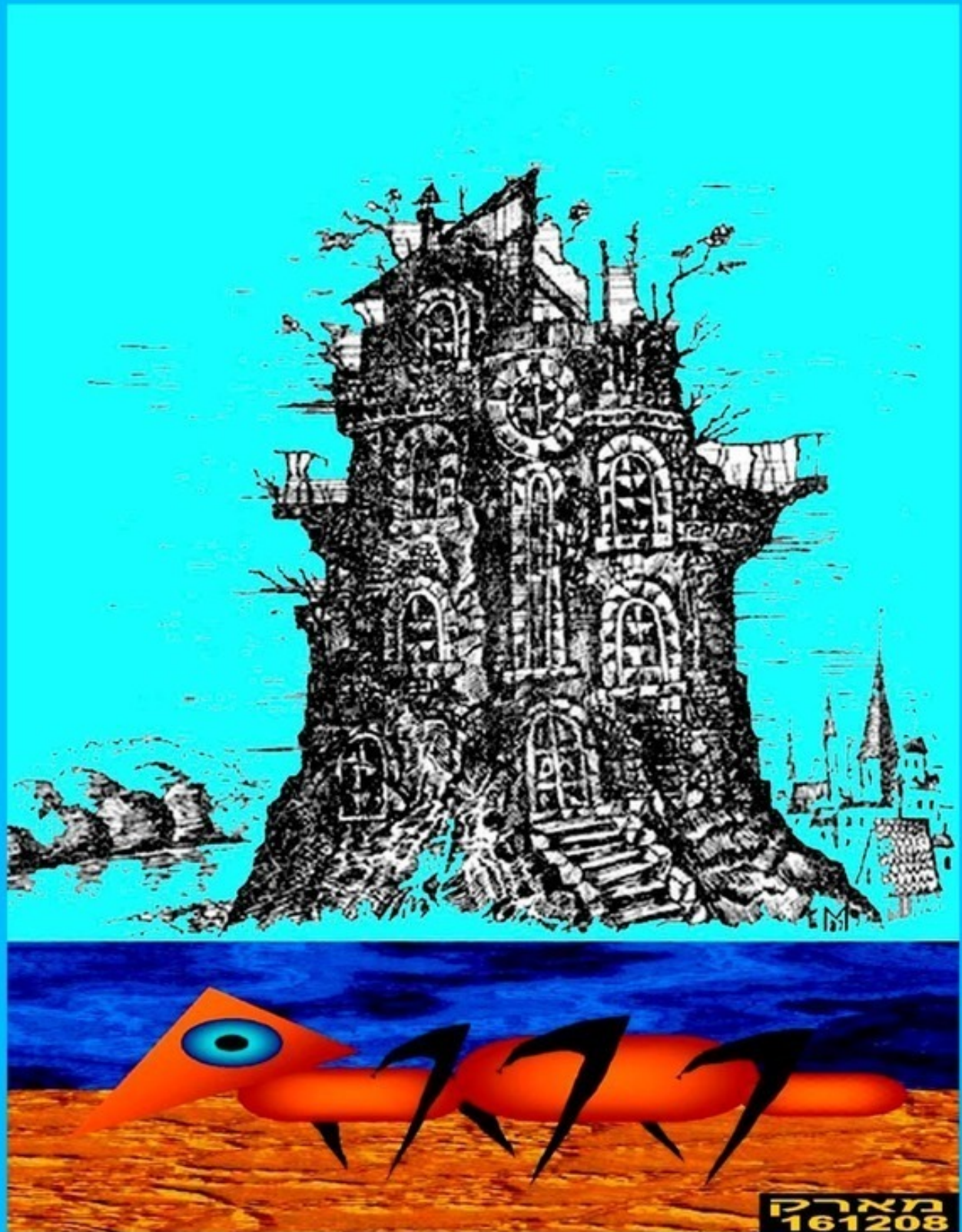


Andrey Prudkovskii



Trilogy of Dhana and the Earth

Book one. End of the world

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**Trilogy of Dhana and the Earth.
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«Издательские решения»

Prudkovskii A.

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Conceiving this novel, I drew an attention to the fact that the main conflicts on which the plots of most novels are based are connected with a person's desire for the inappropriate: for unearned money, fame, power, pleasure and women. So it occurred to me to write a novel based on conflicts of a different kind. Let the majority of the characters in my novel strive for the happiness of mankind. And let the conflict be connected only with a different understanding the paths to this happiness.

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The novel was conceived by me in the eighties of the last century. Even then, I drew an attention to the fact that the main conflicts on which the plots of most novels are based are connected with **aperson’s desire for the inappropriate**: for unearned money, fame, power, pleasure and women. So it occurred to me to write a novel based on conflicts of a different kind. Let the majority of the characters in my novel strive for the happiness of mankind. And let the conflict be connected only with a different understanding of this happiness and the paths to it.

I compiled an approximate list of the main characters of my first book, granted them powers and superpowers, settled them in mythical countries on our Earth, so that they could lead humanity to a bright future! To my surprise, in spite of benevolent intentions, they organized an all-planet massacre and as a result, giving up the power to aliens, but it’s good that it was not to the full extent. Just so my first book with the title **“End of the World”** appeared.

Somehow coping with all the problems, I left my heroes for a thousand years. During this time, under the control of aliens, the problems of my heroes didn’t decrease, and the other way around a lot of new ones appeared. And then the reptilians got into a game. For many thousands of years they have been hiding in caves underground. The second book was called **“War with the Reptilians”**.

After the win over the reptilians, I wanted to finish my novel already. But looking into the future of the Earth after thousand years, I saw a very sad picture. Something was again quite out of order. It will be necessary to fight again! But with whom? It seems that life on the Earth was established, and there was simply no evident enemy. Thus was written the third book of the novel, called **“The Invisible Enemy”**.

The action of the trilogy takes place not only on the Earth, but also on other planets of the nearest cosmos: inhabited “Dhana”, “Rable”, and as yet uninhabited “Dark”, not far from which functions an alien connection station – a space station “Junction”.

Comparison of the worldview of people with different approaches to life was another object of the trilogy. In this respect, much attention is paid to religion, not only to that of Earth, but also to alien one. This is done not with the aim to popularize or criticize this or that religion, but just to compare the worldview of believers and irreligious creatures.”

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Characters of the first book of the novel (dates are given in relation to the conditional date: uew, aew until and after the end of the world)

Upyg and Radogast – two alien observers which are bioconstructions created by two competing alien civilizations to observe the Earth civilization. The action of the novel refers to the end of the fifty-thousand-year period when the fate of humanity should be decided in the Galactic Association of Intelligent Civilizations (**GAIC**). Upyg and Radogast possess superpowers, such as reading thoughts, practical immortality, but they do not have the right to directly intervene in the life of earthlings.

UYU – very old evil sorcerer from Dhana planet, subsequently is the immortal emperor **KUU** of the country of Khem on the Earth.

Raa – he was born in the 50th year until the end of the world in a primeval forest on the planet of Dhana. His parents are unknown. He died in the 6th year after the end of the world.

Siegle – she was also born in the 50th year until the end of the world in the tribe of the Ant Lords on the planet of Dhana, later the wife of Ra, died in the 15th year after the end of the world.

Raa and Siegle children – they was born on the planet Dhana: daughter **Raegle (Rose)** was born in the 30th year until the end of the world, son **Rasieg** was born in the 4th year until the end of the world.

Valentina Semenovna Kotlovanova – she born approximately in the 60th year until the end of the world in Foundation Pit, his parents are unknown.

Semen Andreevich – he is one of the main secret agents of Upyg, apparently born in the 80th year until the end of the world, died in the 8th year until the end of the world on the same day as Valentina Semenovna Kotlovanova.

Lyuba – she is a daughter of Valentina Kotlovanova and Semen Andreevich, she was born in the 32nd year until the end of the world in the village No. 573 (Pitvill).

Twins Aleksandra, Maria – they were born on February 13, 50th year until the end of the world, in the village No. 573 (Pitvill) of Aleksander Serheyevich Ryaboy and his wife Lyubov Dmitrievna Ryabaya.

Radek (Radem, Ibn-Kalb) – he was born in the 28th year until the end of the world, his father is Ra, his mother is Aleksandra Aleksandrovna Ryabaya.

Petruha, Peter (Granddad Plop, the great warrior Yek-gush) – he was born around the 40th year until the end of the world in the inner-city slums, his parents are unknown.

Raegle (Rose) – she was born in the 30th year until the end of the world, died in the 18th year after the end of the world.

Children of Rose and Peter:

Polina (the 7th year until the end of the world), **Valentina** (the 5th year until the end of the world), **Raisa** (the 3rd year until the end of the world), **Daria** (the 1st year until the end of the world), **Lidia** (the 4th year until the end of the world), **Maria** (the 7th year after the end of the world), **Lyuba** (the 10th year after the end of the world), **Petya** (the 15th year after the end of the world).

Levushka the Little Fox (the 9th year until the end of the world) – deaf-mute, later the Master of the Earth and the Magical Fox.

Bartolomew (the 3rd year until the end of the world) – he is the son of Lyuba and Radek.

Padre John – he is an Orthodox churchman. Dates of birth and death, as well as biographical data are unknown.

Georgiy (3rd year until the end of the world), **Nadezhda** (10th year after the end of the world) – children of Padre John and Nina (Naily – Ethiopian).

Aleksandr Zotov – he is an astronaut who was one of the first to visit Dhana.

Said the fun – he is the Marazian Sheikh, his son is **Said junior (Bars)** (21st year until the end of the world).

Timothy (Ahmed) – he is an inventor, a friend of Petruha.

Della – she is a gypsy, the sister of the mother of the early deceased girl Rose, whose name Raegle used.

Sara – she is the daughter of earthly immigrants, was born on Dhana in the 1st year after the end of the world, later the wife of Rasieg.

Introduction from the storyteller

My friend suggested that I publish my research on the end of the world that happened 50 years ago. I doubt very much that there are still those who wish to delve into the past. Are you interested in these events of ancient times; you, before whom hundreds of inhabited planets, hundreds of civilizations living on them are open...?

I am a translator and systematizer, because I translate and systematize a bunch of dissimilar manuscripts related to this event, which upended the entire order of life on Earth. I wrote this beautiful phrase and immediately wondered if this was true. What actually happened in year zero, that this year is now considered the year of the new reckoning on the globe?

To be honest, this year just nothing special happened. There seemed to be no major disasters, the weather was ordinary, the sun was still shining, there was no war, it ended three years before. People who lived in zero year still did not suspect that they were living just at that time, which they would later solemnly call the year of the end of the world.

But no, the one significant event did happen – an alien spaceship arrived on the Earth. Maybe you think that this is what made earthlings admit that the end of the world has come. It's no such matter. Firstly, this was by no means the first alien ship to visit the Earth, although the previous ones observed this or that disguise, but this one arrived openly. Secondly, perhaps you think that aliens immediately landed from this ship and began to teach earthlings reason, which was perceived as the end of the world. So, and this did not happen! There were no aliens. There was an alien ship, but there were no aliens then. And what a normal alien will agree to sit for a hundred years inside some piece of iron to spend a week on a provincial semi-wild planet, where it has not yet been tidied up after all the outrages that happened before the end of the world!

Of course this ship was fully automated; there were no living creatures on it. He did not stay on the Earth for a long time: it seems like a month, maybe a little more. It mounted a device that would be called the "house of ghosts" on the Earth, and flew away. By itself he took about a hundred people from the Earth and drove them to the Dhana.

Now they began to forget what Dhana is. Indeed, now before humanity is opened a huge cosmos. There are thousands of civilizations and you can study anyone. And what is Dhana? It seems like a semi-primitive planet. So... let's look at the catalog of planets that are inhabited by intelligent creatures. There is Dhana, but with the mark "supposedly reasonable" and "no visits" – that's about it. They all forgot about it and, but in vain because it was the first planet where our spacecraft discovered intelligent life.

Well, I wrote this and think that again that I wrote not quite the truth. There were no these spaceships, but there was only one small spaceship that survived only two flights to Dhana, and then it was decommissioned and lost somewhere in the difficult war years. Of course, it discovered an intelligent life, but nothing was known to the general public. The main discoverers were rotten in a psychiatric hospital, and although there were some studies, but almost nobody knew anything about them since they were strictly classified and used for military purposes.

Do you understand the complexity of my task now? I am trying to describe the most grandiose event on the globe – the end of the world. And there's nothing to write about. But there was something!

Or maybe the whole thing is in the characteristics of the psyche of the earthlings? Now the people are close enough and at times, I must say, they are too closely familiar with many aliens and you can notice the significant differences between humans and other alien civilized creatures. The first thing you can notice is the unbridled imagination of the earthlings. Aliens never fantasize. Usually

they always tell only the truth, although not the whole truth, and if they lie, then for serious (from their point of view) reasons. The second thing that distinguishes the earthlings is wild forgetfulness. Aliens remember everything and all in their brain is well-organized and available for use at any time. Maybe this is simply due to the age of their civilizations. Maybe we, the earthlings will remember everything in a couple of a thousand years. But then we can stop fantasizing. And so, having met several dozens of aliens, honestly speaking, you can be very disappointed. Yes, they know a lot! Yes, they remember any and all. But, oh God, what a boring persons they are! No fantasy!

Well, I wanted to write about the end of the world, but took up my favourite thing – criticizing these boring and overly smart aliens. So, go back to the topic. Maybe the word “end” is simply related to our habit of looking for ends and beginnings in everything. Think a little while moving away from your habits. Well, where did you get the idea that each phenomenon must have the end and the beginning!? Well, there are no such objects in the nature!!! The end and the beginning is purely our human abstraction, like the concept of a point in geometry. In fact, as you look, the end or the beginning is a process that is smoothly stretched over time.

After a somewhat protracted introduction, it’s time to cut to the chase. Of course, since everyone says that it was the end of the world, it remains to agree that it really was. It is generally accepted that the end of the world occurred in the noughties. And I tell you that it happened for some fairly long time, and maybe now, in the 50th year after the end of the world, everything is still happening. And the noughties are simply the conditional middle of this process, which everyone calls the end of the world. Therefore, we begin the description of events with a symmetrical relative to the present moment of the 50th year until the end of the world.

Now let’s get started!

“Radogast! Radogast!”

“I hear you, Upyg!”

“You lose! 50 thousand years are running out.”

“Until the end of the world still are 50 years!”

“And over these years you will prove that people are reasonable?! Well, well!”

Chapter 1. 50—35 years uew (Until the end of the world) Birth of Raa

First of all, I would like to talk about two people who played a significant role in the subsequent events related to the end of the world. Only a few people on the Earth know about their fate. Firstly this is mother Valya (Valentina Semenovna Kotlovanova). They remembered her as a caring midwife, then as the director of the hospital, but only her daughter Lyuba knew about other activities of hers... Secondly, Raa – Raa the Great, the holy warrior of Dhana, but only his son, Radek, knew about his earthly life... According to my information, Lyuba and Radek are on Dhana now and it is not possible to question them. Only their diaries and letters remained and I also a copy of the sacred Red Book of Dhana fell into my hands, compiled by Rose (Raegele), the daughter of Raa and his wife Siegle.

So, Raa was born on Dhana in a wild forest inhabited by terrible unknown creatures.

From Red Book of Dhana

Raa the Great was born in the Sacred Forest. His father was Han the Sun, and the mother was Dhana the Earth. After birth, the parents gave the child to the fierce sacred ants. And the fierce sacred ants did not tear the baby into small pieces, but carried it to Those – Who – Command – the Ants to raise a Supernal child in the wisdom and the power of the Supernal number four.

