

# Quest!

SOUL DRUMMER'S

All the parts!!!

Complete  
collection

Nikolay Lakutin

16+

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**Quest. The Drummer's Soul. All  
the parts. Complete collection**

«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

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## **Lakutin N.**

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I asked the wisest: "What have you learned From your manuscripts?"- The wisest said: "Happy is the one who is in the arms of a tender beauty At night, you are far from the wisdom of books!» All the events, organizations and characters are the author's invention. Any coincidence of names, surnames and positions of characters with the real names of living or dead people, as well as events that occurred with someone in life, is absolutely accidental and completely unintentional.

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## Содержание

Quest. The drummer's soul. Part 1	5
Quest. The Drummer's Soul. Part 2	21
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	28

## Quest. The drummer's soul. Part 1

The zoo was in an unprecedented state of excitement. Animals crawled out of cages with the arrival of heat, people missed the long winter hiding in burrows representatives of fauna. A tall guy walked slowly through the rows. People intuitively dispersed themselves without noticing freeing up the road in front of him, and the animals seeing him ran away to their holes and booths. The lion crouched in a corner when the strange citizen stopped at his enclosure.

"Nice dog," he said, smiling contentedly, and went to the door...

"Well, well... another equally tall man in dark glasses noted as he watched the scene, then made a few notes in a notebook and got lost in the crowd...

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Captivating rhythms resounded from the main square of the city. They completely captured the attention of all those who heard them even from afar. People were rapidly gathering around the lone drummer who had merged in a single dance of body and space with rhythms flying out from under his sticks. These rhythms sounded so exciting and rich, as if they had some diabolical seductive power that you can't fight, that you can't resist. People around the drummer became more and more, cars stopped at the roadsides, on the balconies of buildings located in the hearing zone, companies jostled. Open mouths, admiring glances and these overtaking each other emissions of energy, which were mercilessly distributed to the space by a young guy-virtuoso...

And suddenly, in an instant, everything was quiet. The drummer abruptly cut the song short before playing it to the end. Not immediately began to be heard annoyed exclamations, the audience was eager to continue. The drummer sat motionless, frozen in an awkward position with sticks in his hands. Gradually, he began to make barely visible movements, as if extricating himself from the inside of the web. His movements were slow, somewhat jelly-like. He finally lowered his hands, smoothly straightened his back, and, with difficulty turning his head to a normal position, said loudly, closing his eyes:

"If you do that again, I'll stick these sticks in you, you know where." And I'll do this!

The drummer beat a rapid beat, then turned around.

– Hello, Tikhon. I'm sorry, I didn't think you were still falling for these tricks, " the man in dark glasses said.

– In order to play like this, you have to be open, and when I'm open, I'm vulnerable. We will talk not here, – the guy-virtuoso answered. He nodded to a nearby van and left the tool and went with the waiting man. The van pulled up in front of the parting crowd, and two people began to quickly put the equipment in the car. The crowd began to disperse, and the parked cars continued on their way.

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"Why did you come?" the drummer asked, sitting in the passenger compartment of a luxury car.

The man behind the wheel took off his sunglasses, put them on the dashboard, and turned off the ignition. There was a hazy emptiness around the car. This place was called the Bay. Random people rarely appeared here, since the area was quite remote from the city, and the vowel was only "for their own".

"I've got a new horse," the driver said, patting the steering wheel.

The drummer was silent, waiting for an answer, his eyes fixed on the window.

– Tikhon, I need your help.

"You personally or the order?" the guy asked, not taking his eyes off the window.

– The task is set by the order, but my interest in this is also there.

The drummer grunted significantly and got out of the car. The driver also left the cabin and went after the guy.

"You know, Vahe, I don't help occult communities, none of them," the guy said calmly, not turning around, knowing that the driver was following him.

"I know, but I also know that there is no way out of the order. Those who are not with us are against us.

"Are you here to remind me of this?" Bartholomew decided that I would comply with his request, fearing retribution, as you call it.

– Tikhon... you're not a stupid person. I found you, and they will find you. Maybe you shouldn't fight with those who gave you everything.

The drummer turned and stared into his opponent's eyes. This look carried great power and no less danger.

"I'm just passing it on," Vahe said, raising his hands peaceably.

– You have a worthy opponent, and you decided to push the heads of those who are dangerous to the order. I recognize Bartholomew's methods. What do... you passed it on, I heard it.

"Will you pass something back?" asked in the back of the departing drummer Vahe.

The drummer turned again.

– In response... Look, " he pointed at the car, running his index finger down it, then closing his index finger with his thumb and separating them.

The car split into two equal halves, as if cut by an invisible laser along the hull.

– Tell them that Tikhon is still in shape, don't play with me. I love the world, I build the world... but I can fight better than anyone!

The drummer turned and left.

– Why did you ask? Vahe said irritably, peering inside the sprawled body of the car...

He took his sunglasses out of the car, put them on, smiled, and disappeared into thin air.

\*\*\*

Gideon returned from the zoo to his rented apartment in a good mood. Fifteen years of study in seclusion were not in vain. He would probably have forgotten how to speak if he had not mastered the technique of knowledge that allows you to speak any language in the world without learning it by traditional methods. The language of animals, birds, and plants became the man's native language. The trip to the zoo was a kind of test. As he passed the cages, he heard the cries of animals, recognized them, translated them, and answered some quietly without attracting public attention. Intuitively, he instilled in them a brief sense of danger, so that people would not feel it. All the experiments were crowned with success. Gideon pretended not to notice the look on his face of a man from the order, but in fact he specifically declared himself to make certain disturbances in the retinue of Bartholomew, a man with whom fate had brought him together almost twenty years ago.

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In those early years, orphans from all over the country were distributed among orphanages. The children did not know by whose will and unspoken order the entrance testing was conducted among all institutions of this type. Teachers evaluated the results according to a ready-made template, without going into details, the results were passed to the management. And those already in turn selected the persons interested in them, from new arrivals, and redirected them to the special block. The institution, called a special unit, had the formal status of an institution for the education of children with disabilities. In fact, children from all over the country were brought here not at all flawed. The tests performed in children's homes, allowed to identify the small percentage of children who had a special type of thinking. They were not Laggards, they were special children whose innate abilities and capabilities far exceeded even many adult representatives of the human race. The order of the Black hand was engaged in tracking such children and taking them under the control of a given ideology from an early age. In this occult community, children were given knowledge not available to most people. Ancient manuscripts hidden by the priests, intended to transmit knowledge to every person who came to this world through the heads of clans, chiefs, and fathers of families, were stolen

and removed from the capitals of the ancient centers of culture, passing these manuscripts strictly among their followers of the inner circle of initiates from generation to generation. Thus, none of the States of the modern world has ever found the records that were mentioned in any prophecy. Archaeological expeditions managed to find a few grains of knowledge, but no one had a complete picture of the true state of Affairs. The order of the Black hand was one of the followers of a long-running race created by the priesthood, living among people like a state within a state whose influence has long been reversed. The founder of this order was a native of the inner circle of trusted families – Bartholomew. Each child brought to the order from an orphanage, this person met personally only once, on the first day of arrival. This man had only to look at the child to see that it belonged to a special type of people. Thus, the second stage of selection of children was performed in order to weed out those who gave the corresponding result in tests by mistake, accident or inattention. But those who were rejected by Bartholomew were not taken back to orphanages. These children were simply eliminated in the simplest, relatively humane way. They were taken to a separate block where hungry, road-weary children were given lunch. An hour after lunch, the children fell asleep and never woke up. They did not feel any pain or discomfort, the poison contained in the food was created using ancient technologies, the knowledge of which was also hidden. Initially, it was created for the voluntary departure of a person from life, since the ancient culture of the founders of this world provided for the right of a person to physical death. Anyone could have done it at any time. Either a child or an old man. And no one interfered with the individual's decision, because people knew that physical life on Earth is only a small part of the entire journey of the human essence. This poison quickly entered the body, did not have any taste, combined with any food, and stopped the activity of all internal organs in a short time without any visible and sensual consequences. Twenty-four hours after taking this poison, the body began to glow with a bright white light. The concentration of light was saturated until the body was completely hidden in this light, after which the glow stopped, closing at a point and disappearing with the body. Therefore, there were no burials before the theft of this knowledge by the priests. With the concealment of this "homecoming" technology, there was a business like funeral procedures. It quickly gained momentum and firmly established itself among the powerful of this world. This dynamic has continued to this day throughout the world.

