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V. Speys

STORIES



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Stories

«Издательские решения»

Speys V.

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A series of short stories is presented by the author from the urban life of a young man who begins his journey in a whirlwind of events, looking for romantic encounters...

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Содержание

STORIES	6
Patroclus	7
The kidnapped	12
Reincarnations	15
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	17

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STORIES

Patroclus

High in the blue sky bird flutters. Its melodious song is heard among the broad, sunlit fields. In the thick grass chirping crickets in every way. A breeze rustles a little green grass, bringing scents of wildflowers, mixed with a tart smell of pine needles of the near forest. That, in the distance, visible tops of slender pine. It is easy to breathe in it, next to the cool forest lake. Needles and pour cool water power, give health and life. Oh, how sweet it is to plunge into the clear lake water bliss, then lie down on the warm sand and listen to the lapping of the waves.

And the song of a lark flying all over the fields, clouds, forest and lake close, weaving in trilling crickets in the singing of birds, the murmur of the spring. A singer summer, bird, rising higher and higher into the blue expanse of heaven and lost there.

Where are you, bird?! Stop! Not rives a blue abyss, stop! There's a dead emptiness...

– Stop! – Almost inaudibly moving lips.

The man in the suit then drenched with a person whispers.

– Wait, waits! – Eyelashes fluttered, revealing blue as the sky, eyes. Looking slightly brightened. The person centered. Two deep wrinkles marked the nose straight nose.

– Where I am? – A weak voice drowned in a spacesuit. Consciousness slowly returned. She remembered the three days before the start. Then launch the spacecraft. Then, nowhere did this ne- of lark, and grasshoppers, or rather their chirping...

The uniform humming instrument echoes the song of summer fields. Looking anxiously focuses on the instruments. There, among the spectrum of lights shining red

– What depressurization? – Whispered lips. Hand tiredly reached for the dashboard. Click. The red light goes off.

– That's all! – Sigh of relief astronaut. The narrow space of the cabin is designed for two. In her distress there are two chairs and a remote control. Here, in a rescue unit, joined the astronaut was forced after an accident. Now the ship under the influence of Jupiter's gravity, uncontrollable, swept through the belt of small fragments of asteroids in the area of the group called "Cluster Trojans." Through crackling ether consciousness astronaut intersperses the words of the head of operations. Because of the interference generated by congestion zone, indicating that the Earth does not understand. But even such a connection with the earth gives strength, and has stronger voice, he radioed to Earth:

– I landed on Patroclus. Send the rescue!

The answer came immediately. From passages due astronaut realized that his hearing is good, and that the expedition is already armed, the coordinates of the landing taken. Encouraged communication with Earth, he confidently performs calculations maneuver. It turned out that the seventh ring of asteroids pose di ahead to the accumulation of free space Trojans.

Jupiter is a huge globe hangs in the abyss of space, emitting pale blue glow. The gloom permeates the cabin light, filling the senses suspense. A vehicle is coasting, relentlessly dodging the estimated trajectory in the grip of Jupiter. Cosmonaut determined that the time left on the road for two hours. Jupiter has turned into a huge disc. In the blue, semi-transparent atmosphere of the planet clearly visible cumulus clouds liquefied gases. The shades of all colors of the visible spectrum of the eye, observed in his dense cover. The planet rotates slowly, demonstrated its side application reviews are not from Earth.

"Patroclus is already clearly visible" – thought astronaut. The placers points light hanging, spinning a boulder. In the sunlight it shines silvery shimmer, recalling moonlight Like a giant crystal monolith, attracts the attention of the magical power of the reflected rays. As you approach, reducing the path, gradually blurring the edge, losing shape. In their place, there are all new dark and light

spots. Sharper looming notch. And now, before the astonished man was a giant rock chip slowly showing his majestic side in the rotation.

