

YULIA POPLAVSKAYA

My world through the dreams



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He couldn't believe it. He put his elbows on the knees and hid his face in arms. The thought that she has gone was tearing Tien's soul apart. «I won't let you go, I just can't do that» — her words were sounding in his head giving an awful ache. He was looking for her everywhere, even in the past and in the future. The impossible became possible for him. Everything that used to mean something for him have lost its sense without her.

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My world through the dreams

Yulia Poplavskaya

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Have you ever wondered at least once in a lifetime what happens with us after death? Where does the soul go? Where is it when we are asleep?

He couldn't believe it. He put his elbows on the knees and hid his face in arms. The thought that she has gone was tearing Tien's soul apart. "I won't let you go, I just can't do that" – her words were sounding in his head giving an awful ache. He was looking for her everywhere, even in the past and in the future. The impossible became possible for him. Millions of years have passed, but he was looking for her even that far away. Everything that used to mean something for him have lost its sense without her. He felt like they broke apart just a minute ago, but now this minute has become an eternity.

Chapter 1

It was a beautiful autumn, very bright and warm fall.

A Latin music was playing, and two perfectly built figures were dancing on the scene. The dance of passion was performed with an accurate grace. The people watching that dance were stunned by the charming aura of the couple. Leah was a professional dancer of bachata, salsa, rumba, cha-cha etc. She was a goddess of the scene in this huge and rich restaurant. She had a personal show with a handsome Afro-American Pedro. They danced there three times a week raising some good money for the show. Leah was a girl from a wealthy family. She had a great education. She also had a beautiful and an ultimately kind heart. Her father was working as a personal pilot of a local oligarch. He was an experienced and irreplaceable specialist on his plane. He spent a lot of time on his work, but his employer generously compensated overtime hours away from his family. Her mother was a housewife with a higher legal education, but she dedicated her life to her husband and their three children. The eldest was Adam, then Leah and their little sister Ely.

That evening Leah was having a dinner with one of her admirers. It often happened when a newcomer lost his head during seeing Leah dancing. Tourists admired her plastic figure and professional skill to reveal the exotics and sexuality of the dance. So Leah regularly received the invitations to share a dinner with the guests of the restaurant. The girl didn't like to eat with the strangers, but she had to accept the invitations as most part of the guest were V.I.P. or the kids of some rich government workers.

At first glance Leah was a simple, soft, slim girl 24 years old, 170 cm in height. But it was just a first impression. After watching her for several minutes one can notice all the things that top-models are usually very proud to have or try to achieve with the help of professionals. Leah had a long dark blond hair reaching her waist that framed a pretty face in a form of a heart, bottomless gray eyes and full pink lips on dark skin. She had a slim and flexible figure. All that, paired with salsa or samba, made her extraordinarily charming on stage.

Everything seemed to be perfect, but it never happens in real life. Her worst nightmare were her dreams. As a child she often woke up in a cold sweat, screaming. She did not see the nightmares; she saw the life of other people and animals that existed millions of years ago. Many psychologists worked with her, but the dreams became more realistic with every year. Her circle of contacts was very limited, her peers were sure she's inadequate having mental disorders. Different doctors had different diagnoses, but her parents rejected all the prescribed treatments. Leah's mother woke up with her every night and tried to calm the girl down saying that were just her dreams. The girl graduated from school and university with the perfect marks. She often thought she's going mad. Sometimes the dreams seemed to be so realistic she couldn't distinguish reality. Eventually Leah learned to accept her dreams and not to be afraid of them, and not to tell anyone about them, which was the most important thing.

After having a dinner with the admirer she listened to his promises to become the greatest dancer of all time and to replace Pedro on the scene, the tired girl went home.

She parked her car in the backyard and entered the house. Everybody was already asleep. The girl crept in her room, had a shower and went to bed. Most of people usually like the unique condition of sleeping, but not Leah.

The cold wind and a smell of autumn leaves woke her up. The leaves were falling and dancing after the rain. "I fell asleep on a park bench" – decided Leah. "Oh, I'm having a lecture in the university in an hour!"

Leah didn't consider Master's degree program after her graduation, but later decided to continue studying because of her passion to the antique. During the lectures she often realized she knew much more than it was written in the books. On her opinion, the information was not always reliable. She

wanted to learn more about the era of the past centuries and, like many of us, she had different dreams. Leah wanted to take part in archaeological excavations that were mandatory at her university. She dreamt that she finds something important and contributes to the discovery of the life of ancient people; she wanted to dig some mystery old pharaoh's tomb that hid the era of the past millennia.

