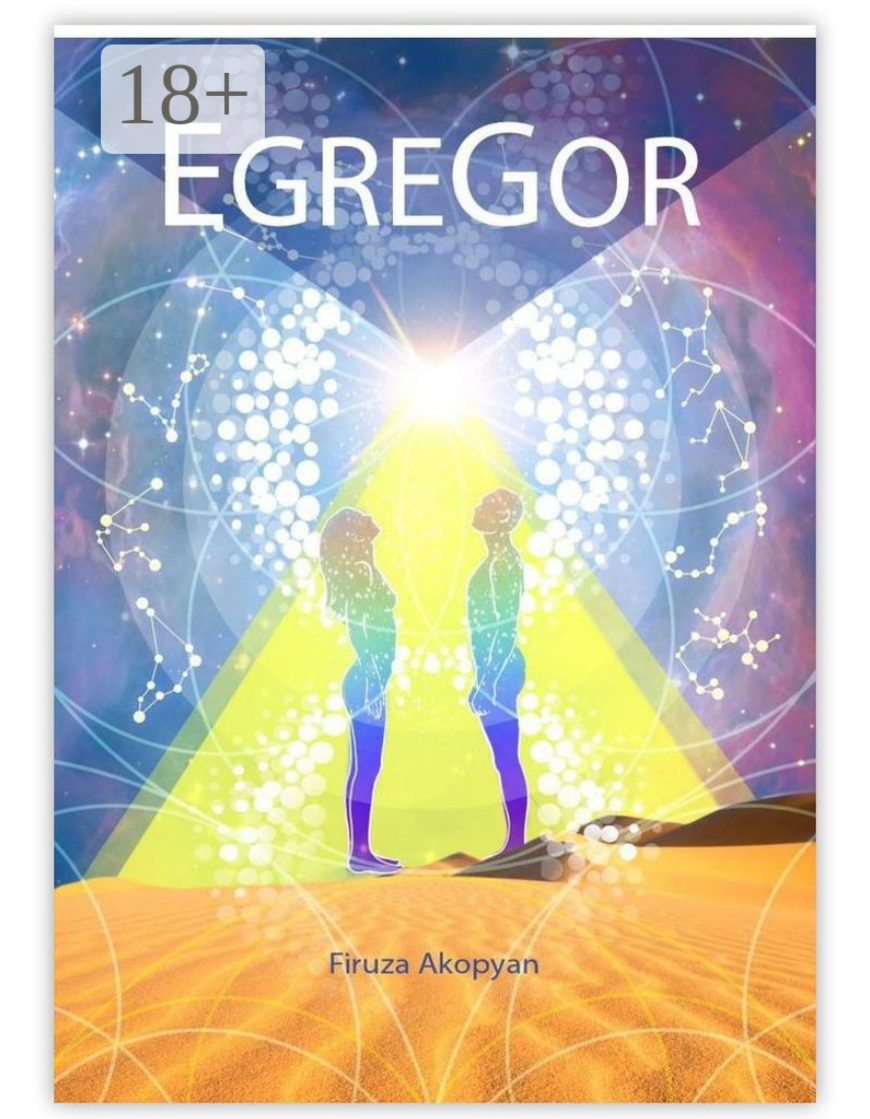


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# EGREGOR



Firuza Akopyan

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## **Аннотация**

What do DNA, pyramids around the world, and God have in common? The future microbiologist Vita came to visit the psychiatrist Horus, ready to resort to sessions of hypnosis for the answers to her questions. The relationship between the doctor and the patient turned into a love affair. Vita drew Horus into experiments, the results of which overturned the professional career of a psychiatrist. They came up with unexpected discoveries that could change the way we introduced about more than just DNA

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# EgreGor

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# Preface

Everyone draws inspiration from different sources. The idea for this book was born after reading the writings of Kryon, and the information presented here about DNA is based on his channelings. The information presented about DNA is more esoteric in nature and is based on both scientific data and the results of channelings, as well as my own reflections on this topic. In this regard, I ask readers to understand the difference between scientific material on Microbiology and genetics and fiction with elements of esotericism and in no case treat this book as a textbook.

Perhaps one day the material presented in this book will become scientific. Who knows, maybe someday... What today seems unthinkable and resolutely rejected, tomorrow may become a generally accepted truth.

In the meantime, I invite you to the unknown world of DNA, pyramids and human relationships between two people!

Enjoy reading!

# Chapter 1

Our planet is inhabited by a huge number of different representatives of the fauna: insects, fish, birds, animals. But there is only one species, whose biology differs from other inhabitants. This is a human being.

Was it always like this? If not, what was happened? Was it possible, that at one time there were several species of human beings on the planet, which were gradually extinct until, there was only one species left? What is the Great Idea? Did the Earth have an exact plan to inhabit a Man? And how did we deserve the special treatment of the Creator?

Nature is cleverer than a man, who can't understand, especially guess its uncountable mysteries. Shakespeare said: "Mother —nature is smart, but her son is fool". Obviously, nature created a variety of fauna in order to provide survival. We have learned a lot during a long period of evolution, to clone animals, to replicate deficient organs and tissue with the help of 3D printers. We learnt to manage, in some cases, the weather, and we sent a Man into Space. Despite all modern achievements, we haven't learned the main thing: we can't guess the great mystery of a Man and understand what is so special about him that distinguishes him from all the inhabitants of our planet?!

Thoughts about human biology did not occupy me until a certain period in my life. My area of research and professional

knowledge is the brain and everything related to it. False ego and male vanity have long been the only driving forces in my life. And the more I worked with patients, the more I realized that the human brain is a mystery that is unlikely to be solved even after hundreds of years. Nevertheless, I certainly wanted to be the first and only one to make this breakthrough in science. However, despite my own ideas about my future career, I was to make discoveries of a different nature later on, which exceeded all my expectations. Woman and disaster are synonymous. Both of them break your habitual way of life, destroying the old order and erecting something new on this ashes, unknown to you before. Apparently, nature created a woman so that men would not be bored to live with their basic needs. At least, that's what she told me...

Could I know then, or even guess, what was in store for me in life? I could not. Nor did I know that if she broke into my world with her own rules, she would set her own rules. Did it make my life worse? No. Was it improved? I don't know. But one thing I know for sure: the old life is still far away, and sometimes it flickers like a dream, reminding me of whom I was once and who I am now. And so the new me finally supplanted the old one, without regret or warning. That's life.