It's time. Before the critical seconds left sixty, fifty-nine, fifty-eight . . . , methodically, one after one after another floated digit time. On the fortieth, save-time Capsule Module started, leaving the skeleton of the spacecraft, moving in an elliptical arc around Jupiter, began to deviate in the direction of Patroclus.

Asteroid floated slowly forward. And now it turned into a huge monolith, closing a Jupiter. It seemed that none of the blue, no flat ground in a chaotic conglomeration of notches, fractures and cavities of the surface. But you need to sit at, then immediately or Jupiter will take his deadly pit. The pilot maneuvered calmly obedient rescue capsule. The module, like a living organism, resigned to the will of the commander. Slowly meter by meter closer to the surface. In the meter from the surface of the lower module of niches out three damper struts. Boring head set on their ends, easily cut into the rock. And nestled cosmic dust, the encapsulation module, froze firmly entrenched Boers paws to Patroclus.

Infinite series of numbers on the scoreboard clock. The figures were replaced in turn, counting time intervals. But tired of waiting for his eyes, it seemed that the nine suddenly stopped by an infinitely long moment, she was replaced by a zero, then the unit and so on. Looking intently watching the clear rhythm seconds. "How long have I been here? – Anxious thought astronaut, peering into the face of the clock, – Two weeks of inactivity. . . . While there is probably a lot more?"

The cabin was dim. Light falling on the scoreboard in green suit on the glass, leaving his mark on his face. Suddenly slight tremor coming suddenly on the skeleton of the module housing. Looking warily slid to the window. On silver chipping asteroid, here and there were dust clouds. "Bombing! – A sudden thought lightning flashed in my head! "And to prove the danger, the body of the capsule started like a rampant horse. Cosmonaut thrown out of the chair a powerful impetus. Scraps harness hung in rags on the handrails. Overcoming the pain from injuries, the pilot through the portholes saw clouds of thick dust from the "north side" of the asteroid. . . .

Among the "live" shadows, frozen black lightning crashed into a deep crack Patroclus. She ran with the "South" to "North" by breaking the asteroid in two. Along the black abyss of crack in the direction of "the North", a small silvery man, moving figure astronaut. The crack went through the "valley" and similar zigzag tape disappeared from sight behind a heap of giant boulders. In sharp jump cosmonaut tried to reach the top of the nearest clumps. Body soared over the wreckage and sank it in the sky, and with the acceleration rushed down to the top. Area apex close, but somewhat he moved aside. Cosmonaut, straining his body clung to his fingertips over the edge of the eaves. From the collision of hands and lumps, the body changed its trajectory and legs moved forward. Soon the astronaut felt the support, but knowing the habits of Patroclus, with even greater caution legs buckled and absorb shocks. Hands grasped instantly reliable support. And the body sank. He took a breath, made the familiar gesture to the forehead, as if wiping sweat, but his hand sliding-nool on the transparent surface of the helmet spacesuit.

– Now, the important thing is not to make any sudden movements. – Warned he himself expressed in the hearing. And carefully climbed to the top of the flat boulders. From this place a good view of the broad panorama of the dead landscape. Everywhere chaotic jumble of stone monoliths. Through their sharp edges of the horizon stretches a black ghost abyss. Astronaut makes a jump. The body moves forward along the crack. The surface, slowly accelerating, is removed from the silver figurines. Horror frosty needles stuck into the body paralyzed hand. A moment! Cosmonaut mastered himself. Quickly assess the situation. The proximity of Jupiter, that the possibility of death. Fingers ran frantically for the built in suit panel ramie multicolored buttons. Instantly suit trembled. The powerful jet engine backpack raver-zeros him face-to-module and carried forward. "Thank God – thought the pilot – navigation module in the order, align me." The surface of the asteroid approaching. "It helps to Patroclus," – this thought reassured the pilot, gave confidence and a successful outcome

of his odyssey. And he, as a living, Patroclus said: – And I wanted to give it into the hands of Satire! – Cosmonaut nodded toward covering the floor of the black sky a huge planet, a giant disk floating in the blackness of space emptiness.