As you know, no one can become the Lord of the Ants without being born to them, but the Supernal Raa became him, and the Lord of the Ants Fatidic Siegle, who was then still five years old, swore allegiance to him and became his wife.

From the notes of Radek Reksovich about his father



The hollow tree where Ra was born.

My father Raa was born in a dense forest on the planet of Dhana. Here's how he told me about his childhood:

Imagine an ordinary dense forest on the planet Dhana. Under the square Sun are huge but square on a cut trees. Under them are bushes, sundews, poisonous cobwebs, swallowing lawns, false pegs and everyone catches their game animal, which crawls, runs, jumps but just does not fly. Only mushrooms fly, scattering their spores. In a huge tree there is a hollow hut, and in it is dad, mom and a child of about five:

“Mom! ... Boring!”

“Well, go tease the stump... Take the basket and collect the zingwas. Just do not go into the cobweb – it is poisonous (if anyone does not know, zingwa is a kind of mould on the Ingwas – trees that grow on Dhana).”

“Mom, why is it all the same here? Why is nothing happening?!”

Dad:

“You shouldn’t **wishthis**, because desires are sometimes fulfilled!”

And my desires, my dear child, were fulfilled with frightening inevitability. I just played with the old stub, and suddenly my father and mother grab me, wrap me in several layers of soft white-tree bark and demand that I be silent and not move.

The rustle of thousands of feet, the stifling smell of acid, the gnashing of jaws clenching me... There is the last mental cry and then the silence. The telepathic connection with parents, which until now has not been interrupted for a moment, has disappeared forever. They carry me, carry me. A day or two or three – into the unknown world.

And now imagine an anthill on the planet of Dhana. It looks like an ordinary earthly, only adjusted for the growth of ants. On Dhana, they are of human height. Of course, around the anthill everything is trampled for a kilometer – not a blade of grass, just dust. Ants rush with soft rustling like cars on our roads. There are people here, each with a small water bottle with formic acid on the belt, which they periodically spray on. All calmly go about their errands. They wash and hang clothes, collect mushrooms and mould, a detachment of hunters riding on ants’ rides to a distant forest, women carry formic milk from below, and young people play with rodent ants. The goal of the game is to beg the ant for what it carries. This is done this way: they take two sticks and in a certain rhythm tap them on the ant whiskers. If everything is done correctly, then the ant will give the carrying.

Little Siegle is five today, the age when the children of the tribe of the Lords of the Ants are solemnly declared adults. She, like everyone else, rushes along the edge of the anthill, trying to intercept one or another rodent ant. One of the ants stumbles upon her and knocks her down. Here you can’t yawn; otherwise they will vividly consider you food. Siegle quickly taps the password “friend” on the ant moustache and a request to give her the white bundle that is clamped in his jaws. The ant relieves its burden with relief and disappears inside the anthill. He needs food and rest after a long expedition. Siegle scarcely drags a heavy bale to her home. What did she get? A real living boy – he is sleeping!

“Take it to the ants. Let it be eaten, anyway we can’t save it!” – The mother says.

“No, he’s mine. I’ll take care of him.”

“The Elder will not let you do this!”

“I will blandish them!”

“The Elder cannot be blandishing. They do everything only according to the Law – according to the Great Law of the Four Truths, about which, my little one, you still do not know anything. But you can speak on the Council yourself, because from today you are already an adult.”

Siegle on the Council

Elder:

“The law says: **a stranger who appears near an anthill must be given to ants.**”

Siegle:

“My mom said that you decide according to the **Law of the Four Truths**, but for now you have informed me only one. And what do the other three **TRUTIONS** say?”

Elder:

“They will not help you. Listen: **if a stranger appeared near the anthill through no fault of his and the ants didn’t touch him, then he should be taken to the nearest forest within two days and released. When the same stranger reappears, the basic rule of the Law is applied to him. So tells the second TRUTH.**

If a stranger is needed by the tribe and invited by its members, then he is a guest and can remain on the territory of the tribe for 10 days, while a guardian is appointed, who must all the time stay with the Guest all these 10 days. So tells the third TRUTH.

According to the second TRUTH, you can take a stranger to the forest, but it is dangerous because you are small and fail to protect him from a running ant. However, he will also be eaten in the forest.”

Siegle:

“No, it’s not that. And what is the fourth TRUTH?”

Elder:

“This truth does not suit you. Moreover – it is generally impossible!”

Siegle:

“Tell it!”

Elder:

“**If a member of the tribe of the Lords of the Ants decided to connect his life with a stranger, becoming his husband or wife, then he is obliged to take full responsibility for the stranger’s behaviour and to prove to the tribe within a year that the stranger can become one of us. Otherwise he becomes a stranger and forever expelled from the tribe together with his ward.**”

Siegle:

“That suits me. I will be his wife!”

Elder:

“???????? – Let it be!”

Mother:

“She is only five.”

Elder:

“The law says: **at the age of five, the child becomes an adult and is responsible for his decisions.** Let it be as she decided! And may you have no other husband besides what you chose! This is what the law says!”

A year had gone by. Siegle and Raa were inseparable. They played, worked and studied together. A year later, the Elders recognized that Raa had no difference in his skills from other children of his age. He was no worse than others in talking to ants with a “stick code”, asking for a drop of sweet food from them or what they carried, did not forget to spray himself with acid, and even once before everyone’s eyes he rode on an ant. So Ra became one of the Lords of Ants.

From the Registry Office of the village No. 573 (Pitvill)

Aleksandra and Maria are twins, born on February 13, 50th year until the end of the world.
Parents: father – Aleksandr Sergeyevich Ryaboy, mother – Lyubov Dmitrievna Ryabaya.

From the records of Sasha's and Masha's neighbour – Valentina Semenovna Kotlovanova

Sasha and Masha grew up before my eyes. They are good girls. Sasha loved to say: – I'm not Sasha! I am Aleksandra!

They got a difficult fate. Father drank. At home it was hungry. I often fed them. When they were 10 years old, their father died, and a year later their mother died.

By that time, the girls had matured and coped well with their non-consuming economy. Mostly they ate food from their garden, and some of the villagers helped. They had no money. They wore clothes given by the state, and received it in the school for poor. The girls grew up large, strong, but they didn't have any admirers, apparently, it was due to their unfortunate surname Ryabaya, therefore, maybe they possessed no outstanding beauty. And the guys were afraid of their heavy hands and a severe look. After the eighth form, Masha became a milkmaid, and Sasha suddenly left for the city.

Explanation of Lyuba, daughter of Valentina Semenovna

I think the history of our village¹ and the fate of my mother needs to be told.

The village was inhabited by all the servicemen, who must prepare food, wash clothes, and sew up their pants. But nobody from the village stuck their noses into the pit. There were only some people in uniform, those designated as “secret ones”. Then the pit was either finished or abandoned – in general, no one knows about this. Those in uniform went off somewhere. And where did the convicts go – no one knows. Just before departure, a young soldier came to the village and took out a roll bending from his bosom:

“Here,” he said, “Valentina, she's an unaccounted girl, she's not been registered anywhere, so grow her yourself as you want, and let her patronymic be Semenovna, I will share my name with her.”

We were surprised by the kindness and courage of the soldier. After all, the girl was the child of the convicts, but he was not afraid – he carried her and even gave her his own name as patronymic.

That is how my mother grew up as everyone's favourite; they gave her the surname Kotlovanova. She has been to each house of the village, everywhere she got taught something new. She became Jill of all trades. People even came to her to be healed. As the girl became an adult, she was provided with an abandoned hut; she finished and fixed it. Never got married though – lived all by herself. She repeated: “I am Semenova, I will remain like this.” As if she knew! Once that Semen came back to our village. He drove a black car, with the retinue – he became a great man. They spent the whole day in the foundation pit, behind the barbed wire. I don't know what happened there, but people heard how loudly Semen shouted. There were rumors that supposedly we are about to be resettled, farther from the secrets! But it went fine. Semen stayed overnight in our house. His retinue located in the tent near our house, they either slept or guarded him. In a year I was born, hence I am Semenovna too. By that time, our neighbor Aleksandra has already been working in the city, and the milkmaid Maria has been bringing me, little girl, milk. Auntie Maria often babysitted with me, when mom left for the city. There she studied at the courses of midwives-nurses. From the city she always brought presents and letters to aunt Maria from her sister Aleksandra. For some reason, the sisters never used mail.

From Aleksandra's letter to her sister Maria

Dear Maria,

I am doing alright, do not worry! I earn enough; live in a separate apartment...

¹ The village received its name, Pitvill, because of the huge foundation pit nearby (The Foundation Pit by Andrei Platonov (1930) <http://www.sovlit.net/foundationpit/>). Convicts dug the foundation pit, but it is unknown why and for what purpose.

At first it scared me being here! First things first.

I arrived. There were thousands of people. They were running, hustling. A uniformed galloped up to me, asking:

“Lady, do you need help?”

He took my suitcase and walked on, I followed him. And then I heard somebody screaming:

“Watch your steps! You’ve crushed me!”

I looked under my feet – there was a kiddy about 6 years old.

“I am Petruha-the-ragged-ear” he said and showed me his ragged ear “you can’t step on me!”

Then I looked around, and that one – with my suitcase – vanished into thin air. I ran out to the square. Cars are buzzing... No suitcase, anywhere! No money, no stuff, no books... I’m standing burst out crying in the middle of the square, and people are running, they don’t look around, cars go around me... Nobody cares about me. Then it buzzed, went motorcyclists in black. The police guard shouts:

“Move, move!” – pushing me somewhere, but he couldn’t shift me. I was too heavy... And the buzz was getting closer. A big black car is racing. The guard became wheyfaced, put his hand to his head and froze. And I rooted to the ground. I stood, with my mouth opened. The car stopped, and some small, but, an important person came out of it.

“What is going on?” – he asked. Everyone is silent. Then it hit me:

“I’m from Pitvill. I arrived here, but my suitcase was stolen!”

“Now we will check from what Pitvill. There is no such village! And there wasn’t! Get in the car.”

I sat petrified and we drove. And the car howls and howls, plug your ears, if don’t want to become deaf.

We arrived somewhere. Well, at least my passport remained in my bosom. He took it and says:

“What is Pitvill? Here – in the passport it says that you live in the village number 573, not a word said about Pitvill.

“Excuse me,” I said, “but no one can remember this number 573, everyone says Pitvill, and I said so.”

“Okay,” he said “to hell with Pitvill. Tell me!”

“Tell what?”

“Tell me everything! About your whole life. Come on, look at me!”

And he looked at me so menacingly that something died inside me, and I began to tell him everything. And here is the thing – now I don’t remember anything about it. What did I tell him? What happened next?..

I woke up in the middle of nowhere. It was sort of a hospital. No clothing, no passport, I only had a gown on – white, long, apparently, hospital. I tried the door-handle – it was locked.

A nurse dressed white came in. She washed me, gave breakfast. She did not say a word, perhaps, she was completely deaf. So I lived in this hospital for three days. Finally, someone came: “Get ready, let’s go.”

This nurse quickly dressed me in a public baggy robe. We went out and got into the car. And again I appeared in a room, where I was telling everything. The head came in and said:

“Aleksandra Aleksandrovna, we have checked everything. You will work with us. The salary is good. The work is interesting, important, but secret.

So, to you, sister, I will not write anything about it.

“You will be provided with a separate apartment. And buy a car in a year or so, with your salary you will be able to allow it. You will call me Semen Andreevich. If you have any difficulties, contact my deputy first of all, and if not, then directly me. “Between us,” he said “I am familiar with Pitvill very well. It will be necessary to go there, see what is what. Oh, by the way, here is your suitcase!”

And here I felt gratitude and love for this man, which I can't describe.
So, since then I've been working...
Write me back soon!
Yours, Aleksandra

From the tales of Granddad Plop told to his grandchildren

My dear children, you all live in a beautiful green forest, you are full, dressed, and everyone loves you. And I was born in a terrible wild city where no one loved each other. And sometimes people even killed each other. That's what a dreadful place I lived in being your age. If you go up that hill and look north, that city will be visible on the horizon in the form of a dirty black spot. Savage people live there now. And now there is poisoned soil and air. So you kids never go there. In my childhood, a thousand times more people lived in the city than now. And then my name was Petruha-the-ragged-ear because, as you can see, one ear really is all ragged. I lived at the station and at the market, and ate what I managed to steal. You, children, must not steal, as doing this is not good. But in the wild city where I was born, without theft I simply could not feed myself, as I was still a little boy and couldn't work. You might ask why not I ate grass or bark of trees. I will answer: back then people still did not know how to eat only grass. And now those in the city do not know how to do this. And my wife, my sorceress Rose, taught us to eat grass. But in the city this would not help either. There was little grass there.

So, consequently, I stole at the station and the market. Once the traders caught me, beat me up, and dragged me by the ear. Since then I became – a ragged ear boy. And soon something happened that changed my whole further life. Back then I stole in league with the swindler Black eye. His name was because he actually had a black eye. Apparently he was once punched in such a way that it remained with him for life. He was a neat and polite swindler. He was never rude with anyone and took things from people in thirty three ways, but always very politely and without the slightest disrespect. Once we were standing at the train station, looking at the crowd of arriviers, and there she was – a lady! Well, a thief's dream to be honest! Big, charmless, with extremely naive eyes, dumbly blinking.

Black eye said:
“Come on!”

And I was still gazing at the lady. And it's not that I felt sorry for her, but rather felt myself uncomfortable. That, as my wife Rose says, your foresight stirred.

Meanwhile, Black eye approached the lady and took her suitcase. Then I did my part. I rolled under the lady's feet and point on my ear. While she peered with her daylight's at my ear, Black eye pinched the suitcase in the backstreet. You might ask what do on Earth “daylights' and “pinched' mean. Children, that's what we called eyes, and pinched stands for stole. There my role ended, I would have to run to Black eye to share the booty, but I did not run – I stood still, I observed what the lady is about to do next. But she did nothing. I ran out to the square where the cars were, standing crying. Cars buzz – they drove around her, but she did not understand. I kept on the watch: what would happen next? Maybe the police guard would take her somewhere. I waited till not the police guard took it, but the black car. And this was just even worse. We have already had legends about this car. If a thief saw it, he did not remain at large for long. Some kind of mysticism.

I said to Black eye:
“That's it, we got into muddle!”

And he told him everything as it was. Black eye turned pale with fright, he immediately got on the train and got away in an unknown direction. Even the suitcase he left to me. But I didn't leave, because I was little, and I didn't steal. But still, they sent me to a military school for difficult kids two days later. What they taught me there is nothing good. They taught me how to kill people. I have been

studying there for eight years, and then I was sent to Marazia to defend our country from Marazian savages. You have asked about the barbarians of Marazia – no, they were no more barbarians than the inhabitants of my hometown. Although, of course, they were very different in appearance. Their skin was darker, they had black hair and brown eyes. They lived not in stone houses, but in adobe houses or even in tents or caves. But they were not savages. It was simply their custom to fight us, and ours was to fight them. But I will tell you later of what happened to me in Marazia.

Chapter 2. 35 – 30 year uew

The teachings of the **FOUR TRUTHS**

The system of **FOUR TRUTHS** is replacing religion on Dhana, it could be born only in this unique world, where all living creatures strive to show their angles, where even the sun looks square due to refraction. Getting to the story of this indigenous “religion”, I am trying to give you the key to understanding the worldview of the people of Dhana, biologically identical to us, earthlings, but far from us in spirit.