Bartholomew, using this recipe, easily solved the problem of eliminating "defective" children. No one who saw the face of the master of the order could leave the community just like that. People who joined it either became devoted servants of the order and executors of the will of the Teacher-Abbot, or received their dose of the coveted powder.

Gideon was brought to the order from an orphanage, just like Vahe, Tikhon entered training two years earlier, but he was no longer a child, he turned seventeen on the day he crossed the border of the special unit. All of them passed the second stage of verification, and entered the location of the occult community, where they actively developed their innate abilities, receiving dosed primordial knowledge of their ancestors. Even Bartholomew did not have complete information about the manuscripts hidden by the priesthood; he was far from being in the first ranks of those who were close to the first circle, the guardians of the power of knowledge. The structure that was created many thousands of years ago has grown throughout the Earth, and controlled all structures and processes. Bartholomew was one of the lower layers of this structure, so he had only limited access to the archive, but this knowledge was enough to stand alone against a small country. Bartholomew was feared by all his subordinates, but not because of the poison that was always with him. He had such an inner strength that every native of the community, having a special sensitivity, understood and was very well aware of what this person is capable of.

In the entire history of the order, there were only a few attempts to terminate relations with it by adherents. But all of them ended dramatically. All, except one, who put the hope of salvation to the children elected to the orders. Tikhon became such a person. Before he left, he left a scar on the Abbot's face. Novices said that the human hand could not leave such a scar, that the imprint on

Bartholomew's face was the punishment of the higher hierarchs who supervised everyone who set foot on the path of the power of knowledge. This, in turn, indicated that Tikhon had outgrown the Teacher. However, this was only talk.

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– How did you manage to get out of the clan? Gideon reasoned to himself, remembering the pioneer in this matter – Tikhon.

The guy rented a dilapidated house on the outskirts of the city. He could afford to rent a decent apartment and even a princely mansion, but preferred a modest lifestyle. His arrival in the city was due to the fact that with new knowledge, strength and honed skill to put an end to the Order of the Black Hand. And this step was only the beginning of his outlined mission.

Gideon lay in the middle of the floor, comparing the facts of events during his stay in the order, preparing a plan to eliminate the Abbot-Bartholomew and regretted that his meeting with Tikhon never took place.

A knock on the door distracted him from his thoughts.

– Zoe? At home? Open it! I have a train in two hours, and I have a message for you...

Gideon opened the door and saw an astonished girl standing on the threshold.

"I'm sorry," she said slowly, "but who are you?"

"You must be going to see Zoya Petrovna." the guy asked.

"Yes, I'm Tanya, her niece, and you are..."

"I'm shooting here, Gideon.

The guy nodded affably.

– A... So she had rented out her place after all... Where is she now? Do you know how I can find her?

– The hostess said that she needs to go somewhere for two weeks, promised to visit on arrival, to see how everything is here, and until then, the neighbors were told to keep an eye on. There they go, spies, – the guy with a share of humor nodded in the direction of the two grannies staring in their direction.

The girl turned and giggled:

– Yes, it's like a village. Every step of the way. And news travels instantly.

"Did you have something to say?"

– My mother gave me gifts for my sister, I came to the city on business, so I managed to stop by my aunt just now. But how am I now?..

"Give me your packages, if you're not afraid," Gideon said kindly.

"What's there to be afraid of?" "there are four jars of jam here." You can't eat them all, and even so, you can't take them back! And so the whole day with these banks dragged, already the shoulder falls off.

"Come in, catch your breath for an hour, I'll put the tea on, it's not far from the station, you'll be there in thirty or forty minutes, so you have an hour to spare."

The guy opened the door wider and made a welcoming gesture inviting you to enter.

The girl curtsied, and without fear, not an ounce, slipped into the hut, relieved to throw the bag off her shoulder.

"What did you say your name was?" Gideon?

"Are we on the 'you' yet?" Nothing, I don't mind. That's right, that's my name.

– Unusual name. Rare, I'd say.

The girl did not hide her sympathy, moreover, she showed her interest in the guy in every possible way. Her facial expressions and gestures suggested that she would not mind spending this hour not drinking tea, but doing something more interesting.

The unbuttoned top buttons of her blouse, the languid look, and the vulgar pose on the sofa were used.

– I heard that girls from rural areas are easier to relate to the issue of intimacy, but I did not think that it all happens this way! – calmly replied the guy, engaged in the tea ceremony.

"What's there to think about?" You try it! I'm not a very modest girl, it's true, but I think you won't regret it. You don't seem to be in a hurry either. We're adults, why all this preludes and talk about nothing around the Bush? I can see that you liked me, you are also very good, so why are we wasting time? Can we start now?

The girl undid a few more buttons on her blouse, the section of her lush chest did not pass by the guy's eyes.

"You're making sense, Victoria," the guy said, looking away and pouring out the tea that had been boiled before the girl arrived, as if on purpose.

The seductress's face changed.

– You probably didn't hear, my name is Tanya! "no," she said sternly. – And remember, girls are very sensitive to being called other people's names!

The guy turned around, brought two cups of tea and put them on the table next to the girl who was watching his silence with disgust.

Gideon sat down opposite her, smiled, and said:

"You're very good, that's right, and I'm not talking about the figure.

"You don't understand?"

– You are holding up well, I say, with experience, you can immediately see. But that's not clear than you have angered the clan, once they're donated...

The girl's eyes flashed fiercely. Gideon continued:

"I know who you are, Victoria. Exactly Victoria. That's the name your mother gave you at birth, but you don't remember it. Since your foster parents showed up, you've been called Tatiana, but that's not your real name.

"What are you talking about?" – What is the name? What kind of mother? Aren't you all at home? I think I'd better go!

The girl tried to get up quickly, but suddenly froze in motion and in a kind of constrained state sank back on the sofa.

"I'll finish it, if you'll let me," the boy continued, giving no sign of action at all. – I know that Zoya Petrovna doesn't have a niece. I also know why you came to this house and who sent you here. By the way, the jam is really delicious in those banks that you brought, do not worry that you overpaid for it from local saleswomen.

The girl could not move or say a word, but she looked at her bag of jam jars, which she had actually bought for an excuse to enter the house. The bag with the false link was closed, and the way Gideon talked about the taste of the contents of what he hadn't tasted impressed her. Up to this point, she had blamed everything else on leaks and clever psychological tricks.

"I can hear your thoughts, dear Victoria. Believe me, you're not as bad a girl as you want to be in the actions of the one who sent you here. You came to denigrate me, and it's nice to know how far you were willing to go for it, loyally, let's say, at a high price, but still having fun.

The girl's gaze changed, and there was an undercurrent of respect in it.

"But I still wonder why they sent you." Either you were sent to your death to get rid of an unnecessary link in the chain, or you are just a decoy..., or both.

