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## DEATH VALLEY

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Big thanks for Andrius Lincevičius

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*Everything can be achieved while doing nothing...*

## PISCES

Today I traveled through the Death Valley. It is big, bigger than eyes can see... But my eyes did not look up today. My eyes were looking down to my hardly moving feet. Kicking bumps, making a dust clouds behind me. I did not recognize my body. My hair, flying in the wind, did not seem to be mine. My tired body did not seem to be mine. This body was just carrying me through the desert.

I know that I am alone, because nobody can go with me here. Nobody can follow me here. No Guru can give me advice and no friends can support me at this moment. It is a long road through Death Valley. This is the last try.

“Will I find you?” my lips were whispering. “Will I find you? Will I? I hope that you will meet me. I do not see you because you are the Lord. How will I recognize you, if you are the Lord?”

I looked up to the sun. It shines but it still is chilly. I thought about India. Why is the sun always warmer there? I looked up to the east. They live there... They do harvesting... I swallowed the reality of this moment. I am in the Death Valley... I go slowly with my journey through the dust and the cold sun flying in the wind. “God, please meet me on the other side. We have to meet. I do not care what happens next. I am coming home. To You. I have no idea, how this desert will transform into heaven... I do not want heaven... Please let me home.”

I do not have nothing to hold me here. This is my last life here and it is ending here in Death Valley. I know that I will never come back here. I know that I will become something. I have no idea what.

“I will let you stay here, but you have to do something,” he was speaking in my mind. “You have to meet someone and help this person as much as you can.”

“What do I have to do? I have no illusions,” I was arguing. “I give You my heart every day, let you control my day, and let You wish my wishes... I think You please my ego. You let me wish what my ego wants.... By devoting to You, I wish You would want something different from me - altruism, soul, meditation... However, every day I wish the same and the same... My every wish is filled with ego, and every my step brings a satisfaction and payback... “

I wait silently for His answer. The Valley is the same and I slowly drag myself through the dust. After a couple of moments, I stop and put my hands up to the sky.

“God, are you kidding me? I am waiting for Your answer and You are being quiet. You cannot leave me like that. If You started to talk, please, finish it. What do You want from me?!” I was screaming.

Silence in my head was playing a humming sound. He is still silent. I cannot stand such kind of moments. It always seems as if God hung up on me. Is He angry because of what I said? What did I do wrong?

Slowly Death Valley started to change and became a frosted spring ground. I realized that I am out of meditation. There is my devoted dog Yodulis. He always guards me, when I am meditating. Perhaps, my dog feels when I walk with him through the fields and cross the reality border to meet with God, where the material world cannot go. My body goes through the fog. My mind is somewhere in the unreal world, and my material body stays in the material world. Yodulis runs around my walking body and guards me from any obstacles. I call it Death Valley because it seems that, when you cross the border, you will step into your inner world. But if you go too far, your material body will be dead, because your soul will leave it. I always wish that one day I would cross it. God always hangs up on me and I have to return.

## ARIES

There was a guest waiting for us at home. “Where have you been? It is so cold,” Oksana asked, while getting out of her car. I met Oksana while at University, where we attended the same dance therapy classes. “I could not reach you on the phone. You live in the middle of nowhere. And you never know what could happen.”

“Nothing is happening to us, calm down,” I replied laughing and closing the gates. “It’s not the middle of nowhere. It is just the suburbs.”

I opened the door and Oksana jumped into the house. Of course, a city girl dressed in summer clothes, light blouse and light summer blazer cannot keep her warm at all. How do these people do that?

“Okay, let’s make some hot tea” I laughed, looking at my freezing guest. “How are you? What is new?”

“I was in India” secretly told Oksana. That was really surprising to me.

“No way,” my eyes popped out. “Why did you not tell me? What did you do there?”

“You will not believe how exciting the trip was,” she started to tell me excitedly while I was fixing tea. “University organized a trip for the professors. Of course, I had to pay for the trip. But it was worth it.”

“So what did you do there?” I asked impatiently. “Why would university send professors to India? I would understand if that had something to do with this country. Does the official healthcare going toward Ayurveda?”

“Are you kidding? It’s the opposite,” she laughed. “One charity organization in India started a project for birth control. There are some conditions for the trip. You have to pay for the flight and then everything there is free. They will show you the country, cultural wonders and you

will have to do a seminar about birth control. It is a big taboo about this thing in India. They live their life pretending there is no sex at all. The same was in the Soviet Union. “

“No way,” I doubted it. “No way. They have Kama Sutra. Every family plans the child’s birth according to the layout of the stars.”

“You kidding,” Oksana laughed. “Perhaps it was at some time. Now, Kama Sutra is just for foreigners. It is printed only in foreign owned publish places and sold just to tourist. India people are illiterate. Do you think they plan the child’s birth? Imagine they even do not know when the child was born. They look at the kid and decide if the kid is tall enough to go to school. Then when they need to fill the papers, they pick a date out of thin air. And I am not talking about the day. They do not know the month or year. Perhaps, it is not the same through all of India. But in the countryside, it is absolute illiteracy.”

“It is hard to believe it.” I was surprised. “India is a country of astrologists. How can they not know the birth date of their child?”

“I am telling you,” Oksana swore. “There is absolute illiteracy in the countryside. They get married very young. They know nothing about sex. Dawdle. They give birth to children one after another. They have no food. They try to find a job. I am so sorry for the women in India. They are paid much less than men, but work just as hard as men do. They carry bricks, gravel, dig holes, and work just as hard as men do. And because they pay women less, they hire them more often than men. That is a disaster there...”

“So you are saying someone decided to take care about sex education?”

“Yes, we prepared very simple and primitive course of lectures about menstrual cycle and about fertility cycles. We tried to explain that kids come from men’s sperm and they have to be ‘afraid’ of it,” Oksana laughed. “We opened many secrets how to avoid pregnancy naturally. I know these poor people will not buy condoms or pills to prevent

pregnancy. I would be scared to give contraceptive pills to these ignorant people. It is scary to leave them without any supervision. India needs education and particularly sex education. “

“It cannot be that everywhere in India, everyone is so illiterate about sex education?” I doubted it.

“Yes, of course, not everywhere,” told Oksana, while warming her hands on a hot cup of tea. “Not everywhere. ... In the countryside or shantytowns. There are better educated people in the cities.”

“Who started the educational project? Indians or Europeans?”

“Indians,” seriously answered Oksana. “There is such an Ashram or monastery. The word, Monk, means devotion to God but not living alone as we have here. Monks can have wife and kids there. One Ashram takes care of poor families. Finally, he understood that the problem with these families is they have too many kids. From here comes all of the problems. Kids do not have education because you have to pay a lot of money for school. ... Too many people, no education, no culture, no progress. Just a trash, dirt, diseases, and poverty. If there would be fewer people in India, everything would be different. I saw a lot in India. “

“You got lucky here,” I was happy for Oksana. “You got an interesting experience.”

“Yes. And our university invited monks of this Ashram to Lithuania,” dreamingly, added Oksana.

She ran her fingers through her black hair. I would say that Oksana looks a little like she is from India.

“What are they going to do here?”

“Actually, I do not know. We are just doing some projects,” she smiled. “It is hard to go to Europe from India. They cannot get visas.

They do a tremendous job, you know. That is what they need to do, even if it looks like an uphill struggle. To control birth in India means to go against the culture and traditions... But if you will do nothing, India will be a very poor country. These people showed us a lot. They took very good care of us while we were in India. They treated us like a God. They pampered us, fed, drove us, and gave us presents. That is why the university decided to do a seminar about Ayurveda. These monks are Ayurveda doctors. So, they will share their knowledge with us. I think it will be interesting. Of course, they heal people with herbs and mantras. I do not think we can use that here. But there was nothing else I could think of.”

“What is the use for them from this seminar?” I asked.

“I don’t really know,” Oksana doubted. “They think that there will be people who will want to know more about yoga and mantra, so that they can teach classes and make money to use in India. That is child-like thinking. Our people will not give them as much money as they will pay for the trip to come here... I do not think that somebody will be interested in these classes at all. We need to help do this from Lithuania. We need a place to do this and we need to invite people, make arrangements. They expect that we will take care of all of this as they did while we were in India. But they do not understand that no one will give their time to do that,” Oksana laughed again. “They are very optimistic God’s children. They leave everything up to God. They just asked us to send invitations and that is it. In addition, they say that everything will be in God’s hands. They said that they have people in America who are doing very good there with their teaching. All of the money from there is sent to poor people in India.”

“Invite me to that event too,” I asked.

“That is why I am here,” replied Oksana.

“Yes?” I laughed. “You knew that I would be interested in it?”

“Not really... Someone is interested in you,” she started to intrigue me. “Do you remember a picture you sent to me?”

“Which one?” I could not remember.

“Where you and Yodulis were in the field...”

