

Maxim Yurievich Mazhorin



**THE STRUGGLE  
BETWEEN GOOD  
AND EVIL**

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**The struggle between good and evil**

«Издательские решения»

**Mazhorin M. Y.**

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GOOD or EVIL? This book tells the life story of a girl named Elena, who comes into the fight for the right to love and to be loved. Will she be able to overcome all difficulties, trials and temptations? Can she resist, because to win you need a very strong love?

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# The struggle between good and evil

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Every minute a human fights for his survival. Every day a human is forced to do something for feeding, clothing, taking care of himself and his family members. But if a human stops and does not eat, drink, sew clothes, build a house, does not go to work, then he will just freeze to death or die of hunger and thirst. One lives in a village, other lives in a city, but both have to make an effort.

My name is Elena. I am 16 years old. My life is this very book which will be written throughout my life.

I was born with a dual nature, like all the other people. There is good and evil inside me. There are certain advantages, qualities and traits of character, as well as there are big and small drawbacks inside me. And what is more, with a mighty heave I want to find the truth, because I often look at the sky and feel someone's love and attraction. But very often I feel heartfelt anger and resentment toward other people for unfair treatment to me.

I did not like the evil half of me at all. I had a touchy temper and I really hated when someone looked unkindly at me and said something contrary to me. When someone told me something offensive, I was very much offended, and could be angry at a person for weeks, and then I could just reject that person in my mind forever. And in this case my heart always said, "Get out of my sight and never appear in my life again! You are nobody for me. Do not ever call me or write to me! I do not want to know you anymore!!!"

I wanted to have someone to love me very much, but my parents could not give me the love that would soothe and satisfy me. My mother often told me: "Elena! Don't we love you? Just look, how we take care of you. Father and I go to work to feed you and buy clothes to you, and you're still not satisfied. A human should be happy with what he has! Is it clear, Elena?"

For several thousands of years many people in many countries have been dying of hunger, wars and epidemics. Recently I have been dying too, but I have not been dying because of these things, I have been dying because of hateful insults living inside me, as well as pride and the rest of the evil malware. I wanted to get rid of all this growing evil living inside me, but some people would not let me do it. I wanted to love and have inner peace and quiet, but again and again someone offended me, and then for a few days or even for months my interior filled with bitter grumpy proud to my oppressors.

In my thoughts I sawed in half each my abuser, beat him or her with a hammer, or just miscalled them in my mind. Hatred and resentment took me away from love, and I just did not want to live like that anymore. This evil had no limit. I could strongly offend everybody and say whatever I want in response. I could say absolutely hated insult to everyone. Of course, these little resentments helped me to shape not very good temper. There were no borders in my heart. Any rule or boundary began to irritate and annoy me, and I did not feel completely free. Soon I began to lash out at my mother with various scathing words and even composed whole scathing sentences towards her, which brought her to frenzy. My mother sat down on the bed, sighed heavily and took a glass of water with some drops with trembled hands. When my cries had gone too far and my mother's words again and again turned

me on, my heart began to experience the pleasure of a new feeling for me. I got some pleasure from the fact that my mother began to suffer. Seeing her suffering, I was turning into a real minor sadist and continued to add fuel to the fire. Then, without asking her forgiveness, I just went to bed quietly.

I could not stop the process that was going on inside me. A neighbor, who lived above us, once told me a few words, for which I became very angry with him. “Elena, why are you so rude with your mother?” he asked. But my heart hardened, and I said: “Do not poke your nose where it should not be! Who are you to teach me?” He replied in a calm manner: “I’ll pray for you, Elena”. But I whipped out a reply: “You do not need to pray for me. Pray for yourself!”

A little bit later there was no space for something good in my heart, and I felt like some evil spirit had settled in my head. Bad thoughts, anger, rage, resentment, screaming, desire for revenge, pride, irascibility, no abstinence, very bad mood and excessively pressing suspicious depression filled my heart to overflowing and obscured my mind.

My neighbor, who rebuked me, believed in God and several times talked to me about sins. He told me also that God is very merciful, but does not like sins. He said that God wants me to live properly that is without sins and with love, and told me to make it a rule to go to a church. This man once sat on a bench and read the Bible. His kind face and kind eyes, for some reason, irritated me very much. I felt some rejection to him, so, I did not like him terribly because of the fact that he had not a drop of evil in himself. It looked like he was not very cool. I did not love him because he pointed out how I should live. But still, when someone did something wrong to me, deep inside of my heart I imagined that I sit with him on the bench and feel his loving eyes and imagine how he console me when I feel bad. When I calmed down, the man began to irritate me again like no other.

Once I met him in the entrance and I said to him with anger: “Love does not exist. Why do you always take your bible with you and teach everybody how to live?! It would be better if you take the matter in hand!” He nodded, but did not answer. When I went to bed, some suspicious remorse used to come into my heart. As if some kind of mind said to me, regretting the incident: “Why did you hurt this good man?” Incriminating torments increased, and I decided to go to this man tomorrow and apologize. But when I woke up early in the morning I was shy to go to him and I thought: “Maybe it is not necessary to go, I just will not hurt him anymore.”

Good and evil fought inside me, and I did not understand what was going on. Hundreds of thousands different thoughts and desires lived inside me and dictated the opposite. It seemed that I could not be able to cope with it, since evil picture was drawn more detailed than the kind one. Even concerning my neighbor I have developed a wicked way of thinking, which told me: “Do you think that that person can be loved? Don’t you know that there is no man in the world whom you can trust, because perfect people do not exist actually? No one can be loved. All the people are very bad. It is just enough to offend some person, and he or she will show his or her real nature. Therefore, there is no good and love in the world ...!” Millions of thoughts in my head tried to create a particular image in my mind. The first image was an ideal good man. But the second image instilled that I would wallow in evil forever, because evil is my close relative.

My evil mind told me: “Your neighbor is just an extremely boring character. Your girlfriends with evil minds are how much better. You will never be bored with them. Live as you live, without changes. Otherwise you may become like this unusual man who just reads his Bible and prays to his God. If you remember, you always agonized over rules and boundaries. Do you want to suffer from some rules and commandments of invisible God? After all, it is easy to become hysterical, irritated and angry with the people when they ill-use with you. You love evil which is your closest relative and friend. Why should you sit down on a bench to your neighbor, who is actually very boring? And if you offend him, what would he do then? He would just stand silently like not a real man. You have seen how humbly he swallowed your offense, not answering anything to you. Is it attractive? You should understand a very important thing. You should not humbly take offense. In the eyes of your friends

and other people you will look like a nincompoop. Do you remember how your girlfriend attacked her verbal abuser with fists? Now nobody can say her anything. You should behave similarly till the end of your days, and you should know that all the people are very mean and no one can be loved. Just know it hard. You need to think only about yourself in this world. Man is a wolf to man, and not only the wolf, but the terrible wild animal.

Time rapidly passed by and every time I met him I still looked at my neighbor evilly and mumbled greetings to him with a malicious smile. Many people told me that I was bold and evil. But I did not understand them, because it seemed to me that I was a good girl, even despite the sensitive and vicious state of my heart. But for the other people it was obvious that periodically came out of my mouth.

Having lived like that for a few years, I got tired of all this inner evil and I hated all this evil and once again said to myself: “I cannot live like this anymore! I want only peace and good. I’m tired of suffering from the evil that lives inside me. My love should conquer and survive among all existing evil and start a new, pure, bright life, because evil never brings anything good. Evil brings the most terrible suffering to everyone. Evil has always been evil. I do not want to do any harm to anybody. I also do not want other people to do something evil to me. If a human learns the science of survival in this world, for me it’s time to master the science of love, and the science of evil will be left behind forever. I will fight for love! I really want to love and be loved!!! “After these words I began my journey to love. I joined the fight for the sake of love. But, of course, when all the evil forces of the universe found out about it, they started to fuss and tried to get me back into my former state, because now I like me much more than I was before. For several years I was the embodiment of their evil dream. But I must cope with evil and must win.

I really wanted to love. Many people I know were defeated in the battle for love. But can I win this battle?

What is there in the wish list of many people? There is everything that a human usually wants, namely: beautiful and expensive cars, money, houses, apartments, business, health, fame, beautiful face and body, a desire to go or not to go to work, a desire to go abroad, a desire of peace, a desire to have a child and many other different desires.

My friends once wrote for me about their desires on sheets of paper. Their wish lists had all the expected desires except the only one. None of them wrote about the desire to love other people, to accept and love them as they are. Some of them wrote that they want to be loved, appreciated and protected. But, unfortunately, no one wrote or said such words: “I do not want to hate all people or be indifferent to my children, husband, wife, father, mother, friends and all other people. On the contrary, I want to feel strong but tender and sweet love for them. I do not want them to love me without reciprocity. I want to love them very much, even if they do something bad to me or say something insulting. I want to have a constant, tender and strong love in my heart. I want to love all people very gently and strongly.”

But, alas, this was not written. Maybe my friends forgot about such a feeling as love. Or maybe they just do not need it. Or maybe they have never met with it before. Why is it so?

Very often people are simply ashamed of this most true holy love. Very often love is hampered by pride, hatred, resentment and irritation. Sometimes people come up with different reasons for loving nobody on the earth. And who can answer the question: “what is love”?

I remember the words of my friend, who told me once: “Yes, Elena! You’re right! We should love all the people, especially our close relatives. I realized that when I buried my mother. Then, standing at her coffin, I realized that I did not love her as I should have to do. I remembered all the offences that I caused. And I was very sorry. I wanted to erase all the pain and not to remember the mother’s tears because of my cruelty, stiffness, stupidity and because of my insulting words that constantly came to her like a bird that crashed slap-bang into the window. I would like to see her alive now, I would like to come to my mother and present her something, embrace her, apologize

and say that I love her very much. But, unfortunately, you can neither turn the time back and nor correct anything. My brother also wept bitterly at the funeral, and afterward he remembered how much he had offended our mother. He paid attention to one incident when he brought our mother to an infraction, telling her one insulting word. After the funeral, he said: “Mom loved me, took care for me, raised, worried about me, and what have I done? I was rude to her constantly. I promised that I would not do like that, but the only things I gave her were insults, quarrels, anger and proud smirks. Forgive me, my mother!” He stood at her grave and asked for her forgiveness, but our mother did not hear him. For some reason, he could not ask forgiveness when our mother was alive, but standing at the grave, he cried and remembered all the pain that he had brought to her and greatly regretted about it. He regretted that he could not turn the time back to ask her forgiveness and say how much he loved her. After the funeral, he even changed for the better. But, of course, my brother does not hesitate to tell me the same offensive words that he told our mother. At the funeral I also remembered all the resentments that I inflicted to other people. I remembered how I offended my classmates, neighbors, random passers-by, colleagues, and also I remembered how I offended with various ridicule and different words the guests which came to us from another country, until one of their Asiatic brethren drove away a very evil dog that attacked my brother on the street. Only after that I calmed down a little. I used to think that I did the right thing, but now I realized that I was deeply mistaken. I lived my life improperly. My mother did not say about me: “What a lovely, kind, sweet, loving daughter.” Neither could I say about my mother. That’s how we lived our lives without love. It’s a great pity that I offended my mother.”

