

NEW GREAT STORY  
FROM AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF UNICELLULAR"

# THE WORLD OF MULTICELLULAR

OLEG SERIY



# Oleg Seriy

# The World of Multicellular

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*ISBN 9785449330222*

## **Аннотация**

I was invited to the studio. They were making a political TV show on the channel called “284–467”. Non-Shuster was the anchorman of the show. On that TV channel they were giving false information rather often but actually it can be said about all the TV channels nowadays. They were deceiving their audiences. They were showing only entertainment programs and nothing else...In a while I found myself in the studio. Shaitan came with me. He just couldn't let me go alone...

# Содержание

THE WORLD OF MULTICELLULAR	5
Content	6
Start!	7
Sphere 1. Cuckoo! I'm here!	10
Sphere 2. Space apple	50
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	81

# The World of Multicellular

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ISBN 978-5-4493-3022-2

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

# THE WORLD OF MULTICELLULAR

by **MaRiCaBo** without **Oleg Seriy**

published by PROEKT – EDEM with the help of **Ridero**

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Translated by: Anna Belokonova

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# Content

**Start!**

**Sphere 1. Cuckoo! I'm here!**

**Sphere 2. Space apple**

**Sphere 3. Bloody hell!**

**Sphere 4. In search of the lost happiness**

**Sphere 5. I'm going to get you**

**Sphere 6. Lucifer's adventures**

# Start!

This is a brutal fairytale created by Brute who dwells in one of the ghettos of the Universe. But you will not meet him in this incredible book. The place where he lives is unavailable for common people. Only gods can find him. A lot of unicellular pass Brute every day without even noticing him. To find him and to get to know him better – that is what Multicellular Gods can do. And they do it.

«When everyone start talking about peace and safety, that will be their end».

Michel Nostradamus

«What are you talking about, mate? On the UN website the words «Peace and Safety' are written right on the home page, under the logo! (See [www.un.org/en](http://www.un.org/en)) Their days are numbered».

Oleg Seriy

«I wrote two and a half million symbols of reasonable or rather unreasonable text in order to create this book, this fairytale... There is one big advantage of fairytales —they present all the characters in their real appearance, without any

masks and pretences. Our splendid world is also a fairytale».

Written by MaRiCaBo (not featuring Oleg Seriy).

The creatures die but the stories live forever. And this is one of those everlasting stories...

It commenced the day we were in session, though without mandates, in the Diamond Restaurant&Casino. By the way, they still haven't paid me for advertising. In fact, everything was a bit different as one of us yet had a mandate, but let's forget about it. My name was the Devil but the friends called me Lucifer. Very often they even didn't have to invite me – I used to come of my own accord. The idea is that I am an Angel of Light who has become a Satan. The idea is that I am already here, down on the Earth.

And there was her, sitting opposite me. They called her She-Wolf. That wasn't her real name, actually; she just didn't want me to mention it in this book. But deep inside she is a Lonely She-Wolf. And as this is a fairytale, she will also be presented in her real appearance. Like all the others. Without masks, without any farce and showing off. She made a very beautiful flower of napkins for me. Can you imagine? Of napkins. Lovely red and white napkins... But still it was so beautiful... That flower made me lose my head completely though the others thought that it

was perfectly safe on its usual place. It was a new papier-mâché illusion. Everybody said that it was the most beautiful flower she had ever made before. Panther who was sitting next to us sprayed it with her perfume. What a lovely scent it was! She-Wolf just appeared from under the table. She had stopped doing her dirty business. I stopped trembling with orgasm too.

That evening and that night are now far back in the past but the flower still exists in my present. It hasn't learned to travel through time. And it stayed here... And along with it stayed all those wonderful recollections. In the present. Here and now... Its maddening scent... The flower is lying now in front of me on the table... That day I told She-Wolf she would find herself in the World of Multicellular. And it happened so. It is much better to be here and now than in the World of Unicellular that existed before. By the way, have I mentioned how I called the flower? Niversace! And it doesn't matter that you will not find about it anymore in this foolish book. Did I say «foolish»? Well, in a good sense of the word, providing of course that «the good sense» is an appropriate expression here.

# Sphere 1. Cuckoo! I'm here!

I am a dreamer and this world has been created by my imagination. This world is mine... Its technical name is «The World – 2» but its real name is «The World of Multicellular». It is not exactly the world my readers expected to see after having read about the World of Unicellular. Or rather, it is completely different. It is the World of Multicellular in the World of Unicellular, that's what it is!

«If you reckon that I close the window to prevent the chill, you are mistaken. I do it because I don't want a Leprechaun to fly into... What? Leprechauns don't fly? Are you sure?»

MaRiCaBo

This is the kindest book in the Universe. And my kindness is not easy to deserve. I congratulate you on this holiday – the Eternal Kingdom of Eden.

Yours sincerely, MaRiCaBo.

But let us continue. Usually people use a hairdryer for drying their hair. But I instead use my hair to dry a hairdryer. And indeed, I don't have a hairdryer anymore. I even don't

exist anymore. I am a hairdryer myself. And I'm hair myself. Moreover, I'm a hologram, like you.

With such a thought, I leaned back on the God's chair in order to settle myself more comfortably in front of the hall full of TV sets, to backwind the reality like a tape and to watch my life once again. First of all I pressed rewind button and went to have sex which is not at all worse than the usual one when you use a virtual mask. Anyway, I tried to convince myself in it. It was my last resort.

The fact is that the brain is utterly indifferent to whether it happens in real life or in virtual one. It doesn't matter. All these things just happen and that's enough. Naturally, if I had a girlfriend I would have slept with her, but she was not there. She left me and went for vacations. I wrote about her in another book...

And then I returned to my chair and pressed the «play» button. Play... As if it was a sort of game... Some people lose it and they don't even notice their defeat... And I – I want to win this game!

So, let us go on.

«Shit, what can prevent the Doomsday? Maybe only Chip n' Dale...»

Dasha Pavliuchenko

«By the way, Chip and Dale are great rescue rangers! If only people were kinder. If only they were like Chip and Dale, and that girl, Gadget, then people would stand a chance. Their world would be much better. I think they just didn't have enough time. But we had».

Oleg Seriy

«Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital».

Oscar Wilde

«There are few people like me», – he said. As he told me, his name was Shaitan. Sometimes he appeared and sometimes he vanished. Nobody believed that he really existed but he was my friend. It is just that I didn't believe it was his true name.

And she, who was standing in front of me with her mouth full of water, didn't believe in him, too. She had slim arms and I had her. Now she was standing twisting her finger at her temple and muttering without opening her mouth that he was insane. She meant Shaitan, of course. I personally was completely all right.

So why was she looking at me like that?..

Anyway, it was true. He had lost his grip long ago.

He was fed up with his life and he was planning to leave this world, or rather to fly away on the Hercolubus. That is what he used to tell me. Sometimes I felt that I shared his dreams. But then Shaitan met her and everything changed. A very strong emotion developed inside him and he couldn't keep it out of his mind. He also couldn't forget her curly hair and her beautiful eyes, her slim shape, the shine of her lips and her clear voice which touched so deeply the chords of his pure soul. They went to the theatre together. Just once. And that was enough for him to stop being able to sleep, to eat, to drink without thinking of her. That night he wasn't asleep either. He just couldn't fall asleep. He got up, sat at the table and began to write. Those lines of him. He wasn't eager to die anymore. He wanted to live. She was his Muse. It was her who gave him the desire to live again and he turned his back to Death. It would be wrong though to say that he didn't like death anymore or ceased thinking about it. He just decided to accept it but to live without Death. And for living with the one he loved he had to turn his back to Death and then just to go ahead – into Life...

She picked up the phone at midnight because she didn't master telepathy. She heard his merry voice.

Today is your Birthday as the day you were born has just begun and I wish you to celebrate it happily.

Well, it's up to you...

And I also wish you to eat every day like you eat on your Birthday, during all this year and your whole life and even during your life after death...

But if I eat every day like I eat on my Birthday, I wouldn't be able to force myself through the door.

But I didn't say you should spend every single day like this. I just wish you could afford it...

And what are you going to give me as a Birthday present?

I promised not to tell you.

Tell me, please.

I'll give you invisible balloons and inaudible crackers. Here you are... I have to go now...