“Oh, that one,” I remember once I was walking with my sister and the wheat was blooming in yellow. I stepped into Death Valley again. I talked to God again while Yodulis was guarding me and not letting my sister come close to me. She was scared. She did not know what was going on. However, she did not have any choice but to follow me while I was talking to God. She took a picture of me with her cellphone. This is a strange picture with a double background. Me in a meditative state and my dog growling at my sister. This is a very strange surreal picture. I sent it to Oksana on Skype together with the other pictures. Oksana said that this particular picture is very special, but could not explain why. “Yes, I remember that picture.”

“So,” my friend kept talking. “One night I was showing pictures to monks at the hotel. When I opened your picture, one of them stopped me. He looked at your picture for a while and then said: ‘I need to meet her one more time.’ I asked what he meant saying ‘one more time’. He did not answer. He just asked repeatedly to introduce you to him. I promised.”

“Wow...” I did not know how to react. “Did he explain why he wants to meet me?”

“No, he did not,” Oksana laughed. “Perhaps he liked you. He is young and single.”

“Young and single?” I laughed with her. “Is he handsome too?”

“Not bad, not bad...” while laughing she took something wrapped in a red cloth out of her big purse.

“He told to give it to you. It barely fit in my luggage, but he insisted I bring it to you. He said that you would know what to do with it. I am so anxious to see if you really know what to do with this...”

She handed me the package, and I started to unwrap the cloth. It smelled very good. I could not recognize the Eastern scent. There were Eastern flowers painted on the silk cloth. I found a statue of Ganesh. I knew that God of Hindu with the elephant head. Who does not know him? In addition, there was an Indian rosary with 108 beads.

“Now what? Does it tell you something?” Oksana was very anxious.

“Well...” I wondered. “This is a statue of Ganesh and this is a rosary. What should I do? Perhaps he expects me worship his God?”

“Aha, it seems as if he has some kind of plan,” A strange smirk was on Oksana’s face. “Oh, these Indians. Some of them are tricksters. You cannot trust them at all. However, this one is a good one. Very innocent. Although, even he may have the gene that tricks people hiding in his blood.”

The whole evening I was holding the gift I got from him. I walked through the rooms looking for the place to put it. I wanted to put it in a sunny place. It seems that it was sitting in a sunny place before because it had signs of sun fading on it. I thought that in its original place, it would look better than in my place. I went upstairs into my meditation room. I call it meditation room because I like to do important things for me in this place. The room is full of sun and is very cozy. You can step out on to balcony and enjoy the garden. I put statue on the table next to a white orchid. I decided that this would be the best place for the statue.

I looked one more time at the rosary. It had signs of wear. It even shines in some places from being touched. It was interesting to me why

he gave it to me. He does not need it anymore or is it very important cult's thing used in rituals? I put rosary next to statue. Oksana intrigued me with this India person. It is interesting, as to why he reacted in this way seeing my picture. It is still two months before his arrival. Perhaps, he will forget why he wanted to meet me so much.

Time passed and everything went away. I even started not to notice the statue when I went past it. It looked like the statue was here as long as the other things in my house. Every day from my balcony, I saw how the spring was changing my garden.

Slowly the frozen ground was beginning to thaw. Spring rains washed the ground. The sun was getting brighter and warmer, grass was growing, and apple trees begin to bud. I always would miss the beauty of the earth waking up after the winter sleep. I would notice the leaves on the trees and wonder when it happened. I had never paid attention.

This year was different. I always felt the urge to step out on the balcony and watch the change. This year I saw everything. Strange. I lived here for years and just this year I was experiencing this miracle of nature changing in the spring...

One day as I started to step out on the balcony I was stopped by a Ganesh statue. Exactly, I was stopped. It drew my attention as if it was alive. I could not pass by it. I just could not. I kneeled down to look at it. Just now, I noticed how beautiful it was... Strange? Was it so beautiful the whole time? Indian patterns on the carving in the spring sun looked amazing. It seemed that it was just a simple piece of wood, a piece of wood touched by an artist hands from India. Just for a moment, I thought about the artist. What is his destiny? But just for the moment only. All of his life I fitted into one deep breath. His life was not special. He was a very hard working person trying to feed his family like other people in India.

I was looking at the statue and felt love for it. I even do not know how to express it. Yes. It seems that is love. When I look at the statue, I

feel like my thirsty soul gets water. I looked at the orchid. Live creature. It seems I love it very much too. Perhaps spring is affecting me. It is just a pleasure to watch this flower and enjoy it. I looked at the Ganesh again. The same. I feel a pleasant happiness. Probably the artist was a good man. My thoughts flew to India and I tried to create a different line of destiny for this artist. He was famous. He carved when he had an inspiration to do this. People would buy his unfinished works, because everyone was rushing to order before people would grab it from under their nose. I was sitting like that for a half an hour. I did not want to go nowhere. I did not want to do something or even think. I was just enjoying and that is it.

The telephone rang. Somebody from work! I replied while stepping out onto the balcony.

"Gabriele, how are you?" my boss asked.

"Good. Enjoying the spring," I replied.

"I know that this is your day off, but I have a question that I want to ask you. I want you to move your vacation to next month. Would that be okay with you?"

"Next month? Hmmm. I have already planned something..."

"You are going somewhere? Do you already have tickets?"

"No, I wanted to go to a seminar," I said.

I was trying to get my vacation for the time when Oksana's people will come from India.

"What kind of seminar? I do not know for sure. For library workers?" wondered boss.

"No, no. Nothing about the books. It is about healing."

"Are you sick?" she asked.

“No, no. I am okay. Just will be interesting to listen to doctors from India, Ayurveda doctors...”

“Why do you need Ayurveda if you are healthy?” she wondered.

I decided not to argue anymore. It seems that she has a good reason to ask me to move my vacation. I am the new worker here and I should be willing to do what my manager is asking me to do to gain her trust.

“Okay, I think I will be okay,” I replied. I can move my vacation. I will make it happen somehow. The seminar will be just a few days. Perhaps I will find somebody who will help me.”

“Then all is good? Agreed?”

“Okay, yes,” I answered. “Do what you think is best.”

“Very good,” she seemed happy. “Giedre’s mother is very sick. She was asking to switch with you to be with her mother.”

“Oh, if this is the reason, of course you can change my vacation,” I replied.

“And we will think of something about your seminar. See you tomorrow.”

“Till then,” I said and hung up the phone.

I looked at the garden. Perhaps I think too much about this seminar. Perhaps it is not that important.

I left my window open for the night for the first time after winter. Spring was already here and it wasn’t cold, just a fresh breeze which helped me to go to dream land.

An elderly woman holding my palms and exploring them very carefully.

“You are not one of us. Never was”

Here comes a dark skin man in black and takes my palms and puts them very close to his face. While pushing them away from his face he says, “My eyes took your destiny. Now you are nobody’s.”

The woman takes my palms again. She looks at them and scratches my hand with her nail. Blood shows up. After a few moments she says, “You do not belong neither to us nor to them. You belong to God.”

She releases my palms. I looked at them and do not see any lines. I wonder for a moment. The man says:

“Now you are Prema”

I woke up with the feeling that the last word somebody just whispered in my ear. I wonder. I looked around. I looked at the open window. The curtains are moving a little bit. The window is cracked at the top. Therefore, there is no way somebody could get inside my room.

I turn on the light. I looked around one more time. Everything is okay. I looked at my palms. They are as they were before. I never really looked at my lines. They look as they always looked. I have a little freckle on the palm. The dream was so realistic. It is 4 o’clock in the morning.

I rush to work in the morning. It is not far away. The library is on the same side of the city where I live. I parked the car in the parking lot and answered annoying phone call. It is Oksana.

“Hello, hello, I was driving and could not answer when you called.”

“You will not believe me. He woke me up at four last night... Called me. They do not understand the time zone difference”

“Who called?” I could not understand about what she was talking.

“Who, who? Your Indian,” she said.

“Really? What did he want?”

“He told me that he didn’t get a visa and because of that, he will come a month later. Can you imagine? We have to change everything. Nobody will come to the seminar in the summertime. Everyone is on vacation. I tried to explain to him. I doubt that he understood. Sometimes we are on a different page. They see everything in different colors.”

“Wow,” I wondered. “I will come because my manager moved my vacation. Coincidence?”

“Yeah, imagine he is going to do a seminar just for you?” she laughed. “You will have to invite all library readers.”

“Sure, I think I can,” I even could not believe myself that I had said that. “If you could give me and invitations, I could leave them all around the library.”

I said that and I felt some kind of excitement about the seminar. It is forbidden to advertise other events in the library. The manager will be on vacation, that’s why I can quietly invite library visitors to the seminar.

“Are you serious?” Oksana was surprised.

“Yes, sure. Make the invitations and let’s do this.”