This is the story told to me by my old friend about her family. She told me that she and her brother regretted that they had offended their mother and had not told her how much they loved her. My friend told me that she insulted her mother the same way that her brother offended her. But in order to offend someone, you should first let in your heart some kind of malice and after that pour out the evil resentment to your near and dear. I do not know what kind of relationship she has with her husband, but I know that my friend, like her brother, has no love to people. Even while a conversation with me she switched to condemning her brother, exposing herself smarter than he. It would not hurt if she starts with herself. After all, if someone asks her about good and love, then what can she attach to her good report? Sinful words against her mother, slanting evil looks or something else? What will she attach to her life?

After the death of her mother she, of course, regretted that she could not give her that true love, but she continued to treat her brother and husband just as she treated her mother. She did not take any lessons from her mother’s funeral. Only for a few days my friend has been a little bit different. She shut her screaming mouth for a few days and reduced her tone to a minimum, because it’s not proper to swear and change the tone right after such an event as a funeral.

My old friend saw only flaws in her brother, in her husband, and in the people around her. She absolutely did not want to and did not know how to find and see the good in a person. Very soon she forgot about good deeds that people have done for her, and always focused only on the worst things that lived in other people. To be honest, she lost interest in communicating with me, after I stopped listening to her evil gossips and speculations about other people. Once, on her wicked and hateful talk about our acquaintances I replied: “Well, why are you so harsh with them? Maybe it’s worth seeing them as good ones, and those things that you are talking about can be left in the past, and you will never touch them again. Maybe we will talk about something good?”

She did not expect at all to hear such words. She looked at me with her angry eyes and after a few minutes she went home, trying her best to show me how she did not like my words. Of course, this was not the only time when she behaved quite differently from what love demands. Sometimes it was possible to expect surprises from her which are worse. So, once again, when I met her, I just listened to how she blames her brother in everything, says that he does not know how to love his wife, how she says that her husband does not know how to love her, and how she calls all the people

stupid and humiliated them. But if she knew how to love, her words and deeds regarding me, her brother, her husband, her mother and other people would be the opposite. It is not right to throw stones in other people when you live in a glass house. My friend needed love. She liked people who could show love for others. She liked people who had love in them. My friend was a double-minded person. She dreamed of love, but when someone insulted her, she began to curse the person who insulted her and was like the most evil person on earth. She was in this malign state, which intensified after every next insult she said, like me, some time ago.

After communicating with her, the image of evil thoughts told me: “This is a normal reaction to an insult. Many people can share this point of view with her. People insult and humiliate, and this is just your normal reaction. For example, her mother, just look at her and ask herself: ‘How can you ever love such mothers who offend their children with the sarcastic words and just unbearably irritate them with their grumbling?’ Their mother was not perfect, so they could not love her. Their mother was like your mother. She, like your mother, forced them to do something about the house and did not allow them much and interfered into their lives. So outbursts of anger and murmur are quite normal. How else to react to maternal injustice, grumble and endless breathing down your neck? And anyway, aren’t you interested in talking to this girl, who is called your friend, about other people? Don’t you feel how you wish to be sweetly exalted and condemn some friend or person you do not know angrily smirking at the same time? After all, this is the only enjoy for many people. And is there something else to please your soul?! It is impossible to eradicate this desire as well as to close your malicious outraged mouth forever in order not to insult anyone. It’s like trying to overcome gravitation by your own forces!!!”

But after a while the image of kind thoughts, like the voice of love, told me: “These are your own mothers who constantly take care about both of you.” Why should they be offended?! Remember how they did not sleep with you at nights, how they cared and protected you. They are your own beloved mothers. And with your love you can heal your friend. In your friend’s heart there is still a proud condemnation, discontent, anger instead of love, and at any conversation she always wishes to condemn someone and look brainy. But you should love her very much, heal her with your love and she will become completely different.”

Now I’m not married yet. But I yearn to meet a man who has love in himself. Our mistake is that we are not the first to show love but we expect it from others forgetting that by showing love we can heal people by our deed or word. Giving this love to another person we only awaken him from sleep and fill his heart with love. In recent years I’ve thought a lot about love, good, mercy and evil. I had thousands of questions that I would like to receive answers to. But two questions bothered me most. “Why can I love and then hate one and the same person? Why don’t many people want to love me first? “But if a lot of people do not want to love me first or do not want to love me the way I am, will I really suffer from it and inspire myself with hatred, anger, resentment or something else? If they influence me, it will not be love anymore. From whom should this love come when two people meet each other? If for example my future husband does not have this love in himself but only will do something to please me for a while of course, I will find out it immediately in a very short time. A person can say that he loves someone, you know. He can also suggest that other people should love each other but it is quite possible that he doesn’t have this love in himself, may not wish to acquire it for himself, may not have patience, humility and love but only a flurry of grievances, aching grudge, anger, pride and discontent. But if it is so, I will try to give him love anyway. After all, how many times I had to see how young couples without ending the squabble and on the contrary, adding fresh fuel to a quarrel, said insane things and then they simply regretted about it. I did not want to be like them. I needed love, and I wanted to have love in myself. But if, as I have already said several times before, someone said something insulting to me, then I like a balloon inflated by air filled with insulting hatred, covetousness and cruel anger. I clenched my fists and just imagined how I smothered my abuser. And again for several weeks I couldn’t cope with it. The evil mind told me:

“How can you love people who abase you?! How can you?! They walk all over you and they are worth being hated with fierce hatred. They are worth being tormented and torn into pieces in your heart. When you are offended again you without any hesitation say to your heart: “Oh, they are not good! But now I’ll tell them in return!!! Now I will revenge them...”. Insulted anger is always on the tip of one’s tongue. It wanted to hurt my nearest and dearest and did not want to spare anybody. A lot of people who saw me in this state said that I was a very wicked girl... I was especially angry with my neighbors who seemed to be different. But always after my spiteful words I tried somehow to justify myself telling everyone that I was simply very much offended, hurt, gone into personals and angered. But one day I finally realized that offence was not guilty for my attitude towards people, but I was guilty myself, because it was I who let out all the evil that lives in me.

When I multiplied violent speeches, multiplied condemnation and murmur my heart began to fill with anger and darkness. But how can we get out of the dark if in this life we are constantly offended, hated or simply rejected by someone?

How can we learn to love? Many people neglect this feeling and do not want to love or do not believe in love, saying that everyone is looking for only a profit in this life. Some people arrogantly make fun of the word “love” as several years ago I used to do. But after a few years, I grew up a bit, stopped joking with life and began to perceive reality adequately, where every word, every thought and deed determines who you really are, determine your future destiny in this and in the next life. So, I began my way to love.

There was one family living next door. It looked unremarkable, but it was for those who did not know them. I remember when they were not married yet, her current husband paid his addresses to my neighbor. After a while, they arranged a wedding, and I saw the joy and the love that shone on their faces. Natasha, that was her name, was very kind and good, and her kindness and sincerity set her apart from most girls. She found a kind word for each person and she was ready to provide the necessary assistance at any moment. She knew how to love and treat with mercy to people around her. But Natasha was not happy with her husband for a long time. She did not know what evil and what hatred were. Subsequently, all this evil originated in her husband. And all this gradually grown evil was imperceptible. He let it into his heart by himself. At first, I noticed that my friend’s husband had no love for his child. He almost never talked with his son. He only spoke to him occasionally so as to make the other people think that he was a loving father. He never looked cherishingly into the eyes of his son, never hugged him and never smiled to him. When I saw his son looking at his father with anticipation of holy love, my heart suffered. I realized that my mother, father and other people like this child expect only love from me. But every time I looked at my father, I also realized that it’s not easy and even hard to love some people. Many people languish for love, but they do not want to give up their sinful habits and deeds.

Once I saw from the window of my house how the father of this little child ran to his two-year-old son, grabbed him by the collar, lifted him up a little, squeezed his throat and gave him a spanking. The baby’s body flew from every father’s spank, almost a meter ahead and a little bit upward. I did not hear the cries of the baby, although my window was slightly ajar. He could not scream for one simple reason – his throat was squeezed. Only after his father blew up at his son, he was able to let him go. Baby fell to the ground and through tears and cough tried to catch his breath. I was shocked. Everything happened so quickly that I did not even have time to shout something out of the window. Or maybe I could not cry out something because my heart just caught a shock. I remember when I was bitten by a dog, and I could not move my foot, because a wave passed from my leg led to the numbness of the whole body. When the kid rose from the ground rapidly breathing and choking with tears, he ran to his father and hugged him. But his dad just pretended that he was pitiful to his son. The little boy had no one else to run after love and cure the physical pain, so he ran to his father to be pitied.

In a few seconds I realized why my cheerful neighbor had not been shining brightly with joy for the last few years. I thought that there was another reason. I thought that she had become a serious,

caring, silent married woman, but I was wrong. Her marriage turned into a very intense suffering and experience. A couple of minutes later I ran out into the yard and approaching this man, said: “What are you doing, you almost strangled your son! Are you able to beat your children?!” When I said this, tears flowed from my eyes and my hands trembled violently. His son looked back at me and tried to hide from me somewhere deeper into father’s arms, thinking that now I would strangle and beat his father. He loved father very much and he wanted him to be pitied. But his father was only angry and annoyed.

His father answered: “I told him not to play near the puddle! And generally, what do you need? Who are you? This is my son, and I will deal with him by myself! And don’t poke your way into my business. Do not teach me how to live.”

There was no love for people in this man. His son just fell into a puddle, and the evil father nearly killed his son for it. If I continued bicker fest with him and would say: “You squeezed your son’s throat and he had nothing to breathe, you could kill him, he hardly breathed, and still stammers very much,” I hardly could hear an excuse in response, because there was no love and intelligence in the eyes of this man, but there was some kind of discontent and anger. He did not know what an apology and forgiveness were. He could not do it. Therefore, I went to my home with great sadness, pity and love for this child and his mother. Looking on the behavior of his son I realized that this beating was not at all like cultivation of personality and it was not for the first time as well.

