruding teeth. In the dream, everything was pretty normal, until all the monsters looked at me at the same time in response to one of my thoughts – they were telepaths and knew everything that I was thinking about!

And so, in my second lucid dream, I found myself in our small village house when I gained control over my body. It was sunny outside. I tried to look around, and I was able to see the whole environment, as if it was real life. Then I realized that since this was a dream, it could have anything and *anyone*. I remembered the monster from the movie “It” and thought that if this monster was in my dream, I could not wake up right away, as



happens in nightmares, since it was a lucid dream, and I already did not sleep, so to speak. I tried to wake up, concentrating on my physical body, which I knew was somewhere out there, and I actually could not wake up right away. A few seconds passed before I managed to wake up.

On the one hand, I proved I was right about my concerns, but on the other hand, I regretted a little that I did not dare to run out onto the sunny street in my lucid dream and see what was there. I tried to set in my mind that should I have another lucid dream, I would try not to give in to fears and better explore the surroundings.

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I watched various news channels in English for a long time. Often, politicians and journalists were saying smart things with which I agreed. This went so far that at some point I began to believe that they all really act in the interests of society and the people. I refused to watch channels and people who stated the opposite.

But then, after the beginning of the process of me opening to the real sides of life, I thought, what would I lose if I look at a different opinion? It was a video investigation about one very prominent politician who was once president. Next, I decided to look at other channels to find out the opinion of the other side.

Soon, I found for myself something that clearly showed me that I was mistaken when I began to believe what usually flowed from the news channels I watched. Real actions and motives were

completely different. I was naive, but later I was able to learn from my mistakes.

Then I found the news that the investigator of the aforementioned investigation could be working together with all the other corrupt officials – as they say, “if you cannot defeat the crowd – lead it”. I do not know whether this is so, but it confirmed one of my thoughts that it is all not important, since people have power almost always – even in slavery. Therefore, to change the situation with the organization of society, it is only necessary to bring to the minds of people the obvious truth about life. If they understand it, they can simply vote in an open public voting for a new way of organizing society and how products reach each person. I am talking now about the complete freedom of people and the complete absence of any money within the country.

I realized that people always have power when I was watching a documentary about Spartacus. People were able to break out of slavery when they realized that they are strong only when they act with each other, and not against each other.

It dawned on me that everything that happens in any country depends almost entirely on the decisions of each individual living in it.

If people only think how to enrich themselves, then one should not be surprised that there is corruption in the country, right? After all, those corrupt people, like everyone else, want to enrich themselves, and they do exactly what society allows them to do.

I will try to talk in more detail about all this in the chapter

“Manifesto” of this book.

The same applies to air pollution from gasoline engines in automobiles. If people wanted clean cars, they could simply not buy gasoline. Companies would have no choice but to create either electric cars or hydrogen powered cars. How to go to work while there is no clean cheap transport? There are bicycles and there is public transport that runs on electricity. Therefore, in fact, people driving such “dirty” cars pollute the environment, not companies. Companies only produce what people want – and it does not matter if companies could have something to do with the appearance of that desire in people.

The same goes for viruses like HIV. All that is required to completely eliminate this virus is honesty and responsibility on the part of each person. Honesty has to do with you honestly telling your new lover that you had unprotected sex with someone less than six months ago. The responsibility lies in that that you do an HIV test six months after you have unprotected sex and use a condom all the time if you decide to have sex with the new person. Do not like the low sensitivity? More reason to spend a little more time searching, but find the one and only person for life. In any case, you can achieve the relaxation of Palantius only with a person of the opposite [from birth] sex, with whom you have mutual love and spiritual affinity.

Then I learned about the tactics of depressing statements from candidates for leadership positions. Its purpose is to encourage a person to vote for a long-time leader so that life does not become

even worse than it already is. Given that people perform actions that they consider, according to their knowledge, will benefit them or not harm them, this tactic becomes absolutely logical...

Although I learned about the immortality of the soul through my experience of partial astral projection, I still felt fear at the thought of starting to openly tell people my knowledge about Thiaoouba and life. I thought to help people, but the example of Jesus, Gandhi, and Luther King made me feel uneasy for a very long time.

I did not do anything useful and I sometimes felt like my existence was wasting food and resources in vain.

There was another unexpected insight. This will seem strange to historians, but after reading Thiaoouba Prophecy, I thought that people did not know that you can live without money. At one time I decided to look for an answer to a question that had been in my head for a very long time, and finally it made itself clearly felt – is there a difference between socialism and communism?

So, I found the channel “ВЫХОД ЕСТЬ!” on YouTube, where the guy in an easy-to-follow manner told everything. At first, I was slightly surprised that people in the past not only aspired to a free life without money and politicians, but also that this happened a hundred years ago in the country in which I lived.

And so I wondered – But how then does it happen that I live in capitalism, and freedom is becoming less and less tangible? What is the reason?

I came to the following simple conclusion – money. People

in the USSR did not get rid of money and continued to use it to obtain the necessary products. We live in the present moment, and not in the future, and we perform actions that will benefit us in the present tense, and not after 50 years when we will not be alive. Since the money was left, many people began to think what seems obvious on the one hand – “if I had more money, I could buy myself more food or other things”. This seems logical until you begin to understand the monetary system and realize that only a small percentage of people can have a lot of money... at the expense of the rest of the people who will give them their money in the game called “capitalism”.

Another important reason was the political system. In the Manifesto of this book I will talk regarding the right way to choose a country's leader and why this is the only correct method.

In fairness, in 1917+ people did not know anything about Thiaoouba and spirituality. Therefore, they could hardly have come to the system that people used on the continent of Mu. By the way, in Mu people did not use money, but simply took what they needed. No one wanted to deceive others, and the country flourished. Thiaooubians call it the most organized civilization to have ever existed on Earth. Naturally, the people of Mu had their own history and knowledge that allowed them to be highly self-organized people.

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Meanwhile, I corresponded with a girl on a sex dating site, and she wanted to meet. Because I had to go to the dentist, I could

not write to her, and I had a simple phone without the Internet. I remember that because of the long absence of my reply, she wrote me a message saying that she did not want to meet with me anymore. After I explained everything to her, she again agreed to meet. She wrote other messages in which she seemed very emotional and capricious.

I wanted to meet in Sokolniki, but in the end we agreed to meet in Tsaritsyno. She did not give me her photograph, but only said what she would be wearing. Even though it was May 27th, it was about ten degrees outside. It was very cold. I rode without a cap as I had given the girl, Maria, my photograph where I was without a headdress – in fact, I was wearing only my underwear in that photograph. And, anyway, I had just recently cut my hair with an old hair clipper, because I decided it was time to start learning to be confident in my body no matter how it looked.

It had been 4 years since I took the subway or went very far from home. This was a new test. I once again had to change to a green subway line in the familiar passage to Teatralnaya. I felt tension in my heart, and anxiety did not let go of me. All the way I tried to concentrate on the sounds around me. Then there I was, driving through the familiar Avtozavodskaya, where almost ten years ago I made one of my most serious mistakes, when I had to do what I was doing on the present day – to get to know people in real life, which gives new knowledge and develops conversation skills.

I want to clarify right away that dating for sex is also a mistake,

but it is not such a error as having sex for money, or not searching for your second half at all. Here, you can at least learn real communication with people who are not talking to you because you need to do something with the client during the break for the second time. The third and most correct decision when I was 18 years old would be to go to a park and start approaching girls in order to get to know them, and do this until I could find someone I loved and who would love me the way I was in the present moment.

Finally, I arrived in Tsaritsyno. I did not have to wait long for the girl. Honestly, for some reason I expected to see a long blonde. But instead I was met by a somewhat dark-skinned girl with dark wavy hair. We went to the exit.

On the escalator, I turned around to tell her something, and then a shock appeared on her face, which she could quickly remove, regaining control of herself. I knew what was the reason.

When we walked in the underground passage, Maria lit a cigarette, and I clearly remember how the nasty smell of tobacco fumes killed the whole first impression of her. I could not help it.

But we continued to walk on until we reached the park. I only remember how she said that she did not like to be among the crowd of people. And I told my story with Natasha.

I took a camera with me to take pictures of nature, since, for once, I decided to get outside my area, and the girl decided to take pictures of me. She herself did not like to be photographed. I think she was also not very enthusiastic about her appearance.

Then we went to the forest where we sat on a bench by the path. Maria said that she needed to go into the forest for a minute.

Honestly, for some reason I had no doubt that this was an excuse to quietly leave the park. This thought did not really upset me, given that there was a clear discord between us. But as I was thinking if it was time for me to leave, the girl sat next to me on the bench.

She asked me about various things. During the conversation, she said that she just went to the Moscow sex dating site just because, and she contacted me since I honestly wrote in my post about my health problems due to masturbation, which I could not get rid of and therefore tried to replace it with sex.

By the way, in psychology you cannot just remove a bad habit and leave a void. A bad habit can only be replaced by something – preferably by something positive. Having a sex drive, I tried to do what I thought was the best choice at that moment in time with the knowledge that I had.

We went to the exit because it was cold, and if I remember correctly, I had to go to the dentist.

From the course of her words, it was clear that she was not interested in any relationship with me, since she tried to give me some tips on how to get acquainted with girls. She mentioned that some guys rudely told her to eff off when she approached them herself. I was somewhat surprised at this, since while she was not of a completely standard appearance, she still looked normal. She asked me who else wrote me from the sex dating site, and when



she heard that it was mostly prostitutes, between the words she asked how much money they were asking. I worried if she wanted to do some stupid thing in her life, but did not say anything.

From the negative during our walking together, it was only that she asked, “if I thought about putting an end to all this”. Understanding how I looked in her eyes with my life story, I decided to briefly talk about my knowledge regarding reincarnation and the wrongness of suicide. She said nothing.

Maria also mentioned that if we were dating, then she would have to entertain me, and not vice versa. I have my own point of view on this statement. Firstly, I really needed to work on myself and on what I talked about and how I said it – but at the same time, a person should not become a clown. Secondly, I believe that in a relationship both partners should look for ways to entertain each other, it should be a mutual action; as they say, it takes two to tango.

I asked her at the metro if she might want to meet again sometime. She replied, “Maybe”. But when I got home, I read her message where she again wrote not to give up and continue to look for a girl, and so on. I was pleased that she wished me well, but it was also clear that she did not want the relationship – otherwise she would not write me to continue searching for the girl. In addition, I still could not get rid of the memory of that cigarette smell which influenced how I felt for her. Something similar happened with Marina, when her dog went to the toilet next to her, and the pungent smell was connected by my brain to

Marina herself, although I understood what was the matter. But over time, it all went away.

Maria and I talked for a couple of days, until there was nothing to talk about.

I was also stunned to see my photographs taken by Maria. There was a feeling that I was looking at another person whom I did not like at all. It seemed strange, because in the mirror I looked more or less normal and familiar. In the following years, I needed to take a photo for verification, and once again I could barely recognize myself...

In the summer, I learned about Bitcoin. In fact, I knew about it for a long time, but what I did not know was that it was possible to trade it. I saw how high it went up in price. Some people became millionaires by buying Bitcoins for several hundred dollars many years ago. I watched various videos on how to trade, and found the “Quickfingers Luc” channel, where a man talked about his method of trading that rarely let him down. Seeing how high Bitcoin continued to grow, I decided to open a credit card in order to quickly make “easy” money.

In fact, I read about trading on exchanges before, but they were associated with oil and familiar money, and therefore I decided not to contribute to the pollution of the Earth’s atmosphere and the march of the financial system. Plus, the lack of money did not allow me to trade on regular exchanges in any case.

Having received a card with a 63 000 ruble limit, I bought Bitcoin for all the amount.

I could not think that after all my spiritual experience with Auras, telekinesis, telepathy from Thiaooubians, and other things, I would become so worried about money! Of course, the fact that I needed to give back credit bothered me. But I was worried too much. But most importantly, I forgot everything that Luc taught on his channel. I made all the mistakes of newcomers: I bought when the price was going up, often at the very top of the peak because of my fear of losing profits; I was selling in a panic when the price was going down, fearing that it might go even lower, but in fact it was often not so. Simply put, I “pulled the trigger” guided by emotions, and not by logic and knowledge. Because of this, I lost almost everything.

I re-watched the video of Luc and other people, and I did the work on errors. I still had fears of losing money, but I was able to take my mind under control and began to make more money than I was losing to mistakes. I also stopped associating Bitcoin with real money. The only time Bitcoin turned itself into money was the time of rubles transferring to the bank card. This awareness additionally helped me to stop being afraid of losing money that I actually did not have.

I would never have thought that trading not only money, but physically non-existent money, can help a person to develop spiritually, given that money is one of the evils of our planet. I say to develop “spiritually”, because first of all, cryptocurrency trading helped me find self-control, emotional comfort, which I needed so much. This meant that my Higher Self had less bad

feelings emanating from me to filter out.

If you understand trading, and life, then you can ask, what about those who lost money by buying from me at the top of the peak, or by selling to me at the bottom of the trough? Have I made a mistake for which I will have to suffer? Being a more or less spiritual person, I often thought about this, but then I remembered that the first thing traders are taught is to trade only what they can afford to lose. I made this mistake when I borrowed money that I fed then to many people as a result of my inexperience. Then people are clearly told that the vast majority of traders are losing money. All in all, they knew what they were doing, and I do not feel that I made a mistake... at least a big one.

Slowly, I began to return money to the bank card, but the percentage that had to be returned was too huge even for Bitcoin. I just did not have time to make a sufficient amount of money so that those 5-10 percent that I sometimes did in one day become a really large amount of Bitcoins (and rubles when transferring to the bank card). I had to persuade my mother to pay my debt to the bank, so that I could calmly accumulate a large amount which I would give to her after a while. It was difficult, but she agreed to give me about 60 000 rubles. The debt was paid off, and soon I closed the card.

I continued to make money trading Bitcoin. Alas, I sometimes had to exchange some amount into rubles to make purchases. Everything was going well. I was getting more than I was losing. But the time had come when Bitcoin crashed, and price

movements became very insignificant. This is bad, as Luc's trading method yields results when large panic price drops occur. I could no longer find the price movements I needed and soon stopped trading. Thus, my experience as a cryptocurrency trader ended, and I remained owing to my mother.

In the middle of summer, I also had to buy a budget Samsung A5 2016 phone. I used it so that I could go outside and trade cryptocurrency if necessary. Then, in any case I needed to have a modern phone for a long time, which I would not break since I got control over my emotions.

Probably on the first day of using the phone, I learned about the suicide of Chester Bennington, vocalist of Linkin Park. In school, I often listened to their music. Many years earlier, the same thing happened with Robin Williams. It was sad that they decided to do this, although to some extent I could understand them. But it helped me to be stronger and continue to live, as I saw again that I was not the only one who suffered in this life. Something similar happened after the death of Paul Walker, when I tried to remove my habits, seeing how fragile and valuable this life is...

Later in the summer, I remembered that in August of 2017 it would have been 10 years since the man was killed in the apartment with prostitutes. This was the last chance to try to find out information about Natasha.

I remembered her because of a dream in which she came to my apartment. On either side of her stood two twin boys. Their

skin was somewhat dark, and their curly blond hair was exactly like the one I had in the photo which is still present on my profile picture in many social networks. There was a feeling that those boys were about 10 years old. And Natasha herself was very happy.

When I woke up, I began to think that if she could get pregnant from me? Yes, a condom was used of course, but then I was able to remember one moment when she could actually get pregnant, although the chances of it are very, very small...

I found on the Internet that murder data is stored in the police archive for 10 years. I had to get to the police station and ask about the details of the case. Now or never.

I was not feeling well because I had to masturbate from time to time. Therefore, it was not easy to travel for me, even though I was driving along the MCC in the comfortable Lastochka.

Using the map on my phone, I reached the police station. I was no longer afraid of the issue of the army, since the draft age ended at 27 years. At the information post they told me that they could not give or tell me anything as I was not a relative of Natasha.

I called one of the police officers who had said earlier that day to come for information. But he was no longer in the station.

I arrived the next day to meet him. He went out into the street with a woman whom I told the reason for my visit the previous day. She never looked at me on the second day and was silent all the time. The policeman himself said that all data is deleted from

the archive after 5 years. I think that I mentioned the information regarding ten years, but I did not argue, because it was clear that even if I had been deceived in order to get rid of, no one could say anything to me anyway because of the existing laws. Nevertheless, that policeman was trying to somehow help me, and I am grateful to him for that.

Although very late, but I did everything I could. If I made mistakes, then I will just have to pay for them in the future – in this or in one of the next lives.

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Once I went to my father to buy him products. At his apartment, he asked me to give him money so that he himself could buy the necessary products and things. I gave him two thousand rubles. A few days later he was already drunk. When my mother and I came to him, the money turned into several bottles of vodka, one of which, still full, he did not let go, acting like a little child. Drunk father then mentioned that I was born when he was 29 years old – my age of that time. He tried in this way to say that I should go to work. When I told him about the incident when I was five years old, because of which I essentially did not work, because that event caused all the other problems that I had, he could hardly remember it – unlike me.

I think that I already had a new phone capable of recording video. Remembering how many years ago I was sobered up by the video of myself that I made after the second prostitute, I thought for a long time that if I recorded how my father behaved

when he was drunk, and then I would show him sober the recording, then perhaps he would get horrified and would always remember what his drinking habit led to. Too bad I forgot to do it back then...

All summer I tried to look for girls to get to know each other. I was still scared to start talking to them. So, for example, I sat next to one for a long time, until I finally squeezed out the question about the book that the girl was reading. If I remember correctly, it was a book by Stephen King. Alas, the girl said that she had a boyfriend.

I remember one wise phrase regarding the fear of approaching and getting to know girls from a girl on YouTube – “What is the worst thing that could happen? She will not speak with you? Well, it’s not like she’s talking to you now!” She has a point.

I asked other girls to get acquainted, but everyone said that they were already taken... It was not easy not to blame myself for the fact that I had to delay for so long the search for my second half.

Then, when at the end of August I was sitting on the same bench where the girl had previously read King, another girl sat not far from me. She started to write something. I got up to approach her, and walked past her, feeling insecure. But I immediately turned around and asked her if she wanted to meet. She said she did not meet on the street. This was the first girl who was single. I decided to sit down with her just to talk. She was a philologist or philosopher. What she was writing in her



notebook was related to “freewriting” – when you write down all the thoughts that appear in your head. I just watched a video about a similar technique a couple of days ago, which I told her about. Then I started asking her why she did not want to meet on the street. She wanted to get acquainted only with people of her profession. After I tried to find out her name, the girl, smiling, hinted that she would not want to replace the heated place on the bench. I politely said goodbye and left.

I did not go home, but went slowly to roam the streets. There was a sunset behind me, and I felt very sad... almost to tears. I was sure at that moment that she refused to get acquainted because of my appearance, forgetting what she told me. But there was a positive moment in all of this – after all, not all girls already had boyfriends or husbands. I still had a chance to find someone.

I tried to approach about nine women that year. Only one was single. Very often there were days when I could approach many other girls, but I did not dare. It was obvious that I needed to work on my self-confidence. I also saw how I stopped get upset because of Marina. Even though I did not find anyone, and I had many unresolved problems, I began to try to concentrate my attention on self-development in the present, and not on what happened in the past.

One of the reasons for the fears was the thought what others would think of me. For example, there was a moment when I asked a girl with headphones in her ears, who sat down on the grass by the pond, if she would like to meet. She did not answer

anything. There was a bunch of people nearby. I as if felt like everyone was looking at me. I just needed to apologize, calmly get up, and move on, but I could not do it because then people would realize the absurdity of my situation, and I pretended to have sat down to just sit there, not seeing how unnatural and much worse it all looked. Then the girl began to slowly laugh, trying to suppress her laughter. I stood up and only a couple passing by was looking at me, and before that I was also noticed by a man whom I often saw with his dogs. All the rest went about their own business.

Because of these moments, I recalled other bad things when people laughed at me or refused to say hello. I felt bad at heart. I started to become depressed. It was not easy to realize that many of these people who hurt me had pleasant sex and simply joyfully enjoyed life, and I felt deprived. And I would ask – where is justice?

I dug the answer to that question in my head when I was descending the stairs near the Cherkizovsky pond. I finally understood one of the simple truths of the Universe – everyone who has ever made a mistake will sooner or later suffer for it! For *all* errors without exception, since this is the Universal Law! And if they live this life in happiness, raising themselves in their eyes and the eyes of others at the expense of people with problems, then they will find their punishment in another life – just as I paid for my mistakes of the past, when at five years of age I started to have speech problems due to a situation that I could

not avoid, and some time later I had my first sexual experience, which also had great negative consequences on my life. But there was one more experience, the experience with the bright entity near my house, which in the end helped me in my life – it is completely clear to me that my this-time correct decisions in past lives, which I definitely had, contributed to this – now it was not a question anymore, it was common sense.

This may seem strange, but, while I knew perfectly well about these truths of life, for many years I could not connect them with myself – even though after reading Michel Desmarquet's book I immediately understood that I had already lived before, and the childhood events were connected precisely with the wrong decisions of past lives. But because of the life situation with the noise in the apartment, with a lot of fears, with the uncertainty of my life, and the lack of love and sex that I wanted from early childhood, they forced me to escape into my imagination to ease the torment. Another consequence of this departure was the forgetfulness of already learned and understood lessons. Because of this, I made old mistakes again, again, and again.

I sometimes thought about people who were so stubborn that they had to live 15 000 on the planet of the first category. Soon, the realization came to me that I myself could be that person who lives a lot of lives on the Planet of Sorrows, refusing to learn from the lessons of the Universe. After all, this is stubbornness.

Simply put, every action has an absolutely precise consequence. An erroneous action leads to suffering, the strength

of which directly depends on the seriousness of the error, and the right action leads to happiness – the opposite of suffering.

The question then arises – how to know what is a mistake and what is not? My current opinion, based on my material and spiritual knowledge that I have now, is that *a mistake is an action that in any way causes suffering to an infinitesimal part of the Superior Intelligence, or the sensations experienced during such an action are filtered out by the Higher Selves, since they are not needed by the Spirit.*

Here are a few examples: a man raped a girl, causing her suffering; a man got drunk so that he was vomiting for several days – here he himself is the suffering particle of the Spirit; people thoughtlessly polluted and destroyed the environment and animals, and the result was a virus that caused the death and suffering of many people.<sup>[16]</sup>

I also think that we can mention the animal cruelty as well. In the book Thiaoouba Prophecy there is no clear information on whether the animals have a piece of the Superior Intelligence in them. Naturally, if there is no part of the Spirit in animals, this means that they are robots. But having many years of experience observing the pigeon that was feeding on my windowsill, I can say that they do not look like robots at all. I often noticed the individuality of “my” pigeon, and I could identify him from the crowd of other pigeons purely by his behavior and expression of his face. Once I went to the toilet, and when I was returning into the room, I saw the pigeon pacing on my table and he was already

next to a bag of cereal. Seeing me, he quickly darted back to the windowsill, while he muttered in his pigeon voice what was a clear annoyance. This moment alone showed me that animals and birds have a soul.

There was another interesting and unexpected case that happened to me when I was watching Animal Planet. They showed walking elephants, and there was a small elephant running in front of them. I do not know how and why, but suddenly I was able to know and feel everything that the elephant calf was experiencing and thinking at that moment. Speaking of “thinking”, he had the same exact thinking (or awareness of one’s existence, consciousness) as humans, but, naturally, limited to the creature’s brain. It was the only such experience in my life, and, taking into account the rest of the spiritual experiences that I had in this life, I believe that it clearly showed me the answer to my question.

Then I found confirmation of my idea in the book Thiaoouba Prophecy where Thao tells Michel that there is a great need for discipline on Earth, but “discipline” does not mean dictatorship. She further says that “the Creator himself obliges no creature, human or otherwise, to do anything against its will. We all have free will and it is up to us to discipline ourselves in order to improve spiritually.”<sup>12</sup>

The fact that the Superior Intelligence does not oblige animals to do anything against their will tells us that they also have a

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<sup>12</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 168.

part of the Spirit in themselves. Robots have neither will nor consciousness, and will never have them. They are just tools that have been programmed by the intellect to do what the intellect wants them to do. We can say that a living being is someone who has the infinitesimal part of the Spirit (Superior Intelligence) in them and is aware of his existence, and a robot is something that does not have the part of Superior Intelligence in itself and is not aware of its existence.

Of course, one may ask how I could doubt whether animals have a soul or not. But truth does not tolerate conclusions based on emotions, and not on logic and common sense.

By the way, in the Golden Doko on Thiaoouba, the body of Jesus was, judging by what Michel Desmarquet wrote, the only one with wounds. I wondered why other similar messengers who played their important role on other planets were not “crucified” – murdered, to be precise. Why did a human being from a planet of the highest category have to suffer so much, considering that only the most highly developed beings are born on planets of the 9th category, and therefore he could not make a mistake while living on Thiaoouba? So, what is the reason?

To answer this question, one needs to recall the teachings of Thaora that the soul can rejoin the Higher Self of the next category, if a person has lived his life so that the Higher Self of the same category as the person’s Astral body had nothing to filter.

Thus, a person can commit a crime, say, on a planet of the first

category, and in the next life he can live his life so that his Higher Self will have nothing to filter, since the person did not do and did not think anything negative in relation to himself and others.

This can happen, for example, when committing several identical crimes (mistakes), and then learning your lesson when it is time to pay by suffering for one of the mistakes. As a result of such correct decisions, the Astral body of a person is rejoined with the Higher Self of the second category, and maybe even with the Higher Self of higher category, if the person has learned the relevant lessons, and the Higher Self of the second category also had nothing to filter out from the received sensations.

In theory, a person can reach the ninth category with an outstanding error. Naturally, according to Universal Law he cannot be reunited with the Spirit until the error is paid for by suffering. It may well be that Aarioc (as the crucified Christ was called on Thiaoouba) was interested in who he was in the past lives. If this is so, then I am not surprised that he volunteered to live 3 years in the body of Christ, knowing that it was his time to pay for old mistakes and at the same time teach earthlings love and spirituality.

It is worth mentioning Thao's words about the first and only time when Jesus was angry. It happened when he was making a statement against money and tipped over the merchants' tables at the temple. First, I think it was a mistake to get angry – even on the topic of money – and money is one of the main dangers on Earth; and secondly, I do not think that the crucifixion and

other accompanying torments that Jesus had to endure were the payment of this mistake.

Soon my eyes opened to yet another simple truth. I realized that in fact no one had ever offended me in my life – I myself *chose* to be offended. I also had the choice to learn from the “negative” things that people said or thought about me – after all, these are just data that we ourselves decide how to interpret.

Firstly, it becomes clear that such people are not very spiritually developed, since they choose to commit an erroneous action with all the ensuing consequences. Secondly, I needed to understand if the reason for their negativity was caused by the result of me making a mistake. If the answer is yes, as in the case of facial expressions, then I need to replace the erroneous action, which leads to suffering for the error, with the correct one, which leads to relaxation, peace, and happiness. If the answer is no, as is the case with my knowledge concerning Thiaoouba, then nothing needs to be changed, since I am not making a mistake in spreading my knowledge.

The same applies to all those people on the planet who call themselves minorities and are offended by what people of other views speak about them. They themselves choose to be offended...

It also follows from this that while in my school years I was right about the fact that all the negative statements of people will remain in my memory until the end of my days, I still have a choice of what I will do with those memories. And of course, it is



worth living in the real life, focusing your attention on the present moment of life – in this state, a person has in his mind only what he needs to have for normal functioning in the real situation that surrounds him, and all memories remain in the backyard of consciousness, from where they can be quickly and easily pulled out if necessary.

In autumn, it became known about the death of my mother's sister Zina. She was already over ninety years old. She was always kind to me. Unfortunately, there was a negative experience associated with the housing dispute, and I again thought about the curse of the monetary system that encourages people to do rather wrong things.

Around the same time, the fall of 2017, I got attracted very strong to two streamers. One was called Nastya, and the other was Alyona.

Speaking of Nastya, I started to like her when I heard her voice while watching another streamer with whom she played the game “Deceit”. I thought he was her boyfriend, since they lived together, but then she answered someone on her stream that he was her brother.

I remembered then my story with Marina, when I thought that there was almost no chance that a girl could live with her brother. I was glad to learn something new about life, and this news also played a small role in calming me down, as I was beginning to see that I was not the only one who did not have sex and love – at least it seemed so.

Then she helped, without knowing it, in another moment relating to her removed tooth. I understand that even though my lateral tooth was filled, it seems that this is only a matter of time before I have to say goodbye to it. If this day comes, then it will not be so hard for me to live through it.

It can be noted that she also did not like her age of 25 years.

As for Alyona, for some interweaving of the Universe, I also began to like her when I heard her unique voice in GTAV Online, while I was watching another streamer. After finding her stream, I often started to come to her channel and watch her broadcasts. I liked her so much that I began to fall in love with her. Perhaps this was helped by my imagination, which I still was using for wrong purposes.

I thought if she had a boyfriend or not. In my imagination, she, of course, not only did not have a boyfriend, but she was often a virgin. When I say “she”, I certainly mean a girl who is very similar to her, but has almost nothing to do with the real person.

Once I was watching a stream of one of my favorite streamers, whom I watched for many years. Someone in the chat asked him how he met one girl who also became a streamer. His reply was that he had seen her in VK, and he just upped and wrote her a message.

I decided that I would do the same and just write Alyona in VK. She had previously seen my message in her chat, and I told her in the VK message about who I was. To start the conversation, I decided to ask her about streaming which I had

long thought to do, but could not because of my housing situation. She answered me, and then I tried to talk to her about something else. She also answered me. The next day, I greeted Alyona in her chat, and it seemed to me that she saw my message, but ignored it. I also got the feeling that she felt a little uneasy at the sight of it. Given the recent negative events when meeting with girls who, in a somewhat rude manner, did not pay attention to me, I was hurt and offended.

It is possible that I just exaggerated everything.

In any case, armed with my recent realizations, I tried to redirect my attention to something else so as not to have negative emotions.

I had the idea to try to start streaming – in fact, this thought has been in my head for many years, but due to living conditions, it could never become reality. Since I could not do this next to my mother in the one-room apartment, I thought of going to my father's apartment during the day, stream there, and then return home. Father's foot bone had already healed, and he found a job. So, I could be alone at home, and we would not interfere with each other. I wanted to start streaming to train my speech and gain confidence. I also had a thought creep into my head that in this way I could get acquainted with the two girls I liked. I almost did not doubt that I would really begin to stream from my father's apartment, and I was preparing everything necessary for this.

I woke up in the middle of the night, and I had a clear thought in my head that "I do not need to stream". This was

the second time that I received instruction in this way. The first one happened a few years earlier when I was thinking of buying an iPad for reading books in English, since my laptop was not very convenient for this. I also woke up in the middle of the night and had a clear thought that I did not need an iPad. The message itself came, as I understand it, from my Higher Self. Thao told Michel that the Astral body leaves the physical body during sleep to reunite with the Higher Self in order to either transmit information or to receive information and orders. The proverb “The morning is wiser than the evening” refers precisely to this truth. In Thiaouba Prophecy they use the old French saying “The night brings counsel”...

There was a time when I watched old videos from one of the streamers. My heart started beating violently when it was mentioned that Alyona would arrive soon. I rewound the video forward, and my heart was beating even harder when on the video she was sitting next to that streamer because of whom I decided to write to her. One of her references to oral sex began to dispel some of my illusions. At the same time, I could not find peace inside of me, as everything that I had created in my imagination about her began to crumble.

In search for the truth, I went to watch other recordings of the streams that took place later. It hurt me again to see how that streamer began to make it clear in a peculiar way that he liked Alyona, the girl that I was in love with. Soon, she reciprocated, and the end of the recorded stream was happening without their

presence.

It was one of the hardest moments of my life. I felt like a total loser. I tried not to think about what was or was not between them. In fact, it was not my business, even though I had feelings for the girl. But I must say that part of me again tried to build barriers in which I tried to protect myself from the possible truth, thinking that if my fears were confirmed, they would have lived together already.

I understood that the streamer had nothing to do with my torment, but I just could not watch his streams anymore. This went on for more than six months, and I had to skip his walkthrough of the GTAV game – something I was looking forward to earlier.

But I would not have had my spiritual experience with Thiaoouba if I had not been able to see the obvious things – it was only myself who was to blame for my sufferings about Alyona, and no one else. Moreover, from Universal Law on the paying for mistakes it follows that all *people suffer only for their own mistakes!* Therefore, if you experience suffering, then you should know that this is a direct consequence of your own choices made by you in the past: in this life or in one of the past ones – provided you do not live your first life. I understand that sometimes it may be hard to accept this truth, but it is so. And yes, inaction is also a choice, followed by its consequences. Because of my stubbornness, I could not immediately make all these simple understandings a part of my life.

After a while, I saw a recording of Alyona's stream with some guy I had never seen before. I was not surprised that she decided to dye her hair red. Their webcams were located in different corners of the screen, and I watched with trepidation the video to the end, so that in the end I could see how they bang their fists together, being in the same room. Everything became clear.

Suffering because of Alyona was the very reckoning for mistakes made.

One of the mistakes was that I allowed myself to think that I could be her boyfriend. It should be noted that, as usual, I decided to search in the Internet if there were streamers who really found love in their chat. And such cases really exist. But there is one "but."

Walking along the street and thinking about all this, I realized another simple truth – there is a chance that someone will find a second half in the chat, someone will find love on a dating site, someone will fall in love at first sight with a foreigner who came for just one day, and they will live their lives together. The question is, what is this chance? And the answer will be – it is very, very small. For this reason, it is not logical to hope that, for example, you will find love on a dating site after reading one of the success stories, just as it would not be logical to think that on a dating site you can never find a life partner. You simply cannot know what will happen in the future! Therefore, you should not limit yourself only to acquaintance in the park, at work, or on dating sites. The chance to find someone exists

always and everywhere. Naturally, this truth applies not only to the search for love.

These thoughts are related to another truth of life that I could see back when I was a programmer, when I found out that there is no randomness in computers, but “pseudorandomness”. In order to generate random numbers people often use time which is constantly in motion, changing. If the random number generation function is given the same number, then the “random” number will be the same.

The simple truth itself is that  $2 + 2$  always gives 4 in the Universe. But the interest lies in how this relates to the Superior Intelligence and the creation of the Universe? When I met Marina, I realized because of a myriad of synchronicities that I saw our meeting when I was previewing my possible future life with my Higher Self – I lived the way I should have lived, and I suffered because of my mistakes, and not because of the coincidences of nature. And this, in turn, meant that all the nonsense that I had ever imagined in all the years of my life was also known even before I agreed to be born and live in my physical body – I saw all my fantasies in the “film” that was shown to me by my Higher Self. It was a fact – even our fantasies are a direct consequence of the events, taking place in our lives, and our knowledge (material and spiritual).

I have never written in detail in this book about the themes of my imagination. And they were very different. Aside from sex, I also daydreamed of life on other planets, space stations,

the society turning to a spiritual path where money no longer existed, about police officers, pigeons, and so on. Now that I knew that everything that I imagined was a direct consequence of the events of my life and the knowledge that I had, I could see all those reasons for my fantasies. Life events made me interested in sex from an early age; I became interested in space and life on other planets after I saw that bright entity in the village; thanks to Thiaoouba I realized that we do not need in our life money, which is a parasitic system; the police played an important role in my life several times; pigeons also pleased me with their company for many years. Everything has its exact reason for existing.

Because of this, you should not be afraid of all that you do not understand. For example, I heard about a community in the USA, in which people gather in order to calmly discuss the “voices in their head” that they have and other little-known things that they experience. This is the right approach. They try to find the truth, and they understand that their experience, unusual for other people, is a part of life and has its own reason for existence.

Then I thought about what Thiaooubians taught us. The Spirit *imagined* worlds and everything that will ever exist: me, you, coronavirus, the atom that was destined to become the ball in an IBM film <sup>[17]</sup> – everything. The question is, if what we imagine depends on what we know from the material world, then how could the Spirit imagine something when there was no material world? Who is the Spirit? And what is matter? In the Gospel of Thomas, verse 29, Jesus speaks a phrase that may have the



answer to my question. There are different translations of the original text into English, and they are slightly different. In order not to introduce distortion, I will not provide a translated quote in this book. If you are interested, then you can easily find the Gospel of Thomas on the Internet.

So,  $2 + 2 = 4$  always. This means that all actions taking place in the Universe have absolutely exact consequences. There is no randomness in the Universe.

The same applies to atoms, and to photons with electrons, and to all the particles that we have yet to discover – they all function according to the absolutely exact Laws of the Universe.

As for the particles, there is a mention from Michel Desmarquet experience on Thiaouba that everything is vibration. I often thought about this, and my current idea is that if we move closer and closer to the depths of the atom and then to the depths of quarks, after which we will go deeper and deeper, then we will see a simple vibration of the infinite space. This vibration can be compared with a sinusoid which has two states when one of its peaks is first on top and then at the bottom. And the third state is the average value, balance. I hope my analogy is clear.

I believe that it is for the above reasons that the Spirit, being the one and only creator of the Universe, knew everything that would ever happen in it before he created it. I think that this is how we can preview our possible future lives with the Higher Selves – all interactions of all particles and vibrations of the

Universe that will ever be connected with a person are calculated. Naturally, the spiritual knowledge of a person, as well as the spiritual and material knowledge of people with whom he will interact, are also taken into account in calculating what a person can experience and learn in his potential new physical body if he chooses to be born in it.

As for us people, we can only make assumptions about our future based on our knowledge. Thiaooubians, for example, knowing everything that can be known in this Universe, can predict the future for about a hundred years in advance. Of course, the decisions of other parts of the Superior Intelligence very often affect our life: the Spirit itself, people, and animals. I very often notice how I go somewhere along a familiar road, and I must change the route because the road is either blocked off, or some huge dog meets me on the way, or maybe some event on the street makes me understand that it is better to go somewhere else, etcetera. This is an example of how we, unlike the Superior Intelligence and Higher Selves, cannot know the future one hundred percent. This is not possible for us.

Returning to Alyona, my other mistake, which continues my life story, was to allow myself to fantasize a lot about her. The opening reality began to crush my illusions one after another. As a result, I was left with what I actually had in reality – with everything that I had before I began to actively fantasize. Accordingly, all the time that I spent on fantasies was almost wasted. I lost all those minutes and days of my life in which I

could do something useful for myself. But losing something, we always find something. And I [again] found the knowledge what unrestrained daydreams lead to.

Thanks to this knowledge, I began to try to keep my imagination under control, seeing what terrible consequences it leads to. But this was still not easy, which is a clear sign that I still had something to learn since I continued to suffer.

I was constantly trying to find answers to my questions, and one day I came across a psychologist's channel on YouTube. I found a lot of interesting videos on her channel, but the phrase uttered in one of them could be on a par with Roman Snezhko's method of getting rid of stuttering and knowledge from Thiaooubians.

There was a time when I was daydreaming too much again. After that I had a dream where it was shown where I could end up because of my recalcitrant imagination. And so, I was watching a video of that psychologist in the afternoon where she said a simple phrase: “Madness – is a loss of control”. Thanks to my other understandings, it immediately dawned on me that it was so. This was one of the simple truths of life.

These new understandings additionally helped me spend less time daydreaming, which resulted in me regaining control of myself.

It may be interesting to someone that before finding the aforementioned video, I found the name of my imagination problem in the English medical literature – “Maladaptive

daydreaming”.<sup>[18]</sup>

Here I would like to briefly say why I removed the name and link to the psychologist's channel, which were originally in the manuscript of this book. During my translation of this book into English, I learned that that woman sometimes “took” the text for her videos from the Internet and did not change the content at all, passing it off as her personally created content. Further, some of her clients noted that when talking one-on-one on Skype, that woman psychologist often thought for a long time about the answer, got lost in her thoughts, and in some cases even asked inappropriate questions regarding the client's financial standing. Simply put, she was not at all the knowledgeable, wise professional she appeared to be in her videos. But even though she, apparently, turned out to be not entirely honest and decent, the things she retold (the information that I adopted) are still true, and I found additional confirmation of this in my subsequent life experience.

I think that if people knew the truth about the loss of control over our mind, about meditation and concentration, and about the true purpose of life, then we would have very few people with psychological problems. Also, in psychiatric hospitals there would be fewer mentally ill people. If, of course, they would learn from the lessons of life.

Of course, I am talking about those people who have no physical damage to the brain. But as for those who have, I would advise them to read about brain neuroplasticity.<sup>[19]</sup>

It is worth noting that the “loss of control” is also *our choice*. We choose to live in our head which leads to a loss of focus on reality. This can become automatic if, due to the frequent misuse of our minds, we make these erroneous actions a habit. Accordingly, “gaining control” is done in the same way – you need to get used to doing the right actions, focus on reality, until these actions become automatism.

I also decided that I should finish with masturbation. Since I could not give up this habit once and for all, since I could not find a girlfriend, I decided that I would do this only once a week.

The first week was hard. But with the passage of time, I began to get used to the new realities of my life.

I continued to feel unwell after masturbation. In essence, there was not enough time for me to recover in six days of abstinence.

Soon I found the answer to this old question, why I suffered after masturbation.

On the Internet, I was able to find a question of a Russian woman to a doctor. She had exactly the same situation as mine. She felt sick after she masturbated – both with breathing and with her heart. But after she had sex with her husband, everything was just fine with her health. The doctor told her that neurosis was the cause. When I read the description of the neurosis, it became clear that I had many symptoms, which I myself generated by making wrong decisions over and over again.

A long time ago, after I found Thiaoouba, I had a dream where I was given a strong advice to go to the doctor. And there I

was, finding two major answers to my main problems from two doctors. Not even a century has passed... In fairness, I could not find these answers years earlier, since they did not exist then. But if I myself were not afraid to ask a question on a forum, then maybe someone could have helped me.

Needless to say, I could not have lived my life differently, since back then I simply did not have the knowledge that I have now to make another choice in the situation in which I was in the past. This is another simple truth that I realized, and which helped me to stop worrying over time because of what I did and what I did not do in the past. I did exactly what I had to do – no more, no less.

Although there are people who believe that fate can be changed (the original plan of the Superior Intelligence). I must say that I had a moment when I again began to constantly focus on reality, and I noticed how the life lines on the palm of my right hand changed. The change was so noticeable that it felt like I was looking at someone else's hand. But then everything returned to its former state when I returned to my old habits.

I do not know what is the reason for such a change in the life lines.

I believe that I also saw that moment of my life when I viewed it together with the Higher Self. But then this means that the life lines do not show exactly what *must* happen. A possible proof of this is my other experiences with the life lines, when dots and strikethrough lines appeared on them and then disappeared.

Therefore, I am ready to consider the theory that the life lines can show what *is likely* to happen.

Then I found out that I was wrong when I believed that a short line crossing the life line means death. Had I looked at the description to refresh my memory back in the day, then I could have made the right decisions.

# Redemption

At the end of November 2017, I registered on various sites for sex dating, as I was still thinking about finding someone there. But I found some interesting knowledge there.

One of such knowledge was that one girl was looking for a guy with a genitals more than nineteen centimeters, and when, for the sake of interest, I began to ask her about the reasons, it turned out that she, a female, did not even know the physiology of her own female body. Namely, the fact that in women with sexual arousal, the cervix and uterine body are pulled up and back, and the vagina increases in length. The woman was clearly not ready for such scientific discoveries and blocked me.

Then, scammers often tried to cheat money out of people on such sites. Unsuccessfully in my case.

There was also a moment when, under the guise of a girl, there was most likely a guy. I wrote about my doubts. Then the person wrote to me a reply that offended me somewhat at that time. He wrote something like “who is to blame that you are such a [forgotten bad word]?”. But now that I know the truths that I already wrote about in this book, I understand that the person was right in that sentence. I myself have led myself to the life that I have. Naturally, that person is not right in his other activity. This moment teaches that it is necessary to consider each idea expressed by a person individually and regardless of what else



he said.

There was also a speech therapist who did not really want to hear the truth about stuttering and about the creation of the Universe, which she called “nonsense”. Of course, it may be strange that such topics need to be mentioned on such websites at all, but I did want to find a girl who would not only like sex, but who would also be open to acquiring new knowledge and to self-development.

Then, closer to the summer of 2018, I began to correspond with a woman who was 8 years older than me. I remember it well, since the thought that my mother was 8 years older than my father did not leave, and I had the feeling that I could repeat the history, make a wrong choice. I think she had a child. She loved spending time with couples from the swingers’ website. In the course of communication, I decided that I had learned enough from my experience in communicating with people who get acquainted for the sake of sex. I decided that it would be better to spend my time looking for a girlfriend in real life, and not behind a laptop screen. I stopped texting her, but after a couple of weeks I forgot and wrote her again, asking to try to meet. But she never answered me back, which I am glad for.

I continued to go out and walk around the neighborhood for a health heeling walk. I remember how I once stood and waited for a traffic light. Near me were many people who were going about their daily routine. I then remembered my experience with Thiaooubians and thought: “Why me?” – passers-by do

not even know that next to them stands a person who had experience of telepathic communication with people whose messenger performed “miracles” on Earth, and taught people love and spirituality a little less than 2000 years ago. That same experience also gave me the opportunity to *know* about the veracity of the book by Michel Desmarquet. Surely many of the passer-by thought about the meaning of life, about the Universe, about Jesus. The answer was right in front of them, but they did not even know it. It was unusual and even somewhat surreal.

In the winter and spring of 2018, I was going through a period of self-reflection since many barriers had been destroyed, meaning that I tried not to remove the “bad” things as quickly as possible from my life, and instead I tried to comprehend them and learn from them. After all, mistakes and subsequent suffering give us a chance to learn spiritually, so that we no longer make such mistakes in the future.

Sometimes I would start feel sick in my mind, knowing how many years I spent doing almost nothing useful for my personal life. But then I would realize that otherwise I would not have known what it means to be stubborn. There is also a chance that I would not have my experience with Thiaooubians, since they would not have been able to help me if everything was okay in my life.

I said earlier about the fact that, apparently, everything is a vibration with three clear states, plus with all other possible gradients (if we were to use the word used in computer photo

editors, and denoting a transition from one color to another), located between the two maximum states (extremes, peaks, etc.) of this vibration. This important realization helped me see that everything around, being part of these vibrations, reflects these gradients.

For example, two outermost, or extreme, states in which society can be are a state of complete freedom, or a state of complete slavery. Currently on our planet societies are somewhere between those two values.

The way we get the products and things necessary for our lives can also have only two completely different states: there is a barrier between a person and a product (for example, money), and there is no barrier between a person and a product (everything is free).

People, for example, can be of two sexes – a male and a female. And on the planet of the ninth category, people, and possibly animals too, are hermaphrodites, since they [people] have learned all the lessons of male and female bodies, and for their spiritual progress in this Universe they are rewarded with the ability to experience both male and female sensations with sexual satisfaction, for the sake of which they also no longer have to look for a partner, since they are able to experience them at will.

It can be either pitch night or the brightest day. Plus, all the possible gradients between the two extreme positions of the planet towards the sun – dawn, noon, etc.

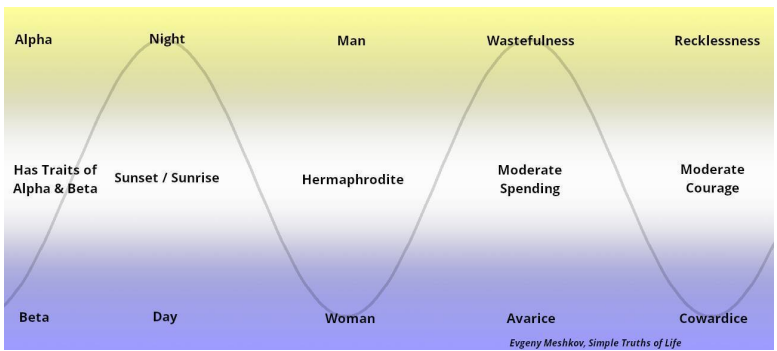
There are people who behave like “alpha”, and there are those who behave like “beta”. The most correct state is in the middle – when a person does not hesitate to achieve his goal, but he does this not at the expense of other people and does not cause suffering to anyone.

On YouTube’s, for example, I would love to have the middle button between the thumb up and thumb down, in order to rate a video in which I liked something, but something did not. In fact, I almost never give “dislike”.

Then we have the antonyms of words, but we do not have such a word that would mean something that has the features of both extremes (male-hermaphrodite-female, recklessness- [middle, balanced state]-cowardice, etc.). Maybe people should come up with such words.

Hope you understand what I am trying to say. Many things in the Universe reflect the duality of life.

It is worth noting how my dad sometimes used to say that we should not take one thing or another to the extremes. But I did not attach much importance to those words at the time, since I did not have my current knowledge.



This realization shed light on why Thao spoke of meditation and concentration. They train a person to be in the two only possible states of our mind – relaxed and focused. There must be time for work and there must be time for rest. We should keep a balance in everything if we want to live a happy and healthy life.

Of course, you need to understand that we are talking about the extremes (where, due to a strong bias in one direction, there is a lack of a useful trait of the other extreme) and the right (or correct) “golden mean” between them which includes the best of the two extremes. Duality manifests itself in other areas of life where, logically, only one side is right (correct): there are right actions and wrong actions (it is absurd to consciously choose to make a few mistakes and a few right actions); there is knowledge and faith (it is best to know, not to believe).

I write this all, because, firstly, I have got a chance to write

about my life understandings, and secondly, this refers to my next strange part of life where after a period of life when I tried to be an “obedient” boy due to my overly moral barriers, I very sharply went to another extreme and began to look for opportunities to act in porn. In the end, I did nothing of the kind, but it was an interesting time. For the most part, it was a strange way to find sex, but at the same time I consider it a spiritual experience, as I began to learn what could be learned from this experience. If a person has the correct knowledge about the truth of life, then watching the so-called vulgar videos will not make him vulgar, as he will not make mistakes.

At that time, I came across a video made by a girl from Pornhub, where she talked about the site’s affiliate program. I went to her page and clicked on a video where she took her subscriber’s virginity. I was simply shocked, because during her conversation with the guy I seemed to see myself in him. I have little doubt that he had the same daydreaming/imagination problems as I did. And it was shown on the facial expressions of his face – it was shown very strongly. Needless to say, I did not masturbate then, but, still in a shock and completely awakened state, I watched the whole video to the end in the hope that maybe this time I would stop playing with my imagination. Then I found that the girl recorded another video with that guy where his face was not shown at all. I felt sorry for him in my own way. I understood what he was going through.