Gideon tapped the table with his right hand, and the invisible shackles released the girl. She flexed her stiff joints. At the same time, the Windows in the house rang, and the plaster began to fall off the walls. Machine gun six-guns pierced the house through the length and breadth.

\*\*\*

Tikhon was packing. He gave the guys-assistants the go-ahead to leave. The next city he planned to visit was three thousand kilometers away.

– Tikhon, I apologize, we here with Andrey all cannot understand in any way, – one of assistants addressed.

"Speak boldly, I won't bite you." The question is about the route, right?

"How?" How do you know? Oh, Yes. Yes. There are at least sixteen localities on the road to the next location. Some of them are quite large. Why don't we play in these areas? On the way, right? People live there too! I understand the esoteric meaning of what you're doing, but isn't volume important in this case?

"Sit down, Lesh," Tikhon said kindly.

The guy sat up, all attention.

"You use logic, and I use knowledge. That's why my actions don't always find an explanation in your head.

"Andryukhina, too," the boy added.

"Andryukhina, too," Tikhon agreed, smiling. – Volume... you see, Alexey, we are not engaged in business, it is important for us not the number of services rendered, but the quality.

– As far as I know, there have never been any complaints about the quality. We see what happens when you play. But still I don't understand how in this case the number can interfere?

– I'm talking about another quality... not about the game.

"I don't understand, sorry?"

– In our business, the structure is very important. We raise the frequencies of people's consciousness and space in a strictly defined direction. This process should not be chaotic.

The guy's expression was blank.

– Well, I will explain on a banal example, – Tikhon answered a silent question. "Imagine you're making jam." Here you have collected the right amount of berries, washed it, poured it into the pan.

– Sugar should be sprinkled then in the right proportion! – Alexey joined the process.

"That's right! Now, you already know that proportion is important. But in addition to the dose, let's call it that, it is also important to constantly stir while the jam is cooking. This is done in order...

– So that the sugar is evenly distributed and that it does not burn!

– Great! You know. In our case, the situation is similar. If we pour all the sugar into only one part of the pan, and do not stir-the jam will not work. Sour and what is left without sugar and throw out what will be candied to the point of absurdity. In jam, as in any other process of creation, a certain distribution of sugar particles between the berry particles is important. This order of strict correspondence between atoms and particles is maintained everywhere on Earth. And not only on Earth.

"I wonder if you can tell me."

– No, Lesh, maybe another time. Go get ready, we'll leave tomorrow.

The guy bowed and left. But just a few seconds later he returned.

"Forgot something?"

– Still... if I may...

"Well?"

– Your performances do not support the form of voluntary payment for listening. People don't throw money at you. What funds do you use to pay us? What do you live on?

Tikhon smiled slyly. The guy looked confused.

"Let it be my little secret. By the way, what about the payment? Enough money?"

– No, that's fine. More than enough. We do not know where to spend the accumulated funds.

"I think you can sort this out somehow," Tikhon said cheerfully.

– Let's see, spending is not earning. Okay, tomorrow is tomorrow. We'll get ready.

The guy went out. Tikhon took a map from the tube, unfolded it, and, finding his place of residence on it, circled the city in a circle. There were already many such circles on the map. These encircled the city has formed a certain network in a strictly proportional conformity.

The drummer rolled up the map, put it in the tube, took out a dusty bag, looked into it, and emptied the contents. Several bills fell on the table.

"We need to replenish our supplies."

He took one of the bills, looked at it carefully, and put it in his bag. Then he did the same with the other bills. When I put the last one in, the bag was full of cash. Money somehow mysteriously multiplied hundreds of times.

"Having fun?" a pleasant, velvety voice came from the corner of the room.

Tikhon smiled, recognized the visitor, and answered without turning around:

"It's been a long time, Isaiah..."

\*\*\*

Gunmen in black masks, with the words "OMON" on their uniforms, cautiously began to approach the house, which was riddled up and down. The neighbors fled in terror to their homes and hid in distant rooms. Such events have never been seen in this suburb of the city before. Riot police surrounded the house from all sides, two people got inside through broken Windows, three more broke into the door. There were shouts and shots inside, but after a minute everything was quiet. A special forces soldier appeared in the doorway and shouted:

"Empty! They left."

"How did they leave?" They were here a minute ago, I could clearly hear them through the transmitter! "Yes," said one of the men, who seemed to be the leader.

"The transmitter is here, but they are not," said another soldier, who appeared in the doorway. In his hands was a girl's clothing with a beacon embedded in it.

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The girl was pounding on a nervous basis. A small tremor had not left her naked body for a quarter of an hour. Gideon bathed in the pond, glancing from time to time at the shivering "friend" whose hair was dripping with water.

– Yeah... the water is cool today, you're right. But it was necessary to take a dip, especially for you.

"What's that?" the girl stammered and trembled.

– Victoria, honey, I want to wish you a happy birthday, unscheduled, let's call it that. Accept your real name as a gift. Make new documents, this is not a problem, but I'm sorry for things, there was no time to pull out the transmitter. But I can offer you my shirt, it is quite long, and what is especially nice – without a beacon.

The girl cast a quick, wary glance in Gideon's direction. He smiled and continued:

– There is a village a few kilometers away, we will get some clothes for you there, don't worry.

– Cccac TTY Etto sdelal?

"In your order, students are not allowed to learn the technique of moving through space. Although Bartholomew himself and several of his associates possess it perfectly. Here you go!

The guy got out on the Bank and handed the girl his shirt.

– It's warm, you'll warm up quickly. I'd like a hot Cup of tea right now. Sorry I didn't have time to grab the cups and teapot, it would have been very useful.

– Mmmy ctto teleportirovat?

The girl looked around, touched the grass, her hands, her feet. Then quickly threw on a shirt, and calmed down a little, quietly said:

"So that's how it works..."

"Not always. There are several techniques for moving. In this case, it was wise to use this one."

\*\*\*

The sun was beginning to set. A girl in a shirt walked silently across the endless fields, Gideon at her side. His face shone with true joy, and it was evident to the naked eye that this man's heart was in love.

Several times he looked cautiously at the girl in surprise, as if reading an interesting question in her mind, but then quickly turned away and continued on his way as if nothing had happened.

When the girl, once again, by her inner reasoning and the silent murmur of her lips, caused an interesting look from the fellow-traveller, Gideon suddenly said:

– Yeah... , I also love the poems of this poetess.

These words hit the girl like boiling water on the back. She started, and fixed a shrewd glance on her companion.

"Good poems, aren't they?" And the situation has... harmony, " Gideon said.

"So you're also a mind reader?" Who the hell are you?

– These poems, like many others, were written by a beautiful, bright woman.

Victoria, with a look, insisted on her question.

"I introduced myself, Gideon, but that's a narrow view of the world. And in a large-scale sense- your brother. Father we have one – without thinking the guy replied.

– God? the girl quipped.

"That's the one."

"And you believe this nonsense?"

"Which one?"

"That God exists?"

"I can't help believing in him when he's in front of me."..

The girl was slightly taken aback.

"Are you suggesting that I'm a God?"

"And you, too."

"Who else?" You?

– Not only.

"Oh, Yes, and all the other people..."

"They are, of course, but they are only a small part of God.

– Wait, you said that we have one father – this is God, and now you say that I am God and you are God. There's a discrepancy in your hypothesis, buddy.

– There is no discrepancy. One does not contradict the other, moreover, it complements it. The only question is that words, of any language – are very trivial in the matter of conveying the truth. Therefore, when transmitting information from the source to the addressee through the word, the picture is often greatly distorted.

– Wiggled. So, okay, let's go on, so we're all just a small part of God? Who are the others? Aliens? Are you saying they're there, too? I've never met one.