In the evening I told this to the baby’s mother. I heard in response: “Thank you.” Afterwards the door was closed right in front of my face. Her husband was sick with anger, great irritation, hatred, psychosis, heart blindness and frivolity. When I looked into his eyes, I was very scared for a few seconds. I understood that this false and unacceptable “cultivation of personality” happened not for the first time. Natalia knew about father’s attitude to the child, and because of this she had a constant depressed state. The further history of this family is not known to me, since after a while my family and I left this small suburb and moved to a big city.

The evil mind constantly told me: “Look at this father and all the men and understand that they were always the same. Men are not like you. Here is the best example of an insane father. Although your father is much worse than the one who suffocates his children. He, like your father, just never had a mind. After all, it is not necessary to be a genius to think that a little child does not have an iron neck. All men always lacked of mind. They do not know how to get into problems like women. And all the women themselves are just like some zombies, who always regret someone and love immensely, but as soon as somebody steps on toes, they are ready just to eat their offender. So it is not necessary to love people who just do not deserve to be loved. Loving people is a bad idea. This is the real torture...”

All these thoughts are just one of a thousand images of the evil thoughts that dwell in my head. But it is not only these false ideas that do not have logic, which try to deprive me of love, but hatred, pride, resentment, suspiciousness, fears, inexperience, stupidity and many other things, fight against me. But I know that people regret that they hated their near and dear people and strangers, and also regret that they did something evil to them. But if a person regrets about all that bad things, then why should we speak or do something bad throughout our life? Sooner or later every evil word, every evil glance, every rejection, every evil feeling and thought comes back to one’s memory. People regret that they did not love their near and dear. The logic is simple: you must renounce all evil and stick only to the good.

I know that some people who have lost their loved ones are ashamed of the people present at the funeral because they were completely wrong with their loved ones. But such a person hopes that other people will not understand this shame or will think that he loved his near and dear. People can feel this shame only for a few hours. Someone can regret about it for a few weeks, someone may suffer for several months or years, but someone can say: “I do not regret at all because I loved my

near and dear very much and never offended him. I'm happy that I gave him only strong love. I'm happy with love. It is truth and light. Man left us rich and full of our love. He was really happy.”

It is also surprising that some people can feel shame or embarrassment for all their lives not for lack of love, but vice versa for love. Such a man boasts with everything but not with love. Such a person says: “Look, I'm so smart, strong, beautiful, rich and so on.” But you will not hear from such a person such words as: “I am happy that I love. Look! I can teach you how to love! My life is filled with love! I love and I'm happy!!!” “But some people, for some reason, never said such words in their lives neither aloud, nor deep inside in their hearts.

Of course, not all people live their lives without love. There are people who understand what life and love is, and what life is for love and vice versa. But indifference, anger, selfishness, resentment, curses and insults, rage, irritation, psychosis and much more unnecessary evil change take place in a person who does not have love inside. All this evil is struggling to supersede love, which is the basis of everything that exists around.

Many people, including that very friend of mine, want to turn back time to correct what was done or said, and also want to do something they have never did before. They also want a person to come to life even for a minute, to say how much they love him.

But lost time is never found again, so it is needed to love constantly. A person who has a desire to love has every chance to give this love to other people, since life is not some kind of joke. If someone thinks that it's possible to joke with life, then he is very deeply mistaken. There is no place for frivolity in life.

If you take someone's life and stretch it, for example, for sixty years, then by what formula would each person live this life? Someone's formula for life can look like this: “Pride + anger + insulting humiliating words + irritation + quarrels + cries + slander + deception + curses + violence + revenge + unforgiveness + insolent ridicule + lies for benefits + the rest multiple madness = a bad and unloving person. “And only the last few minutes of this formula people can give to that very love that they probably never knew before. Such people regret that they spent their entire lives without love and did not like other people. Why did a man who had been living for sixty years never think about love? Maybe someone would like to love, but simply ashamed of this love and could not just look cherishingly in somebody's eyes or could not move beyond his pride, waiting for the first step from the other person. But where does the embarrassment or pride go when a gravely ill person, dying in his bed, does not hesitate to say to his children and his wife such words: “Forgive me for being so mean to you. I love you very much.” Where does the shame and pride of man disappear? But if a person simply loved other people, he would simply endlessly enjoy his love which comes from his heart. And of course this love would be enjoyed by all the people around him! The question arises: “Who creates a love formula that does not have love?” Of course, it is created by the person himself. But an intelligent person does not create a formula of evil and does not yield to it. A clever person creates a formula with love.

Evil and stupidity go together, just like love and mind always hold hands and do not let each other go even for a second.

Many people want to have this love and peace. And such people can deprive themselves and other people of love because of the simple fear of getting reproach or ridicule. Or they just close this love in themselves because of fear of being inflicted by other people, any violence or humiliating proud offenses. Or a person is simply afraid that he will be called a kind handicraft teacher from a good children's fairy tale, and they will not respect him for his good deeds, merciful love and a kind heart. And how can it look like? Just like that:

A friend of mine married a former prisoner. His problem was that he ceased to open his heart to people and stopped talking and smiling with others. He simply closed his heart and turned-on some kind of protection, because of what he saw and tested on him before. I asked him: “Why do you always walk with an angry face and don't smile to people, don't greet them with love? When you

get to know a new person, it seems that you see an enemy soldier in him/her. You try to find out and finally find only bad qualities in him/her, and then you stand and chew over all of the evil human psychology and nature. And you are not an angry or irritable person, but there is just a frightening mask on your face!” Of course my question alerted him and forced him to shrink into himself. He did not answer my question, because his slanting arrogant proud look gave me an answer instead of him. The following thoughts ran through his head: “What do you know and what do you see?” There was nothing more in his head, because he could not have any more thoughts. He did not answer my question. He was worried if he tells us the reason for putting an angry mask on his face, then we can see his kindness and jump on him like on a donkey and use his kindness and we will rant: “It is prohibited to be kind in this world. Man is a wolf to man.”

He thought that kindness was a shame. He thought that good is a weakness. He thought that his wife and I would inflict evil blows to his kind soul. His gaze was similar to a security guard’s one, and there was written on his face: “Do not come to me and do not say or do anything to me, otherwise you might be as good as dead.” One day he told our young company the following: “People are like dogs! When you show pity and good to them, they grow insolent and walk over, regarding pity and good as weakness. So in my world there is no place for good or pity. Yes! Yes! Like dogs! The first who will restrain the others is the leader! Yes! And here’s another thing! You guys leave your friendly hugs! I embrace only girls! Here is my territory! Keep away from me at arm’s length!”

The environment in which he grew up, as well as many years of imprisonment still took their toll. He did not have the core of love inside, mind and inner strength, so he broke down mentally. His love was hacked. It was beaten many times, and it could not stand these blows. Of course, his love had to be like a concrete wall, and not be like a blotter. But before he got to prison he did not have this concrete wall, because making a robbery attack on another person, he did not even have a blotter. He absolutely did not care what could happen to the person he gave a thump on the head and from whom he picked out his bag and purse..

His wife told me that he could not confide in her. He worries that she will strike at his weak spots, as people in his former country did, and how people who were with him in places of detention did. Therefore, when he went out into the street, he frowned and gave an imitation of an evil animal’s frightening look. But imitating an angry frightening look, he only hurt everyone around him, carrying evil in his eyes, and was also tired of playing this evil role. But the actors who play the villains and show that evil is always wrong, that evil always loses and is unacceptable in the life of every person, they get paid and bring the money to their family, pleasing their relatives with love and prosperity. But the evil deterrent and killing love glance does not bring money, sense, goodness, and love in the real life. Evil disfigures a person and deprives him of pleasure and enjoyment from pure love. But it is interesting to note that he did not have good friends. All his friends were evil. I do not even want to remember the day when he introduced us to some of his friends. It was strange that he unclosed to his friends and trusted them more than us and all other kind people. There’s no rhyme or reason to it. Perhaps, his words which were said once have no explanation too: “I’ve seen a lot in this life, you’ll never understand this”. When he pronounced these words, he felt like some kind of cool person who saw and felt something that others never even felt before. Probably, the person to whom he gave a thump on the head while committing a robbery attack also now tells how he was robbed and tells his friends that they did not even dream about it.

I remember how my brother was bitten by a dog, and he told all his friends how tough he was. He told his friends that they would never have sustained such a dog attack and could not have fought with it. With these words he only discombobulated and offended his friends, just as my friend’s husband had already offended me with his gaze by my now quondam friend. Why quondam? Just because I could not continue to communicate with them. After communicating with them I degenerated and felt grayness, emptiness and disgust towards their company inside me. Laughter over immorality, booze, rudeness and all the rest madness was alien to me. Our roads had to disperse urgently. But

if a person has not been bitten by a dog, if a person has not serve in the army, if a person has not serve time in jail, if a person has never been at war and collect his guts near a burning tank, then such a person would not be the coolest? Of course not! It's like stupidity! I somehow asked this comrade: "And should not my brother be imprisoned to make you respect him and should I be imprisoned with him?" When he heard this question, he did not answer for a few seconds, because he knew that I was a very smart girl. He knew that if he answered as he thought, then he would just look stupid. Therefore, he was ashamed to answer the question correctly, because he wanted to think quite differently, as he actually thought. After that, he did not want to communicate with me at all. Of course, he does not want to communicate with me. After all, I give people the mind and love, while he gives the wish to other guys to stay in prison and become cool. When the conversation came about the prison, he proudly replied: "I've been there and I know what it is. You will never understand it." He deliberately exposed his hands with tattoo and told inwardly, lighting a cigarette: "I'm cool, because I was there". My brother also told me repeatedly: "I hung on the balcony and jumped off the second floor. You will never repeat what I've done."

The comrade of my ex-friend understood in his mind that he told people bad things. He understood that from his words people might have a desire to follow in his footsteps, understood that many of them would want to make tattoos and many would want to learn jargon, but still said this because he wanted to distinguish himself and feel good. When young very beautiful and attractive girls said about him: "Look what a tough guy," then the next day this fellow would show all his tattoos and tell what each of them means. These girls liked this and, the next day, he no longer hesitated to hide his tattoos, but on the contrary, he set them forth. But was it right? I do not think so at all. Is criminal and prison life romantic? No, it isn't. It's a big mistake of real life. And it isn't worth to play in jail, as there is a probability that the entire saint can hide inside, and an evil and proud look, a smoking cigarette, a demonstration of tattoos and so on will be at the level of high flying birds.

When I get married, my husband will not regret that he married me, and will not live without love. I won't remind him about his weak points and will always love him. Honestly speaking, the relationship between people is the most difficult relationship in the world. But when the basis of relations consists of pure love and mind, then there are no difficulties at all. There is only pleasure from the mind and love. But not only simple love should be inside a person. There should be a patient and humble love. One person asked me: "And where is the patience?" I answered: "And what do you need to love people?" He, having understood, answered: "Patience."