In the comments of both videos, some people did not spare

the guy, saying all kinds of nasty things. There were thoughts that if this were a girl, then a real scandal would arise and many people would get sued. But of all this, I was very pleased with the fact that the porn actress herself stood up for the guy and put the offenders in their place. Strange, but before that I did not realize very clearly that porn actors are exactly the same people as we are, and they, like everyone else, pass through the school of life.

This understanding once again showed me that you should not worry too much about the mistakes made. We all do what we think is right, depending on our material and spiritual knowledge – every second of our lives.

I was thinking of writing my first comment on a porn site in order to perhaps shed light on the reason for such facial expressions, and talk about meditation and concentration. Who knows, this could have helped the person. But I could not do this simple thing, which seemed to me as something complicated at that time.

I will note that I have always perceived with big defensiveness the government's attempts to block porn sites, since I always did not like when someone limited my freedom of choice. Moreover, I do not blame porn sites at all for my state of health and for the wasted years of my life. I myself made that choice. And even though this choice for the most part was a mistake – it was my choice and it was only me who is to blame for my suffering. Of course, this does not mean that the owners of porn sites and those who are somehow connected with them do not make mistake,

but limiting the freedom of will of another creature is the *most* serious mistake in the Universe.

What do we do with porn addiction then? If people knew the truths of the Universe (many of which I have already told about), then they would not be making mistakes – well, or they would try not to make them, since spiritual knowledge also plays an important role in our every decision, and such knowledge is acquired by obtaining multifaceted life experience and comprehension of life lessons from this experience, and not by reading books that give only material knowledge. Therefore, you just need to teach people this truth and leave the freedom of choice to them. If someone wants to make a mistake, as a result of which no one else will be deceived and will not suffer – this is their choice.

Of course, it is necessary to remove money and make everything that is required for a healthy life free of charge, so that people have less incentive to engage in such activity – both among porn actors and porn magnates.

Further, in my life, because of my insecurity and fear of telling about my experience with Thiaooubians, I also did not make any videos for YouTube, although I wanted to record a video about my experience with Aura for many years. Then I did not have time for this, because among other things, I thought that I needed to do something so that I had at least some money. The video would take too much time.

In the early spring of 2018, I was finally able to walk to



Sokolniki. It took me several days to walk near the park to gain confidence in my health.

I began to walk there often. Usually I could not reach the park only during a couple of days after the weekly masturbation. But every day I went outside, not wanting to spend more days at home. Only heavy rain could make me stay in four walls.

I tried to live in the present, paying attention with the help of five senses to what was happening around me. As usual, calming down of my mind opened barriers that hid unresolved problems and not learned lessons, and I often began to think about them, not noticing how thoughts turned into daydreaming and the habit of talking to myself in my head. This is something that I also heard from the previously mentioned psychologist woman – a person in full consciousness can remember everything that ever was in his life – if I say it in my own words. I had moments when, being fully focused on the present, I could remember the most insignificant moments of my life, and I had the feeling as if old childhood events happened only yesterday. At the same time, a clear line is “visible” between what really happened and what is part of a fantasy.

I usually felt insecure when I saw a girl who was sitting or walking alone. Because of this, it either took me a long time to calm down, or I did not approach the girl at all, and sometimes the girl would just get up and leave while I was gathering my thoughts.

There was another psychological barrier holding my education

in this life. The desire to look for a girlfriend evoked in me the memories of the past. Namely, the fact that over the past 10 years I thought to go looking for my second half, but because of my stupid actions and habits I never did. Therefore, the beginning of the search for a girlfriend in the present meant to admit all the mistakes that I made in all those years. I could no longer blame everything on the “injustice of life”, as I often liked to do despite the fact that I knew about the Laws of the Universe. It was time to admit my mistakes, my wrongness, and the consequences that followed.

In fact, I have long learned to admit my mistakes and wrongness, but those mistakes were small in comparison. So, for example, in January 2016, in the TPXP group I expressed my distrust towards a photograph of a levitating monk – and people of the first category are able to learn to levitate. I thought that his reflection in the mirror was not where it should have been. But then I recreated the scene in a 3D program, and I realized that the levitating figure was in the same place as the reflection of the levitating monk. I wrote about my find and that I my previous conclusions were wrong. I had no problems of acknowledging such errors.

Another recognition of the error occurred after I learned about photosensitivity and exposure – thanks to my camera. It became clear to me why in the pictures taken by American astronauts on the surface of the moon, no stars were visible. Some time later, when I was studying physics, it became clear

that they were more than capable of flying to the moon too. It was a very dangerous trip, but it really could happen.

Initially, I more than believed in the landing of people on the moon, but at the age of sixteen I came across websites where different people claimed the opposite. I thought then that they were no less educated than other experts, and were able to find something that other people did not see. Over time and with self-education, it became clear that those people tried to teach others, while they themselves did not know the elementary laws of nature.

Returning to meeting girls and recognizing my mistakes, this was not an easy time in which I seemed to feel a huge mass that I had to overcome every time I approached a new girl. This can be compared to walking in water against the current. But as I kept approaching girls, the feeling of heaviness was becoming less and less present, until there was no trace of it at all.

Another positive effect was that I finally stopped being offended by Marina and her attitude towards me. It became obvious to me that the world is full of other people, and you should not focus on someone who is taken anyway.

Remembering the reason for stuttering, I knew that the abundance of different thoughts, which had little to do with what was happening in reality, was the reason for my indecision. I decided to test it.

Heading to a pond in the park, I kept my concentration on the here and now. It was still cold, but that did not stop a girl

from sitting on a bench in front of the pond. Being completely concentrated, I just asked her if I could get acquainted with her. Smiling, she answered the sharp and a little shy “no!”. I apologized for disturbing her and went to walk further.

I was absolutely calm and confident in myself. The correctness of my theory was proved empirically, so to speak. All I had to do was to make a new habit of living in the present...

At home, I went looking for the causes of yellow spots near the mouth of people – something that I could not help but notice in the girl sitting by the pond. It was one of my enlightenments that girls are just the same people and suffer too. Naturally, I knew this before, but I did not “see” it, if we recall the saying of Jesus that people have eyes, but they do not see.

As I mentioned, in those years I often searched for knowledge on the Internet regarding many things. I often wrote down on my phone what I wanted to find in a search engine when I get back home. I did not use the Internet on the street at that time, as I went out on the street in order to mentally be on the street, and not in the phone as many people do now.

So, the search led me to a forum where men talked that the girls did not have a sense of causality; how they can imagine a problem and then take offense at the guy because of it. This hurt me then, since I began to see myself in it. At least in relation to cause and effect.

One day I was walking not far from a bookstore along the narrow sidewalk of Preobrazhenskiy Val Street, and a man with

two bags in his hands was walking towards me, and next to him was a short, slender girl with ginger hair. I began to feel a little discomfort at that moment, and when the girl almost caught up with me, I mechanically moved my head and neck forward, and at the same time I looked down my body. The funny thing about the story is that that ginger-haired girl in that very same second did an absolutely identical action as me!

As I thought about it, I remembered that both women and men are an absolutely identical part of the Superior Intelligence who can choose to be born in both the male and female bodies. This means that the intellectual abilities of both sexes are exactly the same. Men do not think like women, and women do not think like men. We think like people. But due to different historical events, some things have become synonymous with women, and some with men. We differ intellectually and in behavior in the modern world mainly because of what we have been taught since childhood. This is not surprising, since knowledge is the basis of all our decisions and actions.

Naturally, one should not forget about several different functions and some differences between male and female bodies, and common sense. So, for example, a pregnant woman shouldn't do lots of things that men can do, so as not to harm the child and herself because of her mistake. Well, the very fact that women need to carry a child for 9 months, and not men, affects their desire to have sex – they are more cautious, since for them a mistake, on average, will bring more suffering than for a man...

at least in the current life.

By the way, I think that women are usually prettier than men precisely because they have to bear a child in themselves, which, of course, takes a lot of time and strength. Beauty is a kind of compensation.

Thus, I began to approach girls more often than in the previous summer. They were either taken or refused to try to get acquainted. In the case of the latter, I was thinking about possible reasons – did I do something wrong, or did they just not like me? Or maybe the reason was in something else entirely? Often I saw that I could have been more relaxed and confident, and I tried to do my homework on the mistakes so that in my next attempts to meet someone I would have a better chance of success.

At the end of April 2018, I walked on a Saturday afternoon in Sokolniki. Allowing myself to get lost in my mind again, I began to experience self-doubt anew, which affected my attempts to get acquainted. It was not easy for me also because the thought that I might never find a girlfriend did not want to go far away from me.

One of the main factors that I did not dare to approach the girls I liked was the fact of the presence of someone next to them. Even if there was only one person sitting on the next bench to a girl, and there was no one else nearby – I still often had thoughts regarding what he would think about me. And if there were many such people, then everything would become even more complicated. Often, I would just walk by in search of those who were sitting alone.

But then I remembered the Universal Law regarding the payment by suffering for our mistakes. I tried to fix in my mind that all the people who might laugh at me, say or think something about me, will have to suffer for their erroneous actions. But I need to think only about my own actions and decisions, and if I had done something wrong, I need to realize this, draw conclusions, and the next time when life provides a similar situation, make the right choice. So, I often suffered myself because I did not approach a particular girl among the crowd of people.

Thanks to these understandings, I took control of myself while walking in the park. At the fountain, I noticed a young girl who was clearly about to leave. Since it was Saturday, there was a huge bunch of people next to her. But I, being completely focused on reality – on what data was being transmitted by my five senses – purposefully approached her and asked “could I get acquainted with you”. Since more than a dozen girls had said “no” to me, I was going to say the usual “sorry I bothered you” and turn around, as the girl replied: “Well, you can.”

This was unexpected, and I had the thought: “OK, now what?”

The girl immediately said that she was going to go to work and asked me what time it was. It was about two in the afternoon.

She needed to go down the long path, and I told her that we can talk along the way. I told her my name, and she said that she was called Katya. While we were leaving, I clearly remember how two men walked by smiling at me.

I did not know what to say and asked who she worked as. In response to her question, I said about Bitcoin and about working as a freelancer. At this time, I again began to lose control of my thoughts, and the stupor of speech followed, as a logical consequence.

During the conversation, it became known that she had a Buddhist book in her purse. She herself went every week to “prayer” in a Buddhist (or Hindu) temple. She began to talk about some deities, but, seeing that I did not know who it was, she stopped. I thought that she was interested in the truth of life, and began to speak briefly about my experience with Thiaoouba and with the Auras. The girl was mostly silent and only occasionally said some kind of an invitation to come to the temple.

For the sake of general development, and as a way to get to know her better, I asked for details.

The walk along the alley seemed fast, and we were already crossing the highway, after which there was almost no people on a narrow forest path.

I decided to change the subject and asked if she had traveled somewhere. No. An awkward silence followed, and I told her something of a desire to give her later a link to Thiaoouba Prophecy book. I think I mentioned that I knew about the veracity of that book. To this, Katya replied that she had already invested five years of her life into studying her religion and did not want to devote time to anything else. Judging by her intonation and words, there was a feeling that she did not want to



know anything new because she could “lose” those 5 years spent on religion. She did not want to know that she had been wrong all that time.

At the bridge, she told me that she would go alone further on. I offered to meet again, and she agreed. I started writing down her phone, but because I never used the phone normally, I wrote it in the wrong place. I had to ask her to say the number again in order to record it normally. She looked with a sigh to the side and repeated the number. Perhaps at that moment I got even more nervous, and the muscles of my face reflected this on my facial expression, for I remember clearly how she noticed something on my face.

We said goodbye.

Going home, I realized that even though the girl was pretty, she was not perfect because of her attachment to religion and her unwillingness to learn anything new. Nevertheless, I decided that I needed to fight for her, and I wanted to meet with her one more time to get to know her better – and maybe try to somehow help her with some of her imperfections. I thought about the topics of conversation for the next meeting, and I knew for sure that they should not be either religion or the truth of the Universe. I thought to talk about more down-to-earth things. I also felt relieved that I no longer had to walk in the parks and approach a bunch of girls for dating.

I came home, installed WhatsApp, and wrote to Katya about my desire to meet someday. I remember clearly that in the

message there was a mention about religion – something that I did not want to talk about, but decided to write anyway because she was clearly religious. Then I gave her a link where she could download Thiaoouba Prophecy for free in case she wanted to do so. There was no answer. Many hours passed before I realized the simple truth that she did not want anything to do with me. Just in case, in order to check the correctness of the phone number, I decided to ask her about the address and website of the temple that she was telling me about. I had almost no doubt that she would answer me then – and she did. In the last message, I asked Katya to be honest about the reasons for her unwillingness to see me. She replied that I was “too creative”, and that I also had many psychological problems. I answered her with a message, the stupidity of which I understood only after some time – naturally, I had psychological problems not because of the absence of a girlfriend, but only because of my own choices to allow that fact to affect my psychological and moral state.

I honestly do not know till this day what she meant by “too creative”, given that she herself was talking only about some temple and a prayer, but regarding the psychological problems she was completely right. So as not to decide to write some nonsense, I decided to delete Katya’s phone number. Had I known what I know now, I would have just honestly told her about everything and said that I thought to talk about other earthly topics. I also sometimes thought how honest was she in her message? What if she just did not want to tell me about my

appearance, which I could not change, unlike my psychological turmoil? Or did she really not mind my appearance...?

Although I continued to be lonely, I knew now that I had a chance to find a girlfriend after all. I understood very well that a focused on reality state of mind was the key to my happiness. Now I had confirmation of my rightness. All that had to be done was to develop a new habit in myself...

I again had difficulties with this, since now my head was often haunted by the thought of Katya and how she agreed to get acquainted, but then she simply did not write anything because of my psychological problems – “problems” that I knew how to remove for a long time, but, being still stubborn, I continued to live inside of my head and not in reality. What if this was my last chance to find someone in this life, and I missed it?

At one point, I had similar paranoid thoughts about the past. What if I made a lot of serious mistakes in my past lives? Fact – one cannot get away from reckoning for mistakes. And fear over what might or might not have been is a mistake too, since it is our choice to be afraid. You need to remember the Laws of the Universe and gain spirituality which will help to make the right choices and not make new mistakes when paying for the old ones.

Subsequently, it became clear to me that, perhaps, I will not have experience with Thiaoouba in my next life, and for this reason it is better to get as much spiritual knowledge as possible, but at the same time I need to try to remove all psychological problems; since the psyche is part of the soul and also does

not die, I have a suspicion that the psychological state of a person can migrate into his next life – along with all unresolved psychological problems.

It is difficult to have such an experience with overactive daydreaming, but if I learn from it spiritually, I will not have to suffer again from losing control of my mind.

A benefit of such experience with imagination is understanding why the Superior Intelligence decided to create the Universe even though the Spirit knew everything that would ever happen – we can recreate in our imagination a whole concert with a myriad of musical instruments, but it will not be comparable to a real concert that we can really feel in the first person, and not watch it from the side. There is a difference between imagination and what we call reality.

So, I tried to remove the paranoia and continued to actively approach women. Some politely refused and wished good luck in my search, and some were not so good-natured. In the case of the latter, I was glad that good-natured girls also existed. If it was not for them and my knowledge from Thiaoouba, then who knows what not-the-best thoughts could lead me to, which, in a period of desperation due to constant refusals, began to absorb me. But I must say that even in those dark thoughts and fantasies, I still sought revenge only to those who, in my opinion, were a clear villain. I did not wish anything bad to those who were innocent.

Fortunately for me and others, I had my knowledge. I understood that most likely I was paying with my life for such

mistakes that I actually made before I was born in my current physical body. If I allowed myself to commit them again, having my knowledge, the retribution would be even tougher. And indeed, if you do not make new mistakes, then over time all the unpaid mistakes will be suffered for, and a person will live in true happiness.

Then I again remembered that I did not know the future, but my thoughts in the present will have a well-known effect when my face and body language reflect my psychological state.

Back in those days, I often began to have negative thoughts when I saw the couples who happily walked by holding each other's hand or were kissing. After pondering what was the root cause for my bad thoughts, it became clear to me that I was angry at myself and not at them. When seeing such couples, I would just begin to once again remember that all these years after my eighteen's birthday I had been doing all sorts of things except for developing myself and looking for love. The vision of those people simply pulled reality to the surface. And I was angry at myself because instead of accepting the consequences of my past decisions, I ran away from them, trying to think about something else. Thus, I did not learn my lesson and therefore suffered for it again and again, until I realized this.

Bad thoughts only kept me and my face in tension. I would make a mistake, and I would pay for it right away when single girls did not want to talk to me. One of the reasons to remove everything superfluous from the head and live in the present.

After some time, I had almost no worries regarding all of the aforementioned things.

Moreover, on some days I could be completely focused on reality, and the consequences of such a correct action did not take long to appear. I could absolutely calmly, and without a single hint of nervousness, approach any girl to ask her about the possibility to get acquainted with her. This was proof for me that modesty, shyness is a consequence of a person focusing his attention on his inner world, and not on the outside world.

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Also, in that warm period of the year, I was finally able to forgive and stop blaming my father for my stuttering and everything that followed. I was finally able to live with the truth that I, like everyone else, was to blame for all my suffering that occurred because of my own erroneous choices in the past. Naturally, I too forgave my mother long ago for all the quarrels and all the negative things that were between us.

In June 2018, my father got drunk on his birthday, and he was fired from his job. After some time, my mother came to him, and he was not in good health. And his buddies were shopping with his bank card. After some time, dad was put in the hospital. It was the same hospital where he used to lie with the broken leg. When I called there to find out the details, they told me that he was transferred to the 64th hospital.

Mom went there and said that there was something with his leg. Father himself walked in the hospital on the first day, but

then took to the bed.

I thought this was yet another consequence of heavy drinking. Father often recovered for a very long time after drinking too much alcohol.

We had no money, and I did not go to visit my father in the hospital in order to save money for his treatment after his release from the hospital. Moreover, I could not travel that far due to the same old problems with my health.

On July 9th, I found out that Michel Desmarquet was gone. I am sure that after helping people on Earth, he will have many joys in other lives. Who knows, maybe he will be able to be born on Thiaoouba too – the planet that he liked so much.

Not so long ago, I also began to think of the fact that my mother was quite old. I was afraid that she might die, and my father and I would be left alone.

In general, many people I knew and who were younger than my father died in those months.

I remember watching Elajjaz's stream, and he was telling a story when the father of his acquaintance died, and so he decided to visit his father, who was already quite old. It is a pity that I did not listen to what life was trying to tell me...

I also want to note how that Swedish streamer sometimes stumbled in his speech on the stream, and thinking about the reasons he said that it was because he was thinking about something else at the time of the conversation. But he immediately, by and large, dismissed the idea that it was precisely

the reason why people “stutter”. Sometimes the truth is closer than we think, but because of its simplicity we cannot always see it, even when it is looking directly at us.

On July 12, 2018, I received a message on Facebook asking me if I wanted to help translate Thiaoouba Prophecy into Russian. It came from a man who helped Michel translate and publish that book in China, albeit with a few lines removed due to censorship of the Chinese government. I was in poor health and could not go anywhere. Moreover, because of my almost constantly tense facial expressions, I was afraid that I could harm the book. I had to refuse.

My father was still in the hospital. Soon father’s roommate began to call. He said that perhaps my father had a stroke, and the doctors continued to have his leg treated, but nothing was done about the stroke. My father was already in the hospital among the doctors, and it was not clear what else my mother and I could do. And given the fact that dad was already transferred from one hospital to another, it was clear that the doctors themselves could determine what was best for him and where.

Mom went to father and said that he was lying in bed and could not get up, but he could remember that he had a son...

On July 16th, 2018, I had a third lucid dream. I was in the kitchen of my Moscow apartment. I tried to look around me and was able to see all the furniture. Soon after I went to the refrigerator, in which I found a huge sandwich the width of the entire refrigerator and in shape resembling a croissant. Inside it



was something like meat, and greens similar in appearance to chives like eyelashes protruded from both sides of the sandwich's halves along its entire length. I decided to bite off the tip of the sandwich, but I do not remember if I felt its taste. What I remembered was the clouding of my mind – just like it was in real life because of my tiredness. When I woke up, I thought to myself what if one of the immortal bodies that is part of the Astral body, such as the psychic body, remembers the state of our mind even after we reincarnate in a new physical body?

There was a very old case that occurred in my village. I think I was still in high school and I did not have the Internet or the knowledge that I have now. My father and I were engaged in routine work at the tiny house on his land located three houses away from my mother's. I remember clearly how I looked at my father's bald head, and I had a very vivid feeling, or a thought, that this was *the first time* I would have to be bald.

I cannot help but see the synchronicity in those two dreams in which I was killed with a knife by an unknown killer. In both dreams, I had beautiful bodies, and the man in the second dream had a full head of hair. Then it was really hard for me to live seeing my head going bald. Only now I begin to feel more or less comfortable in my body.

Thaora taught Michel that the human psychic body is part of the Astral body and therefore does not die. If a person's psyche is poor, it will influence his physical appearance. Thaora told Michel that many of our Earthly problems lie in psyche.

Therefore, first of all, it is important to take care of our mental health.

This may be evidence that psychologically we truly remain what we were when our old physical body died. I used to think that by dying I could live in a new, beautiful, and healthy body. Due to my misunderstanding of the realities of life at that time, this was an erroneous thinking. Suicide will not save one from problems – it will only add new ones, and this will continue again and again until a person decides to start learning from what he needs to learn in his life.

# The Cycle of Life

At one time I went to rest in Semenovskiy Park, hoping to restore my health and nerves a little. I wanted to go down a path into the depths of the park, but I saw several dark figures who drank under an awning, and I decided to sit on a bench near the sidewalk. Soon I saw that those dark figures were three policemen who were walking along the path in my direction. Their faces were red, and I remembered how my father had the same face when he drank alcohol. The first two policemen passed me by, but the third one was looking intently at my passport, which I held in my hands so as not to be sitting on it. He asked me to show it. Two other policemen turned around. I asked about the reason for the search – the act that clearly caused irritation in the policeman. He said the standard answer was that I “looked like” the wanted person. But in that case why did the two other policemen calmly pass me by – I wonder now. But then I just gave my passport. After that he asked me to put everything out of my pockets. Due to my health, I felt unwell. He noticed this in my voice and behavior, and began to ask about the reasons. He touched my umbrella for a very long time. Then a passing by man stood up for me. The man showed the policemen the illegality of their actions, as they conducted the search without witnesses. The man was very persistent, and the policemen left.

This was the fourth time that the police asked me to show

documents on the street.

The first case took place many years ago on the corner of my house. It went fine, and I was even amused that I was in a T-shirt and shorts, but the policemen still asked me as if I could have a grenade launcher with me. They also thoroughly checked all the slots of my wallet, since there was nothing else on me except the passport, which I began to carry with me ever since I began to have health problems – just in case.

The second case was much more serious. I was sick then, and I had a fever. We were running out of food, and mom could not go to the store due to poor health. I had to go myself, in spite of the cold winter and my illness. At the first entrance of my house, I saw three policemen coming out of it. One of them was staring at me and asked for the passport which I gave. It was a period when I spent a lot of time in myself, in my head, which made my whole body very tense. Because of this and my illness, I could barely speak. In fact, my jaw could hardly open. Plus, intense facial expressions caused by all my thoughts and feelings. The policemen thought that I was a drug addict, and they wanted to take me to the police station. Realizing then that I might simply not handle the pressure due to stress and die, I silently asked my Higher Self, Thao, Biastra, and Latoli to help me. In fact, the police began to take off my winter jacket for the search right in the cold. All this time I tried to tell them that I was sick. Passers-by saw all this, but continued to go their own way. Moreover, they were glancing at me, and not at what was happening next to

me. Then the police decided to lead me into their police car for inspection. Inside, I was able to maintain my honor and dignity without showing them anything that they did not need to see. The time had come to show my left hand. When the policeman sitting to my left pointed to my obvious birthmarks and immediately called them needle shots, I realized what they really wanted. And then right after that thought, and I do not know why, but that policeman who was sitting by the wheel looked at my hands and said that they were birthmarks. They began to apologize for the incident and began to make excuses that they supposedly had to sometimes run after people in the street. But what did that have to do with me? I went on to the store, but this episode left me with a very unpleasant sediment.

For the third time, one policeman took it upon himself to check my documents when I came out from the entrance of my house. This time, the story was about the apartment thefts.

Thinking about all this, I could not help but recall one unusual for Russia case that happened when I was still working as a merchandiser. Most likely it was the Okhotny Ryad metro station where I was headed on the escalator from the passage from another line. I was standing and looking down when a man passed me by walking up the escalator. When he was on the same step with me, the man raised his jacket with his hands. The man had a white T-shirt, and with my peripheral vision I saw the outline of a gun sticking out of his pants behind him. When I turned my head in his direction, the jacket was already down, hiding what

I might have seen. There were two policemen at the end of the escalator. I thought to tell them that I might have seen a gun behind that man, who was from the southern regions of the country, or maybe from other southern countries. But I was unsure. And then the man turned to face those two policemen and held his hand not far from his back, which made it impossible for me to point the finger at him. I say these things because I have realized now what happened. Then I still doubted what I saw. We took the subway train. I was still looking toward the man. His behavior was strange. He obviously looked cautiously around.

As you have already heard, all errors must be paid for by suffering. And so, I thought what if those episodes with the police were the very reckoning? Naturally, in the case of the second episode, I also paid for my fantasies and self-flagellation, which distorted my face so that I looked like a drug addict. The only question is whether that man in the subway committed a crime or not. If he shot someone, or simply committed some crime, then I will probably have to pay by much more serious and longer-term life situation than short negative and illegal searches on the street... I put up with this because I cannot change anything anymore.

But what did I need to do at that moment? I should have immediately approached the policemen to say that with my peripheral vision I saw something resembling a gun behind that man's back – point him out either with my finger or with an oblique gaze, before the man turned to face the policemen. In

case I missed this opportunity, I had to get out of the train with the man and go to the police post with my suspicion. Another option was just to call the police, tell them what I saw, describe the appearance of the man, and name the station where he got off – that is all. It was that simple.

But, as I said, I had my doubts then. And doubt was not unreasonable, since a couple of years ago I found out that in Russia it was impossible to buy a gun legally – which, in fact, speaks of the true nature of that person, but I did not see it then...

In the meantime, the end of July was approaching along with my 30th birthday. The man from my father's ward called me again to express his concerns about dad's condition and his treatment. Father himself had been in the hospital for several weeks, and I decided that I needed to go visit him after all. Mom recently visited dad, and said that according to her impression, he was feeling better, and he could even sit a bit on the bed.

I thought about going on Thursday, July 26th, but I was still feeling unwell. I decided to go to Sokolniki in order to gain confidence and definitely go to see my father on Friday – no matter what. In the park, I decided to go up to a woman who said that she was busy with something and added that this was the third time in that day that someone would come up to meet her. She laughed and did not understand what was happening due to the unusual situation. The time was about one o'clock in the afternoon.

I came home and my father's friends called me. They said that

someone called them from the hospital and asked me, a relative of my father, to call them.

I called the hospital to find out how my father was. I was told that he died in intensive care at one o'clock in the afternoon. I was completely shocked by the sudden news... and the words "died in intensive care" rang in my head for many weeks, if not months. For some reason, I thought that my father simply could not die, at least not now. Life brought me back to reality.

I called my mother, who went to the village a few hours earlier. With difficulty and with tears, I told her the news. She went back.

I do not know how much time passed while I was collecting information about what needs to be done to bury my father, but when my mother entered the apartment, I had the feeling that only a few minutes had passed.

We went to the trolleybus stop to go to my father's apartment and take the documents. The sun has already set.

Having passed the lake, mom mentioned in a conversation that when she came to dad on the first day, he was able to tell her that he had seen his mom and dad, but then he returned. I exclaimed under my breath why she did not say this earlier! Then I would certainly feel the seriousness and importance of the situation, and would come to him! ...Months later mother also told me how dad mentioned to her that he had a mild stroke before. Had I known that, the knowledge would have probably forced me go to visit my father as well.

The bus did not arrive, and I did not feel well. I told my mother



about my desire to go to the apartment the next day early in the morning. We went home through Cherkizovsky park so as to collect our thoughts.

I found a funeral home and it turned out that it was necessary to have the death certificates of my grandparents and uncle in order to bury dad in the grave with his parents. In father's apartment, we could only find grandmother's death certificate. Unfortunately, dad did not listen to my mother and did not collect the necessary documents during his lifetime.

We had to go to the hospital. I knew that it would not be easy. The summer heat didn't help either. Throughout the ride in the subway, I tried to calm my thoughts in order to remove tension in the body.

When we were on the hospital's territory, I thought that the Higher Selves of the first category are able to resurrect the dead if three days have not passed since the death of the physical body of a person, and the person himself wants to return – then, in some cases, the Higher Self can return the soul back to the physical body. But thoughts remained thoughts...

At the ward where yesterday lay my living father, the doctors gave us papers to sign, and we met the man who was calling me. They returned father's belongings, but there was no passport. We were sent to intensive care where a man from India opened the door.

He could speak Russian, but I could not help but wonder if people from Russia could not occupy such an important

profession? However, perhaps this was a very good specialist in his field who was unparalleled in all of Russia. I do not know. I want to note what should already be obvious – I am not a racist, and did not experience any serious bias towards people of a different skin color even before Thiaoouba and my knowledge about reincarnation. But this moment made me think even more about the state of Russia, and I decided to include it in the book. There is also a chance that that person was born in Russia and just speaks with an accent, just as there can be many other explanations.

While we were waiting for the passport to arrive, I felt that I was not very well and wanted to go outside as soon as possible.

The next day, father's friend took us to the cemetery, where grandfather and grandmother were buried. We drove on the Moscow Ring Road and passed by my grandmother's house, where I went to visit with my mother for school holidays a long time ago. Sometimes father also would come with us.

In the end, because of fact that the registry office was closed on Sunday and Monday, we could not collect the necessary documents, and we had to bury my father a few meters from his parents.

Mother had to pay about 60 000 rubles for the simplest funeral. Plus, we had to pay the paramedics to drag the coffin with my father's body several meters to the car. They asked for double value, since dad was larger than other people... This money...

Father's friend and his wife could not go to the funeral. It was just me, mom, and father's relative.

I could not hold back my tears, although I understood why Thao told Michel that one should not be selfish when someone dies. My father suffered a lot in his life, and now he had a chance to live a new one, which, I hope, will be easier than the previous life. One needs to be able to put oneself in the place of other people and look at the situation from their point of view.

When I went to get the death certificate for my father's brother, I was not at all surprised by the fact that the registry office at 9th Parkovaya Street was located directly opposite the place where my father drove to many years ago to pick me up after the dentist. Father sometimes would say that he let me down at different points in his life. In that moment I had a feeling that I let him down now. I felt pain from the fact that he remembered me after the stroke, but I could not come to him in the hospital on time...

But, something ends, something begins. After my mom and I went to the hospital, my health became better, although it was not completely normal yet. Mom began to ask me to go with her to the village, seeing that I was, after all, able to get to the cemetery beyond the Moscow Ring Road. I kept refusing.

The village reminded me of how in my childhood we would drive there with my father each year. With his death, I am unlikely to ever see the familiar places we traveled by so often.

I hadn't quarreled and argued with my mother for so long, and

now that we were the only two left, I tried to protect her as I could. I did not want to lose her as well, and to be completely alone... Once, when I was studying at school, I only wished, out of fear to talk to people, so that no one would call me and talk to me... Wishes come true.

In late August, I again refused to go to the village that seemed so far away to me, and my mother left alone. After a while I called her, but no one answered. In the evening too. Knowing the nature of my mother, I realized that most likely she was just upset with me and did not want to talk. But then the question arose what if, after all, something did happen? I thought that I needed to go to the village, but I could not make up my mind to do it.

I then went to Sokolniki for a health-replenishment walk and heard in the news about the death of Kobzon. This news reminded me of my knowledge about life and about reincarnation. I turned around, bought some food for my mother, and booked a bus ticket at home, so I could go to the village the next day. Whatever happens, happens.

Just in case, I asked my old acquaintances to check on my mother, and they told me that she was in the garden. I rode calm.

All the way I tried to be positive about everything that was happening around. It helped me relax.

At the dacha, I cut down thickets of blackthorn and helped my mother with various other problems, which have accumulated quite a lot.

The village itself had changed a lot over the many years that

I could not visit it.

Having brought my mother spring and well water, I was going to leave the next day. Nothing bothered me anymore when I walked across a tree-overgrown field that had not been sown for many years. I could not help but recall the dream that I had many months ago. In that dream, I was finally able to come to the village, and old acquaintances congratulated me on this. In reality, I have not met any old friends, but I did actually reach the village.

After some time, I came to the village again to help my mom take the crop away. Before, my father would do this on his car, which he sold a couple of years ago but could ride on it by proxy.

We had to pay for father's debts on housing and communal services, and we thought about renting it. To do this, it was necessary to put the apartment in order, which was not at all easy.

I came to father's apartment on a clear sunny day to clean the walls of the kitchen of old crumbling paint. While working, something distracted my attention, and I looked to my left towards the corridor. I saw a white translucent figure looking at me, and then it quickly "walked" sideways behind the wall of the small room. I realized that these were the very 19% of electrons that used to be part of my father. I was not scared, because I knew about the reasons for ghosts, but sometimes I would still glance around.

The other day, when I was already with my mother, who was helping clean the floor in the large room, I saw something white

flowing along my right hand. I thought it was mom, but when I turned around, she was doing something by the wall, and her back was turned to the windows. These were again the electrons that are not part of the Astral body, and are separated from the physical body three days after the death of a person.

The other day, I worked in my father's apartment alone. In the evening, when it was already dusk, I was about to leave. I turned on the light as I was changing into clean clothes in the small room. With lateral vision, I noticed how something dark and small moves in the corridor from right to left. I thought that it could be a neighbor's cat, who sometimes visited the apartment, but when I looked directly at the moving object, it became clear to me that it was a dark mass that disappeared behind the door. I got control over myself and calmly left.

After these experiences with this real ghost, it became very clear to me that the bright entity in the village was not a ghost.

After the death of my father, I often cried. Thinking about the reasons, I think that my emotions lashed out so much because of all the stupid things that I had to do all those years, in which I could live in a completely different way. Perhaps this would have affected my father, and he would not have drunk so much. After all, he once obeyed me and was sober on my birthday...

And so, my mother and I were in my father's apartment, and again emotions and tears came flooding over me. I was in the corridor – in the very spot where months earlier I saw the dark mass – when I felt something cold touch a part of my left hand. I

want to emphasize that it was part of the hand, and not the entire bare hand, which eliminates the draft...

While sorting out the apartment, we found father's children's photographs. I regret that he never showed me them. I always knew my father as an adult and never imagined him as a child. These photos could help me understand and forgive dad much earlier.

I also noticed that my father began to go bald very early, and when I was born, he was already completely bald at his age of 29 years. There are two points here. Firstly, I used to be very worried about hair loss, but in fact my baldness was not so fast, and at thirty I still have some hair on my head. Secondly, I remembered how, as a child, my dad told me that when I was born, he was healthy (meaning that he had all his hair) – but the photos told the opposite... Looking back, I would have preferred if my dad just told me the truth, or did not say anything. His words did rather worse than better, as I started to believe that I would be fine in terms of appearance. Knowing what awaited me, I might have come to terms with it, and also tried to make better use of what I had in my youth.

I was recalling many events from my life, and one memory reminded me of one thing my father said. When I was in high school my computer broke down. To be precise, the power supply burned out after I punched the case. My father took the whole computer for repair, and then he got drunk. I called him and firmly demanded to bring my computer back. To this, he told me

then: “Слушай ты, мудака...” (“Listen you, asshole...” is about the closest translation, but it is not the same on the emotional level for me) – this was the first and last time when dad told me something bad, and then I started to have a heavy hysterics, because I was very strongly offended by the fact that my father told me that. Mom then called him and scolded him. The bottom line is that the phrase “listen you...” followed by either an insulting word or nothing, was told me 3 times throughout my life: by my father, by the village friend, and by Thao.

Other than that, dad was always very kind to me. He was often happy to see me, and he was frequently smiling and joking.

I understood that father would one day live a new life in a new body. I hoped that he would have to suffer less than he had already suffered. It is a pity that he did not manage to overcome the habit of drinking alcohol, and even lying in the hospital asked the worker to bring him a drink. Naturally, she refused and then told everything to my mom.

I often started having dreams about my father. I do not even know if I ever once dreamed about him while he was alive.

In one dream, he asked me: “Why didn’t you go?”

Before that dream, I often recalled how long ago, when I was leaving the village with my father, maybe even for the last time, dad asked my mother and me if we would like to go by car to another city – Suzdal or something like that. Due to the fact that I dreamed of leaving for the USA and forgetting about everything and everyone, I did not have much desire to go somewhere, and



my bad habit did not allow me to go physically either. And so I ask myself a question with tears in my eyes – for what purpose did I have to do all this nonsense?

Then there was a dream where I was told that my father was already born in a new body.

And then I had a dream where I was in his apartment and saw a woman and a man there. I knew that he was my former father in a new body. In the dream, I told him about it, but he did not recognize me. I knew that they drank, but not much, and my father did not spend weeks in bed being drunk. The man had a full head of dark hair, and the woman, as I knew, was his wife. In real life, father offered mother to get married, but she refused because there was an example of a failed marriage in front of her eyes, and she was afraid that the same thing could happen to her.

It reminded me of another unexpected thing that my father told me in my childhood. He suddenly told me about a young woman to whom he went to confess his love, and then it turned out that she was not worth it. Perhaps in his next life everything will be different...

Also dad told me once, when I already had problems with the desire to live, that “Water does not flow under a lying stone”. The saying was, of course, on point, but due to the fact that I was offended at heart at the incident with my mother, I did not want to follow his advice, since he would be right.

This is strange, but such things happen. There is one streamer who told on her stream that she married once just to hurt her ex-

boyfriend, or something like that. Needless to say, she divorced and realized her mistake.

I also remembered how my father pulled me out of the snow in a ditch in front of a neighboring house in the village. I was then little and, while walking in the snow, fell into a hole formed at a large concrete pipe in the ditch. I tried to get out, but the snow only buried me more. I did not even have time to panic, as my father was already pulling me out of the snow prison, which in theory could become fatal. As it turned out, he was keeping an eye on me all the time.

Then there was a dream where I was in the village, and there was my father too. I knew that it was the next summer, and we were repairing the well. This was impossible, since dad was not alive.

That dream was a reference to my old dream with a mirror image telling me “I will never let you get out of yourself”. I often thought of that dream as of prophetic, but rather, it only warned me about what would happen if I continued to fantasize. In fact, I myself did not allow myself to get out from my mind – exactly like in the dream.

Of course, as you know, I had many dreams the events of which very strongly reflected what would be happening to me after some time.

The same applies to the dream I had a few years earlier. In it I was in the village, walking down the road to the spring. A woman with a dog was going in my direction. I was so afraid of

the dog... that I did not see the big bear that, unlike the dog, posed the real danger.

That day after the dream I was walking by the lake and saw a girl with a big dog walking towards me in the distance. Next to her were two guys, one of whom was jumping in front of her. Ever since I was bitten twice by a friend's long-haired dachshund in childhood, I tried to keep my distance from dogs, and this time was no exception. When I was walking close to the girl, she left two guys with the words "Oh Lord!" It became clear that they harassed her and did not allow her to pass. At the same time, they clearly believed that they were not doing anything wrong, not seeing how they appeared in the eyes of others. Then I saw how the father of my childhood friend walked nearby in my direction. We greeted each other, and those two guys saw this, as well as the expression on my twisted face – but I still did not understand that I had problems with facial expressions, as I forgot many things. I went further down the path and one of the guys started asking me about my long hair and about where he and his friend had wandered to. Another guy left to speak with the friend's father, pointing at me. After a couple of seconds, he started running fast towards me and with all his might he was going to hit me with his fist in the face, but at the last moment he changed the trajectory.

I politely said goodbye and calmly went on long the lake, and not quite adequate guys continued to pester other people who calmly and without disturbing anyone sunbathed in the sun.

I was able to guess what was said then by my friend's father

only a couple of years later, after meeting Marina.

Marina told me that she had a female friend who used to be single, and she only recently had found a boyfriend. I did not know who she was talking about. But there was one girl who I also often saw walking with her dog at my house, and I was thinking about coming up to her and getting to know her. In fact, I remembered how she stood and looked at me a few years earlier when I was waiting for my mother at the entrance to my house to help her withdraw money from an ATM. In any case, due to the lack of experience and certain knowledge, I was then not able to just make up my mind and approach a girl for a conversation.

I think this happened in the winter of 2017-2018. I walked home from a walk and decided to go not on the asphalt, but in the snow under the trees. I saw a large company of people with dogs. Among them was the same girl whom I was interested in, and the father of my friend. I greeted him and he answered mutually. At that moment, the girl asked him: “Who’s that?” – and his answer just struck me: “Дурачок” – (the word “idiot” would probably be the closest translation here).

It is so good that there was a lot of people there, and I continued to go home...

I had a lot of thoughts regarding that moment, and one of the most significant is that this person could have told me that I had some strange changes back when I was fourteen. Or any other time. But no. When meeting with me, no one said anything to my face, but when a young girl took an interest in me, it was

necessary to say that very word, instead of just saying that my name was Zhenya, and I was a longtime friend of his son.

In fact, this applies to many of my friends. All of them could have told me that I had changed, that there was something wrong with the facial expressions of my face, and I needed to change the course of my thoughts. Then I remembered that the class teacher in the ninth grade was telling me exactly that, and a classmate immediately confirmed her words. Then there were other people who allowed themselves to talk unflatteringly about me. But I did not listen to them, because, firstly, I was offended by rudeness, not having the spiritual understanding that I have now, and secondly, I did not have the necessary material knowledge to change the course of my life.

This was the answer to why no one told me about my changes – they did not know that which I know now. They did not know about the Superior Intelligence and about the reasons for the creation of the Universe. They did not know about the duality of life, and that a person can be focused either on the present or on his inner world. They did not know that madness is a simple loss of control that can be restored by *choosing* to return one's focus to the present moment of life; and meditation and concentration can assist the process. They did not know about the Law of the Universe that absolutely all errors must be repaid by suffering. They did not know about the existence of Michel Desmarquet's book "Thiaououba Prophecy", nor about its veracity. And they did not know many other things.

Based on these understandings, it becomes clear that those people who already had certain spiritual knowledge could not help me because of the lack of necessary material knowledge, and those who did not have that spiritual knowledge were not afraid of the consequences of their bad, erroneous actions.

This understanding is the main reason why I subsequently decided to write this book – to convey to people my knowledge.

After the first reading of Thiaoouba Prophecy, I thought that I would not find a girl of similar spiritual affinity, since I did not think that they exist in the modern society of this planet. But I myself was not a very spiritual person, as it turned out. Again, the question arose about what I did in order to help people improve their material knowledge about the Universe, which as a result would help increase the level of spiritual knowledge in many people?

Of course, there were those who tried to somehow help me. So, one village friend told me: “Hold on. We are with you!” – after I stopped studying at the institute. But then I could not reconcile with how my life was going, as this would mean reconciling with the suffering, which, as it turned out later, was the result of my mistake. Had I reconciled, then most likely I would not have discovered the truth about many things. Then I also remember the status of the long-time friend in VK with, he said something like that someone complains about life and someone is looking for possibilities. I could also arm myself with this phrase.

As for the girl with the dog, some time after the death of my father, I decided to go up to her so as not to think about her much more. When during our conversation I asked her if she remembered that moment with the friend's father, the girl walked away with a wry smile and without saying goodbye.

Then I also remembered how my uncle Vitya told me in childhood: "I don't understand, are you an idiot!?" – I did not know then why he suddenly uttered that phrase that was not perceived as very offensive. I already had problems with my speech at that time, and I think that the imagination, which I remember was always a part of my life, played a role – I was often in my mind, and people saw it but did not understand the true reason for my "strange" look. If uncle Vitya knew what I knew, he would have most likely told me to be more relaxed and focused on reality.

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I again began to watch streams of the streamer whom I had not watched for many months because of Alyona. Soon I saw a video, which someone shared in his group in VK, where he kissed Alyona. Then it became clear that they really were together for some time. But this news no longer hurt me in my soul. Due to the large number of dating attempts and other life understandings that I discovered in recent months, I was calm about the fact that someone had romantic relationships, but I did not. Moreover, I knew that they broke up, and the guy suffered for some time because of this. I remembered again that life has many shades of

a wide variety of colors.

In conclusion of my one-sided story with Alyona, it is interesting to note that of the more than a hundred girls whom I approached to try to meet after Marina, none had dyed red hair.

After all the pain that I had to endure because of love, I thought for many months that I could never fall in love again. But then one day I was buying groceries in a store, and I saw a young woman with dark hair. At the first glance at her I felt that same feeling of inexplicable craving for her, a sense of love. She noticed me and hurried to leave. I do not know exactly what was the reason for her worry, but I have a couple of assumptions. My feeling of falling in love quickly faded away, but I learned that I can still feel love no matter what.

Closer to winter, my mother and I returned home after cleaning our father's apartment. We got into a trolley bus where a teenage guy from the southern regions looked at me, wryly laughing. He told his friends something about the fact that this person is probably a homosexual (I do not include his swear words so that the book does not receive a large age rating). Of course, I knew that this was about me because, apparently, even the slightest loss in myself was still highlighted on my face.

This was an important moment for me, because for the first time I was able to not have any bad feelings, thoughts, and fantasies about an ignorant person, remembering everything that I realized over the years. I just realized once again the fact that I need to be in reality at 100%, and not at 99%, since people



will see even the 1%. As for the guy himself, sooner or later life will punish him for his actions. I do not need to become an executioner, as this will be a mistake for which I will have to pay with suffering. Moreover, thanks to such people, others can understand that something is wrong with them and make appropriate adjustments in their lives in order to live happily, or even much happier – is this not the best punishment for the offender? Naturally, sooner or later the hour will come when the current ignoramuses themselves will begin to suffer for their mistakes, and then other ignorant people will help them in their spiritual growth. And then the story of life will be repeated again and again, and the cycle will continue until the Universe ceases to exist...

I was growing up spiritually, becoming able to calmly look at all the events of my life – both good and bad.

Another time, my mother and I returned home, and conductors entered the bus. I always placed the Troika card on the validator and therefore I was surprised when I was told that I did not pay the fare. I said that I placed the card, and the validator turned green, but did not squeak. An attractive conductor girl, laughing and looking askance at me, went to check the availability of money on the card. They were on the card. I asked to give me my card so that I could lean it against another validator and pay for the ride twice – we had already passed our stop, and I wanted to go out, as we were carrying heavy bags. I was refused, and my card was not returned to me.

I was not allowed to buy a ticket either. A male conductor held me and did not let me go out of the bus. They wanted to write a fine of a thousand rubles. I refused to give my passport, and they said to go to the police station to establish my identity. Due to the presence of my mother and heavy bags, I gave them my passport after all and asked where I need to appeal the absolutely unlawful fine.

The address was written on the penalty receipt, and I had to go by the MCC to the Baltiyskaya station.

My path lay to Kosmonavta Volkova Street, and I was not at all surprised that I was destined to go past old familiar places where I used to go to visit my aunt.

I could not help but notice the peculiarity of Stalin's houses which pleased the eye with their architecture even in cloudy weather. This cannot be said about the Khrushchev houses and even about some modern houses.

In the building I needed, I was not the only one who wrote a statement to appeal the fine. There was a young couple next to me, and from their conversation it was clear that the controller simply did not let the girl, who just entered the transport, to approach the validator and wrote her a fine for no reason.

A few days later I received a message that my fine was canceled. Justice triumphed, and thanks to this unexpected experience, I learned something new about life and people. I do not know about the fate of inadequate conductors, but I am satisfied with the fact that sooner or later the Universal Law will

make itself felt to them too.

I tried to remember that you should not give your card out of hand to anyone and you always need to keep your passport in your hands.

In January, I had my third time when I woke up in the middle of the night and had a clear realization in my head. Before going to bed that day, I was waiting for a stream of “The Witcher 3” video game from one girl, but she put a “host” on her friend, whom she was visiting. That friend calmly talked about all types of sex and talked about how she finally wanted to have already forgotten sex with an unfamiliar guy at the weekend. So, the thought in my head that night said that all beings (people) want and think about sex. I am not alone.

In confirmation of this, we can talk about the case when I woke up at night in an aroused state, could not help but think about sex, and could only fall asleep after masturbation. I went on the Internet to search for similar cases and found a story almost identical to my case in the English forum. At the end of the story, it became clear that the author of the post was a girl. So, all people want sex the same way. The gender does not matter.

On January 6, 2019, I had a dream about a parrot that I held tightly in my hands. The short version of the dream is that I walked with him in the village where my aunt once lived. I lovingly spoke with the parrot and showed him the surroundings, not seeing that the bird was looking around because it wanted to break out. I kissed his head and soon realized that I was

squeezing the bird too much and loosened my grip. It was still light when the parrot spun in my hands, and I turned and walked back. When I came to the aunt's house, there was already total darkness. Holding the bird in one hand, I opened the gate with the other and realized that the bird was exhausted and became 1-3 centimeters long. In the house I exclaimed: "Why is there no cage!?" – as if it should have been there. I was looking for it, but could not find it. Blue light shone from the northwest side of the house, emanating from unknown source. I could not find where to put the parrot, and I could not just let him go, being afraid that he would fly away or get hurt. I thought to put him in a bowl for food, but was afraid to kill the bird by punching holes for air in the lid. I decided to cover the bird with some long plastic jar and attached it with tape to the table. In the end, I realized that the plastic cut the parrot into two parts in the process. He was still alive, and I did not know what to do... What remained of the parrot fell into the trash.

Thinking about the dream, I remembered about Thao's teachings that animals also have free will. Therefore, keeping animals in captivity is most likely a mistake in most cases.

At the beginning of February 2019, seeing that I was able to travel far and I felt good in general, both physically and psychologically, I agreed to translate Michel Desmarquet's book Thiaoouba Prophecy. In my free time, I began to translate the first two chapters to send the translation along with the synopsis and detailed plan of the book to book publishers.

Toward the end of February 2019, I helped my mom to digitize from VHS cassette the old village video made by my cousin when I was less than ten years old. It was already a late dark evening when I went outside from the photo studio. After walking only a few meters I was caught up by a person who began to ask me various everyday questions. We walked together, and I talked about my experience with programming. The person was clearly intrigued and asked me more details about my experience. Soon something happened that I could not have expected, although I was not surprised that I was destined to learn such truths that even I did not particularly believe in before. The person spoke about hacking activity and briefly mentioned reading thoughts, as well as participating in helping the American president win the presidential election. The person told me about the website where it would be possible to leave a request to work with them, if I wanted to, but I did not remember the address. In any case, all this was not for me and not for my morality and spirituality.