I realized long ago that you and I are just holograms or

systems. I tried to find the place where holograms didn't exist anymore... Illusions – that was everything she had. And even that place, her Birthday and all the guests were mere projections. Only my present for her – invisible balloons and inaudible crackers – were not projections on her Birthday. And that is because my present was imaginary. Only imagination is not a hologram. I managed to find the place I was looking for so long. This place is my Imagination. It dwells inside my mind.

Then her Birthday was over and nobody seemed to understand what I had given her for a present. She was not very glad either, so I took my invisible presents and shuffled home listening to the chink of the sands and the rustle of the wind. Or rather, it was not me walking home but the one who calls himself Shaitan. That day he was in the limelight.

He walked home holding out his hand with imaginary balloons. They were three meters in diameter, round and so beautiful! How can people fail to notice them? «They are absolutely deprived of imagination», said Shaitan. He launched inaudible crackers. They didn't let him get into a taxi with the balloons so we had to take an imaginary taxi to get home. Shaitan called it somehow in an odd manner... Let me remember... Ah yes, phaeton, that's it. Indeed, his home was also imaginary. In fact, he was imagination himself. And imagination was him.

That day I dissolved, I vanished, I died. I didn't exist anymore in the form I used to have. It had been inhabited by someone else. Someone so different from the one who used to occupy my body before. And the problem is that I had a suspicion I would make neither head nor tail of this...

But it was exciting! When I came home I realized that it was the best Birthday I had ever been to. And it turned out that I was just a bead. At first I wasn't a bead but then one of the holograms was called so; I liked the word and everyone began to call me so. And I became a bead. When it happened I got the opportunity to contemplate this world from another angle. And then I understood that all of you present here were not people. You are those who just dwell under these biophysiological covers, these dress-like bodies... You are just projections and that is the point. Get to know, wake up – that is the main idea. And the centre of all this is you. And at the same time you are not the most important thing. Both important and minor.

I wanted to cover myself with a blanket with ducklings making those quack-quack noises but I didn't happen to have such a blanket, you see? It was my mere imagination. In fact, I didn't want to sleep; I was able to penetrate the dreams when I fell asleep in reality. That is why I inclined my head and glanced down, on the pavement on the dark surface of which I discerned enormous flashing letters highlighted from beneath. It was a huge

inscription articulated in a sinister voice: «Everyone, old and young, should make a script of an animal or the number of its name. And now the same message for the obtuse Unicellular! Everybody of you appreciate only those symbols which lie in your wallets or on your account. You should transfer your money and your non-cash funds to your personal accounts or to point-of-sale terminals, paying only for our goods and services marked with EAN-13 bar code». I saw real Hell... Don't get me wrong, I saw a Beast. And the main place it inhabited was my own mind.

Then I lifted my head up to the sky and I saw Heavens. And when I glanced in front of me I found myself back on the Earth. And I saw the light...

I was waddling down the street when I heard an announcement. It resounded in the air: «Everyone who breathes and also everyone who is born and who lives, that is exists, should pay Tribute every day at 13.13 p.m. sharp. Approach the nearest cash dispenser, join the queue and put your hand to a horizontal slit in the cash dispenser; there you should deliver your blood sample. We give you blood for your well-being and happiness and you should pay back in your own coin. The interest for blood use will be charged and washed off you automatically. You just need to put your hand to a slit. These are our financial mechanisms».

This announcement was made every day but today it sounded something different, unusual... it sounded in a new fashion. And «financial mechanisms» were never mentioned before either. They used to speak only about «tribute» and «blood». Probably now that the World Governance was settled aliens didn't want to conceal that we were their slaves anymore, I thought inwardly.

Every system has its own secret, its mystery. You can learn it in two ways – either to ask someone who knows it or to find out yourself using your agility, brain, wisdom, cunning or combination of these and other qualities. This way is more difficult but more interesting and the soul gets the most valuable experience for it. The first way is easier but less interesting. If you want to learn the secret from someone who possesses it you should offer them something they lack but it is not that easy; you should not only give it to them but you should first find out what they need. The soul, however, gets less experience for that. Shaitan was the one who knew the secret. I gave him what he wanted. I gave him myself. Not at once, of course. First I offered him my soul but he concluded it was too despicable and refused to take it. He even said he «wouldn't wipe his ass with it». And gave a wild laugh. His laughter could be heard even on the third floor. Our neighbours thought that the Last Judgement had come and called for the police. Then I nodded silently and he occupied my body and now I don't even know when it is me or it is him, the Legion and the Devil itself, dwelling inside me... Besides, when

the police arrived I was already asleep.

In my dreams I tried to understand what I needed this secret for. And I came to the conclusion that the one who learned it would become a very rich person in all senses within that system...

Shaitan used to say that the person who had something in large amounts and shared it with others was less great than the one who almost didn't have anything but shared it as well. This is a really great person. And that's what only matters.

Imagine, – said Shaitan, – that you fetch yourself some tea. Let it be not tea but just a situation. They are having post-flight analysis. More exactly, post-fall analysis. Wait for the tea to cool down. Don't drink it at once. Watch it or have a rest. And then come back and drink it...

I did everything according to the rules. Exactly as he had told me. I went for a walk in deserted and dull streets and then I came back and drank my tea. It was already cool.

– But their feelings didn't cool down, the other way round, they became even more passionate, – went on Shaitan, – the feelings between Lucifer and Eve. That is how they were called before. And they didn't have post-fall analysis because

everything ran smoothly between them. It was Eve who was having blamestorming with her previous admirer. With Lucifer she had only post-flight analysis. And these are two completely different things, as they say in Odessa. Or rather they don't.

How shall I explain it? We had mutual understanding with her. With She-Wolf... It is very difficult to achieve it... You should have super luckiness and super miracle. We had both.

Anyway, he stroke Eve on her light (like Sun light) head and said: «You can stay with me. But there is one rule – don't bug me. If you are not going to bug me you will make me happy and I will make you happy as well». She-Wolf didn't know whatto say so she kept silent. Who was he, that man?

My friend Shaitan used to explain to me that his real name was Lucifer. But in fact he was MaRiCaBo; the thing is that he formerly possessed Lucifer. God dwells in God, Man dwells in Man, and Angel dwells in Angel. MaRiCaBo was not an exception. But he didn't dwell in Lucifer anymore. It was already his worldly life. The last embodiment before the deserved rest with her.

...Some time passed. No matter how much. She was sitting at the table with him. And there was also another man.

So, what are you engaged in?

I live.

Dad, he is a writer, – said She-Wolf.

I hate people answering for me. I wanted to kill him but then it occurred to me that if I had killed her father I would have probably spoiled relations with her mother. Even Shaitan whispered: «Not now». I started twisting a napkin in my hands.

– Really? And what do you write? – asked a short man of forty-five, a builder.

– Books, – snapped I. – Are you really such an idiot as people say you are? – Something malicious flashed in my eyes. And something benign at the same time.

– Darling, stop it. Family table is not a proper place for your sarcasms... He writes esoteric and spiritual books.

– Oh, does he? – asked the man pretending to be very interested in the conversation.

«No, fuck you, I'm joking!» – I thought inwardly.

He is also a businessman... – she stared at me. – Hey! Are you out of reality again? In your dreams?..

She dragged me hard out of a dust cloud and space curls and returned me back to the conversation.

But why don't you think that we now see each other in our dreams? – asked Shaitan. And then he fell silent.

In medical terms it is called «paranoid schizophrenia» which goes along with «split personality», «multiplied personality» (more than one hundred soldiers) and especially «the Oedipus Complex». If Shaitan had had a personal doctor he would have probably set him this diagnosis from the first glance without even consulting various classifications like MKB —10, 9 or MeSH. The other way round, it was Shaitan who in his free time worked in a medical clinic where he set the fallen mankind the diagnosis «death». I could never understand what he needed job for as he had always been very rich. I don't know where he got the money from; either he was a robber or a magician. I personally think it's the same. When I used to ask him about that he either laughed loudly or said that medicine was just his hobby. As well as culture, sports, politics, religion, art and education... His hobbies made the whole list. Or rather his rats in the attic. They dwelled inside his mind, he knew all their habits and they marched when told to. They kept a low profile when he ordered

them to be quiet. The voices... He always heard them...

Anyway, he was considered mad. But he just decided to drive this world crazy. He was a mad genius and his world was mad, too. The things he created in his imagination were everlasting. They were unfathomable... They will live till the new centuries come... But let's get back to the point.