Every person wants to see only ideal people around him. But if a person sees imperfection in another man, will he really consider him a fool? Will he laugh and tease him? Of course, it's impermissible. Without showing patience to such people we just destroy love itself. Almost every day my little brother made some mistakes. But I didn't hurry to be angry with him and humiliate him for it. On the contrary, with patience and with love I tried to show him his mistakes, and teach to what misdemeanors and sins can lead to. Although our father constantly got angry when he heard the word "sin", I still told my brother that all evil is a sin. Anger, irritation and psychosis offend a person, but love shows mistakes and set on the right path with pleasure. Love teaches, prompts and helps.

What is the basis of child-rearing? Of course, patience and love! I have always admired and surprised with people who work as educators and teachers. How much patience do all these teachers need? But still, some of them are surprised when they are asked a question about patience. Such people answer: "Oh, what patience can you talk about?" I like to play with the kids and teach them, as well as for to spend time with them! Just look, how they pull their hands toward you and look at you with their loving eyes. So, why do you ask about patience?" But some people get panic and even feel irritation, anger and displeasure, when they see small children, schoolchildren or students. Such people often make an angry face before children and schoolchildren and begin to grumble. Such people are lack of patience and love. But children do not like angry and grumpy people; they start to fear them and try to avoid them, as well as many other people do. That's how my future husband

will avoid me if I get angry, grumble, and do not get patience and love. When he comes home from work, he stays at the door in front of the entrance to the yard, and then at the door in front of the house, delaying the time, because he is not pleased with my presence. In this situation, two people can suffer at once. My husband suffers and I suffer from the fact that anger, psychosis, resentment and quarrels can live within me instead of gentle, merciful, healing, attracting love and joy. Or maybe he will slowly walk down the street from work to home, because the rustle of the leaves will be much quieter than the grumbling and screams of his spiteful wife? But why do some wives behave this way? The answer, I think, is very simple. A person simply does not have a strong core of patience, humility, kindness, mercy, God's love inside.

Now I will tell you a few more stories about my friends, and then I will tell you my story. I'll start a story about one of my friends who married a good guy. They had good relationships before the wedding. But the only one thing worried me very much. She always said such words to me: "My Vitalik is a very nice guy, he is kind, understanding, adequate, purposeful, promising." She always dreamed of big money and constantly talked about it. Any topic of conversation tended after a while to expensive cars, millions of dollars and to big houses. When Vitaliy could not give her all this, quarrels and scandals appeared in their house. I was sorry for him, because I knew who Vitaliy was and who my friend was. Then she called him and asked: "How are you, what about your relationships with Natalia?" He answered: "You know, I do not really care, I do not even want to talk about it." I did not know her nature before, and why I had not notice it previously"?

Natalia was mainly focused only on wealth. She was angry, psychotic and always told Vitalik: "Look! Enough time has passed by, and we have not grown rich with you!"

I can't say that they were lack of something; on the contrary, they had everything. They had their own house, car, children, health, work and parents, who constantly helped them. Many people in general do not have any of the above and they keep on loving. They do not curse or humiliate their husbands, because they cannot buy an expensive car or anything else. I call this phenomenon "love for material things". But if this is what all people on earth do, then when they are in a desert, why will they love each other? In fact, besides underwear and water, they will have nothing. I am very surprised with some girls who are constantly not happy with something. They are dissatisfied with the salaries of their husbands, unhappy that their husbands have not given them flowers for a long time, dissatisfied with their appearances, and so on. But I also wanted a car and my house when I did not have them. But I never threw scandals to my parents and did not beg for anything. But Natalia, unfortunately, did not have the love, mercy, patience and did not learn to be satisfied. She saw nothing and nobody around her, because of this unnecessary money. Why unnecessary? Just because they would only harm Natalia, and would also harm other people. Natalia did not like Vitaliy, she saw only one perspective and a bag of money in him. With her screams and scandals she brought Vitaliy's mother to a heart attack, who was then taken to the hospital. Vitaliy's father said: "It's necessary to experience something personally to grow up and get wiser to Natalia. She probably needs to see how other people live. She needs to go through the fire and water." Then he laughed and said: "I once read a story about one slaveholder who was left to watch over the slaves building a beautiful house.

This slave-owner had neither intelligence nor experience, and he also disliked his workers. He did not manage to build this house. All his slaves fell ill and died. He shouted at them, cursed and hurried them, increased the time of their work in half, forgetting to feed them and give water. He was surprised why he did not manage to build this beautiful house. This slave-owner was a dummy, like your Natalia, spoiled, empty and unable to appreciate people and life. By the way, my children, do you know what the sin of covetousness is? "Vitalik and I answered:" No, we do not know! "Then the father said:" Covetousness is the state when a person leaves love and makes sin because of money. Because of money a person is ready to deceive, scandal, be angry, irritated, hysterical and humiliated, and he is also ready to organize criminal groups and communities by killing, plundering and blackmailing people."

Poor Vitalik and poor Natalia! I had absolutely no anger at my girlfriend, nor had any members of her family. We were just very sorry for her. There was much good inside her. She was hospitable and never wanted evil to anybody. But this desire to have a lot of money, just eat her from the inside and lead only to bad consequences and an endless psychosis, because of which Vitaliy's mother also got to the hospital. When Natalia found out about this, her hands trembled, and she was attacked by fear. She realized all the seriousness of her behavior in a second.

Her life flashed before her eyes. Plus, she remembered one photo, where Vitalik hugs her mother, and also remembered the inscription under this photograph "we love each other." After that Natalia felt depressed and she cried bitterly. A few minutes later she called Vitalik and said in a tearful voice: "Forgive me, please, for my behavior; I will never do this again. I will not be what I was before. Tell me that your mother will recover. I love you. Forgive me that I was so stupid and did not respect you and your family." Of course, she did not ask forgiveness from him for the fact that she did not like him, because it would disappoint Vitalik very much. So it was easier to say that she was stupid and did not respect him. Because if she asked forgiveness for not loving, then it would make it clear that she did not love him! And then she would look like a cunning liar, because she always answered to his "I love you" "I love you too, dear!"

Another friend, whose name was Victor, was set out to war in one of the flash points. He wrote that if he was killed, then let his letter be kept for his son, whom he did not pay attention to. When his son called him to play, Victor repelled him and found all sorts of different reasons to avoid spending time with his son and his wife. He gave his child a miss and irritated that he did not allow him to watch movies and interfered with other things, asking him to play with his son. He wrote that he could never forget the moment when he was digging the earth with a spade, and his son, coming from behind, began to pull father's spade toward himself to help him to dig the earth. But Victor, turning around, pushed his son away, who then fell to the ground. Victor looked at his son lying on the ground and said: "What are you trying to do, do not bother!" Victor could not imagine that this would be seen from the window by his wife. When Victor and his son came home, he embraced his son and looked into his wife's eyes and said: "We had a very great time together." But at that moment his son became very sad.

Victor wrote a lot about the fact that love is much appreciated at war. Once a soldier said, wiping away his tears: "Everything turns out strangely, at home I was constantly offended and was angry with my family and other people, and now I'm crying and regretting it, I'm ready to hug them all day long and ask them for forgiveness for all resentment! I am ready to tell them every day that I love them!"

The soldiers ran for letters faster than to the chow hall. Many of them said that they are ready to sacrifice much to touch their loved ones and relatives, to their mothers, wives and children. In his letter Victor said that at first it was not customary and it was embarrassing to cry at war. But then, almost everyone cried there.

When the bullets whistled over Victor's head and he saw his comrades-in-arms fall dead, and others writhing with unbearable pain, he remembered how he ignored his family and thought only about his son and wife at that moment, imagining how they were walking together and enjoy every precious second. Victor had never returned from the war, only memory remained from him, and the only things that remained after him were the letters that he sent to his relatives.

My other friends Vadik and Alyona were happy that they found each other. Every year they went to vacation by the seaside. They took a car, packed their bags and put off on a journey. They loved traveling; especially they liked to drive on night roads. Once, when they were traveling to the sea and had already driven half of their way, another car appeared on a contra-flow lane. There was a serious car accident. They both survived. Alyona got less serious injuries. She had broken both legs, her right hand, four ribs and she got a serious head injury. As for Vadik, he got a spinal fracture. He was forever chained to a wheelchair. When Alyona recovered, she left Vadik for another person. Her

love was not true. But at the time of marriage, standing near her sweetheart, she promised to love her husband both in health and in illness. It is evident that for her it was just words. If she really loved her husband, she would never leave him. Because love has no timeframes and tolerates absolutely everything.

Another friend of mine, whose name is Angelina, married a very handsome and a very rich guy. This guy was glad that he got such a companion of life. But his mother could not say the same about her. She did not like the choice of her son. And she did not want to see this girl near her son. His mother had two girls in mind who would be perfect for her son as she thought, and who would not mind marrying him. And she would be happy to marry her son with one of them! His mother was a friend of those girls' parents. His mother said: "Rich, handsome, intelligent, and married a simple girl from the village, I cannot believe it!"

One day it happened that his mother was very ill. She was diagnosed with cancer. As a result, she withstood several surgeries, and she needed care. Her rich friends rarely called her and practically did not visit their seriously ill friend. They simply wrote her off in their minds, what could not have been said about Angelina. The sick woman did not like it when she came home and began to help her with household chores. She could not huff her out of the house, because she loved and respected her son and understood that she was his wife.

She simply did not have the strength to say something against it and show her dissatisfaction. But time passed. Angelina and her sick mother-in-law were getting closer and closer to each other. The lady found out that one of the girls she recommended to her son became a drug addict, and the other, having taken all her money from her husband, left him. When she found out about this, she walked on her weak legs to the kitchen where Angelina was cooking, and asked: "Angelina, do you really love my son?" Angelina answered: "I really love your son very much, as well as you!" The sick woman answered: "You know Angelina, we are very rich and respected people, but at the same time we are poor! We do not have what you have. We do not have love. We have everything except love. I am glad that you are the wife of my only son, and I ask God to give you a lot of children and let them please you and remember your grandmother who understood much thanks to their mother. Forgive me, please, Angelina, I cannot express in words my guilt towards you. Forgive me! If you cannot erase all my insults from memory, then at least tell me, please, that from this moment we will be best friends. And just say that you forgive me! Hearing this, I will feel much better." Angelina, hearing this, happily replied: "I forgive you with pleasure, and now we are best friends."

Tears began to drop down from the eyes of a sick rich woman's, and she went, snapping along the corridor, to her room. A few months later she died. The last few months of her life this woman talked only with Angelina, who did not leave her even for a minute. The sick woman did not want to see anyone at home. When she said something to Angelina, she had never been in a pique with her weak spots. On the contrary, she received only healing for her inner world from Angelina. Before the lady died, she said to her son and Angelina: "Be happy and never offend each other. Forget the word 'I', now there's only 'YOU'! Love each other very much. Whatever happens, keep on loving!"