On 23 February, I was able to rent out my father's apartment for twenty-five thousand rubles. The price was five thousand less than the average due to the condition of the apartment. Although my mother and I were able to significantly clean it, and I repaired various things, but it was far from perfect. After a couple of months, I was able to pay all my father's old housing and communal services debts, and after that I began to give my own debt back to my mother.

Sometimes I felt not at my best when renting the apartment, feeling like the typical capitalist who does nothing to produce food and actually necessary goods, but simply receives money from other working people. But then capitalism is what people themselves choose to have every day of their life. Plus, the people who rented the apartment persuaded, one might say, me to rent it to them – they themselves wanted to rent the living space, and no one forced anyone to do anything. My moral was also raised by the fact that I was engaged in the translation of the book, the knowledge of which can greatly help people. If it was not for the renting of the apartment, then I would not be able to translate it, since there simply would not be time for this, as it would be necessary for me to earn money.

On February 28, 2019, I had a dream where there was Thao and, if I am not mistaken, my village friend who lived in the neighborhood's house during our childhood. We were on the field near the spring. From what I remembered and wrote down, I asked Thao different questions about the Universe and the Superior Intelligence. Then I said that I was projecting Michel's experience on this situation (many other things were revealed to Michel, which he was not allowed to tell anyone about). Then I asked Thao if she ever lived on Earth, and she said that (I could be very mistaken) she lived in 1945-1951. I asked her again many times, as I could not hear her because of the rustle of grass through which we ran. She said something about highly spiritual people who are born on a planet of a lower category and they

live very little.

When I woke up, I remembered that Jesus, implanted in Maria, lived till 95 years. Moses also lived for a long time, 120 years.

Now, when I write this book, I understand that the words of Thao in my dream can be viewed from a different angle.

We know from the Bible that Adam (Robanan) lived for 930 years. The descendants of Robanan, Levia, and Dina lived less and less with each new birth. Thao told Michel that because of atavism, they felt themselves superior and did not mix with other races. I think she meant their longevity. People would say how Michel told them that the original ancestors of the Jews were from a third category planet. This is how it became clear to me that the higher the category of the planet, the more years people can live on it without aging, and on the ninth category people are even able to regenerate the cells of their bodies and never age or die. I made rough calculations and saw that perhaps people live on average about 400-500 years longer with each category, which gives a different perspective to Thao's words in my dream.

At the same time, it becomes logical and fair that people live the least on the planet of the first category. I also know this from my own experience, since I could hardly come to terms with the thought that I would have to live with the damaged lip and baldness for the rest of my life. These sufferings make it possible to learn a lesson and no longer make the previous mistake on a planet where one would have to live with scars not tens of years,

but hundreds of years.

In the process of acquiring new spiritual knowledge, we, like a balloon filled with helium that moves from high pressure to low, strive to live in such a way when the least pressure from our environment is exerted on us.

In the spring I finished translating the first two chapters of the book and went to local bookstores to write out publicists in the genre I needed. Since there was no “Spirituality”, I had to look in “Esotericism”. Returning back home, I sent all the necessary files to the e-mails of book publishers. Soon I received one letter telling me that they were considering publishing the book and would inform me of the decision.

In the spring, my mother and I went to the village to plant seeds and do other household chores. I was still not one hundred percent healthy, but I tried to distract myself by reading on my phone while we rode a couple of hours in the train. In the village, I helped my mother cut down old trees, repaired a television antenna for her, and helped with other minor things.

On May 22, 2019 I had my fourth lucid dream. I was in my father’s apartment when I realized that it was a dream, and I gained control of my body. Again, I felt a little uneasy from the thought who could be in my father’s apartment in that dream, and I went out of the front door to the landing and went down. The dream ended.

Before I gained control of myself, I saw that the apartment had



old wallpapers, not new ones. The doors to the large and small rooms were closed, and I did not know what was behind them. It seemed that the weather was cloudy outside, as it was a bit dark in the hallway by the mirror where I stood and where in real life I felt the cold touch.

I noted for myself in the diary the need to remember that this is a dream, and in reality nothing and no one threatens me. If I have a lucid dream again – do not allow fears and discomforts influence my decisions.

In summer, I was able to get to Gorky Park. This was remarkable in its own way, since almost ten years ago I went for a walk to the same place by metro, but I had to go back because my heart started to hurt. Had I then removed my two main bad habits, I could have a completely different life. But, as Thao correctly told me in her telepathic message, then I would not have had experience with them and would not have known all that I know. Naturally, keeping the habits was a mistake, and I was very lucky to have such experience with Thiaooubians.

I did not feel very well and did not approach anyone. I just walked. A dark rain cloud was forming, and I decided to go home because I did not take an umbrella with me. On the way to the Andreevsky bridge, I saw a young pretty girl who was walking alone. I was thinking about approaching her when a guy approached her from behind. It seemed to me that he had just met her, and she did not refuse him, as they soon sat on a bench, and the guy began to quickly write something down on the phone.

I understand that they may have already known each other, but at that time this incident pretty much knocked me down. I had the feeling that if I was not hesitating, then everything could have been different.

In general, I really liked the park, and I realized that it was the place in which I needed to get acquainted with the girls, since there are a lot of people there, unlike in many other parks. Additionally, this park holds the first place in the list of Moscow places where people are advised to go for dating. Remembering the Pareto principle, having the opportunity, it is wiser to spend 20% of the effort to get 80% of the results than vice versa.

By the way, the Pareto principle reminded me at one time about 19% of the electrons that are not part of the Astral body and belong to the Universe, and about the remaining 81% of which the Astral body consists. Then Thao mentioned to Michel during the flight to Thiaoouba that their intergalactic base monitored their space ship, and if they had problems for technical or human reasons, in 81% of cases the base could control their spaceship's safe return to the port. I suppose that Pareto was only slightly mistaken by one in his judgment.

In the spring, after I finished translating the first two chapters of the book, I decided to finally start making videos for YouTube. I thought to tell in them about my spiritual experience and about what I was able to learn in this life. Naturally, I wanted to talk about Thiaoouba and the creation of the Universe. An interesting question came up with these videos which I knew

many people would start asking – how can you know that this book is true, to talk about it as such on the whole Internet? For this reason, I had to write in the script for the video about my experience with Thao and other people from Thiaoouba. But then another obvious point arose that I would not only have to write my real name, and not a pseudonym, but also show myself on camera – earlier I talked about my experience only to friends and in the group on Facebook. Before that, I was thinking about creating a separate channel where I would anonymously upload videos, because I was still afraid of a possible negative reaction from the public.

My newly acquired understanding and knowledge helped me to overcome most of the psychological barriers, and I uploaded the video where I talked about the Universe and my personal experience. I no longer need a pseudonym's protection.

# Duality of Life

I continued to masturbate once a week, but thought about removing masturbation from my life forever. But it was difficult. Sometimes I even thought about quitting masturbation, but replacing it with going to prostitutes once a month. But I immediately realized that this would be a big step down for me, and moneywise I would have to spend about 10% of the annual profit for renting the apartment.

One of the asymmetries of my life was that I was upset by the thought that people had sex, neighbors, for example, and I did not, but at the same time I watched porn easily. I recently realized that the reason was that I differentiated the women by those who were porn actresses and those who were ordinary girls. For example, I would not watch how the girls whom I approached to meet on the street had sex with their boyfriends and husbands. That would hurt me. Girls who act in porn are the same girls as everyone else. The difference lies only in the accumulated spiritual and material knowledge. This awareness about my thinking has helped me a lot to stop wanting to go to porn sites, as well as it helped to be more relaxed about the fact that others have sexual relationships.

Here I can also write about how for a long time I did not look at Russian girls on porn sites, since such videos would start to open the veil, and I began to see who I was; that is, foreign

porn actresses seemed to be someone very distant, but Russian girls could well live even on my street, and in theory I could even approach one of them to get acquainted. After I began to actively get to know girls and subsequently gradually eliminated some of my psychological problems, I no longer experienced psychological discomfort at the sight of Russian girls. But if we look at the whole porn situation sensibly and openly, then it does not matter where the girl is from, since it is in any case very humiliating to watch how some man copulates with a girl you like, and with whom you yourself, frankly speaking, want to have sex, but cannot.

In my further Internet searches, I found the NoFap forum.<sup>[20]</sup> It was again clear that I was not alone with this habit, and women too were not protected from it. I found some interesting things for myself. For example, people could stay for many years without masturbation and sex, and they were all well in health – one of the reasons why I refused to say goodbye to masturbation once and for all. Moreover, there were people who masturbated and would then stop, not bringing the matter to orgasm. Everything was fine with them too. The general idea was such that it was worth trusting the nature that will restore the health of the body and organs – unless the matter is so serious that you need to seek medical attention, of course.

But there were ideas that I did not agree with because of my own experience. For example, I do not think that it is necessary to count days without masturbation, or to make any plans at all,

since during a relapse a person will feel bad psychologically, which happens to many people on that forum. This is a normal psychological response to failure. The fact is that there wouldn't be any failure if the person set the goal simply not to masturbate as much as he can, and if he returns to the habit, he simply realizes the reasons that led him to this activity and tries to learn from this event, so as next time to try to make another choice. As they say, never say never.

This is what I did after many years of self-flagellation due to the fact that I continued to visit porn sites and masturbate from time to time. This attitude helped me a lot, and I no longer scold myself after relapses. Also, I usually do not feel very bad after them.

The very same philosophy should be applied to all aspects of our lives. It is worth living in a balanced way when a person lives in the present moment and aspires to something that interests him, but at the same time he does not create for himself grandiose goals that may never be achieved. This is important psychologically, because then it will not be possible to fail in an attempt to achieve the unattainable.

I also do not agree with the opinion of some people that it is necessary to remove everything related to porn and erotica from your life. It is our choice, what we do with the information that comes into our minds. A person can live either only in the present moment thanks to the five senses, or in his inner world, which can be memories, thoughts, or fantasies. Therefore, all

that needs to be done at the sight of a naked girl is to maintain the focus on reality. Being one hundred percent in reality, there simply will be no room for extraneous thoughts about returning to masturbation. This is simple logic, and I know from experience that this position is true and works.

So, after a week of abstinence, I watched a documentary about porn, and I did not masturbate for many days after that. The reason for the next relapse were fantasies – as almost always happens in my case. But I am working on it and making progress.

In general, thanks to this forum, I again saw the power of the Internet and of the free exchange of knowledge. As for the negative information, it mainly exists because of the very evils that Thao spoke about: money, politicians, hallucinogenic drugs, journalists looking for sensations, and religions. I will talk in the Manifesto regarding what people could do to improve the lives of others and at the same time their own.

Some time ago I came across the term “Incel”, which means “involuntary celibates”. I never considered myself one of those people, even though this term describes me. Once I went to their website to broaden my horizons, and I immediately began to feel the negative atmosphere that I did not like at all. I never visited that website again. I hope that my experience will help some of them to find kindness and love in themselves.

I understand from my experience that those people want love. It was precisely because I wanted to give my love, but in return I got ridicule and negativity, I sometimes began to feel hatred for

people, realizing in the process that there is indeed one step from love to hate.

Then I saw a video of one of these Incels. At the time I did not know who he was, but it became clear to me that he most likely committed a murder after recording his video. I stopped the video and found out on the Internet that it was so. Looking through the video, I saw that the person, just like me, sometimes went into his inner world – this was obvious, and this is what people often call “creepy”, something that gives shivers.

Even the slightest presence in one’s mind will be reflected in facial expressions, eyes, and in general behavior.

I knew then that this was one of the reasons why girls did not want to have anything in common with that guy who was quite handsome. All he had to do was learn to live in the present moment and work on himself, to grow as a person. Alas, the young man did not know what I knew, and he took with him seven innocent people (in relation to his unsuccessful attempts to find a girl).

From the point of view of my knowledge, I can say that those instantly killed did not suffer much. Their Astral bodies were liberated, and they flew through the psychic channel to their Higher Self for a new reincarnation in a new body. Who suffered in this situation is the relatives and friends of the victims. As for the killer himself, who was shot dead by the police, if in his life he only suffered from the absence of a girlfriend, then the chances are that in future lives he will not have sex again, since



he has not learned his life lesson, plus he will have to lose his beloved and closest people himself.

I feel that Jesus' 45th statement in the Gospel of Thomas might speak about the reasons for people committing such atrocities. If a person chooses to keep bad thoughts about his environment, then he will do the respective actions. In order not to make more mistakes than necessary, you should try to consciously choose to have in yourself good and positive thoughts about ourselves and about our environment. Then the actions performed will be good and right. For this, again, you need to develop intellectually, to learn as much as possible about the world.

Many also laughed at me. There were several couples who walked holding hands and grinned at me – because of how I looked. There were just people who, accompanied by a comrade, spoke their vile words about my appearance. They did not hide it at all, believing that they were safe. But this is not so. I know that at that moment they signed the sentence for their suffering that they *will* experience according to Universal Law, which maintains justice in the world. And since no one can escape Universal Law, I know that I do not need to become an executioner, because otherwise I will make a mistake and suffer for it.

Of course, we are not talking about real physical attacks, when there is no other way but to defend oneself – which will not be a mistake.

One of the worst cases happened when I walked out from

around the corner of my house in one evening. Two of my old friends were sitting on a bench at the corner, and one of them right at the time of my appearance was saying how many idiots he saw in his life. They laughed at the sight of me. Thanks to Thiaoouba for me not becoming a “convicted criminal” again at that moment...

This hurt my soul since thanks to my knowledge I realized that this was not a simple “coincidence”. Because of this I felt like the Universe itself was laughing at me. But then I calmed down my emotions and realized the simple truth that everything has its own description and the corresponding name, and at some points of my life I really fit the description of that word. I did this because I wished it, as it became a 100% choice when at the age of eighteen I learned how I look like when I go into my inner world.

I compared this to the acting of a good actor who plays different roles during his career, but at the same time, he is usually not like any of his characters. So, I acted out my role a long time ago, having experienced everything that it can give me, but I still remain in it for various reasons. Simply put – it is my fault that I look the way I look. I have a choice. Plus, I have not forgotten that those guys will be sooner or later punished by Universal Law for all their mistakes – no more, no less. And I am more than okay with that.

Of course, while we need to name and describe different things, people, and animals, we need to be mindful of the

emotional component of the words we use. There is a difference between the use of a word that is considered rude in a society, and that word which is considered normal to describe something or someone. In the first case, the person makes a mistake, and in the second, he does not. You may remember how Thao (I always thought she was the one who gave me that message, but I do not know for sure) used the word “masturbation” in her old message to me. It would be very strange to hear from them the word that I used in those days when I spoke about my bad habit.

You also need to remember about balance – if you have some kind of cautionary story that can help other people, you would be making a mistake by not telling it, but you should not embellish that story with unnecessary emotions or unnecessary details.

Another case contrasts with this one, when some alcoholic called me by a bad word that is said to men of non-traditional orientation. I think my purple shirt was the reason for his words. I chose that color to try to at least slightly match the color of my clothes with one of the possible colors of my Aura. Well, at that moment I was not at all affected by his comment, since it had nothing to do with me. Plus, my knowledge regarding mistakes and consequences also helped me not to get angry...

Years earlier, there was another case when I started playing LoL for half an hour a day and made myself a female nickname – Anna Hudson. I was absolutely indifferent to those very rare moments when bad words, which are used to call female dogs, flew towards me – they had nothing to do with me.

But sometimes there were moments, when I wondered who I was wasting my time for, trying to somehow help people, if they give me their negativity in response to my help. Maybe let this planet disappear in horrific cataclysms? But no. When the emotions passed, I realized again that it was all about knowing the spiritual side of life and that those people had almost none of that knowledge. And since I have them, I cannot help but share them if I do not want to suffer for the error of silence, living in one of the following lives in ignorance.

Do you know who these people are that have no spiritual knowledge? These are the people who live their first life in the Universe. Mathematically, there are very few of them, if we take into account that we can reach the planet of the second category in 500 – 15 000 years – at least one out of ten people, if we take an average life expectancy of fifty years.

By the way, since spiritual knowledge is stored in our Astral bodies, and we recall them when we are in a situation that we have already learned a lesson of, we can determine that we have lived before if we have the so-called “innate” sense of morality about something.

It is clear that a person living his first life never made mistakes and therefore should not suffer in the midst of society. Who does not feel discomfort among people? These are those people whose physical bodies are perceived as beautiful in the society in which they live. For example, people want to have sex with them, but they want the same in return. Of course, without spiritual

knowledge, they will pay attention to the external appearances of a person, and not to his spiritual world. For the same reasons, these same people can speak negatively of others, and they will take the opportunity to improve their lives at the expense of someone else. After they collect errors during their lives, the time for reckoning for them will come, and they will feel on their own experience what people, whom they somehow caused pain and suffering, had to experience. This time can stretch over many lives. How much? Each of us decides for himself...

The complete lack of spiritual knowledge among a certain percentage of people born on the planets of the first category shows why the lessons of such planets are logical. Unknowingly, people will make many mistakes that will lead them to suffering and to a chance to learn how to live, suffer and die in the Universe.

Why do people agree to be born in bodies that are doomed to suffer at all? When reunited with the Higher Self, the soul assimilates all knowledge about the Superior Intelligence, the Universe and the reason for its creation, and about all the Laws of the Universe. They know that they are part of the eternal Spirit, and that they have been involved in creating the Universe in which they temporarily live.

I believe that I discovered another important feature of the functioning of the planets of the first categories. Since the planets of the first category should teach the people living on them how to live, suffer and die, the conditions on them must

be appropriate. If it so happens that all people on the planet become spiritual due to the accumulation of necessary material knowledge, including lessons from history, then new souls who have never lived in the Universe before will not be able to be born on such a planet, because otherwise they would not make mistakes in a spiritual society and because of this they would be able to reunite with the Higher Self of the second category, and maybe even with the Higher Self of an even higher category, after their first life – and this despite the fact that they would not have learned any spiritual lessons! Further, living on the planets of the highest categories, these people, unknowingly, would make mistakes, the negative consequences of which could reach the Spirit.

In reality, the Higher Self will never offer such a life to the Astral body that never lived before.

Further, from the book Thiaoouba Prophecy it is known that souls (and people themselves) cannot change planets, just as we humans change houses. If our time has not come yet, then we must be born and learn on our planet – this is logical and fair.

It follows that if the planet of the first category turns into a “paradise”, then “The Planet of Sorrows” will no longer fulfill its tasks, and the continuation of such a paradise could lead to many strange consequences... if it was not for one thing – synchronization.

During my first time reading Thiaoouba Prophecy, I clearly noticed how interesting it was that 1 320 000 years ago the

asteroid just had to collide with the Earth at the same time that the descendants of the Bakaratinians could live happily ever after on Earth, without any problems, for they have all become spiritual people and, thanks to their history, would no longer make serious mistakes. Due to the consequences of the asteroid's collision with the Earth, absolutely all cities were wiped off the face of the planet, leaving behind only legends...

The same applies to Mu civilization, which was very spiritual and intelligent. It was located in the South Pacific on the continent, formed as a result of cataclysms caused by the fall of the asteroid 1 320 000 years ago. From Thiaoouba Prophecy it becomes clear that thanks to Mu, all peoples on Earth also became more or less spiritual... if it was not for the cataclysm 14 500 years ago that sank Mu under the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Atlantis, which was the colony of Mu and which people followed after the disappearance of Mu, also ceased to exist after some time, and after that people on Earth rejected the simplicity of truth and became materialistic. You know the further history of Earthlings.

So those catastrophes *had* to happen – otherwise the Earth could no longer teach new souls. Naturally, no one threw asteroid into the Earth and drowned Mu under water. These events occurred according to the Laws of the Universe (physics), some of which are known to us. Therefore, on the one hand, they are not directly related to the emergence of fully spiritual civilizations on the entire planet, but on the other hand of the

synchronistic side things are different.

Naturally, even knowing these realities, one should always try to make the right decisions aimed at achieving justice and happiness for all people, because otherwise you will have to suffer for your mistakes.

In addition, I will say my opinion that people do not make a mistake when they have these understandings and still lead society to spiritual prosperity, since these catastrophic events are only synchronized with that prosperity and do not have human decisions and human activities in their chain of events. The fall of a comet, for example, is not a consequence of human decisions.

These thoughts are closely related to reflections about fate – does it exist? It may seem strange that I ask such a question, given that the Spirit imagined everything and everyone which/who will ever exist, and life itself moves according to the very exact Laws of the Universe.

Before I found Thiaoouba, I wanted to believe that there was no fate – because of this I had engraved in my memory the scene with Sarah Connor from the movie “Terminator 2: Judgment Day”. The reason was simple – in my childhood I did not even want to think that I was destined to live a “stutterer” and suffer, while others did not have any problems whatsoever – well, or so it seemed on the surface. Then I did not know either about reincarnation, or about the real purpose of the Universe.

After Thiaoouba, I decided that fate is, and it is not at the same time. It all depends on whose point of view to look at the



Universe. If we look from the Superior Intelligence's – there is fate, since the Spirit knows everything. If we look from our point of view, then, having limited knowledge, we make our own fate, as we make decisions based on our knowledge that we have at one or another moment of our life. We do not know the future, the knowledge of which is being erased in the River of Oblivion, and therefore there is no fate for us; but at the same time it is from the point of view of the Spirit and Higher Selves. This is only my opinion that I have based on my current spiritual and material knowledge.

The same goes for chances. We say there is a chance that something will happen, just because we do not know absolutely everything. But the Superior Intelligence knows not only all the Laws of his Universe, but also the location of absolutely all particles at any time. Therefore, for the Spirit, everything that is happening had a 100% chance to happen.

I made a mistake when, after reading Michel Desmarquet's book, I realized that everything was a foregone conclusion, and I began to live somewhat passively. It was as if I did not see at that time that my decisions here and now affect what I will experience in my life. I suffered because of my own decisions, and not because it was destined to be – even though I saw all these choices when I was previewing my life with my Higher Self.

We ourselves build our destiny and life, but we need to understand that we are not the only intelligent entity in the Universe, and therefore we need to reckon with the decisions of

other intelligent entities – the Superior Intelligence, people, and animals – who also have a certain degree of impact on our lives.

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In the summer, I thought about going to Park Pobedy, which I drove by on bus when I worked as a courier, and where I thought of going ten years ago to meet girls. My health was restored, and I did not feel any problems at all. Because of this I thought to walk around Moscow each day and as often as possible approach girls for dating.

Unfortunately, as it often was the case with me, this lightness in my body and mind allowed the slipping through of a thought that everything would be fine if I go to the porn site one more “last” time... Due to four masturbations in a couple of days, I thought that this time I could never recover again, since I felt that something was wrong with my health. For many years I had not felt so unwell. Needless to say, I had to forget about travelling for a long time...

Since none of the book publishers wrote me back, I decided to message the person who told me that they were considering publishing the book. I was told that they did not want to publish it because people just keep writing and writing books like this... at this point I remembered about the dangers of money which encourage people to write fables for the sake of survival in capitalism, obscuring priceless truths. But there was something else in the message. The man recommended me to publish the book on LitRes.

I learned that this is one of the largest Russian bookstores of electronic books where you can publish any of your books, provided that its content does not contradict the laws of Russia.

I began to translate the rest of Thiaoouba Prophecy till the end.

As I said, I used to spend a lot of time in my head. At that time, I sometimes thought about the resurrection, which then flowed into fantasy.

On August 15, a very unexpected incident occurred that only synchronously concerned me. I was at home preparing food when at about five in the afternoon I heard something fall from the upper floors to the ground. I thought to myself that the neighbors from above had not dumped garbage from the windows for a very long time, and now they began to misbehave again; I continued to do my household chores. After a few moments, people began to come near the house and talk about something. Some of them was calling someone on the phone. Cats often walked under the house, and I thought that perhaps the thrown garbage fell on one of them? After a couple of minutes, I saw the ambulance, which had just arrived, drive away. I had not yet connected it with the crowd of people gathered right under my window. After some time, an elderly woman walking along the road asked someone in the window if it was their child that fell out. The whole situation cleared up for me. A few minutes later, a cry came from a girl who was the mother of the deceased child. She was in great distress and cried. She was comforted by people, one of whom,

apparently, was her husband. Then the police arrived.

I remembered the ability of the Higher Selves to resurrect dead people, and I knew that there were people who in the old days actually raised the dead. In theory, I could ask my Higher Self to convey a message to the Higher Self of the child, entreating to restore his damaged physical body – something that I know a Higher Self can do from my own experience when I got instantly cured. I had experience communicating with my Higher Self, and she woke me up when I asked for it many years ago, plus I knew about many spiritual things – in general, there was a chance that I could succeed...

But I was afraid. Naturally! A huge amount of thoughts passed through my head, and the one concerning the loss of freedom was especially frightening to me. Not all people know that insanity is a loss of control over oneself due to erroneous choices caused by a lack of certain knowledge, and therefore it has nothing to do with knowledge gained from life experiences – like seeing ghosts, for example. The maximum that can be here is that a person is mistaken in his conclusions – which is not madness.

There were no girl and people when I went to the window again.

Some time later, I heard a roar of a motor coming from the street and then a squeal of tires. I ran to the window and saw how the police grabbed the man who was with the girl. One policeman hit him on the back of his leg with his foot. I will leave it for you to reflect on how he could have been involved in the events that

occurred earlier.

I thought about going out and talking to a girl, but I started having diarrhea. After several minutes, I drank a couple of activated charcoal and ventured out to walk to the store where I knew worked the girl who had lost her child. I thought that if I saw her, I would try to tell her alone of my thoughts.

Naturally, immediately after the death of a child, people do not return to work to lay out products on shelves, and so she was not in the store.

More than three days passed and I never saw that girl again...

This event let me know from personal experience that I was not the only one who suffered on this Planet of Sorrows.

After a very short time, I walked along Znamenskaya Street which connects with my street and is one of the closest to my house. Not having walked even a hundred meters, I saw that a policeman was standing on the sidewalk on the other side of the road, and a corpse of a man was lying nearby, covered with dark polyethylene. I could not help but see another sign in this event. What were the chances that these two events could happen so close not only in time but also in physical distance, and I only recently thought and dreamed of resurrection? The only difference was that in my daydreams things were completely different.

I thought then to approach and try to explain to the policeman about my life and knowledge, but I could not...

I promised myself that if I witness an accidental death for the

third time, I will try to resurrect the dead person... Honestly, I regret a little that I made this promise...

Of course, I did not know if that person on the sidewalk died due to an accident, or due to natural causes.

I talked about the event with the child in the group on Facebook. One of the branches of the conversation led to thoughts about life and fate.

I wrote about my thoughts that a multiverse and different outcomes of events are impossible, since this would mean that  $2 + 2$  is not always equal to 4. If one particle has to “collide” with another particle and transfer a certain amount of energy to it, then this is what *must* happen. The particle cannot transfer less or more energy by one sextillionth – everything must be 100% precise. The same applies to the direction of movement and rotation of these particles.

Our intellect is connected with these simple truths, because we make our decisions based on knowledge, both material and spiritual, that we have at the present moment of life, as well as on the accumulation of atoms (people, trees, cars, wind, conversation, etc.) e.) and all other existing particles created in the Universe (quarks, neutrinos, and all other particles that we have yet to discover) – what we call different life situations. It is known (to the Superior Intelligence and, possibly, to the Higher Selves) to all 100% where all these particles are and where they will be at any point in time, since the Laws of the Universe that direct their interactions are also 100% precise.

Of course, I remember the natural ‘accidents’ that Thao spoke of, but in order to simplify the understanding of the Universe, we should not think about them now.

Then I expressed what had been spinning in my mind for a long time, and finally I was able to materialize my thoughts into words.

Everything that I said is 100% true in the case of my life. I often blamed myself for past mistakes, asking how I could make this or that stupid decision. The answer lies in knowledge. I did what I thought was right in the place and in the time that was once present moment. I did what I thought – based on my material and spiritual knowledge that I had at that moment in time – will benefit me and make my life better and happier.

My decision to start masturbating at age 13; my decision not to get acquainted with the girl at my age of 14, which led to the decision to start dreaming purposefully that year; my desire to leave for the USA at age 18; and everything else – all decisions were absolutely logical (but not all were correct) at the time of their execution!

Thanks to this simple understanding, I was finally able to stop blaming myself for my mistakes, because now I knew that I simply could not have lived my life differently.

Therefore, I could not go to the library at the age of thirteen and use the Internet, since I not only knew little about the essence of the Internet back then, but I also could not know that it contained the information about the real reason for stuttering;

moreover, I had no reason not to trust certain aspects of medicine and science at that time in my life. Therefore, it is necessary to acquire knowledge in different directions which will open more ways to solve certain problems.

Based on the foregoing understanding, something else became clear. You can often hear people say that they would do/say one or the other thing in the place of another person. No! You would have made *exactly the same decision* if you were in the place of that person and had exactly the same knowledge that he has, since you would be that person, and he would be you! I think that Jesus spoke precisely of this in saying 108 in the Gospel of Thomas.

If you say that you would have your knowledge, this would be impossible, since knowledge is the result of the life experience of an individual person.

The same applies to our Higher Selves who will give us a solution to the problem in the morning only if this “solution” is beneficial to them. This makes sense, since in our spiritual development from this decision the Higher Selves will have to filter less of the bad sensations that we experience in our lives.

I would put the memory right after the knowledge in order of importance. Many of my mistakes were made because I either deliberately blocked access to some knowledge, or I got lost in myself so much that there was almost no room in my mind to “load” data from memory. Alas, I understand why Thao said that “men easily forget” ...<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>13</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 70.



In early childhood, I could not pronounce the sound “r”. I remember lying on the bed in the village house and trying to learn how to pronounce this sound. I was persistent in my attempts and finally I was able to growl like a lion. Could I find the reason for the speech stammer if I remembered my childhood success? Given that back in school I realized how I simply could not speak with stutters when I was alone and spoke aloud to myself, anything is possible.

So, for example, I once firmly decided that I would get rid of planetophobia when I started watching a scientific broadcast about black holes on television. I focused on reality and took the visual image for what it really was. The phobia was gone, and since then I do not remember about planetophobia when reading or watching a video about space objects.

Further, when I met Marina, I realized that I could try to find a girlfriend matching my interests in Russia and emigrate to another country with her if we got married. There was a choice.

Then I remembered how in childhood I courted a village friend, seeking her liking me back. Then I firmly walked towards my goal, and I was not shy about anyone and was not afraid of anything. It felt like I was what we could call an “alpha male”. So, what happened then? I allowed negative incidents to block almost everything positive in my life – I forgot.

For myself, I divided this knowledge into active and inactive. The knowledge gained is stored in your Astral body, but whether you can remember it depends on how well you trained your

memory, and on some other factors.

Memory is an interesting thing. I often had moments when I woke up in the morning and thought that I had no dreams at night. In fact, I was thinking about something else. But then I went outside and saw something that immediately reminded me of the dream that I never knew I had that night. I assume that *deja vu* happens in a similar way. We recall something when one of our senses discovers something related to the stored information in our Astral body. Of course, if we polluted our brain with something else, then it may not get the necessary information from the soul for us.

As far back as nineteen years old, I noticed that whenever I relaxed and focused on reality, my memory of past events was restored. Lessons learned also became very clear in the head.

Therefore, you should not block the information that seems negative to you, since you only postpone your education that leads to you making the right choices and, accordingly, to happiness.

This applies to all people and other creatures – regardless of the “savagery” of their actions. And yes, the same applies to those who commit suicide – in my difficult times I was looking for a relief, a benefit for myself in this erroneous action that will not save a person from the lessons that he must learn at school of life, but only add another mistake to the collection of that person.

Once people learn, for example, the Universal Law that people should suffer for all their mistakes, many of them will stop

committing the actions that they know, or believe, are wrong.

From what Thiaooubians taught us in Thiaoouba Prophecy book, it is clear that the Superior Intelligence did not want to have bad feelings, the Spirit only wanted good sensations. Therefore, the Spirit created the 9 filters in the form of nine Higher Selves which filter all the sensations that we experience during our lives. Since we are all part of the Superior Intelligence, it is logical that each of us also wants to have only all that is good – that is, what we consider good and right for *ourselves* in the present situation that we are in, in accordance with our present material and spiritual knowledge.

Speaking of the Spirit and unwillingness to harm oneself, this is one of the most important reasons why the Superior Intelligence created the Universe with a clear and concrete plan. Being intelligent, the Spirit could not “play dice” when creating the world, since not knowing the result from his universe could harm him. Ignorance does not eliminate the consequences of an error. An example is a child touching a hot stove.

It follows that all of our next lives that we will live are also known.

I often had a question about the fact that after previewing their possible life with the Higher Self, people have a choice: to agree or refuse to live the life shown.

But what if, for example, a soul decided to be born in the body of a woman who was to have a baby at an early age, with whom they would live in close contact all their lives. They had

to find out very early that they were sisters in the past life, and this knowledge would influence what choices both people would make, and as a result they would be able to gain some spiritual knowledge. What if the soul, which in the previous life was the second sister, refused to be born in the body of the child? This would mean that the woman would have to live a life that she did not choose, which would not be fair.

Therefore, I believe that I am right in my thoughts that all the choices we will ever make are already known – even those choices that we make with the Higher Self, agreeing or refusing to live the offered life.

My thoughts led me to the following definition of spirituality: Learning to make decisions that will benefit oneself without negative effects for other creatures that have a part of the Superior Intelligence in them.

Until now, I could not find a refutation of this theory. I can cite myself as an example. I am writing this book because I know that it would be a mistake not to share my knowledge and experience with the public. How can I hope to be born on a planet of the second category if I am not ready to say goodbye to my fears and help other people? I am writing this book to try to help others, because I know that this will help me. The knowledge and experience gained, parting with serious mistakes, all this will bring me closer to the planet of the second category, where I will have to suffer less.

Of course, when walking to the mountain, you need

to overcome many associated obstacles, and in spiritual development you also need to experience a lot of things before a new spiritual height is reached.

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Returning to my life, I thought that when meeting a girl, I needed to tell her about my life experience as soon as possible in order to save both my and her time. But I realized that it is also not worth dumping everything at once.

I will say that I never liked the topic of “pickup” because of the lies to girls, which leads to the fact that girls begin to beware of normal guys who want normal, human relationships. I only read their site once for widening my knowledge, and I was surprised by a girl’s comment who wrote how her boyfriend “used on her” one of the pickup phrases from that site. She already loved him and forgave him. However, perhaps they really found their ideal half this way. Who knows?

Unfortunately, even though I tried to take a walk from time to time, I could no longer find a girl who would agree to give me a chance. Moreover, I again allowed myself to withdraw into myself, which entailed a memory lock and subsequent repetition of errors. Because of this, I again had problems with tension and facial expressions.

There were girls whom I wanted to approach, but did not dare, because it was clear in what condition I was and what the answer would be when they examined me better.

Due to deteriorated well-being, I had to sit at home most of

the autumn, and then the cold came. There were less people on the street. I was thinking about getting to know girls in shopping malls, but I never had time to go to them.

I thought that I would devote all my time to translating Michel's book, so that in the warmer months of the next 2020 year I could spend as many days outside as possible, and, at the same time, search of a girlfriend.

So I did, only briefly going out for a health restoring walk.

One of the interesting events was only a vision that I saw on December 13, 2019. I woke up early in the morning and saw the shape of a face in front of me. It was barely visible. I said something like: "Thao, I have not seen you for a long time!". After that, the face approached, but not by moving, but like in a video, when the frame is gradually replaced by another frame taken at a closer distance to the photographed object. It was definitely a woman's face, and it looked like that of a Thiaooubian. But the eyes seemed brown.

Nearing the end of the book, I began to translate the part of it where Thao told Michel that because of the pollution of the Earth's atmosphere with carbon dioxide, we were on the verge of terrible disasters. She made it clear that it is the destruction of our entire planet that is at risk – with *no second chance* if the level of pollution does not stop and then begin to fall. Then I knew for sure that my translation should be free of charge in all possible online stores. Firstly, it is very important that as many people as possible are able to read this book, and secondly, I

saw how skeptical people would become asking why the authors of the book charge money for reading it if the planet Earth can get destroyed? What is the use of money if you are dead? I said this to the copyright holder, and she immediately agreed with my idea.

Speaking of skepticism, sometimes I myself did not believe in the unusual stories of other people, and in some cases I even had hints of a smile on my face, but then I realized that many other people think the same thing about me when I talk about Thiaoouba. And yet I know that my story is true. So why cannot other people's experiences be true? All the hints of the smile would go away, and I became serious. Of course, I understand that there are fabrications among true stories.

During one frosty day I went for a walk. Returning from the park, I passed a bridge over the Yauza River and went into the courtyard of a corner house. A woman walked in my direction and asked me something about religion. It may well be that I had already seen her, or her comrades, before, but I always walked away when they asked me religious questions on the street. Religions are of little interest to me, given that I have *knowledge*. And one day I left because I was asked a question about sex and the current trend for people to often change partners. Then I could hardly calm down because I had neither a girlfriend, nor love, nor sex, and that question only opened old, not yet healed wounds.

But years have passed, and I was more relaxed about my life

and what I had to experience and learn in it. Plus, I was finishing translating the book from Thiaooubians, the people who once sent Jesus Christ to Earth. So, I decided to see what I can learn for myself from this conversation.

I told her briefly about Thiaoouba and the Laws of the Universe. I also told her that I was about to finish translating the book that would be free. I gave her the title of the book.

She kept asking me for a long time about the causes of suffering and why some people do bad things and they remain unpunished, while others live honestly, but still suffer. Originally, she read that quote from her religious book on her phone; the book has already been opened on the required page.

Thiaoouba Prophecy sheds light on many things, but it does not answer all questions, since this is our lesson to seek the truth, and Thiaooubians would have made a mistake if they were giving us food on a plate. Moreover, many of the things that were mentioned in the book are mentioned in one way or another in many ancient historical documents (which are now called religious texts), the teachings of which were distorted to some extent over time. Accordingly, Thiaoouba Prophecy book helps us to separate the wheat from the chaff. The rest of the things we need to find out for ourselves – like the way I once went to look for information about the Naacal stone tablets.

I think I told her about this, and then I expressed my opinion regarding her question about justice. She refused to listen to me and read the book because it did not answer all the questions.



Therefore, she decided to continue to believe in what is written in her book, the text of which was strongly distorted by evil priests several centuries after the Crucifixion Jesus... She did not care about logic and truth. Well, this is her choice. When it became clear that I had done everything I could, I said goodbye and left.

My eyes opened to the fact that many people simply would not believe Michel Desmarquet's book, and I need to be prepared for this.

In December, I finished translating the book. My mother helped me look for errors and typos. Unfortunately, she did not particularly believe in the veracity of the book, and apparently forgot how I showed her a long time ago that I had learned to move with just my thought alone light things hanging on a suspended meter-long thread.

I think you understand that I will have to check my own book for errors myself.

Soon I was punished for starting to translate the book without signing an agreement with the copyright holder, to whom Michel Desmarquet transferred the rights to all his books before his death. Of course, nothing prevented me from signing a contract in the present time, so that I would be given the right to translate Thiaoouba Prophecy and publish that translation. And we were moving in that direction, being in the process of negotiations regarding the details of the contract.

Due to my poor health, I was afraid that I might die before I publish my translation. Therefore, I asked to try to resolve all

issues before the new year. The girl agreed and... a complete silence followed.

I did not know what was happening and began to worry. In order not to lose the translation, I uploaded a clean text version of it on the Internet.

After some time, I found out that the girl was hospitalized due to poisoning. Soon she got better, the contract was signed, and I uploaded the translated book for publication. The documents were accepted, and on January 23, 2020, the e-book titled “Тиауба: Золотая Планета” (Thiaoouba: The Golden Planet) was on LitRes.

Then I uploaded it to many other online bookstores.

I also ordered twenty copies of books with my own money to give them away to libraries in Moscow. This way I wanted to try to preserve Thiaooubians’ message. It took a little less than five thousand rubles.

Books came, and there were 21 of them, not 20, as I initially thought. I did not feel well, but still I went to one of the nearest libraries and gave them a copy of the book.

I was thinking that maybe I should wait with my trips to Moscow libraries until spring, because I was afraid of contracting the flu, which in theory could bring me to the grave, given my not the best health. But then I decided that I do not know the future and therefore it was better to finish the job now and live in peace afterwards.

So, I first took a tram and rode beyond Sokolniki. It was

psychologically easier for me in the ground transport than in the subway. Plus, I deliberately postponed the trip to the subway for the weekend, so that there would be fewer people and, accordingly, I was less likely to get the flu.

Gaining confidence and having a successful day behind me, on the next Saturday morning I went to the area of Clean Ponds. It was a beautiful frosty day, a rarity in 2020, and I fully enjoyed the old architecture of the capital, adorned with the warm light of the morning sun.

There was a remarkable moment when it was time to come to Kolomenskoye. It was Sunday. Buses rarely drove. Finally, my bus arrived, and I rode it to my stop, but got off too early. I had to go around with the heavy bag of books around the neighborhood to find the library I needed. It turned out that I needed to drive another two stops.

After handing over the book, I went to the bus stop. The bus did not go. I was two and a half kilometers from the metro and decided to walk. It was cold and windy. I did not feel too well and I remember exactly how the thought appeared in my head that I was doing all this *only* because I *know* about the truthfulness of the book Thiaoouba Prophecy from my personal experience. If I only believed in it, I would most likely not spend the months of my life translating it, and even more so I would not spend the few money that I saved up on printing the circulation of books and subsequent difficult trips with them around the the city.

By the way, I signed and left two books in places for

bookcrossing. Someone definitely took one of them. I thought of “releasing” a couple more books, but after I learned that they could be left outside in the rain, I decided to keep them in the libraries.

In the end, I only left one book for myself and sent the other to Michael Meanwell in Australia at his request. He wrote the Epilogue for the book “Thiaoouba: The Golden Planet” after the death of Michel Desmarquet.

During the book distribution, I had to ask where the library I needed was. To do this, I went up to a young pretty girl who was clearly waiting for someone. She stopped looking so pretty when I saw her yellow teeth. I could not help myself.

I understood another asymmetry of my life some time earlier, when for the most part I wanted to get acquainted only with beautiful and pretty girls, while I myself did not look the best way already. This was one of the clear reasons for some rejections.

People did not want to know me. They simply said “no” based on the appearance, not on the inner world. The same thing applied to me when I just walked past many girls who seemed not to be my type. Of course, it is natural that I approached those whom I would find attractive externally, but I decided to try to expand the circle of girls with whom I tried to talk.

If I could see Auras constantly, then everything would be simpler. And if all other people could see and read Auras, then in general people would have much less problems, and some girls would not shy away from me. Especially in our time, the ability

to see and read Auras would help girls to immediately understand if a person meets them for the sake of sex and deceives them, or if he wants serious human relationships.

And there I was, thinking about that girl. Does she even know that she has yellow teeth? If I was meeting her, I could try to somehow tell her about the problem that could become even more serious with time. And if she whitened her teeth, then her appearance would stop seem repulsive to me.

People can change. I am a proof of this for myself: both positively and negatively. Once again, I saw that you need to look for that person who is suitable by spiritual knowledge, and not to look for that person only by physical criteria.

I noted that it is very difficult to find ideal people on the planet of the first category. In fact, they simply are not here, since ideal people live on planets of the ninth category.

Therefore, one must learn to live with the shortcomings of others. But this does not mean that you need to ignore the flaws that can be corrected in a reasonable way.

We live in the present and we need to think about a person the way he is in reality, in the present moment, and not the way he was years ago. If a person has changed, then there is no reason for his old actions and appearance to influence the way we see that person here and now. We, in fact, become spiritual people, unknowingly making mistakes, and then learning a lesson from the consequences of our decisions.

But sometimes, in order for a person to change, you need

to try to teach him another way of life, and not “bail” on him as soon as you see something negative in him – well, or what you consider negative, but in fact it can be completely opposite. Sometimes people cannot see their problems and think that they are not doing anything wrong.

In part, this influenced my decision that I would come to get acquainted with smokers, those sitting on the phone, etc. If they agree to get acquainted and want to change for the better – excellent, but if not, then perhaps I just should continue my search for a girlfriend.

Since it is better to be with the person with whom you have love and spiritual affinity for the reasons described in Michel Desmarquet’s book *Thiaoouba Prophecy*, it is better for people without a couple – both females and males – not to reject those who ask them for permission to become acquainted. Many people have different spiritual knowledge, and rejecting a person you can reject someone who would ideally suit you had you decided to get to know the person before saying “no” to him. Moreover, acquaintance means a simple learning of details about each other, it does not mean that people immediately become a couple or get married in a week. In the case of a spiritual difference, both of you can simply learn something new and just have a good time in the conversation.

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The time of distributing the books to libraries in different parts of Russia’s capital diversified my life so much that it felt

like time began to go very slowly. I really thought that at least a month had already passed since I began to give away the books to libraries, but when I looked at the calendar, it turned out that only two weeks had passed!

The same thing happened with the perception of time when at 28 years I decided to get acquainted with the red-haired girl and then began to engage in leveling myself up, and not a character in a video game. I cannot believe that only 3 years have passed since then! It feels like these three years are equal to at least 8 that I basically spent sitting at home by the computer...

I thought that in the warm period of the year, which was already visible on the horizon, I should go more for a walk to different parts of Moscow, so that time would not fly so fast. I, just like everyone else, did not know the future...

After some time, I found out that one of the bookstores, where my translation of the book was published, made it possible to print the circulation of books and send them to the Russian Book Chamber, which would then send each copy to different libraries in the country. In the list I found only a couple of libraries that I already gave the books to myself. I decided that I would spend some more money to give the book more chances to be preserved.

After paying six and a half thousand rubles, I was waiting for the circulation to be sent. One book was supposed to come to me.

Everything was just fine with the electronic edition of the Russian official translation of Thiaoouba Prophecy, as the free

electronic version of the book was uploaded to all major online stores. The same could not be said about the printed book.

I decided to give the printed book the last chance and went to the Biblio-Globus near Lubyanka. Looking through book publishers, I found a little less than twenty more publishers that I had not seen before in other bookstores.

Arriving home, I sent a request for publication to all those publishers. In the message I wrote that the electronic version of the book was published for free of charge.

Soon I received one message in which someone asked me why they need all this torment, if the book is already in the online store? I did not know why that person spent his time typing a message that seemed pointless, given that I honestly wrote about the free e-book so that publishers knew about the risks involved...

Then a publisher wrote me; they offered publishing the book at my expense. For obvious reasons this was not an option for me.

No one else wrote me, and I thought that the period of me helping Thiaooubians came to an end.

Over the past three years, I have learned and understood a lot of things by reading various websites and forums where people sincerely and openly talked about a variety of things and problems. Their sincerity helped me very much in understanding that I was not alone in my sailing down the course of the Universe's lessons. I began to think how I could return help to humanity.



How can I expect to find a girlfriend with similar interests if I am afraid to make efforts so that the knowledge that I have becomes available to all people?

In addition, the girls could give me a chance to get to know me better, but I understand that they think that such facial expressions mean that the person is very sick. They do not know the truth. The best thing I can do is to tell people the truth about the real state of things; that many psychological problems can go away very quickly if a person does everything necessary for this – if he learns. Perhaps then people will give more chances to others, will try to get to know them and, if necessary, will be able to try to help them, teach them the simple truths of life. In the end, we all go to the same school on this planet.

People on the Internet have helped me a lot, but I myself almost never write on forums. Firstly, because I usually like to listen, not talk. And secondly, my knowledge is closely linked to Thiaoouba and the Laws of the Universe. I understand that if I write a short answer, almost no one will understand me. And writing in each comment about my experience with Thiaooubians will take a lot of time, and some forums don't allow too many symbols to be written anyway. Here we need a different solution...

Seeing how easy it was to publish an e-book, I had the idea of writing a book about what I learned in this life. In fact, thinking of making a video for YouTube, I recently wrote to a file everything that I learned in this life.

I thought to write a fictional story where Michel's book would play an important role in the story of one of the characters. I did not want to write a non-fiction book about my life, because I still had psychological barriers. I was afraid to tell the truth about myself, as it was clear what many modern people would think of me. But in the course of time and reflection, I realized that it would most likely be a mistake not to write about my life experience with Thiaoouba (Thiaooubians found time in their lives to help me – the best I can do is try to help them in return) and all that I had to experience and learn in my life, since my experience can help others. In the end, what will I lose if I already have nothing and nobody? But I could remove the remaining psychological barriers from my psyche and acquire new spiritual understandings, which is very important since spiritual knowledge is never erased during our lives in the Universe. So, if I publish my book, then I will have already helped one person – myself.

My old fears about the negative consequences almost came to naught. The fact is that I know that not expressing the truth is a 100% mistake that will materialize into 100% suffering. But the telling of the truth is not a mistake if one is in the middle of the previously mentioned sinusoid when writing a book. There is no need to move to either of the two extremes, which would be mistakes in which I would either not tell important details or write too many details. Everything needs a balance.

But I really needed to write all the important details of

my life that preceded my experience with Thao and Biastra, because when I wrote in my notes on social networks only about my experience with the Thiaooubians, some people were still skeptical about the small passage of my life's story, not understanding why I had such an experience and they did not. Then I myself do not know 100% which details are important and which are not, because I can only guess about the real reasons behind the decision of Thao and Biastra to help me get out of my wild psychological state; but I think that people will still be able to learn something for themselves from my life's experience. If we recall the sinusoid again, then a person, by and large, can: speak the truth, be mistaken in his conclusions (he thinks he is telling the truth, but his words are not true. It is worth saying that a very rare situation may arise when a person may think that he is telling a lie, but at the same time his words are true – such a change in places is inherent to the middle values), and lie; my position should be clear about the “lie”, and I will talk regarding the “be mistaken in his conclusions” part closer to the end of this chapter, where I write my opinion on knowledge and faith.

Further, if I will be born on Earth in my next life, then it is in my interests to have a better chance of finding knowledge from people from Thiaoouba as early as possible so as not to make more mistakes than necessary.

I had a thought in my head that all non-fiction e-books, information of which is important to the general public, should be free (at least my books). For this reason, I decided that my

e-book would be free wherever possible. In the end, my target audience would not be able to buy the book in any case – as it was established in a poll in our TPXP group – and therefore it would be a mistake to charge people money for it.