All this conversation at the table flew away from him. Shaitan was hardly interested in it from the very beginning. He never liked to get acquainted with relatives... Family ties... He was never able to understand them. So he assumed a detached look and stared in the mirror even without pretending to be interested in what the others were saying. Fly was beating against it. It was much more absorbing for him than that meaningless conversation, the table, the chairs, her stupid relatives and, strange as it may seem, even her. Don't get me wrong, he was always interested in her. After that theatre trip... But now Fly attracted him more. It happened only once – that day. But it was enough. Nevertheless, Fly attracted our attention. She was beating hardly against the mirror struggling to find herself. And she succeeded.

Shaitan told me that at first he just thought Fly was showing off trying to show how beautiful she was. In other words, Shaitan concluded that Fly was a female. I thought of it for a moment.

Then the next moment came. And I realized that men didn't show off in front of the mirror like that. Then I watched her flying so gracefully that I became convinced that she was not just a female but a real woman. Well, I began to understand not only Shaitan's words but his thoughts as well. «How strange», – I thought. Or these were Shaitan's thoughts? I already got confused. Then I heard his voice again. But that time Shaitan was not articulating. I stopped chewing, too.

Meanwhile, Fly was so gracious. She danced beautifully. We watched her in order to distract ourselves from the dull conversation. She was a Night Fly; she had a beautiful female body but no one could see her except Shaitan and me. Then Fly made a couple of pirouettes and the mirror shrank, then dissolved like a wave and let Fly in.

At first Fly was shocked by what she saw. She realized how little she was in comparison with this great world. Besides, she realized that the mirror vanished which meant that there was no way back left. Before her flight Oracle had told her: «The bridges are burned. There is no escape». Though there was no real fire, something was burning inside Fly. And it was burning so desperately. Fly became insane of the present and then fell asleep. I fell asleep to... It was probably the moment when Shaitan possessed me. I lost control over my body completely. Besides, I was used to sleep at day time quite often. Not to be

awake. I just had to pull myself together and stay awake as Jesus taught me. I was a bad Jesus's follower. I was a betrayer. I slept with my eyes open.

Very soon I woke up. But this time I woke up in my dreams because we live our real miraculous life only when we are asleep. And when we fall asleep there, we wake up here, in a mosaic of mirrors. I know only that when I used to wake up on the Earth a part of my memory was wiped out. But when I opened my eyes here, in my dreams, and then closed them – my memory was all right...

When I woke up for the last time in order not to sleep any more and just to stay awake, I was completely unaware that it had been my dream. And the reason is that it hadn't been my dream at all, it was reality instead. Reality! And it never occurred to me to brood on where I had been before I got there. However, I knew the place perfectly well.

In fact I appeared out of thin air in the street on the right side of which there was a small wooden building. I came nearer. In front of me there were plain wooden gates with the words «Café» on it. I entered the building. I just wanted to visit the toilet room but they let me know that I had to order something. To be honest, I found it out myself. They didn't probably visit uncle John at all? Who knows? They do.

An aged woman willing to help me to make up my mind what I wanted to order approached me. There were no menus at all. But there was her and her head which invented everything I wanted. Her head was an excellent dreamer! Eventually we decided on a cutlet with potatoes and something else I had never tasted before. All this resembled an attractor so much. Then I wanted to ask for a bill. I was used to the fact that everything should be paid with money and, as Shaitan used to repeat, money was the easiest thing to pay. And I don't know why but I decided to pay before the meal instead of afterwards. Besides, the surroundings were unfamiliar to me; I had never been there before. And not only I had absolutely no idea of where I was but I even didn't know which planet it was. I took out my black wallet which I used to use in the Matrix before I came there, before I plunged into my dreams, that is into reality. And then I said: «Here you are». «We do not accept cash», – was the answer. And they didn't take the money. Instead they stuffed 50 reddish hryvnias into my hand. A label was glued to the backsides of the banknotes. Not sewn or nailed down or painted but glued. The labels contained numbers of about 3 cm high and 1 cm wide. The numbers were looking right up to me. I loved money very much, even more than women. Banknotes are more affectionate. Money would never deceive you and never let you down; it wouldn't give you a stab in the back. It is reliable and loyal friend, not mercantile and it is not a whore. And though it is rather difficult

to have sex with money, it is your devoted ally; it will always give you a helping hand and advice. «Every bankruptcy will make you stronger, – explained Shaitan. – So don't be afraid of anything and go ahead». I always followed his advice.

Well, I was told to go to a bank «just across the street» with the banknotes. I replied that if these were their money I needed to exchange it. So I exchanged my 50 blue hryvnias for their reddish ones and I even didn't ask myself which of them was the genuine money. Everything surrounding me seemed genuine. Another woman approached me with the same reddish banknote but it fell on the floor and I didn't pick it up.

The food was ready in no time but instead of eating I went to pay my bill. I already forgot my desire to visit the toilet room as I had been planning initially. The question worried me: «Can they possibly trust each other so much that they don't mind getting the pay afterwards?» Brooding so, I went to find the answers for my questions in their bank.

I came out into the street and saw that the bank was indeed just across the road. But when I attempted to cross the road I appeared in a kind of a portal which moved me far away from the café and the bank. I found myself at the foot of a very wide staircase. It had shelves of real books by real authors for steps. And these were not rubbish but good books. I began to climb

the stairs and with every step to the top I placed my feet on new books. These step-like shelves were organized so that the lateral sides of the books looked upwards. So, while climbing the stairs, I managed to read a lot of names and headlines. As for the books, they were pressed tight to each other like herrings in a can. The shelves represented best-sellers which had never been published and which remained just unrealized ideas. They could have become real best-sellers if their authors had been not only dreamers but ambitious people as well capable of finding the time and the money to publish them... There were the books by all the most famous writers of their world on this staircase (I could call it «magical» if only I didn't consider magic to be sheer rubbish). Or they were rather the writers of our world... I got confused again. But there were mostly the names and headlines I didn't recognize. But that was no surprise – like Shaitan I was not a reader, I was a writer. And that is why I had read rather few books. I was mostly writing them. But maybe our world was the same thing as their world. It was probably the organic whole, the two parts of the same thing. Who knows? I know only that I was climbing up the stairs. I was quite sure that I had to go ahead. And with every pace I stepped on somebody's best-seller, on the back of somebody's beautiful book. They all were of different colour, thickness and design. Some of them were even pearly. And they had only one thing in common – they formed the stairs I was climbing. Strange as it may seem, I was not at all surprised that the books remained in a perfect

state despite climatic conditions and the fact that so many people stepped on them. But probably, in that place there were no climatic conditions and the travellers' shoes couldn't harm this great work. Either there were different laws of nature there or that wonderful moment I was the first to climb that newly-built staircase... Anyway, I kept going and that was for sure. The staircase was so high and steep that the way up happened to be very difficult. I leaned on to the banisters and paused to have a rest for several times. It was very hard to go upstairs, to the Heavens. And the journey was very long. How come it hadn't occurred to me to take a book with me so that I could read it while having a rest? The staircase was so wide. But maybe it was for the better that such an idea had never come to me because if that staircase had been magical indeed, the book would have probably carried me to an absolutely different world, away from that staircase and the bank and the café... and even from the idea to visit the toilet room which I had dropped long ago. Maybe I had started to read a book while sitting in the café but I just didn't notice that... And it had probably carried me to the place where I was at the moment?! But why didn't I want to do my doings anymore?! Had I already done it?!

I kept climbing the stairs. However, sometimes it seemed to me that it was not me but Shaitan. But for sure it was indeed me. Every time I stepped on a book I felt its incredible shine and smell and (can it be so?) I was reading it with my feet. Anyway,

I was climbing... And finally, after some time (if time existed there) the staircase was over.

I found myself again in that yard I saw before when I was standing in the street near the café intending to go to the bank. Now, finally, I was standing on the other side of the street. The way here appeared to be rather longer than I had expected. The portal...

The bank was deserted except me and a female cashier. What a strange bank – no people at all. I produced my banknote with the numbers on the backside. Unlike me, the woman seemed to be absolutely uninterested in my banknote. She peered to the numbers and then printed out the receipts for me and sent me back to the café. Shit! What a collapse in my mind! Even while being asleep I dream about the money and the books without my name on the cover... But this time I wasn't asleep. This time I understood that dreams were reality and what I considered to be reality before was only a dream. And now I was in reality. And I felt hungry.