In the module, sitting in a chair at the controls, he felt an incredible relief. Rummaging in the emergency package, took out a pasty meat fillet, opened the lid, and then wiping the connection table the valve special disinfectant swab, connect tube from edible to the suit, and through the connecting tube became dinner, sucking the pasty food from a tube through a tube attached at the mouth inside the helmet.

After a rest, as it should, he again went to scout a safe haven. The accumulation of boulders, there on the “North” of the asteroid, where the black abyss of heaven hanging small ball the size of a tennis ball, the earth, immediately struck a black meteorite. And, as he had not noticed it? – I wondered, yet confidently approached the assurance of salvation: “Now to him!” – He told himself.

Near, lump differed sharply from the color of the breed of Patroclus. It’s like a piece of rock-term zhelezorud no news from fallen down on the “head” of Patroclus. The characteristic dark brown color is inherent in iron ore rocks. “The diameter of nine meters will be” – figured astronaut. He moved closer, carefully examining the cracks formed at the surface of the asteroid impact. Impression is very convincing in favor of meteoric origin fragment. About this version showed cracks, and most importantly, the furrow of the abyss at the bottom of the meteorite was wider, as it tapers to. There was no doubt. The crack formed by the fall of the black stone on the Pat-Rockley. At the base width of the dip meter I have two, three, not more. The astronaut walked to the edge and turned on the lamp on the helmet of a spacesuit. Blinding beam snatched from the abyss of black shadows and drowned in it. A lump formed a vault. Under this set of astronaut distinguished convenient platform, steps, projecting over the abyss. He climbed onto the ledge and soon found myself under the rubble. The area of the site was larger than it seemed from a distance. Pleased finding, he jumped for joy, but a blow to the helmet quickly cooled the emotional tide. “Yes, the earth does not love the habit of Patroclus – thought with a smile, – it is necessary to maximize drag all stocks here.” And he began to come out to the surface. Beautiful dusts clouds here and there appeared above the surface of the asteroid, and at first glance, it seemed that Patroclus salute to salute the man about his finding a safe haven. Cosmonaut anxiously said to himself aloud: – Stop!!! Bombing!!! – Worryingly pounding heart. Warily watching the clouds, the astronaut hurried back under the roof of a meteorite. Patroclus started with his whole body, as if the act approving the guest. A man excitedly out of the shelter. The dust was thick on the asteroid, “How Meadow fog. – It occurred suddenly – dangerous, but as beautiful. This picture is not seen on Earth. Yes b my eyes I have not seen this. “Somewhere in the depths of his heart he knew that he had become accustomed already to Patroclus. The sense of danger blunted by the hour of solitude here in this godforsaken desert. And he continued on his way to the module. On his way a little dust falls. This is already a familiar cluster of boulders. He climbed to the top of the shapeless heap of huge stones to better consider the module. The look came across the horizon of the desert; the module was not there. Throughout the chaos of piled boulders and small stones. At the site of a recent capsule rescuer could see only the remnants of the supports so black from the burnt fuel. Cosmonaut fidgeted uneasily among the rocky soil and quickly as possible to the projectile-shine gravity and Patroclus, and ran to the place where only a few hours ago was the module. In search of oxygen tanks inspected the accident site. Without his attention has not gone no crack, no chip, no stone. The sun suddenly emerged from behind the horizon, striking eyes shine bright. Long shadows of stones randomly scattered black phantoms fled. Among the dancing shadows flared reflected beam plated surface oxygen crane. Cosmonaut quickly went there. Among the narrow slit, stuck blue oxygen cylinder valve with brightly polished, wedged between rocks blast. He grabbed his helmet and threw over the balloon and, shaking, holding hands...