That's how the lives of people with whom I communicated and made friends have come about. Last time I also thought about one person, namely about my classmate, who moved to another city, when we all studied in primary classes.

Once at school time I saw that the guys from our class goofed on one of our classmates. They shut him in a closet and did not release him for several minutes. The only boy who did not take part in that heartless madness was the same boy, whom I remembered a few days ago. He approached the boys from our class and said: "Why are you doing this? After all, he really feels unpleasant and he is very offended, so, you'd better be pitiful to him, because he has a mother who loves him and doesn't want you to shut him in the closet and mock him."

I then thought, is this wonderful, pure, merciful and true love really lives only in one boy from our class? This boy was different from the rest guys. He studied well, never offended anyone,

had a good memory, always greeted everyone and righted the oppressed. He was the only of the kind. His gaze differed from the ones of the rest guys. His gaze combined: love, mercy, pity, compassion, romance, meditation, boldness, subtle psychology, sacrifice for the sake of society and a will to justice. I know nothing more about his fate, since after the third class he moved with his family to another city. At school, I've never made a pal of with him. But I do not know why. Perhaps, this is not possible to explain. I just remembered about this boy. Why did I remember him? I do not know! Maybe it's love! Or maybe it's naive and funny! I'll try to find him in social networks. If he is not there, then I'll try to find him some other way. I really want to find him. I can hardly stand his gaze if he is not married or has become a drug addicted or an evil psychopath, a drunkard, a homosexual or a criminal. Who knows, maybe I made was mistake with him. Maybe he transformed from a loving, sweet boy to an evil, irritable, proud, grinning and unhappy man. Because I know that people can change. Good people can transform into evil, and evil can become good. But what kind of person is he that does not have a constant good core in himself and can transform from good into evil? After all, every evil thought, deed and every word must be repelled and chased away, and you must not be allowed to multiply this evil in our life.

I reject evil and all the thoughts that push me to something evil, because I do not like evil, I love only good. Otherwise, if I take a cue from evil people, if I get angry and act like them, then I will turn into a bad person like a hypochondriated, angry, cynical brat, and hardly someone will ever want to communicate with me. If it was so, I couldn't enjoy life every second, I couldn't have joy, love, mercy, and I would be angry with everything around and as a result I would go crazy. It's up to me to choose. I make this choice every morning and choose only good. But it is still difficult for other people to choose something for themselves, because of inexperience and inability to think.

I know a few of my friends who are older than me, but who are not able to think. These people cannot choose anything for themselves and their loved ones. Every day they drift like clouds chased by the wind. But the wind does not ask where the cloud wants to drift. Often the wind drift clouds into insanity, evil, lawlessness, laziness, impatience, alcoholism, drug addiction, violence, resentment and so on.

Every day of life is a valuable gift. As I live the day, so I will live my life. If a person spent the whole day offending his loved ones, and at night he died, then he died as an offended and proud man. This last day became his whole life.

I have another friend. This guy's name is Oleg. He was very touchy. Sometimes he could take offense at his mother all day. He often gestured with his hands and said: "My mother is pretty hot and tempting! She can tell me anything. And the most important thing is she doesn't ask for forgiveness. So I can't talk to her all day long to teach her a lesson."

I almost imagined what his mother told Oleg about, because looking at the behavior of this guy, it was clear that if he did not change and did not get wiser, there would be a big trouble. He drove quickly, he was constantly rude and became addicted to alcohol, cigarettes and girls of easy virtue, and never helped his parents in any way. When his friend said that he had to come over to his mother to help her doing something, he laughed in surprise and said: "You're mother's baby!" It was impossible to solve any serious, vital question with this guy. He could not be trusted either. One day he came over to his mother. Probably, he did not understand himself why he came to see her. In less than half an hour they began to quarrel. His mother was telling him the right things. But the brain of this adult wasn't mature enough and did not perceive what was said, but perceived all the words of his parents with hostility and reproaches. This young man did not even know what he wanted in his life. He did not know either what profession to chose or what kind of future wife he needed. He did not know what to talk to a girl about. When he finished his conversation with new acquaintances, he used to come and say with a sneer: "They are some stupid people, they do not know what to talk with me about, and they do not understand me at all." Of course, Oleg could not realize why no one could understand him and talk to him. Only my friends and me knew the reason of this misunderstanding.

We were receptive to him, because he was our friend, and we did not want to offend him. We all knew that he was not mature yet though our age was quite the same. He took turns discussing all his friends with us. He did not understand what he was saying. He took offense, was angry with all his friends, neighbors and parents. One day his mother said something that Oleg did not like at all and it seemed very offensive to him. He got angry and dropping the phone he had a grudge on his mother. He said that he would never put up with her first, because she told him rather offensive words. He did not call up to her for two days, being sure of his rightness. Two days later Oleg was called to the phone from the hospital, picking up the phone, he heard: "Hello Oleg, your mother was knocked by the car. She could not survive. We express our condolences". Oleg could not believe it. After all, deep down he hoped he would reconcile with his mother. He just wanted to take offense at his mother a little and as he said, "to teach her a lesson," showing her. Now Oleg knows that love cannot offend!

I've told you a bit about my friends, now I want to tell you about myself. I'm very pretty and I have a beautiful figure. I constantly go in for sports to look good and to be fond of my future lover and not to get sick easily. It is very important for me to have an attractive figure, because I want my sweetheart like to look at me.

I know that men like beautiful female figures, and I constantly upload my buttocks, legs and other parts of my body with physical exercises, and I also find some time for jogging every day. In fact, going in for sports is very cool. I'm sure that when I meet my beloved, he will like it very much. But what a person my beloved should be? Probably he should be as smart and loving as I am. But, of course, it may happen that my future husband will not be perfectly intelligent and loving person. But even if it is so, the main thing is that he wants to acquire this mind and love. It is not even possible to go shopping for food without the desire, and a person can live with a principle "if I don't have something, I don't need it." But if a person wishes, but does not have, I will help him to acquire this. I will fight. I will give him love if he does not have it. If something goes wrong, I'll come from the other side, showing endurance and patience. After all, not everybody acquires the mind, patience and love in one second. Sometimes, it's possible to reach out a person only after many years. Age plays a not very significant role in human life. I know many women and men who are already 40 or 50 years old, but their intelligence and wisdom are several times lower than some of my acquaintances who are not even 30. I'm thirty now. You cannot judge a man by his age. This approach is partially true. Never compare your inner world and your knowledge in thirty years with other people of the same age.

I have one 55-year-old acquaintance who once said to me: "At the age of 20 I was, in general, a child, at 30 I started to understand something, at 40 I look at things quite differently, now I'm 50 and I see everything." There are also some people, like this adult man, who see life absolutely differently. But they cannot explain this. Each of them has its own point of view. When this man began to tell me about his life and began to teach me something, he could not imagine that he would have to learn from me. When we finished talking with him, he was even a little ashamed that he does not understand much yet. I absolutely did not want to offend him, just as a result of our conversation he realized that he needed to study, but not me. It was proud, irritable, spiteful, self-centered, drinking, full of ambition and blind prejudices man, who did not like being interrupted and in some way disobeyed. He told me almost an hour only about the Cold War and a secret government. This man has never been at a real war, where young soldiers dreamed of living and loving. Otherwise, he would not sit with me on the bench and drive me into his crazy reflections, "who – whom and when," and would neither make me nervous, nor his wife and himself. He would have learned better to love and adequately perceived reality, leaving his tedious reflections, because his words do not fill anyone with love, but, on the contrary, they clog up the mind. If he really wants to help his country, then let him do something useful and effective, which can really help. And let him say a few pleasant words to his wife, who "turns like a squirrel in a cage" all days long, and her husband just sits on a bench with a fictional war and bored with his harmful conversations. When his wife told him how he tortured everyone with his talks about war and politics and that people around him were just laughing at him, he was getting

angry and, waving his arms, he said: “Yes! There are puppets like you, and somebody plays with you. And I see and I know everything. “All that he sees and understands, I was not interested in at all, because I understood it better than he did. People on the planet always used to fight with themselves, arranging both hot and cold wars, raised vassals, created intelligence, attached, detached the land and so on. This man did not understand just one thing. He did not understand that you cannot focus on this, because otherwise he will just go mad. Now, if he really had a flexible mind and if he talked about love, and not threw it away, then it would be nice to talk with him. I know that children did not really like to come to visit their grandfather, because children go where there is love. Grandchildren were rare guests, because he was grumpy, boring, stupid, sinful and not able to love anybody. I know that there are things from which a person can go crazy. One of them is the very “Trojan horses” that do not let you sleep well. Such a person begins to feel that this “horse” is already very close. It seems to such a person that he will soon be brought here and armed evil warriors will come out of him. But not only a man can go crazy about the war. Sometimes it seems to him that his neighbors are also plotting something against him and are constantly watching him. A person can even be sure of this, although the neighbors themselves may not even know about it. It would be great if our 55-year-old “smart” grandfather understood this. Why did I remember this man? Because I’ve never wanted to have a husband like him in my life.

His wife was an unhappy woman. They did not have mutual understanding and communication with each other. They communicated briefly and laconically. He spent the whole day doing his own business, as well as his wife. Very often they scrimmaged for hours. They tried to find out something, but I still could not understand what exactly they tried to say to each other each time. Cries, anger, abusive words, resentment, pride and humiliation became an integral part of their lives and soon completely filled their lives. This is the same example where there is no love, patience, understanding, reason, mercy and help between people, but there is stupidity, pride, irritation, quarrels, resentment, humiliation and all the rest of evil. When I remember this family, I feel uncomfortable. For all the time of communication with them I have not been able to hear, at least, a couple of clever, warm and affectionate words. What business you can talk about, if these adult people cannot hear good and smart words. They could only plant potatoes together, but it was already problematic to pick it, because once they told their relatives: “We will plant a lot of potatoes together, and then we dig it out and sell it.” Of course, they planted potatoes together, but when it was time for crop harvesting, they grudged sharing big profits in half. They told to their relatives: “Potato crop this year!”

I also noticed that this man had some kind of suspiciousness. Throughout the conversation he tried to prove that he was a real man, but not a coward and more than that he was very independent. I do not know why he was obsessed with this! Maybe someone told him once that he is not a real man, and he still thinks about it and goes crazy about it. That person had not learned to think, had not learned to love, had not learned to appreciate and thank, and also had not learned to cope with his suspiciousness and annoying thoughts.

I do not want anybody to scream at me, I do not want to be offended or irritated, I do not want to feel rejected, humiliated and forgotten, and I do not want anybody to scowl at me waiving his head from side to side and tutting.