“There is one more thing. This Indian would like to talk to you via Skype. I will give his Skype name to you and you will decide if you want to talk to him or not.”

“Okay, give it to me if he wants,” I was surprised. “Perhaps I will write to him. How do you say, hello in Indian?”

“In Indian?” Oksana laughed. “Indian language is called Hindu. ‘Hello’ in Hindu is ‘na-mas-te.’ ”

“Namaste?” I asked again.

“Yes, yes”

## TAURUS

I will have a busy month. Giedre is on vacation. Therefore, I will be working double shifts. I will have to teach those people who don’t know how to read on the internet. Although, less and less people do not know how to use the internet. The real job will be to watch people so that they do not destroy the computer.

I am alone at the library today. Spring is here and everybody is going outside instead of sitting in the library. Just a few retirees come to browse the internet, but they already know how to use the computer. They attended computer literacy courses. Therefore, I am bored.

I hear a message on a phone from Oksana: “His Skype name is ‘aamiraa’. Write to him in English.” I feel strange. Shy? No courage? He is young and single...What does he want? Do I have to write him? I feel a fear a little. I do not want to give him false hopes. It is the same feeling that you always doubt to start a relationship with a disabled person, because he will depend on you... What if he will ask me to let him stay with me or, for God’s sake, to organize something for him?...

At this moment, the door opens and I see a man.

“Hello, can you please tell me is the reading room open today?”

“Yes, it is open,” I was surprised and I hung up the phone. “Next door.”

“Yes, I tried that door but it is locked,” he explained.

A couple of retirees looked up. It was clear they didn’t like the interruption. Usually nobody speaks loud in this room. I stepped out into



the hallway and tried the reading room door. It was locked. Strange. Anushka should be here. She is alone too. The other colleague is on vacation too.

“Excuse me for a moment,” I told the visitor. He was quietly watching me being confused. His blue eyes were smiling. “I will call. Perhaps she just stepped out. You know, nobody comes in when is so nice and warm outside”

“I understand. Everybody goes outside in this weather,” he said nicely and smiled widely.

I called Anushka. It appears she left already, two hours earlier, because she didn’t think that anyone would come in to the library. The manager is on vacation. Therefore, she decided that nobody would notice. I was not satisfied that she didn’t let me know she was leaving.

“I do not want to cause you some kind of problems,” the visitor said kindly. “I just really need to look at one book. Can you please just let me in to the reading room and nobody will know that she left earlier.”

I doubted a little. The visitor looked very nice and handsome. I believed him. I took the key out of the pocket and opened the door. I could not let him stay alone in here. Therefore, I walked in too. There is less chance that a retiree will steal a computer than this man will take a book with him.

It was quiet. I even heard the retirees hitting the computer keys in the next room. The library is in the other house. Therefore, here was really quiet. You could hear a fly flying. I left the door opened and was waiting for the visitor to find the book he wanted. He was going by the shelves slowly.

“What book are you looking for?” I asked.

“I really do not know,” he responded. He looked at me and laughed.

“You don’t know the title? What is this book about?”

“I have no idea,” he said as he brushed his hands through his hair and became a little more serious.

Now I was confused. Anushka told me that sometimes men come in to library and start to flirt with the girls and if you are alone, they even harass you... I was scared. I am alone here if you will not count a couple of retirees.

“Why did you come here?” I was slowly going towards door.

“I am not sure can I tell you,” he smiled and came towards me. I took the door handle and my heart was pounding... “You will think I am crazy.”

I saw that he understood that I am scared.

“Can you let me to look around here?” he stopped.

“What do you need?” I asked again.

“A book...” he turned to the shelf and started to take books one after the other. He would look at the cover and would put again. The more he looked, the more he started to get anxious...

“Are you going to check all the books?” I was confused, because there are many books here.

He stopped, leaned on a shelf, closed his eyes, and stood quietly as he would listen to his inner voice.

“What book you would recommend to me?”

He looked at me. I saw tears in his blue eyes. He looks strange. Should I give him any book and maybe he will leave?

“I am sorry, but I have to go back to the computer room. If you do not know what you want, perhaps you should come back another day,” I told him calmly.

He hit the shelf and I saw him getting frustrated. I got scared.

“What book you would recommend to me?” he asked me angrily.

“What subject you would be interested in?” I asked him nicely.

“I do not care,” he grabbed his head.

I knew that I might need help. He is crazy; schizophrenic... I need to get rid of him as soon as possible. I grabbed the first closest book on the shelf. It was “Encyclopedia of Eastern Wisdom.”

“Will this book be okay?” I asked him while handing a book to him. My body was ready to jump out the door.

Visitor started to come towards me, and it seemed that my heart would jump out of my chest. He was breathing very heavily, he had this crazy look on his face; I felt that there is something crazy going in his mind. He took the book very carefully and looked at the blue cover. Suddenly a tear fell on the cover. It was too much for me... I wanted to run out or wake up from this scary dream. The man looked at me. His eyes were full of tears. I could not understand how this crazy man could have such a clever and beautiful eyes. I stepped back...

“Can I read it?” he asked.

“Of course, you can sit and read,” I replied thinking, that I will be able to go back in to my office. I didn’t care even if he will take this book with him, I just wanted him to leave.

He sat on the bench. I told him that I have to go back to the office. I left the door opened a little that I would be able to watch him. I came back to the computer room to my retirees. It seemed that they are my rescue guards. I hope that the stranger will not do nothing in front of them. They just glanced at me and devoted their attention to the screens of the computers.

Message came on the phone. It was from Oksana.

“Did you write to that Indian? He is nervous. He is asking, that you would write to him right now.” Are they kidding me? One stranger is sitting in the room next to mine and the other is looking for me on internet...What is going on here?

Okay. I turned on Skype. I put the name “aamiraa” in and sent a request to put me on friends’ list. He took my request right away. His Skype name is Aamir.

Aamir: “Namaste.”

I remembered that it means “Hello.” I replied.

Gabriele: “Namaste”

There was no answer for a few moments. I think he is thinking what to say. I see an Indian flag and word “on line”, “Delhi, India.” I do not know what do and at this moment, I see the sign that he is typing a message.

Aamir: “Strange day today, isn’t?”

Gabriele: “Yes, it is...”

Aamir: “Do you believe that everything is going under the God’s control?”

Gabriele: “Do you think like that?”

Aamir: “I know.”

Gabriele: “How can you know that it is God’s plan, but not yours?”

Aamir: “Do you think that I could affect your life through that long distance?”

Gabriele: “What do you mean?”

Aamir: “Could I make your day today to be that strange?”

Gabriele: “Okay, perhaps God is responsible for the strange day, but this is your responsibility for the chat right now.”

Aamir: “Is it that the only strange thing at this moment?”

Gabriele: “You are right; this chat is not the only bizarre thing that is going on right now.”

Aamir: “Let’s agree that we are chatting because I was pushing you to call me. What about that strange man, you have in the room? Did he come by himself or did he come because God wanted him to come?”

Gabriele: “What man you are talking about?”

Aamir: “The man you are afraid of.”

Gabriele: “How do you know?”

Aamir: “So what? Whose idea is this visit? God’s or man’s?”

Gabriele: “I think that is man’s idea...”

Aamir: “Do you think that some things in your life are happening because of God’s wish or no?”

I didn’t answer. I was surprised that he knows about the man in the library. I was more surprised about his question. Is it really God’s wish to send to me these two men or just a coincidence?

Aamir: “If this is coincidence, what do you think is God’s wish? Perhaps you think that God’s wish doesn’t exist?”

I felt trapped. If not for these two strange situations, I would want to prove that everything in the life is happening because of God’s wish. I have no doubt. However, this particular moment I want to deny that truth; I just want to prove that these two strange men showed up not because of God’s wish. They showed up because they just wanted to show up.

Aamir: “Open a page 334 in the book you gave to the man and read about ‘Prema- bhakti.’”

Gabriele: “What is that?”

Aamir: “I do not know what that means for you, but for me it means God’s wish.”

Gabriele: “I will read for sure, you intrigued me. Why did you want to talk to me?”

I tried to turn the conversation to different direction, because everything seemed so strange. How does he know about the book?

Aamir: “Are you still there? You have to read that part of the book.”

I looked around. Perhaps that strange man is talking to me from the other room. If he has smart phone, he can connect to Skype. Perhaps Oksana is trying to play me. I decided to play by my rules, not by the rules of conspirators.

Gabriele: “No, I cannot read right now, I have to stay in my office.”

Long pause. It seems he didn’t expect that kind of answer.

Aamir: “Okay, well, you can read it later. I do not know how to prove to you that we are communicating because of God’s wish...I feel that you do not believe me.”

I sent him a smiley face. He has to understand, that I got him. Suddenly the door opens and the stranger came in.

“Can I read here? I feel that you are nervous leaving me alone there. You can lock that room and I will stay here and read.”