How much time had passed since he found the first oxygen tank he did not remember. He knew only one thing that the oxygen of the first balloon is over, and that running out of the other, and still

no help. Having lost all hope of salvation, he was sitting in it, its a haven staring blankly into space. It has long ended emergency food parcels, which have survived in a metal box of emergency that has been among the wreckage of a module., And was tormented by hunger. Inevitably approaching death. And I decided not to die astronaut trapped in the shelter, and there on the silver body of Patroclus.

He got out of his seat and went to secure the stone desert ahead. Where is he did not know. Next there were the beautiful clouds of dust. Meteoric achievement Gala such quantities that do not catch sight of their movement, and it seemed that cumulus clouds arise spontaneously, as it were, from the body of the asteroid. Small fragments knocked on the transparent-dampers for helmet, almost themselves legs slowly melted cloud of dust. Cosmonaut tired to move on. Mortal danger, which threatened every moment, it seemed to him indifferent. He walked toward the danger. But death and this time it went around. Fluffy clouds of dust gradually fell off, melting eyes, and disappeared entirely. Again the silver surface in front of him she spread her blanket monotonous desert...

Quiet summer evening twilight hid the shore of the lake. Slim Men pine, falling to the water, close the eyes of the embankments of hills and merges into a single wall. The glass surface of the lake reflects the bright flashing star. Reed whispering in the forefront, talking with pines. And then, finally, silence reigns over the lake, only heard bursts of fish, a distant noise of the water, frightened beating of wings of bats. The moon came out ogre nym firefly. Fabulous light flooded the dam on the other side. Light fell on her handrails masonry and finally plunged into the silence of water, turning into the depths of a small glowing underwater boat. This boat swam to the shore like a teasing "catch me and I'll be the light in your hands." But the tricky Moon quickly runs away, hiding behind the screen of waves, then comes up again and again, teasing. "Do not catch me! No catch! No catch!"...

Consciousness gradually returned. Hand shaking, crooked fingers holding a piece of silver, so similar to the moon. "I caught it – thought astronaut, here he is in his hands. But why is he teasing?" – Before his hearing could be heard again and again, - "Do not catch! No catch! "Cosmonaut strained his ears. Through the clatter of headphones, barely audible rhythmic signals – Pi, pi, pi! Pi, pi, pi! Pi, pi ...!

– What is it?! – Whispering lips.

Consciousness finally returned to him when another astronaut turned on feeding the oxygen from his suit. Clouded eyes softened.

– Who are you? – Whispering lips.

– I'm Tom Jackson, United States of America! There was a parallel flight. And then the signal!

– Thank you! – Weak voice said astronaut.

– Well how are you? – Tom asked anxiously, putting a slight astronaut's body to his feet.

– Leonid Krazimov. Pilot International Space Agency!

Okay! Come on, little oxygen, let's go!

In the pale glow of Jupiter, the asteroid's rocky soil desert seems dead, and only fanciful shapes of frozen blocks as fantastic beasts intertwined with each other in a terrible battle mighty arms "breathe" life in this dead landscape. Nothing disturbs the peace prevailing here, and only rare clouds, billowing over the surface here and there, decorate the dead desert.

Among plexus shadow suddenly came to life two. We push and sailed along the heating of the visible heaps. And here is the animated sculptures, there is no dead stones, it is people in spacesuits gayety-motion in the direction of the spacecraft, on the frozen surface of the Al-sparkling steroid.

– Why was the signal from the reverse side? – One of them asked. The other replied, slightly slowed-LA step:

– There Was a ship. – Answered with a sigh.

– As if there was not, we have to make it. Oxygen may not be enough.

They walked in a single spike, breathing oxygen from the suit of Tom. Soon lest pull-up to the Nice transition chamber spacecraft. Inside, in a narrow bay, calls-opted for one, people were preparing

to rendezvous with Earth. They tired but happily excited persons noticeable unconcealed impatience. Clumsy spacesuits, the astronauts did not remove for security purposes...