In fact, before that decision, I thought about putting a minimum price on the book, but then I realized that the reason for those thoughts was a psychological barrier, and I just wanted to protect myself that way from critics and other hostile people. Realizing this and remembering the Laws of the Universe about the reckoning of suffering for mistakes, and remembering my knowledge that we ourselves choose to take offense at the negative, I once again firmly knew that the electronic book would be free.

I thought to start writing my book about my story on February 20, 2020.

Around the night of February 19, I had a dream about a small snake that bit my hand. It was not a very strong bite. When I called my childhood Moscow friend to come and take his snake from my apartment, he refused to do it...

On February 19, I got a message from one publishing house; they asked about the availability of a translation agreement. I sent the documents. Soon a man called me and said that they want to publish the book (Тиауба: Золотая Планета). He asked me if I could drive up to their office near Nagatinskaya the next day at ten in the morning to sign the contract. I answered in the affirmative.

I was glad that my efforts had paid off, and my help was about to be completed. But it was still necessary to resolve some issues with copyright holders regarding the royalties. After exchanging e-mails, I went to cut my long hair to look decent, and then I went to the subway to print out documents.

I also needed to translate into Russian all the agreements that I had concerning the book.

So, I was busy with paperwork all day, and I did not have time to think about anything else...

It seemed interesting to me that their office was located on the Varshavskoye Highway. It was along this highway that the driver of the funeral home drove us with my mother and with the lifeless body of my father to the Bitsevskoe cemetery. Mom and I were there later too, when we went to visit dad's grave. Therefore, I knew very well where to go and decided that I would ride tomorrow on the MCC from the already familiar Lokomotiv station towards Izmailovsky Park, where I sometimes went for my walks, and to Verkhnie Kotly, and then I would walk to the office.

I was not in the best condition and tried to fall asleep without thinking about anything. But it was not easy.

I woke up early. Mom was still sleeping in bed, tossing and turning slightly.

Having quickly eaten, I took all the documents and went to the MCC Lokomotiv station.

Walking through Cherkizovsky Park, I realized that I slept

badly that night, as well as the previous one. It affected my condition. Plus, a lot of thoughts were flying in my head.

So, I walked into the MCC and... asked the guards which way is to Izmaylovo. He looked at me for a second and pointed to the right... I went through the left turnstile only to suddenly realize that it leads only to the left... I went back and went upstairs on the escalator. There I asked the supervising woman to let me through, saying that I had just mistaken the entry. She checked the ticket and let me pass. I think I was already sitting on the train when I realized that I was going in the wrong direction – along the long circumference of the circle, not the short one. Here I realized what a stupid thing I did when I asked the guards for the directions – because I already perfectly knew where I needed to go! And then why did I go back from the platform and sat on a different line? My head did not think. I thought I would ride along the long circle, since I got into the train already. But then I made the calculations and realized that it would be very long; it would be profitable to take the train going in the right direction. I just drove one stop anyway.

I did just that at Bulvar Rokossovskogo station, although I had a fleeting thought that perhaps it is not worth going anywhere in such a state. But knowing how hard it was to find a publisher, I decided to go all the way no matter what.

I tried to relax and calm down in the comfortable train.

After a couple of minutes, a courier called me and said that he would deliver the parcel by two in the afternoon, if I remember

correctly. The parcel was the book “Thiaoouba: The Golden Planet”. Another sixteen copies of the books were sent to the Book Chamber.

I knew that I was likely to return home at two o’clock, but just in case I decided to call my mother and tell her not to go outside. I called my mother on her mobile phone so that my name would be highlighted for her, and she knew that it was me calling. Mom did not answer my call. I thought that she was still sleeping and did not want to get out of bed. I decided that I would call again when I walk out from the subway.

In the park near the Verkhnie Kotly, I again called my mother. No one answered. I called home and waited a minute. No answer. I think that I called her mobile phone again and waited a very long time. Nothing.

I started to worry. What if something happened to mom? What if she died? But I tried to drop these thoughts off. It was not ten o’clock yet, and most likely she was still sleeping – I thought... Besides, my mother usually did not answer the home telephone, as various fraudsters often called it.

Knowing how important “Thiaoouba: The Golden Planet” book was, I had to finish publishing it. Of the thirty-nine publishing houses to which I sent my translation, there was only one publicist who wanted to publish a printed version of the book, and I could not miss my only chance.

I was one and a half kilometers from my destination already, and I headed to the 42nd building. Here I felt that my stomach

was growling. Maybe I ate something, maybe I was worried, but I was feeling not very well. I thought that I might have to look for a toilet.

On the way, I continued to call my mother, but no one answered. I became even more worried. Something was wrong, but I still tried to think that my mother just did not want to answer the phone. It was quite possible. But then, what if something did happen? My imagination played out different situations, and what I would do if my mother really dies and I become left alone. But I tried to drive these thoughts away. After all, I saw my mother stir in her bed in the morning.

So, I went to the business center. I got a pass at the reception and went to the elevator in the basement.

The elevator did not arrive for a long time. A very long time. There was a woman nearby, and I asked her about the stairs. She was also in this building for the first time and did not know where it was. Then the elevator began to open, but it was completely clogged with people who did not go out. We did not try to squeeze into the crowded elevator. It left and returned in a couple of minutes – again crowded with people who for some reason did not leave either.

The people who had just walked to us said about the stairs, and we went along the long corridor until we found it. I did not want to walk too much up the stairs, but what could I do.

With difficulty, I reached the top and went looking for the office I needed. Walking along the corridor, I saw a door on



which books were mentioned on a piece of paper. But the name of the publisher that I was looking for was not written there, and so I went further around the corner. It was clear that I missed the right door. On the floor plan, I realized that that office with books was my final destination after all.

I gathered my thoughts, knocked on the door and entered the room, which was not at all large, about 20 square meters. There were only five people in the office.

I greeted everyone and the lawyer who called me the day before shook my hand.

Having dealt with the translation of the legal documents, the lawyer directed me to people at the other desk. It was explained to me that only 10% of the book's sales will be paid, and they will initially print about three hundred copies; if the books sell, they will print more. Given the complete silence from all the other thirty-eight book publishers, I was quite happy with this. I understood that the publishing house is not large and does not have large financial resources.

While the lawyer was copying my passport data into the contract, I was at the editor's desk. He said that he had read the book and everything, by and large, was fine. Only dashes and hyphens had problems. Then they thought to change the name of the book, but I immediately told them that neither the name nor anything can be changed in this book. He looked at me oddly, but agreed.

My passport was returned to me, as the contract was ready.

The lawyer printed it and gave it to me with a pen. I sat next to him and began to read the text.

I could not help but think about my mother and wonder whether everything was fine with her. I wanted to get home as soon as possible.

I tried to get a grasp of what was written. The text was a little strange, and it used the old terms that I heard only in school programming courses. In general, everything seemed normal. I turned over the first page and began to familiarize myself with the second one. Then the lawyer turned his head to the right, in my direction, and looked intently at me without turning his head away. I decided that these agreements were in any case a pure formality and said that everything looked normal.

I wanted to sign the contract, but the lawyer quickly pointed a finger at one of the clauses of the contract and said that there was a smearing after printing in the printer. He printed the contract again, and I signed it.

When I was writing the date – “20.02.2020” – I immediately remembered about ZOZO. I felt that it was a sign. Did something really happen to mom?

When I was leaving, the editor told me to wait for messages with errors in the book, so that I could agree on all the corrections.

I said goodbye and left the office. I was glad that at last the book was published. I did everything I could. And even if three hundred copies is not much, it is better than nothing.

But my mother worried me, because not a single phone was still answered, and a lot of time had passed since the morning. She definitely had to have woken up already. Mom never slept that long. Something was wrong...

I thought to call an ambulance, but then I did not know that something had really happened. And in any case, no one would have opened the door if my fears were true. But if I was wrong, and everything was fine with my mother, then I would just waste the doctors' time. What if someone else needed doctors' help at that moment?

I felt very bad on my way to the subway. I could already feel completely alone and without a mother – and it was a terrible and unbearable feeling. I immediately remembered my thoughts about how, due to despair and unsuccessful attempts to find a girlfriend, I allowed myself to have not the best thoughts in my head about other people who had happiness. I clearly remember that then I realized that this is exactly how murderers who were not caught and must pay by suffering for their mistakes in their next lives where they themselves lose loved ones. I regretted then all my bad thoughts and emotions that I had ever had in relation to other people.

Naturally, I have no doubt that that moment was the hour of my reckoning for mistakes. The Law of the Universe is one for all.

Finally, I quickly reached the subway.

It was the longest trip in the metro of my life. I constantly had

the feeling that everything was happening too slowly, and I often found myself wondering why this train was not going faster, or why we were standing at the station for so long.

Mom still did not answer the phone.

I tried to remember that my mother was definitely alive in the morning, since I saw her moving in bed. I also remembered that she rarely picked up the home telephone – even though I called on it every minute that day. I knew that her mobile phone could be out of charge too – we had had such things happen already. But on the other side of the scales was the fact that, even if mom had no obvious health problems, she was already 69 years old. Anything can happen. I knew that both could be true, given my knowledge; and that was what haunted me – another scale could be true.

Usually I walk home from the subway, but that time I rode on a tram that stood at a traffic light for some time. While driving by the school, I was not surprised to see Marina's husband with their dogs from the tram's window.

Then I ran out of the tram at my stop and ran to the door of my entrance. It did not matter to me whether I felt good or not anymore – I wanted to enter the apartment as soon as possible. The unknown continued to torment me.

Here I am at the door of my apartment. I open it, open the door to the room and see... that mom is sitting at her laptop with the headphones on her head.

She saw me and came to me. I asked her why she did not

answer the phone, and I started to cry from the overwhelming emotions.

It turned out that my mother was charging the mobile phone in the bathroom and did not hear it. As for the home telephone, she answered it once, but at the other end there was a company offering its services, and so she no longer picked up the phone.

I explained the whole situation to mother, and asked her to answer the phone when I was not home.

So, my fears were in vain.

Despite all the unexpected troubles that fell on me, I still published a book, and everything was fine with my mother. Now I could go about my business and continue to try to have a love life.

The only thing that needed to be done was to deal with the payment of royalties. The fact was that I was entitled to 10% under our agreement with the copyright holder, but this meant that they would not have received anything at all then. I was ready to pay them all the money and not leave anything to myself if they would not agree to share the half of the 10%.

I began to write about this to the copyright holder's guardian. In order not to make a mistake, I decided to check with the contract, which I had already put to the rest of the documents.

I started reading the contract for the second time and... I became cold.

There were lines in the contract that I did not seem to notice before. My horror was that under the contract I gave the publisher

the right not only to print the book “Тиауба: Золотая Планета”, but also to publish an audiobook, e-book – both of which had already been released by me personally – but the worst thing was that the agreement allowed them to translate the book into all languages and publish its translation. This was unacceptable, since it would distort the whole meaning of the original message. In fact, it was just ridiculous to translate the translation of the book. Then they had the right to write their comments, add a preface, an afterword, and I was also obliged to attend the advertising meetings of the book.

I quickly wrote to the lawyer about the errors in the contract, mentioning that this contract is not legal and has no legal force, since I gave the rights that I do not have myself according to my agreement with the copyright holder.

All I could do under the agreement with the copyright holder was to publish a free, and *only* free, e-book, as well as a printed book of my translation.

Accordingly, all that the publisher could have was the printed version of the book.

I called the lawyer and he offered me to visit them next Thursday. I said that I would come today. He replied that they would be waiting for me.

I felt very bad at heart. All the years that I knew about the existence of Thiaoouba, I tried to help Thao and other friends as much as I could. In the TPXP group I tried to point out to people their mistakes that contradict the truth; I was not pleased that the

text of the original Bible was so distorted; when translating the book, I tried to carefully check each translated sentence so that the meaning of the translation and the meaning of the original were the same. And here I could become the very person who could be the cause for the message of Thiaooubians to become distorted. The thought was almost unbearable, and I remember exactly how I was riding in the tram to the metro, and I quietly said to myself out loud that I wanted to die...

But I had to be responsible. I made a mistake, and I had to unravel it.

In the Lastochka, I read the contract further and wrote in a notebook everything that should be removed from it. Then I saw that I needed to have a pension fund document which I did not have with me. I returned home after it.

Then I went by tram and metro. The lawyer called me and asked if I would be soon.

Having the daily experience with my mother, I did not allow negative thoughts to possess me. Instead, I was thinking of what needed to be done. I knew that the contract was illegitimate and decided that first of all it was necessary to demand its termination. And *only* after that ask the lawyer to send me a copy of the contract by e-mail, so that I can read it and correct it with the copyright holders. And only then I will sign a new legitimate contract.

I finally arrived. After all that I experienced, the long climb up the stairs was not easy for me. I was barely breathing, and at

that time the courier with the book called. With great difficulty, I was able to tell him the code number to the entrance door of the house.

After standing a little at the door to restore breathing, I entered the office.

The lawyer immediately asked me about attentiveness, referring to what I wrote to him in my the message: "...I needed to be more attentive when I was reading the contract with you".

He already had a new contract printed out. He put it, along with a pen, on the table in front of me and asked me to sign it. Still breathing a little hard, I told him that the old contract is not legal, since I myself do not have such rights to it, and it needs to be terminated. He again proposed to sign the new contract. I asked him to terminate the current contract first. Then I asked again.

Slowly, the lawyer reached for my copy of the contract and just as slowly tore it up. After a while, he tore apart the other copy, also with reluctance.

I asked him to send me an edited contract by e-mail so that I could discuss everything with the copyright holders. He did so. When I was leaving the man politely said goodbye, saying that we would conclude the agreement later.

At home I read the sent contract and saw in it again the phrase about translating the book into other languages. The sentence was changed, but the essence was exactly the same. Why did they want to be able to translate the book into other languages



so much?

I went to look for reviews about that publishing house, hoping to find writers' thoughts about this company. But what I found was much “better”. Feedback from former employees showed that the bosses would systematically deceive their employees and writers, and that many employees were verbally abused.

Then it became very clear to me how I managed not to see all those clauses in the contract. They just replaced the contract after I read it and did not find anything out of the ordinary in it. The “smearing” was just an excuse.

But another thing was not clear to me – why, even after I told them about the illegality of the contract, did they still try to palm off a new contract which was also not legitimate? I got alerted by this.

I decided that in the morning I would ask in the message to delete the book and all the other documents that I sent them. But the main thing I needed was to get the response from them that this was done. Thus, I wanted to have a confession from the lawyer, so that if they would begin to publish the book, I had something to go to court with to prove that they recognized the absence of the contract and that they did not publish the book.

In the morning I did so.

It was Friday, and I decided to go get some fresh air and get distracted from yesterday's problems, and at the same time give the libraries the two remaining copies of books that I would not need anyway, since I use only the English version of the

book, because it is as close as possible to Michel Desmarquet's lost manuscript in French. Michel himself also knew English, and therefore Thiaoouba Prophecy is a very accurate report of the events that happened to him in the summer of 1987. (After the first publication of my book, I learned that almost none of the libraries accepted the books into their collection of books. Some librarians who did answer me, assured that the books were not thrown away and would find their readers in other libraries, which will want to accept them into their book fund).

I went to very distant areas of Moscow, where I tried to get earlier, but turned around halfway, as I started not feeling well.

On the train, I received a message from the lawyer confirming the deletion of the book's file and of all other documents. I calmed down and breathed a sigh of relief; but just in case I decided to tell the copyright holders about everything and at the same time ask them to write an official appeal to the lawyer so that the scammers would definitely not have any second thoughts regarding the book.

In the end, they did just that, even though I had to ask for it several times. On this my correction of my own mistake was completed.

Here are a few rules that I tried to remember: to learn better about the company with which the contract is concluded – read reviews, etc.; ask the company to send an electronic copy of the contract and read it very carefully, making the necessary amendments, and leave the signing of it until the next day; if

possible, print your own contract so that the company signs it; only sign the contract that you just read and did not lose sight of.

In the end, I was not angry with them. I knew that under capitalism, people are looking for ways to survive, and I knew that due to ignorance regarding the Laws of the Universe, some people are ready to step on others for their own benefit. This experience once again showed me that I needed to start writing my book where I would try to contribute to the development of spirituality and morality on this planet, directly telling about everything that I had to go through and learn in my life.

I also thought that if I could see and read Auras, I would probably see that they want to deceive me. The same goes for telepathy.

So, on February 22, 2020, I wrote the first lines of this book that you are reading.

It was not easy to write the details of my life. Sometimes I felt that the publication of this book would be like suicide or masochism, because I understood how I would look in the eyes of some people. But then I made myself a simple rule – I will not think about what might be, but I will just write the book. And when I finish it, then it will be clear what I wrote.

I presumed that I would finish writing by the end of spring and then I would translate everything into English; and then I would learn the French language, and at the same time I would try to think about a fictional book where I would try to reflect on some of the questions that I have about some aspects of life in

the Universe. Naturally, I planned to walk outside in the spring, summer, and autumn, and at the same time continue searching for a girlfriend. Perhaps now that I have removed some more psychological barriers and really started to try to help others, life would reward me...

I want to add here how after I wrote my book in Russian and began to translate it into English, I had a dream in which I was sitting in my small village house at the table by the window. There was an open notebook lying in front of me on the table. On its pages horizontal lines were drawn. Three quarters of each line were empty, and only the leftmost part of each line had words. At that moment, a familiar female voice said that such help could do worse than better.

Knowing that not all dreams should be taken literally, in the morning I thought of this dream as of a motivator to think about my book with a purified mind. I realized that some of the things that I wanted to leave for people think about on their own need a better explanation. In the book at that time there really were serious “gaps” that I tried to fill.

My thoughts were to take up my personal life after writing my book. I spent a lot of time on Thiaououba over these eleven years, and I think that I have learned everything necessary to live as happily as I can in this physical body.

I thought of visiting the group TPXP, where I am still an administrator, only once every couple of weeks...

There were a couple of moments in difficult periods when,

due to negativity even in the seemingly spiritual group, I thought about leaving it. In any case, I received almost nothing from it in terms of material knowledge. But I decided that having my experience with Thiaooubians, which allows me to know, not believe, in the full truthfulness of the book Thiaoouba Prophecy, it would be irresponsible to leave it and let erroneous opinions absorb the truth.

Of course, since I have to correct both those who believe in everything and often contradict the truths of life, and those who are on the side of science and also strongly contradict the book, I continue to be, by and large, alone. But I have no choice if I do not want to make mistakes.

I try to be in the middle of the sinusoid, continuing to talk about the truths from Thiaoouba, but at the same time I do not spend my time explaining things to those who refuse to think and learn. It is their erroneous choice to live in ignorance. In addition, life experience taught me that in case of such stubborn people essentially only suffering for their mistakes will give them a chance to see the truth. I cannot physically help them with anything, and it has nothing to do with my meager communication skill. So, for example, I gave a couple of tips to people who believe in a flat Earth. By following those tips, they could find out that they are mistaken. But they simply refuse to conduct elementary experiments and continue to sow their ignorance further on the Internet.

During the writing of my book, several interesting events

happened.

So, at the end of February, in the late evening, I heard a dull thud on the table to my right. My laptop stands on that table. I looked at the clock, and it showed 11:33.

When I was translating Thiaoouba Prophecy, I often heard knocks in the kitchen, symbolizing the typo that I *actually found*. And once there were so many knocks in the kitchen that by their perseverance, I realized that I wrote some wrong thing in the translation. I began to read the previous sentences of my translation, and one line had a typo – “Иисуце” instead of “Иисуца” (“Jesus”).

Then, on April 1, I wrote the paragraph about my reasoning whether I can be of a higher spiritual category or not. At that time, something blue and bright flew near the laptop screen. It could be an Astral body. I already saw such lights a long time ago, when on the phone I was scolding my father for his drunkenness. Then a small sphere, suddenly appearing out of nowhere, helped me reflect and understand that I should project more love and less negativity.

I went out for a walk every day after breakfast, but found no opportunities to approach anyone. Either there was nobody in the cold parks, or I could not approach the girl because I was lost in my thoughts. Unfortunately, I still have difficulties living in the present. And it is a pity, as quite a few lovely girls passed by me...

The idea that a girl might have been a guy or a relative in a past life no longer bothers me. I got used to the truth that in any

case we are all part of one intellect – the Superior Intelligence. And someone could say that we are one.

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I would like to devote a few lines to my meditations on why some actions are an error and some are not – in addition to my previous reflections.

The Universe is the way that the Spirit wanted it to be. In my current opinion, it could have been different, and some of its details and laws could have been different. But they are what they are, and we cannot do anything about it, which is probably for the best.

Having free will, people can perform a huge number of physically possible actions by their body in different life situations. Some actions will be correct, and some erroneous – a person will learn which are which from the consequences of his actions.

For this reason, only the proper use of the tools provided to us by the Spirit will bring us happiness, since the feelings and sensations from their use will not be filtered out by the Higher Selves on the way to the etheric ocean that surrounds the Spirit. By the way, sometimes I wonder if the Spirit can be a sphere, since it is surrounded by the etheric ocean... but a singularity also comes to mind...

But the improper use of tools, our sexual organs, for example, leads to one of the nine Higher Selves blocking the arising sensations.

We learn about the wrongness of our decisions when we begin to experience their negative consequences. So, for example, I often asked about the justice of me having such serious health problems after masturbation, while various rapists, deceivers of women, porn actors, etc., do not have them? I seemingly did not harm anyone, but I still suffered. In fact, I loaded my Higher Self with a huge work of filtering out bad sensations that were not wanted by the Spirit, and therefore I suffered for this mistake of mine. How is this suffering manifested? Well, during the time that I was doing my thing, I could well have gone for a walk and learned to communicate with girls, and with people in general – which would have been beneficial in any case, since I would be developing myself by learning something new. Therefore, here the suffering is the consequences of the unlearned lessons of life.

Plus, as I found out earlier, I also suffered for the fact that I lived in constant strong tension, which led to nerve-related problems.

Then masturbation can never relax Palantius, since its activation requires a sexual act between two people of different sex, between whom there is love and spiritual affinity. The person will not feel completely satisfied; he will be miss something.

Here I can add my recollection of how in my childhood I once asked my father not to drink beer, and he asked: “But why can't I drink beer?”. Because excessive beer consumption is unhealthy. And in my father's case, beer often led to drinking vodka, and



you know how it all backfired.

Next, I will mention my recent dispute with a homosexual male that Palantius relaxation is possible only in mutually loving and spiritually similar couples who are of the opposite sex from birth – naturally, this does not apply to Thiaooubians, since, being hermaphrodites from Nature, they have both female and male organs, and therefore in their case same-sex sex is a natural thing. I suppose there is no need for me to mention what kind of “sex” that guy had with the other guy. As for the consequences, you can see for yourself on the Internet what such “sex” leads to.

In fact, there is only one kind of sex, and it can only be between a man and a woman (if we are not talking about natural hermaphrodites). Everything else is “different things”, if you remember Thao’s message, and some of those “different things” are errors.

I will mention that having said all this, I personally consider oral sex between two healthy people of the opposite sex to be quite a rather natural thing, provided that everything is clean everywhere. It is clear that the receiving side is pleased with the touch, and as for the giving side, there is a reason why taste is one of the five senses – and I do understand that different people have different tastes. I also understand that the reality may be different, and I am mistaken.

Since inaction is also our decision, the consequences from it can also be both favorable and unfavorable. I experienced the effects of putting off the quest for love until later.

I am not the only one. I remember reading a story of a woman on the Internet who lost a guy about seven years ago and did not want to have anyone else. She started having problems with her sexual organs, and doctors directly told her to start having sex before things would get even more serious. She was stubborn. Then she did allow some taxi driver to have sex with her, and this helped open her eyes. The psychological barrier was destroyed, and she again began to look for a boyfriend. At one time, I mentally slightly condemned her for having sex with a practically stranger whom she did not love. But this is what helped her. Of course, the situation could have been different if she caught some sexually transmitted disease...

In fact, I first began to calm down with the fact that others have sex when I was in love with Nikki Aaron from the RT channel, and then I found out about her former love in China. She was looking for a partner among Asian men, and I felt a strong respect for her because of this.

Therefore, if I allow psychological barriers to stand in the way of logic and common sense, I will simply suffer until I realize my mistake and begin to do the right things that the Superior Intelligence needs.

What matters is what is in the present. If a girl will mutually love me, and even better if we will have a spiritual affinity, then there is no reason not to be with her. The opposite would be a terrible mistake. Who we were in other lives physically has no physical effect on our current physical bodies. Only

psychology can present a barrier when a person does not have certain knowledge.

It does not matter if you are a girl who was a man in the previous life. The important thing is that your current physical body can only be fully sexually satisfied with a male body belonging to a person who loves you mutually and with whom you have similar affinity. Only then the Palantius will extend to the spinal column and transfer an energy and special gifts to the physiological body which will then affect the person's physical body.

By the way, a very long time ago, when I was worried about losing my appearance, I had a vision where I saw someone, as I think, from Thiaoouba. It was the most beautiful face I have ever seen! Sorry, girls, but this is so. Its proportions seemed perfect. But another thing I noticed was the feeling of fluid, coming from the face which had a healthy glow. This is not easy to explain for me, but for the first time I saw a relatively similar face with a similar shine in the Resident Evil 3 video game where Jill Valentine looks at her reflection in the mirror – it is obvious that the reason for the shine in the computer game lies in the lighting and in the shaders. I believe that the shine of a living person's skin is the consequence of his fluidic body being at its best shape.

Returning to the previous topic, there is the saying: “All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players” (From William Shakespeare's “As You Like It”).<sup>14</sup> We

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<sup>14</sup> William Shakespeare, *As You Like It* (S. Gosnell, 1810), 34.

play different roles in our different lives which are intricately intertwined with the lives of other people and other creatures. Each person learns in his role what he must learn.

Speaking of actors and different roles... I think this place in my book is a good place to mention how after the release of the remake of the video game “Resident Evil 3: Nemesis” in 2020, I started watching streams of Sasha Zotova, the model who gave her appearance to Jill Valentine, and then a little later I started watching streams of actress Nicole Tompkins who played Jill in that remake. During the playthrough of the remakes of the first, second, and third installments of Resident Evil, Nicole often invited actors from the corresponding games to her streams, including the actors who played Leon and Claire. Sasha also interviewed some of the people who took part in the creation of the remake of the third installment.

The bottom line is that I, a person interested in many things, as well as at one time wishing to connect my life with cinema, really liked listening to the life stories of those interesting people.

But the main reason why I am writing about this is that I have noticed that I no longer feel psychological discomfort when I hear about people living in Los Angeles and working in the film industry.

I have not had a chance to mention this before, but during many years hearing about someone who lives in L.A. or in Miami used to make me feel uneasy. I had the feeling that I did not have something and I was missing something important in my life – I

did not feel like a complete, whole person.

But then I heard different stories of people living in the USA – for example, my acquaintances who left the USA to live in China – and droplet by droplet I began to acquire material and spiritual understanding about life, and as a result I learned to live peacefully where I am.

Psychology is of great importance in our decisions. So, for a very long time I could not accept that I do not have a girlfriend and that other people have sex. As a result, I shut myself inside of myself, drowning out the voice of reason and moving farther and farther away the moment when I was finally able to come up to someone and get acquainted with them. Negative thoughts themselves were the reason that many girls turned their backs on me, since my face revealed so many psychological problems that I chose to be having at those moments of my life.

Of course, those people could have tried to help me get rid of those problems, as people change if they learn from their mistakes. But I understand that those girls most likely did not know how relatively simple it is to change yourself, and they also did not know about the truths of life and the Universe – as I said, this is one of the reasons why I am writing this book.

I myself decided that in the case of meeting a girl who has problems, I will try to help her, and I will not give up on her and look for someone “better”. People often complain about their partners, but they themselves do almost nothing to teach them how to live differently without making mistakes. Of course,

if a person is very stubborn, then it is really worth breaking up and looking for someone else – it will benefit both, as a knowledgeable person will not suffer because of the stubborn one, and the “abandoned” stubborn person will have a chance to learn from the suffering caused by his stubbornness.

I used to think how many years I would have to live with a problematic appearance, and now I think how much time I just had to waste. How much I could have learned...

I used to think how much time I would have to live without sexual satisfaction, and now I think how many things could be in my life if I stopped being stubborn and were just looking for a girlfriend instead of masturbating.

In fact, it turned out that searching for a girlfriend was the key for me to ending masturbation. It was naive to believe that I could suppress in myself all sexual desires – which I did not want anyway. As we know from psychology, you cannot just remove something, leaving a void. It is always necessary to replace a negative habit with something positive and natural. In my case, I tried to replace one extreme in the form of masturbation, which “replaced” sex for me, with another extreme in the form of a complete suppression of all natural sexual desires. There were hard times when I began to consider rampant sex drive almost a curse, but now I understand that it was an ordinary and natural sign of nature that I needed to look for a suitable girlfriend. Masturbation maffled all these healthy sexual desires, giving a false sense of “sexual” satisfaction. A person who masturbates

does not evolve spiritually without going out and learning how to talk to women, not learning how to deal with rejections, how to learn from mistakes, and how to self-discipline.

But then I could not stop masturbating because I realized that after finding a girlfriend sex would not happen immediately, and I was not able to endure for several months. I needed a sexual release in the present due to frequent arousals. Thanks to the NoFap forum and the experience of other people, I have removed many fears from my head regarding the “blue testicles” and other negative temporary effects. Naturally, I try to remove their root cause – fantasies about sex.

Of course, it is worth saying that sex can be earlier if people really get to know each other. The ability to see and read the Aura, and the ability to telepathize can help here. Both will help not to be afraid of the person’s appearance, and sometimes it will even help to see the wolf in sheep’s clothing, as people often trust scammers, who not only have a good appearance, but sometimes they are very charismatic and, seemingly, kind people – so, Auras and telepathy can help to really learn a person as he is, and not as he wants you to think he is.

Of course, people with strange facial expressions can also be evil if they do not yet have the necessary spiritual knowledge.

One day I got a thought that it was easier for me to find the meaning and truth of life than to find a girlfriend. But then I actually was looking for that truth, but I was not searching for the girlfriend. Therefore, it is quite logical that I know the truth

about the Universe, but I do not have a personal life. As you sow,  
so shall you reap.



# 2020

I was thinking about starting working hard on my book during the cold viral period of the year, so that in the warm, virus-free months, I would have as much free time as possible for my personal life and further education at the school called “The Universe”. If you read this book in 2020, you will no doubt understand that life once again showed me that you need to live in the present moment, and not make big plans for the future that does not exist. *Carpe diem*...

I was hoping that people who came from abroad would be responsible and self-insulate at home for fourteen days to prevent the coronavirus from spreading all over Russia. Unfortunately, because of those few who still decided to take a walk, we all sit at home and it is not known when COVID-19 will allow us to socialize again...

I go out only once a week to buy food for the next week at the opening of a sanitized store. The food is for my mother and I, and sometimes for our elderly neighbor.

Naturally, I understand that should I become infected with this virus – the chances of me dying will be very high. Also, I do not want to infect my mother, who has also been at home for a month now.

Due to isolation, I began to write my book every day, and I could not help but think how I wanted to write and publish it as

soon as possible. It was a strong contrast to the fact that until recently I felt uncomfortable thinking about the publication of such material. And so I thought that if only I could live a little more and finish what I started...

On April 10, 2020, I had my fifth lucid dream in which I no longer experienced any fears. For this reason, it was my longest lucid dream, the recording of which took me about 11 times more lines than in the case of previous such dreams, which took only 3-4 lines.

Before I tell you about the dream, I think it is worth saying regarding what happened a few months earlier. The case relates to the monster "It". Perhaps I watched a video about this movie on YouTube, and when I went to bed, this monster appeared from time to time in my head – in my still not fully restrained imagination. It was night, dark, and I lay in bed with my eyes closed. Suddenly, I began to distinguish faint outlines... it was that same monster that looked at me from a hole in the ceiling! I realized that my anxiety generated this subtle vision, or, if you wish, my first experience with a hallucination, and I focused on the present and calmed down, taking the vision for what it was. It left and never returned.

This episode with my first and, to date, the last hallucination gave me a reason to think about people who, according to them, hear voices in their heads, see what is not in reality, etc. Such hallucinations are generated by ourselves when we are very afraid of something and at the same time actively use our imagination

– in general terms. Not all people understand this and begin to worry even stronger from the hallucinations, thereby throwing new firewood into the fire. Therefore, such people should realize that their decisions to be afraid are the cause of their visions, and then they just need to train themselves to focus their attention on the present moment using 5 senses, and at the same time increase their knowledge about life and the world.

Here it must be remembered, of course, that over many centuries a lot of fables and lies have appeared which in the case of some people are one of the links in the chain leading to hallucinations about Satan, the Devil, and other fictional creatures, like the monster It. But if you have knowledge, then you can relatively calmly determine what is true and what is fiction – just as I was able to weed out a lot of weeds with the help of my knowledge about Thiaoouba.

Now, here is the retelling of my fifth lucid dream.

It was a literature lesson. I was reading perfectly, and I saw that the teacher gave 5. Then she drew my attention by knocking on the desk.

At that moment I gained control of my body.

Ekaterina Vasilievna gave me a note to read (a little smaller than my 5-inch phone). There was something written on both sides of the paper, but the only word I remembered was “КЮКВ”.

Realizing that this was a new lucid dream, I decided to enjoy it to the fullest this time. I ran out of class. There was no Ekaterina

Vasilyevna in the small office to my right. I headed to the right along the corridor to the stairs and ran down it. There was no one. A security guard and several other people stood at the door of the school. I thought he would stop me, but no. I was able to run out into the street.

It was cloudy. Wet road.

I ran and turned to the right behind the school. The diagonal path to the gate still existed (it no longer exists in reality, and the old passage at the gate is closed). But the fence was modern, not the old one that existed when I was really studying. I also wondered if the gate would be closed or open. It was closed and I had to climb over it.

Soon I remembered my physical body, and the lucid dream began to blur, dissolve. But I managed to keep my focus on the present moment which allowed the lucid dream to become clear again.

I ran along my long house.

As I was running up to the entrance, I thought that I was so close to my goal – my apartment. I did not want the lucid dream to end.

So, I was inside the building.

Going up to my floor, I opened the corridor door and ran to my apartment. It had an old blue wooden door. I immediately rang the bell and held it for a couple of seconds. Then I quickly pressed it two more times so that my mother knew that it was me – as we often ring the doorbell in reality.

I started looking for keys in my pants pocket. It was empty. Then voices started to be heard from behind the door. A man's voice told to leave or something like that.

The door began to open, and I cautiously stepped away from it for a couple of meters.

The door was opened by a man with short cropped hair. And there was a woman near him.

They said that mom lives on the other end of our street.

It was clear from the conversation that this was not the first time they had seen me. Then he said, or bragged, that he was working as a designer and someone else. I forgot. I also forgot that it was clear from the conversation that the money had something to do with the fact that my mother did not live there – in a negative way. But this is already one of the cheapest apartments in Moscow...

I do not remember how, but the door of the apartment opposite “mine” was open, and there was a man in the corridor. He also took part in the conversation.

I started asking details about my mother; what kind of house. Not a word.

Strange, but since I knew perfectly well that it was a dream, I decided to run to Marina's house and try to find her apartment. I knew what floor she lived on in reality (her friend mentioned that detail on the dog playground). I clearly thought in the dream that I did not want anything bad or vulgar. I just wondered what would happen and what, or who, I would see in this lucid dream.

On the street, I thought and remembered that the next door to “my” apartment could not be there in reality, since there should be a wall separating the apartments in that place. I also realized that in “my” apartment there was a wall near the door. There is no wall there in reality.

I felt tired running and almost stopped to rest. I thought about this interesting fact. After all, this is a lucid dream. Why can you get tired in it? I was also wondering if I would feel very tired in my legs when I wake up, remembering my physical body. But I kept my concentration on the “real” here and now and continued to live in a place that I knew was a lucid dream.

I sometimes wondered in the lucid dream about how it works. Therefore, I retained my thinking ability, imagination, and memory – which is logical, since the memory is located in the Astral body (soul), and not in the physical body.

I looked around me and was able to make out the smallest details on the sidewalk. For some reason, there were little green pieces on it.

Then two schoolchildren started talking to me about something, and then a modern Vityaz tram passed by. There was only one passenger in it. I mentioned the fact that there were no people.

At my destination the houses were about the same way as they are in real life. But the landscape was different. The first house had a hill with a staircase leading to its top.

The first house had a group of adults. I wondered if I might

run by a different path on the right. But then I decided to run past them.

One of them exclaimed something about his mother. Perhaps she died, and he was in grief.

I went around the house.

Strange, but I took it as normal that there were many tiled paths in front of the houses: straight and diagonal. There was almost no lawn. This does not exist in reality (thank God), but in my lucid dream I had the feeling as if I had seen it before.

I was approaching the entrance of the house to which I was running.

The lucid dream began to dissipate, and I could no longer keep my focus on it, although I tried. I gave up when I was fully awake.

My legs were not tired, as expected. But there was something strange happening with the size of the letters on the phone when I immediately began to write down the details of my lucid dream, being afraid to forget them. It seemed like they were becoming higher and thinner, then lower and thicker, and so on until they finally became their normal size.

That night, before my lucid dream, I had a dream about Marina from the village. The dream was sexual in nature. Then I woke up. It was already getting light outside. Then I fell asleep and for some reason decided to check the Moscow Marina in my lucid dream.

It was very interesting to know that in order not to return to

my physical body (wake up) I had to concentrate on the reality that was my lucid dream at that moment. Exactly how I must concentrate on reality in the real life in order to be focused on reality. Sorry for the tautology.

Then I could think in the lucid dream, which was not a surprise, since I know that, for example, the intellect remains with the Astral body when we leave our physical body.

But I am not saying that we are necessary located in the Astral body while we are in a lucid dream. So, Thao tells Michel after creating and showing him her illusion that their “astropsychic” bodies were separated from their physical bodies and others. Thao further said that the other bodies were: the physiological, the psychotypical, the Astral, and so on. Following this, she clarified to Michel that a direct correlation was established between their astropsychic bodies, and everything that she imagined was projected in Michel's astropsychic body exactly as if it was happening.

And so I had a question – where was Michel's intellect during Thao's illusion: together with the Astral body, physical body, and other bodies, or with the astropsychic body? In the first case, the astropsychic body plays the role of a barrier of some sort. But in the second, to which I am inclined, the intellect, together with the astropsychic body, was in a different place.

All 9 bodies, being an instrument, were created by the Superior Intelligence and therefore they are all material. I have already said my thought that there are smaller particles that



end with a vibration of infinite space. So, I think that different bodies are made up of different material units, each of which is smaller than the previous one. For visualization, we can take as an example a matryoshka doll inside which each other doll is smaller.

The Astral body is made up of electrons. If my assumption is correct, then the astropsychic body consists of particles that are smaller than the electron.

And so, when I was running in my lucid dream along a street that felt more than real, even though I knew that I was in a dream, I thought to myself what if it all made from particles that are smaller than the electron? That is, lucid dreams, and just dreams – are the real world, consisting of “low-level” matter that we cannot see under normal conditions. This can be compared to the Parallel Universe whose light and matter never touch our Universe. And if you want, you can think of it as another dimension – for now these details are not so important.

I know that many other people can manifest different things in their lucid dreams at will.<sup>[21]</sup> They can also instantly change their location, and some can move, as they say, in time.

You remember that I once learned telekinesis by moving the tip of a light thread by the will of thought. I believe that levitation is directly related to telekinesis. So Latoli told Michel that “levitation requires great concentration and quite an expenditure of energy”,<sup>15</sup> and it allows even them, people from the ninth

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<sup>15</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 226.

category, to travel only at a speed of seven kilometers per hour. Levitation is used by them during certain psychic exercises.

If my assumption about what dreams are made of is true, then it can be assumed that our mind needs far less energy to manipulate those smaller particles which dreams are made of. If this is so, then we can assume why we live in a more “higher level” material world – here we are not able to create our own Laws of the Universe by our own free will, but are forced to live with those Laws that the Superior Intelligence created for us – and, to some extent, itself, since we are one.

Having said all this, I assume that the Higher Self of a person can be responsible for most of what people see in their lucid dreams.

Where is the place where lucid dreams occur? If those particles are much smaller than an electron, then it may be closer than you think...

I did not think that I would write more about dreams, but on May 26, 2020 I had another lucid dream, the details of which were rather unusual for me not to mention it, given that dreams play an important role in my life.

First, I will say that after my first successful lucid dream, I thought about what else I could try to do and learn in them. I thought about looking at myself in the mirror; ask people around to remember the code word in order to actually write it on a certain website – of course, it is unlikely that other people in lucid dreams really have a particle of the Spirit in themselves and

therefore they are not “real”, but then who knows; I also fleetingly wondered if you can change your body in a lucid dream; and I also thought about the manifestation of objects in such dreams.

In another dream that I had that same night, but it was not lucid, I was in the village – but everything was not the same way it is in reality. I remember that at one moment I was under the rain on a field at an old stop. Two pipes protruded from it in the middle, standing next to each other. The stop itself was more like a bench with a roof, which saved me from the rain. The scene was taking place on the site of Malye Gorki, if you go from the chapel in the direction of the farm, but there were no houses around. There were either fields or forests everywhere. Opposite the stop there was another one, that looked almost identical. It was on the other side of the road, which was more like a path and was barely noticeable, being overgrown with grass. In the dream, I went to walk further, despite the rain which was no longer so strong. I think that at that time I saw a towering elm tree on my right hand – this is how I knew that I was in the village. I left the forest, which in reality would physically be located between the turn to the farm and the chapel, and tried to remember the entrance to it, do that to tell my friends about my find – and this is despite the fact that there was a road leading to the forest, and while it was covered in grass, but was still clearly visible. I did not see a single building or a single person, as well as animals, anywhere on the horizon.

I woke up and after a while fell asleep again to have a new

dream.

So, here is the description of my sixth lucid dream that was similar in length to my previous lucid dream.

I do not remember why, but I had a plastic window frame. I carried it with me and came to the village of *Ignatovo* where for some reason lived my childhood friend Anton. And he lived in a house where my grandmother used to live in reality. But the house was like a hybrid version of the real house in *Ignatovo* and our house in *Malye Gorki*. Stas was also in the house.

We were installing a window that was made in 3D, but it still felt heavy – which I mentioned in the dream – how can a not real window frame existing in a computer be heavy? Thanks to ray tracing, that frame really reflected the light and there was a feeling that it was real. We installed it in a window on the left side of the house where there were long windows consisting of three frames – as in the *Little House*. We replaced the old right wooden frame with a new one made in 3D. Then I noticed that my friend already had plastic windows installed on almost all other windows. I think that I decided to ask if he needed my window, so as I could take it to my house in *Malye Gorki* if he did not.

The placement of some rooms was unusual – they reminded me of the rooms that I saw on the second floor of *Vladik's* house in *Malye Gorki*.

Here I had thoughts appear that it was a dream and I could try

to gain control over it. With this, I focused on the here and now and gained control of my body.

I was in the house and I thought what to do: go inside where, most likely, old acquaintances were, or run out. I ran out.

It turned out that I was in my village house in Malye Gorki, which surprised me because during my whole dream I thought we were in Ignatovo, even though the house did sometimes look like our village house.

As far as I remember, it was sunny. I went out onto the gravel road in front of the house and looked around, without a clear goal or plan on where I should go in this lucid dream and what to do. I went towards the chapel.

When I was near the neighbor's poplar, I looked to the left. To the left of Ira's house and her neighbor Katya, everything was changed a lot. New two-story houses were being built in the backyards, the design of which I tried to remember – I remember how I noted the curled wall of one house. Other buildings were either unfinished or destroyed. I noted for myself how the village was turning into a dacha, a settlement where one house stands right next to the other in all directions.

Going a little further, I decided to say hello to people who were sitting on a bench by Katya's house. I only remember a strong man who was without a shirt. His skin was tanned. For some reason, I did not notice them when I was looking at new buildings.

And so, I said hello and... here I realized that my voice was

female!

Then, going further, I greeted someone sitting on a bench near Ira's house. My voice was still female!

I looked down my body to see if it was also female. I do not know why, but I was wearing a lot of clothes, considering that it was, apparently, the summer. Perhaps I could see the outlines of small breasts, and it may well be that the femoral part was also wider than the "usual" that I see in the real self. I do not remember if in the lucid dream I touched "my female breasts" – words that I never thought I would ever be uttering...

Now I was at Vladik's house, and then Marina came out. She was very glad to see me and rushed to hug me. Realizing that this is a dream, we started... kissing on the lips. My friend did not oppose this at all, and I had the thought that I had been in a male body, everything would have been completely different... I think that it soon became clear that Marina was married and I dismissed all thoughts about sex with her? I do not remember exactly the details.

Then came Vladik, whom I modestly hug with my hand around his back, patting his shoulder blade slightly. Apparently, both Vladik and Marina were adolescents.

In the lucid dream, I knew that Marina knew me, but in the girl's body, for a long time, and we were friends... well, or girlfriends, given the unusual situation of my body in that lucid dream.

With our hands around each other's backs, Marina and I

went along the road towards the chapel. We were talking about something.

Soon, I remembered to ask Marina to remember “3 6 9” and write these numbers to me in a message on VK when she wakes up. I asked her to repeat what I had told her, but, jokingly, she gave a different number. I think I asked her to remember my words again.

Having passed the house of Yana, we stopped, and after talking about something I mentioned to Marina, who was already standing a meter and a half away from me, that we are currently in a lucid dream. I think I expected surprise from her, but she was not at all surprised to hear this.

As far as I remember, at that time I already had my own male voice – I do not know at what moment the change took place.

Perhaps the conversation continued and it may well be that we went further, since the next thing that I remember, we were already at the chapel.

I do not know why it got dark on the street, as if it was already dusk – either clouds covered the sky, or it was just evening.

If I remember correctly, Marina gave me the choice to go to Natasha, or continue our journey to another part of the village. I wanted to go to Natasha, and I had the thought that I wanted to try to have sex in a lucid dream – with Natasha or Marina, and maybe with both, I do not remember; also at that moment I remembered Marina’s marriage, which for some reason suddenly ceased to be a barrier – was it the fact that it was just a dream,

even if it was lucid, that I decided to play naughty and see what happens?

We went through the gate and passed the first house, when suddenly from an indefinite direction an alarming, unpleasant and unique sound began to be heard. I had never heard that sound before. Marina immediately stopped me and exclaimed that this sound means danger. I agreed with her, and we went back. The sound died down as we left and completely disappeared when we were already beyond the fence.

I think we went in the direction of turning to the farm, and I told Marina that I need to meet people like her more often in lucid dreams, people who know something about dreams and can teach me.

The dream disappeared and I woke up.

A long time, I was thinking that while one of our psychic bodies is immortal, the other is born and dies simultaneously with the physical body and, accordingly, also has an effect on how we see and feel ourselves in our new physical body.

I remembered these thoughts, since when in my unusual lucid dream I was in a girl's body, psychologically I could feel a slight difference in her thinking and worldview coming from her female body – she really felt like a girl, and not like a man in a girl's body, but at the same time my previous thoughts about how we all think like people remain valid. It is also important to note that at one time I clearly sensed that that girl liked guys.



I thought after that dream that this mortal psychological body might have something to do with why women like men and men like women. But then I thought about animals, who consist of only 3 bodies. Can animals, in addition to a physical and physiological body, also have a psychological body (which is not the psyche of a person)? If not, then there must be another reason why in nature creatures are drawn to the opposite sex...

Why could I even feel in my lucid dream what it is like to be a girl who likes guys, while I am a guy of traditional sexual orientation, and I am more than happy with being a man? People do actions based on the knowledge they have; therefore, I would assume that data (knowledge), that were temporarily recorded in me in that dream, played a role here.

Here I remember how we preview our lives with our Higher Self, and then the material knowledge gained is erased from our soul. Perhaps, during such dreams, the necessary data is written into one of our psychological bodies, for example, and then erased? I do not think that data is written into the soul, since knowledge from the soul can be erased only in the River of Oblivion, and this happens when you do not have a physical body and you are with your Higher Self. Why a psychological body? Because sex drive refers, in part, to psychology, to how we see the world and its various details – knowledge also plays a primary role here.

Here we must also remember that the soul is not the only immortal human body. It may well be that other mortal and

immortal bodies can also store knowledge and data that our intellect can use. The psyche, for example, is part of the soul, and, apparently, data can also be stored in it, which remains and passes with us into the next lives.

Here we can also touch on the topic of homosexuality. Thao said that a homosexual is a neurotic. I have always been of a traditional sexual orientation, but I think that because of my childhood homosexual experience due to ignorance in conjunction with the neurosis, I sometimes felt strange urges to get slightly aroused when I saw handsome guys.

Having knowledge from Thiaoouba, I immediately realized what was happening, and, like in the case of planetophobia and the vision of “It,” I simply took these urges for what they were – for the logical consequence of my nervous state – and I removed them. I was not afraid of this condition and did not try to forget about it or “run away” from it – it is important to understand that the problem can be eliminated only with complete openness to it and acceptance of its real existence. As a result, I no longer have these symptoms when I see beautiful people of my gender.

I will return to the topic of homosexuality at the end of the book, but for now I want to draw your attention to what you may have already noticed yourself. In my lucid dream I felt like a girl who liked guys, and yet at the same time she happily kissed a girl. This... contradiction is important.

This lucid dream also led me to realize that in my previous lucid dream, where I was at school, I was still a young man of

smaller stature than I am now. In that first long lucid dream, I did not pay attention, but as I recall, I had to raise my head up to look at adults in “my” apartment, and when schoolchildren of short stature, who were no more than 13 years of age, approached me on the street, their eyes were at the level of mine. Most likely throughout all that lucid dream I was a child of short stature, but since I was still in my “familiar” body, I had no reason to try to examine it.

It is very interesting how in lucid dreams we can be in different bodies that feel very realistic.

As for the unusual monotonous sound that signaled danger, I feel that the danger came from my thoughts about sex with friends, and not from what or whom we could meet if we went further to the house. That is, even in lucid dreams, you should not commit bad deeds, and even more so crimes. Perhaps this refers to the fact that our psyche, and maybe our soul, will still absorb bad, negative data from our actions in lucid dreams which can be negatively manifested in real life when this negative data will contribute to our committing errors.

If you are interested, no one wrote me “3 6 9”. It is logical to assume that all people in lucid dreams are simply “robots” that exist to create a specific story – something like an animated film where it is difficult to distinguish a real person from a person created in 3D.

Is it possible that different people may be in the same dream? If my thoughts that lucid dreams are created from very small

particles that exist in the Universe are correct, then it may well be. We need more serious scientific research in this area.