"That's not true, you've met a lot of visitors from other constellations and even from neighboring universes in your life. Another question is that they do not seek to give themselves away, so they appear before the earthlings in their usual image.

"Them?" Don't you consider yourself an earth person?

"Let's just say I'm a "man of the world." Don't take it literally, because it won't be quite right. If you, when you say God, mean a bearded old man on one of the clouds-then of course this is fiction and in this case you can say that there is no God. But in fact, there is only an illusion about God, however, that there is an illusion... This is an extensive topic, and we can talk about it some other time. God is all that surrounds us. Everything visible and invisible. The one who created all this, who is all this. The one who manifests himself through all that you can feel, breathe, touch, see, understand, comprehend and create, just like The one you are a part of.

The girl looked at Gideon thoughtfully, then suddenly said:

"So you're saying my real name is Victoria?"

– Yeah.

"How do you know all this?"

"I was once a member of the order of the Black hand, and you know that special people are accepted there.

"I found out about the order not so long ago. I'm not one of the chosen ones you're talking about. I met Bartholomew by chance. I was his for a while... girl.

– A strong old man, I admire his desire to live in all its manifestations.

"Old man?"

– Well, Yes.

The girl frowned.

"Do you know how old he is?" Gideon asked.

I asked several times, but each time he evaded the question. I think he's in his early fifties, but he looks forty-two. I know what you're thinking, I was only thirty-four a week ago, but I was really interested in him. Maybe I even loved him. I don't know why he treated me like this.

"It doesn't take a reason for Bartholomew to send a man to his death, but still, I think you just got too close to him at a certain point and learned more than you should have."

"I found out about the order a few days ago, not from him.

"Well, that's the answer.

"But he doesn't know anything."

"Bartholomew is a very difficult man, Victoria. And, I'll slightly disappoint you, he's not in his early fifties, he's in his early hundreds!

"I don't believe it!"

"One hundred and thirty-seven years, to be exact."

"How can that be?"

– He has many techniques of esoteric knowledge, one of them allows you to slow down the aging process.

"Do you believe that?" Are you saying I slept with a man a hundred years older than me? Yes, this has not been in history, and can not be.

– Mistake. History knows cases of staying in the same body for more than a thousand years. And these people looked about the age of a well-groomed sixty-year-old man, while maintaining all the functions of the body, including sexual. Naturally, twenty-year-old girls and boys are very popular as partners with these representatives.

– Nightmare...

"No, it's just a slight digression. These people do really terrible things in a very different way.

"Do they?" So they are still there?

– Always be... And they will. Knowledge is not lost, it is simply hidden. And this knowledge is a great power. The only question is in whose hands this power is. So far, not in those whose I would like... unfortunately! – graduated from Gideon.

"Who would like to?" Victoria asked.

Gideon didn't answer. They walked in silence for a while. But the girl still showed another curiosity:

– You were so interesting to talk about God, though a little tricky, but just at the same time. I don't know, it seems that the Russian language is considered great and powerful, but still there are not enough words to convey the meaning in its purest form. I understand roughly what you were going to say.

Gideon smiled.

"Speaking of languages," he said. – Three thousand years ago, as before, people on this planet spoke the same language. What is noteworthy is that there was not a single negative word in it, so such an understanding as evil, bad, bad, wrong, dangerous... and so on-so on, no manifestation of ignorance-people simply did not know, of course, that all this on the planet and did not exist. This is a very Mature and well-thought-out language. It originated more than two hundred thousand years ago.

Then everything was much simpler and clearer. In the original language, there were no words for the future, because the future, like the past, did not exist, and the word does not exist today. Everything is happening just now. Therefore, there were no problems, for example, with materialization. There was no need to wait for something to manifest in the future, because there is no future, everything is happening now. And people did not forget to show gratitude for the creation. Spoken, materialized, thanked... Everything is simple, everything is honest, everything is naturally beautiful.

After these words, Gideon looked at the highway, which appeared not far away, then looked at the fellow passenger, appreciated her skeptical look and somehow distantly, completely unusual ear said:

– Red evening dress, size forty-two, evening shoes with heels fifteen centimeters, a set of cosmetics from the collection of Milan Rive Gauche second generation.

Victoria looked at her companion, trying to understand what he was saying and why. And I saw in his hand a beautiful red dress, chic shoes and a very attractive suitcase.

Gideon stood with his eyes closed, exuding a feeling of gratitude so strong that it was impossible not to feel it, as well as to describe in words this abundance of sensations not previously known.

Victoria opened her mouth unconsciously.

– This is for you my gift, he said boyfriend gifts girlfriend. – Now there is no need to go to the village in search of things. Put this on. On the road, you will not be missed by any car in this form. The first driver will give you a ride to the city, and for free. Be sure.

"Who are you?" – slightly moving away from shock, said the girl.

"I'm your brother, Victoria, a human.

"Why did you save me?" You knew my intentions, didn't you?

"Your deadline hasn't come yet, and I did what I had to do. For your stuff I'm sorry. I had to sacrifice them.

"It's strange... we were in the middle of nowhere in an instant, but you still have your clothes on, and I don't. Why is that?

"I used the combined teleportation technique.

"How's that?"

– This is when you move yourself, and at the same time you drag someone. That's why I still have my clothes on, but you don't.

"Can I try it on?" Victoria demanded, her eyes unable to detach themselves from the clothes in Gideon's hand.

"Of course it's yours."

The girl accepted the gifts without hesitation, took off her shirt, immediately gave it to the owner and put on a dress, then shoes. The outfit was just right.

"You look great," Gideon said.

"I wish I had a mirror."..

– At home you will appreciate, materialization should not be idle.

Victoria smiled sheepishly. The highway was very close. She knew that the moment of parting was almost upon her. Spend so little time with a stranger, but get so much from him... including life-not a frequent phenomenon. I wanted to give something back. Realizing the act of her Savior, the girl decided to tell the whole truth:

"Bartholomew asked me to seduce you." He said that it was very important for him, that no one could do it until now, and I could easily do it. I didn't have to sleep with you, the main thing was to provide dirt. I really don't know why. Everything was recorded through a beacon and shot on cameras from the agreed points, so I immediately settled on the couch in the field of view. I agreed to this because I like risk, intrigue, and competition. Bartholomew played on this. Sorry...

I still can't believe that he is a hundred-year-old man with esoteric knowledge.

"One hundred and thirty-seven isn't a big number, but I know you don't like to know that."

"Tell me about those who have lived in the same body for a thousand years."

– There's nothing very interesting about it. Well, people live a little longer than everyone else...

"A little longer?" This is not seventy years, nor ninety! A thousand, I'm sorry...

"There are more, but that's not the point. What matters is not how long you live, but how you live and for what.

"Yes..."

– People who live for centuries and millennia in the same body are usually representatives of the heads of families, there are not many of them. Those that mere mortals can't reach. Much more correctly in this way do those who practice conscious reincarnation. Changing the body, the place of residence, parents, relatives, friends... the whole history of man... All ends are entered, as they say. A person dies, a new person is born. No one knows him, but he knows everyone.

– Abruptly... You know them?

– Know... Gideon said thoughtfully...

They came to the highway.

– Here and we'll part, – quietly and very respectfully sounded voice guy.

"We won't meet again?"

"The ways of the Lord are inscrutable, so... who knows..."

"You know! Now I don't even doubt it.

Gideon only smiled and nodded in the direction of the road from which the car was approaching. The girl looked in the direction indicated, nodded in agreement with the sadness of the inevitable parting in her eyes, but when she turned back, she found herself standing alone on the highway. There was no one around in the area of visibility that stretched for many kilometers, only a bright yellow car was racing in the distance, which gradually slowed down as it approached the shapely silhouette of a girl in a bright red dress.