Long hung a cloud of dust, white ghost reflecting the rays of the sun, But it became pale. Then, through his veil, we trace the gray rocks and boulders, all clearly and sharply. Cloud soon broke and settled, merged with an asteroid. The ship turned into a small bright star moving toward the Earth, taking on board the two brave men...

The kidnapped

In, the fifth tier, deep underground was the Academic Council of the Chamber of Physicians. Conducted meeting of the Board, its chairman Op.

– Dear colleagues, our research has come to the final stage. We are ready for the reconstruction of our ancient civilization with a stable function of reproduction and with the help of individuals living on this planet, our genotype will be restored, and we finally Aubrey’s-the immortality of the race.

The room rustled. He heard cries – What do you want to do this, just tell me?

– What are the resources? You’ll get everything you need from us.

– Well, dear colleagues, listen. – Or, look around the audience, having sustained considerable pause, then continued. – We need a middle-aged woman.

– What caused this, Ort? – He asked in a long wig from dyed auburn hair color, a scientist.

– As I said, it is necessary to finish the experiment.

– You probably forgot that we signed an agreement with the president of this country that are not going to kidnap and to experiment on the inhabitants of this planet.

– You, Otis, forget that the agreement was signed on the territory of this country, and it does not concern spheres of influence around the globe.

– And, as you know, dear colleagues, the revived relationship with the past life of consciousness almost been established, we are on the path of immortality, except for a negligible issue “x”, which one of you, dear colleagues, no one even engaged. – Entered into a discussion tree-third term of the Chamber of Physicians.

– Just this question forces us to make contact with people. – Or intervened.

– But why? We have for centuries tried to hide our presence on Earth. Mankind is still not aware of the existence of our civilization. – Objected Otis.

– I think that the disappearance of a woman in a short period of time in the two Earth days will not cause suspicion. – He insisted on his Op. – For the question, “x” is a part of the binder material, which allows the existence of two worlds in the world, regardless of one another.

– Yes, but what about the woman? – I asked a third scientist.

– The woman in the world is the mother of the people, giving life. – Spoke Or, – We are interested in fur-ism origin of human life, fully charge the issue of “x”.

– You are trying to contact all their origin in a whole with our existence. – Expressed his opinion a fourth do not come so far in the discussion.

– Yes, I try to not only try, but confident in the correctness of the findings, here are my conclusions – he pulled out a thick folder of manuscripts. – Next to us is living a viable and powerful humanity. Though the life of each individual on average eighty years, compared with five hundred of our lives – it is negligible, but it does not give us a great quantity reject them as unable to understand us.

– Yes, but we are talking about something else. – Intervened scientist Otis, he shook his head, a wig on his head told him that moved the hair falls to his shoulders. – The solution of the question of immortality on the necks of race “gray” – as we call these primates – a contemptuous smile flitted across his face – people! We have reached the limits of development and cannot develop fully, except for how to clone myself. Look at our race. All as one, cannot be distinguished from each other. And what to say about the lost functions of production. How It turned elk replacement cloning, but extends our lives, but in the end. The degeneration of our species on the face. I therefore fully support the Ora.

– And no wonder, Otis, you’re wearing a wig of hair of his mistress two hundred and fifty years. Is not it? – Someone shouted from the back of it in the room. What Otis said:

– Whoever said it, does not know that such a revival in a new body.

– They say you have a child with his mistress. – I heard another voice. Scientific bowed his head, his hair wig hid his thin neck, hollow voice, he said: – Yes, there was, he died long ago, lived only seventy-six years.

– So, dear colleagues – decided to suspend and resume the conversation distracting discussion – Or – the last and final report will allow us to get the revival of the body again, with the old intelligence and the experience of past lives. That's what we needed, and a woman. We euthanize it and examine it by the developed technique. All the functions of its organs will be copied and made the copies. We need to study the birth of the matter fields, the particles that make up atoms of the human embryo at a very early stage. Formula nucleation field is the question of "x", which it remains to be solved.