He came in, sat, and started to go through the pages of the book I gave him. Aha, it is a joke. He understood that I would not come, so he came here. I went to lock the door, looked at reading room –

everything was okay. I took the same book and opened page 334. I am reading:

Prema – bhakti, Prema - is the highest stage of devotional love to Supreme Lord. Idolatrous misses and desires God as somebody desires a gasp of air while drowning.

Nothing important. I put the book in place, lock the room and came back to my office. Everything is the same here. I came back to the computer.

Gabriele: “Why do you act like this?”

I am waiting for the answer. I watched the strange man and waited, how he will answer to me. He was looking at the book and leafing through the pages.

Aamir: “Do you think it is a trick?”

The answer did not come from the strange man...I do not get that. What is going on here? Am I really communicating with the Indian? Does he really know some details, which he should not know?

Gabriele: “I admit I am shocked. If that is not a trick, how on a world you can know what is going on here right now?”

Aamir: “I do not understand why you are so surprised...I saw your picture, where you communicated with God. If you can do that, why do you think someone else can't do that?”

Gabriele: “So you are saying that God helps you to see what is going on here?”

Aamir: “Yes, of course. Do you think I could do that? I am not a God...”

Gabriele: “Anyway, why did you want to talk to me?”

Aamir: “First, I would like to know if you believe that this was God's wish but not mine?”

Gabriele: “Let's say, I do believe...”

Aamir: “If you want to hear my answer to your question, you have to swear that you believe that God wanted me to find you.”

Gabriele: “Let's say, I do believe...”

Aamir: “What do you mean ‘let's say’? Believe or no?”

Gabriele: “If you do not want me to lie, I would say I still doubt it.”

Aamir: “Then I will wait. I will answer when you will really believe. We will be in touch tomorrow. Okay?”

Gabriele: “Okay.”

Aamir: “Ask that strange man you are afraid of to come back tomorrow.”

Gabriele: “Why?”

Aamir: “Why not? You don't like him?”

Gabriele: “You just said I am afraid of him.”

Aamir: “We are afraid of someone we do not know well. Get him know and you will not be afraid.”

Gabriele: “I can't promise...if I will have enough courage...”

Aamir: “Until tomorrow then?”

Gabriele: “See you.”

I looked at the clock. A few minutes left before I have to close the library.

“I am sorry, my dear visitors, we are closing in a few minutes. Please, finish what you are doing and you can come back tomorrow again.”

Everybody looked up at the clock and hurried to finish whatever they were doing. The stranger swept fingers through his hair and stood up.

“Thank you very much for taking me in. I thought I would die... You rescued my life... and I am sorry I scared you.”

“Everything is okay. Will you come tomorrow?”

“I would love very much... if I will be able to read here...”

“I will try to talk to the reading room staff,” I promised and smiled.

The stranger stared at me with his deep blue eyes. I could feel thankfulness coming from him. The man looked relaxed and calm.

“I am afraid to scare you tomorrow again. Will you give me the same book tomorrow?”

“Sure,” his last words made me nervous a little again. I understood that he is not normal...

The visitors said goodbye and left. I checked all the computers. Finally, I saw a blue book, which the stranger left opened. I looked at it “it was page 334.” You will start to believe that everything that goes around is God’s wish, when you get all kind of these strange coincidences... It is hard to acknowledge. I decided to go with my dog Yodulis to meet God and ask him about everything that happened here today.

I am standing at the entrance of Death Valley and feel how wind from the labyrinth is pulling me in. I looked at Yodulis. He is watching me, which means he is ready to guard me. Death Valley starts with the labyrinth to protect random traveler from stepping in to it. The labyrinth is very complicated and very often will take you back to reality. A random visitor will be lost just for a few moments, but the minute he

will step back in to reality, he will feel like he just woke up from the dream. He would think that his thinking was shut down for a short time, but he would not suspect nothing serious was going on. However, if he would stop, listen, and feel labyrinth’s breath and if he would follow it, he would step in to Death Valley very easily... If he is not ready for that, he will get very scared, that the space he is in is altered and he cannot control his body anymore. He would be scared that he is dying and leaving behind his unfinished deals and loved ones. I just remembered a saying from page 334 “idolatrous desires God as someone drowning desires a gasp of air.” It is clear for sure, that just that kind of person can stay so calm, do not worry about dying body, and be happy that he is here in a Death Valley. He is ready to lose everything just to meet Him.

I was dragging my feet through the dusty Death Valley...I do not know if I will meet Him today, is He in the area... will He want to talk to me today...

“You know what I am here for. Do not stay silent. Tell me just one thing: is this Your plan? That’s it what I want this time. I do not want to play games. I want to come back to You. You know it...”

I stumbled on a bump and fell face down in to the dust. After some time my eyes slowly opened and I see the hand wrapped with Indian rosary. For some reason I took it today to work.

I wrapped it on my wrist as a bracelet. In the light of this death zone, rosary shined as if it was made of very small light bulbs.

“You have to get up and leave this Death Valley. You didn’t do what I asked you to do.”

“You asked me to help one person. I think I did. It seems...”

“Wrong person. Get up and go.”

“Why is so hard to believe for me that is Your wish?”

“Because I wish so. Get up and go, because your body cannot survive long time here.”

I forced to get up and looked for the exit. I know I can refuse to do what He asked, but... for some reason I want listen to Him. Otherwise, everything would have no sense at all... I wouldn't be able to live the life I used to live. My life would be so useless if I wouldn't find this Death Valley, where I can talk to Him. I would be spending my days in front of the TV, I would raise my kids and put my broken wishes on to them, and they would do the same with their kids. He changed everything. He gave a meaning to my life.

I came to work very sleepy the next day, because I couldn't fall asleep last night. I had a feeling, that the day will be interesting. Realistically, I had a hope that the yesterday's stranger will be already waiting at the door. I was nervous a little, I think he is some kind of maniac, but on the other hand, I knew that Anushka would be next door, so she can help if I will need. There was nobody at the door. The first visitor showed up just in afternoon. My heart started pounding, when I heard that somebody is opening the door. That same elderly man came in. He comes every day to talk to his family via Skype.

I was counting minutes... than hours... There are just 3 hours left before closing... he didn't show up yet. Aamir doesn't write nothing... They play on my nerves. I just realized that what I was afraid of yesterday today has become my wish. I started to beat myself about me acting so badly yesterday. I think I scared him off. I didn't believe what Aamir was saying, so he will not tell me what he promised to tell... Should I call and ask Oksana? She talks to Aamir, perhaps she would tell me something... If something is wrong wouldn't she tell me, would she?

Suddenly my Skype came on.

Aamir: “Namaste”

Gabriele: “Aamir.”

Aamir: “Do you believe today?”

Gabriele: “Yes. I believe today. I want to believe.”

Aamir: “Mainly, you want to believe. If you wouldn't want to believe, nobody can force you to do that. You want to believe and your wish came true, – you believe.”

Gabriele: “So, will you tell me what you promised yesterday?”

Aamir: “Did he come already? Man you was afraid of?”

Gabriele: “No... you think he will come?”

Aamir: “If this is a God's wish, he will come, and then I will tell you. Write me when he will come.”

Two more men that are elderly came to library. Every door opening sound caused my heart to pound faster. My pulse would jump higher. I looked at the clock. Two hours left... where is he? I started to worry, walking by the windows and looking to the street – waiting for him to show up.

Finally, I decided to calm down – if according to Aamir, everything is going as God's wish, he will come. Perhaps, he had one more plans attached to this and he needed to be somewhere else today, not just here...

“Gabriele...” I heard Anushka calling me. “Can you come here?”

I walked out to the corridor and closed the door behind me. Usually Anushka do not call me like that.

“Gabriele, there is some strange man... He is not well. What should I do? He was looking for some book and after he didn't find it, he started to have a panic attack. I think, he is choking,” Anushka explained. She was scared.

I ran there. Yesterday's stranger was sitting on a floor and sweating. His face was tensed; you can see all the blood vessels on it. It seemed that he is choking. He saw me and said hardly breathing:

“Where is that book?”

I turned to the shelves and grabbed an “Encyclopedia of Easter wisdom”. He took that book and through away.

“Not that one... Where is the book I had yesterday?” He said while gasping for the breath...

“I am calling emergency,” said Anushka.  
“Wait,” I said and ran in to my office.

I left that book on a table, because I thought he would come to my office. I grabbed that book and ran to the reading room to Anushka. Stranger was laying on a floor. I gave him a book. He took with both of his hands, pushed strongly to his chest. I felt, he started to calm down. Redness was going out of his face.

“Is he sick?” Anushka was surprised. “Mister, do you take any medicine? Do you need a doctor?”

She leaned to him and helped him to stand up. He was still breathing heavily and didn't say anything. Tears dimmed his eyes.

“Perhaps you would like sit on a chair?” I asked. “Would you like a glass of water?”