We get rich at the expense of every person in our lives. As wild as it sounds. Everyone who has touched our hearts in any way has somehow enriched us with what we needed at the moment. You can understand who you are now by the people who

surround you here and now. They are the best mirror. The main thing is to understand correctly what exactly they mirror in us. Everything happens on time, and all events are appropriate. Even if it seems that the world is going to hell, this is also appropriate. There is no effect without a cause. The desired scenario is always played out on time.

## Chapter 2

Good afternoon! My name is Vita! -the girl held out her hand and gave me a firm squeeze that was more like a man's handshake.

“Where does it get so much power? She doesn't look like it”,  
-I thought.

A short girl with long dark hair stood in front of me. Faded jeans and a casual t-shirt made her look like a teenager. She was slender and neatly built. Her brown eyes, with a hint of malice in them, made a contrast between the girl's figure and the bitchiness of an adult woman. She didn't look like the type of girl who had a price list of future services on her face. Differences in appearance and passport age, apparently, often created all sorts of awkward moments in her life.

As a psychiatrist, I understand that small, fragile women sometimes have to become tough to be taken seriously, so I took it in stride that at first she looked at me like I was nothing. She looked boldly into his eyes, not averting them. Determined, she sat down on a chair, pulled her hair into a sort of bun, and then leaned her hands on the table, ready to talk. We created a contrast: she is a little joking, and I am very serious. I wondered what kind of problems she came to me with.

As a rule, before appointments, I give myself a few minutes to try to predict what is in the patient's head and what will be

in the anamnesis. But in this case I was completely baffled, to my surprise; I had not the slightest idea. You don't come to a psychiatrist with a smile on your face – such patients are already in a well-known Department. “So now we'll find out.”

– Good afternoon, Vita. Tell me, how can I help you? – I said, looking at my schedule.

– I need you to put me in a certain hypnotic state. I want my consciousness to find a way to interact with my cellular structure.

– What? – I thought I misheard.

– I want to understand how DNA works.

– I've never heard such nonsense before, – I literally blurted out, in response to this the girl very tactfully pretended not to hear my words.

– You mean you won't help?

– Look, even if I put you in a state of hypnosis, I won't solve the DNA problem. This is not my professional field.

– Don't you have any DNA? – there was a reproach and surprise in her voice.

– What exactly do you want? I said in a tired voice. “What an eccentric woman at the end of a working day!” – I thought.

– Put me in a state where I can interact with my DNA.

– Are you serious?! – I asked.

“And how did she find me among all the other doctors? Why me?”

– So they were lying about you when they said that you were the best, – a clever female trick was put into action, provoking

men's self-esteem.

– Vitalina, I have been engaged in hypnosis for about twenty years, and during this time, believe me, no one has put a person into a hypnotic state to interact with their DNA! This is the first time I've ever heard of it! Who told you that? – my annoyance grew, but it was her attractiveness that saved me from being rude. Beautiful girls less hear rude words.

– Don't you want to be the first?

– You are very stubborn.

– I've been studying DNA for a long time. Soon I will get my degree and become a microbiologist. But everything they teach me is just a drop in the ocean. In the field of DNA, science stands still.

– Be honest with me.

– Once I was no longer interested in the routine world with its cares and material values. Then I wondered: why is human DNA unique? What did a person do to deserve such a favor from the Creator? All we know is that DNA consists of three billion parts, most of which so-called (!) do nothing. Or rather, we think so. We know the work of 4% of them; the remaining 96% are a mystery. Only 3% of the chemical compounds in DNA perform various functions, this is the part of the DNA that encodes the protein. These 3% are involved in the production of genes. What do we know about life if we can't even study our own DNA in a half-way? Hypnotism was a secret for society until the 18th century. Now it is available to everyone, so you are sitting in this

chair. So why the study of DNA through hypnosis is nonsense and the hypnotism is not?

I was taken aback by her speech, but she spoke with such enthusiasm that I envied her. Yes, we must admit that her life is in full swing, her obsession with her idea is respected.

– Vita, please satisfy my curiosity first. Let's suppose you find out what you are interested in. What's next?

– Do you know the meaning of your name? she said abruptly.

– I have never thought about it. And what?

– Horus is the Sun. And it is also a mirror image of the word horn, which is a part of the word unicorn – that is, unity with the Sun. If you don't even know that, you won't understand me.

– Try to explain.

– DNA is a kind of a literary work, and like any work, it has a message that we have to decipher. This is where the universal humor is hidden. I want to decipher this message. I'm sure that DNA is a set of commands that defines tasks. What if we can set these commands ourselves? For example, to be cured of an illness? Or do you want to rejuvenate and extend your stay on the planet? It is possible that people were originally assigned a much longer period of existence on this planet.

– Let's assume that this theory has a right to exist. However, it is practically impossible to prove it.

– Horus, I believe that a human being is not just pounds of meat and liters of blood with basic needs: to eat, drink, copulate and reproduce. Man is originally a spiritual being.

I believe that we do not just live on our planet. I can't live with the idea that a person is born, lives, and then disappears without a trace, as if he never existed. Then why are we given life if it is so meaningless?

– Vita, all you have to do is to find the meaning that you want to live for. Now you do not have this sense, so you rush from one extreme to the other.

– Tolstoy was depressed for three years, and he wanted to commit suicide only because he did not know what life was and why he lived. Understand, I have a need for answers to my questions, I can't develop until... – she didn't finish her thought. Either she didn't know what to say, or she decided I shouldn't talk about it.

She gave me two days to find a way to get her into the right state. She didn't ask for my opinion, she just gave me time. When Vitalina left the office, I smelled a pleasant perfume. "I'll have to tell her not to use them in sessions" – while she was talking about this unfortunate DNA, I sat and thought about how I want to undress her.

Yes, there are many ways of hypnosis, and they all lead to the same goal – to excite the nervous system of the hypnotized person, which will lead him to artificial sleep. But what does this girl want? I have a gift for getting into awkward situations. Although ... it's my job.

Another patient followed Vitalina. Her story was nothing new to me. A standard set of childhood traumas that any psychologist

could handle, but I've made a name for myself, and now it's considered prestigious to go to my appointments. I worked off my money, she left – everything as usual. She'll probably come back a couple more times, then start a new life, and I'll forget about her ever being in my office. I'll forget as forget other patients.

Two days later, Vita arrived at the reception in the same excited state as the first time, but now there was hope in her eyes. I couldn't think of anything else to do but perform a classic hypnosis session. We started the session. I washed my hands and face. Vita sat prepared for a hypnotic sleep, as if for a journey. It took her about ten minutes to get into the right state. I held her hand, feeling for her pulse. She was in a state of hypnosis for about ten minutes.

