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Evgeny Meshkov

**Simple Truths of
Life**

ЕВГЕНИЙ Мешков

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«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

2020

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Simple Truths of Life / Е. С. Мешков — «ЛитРес: Самиздат»,
2020

Evgeny Meshkov writes about what he had to endure and learn in his life. The acquired knowledge includes, but is not limited to, topics such as the meaning of the Universe, life in the Universe, Auras, the Higher Self, astral projection, reincarnation, psychology, sexuality, material and spiritual knowledge, the spiritual self-organization of society, and general life on planet Earth. Evgeny tells how he acquired all the knowledge that is still little known to many people, and also gives his thoughts and opinions on many important topics in modern society.

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ЕВГЕНИЙ МЕШКОВ

Simple Truths of Life

Preface

In my early childhood three events occurred that influenced the rest of my life. Two of them led to many misfortunes and negative habits, while the third helped me find the meaning of life.

All the events described in this book *really* happened to me, Evgeny Meshkov. As you will know from reading my book, I had to go through a lot in order to stop being afraid of telling the truth, even if for many of my contemporaries this truth may seem fiction.

In this book, I talk about such things as the meaning of life and the purpose of the Universe, Auras, Higher Self, telekinesis, sexual relations, psychology, etc.

The names of some people were replaced with the letters of the alphabet so that their identity could not be easily established. Since this is a narrative about real events that happened to me, I did not want to imagine anything – not even the names for disguising some people. I almost never refer to those people after my first mentioning of them, and so the reader should not have much difficulty remembering one-letter names.

The content of this book, despite small references to representatives of some minorities, does not reflect any bias on behalf of the author towards those minorities, and does not carry the purpose of offending anyone.

The book “Thiaoouba Prophecy” by Michel Desmarquet (First published as “*Abduction to the 9th planet*”, Arafura Publishing, ISBN: 0-646-15996-8) has been used for references in this book with written permission from the copyright holder.

In addition, after the first publication of this e-book, I would like to expand this preface based on the feedback I received from some people.

The genre of this book is biography and memoirs. There is a good reason for this – I had to write a lot of details about my life so that readers could better understand my connection with people from the planet Thiaoouba (which is the main reason for my decision to write this free e-book) and the possible reason why they gave me help at a certain moment in my life. This book is a kind of collection of everything that I have learned and what I want to share with people. Then such a genre, covering many very different topics, gives people the opportunity to learn about how I overcame many of my problems. It shows both the cause and the effect – the conclusions that I drew from my life experience. I believe that this knowledge is important not only for people who have similar problems, but also for everyone else, since this knowledge and experience reveals a broader global problem that we have on the planet now and which affects all people without exception. The inclusion of other details gives an idea of what it is like to live with such knowledge, when not many people believe you, including those close to you, and you yourself have no choice but to tell the truth – otherwise you will make a mistake, for which you will have to pay.

I tried to write this book in a simple style without any stylistic literary embellishments, just talking about important events in my life and the subsequent knowledge that I gained from it.

Someone might say that some episodes from my life could be removed from the book. But the point is, those “unnecessary” narratives may well be the reason why the people from Thiaoouba helped me. I still do not know the exact answer to this question myself, and I have only some guesses. Of course, this means that I had to write about all the mistakes of my life honestly and directly – clearly realizing what some people will think of me and how they will see me in their eyes. At the same time, other people will have a different picture in their heads. This perception depends on the

knowledge that each person has, and since different people have different knowledge, it is impossible to please everyone – so I wrote the book as I thought was right at the time of writing it.

The age rating for this book could have been 16+, not 18+. I myself, when writing, was aiming for 12+. But due to some flaws in the law and because some things can be interpreted in different ways by different people, the book got 18+ rating. The publishing company decided to protect itself by making the book 18+, but there is nothing too blunt in it – all the things I talk about people who are twelve years old or more may already know, and remembering myself and my friends at the age of twelve I would say that they most likely know.

The “Manifesto” chapter in this book could be a separate book, but I believe that it belongs in this volume, because without my explanations as to why I know that Michel Desmarquet’s book about his unusual journey to Thiaoouba is completely true, a stand-alone Manifesto would not make a lot of sense, and many people simply would not understand why I take the content of Michel's book so seriously.

Chapter 1. The Beginning

I was about five years old when my friend A, his grandmother and I were sitting on a bench in front of the Big House – as we called it in my family – on a clear summer day in the village of Malye Gorki, Vladimir Oblast. The Little House, where my mother and I used to come during the warm months, was later attached to the bigger one.

During our idle pastime I heard how to the left of me a gate leading to the Little House opened. I thought at that moment that my mother was coming out, since no one else could go from our part of the garden plot, as my mother and I were the only one in the Little House that day. My father was in Moscow, and my aunt Liza, or great-aunt Liza, formally speaking, always went outside from the side door of the Big House, located to my right.

When I turned my head towards the creak of the gate, I was surprised to see there a bright yellow outline of a humanoid figure, glowing with other bright shades of yellow and gold. It quickly slipped into the garden and disappeared behind the wall of our Little House. At that moment I heard the plates rattling in the kitchen.

Having run into the kitchen, I saw that my mother was calmly washing the dishes. She saw nothing and nobody.

Upon returning to my friend and his grandmother, I began to actively try to tell them about what I saw a minute ago. This was the first time that I had encountered skepticism in my life. I learned back then that people are not only inclined not to believe in what they have never seen themselves, moreover, they can ridicule those who begin to talk about what is not yet a universally recognized fact.

Interestingly enough, that childhood friend had previously talked about how he saw something like a ghost that jumped over the fence of an abandoned house, standing across from mine. Now, when I am writing this book, I understand that I am *myself* skeptical of *his* story. In addition, as you will understand later, fences are not an obstacle to real souls of the dead.

Nevertheless, thanks to that unusual experience with a bright yellow figure, I *learned* that there is more to this world than is customary to think. I thought for a very long time that it was a ghost. Looking ahead, I will say that later I found out that that figure simply could not have been it. But first things first.

I think it was the same summer when I entered the Little House to see my drunk father beat my mother. Being a five-year-old child, I did not know what to do. I simply could not do anything. My two elderly great-aunts, Liza and Klava, were also not able to help my mother in any way. I was very worried and cried, thinking that I could lose my mom.

I do not remember exactly how much time had passed when I heard my village friends calling for me to go outside. In tears, I quickly jumped out onto the porch to say that I could not go out. I remember very well how one of my friends laughed then at my appearance. I understand that she did not know what was the cause of my tears, but, as you will learn later, even in this situation she made a mistake by allowing herself to laugh at a person in trouble. Nevertheless, this was yet another instance when someone laughed at me.

Fortunately, my father soon stopped beating my mother. She was alive, and we even managed to walk together to Lakibrovo, the neighboring village where my aunt Zina used to live. I called her myself when we were already at the fence of her house.

After some time, we gathered our courage and the three of us went back to Malye Gorki.

Then I only remember how on the outskirts of our village Zina gave me Kinder Surprise before going back to Lakibrovo.

Apart from the memory of the grim incident of that day, everything else seemed exactly the same as it was before...

My mother and I slept that night in the Big House, along with the aunts. When in the morning dad entered the room of the house, he was very surprised to see my mother with a huge bruise under her eye. He did not remember anything regarding the events of the last day and papa was somewhat stunned when he was told everything.

After that day, I promised myself that I would never drink vodka.

I do not remember exactly how much time had passed when I, A, and, if I remember correctly, Denis, were outside near a neighboring house. I could not understand for a long time why A laughed whenever I said something. From my point of view, nothing was happening that could amuse him so much. Then for some reason he began to specifically repeat the syllable of the words that I spoke...

This is how I realized that the incident with my drunken father had an effect on my speech, and I became a stutterer... But I still did not know then the seriousness of the situation, and what it would lead to.

I will say right away that my father was a pretty kind and softhearted person when he was not drunk. Drinking used to have a much worse effect on him than on many other people. From a calm person he turned into a very loud and mobile. Sometimes he did things that he could never have done if he was sober. But, fortunately, he never brawled again like on that fateful day. It also took him a very long time to recover from drinking bouts. I am glad that one day he did not drink on my birthday at my request. Alas, despite my mother's and mine admonitions against drinking, he still could not overcome this addiction, which eventually brought him to the grave.

The last momentous event of my childhood occurred when I was about six years old. I cannot describe everything in detail, so as not to ruin the life of other people. I can only say that after meeting that guy who was about my age, we often spent time together outside and became friends.

I do not remember exactly how, but it all led to the fact that he taught me to masturbate. It was mutual masturbation, and I do not think that I touched myself back then – only he did. I did not understand then what we were doing and why. I was feeling neither disgusted nor good. It was just a new life experience, about the consequences of which I could not know.

I think a year has passed when my friend wanted to try oral sex with me. I did not like this idea at all, and I constantly refused his requests. He said that he and his other friend, whom I never knew personally, did this and there is nothing wrong with that. But I continued to feel deep inside of me that this was not something that I would like to do.

It took some time, a year or two, before I finally agreed to have oral sex, which we performed on one another. Fortunately, we did not try any other sexual penetrations.

This went on for several years. There was a time when our friend caught us. She immediately turned around and left. Once she used her knowledge so that we would stop pestering her – otherwise everyone would have known. I think that if other friends had found out, it would have been a disaster for me at that time, but now many years later I can almost calmly write about my experience in this book, which many people of different worldviews and cultures may read.

One day our friends called us to travel around the neighboring areas. I loved to travel in nature and wanted to go with them. But did not do it. While friends left, we went to our favorite place where no one could see us. This was the beginning of the school holidays, and for many months we had not seen each other. He began to touch me in the southern latitudes, and if before I was excited in a second, at that moment I could not get an erection. It was an unspoken sign that my homosexual experience had come to an end.

My friend and I never talked about what we did in our childhood.

This experience had consequences in my life. I remember how another friend from Moscow and I were playing at his house when we were about ten years old – give or take. I remember exactly that while he was playing with a plastic Godzilla toy, there were thoughts in my head that I was not very interested, and I was more interested in girls and in sex with them, and not in toys. I myself had toys in my childhood, but I did not often play with them.

In my preschool years, I did not go to kindergarten and often spent time in the village with friends. I really enjoyed being there. Clean air, greenery, nature – everything gave me joy in my carefree childhood. For a long time, I was the youngest in our company. While my friends one by one started going to school, I continued to stay in the village with my mother for the warm autumn months, so that later my father would take us to Moscow for the winter.

In Moscow, I lived with my mother in a small one-room apartment. Although there was a time when we lived with my father in his two-room apartment. But then Mom found photographs in his closet where my father was with another woman. Her hair was dyed red and, as we learned later, her name was Marina...

My parents had a big argument, and my mother and I never visited my father for a long stay at his place again.

At the age of seven, I went to study at school No. 376, which is located next to my house on Khalturinskaya Street. I sat at the first desk in front of a young beautiful teacher who once suddenly told me to go down from the clouds, and then: “Wake up and sing!” – Did I dream in class that day? My desk mate was B.

In the first grade, everything was fine – or I thought so. The only thing I remember is how every time I cheerfully answered at the blackboard in front of the whole class, one guy sitting at his desk in the back rows always clearly stuck his head out to look at me. And I thought – why?

On the summer holidays of that year, I got my answer. About when I was six years old, my parents brought me to a doctor who studied and treated stuttering. I was prescribed some medications that I had to drink with water in slow sips. In my eyes at that time, it all did not seem negative. Visiting a doctor, taking medications – it was just another new experience in my childhood life. And in those summer holidays, I finally understood what stuttering had in store for me.

A and C were constantly teasing me because of my speech. They gave me a nickname, and for a long time I could not understand its connection with me. Did I look unusual? It did not seem to be so – many people called me beautiful in my childhood and youth. They did not answer my question – “What’s that got to do with me?”, and I received the answer only many years after...

Around the same early years of my life, I sometimes began to fantasize before going to bed. I clearly remember how I once fantasized about death. The fantasy took place in the village, and, I think, that fantasy arose because I subconsciously understood that my life was starting to go not the same way I would like it to go. Of course, I, like many others, did not want to be the object of ridicule, even though only a few people projected this negativity on me.

Meanwhile, the time has come for a second grade. Our class teacher had changed. The young woman left, and now we had a rather strict woman, who was much older.

If in the first grade I actively and vigorously spoke in class, in the second one I already completely understood that I am different from all the other people because of my stumbling speech. I was uncomfortable. If I were asked to draw the time spent before the second grade, then I would use bright light colors, for example yellow, but the second grade is the first year when these colors turned into gray faded shades. The desk at which I was sitting changed too. The bright place at the window was replaced by a more darker one behind the second desk near the wall.

I remember clearly the moment when our teacher asked me to read aloud the text in the book. I was already fully aware that I was reading with constant speech stutters. My tongue refused to obey me, and I could not do anything about it – no matter how hard I tried. All the time that I was reading, I held the sheet of the book with my finger so that it would not close, and when my torment came to an end, I removed my finger from the page to find in its place a pronounced wet spot from sweat.

Chapter 2. School Years and New Mysteries

I began to be afraid to speak. In school, every time a teacher was about to ask someone to answer a question, my heart would begin to pound quickly. The pulse immediately calmed down if someone else was asked.

In the following school years, I began to worry about whether I would have to answer or not on the way to school.

Chatting with friends was also difficult for me. I remember clearly the moments when a friend or acquaintance was mistaken in some question, and I knew the exact answer to the topic being discussed, an answer that could help another person, but I was so afraid that I would stumble on one word that I just could not allow myself to open my mouth. I just stayed silent.

One such moment happened in the village during the summer holidays. I walked then with friends in the evening. We walked a long circle around the village, and our conversation touched on unexplained phenomena. My experience with the bright yellow entity was ideal for our conversation... If only I could force myself to overcome the fear of speaking. The thought of all the negative that could have happened if I had started to stutter blocked all desire to share my unusual experience.

In school years I once thought about the fact that I was speaking absolutely normally in my imagination, to myself, and also when I was alone and was talking aloud to myself – it was simply impossible to stutter. It is a pity that at that time I did not give much importance to my remark – after all, the solution was so close!

When I spent short school holidays in Moscow, I went to visit my grandmother and grandfather on the paternal side – my mother's parents died before I was born. They lived on the outskirts of Moscow, near the MKAD. Their two-room apartment was on the top floor of a seventeen-story building. The windows overlooked a ravine and a stream below, and the forests beyond the ring road. As a child, I liked to look far ahead into the distance from their windows, as well as at what was happening right under the house.

My parents gave me the Dendy game console, and I constantly took it with me to my grandmother, so that I had something to do when I did not walk with my grandfather and grandmother outside – I usually sledded down the hills in front of the house.

Grandma was very pious. She had several icons hanging in the red corner of the room and in the bathroom. She often read various prayers.

At one time, my mother and I came to grandparents on March 8th. Then my grandfather wanted to teach me singing in order to try to help me this way with my speech stutters.

Alas, in the early morning when my mother and I returned home, and I was going to go to school, my grandmother called to report the death of my grandfather. I cried that morning very hard because of his death. I think this was the first time when I thought deeply about death. Does anything happen when we die?

In subsequent years I sometimes had this question again. For example, I remember thinking about life and death when I learned about the death of Steve Irwin.

At another time, on May holidays, my mother and I were going to go to Malye Gorki, but our alarm clock broke, and father could not take us in his car. Back then I really liked to spend time in the village. There had never been a single case that I did not spend the summer months there. That evening, before falling asleep, I wished to wake up at five o'clock in the morning – the time when we needed to get up to catch a train. What surprised me was that when I woke up and looked at the digital clock of the VCR, I saw "5:00" on it.

Thus, we were able to go to the village.

I talked about this interesting case with Lena, a village friend, when we burned a fire in the dugout in my backyard.

Then I became more confident in the environment of my old village friends, as a result of which I stopped being afraid to speak and spoke almost without hesitation in the summer in the village.

I think that it was that same day when I had the following dream: “Night. I walk through the grass to the backyards in the direction of the dugout, from the chimney of which smoke is coming out. I do not know why, but instead of going to the front door, I go to the dug hole of our fireplace’s chimney. I look down and see how a thin hand, completely covered with black short hair, moves around firewood with a stick in our fireplace. Then I had a clear thought in my mind that it was – a werewolf.”

I woke up. It was a gray, cloudy day.

We had breakfast in the kitchen of the Big House when Uncle Vitya came to visit us at eleven o’clock. He briefly said that he saw a smoke coming from our dugout as he walked past it through the backyards, walking from a bus stop, which is one and a half kilometers from our house. I thought then that Lena was there, who was the only one who, except me, came to the village on that rainy weekend.

Having finished eating, I went to the dugout. I calmly went to its entrance and opened the door. There was no one inside. I immediately noticed how coals were smoldering in the fireplace of the dugout, and a barely visible smoke was coming from them. It was at that moment that I for the first time remembered the dream that I had that night...

I immediately went to collect Lena, but she was still sleeping. It was about twelve o’clock, and she often slept for a very long time.

Of course, now I understand that the girl most likely would not go to burn a fire in a dugout in the backyard on a cloudy day – and on any other. I asked another friend if he was in the dugout that day, to which he answered negatively. In addition, he would not leave the coals not extinguished. Each time we burned bonfires, he always extinguished them to the end, being a responsible person. The question of who made the fire that day in our dugout remains unanswered, as well as why I had a dream about it, and why in it I saw someone completely covered in black fur...

It is worth saying that almost all the unusual cases that happened to me before my eighteenth birthday took place in the village.

There was a moment when I woke up in the middle of the night. I heard floorboards bend in the kitchen of our house. The frequency of steps indicated that someone was walking in a slow, calm step. I thought that my mother was returning home from the toilet, but when I turned my head towards the door, I realized that my mother was sleeping in her bed. Nobody else could walk in the kitchen that night – my father was in Moscow, and aunt Liza very rarely went to our Little House during the day, and she certainly would not have walked in our kitchen in the middle of the night in the dark. The Big House has its own exit to the garden.

Another incident occurred when I was sitting on the porch of the Little House while repairing my bike. I remember clearly how I felt then that someone was looking at me from behind. I turned around, but there was nobody – neither in the kitchen, nor on the terrace. But I could feel someone’s presence.

Many years later, when I began to sleep on the terrace, something hit twice very hard on the door of the terrace. A couple of seconds before that, my mother went outside, but she never slammed the doors like that, on the contrary, she always closed them very quietly and calmly.

And the other night, when I was lying in the bed of the terrace, preparing to sleep, I felt a cool clot fly slowly over my face.

The next unusual event occurred when, not far from my house, I was digging a hole for a pillar with two village friends. As far as I remember, it was a clear, cloudless summer day. There were three female friends with us. During our excavations, we came across a rounded gray stone. It was a little smaller than a human head, as far as I remember. We noticed that it was as if the features of a human face could be distinguished on the surface of the rock... Having put the gray stone on a bench, we continued digging. Soon we came across a long black stone. Its length was approximately equal to

the diameter of the gray stone, and the width was much less than its length. We put it near the gray stone. Not much time had passed when we noticed how from the south a cloud of gray-brown color began to cover the whole sky. It was unusual. But it was another cloud that made us nervous, also quickly moving from south to north... That cloud was black and stretched out across the sky from west to east, but in width it was clearly very narrow – that is, the gray cloud was for some time as if divided into two parts by the black one. The wind picked up. We realized that stones we dug out somehow affect the clouds, however strange it may sound, and we decided to bury them back. Both clouds disappeared very quickly... We never talked about this incident.

Another unusual experience happened in Moscow in my apartment. It was night. Darkness. I went to bed after a long day, but I could not fall asleep for a very long time. I do not remember exactly why, but I decided to slightly hit my head on the pillow three times. For the first two times, everything was fine, but when I raised my head after the third hit, I found that it was already day – the sun was shining high in the sky, people were walking the street. That is, from my point of view, the night changed to a day in a split second that I was with my face in the pillow. It is worth noting that I no longer wanted to sleep and was completely awake.

Many years later, I accidentally found a story that tells about the exact same instant “loss” of time.^[1] Two girls played with an Ouija board at about 9pm. They began to receive strange answers, and the next thing they knew it suddenly was 7 o'clock in the morning. It was as if they blinked and the sun was already up. They just sat, as before, not understanding what had happened.

I have no suppositions as to why such a “loss”, or someone can say a “leap”, in time happens. This is one of the new mysteries of the Universe for me.

Such events were rare for me, but they left a very big impression in my life.

Mostly I spent summer time in the village outdoors, walking with friends from morning to evening. I really enjoyed cycling, and I often rode my bicycle around the countryside immediately after breakfast. My friends and I often went cycling to neighboring villages, and in the evenings, we sat by the bonfire. Sometimes I helped my mother with village housework. My father visited us for the weekends, and every time I was very glad to see him. Sometimes I deliberately returned home to see him. As I said, we lived separately in Moscow, and I did not often see my father. As for my speech problems, I remembered deep down that he was the cause of their occurrence, but as a friendly and cheerful child, I almost forgot about that long-standing incident...

The same is true with friends who laughed at my inability to pronounce words. Despite all the difficulties that I experienced during the school seasons of the year, I almost did not hold back the anger at them. In the end, when we matured, they were able to change for the better.

However, the old memory of numerous acts of ridicule did not leave me.

But there were also cases when, after returning from the village to Moscow, I not only spoke and answered during school lessons without any problems, I also myself raised my hand for an answer – I would become so confident in myself. In one period of my life, I was full of enthusiasm to wake up in the morning and go to school, because I liked the learning process and the fact that I could speak perfectly, like all other people.

Moreover, during such periods of my life, I was by no means taciturn. So, I remember my mother's story how she rode in the same tram with me and Anton, my childhood friend, and she said that I was constantly chatting then. We did not know that my mother was in the car and just decided not to interfere with our conversation.

But sooner or later, confidence always went away. The reasons could be very different. For example, I remember how one day on New Year's Eve, when I was still in high school, a man rang the doorbell of our apartment. He rang other people in our corridor too, as he was just looking for a company to celebrate the New Year. I think that our neighbor, an elderly woman, recognized him as a resident from the adjacent block of our apartment building, and mom agreed to let him into our tiny one-room apartment. He behaved completely normal and adequate, but this could not console

my appearing concern for my mother. I simply could not know what could happen next, and I was worried about this unexpected situation and the unknown. After he left, he rang the doorbell again after a couple of moments to ask if I would like to walk with him sometime. At that moment I felt very embarrassed for my father, and I felt like I was betraying him, just by being in this situation. My mother and I politely refused. After this moment, I had to go out with my Moscow friends to celebrate the New Year, as we did in previous years. But when my best friend came after me, I spent several minutes refusing to go out, because I was afraid for my mother, afraid that that man might come back again. At that time, I could not tell the whole truth to my friend, as I was ashamed. I simply kept refusing to go outside for celebrations, until he was finally tired, and he went to celebrate with the rest of the friends without me. This was the first moment when my touch with friends began to break. Having returned to school after the holidays, I again began to have problems with speech and again became insecure – which I constantly remembered about. As for that man, I never saw him again.