“No, thank you,” he said quietly. “Can I read this book in the computer room?”

Anushka looked at me with the question in her eyes. I sent a wink that everything is okay.

“Okay, you can take this book if you want,” she agreed. And while we were leaving her room, she whispered in my ear: “leave the door open and call me if you need, okay?”

I nodded my head and took the stranger in to my office. I helped him to sit. At this time, elderly people were leaving my office. They were going to a new book introduction at the library. They love going to these kind of events because this is the only opportunity for them to go out.

Just him and me in the office. I left the door opened. I was worried about his condition. That kind of choking can kill you.

“Can I ask you a question?” I asked him reluctantly.

He looked up. His deep blue eyes were completely calm. He nodded.

“This panic attack? Are you sick?”

“Yes, you can call it sickness. For the second time you saved my life.”

“Are you saying that this Encyclopedia works as your medicine?”

“No. Any book you gave me yesterday would work as the medicine.”

“I am confused... What kind of disease is this? Do not get me wrong, but it seems as mental disorder... Perhaps you should go to the doctor?”

“As long as I can deal with this myself I do not want to see a doctor. I am a doctor and I understand what would happen if I would go to them...”

“What kind of disease is this?”

“For the official medicine this is a disease. For the church: I am possessed. For the Shaman – I am a Medium. For the Wizard – I am Damned. So, what is it?”

“Can I sit next to you?” I asked. He nodded. I sat. “Please, tell me what do you feel?”

“Will you get scared? I saw yesterday, that you was scared very much...”

“I am sorry for yesterday’s reaction...It was so unexpected...I do not know your name...”

Stranger looked at my name card on my shirt.

“Your name is Gabriele. Very nice name. I am Aurelius. You would like to know what I feel. Would you?”

“Yes.”

“Why? You will not help me anyway...”

“I...I would like to help you...I do not know how...Would you like to keep this book and I will buy a new one for the reading room?”

“You are very kind to me... However... This medicine will not work very long... I will be coming here as long as it works. When it will stop working, I will go somewhere else to look for the new ones...”

“Really? How do you know what helps? How do you find your medicine?” I wondered.

Man looked me in the eyes. They are so beautiful. I wondered how a man with mental disorder could have such a beautiful eyes. He smiled.

“I do not how much I can tell you without scaring you again...”

“I will try not to get scared this time...” I promised.

“Okay, skip it... God speaks to me all the time...” reluctantly he admitted and looked me in the eyes again.

“Yes... God... What he is saying to you?” I was looking at him quizzically.

“This time he told me, that my help is here, so I came.”

“Do you have a family? Someone, who would take care of you?” I asked after some moment.

“Are you kidding? Who could stand me? My parents past away and my girlfriend left me after all this started. Neighbors are afraid of me. I had to leave my job...”

“Are you telling you are completely alone?”

“You don’t have to be sorry for me. It is much better to be alone in this situation. It is a gift more than the curse...”

“What do you mean?”

“You do not get that kind of disease by accident...You value a life so different when you have this disease. It is much better than death breathing you in to neck all the time...”

“Where do you live? Do you even have a home?”

“I do not have to worry about this. I was very good doctor, so earned good money... Therefore, I do not have any financial difficulties.”

“That’s good... How did you get sick?”

“It is a long story...” he said with hesitation and looked at the book again.

Anushka stuck her head through the door.

“Oh, you are still here? Work is over. Perhaps we should lock the door?”

I looked at the clock. She was right. It is time to close and turn on alarm system. I didn’t write to the Indian... Perhaps he was waiting for the message... Maybe tomorrow...

“Do you need a lift?” I asked.



“No, no...” he replied getting up.

While he was getting up, his shirt moved and I saw wounded body. It was not bleeding, but it had many bruises. It seemed like this body was dragged through the pavement. Man quickly fixed the shirt and pulled down his jacket. He looked angrily at me and was ready to step out.

“Are you sure, you do not need a doctor?” I asked. He didn’t answer and quickly closed the door.

Strange. I walked to the window and watched him walk down the street. He would lift his hand to his head when passing by people. It seemed like he tried to protect his head from hitting. Sometimes he would wince. It seemed that he was beaten all the time. Wounded body... What if somebody is hurting him? It doesn’t matter that he is a man, but he is slim and not very tall; just a drop taller than me. Perhaps somebody is trying to harm him. Our society do not accept strangers...

I was waiting for tomorrow impatiently. I had a hope that Aurelius will come again. I made a plan to learn more about him. I will ask his last name and then Google. After that, I will delicately ask about the wounds. So, word after word, I will get to the truth. I even stopped thinking about my delayed vacation. The situation at work was getting more interesting by the day.

I rushed to work in the morning. On a bench where he was sitting yesterday, I put the same book. Just in case, I told Anushka to walk him in to my office if he would come in to the reading room.

Two elderly men were the first of my visitors. They were excited about the book presentation and quickly started to search information... about India. I listened to their conversation and got very surprised – they were ready to go to the same seminar, which will be hosted by my friend

from India. What a coincidence! Somebody told them about the seminar during the book presentation.

Of course, elderly people want to stay healthy as long as they can, so the Ayurveda sounds for them like a wonder medicine; everybody is talking about it. Wonderful!

I called Aamir via Skype. He didn’t answer. Why, of course, people have a job to do. I am the only one just sitting at the computer all day and doing nothing.

I heard a noise behind the door. I knew that this is a young people’s group from poor families. They always come to do project for the school, because they don’t have computers at home. School year is coming to the end and teachers give them various homework in different fields.

“Hey, miss, hello, hello,” said one of them.

Youngsters always act with ease, they come to computers in bunches, climb on the chairs and search the internet. They drink coke, eat chips, make load and sometimes not appropriate comments about the pictures or information...

Well, that’s my work day today. When I have just elderly people here, I have nothing to do. Today the youngsters are here... I have to protect not only computers, I have to protect furniture, flowers, and as much as I can, I try to take care about their moral values... Curse words just spilling out of their mouths.

“So, what project did they give you today at school?” I asked.

“Earth atmosphere...” they replied laughing very loudly. “We find it quasi interesting.”

“I think you will find something what you didn’t know yet,” I told.

“Why do we have to know? Who cares about the atmosphere?”

“Somebody left a book here,” one of them took “Encyclopedia of Eastern wisdom”, which I left there on purpose. “Do they talk about atmosphere in this book?”

I wanted to take the book away; it seemed that book is screaming for help being in these hands. It was somehow not nice just to take the book away without any reason...

“No, no, there is nothing about atmosphere for sure in this book,” I said. “Google. This is about Eastern philosophy.”

“Not bad, I like philosophy,” kid replied. “Can I look at it?”

I nodded. I hope stranger will come later, when kids will be gone. They will not take the book. Kid fell in to bench and started to go through the “Encyclopedia of Eastern wisdom” while chewing gum.

“Look, look here. There was a third question about the importance of atmosphere. Let’s copy it, I think this is the answer!” yelling one of them to the others.

“Read it,” asked the other and moved a bottle of coke from the lips.

“From the perspective of the geologist, “he started to read stumbling, “atmosphere forms a conformation of the planet; the wind transforms the dust, erodes the surface, and leaves deposits. Frost and precipitations, which depend on the composition of atmosphere, also influence the conformation. Atmosphere determines the climate of the Earth. Composition of the atmosphere is very important factor, which affects a possibility to form live organisms. Atmosphere protects surface of the Earth from meteors – most of them burns because of the friction in the air and just small pieces reach the Earth. Atmosphere protects Earth’s surface from dangerous ultraviolet radiation and X rays. Atmosphere influence a water circulation and day/ night temperature difference.

“So, they are saying that life on the Earth is because of atmosphere? Respect,” one of them put his hand on the chest and bowed.

“Would you like to find a meteor?” asked the other. “You could sell it and buy a car.”

“I will buy a car without a meteor.”

I stopped listening to silly youngsters’ conversation. I saw that Aamir answered on Skype.

Aamir: “Hello. We didn’t have chance to talk yesterday.”

Gabriele: “I am sorry. I got to know that a man whom I was afraid of.”

Aamir: “So you are not afraid of him anymore?”

Gabriele: “Hmm, I don’t know. He is strange. I think I have to be sorry for him more than to be afraid of him. You promised to tell me yesterday why did you wanted to talk to me.”

Aamir: “I was going to propose to you.”

I was surprised. He is kidding. I do not know him, so I don’t know what kind of jokes to expect from him.

Gabriele: “Really? Love from the first sight?”

Aamir: “Would you marry me?”

Gabriele: “I hope this is a joke. Perhaps in India you propose like this, but here in Europe, people get to know each other, fall in love, and then they get married.”

Aamir: “Understood, but anyway, you will marry me. I know that.”

Gabriele: “How do you know?”

Aamir: “God told me. He said: “Go to her, Gabriele will help you; from now her name is Prema.”