The theme of Ancient Egypt was her favorite. Her passion to the ancient world sometimes scared her family. She often told the stories about ancient people. Her stories were so realistic that they surprised the Egyptologists. Besides, Leah loved to collect old things. She was sure that each and every of these things had some great life story. She took the things in her arms, closed her eyes and made the suggestions about their origins, previous owners and its creator. She supposed those things to be some kind of chests of memories because they kept the spirit of our ancestors and their culture for centuries.

That's why the girl kept lots of old things that seemed boring to the rest of her family. Her mom often grumbled at her that she drags home old paintings, lamps, candlesticks. Once she even brought the cauldron, saying that her friend of Arab origin gave it to her. The boy said that this cauldron belonged to his family a few hundred years ago.

What's that? Have you find Alladin's lamp this time? – Her elder brother Adam was laughing at her. He saw the cauldron on the kitchen table when Leah was showing it to their mother.

– Last time it was some rusty iron picture with some beetle and the sun, – sister Eli supported Adam.

– Leah was shining when she found that garbage, – Adam added.

– Yes, and I still admire it in my room, – proclaimed Leah. – You two are just unable to understand that the scarab beetle was a symbol of an ancient Egypt god Khepri. It's one of the most important symbols of ancient Egypt, – explained Leah. – That picture is priceless, as well as this cauldron.

Leah ran into the room and apologized for being late. She sat near her university friend Elena. An old, good-looking professor with sharp clever eyes behind the glasses did not ask her about the reasons for being late. He offered her to choose the question. The exam questions were compiled of all lectures and library books that the students had to read on their own during all course. They were written on paper sheets and lied on the table.

Question #13. Phylogeny and ontogeny in space and time

Answer. The process of evolution, in which genetic line branches off in time, and some branches may even change in the DNA and in an embryonic state, or simply die.

The answer came to Leah immediately. "I know the answer. I don't remember I read anything about it. It must be something from psychological anthropology, but I am not sure". Leah didn't know why her answer was so sure. She felt like all that had already happened to her.

Probably each of you experienced something like that.

Coming out of the university, Leah with a friend decided to drink a latte in a coffee shop near the university. The pleasant atmosphere of the cozy coffee shops in the eastern style, smell of fresh ground coffee beans in the air and colorful autumn with swirling leaves of different colors in the windows of the glass made the girl's mood beautiful. "Autumn... Why many do not like the fall? It is so beautiful in the beginning of October."

So tell me, have you read all the books that our teacher gave us? – Elena interrupted her thoughts. – You answered the question very quickly, you didn't even think about it for a second. I haven't even understand my question, of course I couldn't answer it. As a result I'll have to retake the exam in a month. How did you do that?

“I really answered almost without thinking, – realized Leah. – I wasn’t even sure, but the professor nodded in approval, looked at the answers and didn’t even make any amendments”.

I didn’t read this information, Elena, or maybe I have read it long time ago. But I didn’t doubt answering, – Leah smiled to her friend.

Leah looked at the gold of nature behind the window glass and suddenly noticed a man. It was the first time she saw him. A man about 33 years old was an Asian, he had a very good proportioned face, dressed in a black coat on a black suite. He was thin and tall. The man stared at Leah and her friend, with his hands folded in his coat pockets. On the background of bright autumn nature this tall man in black seemed to Leah to be an epitome of male beauty of alien origin. His black eyes with a slight squint made her feel hot. His black hair was laid carelessly, the wind gently swept strands across his forehead.

Leah, Leah, your phone is ringing! – Elena tried to catch her eyes waving her hands. Leah felt like waking up, she grabbed her phone quickly. It was her mom calling:

– Honey...

– Everything swam before her eyes.

– Honey, buy aspirin, you felt sick yesterday, – whispered her mom.

– I’ll call you back, mommy.

How do I know it... What’s going on?

– Are you okay? – asked Elena. – You’re pale.

The girls finished their coffee and chatted about the library books and the themes they were going to study the next year. Leah was looking for someone who recently got her attention, but got a little bit disappointed – he wasn’t there.

Leah drove her mini cooper going back home. She felt déjà vu. “It is definitely happening not for the first time. Mom’s words, the answers on the faculty”, – she thought, approaching the house.

– Mom, I’m home.

– Leah, listen to my new song, – her little sister Eli jumped forward with a guitar in her hands.