– Yes, but then changed the essence of the experience! – Objected Otis.

– No, on the contrary, we are now able to determine the formula of material fields of the particles, atoms of our intelligence, putting it in the program mechanism of nucleation field, we get the birth of human intelligence with the old and the new young body.

– If the question concerns only this part, I agree with you, Professor. – Supported Ore Otis.

– I am opposed to the experiment. – I withdraw the four scientists, who had been silent until now and then threw in the laboratory. On plasma monitors, display room with the visitors of the fourth level. And there present were indignant. The hall began a discussion among visitors. Or I realized that the support of all Otis decided in his favor. Pressing the remote, Or turn off the monitor. The screen went out, there was silence in the laboratory. The third scientist, as two drops of water similar to the Or, spoke in support of the professor.

– So, we proceed to implement the plan...

Peter, twelve freckled boy as ever come back from school, and hurried to the kitchen. There waiting for his dinner, and he practiced movement took a pot of soup, put on a gas stove. Then he took out a match and turning the knob on the gas stove, lit the gas. His body suddenly took a distorted shape, then gradually becoming clear, floated and turned into a single light smoky structure. This smoky mass that has just been Petya began to dissipate and disappear.

Returning from work mom Petit found the kitchen lit gas burner, untouched food and clothes her son lying on the floor next to a bunch of plates. Peter disappeared.

When the fog cleared, the boy saw a pile of instruments, luminous displays, blinking green and red lights. He was lying completely naked on a white a very comfortable operating table. Some invisible force fettered all his limbs. The boy did not vales us-tear on a soft table, linens, even his hands. Table as a magnet for the entire body. Soon we came to the table. Out of the corner of his eye he saw him bent over the three highest-covered gray coveralls in black glasses, bald people. One was wearing a wig with long brown hair down to his thin shoulders. The three began to inspect him from head to toe. The boy wanted to scream, but bound magnet table could not even open his mouth. He became better examine those individuals who so unceremoniously began to feel his body. Surprise boy knew no bounds when he saw the huge glasses are suddenly deprived of their eyelids and eyelashes from time to time they flash those points. So it turns out the eyes, the thought flashed through his mind. He had heard in school that the boy's frightened of each other, some of the alien flying saucers. And that their skin is gray, and they kidnap people for their experiments. From this it became terrible, and Peter closed his eyes not to see this terrible nightmare waking, better that everything that happens to be a nightmare. But curiosity prevailed, and he opened his eyes again became bolder inspect the kidnappers. It turns out that people with such large heads and strong growth, he never met. Another boy was struck by the fact that they spoke a language is not like any one of the languages of the planet Earth. This alien was finally convinced he wanted to say out loud, forgetting that the tongue and mouth did not obey him. Nothing else to do but to lie in silence on this table and treat strangers. With each passing moment the boy is in these striking differences from the people of the Earth. For example, hair they were not at all like the first time he thought it a hundred men in gray overalls and hair on his head hidden beneath them. Hands with long, slender fingers groped the boy's body.

After that, a stranger in a wig said something, referring to the severe-looking fellow. He was silent, thinking, then waved his hand, and it seemed to Pete, angrily left the room. The wig stranger leaned over the table and looked into the eyes of Petit. The boy thought he winked conspiratorially. Then all somewhere floated, and in the fog scatters he discerned the kitchen weeping mother and a crowd of neighbors, co-who took from the weeping mother.

The next day at school told Peter about his adventure companions. He, of course, no one believed it, but ever since to him once and stuck the nickname “alien inning,” among his classmates, he lives to this day...

Or indignant another failure befell him. Instead, the woman his colleagues brought the boy. It is a failure, the whole meaning of his work will again be forgotten for many years, and perhaps for centuries...