From the Red book of Dhana

Having perceived all the wisdom of humans and the wisdom of nature, and the wisdom of your father – the Sun, given to him from birth, the Great Raa planned to perceive all the wisdom of the world of demons. Since, having perceived all four ways, he would become omniscient. It was not easy on the holy Dhana ground to find a way in the world of demons – the way there goes only through a truly evil person. But to find such a person in Dhana, where telepathic communication is everywhere, is almost impossible, because an evil person is simply intolerant in any community, as the one irritating everyone by evil thoughts.

*And the **Great Raa** went to **the Deadly Swamps**, to the **Lost Island** – where there is no way in and no way out. And he found there a truly evil sorcerer named **UYU**. And the evil sorcerer made an immense bonfire from the **sacred trees of Ir**. He summoned the evil demons. And he sold them the **Great Raa**, having received for him 10 magic amulets. He laughed with a hideous laugh, so that the earth shook and the sky rumbled.*

From the memoirs of Radek Reksovich about his father

My father left me when I was only seven. Despite my young age, he was able to transfer me the knowledge of **theFOUR TRUTHS** in full. Such an early education was due to the fact that father lived in a constant wait of the death, and also due to that he had no other work, but my upbringing.

He was learnt **the FOUR TRUTHS** from **the wise Lords of Ants**. He mastered all the four rules of human and the four rules of nature for eight years of studying.

In their first year they were taught **thewisdom of HUNT**, which as it is known, consists of:

- **the wisdom of SEARCH;**
- **the wisdom of WAIT;**
- **the wisdom of TRICKS;**
- **the wisdom of NUTRITION.**

The last of these wisdoms cannot be fully understood until the second human rule – the **wisdom of NUTRITION** is mastered. They studied it in the second year.

As you know, the second rule also consists of four parts:

- **nutrition with EYES;**
- **nutrition with HANDS;**
- **nutrition with TEETH;**
- **nutrition with THOUGHTS.**

The last of these rules also cannot be understood without the next third human rule – **the wisdom of TAMING**, which is studied in the third year and which consists of:

- **taming by OBSERVATION;**

- **taming by FEEDING;**
- **taming by IMITATION;**
- **taming by TRANSFORMATION.**

The last of these four points is impossible without the fourth rule – **the wisdom of UNDERSTANDING:**

- **OF ONESELF;**
- **FROM ONESELF;**
- **TO ONESELF;**
- **AFTER ONESELF.**

The whole fourth human rule is impossible without **the NATURAL wisdom**, which is studied in accordance with its specific for more four years. And **the NATURAL wisdom** consists of four parts; the study of each is also requiring a whole year:

- **the wisdom of HEARING;**
- **the wisdom of VISION;**
- **the wisdom of APPEARANCE CHANGE;**
- **the wisdom of TRANSFORMATION.**

The wisdom of HEARING consists of four parts: the wisdom of ordinary hearing sounds and understanding their meaning, the wisdom of hearing people’s thoughts, the wisdom of hearing the thoughts of animals, grasses, trees and the wisdom of transmitting their thoughts to others, even by those who do not have the hearing ability.

The wisdom of VISION lies in seeing all the forms of the beings a person ever met. As it is known, stones have one appearance, animals and plants have two appearances, human has three, and deities have four. All these guises can be seen. Stones cannot see at all, animals and plants perceive only the first appearance, the one which is solid and similar to a stone, but they do not see the true appearance. An untrained person is like an animal, but a trained one sees two forms of all living beings: one that is like a stone, and the other like a fresh flower. But there are “people of substance” who, like my father, see both the appearances, like a stone, and the appearance, similar to the beauty of a flower, and the appearance, similar to the song of the flower. All people sing their own song, a song of their destiny, a song of their own fate, only few people hear this singing.

The wisdom of APPEARANCE CHANGE is the ability to change your initial outlook, the one that is like a stone. So those who see like animals cannot distinguish you from the one you imitate.

The wisdom of TRANSFORMATION lies in the ability to change not only the initial, but also the second appearance so that even those who see sometimes cannot notice the substitution.

Those who underwent this entire course were considered as “people of substance”, and only they could have children according to the laws of the tribe. My father perfectly studied the science of **the FOUR TRUTHS** and could turn into an ant (of course, a large one, which lives on Dhana) and a dog. Maybe he knew how to turn into something else too, but I only write about what I know. He never taught me this craft, but later on his teaching helped me to master some transformations, which I will discuss later.



Lovers Ra and Siegle in the forests of Dhana.

But back to my father's youth. Imagine laughing Raa and his wife Siegle in a wild forest on the planet Dhana. And later, riding on ants... The ant is not a horse, just merging with it mentally; you can inspire him to run to wherever you want. No weapons are required though – the terrible stings of ants will tear apart any predator, and the armored head and chest are perfectly protected from any attack from the front.

That way Raa and Siegle lived to twenty years, and twenty years is a special age. Let me explain: the first year that a person was born does not count – he lies and sucks the breast, then four-year-old is a child, he is nursed and taken care of. At five, he becomes an adult. If you multiply five by four, you get twenty. At twenty years old, if you were recognized as a “person of substance”, then a man – must accomplish a feat, a woman must give birth to a first child. Twenty years can also be multiplied by four is eighty. At eighty years old, if a man has completed a sufficient number of feats, he becomes a wiseman and he can educate young people, and a woman, if her children have all become “people of substance,” also becomes a wisewoman and can teach young women how to raise children, the art of picking herbs and treating diseases. But eighty years can also be multiplied by four – we get 320. But what happens to those who live to this age, I do not know, and my father did not know that as well. But something will certainly come!

So Raa said to Siegle:

“It's time for me to accomplish a feat; will you come with me to witness it?”

“Is it far to go?” asked Siegle.

“I want to go around the whole world on flying mushrooms. No one ever has done that before. Come on with me.”

“No,” said Siegle. “I will not fly with you. I'm having a baby on the way.”

And Raa found a huge mushroom, quite mellow and ready to take off. He scaled up on it, and the weeping Siegle cut the stipe with a wooden (metal was not mined at Dhana yet) knife. Then the mushroom released a stream of its spores and took off like a rocket into the sky. For many years now she would not see her beloved! And the mushroom flew through the air. And Raa covered some of the nozzles in front with his cloak – the mushroom winged even faster.



Scary evil sorcerer UYY.

The next thing Raa knew was that he floated above the Deadly Swamp. Then night fell, and it was unknown where the mushroom was flying and whether there was a chance of salvation. By the morning the mushroom was tired, its spores were exhausted, and it began to decline – and around the swamp there is bog, and swamp monsters were wambling everywhere in the bog, blowing bubbles, waiting for someone to eat! And Raa fell into the imminent swamp, and prepared for a nasty death. But! He tested the bottom under his feet, and all of the sudden touched a trail, even though dirty, but passable. And he went on and on for four days and four nights and came up to the black hut under a high hill.

And on the hill grow sacred Ir-trees. The evil sorcerer **UYY** came out the black hut. Raa heard the wicked thoughts of the sorcerer, and he started trembling, but it was too late. The sorcerer has casted a spell on him, and Raa should have done everything that the sorcerer wanted. And he began to work for a sorcerer and worked for four days and four nights: he cut down four sacred Ir-trees by order of **UYY** and made a great magic fire on top of the hill. And the sorcerer **UYY** began to throw magical herbs into the fire and cast unknown spells. And the demons appeared from heaven in a thunder and lightning on their demonic flying ferry. And **UYY** sold my father to the demons for ten amulets: two knives, two iron torches, two battery-powered electric torches, two mirrors and two lighters. There were two pieces of all objects, and this is no accident, because the villain **UYY** did not recognize the light of **the FOUR TRUTHS**, but professed the power of the number **TWO**. He said: “The Sun-Khan and the Earth – Dhana – there are two of them. I am one and all other people are two, good to people and evil to me – again two.” And so on. Listing all this is a sin, and hearing about it is harmful either. That’s what my father taught me.

From the memoirs of Aleksandr Zotov, the commander of the first reached Dhana spacecraft

Famously, in the fiftieth year uew, the wandering star P666 approached our solar system, and a planet was discovered next to it.

There were three of us. In the year of 30 uew, our spaceship approached an unknown planet. Having entered a circular orbit, we found that it resembled the Earth, its atmosphere was oxygen-

nitrogen, dense forests, rivers, lakes, but there were no seas and oceans – instead there were huge swamps. No mountains either. On one of the hills they noticed a great bonfire, it was a sign of civilization. The spaceship made one last circuit and landed right next to the fire. And what was discovered?! Yes, there was a living being, but what a strange one. His appearance, his dirt evoked in my mind some terrible tales of trolls. Oddly enough, there was no language barrier. He seized ours meaning at once, and sometimes without words at all. For some reason, we understood him either. He was a true savage, he longed for gifts and promised to thank. For some reason, he asked for everything in duplicate. We gave him a couple of small things. Immediately the idea arose to take him to Earth for further research. He smiled creepy and pulled some dirty aboriginal from the bushes. The native himself climbed into the ship without requests and violence. Then our time was over, and we blasted off.

The aborigine was washed, dressed, and we saw that he was a young, handsome lad, thin, dark-skinned, height was below average, with iridescent eyes: at first they were black, then brown, and sometimes, when he laughed, they were gray or even blue.

In a month, he learned some words and was able to communicate with us. He said that their planet was called Dhana, and the star was Khan, that his name was Raa, and the terrible one who sent him is the sorcerer UYY.

We all loved Raa and coddled of him as best we could during the flight. Unfortunately, after landing, we did not find Raa on the ship.

Now we are being treated by psychiatrists. They say that all these are the things of that sorcerer from Dhana. That there was no young lad Raa, and we just saw a colorful dream lasting four months. Who knows, but until I believe this, I will be staying in the hospital.

Raa's notes on life in the land of demons

UYY is evil! Evil is defined by the number two! Are demons evil or not?

No answer! There is no constancy in demons nature, evil and good, numbers two and four are intertwined in their nature. Four main rules of the demons:

- **writing;**
- **reading;**
- **pencil;**
- **paper.**

Writing allows one to preserve the wisdom of the current day for ages.

Reading allows one to restore what was previously saved.

Pencil and paper are two magical items that allow you to read and write. Pencil is a symbol of wood and coal; and coal is the black soul of the earth. Paper is the pure white soul of sacred trees. Now the viciousness of the demons is clear. The numbers four and two are always replacing each other. All adult demons comprehended the first two rules: writing and reading, but there are very few who can create pencils and paper. And without these two amulets, neither writing nor reading is possible. The demons did not want to teach all the four rules, but they took shrewd. The demons came up with money – a magical amulet, with which you can get paper and pencils made by other people. Money was created under the number one, I myself heard demons talking about money masters:

“He worships only money!”

One is a knife that cuts everything in its path. As I heard, this is how money works. But the knife is neither evil nor good! With a knife, you can take life, or you can cut the umbilical cord of a newborn.

But let's go back to my wanderings. By witchcraft of UYY, I was deprived of choice. I ended up in the magic ferry of demons hovering between worlds. There was no day or night. There was

neither sky nor ground. **Two** demons burned my clothes and washed me with sacred moisture. So in the white sanctuary I was accepted into the demons' circle and, to my horror, under the symbol of the number two!

Leaving the white sanctuary, I entered a residential hut inside the ferry, there were four sacred cubes. With my eyes full of tears, I bent over to the sacred cube; I stroke its perfect facets. One of the demons says:

“Look, he clearly liked our chair.”

Mentally, I get the meaning of the words of demons, I understand that they are resting and gaining power from these sacred objects. So, the demons recognize the power of good, the power of the number four!

I notice that there are three demons on the ferry. So that's why I was necessary! Four sacred cubes for sitting show that there were four demons in the ferry before. If one disappeared and destroyed the magic of the number four – the ferry would fall down. I am the fourth, so the ferry is flying again!

I am learning demonic words. A demon named Aleksandr is teaching me. There is no evil in him. I ask him if the demons know the truth. He is clearly confused. He replies that some may know. But his thoughts shout to me: “No! No! No! The world of demons is full of evil!”

I'm scared again! What awaits me?

The world of demons thinks it caught me, but it is mistaken. The one who is devoted to the four truths is not so easy to be caught!

In my free time, while demons sleep in different corners of the hut, I hug the sacred cube and ask him to teach me my wisdom. And the cube penetrates me, and I penetrate the cube. The sacred cube becomes my protector. He will save me from the evil of the land of demons.

But the ferry crashes into the wall surrounding the land of demons. A terrible roar is heard, everyone is tossed around. This goes on for quite some time – about two hundred beats of my heart, how thick this wall must be?! Then, silence, we arrived. The door opens; behind it I see the blue sky of the land of demons. All the three go outside, but not me. I cling to the cube and ask him to protect me from the land of demons. I merge, merge with the cube. Now I myself have become a cube. I am a cube! I am a sacred cube! Nobody will touch me until the ferry flies back!

Demons can't see! They will not be able to find me, and I will remain inside the ferry. I thought I was saved! How wrong I was!

“Who are you and where from?!” a thunderous voice sounded loud in my head.

“I am Raa from Dhana.”

“You've arrived without permission to planet Earth. I have to take your life.”

“Who are you?”

“I am Radogast, the one who monitors compliance with the comart.”

“I did not get here of my own free will, but by evil sorcerer UYY.”

“Yes, I see. And you didn't manage to cope with such a simple witchcraft? Look at your brain! You see a black eyelet sticking on the right? That's all magic.”

I looked at myself carefully and on my third body revealed everything that Radogast told me about. Now it was easy to unravel the loop and break the spell of UYY. Indeed, it was very simple.

“Well done!” Radogast praised me. “But there are the rules to be followed! I still have to take your life!”

“How will you kill me?”

“I have no right to kill. I will deprive you of protection, and what will kill you I won't care. Look, there is a nebulous cloud is glowing overhead. This cloud is called the Guardian-Angel, all living beings have it as a protection. Now I will magically remove it. Now you're unprotected and a first danger might kill you. There is no salvation and you can do nothing with it.

“And if I do nothing and stay over here?”

“The ship will be sanitized in an hour, and you will die.”

“Then I’ll try to run.”

“Do whatever you want. Without protection, no one survives for more than a week.”

“And maybe my Guardian-Angel can return?”

“Yes, in a week or two, depending on your luck. I will make sure that this will not happen!”

“Can you tell me if there are exceptions in your law?”

“No! The law is one for all on this planet! And there is no place for outsiders here!”

I realized that not everything is lost: the powerful demon Radogast did not know the influence of **the FOUR TRUTHS**, but acted according to the law of one. He said that the first danger I meet would kill me, but the one who knew the truth of the four could not be killed by the first danger, but only by the fourth. I realized that I can fight. I had to run, and I did so.

Scary predatory animals rushed at me from all sides, stunning with loud noises. Now I know that they were dogs. Fear sharpened my abilities. I remembered: rescue from any danger lies in taking its shape. And now I am running on four paws in the shape of a dog. It was a failure: these predators were not deceived by my fake body and continued to pursue me. Ahead there was the fence and the gap in it. In between there was a terrible-looking demon with some kind of stick in his hands. Now I know that it was a murder weapon. If I knew this then, I would surely be scared and die. But I did not know and fearlessly ran straight at the unfamiliar demon. He didn’t even try to stop me; he stepped aside and growled after me his demonic spell: “Again they were at odds over a bitch!” The spell was weak and had no effect on me. Dogs were catching up. One nearly locked his jaws on my throat. I dodged and rushed down into the blackness of a ravine.



Ra’s first death at the bottom of the river.

Water covered my head; a strong current dragged me down into the cold and darkness. It was a river, but not the same as on Dhana, not a shallow and tender one. It was a terrible, deadly river without a bottom. I did not know how to be saved. I moved all my four paws, yelling; turning into a man again, swallowed some water and... drowned. So the spell of Radogast worked for the first time.