– You’d better learn Mendelssohn’s march, you’re still playing it bad, – answered Leah going upstairs.

– But how did you know that? I’ve just played it to mom for the first time! – Eli pouted and went to her room.

Leah turned to her in a daze. “But I did know that she plays Mendelssohn not very good. How do I know this? What is happening to me today?”

Honey, how are you? I came to check your room.

– Mom, I feel much better. I’m going to sleep for some time, we have a performance in a restaurant tonight.

Leah drank aspirin and went to bed.

– Wake up! – Leah heard an unfamiliar female voice.

– Oh, mom, what time is it? How long did I sleep? I might be late. Pedro must be ringing all the time.

Jumping out of bed, Leah opened her eyes.

Where am I?

On a ship in the middle of the ocean, – answered the same unfamiliar female voice. I’m not your mom, and Pedro is not here. He must be lying somewhere in the same condition, maybe near the bar.

The same voice.

– Pull yourself together and drink less, my dear, – said sternly unknown lady with a teacher’s voice otherwise you’ll burn in the sun in a drunken state, and no one will wake you up as I did.

The fat lady in a shady hat and with a brightly painted lips went on fanning herself and murmuring something.

On a ship? – gasped Leah. – What ship? In the middle of what ocean? What’s going on? How did I get there?

Indeed, she was on a ship, lying in a couch on the top deck, in small shorts and a T-shirt. No one else was there because the sun stood high and it was very hot. Although Leah had a dark skin, her arms and legs became red and were slightly aching. Grabbing the head in her hands, she closed her eyes.

“I must be asleep. It’s not for real”. Leah always saw realistic dreams like this one. But she never took part herself. “Of course, it’s a dream. My family was planning to take a 10-days holiday, when dad’s boss will be in a clinic. We wanted to go to Mediterranean sea”, – Leah thought. “But why do I see myself in my dream? Is my disease getting worse?”

It’s a dream.

This time the voice wasn’t female, but also unfamiliar.

But it’s all for real, – she heard a pleasant male voice nearby. Leah opened her eyes and squinted to see who’s talking. She went numb.

You? Who are you? I saw you yesterday in the park near the coffee shop.

Male beauty embodiment looked straight at her.

My name is Tien.

Leah felt sick, she approached the rail side of the ship.

– Yesterday wasn’t the first time you saw me, – he went on. – I’ve been watching you for a long time. I regularly meet you in my trips. I understood you’re just like me. You travel for long time, but still didn’t realize it, – he said seriously. – Now you’re in your near future, you came here in your dream – with the help of your dream.

– What travel, it’s nonsense – Leah panicked. Familiar fear shaded her consciousness.

The man looked in her eyes. Leah understood he’s saying something as his lips were moving, but she didn’t hear him. The shrill ringing in her ears, blurred silhouette, she falls. Water, stream, somebody catches her and pulls out of the water to the surface.

Tien saw the girl falling and jumped after her. The body was drowning. Holding the girl’s waist he took her up. The sailors immediately threw a lifeline and helped to lift the body to the deck.

She has water in her lungs, help her, – cried somebody behind Tien. He began CPR, then pressed his hand on her chest several times. Leah coughed. She came to for a moment, then again lost consciousness. She awoke from screaming Eli below:

– Hey, you, sleepy head, wake up! Pedro is here!

“What a nonsense I’ve just seen...”, – she put her fingers to her head and started massaging the temples.

I’m coming! I just need to change!

Pedro sat with her mom, Adam and Eli in the dining room, they were drinking tea and discussing something.

I decided to pick you up today, I’ll take you back home after the performance.

– Thank you, Pedro, I’m just unable to drive today.

– Honey, are you still sick?

– No, mommy, I feel much better, I just feel a little tired after the sleep. I will feel much better when we arrive.

She winked and took Pedro by the arm. They went to the parking in the yard. Pedro was an Afro-American, bold, tall, with great muscles. He was 27 years old. He spoke several languages. Together they looked great on the scene, perfectly complementing each other. Replace one of them with anyone else, the performance would immediately lose its uniqueness. Pedro arrived in the country at an early age. His mother taught dance at the prestigious private school. Leah and Pedro did

not part as partners since childhood. Pedro's mom put them together in the first few sessions as soon as Leah came to the group – and it was the right decision. Dancing was the girl's way of escaping her nightmares. It's all about the pulse, the heartbeat, the breathing. This is the rhythm of your life. It's an expression in time and movement, the load, which strengthens the entire body, and it is a passion that fills the soul!