I remembered a dream when strange people were looking at my palms. I looked at my palms – all lines are the same as it were. I was surprised that the words he said were so similar to the ones in a dream.

Gabriele: “What does Prema mean?”

Aamir: “Love. Love loves everybody, which means, you can love me if that is necessary for the marriage.”

Gabriele: “If that is necessary for the marriage? You think that marriage doesn’t need love, do you?”

Aamir: “In India it is not necessary. The more important than love is duty. That is why there are no divorces here. Everybody does his duty.”

Gabriele: “That is horrible...what if you get married because of duty and then you will meet someone and fall in love? What do they do then? Suffer for the whole life?”

Aamir: “Why suffer? They will ask God for help and the passion will go away slowly.”

Gabriele: “I am not talking about the passion, I am talking about love.”

Aamir: “I think you are talking about the passion.”

Gabriele: “I do not want to argue with you, you can think what you want. If you had a purpose to propose to me, I am letting you know that I am saying NO.”

Aamir: “Is it because you don’t love me?”

Gabriele: “And because of that...”

Aamir: “What if you will fall in love with me?”

Gabriele: “Are you kidding? You think that everything is so easy, do you?”

Aamir: “I do not know what is complicated and what is easy for you...I just know, that I will meet you in a month, you will help me and then you will leave with me to India as my wife...”

Gabriele: “Where did you get this news?”

Aamir: “The same source...”

Gabriele: “You know what; I even don’t want to talk to you. I have to go back to work. Bye.”

Aamir: “Okay, duty is a duty. Of course, you have to work. It will not be easy today. We will talk about it later. Do not forget – I will help you, you will help me.”

Gabriele: “Thank you, but I do not need your help for right now.”

Aamir: “Very good, you said ‘for right now’.”

The elderly people were going to leave. I understood that the noise the youngsters were making got to them. It’s okay. They are young and loud. They have the right to come here. They get quieter after discipline, and then get loud again. With that energy they have, it is hard to handle it. After a half an hour, they left too. I was alone.

Two hours left until the end of the day. I feel like the door will open at any minute and I will see him. I looked at the window with hope to see him coming. It was hard to see people from the above, because it was raining a fresh spring rain and everybody opened their umbrellas. Street was filled with the colorful walking mushrooms. Suddenly I saw a man without umbrella. He was staggering a little, his coat’s collar was up, arms tucked in a pockets and it seemed he was shivering with cold. That is he. I followed him with my eyes until the entrance and then quietly opened the door. I could hear his staggering steps up the stairs.

When he saw me at the door, he smiled, went his finger through the wet hair, and stepped up.

I let him in. Smile disappeared from his face and his eyebrows became squeezed and went up. Aurelius walked backwards and stopped at the wall.

“What just happened here?” he asked frightened.

“What?”

He closed his eyes, crouched a little, and asked slowly:

“Where is my book?”

I took it from the table, where kids left it, and gave it to him. He touched the cover with hand and quickly took it back.

“Somebody destroyed it... I told you that this medicine would not work long time... It always like this. Somebody takes it and destroys it...”

“What do you mean – destroys it?” I asked.

“I will not stand it any longer. I will need new medicine right now...”

“What do you mean? How was it destroyed?”

“I don’t know,” Aurelius turned to the wall, leaned on it. “Look. I suspect that there is something bad left on one of the pages.”

I started to go through the pages. My eyes caught a handwriting on one of the pages. Kid wrote something. I opened that page.

“Yes, you are right. Look, somebody draw a skull here.”

“No, no, please, do not show it to me. Close the book and put somewhere far away... Please. Find me something good... Hurry up... I am starting to choke already...” he moaned and slowly went down by the wall.

I looked around. What does it mean – to find something good? What is good? I was going to ask him and at this moment, I heard that the message came on Skype. It could be anyone, but I thought about Aamir. I cannot talk right now, I have to rescue that stranger... The visitor heard the message too. He got up hardly and walked to the computer. He sat on my chair and took deep breath. I understood that he found his new medicine. His breath started to calm down slowly. I saw that he is reading my messages.

“Is this your fiancé?” he asked.

“It’s none of your business, it is personal... but I am happy that you doing better. For real, this man is nobody to me.”

“Why do you talk to him?”

I looked at screen and saw message:

Aamir: “Do not rush, I will wait. You can talk.”

“See, nothing important, nothing important.”

“He loves you,” visitor decided. “He loves you very much. I didn’t see that kind of love for a long time.”

“Yikes, don’t tell me stories. He proposed to me today, but I never saw him. Can you believe that?”

“Do not doubt. Agree. Trust me.”

“Okay, well, he let us talk. I have no idea, what that means. He is acting as if he is doing a favor to us...” I tried to tease.

“I know he is at the computer somewhere right know. It is very strange to me; he really knows what he is doing.

“What does that means?” I asked. Everybody but me knows everything...

“Did you tell him about me?” Aurelius looked up.

Light from the computer was shining in his eyes. His face seemed perfect. Perfect lips, straight nose, perfect shaped eyes, nice shaped eyebrows. I felt, that I would better marry him than someone I do not from India...

“I didn’t tell anything, but somehow he got to know about you...”

“Can I meet him?” he asked starring in to my eyes.

“He is in India. See, it says Delhi.”

“I need to see him. I have to go to India...” Aurelius looked at the screen again.

“Can you wait a month? He is coming here next month.”

“I don’t know will I survive one month?”

“Why?” I worried.

He turned around and touched my arm, which was leaning on the table. He starred at the rosary on my wrist.

“You are wearing it?” He touched the rosary with his hand with glove without finger tops on. “Why you do not pray?”

“This man from India gave it to me. I even do not know how to pray with it.”

“See, this thing is his. However, very soon this rosary will lose its power. The day before yesterday it shined much more than it was shining yesterday and today, it shines even less. I guess, after one week it will stop shining at all, if you will not charge it,” he explained calmly.

“Really? Why do you think so?”

“I don’t think so. I know.”

Strange, I thought. He is pretending that he knows everything, sees everything... Why do I care about him so much?

The same moment he removed his hand from mine as quickly as it would being burned. He reached out in his pocket and said:

“I would like to ask you something...That would be the only condition, which would allow me to have a relationship with you. I understand you might not be interested in it. Why would you? It is very important to me. I am alone. I can’t. Physically I cannot have a relationship with anyone...I feel, that I could have with you...But to prevent my choking while I am with you... You have to do something for me...”

Aurelius stopped talking and looked me in the eyes again. Loneliness, sadness, and nostalgia was in his eyes – that is what struck me when I saw him for the first time.

“What should I do?”

“It is not easy, but I think is possible for you...” man became silent for a moment and then said: “Please, do not think badly about anything when we are together. Do not judge, do not tease, do not condemn. Try to be very bright, positive, loving, and caring... Do you understand?”

“I think all people try to be like this... Me too.”

“Just a moment ago, you wasn’t like this. I do not know, what did you think, but it wasn’t good at all...”

“You see people’s mind?”

“No, I don’t. How can I express that? I am very sensitive... I cannot explain any different. If you will be able to stand me and we will have a relationship, perhaps I will tell you everything one day...”

“Perhaps we can start today. For example, what is your last name? What kind of disease do you have? Why do you wear gloves in warm spring day? Who is hurting you? How these wounds got on your body?”

“Wow, so many questions...” he wondered. “Are you really interested in me? What a surprise. You just cannot imagine what my days look like. I wonder myself, that I am still alive.”

“So, tell me something,” I asked interestedly.

“I will have to tell you everything if I will answer at least one of your questions. I don’t want scare you off yet... I am scared to lose you. You are the first person in twelve years that I can just simply talk to like this...”

“God, you got on my nerves,” I said annoyed. “You have to say Z if you already said A...”

“Please, calm down,” he moved back a little. “Take a breath and calm down. I will have to leave if you will become angry and nervous.”

“Now you will start teach how to live my life?”

“No, you are wrong,” Aurelius jumped of the chair and stepped back. “If you will get angry, I will die. I will not survive... I don’t want to teach you, I just...”

I got in to game and wanted to see what will happen if I will not stop acting like this. It seems that this young man is manipulating me.

“And what will happen if I will not calm down?” I asked angrily and stepped towards him.

“Please, do not do that,” he was begging me while going backwards. “Calm down. I am begging you. Okay, I will show you, just calm down, please...”

I noticed that he started to choke again and his face changed. I remembered yesterday’s attack and decided not to risk. So, I stepped back a little.

“I will show you how my body reacts to... evil. We can call it like this. But, please, do not ask me to do something else today?”

“Okay,” I agreed.

It was very interesting, what he will show me.

He got his breath back and took off the glove slowly. His hand looked like someone beat it with hammer – many bruises.

“Who did it to you?” I got scared.