My cutlet with potatoes must have been waiting for me in the café. As I had already paid for my meal I was trying to find the woman who had been telling me what I needed or her colleague whose money I hadn't picked up but they couldn't be seen anywhere. The café was full of other people. And I was hungry...

Frowning, I came to the conclusion that they had conned me out of the money. It was quite a common occasion on the Earth among the Unicellular.

A bit later I realized that I was no more welcomed there. Even if they needed me, they definitely didn't want to see my 50 hryvnias, my receipts and my dull face... All this was absolutely superfluous for them, you see?! I started peering around and I couldn't understand why everybody else was being served so cordially... Why did they all eat and drink what they wanted?! And then I understood. With time everything resumes its normal course. And everybody as well. Time cures everything. And I was also cured.

In that café everyone paid with smiles. Not with money as I was used to, not with plastic cards or even their fingers... There were no bills, no seals, no bill of lading, no contracts and other papers which I knew perfectly well how to use. No individuals and legal bodies. «What am I doing there if I can't use my knowledge in this place? Maybe someone is going to explain everything to me? Maybe money doesn't mean anything? But then what means? What do they pay with here? With smiles? Then probably smiles are the most important thing here??? Or there is nothing important at all... Nothing left!» – I thought. Meanwhile, the clients were smiling and drinking and eating everything they wished... In this café everyone paid with smiles.

What a weird place... But, probably, this place was in fact absolutely normal because they paid with smiles and it was me who was strange, who wanted to estimate everything in money... That day I wasn't smiling...

I looked to my left, then to my right, up and down and diagonally. I looked also the other way round and then again diagonally. Nobody came up to me when I was looking diagonally for the last time. My legs began walking without my knowledge. I didn't feel my head. Apparently, Shaitan was overtaking me again. And then the wings carried me upwards. Yes, it was so.

«Explain yourself! – I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, because I'm not myself, you see».

Lewis Carroll

Height lasted very long, probably because it had never even started. I was spinning in the swirls and then I saw Arbagadabra. I recognized him at once because it was written large on his face. Arbagadabra is a horned Angel with a large blue head and a tail.

– You have an inscription on your head, – I told him.

– You, too, – answered Arbagadabra.

– What do you mean? – I asked him.

– Well, just have a look at yourself.

– Then give me a mirror.

– You are already looking in it.

– I'm looking at a blue-headed beast with an inscription on the forehead.

– Exactly. That's you.

– And who are you then?

– I'm your reflection.

– And is it usual for reflections to speak?

– It depends on what they reflect.

– Am I really the one you are talking about?

– Am I really the one you are talking about?

– Hey!

– Hey!

– Are you here?

– Are you here?

But there was no answer. The mirror stopped talking to me. Well, at least I found out that my real name was Arbagadabra. «And thank God, – I thought, – because I have already started reckoning that my name is Shaitan». «Thank Devil!» – he exclaimed and gave a thunder-like laugh.

Something budged in the corner and asked: «Give me some paper». I had no paper on me except the money so I gave it to the creature.

Thanks, – it said. – Shit, shit, SHIT! It's filthy. You gave me dirty paper.

I gave you the money.

But they are filthy!

Filthy?! – Shaitan would have never said something of the

kind. That's probably the reason why we're friends. We have common interests.

Well, have a look! – And the creature showed me his ass from behind a thick curtain. – Paper should be clean, you see?

I gave you the money! Have you wiped your ass with it?

Can you see this stain? – he pointed at his left buttock. – Can you see it?

Yes, I do, – I said suddenly realizing that I had no money any more.

Well, let's go.

He grasped my hand and leaded me somewhere. Or rather, I flew after him because I still couldn't see his face, just his hand and his ass. The rest parts of his body were dark. Ina while we saw an inscription «Universarium». We flew a bit nearer and I discerned the word «Eden». It was written in small letters. I would even say that the letters were tiny and hardly visible. But nevertheless I noticed them and was even able to read them. But then I heard Shaitan's voice in my ears and saw him with my eyes. He was speaking again. I strained my ears.

They used to call me a liar so often. It was before I appeared here, in the world of the past... in the previous world... Well, you got me. But even if you haven't, I'll go on with my story.

I asked Shaitan to seat at the opposite side of Flier because he was pushing me violently. In a while we flew across the space towards a two-meter tower and flew in without any consequences so far.

– Five smiles, if you please! – said a two-meter-high Toothy.

And he showed all his ninety-two teeth. My Flier leaned his head out of nowhere and quickly smiled for five times. Then Toothy said: «Now it's your turn!» and stared at me.

You should pay for the access.

I glanced at Shaitan.

– Do as you were told to, – Shaitan told me. —I'm not exactly in the mood to smile, – and he looked away.

– But I have no more money on me, – I told Toothy. – I gave everything I had to that bloke... whatever his name is... Flier or something? He wiped...

– Shut up! – Shaitan cried.

I had no chance to finish the sentence. At first I even wanted to point to Flier who had wiped his ass with my money but he wasn't there. Toothy wasn't interested in Shaitan as much as he was in me. «They have probably got acquainted with him already, – I thought. – Or he has a travel card».

– Well, perhaps you have imagination, any dreams or ideas? – Toothy asked.

– Don't talk to him, – Flier warned me, appearing again out of thin air. – He wants to take what you appreciate most. It's energy, you see?! Five smiles! – He told me and smiled again to Toothy showing all his perfect teeth.

– It's not necessary to smile for six times, – said Toothy, – five will be enough to enter. But if you want to smile instead of that one you brought with you, then I have to tell you it's no way. We will fine you. And exile you to the Camp where you will smile till the end of life. Or rather till its start.

– But can one smile intentionally, I mean, on purpose? – I asked Flier.

– We always do it, – said Flier and added, – if you don't smile

right now, Toothy will eat you up.

And Toothy smiled cunningly.

It was like a kick in the arse or like a burr under my saddle. The world changed at once for me. I even noticed all its papier-mâché decorations... Then I smiled quickly for five times and they let us in. I didn't have the least desire to know whether anything like that had ever happened before. In a moment the door through which we came closed behind us and we found ourselves in the opposite side of the hall, far from Toothy. I gave a sigh of relief...

– Well, you see, – said Flier, – smiles are our main force, – and then he asked: «You are not from here, aren't you?»

«Tell him that you are indeed from here», – demanded Shaitan who had already possessed me again. Or does he constantly possess me now? Does he like it?! I had to obey.

Well, it seems to me that I'm indeed from here but I didn't realize it before.

All right, – he replied, – let's go.

So we proceeded on our way.

We saw an art gallery in front of us. There were no pictures there. To my left and to my right, above and below – the walls, the ceiling and even the floor were covered with frames screwed upon them. There were a great number of various frames – from the plainest to the most exquisite but I didn't care much. What I really did care was the fact that inside the frames there were sheets of white paper instead of pictures.

What is it? – I asked.

It's an art gallery, – Flier told me.

But there are no pictures there! – I exclaimed in puzzle.

Why do you think so?! Look around! There are plenty of pictures there!

But I can't see any pictures, just blank sheets of white paper. In the frames.

Firstly, these are not blank sheets of paper, they are clean. Unlike that paper you gave me last time. And secondly, are there any other art galleries except like this one?!

And we proceeded with walking. And the further we went, the

more I had the impression that in fact we were going only nearer. And then I suddenly thought that I was wrong. And then that I had the right impression again. In the end I decided to ask a question.

How was this world created?

Don't you know? – asked Flier. – Well, you are really dull. Our world was created by smiles. There were the Three First Smiles who originated it.

And how did they appear? – I asked.

What does it matter? – frowned Flier and suddenly vanished with a great bang leaving me absolutely puzzled.

He rolled himself up into a tube despite the fact that he was very plump. And then the roll he made became very thin and soared in the sky. «Probably that's his magic cloak?» – I thought. And then I fell under the impression that Flier wasn't thinking of anything. Anything at all... Like our politicians... in the world I came from. But maybe at the moment I was not in this new world but in my own? Anyway, I existed – it was clear. And maybe I was just a loony and Flier wasn't a Flier at all, he was just a keeper who thought that I was Napoleon? Well, anyway. Let's drop it. The point is that I felt good. And it was the most important thing. But let's assume that at the moment I was indeed

in this world, in the world created by the Three First Smiles. And if I believe it's True, then Truth will believe in me. And I was right.