Leah's long red dress perfectly fitted her slim figure. Pedro was in a white shirt and white stretch pants. They both seemed to be some perfect figurines made by an invisible master making a new masterpiece every second on the scene. Admired and excited restaurant guests watched stunned by the beauty of the dance – and then the burst out with the applause. Lights turned on. Black eyes of the familiar Asian were looking at Leah. The girl grabbed her partner's arm and led him off the scene. Her heart was beating fast. “No panic, pull yourself together. You have to find out what it means and how it happens that I can see him in my dreams and in real life”, – she was thinking.

After brushing up and changing her clothes Leah entered the common room of the restaurant. The man was sitting at the same table and drinking coffee.

One more coffee to that table, please, – Leah asked the waiter. She headed there.

Do you know me? – asked Leah. She sat at his table after welcoming the man.

Good evening, Leah. I gave you my name yesterday on the ship. My name is Sakong Tien.

The girl felt a slight shiver. Tien stared at her while she was trying to calm down – surprised, frightened and scared.

Are you ready to listen to what I'm going to tell you, Leah?

– I think I am. It was my decision to come up.

Tien's serious and perfect lips smiled just for a second.

Long time ago my family had a land business; they bought and sold territories in different parts of the country. Sometimes they changed them for some goods. My father was famous on the South-West of Asia. At that time, the country had stable trade relationships with the Arabians, Japan, Chinese and Manchurian.

Once my father made an unusual deal and bought 200 hectares of land for himself for the first time. The land was situated on Eastern part of the Arabian Peninsula. Father checked all the documents in advance, but he didn't have an idea how the deal will end. I was 10 years ago at that time. A month later some people dressed in white and with their faces closed with some masks rushed into our house. They killed all the servants, security and family. Father ran into my room and handed me a small package. He hid it in my pocket and told me to run away. But it was too late, so one of the strangers hit me with a sword. The wound was tough for a 10-year old child, maybe I wouldn't survive. I saw my father screaming, I saw those people took him somewhere. He hid all the land documents in my pocket. I lost consciousness, then woke up in some other place. It was my house, but it had a new environment and some other people living there. I found out that it was another time. I wouldn't see it even if I live for a very long time. My consciousness brought me forward too far away from my previous life.

I will be able to explain details a little bit later, – he added. – It took some time to understand that I came to another dimension. The family that adopted me were completely foreign to me, but they accepted me as their own. They didn't ask how I got there. They evidently decided to postpone all the questions when they saw a child scared to death, in a strange clothes covered with blood. I had no injuries, but my clothes were all bloody. The documents still were in my pocket.

I am from the past. All these twenty years since that case I continue travelling in my dreams. I go either to the future or to the past, but never to the time when it all happened. I was sure I'm the only one who can do that until I saw you on a plane to China. You seemed just a pretty and funny girl to me. You went there with your classmates; it was clear from your discussions about the future trips with archeologists.

“But we plan this trip for the next year” – thought Leah without interrupting.

– Some time later I saw you again here, in the same restaurant, in the autumn. You were in a gorgeous golden dress with the autumn leaves on the threads falling down on your legs. You were with your dark-skinned partner. You looked beautiful that day. It was a guest-night on the anniversary of my business partner. We even got officially acquainted, Leah.

“It will happen the next week”, – thought Leah. She remembered about the dress that no one has ever seen ready before, even her. She and Pedro visited the fitting-room for couple of times, but she saw the autumn leaves only on the designer’s sketch. Some famous oil businessman rented the whole restaurant. Leah knew that. She was asked to make proficient preparations. The girl pressed a palm to her lips. She was on the verge of fainting.

– Is it all right, Leah?

– Yes. It’s all right. Please, go on, – asked Leah.

– Everything happens while we’re asleep. The first phase of our dreams is a light sleep. Our brain is ultimately active in this condition, while the body and muscles are absolutely relaxed and stay fixed. The brain’s sensibility to the earth electric implications can provide a connection with some beginning that permeates everything around us. Our brain is also a receiver that provides an invisible and unconscious connection with the planet or the outer space. Minor fluctuations called alpha waves happen because of human brain electrical activity. These alpha waves are specific only for the human beings. Minor fluctuations of geomagnetic fields appear around human head. Their frequency is the same as the alpha waves. The characteristics of these waves and electromagnet fluctuations are incredibly close to the earth characteristics of the same range, natural vibrations, so-called system “Earth – ionosphere”.