However, there was another case in elementary school when I lost a friend for an absurd reason. He was my classmate, and we often walked together after school, or played Dendy at his home. He lived far from school and, I think, because of this, he started going to another. One day I came home after being outside for a long time with friends and the telephone rang. It was that same friend who called me to go outside. Then, without thinking, I said that I had already been outside – I understood how my “I had already been outside” sounded when it was too late. He hung up and never called again. We had an old drum phone without a caller ID at that time, and I did not have my friend’s phone number because, as I recall, he did not have a phone before. I could not contact him in any way, and thus I lost my first friend. I am not sure exactly, but maybe many years later I saw him and his grandmother while riding in a tram not far from my school and home. He also saw me. If that was really my old school friend, then he clearly remembered me and, judging by what reached me from his conversation, he remembered our very last telephone “conversation”. Perhaps I should have approached and apologized, explaining the misunderstanding, but then I was not in the best shape, and I was not sure if it was him because more than ten years had passed since we saw each other.

Chapter 3. Free Fall

My first serious wrong choice was made when I was thirteen years old. If before I used to have sexual fantasies about my female friends at bedtime – a trace of my childhood sexual experience – then at the beginning of the eighth grade I started having a real sex drive. And if before my fantasies did not interfere with my life in any way, now I just could not help but think about sex and girls. The obvious solution would be to look for a girl, but then another thought appeared in my head – the thought that because of my stumbles in my speech, no girl would want to get involved with me. Perhaps the reason for this conclusion was the memory of how in the village at the bus stop my friend C sang a song that was clearly aimed at making fun of me, and our female friend, whom I sort of liked, had a characteristic expression on her face, saying what she was thinking about me at that moment.

And then I remembered about the existence of masturbation...

This was the first time that I first began to touch myself for sexual pleasure. I enjoyed doing this with myself.

I think it was about that time when many people, including relatives, friends and even guys, had been telling me that I was a handsome boy. At one time, my mother tried to cheer me up about my speech problems, saying that the girls would want to get to know me themselves since I was beautiful. Then at school one of the senior students came up to me to ask if I had an older brother. At another time, my aunt Zina asked where I got my handsome look from; then in the kitchen of the Big House sat my father who was already almost completely bald and full-bodied, and I felt somewhat uncomfortable in front of him. My female cousin noted my beauty a couple of times. Then one of my village female friends said that I was a very handsome boy. I remembered those words, and I too began to think of myself as of a handsome guy. Of course, I liked being beautiful, and I liked that fact that girls were glancing at me.

Meanwhile, it was time for ninth grade. Everything was the old way for me – stutters and self-doubt continued to cloud my life. By then I already began to be afraid of phone calls, fearing that my classmates were calling me, and I would again have to struggle to pronounce the words. Plus, I was always shy to talk on the phone about my personal life in front of my mother who was always nearby in our one-room apartment – this could not but affect the fact that I almost did not learn to talk with people and did not acquire a good understanding about what to say, and how to say it.

In general, I was a very shy child in my childhood, which made the whole situation much more difficult.

So, I remember one summer evening in the village, when we were burning a fire by the spring, and some friends were playing spin-the-bottle. One of my female friends clearly, at least it seemed to me so then, wanted to teach me how to kiss – she was saying that otherwise I would have a girlfriend one day, but I will not know what to do. She insisted for a while. To some extent, I had certain feelings towards that friend, and I think I would have agreed to become her apprentice, so to speak, if it were not for the presence of my male friend who was two years older than me, and who refused to play spin-the-bottle. At that time, he was a decent and the right guy, and the thought of what he would think of me played an important role in my refusal to play the game.

There was a continuation of that story. Once that same friend called me in Moscow and invited me to her birthday. Again, part of me wanted to see her, but the thought that I might need to talk to strangers in the form of her relatives and Moscow friends, and I would start to stutter, outweighed. Even after many minutes of persuasion, my friend did not manage to invite me to her birthday. Of course, at that time she did not know the true reasons for my refusal to come to her... Later, in the village, she jokingly recalled this moment to me. And I felt a little sad at heart...

I was often very worried when I was walking to school, because I was scared by the thought that I might get asked in class, and I often wanted to just be left alone to find peace. Because of this,

the days of tests were one of my favorites, since I could be more or less calm that I would not have to speak that day. Then I again began to worry about what people think of me, because a few months earlier one of my village friends finally told me why they gave me the nickname that they had been calling me for many years – it was associated with stuttering. This was the next moment when I again lost confidence in myself and in my speech, after I acquired it with great difficulty.

The speech situation also did not improve after the new teacher asked me to answer in biology class. After my answer, one of my classmates named Olga spoke to the teacher about stuttering and how to fix it. I well remember the teacher's phrase that “nerve cells do not regenerate”. It did not sound very inspiring for me...

I continued to masturbate and soon began to look forward to the time when I would be home alone. Alas, when the spring holidays came, the time when we always went to the village, I decided to stay at home. In the ninth grade, my mother often began to visit her sister for a couple of days and leave me alone so that I could study more calmly in our one-bedroom apartment. But, alas, I also used this time to watch erotic films on one of the television channels at midnight of another Friday. Naturally, I did not just watch them. I masturbated then every day and sometimes several times a day. Of course, then I did not want people to find out about what I was doing with myself – this would have been a disaster for me. After some time, a rather interesting and funny moment happened at the school, when one of my classmates jokingly said that “Zhenya does not smoke, does not drink, only masturbates.” And I had a question in my head – how does he know? I do not think he actually knew, but nevertheless, that simple joke was destined to become something more in the following years...

It is worth noting that I often looked at the icons of saints behind the glass on the shelf, and the thought sometimes visited my head – what if there really is something more to this life, and all the secrets will sooner or later actually become apparent? I was not very comfortable then at the thought, but my favorite habit was overpowering me every time.

Because of wild speech stammering, when, for example, I could not say anything, holding out my tongue, which seemed to not listen to me while jerking in convulsions, I began to think about death, because I perfectly understood that such me would not have a life – at least not the life that I wanted, where I would be the same as everyone else – neither more nor less.

I told my mother that at school I again had problems with speech. I do not think we went to the doctor that day for the next pills, which in any case did not really help, but my mother then told me to think about what to say at school tomorrow. I took this advice too seriously and began to imagine before falling asleep about what could happen tomorrow at school. This did not help, but rather, on the contrary, made the situation worse.

It is noteworthy that before that wrong advice from my mother, I thought that you just need to learn your lesson and live your life. And when a teacher asks me to answer a question in class, I will remember the necessary information if I have learned and understood the essence of the subject being studied.

There was a time when several classmates and I sat on a bench on the ground floor of our school – in front of the main door, which is facing a long corridor leading to the gym and dining room. I think many Russians will recognize this layout of this standard Soviet school, similar to the letter “H” when viewed from above. It was gym class, which we did not go to, and in the school corridors it was empty and quiet. I was sitting on the edge of the bench, next to the corridor. Suddenly two girls appeared from that corridor, quickly sweeping the floor. My eyes were fixed on a blonde girl dressed in a white shirt, emphasizing her small breasts, and a tight-fitting black skirt, and I remember exactly how in my perception time seemed to slow down – I fell in love with her at first sight.

I constantly thought and dreamed about her. I just could not help but think about her.

When they went to the biology class, I was able to establish from the schedule that she was an eleventh grader. I was thinking of approaching her, but that thought immediately overlapped with another – if I started to stutter, and she laughed – that would be the end of my life for I could hardly

bear the pain of my fate. In addition, she always walked with her equally pretty red-haired friend, and this created even more problems for me. Plus, she was older than me, which was not a surprise, as I often fell in love with older girls, and I decided that perhaps I would endure and wait for the time when I would be older and the age differences would not be so obvious.

Sometime later, a group of classmates and I were waiting for the start of a lesson. One of the guys expressed his opinion that in our class all the girls were not beautiful, if one was to convey his words in a mild form. Then they drew attention to other “not beautiful” girls, and another guy said: “To fuck such girls – is to disrespect yourself”. Although everything was fine with my appearance at that time, I still combined this statement with my speech problems, believing that all the girls whom I would try to approach would think the same about me. Then I finally dismissed the idea of approaching the girl with whom I was in love, and then I made another the most serious mistake of my life.

I had moments when I started to fantasize about something or someone, but I essentially did it before bedtime. I can only recall the event at the dentist. In childhood, I could not stand the pain when drilling teeth. Then my mother led me to check my teeth at the dental clinic on Prostornaya Street, and again I had tooth decay. Then I saw a flitting bird on a nearby building, which has now been demolished to build two multi-story residential buildings. While my tooth was being drilled, I decided to try to go into fantasies, imagining a story about that bird – and it really helped me. This was the first time that I was able to calmly endure the pain, as I simply “turned it off” – there was pain, but at the same time I did not feel it, being in my mind somewhere else.

But in the ninth grade, I decided that I would deliberately fantasize about someone in all my free time. Otherwise, I would have just taken my own life, because I could not bear all that load; because of speech problems my life was breaking before it had even begun, and I could not do anything about it. Then I listened to foreign music on musical radio stations every day, and also watched MTV, and I began to fantasize about one of the popular, at that time, singers. Of course, in my fantasies everything happened as I wanted it to – there was no stuttering or stiffness. I often fantasized about the same idea again, because I wanted to “relive” it once more, making, from time to time, certain changes in some details. Alas, I fantasized about the blonde girl, as well as about her friend. Then I fantasized about other girls and celebrities. And once I created in my imagination a girl who settled in a new house in our village, where at that time there was a vacant lot. There is no need to mention that we had sex and everything that I just wanted to imagine. Of course, when we went on summer vacation and drove past that lot, there was no house and, respectively, a girl.

I think that I should mention here that even before I started to actively dream, I thought briefly if people could see that I was dreaming. And I had confirmation of my guesses when in the ninth grade our class teacher mentioned to the whole class that I was smiling at something, and one of the students replied that I was constantly smiling. I do not remember that during that period of my life I paid much attention to the significance of that event.

But soon another case happened when I was sitting with my classmate Vova's on a bench near the locker room. Vova's acquaintances from another class were standing next to us.

It was the first floor of the school, and on the opposite bench, but closer to the aisle to the dining room, the same blonde girl sat down, from whom I could hardly take my eyes away. Her red-haired friend was with her too.

At some point, one of Vova's acquaintances looked at me and with a crooked smile told his friend some unflattering words about me. I immediately realized what the reason was, and I almost as quickly stopped daydreaming. When the other guy looked at me, he said that everything was fine with me.

At that time, I had such a character trait that I could not change myself after the vile statements of someone about me, as this would mean that they, people who contemptuously treated me, were right, and I myself would remember my life's bad episode with them for the rest of my life – which I

did not want at all back then and in every possible way tried to forget everything negative, immersing myself in my inner world.

Also, I could not live in reality back then, since I could not be the person I could be if I did not stutter. And I often began to think about justice in life. How is it that I not only never harmed anyone in my life, moreover, I was a friendly and cheerful person who loved nature and life in general, but in spite of all this I had to suffer so much from the age of five? Why do those people who commit the wildest crimes live happily ever after if they are never caught by the police? Where is justice in this life?

Soon my grandmother died. I was so immersed in myself that I could not feel any emotions. I understood what had happened, but everything was as if in a haze, and as if it did not directly concern me, it was something distant. I wanted to get rid of constant stress – and I managed to do it, but at what cost...

The school year was drawing to a close, and it was time for exams. Without hesitation, I decided to continue to study in school for the tenth and eleventh grade. I had good grades, except for the second quarter where I had two 3s because I first started skipping school, but since studying was not a big problem for me, I was able to catch up with the curriculum and close almost all bad grades I got during that period. There were two strict teachers who decided to put 3s in the annual standings, but this was not a problem, and I was taken to the tenth grade.

Speaking of truancy, my mother and I started quarreling in the ninth grade due to the fact that I started not wanting to go to school, because my life was crumbling, and so studying wasn't the top priority for me. Once we quarreled so much that at midnight I went to my father's apartment with a full rucksack of textbooks on my back, but at a quarter of the way I realized how far I had to go and decided to return to my mother's apartment. I remember how then the police car made a circle around me at the turn to the Lokomotiv stadium, but then it drove further along the highway, where it was driving originally. Our quarrels began to decline, when after a couple of years we quarreled again, I looked at her and I was amazed to realize that she had clearly aged. She was missing some teeth. I do not know how, but I did not notice this before. Then my eyes began to open up slightly, and I tried to avoid quarrels with my mother so that she would not be nervous.

Alas, from time to time I also tried to get sick so as not to go to school. And sometimes I really managed to do it. So much the fear of speech dulled then my thinking...

Everything was almost the same in the village. Longtime friends created a comfortable zone.

Perhaps it was in that year that I decided to try drinking alcohol. Many of my friends started drinking beer and wine some time ago. I put up a fight for a long time, but in the end I could not resist. I do not remember how exactly this happened, and it does not really matter, the important fact here is that I drank alcohol with the rest, but I never touched vodka. It is worth saying that I never got drunk and knew the limits. Also, I always remembered everything that happened to me during alcoholic intoxication.

Many of us also had motorcycles and motor scooters that replaced quiet and clean bicycles. We often fiddled with our iron horses, repairing them almost every day. I had Voskhod 2M, which was given to me by my first cousin once-removed. I remember that I soiled my clothes with that motorcycle so much that it was no longer washable.

Summer was not without problems. A couple of months ago, when I was still in ninth grade, my nail scissors stopped being serviceable. The two points did not fit snugly against each other and were spread wide in different directions. The obvious decision would be to go and buy new scissors downstairs in the store, but I could not do it because of the fear that I would have to speak with the seller. Because of that I continued to cut my nails with old scissors which led to terrible bleeding sores on my big toes that simply could not heal before the nails grew into them. It all ended up that we had to go to a Moscow hospital where they cut out a third of my toenail. Riding home on the

tram, I grabbed the seat handle in front of me – so much it hurt; but apparently I wasn't hurt enough not to masturbate again when I was already at home...

It is worth noting that it was on that day of the operation that I saw near the hospital my old classmate, with whom we sat at the same desk in the first grade, and with whom we studied until the ninth, when our friendship had cooled down. Perhaps my withdrawal into myself influenced this, as well as the fact that for some reason he hit me in the face during exams – I did not provoke such an act, I just stood at the door and waited for my time to enter the biology class.

My father bought me new normal nail scissors, and I no longer had such problems, although the nail still reminds me of itself, since part of it was not removed properly.

After the second operation on the toe of the other foot, I returned to the village where I soon began to walk normally again.

Eventually, another time had come when my father arrived to the village to take me and my mother back to Moscow for the new school year.

On the first call, a new girl in our class and school caught my eye. She was not the only new person in the class; moreover, most of the people were new, as people from several classes merged into one.

I remember how in the dining room one of the classmates asked her friend to talk to me about sex. There was no conversation, but I took it as another sign that girls like me. But this did not help my fear of speech and terrible insecurity because of the fact that there were new faces everywhere who, so far, did not know that I stuttered.

Mom used to take me to the doctor all those years, but the pills that he prescribed did not help me with the speech. I was even once brought to the “healer” who recited some mantra, conducting almost dances with tambourines. It is funny, but after her session I really started talking completely normally and regained my confidence in myself, the confidence that was destined to leave me again when my mother in the village had a quarrel with her sister, Tatyana. They almost got into a fight, and I began to worry that something irreparable, or maybe fatal, could happen.

Once we were sitting on a bench on the ground floor of the school – not far from the biology class. It was a break, and of the many people passing by, my gaze fell again on the new girl in our class, and her eyes looked at me, while she quickly flew past us with her friend.

Once in the literature class, when the lesson had not yet begun, her friend asked my buddy if he wanted to be her boyfriend. The girl who liked me asked me the same question, and I answered in the affirmative.

On that day, when I came home, I finally put a fat cross on myself when I began to masturbate, rejoicing that I have a girlfriend and “will” have sex. Obviously, I had no sex, since I was so afraid of starting to stutter during a conversation that I stopped going to school.

On one rare day, when I did come to school, that girl came up to me and asked if I had not forgotten that I was her boyfriend. We talked a little about our institute plans, and then she slowly walked off.

The next day, in algebra, the teacher heard the conversation of that girl with her female table partner, and for the whole class said that she had become an adult. One of the guys with whom we studied since elementary school proudly shouted “me!” to someone's question regarding who was responsible for taking the girl's virginity.

Going away into fantasy once again helped me avoid stress and mental suffering when I imagined that that girl was of easy virtue and then consciously made that fantasy into the “truth” in my head. But is it correct to use the word “helped” here? What if I needed that suffering at that time?

Speaking of imagination's help. I remember exactly the moment that happened in the village when several people from our company drank alcohol and, I think, someone said that they drink to make them feel more fun, to color the gray everyday life. I realized then that I did not need alcohol,

since I can make my gray days brighter and amuse myself with my imagination, which, unlike alcohol, is always at hand, so to speak. Here it can also be noted that I have never smoked at all.

Then I had a very strange period of life, when I started to lock myself in the bathroom with the lights off. I took along my boom box with radio and headphones to just listen to music in the dark. Almost nothing distracted me from my imaginary, ideal, and just world – at least just towards me. Sometimes my dreams led me to masturbation in the darkness. This madness continued for some time. Mom could not do anything. I think that both of us no longer had the strength and desire to quarrel. Once she even brought Anton, my best friend at the time, but I did not go out.

Also, computer games helped me get away from reality. In the tenth grade, I often played in WarCraft 3. I did not have internet yet, and I just spent time playing against the computer. When I was skipping school in the ninth grade, I decided that I would just play all my life in video games so that I would not feel pain from the reality that I was in, as I then thought for nothing, because of the injustice of life.

Speaking of injustice, there was one year when I came in the village for the summer holidays. At that time, not all friends and acquaintances came to vacation. I remember how A was bugging a girl who was several years younger than us. I regret to say that I then joined him. She did not have any shortcomings, or illnesses. I think my older friend simply decided that she looked like a character in a well-known literary work, and he began to call her the same name. Fortunately, this “fun” did not last long, and even if it was not something very terribly bad, as that girl was all right, but this moment showed that I myself was not averse to being on the other side of ridicule, which was a mistake.

I can recall another negative incident that occurred in Moscow. Then for some reason I started to twist and roll in the snow a guy who was younger than me. I determine that the reason for this shameful action was that I subconsciously wanted to be on the other side of the “unjust” life again, wanted to throw out all the accumulated resentment onto someone, even if I hardly knew that person. Again, I note that that episode was not too cruel, but it showed once again that although I was usually a kind and cheerful person, I was not a saint.

Summer holidays have come. I think it was the year when the village ceased to be a place of comfort for me, as our company and company from the other end of the village began to spend time together. I again began to be silent constantly, because the thought that I could start talking with stutter and people would start laughing at me, looking at me weirdly, or they would just start thinking something not very good chilled my whole body.

Another nuisance was that some time ago my father sold his mother’s apartment for very cheap, about a quarter of its market value. As I understand it, his acquaintances deceived him when he was drunk. Before selling the apartment, father rented it out, but then there was a small fire in it, and someone talked him into selling a Moscow two-room apartment of 52 square meters for just a million rubles. Simply put, someone had bought their apartment at a huge discount. Father then bought a new car and a TV for the money received. Then he began to drink the rest of the money away.

It so happened that in the summer, my father decided to buy me a motor scooter, since my motorcycle was constantly breaking down, and almost all my friends were riding on these new (for our village) vehicles. He arrived with cash already withdrawn. Having traveled to the nearest cities, we were able to find only one store where only one Chinese scooter was sold. I tried it by having driven it on a local road. Everything seemed quite normal, including the power of a 50-liter moped. I then had a choice: to take that one scooter or risk that my father would drink the already withdrawn money away, which, alas, could happen, given his previous decisions. We bought that scooter. After some time, it became clear that the Chinese scooter had a chain instead of a variator and a drive belt, which is why it tangibly lost in power to its brothers from Japan. This led to the fact that very soon I could not have anyone ride on my scooter except for myself.

Unfortunately, the problems did not end there. It soon became clear that some strangers began to live in father’s apartment. Father himself was almost always drunk. It became clear to my adult

relatives that those people wanted to get their hands on my father's apartment. Then my cousin helped us make the deed of gift for that apartment to me so that my father could not become homeless. A few months later, dad told how those people were shocked to find out that the apartment no longer belonged to him and disappeared very quickly from his life, possibly in search of other people with alcohol addiction... There were also some people who tried to redirect my father to think that his son, that is me, will kick him out from the apartment. Unfortunately, my father actually asked us one day if we wanted to do something like that – certainly not! He then sighed with relief and in fact lived in his apartment until the end of his life, even despite all the difficulties that we had to overcome...

In the village, I fell in love with one girl who was new in our company and was older than me. I then often thought about telling her about my feelings, but each time, when I was outside with her, I could not force myself to do this during our conversations. The fear of speech overpowered every time. It is interesting that I spoke normally when we talked about other topics, but as soon as I thought about telling the truth, I was immediately constrained by my insecurities. Many years of life had taught me that when I start talking in this state of consciousness, speech stutters are guaranteed. And I did not want her to know.

Because of this inability to confess my feelings to a girl, I for the first time seriously thought about suicide. “Seriously” means that I really decided that when I would be in Moscow, I would commit suicide by jumping from a tall building. It was not just a thought or fantasy; it was a firm decision. Something interesting happened after that. A few months ago, I watched a television show about palmistry, and how lines, or dots, crossing the life line, can mean a person's death. Then in the village, sitting by the window of the Small House, I accidentally noticed that a spot appeared on the life line of my right palm, located not far from half the length of that line. At that moment, I clearly realized that I would really commit suicide and die if I would not change the course of my thoughts. I chose life, and the spot on my life line quickly disappeared.

Then I continued to fantasize very often, too often... If earlier it was a conscious action, a choice that I made during loneliness, then it was happening more and more as if by itself. I constantly dreamed of something, or someone, even while doing some work, for example, while repairing a motorcycle, or when I was repairing the roof of our house and terrace. Fictional stories covered up all the “bad” of my real life so perfectly that I simply could not live without them, because I no longer felt discomfort and fear. Needless to say, I fantasized about the girl I fell in love with and often accompanied those fantasies with masturbation... (I should add a clarification here so that everyone has a clear picture of what I mean when I talk about my negative habit of daydreaming in this particular book. During such fantasies, I began to “voice” the speech of imaginary characters in my head, “hearing” a muffled “voice” that I myself generate in my mind).

Once we had dinner in the kitchen of the Big House. We were eating there because my father had come for a visit. I think he drank alcohol then, and I made a speech about the harm from such alcohol consumption, and that psychology plays an important role in this addiction. It was a very clever speech for a teenager of my age, and my father jokingly mentioned this, noting that I did not take after him. I never studied psychology. I just as if “always”, or from birth, knew that truth, which I then told my father.