When I roused her from her hypnotic sleep, she was silent for several minutes.

– I imagined it in a different way, – she said, disappointed.

– But how? Did you think this would be a trip where you would find all the answers at once?

– I didn't think so. Our consciousness is not so organized; otherwise it would be quite simple. But I thought I'd find a thread.

– Vita, first of all, your task... How to say it more correctly? Complicated!

– You mean impossible. You think so.

– It doesn't matter what I think.

She was sitting at the table, twirling a pen in her hands, and

then her eyes fell on a small pyramid of Cheops with a hole for the handle, which stood on my desk. This souvenir was brought to me by one of my patients. Vita rolled her eyes, took the pyramid in her hands, twirled it around and said:

– Pyramids! How? I was right! – said these words, she hurried out of the office without even saying good-bye.

After work, I went to Sveta. I had to relieve the pressure. Although I told myself many times that I have to end this relationship, I still kept it to myself for some reason. Probably, because she was always happy to see me. Human selfishness knows no bounds.

At night I went home, although Sveta insisted that I stay with her. But staying would have meant giving her hope, which was definitely not my plan. At home I got a bottle of rum; at present my drinking companion was my woolly friend. The cat rubbed my legs, reminding me that it was time to feed it. I performed the duties assigned to me by my furry roommate, then sat on the sofa and poured myself rum.

So, what do I have behind me? Military service, medical practice, two marriages and two children, three higher education, an apartment, a car, mistresses... Not much. Women... All the women in my life were the same type; I chose them on a simple principle – so that it was easier to break off relations with them later. I married on the same principle. And now I'm sitting in an empty apartment with a cat and rum in my hand, like a strong and independent man.

Vita... There's something about her She's crazy. Her DNA idea is bullshit, but she's lovely in her desire and thirst to get to the bottom of it. And in her insanity, she stands out from my other patients. I wonder how she is with men. Or is she not interested in anything else besides DNA.

I worked like a bull all week, and there were plenty of patients. Even those I had long forgotten came. Today, in gratitude, one of the patients gave me a bottle of rum. This is one of a few pleasant moments in my work. For some reason, in our country it is customary to thank doctors with alcohol. I don't know how this tradition came about, but I really like it. The higher the status of a doctor, the more elite alcohol is. My status allowed me to drink expensive alcohol. My patients are not easy people. Sometimes I don't even know who they are. But sometimes I guess what place they occupy in our state. With some of them it is quite easy, with others; on the contrary, it is incredibly difficult. But, undoubtedly, they determined my importance among Moscow psychiatrists at the time.

At night, my rum ritual with the cat was repeated. Suddenly I got a message from Vita asking if I could see her tomorrow at lunch. "How did she get my phone number? If she didn't sign up through reception, then she's probably pursuing a personal interest." I looked at my schedule, and there was a patient scheduled for lunch. I don't know why, but I moved him to another day to take Vita. I developed friendships with many patients, so I could afford to shuffle them periodically.

She came into the office smiling broadly, held out her hand, and greeted me as before. She was wearing a black dress, the bottom of which swayed playfully as she walked. Vita lifted him up and sat down on a chair, crossing her legs, covering her knees with the hem of her dress. She body covers up, and her eyes are just as damn bright as when I first met her. And here is this little woman sitting in my office and smiling sweetly, which made me smile involuntarily. When she saw the coffee machine, she asked for coffee. “What impudence!” But I did make coffee.

– Doctor, you are a miracle! Do you have a subscription for sessions? I feel addiction on you.

“She’s too friendly... Is he flirting with me?”

For the first ten minutes I listened to the story of her trip to Egypt – this crazy woman flew to the pyramids after the session. Vita told about the amazing energy of those places, which cannot be felt if there is no intention to feel it. She seemed to be out of this world. She should only write fantastic books with such crazy ideas, and not study to be a microbiologist. In the first sphere, she would undoubtedly succeed, but in the second, she would definitely be ridiculed.

– But there are so many pyramids all over the world! You’re not going to visit everything, are you? I asked, hoping to get a negative answer so I wouldn’t think she was completely crazy.

– It all depends on my finances. Horus, listen, I just want to establish a connection between several pyramids, I don’t have to visit them all, – Vita replied, and looked out of the window,

thinking about something.

– And what did you find in Egypt?

– All the pyramids on Earth are built in a strictly defined geometry. You know that the location of the three pyramids in Egypt coincides with the position of the three stars in the Orion belt?! The Egyptians worshipped Sirius, and the pyramids were their stairway to heaven. I'm sure the pyramids are inextricably linked to our DNA. Even more, they are a DNA repository. I'm not the first person to say this, but unfortunately, no one has yet proved it from a scientific point of view.

– Do you believe in Atlanteans?

– The Lemurians built the pyramids. The Atlanteans have nothing to do with it. The pyramids were built to stabilize Earth's magnetic field. All of them are located at certain points on the planet and change the electrical flow, passing through them. Our ancestors built them in order to create a stable orbit.

– Why?

– Because, there was an accident that changed the orbit of our planet by more than twenty degrees. Think about why you had to build pyramids all over the world if they are not important for humanity.

– Perhaps you are right. Vita, I would like to ask you not to use perfume when you come to my session.

– Well. Shall we begin? What is it? – she asked eagerly.

We started a hypnotic session. I took her hand to perform the necessary manipulations, but in response received an electric

shock. Vita sat with her eyes closed and laughed. It was only now that I realized what I liked about her. This is her cheerfulness, which I myself miss so much. She is full of life. And it's not a mask.

After this session, she did not have a violent reaction, as last time, she was calm.

– Vita, let's go for coffee? – the words came out of my mouth uncontrollably. I immediately regretted what I had said.

– Let's go, – she said suddenly, switching to you.

The atmosphere in the cafe still creates very different conditions for conversation. I didn't know what to say to her here, because in my office I am the king and God, and here I mumble like a boy. If women had any idea how shy and self-conscious a man can be in their presence, they would laugh at us for a long time and stop expecting much from us. We are bold only with those who do not like us very much, and we are shy of those who like us very much. My shyness at that moment was the first signal that I didn't pay attention to at the time.

– Why do you do hypnosis? – Vita asked, sipping her coffee.

– Because I'm good at it, and it makes good money.

– To drink alone at night?

– Excuse me?