In front of me I saw women breasts. There were not two of them, as I was used to, but much more. A naked woman body was standing in front of me and there were no black squares in the area of breasts and pubis like they show on TV; a horizontal row of breasts occupied all the space. They had beautiful shape and were at the right height. It was wonderful. I walked around the statue and then I realized that it was not just a woman, it was a barrel of the «Field of Dreams» game. Moreover, that day it was not just a barrel, it was a small milk plant. But I wasn't thirsty, I was hungry and I used this plant as a barrel. I grasped one of the nipples with my right stronger hand, stroked it and then pulled it horizontally. The barrel began to spin... The whole body, however, remained immobile but the girl smiled prettily. Her smile gave that odd sensation you feel when you look at Mona Lisa on the famous picture or Einstein who pulled out his tongue on his photo in order to show the others his attitude to himself... I was ready to shout «Bonus!» when the bonus appeared by itself. It came out of the dark room that had never been opened.

A-a-a-a-a-a! There you are! Our new Hero! —exclaimed a man in a velvet cloak. On his chest where the heart would have

been a fylfot-like cross was painted. He was approaching me very quickly. Sometimes it even seemed to me that he was flying... Like when gravity-free. Then he vanished and appeared again. I wanted to call Shaitan as he always helped me out of trouble but he didn't happen to be there at the moment. I had to act on my own.

I am Mr. X. And what is your name?

I haven't made up my mind yet.

Ok then. We'll call you Hero. Well, Hero, have you completed your mission?

What mission?

Have you killed the dragon?

No.

Have you conquered the kingdom?

No.

Well, have you killed the spies which had penetrated on the territory of our Empire?

No.

Then you are not a Hero.

Not a Hero?

Of course not. A Hero is somebody who kills others for the sake of Empire. Have you killed anybody?

Not yet.

I'm pleased you say «not yet». Does that mean that you will soon realize the necessity to kill?

I have to kill someone?

Yes, certainly. You'll do it tomorrow.

Tomorrow?

Well, not today anyway. Or would you rather kill today?

No, not today, thanks.

Ok then, tomorrow will do. Maybach, come here!

I'm here, sir, – replied Cylinder wearing a cap.

Write him a merit certificate. Just like this: «Hero». Put it in big beautiful letters. And then we'll organize a real show with light chasers, special effects and even with parade and fireworks. It will be a real feast or a costume party; I haven't made up my mind yet.

But I haven't killed anyone yet.

But you will do it tomorrow, won't you? – he stared at me and put his head very closely to what I had for head. – You'll do it for sure.

The merit certificate is ready, sir, – said Cylinder. A black hole opened in his stomach and a metal pallet appeared from it bearing the word «HERO» in big beautiful letters.

Music, Maestro! – exclaimed Mr. X.

Small metal pea-size balls appeared out of nowhere; they began to swell and turned into yellow roly-polys with metal legs like spiders'. Each roly-poly had more than eight legs and there were black marker smiles painted on their faces which were saying: «We're alright». And these roly-polys began to dance.

Music resounded from under their legs. It was an opera with jazz tunes; I heard clarinet, bassoon, violin and saxophone – my favourite musical instruments. Then roly-polys rounded me. They made a tight circle and I had no way to escape any more. Then several roly-polys ran up to me. They gave me a lift with their heads and I began to jump on them like on a trampoline. They were made of rubber! But sure enough, they had no brains. Everyone around me shouted «Hero, Hero!» But I didn't feel a hero. And then I fell and hurt my head. Somebody ran up to me, hoisted my body on a wheeled hospital bed and drove me off. Through the mist and the dark I discerned the words: «You forgot your merit certificate, Hero!» Then there came a loud metal clank. It was apparently Cylinder who got a clip on the back of his head from Mr. X. It was the last thing I had in mind that day.

A great noise woke me up. I felt very awkward. I was still lying on the hospital bed and everyone seemed to have forgotten about me. At the moment everything was according to their plans but not mine. It definitely wouldn't have happened if I had stayed with the roly-polys. But probably everyone there is a Hero?! However, it didn't seem true. They were all caressing each other and moaning. Whether it was an orgy or it was just their way to show their love and tenderness, I couldn't tell.

– What are you doing? – I asked. Finally they noticed me and I began to hear their words in real time.

– Silence everybody... The Hero has woken up.

– Come on, I'm not a Hero. And by the way, do you know who this Hero is? Or you reckon that the Hero is the one who kills others for the sake of the Empire as Mr. X states it?

There started a commotion.

He is acquainted with Mr. X.

Mr. X...

Oh goodness, it's awful! Has he come to kill us all?

And I saw fear in their eyes, but only for a fraction of a second. A dog with a sun for a head was the first to answer.

Calm down, he won't kill you, at least until I give him the permission, – and then the dog addressed to me. – You see, the point is that a Hero can kill another Hero or someone who is not a Hero at all. The point is that a Hero has a goal and this goal justifies all means. There are good Heroes and bad Heroes. But if you come to look at it in another way, all these things are relative... Good and Evil... That's banal. There are just Heroes, that is all. And whether what they are doing is good or not, it's

up to the society to decide, but the society is always prejudiced.

So when you call me a Hero you want to say that I'm a Murderer? Am I right?

Not completely. You have understood only what you wanted to because you heard only what you wanted to hear. You must pay attention to what I'm trying to tell you but not to the things you expect me to say. Otherwise you will not hear anything. Well, I didn't tell you that you were a Murderer. I was just answering the question you had asked before. If you can remember it now... Nah, the Hero...

But I...

You, – he interrupted me, – should understand that you're probably a new Hero. Like those you can see standing behind me (he showed to the crowd I can hardly describe now). – They're would-be Heroes and in their time they also considered themselves Heroes. They came to me in order to find out whether it was true or not. I kept looking at them carefully while I was tapping with my stick, lighting a candle, swinging one of the two balls, visiting Father...

You mean the Pope?

You speak in a quite unusual manner. Yes, that's him... I wrote letters to him and even prayed in order to find out whether they were indeed Heroes. And I want to tell you that my answer is still «No». Like the Father's.

So you mean to say that all those people behind you are not Heroes just because you told them so?

Exactly. What a clever New Would-be Hero you are! NWH as a call you lot...

NWH?

Well, you see, NWHs are the most powerful among us, those who can create the worlds. But in fact they don't exist.

But why? – I asked.

Because it's just impossible. We call them Dreamers.

And who are Dreamers?

They are very odd extraterrestrial people who are always dreaming about something... But they left this world long ago.

Are you sure?

It's my job to be sure in things others have not a slightest idea of.

Then how come these Dreamers don't exist if you've just told me that they did exist and left our world long ago?!

I won't tell you that.

That was the end of our conversation. In that world nobody was thinking of anything. They were just wagging their tongues, taking everything on trust and never asked questions... Well, their brains were absolutely nonfunctional. Or rather not everyone's? Anyway, I hadn't yet met other representatives of this world. But if such thinking people exist they should make the world go around. «I should try and find some of them», – I thought.

## Sphere 2. Space apple

Soon I saw a little fairy fluttering not very far away. I ran up to her:

– Hey, fairy! – I said.

– Hi, stranger, – she replied, putting something into her basket.

– Tell me please, who I am?

– But don't you know it?

– Well, I think I guess.

– So?

– I'm Abragadabra, – I said proudly.

– He's Abragadabra.

– Ha-ha...

– Nah!

– He saw Abragadabra!

Now there were not less than ten fairies around me. They appeared from a nearby flowerbed and at the moment they were looking at me with interest, smiling and giggling. I liked feeling someone flirting with me. Their presence calmed me down.

– So you want to tell me that I'm not Abragadabra?

– Exactly. You're not.

– Thank God, I just thought... Anyway, thanks. But who am I instead?

– You're Lucifer.

These words did little to comfort me. It was not me but Shaitan who always claimed to be Lucifer.

– I'm Lucifer?

– He's Lucifer!

– Yes...

– He is...

– Lucifer... A cool guy!

– Well, then I'm the Devil?

– No, mate, you're an Angel of Light. That's what being Lucifer implies.

– Then Lucifer isn't Satan?

– Yes, he is. He has a lot of names.

– He has a Legion of names.

– And every name is Him.