This was not the only time I had knowledge of something that I had never read or heard about in my life. Once in Moscow, while still at school, I watched a television program about the secrets of death, and at the end of that program, the announcer said along a black screen, that after death we simply cease to exist. I immediately *knew* that this simply could not be true. If this were true, then it would mean that we are simple robots, and robots cannot identify themselves – they cannot say “I am” because they really think so, and not because in the past they were programmed by someone to say that. In the following years, when I was dealing with programming, I found even more confirmation of the correctness of that knowledge, but it is still difficult for me to express that truth with words so

that everyone understands what I mean. And considering the fact that many modern serious scientists really believe that robots can gain consciousness, means that not all readers will understand me.

There was also a case in the village when I instructed an older friend against drinking with another, more “adult” company, as it was clear that he was going to make a mistake in his desires to be with people of his age at the expense of his health and moral convictions – he had previously made a promise that would never drink. In the end, my fears were confirmed when he often drank and once, one might say, allowed one guy from another company to trample the mint that he planted earlier near his house – then we often went in the woods to transplant trees from there to the lawns in front of our houses – we were interested in it in our childhood.

Returning to the passage of my life on which we stopped, the time had come for the last eleventh grade.

After a couple of months, I, and several of my friends and acquaintances, started to have the Internet access.

One of the first things I started looking up was “how to cure stuttering”. On one of the forums I read the comment of an adult woman who, if my memory serves me, worked as a teacher and continued to stutter. She wrote that the best thing to do in this situation is to simply come to terms with stuttering. I got defensive then about the idea of putting up with stuttering. I could not put up with such a stammering speech, and I clearly remember that I wanted to be either completely normal and healthy, or no one at all. Then I closed the page and did not search for anything more regarding stuttering, thinking that if the best thing people on the Internet could write about stuttering was to put up with it, it meant that I would not find the answer to my question, otherwise all people would already know about the solution to the stuttering problem, right...?

Sometimes I looked at the pages that told about Russian saints who lived in Russia in the old days. I remember that one was a hermit who built his wooden house in the forest. Then I found that idea about hermitism interesting. I also remember the story of a man who resurrected a child that drowned in a well. Some of those websites talked about Auras.

Then I started looking for articles about UFOs and other little-known things. The reason for this was that distant event with the bright entity, which I, then a five-year-old child, saw at our house in the village. I think I, like Fox Mulder, tried to find the answers to my questions – do extraterrestrials exist? By that time, I already *knew* about the existence of ghosts and the so called “paranormal” things. And since those things really exist, why extraterrestrials cannot exist, whom many people talk to have had a contact with, which is also often met with skepticism, mistrust, and ridicule from society.

I was generally interested in space. I often read about planets and stars. I remember how I was mesmerized by photographs of Europa, the satellite of Jupiter, and other celestial bodies which are part of our solar system.

Strange, but sometime after, I read a book in which a photo of Moscow, taken from the air, was shown. The camera looked almost exactly down. Then for the first time I felt uneasy. My head seemed to be spinning. Then the same thing happened when I read articles about space, and on the pages photographs of planets, for example Jupiter, were shown. Sometimes I began to panic so much that it would become for me hard to breathe, and I would walk from the computer for a couple of minutes, trying to concentrate on reality, or think about something else. But I love space and the Universe, and therefore I would always come back to read the article, no matter how hard it was for me to do this in the presence of a huge planet on the page. Later I found out that I was not the only one who had “planet phobia”. I also began to be afraid of heights, and this despite the fact that I always liked to look from the window of my grandmother on the seventeenth floor of her house. And when my mother and I visited my aunt Zina, I also looked at the views of Moscow from the thirteenth floor without any problems. It was strange that this phobia came from nowhere and for no apparent reason...

I had developed other fears. For example, at one time I became afraid of the number thirteen. While doing exercises, I sometimes thought what if I had done a certain workout thirteen times?

Because of this thought, I began to do that particular exercise again about ten times, so that there was no chance of getting to the number thirteen. I am glad to say that I quickly got rid myself from that ridiculous phobia.

There is one more thing that I went looking for on the Internet – more than candid photos of naked girls and women. I was interested to see what was hidden in the erotic films shown on television. Additionally, I wanted to see how sexual intercourse occurs. At heart I still hoped that I would have a girlfriend, and this knowledge would be useful to me. I think you already understood that I also began to masturbate very often, looking at porn photos.

Separately, it should be noted that there was a time when I questioned whether masturbation was harmful to health. But all that I found on the Internet was the articles of doctors who claimed that masturbation is not only not harmful, but also beneficial. With this information, I continued to lead my usual way of life – in the end, I liked the feelings that I experienced while masturbating, and I liked to look at beautiful female bodies, available “absolutely free” in a couple of mouse clicks.

As for school, I continued to skip it. The problems were not only with school. I stopped going to college for preparatory lectures, because during the first lecture, the teacher asked everyone to read aloud the text in turns, and I had great difficulties with that. The awkward looks and whispers of my young peers also could not in any way help me not stammer. In the eleventh grade my speech hesitations reached climax – I began to repeat one syllable and could not utter a single word, which once amused so much the girl who asked me to become her boyfriend a year ago. I do not know if she was ashamed for once wishing to be my girlfriend, or she was just the only one from the whole class who found it funny to hear my speech cramps and the twitching of my speech apparatus. What I can say is that for the first time I had to write the answer on a piece of paper in a room adjacent to the biology class. And it was the eleventh grade – the time when all other people actively fell in love and had fun spending their days with friends and loved ones with whom they calmly talked on various topics. As you probably know from what I wrote earlier, deep down I also wanted to experience all these joys of life.

I was not at all happy with who I was in my life. There was a moment in the ninth grade when, while walking with three classmates down the street after school, the new strong guy in our class started jokingly twisting my hand, as he usually did with all students, showing off his strength. My long-time classmate immediately exclaimed that the guy should stop doing this, as I stuttered. At that moment, I felt that I did not want people to think so of me as of a disabled person to whom they make concessions. My friend wanted to do what's best, since he did not see what was happening in my inner world, but in fact my self-esteem and confidence shook once again at that hour.

Another similar incident also happened in the ninth grade. Then I had fun and laughed with other classmates in anticipation of the next lesson. Apparently, our teacher did not like our laughter, and of all the people she made a remark to me, saying that I too became noisy, like the others. The fact is that I would not mind being like others, and at times I considered myself the same as others. But, nevertheless, the fun came to an end... for a while.

Returning to the eleventh grade, perhaps this was the time when I overcame my fears and, using ICQ, managed to tell the village friend I was in love with about my feelings for her. To which she replied that she was very pleased, but she already had a boyfriend. He was my old friend from the village. If only I could have told her what I wanted, a couple of months ago, when she was still without a boyfriend...

I was disappointed. I also felt terrible because my fantasies about her were broken. This moment, along with several others, made me again start inventing fictional girls in my fantasies, so that I would not feel again the terrible pain in the depths of my soul that I felt when it turned out that the real girl I liked and was dreaming of had a boyfriend.

It was time for the last school exams. Despite the fact that I almost did not attend classes in the eleventh grade, I still managed not to be expelled. As I said, studying was not a big problem for me, and I was able to finish school, albeit with a bunch of 3s.

Speaking of 3s – there was a moment when after school I came to take a test in physics which I had never written at all since I was not at school. With me were those who wrote it, but got 2s. Of all my answers only one was incorrect, and the physics teacher, whom I consider one of the best teachers, gave me 3 even though I wrote that test for the first time. Yes, I skipped classes, but grades should measure knowledge, not attendance.

It is worth noting that my “ex-girlfriend” invited me to go for festivities with others, but I refused. At that time, I wanted almost nothing in my life.

So, the school period, which was often like a nightmare for me for nine years (I skipped fourth grade, and in the first grade everything was almost excellent from my point of view), was over.

But next it was time for the University. I passed the exams, enrolling in a paid faculty of mathematics at MGUPI. Do not ask why. I can only say that if at school instead of German, which I studied due to the fact that my mother did not enroll me in the English class when there was a chance to do this, I was studying English, as I wanted from early childhood, when my mother and I began to learn simple English words, and if my life had turned out differently in terms of speech, then perhaps I would have gone to college to study foreign languages. That would make more sense to me, given my vast interests in many areas of life and nature. Due to different interests, I never knew what I wanted more and could not choose a profession.

The exams ended at the end of July, and I went for a month to the village.

Of the significant events, I can only recall that, contrary to my promises, I first drank vodka mixed with orange juice. A friend mixed two drinks in a huge beer glass, and I completely drank the mixture, as part of me wanted to get drunk. I remember someone saying that I was so drunk then because of a girl – who knows, maybe this was not that far from the truth. Then we went to the fire after drinking in the “domushka” – as we called a friend’s little summer house in his backyard, where we often spent time watching movies and playing games on his laptop.

I was not feeling well. For the first time I vomited because of alcohol. I lay on the ground under a tree, some distance from the bonfire, and I threw up. Then I choked and began to suffocate. I was so drunk that I could neither get up nor give a sign to my friends. I just lay breathless on the ground, and everything was getting dim before me. I realized at that moment that I was going to die. I do not know how, from my point of view there simply wasn’t any reason for this, but Dmitry, our recent friend from the other end of the village, at that very moment asked someone if I was alright... They managed to knock me on the back to free my airways. I owe him that I am writing these lines now...

After that I was sick for a couple of days and this became one of my worst poisonings. I remembered that moment forever and decided that on this note my brief affair with alcohol would be over. And so it was.

Also that summer, I became distant with the friend who was with a girl with whom I once loved. Naturally, he was not to blame for anything, but given that at that moment my life had almost reached the bottom, and I had no idea how to fix this, I was then not up to the logic and simplicity of life... which was an error, as we will learn later.

I also got distant with my old friends because of the growing difference in interests. So, in the village I did not want to spend time repairing old motorbikes all day long, and in Moscow my friends were fond of rap music. I like some foreign rappers, but by and large I was not very interested, and I was a bit bored with my friends.

I started to sleep badly and would often go home early, when everyone else stayed up until dawn. I think that fantasizing and masturbation were slowly taking over my health. But I did not see it yet back then.

Everything that has a beginning has an end, and that summer was no exception.

I did not stay at the University for long, because the old problems and fears returned, even though I did not need to talk to anyone there.

One of the key points was that one of the beautiful girls of our faculty, whom I liked, began to have sex with another guy. I do not think that they were going out for a long time and actually got to know each other – at that time it was already considered old-fashioned in certain circles.

Another point was that we needed to go to a museum, and when I arrived by metro to the right place, I realized that I did not know where to go. To ask complete strangers on the street how to get to the museum was not an option at that time because of my fear of speaking. I rode back home.

Soon they expelled me for not attending the University, and the money that my father could collect for my “studies” was not returned, although the girl in charge wanted to help with this.

Having no more visible purpose in my life, I was completely absorbed in my fantasies. The themes of my fantasies could be related to friends, the video games I played, and just different things that I read about on the Internet.

Regarding the video games, I always preferred to play games with a good, in my opinion, story, or just with a very good gameplay. One of such games was Half-Life. Recently, Half – Life: Episode 1 was released and, having downloaded that episode from the Internet, I started playing it. The only negative thing that happened while playing it was that at the level where you need to wait for the elevator, fighting off crowds of zombies, I began to be very tense. I had already developed a bad habit of biting my lips. We also had old wooden windows, from which cold air was seeping through in cold seasons, and because of this, my lips were chapped. While playing in that game level, I bit my upper lip too hard on the right side. I got blood flowing. I washed my lip and put a cotton swab on the wound. The blood stopped, and I went to go about my business. The consequences of that incident remind me of the event every time I look in the mirror – the bite has cured so that I have a somewhat noticeable lip asymmetry.

There was a time when I had the following dream. I was on a tram which was riding from a stop next to my former school. In the car in the solitary seat sat the same girl who asked me if I wanted to be her boyfriend in the tenth grade. I thought to approach her, but suddenly the guy, who deprived her of virginity in reality, came up to her. Suddenly, I no longer had any desire to talk with her, I gave up and allowed that guy to talk to her while I stood silently on the sidelines. And then, as if from nowhere, my village friend with black hair, Olga, sitting on the other seat, said to me: “Zhenya, you were going down for your whole life. Isn’t it time to go up?” – I immediately woke up. My mind was *absolutely pure* at that moment. I realized then that I no longer had friends in the real world, I *saw* the real price of that distant decision to start actively fantasizing, which I made in the ninth grade. It lasted a second, maybe two. Then I clearly remember how the haze, which has become such an everyday thing for me in the three years that I constantly dreamed about something, began very quickly covering my mind, until I was again completely immersed in myself, in my inner world.

It was a scary period of my life. I understood what the constant use of my imagination had led me to, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not do anything about it – the habit was very strong and refused to leave. And in cases when I was able to momentarily remove the imagination from everyday life, I immediately remembered stuttering and my lip, began to worry and think about it, and then thoughts again smoothly merged into the imagination. I could not leave from withing myself...

Since I did not study, I went to the village early. I think that I was helping my mother with the housework and almost did not go anywhere outside.

That summer, my aunt Liza died in the village. All my life that I knew her, she was very kind and responsive. She had never been rude to anyone and seemed to have had no negative thoughts.

Unfortunately, my father then got very drunk with my two uncles, and they could not attend the funeral.

Having problems with imagination, I understood that Liza was no longer alive, but I could not feel any feelings about this, everything that was happening was in a “haze” and seemed to be far away.

I understood that such a state of consciousness is not normal, remembering very well my dream, and the full focus and pure clarity of consciousness after it. But I could not free myself from these shackles – with the exception of one moment when I was able to concentrate on reality for a sufficiently long time. Then it was evening, and I went for a walk. My friend Natasha asked me why I was so sad? I did not know what to answer – and then I still could not tell the whole truth. I did not want to be sad and live in boredom, and the imagination again consumed me.

One day our company was drinking. As far as I remember, I did not touch any alcohol then. At that time, many guys were crowding around one of my old female friends. They were hugging with her and so on. I do not remember if I was a bit drunk after all, or I just wanted to get a little closer to her, but to my flirtations she told me the following: “Listen, you moron, stop touching me!” It hurt me, and for a long time I remembered that incident, wondering why she said it to me and in such a harsh form? After all, I did not want to do anything bad to her and I was her old friend. She did not treat new strangers like that. Moreover, it was she who had previously told me that I was a “very handsome boy”. So what had changed since then?

There were other cases when some long-time friends said something negative about me to others and looked somewhat weirdly in my direction. I could only guess about the reasons for their actions, since none of my old friends told me anything at all. In addition, I did not ask them for an answer.

In the fall, when I returned to Moscow, I received call-up papers to the recruitment office. While I was driving there, I saw a very pretty girl in the tram. She was different from other people in that she cheerfully looked at the sunny street from the window of the tram. She got out of the car, and for a while I was following her with my gaze. I recalled her from time to time. In the process of writing this book, I understand that perhaps her cheerfulness was the reason for my craving for her. We already had something in common.

At the military registration and enlistment office, one of the doctors asked me questions about my health and whether I had any complaints. I answered him, to which he unexpectedly told me to behave with dignity. I did not understand what caused his statement, since from my point of view I behaved just like that, despite the nervousness from being in the military enlistment office.

I really had health complaints then. Even though I had the Internet, I continued to watch erotic films on TV when I was alone at home. I often began to stretch the act of masturbation, in anticipation of seeing the actress I liked in action. And so, when on one such night I brought myself to orgasm, my heart started to pound for the first time. This was not normal, and I was uncomfortable. Then I continued to masturbate every day, because I could not get rid of this bad habit, having a very strong sex drive every day. Every time after an orgasm, I was not feeling well. I began to feel my heart and no longer felt light and calm in my chest. But these alarming symptoms time after time disappeared in the morning, and I felt good.

I talked about my heart complaints to another doctor as well when I took the treadmill test. I do not think she was listening to me, since I was not sent anywhere else regarding that.

Then they sent me to the doctor who spoke to me about my stuttering. She sent me for an examination to another medical center, but I remember the following bit. When she went out to speak with her colleague in the corridor, I remember exactly how that man, at the mention of me, spoke of me as of a “little boy”. He said this in the tone that they say about effeminate or gay men. I know for sure that it was about me, because then he looked at me and said something of an apology about the fact that it is clear that it is hard to live like this for the whole life. It really hurt me a lot, and I could not understand where such an attitude towards me comes from...

It was a cloudy rainy day when I was going for a medical examination of my speech. I think that I was then relaxed, because I decided that in any case I would not go to the army. I have always treasured freedom...

Having arrived to the building, I went into the doctor’s office and something terrible happened. I just could no stutter!

After finishing my “examination”, the woman gave me a closed envelope which had to be handed over to the doctors at the military registration and enlistment office. Then I went out of her office into the corridor to my mother and father with tears in my eyes.

The so-called “stuttering” ruined my whole life. I had neither love, nor friends, and at one time I could not even utter a single word, and now, when such an important moment came up in my life, I could speak almost better than any anchor on television...

When the envelope was opened at the military registration and enlistment office, it became clear that my pathetic attempts to show the woman on medical examination that I had really stuttered were unsuccessful. Fortunately for me, a woman in the military enlistment office could still use her brains, although she did not very flatteringly introduce me to her colleague the other day. The additional checks she sent me to give me a military ID and relieved me of my military duty due to stuttering. I was told that in three years they could invite me for new speech checks.

Despite the fact that I did not need to join the army, the moment with the inability to stammer in the speech influenced me very much. I could no longer live with such mockery in this life. I simply no longer had anything that I could live for, and that night I firmly decided that that day would be the last for me. This was the second time that I really wanted to commit suicide, but for some reason I did not go to the ninth floor of my house right away... instead, I decided to sleep and say goodbye to everything the next morning...

Chapter 4. A Glimpse of Hope

When I woke up, I had a very clear *idea* in my head to go to the computer and search in Yandex “how to get rid of stuttering”. I did that. The first website was that of Roman Alekseevich Snezhko. It was clearly written on that webpage that stuttering is not a disease, but just a habit. At that moment I *knew* that it was the truth!

In my mind, I immediately went back to my distant school days, when the teacher would ask me to read the book aloud several times in literature classes, and each time I would initially begin to stammer a lot, but then I focused on what was happening here and now, and speech became ideal right away, and I also felt in those moments like an ordinary and healthy person.

Then it was the end of 2006, and Roman Alekseevich published absolutely for free of charge the information on his website about what stuttering really is and how to get rid of it.^[2]

The reason for stuttering is very simple – it is a stupor that occurs when a person, out of habit and without realizing it, tries to do several things at the same time. A person can only do one thing with one part of the body, or organ, per unit of time. For example, you cannot turn your head left and right at the same time. The same applies to our brain, and to the speech apparatus. From my own experience I can say that during stuttering a person does not think one hundred percent about what he is trying to say. For example, he may have thoughts about what others think about him, or recall something from the past, or maybe he does not have a clearly constructed thought at all, but at the same time he is still trying to say something. People who speak perfectly and easily form a clear thought in their head, and then, holding that thought in their minds, they pronounce it sequentially. If for some reason they lost their thought, for example, if they started thinking about something else, then people stop talking and start making sounds only when they again form a clear thought about what they want to say. Otherwise, they will just have a stupor. Stuttering people just need to develop the habit of being here and now during a conversation and speak only when there is a clearly formulated thought in their head.

That is why I would always start to speak perfectly, when I threw away all outside thoughts and anxieties from my head, and just started to live in the present.

And therefore, I could not utter a single word in the eleventh grade when, because of my constant fantasies, thoughts and various anxieties, I remained in myself all the time.

I recalled how long time ago I watched a TV show about the deletion of memory. While watching it, I was almost sure that if I did not remember anything about my past, then I would not have stutter. Perhaps, I somehow understood subconsciously back then that all unnecessary thoughts during speech were the cause of my stuttering.

It is possible that some people who almost never spoke normally will need to learn to speak again, getting used to speaking sequentially sound by sound, for example.

Thus, after 13 years, the “stuttering” was over.

I was very enthusiastic then, reading Roman Alekseevich’s entire page dedicated to dispelling myths about stuttering. I felt then that from that day I would begin a new life.

Unfortunately, my mother did not know what had happened. She did not understand, and without my knowledge and consent signed me up to undergo treatment for stuttering in the clinic from the military enlistment office. Since I already found the answer to my question and understood that it makes no sense to treat something that does not exist, I went to the clinic to say that I had already found a solution to my problem. Strange, but they did not even ask me to sign anything. I was just told that I am free to go. Then quite a few young people of my age came to the clinic, including girls. I did not tell them anything about the knowledge that I had just found, and which could really help them in their lives if they agreed to listen. Perhaps the presence of the doctor somehow influenced that decision of mine...

Mom and I quarreled again, because she thought that I did not want to be cured, and I could not convey to her the thought of what I had found out. Maybe the truth was too easy for her, or she just didn't believe me. Later, when my father, my mother, and I drove home from the hospital where my mother spent a couple of days due to poisoning, I told her that we would no longer quarrel. Since then, every time she started grumbling at me, I just kept silent, and she calmed down, not getting any reaction from me. In the end, we completely stopped quarreling, and I tried to start every new day saying “good morning!” to my mom.

While looking through the comments of people on the site of Roman Snezhko, I read a review of a guy who wanted to remove not only the habit of talking in a hurry and trying to think about something during a conversation, but also all the other bad habits in his life. I liked this idea, and I thought to follow suit.

That night I went to bed and for the first time I was able to completely remove all thoughts and fantasies from my mind. Each time a new thought or fantasy manifested itself, I immediately and calmly noted this and continued to be focused on reality. Then for the first time in a long time I fell asleep calmly, full of joy and optimism about the coming day – because I had everything to finally get out of myself.

That night I had a dream where I was in the bathroom, standing right in front of the mirror. The picture seemed to switch from my point of view to the point of view of my reflection. The difference was that in one case my face was completely normal, beautiful, and calm, and in the other, it was very distorted and tense. That distorted face told me: “Я никогда не дам тебе выйти из себя” (I will never let you get out of yourself).

I woke up. It was a sunny day. I then immediately got up instead of lying a little more in bed, fantasizing and, possibly, masturbating, as I did before for many months, maybe years. I was focused on reality and inspired. My mind was absolutely clear.

Having come to the bathroom, I was stunned when I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I do not know how in the previous years I did not notice that I began to go bald. However, this is not at all surprising, since in those years I did not look in the mirror at all, and if I did it was just for a moment, and my fantasies, which I was having by that time already constantly, almost completely covered the data that came from my sensory organs. My reflection also reminded me of the lip asymmetry, which I forgot about too, because in my fantasies I was completely beautiful and healthy.

This incident could not leave me untouched, since from my point of view my appearance changed in an instant, but I still continued to change the course of my life. To begin with, I needed to find my passport, as I fantasized so much in the previous months that I forgot my last name. Yes, as it turned out, this can also happen. Then I found the phone number of the labor exchange and immediately called them. I was invited to come to the employment center tied to my place of residence.