Chapter 3. 30 – 29 years uew Raa and the death spell of Radogast

From the Red Book of Dhana

And the demons took Great Raa to another reality in which only demons live and from which there is no coming back. The demons do not know the FOUR TRUTHS. And the Sun shines on the demons with its round yellow eye. Because the demons are cruel and kill all those, who appear in their land.

Having got to know that Great Raa had arrived in the land of demons without permission, the main demon Radogast decided to take his life, and not just to take it, but with the help of his great witchcraft. But the young demoness saw Great Raa, and she wanted to have a son from him. Therefore, she hid him in her cave and gave birth to a son from him, whom she named RaDem, since his father was Raa, and his mother, Dem, was a demoness. And Great Raa lived with her for eight years, and taught his son wisdom in the spirit of the FOUR TRUTHS. And his son surpassed all human wisdom, despite his young age. At the end of the eight-year term, his main demon found him at that demoness' place, fought with them and defeated them. He killed the demoness with his magic lightning, and Raa hid from him in a dense forest under the guise of a tree. For a whole year Raa was hiding in the forest, and then secretly entered the magic ship of demons and flew back to his country of Dhana, where his wife Siegle and daughter Raegle were waiting. (The names of the children in Dhana are usually derived from the syllables of the names of their parents.)

From a letter from Aleksandra to her sister Masha

Hello, Masha!

This is my fifth year in the city. I really missed our house, but the work is important, they will not let me go for a long time. As already mentioned, I have a car for two years. Imagine your, little sister driving a car through fearless crowds of pedestrians and cars without fear! On Sundays, I went to the river, rode a boat. And this summer I bought myself a collapsible kayak. I get to some coastal village in my car, leave it there. Then, I go with a kayak on a bus upstream. Then I collect a kayak... and two happy weekend days – down the river.

Are you asking if I have a boyfriend? Did I get married?

It's hard for me to answer on your question: what happened to me is so strange and unusual that I don't know what to call it. Perhaps I will tell you in detail.

It all started with a kayak.

I was late that day. I am floated under a high bank, covered with barbed wire in the bend of the river. It seems like we have around the foundation pit. Towers, searchlights, dogs are poured...

Suddenly, something from the coast slid right under the nose of my kayak. I thought it was a stone. But it flounders, screams. I swam closer and saw that it was a man. He choked and was drowning. Well, I flopped into the water and catch him by his hair. Of course, the kayak was turned upside down. But I haven't lost anything. Everything is tied, and the inflatable sides are kept on the surface. So, with the current, I pushed myself and a kayak to the shore, an oar was in my left hand, in my right hand was completely naked drowned man. While I pulled everything ashore, he stopped moving. I think it is the end. But just in case, I turned him over and shock for five minutes. I poured water out of him and he breathed a little, but doesn't come to his senses.

I rubbed it with a towel and stuck it in my sleeping bag – let him get warm. By the way a sleeping bag is dry, because all my things were in waterproof bags. I set up a tent, hung wet clothes on the ropes. Then I dragged him along with a sleeping bag into the tent, undressed and ducked into the bag.

Brr – how cold he is. Well he is a real drowned man. But I overpowered myself, pressed him to the body and slowly warmed it up. I didn't notice how I fell into a dream.



Alexandra and Ra in the spring forest.

I woke up late from some kind of stirring under my arm. The saved one come to senses and is trying to free him from my embrace. I quit hold him of and he jumped out of the tent as a bullet. I threw on a dressing gown and also crawled out. Splendid! The sun! There are dewy beads on every blade of grass and on every leaf! Birds are singing!

My drowned man vanished into thin air. I am running to the river, have a swim, brush my teeth and comb my hair. Then I returned completely pacified. I see that at the edge of the meadow my saved one is standing, twisting his head, surprise in his eyes. He is naked, but without complexes, doesn't pay attention to me. I examined him and understood that he isn't one of us. He is swarthy, brunette, nose with a hump, a typical Marazian. Where did he come from? I tried to talk to him but he didn't understand. I spat and went to cook breakfast. I cooked semolina with condensed milk and tea to make it faster. I had a spare spoon, so I put it in a bowl and took the pan for myself. And... he put in his mouth a full spoon of hot porridge. Well, of course, right there, he spat it out. Apparently, he ate hot porridge for the first time. Maybe they don't eat porridge in Marazia. As mentioned, they are all savages. Oh, how I laughed. When the porridge cooled, he ate it all, but, apprehensively.

By the end of the breakfast, the sun rose higher and began to bake, the dew melted before our eyes, thin strands of fog crept through the lowlands to the river. The day promised to be hot. In the meantime, I decided to establish at least some contact with the rescued.

“This is a tree – I say.”

He repeats:

“A tree.”

“There are a grass and an acorn”.

I see he became interested in acorns. I explain:

“Somebody plant it, and a big tree grows up – just like this.”

He is silent and looks at me with a strange attitude.

I say:

“I am Aleksandra – and hit myself in my chest.”

And suddenly he clearly says:

“I love Aleksandra.”

These words seemed to destroy the entire illusion of the serene world around me. I was shocked by the thought that I was alone in the forest with an unfamiliar naked man. I immediately remembered the television series, where an evil rapist with a bang tears the dress on his victim.

And indeed, it is clear that his wild southern temperament awoke in him, he rushed to me and pulled off my robe, so that the buttons fell. Well, I think if you feel like it, look at me, I've seen enough of you, but you just won't be able to do anything else. But I was mistaken. At first he pushed me sideways playfully, and when I didn't react he jumped onto a neighbouring tree like the monkey and, pushing away from it, flew towards me and hit me on the shoulders with two hands. I stumbled and crashed onto my back from surprise. Probably I even lost consciousness for a minute. I woke up in some state of bliss. The grass is soft, and over the head is a blue-blue sky. I haven't seen such blue colour in my life...

Then I came to my senses and realized – girl, stop relaxing, after all, he can rape you. And he was lying on my belly. I fumbled with my hand the nearest log and so lightly stroke him with that log. But apparently I did not calculate. My rapist lies, his eyes rolled and does not move, and blood flows from a dissected head. I stuck it with a strip, but, I see, the matter is bad. Maybe I killed him. Then I listened that he was still breathing. And such relief and happiness came over me!

It is amazing how the world can change over the course of just five minutes. At first I experienced the pure joy of being, then there was a moment of fear, later was an amazement, then was a blissful thoughtlessness, after a hatred, then a repentance and a regret, which turned into a despair, and, finally, a joy again. My whole life ran in five minutes.

Now it was necessary to decide what to do. I have only one question. Who is he and where is he from? He is naked and upstream are a barbed wire and dogs. So, everything is clear, he is a runaway prisoner from Marazia. So, I won't give him to any hospital. My bitterness lies, breathes, but does not come to itself. I wrapped him in a sleeping bag, put him in a kayak and quietly went on. By nightfall we got to the place. I drove the car, folded the kayak and went home. The next morning I had to go to work.

At home I put him a mattress in the corner, covered with a blanket, and treated him to tea. He lies, breathes, but does not come to consciousness. This is how my life goes on over the past month. I go to the work, in the morning and in the evening I treat the patient (he drinks, eats, but does not come to consciousness). I'm afraid to invite doctors.

Oh, I didn't say the main thing, because until the last day I didn't even suspect about it. I expect a baby. It appears that my rapist made it in time. And how could leave this unnoticed?

Write me! Sealed with kiss! Your sister Aleksandra!

Notes of Raa about Life in the Land of Demons

I was dying in the cold and revived in the heat. It was hot and I was suffocating, but I lived. I was pressed with enormous force to something soft and red-hot. Turning my head with difficulty, I sighed and looked around. I was in a hut with translucent walls, from where poured a greenish light.

Nearby, I saw a huge terrible demoness who squeezed me in her arms with an inhuman strength. She slept. I tried to break free, but it was not in my power. So what's to be done? I cast about in my mind all the options for using the four TRUTHS and couldn't understand which one would help me in a similar situation.

In the end, I just started tickling her under her arm, hoping that she would wake up and let me go. I did this for a long time and finally she took a deep breath and looked at me with surprise. Her hands clenched and it was the time to run. I jumped out of the hut and rushed off wherever my eyes could see, then stopped and slowly walked back. Where do I want to run? Everywhere, the death awaits me caused by the spell of Radogast. This terrible demoness saved me from the death. So her magical power is so great that it can protect me. The conclusion is that I just should not run. But what will she demand from me for payment?

And there was a forest around me. Of course it wasn't my native, but an alien forest, with round tree trunks. Therefore, the nature of the Land of Demons doesn't know anything about the Law of the four TRUTHS. The sky is bluer than that of Dhana. And in the air there are no mushrooms, but beautiful flying creatures that have something in common with each other.

A demoness came out, asked me something, about some kind of Marazia, but I didn't understand anything. I tried to tell her about my country Dhana, but then she didn't understand. I tried to tell her about the evil witchcraft of Radogast, but I didn't succeed in this either. In any case, she realized that the matter was bad, and took up her witchcraft. On a magical fire, she prepared a kind of white pasta and showed that it should be eaten from a certain iron amulet called a spoon. I tried to eat one spoon and spat out right there. The paste was hot and burned my whole mouth. How does a demoness eat it, or is she not afraid of heat? She laughed. I realized that nothing bad had happened and that she was not offended by my behaviour. A little later, when the pasta cooled, I forced myself to eat it. Perhaps she protected me from the evil spells. But there was still a question of payment... I believed that the demoness had some kind of plan, but she hid it so skilfully that I could not read this plan even in her thoughts. In the end, I reassured myself, she saved my life, so my whole life now belongs to her. Let her do what she likes.

I looked around and was horrified. From all sides our camp was surrounded by foggy translucent snakes. I felt that the evil was gathering around us. Mentally, I tried to convey to the demoness my concern, but she only smiled, apparently hoping for the magic power of her magical paste. She led me through the forest, explaining the names of trees and grasses. All this was so similar to the lessons of Aleksander, which he told me in a magic boat.

“Here's an acorn – she said.”

She showed me how they plant it in the ground and such a huge tree grows out of it. I remembered my childhood in the forest. Mom told me that at my conception, she and my father planted a similar seed of the sacred Ir-tree in the ground. Now I and the tree grow together. I looked inquiringly at the demoness, maybe the child is the payment that she wants to demand? But she suddenly hit herself in the chest and mentioned Aleksandr.

I was terribly happy that she knows Aleksandr and can lead me to him. To tell her about this, I said:

– I love Aleksandra!

She looked at me strangely and sent a powerful telepicture that terrified me. Yes, she really wanted a baby from me. This did not terrify me like the customs of the demons that surround this sacred rite. It turns out that at first I must tear her dress with a brutal expression on my face, then force her to fall to the ground and only then will I have the right to do everything that is supposed to be. Thinking now about this custom, I find in it a lot of common sense. Indeed, tearing the dress,

I demonstrate to the beloved one my exalted soul and disregard for everything earthly, and when I bring it to the ground I demonstrate my physical strength necessary for protection from predatory animals. Perhaps the brutal expression on the face also means something...

But then I was not up to reasoning I had to act. The first half of the task was able to be completed quite easily, since her dress was cut in the front and held with the help of some beautiful pebbles that splashed on the grass when I pulled over the edges.

Now I had to demonstrate my strength and throw her on the grass. With all my strength I pushed her, but did not succeed, she did not even stagger. Then I suddenly remembered the words of my father that our race draws strength from the trees. Maybe these trees will help me. In instant meditation I merge with the nearest tree, some kind of force pulls me towards it, and then abruptly repels me. I fly to a demoness, shrouded in the power bestowed upon me by a tree. Good luck – she falls. I look into her thoughts, looking for clues whether I have performed the whole ritual correctly. Thoughts in her head are completely absent. As expected, she entered into the deepest meditation necessary for the acceptance of the soul of an emerging being. Huge blue eyes, like lakes, reflect the sky, connecting it with all the heavenly helper spirits.

I must act and act quickly. But I'm not ready! Everything is so unusual! First of all, the smell is not at all like that of my dear Siegle. So, turn off the nose. Now her scary look – well, why scary, to her demonic taste, she's probably beautiful. What a magnitude, what a form! I gently stroke the huge white hills. And she saved me, how can refuse to love her after that. And eyes, what blue eyes! Now I'm ready!

And at that very moment, when the demoness was in meditation, and I was preparing to complete the final act of the ritual, the curse of Radogast again overtook me! Apparently, the demoness weakened her defense, and witchcraft defeated her. I suddenly felt an inexplicable rage overwhelming her. A little more – will I really be not in time? The demoness took a club in her hand. I managed! She dealt a deadly blow to my head, and I died. So the spell of Radogast happened a second time.

I died and looked around me through the eyes of the spirit. The demoness was crying, stroking my dead body. I realized that I was not mistaken, evil witchcraft temporarily clouded her mind, and now she is in despair from her deed. Oddly enough, I was calm and happy. Everything is over, I am free and can fly without interference over the country of demons. However, maybe alien spirits are not allowed to live here.

“Radogast,” I called, “your will has been fulfilled, I have died.

Will you allow me to see your country through the eyes of the spirit?”

“Spirits do not bother me, do what you want!”

So Radogast answered me, and happy, I soared high in the skies to see everything, everything around.

Forest, river, in the distance – clusters of huts, beauty... I looked down – the poor demoness was still busy with my dead body. Now she will probably have to do a demonic funeral rite with me. What will she do with the body? It would be nice to burn on sacred fire, but she could give it to the sacred land of this forest. To my horror, the demoness did not do neither one nor the other. She wrapped the corpse in a bag, put it in a boat and drove to the middle of the river. Will she drown him? “May you drown in a swamp!” – such is the worst curse in my land. And my body will be damned!

All day I hovered over the boat and waited for the inevitable. But the demoness nevertheless felt sorry for me and did not drown. She packed the body with the boat into the magical self-propelled cart and drove to her home.

What can I say about the demon settlements and the wonders of their country? Beautiful and multi-demon is the land of demons. Magic carts travel by land, fly across the sky, float along rivers.

Demons live in caves dug in high rocks. But these caves are full of magic and comfort! You won't immediately list all the miracles, so I'll return to the story.

I kept waiting for the demoness to bury my body. But she never did. She laid the corpse in her cave and began to give food and drink to the dead man!!! I trembled with terrible horror, although the spirits did not have a body that could tremble. The witchcraft power of the demoness exceeded my understanding. She managed to make the dead body move. I saw my corpse eating and drinking without opening its eyes. Terrible tales about the living dead were resurrected in my memory... It was even worse than if she drowned my body.

I could not help my poor body with anything, so I left the sinister dwelling of the demoness and went wherever the road took me. And my eyes looked first of all at the magical carts, racing day and night along the roads of the demons' country. I chose one of them and hit the road...

There were four of them – and this gave me a sign that I can join them. Dad was a demon of amazing thickness. I discovered how uncomfortable it was when I entered his mind. Only a car could give a semblance of mobility to this awkward creature. In addition, he always suffered from fatigue and constantly wanted to sleep. It was very convenient for me, since I could easily completely seize power over his awkward body.

The car-, I learned to manage it very easily, although in many ways it disappointed me. The steering wheel was a control wheel, I really liked it, but the fact that there were three foot pedals below was surprising, because I have only two legs. The lack of strength of the machine also disappointed me. Just one pillar I hit at the edge of the road led to a whole story with the curse of my mother addressed to my ward that he sleeps behind the wheel and does not see the pillar.

