

MESSAGE
civilizations

Nikolay Lakutin

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All events and characters are the author's fiction. Any coincidence names, surnames and positions characters with real names survivors or deceased people, and also occurred with someone in life events absolutely accidental and utterly unintentional.

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Для подготовки обложки издания использована художественная работа автора. Обложка книги разработана автором в дизайнерской программе и является интеллектуальной собственностью Николая Лакутина.

Just a movie

Every once in a while, watching sci – Fi movies that are mostly of American origin, I wonder how they know that. Of course, in the films show only a small piece of truth, and then led to the side, distorting the meaning and rearranging everything upside down, but I do not need to chew every frame in order to understand the encrypted messages, which in most cases I am notified in advance...

Watch the 2006 lake House movie with Keanu Reeves and Sandra bullock those who haven't done it yet. It's just a movie, but it's one of those movies that's based on real events. And if you're interested, I'll tell you about a friend of mine with a similar story. I'll tell you how it happens in life, not in the movies.

"Lake house" is the name of the film I watched in 2017. More precisely, I started to watch it, but less than half of the film, as I watched a completely different movie. I was looking at the screen, but I saw a completely different story ... a story that started 33 years ago....

Ukraine, 1984. The feast, the song, the wedding of my friend. She was sitting right in front of me, a friend of the bride, her name was Lesya.

Under toasts, jokes and songs we from time to time exchanged glances with her, noticing in a smile of each other something so easy, pure, primordial and unique. We both knew love was born that way....

This year there was a canadian animated film "Paradise", I invited her to a movie on this picture. The film is so-so, but the melody, which later became known as "the Lonely shepherd" -it somehow immediately sunk into the soul, because it very accurately reflected the purity of thoughts, the state of lightness and our attitude to each other, which fleetingly formed a couple of days ago at the festive table.

Was sitting in the theater silently, not whispering, but whispering our souls. We had no idea what it was or how it could be, but we felt very well that it was happening. Since then, there were many more trips to the movies, there were beautiful moments, there was everything a young couple can dream of in twenty years. This went on for three years. And exactly three years later, at the wedding of a friend the guy was killed by the accidental stroke of a knife in the scuffle, which at weddings are not uncommon. This guy just went to another city, said to a friend's wedding ... and never came back. Where, to whom – no one knew.

since I don't like weddings...

In the same 1987 was born I – Lakutin Nikolai Vladimirovich. Russia.

Life did not spoil me too much, but I will not go into the pitiful stories that filled my path. In 2016, a completely "random" way I met on the Internet with a woman who was a little over fifty. She introduced herself as Alesya. In the comments of the community we both belonged to, some of us clung to the comment left, and there was mutual interest.

As we communicated, we penetrated deeper into each other, feeling and understanding indecently. It looked a little strange. First-the age difference, I was 29 years old. Secondly-She lives in Ukraine, I am in Russia. Thirdly, she has a strong family, a husband and four children, I have a wonderful family, a wife and two children. Almost nothing in common. Interests are different, tasks, goals are different, children are also not relevant to discuss, because they have a significant difference in years. And, nevertheless, for some reason this thin but strong connection was formed.

She wrote to me every day, slept by night, sharing their experiences and tender feelings which were afraid to admit to herself. Because it's both funny and sad. A woman falls in love with a guy who is younger than her by 30 years, is in another country and what is most interesting-almost nothing about himself. It's nonsense. After all, I really do not spread about myself. In addition to the name

of me almost no one knows anything, except that I write unusual books. By the way, I felt it too. We communicated a little less than a year, but as if we had lived together for several years.

So, I started watching the movie "Lake House". And quickly in front of me was completely restored picture. This woman, after a couple months of communication I wrote – "Call me Les".

I finally understand why I can't stand weddings. No, I like it when people get married, and I happily honk on the road passing towards wedding carts, but at the wedding of my friends and relatives, I always appeared only for a few minutes to congratulate and disappear. I managed to endure my wedding, but I cut the program to a minimum, and introduced a rigid framework of the event, which set against myself my wife's relatives for the next 15 years of marriage.