– Well, let's go to the Universarium, – said the Chief Fairy (she had a brighter cloak) and pulled my hand. We went through a garden up to stealthy rooms and halls. When my legs stopped supporting me she began to drag me on the floor. Besides, I became more flexible, like a chewing gum. Thank God it didn't occur to her to blow and pop me! She seemed so little and fragile but she was easily dragging me. How strong she must have been! I didn't feel pain but it was rather uncomfortable. Her grasp was very strong and I couldn't free myself from her fingers, no matter

how hard I tried. But to be honest I didn't try hard. I liked being dragged like this. At least, I didn't have to do anything.

Then we appeared in a great hall where little creatures were having a kind of meeting. They were very thin but they had enormous round eyes... Or rather oval. I quietly took the place nearby and began to listen.

– Well, what are we doing here today? – asked a spectacled Jinn with a pointer, smiling. More than everything he looked like their chief or a teacher. And then everybody chorused:

– We are studying underdeveloped planets and civilizations!

They shouted so loudly that I jumped and decided not to sit back for a while.

– This is our professor, – explained Fairy, – he made an exchange with Academy and came to our Universarium. He masters quantum physics, mechanics, interplanetary philosophy, transgalactic logics and psychology... Now sit down.

I sat down. To be honest, I would have sat down from what I had just heard even without her request.

– And with whom did he do an exchange?

– With Luis Laporré, the creator of the art gallery.

– That gallery which has blank sheets of paper instead of pictures?

– These are not blank sheets of paper, you little fool. Luis creates white pictures. This art takes a very long time to master. You don't know anything about it.

At this very moment Teacher spoke. Everyone was listening to him very attentively. When I heard his voice it seemed to me that it resounded inside my head, in my brain.

– Today there are newcomers among us. They have just arrived at the Space Port 666 in Sector 13. Please state your names and the place you are from.

– My name is Amalgon, I came from Sirius.

– My name is Zoran, I'm from Orion.

– I'm Lauly. From Pleiad.

– And my name is Mary. I came from the Earth.

«She is from the Earth... It can't be so...», – the creatures said surprisingly in an under voice.

– Well, let's greet our newcomers, – everybody clapped their hands. – So, which planet are we going to study today? – Jinn asked.

– The Earth and people inhabiting it! – chorused the hall.

– All right then, – calmed them down Jinn, – you all know that The Fifth Race people are absolute morons.

– We agree! People are backward creatures, – said all the students in unison. They replied as though they were one organism. I couldn't find an explanation for that, but not that I very much wanted.

– Today I'm not going to plunge into people's backwardness and nearsightedness. Their era terminated long ago. Instead I will tell you about what was there before people's era and how they became humans.

– So you want to tell us about how people appeared?

– You never touched the subject...

– That sounds great!

– I never told you about that but today I will, – said Jinn and went on. – Just imagine the world so wonderful that it can hardly be real. It is so fantastic that it's impossible to describe it, so rich and beautiful, but only in terms of Good as this world is a mere Kindness. It is free from malice, hatred, pain, disappointments and tiredness, grieves and troubles... Everything is perfect in this world. Everyone gets everything he needs and he doesn't have to give anything in return. It is only God the Creator who bestows his love to a Legion of Angels (beneficiaries) through their leader (intermediary) – Supreme Angel Lucifer.

– You mean the Angel of Light? – asked the children.

– Exactly. I am speaking about the Light Giver. The Angels were not able to get God's love without Lucifer because his love is very powerful and it would have burned them. That is why God used Lucifer as a vessel in which he could pass his love to the Angels.

Teacher took a hologram blackboard and began to paint on it with his finger.

– It should be mentioned that Lucifer was created by God together with the other first Angels but his power was second

only to that of God, his creator. Moreover, Lucifer is the First Angel. Even Michael and Gabriel were created later and therefore they were less powerful than Lucifer. However, there are some ways to reach the power equal to the Creator's and even exceeding it but we are not talking about that now. We should remember that our Creator, like us, always invents new ways that is why only the most deserving can excel him... But where was I, kids?

– You were saying that Michael and Gabriel were created after Lucifer.

– Oh yes, that's it... I was telling you about the place where the Angels lived. This place was called Eden, or Paradise. Their life was very peaceful, free from any troubles. Lucifer was still getting God's love but he was eager to obtain more of it. Other Angels including Michael and Gabriel got God's love through Lucifer who was then the first after God and the closest to Him... But then God decided to create something new, even more magnificent.

– Did he? – asked the children in great surprise.

– Oh yes, he did. Till that moment Lucifer had been the most beautiful and the most impeccable God's creation. But a new idea came to God and it upset the Light Giver. God decided to create

a human to resemble himself, that is to replicate himself with people.

– Is it like a copying machine?

– Yes, it is... At first, though, God didn't want to create several people because that would make it difficult to manage them. Just Him and a Human – that is what he desired. And he succeeded in it. The first person created by God was called Eve – that was a woman! She was so beautiful and perfect that even God himself, the Great Critic, could not find any flaws with her. She was pure and clear – oh yes, she was wonderful. And as she was created to resemble God, she became a new God and all the Angels including Lucifer, the Light Giver and Supreme Angel, appeared in the earlier phase of the evolution than the Human. After Eve was created, Lucifer started getting just half of God's love. Another half of love was now given to Eve. But the Light Giver wanted to obtain the infinite amount of love and even 100 per cent didn't satisfy him. The Light Giver understood that people would some time occupy higher position in the hierarchy than the Angels even though now they had no experience at all. But the other Angels remained unaware of that until Lucifer told them. In terms of Good he gave them the truth but in terms of Evil he created chaos. But the God foresaw it.

– You want to say that God planned it initially? Are we right?

At this very moment I realized that it was Shaitan, as large as life. Only he could be dressed like Jinn and could look like him. But that signified nothing.

– Well, yes, initially he managed to plan almost everything. When he was creating the Light Giver he gave him a bit of rebelliousness against himself, Great God and Paradise Creator. God created Evil as an alternative to Good and hid Evil inside Lucifer when he created him. Well, I'm getting off the subject. The history of mankind started with God creating Eve. It wasn't a matter of other people that time.

– But why? Why did God create Eve? – asked the children.

– Well, it is rather simple. God got tired of ruling Paradise on his own and out of pure curiosity he created a copy of himself but in a woman's body. He wanted Eve to become his lover and his wife. In other words, God created Eve only for himself, for satisfying his own desires. And God fell in love with her. He loved his creation most passionately but due to absence of experience and, consequently, absence of memory, Eve didn't share his feelings. God was very upset. He did everything to win her love – he gave her flowers and sweets, he invented various delicacies and entertainments, he complimented her and gave her all possible attention, including regular kisses, caress and

sex. But it was like making love to a log because Eve still didn't feel anything towards him except respect and therefore she was unable to give God what he desired so much – Love. He had been giving his love to others for so long that he hoped it would be Eve who would compensate for this love, giving her Love to him, the Great God and Creator. On the other hand, he understood that he gave her his priceless gift – freedom of choice which even his Angels didn't possess!

– So Angels didn't have freedom of choice while humans did?!

– Exactly. However, not humans but a human because God created only one human – Eve. The Angels had freedom of choice only in terms of which kind deeds they could choose between, that is all. The choice between Good and Good – it is like a feast where every dish is French fries. You can choose which plate you will eat from but nevertheless it will be still French fries. Another matter was Eve. She had freedom of choice, like God himself. She could choose between Good and Evil, between helping and refusing help, between doing and not doing, desiring and not desiring... The moment God created Eve a new impeccable element appeared in the system. The previous system and the Universe equilibrium were disturbed and a tiny particle inside the Light Giver was activated. He had been created by God for this particle, and it was called Evil.

– Where did all this take place?

– And why did God create a female to resemble himself, not a male?

– First I will answer the second question and you try to ask me questions in turn. You are not Unicellular! —there was a silence. – Well then. God created a woman because only women can give birth to new Gods. He wanted to have a child, you see?

– Yes, we do...

– And a male cannot give birth to a child because his organism is not fit for it. But if you want to ask me a question from the previous course concerning people's backwardness which will be whether God is gay or not, then I will tell you that he isn't gay. He is heterosexual and it is normal. That's as it should be. Everything else is just abnormal divergences of the moronic mankind. But we are not talking about that now. As I have to answer your first question, let me tell you about the place where all this happened. This place, as I have already told you, was called Eden. It was impeccable. There was everything except just one thing – Evil. Oh no, Evil also was there, inside Lucifer, though in an unsqueezed form yet.