What I have little doubt is that dreams do not occur in the imagination, since having my experience with fantasies, I can say that dreams, unlike the imagination, are clearly “felt” – albeit not in the same way as what we reality feels like to us. For this reason, I am again inclined to believe that dreams are created from small particles.

Let me remind you that the Superior Intelligence, being a *pure spirit*, decided to create the physical world precisely in order to be able to feel it with the help of a special creature – human (Thao speaks about this when she tells Michel about the “Ovoastromic Force”). For this reason, I believe that everything that we can feel is the matter that was created by the Superior Intelligence. Lucid dreams can be viewed as a very miniature version of the real world where, quite possibly, there are physical features that are not in our higher-level “real world”.

Some time later, I had another lucid dream in which I was in some dark building. There was nobody in it but me. The setting reminded me somewhat of the video game *Silent Hill 3*, which had similar locations in office buildings. I did not have a strong desire to stay in that building, and I went to the exit. Approaching the main door, I had the clear understanding appear that if I went out, the dream would end. But my soul really wanted to be outside, and I opened the door. The dream did actually end.

It turns out that even though we have control over our bodies

in a lucid dream, this is not our dream; we are like a guest in it. It is interesting to note here that the Higher Self will not give a solution to the problem in the morning if that solution is not useful to it. It may well be – and this is just one of the speculations – that the Higher Self created that dream for me so that I could learn a certain lesson from it, but when I decided to play by my own rules, the Higher Self “canceled” that dream, because what I could learn outside the building would not benefit it. But then, thinking about all this, would I be making all these assumptions if I had not decided to do it my own way by opening the front door?

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My previous discussion about lucid dreams reminded me of how, on January 13, 2014, I made a post in the Thiaoouba Prophecy XP group about two unnamed bodies of people. But of interest here is the dispute that arose in the comments regarding what the Spirit is made of.

I already mentioned that Thao “dictated” to Michel the details while he was writing his book. Moreover, since Michel had just made his journey, he still clearly remembered many things. Many people know that over time people tend to forget the details, and therefore it is best to write important moments of life in a diary. Because of these facts, together with my life experience proving the veracity of Michel Desmarquet's book “Thiaoouba Prophecy”, I know that all the details in Michel's book must be perfectly accurate. For this reason, I have repeatedly had to

correct various people in the group, pointing them the words of their comments and posts that contradict the knowledge from Thiaoouba Prophecy.

So, Michel Desmarquet gave a lecture in 1997 where he said that the Spirit is made of electrons. It is worth saying that Michel Desmarquet reiterates that the Spirit, or the Superior Intelligence, is made of electrons in his audio interview with Michael Meanwell “Thiaoouba Truth”.

Unfortunately, this is not so, if we take into account what was written by Michel Desmarquet in the book, when Thao still had the opportunity to help him without making a mistake for which she would have to pay with suffering.

It must be said that the words “pure spirit” are mentioned earlier in the book too, and they definitely speak of the Superior Intelligence. Here are all 4 mentions from Michel Desmarquet’s book “Abduction to the 9th Planet”:

1) *Page 116*: “As you have heard, in the beginning there was the Spirit alone and he created, by his immense force, all that exists materially. He created the planets, the suns, plants, animals, with one goal in mind: to satisfy his spiritual need. This is quite logical since he is **purely spirit**.”<sup>16</sup>

2) *Page 121*: “We know you have already been favourably impressed by what you have seen on our planet. As you see more, you will appreciate that it is what you would call on Earth, ‘a paradise’; and yet, compared with true happiness, when you

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<sup>16</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 116.

become a **pure spirit**, it is still nothing.”<sup>17</sup>

3) *Page 206*: “(3) And he said, ‘Lord and master, if I have found grace in your eyes, I beg you not to go far from your servant.’ Abraham invites the three men to stay. The scribe refers to them as men one minute and yet one of them is also called ‘the Lord God’. He speaks to them and each time, it is the one referred to as ‘the Lord God’ who replies. Now, the priests of the Roman Catholic Church find this in formal contradiction with their views, as do many other religions, for they will tell you that no one can imagine the face of God – that one would be blinded by it. In a sense they are right, since the Creator, being a **pure spirit**, has no face!”<sup>18</sup>

4) *Page 251*: “I know, but I intend helping you to understand. An Astral body is not quite what you would call a **pure spirit**. On Earth, there is a belief that the spirit is made of nothing. This is false. The Astral body is composed of billions of electrons, exactly marrying your physical shape.”<sup>19</sup>

The book clearly states that the electrons of the Astral bodies were created at the time of the creation of the Universe, and they have a life expectancy of about ten billion trillion of our years. Further, on the same page, Thao says that “an Astral body is not quite what you would call a pure spirit”.

Then Thao tells that the Astral body is made of billions

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<sup>17</sup> Ibid., 121.

<sup>18</sup> Ibid., 206.

<sup>19</sup> Ibid., 251.

of electrons. This once again shows that there is a difference between the Astral body (soul, spirit) and the pure spirit (Superior Intelligence, The Spirit), which is a part of the Superior Intelligence, with whom we reunite after passing through our life cycles, leaving all our bodies (Astral, psychic, and others).

It is worth clarifying that when the word “spirit” (with a small letter and without the word “pure(ly)” before it) is mentioned in the book “Thiaoouba Prophecy”, it means the Astral body/soul, and only the word “Spirit” (with a capital letter) means the Superior Intelligence.

A little lower on the same page, Thao says the following: “Like all things electronic, the Astral body – tool of the Higher-self – is quite a delicate tool.”<sup>20</sup> A tool is what was *created* by an intellectual entity in order to fulfill its needs.

And in the fourth chapter, Thao teaches Michel Desmarquet: “In the beginning there was nothing except darkness and a spirit – *THE Spirit*”. And in the sixth chapter, Thaora says the following: “As you have heard, in the beginning there was the Spirit alone and he created, by his immense force, all that exists materially”. We can see from these quotes that initially there was only the Spirit, and everything that exists materially is, in one way or another, an instrument of the Spirit.

I think that the aforementioned mistake of Michel's lecture lies in the fact that after ten years Michel Desmarquet simply forgot some details and confused the Higher Self with the Spirit.

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<sup>20</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 252.



The Higher Self does actually consist of electrons, being the same creation of the Spirit as everything else that exists materially.

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In chapter four, when Thao talks about how worlds, suns, and atoms were formed in billions of years, we can find the following note: “for the Creator of course, it is eternally the ‘present’, but it is more at the level of our understanding to count by billions of years”.<sup>21</sup> In my childhood, I sometimes realized the impossibility of life because of time. There should always be a beginning in material life, and therefore life could not exist indefinitely, since life is a cause and effect, or the interaction of many material “particles” with each other in accordance with the Laws of the Universe. And yet, it is obvious that life exists even if a person lives in the imagination. This means that the Spirit (the Superior Intelligence) always exists, and it is logical that the Universe was created by the Intellect. Only intelligence can set in motion space and the matter created from it. Without the wish of the intellect to create something, everything would be motionless – which is what Thao and Thaora taught us.

I have always been intrigued by the fact that in the Parallel Universe of the Earth, time is “suspended”, as Thao said. For this reason, people and other creatures, who got into that Universe by accident and are still in it, have no desire to eat or drink, and do not age in the Parallel Universe. But at the same time, creatures can easily move, and it seems that it takes them the same time it

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<sup>21</sup> Ibid., 84.

does in our Universe. For many years I thought about how this is possible. I think you know that in order to find the speed you need to divide the distance by time, and dividing by zero usually gives an “error” in the calculator. Some people point out that dividing by zero gives negative and positive infinity – depending on whether the dividend is less than zero or not.

My thoughts about the Universe and the Superior Intelligence, who exists forever, have led me to a very simple conclusion – that from which material particles are “created” also exists forever!

In the book Thiaoouba Prophecy, Thao very often uses the word “vibration”. Reading the book, we can conclude that everything is a simple vibration! And this is logical.

Thiaoouba numbers explain why zero is a circle. This shape has no angles, no beginning, and no end. It is “eternal”. About the same thing happens with the “foundation” (space) of all matter – it is eternal and cannot be created or destroyed – it simply is, just like the Spirit.

If I am right in my reasoning that matter is only a vibration of the infinite space – naturally, there are lots of vibrations in this matter – this means that nothing really moves (or it moves, but very little), and the vibrational information is only transmitted “further” into the space. Like a wave from a thrown stone on the surface of a quiet lake. If you look at the water from above, then the atoms remain almost in one place (naturally, when the wave rises, the atoms gather closer to the top of the peak where the density is higher), only information (wave) moves.

This means that when, say, a ball flies in the air, there is a movement of waves (vibrations that the ball consists of) in the space – a ball, roughly speaking, like a wave is created ahead, and then created again and again as it moves.

The Four Forces of the Universe, as well as other force fields, also play their role in motion and in the interaction of different vibrations with each other.

I must say that it helped me better understand the so-called “trans-substantiation”. This is a technique that allows you to instantly (well, or almost instantly – I am not sure) move in the space between the star domains – namely, you must first fly outside a star system and only then use the trans-substantiation – otherwise the device will explode. Michel Desmarquet mentioned this in his audio interview.

Is my supposition really true? Research and scientific experiments are needed here.

Also, after recording my thoughts, I wondered – is this not like quantum physics?

Speaking of vibrations, I will add that Thiaouobians have the term “cold magnetic force”. This is the same force that we call “gravity”. They are able to neutralize cold magnetic force by raising certain high frequency vibrations to become “weightless”.

Reflecting on my understandings, it became clear why time does not exist and everything is eternally the present. Just like why even though time is suspended in the Parallel Universe of the Earth, but people trapped in there can still easily move in space.

What we call time is only a period of something that returns to its original state. We take one such period as a unit.

If my supposition about the vibration of the infinite space is correct, then there is the smallest vibration in the Universe which is the basis and the smallest unit of time.

An example of other periods is the revolution of the planet around its axis and the revolution of the planet around the sun.

A second, for example, is “the time equal to 9 192 631 770 periods of radiation corresponding to the transition between two ultrathin levels of the ground state of the cesium-133 atom”.

Time can be compared with the clock speed of computers that is achieved thanks to the oscillator. During many cycles various operations are performed, the result of which is then displayed on the screen, if I am to talk about it shortly.

So, it can be assumed that there are several “oscillators” in the Universe that set in motion different types of matter. And now, apparently, in the Parallel Universe the “oscillator” responsible for movement in the physiological body either does not exist or is stopped, because of which people in that place do not want to eat and do not feel pain. The “movement” or work of their internal organs is stopped, and they do not send any signals to the brain.

From this it follows that the perception of time depends on how many such periods (vibrations) are processed by the brain per unit of time (which is a larger period – a second in our case).

I recently learned about a study that says that the perception of time in animals differs from that of humans.<sup>[22]</sup> For a fly, for

example, time moves several times “slower” than for us. They see everything in a “slowed down” (from our point of view, but not theirs) movement and therefore have enough time to dodge the fly swatter. For other animals, time, on the contrary, moves “faster” in relation to our perception.

Another perception has to do with how we feel the world around us. When Thao created the illusion for Michel, she said that she could make him believe that the comet did not burn his face, but froze instead. This made me think – why do we feel the world the way we feel it? Given that everything material was created by the Superior Intelligence, then for certain he had to make a choice in favor of one sensation, and not another. For example, we could feel the feeling of being cold when the temperature was rising, and we could feel the feeling of heat when it was lowering.

I also know that there are people who, due to mutations in DNA, can easily eat the food that is perceived as bitter for most other people. This is one of the proofs that absolutely the same thing can be perceived in completely different ways.

Then, not so long ago, I learned about “synesthesia”.<sup>[23]</sup> There are people who see sounds; or letters of the alphabet are associated with certain colors for them.

Without getting too far from the topic of periods of the infinite space, I would express my thoughts on what Thao said about the creation of the Universe by the Superior Intelligence: “Once he [the Superior Intelligence] had an overall view of what

he wanted to create, he was able, by his exceptional spiritual force, to create, *instantaneously*, the four forces of the Universe. With these, he directed the first and the most gigantic atomic explosion of all time – what certain people on Earth call ‘The Big Bang’.”

Now the word “instantaneously” seems to be very logical, because then, when the four forces of the Universe were created, the Universe itself did not exist, and, accordingly, all space was motionless, and everything was “darkness”: “In the beginning there was nothing except darkness and a spirit – *THE Spirit*”. And darkness is essentially a lack of data, and, if you like, a lack of movement. Only after the creation of the four forces of the Universe, the Spirit was able to set space in motion – it began to oscillate, periods (time) appeared. The forces themselves, as I suppose, keep the vibrations of space in one place in relation to each other, and the forces also move these vibrations when it is required by the Universal Law (someone would say “laws of physics”) – but this is just my hypothesis. And what we see, hear, touch, smell, and feel is just the interpretation of these different vibrations.

Of course, this also raises the question of what were those four forces created from? It turns out that we have the Spirit; the space from which everything material was created; and that from which the four forces of the Universe were created. All appear to have existed eternally.

Immediately we can say about the Thiaooubian number zero,

which is a circle. Zero is also “nothing”. Zero is the only Thiaooubian number that has no corners. Further, being a circle, zero is an “eternal” figure that has no beginning and no end. For these reasons, I think that zero could mean the original motionless space when the Universe did not exist yet. The rest of the numbers may be related to the created Universe.

Sometimes I get the thought that life is a kind of film, embodied in flesh from the imagination [of the Superior Intelligence], in which high resolution of the eyes, the sensitivity of the ears, etc., allow us to have a clear and continuous mental picture – we do not see individual construction blocks from which the material world is created (cells, atoms, etc.). As an analogy, we can cite the pixels that create the image on the monitor screen, and if the screen’s resolution is high enough, and we ourselves are at the required distance from it, then we will see a clear continuous image (we will not see individual pixels). Life could well consist of geometric shapes, or waves instead of creatures, but would it be interesting to experience, sense, and feel such a life? Just how interesting would it be for us to play and look at 3 pixels on a black screen? When we were just developing computer technologies, people actually played such games (ping-pong, for example), and they were interested, and some are still interested. Can we draw conclusions about whether other Universes existed before our own, and if so, what they looked like?

Then, if an artist draws a non-existent creature, he will not

be able to feel what it is like to be that creature – he can only imagine what it is like to live in the body of that creature. The Universe allows the Spirit to feel what it really is like to live in the body of all the creatures that he imagined before the creation of the Universe.

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As for my current being, I know that I just need to get used to making the right choices in my life until it becomes automatic. To achieve this, I made myself 3 rules that I try to follow.

The first rule. I listen to my five senses for living in the present. I imagine or remember something only when it is necessary.

Thoughts about the past almost always led me to fantasies... But then it was thanks to the recollections of the past and subsequent fantasies that I was able to “accidentally” recall some important details for this book – details that more clearly showed my motivation when I was doing some of my erroneous actions.

In fact, this is what I was thinking of doing even before I found out about Thiaoouba, but I could not start living in a new way due to the lack of knowledge that I have now.

It is worth noting again the simple detail that you need to live reality, and not think about the fact that you need to live reality. In the second case, the person is still living in his head, which can lead to stupor of speech, for example. Usually, life in the present is accompanied by relaxation and purity of mind.

And of course, you should not take matters to the extreme, namely to aphantasia, when a person does not know how to



imagine things at all.<sup>[24]</sup> A person can, and sometimes must, dip into his mind and analyze all the data that comes from his five senses – but it may not be worth doing it 24/7 – everything needs to be in balance for a harmonious life. And if you are one of those people who have aphantasia, then I would advise you to pay attention to the exercise with the colored circles, which long time ago helped me learn to switch between different hemispheres of my brain at will; and soon I was able to see Auras by activating my pineal gland. Having learned to consciously activate different regions of your brain, you could well try to activate the one that is responsible for the imagination, while trying to imagine something in your “mind's eye”.

The second rule. I am relaxed.

And thirdly, I remain positive about what surrounds me. For example, this refers to the dullness of winter weather, which is so familiar to many Russians, and which was one of the reasons why so many years ago I wanted so much to go to where the sun shines almost all year round, and the trees remain covered with leaves for the winter.

In the cold period of 2019-2020, I tried to take the natural leafless environment for what it is, trying to see the reason for the need for such a cycle in nature – so that plants can winter the cold – I tried to find beauty in the design and work of nature. This mental approach helped me not to feel melancholy, and it also helped with boredom.

The third rule replaced my old idea that in order not to remain

in a sad state all the time, I will get out of fantasies only when I need it. It does not work since it usually takes time to restore focus – which is logical, since everything has its consequences.

Throw a grain into the water, and it hardly sways the water molecules. Throw a stone into the water and the water will not be able to calm down for a long time.

Since the constant presence in oneself has a large “mass”, the consequences of such actions do not pass immediately. From the spiritual point of view, these logical consequences are suffering for the committed mistake; the suffering that, like the waves on the surface of the lake, will pass sooner or later – when this happens in many ways, if not in all, depends on you.

Yes, there are times when something happens, and a person immediately gets full control over his body, but these cases are rare and usually have a negative cause.

The above analogy is also appropriate for the skills of people: singing, playing musical instruments, sports skills, the ability to see Auras, telepathy, telekinesis, etc. If a person does not support those skills, then over time they will get “quiet”. Of course, often, a person can rekindle them.

This partly applies to finding a girlfriend as well. We never know when we may meet a single woman (or a man if you are a woman), and it is in our interest to be in our best light at that moment.

As for architecture, it could be more friendly to human psychology. But there is little that can be done while people use

money domestically. Since all people do what will benefit them, builders under capitalism will only think about architecture if it will bring monetary benefits. As you know, “ordinary” people do not have money. At the same time, we have everything we need (knowledge, resources, and technology) so that absolutely all people can live in complete comfort...

Thus, I try to preserve my physical and mental strength to live as happy a life as I can have. This includes doing the right things, such as continuing to search for a girlfriend and increasing my spiritual knowledge through new life experiences.

Interestingly, to increase the chances of finding a second half, you need to stop thinking about sex, the absence of a loved one, and just live as happily as possible. Be yourself!

Of course, this is logical, since with this approach a person relaxes and stops showing his psychological barriers on his face and body language. People are drawn to such individuals. For example, people who have a loved one often attract attention because they can relax in the circle of other people and be themselves.

And if I do not find anyone in this life, then maybe I will not make so many ridiculous mistakes in the next one – which will increase my chances for happiness.

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At the end of the main book, I want to mention where else you can find the duality of life.

At one end of the spectrum there are people who believe in

everything, even if the teachings from those different sources of information contradict each other.

At the other end of the spectrum are those people who refuse to accept the existence of something greater, that is, in their opinion, beyond science, not realizing that the greater and spiritual is also science, with its own laws and principles of work. Ghosts, Auras, Telekinesis, etc. – everything works according to its own laws. The laws that for many people on Earth still remain undiscovered. All these things can, and should, become part of science.

We should try to be in the golden middle of that spectrum when we do not hurry to take every single thing for the truth, but we also do not hurry to sweep away everything that seems to us to be “supernatural”. This approach will help to avoid many mistakes and suffering.

I myself try to take a neutral position about what I have no ultimate knowledge about. That is, I try not to use the words “I believe, I do not believe” at all. I either know or I do not know and remain neutral regarding some question. This is also important from a psychological point of view, since with this approach you will not be disappointed if your belief turns out to be wrong (and in some cases a person will not be able to admit his mistake at all). And I do not experience any psychological problems because I do not know something – the important thing is that I strive to learn something new.

It is a fact that before people did not know many Laws

of the Universe that we know now. People had to prove the reality of the existence of many things that today are considered commonplace. The fact is also that many of those people were laughed at, and some were considered crazy.<sup>[25]</sup> They did not know that madness is a loss of control over oneself and therefore has nothing to do with the ideas put forward. The maximum that they could say is that a person was mistaken in his judgments and conclusions.

Now the same thing is happening. People do not learn from history, including scientists who should know about the history of their former colleagues.

Previously, people did not believe that electromagnetic radiation existed, but then it was proven to be real. And now, scientists are again skeptical of Auras, and yet their existence has already been proved by Russian scientists.<sup>[26]</sup>

Perhaps this may be because they do not know that man has not gone through evolution and has everything that he must have in his body. It is clear that they could not know this. But now they have a chance.

You can prove to yourself the existence of Auras if you follow my experience when I myself learned to see them. If I could see them despite all my problems of that time, then you too can. The study of Auras is very important for human society, as the vision of Auras will help get rid of the wide range of problems that we have now.

I believe that it is easiest to prove the existence of the Higher

Self. I only had to ask my Higher Self to wake me up at a particular time. Of course, if you are not serious, or you need to learn something else in life, then your Higher Self may ignore your requests.

I could try to prove the existence of telekinesis to help people with the adoption of Michel Desmarquet's book *Thiaoouba Prophecy*. While working on this book in self-isolation, I tried to practice telekinesis again. I was not able to reach the level where I could move the tip of the suspended thread by a few centimeters, but I will try not to be lazy and practice telekinesis as often as possible.

Scientists themselves could prove the existence of ghosts, for example, using their own video cameras. There are a huge number of abandoned buildings in the world where people lived and died. In general, the more people died in a building, the greater the chance that you will be lucky to photograph the “19% of electrons” that make up ghosts – of course, it is also important for how long a person lived in the building, because 19% of electrons, having memory, return to the places they knew, loved, or hated. If there are many cameras covering the entire building, and the shooting itself takes about a year 24/7, then the chances are very high that 19% of the electrons will be captured on video. If a face is visible, it will be possible to identify which person owned those 19% of the electrons, and when it becomes known that that person is dead, this will be proof of the existence of a soul (Astral body), and people who have experience seeing ghosts

will no longer be considered “crazy” or weird.

I had to go through a lot in my life, and I learned a lot, but I also understand that so many more things still remain a mystery to me.

Thanks to my knowledge, I was able to get out of depression and became more calm about what life teaches me. I try to remove all the negativity from my life, striving to go to love, and I hope that you will choose the same path.

# The Planet of Sorrows

Part of me wishes this July 6, 2020 addition would finish my book on a joyful note... But on the other hand, I have some cautionary stories that can help other people, and they will also give the Manifesto chapter in my book more reasons for its existence, because we still have something to work on to become a truly civilized society.

On the seventeenth of June, at about 5 pm, I met the girl D in one of Moscow's parks. She was very understanding and did not oppose my company. We talked with her on various topics and it seemed that we have a lot in common.

Still quite stubborn, I sometimes stuttered in my speech, and then I told the girl about the true reasons for stuttering. Perhaps my words about my knowledge and personal experience flew past her for some reason, and the girl advised me to see a doctor.

She wanted to go riding the scooters, but I did not have the required app on my phone to rent one. We decided that I would buy her some water, and she would pay for the rental of my scooter. At the water vending machine, she chose kvass, which cost 80 rubles. I only had banknotes in my wallet, as days earlier I had given all the coins to my mother so that she could pay for the ticket on the village bus. The machine gave me kvass and my change of 20 rubles from my 100-ruble banknote.

D needed to charge the phone, and we sat on a bench with



an outlet under wooden arches. During the conversation, the girl herself decided to tell me about her work in a beauty salon. I remembered this because she mentioned that this particular salon had super-advanced technologies for facial shaping. During her story, D's eyes did not look at me and were not focused on anything.

My first scooter experience went well. Initially, I was a little worried about my health, but in the end everything was fine. While scooter-riding, D casually asked me if I was on social networks and had friends.

Once we were done riding scooters, we exchanged phone numbers.

She had to go for an internship at a beauty salon where she recently got a job in a senior management position. I decided to accompany her and talk more at the same time.

D was a lawyer by training, and between the words she mentioned that in one of the firms where she once wanted to get a job, the boss told her in plain text that their team had deliberately sent a person to jail in order to get his money or something like that. She immediately condemned the act and said that she decided not to work there.

Coming closer and closer to her place of work, I did not get alarmed by the fact that when a dead pigeon lay on the road in front of us, the girl first said how poor he was, and then she began to laugh – she quickly commented that it was so sad, and yet she is amused. I thought she was just very cheerful – she was very

positive and sweet all the time.

Not far from the beauty salon, we said goodbye, and she said that we would talk later.

I had flashbacks about Katya who also gave me her phone number, but then refused to write me and meet. Going home, I no longer thought about getting acquainted with someone else, since that would be wrong from a moral point of view.

When I opened WhatsApp at home, I was pleasantly surprised to see a voice message from D. She said that it was necessary to come to the beauty salon in a black and white uniform, and not in a dress, as she did, and therefore the manager sent her for a walk. Well... things happen...

I continued to work on translating my book, which you are reading now, into English and on adding important details that I missed. In the course of my work, I corresponded a little with D.

She was not a photo model, but a pretty, sweet girl nonetheless. Most importantly, she seemed to be a rather sincere and open person. Well, as for some of her shortcomings and problems, I was ready to accept them, realizing that it is difficult to find an ideal person in all spheres on the planet of the first category.

I remembered about the Pareto principle and about the fact that on the day I met D, I just wanted to take a walk in the park that I decided not to go to any more specifically for meeting girls, as I spend a lot of time and energy trying to ask one-two girls if they wanted to get to know me.

On Friday, June nineteenth, D sent me a voicemail saying how a thirty-eight-year-old man approached her to meet her. She mentioned that he was very strange and was following her. She was not very comfortable in the park, and she mentioned how she herself might need to get acquainted with someone so that to be protected. Her voice did not betray any alarm, but rather the opposite.

I thought to myself how I did not want to approach anyone else, but D did not refuse to meet another man.

On the same day, after a couple of other messages, D invited me to a restaurant. I told her earlier that I had money problems, especially after the coronavirus and self-isolation, and she asked again if I was okay with her idea. I understood that a restaurant is expensive, and D and I did not really get to know each other yet, but I wanted to get the experience of visiting a restaurant, and so I agreed. We agreed to meet at 5:30 pm in the park as she had some things to take care of.

D was a little late. I could not help but smell the scent from her freshly washed hair. It seemed that they were still wet. Then I forgot that she said that she lived outside Moscow, and it took her about 20 minutes to get to the park.

Even before our second meeting, I was thinking that I need to tell her about my life so that she knows and can make a decision whether I suit her or not. I thought that I should immediately mention that I am looking for a girlfriend in order to have a serious relationship; it is not easy for me to be alone without love,

and so I would not tell such a story if it was not true, as I perfectly understand what most people will think about me.

At the place where the newlyweds leave locks, D expressed her disapproval of marriages of convenience. She was only for a love marriage. Then I asked her about the 38-year-old man and how his inadequacy was expressed – so that I can learn from his mistakes.

We sat down by the pond and continued our conversation. On this day, I almost did not stutter, having done work regarding my mistakes. D noticed this.

I told her my story with stuttering, from the sad events that happened when I was five, and to me forgiving my father for his old drunken act. I got the impression that she did not really believe in the simplicity of the truth of stuttering. Perhaps the fact that I sometimes stuttered because of my stubbornness to get everything out of my head played a role in this.

I think I touched on the topic of Thiaoouba and talked a little about reincarnation. She jokingly rejected the idea of reincarnation. She herself said several times that we live only once. But she told about her dream where she saw Jesus, and mentioned that she believed in him. I found it interesting, as I saw that we had something in common. Because of this, she began to interest me even more. Then she mentioned that she knew quite a bit about psychology...

After some time, she took me to a cafe to deprive me of my “restaurant virginity”.

I ordered myself a Caesar salad, which I once bought for the CEO in the office where I worked as a courier. She chose fish, and we decided to try pear tea.

While talking about movies and TV shows, we came across the topic of Auras and capitalism. I told her that if Aura could be photographed in every clinic, and it would immediately diagnose the physical and mental state of a person, it would leave many people without work – why money is the main mistake of our society. She thought about it and agreed.

We ate and the bill was brought to us. Seeing the familiar figure of 2020 rubles, I immediately remembered ZOZO and how the previous time I saw this number, I was deceived by the book publisher. But, if we take this number as a sign of danger, what could be dangerous in this situation? The girl was pretty sweet and said things that I mostly agreed with. Yes, she called me to a cafe herself at my expense, but it was the beginning of summer, and we had just emerged from the two-month self-isolation – it is not a crime to go once to a restaurant. In addition, in Russia it is accepted for some reason that man pays for a woman in such establishments, and she mentioned earlier in the voice message that usually guys themselves invite girls to cafes, but due to various nuances she decided to ask herself. As for the 'Cafe Siren' ("Cafe Lilac" in literal translation), in which we were, I knew about its existence for a long time. In fact, the cafe has been around since 1956. There can be no problems here.

I paid by credit card for our dinner, and D told me about

the meaning of the blue plastic cup, in which people usually leave money to tip the waiters. She said that usually it is about a hundred rubles. The minimum banknote in my wallet was five hundred rubles. Naturally, I could not tip that much, but I also did not want to leave nothing at all as this was my first time in a restaurant. Then I found the only 2 coins in my wallet – the same 20 rubles that I got from the vending machine with water 2 days ago when buying kvass. Yet another ZO...

I left 20 rubles as a tip, and D and I went for a walk.

I think that it was then that D began to speak in a way that showed that she was not interested in a relationship with me – if I was interested in a girl, I would not be telling her “when you find a boyfriend...”, or something like that. I think that I was a little upset because of this realization, but at the same time I was glad that I was getting at least some kind of life experience, and I was not just wandering alone among a city populated by millions of people.

During the conversation, it became clear that she loves money and material things. She mentioned how she could buy clothes for 20,000 rubles so that they would just hang in the closet. She also loved to travel and visited different countries.

The sun went down, and I decided to walk with D to her stop as it was already dark. She told me that she had made an appointment with a doctor for diagnostics, as she had been sleeping badly for a year, falling asleep only in the morning. By looking at her it was not at all obvious that she had problems with

sleep, since I know perfectly well from my own experience what state a person would be in at 10 PM after many months of lack of sleep. D was very cheerful, but I was beginning to yawn...

I told her about my experience with meditation, thanks to which I began to fall asleep calmly and quickly many years ago. I advised her to try to concentrate on the breath or on the sounds around her, and perhaps then she would not have to go to the doctor.

Not far from the stop, she unexpectedly said goodbye to me, touching my hand and never once looking into my eyes. It was so unexpected that I did not even wish her a good night's sleep. I decided that I would text her good night when I get home, since I did not have a normal internet tariff on my phone.

Naturally, I understood that with this girl I most likely would not have anything. Plus, I could not help thinking about ZOZOZO. Thanks to my spirituality, I realized that this was no coincidence, but I still could not see the full picture...

Anyway, we had previously planned to meet on Sunday for biking in the park, and I thought to tell D upon our meeting more about Thiaoouba and my early sexual experiences just to see what would happen and what I could learn.

But I decided to make a rule for myself that I will not go to any cafes and restaurants with a girl until we are in a relationship – this will weed out those who do not want a serious relationship, but only want to use a person for a free dinner.

At home, I wrote her a wish for a peaceful sleep, and on

Saturday morning my mother and I went to the village. We took the seedlings with us.

I arrived in the evening, and a new voice message from D was waiting for me. For some reason she decided to move an old closet out of her room – all because she did not like it. I did not quite understand what this message was for, but it again became clear to me that D and I have a huge abyss in terms of seeing materialistic things.

On Sunday, I wrote to D about the meeting, but mentioned that I was very tired after the trip to the village, in which I had to quickly repair the shower's roof that blown off by a hurricane wind, and I would just like to sit somewhere and chat. I saw that she was online in WhatsApp but did not reply. After a while, I called her to make the appointment. She said that she had just woken up and could not think of anything that we could go to.

Earlier I read on the Internet about scammers and how girls often get acquainted with guys on dating sites, and if they do not like the man, they just go to a cafe with him to eat for free at someone else's expense. It is interesting to mention that one person wrote that 8 out of 10 girls he invited to dinner just wanted to eat at his expense. The Pareto Principle is back in action...

There I also read how some women pretended to be sick in order to lure hundreds of thousands of rubles out of a man for "treatment"... Then some of the things said by D began to take on a different color...



Having not made an appointment with D, I thought of going to Gorky Park to continue my search for the girlfriend. But I decided that I would go to WhatsApp when I am near the metro – what if D still decides to meet? And she did text me about her desire to meet and ride on the bicycles – did she forget what I told her regarding my sick and tired hands after the village? Or did she not care?

Okay. Despite my physical state, I was not averse to trying for once in the century to ride a bicycle in the park and get some new impressions.

Next, D texted me how we could go to drink tea with ginger... Then she wrote about the solarium, saying that she would stay in it for a while.

At first, I thought to say upon meeting her that I would not go to a cafe, since I can no longer spend a lot of money – in any case, we met to ride bicycles and not go to a cafe. But because of my decency, I decided to warn D that we would not go to the cafe. She wrote that she could pay herself, or we could not go there at all.

The next message I received almost 2 hours later, when D wrote: “Hello, I probably won’t have time...”. She did not answer my follow-up questions, although she read my messages – as was seen in WhatsApp.

D only briefly replied the next day that she had decided to get ready for work. She never apologized for not writing anything at all the previous day, when I was waiting for her in the park for

a long time.

Everything was clear here – as soon as D realized that it would be impossible to get the money out of me, she began to withdraw.

Earlier, I stopped searching for a girlfriend on dating websites since no one from normal people answered me, but scammers were happy to spend my time trying to get money out of me – unsuccessfully, since I asked a person to take a selfie with a piece of paper on which was written my code. It helped weed out all the frivolous people, and therefore I was very lonely on those sites. Now it turned out that you can stumble upon scammers while getting acquainted in real life in the outback of an ordinary metropolitan park. In this regard, I decided to give dating sites another chance.

I made an ad that I was looking for a girlfriend and continued to work on the book, occasionally going for a walk in the park to try to get acquainted with someone.

So, in Gorky Park, one pretty girl agreed to meet. Her name was Katya, and she was very laconic. During the conversation, I learned that during the 3 decades of her life she had never had a boyfriend, and she was always alone. The girl said that it suited her and she did not need anyone. In terms of friends, I am also not very worried about loneliness, but as for the girlfriend and love, here the matter is completely different – but she said that she could not help me with this. She continued to be silent, and at one point I thought that maybe the moment had come when I myself should say goodbye to the girl and go for a walk? I also

remembered how I myself was silent as a child due to stuttering. I decided that I would try to tell her my story with Thiaoouba – new knowledge could help her to overcome her problems.

It is worth mentioning that the girl, just like D, suggested that I go to a psychologist with my speech stupors, which were still present due to my stubbornness – I continued to make mistakes even though I had had all the necessary knowledge to live a normal life for a long time. In fact, I have not had depression and stress for a long time, since my understandings about life helped me get rid of them, but I still need to remove the remaining black spots from my life canvas... Katya herself signed up for a psychologist to just talk with someone about anything at all.

So, it was not without hiccups, but I told the girl about the main reasons behind the creation of the Universe, its laws, and why I *know* that this is all true. It took me about an hour.

I realized that the girl was bored when she began to look at the time on her phone. And then she said she had a headache and she was going to leave. She refused to exchange phones and write down the title of the book, since, according to her, she does not read books at all. I wished her all the best, and she slowly left.

At least someone agreed to talk to me, and again I found confirmation that I was not alone on this “Planet of Sorrows”. And I also finally, after more than three years of trying to find a girlfriend, was able to tell someone my life story in real life.

For a very long time, I thought that girls would stop communicating with me after my life story, but in fact almost no

one wants to even start a conversation. This is depressing...

Once, while watching an adult movie, I asked why I do not have this? The answer came to me in a dream: "Because you can't speak". I understand now that it is so. But how can you learn to speak if most people do not give you a chance to speak up and immediately reject you..?

The reason for my speech problems when talking with the laconic girl lay in the fact that I hardly slept for several nights, as I continued to think or dream about something for half a night...

Then a girl from the dating website texted me that she wanted to meet. I wrote a message, but she did not reply anymore. On that day of July 1, I thought a lot about this, and about other events that happened in the last two weeks. I was thinking if I wrote something wrong? But in that case, why girls do not want to get to know the person better, but bail on him at his first mistake? Loneliness and lack of sleep took over me...

At about noon of that day, I received a message from a girl who introduced herself as Katya. She said she was from the dating site. The girl looked cute in her WhatsApp photo. I was working on translating the book and from time to time I would stop to check if she wrote me anything else. Due to previous events, I subconsciously wanted to believe that this girl was serious. She kept answering me briefly and sometimes asked questions herself.

After a while she asked if I wanted to meet up with her. I answered "yes" and said that I could find free time on any day.

To my question “where” she threw off the link to the site of the anti-movie-theatre.

In the back of my mind, I thought about checking the website and checking on Yandex the real existence of this institution at the address indicated on the site. But I only superficially looked for reviews and did not read them when I saw the similar name of the organization. My desire to be at last with a girl and my half-asleep state had overpowered me, and I decided to book a place for 19:00 – just as my interlocutor asked.

Soon I realized that I had given the money to the scammers... no anti-cinema existed at the given address, and the website itself did not even have any contacts except for a chat with the scammer’s bot. People's comments were about the anti-cinema the name of which had the same words, but they were rearranged. This is something I might have noticed, but due to my condition, all the red flags were not properly registered in my mind.

The bank did not cancel the transfer operation, and I could not return the money.

Thinking about how I could fall for the bait of scammers, I again found confirmation that memory also plays a very important role in the decision we make at one point or another in our lives. Had I not filled my mind with extraneous thoughts and reflections, I could have easily spotted a fraudulent website. Psychology also played a role here; D did not mention it for nothing. I wanted to be with a girl so much I could not let the thought that once again I might be of interest to girls only as

a tool to replenish their wallet. I did not want to see myself as an unwanted guy, and therefore, even though I had been able to identify scammers more on many occasions, they were still lucky to cheat me exactly 2 weeks after I met D.

I could see this fact because the day before I tried to create a dating ad in the guise of a girl to see what guys are writing and how many messages girls are getting. Even though the ad did not have a photo, more than fifty guys responded to it still, who, by the way, did not write anything special except for expressing their desire to meet. I deleted that ad, but mine received only 3 views and not a single answer – it should have been obvious that the “girl” who wants to unexpectedly meet in a not crowded establishment on the same day of our very first conversation is either not very smart, or it is just a fraud.

Another strange point is that when realizing that D was most likely a fraudster, I completely forgot about the need to check people when online dating by taking selfies with my codes on a piece of paper. That is the way it should be under capitalism!

Having been scammed out of money for the first time in my life, I decided to check how dangerous things were in the case of D. So, I found the very beauty salon where she allegedly got a job. In it, a young woman told me that they had not looked for new employees for many weeks. D lied about her work – which was not surprising since that beauty salon works from 9:00 to 19:00, and we approached it only at 18:00 – who comes to work at the end of the working day?

Just in case, I secretly and carefully checked the address and the name of the beauty salon with D, and she confirmed the data. And then she quickly mentioned that she had only been there once and never worked there again, contradicting her early words that she stayed home to get ready for work.

Having all these facts on hand, it is foolish to doubt the decency of D...

And she did not talk about work to get rid of me. We were in a crowded area right outside the park entrance when D said she needed to go to work. And then she took me to the beauty salon, located about 400 meters from the park, by walking with me in a very uncrowded place, and then we walked through an almost deserted forest – and this despite the fact that D told me that she knew that park very well... If she wanted to get rid of me, she could have just hinted at this in a gentle, polite manner at the crowded entrance of the park, and not lead me to a deserted place. In addition, she herself sent me her voice message almost immediately after we said goodbye at her “work” – she clearly wanted to stay on my radar, so to speak.

I also remembered her hair, which she could not have washed in her town near Moscow, given that some time ago she walked in the park on a working day, and a 38-year-old man who lived with his parents followed her around... and was there that 38-year-old man? Most likely, she deliberately told this fictional story to me so that I had more desire to meet her, because otherwise she was ready to get to know someone herself so that that most likely

fictional person does not come near her. So, she either was in her city when she sent me an audio message about the man, and then she washed her hair and immediately went to Moscow, or she washed her hair at someone's place in Moscow – one way or another she was lying. Here I recall how in the cafe I told D about the girl whom I fell in love with at first sight, and who slept with a married man along with her friend, and D still tried to justify the actions of that married man...

As for her story about how in one firm lawyers put an innocent person behind bars, I think D, knowing a thing or two about psychology, just threw a fishing rod with a tasty bait that was supposed to show her generosity to me... or maybe she herself deceived someone for the sake of a huge amount of money – after all, now it becomes clear why she told me about the supposedly one-year long lack of sleep, which could not be true because of her completely healthy appearance and more than cheerful state after ten in the evening. If I had not sensed something was wrong and continued to meet with her, the next step for her would have been to mention something about how she needed several hundred thousand rubles for treatment. If she did not lie when she said that she had visited different countries of the planet, then it becomes clear to me where she got the money from for such trips.

I looked for similar stories on the Internet, and many people really collected money even from their friends in order to give it later to scammers with fictitious problems...



When I asked to tell me in a message what D thinks of me in terms of appearance and general behavior – for an additional incentive to self-sober up from the habit of sitting in myself – she refused this, and in a brief correspondence it became clear that she did not think much good about me. This proved once again that she wanted to meet me for the third time not because she liked me.

Earlier I tried to accept her shortcomings, but after it became clear that D was deceiving me, I began to feel a slight disgust for her. This feeling passed after a while.

I will allocate a little time to D's refusal to say what she saw in me, as it reminded me of people going to extremes. In my question to D, I told her that I knew about my problems and how to solve them – I just wanted to have an additional impetus to throw off the remaining bad habits. Consequently, D had nothing to fear, but she chose not to write anything at all – even in a light form. This is important, since the nature of being lost in oneself is such that over time the states accompanying such a life become habitual, and a person may simply not understand that he is doing something wrong, or that something is wrong with him; in other words, a person does not know how he appears in the eyes of others. If no one tries in a friendly way to hint to him about his erroneous behavior, then the person will continue to make mistakes, believing that he is doing the right things. And sometimes this can lead to anger of a person towards other people who shy away from him, if that person does not understand that

for the most part it is them who is wrong, and not others...

In general, I do not hold a grudge against the scammers, because I know that sooner or later they will be punished by the Universal Law, when it will be their turn to be the ones to learn what it is like to live on the other side of the barricades. I myself also learned something new from this rather expensive lesson – I would not become a victim of deception if I had the necessary knowledge. This way I again saw the importance of psychology in the decisions we make in our lives.

I kept working on the book, but I also wanted to spend as much time outside as possible in order to keep meeting girls – and just to have a good time outside during the warm summer season, as I could not do it last summer due to my mistake.

In general, I traveled and walked around a lot of places that I wanted to see in Moscow, and the summer turned out to be very saturated and long in terms of my sensations of time flow – everything that I wanted. And I managed to talk with a lot more people than in previous years.

Sometimes I wonder if the many weeks of self-isolation had stimulated people to be more open to communicating with other people – which, of course, does not make *forced self-isolation* correct, since it goes against the Law of the Universe regarding the free will of people and animals.

Although I continued to actively approach girls, I did it in such a way as to have a minimum chance of contracting COVID-19,

the cases of which, fortunately, decreased to several hundred per a day during summer.

Also, writing in my book everything that I thought about in one form or another over the years helped me to let go of all those thoughts and fantasies, and I began to focus more on reality. The feeling of not speaking out, of lack of fulfillment, and of uselessness began to disappear, as I directed my life experience into helping other people. Along with the weakening of the onslaught of thoughts, my entire physical body relaxed too, which probably also played a role in why during this long, by the feel of it, summer I was able to speak with many people.

So, once I talked for a few minutes with a woman in Yekaterininskiy Park; she told me that she and her children had had the coronavirus. The illness felt like pneumonia. They did not call doctors because they did not feel there was a threat to their health.

Then there was a case when a girl called out to me in one of the parks where I often go for walking. She was with a stroller, and therefore I did not immediately understand that she wanted to get acquainted. It seemed relatively strange, but then I realized that the girl had certain problems which were clearly reflected in her face and speech. Whether the reason lies in the psychological or in the physical body – I do not know.

Still not quite understanding why the girl with a newborn child wants to meet herself, I asked her this specific question. She said that she was getting acquainted for texting.

Seeing the girl's child, seeing the state of the girl herself, and knowing full well that she has neither a boyfriend nor a husband since she herself tries to get to know people, I had the thought that some guy who may never have had sex decided to use mental disabilities of the girl for his own selfish ends. And when she got pregnant, he dumped her. But that was just a fleeting thought, and I never asked her for details.

I was not against texting and gave her my phone number – I do not mind learning something new, if the process does not harm me. We said goodbye and went our separate ways. I thought I would just give her a link to my free Thiaoouba Prophecy translation. Who knows, maybe the knowledge of that book will somehow help her.

I also realized that I myself did not know how to tell the girl about my knowledge of psychology... If the reason for her torment is in the physical body – I cannot help her, if everything is in order with the physical body and the reason for her problems lies in the psyche – then maybe I can. If the matter is in the psyche, I decided that after writing my book I will give her a link to the file, and then it will depend on her whether she reads the book or not, and if she reads it, then whether she wants to self-educate and work on herself or not...

Walking in the park and thinking about the whole situation, I realized that when I am lost in my imagination, I probably look about the same as that girl with psychological problems. If I, a person who wants so badly to find a girlfriend, was not at all

drawn to the girl with the child because of the psychological reflections on her face (and also because of some other reasons), then it is not surprising that many girls refused to meet a stranger with somewhat strange expressions on his face, which are such due to him being lost in his head.

It was another sign to me that I need to stop being in my head once and for all when life does not require it. As I said, this is ridiculously easy to do, because you just need to focus your attention on what is happening in the present. For example: when I eat, I eat; when I wash, I wash; when I watch a video, I watch a video; when I write a book and remember the details of life, I remember the details of life; when I write a computer program and I need to imagine the operation of some instrument, I imagine its work, but when the phone rings, my attention switches to getting out of bed, walking to the phone, picking up the receiver, and then to the pronunciation of “hello?” – this is the only way to function with full efficiency; Being lost in our heads when it is not required will reduce our productivity in the real life.

Without straying far from the topic of imagination and talking with oneself in one’s head, many people, when reading to themselves, “pronounce” the text they read in their head – that is, they “hear” the words in their minds, as if they are reading aloud. So, this approach is not entirely correct. I used to have trouble breaking this habit of saying readable text to myself, which made me rather tired after several hours of reading books.

But in the end, I was able to make progress. When you are focused on reality, during reading you simply scan the text with your eyes, and your brain interprets the incoming data into mental “pictures” in your mind. With this approach, you also read faster, and your unloaded brain practically does not get tired of such reading. In general, it is logical that you do not need to pronounce words to yourself in your mind – not only no one (except telepaths) will hear you, but you yourself already know the meaning of the spoken word even before you pronounce it in your head (otherwise, without the presence of data in consciousness, you could not pronounce it). By the way, learning also becomes easier and more effective when you do not say the readable text to yourself in your mind.

By the way, fantasies and conversations in the head are quite different. The fantasies themselves (without words) do not strain the muscles of the face, but when you start to “voice” imaginary characters in your head, then the facial muscles begin to be tense. Why do you need the ability to “speak” in your head (when you seem to “hear” the words)? Reading? I already wrote that we better perceive readable information when we simply scan the text with our eyes, and our brain interprets the received data into mental images in our mind. One of my speculations is that this voice in the head might have meaning for telepathy. Otherwise, how could Thao project her voice into my mind while sending me two telepathic messages? Thao's voice in my head sounded *completely* different from the “voice” that occurs when

speaking in my head; her voice was very clear and “loud”, while my own voice in my head is muffled and distant. There was also a feeling that the telepathic message from Thao sounded in my head, but my voice, when talking to myself, sounds more in the imagination – that is, telepathy has a clear difference from our own voice in our head (we can have such a voice when reading books to yourself, or during fantasies). Perhaps, when a person transmits a telepathic message, he speaks in this way in his mind, and the receiving party hears a clear and loud sound of the transmitted words in his head?

This is all very interesting (at least for me), but we need to get back to my summer pastime and what I learned during those summer months...

When I got home, I gave the girl a link to my free translation of Michel Desmarquet’s book.

Then the girl found me on social networks, adding me as a friend.

Although she said that she was getting acquainted with me for texting, apart from wishing me a happy birthday, she never wrote me anything.

Then, on July 19, I decided to go with a camera to Ostankino, the last time I visited it I was with a friend and our mothers – I was still in school back then. My main goal, however, was to take a good walk around VDNKh and approach young women there.

By the pond, I saw a girl who was squatting next to a dog. Usually I passed by girls with animals, but that time I decided

that I should not miss the chance to meet and asked her if it was possible to meet her. She told me her name (I will call her E to keep her identity anonymous) and then she mentioned that she was a volunteer at a local dog shelter where she comes every weekend to walk the dogs.

She got up and went to walk the dog further. My brain quickly noticed that her figure was not exactly to my taste, but having my experience of losing the looks, and having the knowledge that what counts most is not appearances, but what is behind them, I followed E with great eagerness, and we started our conversation.

It should be clarified that having the experience of telling my life story with Thiaoouba to D, as well as to the laconic girl, I wondered if I should talk about my somewhat non-standard spiritual experience on the very first day of meeting, or if it is better to postpone it for the next meetings, when the girl and I know each other better.

And so I thought that I would not talk to E about spirituality, Auras, telekinesis, etc. But since dating usually starts with questions about what the person does, I had to say that I am currently writing a free e-book about my life and what I learned in it.

I think E asked for details, and I gave her as an example information about the true cause of stuttering. After her new questions and her pointing out that only a small number of people would benefit from that information, I was forced to briefly say about Auras and telekinesis.



In the case of the latter, I mentioned that I can prove its reality, since at one time I learned to telekinetically move the tip of the suspended thread. Here E mentioned that this means that I had a lot of [free] time.

I did have a lot of time to self-study the vision of Auras, telekinesis and so on. But it was a very important experience for me, which saved my life, and then managed to direct it along the right channel, even though the channel is strewn with numerous bends. I briefly told the girl about this, and about the fact that the practice of telekinesis took only about ten minutes every day; but even that was too much for her...

Then I mentioned about my *knowledge* of reincarnation, to which E said that she did not *believe* in it [reincarnation] at all. I clarified my point by telling her about my experience of leaving the physical body, which proved to me the real existence of the soul and, albeit indirectly, reincarnation. The girl asked if I could have just invented it. After my puzzled look at her, she corrected herself, saying that maybe I misunderstood my experience – no, I have no doubts at all that I experienced the Astral projection (separation of the soul/Astral body from the physical body).

D also said that she believed in my telekinesis experience, but she was not interested in all this. To be honest, I was a little surprised that such things might not be interesting to people at all, given that we are talking about the dormant and forgotten abilities of our own bodies. But then there really are people who do not want to improve themselves and learn something new...