In the film, the main characters all work, they somehow meet, reducing the spatial difference of two years to zero. I now quite understand that life can play such a joke, and moreover, does it constantly, because we all meet in every new life with the same actors who played in the past pictures. But I somehow did not think that it is possible to meet one fellow traveler in different bodies. It was possible.

She saw my photo, knew my name and read some of my books. I didn't see her face, didn't hear her voice. We only communicated through messages, but these messages showed the connection formed 30 years earlier. All issues were resolved.

She wrote to me every day, but when I remembered everything and realized, my sent letter remained unanswered. Days passed, and the answer never came, and the letter remained unread. The system we're in doesn't like to be exposed. So I decided not to go into these questions in the case of ever received an answer and the next day came the answer, quote:

I'm sorry for interrupting the conversation so suddenly .all as it sometimes does not depend on me.

You're right, it's been about that long.....and I don't have to remember—I just haven't been able to forget the love of the name(.....)

I really don't know anything about that man and I'll never know.

Then I suggested not to return to this topic and did not go into details, so as not to derail the mind of my unforgettable love, who survived death. Everything went as it should.

Nature always follows the simplest path. There is no need to rewrite the stories of all those participants who go along with us, to compress and expand the time of each of us, to adjust to something, to reduce to a common denominator. All this happens, of course, but at a different level, at a different price and for a different purpose. As regards individual people from different times – Yes, it's possible, but to meet again, you must die.

In some of my books I have already described the deaths that I remember, described some of the lives that popped up in my memory, this story is one of them. Life is amazing. Here much is possible even in material terms. Let's see what life will share more...

In 2317.

Since I saw only a small part of the developed city in 2317, which is described in this manuscript, the cost of this information is not too high. Again, I did not see the whole world, but only one of the "successful and developed" cities and only a piece of it. But in General, the understanding of what will happen-it gives. Much at this stage seems unthinkable, but much is quite logical. In General-we'll live, as they say, we'll see, but for now, I have only what they give...

I have a lot of questions about what has been shown, therefore, just say – to require clarification on each item is not necessary. This material can be useful for businessmen who "look forward", as well as all curious, BUT!!! persistent in the emotional sense, because there is nothing to be happy about.

P. s. "...and 300 years later we will still be moving in the wrong direction...»

In August 2017, my wife and I drove around the country. We have long been going to embark on the roads of Russia, to look at other cities, at other nature... Yes, it is different even at a distance

of several hundred kilometers. So after our journey in one of the "unusual" dreams, when the control of the mind weakens and opens access ... I organized a tour in the year 2317. It was Novosibirsk, not even Moscow or St. Petersburg. However, to say that it is Novosibirsk is incorrect, because the names of the cities at that time will be changed. It is more correct to tell – I was in the territory of present Novosibirsk. As you know, this is the 3rd development city in Russia. Approximately the same dynamics remained three hundred years later, with some exceptions in some industries.

So, I was shown the city. To call the city, what I saw – it is quite difficult from the point of view of today's perception, and you will understand – why. There are no houses we used to see. There are no private houses or communal apartment buildings. None of that. The city, or more precisely about a quarter of the city that I visited, is an interlacing of three to five – tiered roads. If you can imagine the interweaving of wires of different thickness with different number of cores, you will get to the point of what awaits us in the near future. Roads, roads, roads.... with a different number of bands, with different width, height, with different levels and all sorts of curvatures, however, this is just logical. But here is that not is logical-machines on those roads not was. I would understand that the question of "traffic jams" by itself was solved, but where all cars got to? Why build such colossal interchanges that enveloped the whole city, or at least the part of it that I was shown? We will return to this later.

Now the question arises-where do people live, if the city is a combination of roads at different levels? Probably between these roads-you think. Almost, but very different than we used to see. Can you imagine the most modern train that can only give your imagination? This train is a bit like a caterpillar. Lush, beautiful, baked and modern. Here such here "trains" are fixed directly on borders of roads. What is remarkable – the level of roads at the level of houses is different. Roads go up and down, and these "trains" are located ... I do not even know how to convey in words... to some extent vertically and at the same time horizontally. In other words, these "trains" attached to the angle, but not from the same angle at which it descends or ascends the road, and under opposite corner, so that only one train crosses several roads, over curbs which is attached. These trains are housing. These are modern houses in 2317. If you imagine a train that froze on the slopes of the "roller coaster", then you can roughly understand how the "modern" houses are located. I understand that this does not fit into the framework of the presentation, I have this picture caused no less surprise and a lot of questions. I was explained that this is a kind of combination of a private house and a multi-storey house, which has absorbed all the best features from one and the other. Cars are apartments. But call cars their of course difficult. More suited word – cameras.