Well, today I found that classmate on a social network, about whom I remembered a little earlier. I found the guy who stood near the closet and said: “Why did you lock him there? The guy has a mother who loves him and does not want you to keep him in the closet.” The guy I found on the social network was married already. He had two beautiful children. I was not upset about this at all. On the contrary, I was happy for him. I was happy for their life and for the fact that their family is in good health. Why am I glad and not upset? Because I can love, but do not envy. He is happy and therefore I am glad that he is happy.

I want to meet a man with whom I could be really happy, and with whom I could live my whole life. I want to obey my husband implicitly. But I would certainly like to obey an intelligent and loving

person. But where can I find such a man? In a park or a cafe? Or maybe in church? Or maybe just outside? What should be inside my chosen one? Probably, I need an ideal person with whom I would feel loved, protected and pacified. I do not want it to be like in some families, where people live by the principle – I do not interfere in your affairs, and you do not interfere into mine. I want only WE in the relationship with the spouse. And I want every day to be like a separate happy life.

I do not want my future husband to be like my father or that very grumpy, angry old man who grabbed somebody else's potatoes, because there are people in the world who do not enjoy mutual love, but completely the opposite.

I remember that our father always told me and my younger brother that pity and love are the worst feelings and demanded from us that we should remember this forever. He liked to repeat the proverb "man is a wolf to man." He also believed and taught us that in this life everyone defends his/her own interests, and the manifestation of kindness and sentimentality only soften the personality and make it weak. Strangely enough, but that's what my father said. He often watched feature films about prison subculture and drew conclusions about the fact that strength, self-assertion, malicious gaze, revenge, resentment for offense and many other atrocities constitute the basis of a safe and peaceful life. It took me quite a long time to personally re-educate myself and learn to think and understand everything in a completely different way. Many of my father's wrong, stupid words hid very deep inside me. He educated us in rudeness and cruelty, never gave us anything voluntarily, neither played any game with us, nor spoke to us, or rejoiced at our presence, he never looked with love into our eyes, and rarely, due to a sense of duty, grudgingly pretended to smile. He was always ready to a conflict. Even if some person parked his car in front of our entrance just for few minutes, he always shouted to him with anger: "I put my car here!"

Once, we made a gift to our father. We invited him to our grandmother, because there a surprise was waiting for him. We bought a big cake, and the following words were written on it: "Daddy, you are the only one, and we love you very much." When our father came into the house and we gave him that cake with smiles on our faces, our father turned his face slightly aside and was ashamed to look into our eyes. Our father was ashamed of tenderness, kindness, love and mercy. Therefore, when we gave him this cake, the following was written on his face: "I cannot tolerate tender love, I feel like somebody has taken off my underpants in the presence of my children."

Our father did not know what to talk about to us, did not know what to say or do something pleasant for us. His patience always lasted only for a few days. I saw how patiently he answered our children's questions for about a week. That's a given. It is necessary to endure and show feigned gratitude for such a hearty gift. When more than one week had passed, our father admired and triumphed that feigned love had become a thing of the past and he no longer needed to simulate this pretended love. Now he was completely free. He returned to selfishness, anger, irritation, psychosis, rage, swear words, humiliation, resentment, pride and to his drinks. Father also rarely said: "I get tired at work, so let me alone." But what does work, fatigue and other hardships have to do with, if love breathes always and everywhere.

When my younger brother was taken ill and got to the hospital, our family hurled all efforts to help our Artem. Only our father did not show any initiative. He just stood with unhappy face and embarrassment and did not want to say a couple of affectionate words to his sick son. Our Artem recovered after some time, and he was discharged from the hospital and returned home. But our home without the father's love does not look like a home. Our father lived in his own world, in a world of irritation, anger, rejection, constant resentment and humiliation.

What did our father feel when we were born? Of course, when our father was a little younger, he said: "My children got sick. And I'm their father! I will assemble all my internal powers and I will come to their room to embrace them, give them some medicines, and put my hand on their diseased body parts. I have to go to them. They are my own children!" But to our great regret, our father got squint to egoism, anger, endless psychosis, blindness, humiliation, resentment, pride and endless

irritation. And a few years later, my father's heart said: "Do not disturb me, and get out! I'm tired at work! It makes me furious! Get out of my way!!"

Our dad is a tough cookie and intolerable person. When my mother married him, she did not suspect that he would be like that. She always told us: "Our father was so tough when I married him. He became like that over time. And at first every man is normal!".

Our dad had one friend whom he constantly listened to more than our mother. But this very friend later got into prison for some machinations with money. His friend was not able to present at the funeral of his father, because he was in prison. Only our father was at the funeral. His friend's mother asked him: "Why did you allow your friend to go to jail and not see his father for the last time? Why?" But our father just stood and looked blank. He did not understand that one had to live with reason in his head. Our father knew that his friend was engaged in something illegal, but because of his indifference and stupidity, he did not tell his friend to stop. Our dad felt good being in an alcoholic delirium with his friend. But our father still considered himself the most intelligent person and considered his life normal, smirking and proudly being extolled before other people. Surprisingly he opened his eyes so wide when his friend's mother told him, that probably there was a dry seed of reason gave a small green sprout in the head of our father. But will our father change? Will he be able to turn from the stupid into the intelligent one, from the spiteful and irritable to the loving and humble?

My mother also told me that when our father was young, he courted to her very nice and tried to look like a kind, intelligent and strong person. And then he was not that at all. When he achieved his goal, and our mother became his wife, my father relaxed and his inner evil, impatience, humiliation and psychosis merged into their relationship.

My parents often brawled and sorted out their relationships. I heard what they were arguing about and screaming at each other. Once I saw two small children who were quarreling with each other, unless it could be called a quarrel. One boy was 3,5 years old, the second one was only ten months. The elder brother pushed the younger and swore at him for grabbing his clothes and preventing play with toys. He tried to explain something to his little brother, and said, "Why did you touch me, don't you see that I'm playing with toys, and you hinder me to play!" These guys did not understand each other, as well as my parents, due to the fact that no one wanted to stop the quarrel. While quarrelling they told each other insulting words. Loads of wicked and sarcastic expressions were composed in their minds. Each of them recalled the most evil moments of past quarrels. These arguments were similar to the evil game "who wins". I towered above it all, because I knew that such quarrels should not exist at all. My parents had to be above it all, as well as all adults above the quarrels of young children. So, after a while, acquiring a taste, our father started to abuse me and Artem.

Of course – a man has two natures. He knows both evil and good. But you always need to speak and to do only good things. But still, not everyone chooses good... For all his life a person makes a nest of goodness, reason, love, and another nest of sins, madness, anger, irritability, grumpy discontent, drunkenness and psychosis.

I remember once I was riding on a bus and there were two little boys in front of me. One of them said: "It's great that your father is so kind. My dad is not like that at all, so, let's go to your place to play." These words wounded me, because I immediately remembered how my brother and I talked the same about my father. Many fathers could immerse themselves in the worlds of their children and could listen to them with joy and love in their eyes. They could hear the story of how the dandelion was ripped off, a frog was caught or an earthworm was found. But some fathers did not like to communicate with their children, and they did not like to play with them and did not like to teach them. They simply did not have love in their hearts.

I remember once our father broke his leg and was unable to do many things by his own. Of course, he asked us about these things. We gladly did these things for our father, who had problems with movements. He looked somewhere to the side and said without anger: "Thank you, children."

We were happy with his words and the way he talked to us. My younger brother asked me: “Why our father has become kind, after he had broken his leg? Let his leg always be broken.”

I was sorry for my brother, because he needed his father’s love. I tried my best to love for two. I tried to love for myself and for my father. My brother still feels a lack of love. When he was fourteen years old, he had some troubles with breathing. It was hard for him to breathe. He told me that as if some kind of lump in throat rolls to his chest, strains it and prevents him from breathing. He developed vasomotor dyscrasia. I did everything I could to help him. I wanted my brother to breathe easily, and not snuffle with great anguish. Our father looked with anger at Artem and said: “Why are you breathing like this? You are therefore gasping for not breathing properly. How many times have I explained to you that you cannot breathe like this? You need to breathe properly and do not exhale completely all the air, so you are suffocating.” After a while, unable to stand it, our father said angrily: “What!? Do you check if you have enough air or not? That’s ridiculous!”

These words just destroyed me and my brother. These words helped us to understand one simple but very important thing. Our father did not have love. Once he rejected this love and was not looking for it. He put himself in irritation, anger and endless psychosis. A man without love is like a car that has no wheels. Even when we grew up, our father did not like to communicate with us. A telephone conversation looked something like this, “hello” and “goodbye”. A real conversation was similar to one by phone. Our father started to talk only when drinking any alcoholic beverage. But after a week of hard drinking, when he frayed all our nerves, he began to feel very ill, and talked about it to all their relatives, waiting for their pity. When he felt that he was not regretted, and expressed only grudge against his drunkenness, he was angry again and answered irritably: “Let me alone! I’m fed up with it!

When we grew up, our father almost never called us, because he did not want to communicate with his children. He liked to communicate with TV, drinking some alcoholic beverage and with other people in a drinking state. I do not remember that our father, at least once in our entire life, would embrace us and say how happy he is to be with us and that we can spend time together. There was no place for love in his heart. He was never afraid to offend us with words. He never apologized for anything and never asked for forgiveness. He had never admitted his guilt, even if there was something to blame him in. He could endlessly prove his rightness, proudly humiliating with rude words and causing insults. He always tried to scintillate with his mind before other people and loved when they told that he was a clever man. With all his might he tried to show his “sharp” mind to the first available and making sure that a person often makes mistakes, is not experienced enough or not yet an adult, he tried to humiliate, offend and exalt him.

But why do I talk so much about my father? Maybe it’s because I have not got enough love from him?! Maybe because my father is the most striking example of a man who has no love, but has the opposite?

Since Artem’s breathing had been in abnormal state for a long time, our mother was advised to take him to a psychologist. But the angry, irritable psychologist told our mother without restraining himself: “You brought your son to such a state with your care and overprotection. Therefore, he suffocates, because he is afraid to take the first steps, moving away from your care to adulthood. What have you done with him, mama?!”