I saw similar wound on his back the other day. Somebody is abusing him for sure.

“Oh, God, please...” he started to beg again. “You are killing me. I will show you, but you have to try not to react to this. Don’t feel anything bad, do not get scared, do not get disgust and stop worrying...Otherwise it will be twice worse for me. Please, calm down. Think that it doesn’t hurt me at all.”

I closed my eyes and tried to calm down my breathing and the thoughts. He says, that doesn’t hurt him, so it doesn’t. This is just a shocking view, trick. Nothing major.

“Now, find that book and open the page with the skull on it. Move further away from me...”

I walked to the table, took the book, and opened that page. What’s next?

“Now we will do this. I will turn around to protect my face. You will bring book closer to my bare hand and point the skull towards it. Please, do not hold too long close it quickly. Go.”

He sat on the floor and looked towards window. His bare palm was pointing towards me. I walked with the opened book and put a skull to the palm. Suddenly Aurelius closed his hand and painfully said through the clenched teeth:

“Enough close it already.”

The same moment a new wound opened on his palm. It was shaped as a skull... I closed the book quickly... Got scared. The wound looked like I would hit his palm with hammer shaped as a skull. Wound was pulsing and becoming red. I was sick of the thought how much it is hurting him. Aurelius fell on a floor and started to writhe. I saw how hard he is trying not to scream, because somebody would run here if he would. He was pushing his hand against the stomach; blood vessels were bulging out on his face.

“Please, go out and calm down,” he uttered through his locked mouth. “When you worry, I suffer twice as hard... I will tell you later. Please, go, stop this torture.”

I ran outside... I felt that I am choking too. I didn't want to hurt him so badly. I opened a book, which still was in my hands. I touched the skull. How on a world this can happen? Why his body has such a reaction to the drawing? I have to come back and help him. I just need to calm down at first. I took a few deep breaths and ran in to the office.

Aurelius still was on a floor, his breath was a little better. He was crying; tears were running down his face.

“Does it still hurt?” I asked kindly.

“No, no, I am just sorry for myself... Don't pay attention...”

He pulled on his glove while still grimacing in pain.

“Now, you see? I did a stupid thing once and I became who I am right now... I will tell you some day, when you will be ready... Otherwise, you will kill me when you will get scared.”

Man smiled. I felt so guilty causing such a pain to him. He said:

“All subjects send positive, negative, or neutral energy. My body it takes very sensitive. When my body gets positive energy, I feel very good, energized, and strong. If by accident, I go by or touch something even a drawing with the negative energy, the outline of the negative

energy hurts my body. You saw it with your own eyes. The tissue of my body just rips. You can kill me with the drawing of a knife. Understand?”

“Oh my God. How are you? How is this possible?”

“Please calm down... People spread energy the same as the things do. If they have negative feelings, emotions, or bad thoughts in their mind – all of that they spread into the surroundings. They even do not know they are doing it. My body is very sensitive. I don't know what you are thinking. But if you would think something negative, you would spread the dark around. And this dark chokes me. All of my inner organs feel the pressure and begin to shake... What do you think, how long can I live like this? That is why I have gloves, high collar, and hat to hide the face... I cannot walk like regular people...”

“I don't know what to say. Perhaps you should stay at home. Safer...”

“Imagine, for 12 years I have been in this jail. I don't need walls or guards... I cannot leave this jail, because there are negative words written on the walls, negative drawings. There are many people walking around with negative thoughts in their heads. Whom can I talk to? Where can I go? Most of the time I spend at home. But sometimes I have to go out at least for a short time.”

“Why?”

“I will tell you later. I do not have enough strength to talk right now. My arm hurts very much... Please do not think something bad. It hurts me, not you. Don't worry. I will ask you to take me home this time... I don't feel like...”

“Okay, okay,” I was happy to help him. I looked at the clock. Oh, I had to close everything long time ago. .. “Just a moment. I will shut down the computers.”

“Wait, he is still here,” he stopped me.

“Who?”

“He, Aamir”

He walked up to the computer and wrote a message in English as if he was me.

Gabriele: “Thank you for being here with me. I want to meet you.”

Aamir: “Good job. Hold on. I will help you when I come here. You have to hold on for just one more month.”

Gabriele: “I will try.”

Aamir: “Tell Gabriele to pray to the rosaries for you. Ask her to pray such a mantra:

“Om Tryambakam yajamahe

Sugandhim pusti-varadhanam

Urvarukam iva bandhanan

Mrtyor muksiya mamrtat.”

Gabriele: “Okay”

“Gabriele, Aamir asked you to pray for me.”

I walked up and read the message.

Aamir: “You have to repeat this mantra too, all the time. It will rescue you from dying. It protects you from all bad things. You have to repeat it 108 times every morning and every night.”

Aurelius said goodbye to Aamir. I turned off the computer and we left.

He put on his hat, pulled up his collar, and put his head down. When I opened the car, he got in very quickly. I got in and asked where to go. While he was telling me where he lived, I watched his movements, his moving lips, and his sad gaze. Time seemed to stand still. I felt that I loved this man and wanted to help him very much. Suddenly he went silent, closed his eyes, and leaned in the seat. I saw him calming down.

“Please, do not stop...” he said. “It feels so good. Do not stop thinking whatever it is you are thinking about right now. This is the best medicine...”

I am trying to keep that feeling. I saw his face calmed down, such a handsome face. I wanted to kiss his lips, touch his face, and go through his curly hair with my fingers. I felt like I am drinking this man’s image in to my heart to feed my souls’ thirstiness. I had the same feeling when I was kneeling in front of Ganesh statue. Love, peace, and joy. I am not saying mantra, I will say my own prayer, and I think it will work the same.

The same moment he opened his eyes and shook his head.

“No, not the last one. I am not sure I know what you thought, but you have to fix the last thought – you just kicked me in to my liver with this thought.”

He closed his eyes again. I was thinking – perhaps I will say this mantra and I will see what kind of results I will get. Maybe I should listen to this man from India. Perhaps he is good at what he is doing. I promised to myself, that I would say mantra when I will get home.

“OK, that’s much better,” Aurelius looked at me. “Thank you very much for what you just did. My hand stopped hurting almost. I don’t want to use your kindness, we should go.”

He took the glove off and started to explore his hand. The skull shaped wound was already yellowish and looked like old bruise.



“See, your good thought almost healed me,” he was happy.

“Can I touch it?” I asked shyly.

“If you are thinking positively...” he smiled and gave me his hand. He leaned back and watched me.

Very carefully, I touched the wound with two fingers. I saw him closing his eyes. I asked him if it hurts, and he replied that it doesn't and feels very good. I was touching his palm very carefully and I was so happy, that he is here alive and I can touch him... I felt how much I love this man. It seemed that the wound is disappearing after my every soft touch... I touched the other older wounds and could see clearly, that the scars are disappearing just in front of my eyes... Perhaps I have some kind of healing power. I thought.

He shook and pulled his hand back.

“Ups,” he smiled, “It was so good, but at this very moment you just shocked me with electricity... I don't know what that was, but the last thought was not good... Be careful next time... I understand that it is not easy to control yourself...”

No, that was not a thought that gave him a shock. I think, that was my false pride, when I had the courage to think that I am unique and have power to heal... This feeling was just for a short moment, I couldn't stop it. You can control if you have a feeling. For example, how can you control an anger if you do not feel angry? You have to be angry and then you can control it. But how you can reach that state when you can prevent the anger before it comes in to your heart? Therefore, I realized that I cannot completely control myself and I never will, because you never know what you are going to feel the next moment...

“Don't be sad,” told Aurelius. “Look, bad energy can hurt, but the good energy can be strong too. See, what it can do? My hand is healed - completely healed, no bruises at all. Nobody ever did it to me. Thank you very much.”

“I didn't do that.” I tried to explain. “I just wanted to touch, to cheer you up. I didn't expect that kind of result.”

“That's my girl. Look, just do not start to flaunt because I will start to choke again...” Aurelius laughed.

His house had a high fence. The gates were closed and on both sides of the gates, there were frightening statues of demons.

“But you said you can't stand any evil... How do you pass these demons?”

“I do not go by them,” he smiled. “This is for the visitors... You know that every castle has these frightening statues by the entrance, do you? They had to be very frightening that any bad forces could not go by them and get in to the castle... Every visitor leaves his demons here at the gates when they go inside and then take them back, when they leave. I walk in through the back gates. There are rowans growing on both sides and they perform the same function, just not as harsh as the demons.”

“Why don't you leave your demons at the gates?”

“I am not demoniac,” he explained. Smile disappeared from his face. “Thank you for everything. Can I come tomorrow?”

“Sure, of course, internet reading room is free to everybody,” I smiled.

“It is very good to know, that you are wanted...” I saw a satisfaction on his face again.

He got out of the car and walked towards back entrance. I was watching him until he disappeared behind the fence.