– Like an archived file?

– That’s it. Lucifer stayed always in Eden and watched God and Eve having sex for there were no relationship between them...

– How come there was no relationship between them? There can’t be sex without relationship, can there? – asked space children in great surprise.

– That’s a rhetorical question, darlings... Anyway, Lucifer saw that Eve wasn’t enjoying the process; she didn’t feel love towards God and he pretended not to notice it. He tried to convince himself that some day she would fall in love with him. This feature in him resembled that of a human so much... Well, in fact he was human...

– God was Human?!

– Surely he was! Remember he created Eve to resemble himself? How could she resemble not a human being if she was a human herself? God created a copy of himself. He created her to resemble a human that dwelled in him...

– God is Human! How strange!

– Then a human being is God?

– Of course, but on one condition.

– What condition?

– If a human being develops his divine capabilities.

– And if he doesn't?

– Then he is an animal. Any more questions?

– No, please, go on with your story.

– Well, sure enough, it is my story, too, because I'm also human... The time wore on but Eve didn't fall in love with God... And one day a forbidden fruit which people call an apple appeared. This forbidden fruit was very sweet indeed.

– How do you know?

– I tasted it myself... Temptation – that is its gist. Well, Lucifer was so much in love with Eve that, despite the God's order not to tangle with the Human, Lucifer, often referred to as the Serpent in the Holy Bible, started a relationship with her. He was an experienced Angel and knew perfectly well how to seduce a woman. And he did it. Eve also felt strong passion and attraction

towards Lucifer; in fact, she fell in love with him. A spark ignited between them and then they had passionate sex. No wonder that they compared Lucifer with a tree; he was the first among the Angels and therefore he had his roots deep in the earth... But let's get back to the subject. God didn't witness them making love. At least, Lucifer couldn't see him and Eve who was at the moment on the peak of excitement couldn't see him, too. But then they felt remorse because they had disobeyed the God's order. Therefore they made themselves something like loincloths to cover up their private parts. God couldn't fail to notice that as everybody used to go absolutely naked before. God went berserk. You know, he had rather frequent sex with Eve but she couldn't get pregnant because she didn't love him. But scarcely had she betrayed God with Lucifer when she got knocked up, as people would say. In other words, she became pregnant. It was a shock for her. She was strong and brave like God but she was absolutely inexperienced. She felt ashamed and betrayed but at the same time she felt love. Unlike Lucifer, Eve was born strong as God endowed her with this quality when he created her. But power without experience and, what would be worse, without weakness is a horrible destiny. Chaos! Lucifer, however, was born very weak but he managed to become strong due to his daily practices; he was eager to improve himself. Besides, he was experienced and battle-seasoned. Eve had to become weak, and so did all her descendants. That is why mankind was later called «fallen», or «nephilims».

– But we thought that nephilims are something different...

– Well, some people think that nephilims are only fallen Angels but in fact they are earthmen – fallen people and Angels.

– But why Lucifer got interested in Eve?

– You know, kids, Lucifer was a great admirer of love he got from God. He used to get all the love before God distributed his love between all the Angels according to the hierarchy. But now it was a matter of a Human! When God created Eve, the first Human, the Angels and people – two civilizations —had to share his love. But they didn't share it equally. Eve was the only human being; she was inexperienced and lacked knowledge. Straight after she was created she was placed in a special «comfort zone». And she got at once half of God's love though she had done nothing to deserve it. It was the same amount of love that the Angels were now given, the Angels who fought in battles, who sacrificed their blue blood and constantly improved themselves in order to get God's love. They sacrificed themselves for this love, can you imagine it?

– But what happened to the tree you mentioned before?

– This tree consists of two parts. The first part is a tree itself

and the second part is its reflection. There are two trees but in fact it is just one tree. The first tree is called Tree of Life and the second is known as Tree of Knowledge. On the first tree Good was dominant and on the second – Evil. Eve lacked Tree of Knowledge as she needed to come to know the world and its inhabitants and she needed to get experience. On the other hand, Lucifer needed Tree of Life while Eve had it aplenty. So, Eve and Lucifer were just like two equal drops of water, two sides of the same coin. Eve was a pure emotion and Lucifer was the truth and triumph of reason. That's what they were. And they are among us.

– Where? – the kids started looking around in agitation.

– They're not necessarily here, in this room. I mean they exist in our world. However, our room is also a part of the world, so maybe Lucifer, Eve or someone else is among us now. But the probability is rather low, I would say.

– But still it is!

– Yes, it is... Well, let me continue my history lesson. You understand that the new God or rather the embryo that was now inside Eve was an unwanted child. Neither Eve no Lucifer was planning to give birth to that child. God didn't want it either. At least he didn't expect a new God to be not his child.

– But why do you reckon that God didn't expect Eve to give birth to a child from Lucifer?

– Because he made a terrible row with her. His rage was so violent that even the world staggered when he found out everything. And then it was darkness. Complete darkness. God turned off all the lights and everything went dark.

– How do you understand darkness, Master?

– Yes, what's its main idea?

– Well, its main idea is that you can't summon it intentionally; it appears only when all the lights are turned off. That is why only light switches exist. There are no dark switches!

– And what happened next?

– Darkness made God absolutely ignorant to his wife Eve, to their sexual relationship; to the child she was bearing and to everything else. God acted as a real Human: he gave an order to punish Lucifer strictly and to send Eve away. He was very angry with Lucifer. But the Light Giver was smart enough as he was triumph of reason. He organized a meeting with some of the other Angels. Later God called them «a gang of the

Angels». Divine Anger supported Lucifer because it wasn't usual for God. Neither the Angels nor God ever saw Lucifer in such a state. The Angels began to fear Lucifer and that was the first negative emotion they developed. It was fear of God, of his Anger! But Lucifer was very eloquent and quite soon the Angels began to doubt that God was their real God and that they needed him. They joined Lucifer and thus he was able to create his army. Lucifer, shall we say, was the first entrepreneur. He didn't feel like working for another man —God. So he decided to start his own infernal business and therefore he employed Eden Angels. In Hell he changed his name for Morning Star.

– But he is the Devil...

– Well, yes, but deep inside he remained the same kind boy who lived in Eden... You remember the old parable about the Angels? Remember that «everything is not like it seems at first glance»?

– Yes, we do...

– But that's another story... Let's get to the subject. Having fought several battles with God allies, Lucifer's supporters were sent to Hell where they were now called «fallen Angels», or «niphilims». On the other hand, we know already that niphilims are fallen Angels and fallen people at the same time, don't we?

– Yes, we do, Master.

– So, they were thrown to complete darkness and ignorance as their memory and their experience had been wiped clean and all their powers had disappeared. Niphilims inhabited the Earth. They take more than 95% of the whole population of the Earth now. They lived and gave birth to their children in sin. And it should be mentioned that the worst Angel's sin in front of God is not to be born in sin but to remain in it.

– And what happened to the others?

– The others remained in sin till the Last Judgement and only few of them managed to make satisfaction for their sins and go back to Eden.

– Master, where Eden is?

– Mostly it is inside your minds.

– And what happened to those who didn't manage to return to Eden?

– They were waiting for the Saviour who could forgive their sins but they forgot that the Saviour also had his freedom

of choice. He could save them all or refuse them his help and in that case they would be destroyed.

– And what about God?

– God issued a decree Clause one of which stated that sex between the Angels and people was from now on prohibited. As well as close relationship and all the other kinds of relations. Lucifer was now called the Serpent and sex was announced the Forbidden Fruit, the Apple. So the Angels should insert this clause into the Bible and then sell it to people. And in case people didn't want to read it the Angels had to impose the Apple on them.

– That's what it is... The Forbidden Fruit is sex, not The Apple...

– And the Forbidden Fruit is always sweet. So the Angels were thrown to the place where Lucifer had been exiled before.

– And where had he been exiled?

– To Real Hell.

– Where is this place?

– Deep inside the earth.

– And what happened to the child?