Your and my brains receive these alpha waves easier than other people’s, so we can travel through the time and probably space. The only thing I’m sure about is that we can travel only when we are asleep.

I traveled a lot trying to find the answers, I met a lot of scientists studying the theme. These people research this factor of human condition, and not only itself, but the possible facts of distance and time traveling. I found one Russian professor and told him my story. He found a possible explanation for it, but he’s not sure about the explanations and his researches, because it’s the first time he faces such a time trip. It’s the first time he sees it’s practically possible. A gravity field appears while we’re asleep. We can reach the velocity of light due to this field.

Time and space stop existing while we’re in such a condition. They change places, so traveling in space becomes traveling in time. Our consciousness is boundless. It can overcome not only the physical body bounds but the laws of space and time.

Leah didn’t know much about esotery and quantum physics, but she knew for sure that the man wasn’t a resident of psychiatric hospital.

If you lived so far in the past, how are you still alive here? Did the time influence you?

Leah, you can call me Tien. I live here for already 20 years, since I came here as a 10 years old boy. So no I’m 30 years old, the time has its influence on me. I grow older. But I am unable to come back to that certain day, even while asleep, even for a second.

Why?

I still don’t have the answer for this question.

For the first time Leah raised her eyes and looked just to Tien’s face. She saw a strange mix and different shades of loneliness, pain, sadness, courage, experience, assurance. Even Picasso would envy such a picture. She felt confident about him. She didn’t think he was lying, but she could hardly take his words in. Her head was awfully aching.

– Tien, I’m sorry. I’m just unable to understand all that at once. I need some time to think it over and to receive more answers. If you don’t mind, we could meet another day.

He looked straight into her eyes with his deep black eyes and slightly nodded.

– Who’s that man, Leah? I haven’t seen him here before. He’s wealthy dressed, he’s got a bodyguard and a very high-end vehicle, – asked Pedro as Leah came up to him. – Tell me, do I have to worry about you?

– I’m not sure I know him well, Pedro, but there’s nothing to worry about, trust me.

She recalled the situation on the ship, when someone pulled her out of the water. Some dim recollection of these piercing black eyes, his lips near her... No way! It was him! He saved her after she fell out of the deck consciousness. There was definitely something else... The girl was shivering.

Thank you, Pedro, for your care. You shouldn’t worry, I know this man, – lied Leah. – He’s not a maniac.

Leah didn’t want to tell Pedro anything. She was sure it looked like schizophrenia symptoms. After saying goodbye to Pedro she went home.

– Honey, are you hungry? – asked Leah’s mother. She wasn’t asleep yet.

– No, mom, I had a dinner with Pedro in the restaurant. Go to bed and don’t worry about me.

She still had a strong headache. Leah rolled herself in a rug, took a cup of coffee and switched on her laptop. After reading tons of suggestions, contradictions, facts and confirmations Leah found one interesting science work of some professor about dreams control. When we are asleep, our brain starts managing the new information received during the day. If the information is considered to be invaluable, it’s deleted. All the other packs of information are allocated in different archive parts of a brain. When the old part of information meets the new one, a picture is played, then another one and another one. That’s the reason why we see dreams. If you want to control your dreams, you have to wake up in it. In other words, you can’t control your dreams until you realize yourself in it.

Leah’s head was still aching. It felt like been pressed all over by some invisible hand. The girl put away her laptop and decided to relax. She laid back on the couch and turned on the TV. Her favorite channel about tourism and sport aired the show about the British expedition to Qomolangma in 1924. Several people were trying to climb the highest pique of the world.

Chapter 2

– Don't fall asleep! Please, just don't fall asleep. Don't close your eyes, we're close, get up.

A sound of a slap.

– Whose face? – asked her consciousness, and immediately gave the answer – yours.

– Open your eyes.

The same voice.

Leah opened her eyes and closed them again. A man with a mask on his eyes, with a white beard looking like Santa Claus – that's all she could see under the hood of the climber suit.

Who are you? Where are the people from your expedition? Why did nobody help you and left here dying alone?

Leah heard his endless questions, but she had no answers. The only thing she knew for sure at that moment was who she is.

It was very cold. A strong wind blew. Her eyes felt it, but her cheeks already were senseless. The man tried to make her consciousness. But her consciousness was asleep – maybe because of the cold wind, maybe because she was indeed sleeping.

“Am I really dreaming again? – thought Leah. – No, I haven't had sun burns, I didn't drown in the ocean – so I won't freeze to death here! Here... Where is 'here'? Where am I this time?” Leah heavily sat down. She couldn't feel her body, she just shivered.