It seemed interesting to me that the center is relatively close to 2nd Vladimirskaya Street, where we often went to visit the clinic, in which doctors tried to cure stuttering with some little spherical medicines. Still very often I underwent an EEG analysis (Electroencephalogram). They put a cap with electrodes on my head and did different measurements of brain activity. Sometimes I needed to sit relaxed, and sometimes I needed to breathe heavily, which sometimes made my head spin. I walked down that street on my way back, thinking how the doctors tried to treat with drugs for 13 years that which was dispelled in three seconds that I read the words “Stuttering is not a disease! Stuttering is just a habit...”

Even though it was the end of January, there was no snow on the street, and it was quite warm for the winter.

In the building of the employment center, they gave me a list of vacancies that I had to call in search of work. Surprisingly, I was hired for the first courier job. I called them because their office was a twenty minute walk from my house, next to the Moscow City Court.

But I did not start working right away. I think that there was a slight misunderstanding on my part, and I told one of the bosses that I could work in a couple of days, as my uncle Vitya had died.

I never went to my uncle's funeral. I do not think that one case that slightly offended me in the village had anything to do with it. Then I was still a boy, and Uncle Vitya, as if for no reason, told me: "I do not understand, are you a fool or something?" There was another moment when he and my friend were discussing me in a clearly negative tone in the attic of our Big House. Unfortunately, this is not the only case when my relatives were not averse to amusing themselves and the company, expressing something negative about me. I remember how we met my cousin when we rode scooters around the countryside near our village. I then drove a bit forward, and looking in the rearview mirror I saw how they mocked me, looking and nodding their heads in my direction. In some families family ties do not mean much...

Becoming to pay more attention to what was happening in real life, I immediately noticed the presence of something that I had not noticed before due to the almost constant stay in my head – it was a pretty loud noise from the air conditioners of a branch of one of the Russian banks which in those years was right under our apartment. Mom had already written complaints about them because of the loud noise, and once the bank really rearranged its air conditioners in order to lower them, but their annoying noise still continued to go to the apartment.

The first of February 2007 I went to work for the first time. My first day at work was training. I just walked with another young employee to various offices in Moscow. As I understand it, without a foot courier, the bosses often ordered him to deliver parcels and correspondence. Everything seemed normal. But when I came to the office the next day, the first thing I heard when I opened the door was: "What do you think of our courier?" – coming from that guy's lips while he was leaving the front door. One of the young female employees quickly appreciated me and said that I was a very normal guy, albeit a little balding. Most likely, she changed her mind after a couple of weeks later when I looked at her awkwardly, still being shy, about which she immediately told the secretaries.

I have no purpose to shame someone in this book, but for subsequent events in my life, it will be important to mention that it soon became clear that some employees of the small company had sex with each other, but two still formed normal a couple. Then one new girl calmly told the secretary that she slept with the guy with whom I was during my training day.

I never liked the theme of one-night-stands, or when people who barely knew each other had sexual intercourse. There was a case in, if I remember correctly, the eleventh grade, when a guy who deprived of virginity the same girl who asked me if I wanted to be her boyfriend, boasted to two of my friends that he had sex with a "drop dead brunette" to whom he came to help with a computer, and then he asked them how things were in their "personal life". Personal... It is funny and sad at the same time that that guy subsequently called the previously mentioned girl with a word starting with the letter "W", since she slept with many guys during two years of study, and he did not want to be with her because of this... Of course, there is a chance that I was hurt that someone really has sex, because I envied them deep inside. But I think that an innate sense of morality also played a role in my sorrows.

Once I decided to end the habit of masturbating because I no longer needed it – after all, I initially started masturbating due to the inability to speak normally and get acquainted with girls, but now I did not have that problem with speech, and I thought about finding a girlfriend. Then I constantly thought about sex, which led me to porn sites and masturbation. It happened every day. Having a job, I was busy most of the time. Surprisingly, I managed to live five days without masturbation, and I felt good. But everything changed when I was in the metro. I just got into the subway car on Preobrazhenskaya Ploshchad and felt that I started experiencing coronary symptoms. I had to get out of the car on Sokolniki to catch my breath and calm down. The terrifying symptoms did not go away, but I again got into another subway car and went to work. Returning to the office after a couple of hours, I still had a bad sensation in my heart. Then I for the first time poured myself cold water

from a cooler in the office. Perhaps the water helped me a little. In the evening, when I was already at home, my health was good... So good that I could not feel my heart, the beating of which had already become so familiar for the long months that I continued to masturbate despite the fact that every new orgasm again forced my heart to beat harder than usual. Now, having at the disposal the knowledge that I have, it looks stupid, but that evening I decided to start masturbating in order to feel my heart again, because I believed that it could stop at all, and I would die if I continued refrain from masturbation...

Regarding death, I remember how during my work I walked to the subway, thinking about my life and my problems. Having stepped inside, I had a clear realization that if there is nothing after death, then there is no reason not to try to live this life, regardless of what you have to experience in it. After all, something is better than nothing.

In the courier office itself, one of the directors began giving me tasks to take out their garbage in the trash on the street. At first, I did not think anything about it, but as new such requests continued to be given to me, I began to think about how this becomes a kind of job that I do not have to do. It was not even my garbage, since I hardly spent time in the office and did not use office supplies. Soon, I decided to defend my rights and told the director about my unwillingness to take out the garbage. He understood everything, but I was a little embarrassed when they made another courier take out the garbage.

Working as a courier, I was able to visit different parts of Moscow. The salary was small, only 9000 rubles, but I had time to think about what I want in life, and at the same time I was doing something. I thought about going to University, but I did not know which one. I darted between computer science and economics, which I once told the CEO when he drove me to a street near the office after I did a personal job for him. He told me then that he would give me the job of assistant for their economist or programmer – depending on my choice. It was a great chance for a future career...

Once I had no tasks, and I sat on the couch, which stood near the secretaries. I was reading a self-teacher book then to teach myself English, which I decided to learn right after I learned about the real nature of stuttering. There was still an hour until the end of the working day, and I remember exactly how the red-haired secretary Natasha looked at the second hand of the clock hanging above the front door, as if trying to rush it. Our office had very few windows and natural light. Basically, all sections of the office were lit only with lamps, and system administrators even huddled in a tiny room with no windows, the door of which was constantly closed from the eyes of other employees. At that moment with the clock, I realized that I did not want to spend my whole life inside of four walls, I wanted something else, something bigger and more interesting. But I did not know what exactly I wanted...

I quit on May 7, having worked as a courier for several months.

If I remember correctly, it was in May that I wanted to try myself in the modeling business, still having the memories that I used to be considered a handsome guy. I think I wanted to find confirmation that I still was.

I sent my photos to several agencies. I received only one answer, and it just invited me to be an extra in some show called “Sex with Anfisa Chekhova.” It was said in the message that the meeting would be in the VDNH metro, if I remember correctly. I decided to go there.

Coming out of the subway car, I saw a large crowd of young people about my age at the meeting place. Some of them had fun talking with each other. I remember that there were girls. I started having very intense anxiety at the thought of starting to speak with stuttering among the crowd, and in the end I just walked past those people and went outside to walk a bit and then go back home.

I must say that while stuttering was over, my habit of dreaming and thinking about something did not go away completely. Because of this, from time to time I had stupor in my speech or even returned to the old methods of being silent and inactive, as in my previous episode at VDNKh. At that time, I no longer had friends with whom I could learn to speak. Therefore, having a lot of free

time, I decided to travel to Moscow shopping centers to talk with different merchants on different topics – depending on what they were selling.

At first, my old fears reminded me of themselves, and I did not immediately dare to open my mouth. But with each new seller that I approached, I became more self-confident and soon became an ordinary person with normal speech. At the same time, I learned about the fact that some sellers will get out of their way trying to sell goods. It is good that I did not take with me money then and I did not have a credit card, because who knows, maybe I would have bought that camera with a huge touch screen...

I also realized during my aspirations to be focused on reality that it is impossible to be stuttering if you are here and now, since your body is under your complete control.

From time to time, I often recalled my decision to begin to fantasize purposefully at the age of 14, and I was depressed by the thought that I had lost as many as 4 years in my imagination. But then I told myself that with an average life of 60 years, I still have about 42 years to enjoy life – in fact, I lived less than one third of my life, just having entered adulthood, and the whole life was still was ahead of me. My experience has given me a chance to learn something unique about human mind.

I also had no desire to play video games anymore. And I regretted spending a lot of time on UFO related websites too for a while... but then my feelings cooled down and I remembered that I had a good reason for doing that – my experience with the bright entity in the village prompted me to start looking for answers to my questions about the unknown side of life and its meaning.

It is a pity that these joyful attempts at self-inspiration were met with a bitter understanding that I would also have to live all these long years with an asymmetry on my lip and with hair falling out.

Then the summer came, and I went to the village. I naively believed that I could regain my old relations with my village friends, but upon arrival it became clear that time was gone. Over the past years, that I was lost in my imagination, I moved away from my friends too much and could not reduce the gap that had formed.

One day it rained, and I was sitting by the window in the Little House, learning English. It suddenly dawned on me that now that stuttering was no longer a barrier in my life, I could achieve many things that I could only dream of before. Then I started to have a burning desire to leave Russian and live in the USA, since from early childhood I was partial to that country, which so often shined on me from the TV screen. I always liked their way of life and values, and I thought back then that the United States was almost a paradise on Earth.

I quickly left for Moscow and started searching on the Internet about the possibilities of emigration. It quickly became clear that it is not that simple, especially for a person without a higher education. But I did not allow this bad news to stop me – I no longer wanted to hide from problems and give up halfway.

I was also bothered by the fact that after three years they could again call me to check the speech at the military registration and enlistment office, and I wanted to leave the country by then.

The main reason for the move, I think, was that I wanted to start my life over with a clean slate in the USA, I wanted to forget about everything bad that reminded me of the past. I did not want to see either my father or my mother – my father because of stuttering, and my mother because of quarrels at school. I wanted to burn all the bridges.

Another important reason for my strong desire to leave Russia was the cold northern climate. Many months of the sky being covered with gray thick clouds often led me into the blues. I wanted to live in a warm climate and see palm trees, sun, and sky all year round. For this reason, I also considered Australia as a possible destination for immigration.

As you know, I have been thinking and dreaming about sex for most of my life. After I found out that such disease as stuttering does not exist, I thought that now I can find a girlfriend. But after my desire to emigrate, I could no longer look for a girl in Russia, as due to my moral qualities and decency, I did not want to look for a girl in order to have sex with her, and then dump her and leave.

But there was something else that tormented me in those years. My childhood homosexual experience haunted me, as it was my only sexual experience. Perhaps I wanted to prove to myself that I was normal and of the traditional orientation. I knew that it would not be possible to leave to live in the USA quickly, it could take years, and I understood that these thoughts would not leave me alone. I also thought that if I lose my virginity with a girl, it will help me stop thinking about sex every day.

While working as a courier, I began to get acquainted with girls on a dating site. But I did not find anyone. I remember how at that time one girl started communicating with me, but I did not know what to talk about – a completely logical consequence of many years of loneliness and living in my inner world. After that moment, I decided to start learning different things and expand my circle of knowledge. But, unfortunately, I mostly read only scientific articles about nature and the Universe, but I learned almost nothing about sex relations.

I've never looked for girls with a “for sex only” checkmark, and that day became the exception. Soon, one of my messages was answered. I understood perfectly well that it was from a prostitute.

I do not remember if this happened immediately, or some time had passed, but I decided that in my situation it was logical to use their services. I considered myself already spoiled and “dirty” because of my early childhood homosexual experience, and did not think that having sex with a prostitute would be too immoral for me. In addition, I just wanted to finally feel what sex is, so that I can continue to study and work hard to achieve my ambitious goals. I called on the phone and they told me where to go.

When I came outside at Avtozavodskaya, uncertainty visited me. Maybe I was afraid of something new, or maybe a tiny piece of common sense was trying to break through. Whatever it was, I took out my expensive phone with a built-in camera, which for some reason I decided to buy while working as a courier, and called the recorded phone number. I was given the following instructions where to go. My path lay to the corner house on Velozavodskaya street. On the third floor of a Stalinist house, I rang the door of the apartment I was told to come to and a pretty young girl let me in. After I took off my shoes, she told me to wait in one of the rooms with little furniture. I did not have to look at the courtyard from the window for a long time when several women and girls entered the room. They said to choose, and then my gaze fell on a girl with a darkened skin. She immediately turned her head slightly to the side and down so that her black hair covered her face. She interested me, and I chose her.

All the girls left, and the dark-skinned one took two thousand rubles from me and then also left the room. She returned already undressed. I let her know that I had not had sex before, to which she said that there was nothing wrong with that.

Natasha, as she called herself, had to tinker with me for a while to arouse me – one of the negative effects of masturbation. I think you understand what happened next.

During the break before the second time, she started smoking and offered me tea. I do not remember what I answered, but she then went to the kitchen, from where the crash of falling glass utensils was soon heard, and shouts: “Bitch!” – I felt sorry for her at that moment. She returned with a cup of tea. In a conversation with her, I found out that she recently had a birthday and she was one year older than me. She studied at the Faculty of Economics and worked as a prostitute for six months. Also, speaking of depriving me of virginity, she mentioned that she once had another client, a virgin who was twenty-five years old.

After the second time, I said goodbye to her and left. She was very sweet all the time that we were together.

Soon I had the thought that now I would need to tell a girl when meeting with her not only about childhood sexual experiences with a boy, but also about my experience with a prostitute. I realized that finding a girl who wanted to be with me became a little more difficult, as I myself became even more “dirty”.

That experience gave me the answer to another question that I had – will I have health problems after orgasm from having sex. As it turned out, I did not have absolutely any symptoms that I had *every* time after masturbation for many months. I felt very good even though I had an orgasm twice in one hour. Then I calmed down, because before I was worried that sex could be closed to me due to my health problems.

Even though we used a condom (of course), it became clear to me that even such sex is much better than masturbation. It was a great reason to stop masturbating, which I wanted to do... but, nevertheless, I was drawn to watch an erotic film that Friday night, and again I began to masturbate, recalling the feelings that I experienced a few hours ago.

Having finished my deed, I continued to recall the time spent with Natasha... and then I realized that I was falling in love with her.

I could not help thinking about her the next morning. I was able to find the saved number of their phone in the history of my mobile calls and decided to call and say that I want to visit Natasha again. I was told that she would be home.

Going to that apartment for the second time, I thought that I would just get to know Natasha better, find out how she became a prostitute and tell her about my feelings. I thought that, perhaps, I might take her home. Mom spent all summer and part of the autumn in the country, and it was still June. Just in case, I took with me two thousand rubles that I saved from the courier salary.

When I was taking off my shoes, I heard a man's voice coming from the back room of the apartment. I told the lovely girl that I came to Natasha, and she again asked me to wait in the room where I was last day.

I was sitting on the couch, and I was not very comfortable. Then two or three girls came in and told me to make a choice. Natasha was not among them. I explained that I came to Natasha. They did not really want to listen to me, and one said: “And we’re not to your liking, then?” – I thought about getting up and leaving, which I told them about. Probably, at that moment one of the girls ran to tell the others, and soon a very beautiful blonde with a short haircut ran into the room and asked: “Who wants to leave here?” I always liked such girls, and I took a note of her, and of her beauty. I think, having understood what was the matter, she ran after Natasha, who then ran into the room. She immediately began to tickle my stomach – she found out by firsthand experience that I was afraid of tickling during the previous day. She was very cute, but still having in my head the beautiful blonde with a short haircut, I could not help but think that I was not used to her exotic appearance, which was distracting me a little.

When everyone else left us with Natasha, she immediately asked for two thousand rubles. And here the fact that I had little contact with people and therefore I still was sometimes overflown by the fear to speak played a cruel joke on me. It happened at that moment too. I could not bring myself to tell her about the real purpose of my visit and... handed her the same two thousand rubles that I had taken with me “just in case”.

During the break for the second time, I managed to learn more about Natasha.

She worked as an economist by profession and one day her boss asked her to have sex with him. She refused him and was fired. Natasha tried to find a new job, but could not, and when her earned money ran out, she called her friend, who had been working as a prostitute in that apartment for some time, and told her: “I am coming to you” – and now we have our conversation. She also said that her mother lived in Turkey, and her father lived in Moscow Oblast. This explained her appearance and a little dark skin color.

I remember exactly how she said once that “sex is a good sport”. I do not remember exactly if it was said after I mentioned that I did exercises every day after she asked me if I was played sports, or she additionally mentioned this when I asked her if she liked being there and doing all the prostitute stuff.

But I remember exactly how right after her comparison of sex with sport, I asked her: “But what about love?”. Natasha told me that she had love once, but she became disappointed with it after her ex-boyfriend chased her with a knife.

I thought then about telling her about the real purpose of my visit, but different thoughts ran through my mind. One of them was that a few months ago I was looking at photos of a naked girl, and on that page people could leave comments. One of those comments spoke of that girl’s “busted pussy,” referring to her large labia. Unfortunately, at that time I did not check such “teachings” in verified sources of *knowledge*, and therefore I put it in my head that such large labia meant that the girl had a lot of rough sex, which is why they began to have such dimensions. The fact is that one of Natasha’s inner lips was two centimeters long, which had a certain weight in my following decision.

As soon as I decided to finally tell her the truth and was about to say the first words, she suggested that we have sex for the second time and she began to touch me in the southern latitudes, arousing me.

I am not sure if my first and last cunnilingus was worth the untold truth – no, of course not. During our intercourse, she rushed me, looking at the door and saying something about time.

We finished, and I thought to tell her again, but if before she was very nice and amiable with me, then she just walked coolly to the window while I was dressing up.

While Natasha had her back turned to me, my brain, oversaturated with almost ideal forms of female bodies from porn sites, could not hide the thought that the shape of Natasha’s bottom was not to my liking.

Then I once again made a fatal mistake, deciding to fix in my head the fact that she herself made her choice, given that she had a father in Podmoskovye and could just go to him. This was the second time that I consciously blocked my feelings for another person, putting in my own mind a block in the form of an idea – in this case about Natasha’s choice. When I was creating the metal block, I remembered that I regretted that I had once in the same way blocked the other girl mentioned earlier in the tenth grade – even if in the end those fantasies actually turned out to be comparable with the truth, since that school girl slept with a lot of guys from our class —they boasted about that. But I wanted so much to go to the USA that I could not allow the feeling of love to continue to live in me – and it immediately was gone.

Almost immediately it became clear that it was naive to think that the loss of virginity would ease my desire for sex. I wanted sex even more. “Fortunately”, I knew what to do.

This next Stalinist house in the south-west of Moscow, if I remember correctly, was near the metro, and I did not have to walk for too long.

The door of the apartment was opened by a young woman of about thirty years. She was a pretty blonde with good shapes – which compensated for the fact that she could not be the girl in the photo, because of whom I came there.

When I spoke to her, while still in the corridor, her smiling face was visited by obvious shock, if not horror. I did not understand what was happening – such things had happened before – for example, when I was with Natasha, she clearly noticed something in my face during our conversation, and then there was that strange case when I was going to Moscow by train a couple of weeks ago, and a young woman sat in front of me looking at me for a couple of moments, and then she sharply and quickly ran out of the car, turning her head to look at me when she was already at the doors. Then I thought that this was due to the fact that I was attracted to the nipples of her small breasts, which were clearly visible through her unusual white blouse with numerous small cutouts – I saw something like that worn by Abby Martin when she spoke with Peter Joseph about capitalism – but then I almost immediately stopped looking in that area and redirected my eyes to the window, only occasionally looking into the eyes of that pretty woman...

Perhaps I relaxed, and the prostitute invited me in. There were no choices this time, since she was alone.

During the break for the second time, she asked me if I could give the battery of my phone so that she could call her child from her phone of the same brand. I do not remember whether we talked about something with her or not. What I remember very well is how in the depths of my mind the thought of Natasha was trying to form, but my mental block worked so perfectly back then...

The second time, she moved as fast as during the first, which again led to my quick orgasm, despite the fact that with her, unlike with Natasha, I could hardly feel any pressure with my sex organ. At that time, sex no longer seemed nicer than masturbation, as I could barely feel anything.

I quickly washed and dressed. When I left, she politely and from a pure heart gave me advice to be more courageous, showing her small female muscles with her hands. Then it became completely incomprehensible to me – what did other people see in me?

Having returned home poorer by two thousand rubles, I decided to record myself on the camera of my phone in order to try to find the answer to my question. I was just saying out loud a sentence. When I watched that video on the computer – I was shocked! Everything fell into place – my friend who called me a moron, two statements in the military enlistment office, strange looks and whispers of my village friends, the woman running out in the train, Natasha averting her eyes and the bewilderment of the last prostitute – it all made sense now.

The reason was that because of my habit of talking to myself in my imagination – what I got used to shortly after I began to actively fantasize in the ninth grade – the muscles of my face, and the whole body, were tense, which affected the facial expressions and the general expression on my face, making them distorted – just like in that dream that I recently had.

Yes – even though I was able to completely remove all thoughts and fantasies on the day I learned the truth about stuttering – I did not notice at all how I began to smoothly misuse my imagination again almost during every second of my life... such is the strength of habits... and if in the case of alcohol and smoking you clearly see the moment when you start drinking and smoking, here things are not so obvious... but usually only when you are not completely here and now.

At that moment, when I first saw my distorted face, I seemed to think of myself with the very word that my village friend called me – and this terrified me very much, because since I *was* that person, I could not remain indifferent about this, as, for example, people who call others names – those who have some problems. Maybe later you will understand the possible reason why I had to go through this experience in my life.

That day, remembering absolutely clearly the consequences of my habit of talking to myself in my head, I was completely in the present with a pure consciousness and ease in the body which muscles could finally relax and rest – only the “processing” of data coming from my five senses and nothing more.

But habits would not be habits if they did not tend to return. As the days passed, the desire for sex and other thoughts returned, crowding out the memory of my recent shock and its cause.

This time I got off at the Paveletskaya metro station. When I was still working as a courier, I often went to the Paveletsky railway station to give, or receive, parcels of the company from other cities. The house I was going to was located near that station.

It was late evening. The sun had long set and it was dark. They told me to wait when I called them. I stood at the entrance for quite a long time, and all this time the thought about the correctness of my actions did not leave me. I was agitated and thought about leaving. But then I was finally invited inside, and I was told the apartment number.

Inside, I chose a girl again, who was apparently from the southern latitudes, and once again I gave two thousand rubles.

While waiting for her, I glanced briefly at a couple of books in an open bookcase. Perhaps I was trying to distract myself in order to calm my nerves, as I was not comfortable.

Then the girl returned, I undressed, and we went to bed.

Of all three prostitutes with whom I was, she had the strongest compressive characteristics, something that some friends very much appreciated. Not even several seconds had passed before I lost my erection and said that I had come, because I felt very much that I did not want to be there.

I got dressed and left, being completely sure that this was the last time I went to prostitutes for sex, because I did not like the way my life began to go. I had already spent almost the entire monthly salary of the courier, and I could not afford to continue to make such mistakes. In addition, I did not feel very well in moral terms – all three girls were obviously engaged in prostitution not because of love for sex...