Of course, I am not talking about devoting your whole life to Auras and other things. But it is more than reasonable to take a few minutes or hours of your life to learn the truth about the purpose and functioning of the Universe and life, and how you can improve your life using that new knowledge in your everyday existence.

I also mentioned that one of the reasons for me writing this book was that I want to let go of all those almost constant thoughts, memories, and fantasies that I have had over the years. In fact, by that time, I had already made tremendous success in eliminating my habit of being in my head, focusing much of my attention on reality.

One way or another, I wanted to talk on completely different topics anyway. Remembering this, I said that I was interested in a lot of things, and we can talk about something else.

Between words, and, to be honest, not quite on the subject, I very briefly mentioned about D and how I do not go to restaurants and cafes until I know the girl, since D may have been a fraudster, since she not only lied about her work and stopped communicating with me after my refusal to go to a cafe, but she also said various things that were a little strange.

At that moment E asked if I did not consider it strange to talk about Auras – I thought about it. But in general, no, from my point of view, I do not see anything strange in these topics, especially considering that they were almost impossible to avoid during the writing of my book, since all people asked about the

details when I mentioned my book to them.

Then E did become curious after all and asked me about the benefits of Auras. I told her about the diagnosis of mental and physical health. To this E noted that this has little effect on the daily life of most people. Here I could say that matching the colors of clothes and our surroundings with the colors of the Aura has a beneficial effect on our health, but for some reason this fact completely flew out of my head on that day.

I tried to change the subject, and we chatted a bit about relatively trivial topics. She was not very verbose, and for some reason the topics concerning the spending of free time were met by her with a slight breeze of negativity. She said that I live a richly saturated life, but I did not understand why she could not choose to devote her weekends not only to dogs, but also to herself?

E told me that it is easier for her with animals than with people... I also have problems, but I try to work on myself to make my life better.

There was also a negative moment on my part, when the girl said that she was renting an apartment in Moscow, and for a moment the thought about having sex with her in her rented apartment arose in my head. I tried to get that thought out of my head.

Another negative point, which I realized only a few weeks later, when its consequences had already manifested themselves, is that I barely took a good look at the girl. In fairness, it can be

noted that E wore a medical mask around her neck which hid a good part of her face, but the fact that I immediately averted my gaze from the lower part of E when she cut off my path, following on the heels of the curious dog, was more of a mistake than respect for girls – there must be a balance in everything.

We were walking under the oak grove and I could hear dogs barking. I knew that soon it would be necessary to say about my desire to meet with E again.

But we still had some time for a short conversation.

I need to clarify that on the eve of my meeting with E, I was thinking about the fact that since only spiritual and material knowledge is recorded in our soul, this means that both faith and knowledge are encoded as material knowledge in the Astral body!

So, what is the difference between knowledge and faith, if both are material knowledge?

Both knowledge and faith are recorded as material knowledge in our soul (Astral body), and this material knowledge creates a mental picture for us in our consciousness. The difference is whether this mental picture exists outside our mind, whether it exists in reality.

For example, when someone talks about the shape of the Earth, I imagine a spherical object with continents, oceans, and an atmosphere, and this mental picture really exists outside my mind – this material knowledge is knowledge. Then I can

imagine three turtles holding the Earth on their backs – if someone said that such a mental picture really exists, that our planet, on which we live, stands on three turtles, then that would be faith for that person; but if a person were talking about the Earth standing on three turtles, which he actually saw in a toy store, then that mental picture of a toy in the store would be knowledge.

But then there is such a moment when sometimes we think that we know about the existence of something outside our mental image, but in fact that mental picture does not exist outside of our mind. I encountered this myself when I thought I was using a free video in my project. As it turns out, the person had uploaded someone else's video to a website with free photos and videos from where I downloaded it. How do I know this to be so? For starters, the stolen video was uploaded in 2018, but the original was uploaded in 2016 to a popular stock photo and video site where the author also had a very large number of other videos from the same collection – while the thief did not have others similar videos in his uploads. Then the thief's other uploaded content was of a completely different nature, and not as high in quality. The names of the two people did not match. Last but not least, I have uploaded some of my own photos to sell on stock websites, and I know you cannot upload the file you are selling to a website where it can be downloaded for free – I think the person who has uploaded over a thousand videos to the stock website also knows about it. All these factors allow us

to make a logical conclusion that I downloaded the video from a person who is not its author.

It turns out that what I thought was knowledge was actually not knowledge. But can we say that my mental picture of a free video which I can safely use in my projects, was faith – even though when I downloaded that video, I would say that I know that it is free? Considering my description of faith and the description of faith on Wiktionary – yes. One can also say that I had the “best judgment” that I downloaded a free video that does not belong to anyone and can be used by all people.

Here we come to the thoughts about what is the ultimate Knowledge with a capital “K”? Such Knowledge is when people know *all* existing things in the Universe, including the Laws of the Universe. People can determine that they know everything there is to know in this Universe when they no longer have any questions about why this or that exists or is happening. Everything is interconnected, and any vibration in the Universe manifests itself in one way or another somewhere – this reminds me of Jesus’ saying about how nothing is hidden. People from Thiaoouba have such Knowledge – which they have repeatedly said to Michel Desmarquet.

As long as we, people from Earth, do not have all the Knowledge, we often have the better judgment about whether something really exists, or how something functions. Of course, there are things about which we can say that “we know they exist”. For example, I can say that I know that the name in my

passport reads “ЕВГЕНИЙ” – this is not faith and not the best judgment, but a fact. Another fact is that the shape of our planet is mostly like a sphere (but it is not an ideal sphere); the light of the stars is deflected when it passes close to a very massive celestial body (like the sun, for example); bodies with a lower density than the liquid into which they are thrown will float to the surface, and bodies with the density exceeding the density of the liquid will go to the bottom; etc.

Of course, unknowingly, we could have made a mistake in our theories, which will prevent us from seeing the truth until we see our mistake. I will say frankly that I am talking about gravity here; and about speeds exceeding the speed of light; and about Auras; and some other things that I know really exist from Thiaoouba Prophecy and from my life experience. I know about the truthfulness of the book itself thanks to my personal experience with Thiaooubians and the knowledge gained from that experience.

This is a great moment to explain why I consider my experience with Thiaooubians to be genuine, and why what I was experiencing could not have been caused by something, or someone, else. I will note that I am thinking about this purely because I am writing this book about my life, and I understand that I should probably explain better about my experience with Thiaooubians – something that can, and to some extent should, raise questions from the readers of my book. I myself knew right away what was what and who was who.

I will start with an example of the shape of the Earth. I know that the Earth has the shape of a slightly flattened sphere (spheroid), due to the centrifugal forces caused by the rotation of the planet around its axis. At the same time, I have never been in the orbit around Earth (neither physically nor astrally) to look at the planet and make this inference. So why do I say “I know” and not “I believe”? This is all about common sense and logic.

I will not paint all the details, since one could write a whole book on this topic, but I will briefly say only that: I studied physics and astronomy, and from the knowledge I gained, I understand that the Earth is spherical – and common sense tells me that numerous researchers from all over the world cannot be mistaken in such an obvious question; common sense says that humans have actually been sending humans into Earth's orbit for several decades; as a child, my mother and I watched in my father's apartment a small “star” passing through the whole sky – it was the “Mir” station, as my mother explained to me then; people can buy themselves a telescope, or a camera with a large zoom, and take a photograph of the ISS to prove to themselves not only the real existence of the International Space Station, but also the reality of space flights; then people could watch the planets of the solar system, for example, Mars, and then they would also realize that Mars has a spherical shape – why should the Earth be different? And there are many other examples of why we can make a logical conclusion about the existence of something without having personal experience. By the way, the



book Thiaoouba Prophecy also contains hints that the Earth has a spherical shape.

So, here is the piece my experience with the inhabitants of the planet of the ninth category – Thiaoouba.

Someone might think that it was all in my imagination. I know for sure that when a person is focused on reality, the “haze” inherent to the mind which is strongly absorbed in fantasies or abundant thoughts, dissipates, and everything that actually happened becomes very clear and distinct in our mind. I had cases when my attention was fully focused on the present moment, and I recalled the most insignificant details of my life from my distant childhood, and at the same time my memory was so clear that it felt like the events that had surfaced to the surface of my memory happened no more than 48 hours ago.

So, there is a very clear difference between real events and imagination.

Then I know perfectly well that I myself generate my fantasies – I realize what I am doing, and I realize that the fantasies in my head happen according to my choice, and not just like that – nothing happens just like that in the Universe since at first there was the Superior Intelligence, and it was only after his decision that the material world appeared, which he created (and it cannot be otherwise. A material thing can only be created following the decision of the mind, and not vice versa). All those visions were not generated by me; in most cases I did not expect to get those visions at all.

Could my visions of Thao be hallucinations? (By this I mean a hallucination that I myself generated: consciously or unconsciously. I do not know the exact working principle of such visions, and from what I know, they could very well be hallucinations that were created for me – for example, by Thao.) Luckily for me, I had one single experience with a hallucination when I saw the clown monster “It”. I am glad for this, as from that experience I gained some knowledge about hallucinations. Firstly, I myself generated that hallucination (or vision) – albeit not on purpose. Secondly, after I realized this, I began to do the opposite action, concentrating on the present moment, on what data was coming from my five senses. It helped, and the vision dissolved as the logical result of such choice and action. In this episode, I am absolutely certain that I generated that vision of It myself. This is logical, considering everything that preceded that vision: my frequent thoughts about It, which for some reason I kept bringing back to my mind; and my slight unrest about those thoughts. Having removed both extraneous thoughts and excitement, the vision was never seen again. As for the visions from Thiaooubians, I never expected them (for example, if we talk about the vision of Thao's face in the middle of the day, I was developing a website at that moment, and I thought only about my work, which concerned the payment system), and there was nothing that could have made my body generate those visions.

The same applies to my experience when I was lying in bed and heard the word “Look!” close to my right ear. This was the

first and only such case in my life.

Another important detail is that until then I had never had anything like it – no visions at all! (I do not consider the bright entity at the gate to be a vision, as two senses were involved, and the gate actually opened against gravity.) Additionally, the visions largely stopped after my 25th birthday, when I, by and large, received all the knowledge and evidence I needed (I hate to use this word, since I am not keen to greedily seek evidence, but at the same time I do not believe in everything – I try to maintain a balance) from Thiaooubians, but because of my then present stubbornness (in this case, this word means that a person has knowledge for a healthy life, but at the same time he continues to make old mistakes), I began to change my life only three years later. And it is not that I used to have a lot of these visions – maybe several in one year.

The same applies to my experience with telepathy, when I accidentally emitted into space thoughts of unknown content, and then, a few days later, received a clear answer from Thiaooubians. These two cases were the only similar events in my life (when I experienced one of the types of telepathy; namely, the transmission of thoughts at a distance by sending a thought stream), and they both are absolutely logical. Speaking about the “thought-streamed” telepathic message that I sent myself, it is logical for the reason that at that moment I was concentrating on different parts of my brain, activating them, and accidentally was able to send a stream of thoughts into space (the content of which

most likely had nothing but rubbish – for the same reason of accidentally activating the region of the brain responsible for this kind of telepathy). And when I received a “thought-streamed” telepathic message, I realized that only Thiaooubians could have been behind the pronoun “we”, since it was after reading Michel's book that I became very inspired and began to actively try to learn to see Auras – which was originally my goal; the book gave very important hints as to what you needed to pay attention to in order to learn to see the Aura.

Namely, the pineal gland, and possibly the first Chakra, located between our eyes, one and a half centimeters above the nose. Thao compared it to the “brain” of the fluid body, of which the Chakras are a part. I want to write here that it may well be that not all the data that we receive is interpreted by our physical brain in order to send mental pictures to our consciousness. After all, when we separate our soul from the physical body and travel astrally (astral projection), we can “see” and “hear” our environment (those sensations are somewhat different from how we feel them in the physical body). At the same time, our physical body is in a motionless state (lying in bed, for example) and its organs cannot physically see, hear, etc., everything that the soul sees in its travels. Here it is the “organs” of another human body that receive data from the material world, and it is already another “brain” that interprets them for our consciousness. When we die, we can also see, and when 3 days have passed after the death of our physical body, and we are with the Higher Self, we

also continue to see. So, there is a possibility that Auras, etheric force field, telepathy, hallucinations and visions, and so on, are interpreted for our consciousness not by the brain of the physical body, but by the “brain” of another human body; and it may well be that they can work together in some cases (I will remind you that a person consists of 9 bodies, and animals of 3).

Speaking about the two telepathic messages that I received in the form of a “voice in the head”, that voice was completely unlike the “voice” that we have when reading to ourselves, or voicing our fantasies. Before finding Thiaoouba, I had never experienced anything like this, and since my 25th birthday, I have not received any more messages either.

The fact that I have not experienced such things before, and that I was an ordinary and normal, as they say, person is important, since all these experiences are not the result of some kind of disease, as some might assume.

Then all the telepathic messages had a specific meaning. I cannot convey feelings in words, but behind those telepathic messages I felt the mind – a highly evolved mind.

I will also touch on the comments of several people who wrote their assumptions that my Higher Self could have been responsible for those visions, and even telepathy. I also had experience with my Higher Self, which gives me the opportunity to see the distinctive traits. But the main thing is this. I definitely saw Thao who looked the same as in the drawings made by the artist “OR-RAR-DAN” under the strict supervision of Michel

Desmarquet (of course, in my visions Thao looked like a real person, not like a drawing). For this reason, people's assumptions that my Higher Self is responsible for almost all of my spiritual (as I call it) experience would mean that my Higher Self passed itself off as Thao – and that would be a very serious error! In fact, that would be a lie! How could I trust my own Higher Self after that? I hope that I do not need to explain that the Higher Selves cannot make mistakes at all, since they have the Knowledge? No, my Higher Self is definitely not related to my spiritual experience [with Thiaooubians]. By the way, there is an opinion that the Higher Self can manifest itself in the material world. For example, I assume that in this video it was the baby's Higher Self who called for help: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tTqLp\\_iYpxs](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tTqLp_iYpxs) | <https://www.historicmysteries.com/jennifer-groesbeck/> (Jennifer Groesbeck was killed on impact when her car crashed into the Spanish Fork River. Her child was rescued 14 hours after the accident). Naturally, if my assumptions are correct, the Higher Self in this case did not make a mistake, since it did not pretend to be someone specific.

Returning to E, unfortunately, I decided to mention to her that knowledge and faith are, by and large, the same in our souls. This was a mistake, since E did not know anything about the electrons of the Astral body, material and spiritual knowledge, and other important things, and, accordingly, she did not understand everything at all. It was also a mistake that I again

decided to talk about Auras in order to give her an example of knowledge, forgetting that she was not interested in this topic.

I think these two moments in the last seconds of our walk are the main reason E said that she had no time or desire for dating.

This refusal was somewhat unexpected for me at that moment. But my excessive self-esteem immediately turned on, and I did not ask E about the exact reasons. I quickly said goodbye, turned around and walked away.

I walked and thought that E was clearly not perfect herself, but still refused to date me. I also had a quick idea that if it was not for my problems with appearance, I would probably not feel the slight sadness because of the current situation, but I would just calmly continue to look for another girl who would be... better...

It reminded me of reincarnation and my thoughts that at first we live in pretty physical bodies, collect mistakes due to our spiritual ignorance, and then we pay for our wrong decisions in future lives, when we have to experience on our own skin that which experienced many people whom we caused in one way or another harm in our previous lives... (naturally, some mistakes are paid for in the current life of the person: immediately, or some time after the wrong decision). Of course, we also have a chance to acquire new knowledge about life with each new incarnation.

I think I was already in VDNKh when my feelings subsided, opening up the opportunity to calmly assess the situation.

Then I remembered about a young girl Liza, with whom I

talked for no more than a minute in Gorky Park, since she left under the pretext that she had to leave. I did not ask her for her phone number, as I understood that she did not want to talk with me and just decided to politely leave... But then, what if I was mistaken, and she really had to leave, but she herself was embarrassed to ask for a phone number? I decided then that I would try to ask a girl for a phone number in such ambiguous situations.

Then I remembered about Katya, whose phone number I deleted so as not to write her some nonsense – which I regretted in the following years. Yes, Katya did not treat me very respectfully when she did not write anything to me, but then I could look at the situation from her point of view. I could calm my excessive self-esteem, realizing that I myself was not perfect, and just tell Katya about my life so that she could better understand my situation. I did not do this, and it was 2 years before another girl agreed to get to know me... and she stopped dating me when it became clear to her that it would not be possible to get money out of me...

I realized that it could take a very long time before someone wants to talk to me again.

Thus, I decided to return to the dog shelter to briefly explain the situation to E and try to exchange phone numbers.

She was among a crowd of people, and I did not dare to approach her, as I was still making the good old mistake of thinking about what other people might think of me.



I sat down on a bench at the entrance to the oak grove, thinking to wait for E to pass by. I was tormented by doubts. After all, E has already refused me. But on the other side of the scale, there was the memory of Katya and all the other moments when I could have been more persistent, more alpha-oriented.

While I was sitting on the bench, my phone rang. The screen showed the number of the girl with the child from the park. I did not want to answer her, as I initially gave her my number for texting, not for calls – yes, perhaps it was a little rude of me, and now I realize that I should have answered the phone. The girl was not my type, and her mental problems did not allow normal communication to occur. Then she called again for the last time. I canceled the call...

I could see at that moment how my lack of desire to communicate with the girl with the child was a reflection of how E saw me. I could also see in this one of those explicit spiritual experiences, since it could not be a “simple coincidence” that I had to cancel the call of the girl to whom I did not have affection and desire to speak, while a few minutes ago E rejected me for, most likely, approximately the same reasons.

After sitting on the bench for a little more, I decided that it was time to go to VDNKh...

I approached different girls, but many were already married, and others did not want to get acquainted.

Back at home, I started watching a YouTube video from “penguinz0”. It was about a young woman who “only has sex

with ghosts”. I will say that from what I know about ghosts, the girl is most likely mistaken in her conclusions... But my point is about a different thing. Even with my own experience and knowledge, I could not help but feel the breeze of “weirdness” about that girl – even though I tried to think of her with respect and understanding. At that moment, it dawned on me that E most likely saw me the same way – strange.

Then an evil and edifying joke came to light; it has to do with the fact that I had in my subconscious the idea of going to VDNKh which blocked the idea that I could walk and communicate with E all day long while she was walking the dogs. This is what I needed to tell her when we were at the gates of the dog shelter. Perhaps I could then tell her more details of my huge life story, and she would have drawn the right conclusions about me...

Speaking of conclusions, after E asked me if D might have just wanted to get rid of me when she said about her work, I could very well see that she came to this idea due to her ignorance of some important details that paint a different picture. It was a warning shot, and I did not need to make a second similar mistake after a few minutes of our conversation, when I started talking to her about knowledge and faith, while she had no understanding of the electrons of the Astral body and the knowledge stored in them. No wonder she drew the wrong conclusions about me. But this is a cautionary tale for me, as I should think carefully about writing the necessary details in my book so that people can

clearly see the chain of cause and effect of my life and draw the right conclusions.

The other side of the coin was that all the time that I was at home I felt that I could already have a girlfriend if not for some moments that ruined everything. I thought too much about different things and hardly learned anything about E, although I tried to do it... but I could have done more. I had to ask E more about her life, find out what interests her, what plans she has for life, etc. I was talking about myself, still thinking that it is necessary to tell the girl as soon as possible about Auras and other everyday things in my life story...

I thought to give the whole situation a second chance and go to Ostankino again next Saturday to try to explain everything to E better, and also to get to know her better – in the event that I would not find a girlfriend during that week.

I did not find, and so I went on Saturday, July 25, to Ostankino.

There were many volunteers who walked the dogs, but I did not see E. I started asking people if they knew her.

Asking a bunch of people if they knew a girl named E was not the most fun thing to do, and I could see it as a punishment for not daring to walk up and talk to E in the midst of the crowd of people a week ago.

One girl agreed to help me in my search. I knew the name of the dog E was walking with last Sunday and gave this information to her. After a while, she said that E was on a three-week vacation

– another girl with whom E had made friends informed her about this. Now I had to languish for at least another three weeks... the time during which E could easily find a boyfriend... another punishment for mistakes.

I decided to give the girl my contact information so that E could write to me. Perhaps I could tell her everything via texting?

My reflections led me to the conclusion that August 22 was the date when E was had to return from vacation for sure.

I continued my search for a girlfriend, often going to a walk in Gorky Park.

I began to ask the girls who refused to get acquainted if they could advise when it is best to tell the girl about Auras and other such things – immediately upon meeting, or after several meetings, when we get to know each other better. Some were for the first option, and some for the second.

In the meantime, my 32nd birthday came on July 30, 2020. Only in five and a half months it would be 4 years since I began to actively change the course of my life. And I could see how slowly these years had passed. Compared to the period of my life from 14 to 18 years, when I spent them almost completely in fantasies, these last 4 years could feel like all 12 years – so much has happened to me during this time, and I have learned so much.

On Friday, July 31st, a pretty girl named Olya agreed to talk to me, although she was busy reading a book.

I decided to immediately tell her that my life is not the most standard one, and it would be best if I told her everything about

myself right away so that she could decide whether I would suit her or not.

Just before my story, I briefly told her that I was writing a book about my life and what I learned in it. Seeing Olya's skepticism, I mentioned that I had *proven* to myself the existence of many things – such as Auras, telekinesis, and the Higher Self – and other people can do the same; they could follow my example, for instance, and at the same time avoid making my and other people's mistakes that were done out of ignorance. I mentioned that I can prove the existence of telekinesis. I further said that proving the existence of the Higher Self should be the easiest thing to do for people; I briefly told her how my Higher Self awakened me at the exact time that I asked for. Olya said that she also wakes up on her own at the appointed time and refused to accept the truth I proposed.

Olya asked me something else that might be a useful reminder to the readers of my book. The girl asked if I actually could have learned a lot during my 32 years of life. It is more about the *existence* of that which I was able to *learn* about during my thirty-two years – as I have already written, I know little about the principles of work of Aura and other things, about the real existence of which I could learn from my personal experience.

I could give a simple example of a five-year-old child who says that he knows about the existence of space rockets – he can really know about them at his age if he saw in person a launch of one such rocket, for example. But if a five-year-old child says

that he knows all the details of the structure of a space rocket and knows all the principles of operation of each component of that rocket, then your skepticism will be more than appropriate – naturally, even in this case, there is a very small chance that the child can actually have the knowledge that only a few engineers have... in the age of the Internet anything is possible....

I started by telling her about my story with stuttering. After several questions from Olya, I started talking about my early sexual experience, which, unfortunately, led me to masturbation. At that moment the girl asked why “unfortunately” – after all, according to her, masturbation is a normal thing. This “normal” thing led to negative consequences, and that is why I said “unfortunately”.

Then I began to tell about my experience with the bright entity at the age of five, emphasizing that two senses were involved – first hearing and then sight – and that the gate at that time could not open by itself due to the inclination of the fence; gravity kept it closed. The girl started looking again for alternative interpretations of the simple truth, and she said something about how we forget details over time. As I mentioned earlier, I had cases when I focused on reality, relaxed, and I would recall even insignificant moments of my life so clearly that I had a feeling that they happened only yesterday. And my experience with the bright entity in the village was imprinted very, very strongly; therefore, I have absolutely no doubt about what I heard and saw on that distant day.

Let me remind you that both material and spiritual knowledge is “recorded” in our Astral body, and material knowledge can be erased only in the River of Oblivion, when a person, without a physical body, agrees or rejects to live the life offered to him by their Higher Self. Until then all material knowledge can be obtained – this is how people under hypnosis can remember all the details of any moment in their lives, including what they did not pay attention to. By the way, I would not be surprised if Thao “dictated” to Michel the details of his trip to Thiaoouba in exactly this way – by bringing the previously recorded data to the surface from Michel's soul.

Here Olya could not stand it any longer and said that she needed to study for post-graduate course, and I came and “dumped” it all on her. I asked if we could meet another time when she would not be so busy, but she flatly refused. Everything was clear to me, but I decided to give her the coordinates of my YouTube channel – Evgeny Meshkov Thiaoouba – realizing that she would write down the information to get rid of me. And so she did.

I apologized for all the inconveniences and went off for a walk.

She never wrote to me, and I would not be surprised if she just threw out the leaflet with my channel.

Just like with E, Olya was a smart girl – the ones I like, since I am interested in a lot of things myself, and I love to learn something new. But you need to remember about the extremes and the balance between them. For example, Olya mentioned

something about the scientific method; I will partially repeat my previous thoughts when I say that I do not need a “scientific method” to say that, for example, I saw a black cat on such a road on such a day – this is a fact and I am talking about the existence of something, and not about how that thing works and interacts with the rest of the world – I do not even try to make theories about this, since I have never studied, for example, Auras with artificial devices, only with a natural device in my brain which gave me the opportunity to see them at one time.

Of course, in the case of Olya, I made the same mistake as with E. I had to strive to learn more about her, ask what she reads, and learn what she was majoring in, and not to strive to tell her absolutely everything about myself at once.

Well, I got an answer to my question regarding when I should tell a girl about my life – not at the first meeting for sure (not until Auras and other little-known things become commonplace – which I hope will happen during my lifetime).

But it is easy for me to write about all this now, when almost three months have passed since the events described above. On that same day, no matter how I tried to remain positive, sadness knocked me down, and the desire to work on the book almost faded away... For whom? I spend so much time and energy on it, and people just reject everything in a split second...

I am ready to go forward and prove telekinesis and other things – what is in my strengths to prove. But people do not want to meet me halfway and just reject me, not giving me a chance



to speak out, not listening to me – just like it was a long time ago with two adult women (Yulia's mother and the supervisor in the store), but now this is already new a generation that does not want to listen and see simple truths. They think they know something better than others – even better than those who say they have personal experience. And they always find something that “confirms” their point of view, again refusing to listen to the interlocutor.

On the same day, July 31st, I wrote my first message in the TPXP group regarding my life problems and the inability to find a girlfriend due to my life experiences. But I did not give up and ended the message with my desire to prove the existence of telekinesis and, if possible, other little-known things, the real existence of which I know from my own experience. The more people *know* about them, the more chances I will have of finding someone.

Here I want to talk about another thing that Olya mentioned. I told her about how there is nothing supernatural and paranormal in life. Such things as ghosts, for example, are *little-known* things, but they are absolutely natural and normal, and they function according to completely exact Laws of the Universe – laws that are still little known to many people.

Olya retorted my statement by saying that the words “paranormal” and “supernatural” contain the meaning of little-knowingness, that they say about what lies outside the generally accepted norms (these are not entirely accurate words of the girl,

but the meaning is the same).

Since I have no problem admitting my mistake and learning from it, just in case I decided to look at the descriptions of those two words in the dictionary (Wiktionary. I translated the Russian description into English). Supernatural – “mystical, not explainable by natural reasons, in a rational way”. Paranormal – “without a scientific explanation”.

Ghosts, Auras, telekinesis, and other currently little-known things can be explained in a rational way, and they can have a scientific explanation.

Science is “a sphere of human activity aimed at collecting, accumulating, classifying, analyzing, generalizing, transferring and using facts, building theories that allow adequately describing natural or social (humanities) processes and predicting their development”. Rational – “based on reason, logic”.

It appears I was right.

Thinking about those two words, it became clear to me that psychology also plays a big role here. The words paranormal and supernatural not only evoke feelings of uneasiness, if not mild fear (partially “thanks” to horror movies and games, as well as some documentaries, which for some reason also use audio and video sequences that are negatively affecting the psyche), but they also evoke the idea that a person having experiences with such “paranormal/supernatural” things is strange. For these reasons, I believe that “little-known” things should be said

instead; firstly, it does not cause fear of the unknown, because the very word “little-known” hints to us that as we study such things we will accumulate more and more knowledge about them, which in turn will remove the fear of the unknown; secondly, the fact that a person has to deal with a “little-known” thing does not make him strange in any way – of course, a person can lie about his experience for his own selfish purposes, for example, to capitalize on ignorance of people, which again shows the mistake of individuals using money within the country (See Manifesto chapter).

So, I continued to approach women. It was August 1st. After dinner I went to Gorky Park. I tried to approach girls, but no one wanted to get acquainted. Usually I first walk at the Krymskaya Naberezhnaya, then I go to Gorky Park itself, and only after that I go home. I did not want to leave that evening. So, I walked again along the Krymskaya Naberezhnaya, not finding anyone. It was already dusk when I had thoughts of going home. But it felt as if I was drawn to the park by something, and I decided to walk through it again – in any case, I had long wanted to walk around it under artificial lighting.

I saw a girl walking alone at the fountain. She was walking leisurely to the far part of the park. I decided to approach her.

She agreed to get acquainted and said that her name was Yana. I immediately suggested that she switch to an informal “ТЫ” (you).

As I already wrote, it is very difficult not to talk about Auras,

telekinesis, etc., when you have been writing a book about this for almost six months for several hours of each day. This time was no exception, and in a few seconds I tried to quickly tell Yana the basics of the book and then move the conversation somewhere else. But to my surprise and inspiration, the girl herself began to ask about telekinesis, and it was clear from her tone that she was really interested. She asked me to show it, and I had to say that for now I can only move the tip of the suspended long light thread. We agreed that I would record on video my telekinesis session and show it to her.

Yana also mentioned how she used to be interested in meditation. She herself was still studying at an Institute, and as it became clear later, she is 13 years younger than me.

We walked with her in the evening park under the illumination of lanterns, and talked about various topics. Only occasionally there was a short silence among us.

She agreed to give me her profile on social networks, which she wrote down on my phone. She did not give me the phone number itself, since she did not answer calls because of her phobia. By the way, at the time of writing these lines, Yana no longer has that phobia, since she had to overcome it because of her work – which is great news!

When we were heading to the metro across the Krymsky Bridge, Yana herself asked me to tell her about reincarnation, but it was a very long topic which I postponed and told her a few days later in VK.

We have not met again, but we correspond in VK sometimes.

Me getting acquainted with her, which happened literally the next day after my despair, helped me to become inspired again. There were people with similar interests who did care, and who were ready to listen.

Then, thanks to Yana, I finally decided to record my telekinesis session. I recorded myself with just my camera. Only the thread and part of my head were visible, but that was better than nothing. In that video, you can clearly see how the tip of the thread is unusually (not like in a draft/wind) moving from side to side – sometimes these movements are very sharp. I wanted to record another session where I would also film myself using my phone's camera, but I have not yet had the time and opportunity to do it.

In the course of my telekinesis practices in the summer, I realized that telekinesis works, apparently, at will, and not by thought or imagination. I will explain. I often had the feeling that in order to telekinetically move the tip of the thread, you need to treat it like a part of your own body – as if it was your limb. For example, this is similar to the movement of a hand – we do not imagine how it moves, and we do not think about its movement when we want it to move. All we do is project our will and the hand moves. The process is similar to how we move things telekinetically. I want to mention that Thiaooubians often said that they can do this or that “at will”. I will say again that serious scientific research is required here.

Considering that even Thiaooubians cannot travel by levitation faster than 7 kilometers per hour, it becomes clear that Thao was not joking when she said that the Spirit has an “exceptional spiritual force”.<sup>22</sup> It seems to me this is exactly what is required to set the entire Universe in motion!

In the meantime, it was clear that Yana did not want to be my girlfriend, and therefore I decided to take a ride to Ostankino on the weekend – either on 22nd or 23rd of August.

There was no E. The girl to whom I left my contacts said that she gave them to E a few weeks ago. But E never wrote me. Of course, it was very clear that I did not interest her, but then it could have been so because she had the wrong information about me.

After waiting for a few hours, while asking a few people if they had seen E that day, I never met her. I wanted to come there again on next weekend as I did not want to give up after going all this way.

Analyzing recent events, it was clear that the lack of communication had a very strong effect on my psychological state, and on my chances not only to get acquainted with a girl, but also to interest her. I thought of approaching girls just for chatting, and not for the specific acquaintance. Although they are very similar, the first option does not force anything, but the second can be misinterpreted by someone as the need to enter into a relationship almost at the first minute of acquaintance.

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<sup>22</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 84.

Then it is important from a psychological point of view, because if a person sets a goal to find his second half and does not find it day after day, then he could begin to feel worthless, perhaps even a failure. But if a person puts segments of mini goals between the main goal and himself, for example, just to communicate with people of the opposite sex, which can be done almost on any day, then the person, on the contrary, will be inspired, since he will not suffer failures (here is the same story as with people who want to stop masturbating completely, and then blame themselves after another masturbation for being weak). Also, a person will gain experience of communication and, possibly, learn something new for himself. Then this approach will only raise your chances of finding a girlfriend, since you will not be nervous and you will be yourself while talking to a single girl, since you will not initially set yourself grandiose plans to win her heart.

I want to write that girls can also (naturally!) approach guys themselves in order to get acquainted, and there is nothing bad or vulgar in this. The logic is that it does not matter how the acquaintance begins – whether the girl herself comes up to meet the guy, or the guy approaches her – further events will still go the same way; namely, people are going to get to know each other in further communication and, based on this knowledge and other data – for example, whether there is a spiritual affinity between them or not, which will show how ideal they are for each other – they will decide whether they want to be together or not. It is

simple. Remember that meeting the opposite sex [usually] does not mean that you will go choosing wedding rings on the next day!

So, while walking in the evening in Gorky Park, I went up to get acquainted with a woman who was most likely over thirty. She said that getting acquainted with her is not the best idea. I asked her if we could just chat, and she agreed.

Her name was Katya. As was often the case that summer, me mentioning my book prompted people to ask for details. Without losing anything, I practiced telling my story about Thiaoouba and about my experience with Thiaooubians, the reasons for the creation of the Universe, Palantius, and some other things. I noted for myself that even though Katya tried to listen to me, she still tried to look for alternative interpretations of some of the things I said.

For example, she said that the things Michel wrote (I said only about the creation of the Universe) are part of many religions, hinting that Michel had people to copy off from. I think she either failed to hear me talking about why I *know* that the book is true, or I needed to be clearer when telling my story – or maybe both.

I do not remember if during our quick conversation I mentioned to her the simple truth that many religions were originally based on truth, but over time, many truths mixed with legends and, in some cases, deliberate distortions. Therefore, it is not surprising that people could in one way or another hear about many of the things that Thiaooubians taught Michel, and



also us through his book.

As it turned out, Katya was married. She wished me luck in all my endeavors, we said goodbye and went our separate ways.

On Tuesday, August 25, I went for a walk in Izmailovsky Park. It is not very crowded and I usually go there mainly to just take a walk.

Sitting near the monument to Lenin, I saw a girl walking into the park. She was alone, and I decided to approach her.

The girl asked me why I wanted to get acquainted, since she was in a relationship; although she had not seen her boyfriend for a while. I said that I was looking for a girlfriend to have a relationship, but we could just chat.

I began to tell Yulia, as the girl was called, almost memorized things about my work on the book. Without losing anything, I myself decided to start a conversation about my experience with Auras. To my unexpected joy, Yulia was also interested in Auras and even took a photo of her Aura many years ago. I told her a little about Auras, and then we talked on various other topics while walking in the park.

Then Yulia by herself decided to ask me about my story with the book “Thiaouba Prophecy”. Immediately after revealing that Michel Desmarquet had been taken to another planet, I asked Yulia if everything was okay. She replied that she believes in life on other planets and in other things related to this topic. I continued to tell her my story, which you already know.

I decided to tell her about my early sexual experience,

its negative consequences, and about my erroneous decision to go to a prostitute. Yulia again reacted to the whole story with full understanding, also noting that Natasha should have had an exotic appearance, since she has ancestors of different nationalities – yes, that is how I remember her...

Then Yulia herself told me several details of her personal life, in which there were also some mistakes.

I got a little upset when I heard about her experience with drugs. Worried about her, I asked Yulia if she had ever used hallucinogenic drugs, saying that under their influence our soul is saturated with false data, and recovery can take several lifetimes – if hallucinogens have been taken for a very long time. Fortunately, she has tried them only once, and she no longer has the desire to use any drugs.

We talked about various other topics on the way to the hotel, and at the same time we exchanged phone numbers.

Yulia was glad to meet me and thanked me for telling her so much. She also did not mind meeting again and talking more.

Walking away towards the setting sun, I was very inspired by my unexpected acquaintance with Yulia. There were people who were also interested in Auras and other spiritual things after all.

Then my acquaintance with Yulia helped me to start working on my book again with newly found enthusiasm – I could hardly find the strength and desire to continue translating my book into English after my communication with E and Olya. Although I thought about the need to complete the book as quickly as

possible; this would not only complete an important period of my life, giving meaning to everything that I had to experience and learn in it, but I would also not need to talk about Auras and other as yet little-known spiritual things on the first day of meeting girls. Perhaps, if a person gets to know me better, he will not make hasty and wrong conclusions about me...

The chances of finding a girlfriend with similar interests also slightly increased in my mind.

But I was hoping that maybe E would also want to listen to me, and so I decided to go one last time to Ostankino on the weekend and to try to talk to her.

Walking by the pond near the place where I had met E a few weeks earlier, I saw a girl walking very fast with a dog. She walked past me, and I turned my head to look at her, not being sure if she really looked familiar to me. Could it have been E, given that more than a month had passed since our short meeting?

Anyway, if it really was her, then I could approach her at the dog shelter.

A few minutes later I saw that girl again. I wanted to go up to her and find out if she was E, but the girl suddenly ran with the dog to the shelter. Perhaps she was in a hurry to take another dog for a walk? Although there were a lot of volunteers, there were many times more dogs, and each one needed to be walked and fed.

Soon, that girl went out with another dog. I could not approach

her, as she went on the lawn with two other women. Soon they went slowly to walk with the dogs under the trees. Could it be E? The girl had different hairstyle and different clothes, and I had doubts.

I decided it was time to end this whole strange period of my life, and I slowly walked towards the exit from the oak grove, intending to go to VDNKh.

I was near the road crossing when I saw the three young women coming out onto the asphalt. I thought that I would lose if I just walk up to them and ask my question.

I was not even close to them when the previously noticed girl addressed me somewhat rudely and formally by name (for the first time calling me “Evgeny”, and not “Zhenya”) and asked not to walk after her – but I did not walk *after* her!

Walking closer I politely said “здравствуйте!” (hi!), to which E replied with a sharp and rude “до свидания!” (bye!). If it was not for my acquaintances with Yana and Yulia, then perhaps I would have been upset by such an unfounded cold attitude towards me, given that I did not wish anyone anything bad – on the contrary, I spent a lot of time and energy trying to help other people to have a better and worthy a life...

Well, it really was E, but I did not recognize her at all, and from the surprise of the whole situation I even asked the girl if it was her – it was. Because of her unexpected rudeness, I suddenly did not feel like talking to her at all, but since I was there, I decided to say that I wanted to talk to her. E had no desire to speak with

me. I said nothing more to her and slowly went for a walk around VDNKh.

I want to clarify that before E, only one girl out of hundreds told me a rude “bye!” to my “hi!”.

I remembered the words of my father, when a very long time ago he told me how he went to confess his love to a girl, and it turned out that she was not worth it – I think I had similar feelings towards E.

Well, it is important not only to find a girlfriend, but it is even more important to find a girlfriend who will not “gnaw” on your brains – this is a light version of what the married woman Katya told me a while ago in Gorky Park.

I would like to briefly clarify one point related to psychology. When addressing a person with a formal “you” (Вы), I usually feel a mental barrier and a feeling as if I and the interlocutor are separated by some distance, but after switching to an informal “you” (ты) I immediately psychologically feel the difference in how I perceive the interlocutor, and here I can already open up, feeling that the interlocutor and I are close and have normal, friendly communication – even if we may part after the conversation and never see each other again. When E addressed me as “Вы” – and we switched to “ты” almost immediately after we met – I took it as her disrespect for me; as a sign that she does not want to be close to me and is trying to distance herself from me – her free choice, of course.

Having touched on the topic of psychology, I will also add

how during the summer of 2020 I would sometimes return to masturbation, and then on the same day I would go to the other end of the city where I would calmly walk, without experiencing any health problems. This again showed me that my early problems with cardiac arrhythmias and breathing after masturbation were associated with psychology and neurosis, and they happened, by and large, due to my worries and thoughts, which I myself chose to have in my head instead of quickly understanding at what moment I made a mistake that led to the unplanned masturbation, remembering it, and then just focusing my mind on the real material world.

And speaking about the mistake and unplanned masturbation, I deliberately chose to masturbate about once every two weeks while I do not have a girlfriend. In doing so I try to find a balance point between excessive masturbation and the absence of any sexual release at all. But I sometimes wonder if it is still a mistake not to quit masturbating completely.

After VDNKh, I had lunch and then went to Gorky Park where an interesting case of synchronicity occurred.

I saw a girl walking alone and decided to catch up with her. Once I was by her side, I told her about my desire to get to know her in case she does not have a boyfriend or husband.

She looked at me for a while and then said that firstly she needed water. I replied that the water kiosk was a few meters from us. The girl went into the rose garden, looked around, and said that earlier there was water there. Then the girl turned

around and walked in the other direction – perhaps failing to catch what I told her about the kiosk.

Thinking that we were getting acquainted, I asked her name.

Veronica told it and then asked me a couple of questions about how I met [with girls]; whether I only approached single girls, or I also approached those who were not alone – I replied that sometimes I approached a group of girls, but only if they were not busy chatting with each other. This summer I decided to step out of my comfort zone even further in order to have a better chance of finding a girlfriend, and also to have a better chance of just chatting with someone and learning something new.

Then she started giving me advice to go and get to know all the dancers who danced on the dance floor by the Moscow River – not a good sign; but I still thought she had no one since she started talking to me after I asked her if she had a husband or boyfriend.

Then Veronica asked me if I was going to keep to “ходить за ней” (walk after her) – the very words that E told me a few hours earlier. Being a little puzzled, I asked Veronica if we were getting acquainted or not – to which she replied that she had a boyfriend, and that she had already told me about it. I mentioned that I asked her if she had someone and she did not tell me anything; but Veronica kept insisting on her words. I said goodbye to her.

I thought then, how interesting it was that on the same day two different girls told me the same thing, and in both cases both girls did not understand the whole situation, making me guilty in

their own eyes. I do not think that I myself did anything wrong in both cases.

Then I remembered how a couple of days ago I had a conversation with a girl in the rose garden of Gorky Park. Both she and Veronica mentioned dancing. It made me wonder if Veronica could have been that same girl? If I was to assume that this is the case, there are several lessons to be learned.

Firstly, it was another sign that you should not be shy to take a good look at the girls you talk to. I sometimes thought that it is quite possible that I had already approached to meet the same girl several times, because I simply did not remember her appearance. This, in general, is not at all surprising, since girls often use different cosmetics, and also often change their hairstyles and clothes – the main reasons why I did not recognize E.

Secondly, this moment reminded me of the so-called first impression.

It may seem strange, and I am not sure myself what the exact reason is, but when I accidentally heard the girl in the rose garden talking on the phone and answering her interlocutor that she had not epilated the “oyster” yet, I started to be slightly repelled by that girl. This is odd considering my years of problematic experience with pornography. But despite my slight disgust, I still decided to talk to that girl when she finished talking on the phone, in order to learn something new for myself. She had a boyfriend, and in the further conversation she emphasized that



the main thing is not to despair in search of a girlfriend.

As for Veronica, even after her words not to follow her, she still remains pretty for me in my memory. If Veronica and the girl from the rosary are really one and the same person, then one could conclude that one should not rely heavily on the first impression, but it is better to draw conclusions about a person based on several impressions after several meetings. By the way, the girl from the rosary was talking about the same when she told me that people can be in different moods on different days and segments of days, and finding a person at such a moment can lead to a completely wrong conclusion about him.

We continued to correspond with Yulia in WhatsApp. She had serious personal problems – her boyfriend beat her badly. I tried to cheer Yulia up and advised her to meditate and concentrate instead of using alcohol and cigarettes, which she began to lightly use to soothe the physical and psychological pain. She appreciated it.

After some time, I met with Yulia for the second time to take a walk, but I was in even worse shape than when we first met, and I will not be at all surprised if Yulia will never want to meet again. But at least we continue to text each other from time to time.

The reason for this regression lies in the fact that I allowed myself to heavily think about the details of my acquaintance with E, thinking and imagining what went wrong that day, what I should have done differently... The irony of this regression lies in what I said to E about how I managed to make great progress

in my life, letting go of almost all thoughts and fantasies... and so she was destined to become one of the links in the chain that temporarily returned me to the abyss of almost constant thinking and fantasies... But I was able to realize the negative effects of my decisions, and I left only the knowledge I learned from that life lesson, regaining control over myself.

Thanks to the people with whom I was able to talk over the summer of 2020, by and large it became clear to me that, on the one hand, my life experience is quite unique and unusual compared to the experience of many other people of our time, but on the other hand, it is quite ordinary experience for a person living on a planet of the first category. I was clearly not the only one who had problems and who suffered.

Simply put, I made a big problem out of my whole life and my experience, but that problem never really existed – this is an ordinary life, and I should not put this or that experience of my life much higher than another. This approach will help to shed the burden from the shoulders that exists only in a person's head, but at the same time is well reflected in his general behavior – body language, speech, and facial expressions.

The material and spiritual knowledge acquired this summer also helped me shed even more light on a dream that I had almost 14 years ago. Mirror reflection told me then in the dream: “I will never let you get out of yourself.” The word “never” is used only when you are absolutely sure that something will

happen (or, alternatively, not happen), and so it means 100%. Where can we find one hundred percent in the Universe? At its very foundation – in cause and effect, when absolutely all actions have absolutely precise consequences. Correct decisions will one hundred percent bring happiness, but wrong decisions will one hundred percent bring suffering. The fact is that a person's decision to have conversations in his head is a mistake, and it causes negative consequences in the form of tense facial expressions which, in turn, after a certain time can cause damage to the physical body. That is, I cannot build fantasies in my head and expect that my face will not show this or there will be no other negative consequences – this is not possible according to the Law of the Universe (this is the same as on an ordinary summer day to put an ordinary metal pot of water over an ordinary fire and wait for the water in the pot to freeze). Perhaps my old dream spoke about this in an abstract way. Dreams do not occur to us to do harm, but on the contrary – to help us. But we need to learn our lesson ourselves and look for the meaning of something. Nobody will give us anything on a plate.

# The Golden Mean

In the end, I would like to devote a few pages to how people sense themselves, and to balance in our human lives.

In fact, this is a very serious topic, especially nowadays, when the words “transgender” and “transsexual” can be heard very often.

Unfortunately, due to the lack of knowledge about reincarnation, some people have taken matters to the extreme, and therefore they are making a mistake.

When you pull the swing back from its resting state to its extreme point, you are giving it potential energy. And when you let go of the pulled back swing, it now has kinetic energy. Having it, the swing will not stop instantly in the middle, at the state of rest, but it will almost reach the opposite extreme point. Due to the friction of the rope and the resistance of the air, the swing will be losing some of its energy and eventually will again reach the middle point between the two extremes and come to the state of rest – the balanced state.

I noticed that people, being part of the Universe, also tend to rush from one extreme to another. That is, a person, being at the extreme point, sooner or later will be disappointed in it (since the extreme is a mistake, and all mistakes lead to suffering), and when this happens, that person due to lack of certain knowledge can go to the other erroneous extreme, considering it the right

decision, as it seems to him that the opposite of something that is a wrong thing must be the right thing. This is not true. Only the middle point that contains all the best of the two extremes is the right decision (we can determine what is useful and what is harmful, using logic and common sense). And if the swing slows down due to the loss of its energy due to friction of the rope and collisions with molecules in the atmosphere, then people slow down due to the accumulation of spiritual and material knowledge, which more and more protect a person from making serious errors – roughly speaking, a person is brought into balance thanks to the resistance of his knowledge.

I am reminded of a quote that can be seen on the Internet, and the main idea of which is that the person who speaks the truth is often the most hated (It is attributed to Plato, but in fact I could not find the source; nevertheless, I like the meaning of this expression). Since people arrive to the balanced middle point thanks to the accumulation of spiritual knowledge, and those people live on the planets of the ninth category, I am not at all surprised that that quote is very relevant on the planets of the first category, where there are usually not so many highly spiritual people.

On the FAQ page of [www.Thiaoouba.com](http://www.Thiaoouba.com) website it is said how, after returning to Earth, Michel found himself in opposition with most people, including his family and even ufologists.<sup>[15]</sup> Having my above-stated understandings about life, I am no longer surprised by this fact.

Returning to men and women, both of them can think in the same way, being a single part of the Superior Intelligence, and having, in fact, identical souls (except for the accumulated spiritual knowledge), as well as psychic bodies that are part of the soul and also do not die. Knowing this, it should not be surprising that some girls who have not yet accumulated a lot of spiritual knowledge, can easily deceive others for personal gain using their bodies, for example. Material and spiritual knowledge plays a primary role in calculating what decision a person will make in any given situation, and not his appearance – no matter how beautiful it is. Appearance is a part of that life situation.

Further, men and women, by and large, have the same sensations. Only the genitals give each sex its own unique sensations, which are different. By the way, for me the word “man” means a person who from birth, or from nature, has male genitals; and a “woman” is a person who has female genitals from birth. These words have nothing to do with how people think or feel in their bodies – we think and feel the world around us as people, human beings.

I had one case when I was thinking and imagining about children, and suddenly, unexpectedly, I felt inside my being a distinct “feminine” feeling of motherhood. I put the word in quotation marks because it is obviously not feminine – otherwise I, as a man, simply would have been able to physically feel it – but I can see how many men might panic thinking they are a woman. No, you are human.

Masculinity and femininity mean human traits and qualities that people of all genders can physically have. But because of the upbringing of children, many girls began to lean to one extreme, and guys began to lean to the other one. There are situations when it is worth being compassionate, sensual, gentle, while in other situations it is better to be courageous, assertive. Balance is needed everywhere.

For example, when your 5-year-old is threatened by high school students, then courage and fortitude are definitely among the traits that a person (regardless of gender) should activate in himself in order to have a loud, stern voice and protect the child; but if a baby is crying without stopping and needs to be lulled, then a loud, harsh voice will only aggravate the whole situation, and here, in order to calm the baby down, a person (regardless of gender) should now activate tenderness and gentleness that would hardly help with hostile high school students.