– You're an alcoholic. And you don't look the best. And in general you have the smell of loneliness. Don't be surprised, I have the ability to read minds, – she said casually, with a playful wink.

– I’ve never been humiliated like this.

– I can, I can do this, – she was having a lot of fun.

– What else?

– That’s enough for the first time. I’ll tell you later, but in the meantime, I’ll watch a little more. And yet, why psychiatry? – she leaned back in her chair, and at that moment her face took on a serious, even haughty look.

– Since I was a child, I liked to analyze human behavior to find out where the root of their actions. So the decision to become a psychiatrist was born. I am fond of my work.

– How long have you been working? What kind of patients?

– I’ve been practicing psychiatry for more than twenty years. I have a lot of practical experience in the treatment of difficult teenagers, survivors of violence, military personnel who have been in hot spots, but most of my patients are neurotics with the most banal mental injuries.

After the coffee break, I treated the next patients with a more positive mood. Day went much well than usual, and I experienced a pleasant sense of satisfaction that I haven’t experienced recently. I felt something light up inside me, and I felt it. “The planets must have formed a favorable orbit for me.” The thought made me laugh.

On the way from the cafe to work, I thought about Vita. There is something interesting about her. Well, everything is moving towards a repeat of the standard scenario. The question is, how long will it last?

It's been two weeks. Vita never showed up. Twice she made an appointment, but did not come without canceling the appointment. I was annoyed by this behavior, since I could have recorded other people who needed me more than she did. I worked on weekdays, spent weekends with friends, drank, ate, and degraded. Then I went back to my office and felt like a king. Yes, the moment between degradation and triumph is equal to two days off.

During the week, I met with my children. They cheated me out of money, as usual. When you are "dad for the weekend" – this is quite normal. The eldest son, at the age of fifteen, asked me for money for a gift to a girl. He had a girlfriend, even. Well, my daughter, at the age of ten, asked for money for cosmetics.

– I don't understand. You're only ten! What kind of cosmetics?

– Dad! All the girls in the class have their own makeup bag for a long time! Don't be like mother!

– Daughter, you are very beautiful! You don't need makeup!

– So you won't give me any money? You're like a mother!

– Do not compare me to her, – I said, pulling the money out of my purse and handing it to her.

– Dad, you just don't tell a mother about the girl, or she will torment me with questions and begin to teach, – following the daughter, the son began to build a contractual relationship with me.

– Are you afraid to tell her? But she's your mother!

– She'll say I'm just like you! After all, I broke up with a girl

a month ago, and now I have another one.

I literally opened my eyes wide. How difficult it is for a parent to see their children grow up. I understood that Kostya was no longer a child, but two girls in a month were cool even for me. Either I'm getting old or I don't understand anything about life. Where are my fifteen years?

At the end of one working day, the office door opened and Vita came in. She didn't have an appointment, but she came at exactly the right time, because the patient was canceled at that time. It had been three weeks since we'd last met.

– Maestro, good morning! Not waiting for? And I as an uninvited guest who is better than a Tartar! – she beamed.

– Worse than a Tartar, – I corrected her sullenly, but at the same time I was glad to see her.

– That's what I said.

– Yes, of course.

– I have an idea. If you have time, we can do something, – she said with a wink.

Her idea was to find the object I had hidden while blindfolded. It's an interesting idea, but she blindfolded will be more desirable. Still, I prepared everything for her whim, and we started. For some reason, I didn't want to say no to her. I laid out geometric shapes on the table: a square, a ball, and a triangular pyramid. Then he stood behind her and blindfolded her, then took her left hand in my right and told her mentally to take the ball. Blindfolded, Vita picked up each item in turn, and then

had to make a choice. Ten minutes passed, and she stood and hesitated, and I could see that she wanted to touch the triangular pyramid. Her hand touched the pyramid, and then abruptly changed the motion. And now she was holding the ball in her hand! Commendable! Having made her choice, Vita removed the blindfold from her eyes, walked over to me, and stood on tiptoe. Holding the ball in her hand, she raised it to the level of my eyes and pointed at it with a smile of triumph.

– Maestro, am I right?

– You guessed it, – I did not hide my surprise and pride. Usually patients guess four times, and she guesses the first time.

– In that case, I deserve a prize! – her eyes shone with self-pride.

I kissed her. Involuntarily, Vita let out a groan that defined everything. And now it's done. When I came to myself, I saw that Vita was already dressing. Everything happened quickly, rudely, passionately. I suddenly found myself apologizing to her for what had happened. A few minutes later, as if on schedule, there was a knock on the door to announce that the next patient had arrived. Vita smoothed her hair, said a dry goodbye, and quickly left the office.

In the evening, when I got home, I tried to make sense of what had happened. I often have casual sex, in my life this is more the norm than the exception. I have also slept with patients, but usually they took the initiative and I was relieved of all responsibility. But in this case, I took responsibility.

During the next few days, we corresponded with Vita, and I suggested her to meet.

Walking in the park, we enjoyed the beautiful warm summer weather. She was wearing a light white dress, and she looked innocent.

– At what stage is your research?

– I'm analyzing the information. The connection between pyramids and DNA clearly exists. Pyramids are not just an encyclopedia of knowledge, astronomical observatories, a time machine, or a solar-lunar calendar. It's a DNA repository, and I'm sure of it now. The pyramids in Egypt are a kind of "Egypt – Sirius" flight. But, in addition to Egyptian pyramids, there are many other similar structures in the world. Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Great Britain, Easter Island, Tibet, Japan, The United States, Australia, China, Ukraine, and Russia – there are pyramids everywhere. I'm already silent about the underwater pyramids at the bottom of the Bermuda triangle, which were discovered only in 1948! There's a lot we don't know. And, most likely, there are still pyramids that have not been found yet! Perhaps if you unravel the pattern they were built on, you can find all the others. When I imagine that people all over the planet, without any means of communication with each other, somehow built them, I get wild with delight! This is a real egegor! Although it is possible that early civilizations could communicate telepathically. That explains a lot, then. And if I'm right, it turns out that our existence has a secret meaning. This

means that man did not appear on our planet by accident.

– Are there pyramids in Russia too? I've never heard of them.

– Yes, there are two mountains in Primorye: a Brother and a Sister. Initially, they were almost the same height, but in Stalin's time, the Brother was shortened – blown up, perhaps trying to get to the inner chambers. All that could be found were the remains of ancient rooms.

– Why did you decide to use hypnosis?