The creature called mom was uninteresting. It was occupied with obscure problems of the health and nutrition of children. I did not see the point in her endless thoughts on this subject. Being strong and healthy is, of course, good. But she was neither strong nor healthy, like that demoness, who killed me. She always had something hurt: either the head or the stomach. And the only thing she did... maybe you think, healing herself – no! She was worried that her children might have the same illness as her! She did not know how to treat these diseases that had not yet appeared in her children. But she knew that she could feed her children, and she fed them. How she reminded me of ants!

When terrible swamp monsters attack the anthill, the ants behave differently: some boldly rush into battle, others carry the larvae deep into the anthill, and some suddenly begin to feed the female intensely, as if a well-fed, helpless female could repel the attack.

The children – son and daughter of demons were as cute as ours. They also wanted to know everything and demanded all the time to be told about everything. I also listened with pleasure and studied with them, but once, when I had already perfectly learned all the demonic words, now, once... Listening, as always, to the evening story that father told, and the story was about an ant, I suddenly saw the image of our native ants in his thoughts! This story was about how an ant with crippled paws alone got to the house. A completely implausible story, since all the animals on his way tried to help him. It doesn't happen here, but maybe it happens in the country of demons??? Just at the most interesting place, dad fell asleep, despite the fact that the children twitched him to tell him further. And as an expert on ants, I decided to help a tired dad and to complete the tale:

– So, kids, the ant crawled to the edge of a huge swamp. The swamp smokes with swamp gases, swamp bubbles grow and burst in the swamp, and terrible monsters are in the swamp. There is no further way for an ant. If he had healthy legs, he would have run around the swamp, but he couldn't. Suddenly an ant sees, a mushroom grows on the edge of the swamp – a large mushroom. Growing and puffing, wants to fly. He crawled onto the mushroom cap, only got settled as the mushroom took off from the earth and flew high into the sky. The ant feels so scary, and the mushroom flies quietly, puffing with spores. On the horizon, and the anthill already appeared.

But then the spores of the mushroom ended, and the mushroom began to go down – to the very center of the swamp. That’s it, now the ant is gone. He lowered his mushroom into the swamp and began to sink. Then a terrible green swamp monster crawls out of the swamp. Kids, how do you call this monster? That’s right, frog. The monster opens its huge mouth and... do you think, kids, it ate an ant? No! The monster tells him in a terrible voice:

“What are you doing here, ant, in the middle of the swamp, and how did you get here?”

The ant told the frog his whole story, and she says:

– So let it be, because you told me such an interesting story, I will help you. Get on me.

The ant climbed the frog’s slippery back, and she laughs:

– Not there, stupid. Get in my mouth.

The ant got into the frog’s mouth, then it started to move with all four paws and swam in the swamp. Somewhere it swims, somewhere it dives, and somewhere it sways from one hillock to another over swamp grasses. Suddenly it reached the very shore. She opened her mouth and said:

– Now get out, I won’t take you any further, you, ants, are biting.

The ant got ashore. Looks – the anthill is very close, but there is no strength to crawl. Who will help the poor thing now? Soon the night will come. The ant will be eaten by night hunters...

Here the kids are running, the same as you – a boy and a girl. They say:

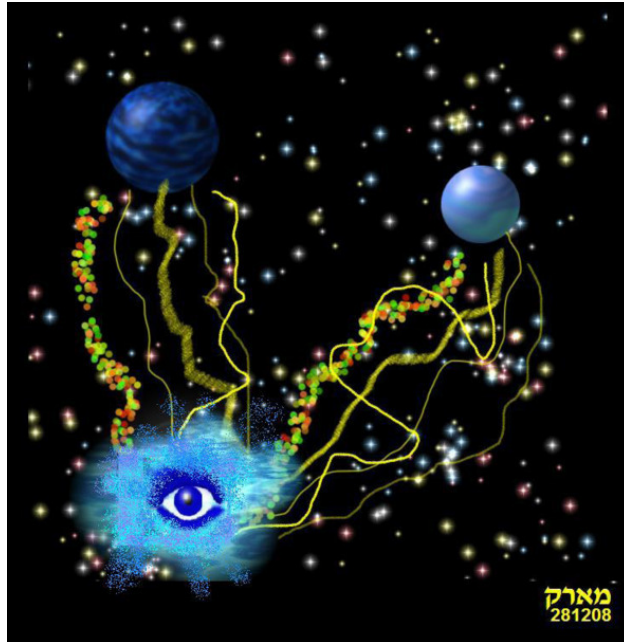
– Look, the ant is still alive. His legs are broken. Let’s drag him to the anthill, maybe he will recover there.

And the kids dragged the ant to the very anthill. There the orderlies ants took over him and, perhaps, even healed him...

– I lied, of course. I know how actually ants orderly treat sick ants. But the end of the tale should be good, especially in the country of demons, where all the animals help the ants, and maybe the ants can treat as well.

So I traveled with four demons in a car for several months. I did not discover the basics of the magic that drives the car, but I learned how to drive it, I understood how to feed the car black liquid at the points of this feeding by the road. In addition, I was convinced that the demons, in general, are not very different from the people of my country. Those whom I met on my way were not taught any special truths other than reading and writing. And, most importantly, I could easily read their thoughts, and sometimes even control their behavior a little...

Chapter 4. 29—28 years uew Raa's life in the land of demons



Raegle's newborn soul, torn between the two planets of the Earth, where her father is, and Dhana, where she herself and her mother, Siegle.

Notes by Rose (Raegle) about her childhood

Love and separation. Now I know these words. And then I learned the essence of these words. That which has always been whole has broken up. Two luminous points – my two favorite creatures suddenly began to move away – and between them formed me, like a thin cobweb, stretched to unimaginable limits. And this web is me, me, me!

That's how I was born into this world – the world of separation. So for many long days I saved my strength in the dark, resisting the rupture of my web-body, stretched between two worlds, in which, according to my fate, there were two of my dearest creatures – father and mother. Finally, I was born into the world. But this event did not give me more pain than the one that I experienced constantly.

I grew up next to my mother, but due to my constant efforts my relationship with my father only strengthened. By the year I already learned to speak, this connection ceased to cause pain in me, and I began to see pictures. Mysterious pictures about the life of my father in the land of demons. At first I thought that my mother knew everything about my father, but once, having contacted her thoughts, I suddenly realized that she was mourning him as a deceased.

“Mom,” I said, “he will be back in eight years.”

“Yes,” my mother said, “if evil is multiplied by good, 2 by 4 will really be 8, but he will not return. If he were alive, then he would have returned long ago, because he loved me so much.”

“Mom, he is captured in the land of demons, he cannot return. A huge scary demoness keeps him in her cave. But you, mother, do not be afraid, the demoness does not offend him, and even bore him a son – my brother. Over these eight years, he must teach his son the basics of all wisdom, so that he can become a real person, and then the gods will allow him to return home.”

Mom believed me and for a long time asked me to indicate where the country of demons was. She wanted to run there right now to see her Raa. I tried to help her, but I couldn't. The direction to the country of demons changed all the time – I heard it in the East, then in the West, and sometimes even above in the sky or below underground.

“Mom,” I said, “the country of demons is bewitched, and there is no easy way there.” If this path existed, then your beloved would have found it long ago and would have been at home.

Mom believed. Now, when I got pictures of Raa's life in the country of demons, I passed them to my mother. Mom was amazed – believed, and did not believe at the same time! Soon my other abilities began to appear. It turns out I could predict when it will rain and when it will be sunny. When I warned the tribe about the invasion of bog monsters feeding on ants, then everyone recognized my gift.

Raa's notes about life in the land of demons

So I perceived the world of demons! And I gained strength of mind and determination... And here I was in the room where my poor body lies in the corner. There was no demoness. The body was breathing quietly and was apparently content with its plant life. What should I do with it? How to make a demoness hold a funeral rite over it?! I waited and waited – and a demoness entered the room and began to take care of my body: washed it, fed it, gave it water. For the first time after the terrible events of my death, I decided to look into her thoughts. Surprisingly, she wanted me to come to life, and she had no sinister plans to turn my body into a living dead.

I looked at her, and my fear of this mysterious creature gradually disappeared. Yes, she possessed great magic if she could keep my dead body alive for half a year. But, on the other hand, she, it turns out, was not at all aware of her magical power. She was wild and untrained. She looked at me and did not see that I was back, that I was here. It only remained to merge into my own body, which I did. Oh, how numb became all its sides, how weak it was.

Involuntarily I groaned and opened my eyes:

“Hello,” I whispered, “I'm back.”

The demoness uttered such a cry of joy that I deafened, then hugged me – what next – I do not remember, I immediately lost consciousness.

So I came back to life and was happy. The demoness brought me food and was happy if I liked, saddened if not. She was pregnant with my son. She was happy. I told her about my country, and she searched, looked for her it in paper pictures for some reason. My beloved Dhana was not there, there were only colored spots.

I did not know why the name of the demoness coincided with the name of the demon Alexander, whom I knew, but she was not his daughter and did not even know him... So, Alexandra – I will call her by her name – taught me how to use the magic objects in her house, the magic table for a small fire to perform fire rites over food, a magic brook in a white room for water rites. And a cupboard for ice rites over food... I noticed that the demons' favorite pastime is conjuring with food... But the wisdom of this witchcraft, alas, I never understood, but Alexandra began to teach me reading and writing. She gave me “demonic” clothes so that I would not differ from other demons. And when I was able to walk, one night I took out from my home for a walk. From her thoughts, I realized that she feels a danger to my life, and therefore secretly walked with me in the dark.

I knew that Radogast considered me dead and that's why he forgot about me. If he found out that I'm alive, he would interrupt my life again. The future showed that I was right.

The birth date of the son was approaching. Everything happened unexpectedly. At night I woke up from the groans of Alexandra. She held onto her huge belly and obviously wanted something from me. I realized that she was going to give birth, but did not understand where and why she wanted

to go. Again unknown demon rites, about which I know nothing! She did not want to give birth at home and demanded to take her to the place where everyone gives birth. Alexandra hardly reached the garage, opened it and with a groan sat in the back seat of her car. I realized that I had to take her to the birthplace myself. It's good that I already knew how to drive. But where to go? She moaned and closed her eyes. I have to guess for myself. And suddenly I understood everything – well, of course, we must go to the place where the conception of my son took place. After all, only there he will be under the protection of all the spirits of earth and heaven. Being a spirit, I perfectly studied the surrounding places and knew where the river and our clearing are located. A little farther along the river, there was a road along which it was quite possible to pass.

It was winter, moonlight flooded the white track in front of me. In winter, the water in the country of demons because of the cold turns into white flakes called snow. A car roared through the white glowing snow dust, neither a man nor a car on a deserted road. Turn, gully... I'll pass! Alexandra woke up and groaned again. "We're arrive in a moment," I reassured her. She closed her eyes and fell silent... Arrived!

And then I was struck by the mystery and unpredictability of the customs of the country of demons. In accordance with the demonic ritual, my Alexandra began to scold me, as I understand it, the most terrible demonic curses. I was afraid that the spell of Radogast defeated her again and she would kill me. He looked into her thoughts – no, she was not going to kill me; her thoughts were very confused and contradictory! I tried to reassure her, saying that I had reached almost the place of our first meeting, and apparently succeeded, because she stopped cursing, got out of the car and ordered her to lay a cloak from the back seat on the snow. Then she lay on her and began to prepare for childbirth.

Her first birth was not quick, but Alexander scolded me in every respite. And finally, I realized – how stupid I am! – It was she who drove away evil spirits from me and from her future child.



Alexandra, the birth of Radek in the forest in the snow.

Finally, a son was born!!! I bit through the umbilical cord and took it in my hands! My little one, the son of Ra and the demoness, is Radem. I was happy. And she smiled. I wiped my son with soft white snow, he cried, then smiled. And then I felt him in my thoughts. He claimed his rights. Without a word he said:

“You are mine!”

“You are mine too! – I also mentally answered.”

Alexandra slowly returned to the car. I gave her a son, rolled a cloak in the trunk, and we drove home.

The snow stopped and the road sparkled with a pink dawn. Alexandra was dozing, and on her breast, smacking, our little miracle slept. Maybe a future demon, but rather a real Dhana man, because he looks so much like me!

From an Alexandra's letter to her sister Masha

Mashutka!

You can jump from happiness, but better in the garden, and not in the room! I had a son – you became an aunt!

I decided to name him as my husband calls him – Radek. You think probably, it's a strange name. It's nothing, I think so too. But still I have to respect him, although at first I wanted to kill him.

I will describe everything in detail. I was going to give birth in March and therefore in the last days of February I did not think about anything. And suddenly, in the morning of February 29, I feel – it begins. I went to the phone, and it was silent. Raisa from special services one day explained me that all our conversations were tapped, so that it was possible to turn on the interference in time if the conversation turned to something wrong. This work is difficult and responsible, and at night the attendants want to sleep, so they turn off the phones of their wards in order to rest an hour or two until the authorities see. I do not blame them – I would do the same.

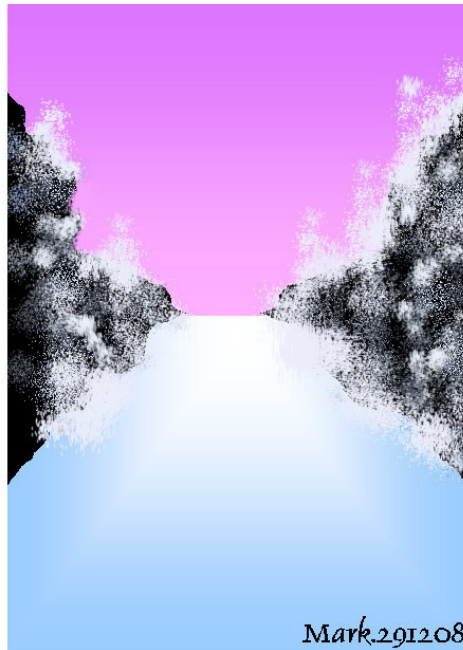
But what should I do?! With difficulty I explained to him that I should be taken to the hospital. I also had to explain what a maternity hospital was, but he seemed to understand. But how, I think, will he cope with my car, what if there are no cars in his Marazia, but only camels? No, he did well!

Then it rolled over me – I lost consciousness. I woke up when the car was waddling along some gully. But he reassured me, he says, we'll come now.

And so he brought me to the place. Do you think in the hospital? No! To the place of our first meeting with him! Into the dense forest!!!

According to some of his stupid Marazian customs, giving birth, you see, is supposed to be at the place of conception! They can do it there – it's warm there. And how it could be done in our country? Snow and five degrees below zero.

And so I gave birth on a cloak from a seat, and on top a sheet for cleanliness. However, I was not cold. This work is so hard! In the intervals between contractions, I reviled him for nothing. But he didn't pay attention, even helped me a bit, adopted a child, tied an umbilical cord, wiped it with snow. And immediately gave him that stupid name. It sounded somehow differently in his gibberish language, but it seemed to me like Radek.



Morning after childbirth. Sunrise over the road.

Then he drove us back in the car. I warmed up, calmed down, and thought that my Rashka was not too guilty. How could he know about our customs? He did as was customary for their tribe. And the fact that I trusted him was completely my own fault. Anyway, it all ended well. The baby is healthy, and so am I. Maybe in the hospital there are all kinds of harmful microbes, and even more of them than in the snow in the forest.

So everything is fine with us now. I rested a couple of weeks – and again to work. In the morning I feed, decant the remainder, and while I am not at home, he feeds the child once. At lunch I come to feed and decant again, and there it's not far from the end of the working day!

But here is what I dream about! For a long time I, Masha, was not at home. I think now with a child I will definitely be given a great vacation in the summer, and I will come. And I'll bring all my dear ones to meet you.