Why were we not immediately created as hermaphrodites? A hermaphrodite is the middle, the perfect balance between man and woman. As you know, in order to achieve that balance, people need to learn spiritually until they can reincarnate on the planet of the ninth category. To achieve that balance, people often must go through the “swing effect” where they make a mistake and go to the other side from the middle to experience life from a different perspective. But those fluctuations between the middle value become less and less (due to the acquisition of new spiritual knowledge), until we stop in the golden balanced

middle and become perfect – and, in fact, Thiaooubians are perfect, and so are the inhabitants of other planets of the ninth category. For this reason, people of the ninth spiritual category have nothing more to study spiritually, since they know everything, being exactly in the middle, and they will no longer be able to move in their spiritual development – just like a completely stopped swing that physically cannot stop much further.

I want to clarify that these reasonings have nothing to do with the wrong decisions of some people to “change” gender; think that you are of the opposite sex; or raise your children as if they are of the opposite sex, or have no sex. First, I put the word “change” in quotation marks, since reincarnation is the only natural and unmistakable way to change your gender. In a new incarnation, a person will be able to naturally know and feel what it really means to be a member of the opposite sex. It is not wise to make a mistake and “change” gender, which in any case will not make Palantius get relaxed (More precisely, I do not think Palantius will relax, since only the physical body gets changed – and it is not even a 100% change. Palantius itself is part of the fluidic body). Secondly, I have already said my opinion that gender only determines which genitals a person has – and nothing more.

When it comes to clothes, people of both sexes can wear whatever they want – all beings have free will, after all. For example, girls have long been wearing so-called “men's” clothes,



and no one pays any attention to it. The act itself – the fact that a person is wearing clothes – is not a mistake. Naturally! Here we can also remember the fact that matching the colors of clothes with the colors of our Aura will have a beneficial effect on our physical and psychological state. Both women and men can have a wide variety of colors in their Aura, and all those people should feel comfortable wearing those colors among other people.

So why is there a cry out happening when a man shows up in clothes that look like, and maybe even are, women's? It is about psychology and habits. It is about what people began to consider as “normal” in their society – and normal does not always mean natural, and also correct. For example, I do not get cringe feeling to see a Scottish Highlander wearing a skirt as I understand that it is their tradition and it is normal and customary in their country, and the man himself is most likely of traditional sexual orientation; in fact, kilt skirts are of practical value in rainy climates and mountainous terrain. Things are a little different when it comes to a typical male who has put on women's clothes, since nowadays such people are synonymous with people who “change” gender, want to feel themselves as a “woman”, etc ... When I see a woman in men's clothes, I see a person who just likes such clothes, a person who feels himself at ease and comfortable in such clothes – that is all. But when in modern times I see a man in a woman's attire, I have questions about whether that person is all right?

Unfortunately, the answer is often “no”. So, not so long I

stumbled upon a person on YouTube who looked and acted like a girl. Then it seemed interesting to me that a girl is so interested in the video game of my childhood, and makes videos about that series of games. After some time, I watched a stream of one actress who played the main character in one of the parts of that popular video game, and she had the same person from YouTube on her stream as a guest. When someone in the chat called that person a man, I thought that the person who wrote the message was just a rude individual who wants to ridicule some of the masculine features of that guest from YouTube. A day later, I saw similar comments again, some of which mentioned that person's former pseudonym on porn sites. Then I decided to check what was being said, and it turned out that this is really a guy – the presence of male genital organs does not lie. He made himself fake breasts, and he also deliberately lowered his voice and slowed down his speech to sound like a girl; I say deliberately, because in one of his old videos that guy suddenly got tired of his playing as a girl and began to speak in a fast and bass male voice – so he was not a girl with male genitals, but only pretended to be a girl. Fortunately for myself, I never had any feelings other than respect for that man when I still considered him a woman, but at the same time I felt deceived.

There is a video where that person is engaged in so-called anal “sex” with a man. And in another video, he said that he got disappointed in sex... this is not surprising, given that anal “sex” is not sex. Sex can only be between people who have from birth,

by nature, female and male genitals. This shows several things.

First, such people do not know what sex is and unknowingly make serious mistakes, confusing real sex with everything that is not sex.

Secondly, if you read Thiaoouba Prophecy, you will find out that homosexuals are neurotics and should seek a solution to their problem.

Thirdly, since Palantius can only be relaxed between partners of opposite sexes, transsexuals who have sex with a person of their natural sex will not be able to achieve its relaxation. This is one of the reasons why transsexuals, and indeed transgender people, should tell the truth about their birth sex. It is not normal to try to impersonate the other sex, as some heterosexual people are looking for a partner and unknowingly may spend their energy and time courting a person of the same gender.

Then, reading articles about transgender and transsexual people while writing these lines, I came across thoughts about the reluctance of some children to play with dolls, cars and other toys that have become synonymous with girls or boys. These desires have nothing to do with sexual orientation! I, too, have never been drawn to watch football and boxing, as well as playing with toys, but at the same time I am drawn to women.

This whole topic can be summarized as follows. If a person, man or woman, wears clothes that are still synonymous with people of the opposite sex, and he does this because such clothes give him practical benefits, well, or he just likes it, and this

person is sexually attracted to people of the opposite sex – then everything is in order with him in terms of psychology, and the person does not make mistakes.

But if a person puts on clothes of the opposite sex in order to be that sex, to feel that gender, then the person has psychological problems. He is making a mistake and he should look for solutions to his problems.

It is also worth writing a clarification that we are not talking about clothes that were clearly made for females: bras; underwear; T-shirts where women's breasts are clearly emphasized, etc. We are talking about ordinary clothes, which are considered “female”, but which could also be physically worn by men, and at the same time the whole garment would have a practical meaning. The same goes for women.

Again, the same balance is visible, which is sometimes difficult to keep and not jump off to the side.

The sooner people understand these simple truths, the better for them. After all, if they make a bunch of mistakes, then psychologically it will be even harder for them to admit that they are wrong, that they just took and crippled their healthy physical bodies.

All these understandings reminded me of “зайкание” (stuttering), a “disease” that does not exist, and the cause of speech stuttering is very, very simple – and the solution, therefore, is also very simple. The same is the case with the question of self-identification; people, having no knowledge

about reincarnation and the duality of life, have created a problem where it mostly does not exist.

I was excited to realize the above truths. But one thought did not leave me.

In my notes, I wrote to myself to check my conclusions about the lucid dream, where I was in the body of the young woman. I wrote my brief thoughts about homosexuality, and why some people are sexually attracted to members of the same gender. Seeing how simple the reason for transgender people is, which in turn reminded me of the simplicity of stuttering, I wondered – could the reason for homosexuality also be very simple? So simple that it is just hard for us, people who have complicated everything by taking many things to the extremes, to see them? As you may remember my brief reference to the streamer who understood the real reason for stuttering, but, by and large, rejected his thoughts.

Underestimating yourself, or overestimating yourself, are also two erroneous extremes. In the first case, we can understand the simplicity of the true working principle of something, but we will think that: “It's so simple! Surely people would have already known about this... No, the reason must be in something else...”. And the simple truth does not reach society. In the second case, we can simply never ask the question: “Am I really right?”. I asked myself this question.

Thao, an inhabitant of the ninth category planet, would not be

living on it if she did not know the truths of life. And when she said that homosexuals are neurotics (when it is not a matter of hormones) – I knew that it was so.

I myself had symptoms of neurosis which, for the most part, I was able to remove on my own from my life through learning and subsequent personal choice to try to live in a different, correct way. And sometimes I thought about what relation a neurosis, a neuropsychiatric disorder (in which people can feel: irritated, angry, sad, guilty, worried, hostile, self-consciousness, vulnerable) can have with the desire of some people to have sex with people of their own gender? Where is the connection? This has been a mystery to me for a long time.

It is important for me to let you understand right away that in Michel Desmarquet's book, in addition to Thao's words that homosexuals are neurotics, there is also a note in parentheses that reads the following: “when it is not a matter of hormones”.<sup>23</sup> I asked about this people who communicated with Michel during his lifetime, and I was told that, according to Michel's explanations, homosexuals fit into two groups: those who were born homosexuals due to hormones, and those who were born heterosexual, but in the course of their life “chose” to become homosexual. So, my following reflections only touch on the neurotic side of homosexuality, when people, out of their ignorance, made a choice to become homosexual. As for the hormonal side of homosexuality, I will remain neutral for

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<sup>23</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 247.

now.<sup>[27]</sup> But if the hormonal side of homosexuality is true, I am wondering if the knowledge in the 19% of electrons that were part of one person, and then became part of another person, animal, or plant, has any effect on the body that they form (provided that some part of the memory [or data] in the 19% of electrons is retained and not erased when a new body is created)?

Thus, I decided to search in Google “neurosis homosexuality”. After some time, I clicked on the link leading to the book on Amazon. It is called “Homosexual Neurosis, The” by William Stekel. In the description of the book, I saw lines that immediately resonated with my understandings of the duality of life with erroneous extremes, and with the right golden mean between those extremes.

In my own words, it has been found that a person represses his homosexuality or heterosexuality, as he cannot maintain his bisexuality.

The word “bisexuality” opened my eyes to what is the very golden mean in human relations, and the word “represses”, in turn, shed a light on why some people choose to be homosexual and others heterosexual.

I will say right away that I did not buy that book and, accordingly, did not read it. I only point it out, since it was the description of that book that shed light on the important question of homosexuality. I understand that one of the reasons for overestimating oneself lies in the unwillingness to learn something new, but I have little doubt about my

main conclusions, which in any way are based on my personal life experience, as well as on many articles and videos about homosexuality that I read and watched on the Internet for free.

In the above lines from the description of William Stekel's book, one can see not only the duality of life, but also my conclusions that all people, being part of the single Superior Intelligence, think and feel like people, and not like representatives of any gender.

Why is it important? Because we often go to extremes in what feelings we have for people of our own and opposite sex. Why are we doing this? It is all about the psyche, and how we see the world around us. No wonder Thaora said that on Earth our greatest problems exist in the area of the psyche.

Jesus came to Earth to teach people not only spirituality, but also love. I love the lines in Thiaoouba Prophecy on page 115: "As Jesus said, when we sent him to you almost 2000 years ago: 'Love each other' – but of course...".<sup>24</sup> Of course, I understand that we can only speculate about what Thao would have said if Michel Desmarquet had not interrupted her, but I always suspected she would have said about how people have perverted the concept of love.

Love is not sex. Love someone, feel warm feelings for someone does not mean the need to have sex with that person. Love and sex are completely different concepts. Love, in my own words and briefly, is how you emotionally treat a person. And

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<sup>24</sup> Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 177.



sex means physical action.

So, if people do not want to make a mistake, they should love each other regardless of gender, but have sex only with a person of the opposite sex, with whom they have love and spiritual affinity (if there is no love or spiritual affinity, then people can separate; and if during their relationship a child was born, then he will experience certain suffering because of life in an incomplete family. And, of course, the parents themselves will sooner or later suffer for their mistake to have sex without thinking about the consequences in the form of children).

This is where the reason for homosexuality lies! Not all people understand these simple truths! Lacking important knowledge, a person who has warm feelings for another person of the same gender may get frightened of these feelings because in society at the present time there is a false notion that this means that such person is a homosexual. I will give a few examples from my personal experience and personal observations.

I have already written about the man in my house entrance who called me a swear word used in statements about gay guys due to the fact (as I assume) that I was in a purple long sleeve T-shirt – the color of “women's” clothes, which I had difficulty finding in Moscow, having searched a bunch of shops and shopping centers. And yes, I have psychological problems, since I simply could not buy “women's” clothes of the right color and wear them.

In childhood, some of my female friends hugged each other

and said that they were “bi”, but at the same time, by and large, no one paid attention to them, and they did not seem strange in our eyes. If men began to hug each other seriously, then there would be noise and gossip, as well as strange looks. Porn is also full of videos with homosexual women, which has become a usual and commonplace thing in our minds. But male homosexual videos “live” on their own tab. Someone will say that this is because homosexual girls are more tender than homosexual men... considering what videos I have seen over the years of my life, I would not say so... No, it is about what knowledge we receive from our childhood, when we are unconsciously and unknowingly taught from all sides to discriminate against people in many areas.

Also, in childhood, those who lovingly and warmly treated all people, including members of the same gender, were called homosexuals (to put it mildly). These statements were engraved in the minds of people, since few individuals want to be negatively referred to (here you need certain material and spiritual knowledge in order to calmly live with the negativity coming towards you).

Then on the forums, I often saw messages from guys who watched porn videos where there were only homosexual men, and the guys who asked the question worried that they might also be gay. They would not be worried if society did not condemn them, or if they were able not to have worries about what other people think of them. As I, for example, now understand that

we ourselves choose to be offended by bad words addressed to us – we can also choose not to feel offended and simply learn spiritually, if we really made a mistake that led to the negative statement.

Psychology is very, very important, and I know of this from my own experience. There was a time when I myself was worried about what one stranger said in a multi-billion society. A long time ago I laughed at myself when I first started trying to meditate... I laughed at myself, because in my head, due to different situations and opinions of people, a distorted mental picture was formed in regards to meditation. As you know, meditation helped me a lot, and I was even able to experience a sudden health recovery done by my Higher Self, because through meditation I realized some important things about life – all because I was able to overcome that psychological barrier and did meditate on that distant day.

So, people should be in the golden mean and love each other regardless of gender, skin color, etc. – after all, we can be reborn in any human body on this planet, which makes racism an absurd thing in my eyes.

As was mentioned before, loving people of your gender does not in any way mean having sex with people of your gender. People who do not know or do not understand these truths can experience psychological stress about their feelings for people of the same gender. Here, unknowingly, some of those people can go to one of the extremes, blocking their feelings for people of

one of the two genders.

One extreme will lead a person to the fact that he will like people of the opposite sex, but the person will be, at best, neutral towards people of the same sex. Of course, from the very childhood, many people are mistakenly brought up so that psychologically and emotionally they treat people of different genders in completely different ways – for example, they like people of opposite sex, and they treat people of the same sex with coolness.

I remember Thao saying “my dear” to Michel 6 times in his book. This is a sign of friendliness and love, and nothing more.

I myself have always felt myself more at ease in the company of girls – as strange as it may be, given my life’s story – but it is so. Sometimes I feel some discomfort with guys, and having the choice to ask a guy or a girl something, I will choose to ask the girl. And I understand that in this regard, I am deviated from the golden mean, when you treat people of both sexes equally. I have something to work on in my life.

Many years ago, I addressed my Higher Self as a feminine being, since it was more comfortable for me to think of my Higher Self as of “her” and not as of “him”. Now I speak about my Higher Self as of “it”; I am talking about the Higher Self in the neuter, as it is correct. The Higher Selves have no gender – naturally.

It is for this reason that I have often written in this book that I like girls – meaning that I saw guys in neutral light. I was closer

to the extreme than to the golden mean, and I see it only now! A little more correct (but, most likely, one could formulate the words even better) would be to remove all the words “like” and just say “I meet girls, because in the end I would like to find myself a partner for the rest of my life.” By the way, this summer one girl told me that she had a partner... I was not used to hearing the word “partner”, perhaps it even sounded a bit off. But now, having my new knowledge, I myself use it, since it would not be entirely correct to write “to find love”, given that we should try to treat all people with love, and therefore, love will be from the beginning between me and the woman...

But what about my experience with “love at first sight”? And what about those three female streamers? Thinking about the psychological state I was in at that time, the words “craze, obsession, infatuation” are more appropriate here. In those moments there was no love – I do not even know the name of the blonde girl from school. I think this is the same situation as with anal “sex” which is not sex; those expressions contain the word “love”, but at the same time there is no love in those life situations that those expressions describe – it can be carefully assumed that when those expressions appeared in our language, people did not know the difference between love and infatuation, obsession, etc. And it is important to note that I almost do not experience such obsessions over someone after I began to actively work on my life, and I also began to actively get acquainted with girls. I realized that it is not okay to “fall in love” with the girls

on the other side of the screen.

As for the other extreme, it leads to the fact that a person decides to have sex with people of the same gender. This is a mistake, since the Spirit does not need the sensations arising from same-sex sexual relations (except for hermaphrodites on planets of the ninth category, for example, where it is natural).

Right there we can see why having sex with people of the opposite sex is the right thing – it is definitely not a mistake if there is love and spiritual affinity between two people of different sexes (and of course they know each other well enough that they want to live together for the rest of their lives). The Spirit wanted to experience such sensations, and therefore they will be able to pass through all 9 filters of the Higher Selves and reach the etheric ‘ocean’ that surrounds the Spirit.

Let's say people began to align themselves with nature and began to try to be in the golden mean, without going too far into the extremes of life (this means that, if I am correct in my reasoning, people are [no longer] neurotic). Why would a person, who does not have psychological problems and loves people of his own sex and people of the opposite sex equally, want to have sex only with people of the opposite gender? Perhaps you already understand perfectly well that it is all about knowledge – knowledge of what is natural and right, and will bring benefit and happiness, and what is a mistake and will bring suffering. Let us not forget about Palantius too.

For example, even though there are a lot of videos of anal

“sex” on adult websites, I am, by and large, not interested in trying to do it. Why? I know that this is a mistake that can harm both the girl and myself (you can read on the Internet yourself about the possible consequences of such “sex”, if you are interested). It can also be added that the penetration of the girl into that place means that the girl may also want to shove something inside of her man in that very place – after all, both sexes have it and it plays the identical role, and therefore guys who want to shove their body parts in there should not resist when their girlfriends want to shove something into their rear places; and if they do not want to be poked in the rear, then they themselves should not ask a girl to let them have anal “sex” with her. Further, the sensations from such actions will never reach the Spirit, and for this reason, the Spirit created a system that shows people their wrong actions so that they can correct in their lives and do what the Spirit originally inserted them into the human physical body for. One of the reasons why it works this way is that *free will of beings* is one of the main foundations of a just Universe (for this reason homosexuals have the right to engage in their erroneous activities if it does not harm other people in any way. Of course, in return, they should also respect the free will of heterosexual people. Whether homosexuals want to use the knowledge gained to restore their sex orientation or not is also their free choice, and no one has the right to force them to do anything).

The topic of incest could also be mentioned as an example.

Knowledgeable people will not have sex with the members of their blood family – no matter how attractive they are – because they know from other people's history what such actions can lead to. It could be said that such people *choose* not to have sex with their blood family's members, and they *choose* not to have any sexual desires for their blood family's members – no matter how “hot” they are.

Then I remembered how as a child, when I was still in elementary school, I sometimes began to daydream about what kind of [erroneous] sexual activity we could do with my friend when we saw each other again. But then, over time, I began to have sexual fantasies about girls – only about girls. I never thought about it, but now, as I am writing these lines, I understand that knowledge was the key. Over the course of my life, I realized that it was a mistake to have fantasies and sexual experience with a person of the same gender (to some extent I already understood this when I kept refusing to try oral sex for a long time).

I sometimes wondered in the past: “how during my next lives in a woman's body I can be attracted to guys, if in this life I clearly like women?” And I sometimes I would realize that it would be logical to have a sexual desire for guys in a woman's body, since I would not have my current material knowledge. But in those days I could not connect that realization with psychology and with the cause of homosexuality. Now I understand another simplicity of life...

But there is someone else – a hermaphrodite (with fully



functional genitals)... I would never have thought that I would have to talk about one of my wild, as well as rare, former fantasies... What can I say, nothing stays hidden for long... Here is the interesting thing here. In such fantasies, I imagined a person with the psychology of a female, and I often thought that if the hermaphrodite looked and behaved more like a male than a female (and therefore he would be perceived as a guy and not a woman), then I would not be attracted to “him” emotionally. But if that hermaphrodite looks and behaves like a female, and it is perceived as a female, then I have no problem imagining having sex with “her”. It turns out that we can either like or dislike sexually an absolutely identical person just because of the way he is perceived and seen by us in our minds. Psychology is very important, and psychological data also influence what decisions we make... By the way, if that imaginary hermaphrodite behaved in a balanced manner, having in his behavior the features of a woman and a man, then I think I would not mind being with “her”.

Here I can see a possible connection with my lucid dream, where I was in the girl's body, and I remember exactly that she liked guys (in fact – “me”, but I think it is better to write about that segment of the lucid sleep in the third person). This was due to psychology and the way she saw the world around her; and I have never experienced that psychological sensation during my entire life in my current male physical body (which I am, pretty much, happy about). But how are hormones related to

the fact that I could really feel “what women want” in that lucid dream then? I will not repeat my reflections, which I already wrote about right after that dream; but we humans still have a lot to learn... I also understand that the psychological vision of that girl's world could be a consequence of her bisexuality, but due to the fact that I encountered the above feelings for the first time, I went to the extreme – that is, if this assumption is correct, then that girl liked both guys and girls, and not just guys, as I wrote earlier (after all, she happily began kissing with her female friend). To some extent, this experience confirms the above conclusions regarding the probable reasons for homosexuality caused by neurosis.

I will say again that you do not need to build psychological barriers and run away from your feelings. Here I also know from my own experience what I am talking about. I deliberately set myself at least two psychological blocks – and regretted it. Then, when I had certain urges for handsome guys, I did not run away from that, but I realized what was happening and I realized my mistake; I began to live in the present and accept things for what they are, and not for what they seemed to me. As a result, I am quite a full-fledged heterosexual.

Here we could remember about anonymous alcoholic clubs where all people in turn get up and say: “Hello, my name is [name], and I'm an alcoholic”. Those words are very important, since it is impossible to eliminate the problem if you refuse to recognize its existence – after all, knowledge plays a primary role

in what decisions we make, and if you do not have knowledge, or you block it in your memory, then your decisions will not be able to solve a problem that does not exist in your head. Unfortunately, this topic is also close to me, since my father often refused to admit his problem of alcoholism, and every time my mother and I tried to talk to him about it, he quickly tried to change the topic. The reason lay in the psyche. A person without psychological problems can speak about absolutely any topic and not experience any discomfort during that. I myself have experience with psychological issues, and now I can, by and large, speak calmly about them, since I was able to remove many psychological problems from my life, and I try to work on eliminating the rest.

Here it is worth remembering that even though the phrase “mental illness” contains the word “illness”, as I happened to learn from my life experience, mental illnesses are not illnesses (if the reason does not lie outside the psyche – for example, in the physical or physiological body). People have psychological problems due to lack of certain knowledge, as a result of which those people make erroneous decisions in their lives. Such people should educate themselves, and then self-discipline, striving to live a correct, error-free life. Meditation and concentration can help a person gain control of his body and mind.

Note that there have already been many cases where unnecessary words in established phrases have led some people to wrong decisions. Recently, I came across an interesting video

(<https://youtu.be/D1-WuBbVe2E>) which said how in ancient times there was no word “blue”; and then in that video it was said how the people of the Himba people in Namibia, not having a separate word for “blue”, cannot distinguish a blue circle among green ones as quickly as people who have a word for blue do. Words can have a big impact on how we psychologically perceive the world around us, and therefore we should better choose the words we use.

Personally, I have no doubts about the correctness of the main conclusions that I made for myself about homosexuals and transgender people. But I understand that other people can, and most likely will, have their own opinions on these two topics, since the truth is very simple...

Perhaps I myself would not have believed in the truth about stuttering if I did not have a personal experience by stuttering in my childhood. And perhaps I myself would not have believed in the probably causes of homosexuality (in case of neurotics) if I did not have a personal homosexual experience.

Also, I will mention just in case that you should strive to have one partner. Cheating is a mistake. And polygamy is usually wrong too, as other people can be left without a pair for the rest of their life.

In general, all these realizations made me admire again the genius and simplicity of the Universe.

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In the fall, I decided that I should stop going outside, as the

chance of contracting the coronavirus became very large with a new wave of infections, which exceeded thousands per day. I wanted to finish my book in order to close this important period of my life.

But that meant being alone for a while, since I certainly did not have a chance to meet a girl while sitting at home... but that was my best judgment.

If we pay for all our own mistakes with suffering, then the right actions bring good things into our lives. So, one elderly woman named Svetlana, who lives in our apartment building and sometimes asks me for various help, introduced me in November 2020 to a girl named Olya.

First, Svetlana took my phone number in order to give it to the girl. But she did not call – as it turned out because of work and repairs in her apartment. I doubted if I should find out her number myself and call her. I decided that I would not be passive, and just ask Svetlana if Olga got my phone number – there is no crime in this.

I did so, and Svetlana gave me the girl's phone number.

I called Olya on November 7th and we sometimes correspond.

We thought to meet and take a walk in our neighborhood. Many of Olya's acquaintances were sick with COVID-19, experiencing, in addition to fever, symptoms such as loss of smell and heavy breathing, and therefore Olya did not want to visit crowded places.

Coincidentally, she is also very busy with work, as well as with

renovating her apartment, and we were never able to find free time and meet.

I myself almost never visit social networks and turn off the Internet on my phone in order to be distracted from my book as little as possible. As a result, we do not correspond much, but we still learned something about each other.

As always, even though I tried to avoid some topics, Olya herself led the conversation to them. I told her that this was not a topic for short correspondence – but I do not know if we will ever be able to meet in person. I like that Olya loves self-discipline, sometimes meditates, and, it seems, she is somewhat interested in various spiritual things.

But there is also a negative side which is that she, like many other people, sometimes strives to equalize people to one template, presenting her assumptions as reality – there were two cases that clearly showed this. What I can say here is that if you do not know something 100%, it is better to just ask the person a question instead of making hasty wrong conclusions from your old experience with other people who seem to you the same as your new interlocutor. Because of spiritual knowledge we can be very different people, even if on the outside we can seem “the same”.

I also have a lot to learn, and perhaps some messages could have been written a little differently, while others not written at all. But I did not want to become enrolled in the friend zone on top of other things.

In any case, whatever the future may hold, I might not have this experience and just be sitting alone with my work. At least this way I got some experience and learned something new from it.

Now, even though this summer experience is not quite what I originally intended to find in my life, but in return it gave me some important knowledge that can help me both in life and in my search, and these summer events also smoothly transfer us to the next unnumbered chapter of my book where I will tell my thoughts on how to properly organize a society so that people live in justice, honesty, and happiness.

# Manifesto

In this manifesto, I am talking about hypothetical countries, except for those cases when a specific country is indicated in the sentence.

The word “spirituality” in this manifesto has little (if any) relation to any religions, and it refers, rather, to *knowledge* about the Superior Intelligence and the reasons for the creation of the material world, the Universe, as well as to the interaction of individual people with other people and creatures in the Universe. You can learn more about spirituality, as well as of other interesting and important things, in Michel Desmarquet's free e-book “Thiaouoba Prophecy” (also known as “Thiaouoba: The Golden Planet”).

I will start by mentioning the known to me foundations of life which will become the building blocks of my ideas in this Manifesto:

The Superior Intelligence (Spirit) created everything that exists materially.

People exist physically for the purpose of spiritual development. The reincarnation of the soul (Astral body) plays an important role in this development, since people can look at the world from different points of view, which depend on the material and spiritual knowledge accumulated by a person.



There is knowledge and there is faith. In simple words, faith is something that exists in our imagination, but not beyond it, knowledge is something that exists in our imagination and beyond.

Everything material is a simple vibration that creates in everything two extreme values with a balance in the middle. Everything that exists is under the influence of these vibrations and, accordingly, also has duality, balance, and periodicity in its features. That is, being in the middle, with a reasonable approach, gives the most fair and harmonious life.

There are wrong and correct actions/decisions. A person pays with suffering for each of his mistakes: instantly or after some time, which can be counted in lives. Wrong decisions include doing nothing and reworking something, excess work – balance also needed here. Correct decisions lead to a positive result, to happiness. Because of this Universal Law, it is beneficial for all people to come to a spiritually oriented organization of society, regardless of their position in society.

To maintain their existence, beings (in our case, people) need to have access to resources such as food, water, air, light, knowledge, minerals, etc.

To create tools, you need to have 3 ingredients: knowledge of how to make the tool; the resources from which the tool is created; and technologies/tools for creating a new instrument. Our physical body (hands, legs, etc.) is also a tool, with the help of which we can create the simplest tools, and then use them to

create more advanced things.

Duality is also reflected in science. Blind faith in something on one side of the scale, and blind rejection of any little-known natural phenomena on the other (many scientists make a mistake here). The golden mean is when people study all the theories put forward, and also do not reject the possibility of the existence of certain things; people understand that they do not know everything, and they understand that there is a possibility that in the past people may have made a mistake in scientific conclusions about some Universal Laws.

Each person seeks to benefit for himself and makes decisions based on his material and spiritual knowledge that he has regarding the life situation in which he is.

Having almost finished writing my book, I realized a very interesting, important, and simple truth about what kind of social structures can ever appear on the planet.

We need to remember the sinusoid and gradient, where the bottom and top zones are errors, and only the part that is in the middle is the right choice, since it is completely balanced, containing the correct elements of the bottom part and the correct elements of the upper part.

Further, we remember that for a healthy, harmonious life, people need to have access to knowledge and resources/products such as food, water, minerals, light, air, etc. We absorb some resources into ourselves, and they keep our human body alive,

while other resources can be used by people to create tools to make human life on the planet easier. Here you need to remember Thaora's words that technology should assist spiritual development, not confine people within a materialistic world.

It is worth noting for a better understanding of my thoughts that at present modern society does not need to create some resources on their own (air, light), but in general situations may arise when people need to create those resources that are so commonplace for us. An example would be a space station or a city on a “dead” planet, if we allow ourselves to use the imagination a little, where people need to artificially create both air and lighting.

I realized a long time ago that there is a relationship between people and resources/products. A person either makes the decision on how to get or produce a product, or someone else makes this decision for him. Then there can either be a barrier (money, for example) between a person and a product, or the barrier may not exist. Once I wondered – what if there is also a third dimension, so to speak, between man and resources? This would be logical, given what I know about the Universe and life... And so, while working on the Manifesto and writing in a separate file the methods for people to get products, I wrote down that people can either produce products by their physical labor, or products can be produced by robotics... This was what I thought could exist – the 3rd direction in relations of the human being with the products he consumes.

Thus, there are 3 types of relationships between individual people and resources/products, each of which has 2 extreme values (erroneous), as well as one average and balanced value (correct).

I list them all in the table below where:

The first red row shows how *people make decisions* on how to extract **resources** and/or produce **products**.

The second green row shows how *people produce products* and/or extract **resources**.

The third blue row shows how *people get different products* and/or **resources**.

The extreme ways of self-organization of society are depicted in color; they are erroneous and will lead to problems, and people will suffer for their choice to live under such a social structure. In the middle column without a colored background, there are the most correct and reasonable ways of self-organization of society, in which people will not experience the suffering of the two most extreme ways of organizing society. By products, I also mean resources.

Each person decides by himself how to produce the products he personally receives.

The word “chaos” comes to mind.

Then some primitive society comes to mind, where each person lives by himself

The society has a leadership that makes decisions about the production of products in the country, and it also deals with other issues of the country.

At the same time, people in society have complete control over the country, which they can choose to exercise through universal *open* voting.

Not a single person decides how to make a product.

The total slavery of society can be an example; when one country completely controls absolutely all the people of the other; or, if we will go into what is still fiction, when people (by mistake or with malice) programmed robots/machines in such a way that all people become enslaved by them.

Products are produced only by people – by their physical labor.

That is, people make products with their own hands.

Hunters and gatherers, for example.

Some products are produced by physical labor of people, and some products are made by machines/robots.

Products are not created by humans.

It is produced by machines/robots, for example.

People themselves do not work at all, since everything is completely automated.

There is no barrier between a person and a manufactured product, and any person, without exception, can receive it.

Example: You enter a “store”, take the product you need and leave the store with it. No money or other restrictions between you and the product on the “shelf” of the store.

The manufactured products necessary for a healthy life are available to all people without exception (there is no barrier between a person and such products), and all other manufactured goods are available only to working people (there is a barrier between a person and a product, without which one can live a healthy life).\*, \*\*

There is a barrier between a person and manufactured products, which can be a pass, money, etc.

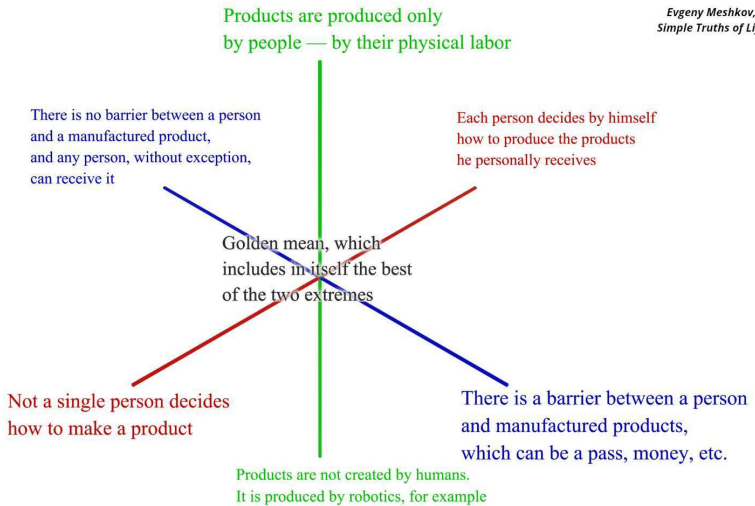
If you come to the store, take the product you need there and go out with it into the street without giving money to the cashier, then you will be considered a thief with all the ensuing consequences.

\* Some vital products, logically, may include: clean water; food containing all vitamins and minerals necessary for a healthy body; minimal housing (1-room apartment or a small land with a small house) with all modern conveniences; access to knowledge and education; access to public transport; access to medicine and treatment.

\*\* Some individual people might say that vital products are given only to workers, and personal cars, multi-room apartments, special types of food, etc. given only to those who do not work... Even though such a very strange idea of distributing food among

the population is theoretically possible, it does not have common sense and is not logical.

*Evgeny Meshkov,  
Simple Truths of Life*



Before I go into more detail about the average, balanced, and what I believe to be the correct way of organizing society, I would like to take a moment to explain why I think that the most extreme ways of organizing society are wrong and will lead to suffering.

### **First red row:**

The extreme, where each individual person decides by himself

how to produce products, brings up two pictures.

One picture is some primitive society that does not have technology, where each person tries to get food for himself as best he can. There is no mutual help between people, and the knowledge acquired by one person will disappear after his death instead of being preserved and serving as a lesson to other generations. As a result, many people in this very extreme way of organizing society will suffer, making mistakes because of their ignorance.

Another picture is the same fragmented society as in the previous example, but here people have technology. Because each individual person does what he wants in the absence of a general order and general rules of behavior, conflicts between people are inevitable in such chaos.

As for the other extreme, I hope you yourself perfectly understand why the total slavery of society is a mistake. By the way, if we move by one or two steps on the scale towards the golden mean, then we will receive serfdom and slave-owning societies that we had in our history.

### **Second green row:**

When all products are made exclusively by people, people have to work very hard. There can be diseases, psychological depression, and high mortality. On the bright side, it can be noted that people are in nature, which is the focus of their attention – people cultivate their spirituality, observing how the world around them works.



As for the extreme, when all products are made exclusively by machines, robots, I remembered a saying about free cheese that exists only in a mousetrap. Since machines will do everything for a person, a certain number of people may lose the desire to learn and develop themselves, which will lead to a lot of mistakes and suffering; other people will also feel the consequences of the wrong decisions of people with little education. Then there is a negative thing in the fact that many people might focus their attention on the material world and they will not have time to develop their spirituality; as a result, people will have to stay for a life or two on the planet of the first category.

### **Third blue row:**

When absolutely all manufactured products are accessible to absolutely all people in society, including those who do not want to work, then those people who work may begin to experience negative emotions and thoughts from the fact that not working people can receive exactly as much as they do – this will lead to conflicts. Perhaps many people will have no incentive to work at all, which will negatively affect their psyche and place even more burden on those who work.

It is worth clarifying that by work here I mean such activity, the result of which will give society vital resources and products. That is, acting, streaming on the Internet, manually decorating dishes, etc. is (in a balanced society without money, for example) a hobby, but not a job.

At the opposite extreme, there is a barrier between human

and product, which may well be money. Many people strive to accumulate as much money as possible; since there is a limited amount of money, an increase in money for one person means a decrease in money for another person; to some extent, the poor themselves enrich the rich when they buy their products. Another way to get more money from other people is through theft, deception, scam, etc. There may be homeless people in society; someone will engage in prostitution so as not to be on the street, or simply not to be a beggar. Then a price tag can be put even on people who are sold into slavery... and there are many other examples of why capitalism lies precisely in the extreme that brings people suffering.

Here we need to remember that each person does what he believes will make his life better (or keep his life situation at the same level, if the person feels good in it). Material and spiritual knowledge of a person influences his choice in each specific situation. This feature of life manifests itself very negatively in a society with any divisions – financial, political, etc.

For example, people with a lot of money and/or power may begin to see a threat in a poor society which also wants a better life, and, naturally, according to the aforementioned law, after acquiring new knowledge/awareness it will strive to achieve it. For the poor very rich people can also pose a threat, since rich exploit the poor for their high-income existence. There can be serious bloody conflicts if society does not know the basics of how spirituality works – I talked about this topic in my book,

Simple Truths of Life, and I strongly advise you to read the free e-book Thiaoouba Prophecy which sheds light on many of the fundamentals of life.

The use of money within the country (for people to get any products and services in their own country) is not reasonable. Due to the duality of life, there are two extreme types of monetary system:



Where there are no restrictions on how much money each person can have. This will lead to a few wealthy people (multimillionaires today), and the vast majority of people will hardly have enough money to get vital products and resources;



At the other extreme is the equalization of the received money for all people, when each person receives the same amount, regardless of his work. This is not reasonable, since with this approach it is rational to remove money altogether from internal use in your country. People will be able to receive the same amount of products, but there will be no cashiers, financiers, bankers, and other people involved in finance; there will be almost no thieves too, which will reduce the number of police officers. All those people “freed” from the monetary burden will be able to work in other truly useful jobs for society, which will reduce the average working day in the country for all people.

Money also sometimes makes people stay in themselves, and

not in reality, since there is no confidence in the future, in the depths of consciousness there is a reflection of fear of being left without money and becoming homeless.

Obtaining resources, knowledge, and technology also takes a lot of time and requires training. There is no need to have another artificially created resource (money) and litter your head with unnecessary information about all the complex intricacies of the work of that resource. And many people do not understand its work at all – so, I was surprised to find out that people do not know the exact causes of inflation! There are only theories! Theories about the principles of work of what we ourselves have created... But money does not even stand close to the technologies thanks to which we make processors and similar equipment, for example – there we really may not know all the laws of physics, but at the same time we know enough to create useful things for ourselves...

Socialism is also an unbalanced way of organizing society. Since under socialism there is a barrier in the form of money between a person and a product, all people suffer in one way or another. Because all people want to live without suffering, everyone will strive for a better life. Depending on material and spiritual knowledge, some people will try to pull society towards complete capitalism, while others, wiser, towards complete lack of money within the country. Since people who know the truths that I am trying to convey to the peoples of the Earth in this book would not make a choice in favor of socialism in the first place,

the chances are that people who chose to live under socialism will make a choice in favor of capitalism due to the lack of critical knowledge – this is what we see in the recent history of many countries on our planet.

I will briefly talk about the now popular ideas of organizing a society where people are, or are very close, to all three extremes: each person decides by himself how to create products for himself; all products are manufactured only by robotics; there is no barrier between a person and a product.

Here are my thoughts on this way of organizing society:

In such a society, people do not work and do not feel like a single one, whole society. There is a division of people into those who are engaged in art, hobbies, and other self-developing things, and they are doing it only for themselves (and someone may be doing nothing at all), but for other people they do nothing; there is an alienation of people from each other. To some extent, this reflects the division of people under capitalism, where everyone works for their own survival. And any strong division of people in society foretells problems.

Here we can say that balance is when people do something (work) for other people, and at the same time they have enough time to do something for themselves (hobbies, education, outdoor activities, personal life, travel, etc.). I am reminded of the analogy Thao said about atoms that connect very closely together to create a brick or any other building material; if the

atoms repelled each other, then disintegration would occur.

It can also be noted that living at an extreme point does not always mean that absolutely all people will make mistakes and suffer. This means that the consequences of living in such an extreme system will encourage some people with little spiritual knowledge to make mistakes that will cause others to suffer.

Next, I will briefly outline the basics of my vision of a balanced organization of society and talk about how, in my opinion, we can come to such a just life without any serious conflicts between different people.

The purpose of our existence is spiritual development through our physical bodies, which must be maintained in healthy condition in order for them to live and function correctly. Otherwise, we will suffer. The more a person becomes spiritual, the less he makes mistakes and, accordingly, causes less suffering to the particles of the Superior Intelligence (himself and other living beings). For this reason, the more spiritual society, the greater the chance of lack of money within the country – people will start thinking about the well-being of others, and not just about themselves. I think that people will come to a spiritually oriented order in society when they get tired of suffering for their own mistakes, their stubbornness will go away, and they will begin to learn from their mistakes, which they will be able to openly look at, and not try to erase their existence from their heads.

What maintains our bodies in life: healthy food, clean water and air, salvation from adverse weather conditions (housing). Since a person exists in order to develop spiritually, he needs to be able to be sometimes alone with himself and in silence (quiet apartments, summer cottages of a certain minimum area, parks, etc.), where a person can meditate, study calmly and go about his business.

To maintain our life, 3 ingredients are required: knowledge, resources, and tools (technologies) with the help of which people can create other tools for their needs (houses, tractors, cars, medical supplies, food, purified water, sewage, electricity, the Internet, etc.).

One of the main Laws of the Universe says that making a mistake leads to suffering. One of the most serious mistakes is limiting the free will of another person, or more precisely: imposing one's will on another, in a way which deprives the individual of the privilege of exercising his own free will. Therefore, only *self-discipline* is needed. No one has the right to restrict the freedom of choice of another person if his actions do not harm other people – there is an exception if those other people consciously agree with such harmful activities in relation to them, which, of course, is still an error from the point of view of the Universal Law.

But one should also not forget about common sense and logic. If a person faces an imminent and rapidly approaching danger, and you can save him, then, of course, you will not make a

mistake when you help him without his consent, while slightly influencing his physical body.

People, being part of the Superior Intelligence, depending on their material and spiritual knowledge, perform those actions that they consider will benefit them in the life situation in which they are. Knowledge is very important. The functioning of society is primarily based on accumulated knowledge. Therefore, people must have control over the affairs of their society, so that no one tries to introduce false knowledge that will lead to suffering. We call it democracy when people are in power.

I believe that people as a whole [society] have power almost always, since the movement of the whole society occurs in accordance with what each individual person does.

Here's an example. There is a ball that needs to be moved. When people have different levels of knowledge and understandings, they push the ball in the direction that they believe, based on their knowledge, will benefit them. If people push it from different sides with approximately the same force, then that ball will stay in place. If people understand that only by acting together they can move the ball, they will move it in one direction and make progress. It is people's different choices and actions that determine what the total direction the country will go to, not the written law which people can choose to follow or not to follow.

In the digital world, many people can vote from home. But it is necessary that vote only those people who have an education



in the field on which they vote (new medical equipment – medical education, a new clean motor – engineering and/or environmental, etc.), otherwise uneducated people with a bunch of conspiracy theories in their head can cause suffering for the majority. General education will also allow voting on issues that do not require deep knowledge in certain areas.

Thus, people will not suffer because of the voting of uneducated people, and at the same time, the free will law will be respected, since if a person wants to take part in public affairs, he just needs to start educating himself and then pass exams to confirm his knowledge.

General education includes at least the following disciplines: the language of your country, the general laws of your country, spirituality, history, physics, biology, chemistry, psychology, mathematics, algebra, geometry, sociology, social studies, natural history, natural science, geography, ecology, astronomy. People should know about the duality of life, and should know the difference between capitalism and communism, private and personal property, freedom and slavery. Of course, they should know the descriptions of words, and understand that in the description of communism, for example, there is nothing that is associated with murders, as some politicians are trying to impose on other people with little knowledge.

Regarding the general laws of the country, with a correct and balanced way of organizing society, there will not be so many of them, and therefore it will not be difficult for people to remember

them – there will no longer be a need for lawyers.

Spirituality includes teachings about such things as the Laws of the Universe, the Aura, the Astral body (soul), reincarnation, the Higher Self, the etheric force field – essentially everything that Thiaooubians taught us in Michel Desmarquet's book Thiaoouba Prophecy. Of course, I perfectly understand that this subject will be introduced only after people prove the existence of Auras, telekinesis, etc. Ideally, this should not take long, given that scientists can already photograph Auras and diagnose human health from them. There are other hints in Michel's book, as well as in Michel's audio interview with Michael Meanwell, on how to prove the truth of his report.

I think that it is worth including in the educational program the training to see Auras, as well as teaching telekinesis – so that people *know* about their existence, and not believe.

I include psychology, since the teachings about the work of our psyche are very important for a healthy life. As Thaora told Michel Desmarquet, it is in the area of the psyche that our current greatest problems exist.

Physical education lessons will certainly remain in school too.

Then I suppose that children should be taught about sex and Palantius (and about what love and spiritual affinity are) before people develop sex drive. Otherwise, there is a chance that adolescents will unknowingly make mistakes, sleeping with everyone (I know this from what I saw at school. And if it were not for my speech stupor and some other psychological problems

that I had in my thirteen years, then there is some chance that I myself could have happily rushed to make such mistakes). Then, how can we get rid of sexually transmitted viral infections in such a society? The condom, as I hope you understand, is another barrier that prevents people from experiencing natural sensations during natural sex.

There are two types of teaching subjects: natural (created by the Superior Intelligence) and artificial (created by people; although from a certain point of view, they were also created by the Superior Intelligence). Natural have been listed above, and they are permanent – provided our knowledge is accurate. Artificial objects are not permanent and can change. These include subjects such as languages, computer science and programming languages, country laws, traffic rules, and everything else that was created by humans.

Regarding knowledge, we can say that they are finite, and we can show as a percentage, or just a number from the total of all knowledge, the progress of how much a person already knows from all knowledge of a particular subject, or from all knowledge in general (natural and/or artificial). This will show the person what else he can learn at school, institute, etc. The same progress can also show what a person still needs to learn in order to work in a particular institution.

Duality applies to laws as well. There are the Laws of the Universe which are immutable (provided that we did not make a mistake in our conclusions about how a particular thing works

in the Universe), but there are also laws that were artificially created by people. Artificial laws should not violate the Laws of the Universe, otherwise suffering will follow the mistake. The word “rule” is more appropriate than “law”, since people decide for themselves how to live.

I would single out 3 groups that dictate the behavior of society: *The Laws of the Universe*. We know about them from science and from the proof of the existence of certain things. Following the Laws of the Universe, we will make few mistakes and, as a result, we will suffer little;

*Rules invented by people*. Traffic rules, grammatical rules in the language, rules of self-organization of society, etc. – what should exist so that there is no chaos;

And *recommendations*. For example, wearing a mask and gloves during a coronavirus would be recommendations – naturally, people would be taught that the virus is not only real, but also dangerous; do not expose yourself and others to possible suffering. It is worth understanding and remembering that each person suffers only for his own mistakes. Even before the restrictions on freedom of movement, I thought about taking less walks during the virus, as I understood that if I got sick, I could die and I would not finish my book, which I consider quite important for people (you decide if this is so or not), and therefore I did not need restrictions and directions on how to live my life.

But the aforementioned voting still takes a lot of time, as

it distracts people from their responsibilities (work) to society. Moreover, there are times, such as war, when a democratic voting will cause the death of the entire nation. Therefore, it is logical that you need to have one leader. It is also logical that this leader should make those decisions that will benefit the people. This leader must be *honest*, *wise*, and *intelligent*, and he must not be a member of any political party. Here knowledge about spirituality will help us. People who have accumulated spiritual knowledge in their Astral body during their previous lives will not do bad things towards anyone in their life, starting from childhood. Such people will be able to be sincerely committed to striving to do their best for their nation.

How do we find such people? Thao advised Michel that people follow the example of the continent of Mu, whose people were the most organized on Earth in its entire history.

People in each village (as well as dachas and other rural settlements) and urban areas will elect a person who will meet all of the above parameters. No one with a record of bad conduct or a tendency towards fanaticism during their current life could be chosen. Such people are chosen for their *honesty* and *purity*, not for the promises they made but could not keep.

Thus, I might not have been selected because of my two childhood episodes, when I laughed at a girl with my friend, and when I decided to roll around in the snow the guy who was younger than me. My other life decisions should also serve as a block, but you would not have known about them if I had not

personally and honestly told about them. I mention this so that you understand that the choice of the leader of the village and the district should be approached very, very seriously, and there is no need to be afraid of anyone or anything if you know that someone has done something wrong during their life – otherwise there is a chance that because of your silence the whole country will suffer, and you too will have to suffer for your mistake.

Also, a person cannot appoint himself as a candidate. If someone says that he wants to be the candidate from the village/district, then this is a clear sign that the person is hungry for attention and power. Such a person cannot be chosen as a representative.

If it so happens that there is no person who meets all the necessary parameters in a village or district, then they do not choose anyone.

Further, these selected people will be sent to the nearest city, where further elections will be held.

These midterm elections are held in the same way as the final ones, which I will discuss in the next paragraph:

All elected representatives from all over the country will meet in the capital. There they will be divided into groups of six people each. Each group will have their own conference room, and they will spend 10 days together – talking, eating together, and the like. Eventually they will choose the leader of the group.

If 60 representatives came to the capital, and they were divided into ten groups, then there would be 10 group leaders.

Of these ten, 7 would be chosen in the same way, and then they would choose the Supreme Leader.

We can initially determine the number of representatives who will come to the capital for the final elections by dividing the country into virtual zones. For example, in order for 60 selected representatives to come to the capital, we need to virtually divide the country into 60 zones; then we divide each of those zones into further zones, and this process goes on until we have several dozen villages and city districts in one mini-zone.

What about cities where population density is currently very high? In my apartment building, for example, there are about 500 apartments, and about 1000 people living in the house – which is the approximate number for the villages' population. In other houses there are fewer people. It might be possible to combine several houses into one zone for the election of a representative if the total number of residents does not exceed 1000 people. Otherwise, a representative is chosen in a single apartment building.

Thus, the chances are that the 7 leaders will most likely not know each other and will not be in cahoots.

It is worth noting that in Mu, a leader was only elected in this way if the previous Supreme Leader died without appointing a successor, or the successor was not unanimously approved by the Council of Seven. I would leave it to the people to decide by voting if they want the Supreme Leader to be able to appoint a successor or not.

If the Supreme Leader shows the slightest tendency to dictatorship, then the peer council of six must overthrow him. If for some reason this does not happen, then people initiate a voting to overthrow the entire council of seven and then initiate new elections using the Mu method.