Due to negative feelings and thoughts, I tried to forget about my experience with prostitutes as soon as possible.

Nevertheless, life continued to move forward, and I continued to read regarding how to go to America. One of the obvious options was education. I considered inexpensive colleges, because I just wanted to go to the USA and only then think about how to stay there forever. But I needed money for studying, and so I started looking for work again. This time I was thinking of working as a sales assistant so that I could train my speech while working. This time I could not get a job right away, moreover, a lot of time passed and no one would hire me. Then I thought about looking for courier vacancies, but also unsuccessfully – due to the still present habit of partially living in my imagination, I began to stutter in my speech when I spoke with a girl from the human resources department, and she did not want to hire me because of this, even though I told her that I did not stutter. Naturally, she did not know about stuttering what I knew, and therefore she thought that people stutter constantly and cannot change.

Due to the fact that I would often forget self-taught lessons and continued to live in my head, which in turn led to a stupor when trying to speak, I decided to do something about this. On the website of Roman Snezhko I saw his photograph where he was meditating. I thought why not try to start meditating – if the person who discovered the truth about stuttering practices meditation, then maybe it can really help. With these thoughts, I read several articles about meditation and how to meditate properly. I remember exactly how in my first attempt to meditate I laughed at myself for believing that thinking about nothing could help in any way... but I was no longer laughing when I really felt the beneficial effect of simply concentrating on breathing – inhaling and exhaling – or on the surrounding sounds, listening to each sound for approximately the same time. If a couple of months ago I absorbed a lot of negativity, had thoughts about death and was generally quite angry and offended by almost everything and everyone, then, after the very first sessions of meditation, I began to be a very relaxed and happy person. Then I realized that for the first time in my life I really got out of myself, because I did not remember that I had ever experienced such feelings of joy from being in the present, regardless of what was happening around, or that I was so focused on the present moment of my life. Even in the best moments of my life, when I spoke without the stupor, I still did not live one hundred percent in the present – a small part of thoughts was always present in me – at least that is what I thought back then.

I needed to learn to carefully do simple things – from pushing the computer button to eating – but after several hours I was almost completely focused on reality, and all the actions were done almost automatically and without my thinking that I needed to be focused.

Calming down after meditation, along with my newfound knowledge regarding stuttering, reminded me of what my biology teacher said about nerve cells that do not regenerate. As it turned out, the reason for “stuttering” is quite different. And the nervousness itself disappears when you decide to live in peace and not worry about anything.

One of the worst episodes which my fantasies led me to occurred while I was descending to the subway. I touched the iron pipe in the passage and thought to myself what if all of this is not real. It was scary. But after meditations, the perception of reality returned to its place, and I perfectly distinguished reality and memories from fantasies.

On August 7, I was finally hired to work in a store near Oktyabrskoye Polye. Except I had to work as a loader...

It was a new store for children. There were no racks, shelves, or products inside. Therefore, our boss, a young woman, ordered absolutely everyone to carry boxes and assemble shelves: both me and the sellers with cashiers – which I am very pleased for.

Before I got hired in that particular store, I went for an interview in another store of that network of shops. Then their job as a sales assistant was already taken, but the manager of that store helped me by sending me to the store on Oktyabrskoye Polye. Then she said that her help was related to the fact that I, unlike many others, “looked with clever eyes”, and she thought to transfer me to her store in the future. Naturally, I did not just “look” then silently, but also spoke about something that she clearly considered to be an intellectual conversation. It may be worth saying thanks to meditation for that moment in my life.

Additionally, I needed to make a medical book in order to be able to work with food. I only remembered the part when I showed my veins of my arms at the physical examination, and the doctor was glad that I had no signs of needle injections. Based on her speech, it could be concluded that a considerable number of people use drugs...

Returning to my work as a loader, the boss once hinted to me about the opportunity to work as a seller, but she left before I could answer her anything.

Then I rested on the couch and our security guard sat down near me. We talked about something, and when he began to brag about how he had sex with a girl in a car, I felt uncomfortable and, possibly, envious because I never had normal sex by mutual sympathy, and not for money. This reminded me again that my life did not work out the way I wanted, and I was missing out on a lot of things in it. Before that, I had already had several similar moments, for example, when in high school one of my old school friends decided to tell me that in the summer he slept in the same bed with a girl, and then it turned out that my other friends were no longer virgins.

Then one day two young men who worked as electricians in that chain of shops entered the store. They were working with the electrical system until the end of the working day, and I walked with them to the bus stop, which was located a few meters from the shopping center. At that moment a slender girl walked past us. She worked as a merchandiser and placed cans of baby food on the shelves of our store. Then he openly turned his head to look at her butt – the act that I did not really like. It seemed to me not respectful. I think at that moment I forgot that I still almost every day watched porn videos on the Internet and did not consider this to be a disrespect towards girls. Of course, I watched porn mainly in order to get rid of constant thoughts about sex, which distracted me from my studies and life. I also understood that many of those “viewing sessions” took a lot of time, sometimes up to several hours spent searching for that another new unique video.

Speaking of free porn videos on the Internet that could be watched directly in the browser. They had just begun to appear on the web, and I had a clear thought at that time that if it wasn't for these videos, I would most likely have stopped masturbating. Yes, I downloaded porn movies before, when the Internet speed was lower, but there is a difference between downloading a video and watching it directly.

Meanwhile, a new girl with blond hair began to work in the store. I often kept her company when she went outside to smoke. We talked about different things. Not sure if she told me that she had a boyfriend, or another guy working as a sales assistant pulled this information out of her. In order to remove all unnecessary things, I will go straight to the point and say that that seller came up behind that girl one day and made gestures as if he had sex with her. She did not see this, but for me from my point of view it again seemed immoral. Even though he knew that she had a boyfriend, he still made moves on her. I do not think that they really ever had sex, but then who knows...

Coming home after work, I still often watched movies, still in Russian translation, and not in the original. Once I started watching David Lynch's Mulholland Drive movie. When the final credits

started to roll, I was completely sober from my fantasies and I was quite shocked by how close the main idea of this film reflected my life and I was shocked by what I realized then... I watched the film credits for the first time until the very end, still being shocked at the realization that all the previous months that I thought I had gotten rid of the habit of fantasizing, I was still in the grip of my out-of-control imagination. Droplet by droplet, fantasy by fantasy, and for many months I had been spending almost all my time in my imagination again and I did not *see* it! Then I realized that I needed to take it more seriously and this time *actually* “get out of myself”, and not *think* that I got out of myself while dreaming of this liberation.

Speaking of “getting out of myself”. I often recalled that dream, and I often wondered – is it prophetic? What if I would never actually manage to “get out of myself”? But then I reassured myself that in fact I already had a few moments when I was fully focused on reality, and this meant that the word “never”, uttered in that dream, had nothing to do with real facts, and, accordingly, that dream could not be prophetic. All I had to work on back then was to make the living in reality a habit and remember everything that I recently learned and realized...

On the next working day, they brought something huge. When I was carrying that heavy box upstairs to the second floor, my heart ached for a moment. This was the reason for quitting the job on the twenty-ninth of August. I worked as a loader for three weeks, and I was glad of such an experience which, among other things, also required me to carry empty boxes in the garbage. I was glad of it because I found out then what happens if you do what you do not want to do in your life.

Once at that time I also regretted having spent several years of my life reading articles about UFOs and other similar things. But then I remembered that distant event with the bright entity in the village that was the reason for my searches, and I calmed down a bit, realizing that perhaps something like this really existed in this world, but we just did not know about it. But despite this, I no longer had the desire to get involved with the subject of the unknown because I wanted to regain my life here on Earth.

In the fall of that year, I wanted to try to go to acting classes. I thought it could help me with my remaining lack of self-confidence. I was still afraid to speak with other people, which became clear during the first introductory lesson of those courses. There were a lot of people, and the teacher asked each one in the audience to come in front of the crowd and talk a little about themselves. Then a slight panic again began to seize me. I tried to relax, remembering what I knew about stuttering. I do not remember what I said when it was finally my turn to speak. I can only say that my speech was without stupors, which did not prevent some people from laughter. Most likely they were amused by my body movements and facial expressions – a logical manifestation of my insecurity and nervousness.

I must say that that evening, when I was just about to enter the building where the introductory acting classes were held, I could not help but hear the conversation of two women, one of whom loudly said something like this: “And then he suddenly started talking about sex and I felt so scared!”. This was another moment of my life, in which, at that time, I found another confirmation that I had to first go abroad, and only then look for a normal girlfriend.

Another reason that I postponed the search for the girlfriend until later was that due to the influence of television I had the impression that Russian girls would not want to communicate with me as soon as they learned that I dreamed of living in a country about which there had been spoken quite a lot of negativity at that time already.

That fall, I also went to English courses which were held twice a week in the evenings at one of the local schools.

I had no money to attend two training courses at the same time, and so I chose English, as knowledge of the language would open up more opportunities for me in the future.

I bought the required textbook and workbook. It was an intermediate English course for those who already knew little language.

How I liked being at the school desk again then, not having all the problems that prevented me from opening up in school. I gladly read in English and translated the text aloud, I myself volunteered to answer – in fact, I was one of the most active in our small class – and I really liked the learning process. Then I realized what I had lost due to stuttering in school. And I really was right when I was still in high school and I thought that it was because of the consequences of stuttering that I was getting good grades instead of excellent ones... well, or mostly excellent.

Sometimes I did have stupor during the lessons, and sometimes I stuttered in my speech very much, because I still was fantasizing. I remember that then my fantasies began to include our pretty English teacher, and sometimes some classmates. I also did little with the habit of speaking in my imagination. It is terrible that this habit grew into the habit of repeating the name of some girls in combination with a bad word...

Once I was very upset when I was returning home from the English courses in the late dark evening. That day I lost control of my thoughts and body again, and began to have stupor in classes. Approaching the entrance of my house, I realized one of the most important truths of life – losing something, we always find something, and this something is always experience and knowledge gained from it. Yes, there are sad moments in our lives, but they exist so that we can learn from our mistakes and not make them again... this understanding will be of great importance in the events that were destined to happen very soon in my life...

Why could not I just stop dreaming, given that I already had a successful experience of living in the present? Well, firstly, the insidiousness of being lost in the imagination lies in the fact that a person begins to get used to this state of mind that soon becomes the norm for him. Secondly, when I still managed to concentrate on reality, life became very boring and empty; and if I was able to overcome that boredom, for example, with the newfound power of meditation, then very soon I rediscovered the fact that I was a balding guy with an asymmetric lip. I often fell into a state of depression because of this, then I would start thinking about what could have happened if I had done this or not had done that in the past and I did not notice how my thoughts smoothly turned into fantasies and once again the feeling of reality was blurred. At other times, I consciously returned to fantasies, realizing how easy it was to stop fantasizing and live in reality – you just concentrate on what is happening around you and your consciousness very quickly becomes absolutely pure. I believed that at the necessary moments in my life I would just quickly return to a normal state of mind, but then I did not yet have a certain life experience that showed me my wrongness...

While attending English courses, I began to fall in love with one of the girls with blond hair. I constantly thought about her – the state of being that again interfered with my studies, and which very dimly showed the memory of Natasha somewhere in the back of my mind. I think that the expression “Carpe diem” from the movie “Dead Poets Society” with Robin Williams, as well as some of the plot moments of that film, helped me to overcome my fear and prompted me to look for a way to tell a girl that I loved her for the first time. I managed to get her mobile phone number – for this I had to disturb our teacher, who was then on exams. Having acquired the number of the girl, I went to Cherkizovsky Pond and sat on a bench. It took me a while to pack up my courage and then I called her. I explained to her the reason for my call, but she was already married. Entering the classroom, she smiled at me, and the teacher once quickly looked at me and her, but everything else was absolutely the same. I did not feel any discomfort and never regretted anything.

During my studies, I started looking for work. I remembered the girl who worked as a merchandiser when I was still working as a loader, and I liked that that work gave the freedom from bosses. A few months later, on February 5, 2008, I was finally hired to work as a merchandiser – in fact, I was hired a couple of weeks ago to work at another place, but I found out about this when I already said on the phone that I did not want to work there, thinking that it was another company calling me, and back then I could not just apologize and tell the truth about the fact that I mistakenly mixed up two firms.

The work consisted of visiting several shops a day in the north of Moscow and putting cans of jam on a store shelf if it ran out of cans. I also had to send a report to the supervisor every week.

My training day passed with a woman who, as it turned out, had also stuttered before. I do not know if she understood what I was trying to tell her about the real reason for stuttering. Some breathing techniques helped her with her speech, which, I suspect, really helped her to be focused on the “here and now”, which, in turn, actually helped her with the speech.

At home, the bank’s air conditioners continued to interfere with life even stronger, since to two already quite noisy air conditioners had been added two more, which were hung directly under our windows. The noise was unbearable, as was the vibration that was transmitting from those air conditioners to our floor. Of course, in such an environment it was also very difficult to concentrate on the irritating reality, and I was often getting absorbed in various thoughts, which often turned into fantasies.

I had once spent the night at my father’s apartment in the small room; I bought bedding at that time, which was left in the apartment. On one Friday I decided that I would live with my father, since the noise of the air conditioners drove me crazy, and I could not study normally.

I went to his house right after the English courses – it is good that I just needed to catch a trolleybus or a regular bus and drive a couple of stops.

Upon arrival at the apartment I was met by a slightly drunk father and some woman. My presence in the small room did not finish the drinking party, and I could clearly hear my father’s loud voice in the large room. He said something about the fact that he never had problems with women. At that time, I still had a deep grudge against dad for drinking and beating my mother back in those early years of my life – which I considered then the main reason for my ruined life due to stuttering. Then I made one of the most serious decisions in my life – I chose to suffer physically instead of suffering psychologically near my father, who could get drunk at any moment and bring his drinking buddies home. Having made that decision, I got dressed, took my things and returned to my mother in her one-room apartment where together we had to overcome huge difficulties in the fight against one of the injustices that flourish on this planet...

There is no need to say that the noise from the air conditioners, which were turned on at seven in the morning and often worked until night, and sometimes the bank employees would not turn them off at all at the end of their day, prevented me from completely “getting out of myself”. My mother and I could have a normal rest only on Sunday, unless, of course, the employees of that bank did not forget to turn off their appliances on Saturday. I was getting very tired then and I remember clearly how I thought that if it was not for this noise, I probably would not have tried so desperately to go living somewhere abroad, but would have tried to live here in Russia...

One day I decided to shave my head. I remembered then that a village friend had done so to get rid of dandruff. I had dandruff as well, and I thought that it could be the cause of hair loss. Britney Spears added confidence to me also, as the whole world was talking about her shaving her head bald at that time. I thought that if she can shave off her hair, then it certainly would not be difficult for me. I came to the hairdresser and asked to completely shave my head, refuting the question of whether I had lost a bet. Aside from dandruff my decision bore another task – I wanted to find peace of mind regarding my baldness. As it turned out I was not Bruce Willis, and the lump on my head that I inherited from my father did not please me also, although in general I liked my new look, but I decided that I would be with the hair for as long as I have it.

For many months I had been actively reading books and articles on the Internet in English. I memorized new words, and if I met some unknown grammatical structure, I checked with my English grammar book, or searched the Internet to learn about still unlearned rules of English grammar in order to know the language as well as I could.

At the same time, I trained my memory, trying to repeat the whole sentence that I just read. At first it was not easy, but over time I began to see the result and soon I could remember all the words in the sentence.

When the next time came to pay for English classes, I realized that with my own education program I greatly overtook the curriculum, and it could no longer teach me anything new. I stopped attending English courses.

Working days went well. I liked to walk around Moscow, from time to time going to the shops in order to place cans of the company on the store's shelves. All in all, I was very happy then. It is only a pity that I had to spend about forty minutes to get to the northern part of the gray metro line, but I never dared to ask the supervisor if it was possible to give me a closer district.

I also began to notice how time seemed to slow down when I was focused on reality, walking around an unfamiliar area during my walks from one store to another.

Speaking of time, correspondence with one girl named Yulia helped me to shorten it. She once wrote me via ICQ, looking for someone to talk to. As it turned out, she "lived" in a boarding school due to poor vision, and was a little younger than me. We spoke with her on completely different topics with absolute honesty. After a couple of months of such correspondence, which, as it turned out, she did not conduct with me alone, we exchanged our photos and decided to meet somewhere. Then suddenly her mother called, who was a salesperson in a food store as I recall, and began to ask questions about my education. She hung up when I said that I was not studying anywhere yet. Yulia said that she was ashamed of the call of her mother, and our communication soon went to naught.

While we were still texting one another, there was one funny case when Yulia did not put a question mark at the end of the sentence which looked to me like a negative statement. We almost started to quarrel over this, but then we realized that it was just a missed punctuation mark. We laughed, and everything returned to normal.

A little time ago, another incident happened in my life when people refused to understand me. I was putting cans up on the shelf in one of the stores, and a woman who worked there as a supervisor began to talk with me. It was a pleasant conversation until she asked me about my education. Upon learning that I was not studying anywhere, she immediately said something negative and condemning, then turned around and walked away. Like Yulia's mother, she did not give me a chance to explain the reason why I did not officially study anywhere – that I wanted to study, but since I was interested in a lot of things in life, I simply did not know where to go; that studies required money that I earned by arranging products in her store; that I was studying English every day and finished what I missed in the last grades of the school...

There were times when I cried during difficult moments. I am not ashamed of this, because such moments helped me to understand that I was still a human being with feelings. Awareness of this helped me to gather my courage and gave me an impulse to move on through life.

But I was not an angel either. After Yulia, another girl wrote to me. She was a basketball player. We did not talk with her as actively as with Yulia. I remember one stupid thing that I wrote to her, answering her question about why I did not look for a girl in Russia, and I wrote then: "What for? To fuck her and then dump her?" – it was absolutely wrong thinking at many levels. I understood the contradiction of these words to my moral principles many years later... That basketball player wrote me another message, asking me if I was afraid of women. Now, when I am not afraid to know and remember the truth about myself, I understand that my answer should have been positive.

We met every Wednesday at McDonald's near Tverskaya metro station with other merchandisers and superiors in order to receive salaries and do other merchandiser things.

I would not be myself if I did not start liking a young girl who recently began working as a merchandiser in that company again. I do not know if she noticed this somehow, but once, after one of the guys in our company did not go to work and was waiting for the other merchandiser girl, that pretty girl playfully asked me: "And you're waiting for me?" – unfortunately, having finished my

business, I just got up smiling at her, said goodbye to everyone and went to work. I do not think I thought much about the crowd of people then, but I was definitely embarrassed by our supervisor woman, as I thought it would not be very professional to spend working hours right in front of the boss. Alas, I did not try to find out the phone of that pretty girl who was interested in me even though I had no hair then...

If you carefully read this book, you can recognize at this moment the repetition of history... I will come back to this topic later.

As for that girl, soon that same pretty guy began flirtatiously flirting with her, showing some figures on his hands. She clearly noticed this, and I, in turn, noticed that I had once again made a mistake. I tried to alleviate sadness with the thought that I was still going to leave Russia, and the girl would only be an obstacle, and her smoking also helped me not to worry too much. But how long was I destined to live with this new lie?

I think it is worth mentioning that I met girls working in a store that I came up to talk to. With one we even had a very good and pleasant conversation while we were waiting for the store to open, along with many other merchandisers standing nearby. Then I was not shy at all to speak with that sweet girl in a crowd of people. But in the store, she got colder and began to ignore my flirting. Then I did not know that Orthodox believers wear an engagement ring on their other hands than Catholics. Another girl ignored me, but the next day she talked playfully with someone, and most likely she was simply taken and did not communicate with other guys. The third one simply complained about a lot of work and ignored me, but what was a little upsetting to me was that the next day she was almost flirting and talking to a guy who had hair and, most likely, looks.

I remember when I first started working as a merchandiser, a fairly plus size woman who was older than me tried to flirt with me. But what turned me away were her facial expressions, which did not seem healthy at all. Unfortunately, I did not think then that I myself could look like that in the eyes of other people when I was not completely relaxed.

In the end, I continued to walk on the deliberate path, wanting to start everything from scratch in another country and forget about everything bad that had ever happened to me in Russia.

Despite my self-deception, I was still able to discover one of the simple truths for myself. Returning home from work, I often found myself thinking that I was lost again in my head: dreaming, thinking and talking to myself – I often thought through different variations of events in my head, and how I could act in each of them. Tracing the reason for my constant withdrawal into myself, I realized that the beginning were often thoughts about what to do in the future – for example, on the same day. I decided to try not to bother myself about what will happen when this or that event occurs, but simply to initially put in my mind a general plan of action and solve the details as they materialize. The effect of this decision was amazing! My productivity increased, as my mind was freed from garbage, and I could spend the freed up resources of the mind on a quick and correct assessment of the situation, and on the subsequent making of right decisions.

But there were days when I returned from work and could not get out of myself. And I thought why? Previously, I managed to do this, but here I seemed to have forgotten everything. I soon realized that the reason was in my thinking about the need to live in the present instead of actually living in the present. These are two opposite things, one of which is a characteristic feature of a focused mind on reality, and the other is a feature of the mind of a person who is living in his inner world.

Having cleared my mind, I noticed something else... During my readings about UFOs, I came across a story that said that aliens consider us not very smart, to put it mildly. I do not know if that story was true or not, but after many meditations, I began to work almost all day with my five senses and pay attention to what was happening in reality. I realized that *a great many* people were absorbed in their minds even while walking along a sunny spring street. This was the first time when I saw that I was not the only person who was absorbed in his mind when it was not required to be done. Yes,

most of those people were not lost in themselves as much as I was lost a couple of years ago, but one way or another they also made a mistake – I was not alone.

I often recalled that I had lost four years of my life because of empty fantasies – I say empty because there are only two worlds on which our consciousness can be concentrated per unit of time: the external (the reality that we feel with the help of our five senses) and the inner (fantasies, memories, thoughts). Then I realized that if we take the age of sixty years, for example, I still had to live two-thirds of my life, and given the fact that fourteen years of that third were childhood, I still had a lot of time to enjoy life. I was able to reassure myself that even though I lost those years of my life, I gained invaluable experience which, as someone might say, tempered me no worse than the army. It is a pity that optimism was always replaced by a depressive state every time I came across a mirror... and the coming long years of life, which had just given me so much joy, almost instantly changed their polarity, and I could no longer live with the thought that I had to live my whole life with my scars...

Soon it became very clear to me that I could not save up money to study in America by working in jobs that I used to have, and the lack of higher education did not allow me to get a well-paid job. But I could not give up anymore, since I had been doing this all my life and as a result of this, I almost lost everything. It was then a weakness for me to retreat from my goals, and so I began to look for other solutions and remembered that I had always liked movies.