As expected, our mother believed every word of this psychologist. When they returned from the hospital, I asked my mother to tell me what the psychologist had told them, and, of course, I was very shocked and saddened from the story I’ve heard. For some reason, this psychologist decided that Artem, who was raised by our mother in love, care and protection, came out, as the psychologist hinted, “to the world of independence and evil,” and broke his spirit, which accordingly led him to emotional stress, and then to nervous disease. I knew that there are a lot of psychologists like that who do not know what they talk about or diagnose all by the same pattern, without going into the essence and problems of each person. I immediately saw the consequences of their visit to this

psychologist. I saw that my mother stopped saying warm, laudatory words of love, kindness and gratitude. She stopped looking at Artem with a kind and loving eyes, and also stopped hugging him. A few days later, when Artem had a strong attack of oxygen shortage, my mother tried to show him warmth, caring and love, but as little as possible. Our mother thought then: “Here is my son lying and gasping. Maybe I should not approach him and say something, otherwise it will become a habit and then he will grow up as a nincompoop.” Our mother was presented with incorrect information, and as a result, she began to struggle with good deeds, warm words, a loving smile and merciful love in her mind. The words of the psychologist were deeply embedded in the mind of our mother, and without understanding the psychologist himself could convince “a little” our mother that love and good do only harm and do not prepare children for adulthood.

Curiously enough, but evil always wants to convince a person that it is the true norm of preparing children for real adulthood, and that love is an abnormal stupidity that maims life and leads to weakness, decline, embarrassment, restraint, insecurity, and to an infinite human condition, about which they would then say: “Between hay and grass!” It is interesting to know what this psychologist will say to his children, his spouse and his parents, if he knows that his relatives need to live only for several years, months or even days?! And whether he will be as angry and annoyed as he did in the presence of my relatives.

I know one family where the father once said: “There is nothing worse than bringing up children in love, care and kindness.” His son craved these things from his father every day. But the father, seeing a desire of his son, began to break these feelings and make a deviation in a completely different direction. When his wife began to hug and kiss him, her husband immediately interfered and said: “Less tenderness! You will spoil the guy, and he will grow up a molly and a mattress.”

One day a friend, who worked as a psychologist, came to visit them. When she came in the house and their son saw her, he immediately ran up to this woman and embraced her tightly. This lady also hugged the baby very strongly and asked him: “Do you like hugging? How wonderful it is! It’s necessary to hug you more often!” The baby’s father looked at his wife’s friend, feeling displeased. A second later their glances met and these people, looking at each other, realized that each of them had his own world in his head. One person had a world of love and good, and another person had a world of insanity, evil and wrong views of life. The father of this child was a sort of “brilliant” psychologist as well. But there are psychologists who follow in the footsteps of love and good, and also there are psychologists of stupidity and evil. Unfortunately, the father of that child was not a believer in love. This time this family faced with a good psychologist who knew that love in a person’s life should take a central place, from which any psychology begins. But of course the result of this attitude towards his son was obvious. For several years, little Roma had not felt loved, but on the contrary, felt rejected and lonely. But of course when he grew up, it was out of the question to talk about a simple warm conversation with his father. His father was somewhere deep in his anger, irritation, psychosis, blind wrong prejudices and baseless speculation, not realizing that love is power, life and victory.

Once my cousin got sick, and she had to visit one experienced intelligent psychologist. During the conversation, the psychologist, looking into my sister’s eyes, said: “Sometimes people get sick, because they do not know how to love. They learn to be humble and learn to love through their illnesses!” My cousin had been thinking for a long time what all this means is the phrase “learn to be humble and love.” She was not patient and was not afraid of offending anyone. There were no prohibitions and decrees for it. Buying things in the store, she could express to the seller everything she wanted in any situation, completely not caring what a person feels at the same time. In fact, my sister was always dissatisfied with something, was very touchy and like the fire kindled every little quarrel.

Once, when she was sitting with her friends and boasting how she could offend other people in a quarrel, her friend told her: “Me and Alexei never quarrel and do not offend each other.” My sister screwed up her eyes and lighted a cigarette, grinned and said in response: “You are boring.” Frankly, after examining my cousin, it became clear that she imitates almost all negative acts and

habits. When she saw people with various physical disabilities in arms, legs, or the whole body, she made a squeamish face and said: “How terrible and disgusting they are. I cannot stand them!” My cousin did not understand many things, but she rejected many things from herself. She was very fond of giving out her advices to everyone, and for some reason she was sure that they were always right. She liked to teach people how they should live, believing for some reason that other adults’ lives were not right. But people who understood life better than she, listening to her advice and recommendations, often said in their minds: “What a stupid girl! She does not understand what she says!”

The psychologist, whom she addressed to, could not help her because a psychologist-woman did not know how to teach her to love. She simply did not know how to evoke a response from my obstinate, spiritually blind, pompous, psychotic sister. My cousin was expecting a magic pill from the psychologist, which was supposed to heal her, but she could not keep her ears open to the advice of an experienced psychologist because of not being adult enough, as well as having lack of inner inexperience, emptiness and because of incorrect psychological attitude to life.

When my sister left the hospital and saw one of the moms in the street gently embracing her son, she thought: “Oh! Children! They are intolerable. And why does she hug and embraces him on and on? Then he will grow into a worthless person.”

A few years ago, when we were walking with my sister along the street, and I helped one old lady to go upstairs with her bags, my cousin was very ashamed of this, and walked a few steps away from me, as if she was not familiar with me. Several years have passed since that moment, but nothing has changed. Katya, my sister, is still ashamed of the good and is not ashamed of stupid pride, insane anger, cruelty, extreme immorality and the lowest offenses. When my sister offends a person, she feels pleasure. This pleasure is like enjoying the reception of the most delicious food in the world. Now my sister is sick and wants to be healed of her illness very much. She is suffering. Maybe the illness can change my sister. After all, the people who were offended by her were even more afflicted. Two years ago, Katya became ill with the flu, which caused complications, as a result of which she had been suffering for about three months. After the illness it was possible to communicate pleasantly with Katya for about a month. After the illness, she became a completely different person. But after a while she returned to her former malicious, irritable, proud, touchy state. And a year ago she was very strongly bitten by an evil dog. And my sister became a little calmer again, more merciful, more harmless and a pleasant girl to communicate with. But after she got better again and started going to work, she returned to her former, angry, irritated, psychotic state. That change occurred right before my eyes. Every evening she came from work completely different. Probably it was not accidental that at work she had to communicate with people who did not like good and love. Accordingly, not having a love in her mind, my sister became like them after a short period of communicating with them. Only temporary suffering could stop her anger, grumbling and pride. Plus, my sister did not have any patience in herself. Once she reminded me my father, who once took Artem with him to build a garage. After a while, Artem asked his father to put a small piece of the wall on his own. Father let Artem do it. When Artem laid the first brick, and then the other, our father began to get irritated, as it was not satisfactory. Father began to scold him and offend unacceptably, and then, our father said to him: “You are a stupid fool!” He snatched a float from Artem’s hands, removed the crooked bricks that Artem had laid and, looking at Artem with an angry glance, shook his head and said: “Give a float to me, step aside and stay out of it! You are cack-handed. Can’t you see that the bricks lie hitchy? You’re completely blind!”

Artem, seeing his angry father, took a couple of steps back and, clutching his heel against the bricks, fell to the ground with his back and hit his head. Fortunately, the earth was not very tight and the headache passed in a few minutes. When Artem fell to the ground, he could not imagine that a metal pin was protruded in two centimeters from his head. Our father looked at Artem and on the protruding pin, and said irritably: “Look where you go.” Of course, our father did not even think about his son’s safety, without mentioning love for him. I remember how my father beat Artem

in childhood. I cannot say that these beatings were ruthless and necessary for the upbringing with punishments. It was rather like a mad expulsion of one's anger. Because, when somebody punishes a child, he/she does not beat with all the might on the nape, biting his/her lower lip from mental sadistic pleasure. And as a result, after such attacks on the head, children see sparks in their heads or fly off and strike at anything with their bodies. So, this happened once with Artem, and as a result he had a small scar left on the nape, for which he was pissed off as "a piggy bank" at the school.

Once I was told a similar story: "One man took a five-year-old son to work in the garden. Parents had to plant potatoes. Father was constantly talking about this potato. He used to sit for hours thinking about where to put it, where and how much to plant. This father often suddenly started talking about this potato and mixing psychosis, anger and irritation said: "And what is that you will eat in the winter?! Is it dry pasta?!" When they arrived at the cottage and laid out the potatoes, his little son began to throw potatoes in different directions. The father warned his child and told him: "If you once again throw potatoes somewhere, I will punish you for it!" His son stayed still almost five minutes. But then he took the potato again and threw it into the nearby vegetable garden. His father full of anger ran to his son, took him by the hand, set his teeth, pressed his lower lip and flung him aside. The child fell to the ground and hit his head on a sharp, medium-sized cobblestone, inconspicuous lying in the grass. Because of craniocerebral injury the child remained disabled for the rest of his life. His father has learned to love his son; he has been courting for him about ten years. Now this man tells other people that love is something that people can forget about and forever erase from their lives. He says that people need to remove irritation, hatred and anger from their hearts forever and settle attracting merciful love there. This man was like a former alcoholic who brought his body to a very serious illness because of drinking but now after suffering, having stopped drinking a person tells other people that they should also forget once and for all what drinking is. They should forget once and for all what beer, champagne and other alcoholic beverages are. Now this man was 100% sure that ten years ago he acted very badly. He gave way to insane anger, irritation, psychosis and made an irreparable mistake in his life, which he regrets every day and night. Almost every day this man sitting at night beside his son weeps bitterly. This man once said: "My father also did not understand what is most important in this life. I remember how he ran after me through the garden because we trampled as he said a beautiful berry bushes. I remember how I ran away from my father, stumbled and fell on the path of bricks, I rubbed my face, hands and knees, they were bleeding. Of course, my father did not come to me and did not comfort me. He also did not wash me from the blood on my knees and face. My mom came out into the street, she embraced me and led me home to debride my wound. My father at this time turned around and went to restore the trampled berry bush. After the father revived the bush, constantly speaking in his beard, he went to hug our dog, then he quietly went to the chickens, whispering to them: "Do not be afraid, do not be afraid, everything's fine." Then he called his friend and for a few minutes, with a smile on his face, talked with him very pleasantly. My father loved everything and everyone around me, except me. When I went out into the street and caught my father's eye, my father began to grind his teeth and be angry with me. His eyes irradiated anger to me, like my eyes, until a certain moment in my life, radiating anger and irritation to my own little son. I would gladly swap places with my son. I'd rather be disabled, but not my son. That's what happens when you do not love your children! Nothing would have happened if I had allowed him to scatter these several potatoes around." Now this man is not annoyed at all by his son. Now he loves him. I remember that my brother Artem said: "I'm happy to help our father, but my father constantly offends us. He is constantly annoyed and angry with us! He constantly offends me. He always scowls at me. Our father is an evil person!"

Artem always said that his father offended not him, but us, since he did not even want to think that his father offended only him, and not both of us. Speaking of the fact that his father offended "us," Artem felt less alone.