\*\*\*

– What is happening now in the Keel nebula, such processes are issued by the "Blue Dwarf", shines as never before.

"Yes," said Tikhon, pouring out a second Cup of tea, "I often see it in the southern sky." It really shines beyond the limit.

Isaiah looked at the other man with an admiring gaze, took a SIP, then said, leaning back on the sofa.

"I can't stop admiring your choice, Tikhon. And you picked a very good place. Nowhere is the development of life and honor more evident at the present moment than on Earth.

– Yes, I did not lose the choice of place.

"I've watched you make your choice several times. It is easy to reason outside the system, and very entertaining to watch, but only outside the system. When you are inside it, "life" very often outweighs all that we really are. I was very aware of this when I was in human form. This is not only observed on Earth.

"I remember it from the Phaeton.

"It was a beautiful planet. But it was in the same solar system, and I'm talking about others, those in other galaxies. Where three or four suns give life to their planets, where there is no sun at all.

"I've heard of places like this, maybe I'll visit again."

– At your current level of consciousness, you can do it right now.

"I can, but I won't."

"I knew you'd say that." I'll take another wheel?

"At least two!"

Isaiah helped himself. They were silent for a while.

– Blows of fate... how accurately you managed to translate them into music. People can hear you... Isaiah said amiably again.

Drummers – this is a special creators. Very few people know what is really behind each stroke of the master's wands.

"You're right, it's only a few people. At least it was before you.

"I bring to this world not only certain vibrations, but also feelings.

"I can hear you far beyond Earth, believe me.

– Believe.

"Or do I know?"

"One doesn't interfere with the other."

– Rather... Your rhythms excite not only people, I often hear discussions among "their" on your account.

– Well, I hope this is a positive discussion? At least for the most part?

– What's positive for you?

"I sometimes forget who I'm talking to.".. you're right. The fact that my rhythms deserve the attention of the "brothers" is already a great thing.

"What you do is a great thing in itself, and the way you do it is admirable. I admit I'm one of your fans.

– Unless the observer does not have to be neutral?

– I'm in a human body now, so let's put my sympathy down to production costs.

– You can write off a lot of things.

Isaiah smiled. Tikhon smiled back, then leaned back on the sofa and asked:

"You didn't come just to sing my praises, did you?"

– Naturally. You do your job, I do mine.

– What did the observer see in my actions that requires correction?

– I wouldn't call it that fundamentally...

"And yet?"

"I wouldn't recommend that you leave town right now."

– Is my project flawed in some way?

– The scheme is very precisely verified, there are no questions about it, the matter is different.

– Bartholomew?

– Yeah.

– He has already settled in this place for a long time, is it worth making adjustments because of him?

"This time, Yes.

– Is it activated?

Isaiah threw up his hands.

"Really?"

Isai nodded.

Well, finally. The signal is received. Thank you, Isaiah. Always happy to see you. Okay, so we'll play the fork again.

"Maybe more than once," Isaiah corrected.

"Maybe more than once.".. Tikhon agreed with a glint in his eyes, the light of which Isaiah noted as a novelty.

Still, after all, such a glow in the eyes of Earthlings he had not seen before, and civilizations for which such a light is the norm, are tens of thousands of light years from Earth...

\*\*\*

– Hello, Teacher, – with these words to Bartholomew entered one of his confidants, Tao.

"How did it go?"

– At first everything went according to plan, the girl quite simply got into the house and got down to business. I chose a good location, the cameras recorded everything. But at a certain point,

something happened. When it became obvious that Gideon had solved our puzzle, I gave the go-ahead to the automatons.

Bartholomew listened intently, looking intently into Tao's eyes.

– The RIOT police know their business, which is why I connected the Colonel to this issue. They riddled the house, leaving no chance of escape.

"I know that Gideon is still alive, and I can feel him, and he is somewhere near. Stop beating around the Bush, why hasn't the task been completed?" the Abbot said sternly, but with restraint.

Tao put the briefcase he had been holding on the table, opened it, and took out the girl's belongings.

– This is all that's left of Tatiana. It was as if Gideon didn't exist at all. Here are the recordings from the beacon and the video recording.

"To hell with this mischief, you know that the so-called dirt was just an excuse to get the girl to act and distract the target."

"That's right," Tao agreed, "but a curious thing has come to light. There is no video recording, not a single frame in which Gideon was caught. And the recording from the beacon during listening showed only the girl's voice, although we clearly heard his voice at the time of recording and understood everything that happened there before the attack.

"All right, leave the material here, and you can go."

"Will there be any new instructions, Master?"

– And the point is to give them to you if they are not fulfilled...

Tao lowered his head guiltily.

"I'll call you later." Stop!

The assistant paused in the doorway.

Analyst: where's he going? He met Tikhon, didn't he?

– Met. Now decides the consequences of the meeting.

The Abbot chuckled:

"Did our firstborn give him a hard time?"

– I melted the car into two parts. It was a new car. Well, I went to choose a new one.

– Clearly. Call him, let him look in tomorrow, have a conversation.

"All Right, Teacher.

The man went out, and Bartholomew went to the case and took the girl's blouse and held it to his nose. He sniffed something for a long time, then put it back and said:

"So he dragged you.".. It turns out that the girl is alive, and now she knows everything about me... Offensively...

The Abbot activated the recording from the listening device. There was no interference at the time of Gideon's remarks, so no silencing devices were used.

"You've learned a lot, kid... A lot of things," Bartholomew whispered in exasperation, "but I didn't sleep either.

He took a couple of steps away from the briefcase with things and notes, snapped his fingers, and in a moment everything that Tao had brought was scattered on the table in a pile of dust.

\*\*\*

After Tikhon sent his greetings to Bartholomew, Vahe visited several car dealerships, looked after a new car, and while managers were preparing documents for the deal, he decided to remember his youth.

– How long will it take to process the documents? he asked the girl with the badge.

"About twenty minutes." We'll do it, and you can have a Cup of coffee in the second-floor canteen. As soon as everything is ready, I will come to you.

"Thank you, I'll be gone for about thirty minutes, don't waste it." Can I pay now?

– No, no, after all the formalities are signed.

– Nicely.

Vahe left the car dealership and went straight to the bus stop. In an expensive suit, a watch for several thousand dollars, the scent of a chic perfume from a limited series of the brand known in narrow circles, he immediately attracted the attention of fellow travelers waiting for transport. Envious and uncomprehending glances surrounded Vahe, but this did not bother him in the least.

A small commercial bus appeared at the turn.

"Seventy-six," he said to himself, marking the route number as a landmark, since it was in 1976 that he came under the influence of Bartholomew, received the knowledge, the necessary experience, and then the opportunities.

There wasn't a lot of free space on the bus, but Vahe squeezed in and even crawled into the middle of it.

– For travel, we pass who entered! – tired smoky voice made itself felt conductor.

The bus started. The newly entered passengers struggled to reach their pockets to count their fare.

"They came in again!" the conductor said in a nasty, insistent voice, fixing a mocking, gloating look in Vaga's eyes.

– Can I get two stops for free? I didn't take the money, " Vahe answered the conductor's gaze, clumsily holding on to the rail, completely forgetting how to ride public transport.

"No, you can't! Forgot money-go on foot, – savoring the benefit of the situation, the lady minted, and, turning to the driver, asked, – Dim, stop, you need to drop off one.

The driver pulled over to the curb and opened the door.

– Well, quickly, do not delay! the conductor was rude.

Vahe didn't move or even look at her.