See you! Your happy little sister, Alexandra.

Raa's Notes on Life in the Land of Demons

Mysterious are customs in the land of demons. Everyone, except children and the elderly, are obliged to go to some kind of "work" every day. I tried to understand why this "work" was so attractive, that for the sake of it you should leave a hungry crying baby, but I did understand – neither from my Alexandra's explanations, nor from her thoughts. Maybe she herself did not understand this.

Without her, my son cried, but I knew what to do, because I saw how our women do it. It was necessary to introduce the baby to the four truths of the nutrition of a real person. My demoness was not a real person, and I had to do it myself. Kissing my son, every time I passed him a drop of my saliva. Of course, this was not a complete reproduction of the rite of transmitting the four TRUTHS to the child, since I was not a nursing mother, but in the end, I managed, and the boy stopped crying. After becoming acquainted with the four TRUTHS, a child can eat everything that is eatable.

Indeed, symbiotic bacteria that digest any food have been discovered in the organisms of the inhabitants of Dhana. These bacteria are close to those that live in the stomachs of our termites.

Studies have shown that the transfer of bacteria should be carried out in childhood, otherwise the state of symbiosis of bacteria with humans does not occur.

So I was able to feed my son with the same that I ate, though I had to chew it beforehand, since he had no teeth.

I didn't say anything about this to Alexandra – I was afraid that ignorantly I violated certain demonic laws. And I was right! Once I caught her thought that up to a year a baby should not be given any food other than mother's milk or some special demonic foods.

But the main thing!!! My son and I were always mentally together. His thoughts, his dreams were mine, my thoughts and dreams were his. By the age of three months, he already knew some words of our native language of Dhana! And by five we already spoke – and not just mentally.

Alexandra came tired and was surprised that the child was quiet and joyful, never crying. And he had no time to cry, because he was constantly conducting a “quiet” conversation with his dad...

The heat has come. Alexandra changed her mind, stopped going to “work”, and we went by car to her sister. The sister lived in another place, far from our home. Alexandra sat in front – at the wheel, and behind – me with our son. It occurred then that the road demon caught us: I heard a whistle, the car stopped, and Alexandra said in fear:

“What shall we do now?”

“Nothing,” I say, “I'll hide!”

One moment – and I turned into a cube. Alexandra went up to the road demon, so angry. I wondered how she will cope with him? He talked to her, then looked into the car and barked:

“Why your child is not attached, and even lies on a chair?!”

I immediately hugged my son and depicted rope with my hands. The demon looked again:

“Sorry, attached, but not by the rules! Kindly remove the child from the chair! Put him on the seat lower, then tie him already!”

Alexandra does not look at me.

“Now,” he says, “I will do everything.”

She laid her son on the seat, grabbed the ribbon, turned away from me. I saw that was hard for her to perceive me as a chair, no matter how I pretended, she restored my image from memory.

So our dangerous meeting with the road demon ended safely, and we drove on. And we arrived at the place where her sister Masha lived, but this sister was not her sister, but was herself. I looked outside —it was her, looked into her thoughts —everything was also similar, the same melody, the same color (apparently, there are no identical twins on Dhana). I asked who did this to them. Masha answered that their mother. I realized that their mother was a great sorceress, she wanted to have two daughters instead of one, so with witchcraft she divided her child into two, not knowing that she had done an involuntary evil by number two. Since then, no man could become the husband of any of her daughters. And only thanks to my commitment to the four truths I managed to remove the curse from one of them – from Alexandra, and to give her a son. And Masha remained childless.

I'm used to the fact that demons don't know how to speak mentally, and then Masha's neighbor, Valya, came with her five-year-old daughter and immediately began to mentally speak to my son right from the doorway, and he answered her. But when she realized that I could do it too, she was so surprised! I even mentally reassured her, apparently, mentally speaking rarely happen between demons! But not for long she stayed with us and left for her demonic affairs. But her daughter stayed. So we lived... We sawed and chopped wood for a demon hearth called a stove; everyone went to the forest for mushrooms, but non-volatile, and small and edible, and for berries.

I told Lyubochka about our country, as well as about our huge ants, and when she did not believe, I turned into an ant for a short while before her eyes. I thought she was scared, but she liked it. She knew about the transformations! Her mother told tales of people who know how to do it! And she dreamed of turning into a bird so that to fly in the sky and see everything. I did not know how

to turn into a bird, but I showed her how I turn into a dog. My son was lying next to us in the grass, looked at us, smiled and, it seemed, even understood something. Now Lyubochka didn't leave me and kept asking to teach her. I began to teach her the wisdom of the four TRUTHS, but I did not succeed – yet she was a child of demons, and therefore did not want to know about the four TRUTHS, but only wanted to transform...

“Okay, just don't tell anyone about this,” I warned.

“Even mom? She asked.”

I thought it would be better if she told everything to her mother than she would be tormented by mystery.

“You can tell mom, but not anyone else!”

She read my mind and saw how I was transforming, now she herself tried to do the same. What was I supposed to do? I began to teach her transformations. After all, having turned in a wrong way, she could become a cripple, for example, a man with wings instead of arms. As a result, a month later Lyubochka walked with us through the forest in the form of a huge hen – the only bird she knew well enough to turn into. Lyubochka behaved in the forest like a real hen, as a result she dabbed a lot and had trouble with a stomach. I had to introduce her, as I did for my son, to the four truths of nutrition. It's good that my Alexandra and her sister were so busy with each other that they didn't notice anything: neither what do we do when we walk in the forest, nor what do we eat. For the sake of sight, I took for a walk a bottle of diluted goat milk for a little one and a piece of bread for me and Lyubochka. In the forest, we ate everything that caught our eye, however, Lyubochka forbade us to eat some mushrooms and berries. I once ate a beautiful red mushroom, and I felt bad. Since then, he has not violated the advice of our little fellow traveler.

So thirty happy days of complete freedom passed – and here we are again in the city. Again my demoness goes to “work.”

Chapter 5. 28 – 26years uew Radek, the son of Raa

From the notes of Radek Reksovich about his childhood

Today I received a passport; I had to come up with a middle name. I couldn't say the true name of my father! I told them to write Reksovich, because really the dog Rex was in my childhood instead of my father... This can be said to everyone. But the fact that it was my father – no one is supposed to know.

I decided to write down everything that happened to me in those years, especially since the fabulous events of my childhood are more and more covered with a veil of unreality, so soon I myself will stop believing in them... And one more thing: Valya's mother gave me a present for my maturity – a crumpled student's notebook where my father's story is written in the clumsy handwriting. For many years this notebook was kept secretly from everyone... So, it's time to put these notes in order!

Readers have already read Raa's notes in previous chapters of the novel. Next are the diary entries of his son.

Our life in the city went according in the usual track: my mother left for work in the morning, my father was concerned with me. He told me about his homeland Dhana, and not with words, but directly with pictures through the mental channel. In addition, he read me fairy tales, which my mother bought for us. But he did not like to do this, because he did not understand how the plot of fairy tales is connected with his system of four TRUTHS. And we were happy, but our mother wasn't...

Father thought that she would be pleased with his zeal in studying all, as he said, demonic secrets. He even found the technology for making pencils and paper in the encyclopedia, but he did not please my mom with it. Often she scolded him, as it seemed to me, for no reason. Father began to go on night walks so that mom could get enough sleep and rest from abuse.

Ra fell in love with the city at night, its deserted dark streets, bridges over a dirty black river, mysterious dead ends and stone stairs, still keeping the warmth of the day... He got acquainted with vagabonds, spending the night in the street, beggars – so he knew the life of the city.

Mom cried at night, hugged me tightly and it disturbed my sleep. The reasons for my mother's insults were different, but, in my opinion, they were not worth her worries. One such case remained in my memory, as it led to tragic consequences.

Once, my mother reproached my father that he did not make money, like other husbands do. She said that he could have gotten the documents and some job, and that I could already be sent to the nursery. My father was very afraid that they would give me to a day nursery and make me a real demon there, so he decided to get money in the evenings when my mother came home from work. Once he even brought the money, and his mother was very pleased, kissed him and slept calmly that night. She would not be so calm if she knew how he got this money. The next night, my father returned home wounded...

For many days he laid sick, his mother looked after him and felt sorry for him. Then he told me what happened to him:

"I already knew what money looked like and why demons use it; from beggars and vagabonds I knew where to find it." It was not difficult to get it with my abilities to transform my body! The source of the money was not far away, in a public building called a "store." It is enough to stand on the side of the house where the young demoness was sitting and where the money was stored in a wooden box, and then, imperceptibly extending the hand, put it into the slot... and... you can safely take money when the demoness turns away to talk with the demons who approached her. I was sure that I did not offend the young demoness with my act, since I noticed that she did not need the money at

all, she gave them to other demons before leaving her “work”. I was proud and hurried home to once again demonstrate to Alexandra my money, – my father told me.”



Bandits chase Ra.

And suddenly I noticed three demons who were following me. I involuntarily became interested in their thoughts. They talked about me:

“Dexterously stole!”

“He does not work on his territory!”

“Will we cut him in?”

“Too deft and too stupid. So dangerous!”

“So we’ll waste him?!”

“Yes, now he will turn to a wasteland. We’ll bury him there.”

I did not understand anything from their conversation. What kind of wasteland were they talking about and why bury me? One thing I realized was that I had violated some demonic laws on hiring, unknown to me, but no one had explained them to me. Apparently, if I had been correctly hired, they would have determined the right territory for me, but I violated some territorial rights. By analogy, I remembered the battle of ants from different anthills for the territory, and I was scared. I ran.

Three of them rushed to catch me, but they have no chance. I was able to overtake even the ant! Then one of them took out a small object and, with it, made a small hole in the center of my body. At first I didn’t even understand why he did this, but then suddenly I felt that I could no longer run at the same speed. The hole in the body required me to concentrate on changing the blood flow through the vessels: some I had to squeeze, others, on the contrary, to expand. And when he made a second hole in me, I was no longer able to stay on my feet – this concentration required me to work on transforming my body. They came very close, began to inspect my clothes and took all the money I had earned. I held my breath.

“Well, dead?”

“Does not breathe.”

“Put him here – to the pit.”

Some rubbish was thrown over me. This, as I understand it, was a burial rite adopted for those who work in the foreign territory.

Only in the morning I got out of the pit and hardly stumbled to the house. Alexandra met me with a curse. I explained to her that I went to earn money, but unsuccessfully, and showed two holes

in the middle of my body. She gasped and started processing these holes. Then I felt that I was dying – and died. So the malediction of Radogast happened for the third time.

I was again a spirit and soared over my dead body. But now I was not afraid to stay dead, because I knew the power of the magic of my demoness and believed that she would definitely bring me back to life. In addition, it was only the third attempt to kill me, and I knew that it would be truly deadly – the fourth.

This time I was not a spirit for long. The very next day, I noticed that my body relaxed unacceptably and that a thin stream of blood flows over the bandages with which Alexandra wrapped me. What will happen when all the blood flows out? Despite the pain, I had to crawl back into my body and put it in order. So, flying out of the body, and then coming back, I laid for about a month.

A month later, I got up. But then a new attack fell upon me. Alexandra brought a paper in which a face similar to mine was painted. She said that she could no longer protect me, since everyone was looking for me, and if they found her at home, she and her son would appear in a very bad situation. I realized that I needed to go somewhere, but I did not know where.

“It would be better if I had not a husband, but a dog! – she said in warm blood.”

This was the way out. I silently left the house and turned into a dog. That was great. I walked along the street and was not afraid that the so-called “law enforcement officers” recognize me, who, as Alexandra said, hunt me. But everything turned out to be not so simple: on one of the streets I felt a close danger and rushed with all my legs into the nearest gateway, thunder came from behind – they wanted to make a hole in me again. I heard disappointed thoughts of my pursuers behind the fence.

“What a huge and roving.”

“This can be very dangerous, we must trap it.”

The life of dogs in the city, as it turned out, also was regulated by the laws unknown to me, without knowing which I again found myself on the verge of death. My hope was again only on Alexandra – the only being who was kind to me. Having slipped out on the other side of the gateway, I set off back and laid down by the familiar door on the landing. I was not mistaken in my hopes. Alexandra let me into the apartment, fed and treated me very kindly.

Since then, a calm, happy life began. Alexandra loved me and often made me sleep with her in bed. My son immediately recognized me in the shape of the dog. When he was one year old, he already possessed a double, and perhaps, a triple vision, inherent in real people. Seeing how I love the child and take care of him, Alexandra calmly went to work, trusting my son to me. In order to prevent foreign demons from attacking me on the street, Alexandra bought me dog amulets (a collar and a leash) and explained that while my son is holding me on a leash, other demons have no right to offend me. I didn't mind. And they gave me a dog name – Rex.

When my son grew up, I began to teach him everything that I knew myself. He turned out to be a wonderful student and soon knew about the four TRUTHS no worse than me.

Every summer we went to the village to see sister Masha. Sometimes we were taken by Alexandra herself, and sometimes by Aunt Valya. Valya and her daughter Lyubochka perfectly understood that I was not a real dog, but they did not tell anyone about it. Walking in the forest, we trained in transformations. My son learned to turn into a cat, similar to the one that lived with Aunt Masha. And Lyubochka could not turn into anyone but a chicken.

From an Alexandra's letter to her sister Masha

Hello, Masha. I haven't written to you for almost a year. A lot has happened here. In many ways, of course, it's my own fault. As we returned from the village, my Rashka began to annoy me greatly. A healthy man, but he does nothing. Moreover, he began to walk at night somewhere. In general, I decided that it was time for him to get a job. Moreover, he has not only learnt to speak well, but

also to read and to write. So one miserable morning I sent him to look for work. I wish I didn't do that!!! He returned the next day, shot in two places.

As I later realized from the conversations of the neighbors about the robbery of the store, he "got a job" with the bandits. They used him and then shot him.

Now he is sought by both law enforcement officers and bandits. If they find him, it will be very bad for us. I went the entire staircase in search of blood traces on Rashka's way home, but found nothing. For a whole month I nursed him. And then I seriously talked to him. He understood everything and left.

Sometimes I really miss him, I think, how is he there? Where is he? For some reason, it seems to me that he is alive and well – then I am happy. And sometimes again despair flashes over me. I would probably be completely crazy, but here we got Rex. Imagine a beautiful adult intelligent dog that loves me and my son. I loved him just madly! Sometimes I feel ashamed that I love the dog more than my poortroubled Rashka. Nevertheless, this is so.

Soon I discovered that Rex is very good at caring for children. And then Valechka came, looked at him and said:

"A very smart dog. You cannot give your son in a day nursery, but leave him at Rex. I see that he is specially trained to care for children."

I believed and do not regret.

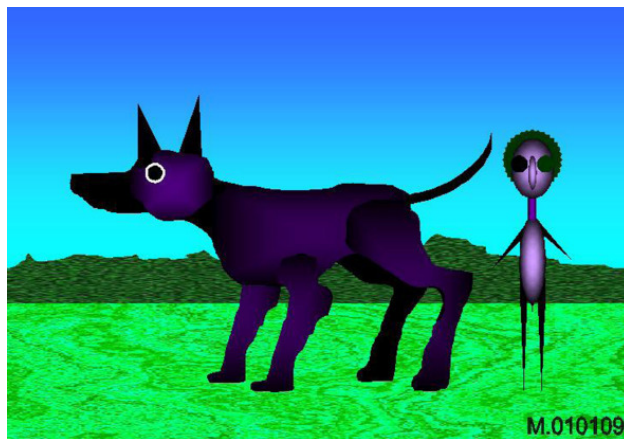
My son is constantly with the dog. They walk together, play together, and they are never bored!