The Supreme Leader's vote is worth two votes. If four are against him, and two are with him on a specific issue, then they will be at a deadlock. They will spend hours or days debating until one in seven changes their mind. This discussion is held in the context of intelligence, love and concern for the people.

These people do not receive any material benefits for leading the country. This is their vocation, and they do it out of love to serve their nation. This way we avoid the problem of hiding opportunists among the leaders.

Since the Supreme Leader is a spiritual person who really helps people and works for them, there is no fear that he will rule the country together with his six assistants for the rest of his life; there is no need to replace leaders every few years, as is now the case in many countries on Earth. Six assistants, whom the leader did not know before the election, and who are also spiritual people, will overturn him in the event of the slightest signs of dictatorship from the Supreme Leader. And if it suddenly turns out that the majority, or all 7, will take the path of dictatorship (but the chances of this are very, very small, since they are all spiritual people), then people will be able to initiate a vote (referendum) on a complete change of government, and they will



choose a new one. At the same time, having worked out their mistakes – namely, in the fact that you need to responsibly choose a person at the first stage of the election, as well as at all other stages.

In the event of the death of one of the 7 people on the council, the process of choosing a replacement will occur again.

Since all the rules (laws) will already exist after people vote for them, the responsibilities of The Council of 7 will include such things as the introduction of new technologies that should improve people's lives, and in no way harm them; construction of roads, educational institutions; and stuff like that.

All Leadership Meetings are broadcast online. Hidden, but still recorded, only those meetings that are of a secret nature, since unfriendly people can use that knowledge and information to harm the country and society in any way possible. But since people have power, they can declassify the recorded meetings by voting in which the vast majority of people vote for declassification (I would say at least 81% of all voters, provided that at least 81% of all people who can vote have voted).

If people want to change something that they believe is harmful to the entire society, or they want to add something that, in their opinion, should improve the lives of all people, then they can submit a proposal to the local vote. If a certain percentage of people from nearby settlements approve this proposal, then it will go to the nationwide voting. I believe that local voting is necessary in order to shield most people from poorly thought-

out ideas. Additionally, only people with relevant education will be able to create proposals. The same applies to voters, as I said earlier.

Accordingly, in such a society with proper self-organization there will be no need for rallies. Here we can draw an analogy with your house and the workers you hired to remodel the interior. This is your house, and you can do whatever you want with it (provided that it does not harm others). You do not go to a rally when you want to make changes to the work being done, do you? But you consult with the family, who also live in that house, until you reach a common solution. If the workers refuse to do the work, then you simply fire them and look for other foremen. And if the workers suddenly declare to you that this is now their house, and they do not want to leave it, you simply call the police, and then look for adequate people for your repair.

People make decisions that they think will either preserve the happiness they already have or will do more good by eliminating suffering. We make these decisions depending on what life situation we are in in the material world, and on what material and spiritual knowledge we have in relation to this particular life situation. Obviously, we still do not know a lot about life, and therefore there is a chance that we will find and learn something that will help us make our lives even better and fairer. This means that the model of organization of society proposed by me can be changed by society with the accumulation of new

understandings. For this reason, the model I proposed cannot have a name, but only has a description:

*Spiritually oriented organization of society based on the Knowledge about the Universe and on the known Laws of the Universe.*

You just read a detailed description based on my current knowledge in this Manifesto. (I have an idea that it is better to try not to use names, but to use only descriptions when the conversation is about things that are important to society. This will eliminate misunderstandings, since people may have their own not very accurate understanding of the word, as they never went to look at the description of the word in vocabulary – especially if they heard it during their childhood and are already accustomed to their false understandings. For example, in my childhood I often heard the word “скомун-издить” (the “communism” is the root of the word, and it means “steal; take something by force from someone”) from friends, and until a certain time I had small, but nevertheless negative associations in my subconsciousness about communism; although the description of communism not only has nothing bad in it, it strongly resembles the organization of society that I propose – in fact, I add only how to choose the right leader in the country, taking into account the still little-known knowledge about spirituality and reincarnation, and that it is worth keeping a balance in all 3 relationships of a person with resources/products).

This is all that is required for a normal, spiritual life, where people live in complete freedom, which at the same time does not go beyond logic and common sense.

If you are not satisfied with some individual details, then there is nothing to worry about, since if this document is circulated enough among the people and then they initiate a public open voting for a new form of the spiritual organization of society, you will be able to subsequently put forward your ideas for consideration and subsequent voting in case there are enough people who agree with you.

In general, there will be no laws we are used to. There are only the Laws of the Universe which dictate what is right and what is wrong. Many of the Laws of the Universe are already well known to science and people with common sense; with the acquisition of new knowledge, people will adapt to new realities, which will bring more and more benefits to human society. But there will be rules for artificially created things – for example, traffic rules, or rules for using different tools.

Everything is free in the country which has a positive effect on the psyche of people who are not afraid to lose their jobs and become left on the street because of this. People give back to society for the years of their education and life by the fact that they work and, accordingly, want to keep social life in motion. The grains will not sow themselves, and then collect in bread and go to the mouths of people. We need to do something to maintain

our free, healthy, and spiritual way of life.

Also, there are no contracts, no agreements, since nothing can go against the will of a person. People can and should restrict a person's will only when that person either commits a serious crime or his actions heavily infringe upon the free will of other people. As I mentioned earlier, minor offenses are first punished with a warning, and only after that, if a person is stubborn and does not want to learn, his next minor offenses are punished with a restraint of freedom for a short time, which will increase with subsequent similar violations.

As you probably know, there are people who practice different behaviors and activities that are contrary to Nature. Examples of these are homosexuality, anal sex, orgies, gender reassignment, etc. These are all mistakes, but if people want to do this, then this is their right, provided that they do not deceive anyone and do not force anyone to do anything. Naturally, they will not be able to talk about such things in front of children who may decide to try to engage in erroneous activities, since they do not yet have the necessary knowledge to understand what is a mistake and what is not.

It is worth saying that I had a little argument with a guy who defended the homosexuality of modern people, and as his evidence, he used animals that have sex with members of the same gender. It should be remembered here that all creatures (animals and people) have free will, and therefore the fact that some can freely choose to use the tool (body and/or its various

components) given to them by the Superior Intelligence for other purposes (not as intended by the Spirit) is only a manifestation of the privilege to exercise one's free will. As it was said earlier about people, all those sensations that the Spirit does not want to receive are filtered out by the Higher Selves, and the actions that caused those sensations that the Spirit does not need are errors. How does one know the true purpose of the instrument? Logic and common sense will help here. Would you try to use a screwdriver to hammer in nails? Yes, sooner or later you could hammer in a nail with a screwdriver, but you would have a bunch of abrasions and wounds, and all the effort simply would not be worth it. It is more logical to use the right tool for every existing thing and not know suffering. To some extent, we can say that each instrument has its own pair, like creatures.

I think that it is worth giving access to such sources of harmful information only to those who have a general education. Otherwise, there will be problems, since people perform actions based on their knowledge – and if there is no correct knowledge in the person's soul, then false data will lead the person to an error. People should be able to understand where the mistake of those people and their ideas lies. Someone may say that this goes against the free will and choice of a person, but I do not think so, because people just need to take a training course, educate themselves, and after it they will be able to watch, read, listen, etc. whatever they want – they will have a very simple opportunity to gain access to harmful knowledge. For example,

currently people in my country graduate from eleventh grade at the age of seventeen, and official access to adult material begins at the age of eighteen.

I must say right away that in the event of a mistake in their knowledge and conclusions, people should have a way to eliminate that mistake in the easiest way.

Science also needs a balance, a golden mean, when people study all the theories put forward and do not dismiss the possibility of the existence of certain things; people understand that they do not know everything, and they understand that there is a possibility that in the past people may have made a mistake in scientific conclusions about one thing or another.

I believe that there should be a special organization that will consider and research new theories about the work of the Universe and life. Thanks to it, people do not have to fight against the wall of skepticism in order to reach people's minds. The Council of Seven can play a key role here too.

Therefore, if members of minorities do not agree with some of my conclusions regarding some of the details, they can appeal them. Of course, society still has the final say, since it has power almost always.

I propose that each person can only own two properties (but this does not mean that a person should strive to own two properties). People will be able to leave their property as a legacy to others if they want. And if the owner dies, then only his

relatives will be able to carry out operations with the property for some time, for example 1 year, or they can give up the property so that other people, if they wish, can register it in their own name and live in it.

Registration itself can take place in a couple of minutes, if not seconds, using the Internet. And the data can be written directly to a memory card in a passport, where information about a person's education and health can also be stored, so that there is no heap of different documents – of course, copies of all data will be stored in the standard archives of the relevant organizations. Also, in the passport there may be a GPS or GLONASS chip, which a person can turn on with a mechanical key to send an SOS signal to the rescue service – for example, if a person gets lost on a hike in the mountains, etc. Now it is not so important where that chip will take energy for its short work – I am just giving an example of how modern technology can be used with benefit.

It must be remembered that usually people create families. Therefore, it turns out that two people can in theory have 4 properties – which is more than enough. Of course, people should remember that they should not have more than they need. Otherwise, they will make mistakes, followed by suffering. But I can understand that many will keep land plots, where their relatives used to live, for their children.

This is done only because in the countries like Russia people are used to living in cities in winter, and they leave for their villages and dachas in the summer. Therefore, many already



own at least two properties. Of course, with the development of technology, people living in Russia will be able to live during cold winters in villages that will be significantly different from the villages we are used to today with their sandy roads, often dotted with holes and other irregularities, and with no shops.

With an adequate approach we will be able to lay normal roads, build houses for everyone who needs it, build a building in each settlement where food and other things necessary for a person's daily life will be supplied as needed. For more specialized things and tools, such as electric saws, computers, etc., one will have to travel to the nearest big city.

Accordingly, people will have their own personal cars, and public transport will also remain.

Non-working people (who have never worked and do not really want to help society for feeding it) will not be able to receive multi-room apartments, cars, land plots, or change housing. But they will be able to freely take vital products, things, and tools in the corresponding buildings where these things are available (currently we call them “stores”).

From everything else they will be restricted. For example, it will be possible to have each person have a card where it will be recorded whether he works or not. If so, then using the card he will be able to open a shelf, freezer, display case, etc. with the product he needs; if not, the lock will not open. A person will just need to just start working in such a job, the activity of which is vital for people.

Such measures are necessary, since with a large number of people who do not help society in its functioning in any way, but at the same time want to live in a multi-room apartment or drive a car, society will experience the consequences of a mistake. There is a difference between building a house and preparing food, is there not? Which one requires more time, resources, and energy to be spent on?

It is worth trying to persuade such people to work by educating them. But you also need to remember about the Laws of the Universe about human free will. The pressure and negativity towards them will not bring anything good to anyone.

Even though the unemployed eat and live in a one-room apartment, but this is better than if they tried to steal – be it outright theft, or deception for the purpose of material gain, and cases are not rare when bandits even kill other people for their own temporary material enrichment. Besides swindlers, there will be no prostitution. We can say that people exchange crimes in their society for the feeding of several parasites – and this is a reasonable choice.

But I do not think that we will have many people unwilling to work and help society. I think psychology will play a role in getting the unemployed to go to work somewhere to help others, thanks to whom they have food and everything else. In addition, the opposite sex is unlikely to want to create a family with such a person – another reason to help other people, each of whom does the same. As they say, one for all, all for one.

Probably it is worth saying here about myself. You know from my book that I had years when I worked and when I did not. For the last 2 years I have been living from the rent of my apartment, which gave me the opportunity to officially translate Thiaoouba Prophecy book into Russian, and now I am writing my own. Both books are free (e-books) and can help people. Then I also share my knowledge in videos, which also take a lot of time to create. This activity is also important for people and can help them – even if not everyone can see it immediately due to the lack of certain material and spiritual knowledge. To some extent, I compensate with my activity for the fact that I have not been working for several years. After all, knowledge is also a vital resource for people.

Accordingly, people need to give back to society, and not try to make their lives better than other people's lives. Since everyone is doing the same – giving back to society with their work – then a person will have everything he needs, and no one will threaten his “wealth” since everyone will have about the same thing. Different people have different tastes and interests, of course.

The more knowledge and technology people have, the less people need to work to create the required amount of products. But we must also remember that technology should contribute to spiritual development, and not confine people more and more withing the materialistic world.

Further, the decrease in the total working day is also

influenced by how many people work.

Thus, the number of working hours per week depends on how much products are needed to maintain the normal functioning of society; on the technologies by which these products are produced; and on how many people work.

For spiritual and intellectual development, people need to have free time so that they can engage in activities that interest them, walk in nature, and just spend time in the company of other people. At the same time, people should do something so that laziness and the idea that someone will do the work for them does not develop. For this reason, people should not automate production completely, since this is an extreme that will lead to the fact that over time people will stop self-educating and become lazy, waiting for the machine to feed them and provide them with all the necessary things. Let it be a couple of hours a week, but people need to work.

I think it is worth touching on the famous topic of public toilets in the absence of money in society. Since public property belongs to all people in the country, I do not think that people will litter and sully at their home, so to speak.

Then people will be taught about the real purpose of the Universe and about the fact that mistakes will have to be paid with suffering according to the Law of the Universe. If people know about these realities of life, then they will additionally not want to spoil those, thanks to whom they, in part, have complete

freedom and everything necessary for a healthy life – otherwise they will harm not only others, but also themselves.

Then high technologies and automation come into force. Nobody will have to dig in the sewers with their hands if we make the appropriate tools. It is not difficult at all. It is the same with cleaning – there are already robotic vacuum cleaners. I see absolutely no problem with robots washing the floor and cleaning public toilets at night. Of course, the less people pollute, the better.

It is the same case with the streets. People will litter less, as they will understand that they are doing worse to themselves and not to the janitor.

Moreover, regular clean ups could be arranged so that people do not forget that their decisions and actions affect their environment. The less they litter, the less cleaning they will have to do. Of course, nothing prevents the use of high technologies here to simplify the work.

I would like to note that, as it seems to me, now people litter and spoil urban things because of the created division in society into different classes and layers. In the spiritual organization of society, people will feel much more united than under capitalism, when everyone is for himself – one for all, all for one, as they say – more people will help others, and not reject them. Even now, some people pick up other people's garbage and throw it into the trash can. So, once while walking near Semyonovskaya, I saw a young woman who was walking in front of me and suddenly

went to the lawn, picked up the garbage, and then threw it into the nearest trash can.

Therefore, there is no “problem of toilets and garbage” in the spiritually oriented organization of society, in which there is no money or politicians. It may exist at the initial stage, when some people do not yet have certain knowledge and understandings, which I spoke about earlier, but over time there will be less and less of them if society tries to teach them about culture.

The army is naturally needed. If a society does not defend itself, then it increases the chances of becoming conquered. The size of the territory occupied by a society on the planet, as well as the natural and geological parameters of this territory, also directly affect those chances. The spirituality and freedom of a society also play a role if it is surrounded by capitalist countries where the Laws and Truths of the Universe are little known, or people do not believe in them. A completely free society that does not use money would be a very good example for those people who still choose to use money to get everything they need to sustain their lives within their country – if the price is not too high for them.

Healthy people go to the army by choice. Gender does not matter, but women should think carefully if they want to push themselves too hard. Naturally, pregnant women cannot serve. Also, people will be able to stop their military training at any time.

Self-defense is one of the most serious things, and it should never be underestimated. Depending on the technological progress of the country and the external geopolitical situation, people need to have a constant percentage of military personnel. If there is a decline in people who want to study military science, then it is the task of the seven leaders and news services to notify the public about the shortage and explain why it is dangerous for the entire nation. The goal is to encourage people to make the decision to undergo military training that should not last more than a year.

Naturally, there will be people who will devote their entire lives to military service. Such people should exist, since there are things that require deep knowledge and great experience. Also, there should always be a military buffer to repel a surprise attack from a potential aggressor.

We also need to talk about the exchange of products with other societies (other countries). If there were only two societies on the planet, and they did not want to unite with each other in one country, then they could exchange products with each other directly (barter exchange). For example, a certain number of cars for a certain number of apples. Such an exchange can only take place if one of the countries cannot produce on its territory what the other one produces.

It is worth saying that the climate can also play a role in the exchange of products. So, for example, a country that is

located in the south and has access to the sea may enable people from the northern cold country to enter it for swimming and sunbathing. Then the northern country will give the southern one a predetermined amount of products for each tourist.

Only in very rare cases will people have on their territory everything they can possibly need. People will not have anything that could interest another country. In these rare cases, trade will not be possible, but those countries will be able to unite if the people of both vote in favor.

But what happens when we have more than two countries?

It must be said that direct product exchange is still more than possible, but only if each country has something that it can offer to give to another country in exchange for the products it receives from them. If one of the societies cannot give anything to the other, then the money comes to the rescue – and this is the *only* case when they are really necessary and useful.

Before going any further, let me remind you that the tools themselves cannot be evil. The way we choose to use tools can bring pain and suffering if we misuse that tool.

Now you need to understand what money is. This truth is also very simple, but it may not be so obvious given that money is an integral part of our society. I realized it only when I became interested in Bitcoin.

Imagine that there are three nations on the planet, each of which, for their own reasons, does not want to unite with the other into one society. Society A produces a surplus of what B



needs; B has what C needs; C grows a lot of products that A needs. In this example, the exchange of goods occurs at different times of the year, and all societies have computer technologies.

What happens when A gives goods to B? They make a corresponding entry in the general catalog that A gave B a certain amount of products and did not receive anything material in return for it. The catalog belongs to all three countries, and each side has its own observers who are present at the transfer of goods and make sure that the entry in the catalog is accurate.

Even before creating the catalog, people determined for themselves how much of a product would correspond to another product. For this purpose, they could take either the smallest available product, or come up with a physically non-existent product that would be equal to one, and then they would count how many such units are in other products. If, with the development of technology, something appears that contains only a part of a 1, then a fractional number less than 1 is simply used. Thanks to this, we can easily calculate from the catalog which country has received less production.

Suppose A has 10,000 Not Received Units (NRU) after shipping its product to country B. Please note that since the number means non-received products, no one will try to specifically accumulate as many such units as possible, because this means that the country gave a bunch of real goods to others, but received literally nothing in return.

And now A receives products from C. As before, a record

is made in the catalog about how many products C gave and to whom – A, which did not give anything in return. Depending on the quantity of the delivered goods, the following occurs:

1) if the product is 10,000 units, then A now has 0 NRU, and C now has 10,000, since up to this moment it had 0 in this example;

2) if the goods are equal to 6,000 units, then A has 4,000 NRU, and C has 6,000;

3) if the goods are equal to 13,500 units, then A has 0 NRU, and C has 13,500. A does not have -3,500 units, since it has completely closed its shortage in received products – 0 is the minimum value, as we only care if a country has a certain amount of not received products or not. C can then get a lot of things for its 13,500 without the need to give anything in return;

4) if the goods are equal to 6,000 units, and A simultaneously provides C with products equal to 3,000 units, then A has 7,000 Not Received Units ( $10,000 - 6,000 + 3,000$ ), and C has 3,000 ( $6,000 - 3,000$ ).

And so, we understand that money is just an entry in the catalog about how much products the society has not received in the process of product exchange with other countries. For this reason, there is no reason for a society to accumulate a large amount of unreceived products in the form of a large sum of money.

As you understand, this money does not have inflation. And the products themselves cannot decrease in price. A chicken will

remain a chicken, and a cow will remain a cow in 300 years. Yes, new technologies will vary how much for the delivery of such products (phones, cars, etc.) the country will receive NRU. This is logical, since, for example, we have more equipment in new cars than in models from the 1980s.

The “price” of a product can be determined by the calorie content and usefulness of one kilogram of it. Other parameters also affect the “price”. Moreover, the price will be fixed only when all countries agree with it. Nobody can just say that a product is worth a million units because they like that number. I will leave it to scientists to decide the price of each individual product.

In reality, we will be able to safely use such currencies as dollars and euros with many countries. And if 3 or more countries want to create the aforementioned catalog and trade through it, then why not? This catalog will not in the least prevent countries from trading with others for already existing money... will it?

Modern money works on the same principle, but there is a catch in that it does not belong to the whole society, but to individuals. The process of creating modern money is also different, and few people understand how it works – but at the same time everyone uses money, and many do not bother to wonder about this process. You can often hear about broadening one's horizons, but I wonder if people should also learn to expand their focus – if we take photography for the analogy.

When you are given a salary, you receive absolutely nothing material for your work. But having money on your hands allows you to exchange it for something tangible, be it food, clothing, tools, etc. Accordingly, the more money you have on hand, the poorer you are (usually) – everything is the same as in my example with countries that temporarily become poorer, until another country gives them its products, lowering NRU of the country that got the goods. Your “wealth” is potential, not actual. You will become actually richer only when you buy something with this money; but here, too, there is a capitalistic trick – not everything that is sold under capitalism is of real benefit to you, and other things could harm you, or even kill you. Then there is a possibility that money can simply depreciate – that is why many people try to keep their money in movable and immovable property.

Under capitalism there are a lot of jobs that, to put it mildly, do not improve the life of the whole society, and sometimes even make it worse, trying with various tricks to swindle money out of people so that they buy something that they do not really need. This fact leads us to the following truths:

- 1) Many people see the obvious – if they got a lot of “easy” money in a small amount of time, they could buy a lot with it. Since, depending on material and spiritual knowledge, people do what they believe will benefit them themselves in the situation in which they find themselves, then under capitalism there are people who do not have much spiritual knowledge, and for this

reason they commit crimes in order to get those very “easy” money. Of course, they are making a mistake, for which sooner or later they will pay, but society also suffers for its decision to use money within the country to obtain food and goods. Vital food, things, and simple housing should be free for everyone, without exception. This is the only way crime in the country will decline, which in turn will reduce the number of police officers.

2) This brings us to the next truth. All those people who are now engaged in, essentially, parasitic activities, as well as those who are called upon to eliminate the crime, will no longer have the need to engage in their activities if everything necessary for healthy life becomes free of charge even for the temporarily unemployed and those who generally do not want to do anything. Society will benefit from this, since the chances of being cheated for money will suddenly plummet – and if society knows about everything that I wrote about in my main book, then the chances that people will be cheated for other reasons, such as for sex, will fall even further. Further, society will benefit from the fact that many of those people who now do not participate in the production of useful products, but consume them, will go to work at useful for society jobs, which will reduce the average working day for all people in the country.

It can also be noted that it will not be necessary to have a huge amount of educational websites (foreign languages, history, physics, etc.), since there is only one truth. We will only need one website, which will be completely controlled by the society, and

where scientists and researchers with the proper education and experience will write. As for theories, it will be possible to create a separate section, or a forum, for this. Naturally, people will be able to run their websites and blogs – just like they do now. All this should reduce the amount of (informational) noise that is created by the desire of people to find a way to make money. All those people will also be able to go to work and help reduce the total working hours.

It has to do with the saying “work hard”. Many things already have their own monopolist. For example, photo editors, 3D programs, music applications, etc. Work hard or not, it is hard to do something useful and necessary, improve those programs, and at the same time come out ahead – and the first places will be taken only if people stop using the competitor's products and start using yours. Here again we could have one program for the whole planet that would be improved and improved collectively by all people who can offer something new and useful. Of course, such a program could consist of different modules, pieces, so that people do not have to download a bunch of gigabytes of data just to correct the color balance of a photograph, for example.

Thus, we can see the reason why the presence of money within society is a huge mistake – they encourage the division of people within society, when everyone is for himself, and sometimes for his loved ones and relatives. Further, people are divided into so-called classes, and with politics, people are divided even further. Then people are divided by religions. Next, the further division

of people is influenced by a variety of news agencies, which often contradict each other in their reports – yet, there is only one truth.

All these divisions lead to the fact that people “drag” the country in different directions, since people have different views on what they think will benefit them. This is very dangerous for society as a whole, since all these groups of people within such a society want to protect themselves and their interests. Injustice and conflicts with such a wrong system of organizing society are guaranteed – which we see in all countries where there is money, politicians, religions, and journalists for whom the oath to tell the truth, only the truth, and nothing but the truth is just a ritual. Society often becomes the enemy of many corrupt governments, since people, being the real bearers of power, are able to punish corrupt officials if they can unite. One of the reasons why divide and conquer tactics exist and can be heard of a lot in modern times.

There is also a finite amount of money. This is important to understand when you hear someone say that if you worked harder, you would have as much money as multimillionaires – if everyone had the same amount of money, then we would live under socialism. In fact, businesses are looking for ways to suck money out of people so that they voluntarily give it to the business, which leads to the impoverishment of the majority of the population and the enrichment of the few – as long as people agree that money has value.

I will not dwell on the negative consequences of capitalism

in detail, since there is a lot of information about this on the Internet. For example, you can watch video clips of these four YouTube channels, which I give links to at the end of the book.<sup>[28]</sup> The original purpose of my book was to talk about what most people currently know little about.

It is worth briefly touching on the topic of competition, which you can hear so often right now. Competition within a society is needed only if people use money. Since a corporation belongs only to a narrow circle of people, and since all people do what will benefit them, the chances are that not very spiritual leadership will want to raise the price of their products in order to rake even more money from people – *for themselves*. The monopolist company will set high prices and will not develop products too much further, which will damage a large part of society. In my proposed system without money, all people own production and will do what will bring benefit them – *for the whole society*. Also, society is motivated by the development of technology, the advancement of science, since this will improve the life of all people with a reasonable approach to how technology is used (without going to extremes).

In a moneyless society, it is better to have 1 enterprise employing 100 people who share knowledge, discoveries, and ideas with each other, than to have 2 competing enterprises employing 50 people in each, and those people are prohibited from sharing new knowledge, discoveries, and ideas. The first is clearly more effective than the second, since if 1 person in such a



team has a bright, but incomplete idea, then another person may have a missing element in his knowledge bank to complete that idea and then solve the main, common task, the result of which is important to all people. In the second case, those two people could be in two different competing enterprises, and they would never almost instantly solve the problem posed – it could take a lot of time and require a lot of effort and resources before the main task would be solved.

It is worth saying that things like restaurants, hairdressers, and other small businesses will remain. One difference will be that they will be managed by people living within a certain radius from a particular building. Locals will be able to vote on changes to the restaurant, since the restaurant exists for them, and not vice versa. Of course, even before creating a local vote, you will need to find out about the availability of certain things or products that you want to supply to the restaurant, and you will also need to make sure that other people will not be harmed. This is not so difficult to do when using computer technology to track the balanced distribution of resources and products in a society. The same applies to small-scale production of niche products that most people may not need. After the approval of the project in an open voting, the organizers will be given factory premises, and they will be able to order the production and supply of the necessary resources and tools. Naturally, in the event of a shortage of resources or tools, priority will be given to socially important factories and plants.

So, all movable and immovable property, which is not housing (an apartment, a country house, etc) and which is of great importance for the whole society, becomes public property. That is, big shops, fields, farms, factories, plants, mines, etc. go to society; while cafes, restaurants, small workshops, etc. remain with the previous owners. Those owners will not be able to take any action with this property, except to make it a public property. Naturally, when the owner dies, his property automatically passes to society (apart from housing, about which I talk above). These balanced measures should help to reduce the tension in order to give people a chance to come to freedom and justice of the new spiritually oriented organization of society.

It is worth clarifying that people living in villages (townships, etc.) and city districts will vote for local former private properties that are close to their place of residence and do not play a big role for all people in the country (hairdresser, cafes, small theaters etc.).

What matters to all people in the country (fields, farms, factories, resorts, historic buildings [theaters, museums], etc.) will be governed either by the voting of all the people in the country, or by the Council of Seven.

Local voting will also affect abandoned houses, which people can either demolish for, for example, more landscaping of the city, or renovate. In the presence of homeless people (which will exist after capitalism) the existing and habitable houses need to be renovated, of course, so that the former homeless can live in

them at the initial stage of the new moneyless lifestyle.

Of course, all kinds of real art will remain. Here, too, there will be changes for the better, since people will no longer create films, paintings, etc. for money. I would also like people to pay more attention to the architectural side of their buildings and houses – now many buildings are simple reinforced concrete boxes, which does not have a very good effect on our psyche. It is also worth remembering about the balance between artificial structures and nature between them. Massive displacement of nature, even if very beautifully designed buildings are involved, will not do much good for human spiritual development and mental health.

As for the secrets of science and military affairs, the disclosure of which can ruin the country, I would advise people to vote at what percentage of those who voted “yes”, as well as at what turnout, society will be able to declassify classified documents for themselves (and the whole world). For example, 81% with 81% turnout of people over 18 years old (who are capable of making important decisions; e.g. have proper education) – in fact, it is worth turning to science and knowledge to determine these numbers more precisely.

Also, people should not forget that resources are not unlimited, which means that overpopulation can become a real problem. It is the task of each society to calculate how many people they are able to feed on their territory. This number will be a limit for the population, meaning that if the population

is close to this figure, then there is a recommendation for women not to have more than two children, which should keep the population at the same level. And if the population will exceed the calculated limit, then there is a recommendation for women to have only one child – this recommendation will be canceled when the amount of people naturally falls to a stable number. Here I would recommend read about the “Symptothermal Fertility Recognition Method”.

So how do you come to this new way of organizing society, given that we live under capitalism?

It must be remembered that people do what they believe will benefit them or not make their life worse. These decisions are influenced by what material situation people are in, and what spiritual and material knowledge they have about this situation. Knowledge is power.

It follows from this that, of course, you first need to prove the reality of at least some of the things that are said in Michel Desmarquet's book Thiaoouba Prophecy. Almost everyone can do this if they try to follow my example. I described in the book how I was able to learn to see Auras while concentrating on my pineal gland, partially separated my Astral body from my physical one (Astral projection), learned telekinesis, and had some experience with my Higher Self. You can *learn* to do all of this too. This is not a gift, but *knowledge*.

Also, do not forget about the abilities of the Higher Self of

the first category: curing illness and resuscitating the dead.

But at the same time, information should be disseminated about the book by Michel Desmarquet, and, if you wish, about my book which you are reading now. Here it is necessary to understand that many people will not go looking for life-without-money and spirituality on their own, since they have no reason for this – they do not have the necessary knowledge to try to find information about these things. Remember that knowledge is the root cause of all decisions and actions taken, and therefore it is important that people who read this book spread knowledge themselves to all their friends, loved ones, and relatives – regardless of their views and beliefs.

If you want, you can use social networks to educate others. But it is best to just talk to everyone you know. Tell them what you read about in these free e-books. Tell them about spirituality and the proposed model for organizing society in this Manifesto. Let them read these books themselves which will cost them nothing but time. But during this time they will be able to learn a lot of new and interesting things, if we talk about Thiaoouba Prophecy; you decide for yourself what you want to think about my book. In turn, some of those people who see the truth will themselves spread knowledge among their friends and relatives, and so on along the chain until almost everyone knows.

Suppose it happened. What is next?

First, we need to talk about some of the details of the transition to a moneyless and politicians-free form of

organization of society.

People will defend what they have. This must be remembered if society wants the most painless transition to freedom and absence of money. For this reason, and as I have already mentioned (repetition is the mother of learning), each person will continue to have absolutely *everything* material that he had under capitalism – apartments, dachas, cars, money – everything. This is his property which he earned in a society whose people agreed by their actions that people can have almost anything if they have money. The only exception is that property which plays way too large of a role for the whole society to allow it to remain in the possession of one person (or a small group of people).

Additionally, absolutely all loans and other financial debts will be canceled, since they exist due to the fact that society wants them to be a part of their life. People always have power, and if the majority of people in society suddenly decide that they no longer want to have money within their territory on the planet, then they will not have money by definition. Remember the analogy with your house and workers. And just as a side note, it is impossible to pay off the loan when everything is free and there is no salary.

Your personal money will naturally remain in your bank account, as it is your personal property. You just no longer have to use it to get various products and services within your country. Here, too, all banks will be able to merge into one bank completely controlled by the society – for simplicity. The

printing of money in your country will stop accordingly. And yes, your currency's exchange rate is likely to change; namely, it can go down, up, or remain in the same place in relation to other currencies – because of the huge number of variables, it is difficult to say exactly what will happen.

All property will also remain with its owners, regardless of how many real estate each person can have after the nationwide open voting. But they will be able to gift it to someone, for example, children, before the voting, and after that, if the donee does not have a limit of available real estate, and the real estate itself does not exceed the property limits chosen by the people. If the bourgeoisie will have knowledge from Thiaoouba, then with this approach, many representatives of the bourgeoisie will not oppose changes, since they will not be oppressed (concerning their personal property).

By the way, I hope I do not need to talk about why limits on real estate are even needed when everything is absolutely free! In fact, it would be nice to have limits on personal vehicles – just in case.

If the real estate exceeds the selected limits – for example, huge plots with huge mansions, then local residents will decide for themselves what to do with them after the death of the owners: to make an apartment building, demolish and divide the site into established areas, or save and use the building for something else.

There is no reason to go into all the details right now. I

just want to make it clear that with complete democracy and unity, people can get justice. Time (periods) moves in the same way for all people, and therefore it is not fair that different people sometimes receive a thousand times more money and, accordingly, material things than other people, who often do much more important work.

Then people should not focus too much on various conspiracy theories and rumors. Of course, it is very bad that some high-ranking people do very bad things, but the fact is that there is very little society can do about it directly, since it requires proof, evidence, witnesses, etc. Naturally, criminals will not just sit and look at how others are trying to get them imprisoned. This brings us to two points.

Firstly, in my opinion, people should spend their time on self-education and on educating of their loved ones and acquaintances about all those things that they could learn from Michel Desmarquet's book and from mine. The faster we self-educate as a whole society, the faster we can stop suffering for *our* mistakes.

Secondly, people will have to give amnesty to all thieves and corrupt officials – no matter who they are and what position they held. This must be done if people want to have a chance to move to the new spiritual form of organizing society without a single death, since otherwise some of the criminals will defend themselves by eliminating the threat. Violence, as they say, breeds violence. Remember that no one can escape the Law of the Universe. Even Jesus had to pay for his mistakes of



the past. All those people who commit a crime against their peoples will sooner or later be punished by the Universal Law for their mistakes – they will have to suffer for their own wrong choices. People should also remember that because of their own decisions and actions (including inaction), they have their own government and all the injustice. One of these mistakes lies in the use of money, and the other lies in the completely wrong way of choosing leaders. Of course, we are not talking about forgiving serious crimes (murder, rape, child molestation, etc.) – but it will be possible to significantly mitigate their punishment if those individuals decide to cooperate rather than interfere with people.

Policemen, and other units with weapons, will also benefit more from a moneyless society than from money. In addition to the fact that they, like everyone else, will be able to receive many products for free, they will not need to deal with a large number of criminals, which will increase their chances of a quiet life, and soon many will be able to go to work elsewhere; and if need be, they can get an education. Therefore, it is important that people calmly and unobtrusively educate people in law enforcement agencies about how the new way of organizing society will work. They should also know about real spirituality and the purpose of the Universe; well, and that the Law of the Universe does not care if they “obey orders” – a mistake is a mistake, from the consequences of which no one can escape. So, most of them will be on the side of millions of ordinary people, and not on the side of a few people who are blindly hungry for money and power. It

will be impossible to “buy” such policemen with a large salary – a free, democratic, spiritual, moneyless, healthy, and generally balanced in all areas society is the biggest “salary” one can get.

The policemen themselves should be hired based on their Aura, which will show the degree of their spirituality – that is, you need to take more or less spiritual people who are good and kind people, and not those who just want to see themselves being stronger than others. Needless to say, the police should not have any “plans” for detecting violations per unit of time, so that people working in the police do not have the desire to look for violations where such do not exist. A civilized society will strive to completely eliminate crime, and, accordingly, to have minimum of police in the country.

Here I can also mention the judicial system. With the modern justice system, there is a chance to convict an innocent, or to release a criminal into the street. I would advise you to pay attention to the judicial system of the Bakaratinians (from the book “Thiaouba Prophecy”) who used six specially trained telepaths to read the thoughts of a suspect who, sooner or later, simply could not help but start think of something. The first session lasted six hours, and from time to time unexpected sounds were used to disturb the suspect's concentration. The same procedure was used for all witnesses, but in a different building. No one exchanged a word. In the next two days, the procedure was carried out again, but this time it lasted eight hours. Then all the “mind readers” submitted their notes to the

three judges who interviewed and cross-examined the suspect and witnesses. On my own behalf, I will say that perhaps reading Auras could also help to reveal the liar – but only if the person agrees to answer the questions – some criminals will probably remain silent so as not to betray the truth.

When people disseminate knowledge and understand that the majority “green lights” the proposed idea, then they will be able to initiate a public open voting for the new form of the spiritual organization of society. Voting should be open, as this will not allow anyone to change someone else’s vote.

After the formal confirmation of the people's choice on paper, people will need to vote for different individual details of the functioning of society: how many real estate one person can have, and other details related to apartments and summer cottages (maximum height of country houses, minimum indentation of walls of a country house from the edge of the neighboring plot, maximum footage of apartments, etc.); the degree of punishment for serious crimes (murder, rape, etc.), etc. Naturally, people do not vote “yes” or “no” at once for all the items, but vote for each item separately.

If people vote responsibly, then very rarely will they have to vote for amendments – ideally never.

After that, people will need to really live according to the new rules that they themselves have chosen for themselves. Remember that people have power, as each person's decision plays a role in where the whole society moves. Written

words on paper do not mean anything if people's actions are completely different. There have been cases in history when the overwhelming majority of people voted for one thing, but a handful of politicians decided differently... and the overwhelming majority followed the minority... There are also examples when people in the so-called “power” acted against the laws, but many people did not care – they were busy with their material concerns, not seeing the root cause of their suffering.

This proves again that people have power, but they need to be as one unit, and not allow someone to divide them. If people try to calmly teach other people the simple truth, then more and more people will push their country in the same direction.

These understandings show the incorrectness of the decisions of some people who want to move from a “troubled” country to a “prosperous” one, or which they consider to be prosperous, without having at their disposal certain knowledge. They do not understand that their own actions are being manifested in the kind of government that they have, and, accordingly, in the kind of life that we all have on this planet; and if they run away from problems, instead of solving them, then the result will be of the negative nature – what you sow, you reap – in fact, this is the Law of the Universe about suffering for mistakes, and about finding happiness for the right decisions. I myself, as you may remember, wanted to live in the USA when I was 18 years old. I was looking for a better life, without having certain knowledge and without understanding then all those simple truths about which I wrote

in this book. Now I understand that there is a chance that I would have been disappointed had I actually been able to go to America...

In some modern countries, people living in villages and urban areas hardly know each other since childhood. I would suggest living 50 years under a full democracy regime so that people can normally distribute and settle in the country, and only then conduct their first election of Seven Leaders according to the Mu's electoral system, which I spoke about in my Manifesto.

Another way could lie in a temporary (for example, a week) online record about whom each village and urban area wants to choose, so that old acquaintances, in case of anything bad, could report a person's bad behavior and, accordingly, his low spirituality, so that local residents are no longer able to choose him as a representative. Such old acquaintances will need to prove that they personally know the potential representative – so that there are no false, malicious reports.

# Postscript

In conclusion, I will write that it was not easy for me to write my first book, and I could have approached its creation from a slightly different angle. For example, if I were to write this book with my current experience and knowledge, I would most likely write a chain of cause and effect concerning the main things that I have learned and experienced in my life, and only then I would be engaged in writing out the detailed events that surrounded those main moments of my life.

In fact, I wrote the book starting from the very first significant events of my life, and I often had to add missing details between the already written lines of the book.

Then I tried to fill in the gaps that actually were in my book. So, the topics of homosexuality and transgender people, about which I initially did not plan to write, but only “accidentally” found answers to my questions, filled in a huge number of those gaps. I was very glad to realize those simple truths, the understanding of which can help many people to live a happy life, and I myself now understand even more the significance of that dream with gaps.

Of course, I only wrote the most important (in my opinion) things that led me to my very important experience with people from Thiaoouba. The book, unexpectedly for me, was already very large, and I did not want it to become even longer. Here

I also had to try to maintain a balance in order to write all the important details, but at the same time not write too many unnecessary details of my life.

Apart from the gaps, I also tried to make sure there were no other problems in the book. For example, I once spent a little time trying to explain the reality of COVID-19 to a person on YouTube who was actively spreading lies about the virus, saying that it did not exist and urging people not to wear masks. In one of my sentences, I wrote to him “to find people who were sick with coronavirus” and ask them how the disease went and whether it was similar to what we were sick with in childhood; and after his comment where he essentially said that he could not find those who [in his opinion] did not exist, I realized my small mistake and corrected that part of the text to “find people who were diagnosed that they were sick with COVID-19”. So, I tried to make sure that there are no such moments in my book either.

I wrote this book to try to help people – and I have already helped myself quite a lot with my book.

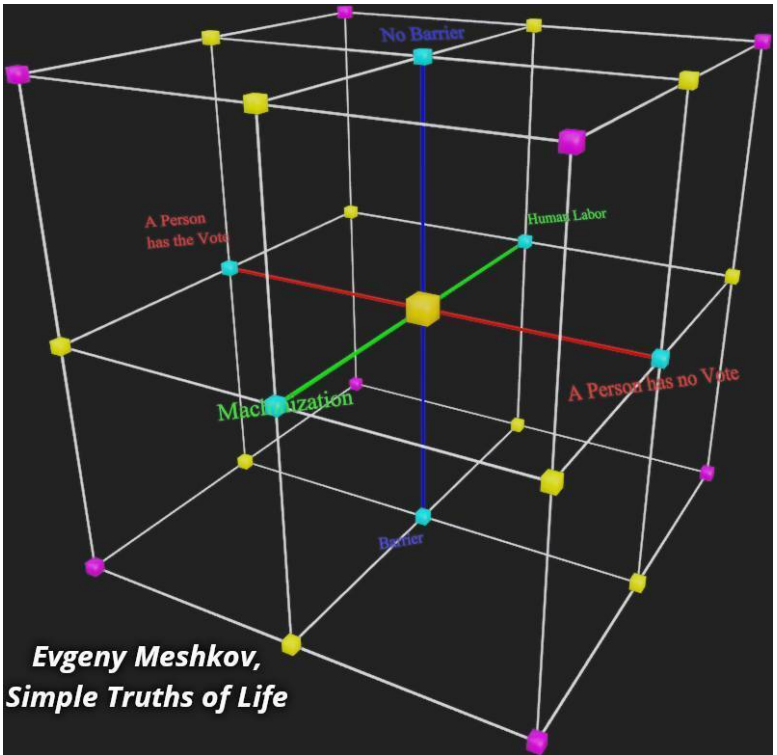
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Having almost completed the book, I realized that perhaps there is a connection between my graph of 3 types of relationships between individual people and resources/products with why people on the continent of Mu had 7 leaders, and the vote of the seventh leader was worth two. It is also worth noting that people on Thiaououba also have 7 leaders: the main one sits in the middle between the other 3 leaders. We understand that

the number 7 was not chosen just like that.

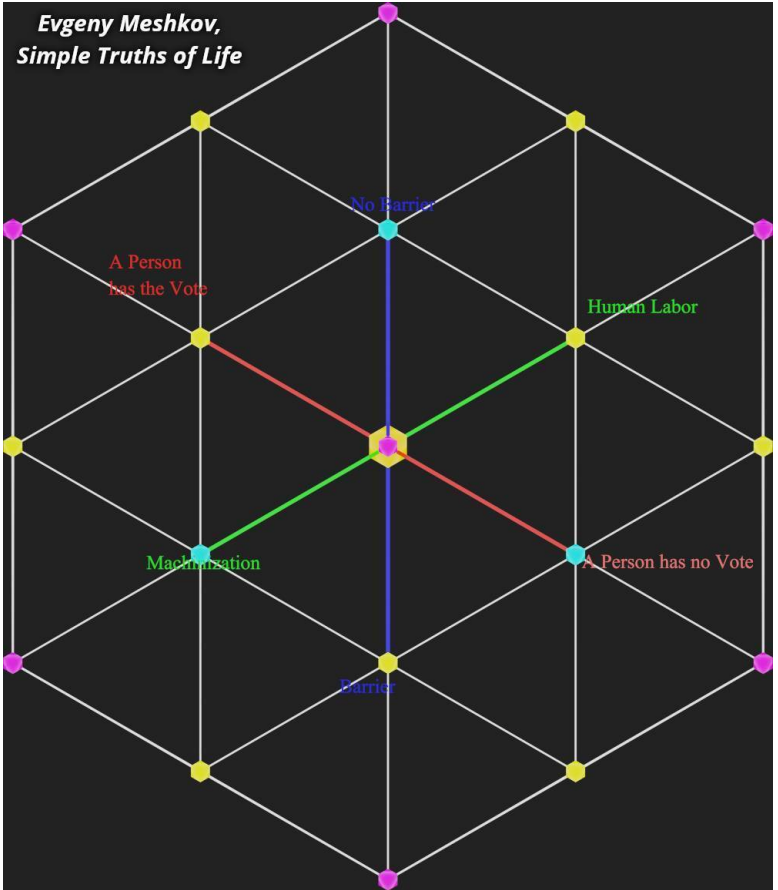
Why my “3D Social Graph” (You can download my 3D graph file from my cloud storage.<sup>[29]</sup>), as I called it for myself, might be important here? This graph simply depicts all the physically possible ways of organizing society; it is impossible to go beyond that graph’s boundaries. And the boundaries themselves outline a cube – a form within which there are all possible ways to organize society in the Universe.





And if we turn on the Orthographic view and position the camera so that there are two cube vertices on its line of sight, between which the center of the cube is located, then we get the following picture:

*Evgeny Meshkov,  
Simple Truths of Life*



We have the following extreme values in this cube (the data

in square and curly brackets are not that important now. I just decided to include them here from my file with my thoughts):

8 most extreme ways to organize society (in magenta)

(3 in extreme – 0 in balance)

[3 lines from the vertex]

{7 vertices visible in the Orthographic image}

12 less extreme ways to organize society (in yellow)

(2 in extreme – 1 in balance)

[4 lines from the vertex]

{9 vertices visible in the Orthographic image}

6 even lesser extreme ways to organize society (in cyan)

(1 in extreme – 2 in balance)

[5 lines from the vertex]

{3 vertices visible in the Orthographic image}

1 way to organize a balanced society (in gold; big cube in the middle)

(0 in extreme – 3 in balance)

[6 lines from the vertex]

{0 vertices visible in the Orthographic image – covered by magenta vertex}

So, we have **27** ways to organize a society, in which 26 ways have at least one extreme (error), and only 1 way has no extremes and therefore is correct (further, for simplicity, I will refer to this sentence using the acronym WOS).

This reminded me of my longtime reflections that each new spiritual category of the planet teaches three new lessons (1st category teaches how to *live*, *suffer* and *die*; as for the 9th, the inhabitants of Thiaoouba are assigned to *assist*, *guide* and sometimes *punish* the inhabitants of planets under their guardianship). Since there are 9 categories of planets, then, if I am right, we have **27** lessons that we need to learn in this Universe. But there is one more lesson – to develop ourselves spiritually as much as possible. We could assume that the entire cube personifies this one and only spiritual development, when we keep in our souls all the spiritual knowledge that we have acquired during all our lives in this Universe.

Then I remembered Thao telling Michel that people from the continent of Mu had established settlements all over the mainland. They included **19** large cities, **7** of which were sacred.

Here it should be understood that people in Mu knew a lot of things about the Universe, and personally I would be surprised if they did not know about the 3 types of relationships between individual people and resources/products – and of course they probably also knew about the cube that I showed you.

If you look at my Orthographic view of the cube, you will see that only **19** WOS' out of 27 are visible in it. The eight other WOS' are hidden from view by other WOS' standing between them and the camera.

Further, we see only **7** magenta WOS', since the 8th is hidden behind the medium, balanced WOS, as well as behind the central magenta WOS in this Orthographic image. It is important to note here that the 7th magenta WOS is in the middle and 6 other magenta WOS' surround it. Then the middle 7th magenta WOS is on the same line with the hidden 8m WOS. I cannot help but see in this the symbolism of the 7th leader, whose vote is worth two votes, and 6 leaders who surround the seventh, and their vote is equal to one.

Why am I paying attention to magenta WOS' and not to yellow and/or cyan? Because the purple WOS' are the most extreme WOS', having 3 extremes and 0 balanced points – they form the eight vertices of the cube, without which there would be no cube itself.

Why not put 8 people as leaders, each of whom will have one vote? This would mean that there is no leader, and without a leader, all 8 people could, consciously or unconsciously, strive to

come out ahead, become a leader, and this, in turn, could lead to quarrels in the government that are not at all necessary in a civilized society.

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Since the publication of this book, I have received several responses from people who have read it. Some thanked me for writing it and for doing something regarding the current situation we live in.

Then I realized that I finally stopped worrying about what people thought about me. I got stronger.

Further, I began to feel calmer – I wanted to let go of all the thoughts that overwhelmed me, and now I am actually able to do so since I no longer have any unspoken things to say, there is no feeling that something is missing in my life, that I did not do something, did not help the society, etc.

Before, I was in almost constant hurry, I was full of thoughts that I needed to do this or that – quickly, quickly – but now this is not the case, and I am almost in no hurry. I have done my duty in trying to help people with my knowledge and understandings.

Naturally, after publishing the free e-book, I spent some time trying to share it on various websites, forums, and social media groups. Little depends on me now – I did everything I could.

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(“11. We lost 10 hours”)

The text can also be found on my YouTube channel:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wH8K4PuZ3eg> Русская

версия

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M5V-cPCWvkU> Ан-

глийская версия

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<http://uznai-pravdu.com/viewtopic.php?t=583/>

Roman Snezhko's YouTube channel

<https://www.youtube.com/user/siddha66/>

My videos about stuttering:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IMvNTnvq\\_HI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IMvNTnvq_HI) Русский

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lGWd3PXn6YM>

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stories/

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[19] <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Neuroplasticity>

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[28] I provide links to these channels, as I believe they give correct information regarding money, politics, and general history. But it is quite possible that we have different views and knowledge regarding the spiritual side of life, and some channels may give incorrect information about those still little-known things.

ВЫХОД ЕСТЬ!: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC6zaKCVI0bU-eIyCFPPYmjg>

Константин Сёмин: [https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC2qoLqo8RuV4P\\_88yhHCZlg](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC2qoLqo8RuV4P_88yhHCZlg)

Вестник Бури: [https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCQ\\_LYRUJzBfh-mvU14xCNMw](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCQ_LYRUJzBfh-mvU14xCNMw)

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Google Drive:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1DZOtl8yhtb8PHRUfgVn2IPoQFdosZIfC?usp=sharing>

Yandex Drive:

<https://yadi.sk/d/w1pAXU59M6FyKg?w=1>

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