– Because I feel a lot, but I can't explain it. I look for answers everywhere and follow more than logic. In lectures we are often told to rely on logic. In recent times, logic has put me in a corner where there's no lighting, if you know what I mean. We don't know much exactly, because we always include logic, but it also becomes our basic prejudice. To study DNA you need something more than human thinking, you have to go beyond it. So what if our DNA is a navigation system that tells us where to go? Our entire evolution is a navigational journey. As in any navigator the DNA has its own settings, and we plot the road from a specific location to the end point. It is true that questions arise: where and when was the beginning of the path? And when and where, in this case, will the end point be? Is there an end point at all? I want to know how you can change these settings and create your own route.

– That's what genetic engineering is for.

– I mean there must be a way to change the settings without interfering in the body!

– We'll invent something.

I listened to her and thought that her words sounded like nonsense, but I didn't dare tell her that she was wasting her time and was blind. There are things she must understand for herself.

I couldn't wait to get to my place. At home Vita behaved strangely. She asked for a glass of water, then another. As if she was stalling for something. I thought she was uncomfortable and stiff. But everything changed as soon as we were in the bedroom. Not only her clothes, but all her tightness was gone. Yes, sex and the study of DNA are probably the only areas where Vita is herself, where she is real and where she is really good. I knew it the first time, but I was going to get to know her better and... was horrified.

Vita refused to stay at my place for the night, so she called a taxi and left. I got out the rum, poured myself a glass, and turned on the TV. She's probably right – I'm an alcoholic.

## Chapter 3

A man's life becomes much more interesting when his work brings him pleasure. Women for the most part realize themselves in the family, and men in work, which is the most important area of their life. However, there are women such as Vita, who realize themselves in the professional field as men.

I have significantly increased the number of primary patients – grapevine has worked. I became unexpectedly popular. The work took up a lot of time, and meetings with Vita became rare. I didn't know that my lack of attention can lead to the fact that she splattered my feelings on the asphalt. That was the first time I encountered another side of her character.

It all started when I texted her that I was free and asked her to meet. In response, I received silence. She was silent for four days. Then she wrote herself as if nothing had happened. When I tried to find out what the problem was, I got a rude response: "Don't ask too many questions" – and when I decided to find out what had happened, she said that it was not her way to meet on my schedule and that I also had to consider her time and desires, and if something did not suit me, I could easily find another mistress. "Where did such hardness come from such a fragile girl?" I couldn't understand it. She seems like a lovely creature.

Two days later she came to see me.

– You're good, after all, – she told me before the hypnotic

session began.

– Something new from you, – I said.

– Really good. I am kind and also good.

– I didn't say you were bad. And even, on the contrary, I thought you were white and fluffy. And very smart.

– Considered? Is it different now?

– Well, of course you're smart. This is a fact. And beautiful!

– My attacks at all do not mean that I treat you worse. I'm perfectly aware of what I'm saying and I know where I'm going over the edge.

– I don't doubt that you know what you're saying.

– Enough! You shouldn't have infuriated me!

– I didn't see you as an object exclusively for horizontal desires. However, it was successfully lowered to a consumer. And this is unpleasant. But I won't change your mind.

– That's all you ever talked to me about...

– I told you that because passion swept over me like a wave and I was stirred up in you. It's not just sex, it's real passion. And you reduced it to mechanics. Without feelings, this is fitness, not sex, – I said, even more rudely than I expected.

– Well, punish me! – she said with a defiant smile.

– There is such a desire...

– Do you have any other desires? Or only maim?

– Maiming – certainly not our methods. And the wishes you make, such as years not to find. – I looked away towards the window after these words. I saw in her eyes that I had greatly

amused her self-esteem by saying this.

– What did I say that hurt? Everything is as it is! Don't pretend to be offended and humiliated!

– Sit down, let's start the session.

Vita kissed me tenderly, and we started the session. The tension between us eased.

In order for the hypnosis sessions to have the desirable effect, I first needed to teach Vita to develop intuition. This meant that she was capable of deeper hypnosis. Gradually, however, I began to wonder how well her intuitive abilities were developed without my efforts. "If it goes on like this, I'll be useless to her."

The session meant that Vita, with her eyes open, would find the object I had hidden in the room. At first, she sat in a chair with her eyes closed, concentrating on the task. Five minutes later, she opened her eyes, trying to figure out what I had hidden and where. Then she walked around the office, examining it. Her glance fell on various objects. Deep down, I really wanted her to find what I had hidden. I wanted to be proud of her. After about half an hour, Vita opened the bookcase and gave me a meaningful look, then took out one of the books on the shelf, slowly walked over to me and put the book on my lap. She did it! I didn't hide my admiration.

– Let's do it again, – she asked.

I realized that the sessions did not tire her. On the contrary, they inspire her and give her strength, even calm her down. It turned out that our sessions became a necessity for her.

I decided that the next step would be more difficult. Now I did not hide objects, Vita had to guess among the many numbers written on the board, the one that I had guessed. I wrote the numbers in random order, put down the marker, turned to her, and gave her the command to start. She looked from me to the board and back again. I wondered if she could handle this difficult task. Half an hour later she got up, picked up a sponge, and wiped all the numbers off the board except ninety. Amazingly, she had guessed right again! How does she do it?! Her pleased, sly look always had the same effect on me: I want her!

There are women who you just get up and leave after having sex with. There are women with whom you want to talk after sex. And here you can very easily fall into the trap. We were lying on a small sofa in my office. Yes, I must be a pretty risky man to allow myself to do this in the workplace. But we only live once and we must not deprive ourselves of such pleasures.

– You are the best! Did I tell you that?

– No. Someone else.

– Don't be sarcastic! Why do I feel so good with you?

– Because I'm the best!

– Well, that makes sense. This is how karma brings two great people together.

– Yeah, you never know when or where karma's going to fuck you, – she can joke like no one else.

She left and I had an hour of free time. I sat at my desk and

tried to make up an anamnesis, not knowing what to write. At one point, I thought, “Crazy, crazy Vita...”

A week later, Vita invited me to work for her. She worked at the department of the University where she studied. Her desk was littered with books, notebooks, copybooks, and a lot of notes. Among the papers I saw a printout of the layout of the chakras of the human body.

– Chakras?

– The same Maslow pyramid. It is interesting.

– More details?

– Basic needs always come first. But the attitude to the world and the relationship with this very world is different for everyone. I can even guess at what position your chakras are.

– In what way?