Reincarnations

The desire absolute power, envy and malice to a special holding its summit, was the desire of my past lives. In the penultimate one, I can remember the owner of the castle. The castle belonged to the surrounding lands. With Fire and Sword extracted me ownership, and my land tripled. Oh, how nice to revel in victory and gain possession. Yet he was a man who stood above me in everything that I had to remove the knight's helmet – is king. And I decided to become a king. But the king cut short all who are getting richer and stronger it. He became to protect the weak. War broke out. I bravely co-protivlyalsya. With united and battle-hardened warriors, he scored victory after victory over the regular army of poorly trained soldiers of the King. Thank pissed me off. I reveled in the campaign, of how the fresh early morning air at the edge of a young pine. Once we relaxed in camp, after the battle in which one of my fighters has not been lost. We were caught off guard. Beat swords enemy broke my life in its heyday. Oh, how terrible death in the prime of his youth and energy, when you see the anxious faces of comrades, you know that Nico-GDSs do not jump into the saddle, you will not leave with them, do not sit at the tables winning peers. Never feel the warmth of the campfire, the smell of food and the taste of wine. Fear gripped my whole being, breathing stopped, frozen picture vision of the world, time has stopped its pace for me. All members of the frozen no pain, no fear no more, only two feelings left in me to live. The first feeling ossified uniformity and immobility. The second is the desire to unbearable discomfort. Terrible unspeakable discomfort and immobility plunged into the need of movement. This need has grown over time, but realize it had no strength, it was not possible, because death took away the ability to live, and so moving. The engine needs stillness and movement was an inconvenience. With Techa-tion time habitual sense of movement with the help of members of the body it was forgotten and disappeared as attempts to move in this way were fraught with suffering and inconvenience monotony. A growing sense of liberation from the usual forms of movement. Picking up a heavenly feeling of ease and comfort. At the same time there was a feeling of neglect salvation. And the more quickly incorporate forgetting past life, the faster the salvation comes from the unbearable discomfort and monotony. And the time has come when born the feeling of flying with an unbearable monotony and inconvenience. But in the beginning there was light. Light pale blue appeared first before the feeling of flight. He beckoned, called the blue heavens. Finally, the monotonous feeling of tightness and discomfort suffered in the feeling of flying. During the flight, I felt something like a grunt. Like a blind man I ran across a frozen statue and they grumbled to me in the trail of old ski reproachfully, but the words were not, it was a feeling caused by this grunt. I swam in the blue light with an indescribable feeling of ease and comfort. These feelings of lightness and a sense of peace came of their own kind. On the other there was a feeling of joy of life and happiness. The joy of lightness, happiness and serenity, devoid of anxiety, fear, or fear of a more and more compelled to believe that the anxiety, fear, hunger, can be excluded from life on Earth. And people will live happily without worries, war and famine. We just need to live wisely. I felt that agree with me. Around me I gathered like-minded people, and we rushed a crowd of blue expanse, dreaming of happiness on earth. Some become less mobile, they dived down somewhere and disappeared below. I realized that they were leaving the Earth in a new birth. I could also get away, but the memory of the recent sufferings endured kept me in the world of happiness and peace. I did not leave. We are becoming less and less. Others, feeling leaving, gave in and went after him, dooming themselves to the new earthly torments and burdens. Then came my turn. I made an attempt with the senior, who showed me how to do it. He flew to the site of the lowest in our abode, it was signified a white, almost dairy haze, and showed me what it takes to dive down and do not be afraid. He dived into the milky haze, and disappeared in the dairy fog. I expect it was horrified by earthly suffering, but then reassured myself that never again will they have experienced the throes of death administer affairs causing others and ourselves such anguish. It invigorates me, it gave strength and confidence.

And I decided to go to Earth to my comrades, to administer affairs of virtue to do so, to prevent the suffering and hardships of the people's lives. I was there waiting, I'm not alone. I approached the place of departure to the earth and did not hesitate more dived.

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