In the summer, I hope that the three of us will come to your place, and you will also meet our wonderful Rex.

Write, kiss you!

Yours, Alexandra.

From the notes of Radek Reksovich about his childhood



Radek and his father Ra, turned into a Rex dog.

I think that few people had such a happy childhood as mine. My parents not only loved me, but also my father was always a companion of all my children's games. And he had much more opportunities for games than other people. After all, he was "transforming", that is the one who can change his appearance. Usually he lived in the guise of a Rex dog, and even my mother did not know that he was he. In winter, we walked along the streets and backstreets of our city or sat at home, and he told me about his native land and about the magic of the number four. In summer, we spent whole days in the forest with the neighbor Lyuba, who was also "transforming" – she could turn into a big hen, but dreamed someday to become an eagle. I envied her for several years, since I myself did not know how to turn into anyone, and then I really liked Aunt Masha's cat, and played with it for the whole summer. At the end of that summer, I managed to turn into a cat without much effort.

Surprisingly, in the image of a cat, I also got claws sharp enough to climb trees easily. Now Lyuba was envious of me, and my father laughed, reassured her and said that he also did not know how to climb trees.

Yes, I forgot to say that the three of us communicated with each other only mentally, and in mental speech it is very difficult to hide any shades of our children's feelings. So in the early years there were quarrels now and then, and father hardly reconciled us. He always said that this is the result of adherence to the number two, that we quarrel only because there are two of us, children. And when he is with us, then there are three of us, and quarreling is already more difficult. But when Aunt Valya, Lyuba's mother, came, there were four of us, it was a real bliss. Lyuba's mom did not know how to transform, but she was kind and was able to speak mentally. In her presence, Lyuba immediately ceased to envy me. The four of us walked through the forest, showed her our childish successes, sometimes, having played a bit, ran away, and Aunt Valya kept asking my father about his distant homeland. He was a complete mystery to her. She said that she could at first glance determine which country one or another person came from, but she could not "determine" my father.

Aunt Valya taught us all that even my dad couldn't do – she taught us to play hide and seek. Do you think what is special in this? All children play hide and seek. Yes, all the children know how, but Lyuba and my dad didn't know how, because it was too easy to think of someone who is hidden. And the whole point of the game was disappearing. Aunt Valya showed us how to defend one's thoughts. It turned out to be very simple – just mentally "put yourself in a pan and cover with a lid." Then you can't hear anything yourself, and no one can hear you, and you can play hide and seek. And you can mentally drill a small hole in the pan wall – then you hear everything yourself, but still nobody hears you.

One day, dad heard a shepherd playing on a horn. He liked it so much that I had to go to the shepherd and find out where to get the horn. It turns out that the shepherd made it himself, so he made the same for us. Now dad sometimes retired on some glade, already in human form, and tried to learn some melodies on his horn.

But all good things come to an end. I remember the last summer of my childhood. I was already seven years old, in the fall I had to go to school. The weather was rainy, there was no Lyubochka. She had already finished fifth form, and she was sent to agricultural work with the whole class. Mom was sad and silent – her head hurt. Dad and I left for our favorite forest. It was damp and cold, and dad said we had to make a fire. I did not know how to make a fire without matches, and dad showed me how to mentally reach out to the invisible sun and, like a magnifying glass, focus its rays at the right point. I really enjoyed it. We trained with him, probably, for a whole week, while I began to make it a little.

And then on a rainy gray day we were back in the city. I thought that tomorrow my mother would lead me to school, but she did not lead me – she was completely sick, and I stayed at home to look after her. Doctors came to see us and examined mom, called from work, worried about some kind of report. Mom answered briefly and again lay indifferent, only asked to change a rag with cold water on her head.

So September passed, and in October the doctor came again and invited mom to go to the hospital for surgery. He said that the operation would definitely help mom, but my father and I saw his thoughts. The doctor was sure that mother would die soon, and he was very interested to find out what kind of disease was in her head.

Chapter 6. 26 – 22 years uew Ra and Radek vs Upyg

Radek, the son of Raa

An old threadbare photograph: here is our ridiculous old house on the edge of the city. On the left on the third floor is my balcony, behind it is a fire escape, through which, trembling from my own courage, I went down secretly many times at night to the courtyard of the house... I love night, its shadows and smells... This is probably inherited from my father...

But we will return on that sad day when my mother was dying, and I was in despair and did not know what to do. Dad was also there, finally, he decided! He again took on a human appearance and went to my mother. Mom was so bad that she was not even surprised:

“Ah, Rashka?” – She said only, and closed her eyes again.

“May I help you?” – Dad asked.

“Do what you want,” Mom answered.

And we began to do what we want, namely, dad asked me to sit next to him and mom and hold hands. Then he said:

“I will do something, but you, son, do nothing, but just support me, give me strength.”

So we connected – and suddenly I felt how a new creature appeared during this connection: not dad and son, but dad-and-son. This new creature was four times stronger than each of us individually.

“That’s right,” said Papa mentally, “but this creature, unfortunately, was generated by the magic of number two – after all, there are two of us, and therefore nothing good can be expected.” Now I understand how he was right... But then I did not believe him, I was euphoric from my own power.

So, we suddenly became tiny and mentally scurried into my mother’s brain.

“Well,” said Papa, “everything is clear, the familiar black loop.”

“Can I take it off?”

“No, wait,” Dad stopped my attempt to unravel the black noose on Mom’s head. – Look, a black thread stretches down. If we try to remove this loop, then we will not live long, for the thread stretches to the center of aggression, mom will kill us right away. First you have to firmly tie her to the bed.

We tied mom to the bed by the arms and legs, and then connected again. So dad began to unravel the black thread, and my mother cluttered. The rope burst, and mom tried to get her dad with her foot. If she had not been so weak, then she would have succeeded, and so dad managed to dodge. Here the second rope burst, but then dad finally took off the loop, mom calmed down relaxed and, it seems, fell asleep right away.

“Well, son, we have done the main work, but the loop is not the whole cause of my mother’s illness. Look – here’s mom’s brain edema, from which the main pain comes. And her edema is because this part of the brain is as if fenced off from the rest. And here’s the scar on her head – now it’s clear how this ‘fence’ was made... We’ll have to break the fence, but oh, how difficult it is!”

“And from where did our mother get all this?”

“Once, apparently, she got to the sorcerer, and she was enchanted in such a way.”

“And the fence... what’s it for?”

“To let mom remember something, and forget the other things, and maybe so she remembers sometimes, and sometimes, on the orders of the sorcerer, she forgets. And the loops are meant to make her obey the sorcerer and even love him.

We had been breaking the fence almost all night – it was a long, long fence. At the end I fell asleep, and dad did not sleep and treated his mother until morning.

We woke up late. Mom got up by herself and went to work. In the afternoon the doctor called, I told him that my mother recovered and went to work. From his thoughts, I saw that he was very upset, because he still could not make her the correct diagnosis. If he knew what mother's recovery would threaten him in the near future, then he would be upset much more...

From Alexandra's unfinished letter to her sister Masha

Mashutka, hello! I have a double joy. Firstly, I recovered, and secondly, you cannot imagine this – Rashka has returned.

How long did I endure my illness, probably for two years. In the end, I could not get up. And one evening suddenly Rashka came. And, perhaps, from the joy of meeting, all of a sudden everything went away. It feels like I have been reborn. I walk along the street and admire the glare of the Sun on the windows, the last yellow leaves on the maples. Why haven't I seen this before?

And at work... I'm scared of myself. I have always loved my work, my dear Semen Andreevich and director Fedor Yakovlevich. And now... now it's all gone. I became indifferent to work. It's even funny to me how Semen Andreevich is attentive to his regime of secrecy. Well, what secrets can we have?! After all, this is not a military facility, but an ordinary central bank, where money is taken into account and transferred from one account to another. This, in fact, is my work. I sit at a computer and monitor the database with the accounts of our bank and those associated with it. Only now all this is completely uninteresting to me. And my dear superiors somehow seem gray and boring...

Having finished work, I run to my beloved ones: my son and Rashka.

Yes, and also Rex was gone, I'm really worried about him. But the son and Rashka unanimously reiterate that Rex runs home during the day when I am not there, and runs off again at night. Maybe he fell in love, and he has dates on nights.

Lots of work. And today, at the end of the day, something strange happened. Suddenly my work phone rings and someone says there:

“Violet-356, transfer two from the 8th to the 5th.”

And I, as if understanding everything, open the account 87695 on the computer, and it has a password, I know this password from somewhere and transfer two billion to the account 55387, which is also password-protected and which I also can open. Only after doing all these strange actions, I suddenly woke up, called the director and told him everything, though I was ashamed to say that I knew the passwords. I said that they were also told to me by phone. Fedor Yakovlevich was simply shocked. He also opened all these accounts and began to scream joyfully into the phone that I had saved his reputation, that he had finally hit the trail of some scammers. “Now,” he screams, “I will transfer this money back to our account and will please Semen Andreevich, he was also worried”...

Well, I was not up to it. The working day was over, and I hurried home...

Radek Reksovich, continuation of the story about the last days of his childhood

These were the last happy days of my childhood. Mom was healthy and happy again. And dad, being Rex, was used to sleeping with his mother and now, too, was not afraid to sleep with her. Mom told me that a long time ago she really offended dad and that since then dad was afraid to sleep with her in the same bed. But now they slept together and were very happy.

They did not send me to school, because classes began long ago and it was already too late to put me there. I spent the whole day with my father again, and in the evening my mother captured my father. She still could not have enough talking to her Rashka.

It all ended one evening when my mother talked about a strange case at her work and wrote about it in a letter to Aunt Masha. Mom told all this as a joke, but Dad was seriously worried.

At three o'clock in the morning the phone rang. The director called, asked to urgently come to work, he was waiting for her in his office. Mom began to pack, but my father asked me to wait a bit. We again joined hands with him and at the moment we were transferred to my mother's office. The director was dead in his chair, and next to him our darling Semen Andreevich was putting away his gun.

"You can't go there." Your director is already dead," said Papa.

"What nonsense. I just talked to him. How could he die so fast?"

"Semen Andreevich killed him," answered Papa.

"I do not believe your fabrications," said my mother angrily, "I will go anyway!"

"Well, okay," said dad, "call the director again and ask him something; if he answers, go."

Mom called... for a long, long time, but no one picked up the phone.

"I'm going anyway," she said.

"Good," said dad, "but first we'll do a little test trick. Let Radek and me hold hands, and you turn off light and look out the window, what will happen."

"Okay," my mother replied, "but not for long time."

"Son! Let's try together to mentally make a doll that looks like mom, let it go out of the entrance instead of our mom," – my dad told me.

So dad and I created something like a mom's ghost, and this ghost silently left the door of the house (in fact, it leaked through the door).

"Look," said mom, "there is a woman like me."

"Well," replied Dad, "look what will happen to this woman now."

Indeed, our ghost did not go a dozen steps, as they began to shoot at it from behind the nearest fence. Dad and I laid a ghost on the ground, as if it had died. And mother screamed in horror:

"They killed a woman there!"

"That would be the case with you if I let you go," Papa said.

"Is that your bandits?" Mom asked.

"No, these are the bandits of Semen Andreevich, but they will get no good from it too.

Meanwhile, three dark figures came out from behind the fence and headed for the fallen body. As soon as they approached our ghost, fragmentary shots rang out from the neighboring roof and all three figures laid down side by side.

"That's all," Papa said, "as you see, you are killed, and there are three bandits next to you. Tomorrow they will announce that the gang of scammers with you at the head of it has been destroyed and that it was you who killed the director of the bank who exposed the whole gang. Now let's wait for the snipers to leave the neighboring house and then we will get out... only it would be better not through the door..."

"Let's go," I said, "it is an escape staircase there, next to my balcony."

Mom quickly collected money, documents and some warm clothes. Dad took his diary and a pack of mother's letters, including the last unfinished one. I gathered my clothes and some toys. We went out onto the balcony and went down the escape staircase into the courtyard to the garage. Mom and dad rolled out the car from the garage and manually rolled it down the street, I sat inside and pressed the brake when it was necessary. Then they started the engine and drove very quietly to the border of the city. Having driven away from the city, we stopped the car, told mom to sleep and again joined hands with dad.

Mom was in such a dumbfounded and amazed state that she obediently laid down and immediately fell asleep. And we, as my father said, had to figure out what had happened and how to save mom.

We were a daddyson again.

First, we moved to my mother's work and saw how Semen Andreevich was making excuses to someone on the phone.

"So he is not in charge here," Papa said.

In an instant, we were transported along a telephone conversation right into some elegant room.

There was an inscription on the door: **Club of 13**, and this inscription was repeated in 12 more languages. Inside there were thirteen men in black clothes, one of whom was scolding Semen Andreevich on the phone. When he walked away from the telephone, another man addressed him with a smile.

"Well, you frittered away the annual plan. Starting next year, you will not be the first, but the last... Let's see how HE will punish you!"

"Okay," Dad told me, "these are not in charge either. And who is HE?"

In the meantime, quiet conversations were going on in the room. A few men played cards. Two argued and made a bet. As my father and I understood, they were arguing about whose army will capture some oil field.

And our "first", who abused Semen Andreevich by phone, was walking sadly between the tables and handing out money to everyone. Apparently, he bet someone and now, having lost, he was paying.

But then a quiet musical sound was heard, and in the middle of the hall in a large stone bowl rose a luminous pillar. All the men knelt and pressed their heads close against the edge of the bowl. All of them simultaneously were receiving instructions for further work.

"Here HE is!" dad said.

As if we were pulled into a luminous column and immediately found ourselves in a small room with a TV and a huge number of all kinds of cups, vases... on the shelves. The old man sat with his eyes closed in a huge armchair, and it was from him that all the power creating the luminous speaking pillar in the **Club of 13** came out.

"That's the goal of our journey," Papa said. "What should we do? This old man seems to be stronger than both of us put together. For example, I can't make such things." We left the room by seeping through the door, and found a young soldier with weapon in his hands.

"Let's use him!" Dad said.

The soldier could not do anything against our joint attack. In the body of a soldier, dad and I entered the room of the main sorcerer!

We saw on TV how to do this. Turn the shutter, point a weapon on the enemy and demand menacingly!

"Stop harking after my wife Alexandra!"

The old man smiled and asked:

"Which Alexandra? You, Pete, have gone crazy... – Then he became serious, looked closely and said: "Sorry, I was mistaken, you are not my Pete, and you only used him. It is a pity; I will have to part with him. So which Alexandra, from which city, which country?"

Dad did not know that, and I was afraid to tell him.

"Well..." he said, "Semen Andreevich wants to kill her, in the same way as he recently killed the director of the bank."

"Ah, Semochka, of course, he is the gifted guy. But he does nothing in vain. If he wants to kill, then it is necessary for business. And our affairs are very important; the money we collect is used to build the future happiness of all mankind! So do not worry in vain."

"But I don't want her to be killed!" shouted dad and pressed the trigger.

I thought that one shot would happen, just like in the movies. But the weapon suddenly started to jump in father's hands, sending bullets in different directions. And dad still had no idea of releasing the trigger. Then the TV exploded and the fragments of cups and vases from the shelves flew all over the room. I thought that just in a moment a terrible old man would fall dead, but he was not going to fall. He suddenly squealed in a thin voice:

“Radogast! Radogast! Stop this nonsense!”

At this scream, Dad was very frightened and dropped his weapon on the floor. The ghostly figure of a second old man arose in the middle of the room, leaner and taller, but with a long beard.