– Man, I'm talking to you! Skip the "hare" in costume! the lady persisted.

The passengers began to smile. Vahe's lips also stretched into a smile, but it was not a kind one.

"What's going on right now?" You can't even take a stop? "what is it?" he asked slyly.

"No, we won't. The rules are written for everyone. Faster, do not delay, ' replied the lady, raising herself up, standing from his broken seat.

The crowd parted, and Vahe went to the exit, but stopped in front of the conductor and looked her in the eyes with a peculiar intensity.

The woman's face changed, lost its fighting spirit. The conductor sat back in her seat, collected all the change money from the tray, threw off the belt bag with the cash, and silently gave it all to Vaga. He took the generous gift for granted, and got off the bus. The driver, who was watching the situation out of the corner of his eye, did not appreciate this charitable gesture.

– E...– and, leaving the driver's seat, rushed to catch up with Vahe, who went in the opposite direction of the route in the direction of the stop, where he got into the transport. To the surprise of the passengers, he wasn't in too much of a hurry, as anyone would have done. The driver caught up with Vahe a few seconds later, grabbed him by the shoulder, but when he turned and met his eyes, the driver behaved no less strange than the conductor. Instead of taking the money, he took out more of his personal ones from his pocket and also gave them to the stranger, after which he apologized for the incident, wished him a happy journey, returned to his seat, and continued the route.

The passengers looked at each other in silence, not understanding what had happened, but no one commented on the situation.

"I can still!" "that's enough," Vahe said, shoving the money into his pockets, then went back to the dealership and left in a shiny new sedan.

\*\*\*

Andrew and Alex have prepared the van on the road. Updated the stock of products, served the car at the station. Tikhon gave the go-ahead for the morning, which meant that at five in the morning it was necessary to leave the city.

"How are things going?" Tikhon asked the boys as he entered the garage of the rented apartment.

– Everything is ready, we can move right now.

"Well done, boys. Keep a premium for efficiency.

Tikhon took two thick bundles of bills from his pocket and handed them to the young men.

Andrey exchanged an intricate glance with his partner.

"Is something wrong?" the drummer asked kindly.

– Yes, no, everything is super, – said Alexey, – the money is in order, but there is no place to spend it. All the same time on the road, on the way.

"Welcome, boys." Canceling the trip. The city in which we are now located is quite large, it has almost all the benefits of civilization. Entertain.

"Are you serious?"

– Absolutely.

"Are you ready to postpone your trip because of us?"

– Why not, I understand your wishes, guys. Rent or buy a place closer to the center, meet cool girls and start living life to the full.

"Are we fired?" with anxiety on her face inquired Andrew.

– Guys, it's all right. There are no complaints about You. The space has cleared my foothold in this city for quite a long period of time. So the plans changed. You can take the car, equipment and tools, too. This is the last time we see each other.

The boys looked at each other.

– Tikhon, are you sure everything is all right? – Alexey anxiously specified, – if there are any problems, we are always ready to help and come to the rescue at any moment.

"I know that. Thank you guys, you served faithfully and received a generous reward for it. But now it's time to break up. The world will no longer hear the sound of the drum from under the sticks in my hands.

The assistants lowered their eyes, they had little idea who their employer really was, they just stuck to him with all their heart, and this moment of parting became for them one of the most difficult moments in life.

Tikhon felt a surge of bitterness and even a bit of anger at himself for not being able to help him in the case to which they were not allowed for obvious reasons of safety and care. He correctly explained:

Don't get angry with others, and don't get angry yourself.

We are guests in this mortal world,

And what is wrong, then you accept it.

Don't think with your head.

After all, everything is natural in the world:

Evil radiated by you,

It will come back to you without fail!

The boys nodded their heads.

– It's late, go to bed, and in the morning take all that you think necessary and in the good way of twirling destinies. I left everything, I have to go.

"How?" Now? Not even a glass of wine? Alexey was upset.

The drummer walked over to the guys, hugged them as a very sensitive and loving person can hug them, then stepped back, nodded, and left.

\*\*\*

Bartholomew walked from side to side in the great hall in his apartments, thinking. He went to the full-length mirror, looked at himself carefully, and asked the reflection:

"We're going to win, aren't we?" We have always won and we will win now.

After these words, Bartholomew moved away from the mirror and sat down in a nearby chair, but the reflection in the mirror remained, it answered:

– We won, but our opponents were not so strong. Gideon has come for you, and he will not give up.

"He came for us!" Or are you separating yourself from me and our entire brotherhood?

The reflection gave no sign of confusion.

"Gideon was trained in my program, and I know the loopholes in these labyrinths of power that he so brilliantly mastered," Bartholomew said majestically from his chair.

The image from the mirror answered:

"He has been practicing outside these walls for a long time, and his strength today is a serious competition for you.

"So much the better, since I haven't had a serious opponent in a long time." I have something to calm him down.

– I like a cheerful mood... I recognize you as a warrior, "the reflection answered from the mirror," well, then keep a bonus for excitement. Tikhon didn't go anywhere.

"What?" After meeting with Vahe, he had to leave this city as quickly as possible, so as not to do things and not to Shine once again. Did he give up his mission?

– His mission was adjusted. Now his goal is you. Get ready to fight, but get ready seriously... warrior.

The reflection in the mirror disappeared.

Sweat broke out on Bartholomew's forehead. He wiped it off with a napkin, then ran his hand over the scar on his cheek and whispered softly through his teeth:

– Drummer...

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## Quest. The Drummer's Soul. Part 2

The city is tired of busy Friday. Someone had already left for the weekend in the family nest, someone was sitting at a party, dreaming that this celebration of the next birthday of a not so close friend was over as soon as possible, someone was sitting in front of the TV with a bottle of beer and was happy.

Victoria walked through the Park, enjoying the twittering of birds and murmuring softly to herself the verses of her favorite poet. She didn't even notice that two tough guys were blocking her path at both ends of the narrow path, and only heard:

"In the name of a great cause!"

In the hand of the forward fighter, the blade of a knife flashed, which was already a meter away from its victim. The girl only managed to gasp, but then stopped, looking around. The road was clear, and there was no one on the narrow path.

"It's going to look like this," she said aloud, and then she looked around again, and then she picked up her pace and went home.

\*\*\*

Seeing the disappearance of the accomplice, the strong man who stood behind Victoria ducked into the bushes, quickly realizing that it was bad. The incident was reported to Tao, who in turn reported to the Teacher:

– Everything went according to plan, but at the fatal moment the performer seemed to disappear into thin air, and quite quickly. We don't know where he is or what really happened.

"You have often brought me bad news, Tao.

– Only events around girls go not on plan, with the second time, its as if someone protects, on the rest of the issues I have full order.

"That's why you're still alive."

"You know, Master, I am loyal to you, and I do everything in my power for the common cause.

"Sit down."

Tao sat down on a carved chair. Bartholomew took a folder from the file Cabinet containing the missing employee's personal file.

"Lost this one?" he asked Tao.

"Yes, that was his assignment.

Bartholomew took a photo of the missing guy from his personal file, ran his hand over his photo, took a blank sheet of paper, put a point on it with a pencil, but then tore the neck off the canvas and looked at Tao in surprise.

"He's dead, isn't he?" the assistant asked warily.

– No.

"Alive?" Where is he?

– No.

"How?" And neither alive nor dead? What does this mean, Teacher?

"Your boyfriend isn't here.".. it is simply not among the living or the dead. I don't know what that means. There is some faint signal, but it is inherent only in the presence...

Bartholomew interrupted himself, glancing at Tao, and explained otherwise:

– In General, when a person was not born yet.