When I got the Internet access, I was downloading a movie every day and then watched it in the evening. I often liked to watch the actors acting out their roles. I also remembered how in early childhood I asked my mother to teach me how to write, and at the beginning of high school I wrote poetry. Of course, my childhood thoughts in verses about why parrots do not have a hose could hardly take on Pushkin, but still.

Then I decided to start writing scripts in English, which was no longer such a foreign language to me since I completely immersed myself in English at home. I watched TV shows and movies in English, in fact I started watching them right as soon as I realized that I rarely came across unfamiliar words when I was reading – all I had to do then was to learn to distinguish words by ear; then I read news, forums and study guides in English only. As a result of all this, soon it was easier for me with English than with Russian, which I hardly spoke in my life.

Of course, I realized that it was not easy to write a story that would please Hollywood producers. I was ready to painstakingly work on my screenwriting skills and learn from mistakes. Also, I did not want something grand. I just wanted to go to the USA and live there in my own small house, which I always dreamed about.

Also, I wanted to first make a career and only then look for a wife. This wrong idea came to me after two women refused to talk to me when they found out that I hadn't studied anywhere. I thought that girls of my age would also not want to deal with a guy who has nothing in material terms.

Masturbation continued, and I felt worse and worse. It got so worse that one day I was walking up the escalator from the subway and I started feeling not well at all. My legs barely walked, being very heavy, and my head was almost spinning. Thanks to meditation, which I tried to practice from time to time, I realized that our thoughts and psychological state play a huge role in how our physical body feels. Trying to gain control of myself, I remembered this and completely removed everything superfluous from my head, focusing my consciousness only on the present moment. I was then positively tuned to all the data that my five senses sent me. Result? A couple of hours later, when I was returning home after work, I was already running down that escalator without any symptoms of poor health. I was completely healthy.

But each time the mirror reminded me of my real appearance, and the porn addiction's return would follow to brighten up the emerging depression. There was a moment when for the second time I decided not to masturbate for a week. I wanted to prove to myself that everything would be fine

with my heart if I stopped feeling his heavy beating every day. After a week, I felt great, and my heart no longer reminded me of its presence. But I had to ruin everything again...

However, I often masturbated in those months to prove to myself that I was in good health. If I stopped masturbating after I had health problems, the idea that I was not healthy might not leave me alone. I wanted to think by having proof that everything was great with me. And I really had days when I felt good after masturbation... which led to think about why I cannot go to porn sites again and do a physically pleasant thing if it does nothing bad to anyone? And so the cycle repeated itself again and again...

At the end of June, I began to feel constant pain to the right of my heart, under the ribs – was the continuing masturbation the cause of that – I do not know. The pain was not very strong, but due to the fact that it lasted several days I decided that it was a sign to quit my job because in any case I found myself a new occupation where I was, as I thought then, my own boss.

I wanted to go to the doctor to check my health, but since I used to be treated for a non-existent disease for 13 years, my opinion about doctors was not the best. Moreover, in the fall of the past year, I went to the doctor when I again felt unwell after masturbation, but then I kept silent about my dirty hobby. My heart was checked then, and after processing the data, the doctor quickly told me that I had arrhythmia and turned to another girl. Yes, that girl's health situation was more serious, but she could give me more information, could not she? For example, asking me to wait while she would finish talking with that girl. Now, having gained wisdom and experience, I changed my position – but then I decided to go to an alternative clinic, which my mom had visited before. She learnt about it from an ad in the mailbox...

In that tiny “clinic”, located on the first floor of a residential building, they put headphones on my head and pointed some device at them. The computer pretended to be working on the calculations, and after a few minutes the female doctor returned. The leaflets with pictures of internal organs were printed for me. There were different geometric figures on them, each of which “showed” the degree of health of the corresponding organ. Based on this “analysis” I was prescribed vitamins and nutritional supplements. Then some of them really helped me. For example, black walnut helped me get rid of a constant feeling of malnutrition – one of the symptoms of the presence of worms in the human body.

I was assigned a second “examination”, and I decided then for the third time not to masturbate for a long time. Again, such abstinence went for me quite easily and I felt great, which was as if reflected on the second “examination”. I was still prescribed a couple of vitamins, and in total I spent on that “treatment” a good share of my saved money earned by *honest* work. Was it the sunshine of a cloudy nature, among which I was walking that day, which after many years made me realize that something was wrong, or had I already had enough life experience and technical knowledge to understand that all those devices simply could not do any diagnostics on health, but it finally dawned on me then that I was simply deceived – to which I found confirmation from the reviews of many people about that company. Well – “losing something, we always find something, and that something is always knowledge”. It was expensive education, and one of the vitamins once almost stopped my heart – this was the first time my heart skipped a beat and then I was not feeling too well. Naturally, I stopped taking those vitamins...

Is it possible that my heart stopped beating then for a moment due to rebellious masturbation to porn? I admit that it could have enhanced the negative effect of vitamins which would most likely be contraindicated to me if I went to an official doctor for a real examination... most likely...

As for my successful abstinence from masturbation, it was so successful that I stopped wanting to have sex in general – and it frightened me. All my life, one way or another I thought about sex, and I could not live with this unexpected emptiness. I went to porn sites to prove to myself that everything worked in me as it should...

There were still warm days outside on the street when I was again awakened by the unbearable noise of the bank's air conditioners that did not allow me to study or write scripts. Sometimes I tried

to put on headphones and turn on calm music without words, but even that did not allow me to fully concentrate on the intellectual and creative work that requires peace and quiet.

I called my father to ask him to drive me to the village. He did not work then, and we left the same day.

Mom lived in the village then, as she usually did in the warm months, but upon my arrival she decided to go to Moscow to write another complaint against the bank.

I was a little embarrassed when my mother told me that I shouldn't do anything out of the ordinary alone at home, and my father parried her words by saying that I was already an adult for those things...

Unfortunately, I proved my father wrong when I began to masturbate in the evening on a video of a porn actress, which I had previously downloaded onto my laptop, along with several others. In addition to porn, I also had normal films and TV shows, which I watched to improve my knowledge of the English language.

But how could parents know? They never bumped me over this matter... I remembered how a while ago my aunt Zina came to my apartment in Moscow and when she was walking into the kitchen she managed to read a small part of the rules I wrote for myself on a piece of paper that I attached to the door's glass so that I could see it every day and *remember*. The rules were as follows: do not masturbate; do not quarrel with mom; do not talk to yourself (stop fantasizing when it is not necessary); educate yourself and learn something new. The order might have been a little different, but masturbation was definitely in the first place.

I think at this point I should get a little ahead of myself and say that my parents never talked to me about sex at all, and therefore did not explain anything to me. Perhaps they even once saw me with the guy with whom we were fooling around out of childhood ignorance. I do not hold a grudge, but this is a lesson to other parents – you should teach your children about sex by yourself; but for that you need to know about sex yourself (I will talk about this important topic later in my book). At school, not only the teachers almost did not explain about sex, but also when in high school during biology lessons we were taught the anatomy of the genitals, many, if not all, students already knew about sex from the Internet, magazines, conversations with other people, and also from their sexual experience. Then the topic of sex caused some kind of weird smiles in adults, which psychologically had a certain influence on me, and I could not talk about sex as an ordinary thing that does not bother you at all.

At the dacha I tried to write something, but my head was constantly tired because of my imagination, and I could not work for long.

When I arrived in Moscow, I decided to go to a free lecture of one film producer from America. The only thing I took away from there was a saying about a cat sitting on the window, meaning that you should not give up if the first pancake came out lumpy, as they say in Russia. I also could not notice yet another blonde who came to the lecture with her friend. As it was usually the case with me in those years, I did not dare to go up to them and simply ask if they liked the lecture, for example, or whether they were writing something at that moment – in other words start a conversation.

That evening, when I barely walked a few hundred meters from the venue for the lecture, a blonde woman stopped me on the street and asked a question that seemed a little strange to me at the time, since I thought that she should have known the answer herself. After some time it dawned on me that perhaps she wanted to get to know me in this way, but because of the difference in age, or because of the facial expressions of my slightly strained face, or because of my lip – and maybe due to all three reasons – she did not try to continue our communication then. Of course, I understand that I can be mistaken about the real nature of the whole episode...

I think that because of the mixture of some religious texts that I read a long time ago in my search for the meaning of life, and because of the seemingly endless demands of my body to have sex, which often prevented my mind from being completely concentrated, I almost began to consider sex to be a sin and something bad.

Perhaps it was the above-mentioned events that caused the next dream, in which the merchandiser girl I liked and that not at all shy guy had sex. She lay on her back on a bed that was standing as if in pitch darkness, and his body was perpendicular to her – this was the same pose that Natasha and I tried for the last time, but then I still did not see this symbolism... I woke up and I had a very unpleasant feeling from that dream. There were several reasons. Firstly, I still liked that girl. Secondly, for a long time I tried not to think about sex since I already began to experience negative emotions when I heard from conversations of real people that they were having it. Then I thought that dream to be almost a mockery of me, not understanding its true meaning – that dream could have been another *lesson* for getting rid of *errors*...

Mistakes continued to be made, but there were also very positive periods in my life, one of which was destined to become the calm before the storm...

It was autumn, and I was finally able to put up with baldness – I found myself a suitable hairstyle that hid the bald patches of the head. The girls also liked it, as some young ladies clearly paid attention to me. One of these girls was walking with her friend along the street and constantly looked at me. I had just left a paid dental clinic then. I went there after accidentally detecting caries on the lateral side of the lateral tooth, but since there was a two-week queue in the free city hospital, I decided that it would be better to spend some of the money that I still had then, but fill the tooth as soon as possible. The first day I went to the clinic, I was not well – both because of masturbation, and because of an obvious upset stomach. The operation on the tooth was postponed to another day. Leaving the building, I was pleasantly surprised to see my dad, who by himself decided then to come for me and take me home, since the clinic was not in my neighborhood, but in his.

Another good news was that I put up with my lip, forcing myself to believe that there must be an operation that will restore the symmetry, and I would definitely do it when I am in the USA. Since I did not want to look for a girlfriend because of the tireless desire to leave the country, I had no great reason to solve the lip problem in Russia.

Humility with the two main negative realities of my body made constant fantasizing an unnecessary thing, as I no longer experienced stress while realizing that I had those problems with my appearance. In addition, I with benefit used my imagination for writing scripts, which also helped me, since I did not have a vacuum due to the lack of old habits – I simply redirected the negative erroneous action, habit, to doing useful work. I then wanted to use my imagination only while working on scripts, and by and large I managed to do it.

Earlier, I often had the thought that the fact that I needed to meditate to calm my mind meant that I was “worse” than other people who could be focused on the present moment without meditation. But I was able to overcome those thoughts and began to meditate on breathing every night, and noticed one simple truth – you wake up in the same mental state as you fall asleep. Then I always fell asleep a very happy and inspired person. And if earlier I could have problems falling asleep, in those days I fell asleep in a couple of minutes, just lying in bed without thinking about anything at all and not concentrating on anything. I woke up in exactly the same condition as I fell asleep that night. I was full of happiness and enthusiasm for the new day with its new studies and work on my scripts – and so it went on for a short time. If I used paint to show my spiritual and emotional state in those two years of my new life, it would be mostly bright colors which would only in some places have specks of dark tones...

I signed the scripts with an alias. It was an American name, because I did not want to have mine then, trying to get away from who I was and trying to forget about my life's story.

Around that period of my life, I had a dream about New York. The city, which I often looked at with such admiration and charm on the Internet, felt just like Moscow. There was a slightly different architecture, but on the whole it could have been an ordinary Moscow district. And that was the main idea that I had in that dream – that the USA is exactly the same country. When I woke up, I reluctantly agreed with this “message”, but, while still being very stubborn, I did not change my

goals. In fact, until that moment I did not really want to learn anything about the USA because I used to have a strange desire of unknown origin to be a “pioneer” and personally discover America once I was already in it. I did not want to learn about the country beyond its borders from other people's life experiences.

I also noticed that when I was completely relaxed, the asymmetry of my lip due to my old bite was almost invisible. This was a confirmation of my long-standing reasoning that the muscles of my right cheek, which I felt was more tense during fantasizing than the left, also played an important role in the fact that the lip seemed very crooked under tension. I should have been happy with this, but since there was still a barely noticeable asymmetry, I sadly thought to myself then that now there was no point in going to the doctor, and, accordingly, this asymmetry would remain with me for life.

Another consequence of my relaxation was that my eyes also relaxed, which also completely restored my vision that was somewhat blurry when my brain was overburdened. While still working as a courier, I even went to the ophthalmologist for eye diagnostics, but as it turned out, in my case I just needed to relax my mind and body in order to regain my vision.

In general, I was very optimistic about my future. I just wanted to live a happy life, believing that everything good should be given just like that. I thought that bad things and negative periods in my life, like my stuttering, were just accidents of our existence.

From time to time, I thought about going somewhere and asking women and girls what they thought about my appearance. Did they consider me beautiful and did my lip and balding head bother them? I never did this, which was one of the mistakes.

I noticed an unusual thing when while being outside, I could often get out of my mind and be focused on reality, but each time I entered my apartment I would immediately see how I was losing this state of mind and becoming absorbed in my thoughts. Perhaps the thing was that at home I had nothing to cling to with my attention, as everything was the same old way in our apartment, or it just reminded me of the past and the present... After some time, I began to gain focus of mind at home too, but I would still get absorbed in my mind after each arrival of my mother from the village, since I could no longer be in silence.

Here I need to talk about one very important and unusual incident in my life. There was a time when I caught a cold on the street, and at home I had a runny nose, a sore throat, and a fever. I knew that I would be ill for at least five days, since for about such a period I had always recovered before. Also, my mood always worsened greatly during the illness. At that time, I did not want to lose all the joy and pleasure of life that I gained through meditation and concentration on reality. It is a little hard for me to explain what happened next, but I will try my best. I was in the toilet when I decided that I would not be depressed because of all the sensations that we feel during illness. Then I realized that those painful feelings are simple data that must exist so that we can find out that there is a virus in us and we could take appropriate measures, and therefore there is no reason to experience bad emotions due to painful sensations, since those feelings are neither good nor bad – these are just data that we feel in this way for our own protection. I immediately turned that new way of thinking into reality and was *instantly cured!* I had absolutely no symptoms of the disease. The only reminder that the disease had really just existed was an unusual sensation in my throat that lasted for a couple of days. I felt that sensation for the first time and have never felt it again. The best way I can describe it is a sensation of throat that was sore and then was instantly cured. Then I did not know what, or who, is the cause of such healing, but I found the answer to this question after some time later...

Due to the fact that I did not want to meet girls, I continued to masturbate from time to time, because thoughts about sex prevented me from thinking, and the urge to masturbate while browsing porn sites was quite strong at a time when my defense was breaking through, and constant thoughts about sex consumed my mind after all...

All that has a beginning has an end. It was two years since I found my answer about stuttering. To this day, I consider those years to be the best in my life, since then I for the first time started to

really live a free life, and I had many choices. Yes, there were problems, but I no longer ran away from them, and tried to solve them... but I was not solving all my problems, thinking that I would solve them in the future... which never came.

Because I continued to masturbate, not wishing to redirect the time spent on masturbation and pornography to searching for a girlfriend and love, my health could no longer recover quickly enough after each such session...

Once I went out for a walk. I remember exactly how while walking along Bul'var Marshala Rokossovskogo I tried to concentrate on my breathing in order to slow it and my pulse down. Previously, with normal meditations at home, I could successfully normalize both breathing and heart rate, after which I felt perfect. This time it was different. On Boytsovaya Ulitsa I started experiencing strong coronary symptoms and my mind became cloudy. It was very scary, and I immediately went home. I felt very sick during the whole walk, and I was just thinking about getting to the house and not falling down somewhere. The distance to the house was not at all great, but because of my panic it seemed painfully huge...

Since then I was in bed for a long time, not being able to walk even a few meters, as I began to have difficulty in breathing and I was overcome by an almost all-consuming panic. My heart then beat very hard, and if before by a new day the pulse returned to normal, during those times my heart was beating constantly. At one time an old acquaintance came to my apartment, and when I opened the door I could barely stand on my feet. I do not know how I did not fall then... And when I was washing, I could not help noticing how a huge amount of hair began to come out of my head.

A door that was suddenly and loudly opened two years ago was no less loudly shut in front of me.

This was the third time that I could really say goodbye to this life, as I was disappointed in it. I did nothing bad to anyone: I did not harm anyone; did not lie to girls to sleep with them; stopped swearing with my mother; was educating myself and just wanted to live a normal life, just like everyone else – no more and no less – but it seemed that exactly and only I was punished. I was also disappointed in a capitalist-oriented society.

As before, I still had the last thread of hope, which was then Aura about which I had read so long ago and not so long ago I had thought about writing a screenplay where Aura would play a role. My idea was very simple – if Auras really exist, and people could see them in ancient times, then this means that anyone can learn to see them, including me. If I could prove to myself their existence, it would mean that in this world there is something more worth living for, that life is not an empty pursuit of money, which it is for many people of our time.

With these thoughts I typed in the Google browser “how to see Auras”...

Chapter 5. Thiaoouba

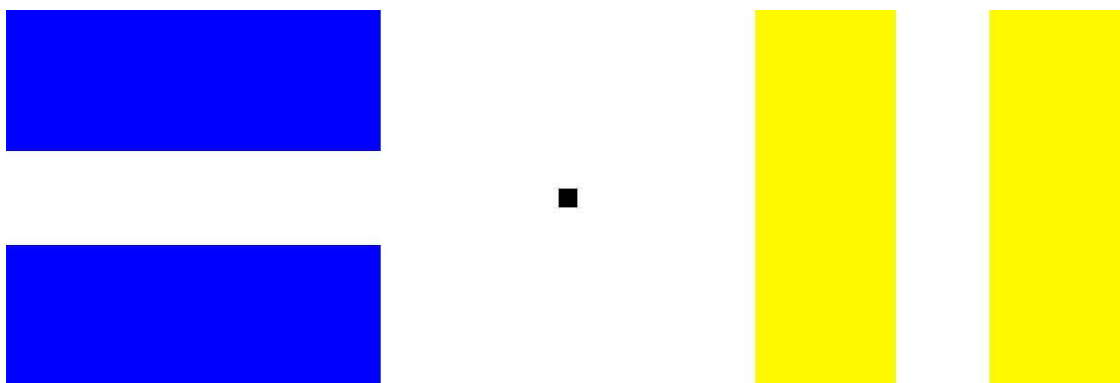
The first on the search list in that fall of 2008 was the website www.thiaoouba.com. The owner of the site, Tom Chalko, wrote about Auras and about an exercise for the eyes which, as he says, should help train the human brain for the vision of the Aura. That exercise consisted in looking with crossed eyes at a picture with a black dot in the middle and two circles on the sides. One circle was red with a thick horizontal strip passing through its center, and the other was blue, with a vertical strip of the same thickness crossing its center. During a crossed staring at that picture, both circles merge into one in our mind, and, depending on which hemisphere of the brain is active, it will seem that one circle is in front of the other. The goal is for a person to see a white cross in the middle of a single circle, which would mean the simultaneous operation of both hemispheres of the brain.

While reading Tom's website, I often came across the name of Michel Desmarquet, who wrote the book "Thiaoouba Prophecy". I was interested to know more about that person, and I found Michel's video lecture on Google Videos.

That lecture was very modest, and Michel Desmarquet looked very open, kind, and playful man despite his age. As I watched the video, it became clear to me that extraterrestrials took him to their planet, Thiaoouba, and with each new minute of watching the lecture everything was getting more and more interesting to me. I think it was the time when Michel started talking about Auras that I realized I wanted to read his book "Thiaoouba Prophecy". The fact that the free version of that e-book was officially posted on the Internet only strengthened my inner sense of the correctness of my decision to read Michel's book.

I read it in English, as I already knew the language quite well, only occasionally having to look in the dictionary. As I read the book, I realized within myself – as if something warm was "saying" in my chest – that everything that was written in that book was the *truth*. I had the impression that I had once known about those things, but then forgot about them...

In the book, Thao, Michel's mentor, said that the human body is surrounded both by an Aura and by an etheric force field of oval shape. Further in the book, it became clear that all people really could learn to see the Aura – this is not a gift inherent in any one person. Encouraged after reading the book, I began to diligently try to learn to see the Aura.



(This is my version of the circle exercise. Here I am using squares instead of circles.)

I started with exercises with colored circles. I put a pen between the black dot of the image on the screen and my eyes. Having focused my eyes on the tip of the pen, I began to bring it closer until the two circles started to overlap each other. Soon, I was able to remove the pen and still maintain

the necessary focus with my eyes. I realized just as quickly that I could *consciously* switch between my two cerebral hemispheres! If the right hemisphere of the brain was active, then the left circle overlapped the right, and in the case of the left, the right circle was in front of the left. I managed to create a cross for a while – a sign of the simultaneous work of the two brain hemispheres.

But one thought did not leave my head – such a crossed position of the eyes is not *natural*! I believe that this exercise is very well suited for a short self-teaching about the simple truth that we can consciously activate different parts of our brain, because we can instantly see the result when different brain hemispheres are activated. Although now, when I am writing this book, I understand that if you move the picture away and move the focal point of the eyes as far away from the eyes as possible, the sensations cease to be uncomfortable.

I decided to do one experiment, recalling how my mother said that my great-aunt Koka could write with both her left and right hands. I had been writing with my right hand all my life and I wanted to see if a simple activation of my right hemisphere could help me write with my left hand just as well as with my right. To begin with, I just started to write with my left hand, without thinking about which hemisphere is active – and since I am right-handed, this is usually the left hemisphere. The result? My left hand clearly refused to cooperate with me and, not listening to me, drew scribbles that only remotely resembled the letters of the Russian alphabet. Then I switched the hemispheres of the brain, activating the right one, and I instantly began to write with my left hand just as well as with my right one. At that moment, my left hand was completely under my control, and I no longer felt any awkwardness in movements. It was as if I could always write with my left hand.

That experiment showed and proved to me once again that we have control over our own brain and its work. With this knowledge, I went online to read other websites where people shared their thoughts on how to see Auras.

On one such website a woman said the following: you had to sit in front of a mirror with a light, white background behind your back, so that it becomes easier to distinguish colors. In this position, it was necessary to make the left eye look behind the left ear, and the right eye past the right ear respectively. It may sound complicated, but I managed to do it during my first try. Then you need to imagine how the information from the eyes enters the front of the brain. I managed to achieve this too, and at that very moment I suddenly began to clearly distinguish two colored layers around my body. The first layer from my body was of a purple color, and its shape was almost round at my head, gradually diminishing in thickness as it went down to my shoulders. The second layer, which was several centimeters away from my body, was dark blue in color, and its outlines no longer resembled as much the silhouette of my physical body as it was with the first layer. From surprise and excitement, I quickly lost my focus and could no longer see those levels.

For some time, I believed that those layers I saw around my body were the Aura. One reason I thought so was because the first purple layer very much resembled in shape a halo around the saints – but not in color.

