

Vitaly Mushkin  
*Naked people*

A parallel world



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### **Аннотация**

Valentine, learning the unknown, falls into a parallel world. There everything is the same as in real life. Only people go naked, have sex anywhere and do not feel any inconvenience. Valya is drawn into a similar rhythm of life and is satisfied with everything. Time passes and the parallel world becomes the only real one. The hero's memory of the past is gradually being erased...

# **Naked people**

## **A parallel world**

**Vitaly Mushkin**

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In recent years I have become interested in esotericism. Now a lot of books on this topic (and now it's time, probably, to write your own). If we briefly summarize the content of the “doctrine of the spirit,” then the divine is found in every person. Man, he is also God. And everything is subject to God. Hence, everything is subject to man. How is the divine manifested? For example, you have a problem. And you yourself can solve it by resorting to the help of God in yourself. For example, you are poor. You ask yourself, that is, God in yourself: “Why am I poor? How to become rich?”. You ask yourself. And the subconscious, God, the supreme power (there are many names) answers. And the answer can be, in particular, and is this: “I (God) took the form of Man on Earth to overcome various difficulties. For example, the lack of money, clothing, food and so on. “What will you do

with this answer? Most likely, try to throw it out of your head.

The mind can not always understand what the “inner self” understands. Reason, it happens, does not understand even what the scientists discover in this “real” world. For example, such a value as “infinity” is “open”. I, my mind, think: If there is infinity, then there is an infinite number of universes. If there is an infinite number of universes, then there is an infinite number of planets Earth, copies of the Earth. If there is an infinite number of planets Earth, then there is an infinite number of people similar to me. If there is an infinite number of people “I”, then there is an infinite number of “I”, which, for example, now writes the same lines. And there is an infinite number of me that did not put here \_ laid by the rules, a comma. And another countless “I” put a comma. My mind, honestly, can not contain it.

And what about the statement that time is not linear. That the past, the present and the future occur simultaneously, more precisely, has already occurred. And besides, that the future has already happened, there are many ways to it, some “parallel worlds”. How do you like all this? All this interests me extremely. And one day I asked myself (with God in myself) how to get into this parallel world. There, where I would be happier, more fortunate, more satisfied with myself and with life. But he did not receive a reply. Sometimes it happens. But this is not because there is no answer (in the subconscious mind). And more often

than not, the fact that the question is formulated incorrectly is “incorrect”. So, I asked a question, but I did not get a response. But next night I had a dream. It’s as if I climbed a high mountain, and below, the land stretched far, far away-forests, fields, rivers, villages. And the clouds float right under me. A voice is heard from one cloud. He says: “Do you want in another life, where will you be happy and grateful to fate? This is easy to do. Before going to bed, lying in bed, close your eyes and say the word “Khara-muri-homa”, and in the morning you will be in another world. “The cloud floated on, and I woke up.

I remember the dream so much that I decided to record a “spell.” And the next night to check it. True, I was obsessed with some doubts. And suddenly, this is new, I do not like it. Or there will be something that... What, what? Man is always afraid of a new, unknown. And will it come true at all? No matter how much I take a great interest in esotericism, I did not (almost) admit to finding myself in a parallel world. In the evening, in bed, I said “Khara-muri-homa” and fell asleep safely. And in the morning I woke up safely. I looked at myself, my body, the situation in the apartment. Nothing changed. Nonsense is all this!

I wore shorts and a T-shirt, laced up my running shoes and went for a run. The sun had already risen, but people were not seen on the street, it was still early. Summer is the best time for

the morning runs. Greenery, warmth, runs and breathes easily. I run along the usual route – street, square, turn, again street. Here is a passer-by walking towards, this is a woman. She's naked! Not completely naked. She has a handbag in her hand, glasses on her face, her feet are dressed in shoes. But that's all, nothing else is worn. Crazy? I run further. There are two men, also naked. Maybe it's shooting a movie? Or jokes? And here's another man, also naked. All today are naked. What's the matter? Maybe it's a parallel world? The police car is overtaking me. A little before it stops. An ordinary police car. Two policemen come out of the car and go to me. Ordinary police, man and woman. In caps, with pistols in holsters, high boots and shoulder straps. Everything in them is ordinary. Except one. Both are naked. The belt with the holster is dressed directly on the naked body. Shoulder straps are attached to the shoulders with ribbons.

– Hello, why do you violate public order?

– I? I do not break, I just run.

– Why in a public place in clothes?

“I'm sorry, I do not know.” It is necessary to be without clothes?

“Sergeant, check his identity.”

The lady (naked completely) brought to my eye something like a phone. A light flashed.

– Mitrofanov Valentin Ivanovich, born in 1990, was not brought to justice for violations of public order.

The lieutenant (naked man) looked at me.

– Well, Citizen Mitrofanov, for the first time we will limit ourselves to a warning. I hope you will not do it again.

– No, I will not.

– Well, then undress quickly and you can continue running.

I took off my shorts and T-shirt and ran naked (in sneakers) to the house.

Standing under the shower, I washed myself off all doubts that I was in a parallel world. A world where everyone walks naked. But what place do I occupy in this world? A police sergeant (by the way, a sexy girl) identified me. So, I live here, I probably have a job, friends, hobbies. Maybe there is a girl. After the shower, I opened the laptop. Here is my network, here I am, here are my photos. And in all the photos I'm naked. Alone, with friends, with friends. By the way, everyone is familiar. It turns out that I have the same friends and friends as "there." But why do not I remember anything about it? About this parallel world. I took the phone.

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