"Could Gideon have done this?" He's probably looking after the girl.

"No, he doesn't need it. This was done by someone else, someone who has access to the much greater power of the layers of space... Go, don't touch the girl anymore, let her live.

"But she knows about us, doesn't she?"

"She won't say anything to anyone.

"She saw Your face, and now she probably knows who You really are." Really...

– Chchch.... the Abbot raised the index finger of his left hand and interrupted the assistant. There are exceptions to each rule, and we will accept one today. Leave the girl alone. The question is closed.

Tao bowed and left.

\*\*\*

The men were drinking heavily in the kitchen. Working days had receded, and now the wife of the owner of the house, sitting in a far room, only dreamed that the weekend would pass as soon as possible. My husband had an inveterate habit of walking with friends on weekends. The festivities consisted of a hopeless drunkenness, and the weekend began with Friday night. And during this period, it was better not to approach the exuberant male company.

– Well, you Mikhailych, gave, – with a grin on his face, admired Nikifor, – at once crushed a half-liter. Strong!

"Oh! "Yes," said the landlord proudly.

– And most importantly, we drink about the same all, and on Monday only Mikhailych cucumber! "what's the secret, my friend?" Share with friends. And while you're rocking, you're already getting a few reprimands.

– Come on, Mikhailovich, tell me, what's the solution? Nikephoros leaned on his arm, intrigued, staggering from side to side.

"Come on, men. I'm just healthy by nature, that's all...

Mikhailych was prevented from finishing by a knock from the basement. The stool under Gavril, which stood on the hatch cover, began to play.

– Not understand. Who are you holding there? "what's the matter?" the drinking companion asked, getting up from his seat.

"I don't understand it myself." I haven't been there for two months.

"Open up, damn you!" "what's wrong?" came a voice from the underground.

Gavril stepped aside and the landlord opened the hatch.

"Out of the way!" – threatening with a knife, the fighter shouted, rising from the dusty basement. His eyes darted wildly around.

"Who are they?" Who threw me into this pit? Who, I ask?

The owner of the house, taken aback by what was happening, looked at the visitor with a mute question. The companions crowded behind the solid back of the Teddy bear.

"Cool down, man, and be nice to your father, or you won't see him again."... I wanted to see my Creator-take the parcel... a measured voice came from somewhere in the void, and everyone in the kitchen turned to look at it.

Mikhailych's wife rushed to the noise and, clasping the jamb with her hands, froze in a frenzy when she heard the strange statement of a voice from the void.

"Who said that?" Nikephoros asked, peering into the void.

But there was no response...

\*\*\*

–Here is so as something, – ottryakhivaya their fingertips, has he spoken Tikhon, returning in cleanest from layer past in linear calculus thirty years ago, – canvassed communicate, can mind will gain both.

The drummer watched Victoria's flickering heels, grinned at the quivering bushes at the top of the alley, and whispered:

– Greetings to you, Bartholomew from me, another. Don't get bored, we'll see you soon...

\*\*\*

Nikifor, Gavril, Mikhailych, his wife, and the boy sat silently at the table in the smoky kitchen. Spilled on the second.

– What, let me ask, do you have a calendar for 1989? Collecting rarities? – paying attention to the tear-off calendar, which I saw only as a child, the fighter asked, removing the knife from his eyes, assessing the peacemaking position of the environment.

The locals looked at the calendar in surprise, then at the guy.

"What year do you think should be on the calendar?" "what is it?" the landlord asked cautiously.

– It's 2019, don't you know? – what is it? " the intruder asked sarcastically, overturning his glass. But when he met the genuinely startled stares, he removed the grin from his face.

"Gavrila, Nikifor-it's time for you to leave us," Mikhalych's wife said rudely. The husband's drinking companions had not heard this tone from the humble hostess before, but they preferred not to find out the details and quickly left the hut.

– That voice... "who didn't seem to be the only one who told you to be polite to your father.".. I don't quite understand it yet, and I don't really believe it, but tell me your name.

– Can I still show my passport? What kind of interrogation are you doing here, mother? We sat, talked and will. I have to go, " the guy said roughly, getting up from the table.

– Not Ivan? the woman asked pleadingly, looking with tearful eyes into the boy's eyes. These words startled Mikhalych, who had hitherto remained calm.

"So what?" – passing to an exit, the fighter answered through teeth. "She's a clairvoyant, too." Now you can easily find information for each person. Come on, clowns.

The guy left the house. The wife sat down next to her husband, looking at each other meekly.

– Well, what's wrong with that? Where did this ghoul come from in our underground? – partially sobered, gave Mikhalych.

His wife only looked at the calendar in confusion. A few minutes later, the door in the house opened and the same guest from the basement entered the kitchen. He asked in an exemplary tone:

"Where am I?"

"I don't quite understand how this is possible, but I recognized you. Come in, Ivan Maksimovich, sit down, " the woman replied, as if in a state of prostration.

"How do you know my middle name?"

"We'll get to know each other.".. Maksim..."your father's coming," the man said, getting up from the table.

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"Is it really eighty-nine?" – biting off a slice of Soviet sausage, the guy asked.

– Yes, van, for us this is the usual and natural course of time. Tell us about-how you live? my mother asked.

– What do you do for a living? my father added.

– Yes, I am...– considering how to present your, to put it mildly, not quite legal activity, Ivan drawled. But then I got my bearings and changed the subject:

– What kind of activity and life? If you really are my ancestors and I have somehow been transported back thirty years, then you'd better tell me how it happened that I don't know my parents. Do you know what it's been like without my father and mother all these years? What does a child feel when they watch their families on TV and don't know what parental warmth and support is? Why are you so sad? No answer?

Maxim Mikhailovich looked at the floor.

– I will answer, – my wife Olga said quietly, – when you were born, our life changed, it is a natural process, but we were not ready for these changes. The constant screaming, the sleepless nights, the nerves as a consequence of the discord. Maxim did not get enough sleep, went to work in the morning with a cast-iron head and eventually gave an ultimatum: either I or this little screaming creature.

"You memorized everything word for word...– surprised detached issued a man.

I was afraid your father more than life feared, and there was something to fear, – said Olga, a Bathrobe covering the bruise on forearm, – so tossed you to the gates of the orphanage of the district centre.

"You didn't love me at all?" Ivan asked in a choked voice.

"I did, and I still do." I only sent the child to an orphanage for one reason – it would be safer for you here than where your father could reach you.

– So that means from whom I have this vein of aggression and rage. Well, dad, consider the boomerang back, now don't forget it...

Ivan's face was calm, his tone quiet and insinuating, but there was lightning in his eyes. In an instant, he hurled the knife from his bosom at his father, who was sitting across from him, but the blade clanged as it struck the tree. Ivan realized with dismay that he was sitting on the ground, in the very Park from which he had disappeared. In front of him stood a huge tree trunk, in which the handle of a knife launched at his father often swayed from side to side.

"I saved you from two careless actions today, and I won't protect you again," came the same voice that had sounded in the parents' hut.

"You know now that you have to pay the bills, it can happen right away, maybe in thirty years, as in your case with your father, maybe in eighty or ninety, in the next incarnation, or in the next incarnation.

Tikhon went to the tree, easily removing the knife from it, and handed it to Ivan.

He continued:

– It's not karma, not a fee for the offense and not so much a boomerang, however, on the Ground it sounds completely out of place. This is simply the law of causation. You create an action that creates certain consequences. You are a Creator Ivan, not a murderer, think what you are doing, and then in thirty years no one will throw sharpened pieces of iron at you. Get up off the ground, people are watching. While your hands are still clean, but I will not appear at your fork again, you will choose from now on which way to go.