I remember that once Artem and our father built a fence. While building a wooden fence our father offended and humiliated Artem more than fifty times. My brother heard such phrases as: “Are you brain dead?! You can’t even measure the distance from edge to edge!” Our father also told him: “Watch carefully! Are you absolutely blind?! You look and you do not see! I think what a slow-witted you are!”

I saw the torment of Artem. I saw this horribly nasty extermination of common sense and love. When Artem did not stand such humiliation and said something to his father in return, his father immediately pointed at him his angry look and began “to beat” Artem with his anger, abuse, humiliation and resentment. Almost always our father answered Artem: “A few more remarks like that and you will qualify for punch on the nose! Snivel!” After each such phenomenon our father’s heart changed and he got angrier each time. He nourished his malice with poisoned bread, and this inner beast began to gain weight gradually.

Once I could not stand it and told our father: “You know, father, you must love your children, and not humiliate and scowled them!”

After my words our father’s look changed and if someone else was in front of him that time, he would have answered that person something stupid, continuing to enjoy with that he constantly enjoys. But this did not happen, because I was in front of him, but not someone else. My father was displeased with this, as well as the husband of my ex-girlfriend, who showed his tattoos to young girls and smoked cigarettes, telling his “delightful stories from life.” After all, how do you do what you like now, when some kind of insignificant barrier appears before you? My father stopped humiliation and resentment for about three days. When my father and Artem went to build the fence again, my father was silent, remembering my words and feeling my gaze on him, and Artem began to feel like a man and a loving son. But anyway, three days later, after thinking about the fact that I had to pull myself up and say something to my father, he again began to look for loopholes for venomous humiliations towards Artem and seeing that no one could stop him, he continued to speak angrily, as he did before.

Why do many fathers, meeting their wives with newborn children right from a maternity home, do not know whether they will love their child or will irritate him, or accidentally will push him away to bricks, iron objects or sharp stones. Or maybe some of them will beat their children and break their hands with a wrench, so the children will lose consciousness and will have to withstand a surgery operation for several hours, because they just scribbled something on the door of dad’s new car. Or maybe someone will slap on the wrist of children for dropping and smashing an expensive vase, brought from abroad, as they do everywhere. At this time blind anger points to children’s hands and says: “Swing him because he touched your expensive things with these hands”. But a vase and a car door together cannot be more expensive than children’s hands, and their health given them from birth cannot cost ten scattered potatoes all the more.

It is very difficult when some people bear children with disabilities. Children are born without hands, feet, or with other diseases. It’s hard when these children ask why they are not like the rest of the people. But even harder, when someone makes his children disabled himself, because of his psychosis, anger or irritation. Such parents often say to their children: “Forgive me! Forgive me! Forgive me!” But the child often responds to his mother or father: “Why are you repeating the same words to me? And why do you cry? Why are you asking for forgiveness? You should forgive me for having broken a vase, a scratched door or thrown potatoes, we will not do it again!”

Madness, anger, narrow thinking, irritation, hatred, pride, jealousy, quarrels, psychoses and much more insanity destroy a person from within, dump a person off the rails of love and make the worst and most terrible things with a person.

I remember that I watched once some kind of program about people’s lives. One woman who sat in the studio said: “We all do not have enough love!” I’m sure that many people sitting in that studio, as well as many viewers, did not understand what this adult woman was talking about. And some people, probably, said thought: “If it’s not enough for us, let it not be enough! A man cannot

give what he hasn't got!" But I think there were some people who said: "Maybe we should learn to love!" But if we have not got the most important in our lives, then for what and with what such a person lives? If people do not have enough water in the desert, how can they survive? A person will simply die without water. But a person who does not have love in him continues to live, but there is something else inside him instead of love. Without love a person is physically alive, but spiritually he is simply dead.

Once I asked Artem: "Does our father give us love or not, what do you think?" Artem replied: "I do not remember a single day that our father will give me loves. He only offends and proudly ridicules me and constantly gets irritated. I'm sure when people love their children they do not do that." Yes! In fact, it is true. Absolutely everything irritated our father. When Artem and I opened our mouths to talk with our father, our words were like salt, which is poured on the wounds of a man, causing him inconvenience, discontent and irritation.

Love never dies. It can only be temporarily encroached on, exposing it as ridiculous, stupid, abnormal, shameful and finally try to press the love with the foot to the ground.

Our father constantly makes some conditions for love, and also our father is distracted from love by some things. Our father wants something good, but he has some kind of constant anger from within. Very often he discreetly thinks: "I'm a good person! I like to be closer to my children, especially to my son! But something is hindering inside. My son is annoying and angry with me. Each of his questions leads me to unbearable irritation and I cannot stand it. Maybe, I should let my son stop asking me his stupid questions and let him achieve some success in this life. Perhaps only then it will all pass! Yes! And when I retire and I calm down a bit and everything will be fine!!!"

I remember the day when Artem came home after one youth camp and our father went out to meet him. He did not look into the eyes of his son again, but looked somewhere outside and on the floor, as if embarrassed by his son and could not talk to him about anything, considering Artem as futile person and not adult yet. But the reason was not in Artem, as three days later Artem began to receive regular portions of humiliation, screaming, angry and scowls towards Artem.

I remember how one of our distant relatives, who had become very rich, came to visit our father. He helped us once in a difficult moment, giving us financial assistance. When our father met that man and drank some strong drinks, his eyes were shining with happiness. Our dad told him the sweetest, laudatory words of love and good. He said to him: "My friend! You are not just a friend to me, you are more than a friend to me. I am very glad to meet you warmly and tell you that I have always valued our friendship. You can address me with absolutely any request. I will give you any help with great joy."

I am sure that if our father accidentally found out that Artem became a millionaire, then Artem would not have to listen to no offensive words during the day. I imagine the picture: Ten o'clock in the morning, the father is going to get angry, get irritated with Artem because he helps to do something to his father, but it is not right. But suddenly a bell rings and Artem gets to know that he inherited in a will from some distant relative or won a stunning amount in the lottery, and only Artem has the right to dispose of this fortune. I think that our father would have never say anything offensive to Artem for all day, thinking about the fact that he will get a certain amount of money. Embarrassed by the apology and looking somewhere outside, he would begin to pretend to smile and pretend that there were no offenses on his part. But even if they were, then his smile and closed mouth would apologize for his behavior, hiding the words: "You can't even hold screws normally! And where do you get it from?!"

I have a friend whose parents behaved exactly the same. This guy has not been able to find a job for a long time. His parents did not like that, and they began to offend him and tell him that he simply did not want to work. They

engaged in ad hominem attacks with him and called him "a stupid child". Not existing love and respect for him disappeared in their eyes immediately. Of course, when this guy achieved a success

and began to earn much more than his parents, the parents' eyes shone again. And they began to treat their son much better. Once the parents of this guy burned down the house, which they have been built for almost fifteen years. Fortunately, everyone was safe and sound. Their son just went to the bank, withdrew a certain amount from his account, gave it to his parents and said: "Build a new house or buy another one." His mother shed a tear of joy and said: "We are proud of you, son. You're clever." Mom could not even imagine that these words would upset her own son, because he felt inside of himself why and for what they treated him so. He remembered his childhood, youth, a time when he could not find a job! He remembered the time when his mother and father did not believe in him, remembered all the words that they had told him before, looked down and did not say anything. His sadness and grief blinded his eyes with tears. His mother, seeing his wet eyes, decided that it was a tear of joy. But he was thinking about something else. He understood that his mother was spiritually dead, and did not have humility and love inside. I think if this guy would ask his mother: "Why do you start treating me better when I got money?" Then, surely, his mother would answer him: "What?! We treat you as we always did before, because you are our only beloved son!" It will be hard to believe in these words, because the facts speak quite differently. Sometimes, his mother would say: "Go away and do not come until you find a job." What did this young man feel? It is not known how long this humiliation could last, if the guy did not find a job and did not get rich. But this is only one of a thousand stories like that. And how many cases there are where fathers completely turn away from their children, just because they did not follow in their footsteps, only for the fact that their son chose a different profession. He chose the profession that his father did not want. His father probably wanted his son to become a general or maybe someone else, for example, a policeman, a doctor, a lawyer. But the son did not become what his father wanted to. Of course, the father was upset, because all the children of his friends became generals. Is it really necessary to stop loving and respecting your children because of this?

I have two girlfriends. The mother of one girl always said: "You are your own mistress in this life! No one should ever be reckoned with! If you are offended by a word, then offend in response even harder!" Another friend of mine was saying something completely different: "In this life you live in a society! It is necessary to love and accept people as they are. If you are offended, then try not to offend in response, but on the contrary, peacefully solve the problem and love people." Looking at these girls you can see very different views. One is filled with malice, discontent, psychosis, suspiciousness, speculation and vengeance, and another – with love, peace, the desire to help their family and other people.

I had a very hard time, when I consciously began to break myself and change my character completely. Everything begins with the realization that a person thinks, speaks and does evil, doing absolutely wrong. Many people need to change their views, beliefs, ways of thinking and way of life. Yes, a person who carries light and love should not ask himself the question: "And maybe I'm doing something that is absolutely not right? Can I become evil again because many people do not understand my love and kindness?" In fact, all these questions are false, since evil always persecutes a person, dreaming to eat him from within, and sweep out of it holy love. If a person removes love from the heart, what then will fill it?

My father always jokingly told Artem: "Deceive your neighbor or neighbor will deceive you. Take it away from your neighbor or neighbor will take it away from you." All these words were said as a joke, but still they were firmly deposited in my mind and in the consciousness of my brother. After these words Artem became different. He began to look at people with disbelief and anger, scrolling in his head the following thoughts: "All people are evil. Everyone wants to deceive me and take everything from me. Man is a wolf to man." Artem lost his inner peace. And it was difficult to ken Artem after communicating with our father. Over time, our father began to see more shortcomings than he had seen them before in Artem. In other words, our father saw only the bad in him, and also saw what he was so unbearably irritated and repelled with.

Therefore, every person has a very important choice in his life. Either he is angry and multiplies his anger, and sees only evil in people, or he closes the source of grumbling, hatred, psychosis forever and begins to love, praise, encourage, endure and multiply love, mercy, humility and reason. The choice will have to be done to every person. Nobody can escape from this. Either a person is constantly angry, hates and gets irritated, or a person constantly loves, does good deeds and speaks only good things. I'm sure, there is no reason to despair and be upset for those who love evil deeds and words because they have to replace evil deeds with good ones. This disorder is just habitual and deceptive.

I remember how Artem went into the yard of our house and felt rejected, lonely and humiliated, although his parents were alive. All that our father gave him were insults, irritation and anger. Undoubtedly, the father took care of him and said in his heart: "I, after all, feed my children and potter about the garden and repair our house for the last money. So, I fit into the standard of good fathers."

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