– To my mind, all you’re doing is eating, drinking, and having sex. However, the latter is my merit. In general, your relationship with the world is complicated. You have problems with society. Your brain is well developed. I see that you are tired of the world, Horus. This is not good. What do you want to prove in this world and to whom? After all, the three highest ones are a clear way to prove something to the world. I look at you and I’m amazed! You don’t have to prove anything to anyone, you’re cool! It seems to me that you live in a world that you are fighting, but life does not involve fighting.

– Thank you. But you don’t know much about my life, and it’s better that you don’t know many things.

– No matter what I find out, I won't think any worse of you. And trust me; I won't get any closer, any closer than you let me.

– But you won't let me get any closer. Am I right?

– Yes. Do you know why I was sent to you? To teach you something important in your life! It's just that you don't understand it, but it'll come to you later, – she winked, and I realized that she was changing the subject.

You always look at a person from a different angle when you find him at work. Vita knew exactly what kind of psychiatrist I was, but I had no idea what kind of work she was. Today I saw how her eyes burned. Looking at her, I saw her disappearing from the real world, plunging into the world of DNA.

Many things about this girl were strange and new to me. For example, I am not surprised that by the age of thirty she has no family, this is just easy to explain, but it is strange that she is thinking about such global issues by her age. Sometimes, I'm afraid of her madness, because you can't imagine where it will lead her. Perhaps I am crazy, since I understand it in portions. If it wasn't for Vita, I would never have thought about what I was trying to prove in life and to whom. She was right about that. But what? And to whom? There are things that she sees through, and that scares me. No one likes to be open, and no one likes to have his soul searched without permission.

What I admire about Vita is that she remains true to herself under all circumstances. She is true to herself even when she is unfaithful to others. But she is a great lover and interlocutor,

and this overrides the other disadvantages. At least, that's what I thought at first.

## Chapter 4

I took a vacation and went to rest. Women need a joint vacation, because they go crazy alone, and men only benefit from a hermit's rest. For a month, I forgot about work, forgot about everyone. I walked, drank, slept and so on in a circle. Fleeting women brightened my leisure. This is the treatment I would prescribe for everyone. But there is an important point and a significant "but" – you need to know when to end your preventive degradation. Otherwise, such treatment will only lead to the disintegration of the personality.

The vacation flew by as if it had never happened. But I managed to extend my summer into early autumn. Having had a good rest, I returned to Moscow with renewed strength, where my neurotics were already waiting for me. I love my patients at least for the fact that their problems bring me good money, which I drink, walk and thus solve my problems. Sometimes I think about the meaning of my existence, but then I pour myself into a glass of rum, and then I don't think about anything else. I planted a tree, raised my son and daughter, and built a house. I have completed my tasks, and now it is my turn to reap the benefits.

I texted Vita that I was back, but she wasn't very happy about it. I could understand it. I suggested to drink coffee.

We met in a cafe, and she was distant. I couldn't understand

if she had someone else in the meantime, or if she was just offended, but knowing her sharpness in communication, I didn't dare ask a direct question. We talked about nothing, and she was polite but dry. When I left the cafe, I offered her a ride home. I kissed her in the car, and she accepted the kiss without resistance, and then I calmed down – so everything was all right. I still can't believe how blind I was then. Why didn't I see anything? Or didn't want to see it...

It turned out that during my absence, Vita managed to fly to Mexico to study the pyramid complex. I didn't share her passion, but I admired her tenacity. "Mexico... At what age did she hit her head?"

– The pyramids in Mexico are a whole complex, there is the largest pyramid in the world, its size is 450x450 meters. Scientists believe that if you transfer all these pyramids to the drawing, you will get elements of the star map. Also, the Mexican pyramids correspond to the Egyptian ones, if they are, again, schematically transferred to the drawing. Most of all, I was struck by the Wizard's pyramid, which is a miracle of creation. Exactly at 17:00 on the balustrades of the pyramid, a drawing of sunlight appears, and the image of a huge burning snake slides along the stones of the pyramid. I thought it might have something to do with the thirteenth sign of the zodiac, and then I thought, "Does DNA have anything to do with constellations?"

– Don't you think you're even more confused?

– I think I'm on the right way. You cannot ignore the thoughts

that come to mind, they have some kind of intelligence. If you don't believe me, that's another question.

– It's not about faith; it's about how you prove it. To begin with, you need research or at least a theory based on some evidence base. These are just your thoughts, and they are not supported by anything else yet. Although, you know, I admire what you do. You bypass the usual methods, you look for other options.

– What if this information is not for our time? I may never be able to prove anything, but that doesn't mean I'm wrong. Anything that doesn't fit into your model of experience and life, you reject as something unworthy of attention, and I try to use any information. Scientists believe that the pyramids encoded the structure of the Universe, the person and his capabilities, but they cannot prove it. Man can prove anything, but he cannot prove anything that is spiritual: love, faith, for example. These concepts exist, and we know about them, but they are not expressed in formulas and do not pass any tests if they are tried to prove their existence.

– Vita, there are probably things you don't need to prove. They are constant and exist independently of formulas. Science does not recognize spirituality. Besides, my professional activities have little to do with what you do.

– This isn't about your profession! The point is that you reject the spiritual part of life! Your whole life is about meeting basic needs. What I do is directly related to your profession! You're just blind! Okay, we're here. Bye!

Vita got out of the car, and I watched her going until she went into the doorway. I don't like being told things, I don't want to hear or know. "The spiritual part of life... What does she know about my life?"

The next day Vita didn't attend or even cancel the appointment. Her phone was turned off. For the next four days, she was also off-limits. I decided that I would not run after anyone, if she wanted to, she would show up.

In the evening, I met with friends and we drank beer. Most of my friends are married people, but none of them are happy. Someone had taken a mistress, someone had become disillusioned with life, and now he didn't even need a mistress. Beer and computer games are quite able to brighten up the loneliness in family life. According to I have a certain contingent of friends; most of them realize themselves in work. I know from experience that the best driver of professional achievement is the imbalance between work and personal life. One of these categories should always outweigh the other. No matter what anyone says, there is no equal division. A person is so organized that his internal resources are not enough for several things at the same time, so that he can invest the same amount of energy, effort, and money in them. Unless, of course, we're talking about children.

Women, women... The eternal headache of men. Comparing my women I can say that Vita is the only one who does not rape my brain in the classic style, as others have done and continue

to do. She does things differently: she disappears, she is sarcastic, she is silent about many things, and this is a different type of violence. When I think back to that time in our relationship, I realize that I didn't think about the fact that she didn't care about me. I should have known that if a girl seems perfect, obviously she doesn't really need you. But I with my innate sense of superiority couldn't even think about it at the time. Women love me, and I use it – it has always been so. Until a certain time.