“Well, well” he said. “It’s you, Ra, behave outrageously here. And completely in vain. None of the people can damage Upyg!”

“So this is your ambassador?!” Upyg asked venomously. “He made a hole in my robe! He broke all my Chinese porcelain! The vases of the Ming Dynasty! Nobody had such, I collected them for five hundred years, and now I have only fragments!”

“No, no,” said Radogast. “Not mine. Your cosmonauts from Dhana brought this pest to Ra, and I took his life, as expected.”

“So you did it badly!” screeched Upyg. “Now I will take up the matter myself and will certainly finish him and his wife. And because you, Radogast, have allowed such an outrage, I demand from you to let me bring another person from Dhana. I need him for research for the month or two, and then I will order him to be killed. Do you agree? After all, for the next 50 thousand years I have to work on Dhana, so I must know in advance what kind of monsters are there. But if you don’t agree, I will complain to the Supervisory Board, and you will be as good as dead.”

“Okay!” Radogast agreed. “As you wish!”

“Then I give order to Semushka to urgently catch and kill this flier. Unfortunately, I cannot do this on my own; the status does not allow it.”

“I do not mind,” Radogast said, “but I doubt that he has a body that can be killed. The last time I saw him was only in the form of a spirit.”

“That is ok, my Semushka, with the help of the imprint of thoughts, finds not only alive, but also the dead. Such a talented boy! And I’ll send him the imprint right away.”

And then dad, apparently, realized that we were wasting our time, and sharply yanked us back to our bodies, to our car.

“Well,” he said, “the number two never leads to something good. Now, not only Semen, but all the main sorcerers of the country of demons will hunt for us. Both Upyg and Radogast are against us. Let’s urgently wake up mom, we’ll go to aunt Masha, maybe at least you can be saved.”

We woke up mom.

“What? Can we already go home?” Mom asked.

“No,” Papa answered, “the road to home is closed to us forever!”

As if in response to his words, two huge dark shadows drove to the intersection on the border of the city we left.

“Now the roads are blocked,” Papa said, “if you want to save your son, and then let’s hurry to aunt Masha.”

And we rushed off. We arrived the same night. Aunt Masha immediately realized that a rouble had happened. She fed us and put our mother to sleep, but my father and I refused. Dad had an idea how to save not only me but also my mother. He did not think about his own salvation, since this, he said, it was the fourth occasion, and he must necessarily die at the spell of Radogast, completely and irrevocably.

To save mother, he decided to conduct an anti-witchcraft to that witchcraft that separated my mother from aunt Masha at birth. He asked aunt Masha to lie down next to her mother. Then dad and I again connected and began to mentally bring together the two bodies lying in front of us: mom’s and aunt’s. Combining their second and third bodies, dad disconnected from me and said:

“Now hold them together, and I’ll try to unite mom and aunt Masha completely... We did it!” Sleeping mother easily passed from her body into the similar body of her sister. Dad carefully carried mother’s body away and put it into the car.

While we were doing this, aunt Masha dozed off, and dad suddenly saw a bundle of mom's letters on her shelf. He collected them all, tied it together with the rest of the letters and his diary, packed everything in a bag and, having thought a little, put his favourite horn there too.

"That's it," he said, handing the bag to me, "goodbye, son! Go to Aunt Valya, give all these letters to her too and she will figure out where to hide them." After that, he got into the car, quickly drove off and took mother's body away.

I went to aunt Valya's house. There was only Lyubochka. I said that we have trouble and that dad sent me to aunt Valya. Lyuba quickly contacted her mother mentally, even though her mother was many kilometers from home. Then she said that aunt Valya ordered me to go to bed and give letters to her. That's exactly what I did.

I woke up because of the noise of motors outside the window. The street was full of soldiers; especially a lot of them were around the house of aunt Masha.

"If they come to us," said Lyubochka, "crawl under the table and be silent. I will talk as my mother will tell me. Do not forget to put up protection, as in the game of hide and seek."

Heavy steps were heard on the porch and who do you think came in? Semen Andreevich. In horror, I darted under the table.

"Hello, Lyubochka," he said gently, "and who is it under your table?"

"This is my little brother," Lyuba answered, "he is afraid of all strangers!"

"Where's mom?"

"Mom is in the city. She passes the exam to become a doctor. She is a whole week there. And by the end of the week she asked us to go to her for the holidays. My brother has never seen a city."

"Hm, it will be difficult for you to leave now, the whole village is cordoned off. However, I will give you a letter and an accompanying person; he will lead you to your mother."

"Oh thank you! How kind you are! Mom always said that you are the most wonderful person in the world!" Semen Andreevich smiled:

"Well, see you!.. Hey Fedka! Here's a pass for you, you will lead tomorrow these children to their mother, she in the city."

Fedka saluted, looked indifferently at us and left after Semen Andreevich.

"Now," said Lyubochka, "we will save aunt Masha. Let's join hands and try to make sure that no one receives a single reasonable word from aunt Masha, let everyone think that she is a complete fool. Then she will not be touched."

That's what we did. This turned out to be much easier than we thought. Aunt Masha was tired and really wanted to sleep, so it was very easy to get her to answer irrelevantly.

"Yesterday I was very tired. The calf was born. Spotty and funny like Pestruska. And then, at night, I dreamed of my little sister, as if she had come to me... Why are there so many dirty dishes on the table? I don't have time to wash the dishes, at the weekend I'll immediately wash everything... The shoes under the bed are sister's, but if she actually was here at night, why did she leave the shoes? So she went barefoot or what?.. If you visit our farm, I'll show you a calf, it is so funny!.."

Eventually, the interrogator spat:

"What can you expect of the fool!"

But events on the street continued to unfold. Three small cars skidded right through the meadow with great speed and sped off into the distance. These cars had no wheels; they seemed to fly above the ground.

"These are my beaters!" Semen Andreevich said with pride.

He was sitting almost under our window in an open black car, and next to him was a general who answered:

"I prefer helicopters. Just in case, I called one. A volley of missiles is the end of all problems."

"I want to take her alive. They say that she has a very unusual assistant, so the main thing is to get to him. Have you heard about the possibilities of a mental attack?"

“Well, that’s all fairy tales.”

“Not really, not really... A criminal who knows these methods is doubly dangerous. He can put into your head that he is not he at all, he can make you perform an action that you were not going to perform, and then forget about it. So don’t stop me from taking them alive. Now, if he mentally strikes me down, haha, then you can act by your own methods.”

Lyubochka and I nestled against the window and listened attentively to this whole conversation.

“Now he will be catching my dad,” I whispered softly to Lyubochka.

“Let’s unite, like you and dad,” Lyubochka suggested, “and come up with something.”

We connected. Lyubochka held our common defense, and I sent a thin ray to search for my father. I saw with his eyes a country road rushing madly at me. The car was flinging in different directions, but dad did not slow down. I said that he was chased by three cars without wheels, which are much faster than his own.

“Then,” Papa said, “help me create a ghostly copy of my car. We will put on the road, let them hunt after. And we ourselves will turn into the forest.”

So they did. And on time! Five minutes later, I heard Semen Andreevich talking on the walkie-talkie with his hunters.

“Well,” he told the general, “they’ve already caught him up, in five minutes they will immobilize him and brought here to us. The guys are persistent and protected from mental attacks.”

Five minutes passed, then another ten, Semen Andreevich began to lose patience. He was shouting into the phone:

“How can you not catch up with him?! Shoot the wheels!..”

“How can’t you shoot?!”

“Well, some kind of nonsense turns out. They can’t catch up with an old clunker!”

“Not otherwise than psychology pulled the rug out,” the general smiled. “Well, that is a thought.” Semen Andreevich closed his eyes and concentrated. “But it is true, there is no car there. They are chasing a ghost. But where is the car? Half a moment and I’ll feel, I’ll feel... Here is the necessary trace!.. 45th square.”

“Dad, he felt for you!” I shouted desperately.

“I can’t do anything with him,” Papa said, “his defense is impenetrable. Could you somehow distract him? At least make a small bonfire in his car.”

“Good! I will try!”

I focused towards the sun and thought about where to make a fire. And suddenly the nose of Semen Andreevich caught my eye. It was bulbous nose and I wanted to decorate it with something... After a minute his nose was fuming! I felt that both Lyuba and even her mother mentally support and help me. Semen Andreevich grabbed his nose in horror. And then all four of us (along with dad) dealt a mental blow. Semen Andreevich swayed and fell to the bottom of the car. Soldiers and doctors wererunning around. I heard someone say:

“It seems like a stroke.”

Semen Andreevich was wheezing, the foam was coming from his mouth. He was quickly put on a stretcher and taken away.

The general commanded on the street. He spoke with a helicopter.

“A car, not far from the road in the 45th square. Find it and destroy! Square has to be cordoned off!”

“Dad,” I shouted, “fast get out of the car. They will destroy it.”

“I’m trying to get mom out.”

“Quicker, quicker!”

High in the sky above the village, hung a helicopter, and a smoky stream went from it towards dad.

“Lie down!” I shouted to him mentally.

“Well,” the general said with satisfaction to his assistant, “the car is destroyed, the square is cordoned off. If they are still alive, we will find them.

I contacted dad again, he was alive.

“But mom’s body died,” he said.

“You couldn’t save it anyway. Your forest is cordoned off and you have nowhere to run.”

“Well, we’ll see about that,” Papa said and turned off.

“So,” the general said a little later, “only fragments left from the car, a criminal is killed, but her accomplice disappeared. What will we do?”

“What if he hid in a square or got through a cordon?..”

“It’s simple. Shoot the internal cordon! Fill the square with poisonous substances! You can do right now from the helicopter.

“Dad, dad,” I cried out mentally, conveying the whole conversation I heard.

“I’ll try to survive,” dad’s voice came softly to me. “Leave the village and don’t look for me. If I survive, I will contact you in six months.”

This ended our conversations. Lyubochka and I were incredibly tired. We can barely hold our eyes open. We woke up only the following morning, when Fyodor, the adjutant of Semen Andreevich, entered our hut, rattling his boots.

“Well, small fry, get ready! You have five minutes. I’m waiting for you in my car!”

The next day, we were already at the hotel where aunt Valya met us.

Aunt Valya said that she will be my mother now. We spent several interesting days in the city, went to exhibitions and museums. And then we left for aunt Valya’s new job in the forest hospital. There was a whole town in the forest, with a school, shops and gyms. I immediately went to school – first grade. Although I missed the first half of the year, I was able to read and write, so I could do it no worse than others.

Six months passed, there was no news from dad, and I realized that he is dead.

A doctor, who treated my mother, was brought to a closed hospital block. I caught a glimpse of him when he was carried on a gurney, but I immediately recognized him. Then aunt Valya secretly told us that he had been tortured for a long time, they were asking how he managed to cure my mother, but he did not know anything. They will cure him. But it is still unknown what will be next.

A month later, aunt Masha was brought to us and put in a psychiatric ward. It turned out that aunt Masha could no longer cope with her work, she confused and forgot everything. In addition, as the doctor said, she has a serious illness – a split personality. Well, I knew that this was not a split, but actually two personalities: aunt Masha and my mother. Aunt Masha did not fully recover; she stayed to work at the hospital as a cleaner. I often visited to her, and together we thought of our dad and a happy life until his death.

Meanwhile, in a poisoned forest, a strange, unlike anything tree slowly died among other trees of the forest...

Chapter 7. 22 – 13 years uew Salvation of Ra

The Diary of Radek Kotlovanov

Yes! Such is my surname, and Valentina Semenovna Kotlovanova is my mother now. Everything that was in childhood was just a dream that must be forgotten! And I forgot it! I forgot about my father, who could turn into a dog, I forgot that I could turn into a cat. And aunt Masha, the only one who reminded me of my mother, unexpectedly disappeared then, in that tragic year.

Nine years passed, and nothing much happened. I was going to school, playing with friends, I was not very good at football, but I achieved recognized success in table tennis. With time I began falling in love with classmates, Lyuba as my sister was aware of my adventures. Sometimes she was jealous of me, sometimes she fell in love, and I was jealous. We saw mom only late in the evening: she became the director of the hospital, and her trouble increased. Semen Andreevich came to us several times. Each of his visits was accompanied by great turmoil because everyone was afraid of him, but not my mother, Valya. I remembered his first visit, just after aunt Masha disappeared. This disappearance angered him just insanely, but mother Valya even then managed to calm him down.

My adulthood, as it were, turned the whole world around me. First, an old notebook stirred up a childhood memory. And the next day, mother Valya brought a skinny girl to us. As she explained to us, the gypsies left her, because she was sick. Her name was Rose, and she never went to school. Mom Valya said that Lyuba and I should be her brother and sister and slowly prepare her for school. At least we had to teach her to read and write.

I cannot describe what I felt when I saw Rose. This thin tanned gypsy seemed to look into my very soul and turned everything over there. Lyuba also felt that something was wrong; her jealous resentment brightly flashed red sparks above us and then melted into Rose's smile.

"I'm not your rival, little sister, but Radek is my brother too," she suddenly distinctly told us on the usual mental channel that only the three of us had used until now: me, mom Valya and Lyuba. Lyuba and I became simply numb but Rose continued: "Now there are four of us here, and, according to the law of the four truths, we can safely move further along the path destined in Dhana.

"Dhana! Dad! Is he alive?!" I shouted.

"Alive, alive, calm down," replied Rose, "I am his daughter too, and therefore your sister."

Thus began our new life. In the evenings, Rose talked about her life, and Lyuba and I taught her reading and writing. Rose told us, whose real name was Raegle, that Ra is her father and Siegle, the ruler of ants, is her mother.

Notes by Rose (Raegle) about Ra's salvation and her journey to the land of demons

Eight years passed, but my father had not returned. The last days I woke up in tears, I dreamed of a black forest with dead trees, only one tree was alive. And this tree was my father Ra. Here's what he told me:

"The mortal curse of the main demon, Radogast, lay upon me, and there was no salvation. The cold was squeezing life out of me, which gradually turned into a dream. And I dreamed of a hot Dhana and my daughter, whom I had never seen."

The spring sun awakened the dying tree. Streams ran, poisoned streams.

“Are you really thinking of dying?!” the voice of Radogast came in my head. “I need you! Quickly turn into a dog and ran from this tree graveyard. But quietly! Even in thoughts! Semen Andreevich is recovering and in a couple of days he will be here!”

“I agree, if you take care of Masha, the sister of my wife because Semen will not leave her alone.”

“I’ll do it! Now be quiet and follow my commands. Run in the sun, a few miles later there will be a fence, stand at the gate and wait. You will be taken to a dog kennel. You will live there! Until the time.”

And this time went on for years that I did not count.

And I stopped seeing terrible dreams. I dreamed of funny alien animals called dogs. The dreams were so pleasant that I used to turn into a dog and run, play dog games while dreaming. And I got to the point that my mother noticed this when she found me sleeping in the form of an unknown beast. She took me to the elders and left me under their care so that her daughter would be cured of an unknown illness. Since then I have lived with them, experiencing with them their great trouble called UYY.

It turns out that a long time ago the UYY sorcerer lived with others in our anthill. Already in his youth, he was full of evil thoughts that he would be the smartest and one in command. At that time he had already mastered the evil sorcery of number two, and no one could cope with him, he was very strong. The elders gathered and applied the magic of the number four against his witchcraft. This magic can only be done by four real people together. And this magic causes a severe headache in those who are committed to evil. With the help of this magic, they drove the evil UYY into a deadly swamp, so that he would die there. But the evil UYY did not die, in the middle of the swamp he found a kind of islet and saved his anger and strength, dreaming of revenge, but could not get out of the swamp, because the elders continuously kept him there with the help of magic of four.

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