– Get up, – screamed the man. He gave her an oxygen mask and told her to breathe. She suddenly felt a lack of an oxygen. It must have been hypoxia. Leah stood up on unruly legs. The man started pulling her by the hand. Last night he lost half of people from his expedition and almost froze to death with the survivors. Those who were able to go on moved forward. Nobody is awaited in such a bad weather. Every man is for himself there.

– We have to get in time. Avalanching is unpredictable. The wind has changed. The weather conditions are against us now. The strong wind piled up the entire mound of snow on the slopes. We have to get to our expedition camp before avalanching. The density of the new and the old snow can differ so that it can cause avalanche.

The man murmured all the way.

You have to remember one thing. If the avalanche happens, try to come out of the snow while falling. Don't wait for it to stop. And close your face with a scarf immediately, the snow will enter the airways. Otherwise you won't survive.

Leah obeyed. Legs were almost unruly, the fear laughed at her face.

“What if I really die here? What if I'll never come back home? Maybe I should better fall asleep and wake up at home before avalanche?” – Leah thought trying to overcome her fear.

– Let me go, – she took away the man's hand. – I have to sleep, I need a break.

– Are you insane? – the man shouted.

– Who are you? – asked Leah.

It was the last thing she heard.

A huge wave of a snow dust closed them both. Leah felt the man standing somewhere nearby for some time. He held her hand, pushed her up out of the snow. She remembered his instructions and tried to come up as close to surface as possible. Everything calmed down. There was an absolute silence.

“I can still breathe, – thought the girl. – How deep under the snow am I?”

She was hit by an unexplainable feeling of claustrophobia, panic, an urgent need to try to get out before the snow is not settled and became heavy. Her hands were trying to remove a layer of snow over her head. She had a success in some time. The teeth were chattering from the cold. She tried again. Her hand was suddenly the top, out of the snow. Tears of joy rolled down her cheeks.

“It’s all right. I won’t die”, – Leah thought. But this thought didn’t bring her any power. She was short of breath, she couldn’t move her hand. She didn’t know how long she was sitting like that. Leah lost track of time. Minutes, hours or seconds... Time seemed to have stopped. The personal space and time seem to be the most narrow of the human existence. Meanwhile the personal space and time embrace the natural and social human existence like a microcosm. Those private personal space and time are the most valuable for everyone. They are the things that make the other forms of human existence either valuable or indifferent for a person’s individual development, just like Leah was at the moment, but with a full lost of personal time and a hopeless personal space.

Somebody grabbed her hand and tried to dig her out. He’s alive! The man from that expedition is alive! She burst with happy tears.

Leah, how are you? You’re alive! I arrived in time!

He took her out, put an oxygen mask on her face, but it wasn’t that climber. It was a very familiar voice, no white beard, thin face and those black eyes.

– Tien?! – Leah looked at him in a state of a shock.

– I’ll explain everything later. Leah, stand up, we have no time. It’s just a small part of the snow came down from the lower ridge of the mountain.

Nearly carrying the girl on his back, Tien reached the camp. Suddenly she lost all her strength. She had a half clouded consciousness. Leah did not hear Tien’s voice. He poured something tough into her mouth, and she had to swallow it. Then Tien started rubbing her hands with the same liquid. A strong wind almost carried the climbers tent away. Her eyes were closing. The girl was almost asleep.

Tien began to unbutton her jacket. He pulled her sweater and pants and all the other clothes away. Then he put her in a sleeping bag and undressed himself. Leah watched him with half-closed eyes, rigid from cold, unable to say a word. He lay down near her, hugged her from behind and pulled her to his hot body. His breathing was regular as the clock and hot as the flames of the fireplace in her home. Leah closed her eyes feeling a huge relief after experiencing fear and embarrassment. She consoled herself with the thought that she won’t spend a long time in Tien’s arms. Soon she’ll wake up at home, in her comfortable warm bed. She also was frightened with the thought that it wasn’t the first time that she wakes up in another period with unfamiliar people and in extremely dangerous places.

She woke up from the sounds of a strong wind and swaying tent fabric. She opened her eyes and saw the same black eyes. Tien was openly gazing at her naked shoulders. Leah pulled her hand out of the sleeping bag and swung to heat the bold Asian lying near her. But Tien caught her hand and took it away back to the sleeping bag. He stood up and began to dress. Leah wrapped in a sleeping bag with her head.

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