Having a lot of free time due to being unemployed, I experimented a lot in trying to learn to see Auras at that time. Some people on the Internet were saying that Auras of people can be seen simply by looking at their photos on a monitor screen. I thought that I really began to see something in the photographs of people on a white background, but then I realized that these were simple afterimages from looking at one point for a long time. People confuse them with Auras only because it is very difficult not to move the head and the eyes during a long staring at the image, and after such movements the afterimage also shifts slightly in different directions, expanding because of this and creating the impression that the edges of objects on the photographs begin to emit colors in different directions.

I also remembered the fact that when Thaora gave Michel a temporary gift of seeing Auras, he apparently activated Michel's pineal gland for this. And then I thought that if I can activate different hemispheres of my brain, then we probably can consciously turn on other parts of our brain!

And then one evening I was lying in bed, looking at the palm of my hand on a white background of the screen of my laptop, trying to concentrate on different hemispheres of my brain in order to see the Aura around my fingers. I think that it was exactly when I started trying to activate my pineal gland that a stream of thoughts flew out from the front part of my brain into space. I do not remember the contents of those thoughts since this was my first telepathy experience that happened by accident.

At night, I had a dream in which I stood in the bath, and in front of me was, as I identified her, Thao. I asked her about the green and yellow colors that I thought I saw in my Aura. She looked a little to the left of my head and said that she saw black in my Aura in addition to other colors that she did not talk about.

I woke up and felt in the forehead area something like a channel, which, as the girl Anna tells on her website www.astralvoyage.com, connects all people and others. I read her website a little earlier in search of knowledge on how to learn astral projection and remote viewing, and when I sensed that channel, I immediately remembered her words.

The dream's theme itself reminded me of how my mom and dad tried to wash me in that bathtub when I was very little, and I rushed from one end of the bathtub to the other, as I was somewhat afraid of water. For some considerable time, I also did not know how to swim, and I was afraid to swim in deep pools, which is why I had to skip gym classes at school, when at one time we were taken to the pool at the local house of creativity. But I also remember how one day I came to another shallow pool and I was alone there. The whole pool was at my disposal, and on that day I easily began to swim and got a lot of pleasure from the whole process, as if I had never been afraid of water and always knew how to swim.

Several days passed and in the evening, while also lying in bed, I received a stream of thoughts that seemed to enter the front of my brain from the space in front of me. Those thoughts were actual pure thoughts – they did not have “words”. But even though those thoughts had no sounds or words, I understood that they were interpreted by my brain as English: “We won't/cannot help you”. I am not sure if it was “won't” or “cannot” since in their mental form they are very similar in meaning.

Since I had recently read the book “Thiaoouba Prophecy,” which I was constantly thinking about at that time because I knew in my heart that the truth was written in it, I knew that the message came from Thiaooubians, and from that moment I *knew* that the book is true.

Another important event in my life happened a bit later, when I was lying in bed and watching a tennis match on TV during the day. I was alone in my mother's Moscow apartment, and, as I recall, the windows were closed. My bed was far from the window next to the wall located to my left. During the break, I looked away from the screen. I was focused and did not daydream or think about anything. I clearly remember that it was then that I heard the English word “Look!” in several centimeters from my right ear. I immediately looked at the screen where in a close-up shot an electronic clock was showing 33 minutes.

Here two points need to be clarified for those who have not read the book Thiaoouba Prophecy.

First, Thao said the word “look” several times when speaking with Michel. I had never had cases before when I heard something, and no one was around, especially indoors. For these reasons I knew that it was Thao – which additionally showed, or, if you like, proved to me that the book is true.

Secondly, Thao gave something like a mathematical riddle during the demonstration of the Thiaooubian forest to Michel. Their year consists of 333 days. In one day they have 26 karses. A karse is a period of 55 lorse, and one lorse consists of 70 kasios. A kasio is almost identical to our second. If you would try to calculate the resulting sum, you would get 33 333 300 kasios (seconds) in their year. Being curious, I made this calculation when I first read the book and found interesting not only the fact that the total number of kasios in their year almost entirely consists of 3's, but also that only 33 kasios were required so that the final sum consisted entirely of 3's.

Since then, I see the number 33 very often. There were times when something or someone seemed to make me look at something – and there was the number 33. For example, while writing this

book I very often look at the clock when it shows 33 minutes. One of the numerological descriptions says that the number 33 means the presence of highly spiritual beings near a person. They want the person to know that he has their support, love, and friendship.

So, having at my disposal this invaluable experience, I knew that I had found what I had been looking for almost all my life – knowledge about what life and the Universe exist for. Since Thao “dictated” to Michel the details of his trip, when at the request of Thiaooubians he wrote his book about everything that he saw during his nine-day voyage, it became clear to me that you can safely trust everything that was written in his book – for all the details must be very accurate.

I was very glad to know that we are immortal, however my life was not without minor chagrins. One of them was caused by a conflict of truth with my thoughts, when before reading Thiaoouba I tried to find some meaning in the Christian faith. There is no point in writing about what I then imagined regarding souls and death, since my assumptions turned out to be wrong, albeit beautiful. But here is the *truth* that I need to tell you so that you can understand the further story of my life:

In the beginning there was nothing except darkness and the Spirit. The Spirit, or the Superior Intelligence, decided to create everything that exists materially to satisfy his spiritual need. In other words, the Spirit sought spiritual experience through the material world. The Spirit imagined everything: atoms, planets, stars, animals, people and all the events that will ever happen in the Universe – the Spirit imagined absolutely everything. When he had an overall view of what he wanted to create, the Spirit was able to instantaneously create the four forces of the Universe by his exceptional spiritual force. With their help, the Spirit prompted the first and most gigantic atomic explosion of all time – the Big Bang. The Spirit, being the creator of the Universe, will always be at its center.

During billions of years (for the Spirit it is all eternally the “present”) all the worlds, stars and atoms were formed. At certain times, in certain star systems, some planets cool down, on which continents and oceans form, rocks solidify, and soil forms. After some time, these planets become suitable for the emergence of certain forms of life. This first force Thao named “Atomic force”.¹

At this stage, the Spirit conceived the primary living creatures and many of the primary plants, from which later derived the sub-species. Thao called this second force “Ovocosmic Force”² since these creatures and plants were created by simple cosmic rays that ended up with cosmic eggs.

At the very beginning, the Spirit imagined experiencing feelings through a special creature, which is a human being. Thao called this third force “Ovoastromic Force”.³

I will focus on the third force in more detail.

When Thao just started talking about the creation of the Universe, she said: “On an ancient stone tablet, which I believe is *Naacal*, it is written: In the beginning there was nothing – all was darkness and silence.”⁴ – and then I thought to myself why would a representative of one of the three most developed races in our galaxy refer to ancient stone tablets? What is the reason for such a reference?

There is a law in the Universe which says that if a person (I do not know about animals) makes a mistake, then he should suffer for that mistake – instantly, after many years, or even lives, but *all* errors must be paid for. Because of this law Thiaooubians, as well as other people living on other planets, cannot serve us prepared food on a platter, so to speak. The Law of the Universe allows them, Thiaooubians, only occasionally to offer a helping hand to us, but for the rest of the time they would be making a mistake by helping us, and they would not have lived on the ninth category planet if they were making errors right and left.

¹ Michel Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet* (Arafura Publishing, 1999), 85.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid., 83.

It is worth saying that this is why the *real history* is important – the way it was, without any embellishments – because it teaches what is an error and what is not. People need to be very careful with the history since its distortion will not teach people the mistakes of their ancestors, which will lead to a new repetition of errors and, consequently, to suffering.

So, when I started looking for information about the Naacal tablets, I learned that they were written by the inhabitants of the sunken continent of Mu, which was located in the South Pacific – I know that from the book “Thiaooouba Prophecy” – and a man by the name James Churchward managed to translate them, after one of the three Indian priests who could speak that dead language taught him to read the language of Naacal, which was spoken in Mu. In his book “The Lost Continent of Mu” James Churchward translates the eleventh character, “Keh” as “the leaping deer”.⁵ It means “first man,” since the people of Mu knew that humans, unlike animals, did not go through the stage of evolution, but jumped over it, like a leaping deer.

As far as I understand, after the initial life was more or less formed on the planets in the form of animals and plants, “Ovoastromic” eggs, containing the first human beings, which were almost what we are now, began to emerge on some of these planets. Naturally, environmental conditions affect the appearance of people, but otherwise all people in the Universe are similar to each other – we can all learn to see Auras and communicate using telepathy, since, as a special creature, we have always had special “tools” for this.

The Fourth force had a very important role to play for it had to bring to fruition all that the Spirit had imagined. This force ‘inserted’ an infinitesimal part of the Spirit in the human body.⁶

There are nine categories of planets in the Universe. People who have never lived in the Universe are born on the planets of the first category.

After the death of the physical body, the Astral body of a person, or soul, flies through the psychic canal to the light, which is the Higher Self of that person. Each person of the first category shares his Higher Self with eight other people.

The Astral body itself contains about four billion trillion electrons that were created at the moment of creation of the Universe. The life span of these electrons is approximately equal to ten billion trillion Earth years. Each of these electrons has a “memory” and is able to store in itself as much information as is contained in all books that fill the shelves of an average town library.

When a person dies, 81 percent of the electrons reunite with their Higher Self and usually wait for a new incarnation, and the remaining 19 percent reunite with the electrons of the Universe and wait until they are needed to form a new body, tree, or animal. Due to some effects of static electricity, it is these nineteen percent of the electrons that can sometimes be visible in the form of a physical body, of which they used to be a part. Usually people call them ghosts. Sometimes I wonder if the remaining memory in the electrons of the Universe has any effect on animals and plants in the creation of which they are used – provided, of course, that all accumulated knowledge is not erased from those 19% of electrons that are not part of the Astral body.

Between a person of the first category and the Superior Intelligence there are nine Higher Selves. One of their tasks is to filter the sensations, or sensory experiences, that a person experiences during a lifetime in a physical body. These sensations are constantly transmitted by our Astral body to our Higher Self. If it has nothing to filter, these sensations go further to the next more superior Higher Self. Those sensations that pass through the filters of all nine Higher Selves enter the etheric “ocean” that surrounds the Spirit. If these sensations are based mainly on materialism, then the Higher Selves have great difficulties in filtering them. And if during the course of our lives we ensure that our Astral body benefits in the spiritual sense, it will gain more and more spiritual understanding. After 500 or even 15 000 Earth years, the Higher Self of the first category will have nothing left to

⁵ James Churchward, *The Lost Continent of Mu* (Adventures Unlimited Press, 2007), 24.

⁶ Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 116.

filter. In this case, after death of the physical body the Astral body of a person detaches itself from the Higher Self of the first category and joins the Higher Self of the second category. From this moment the person will live on a planet of the second category along with other people who have achieved similar spiritual progress. There they will learn the lessons that people must understand on the planets of the second category in order to get to the third category. This learning process takes place until a person is so perfect that he will be able to reunite with the Superior Intelligence, thereby ending his life cycle in this Universe.

When the Astral body reunites with its Higher Self after the death of the physical body, it assimilates all these truths.

Also, all material knowledge that has been accumulated during a life gets erased from the Astral body in the River of Oblivion, while spiritual knowledge remains in the soul forever.

Sooner or later, the Higher Self will offer the Astral entity to live a new life. After previewing its potentially new life, the Astral entity may either refuse to live the proposed life, or agree. In both cases, the acquired material knowledge is erased in the River of Oblivion – why we do not remember who we were in our past lives and what *must* happen to us in the future.

The Higher Self of the first category is capable of curing illness and resuscitating the dead. When I was reading these lines in the book “Thiaouba Prophecy”, I immediately remembered about my instantaneous cure, when I consciously made the choice not to experience bad emotions during the illness. I realized that my it was my Higher Self who healed me that day.

Then I read how the Higher Self constantly monitors what is happening to us and can intervene to help us – to save us from premature death, for example. This knowledge helped me find a clue for my childhood awakening at exactly five o'clock in the morning to go with my mother to the village. It became clear that I was awakened by my Higher Self back then.

Once I was looking for recipes for normal, healthy food and found information about “Sungazing”, or looking at the sun, which should nourish a person no worse than ordinary food, at least according to people promoting this idea. Since people often watch the sunsets, I decided that nothing bad would happen if I tried to look at the early sun for a few seconds. In order to protect myself, I learned that nothing bad should happen to my eyes if I looked at the sun in the first thirty minutes after sunrise and before sunset. Instead of setting an alarm, I decided to try to ask my Higher Self – aloud or to myself – to wake me up every morning at a certain time before sunrise. And I really was awakened at the exact time I asked for! Moreover, I seemed to feel that I was awakened by *someone*, and did not just wake up. At the moment of awakening I seemed to feel the presence of intelligence near me.

It was mid-spring. I continued to experience health problems, which made it difficult for me to walk even a couple of hundred meters from my house. I tried not to panic and clung to reality, which I now saw with new eyes, having at my disposal new knowledge and understanding about the world. It was not easy to find a place from which to watch the rising sun. But after a few days I managed to do it at one place in the middle of bare trees, and I was able to look at the sun for several dozens of seconds – maybe forty. When I got home, I went to bed to continue to sleep. As soon as I closed my eyes, I began to see a winding gray tunnel with dark stripes in front of my “eyes”. Apparently, I was “flying” through it who knows where. If I remember correctly, there were branches in that tunnel. Not understanding what was going on, I opened my eyes. Everything was absolutely normal. I was not dizzy or anything like that. When I closed my eyes, the tunnel was still visible, but soon this vision was gone, and I have never had it again.

When I woke up, I went to make myself sandwiches for breakfast. I always needed to eat at least three sandwiches so as not to be hungry. But when I bit off the first piece of the sandwich and ate it, I immediately realized that I was full and did not want to eat anything else.

Fortunately or unfortunately, when the next day I came to the place where I could normally look at the sun the previous day, I saw leaves appearing on the trees that were between me and the sun. I have never conducted a similar experiment again.

I believe that there is something in this sunazing, given that I really was not hungry after a good sleep for the first and last time, and this happened on the day when I was able to stare at the sun for a long time. But I must remind you that there is a chance of damaging your eyesight when looking at the sun. If you want to repeat my experiment – do it only after fully learning all the details of this subject. I will not be responsible if something happens to you.

It is worth mentioning that once I asked my Higher Self to wake me up only if the sky was clear at sunrise – there were many times when I woke up and the sun was hidden behind the clouds. And then on one such day I woke up on my own and, still lying in bed, I saw a completely clear sky. “Why didn't my Higher Self wake me up?” I thought. I got my answer when I went to the window and saw a wall of clouds hiding behind the roof of my house, moving from east to west.

Then I had another experience in communicating with my Higher Self. As far as I remember, I asked her (being a straight man, I often like to think of my Higher Self as “she” rather than “he” or “it”) about my dream with the mirror, because after reading the book I began to suspect that my Higher Self created for me that dream, which I often recalled, fearing that it was prophetic. And although I had many moments when I completely “got out of myself”, I could not live in such a pure state of mind for several days. Honestly, at that time it seemed to me that if it was not for that dream, I would not have returned to the old habits that estranged me from my humanity. While meditating, I asked my Higher Self about this dream and whether a disservice had been done to me. Having asked this, I realized that the dream was trying to help me and in itself could not influence me in any way. The fact of the matter is that since I let it take such a large part of my life and suffer for it, it means that I did not have the necessary spiritual understanding and knowledge, without which I cannot be born on higher spiritual planets and ultimately reunite with the Superior Intelligence. I immediately felt as if someone full of what could probably be called true love gave me a telepathically confirming “message”.

Returning to the book, I opened, and still open to this day, a lot of truths in it. One of them was what Thao told about the reason why they were all hermaphrodites on their planet, or rather, what she revealed about sex in general.

Man consists of nine bodies, and animals of three. In the book “Thiaoouba Prophecy” seven of those nine bodies are mentioned: physical, physiological, fluidic, Astral (soul), psychic, astropsychic, psychotypical.

Thao told Michel that the fluidic body affects the physiological body, which in turn affects the physical body. There are six main points in the fluidic body. We know them as Chakras. The first Chakra, which can be considered the “brain” of our fluidic body, is located between our eyes one and a half centimeters above the nose, and it is on the same horizontal level with the pineal gland, which is deeper in our physical brain. When Thao placed his finger on this Michel's Chakra, Michel was able to gain a temporary gift of understanding all languages. Further, at the bottom of the fluidic body and slightly above the sex organs is a very important Chakra, Mouladhara. Above this Chakra, and meeting the spinal column, is the Palantius. It is in the form of a coiled spring and only reaches the base of the spinal column when it is relaxed. It can relax only during sexual intercourse between two partners who should not only love each other, but also have spiritual affinity between them. Only at this moment and under these conditions will Palantius extend to the spinal column, transferring an energy and special gifts to the physiological body which then affects the physical body. In this case, a person will experience happiness in sexual enjoyment that is far greater than normal. Feelings of happiness differ between men and women.

Since Thiaooubians are the most superior race, their hermaphrodite bodies allow them to experience at will both male and female sexual sensations at the same time, which gives them a much

greater range of sexual pleasure than if they were mono-sexual. Thanks to this their fluidic body can be at its best, which manifests itself on their beautiful faces that look more feminine than masculine.

After reading these lines for the first time, all that I saw was what I lost and, it seemed, could not have in my life. I learned that sex is not only not a sin, as some people on our “Planet of Sorrows” believe, but it can also improve our health if we have it with a person of the opposite sex, with whom we have love and spiritual affinity.

Another truth that Thao revealed to Michel was the fact that people easily forget. For many years to come, I would discover and rediscover this truth, because if I remembered what Thao taught Michel Desmarquet and us in the third chapter of the book “Thiaoouba Prophecy”, I could make the right decisions in those distant years...

All this time I also tried to regain my health. I went outside from time to time, but I could not walk for too long because of problems with cardiac arrhythmia and the accompanying panic attacks. As for masturbation, the habit was so strong that even the fact that I knew that my Higher Self “saw” me, and maybe even Thao, could not outweigh the insatiable sexual needs. I had multiple moments when I simply could not function normally, because I could not stop thinking about sex and there was nothing else in my head. Masturbation to pornography helped temporarily clear extraneous thoughts from the mind.

One of my biggest “sorties” was a trip by metro to a store with cloth paint. After reading in the book that combining the colors of clothes with the colors of certain points in our Aura can improve our health, or keep it in good condition, and it is also essential for our good mental balance, I decided to try to dye my white shirt with the colors that I saw in those two layers that I saw around my head and body, still mistakenly believing that they were my Aura. Additionally, I was able to see two more levels, yellow and bright green, coming after dark blue, when I looked at my hand for a long time against a black background. So, I looked for four colors: purple, dark blue, yellow, and bright green. The trip was not easy for me, but I made it, although I could not find all the required colors. For the rest I went to a paint shop located near the Kursky railway terminal, which I knew well, often traveling from it to the village, and often visiting it while working as a courier. I found the colors I need. A cute young girl who seemed cheerful was working in the store. Smiling, she showed me the right shelf with cans. I noted then that I would really like her if it was not for the specific spots on her face. I still refused to learn that the most important thing is not appearance, but what is behind it.

At home, I printed a sine wave that I used to draw a pattern on a white shirt. The resulting pattern kind of looked like leaves. During my painting, a pigeon flew onto my windowsill. The bird had one of its legs always clenched into a fist – a clear injury for the rest of the life. I felt sorry for the feathered one, and I crumbled him a bit of brown bread into a plastic container where used to be butter. He eagerly pecked everything and flew away to return again on the next day, and then he returned again and again.

I dyed my shirt and I liked all the colors. I do not remember if I felt any visible changes in my feeling of well-being. I decided to try to sleep in it, because people who bought a bioresonant T-shirt from Tom Chalko noted that it had good effect on them. I did not want to buy his shirt, since it had all the colors in it, and not those that were unique to an individual person based on their Aura. And so I went to bed in my shirt, and when I woke up in the middle of the night I saw a colored pattern of my shirt in front of my closed eyes! I opened my eyes and did not see the pattern anymore. I felt fine.

One of the problems with my shirt was that it painted my body and it felt very uncomfortable. Unfortunately, after washing almost all colors faded and I did not like them at all anymore, and the purple color became pink. Having put on this “new” shirt, I hurriedly took it off as it markedly deprived me of strength! I tried to put it on again, but the effect was the same – I was clearly not feeling well in it.

I remembered then about a man who could lift a certain weight and constantly lost thirty percent of his strength after looking at the pink screen. Thaora mentioned this experiment in the

book Thiaoouba Prophecy. It was, of course, clear that those faded colors of the shirt had a negative effect on me, but I wanted to try something else. I decided to repeat that experiment by looking at the colors to see how they would affect my strength, for the measurement of which I used my rubber hand expander.

The control squeezing of the expander showed that I could only squeeze it slightly since it was very rigid – or I was weak. Then I started looking at different monotonous colors on the screen of my laptop for a minute and immediately tried to squeeze the expander. I found that some colors really gave me enough strength so that I could squeeze the expander to the end and I could hold it in such a compressed position for a long time that I looked at a color that gave me strength. Then I tried to see what would happen if after successfully squeezing the expander I would start looking at a color that was taking away my strength – and I really could hardly squeeze my expander – and if I then looked for a minute at a color that gave me strength, then I on the contrary, I could squeeze it again without any problems. I believe that this is not a bad way to roughly determine the principal colors of your Aura, without being able to see and read it. But, of course, it is still desirable to be able to see the Aura as this will greatly help in life. For example, the Aura may show diseases that have just started to appear. Also, if someone is trying to trick you, you will also be able to understand this by reading their Aura.

I continued to try to learn to see the Aura. If I could not see it constantly, I wanted to be able not to lose this vision at least for a long time. I recalled that when Thaora gave Michel Desmarquet a temporary gift of seeing Auras, he placed his touching thumbs on Michel's forehead, opposite the pineal gland, and the rest of his fingers touched each other at the top of the head. With this information, I decided to try activating my pineal gland in an attempt to see Auras.

I must say that then I still could not get rid of the habit of thinking about something in my head. Because of this my whole body was tense, and I could not always relax, which affected my eyes that turned red from the expanded vessels. I often had to go to sleep so that my eyes could recover since I was afraid to damage my vision because of my ridiculous and tenacious habit.

It was not long before I began to distinguish some purplish-violet energies that looked exactly like Auras that Kirlian camera could photograph. These were the very first letters of the “alphabet” that Russian scientists were able to photograph – as Thaora talked about. These Auras surrounded both my body and all objects in my room. The vision was amazing – because of which I would often lose my concentration. I practiced seeing my Aura in front of the mirror every day, and each time it became easier for me to see the Aura. Soon, I saw what Thao was talking about in my dream – black patches in my Aura. And at one time I remember clearly how I saw something in shape similar to a whirlpool rotating around my head and centered between my eyes. It was of dark and dirty colors. Does that whirlwind have something to do with the Chakra that Thao spoke of? I do not know.

As for the black color, it means negative and depressing thoughts – and I was in that very state, even though I had this new invaluable knowledge about life and the Universe. It was still very difficult for me to come to terms with the realities of my appearance and the fact that I began to go bald even faster because of my habit of masturbating and staying most of the time in my head – I successfully eliminated both from my life a few months earlier.