A month has passed since the last session with Vita. She's gone. I was aware that I had no feelings for her, but inside I was worried about her. The point is that my ego didn't want to believe that I was no longer interesting and that this was the end. For me, it is more usual and preferable to bring a woman to the stage where she herself would put an end to it. Again, this was my way of relieving myself of all responsibility.

On one of the working days, I was brought a schedule of patients for the next week, in which I saw that in two days Vita was registered. Appeared! Wow, she signed up officially, through the reception. Apparently, she didn't want to write to me. Proud...

Vita came into the office, and I couldn't help noticing that she looked stunning. A straight skirt, heels, leather jacket, and coiffed hair all combined to create a striking look. She asked for water, sat down in a chair and greedily drained a glass, then asked for another.

– I think Horus; it's time for us to end the sessions as they

were. Can you put me into deep hypnosis? – she said at once, without even asking how things were going. And we haven't seen each other for a month!

– What's changed?

– I went to Tibet and talked to a lot of people. My head is a mess, I need to sort my thoughts, and I... I can't handle it. I feel like I've found something important, but it's eluding me. As soon as I try to hold on, I just go crazy with despair.

She's definitely crazy! Go to Tibet only to get depressed when she came back! This is very feminine! If I could roll my eyes to the floor and roll them back in, I would do it.

– Vita, there is a small nuance. Your nervous system is exhausted, and hypnosis is not a good idea right now.

– I know what's better for me and what is not! – she said, suddenly loud and rude.

– I said no! – I saw the look of hatred on her face, but it quickly disappeared. It was obvious how important the upcoming session was for her, so quickly and expertly did she manage to control herself.

– Well, if you don't want to work with me anymore, you should say so.

– That's not what I meant. Don't think about it, please. Tell me about your trip.

– Horus, I think I've realized that I've never been happy. I saw people there who were really happy. I came to Tibet to see a complex of one hundred and eight pyramids, and at the end it

was like looking on the other side of the world. I saw a pyramid of Mirror. Tibetan monks believe that the pyramids are mirrors through which you can pass into parallel worlds. It is believed, that time in these mirrors is compressed as a special type of energy. There is a version of scientists, according to which, the pyramids absorb the energy of space and relay it to the DNA of living organisms on the planet. They explain their theory by saying that the complex of these structures is similar to the spatial structure of DNA. There is a strict mathematical sequence in the arrangement of pyramids on the Earth. I'm sure the same sequence is in the DNA. The reason for this is the very purpose of creation. Human DNA and pyramids are points of entry into the abode of subtle energies that have not yet been studied. But our thinking, that is, our consciousness, is not able to see and understand this sequence. To do this you need to think not as a person...

– Vita, I remind you that you are a future microbiologist, but now you are engaged in esotericism.

– Horus! I know it! But if esotericism is closer to understanding the meaning of life?! It's very hard for me right now! As if the God I had believed in all my life had been taken away from me! As if I had borrowed him and given him back painfully! Or even stolen him! I have analyzed a lot and conducted one experiment... Listen, it has been known that if you draw an axis from the main pyramid of Tibet to the opposite side of the globe, the axis will point to Easter Island.

If you connect Easter Island with the Mexican pyramids, the continuation of this line will lead to mount Kailas in Tibet. The two lines that connect Kailas with Easter Island through the Egyptian and Mexican pyramids delineate the earth's surface area and are divided into two equal triangles. The main "mirror" of Kailas is directed at the Egyptian pyramids, and the two Northern ones – at the Mexican ones. The Sphinx looks towards Kailas. There is something else very important that concerns the entire planetary pyramid system. The height of the main pyramid of Tibet is 6666 meters, the distance from Kailas to the North Pole is also 6666 meters, and the distance from Kailas to Stonehenge is exactly the same. Repeating sixes are considered diabolical numbers, but I was told in Tibet that they are a symbol of God? – she finished speaking and looked at me wearily.

– You have to rest.

– What if we, the living people, have already lived on Earth since the first appearance of man? What if we leave messages for ourselves? That is, we dig up the remains of ourselves in the past. Writers, composers, scientists, inquisitors, kings, peasants, slaves – all of us. I mean, there were once Lemurians and Atlanteans on Earth who didn't look like us today. What if we were the ones who lived in those days? I believe in the immortality of the soul.

– But there are more people! How do I explain this?

– We may be getting help from outside. If we consider the soul as an informational shell, this theory is correct. The soul

has memory, but matter does not. DNA is the only link between people. The body dies and our consciousness dies with it, and the DNA stores the memory of who we were, starting from the moment of the appearance of man on Earth. Thus, it turns out that the DNA is an archive that is in us and contained in the pyramids, and it hides all the information about the human being.

I saw in her a mental struggle that hurt her. She had not yet reached the truth, but she was tired and disappointed. Vita came to me, sat down next to me, and kissed. She wanted to forget herself with sex, and I didn't need to be coaxed into it.

– We'll figure something out, – I told her as we lay on the sofa.

– The earth has a magnetic core that protects it. What if DNA also has a magnetic structure? This is what I told you earlier. Imagine that our health depends on the level of magnetism. I can't prove that human DNA has a quantum atomic structure centered on magnetic fields. Modern science considers 90% of the chemical composition of DNA inactive, since there are no codes and genes are not produced there. I want to understand what magnetism depends on. Horus, are you asleep? – Vita nudged me in the side.

– Tell me, what's so special about you? Where is the magnet that draws me to you?

– Perhaps I have activated my DNA, – she smiled in response.

What if she's right? Or maybe she's gone mad and it's time for me to sound the alarm. Vita gets a medical degree so that she doesn't have to work in her specialty. How so? As a senior,

she became disillusioned with her training and decided not to do what she had spent years doing. According to her, the knowledge she received serves as a starting point in her search for truth, but she uses only a small part of it. So much effort and time wasted! I didn't understand it at all. However, I now understand that she only brushed aside the unnecessary in her life, every time it interfered with her. Vita was not afraid to cross out the old and enthusiastically take on something new. Periodically, she fell out of reality, driving herself into a state of apathy, and it was very important that during this period there was someone who would pull her out of this state. She was so overwhelmed that she could no longer distinguish reality from fiction. If no one was around, she would withdraw into herself for a while, digesting the information, and then return to the outside world. There were too many contradictions in it. I didn't always keep up with her moods and thoughts. But it was these contradictions that led her to what I have now. For this, we should be grateful.