When I learned that this is a residential camera, the first thing that has caused confusion is the lack of Windows. How can you live in a house without Windows? Not seeing sunlight, not seeing what's going on outside the window. This is a very modern camera is Packed with technology, comfort that today we do not know. The tightness of the chambers and the air purification system and the sanitary part allow you to feel completely detached from the bustle of the city. You can set any background and any view outside the window. Everything is programmed and exhibited to your taste, taking into account any wishes that fit into the framework of the technical part. But this framework is very broad. With all the technological stuffing, these cameras are quite affordable from a financial point of view. They are somewhat similar to today's Studio apartments. Most people are arranged in one such "trailer", but those who are richer – have a few "cars" or even the whole "train". Inside there is very comfortable, do not say and do not think that you are in some cell, you feel in a luxury hotel room. But these "cars" are designed and created for the hard workers of the city. I'll be honest, I haven't seen exactly where they work. Personal transport in cities is prohibited. Move to the underground, to find out where the elevators from each of the "train". Where exactly these poor fellows go to work, I don't know, I won't think up.

So for what is done so many roads? Where are the cars? Where is the Parking?

Outside the city– there are houses, garages, land, nature, everything that was removed from the city limits. Probably, these roads are built for diplomatic relations, that is, organizations, delegations,

representatives from other countries and other cities have the full right to move anywhere in the city, everything is sharpened for service and convenience, but not for residents, because in the cities there are no residents, there are only workers, and they are quite enough for the life of equipped cameras, developed state structures and, apparently, equipped (I do not know where located) jobs.

And to live, relax and everything else – this is perhaps beyond the city, there flows a completely different life.

Tip

...I wrote then:

"I went to sleep. If Wake up – write. Good for you. Life is a beautiful game...»
wrote all right... just didn't know then what the truth is...

One of those fools to whom these lines are dedicated is their author. Yes, so I have often the case, that thought comes one, picks up another, and the result total transformation incompatible on first glance, information, is shaped utterly new knowledge, about which I and'll tell you.

At the end of July 2017, I talked on a very difficult topic with one very difficult person who does not yet know who he is. In the evening, after I very superficially opened the cards in front of him and sent a meaningful message, in anticipation of the fact that in the morning I simply do not Wake up, which is very likely to happen to me for several years, I wrote:

"I went to sleep. If Wake up – write. Good for you. Life is a beautiful game... how many times have I died, died, been killed..... and yet ... coming back."

to my amazement, in the morning I woke up and finished not read until now message:

"probably "Wake up" was meant not waking up from a dream in the General sense. I'll think about what I texted you last night.»

and left the question of time.

And the answer came. 26.08.2017.

I often have unusual dreams for most people. There are visions, there are visits and not only people. I will not disclose everything, but believe me, there is no less interesting life than here on Earth. I believe that I am not alone and among the readers there are those who understand what we are talking about.

Have you ever died in your sleep?

I was dying not only in the dream, and repeatedly, but now not about it.

What happens when a person dies in a dream? Whether it's an accident or a suicide... it's important that in any case, if a person dies or dies in a dream, he wakes up in reality. Note, you feel in dream not the to worse, and in some ways even better. Feelings, tastes, pain, everything is sometimes even more colorful than in "real life". It's kind of strange, but not for long, until we forget about it, and forget quickly, things, you know, care, for that they are created. So. I have often told my clients who come to me for psychological help or support that there is no need to be afraid of death. I gave some explanation, based on the fact that death is just a transition to another form of existence. Without death in the old capacity, there is no birth in the new. Now I became more clear all the above.

Information came out of nowhere, sharply and incoherently with nothing: "Dying in a dream – we Wake up in reality. Dying in reality-we Wake up in a dream. Only the dream in which we Wake up – is no less real reality than the one in which we all exist, especially given that all this does not exist, all that you see – it is not."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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