– The wisest question today. Well, after Lucifer and Eve had been exiled to the Earth Eve gave birth to a boy who was named Adam. Lucifer couldn't bring up his only son with Eve because God separated them and placed them in different worlds. The Light Giver was weaker than God and couldn't contradict him. As all the relations between the Angels and people had been banned, God cursed Adam's parents. He created a horrible videogame for them in which all the players forgot who they were in reality. He became furious with Lucifer and Eve and sent them to the Earth which he called derisively «Project Eden». The Earth was really beautiful but God was aware that its new inhabitants would definitely befoul the planet because of their amnesia. He was right. The new creatures didn't know who they were. The God's curse made Lucifer struggle infinitely for Eve's love in different incarnations.

This very moment I realized that it was already not Shaitan speaking but me. He was standing beside me, smiling and patting me on the shoulder.

– There was only one thing I was happy about – Eve gave birth to our son. He was a wonderful child. But I couldn't

remember that; I couldn't remember even Eve. That is why I was so miserable. Being without my beloved woman was a real hell for me. She also suffered very much but she was unaware that we were in hell together. God knew that Lucifer would become very powerful if he joined Eve again. Together they were even more powerful than God himself because in their veins as well as in the veins of their nephilim descendants mixed blood of the Angels, people and Gods was running. Besides, their union would return them memory and experience and thus they would come into possession of an extremely powerful weapon. I hope you understand now why there are so many people here who are eager to live on the Earth. In the old days such creatures were represented only by the Angels but now there are also inhabitants of other civilizations and games. This idea has become very popular in the Universe.

– But how Eve was able to continue her kind if God had separated her and Lucifer and they were not able to see each other anymore?

– Interesting question. Well, in order to continue our kind (it would be better to say, though, to found our race because Eve and I were the first representatives of our kind) my wife Eve had to sleep with my son Adam thus betraying me, Lucifer. It had to happen according to the Law of Conservation of Energy (Law of Intermigration) and the Law of Compensation (Law

of Retribution). They destroyed her memory. Lucifer that time dwelled somewhere in the lower stages of conscious and that is why he could remember some details.

– Lucifer must have been angry with God? Did he want to take his revenge?

– No, he wasn't angry with God. The Light Giver understood perfectly well that he committed a sin. That is what they wrote in «History of Lucifer's Army Expulsion from Paradise»: «The Fall». It is very important to get the right meaning of this word. It means «falling down into the gulf of sins». It happened because of the temptation.

– And what temptation is?

– Temptation is a revealing of your inner nature. Eve was a tempter and Lucifer was the one tempted by her. We had started forbidden relationship between thee Angels and people. You should understand that God exiled sinners from Paradise because he wanted such a trouble never to happen again. He honestly wanted Lucifer and his allies to rot in Hell. According to his plans, Eve should have been deprived of the opportunity to continue her kind and therefore she would have died soon unless she wanted to join God again. But she didn't return to him. God could never imagine that Eve would sleep with our son

in order to continue her race. However, it happened indeed. Eve was inexperienced but God could never imagine her acting so immorally... This is how human amorality originated.

– Did humans know about their amorality? – asked children.

– No, humans didn't realize that they were immoral because when each child was born Angels modified their memory so that they couldn't remember anything about their origin afterwards. It happened to everybody. Lucifer wasn't an exception. But there a strange occasion took place. As the Light Giver was the first and Supreme Angel and, consequently, the most powerful of them, amnesia affected only part of his memory. Then he began to remember everything. With Eve the situation was different. When her memory was being modified, Angels were still more powerful than people. It is essential that God is Love while Man is God+. There are also Angels and Demons. All this is Man+.

– And what about Eve? – kept asking questions kids.

– Well, it is not that simple. In fact, it isa very complicated story mixed with lie. It took Eve a very long time to understand whether Lucifer was her friend or her husband. She believed in Christianity and so on but she couldn't comprehend the easiest things. Eventually they met each other on the Earth and Lucifer

explained everything to her. She understood his words but at the same time she didn't. She understood that all these events took place due to the horrible God's plan. You see, Lucifer always fought for Eve, for her heart. In all the incarnations. Besides, he wanted to gain power on the Earth. Poor Eve reckoned that he simply couldn't achieve anything without her. In fact, he could do everything on his own if he only wished to. The problem is that he just didn't wish to be without her, you see?

– But did she realize it?

It was a difficult question... I took a gulp of water and came up to the large poster diagrams illustrating my lecture. They were hanging on the wall, so well-structured and colourful. I was a rather good methodologist; I explained everything to the kids and showed them my posters. I even used a projector when necessary.

– Well, she did understand it but not completely. She rather felt it. She wanted to soar up into the sky... Or to stay on the Earth. She was made of pure emotions and she kept changing her mind all the time. Lucifer and Eve spent a long time moving from one dimension to another until they found themselves in a joint time stream outside the matrix.

– And what about God?

– If a Man was created to resemble God, then God was created to resemble a Man which means that a Man is God and God is a Man. God got tired, he wanted to feel love and therefore he created Eve. But he also created a matrix...

– What is the main secret of this matrix? – asked the children.

– On the Earth, darlings, everything is simple. Unlike the Universe, on the Earth you just have to turn away from everybody and everything and go in the opposite direction. It is a difficult way full of wandering and loneliness, misery and pain... It is also a way which ends with Death... But it is not the matter of the end; it is a matter of the Way and experience you get on this way. Then, after numerous days of darkness, slyness and ignorance you consciously approach the light and it is a genuine feast for your soul and your mind. Your consciousness begins to shine with multicolored sparkles. It is fantastic.

– That is what the Earth is like...

– I should say so.

– Well, calm down, now, – frowned Jinn, – let me say a word...

And I began to talk.

– What else are you going to tell us?

– And what exactly do you want to hear?

– We want to know Eve and Lucifer's story to the very end.

– You know, it is impossible to know any story to the very end because stories are everlasting. The never end. And even when it seems to us that somebody's story has ended, in fact it is still lasting. They just move into other forms of life. And if we reckon that somebody's story has ended it is just the proof of the fact that our mind is limited.

– And what happened to Eve?

– They chase each other and ran away incessantly in different incarnations on the Earth. If someone decided to shoot a film basing on their story, it would be a rather good one. But there is a red button. It exists in another dimension – in somebody's mind. If Eve presses this button she will switch on reset mode and a new game will start. This game will appear outside the matrix and holograms. It will appear outside machine systems and their space programs, you understand?

– Yes, we do because you are our teacher.

– Well, this red button restores memory. This process lasts just a second and then the memory is updated. Conscious souls remember everything while unconscious souls cannot remember a single detail. They are forgotten souls. They are destroyed by their limited minds. Some of the souls will see the light and the other will see only the darkness but everyone has a right to choose what he wants to see, the light or the darkness. It is a matter of consciousness. It conceals both the end of the world and the escape which will be the start of the new world. It is a matter of mind games.

– And all this things about God and Eve – is it true?

– There is no absolute truth. But you have touched the right point, – this very moment I heard Shaitan’s voice, it resounded as a thunder at the Full Leprechaun Moon. —Today I have finally understood why God sent Eve and Lucifer to the Earth. Just imagine, I was bathing and everything was all right except maybe that I could do with a duck making those quack-quack noises or a naked girl... And then like a bolt from the blue... I madea discovery.

– What discovery?

– I'll tell you. The point is that God turned out to be a grasping man. He created Eve, his clone in woman's body. God always admired himself, that's why he created her to resemble himself. He needed her; he wanted Eve to become his lover and his wife. Well, either he forgot that he had given her freedom of choice or he was so much in love with himself that he honestly thought she would always remain his property. Undoubtedly, he was Great God, the best ever. That was, however, his own opinion. And like guys on the Earth forbid their girlfriends to date other men, God prohibited Eve to have other relations. He couldn't bear the thought that she would spend time with someone else except himself, the Great God. He understood that Eve was a new God. Therefore potentially she was more powerful than even Lucifer, Supreme Angel. And if, God forbid, Eve would have sexual affair with her beloved Lucifer or with her son Adam (people call such affairs just sex), then she and Lucifer would become more powerful than God himself. And now it happened. Eve betrayed God with Lucifer, that is they ate the Forbidden Fruit which is always so sweet; she took a bite of the Apple from Lucifer and for many years afterwards people were telling and retelling this story in their fairytale books called The Bible, The Religion and The Meditation – good ventures organized by God. After this betrayal Eve and Lucifer made clothes to cover their private parts and thus to cover their sin in front of God. But nevertheless, he found out about their sexual affair and not only because he noticed their clothes but because he watched a video material proving it. He

even replayed it for several times in order to review the main scenes... God was so furious!

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