## Chapter 5

Today is my friend's birthday, to which I was invited. I took Vita with me. I don't know why. Probably because most of my friends are family people and I didn't want to be alone among married couples. The restaurant was decorated with beautiful women in elegant dresses. Vita put on a short red dress that accentuated her figure.

– I wish it was night, – I whispered in her ear, when everyone sat down at the table.

– Sit and lick your lips!

To my surprise, everyone liked Vita, she had a special gift for pleasing both women and men. She could hold a conversation with anyone and always knew what to say. Despite the fact, that she was the youngest among us, she always had something to answer, no matter what she was asked. I took pride in knowing that I was being judged through her.

At two o'clock in the morning, everyone left. Vita and I went to my place. Vita undressed, poured herself rum and sat on the bed.

– Your brain excites me, – I told her.

– The main thing is that you have sex with me, not with my brain! – she motioned me to sit next to her.

It's hard to explain, but it shakes me when I possess her. With her, I stop being selfish. Before, it was important for me to have

fun myself, but now I want her to have fun. Her body is very pliable, it's nice to watch her bending. And it raises men's self-esteem. I wonder if she's just with me this way or with others too?

– Horus, I know this is a bad time to say this, but I still want to say it now. I quickly burn out; I quickly get bored with people. Today I feel good with you, and tomorrow you may bore me. This is who I am. When this happens, I will tell you about it, because I am always for honesty. But be honest with me, too. If you lose your passion, just tell me. I will leave without hysterics and unnecessary questions.

– What kind of talk? Are you drunk?

– No. I have never asked anything from you, but I do ask it of you.

– Vita, if you become cold to me, don't tell me about it. You have to lie, please come up with something. Better call me a goat, a scoundrel, but not that.

– I can't lie...

Vita quickly fell asleep, and my dream disappeared. I was lying on my bed, watching a movie on my smartphone, but I couldn't sleep even when it was over. I looked at Vita. Outwardly, she seems so fragile, vulnerable, but in reality she is very different-resolute and strong. I moved closer to her, stroked her hair, and I felt a great tenderness for her. Then I fell asleep.

When Vita left in the morning, I took care of household, and also went shopping and bought food. My phone was ringing. It was a Sveta. She gave me a tantrum – you see, she didn't like that

I was missing and didn't return her messages and calls. Frankly, I didn't answer, not because I was near Vita, but because I knew that I wouldn't hear anything but complaints. Tantrums were not in my plans.

– Sveta, it's unbearable. Let's stay friends, huh?

– You got someone? What's wrong? – she was crying into the phone. one.

– You're talking about that again!

– You have got another girl!

– Be happy! – I cut her off. I can't stand women's tears!

“I have finally broken off this relationship,” – I thought, feeling an incredible relief from the committed act Vita is right: relationships should bring joy and ease, and if they already do not bring anything good, it's time to end them. Vita did not understand couples who have serious problems, but people keep these relationships because of the fear of loneliness, because of the invented hopelessness, in vain believing that everything will change. She always thought hard. She had developed a good rule in her life. There is much to learn here.

## Chapter 6

There are two categories of men: some have a second wind after forty, while others become too lazy at this age. I have already had a lot of breath in my years, so I feel free to put myself in the second category. However, there are people who do not let you get bored. These include Vita. In spite of herself, she had taken away my attraction to other women. I was satisfied with her alone, she gave me everything I needed. At that moment, I was already up to my ears in trouble, although I didn't realize it yet. I was suddenly concerned about where she was and what she was doing. I had a hunch that she had someone besides me, but I didn't dare ask her openly, because she was honest and would tell the truth, and I might not like the truth. This was the first concession to her.

Our mini-romance was now in its third month. During this time, Vita never took out my brain, everything was calm. We communicated, met, held sessions. I evaluated my attitude to Vita with Maxim Gorky's phrase: "I don't seem to need this person, but something keeps him in my head." I could live without talking to her, but when we met, my brain immediately shut down. Vita gave a feeling of lightness; it was fun and interesting to be with her. At the beginning of our conversation, I never saw her in a bad mood. I didn't count the occasional lapse in apathy. I'm used to her always being cheerful, no matter what. I fed on

her energy. We all know the selfish feeling that draws us to what warms us when we are cold. So it was with Vita. Tired, angry, I changed next to her. So, little by little, I began to get used to it.

One evening Vita came to see me. We sat in the kitchen and drank our usual rum. In her behavior, I tried to find proof that she was still interested in me, that I was the only one she had. Everything seemed to be in order. But at some point, she took out her phone, texted someone, and put the cell phone in her bag. When she went to shower, I acted like a classic jealous woman – I took her phone out of her bag. It was turned off. I still don't understand why I did it then. I was filled with rage and a sense of ownership. I put the phone back and waited for her to come out of the bathroom.

Vita went out, wrapped in a towel. She noticed my changed mood and looked at me warily.

– Do you have someone else? – I asked.

– Don't ask questions, the answers to which you will not like, – she said quite calmly and went to the kitchen.

– You'll tell me! – I grabbed her hand and squeezed it so hard.

– You're crazy! Since when do you ask me such questions?

What's wrong with you?

– Why did you turn off your phone? – I gave myself up.

– Did you get into my bag? – now the rage was reflected in her face.

– Yes! Got in! Tell me!

– Listen! You have no right to ask me such questions! For an

ordinary lover, you take too much on yourself! – she hissed the words very slowly and distinctly.

I was mad with rage, and I grabbed her by the throat and pinned her against the wall. She didn't even raise her hand to protect herself. Her indifferent gaze disarmed me. I loosened my grip, but kept my hand on her neck. Vita grabbed the end of my shirt with one hand, pulled me to her, and kissed me. Her eyes were triumphant. All my anger found an outlet in sex. I was rude, but Vita didn't let me know that she didn't like it. Because she liked it. Now that I think back to that day, I realize that she always had more power over me. She deftly evaded the question and let me know who I was in her life.

After that night, she disappeared again. This time for almost three weeks. The next day, I decided that something needed to change. In the evening, I went to a bar, got drunk, and picked up a girl. Yes, I was taking revenge on Vita and proving my independence to myself. Everyone takes their revenge as best they can. I decided that I should increase the number of mistresses so that I would remain independent. For a week I carried out this plan, proud of myself. I'm a man!

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