I noticed something else during my Aura vision lessons. The whole room, including the white background behind me, was constantly “painted” with a color that changed simultaneously with my mood.

I decided to try to do an experiment where I like an actor would try to bring myself into different emotional states. To do this, I spoke out loud and thought about different types of things. When I thought about joy and happiness, the color was yellow, and I felt very happy, joyful, and light in the body – in fact, I could not feel my physical body. But at the moment I spoke and thought about such things as money, cars, office and other materialistic concepts, the color turned red and my body immediately was becoming “heavy”, just like my mind.

There is a drawing of the seven Thaori, which was painted by the artist under the strict guidance of Michel Desmarquet – as far as I know, all such drawings have been refined many times in order to accurately convey the details that Michel saw on Thiaoouba. So that drawing shows the golden halos – which every person has, but are clearly visible only in very highly spiritual people and those who sacrificed themselves in order to help someone else. Additionally, there is another round layer that surrounds each of the seven Thaori. I think that that other layer, which is not a golden halo, is the very level of the Aura which its color shows the mood and emotional state of a person, and since the person is in the center of this “mist”, he has the feeling that everything around him is tinted with a special color – it is like looking at the world through colored sunglasses.

Usually this omnipresent color was purple, meaning spiritually oriented thoughts, which is logical since I am sitting in front of a mirror with the intention to see the Aura. At another time, when I tried to see my Aura in the mirror, I was in a completely focused and calm state of mind – I was here and now, having no inner thoughts whatsoever. Then the color of the completely surrounding me Aura appeared, and it was for the first time a sky-blue color. When I read its meaning on the Internet, it coincided with the state in which I was at the moment of observing that color of my Aura.

There was one moment when I still had doubts if that omnipresent color was my Aura. Since I already knew about the real existence of the Higher Self and Thao, I decided to ask them aloud whether what I saw was Aura. As soon as I finished my question, one of the light bulbs in the ceiling lamp blinked, frightening me from unexpectedness, and at the same time with my emotional change the omnipresent color turned to dark red, which showed my fear at that moment. Then I realized once and for all that it really was my Aura, and that I should not doubt the obvious. As for those two colored layers that I saw for the first time around my body, they were the first two layers of the etheric force field, the last level of which has an oval shape. Thao said that the Aura and the etheric force field can be confused, and I was one of those people who did confuse them.

In general, the result confirmed my thoughts that it is the activation of the pineal gland that affects the perception of the Auras.

Once, when I was lying in bed preparing to fall asleep, I decided to concentrate on my pineal gland, approximately in the center of the brain, and fall asleep in this concentrated state. Naturally, for this I needed to stop letting extraneous thoughts into my mind, which was very difficult to do, but I managed to do it that night. The result was overwhelming when right after waking up in the morning I could clearly see Auras dancing like flames of fire in my whole room! They looked exactly like Michel Desmarquet described them. This vision excited me so much that I lost my concentration, and myriads of thoughts flooded into my mind again.

I clearly remember how I realized then that seeing the Auras is so easy that because of this it is very difficult to learn to see them constantly. Why? Because for the constant vision of the Aura you should always be here and now, and only think of something external when the existing life situation really requires it – for example, when someone asks you about your past or when something will happen in the future. Despite the fact that at that moment I knew how amazing this state of mind was, I clearly understood that at that time and with those habits of mine I should not even dream of achieving it.

Due to the noise from the air conditioners and other reasons I decided to postpone my attempts to learn to constantly see the Aura.

Also, I could not help but think and worry how because of the noise life was passing me by. It was as if years of my life were being taken away from me, and I could not do anything about it.

Moving to my father's apartment was not an option because he could get very drunk at any time. I was also thinking about the option of going to live in the village, and if it was not for my health, maybe I would have done so. But since I could not walk a few meters from my apartment, there was no way I could travel to my village. In addition, there was no Internet there at that time, and

I simply would not be able to self-educate myself. Another obstacle was that we had an old village house, and in winter it would be very difficult to survive there.

Thinking about this, I sometimes began to slightly envy the Americans and their way of life, admiring their cities. I thought that in the USA I could live in my own house in the suburbs and have normal living conditions – water, communications, Internet, etc. In the villages of modern Russia things are somewhat different.

The unbearable atmosphere in the room due to the noise from the air conditioners became a barrier for other spiritual practices. In the book “Thiaoouba Prophecy” Michel Desmarquet was helped several times to get out of his physical body, namely, he was in his Astral body, in which he could freely move anywhere just by thought. I wanted to learn to do this, since it would confirm to me that the death of the physical body is not the end, but only the beginning of a new life in a new body – unless, of course, you have developed spiritually so much that you can reunite with the Superior Intelligence after death of your physical body.

I found a website where a girl named Anna teaches people to do remote viewing and how to leave the physical body – astral projection.^[3] She talks about her technique, “mind awake – body asleep”. “Simplicity is often superior to complexity”,⁷ as Thao said, and this time is no exception because the name of that technique contains everything you need to know to successfully leave your physical body. But there are a few details.

After reading all the information on her webpage, I decided to try to practice the new technique. Surprisingly, I quickly managed to achieve the state of a sleeping body and an awake mind – a state when your mind continues to remain in the present moment and the body falls asleep, that is, you do not feel it.

In this state, I began to feel my Astral body vibrating – a sign that you are on the right path to separating your soul from the physical body. On the advice of Anna on her webpage, I tried to think and imagine how my Astral body gets separated from the physical body, but nothing came of it. In the end, I just fell asleep. I woke up in the middle of the night, and for the first time in my life I realized that I was flying around the head of my physical body – up and down. Anna described such cases when people could not completely relax their entire body, and because of this the soul could not separate from the area of the body that was tense. In my case, this area was my face – because of my constant thoughts and imagination which strained the facial muscles.

Even though it was not a hundred percent Astral projection, because of the new sensations and personal experience I received, I *knew* that the physical body is not our main body, and since then I am no longer afraid of death, since I know that my Astral body will fly through the psychic channel to the Higher Self, with which it will reunite three days after the death of the physical body. During these three days a person can still be resurrected if the necessary conditions are satisfied.

As with Auras, due to the noise in the room, I was too exhausted psychologically and physically to continue practicing astral projection.

Around the same year, I took from my father a bedding set, the main color of which exactly coincided with the dark blue color of the second level of my etheric force field. When I went to sleep on that bedding set, I immediately began to feel a rotation in the area of my chest. At the same time, I had a clear sensation of fluid. This was the first time I felt a Chakra spin! Alas, I have been passing by the topic of Chakras for all these years that I have my knowledge about Thiaoouba, and, accordingly, about the actual existence of Chakras.

The knowledge that the book Thiaoouba Prophecy was completely true gave me a lot of joy, and at first I felt very good because I found answers to all the main questions that I had since I was five years old.

⁷ Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 67.

But there was one thing that from time to time saddened me and made me recall the dialogue of Cypher with Neo in the film “The Matrix” – Why did not I take the blue pill? The reason for this was a line in the book of Michel: “In the beginning there was nothing except darkness and a spirit – *THE Spirit*”.⁸ The word darkness brought me into melancholy, as well as another phrase a little further in the book which implies that there is only the Superior Intelligence and no one else – I think that my loneliness played a role here. But then I remembered Thaora’s words about Thiaoouba’s comparison with paradise and that the beauty of their planet is nothing compared to true happiness when we become pure spirit. If one of the most highly developed beings in the Universe speaks these words, it is logical to assume that I simply did not know all the details about who the Spirit really is and what real life is, so to speak, when we are pure spirit, and I felt sad due to the lack of knowledge. In any case, whether I like it or not, it will not change the truth, and therefore it is illogical to be depressed when you can choose to live happily.

Soon I realized that I loved my life as it was despite all the suffering that I had to experience in it – after all I could learn so much in my life.

About a year after finding Thiaoouba Prophecy, on October 8, 2009, I created a page on the Russian social network “ВКонтакте”. I decided to do it after I met my best childhood friend on the street, who hinted me regarding the social network. Before that, I already had my empty YouTube channel and in June of that year I created a no less empty Facebook profile. On “ВКонтакте” everything was different, and very soon I added to my friend list almost all the friends I could find.

Having talked superficially with a couple of old acquaintances, I went to look for VK groups dedicated to English. One such group was the English TV series group and the English films group. At that time, I constantly watched movies, TV shows, and all kinds of educational programs in English downloaded from torrents to improve my knowledge of the language, and one day I decided to upload a couple of seasons of one of the series to the group. Almost immediately the creator of the group offered me to become an administrator in it, and I agreed.

At that autumn time I almost did not go out due to problems with cardiac arrhythmia. And the noise from the bank's air conditioners forced me to constantly sit with my headphones on, listening to old music hits that I used to love to listen to on the radio, and reading something, or watching videos on my laptop.

Having become the admin in the English TV series group, I began to upload numerous seasons of various TV shows literally every day – some I watched and some I did not watch. People commented on the video and thanked me for the upload. I think that after many years of loneliness, ridicule behind my back and other negative things, all this joy, praise, and the illusion of communication with people that suddenly fell upon me intoxicated me. In addition, thanks to my new hobby, I could almost completely forget about all the problems that I had in my life.

Soon the group creator made me an administrator and in his other group for movies in English. As with the TV series, I started uploading films in English there so that other people could better learn the language as well.

Soon there were so many videos in both groups that it became hard to find them. Then I started to do navigation in both groups, so that people could find everything they needed by table of contents, genres, and other parameters. In addition to navigation, I made beautiful, in my opinion, icons for each of the TV series. To create them, I used a pirated version of one popular photo editor. I tried to use GIMP, but at that time it saved images in poorer quality than the paid counterpart.

After some time, there were so many TV shows that it became hard and time consuming to create icons in a photo editor, and then I decided to try to learn a programming language for Flash programs – ActionScript 3. The studying was easy for me, and soon I wrote a program that could do

⁸ Desmarquet, *Abduction to the 9th Planet*, 83.

in a couple of mouse clicks exactly the same icons as the photo editor. I uploaded it to the group so that other people uploading the TV series could make their own navigational icons.

Soon after, the creator of those groups gave me the contact of his friend, for whom I eventually did my first freelance work, having received about 1200 rubles. Then it dawned on me that it was possible to work remotely without leaving home.

The groups themselves were very popular then, having several thousand members in each. In general, everything was fine, at least I thought so. From time to time I had to delete messages with obscenities and ban spammers. There were other admins in the groups, but they literally did nothing at all, and as a result I was very exhausted by this “hobby” which became almost an unpaid job for me.

The people in the groups only spoke in English, and I tried to engage in dialogue outside of the comments on the videos. I remember how one sobering incident happened when I went into a discussion where people were leaving their opinions about the photograph of a person in front of them. I left a nice message about the photo of the person who left the last comment. The following comment after mine was: – “gloomy man”. It was very unpleasant for me to read this comment. I liked the photo I took with the camera of my phone. I made it specifically so that my hair hid the balding areas of my head, but my mental state was not hidden in that black and white photograph. Before that, I had an old photograph where I was about fourteen years old, when I still had no scar on my lip, and I was still beautiful and with full, slightly curled, hair.

It is a fact that because of that photo beautiful young girls added me to the friend list and asked me if the photo was mine. And one of them, the only one with whom I was having a conversation on Myspace, openly called me beautiful. That girl was from India. She was a little older than me. She found me in a group dedicated to the TV series “The X-Files”. I do not know why, just as I do not remember how, but in the course of our different conversations she said that she was a virgin. Among other things, I told her about Thiaoouba and about many other things that I mentioned in this book. We corresponded in English, and the conversation was not always easy because we both did not speak the language perfectly. I knew that she had another friend on Myspace who did not need to use old photographs to show everyone his beauty. The girl herself never gave me any pictures of her.

From the groups English films and English TV shows on “ВКонтакте”, a girl Ira and her friend on the network who, as it turned out, lived on a nearby street from me, also added me to the friend list. In the process of correspondence with me, Ira wanted to meet with me and with her friend. Then I became uncomfortable because of my appearance and my lip. I began to think that she might not like me, or that something even more terrible would happen, and because of the fear that had formed, I began to refuse to go to the meeting and I did not go anywhere. And could I go anywhere anyway with my serious health problems? Then I almost never left my house, lying in bed almost all day.

There were times when life forced me to urgently put my attention in order. For example, the time when my recently filled front tooth started aching too much. That year I had to fill eighteen teeth at a free city clinic, and the caries in that single tooth was not completely removed. Despite the terrible constant aching pain, I was able to be fully concentrated, which allowed my body and minds to relax and I was again completely healthy. The dentist cleaned the canals and filled the tooth, which only occasionally reminded of itself since then. But I remember how dental filling crushed my sense of sexuality; I felt “damaged”, which for some time affected my self-confidence and desire to seek relationships with girls.

This was another moment when I had yet another proof that psychology, and not masturbation, affects my health – which, of course, does not make masturbation the right thing. But we are only interested in facts, and they say that it was my displeasure and indignation that overwhelmed me every time after masturbating in porn videos, were the main (but not the only) reason for my poor physical condition. I still could not help but masturbate after abstinence for several days, as thoughts about sex did not give me rest. I often motivated this by the thought that I just would not think badly of

myself when I do my thing. But each time my mood fell significantly, and I blamed myself for my weakness, and my calmed heart began pounding again, which forced me to sit at home again.

There was another case that occurred in the fall of another year, when I decided to go out for a walk with a trembling heart. As it often happened at that time, I walked along the streets, but I hardly paid any attention to the environment, blaming myself in my head for all the mistakes I made. In the middle of Preobrazhenskiy Val street, not far from the Semenovskaya metro station, I felt unwell, and I began to panic greatly. I was very far from home – almost three times further than when I felt unwell on Boytsovaya Street. I stopped at the railway line and began to focus on things happening around me – the sound of car engines, the talk of passers-by, the views that surround me and the feeling of cold air blowing around my face – all that was reality around me. The result? I was completely healthy again, and instead of going back home I calmly walked on and turned onto Tkatskaya Street. I think that this was exactly the day when I was returning home along Borisovskaya Street, and along the very railway at the other passage of which I had to urgently put my mind in order, I first saw a passing train. Why am I mentioning this? I can only say that there is such thing as “synchronicity”, which more than once will play a role in my life.

Thus, I had an unusual dream in which I was killed in a shootout in some American store. Then a light appeared in the sky and in a deep male voice said something about life and work as a train driver in another life, glimpses of which were shown in the dream. It was a strange dream, but I can see a certain symbolism in it.

Returning to my experience with social networks, in the end I began to devote more time to Facebook where on May 15, 2010 I joined the group “Thiaoouba Prophecy XP”, dedicated to the book of Michel Desmarquet.

Then I gave that Indian girl a link to my page, but she was not interested in Facebook.

I do not remember exactly what happened next, whether it was some strange misunderstanding due to our not-so-good knowledge of English, or something else happened, but I wrote the Indian girl a final message where I wrote about my thoughts regarding the arising misunderstanding. The impression from her messages was that she wanted to be my girlfriend, but because of the great distances and financial situation this was impossible, even if this impression turned out to be true. I wrote her about this.

I think that in any case I was thinking of deleting my page on Myspace, since there was nothing on that former social network that would keep me there except for that girl. After my message I went to her page where it became more than clear to me that she was telling everything to her other beautiful friend, who wrote a comment about me, that he could not believe that such people could exist at all... So that this book does not get age rating of 18+ I cannot describe what I wanted to do with him if the anonymity of the Internet did not prevent me from finding him... I deleted my page, but the effect was felt for a long time... too long...

On May 24, 2010, I published a note in VK about my then experience with Thiaoouba and why I knew that that book was true and, therefore, the information written in it was very important. Given the lack of comments and one single “like” from an unknown person to this day, we can safely say that almost no one cared. To be precise, there was one comment from a long-time childhood friend asking me to let him “smoke the thing” too, but for some reason that comment is no longer under my note. In any case, my friend did not read everything carefully, or did not take the topic seriously (or maybe he just did not believe me), since we already have in our body everything necessary for seeing Aura, telekinesis, astral projection, etc., and therefore, we do not need to go to any special place and “smoke” something there to get this *natural* experience. In the end, I was able to learn to see Auras in a tiny room full of air conditioning noise! As for the use of substances, Thiaooubians clearly stated that hallucinogenic drugs remove our Astral body into another sphere in which it should not be. There it experiences artificial sensations that completely distort the judgment of a person. The Astral body

is saturated with false data, but its recovery can take more than one life – therefore, hallucinogenic drugs should be avoided at all costs (provided you do not harm anyone in the process).

There was a time when I woke up in the middle of the night to hear that same friend telling someone under my window bad things about me. It was not pleasant, but I continued to sleep.

In general, I then very often wrote something on my page and tried to communicate with other friends of mine, both old and new. I wanted to be the same as everyone else – normal. Sometimes because of this I spent a lot of time on all kinds of nonsense just to have the illusion that I was not alone. At least, I suppose that subconsciously this was the reason.

But I had some bright times too when I tried to take a break from VK and groups. Moreover, I removed myself from those two groups many a time, but then I asked the new administrator, whom we also often talked with from the time we met in the film group, to add me back and make me admin again. This may sound strange, but I could not get rid of those two groups. I could not live in that unbearable emptiness, which formed when I removed myself from them, and therefore I returned to have some activity again and not be alone.

At the beginning of August 2010, I created a VK group dedicated to Thiaoouba Prophecy. At the very beginning, there were several dozen people in it, some of whom even wrote something and asked questions. But then everything calmed down, and in that group there was almost no activity on the part of other people until this day, March 25, 2020. Fortunately, the situation is slightly different in the group on Facebook.

About a year had passed since I experienced the influence of social networks. During that year, I was still trying to write scripts, and sometimes I was able to get out of my mind and live in a refreshing present. But I essentially did nothing, except to spend time watching something on the computer.

That fall, I had a dream in which I was told roughly the following: “If you don’t start working, we will take you in November”. Under the words “we” and “will take” I understood that Thiaooubians would free my Astral body – in other words, I would die. This may seem surprising, but after all the troubles and continuing serious problems with health and housing, I realized that I not only did not want to die, but I loved my life and would not change anything at all if I was given a chance to relive it again. Yes, I experienced so much suffering, but I also learned a lot in this life, and I treasured that knowledge and my experience with Thiaoouba! And after that moment, I began to slowly make changes in my life.

One of these changes was that for the first time I found the strength to tell my old friends and acquaintances the whole truth about myself – something that I was thinking about doing when I went to the village during the first summer after I learned the truth about stuttering, but could not. I wrote that message for several days and wrote in it about everything that was true at that moment of my life: masturbation, stuttering, withdrawal into myself, Thiaoouba – everything.

It was not easy to publish such a message, since I thought something terrible would happen. In the end, everything was quite calm. I only remember that one friend wrote a remark about my habit to “jerk off” and its sad consequence, and the creator of the groups in English, on the contrary, said that masturbation is normal and everyone masturbates. I must say that I really thought up to the point that I was almost the only one on the planet who masturbated. One of the village friends that I mentioned earlier asked me how I was doing. And the long-time school friend who hit me at the ninth-grade exams said that he understood now what was happening then. There was only one acquaintance with whom we met in the TV series group that wrote something negative either about a blowjob for five rubles, or about “cowardice” – in any case, it was the easiest removal of a person from the friend list in my life; I will only say that one needs to have a certain degree of courage, as well as knowledge, in order to tell such a truth about oneself to other people in our modern society. In general – it was exactly the same day as all the others – nothing not only did not explode anywhere, but on the contrary, those who wrote in the comments reacted with understanding, and the majority just did not give a damn.

I deleted that note after a couple of months, because I decided that everyone who needed to read it had already done so, and new people in my life did not need to know all these details about me...

In fact, even though I made then a huge step towards my release, I was still a slave to my mind, imagination, and psyche, which was the real reason for deleting that note. And so, many years later, I am writing this book, which I am going to publish for the whole world, and not for a limited number of friends...

Another change was that I was finally able to not only once and for all leave the groups of movies and TV shows in English, but also deleted *everything* that I uploaded there *myself*, since I did not want to have anything to do with piracy and copyright infringement of others of people.

Needless to say, such a course of events did not appeal to all people. The group creator, who was always friendly to me, decided to call me an “idiot” because I deleted my videos before removing me from his friends. And he was partially right, but he was mistaken in one thing – I was an idiot for having connected the year of my life with these groups, but now I know that events simply could not have developed differently... but more on that later.

Another woman removed me from her friends, saying that she considered me an interesting person. But the question arises – what had changed in my “interest-ness” if I just deleted a few hundred, maybe thousand, videos? I realized my mistake, accepted it, and tried to reduce the damage. Is self-improvement not something interesting? And in everything else, I remained almost the same person that I was at that time.

In the group itself there appeared those people who before that did not dare to swear, as I tried to keep order, and now they had a chance to express everything that they thought about me. But, fortunately, there were those people who supported me, and some of them remain in the list of my friends till this day. Someone might say that in the end I just got rid of the weeds.

All year I tried to be noticeable in VK. I think I did not want to be alone. But then came the realization that the monitor screen cannot replace the real feelings of real life. I began to visit VK less often and I was alone once again. But then I was alone all that year, I just could not see it...

It is worth saying that I also received other messages in dreams telling me to work.

I will also mention that many years later I decided to remove absolutely all pirated programs from my computer, and now I have either purchased or free programs installed.

I have long noticed that my life was periodic, and my note could be the starting point of a new period in my life. I then once again became concentrated on the real world, and began to wake up in a happy state of mind... then I realized again how easy it was to live in the present, and that it took almost no effort – it does not matter how much you are “lost” in yourself; if you have the *knowledge*, then you can choose to focus on reality when you want it – ideally always, unless otherwise required from you. But then this simplicity raised a question in my head that would pop up more than once in the coming years – why could not I make this simple decision before I lost my health and began to lose lots of hair because of my stupid actions? After that question self-hatred would follow, followed by thoughts about the past and what could have happened, so that those thoughts could then mix with fantasies.

Chapter 6. The Search for Self

I was glad that I found the truth about life, but along with clarifying the secrets of the Universe, other realities of my being became clear. One of them was that it became even more difficult for me to find a girlfriend, because now the girl not only had to be not against my appearance, but she also had to be at least not against my knowledge. This awareness could not but strengthen my feeling of loneliness and depression. Sometimes I thought that I did not want to ruin a potential girlfriend's life with myself.

Thao said that new generations on Earth are approaching a turning point and are undergoing a process of self-examination, and they feel even more lonely than other generations before them. She mentioned that if we want to “elevate” ourselves we need to first meditate and then concentrate. Thao said that people often confuse the two terms. I assumed then that my “meditation” on breathing and surrounding sounds was actually a concentration, and meditation was the very state when your mind is relaxed and focused on nothing – you are simply here and now – a state of consciousness similar to that which I experienced that morning when I saw Auras.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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