Tikhon gave his hand to the boy, who got up without refusing to help.

And that's another way let's say, in this place, Tikhon made a helpless gesture, – anything, but then if that is not right.

Tikhon smiled.

– I don't know who you are, but thank you for fulfilling your dream. I didn't think I'd ever be able to look my father and mother in the eye, much less find out why.

"That's not the whole truth. Don't blame your father for your fate. These are just cause-and-effect relationships, the result of your incarnation the day before last. We will not go into details, but I will say that this is only your choice.

"I dug deep."

– More than. You're not a fool, I know. Make a choice so that you don't have to, then regret it... then it's much, much later... and everything will be fine. Be.

Tikhon held out a firm hand. Ivan responded with a genuine friendly handshake.

The stranger winked and took a few steps behind Ivan. When he turned around, there was no one behind him, only couples walking in the distance, and a stall selling balloons.

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After scanning the space again, Gideon sat down in the chair of the new rental apartment.

"Strong, damn it. If you really put an entire country against him, the odds will probably be equal," he reasoned, studying the drawing of Bartholomew that he had drawn with his own hand.

"Humans are truly magnificent creatures. Planets can move, not that..., and are engaged in various nonsense. Worthy deeds of course, too, but... So... How can I beat you? I'm inferior in strength, I can feel it," he continued, "but I have a lot of helpers, right?"

Until a certain point, it was not clear who the question was addressed to, but a few seconds later a Raven flew into the window, and he nodded his head servilely. The potted flowers made similar motions of agreement with a nod.

"That's good. So we need to lure Bartholomew to a territory where we will have the advantage and then I can break a link in this age-old moldy chain that has enveloped the whole world.

The Raven nodded his head and pointed with a characteristic cry to Gideon at the car's spinning dimes. A beautiful black car was whistling smoke from the rear wheels, spinning almost in place of a small paved area a hundred meters from the window with the Raven. Gideon recognized the driver as Vahe.

A moment later, the apartment was empty. The car left the platform and with a terrible squeal shot up on a busy city highway. At various points along this route, Gideon appeared and disappeared in pursuit of the driver. And then the car finally stopped. The driver's door window was ajar.

– Yes? replied in torn up the cell phone Vahe.

It was Tao.

"What are you doing?" "what is it?" he asked.

"Testing a new horse," Vage said, stroking the steering wheel.

– The teacher asks you to come to him, there is a conversation.

"Is something wrong?"

– I don't know, he doesn't speak, but be careful, our Sensei is not in the spirit.

"Thank you, Tao. I'll be there in an hour.

Vahe hung up the phone and suddenly noticed a medium-sized spider escaping from his jacket.

"Where did you come from, scoundrel?" In the box that if blown from the branches of what?

Vahe slapped his jacket several times, but it didn't hit, and the spider ran nimbly along the sleeve and jumped out of the window.

"That's nice," Vahe said, closing the window and pressing the accelerator pedal to the floor.

Gideon picked up the springing spider from the pavement and placed it on his palm.

"Well, my friend, did it work out?" he turned to the arthropod, and after reading something in the spider's facial expressions, he smiled contentedly, then released the bug, carefully lowering it to a branch of a Bush from which he had removed it a minute ago and inserted an earpiece into his ear.

The spider successfully attached the " bug " to Vaga's jacket. This was his favorite jacket, and he wore it " without taking it off." It was not so easy to get into the head of Vaga or Bartholomew, they were some kind of unsurpassed masters of mind tricks, but trivial maneuvers here gave a slack. Who would risk playing with the occult community? After all, finding a wiretap, these guys will easily calculate the mastermind of the operation and will be punished to the fullest extent. This is what the spider lover made a bet on and did not lose.

– Hey, do you like music? a voice came from behind. Gideon turned to see Victoria.

"So we met again," she said, smiling, " and I knew, I believed, that it would happen.

– Vetch..."suddenly," Gideon said, removing the earpiece from his ear.

– Not believe. For you, in my opinion, everything is clear and consciously predetermined!

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Not now, I think I've already made it, and more than that, I've arrived just in time."

The girl's eyes shone.

"Well... Gideon looked around. His eyes caught on the ice cream sign.

"Let's have a Popsicle?" "what?" he suggested.

"With pleasure."

When the boys had settled themselves comfortably on a bench on the Boulevard that led off into the quiet street, Gideon asked, biting off the chocolate frosting:

"How did you get there?"

– Company... – the girl gave out extremely emotionally, the driver did not take his eyes off me while driving, I was afraid that he would hit someone. Such a sociable got caught. Told about their successes in business and about the boat, which rides every weekend, by the way, was invited along. And he, of course, was not married and everything is just like in a fairy tale.

"That's right, it's like a fairy tale. In fairy tales, everything always ends well, so let your fairy tale also develop, corresponding to the genre.

"You know, I feel like I've been sleeping in a crystal coffin for a long time, like that sleeping Princess of the seven heroes. I finally woke up.

"And the king's son Elisha has already kissed you?"

"Not yet, but I really hope he does," she said, a little embarrassed. – At least, from "deep sleep" he woke me up and for this I am very grateful to him.

– Ice cream melts, eat, – Gideon smiled looking at the enthusiastic passion, which completely forgot about the melting ice cream in his hand.

Victoria unpacked the Popsicle without much interest, took a few bites, then suddenly asked:

"The last time we walked down the road and I silently quoted poetry, you had no trouble reading my thoughts..."

The girl paused, not finishing the thought.

"You want me to tell you about happiness?"

Victoria smiled:

"Why do you ask, you already know the answer?"..

– There is a lot of talk around happiness, but in General, happiness is a term that explains itself. Perhaps this is a local folk etymology, but happiness-originates in the word-now. Happiness is when you are completely in the now, and not somewhere else. Physical pain aside, all our suffering is fabricated by the mind from thoughts of the past and the future. And there will always be enough material to make us unhappy, because in the future there will be death, and in the past there will be everything that made it inevitable.

Unhappiness – not now – is a state of mind stating that life failed yesterday and is unlikely to succeed tomorrow. If you forget about it, to be where you are-this is happiness, which is almost always available. I will give you an example that has already taken place many times in your life, it is and will always be.

"Curious!

– Your last significant purchase that brought you a piece of happiness and satisfaction.

– Yes, not so long ago I bought a new smartphone.

"Remember that feeling?" How you dreamed about it, how you wanted to buy it for yourself and now you hold it in your hands, and the seller prepares the documents of your perfect purchase.

"I wasn't over the moon. It's stupid, isn't it?"

"It's not a question of whether it's stupid or reasonable. When a person's wish is fulfilled, they feel happy for a very short period of time. Sometimes for a few minutes, sometimes for a fraction of a second. But this is not important, it is important that if you look closely at this state, catch yourself in this state and analyze its nature, it is easy to understand that happiness does not deliver the object itself. At this moment, there is no desire, no anxiety, and most importantly, there are no thoughts. The goal is achieved, and until the mind is reordered to another goal, for a moment there is a void in the mind. Everything superfluous is cut off, only "you" remains, The one who You really are. It is this state of emptiness that gives a person happiness.

– Um... Victoria chuckled, taking another bite of the ice cream.

"Let's take our meeting today," Gideon continued, and immediately felt the girl's gaze on him. – You wanted to meet me, and this meeting happened. It happened spontaneously, you did not have time to prepare for the fact that this will happen, the moment of achieving the goal I saw very well in your eyes twenty minutes ago. You were absolutely happy at that moment, am I right?"

"I'm happy now, too.

– Now you are happy, but languishing waiting for the next goal set by the mind. You feel good, but not 100%, happy state every minute more and more suppresses the craving...

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