While driving home I was thinking how hard is to control your own thoughts. It seems like you control it, but when you meet someone

as sensitive as Aurelius, you understand that there is a ways to go to control your feelings.

I walked to the second floor; sat in front of Ganesh statue, took off the rosary of the wrist, and started to read mantra, which I have written:

“Om Tryambakam yajamahe

Sugandhim pusti-varadhanam

Urvarukam iva bandhanan

Mrtyor muksiya mamrtat.”

With every bead of the rosary, I said the same verse. Very soon, I knew it by heart. I thought I am doing this for Aurelius. I felt such a strong wish to help; even it was scary that I will not be able to fulfill it... I was looking at a Ganesh statue. It was sunlit by the setting sun. I closed my eyes. All the feelings became much stronger. I felt sun light on my face, I heard the curtains moving in the wind by the balcony, I heard birds singing, and God’s breathing.

A monotonic repeating of the mantra started to hypnotize me and I went in to meditation. I saw big river with rushing waters washing big gray rocks. A man with long hair was sitting on the rock and meditating. His slim body was tense, but he looked very peaceful and relaxed. Setting big red sun shined on his dark skin and on the waves of the river. I felt, that the man is in harmony with the nature and I am breathing together with him. It seemed for me, that I am sitting on a rock in front of him and listening how nature – river, birds, clouds, and snake on man’s neck – says the same mantra. Moreover, everything is happening in peace and love.

I felt rosary’s fringe and understood, that I said the mantra 108 times already. I was surprised that this happened so fast. I opened my

eyes. It was almost dark in a room. I thought that it would good to have a candle next time.

Next day I was alone at work. Nobody came. The weather was very nice outside and who would sit inside at the computer. More than six months we suffer in the dark and cold waiting for nice warm weather and the sunshine. I was bored, so I called Oksana. I told her about Aamir’s proposal. She laughed. She told that it is very hard to get visa in India. They go through a lot of trouble to get visas to come to Europe or to America. That’s why many businessmen or preaches marry Europeans just to get visa. It is just a business. Man pays a woman, supports her and she promises to be an official wife for 7 or 8 years. After that, they become a European citizen and get a passport. Then they can get divorce. It is called a “paper marriage”.

“Is it legal?” I asked.

“Of course this is illegal...” replied Oksana. “That’s why a marriage with third countries person is under the magnifying glass. If they will decide that this is just a “paper marriage” they will annul it and will deport Indian without a right ever come back to that country.”

“Does Aamir wants that kind of marriage?”

“It might, be he needs a visa to travel to make money and bring more foreign people to India... This marriage would make his life much easier. Will you agree?”

“I need to think. What if I will fall in love with someone else and I will want to marry that person?”

“You? Do you have a candidate?”

“No, but in ten years everything can happen...” I felt heartache while saying these words.

I remembered Aurelius. I don't want to Oksana know about him, we are not that close friends. At least for a while. My heart was melting because of warm feelings to him, but the mind was telling, that he has problems and would be nonsense to put my destiny in to his arms. Aurelius should start to choke right now. I tried to calm down and put everything in to God's hands.

"Dear Gabriele, I would never believe that you can get married..."

"Why?" I was surprised.

"I think you are not for marriage... Normal men do not marry strangers as you are. They are looking for normal women. You can be the best friend but not a wife. Okay, imagine yourself in the kitchen cooking or giving bath to children..."

"So, in your opinion, I was born for what?"

"I even don't know... You have something, but you can't use that 'something' in everyday life... Don't get angry, but can you imagine yourself with husband? What would you do? Unless, if you would find someone, who would like to read a book, meditate instead of going fishing or having a beer... However, you know, I am thinking right now, perhaps that guy from India would be a good match for you... Really. Marry him; he is as strange as you are. Marry him and don't bother your head about it, you might not have another chance. In addition, I think that it will not be a 'paper marriage' but the real one."

I couldn't understand if she is talking seriously, her tone was very strange...

"No, no, I can't do like this. I can't get married without falling in love."

"Don't worry; you will fall in love as soon as you will see him. He is so handsome... I think all women fall in love with him. Perhaps

even every woman wants to marry him... And you are just pretending not to..."

"Well, you calmed me down. If he is that nice, so there will be no problem for him to find a wife. I don't have to worry, that I will not help him..."

"You have to think very well. I would propose to him myself, if I was not married," these words she said very convincing.

"No way? What is that special about him?" I wondered.

"You will see for yourself when he will come. Such charisma... I am telling you..."

"It is hard to believe, that someone made such a big impression on you, such a rational woman. I want to see it with my own eyes."

"And you will see. Very soon."

Today Aurelius didn't come... I counted minutes, stared through the window, but the man didn't show up. I was scared that something might happen to him. He is so fragile. I decided to go to his house and check.

I got out of the car and was confused – didn't know which gates to use - front gate with demons or the back gate. I decided to use the back gate, I didn't see him walking in to the house yesterday, perhaps something happened, and he is still laying there by the gate. I walked up to the fence and turned to the back entrance. It was a narrow gate with the electronic lock. Not bad, I thought, he can afford such a thing. I rang the bell. Nothing. One more time. I didn't know what to do. Climb the fence or call for the doctor?

Suddenly I heard a noise and man's voice:

"Who?"

"Gabriele from library."

“To see whom?”

“Aurelius.”

“Mister Karvelis doesn’t except visitors.”

“Is he okay? I just wanted to know.”

“He is okay. What should I tell him?”

“Can you give him my business card, he doesn’t have my contacts. He can call if he needs help.”

“Okay. Leave under the gate. We will give it to him.”

I put my card under the gate and waited, if someone will come to pick it up. I waited in silence, trying to listen for the steps. Mister Karvelis... Perhaps that is his last name. Who was talking to me? Perhaps his relative? But Aurelius told, that he is completely alone.

I heard the steps. Someone was walking towards the gate.

“Perhaps Mister Karvelis would let me visit him?” I shouted.

“No,” someone replied curtly and I heard him walking away.

Week was going to the end. Aurelius didn’t come or called. I Googled Aurelius Karvelis and found something about my Aurelius. Yes, he was a doctor, traveled a lot. I found old pictures of him and a girlfriend traveling together. He looked healthy and promising. His look in these pictures was longing and sad.

I came home Saturday and was happy about having at least one day off. I hoped to get a good sleep, calm down, meditate, and forget Aurelius. I just walked in the house and the phone rang. I picked up the phone and there was the voice of the man at the gate.

“Mister Karvelis asked to call you.”

“Yes, I am listening,” I was worried.

“He would like to meet you tomorrow morning. Could you take him to some place?”

“Sure. Where and when?”

“4 am in to the woods.”

“4 am?”

“Yes. He will wait for you at his house. Do you agree?”

“Okay... Sure,” I replied wondering why that early.

It was strange for me to get up that early, but it will be a good experience. Sun in spring rises up at the same time. I was driving through the city and it seemed that the world disappeared. No people, no cars. Peaceful. Empty. I stopped at Aurelius’ house. He came out tensed. He got in to car and smiled:

“It is so good to see you.”

“Me too. Why did you not come? I thought that something happened.”

“Stop worrying right now, because is choking me... I am fine. I was feeling very well after you showed me your kindness and after I said the mantra. I didn’t want to go anywhere, I wanted to keep myself healthy as long as I could. But... As every energy, this energy started to disappear too, so I need a new source of energy.”

“I prayed for you all these days.”

“Thank you very much,” Aurelius smiled and touched my rosary on my wrist. “I can see you prayed because rosary shines much more that the last time I saw. Every pray charges it. Can you imagine, what would happen if you would pray the whole year... You would have a bomb of energy.”

“So, you can see how it shines?” I asked.

“I feel it... I feel it at first and then I see it... I will tell you someday...”

He told me where to go. We left the city; we drove through empty fields until we reached the woods. Far away outpost place. It is even silly to think that you can meet somebody here that early Sunday morning. Aurelius told that this place is amazing.

We got out of the car and looked to the far fields and we started to see the crack of a dawn. We were silent, just watching until the sun rose up to the horizon. It seemed that the heart is filling with the joy and happiness. It felt so good.

“A lot of energy...” said Aurelius, when it was already impossible to look at the Sun – it was so bright it was burning our eyes. “It is very healthy to watch rising Sun, your body, and soul gets a lot of energy. Let’s go. Can I carry you backpack?”

I shook my head and followed him in to the forest. At first, we were walking on the path and then we left it. I understood that Aurelius was here before. A wonderful feeling filled my body. Quiet steps through the moss, fresh and crisp smell of the plants, enjoyable sounds of waking birds and blue sky between the tops of tall trees. Aurelius was quiet. I felt that he doesn’t want to disturb what we are both feeling.

We passed by the small glade with round lake. This place was beaming indescribable light and peacefulness.

“Nobody comes here...” Aurelius turned to me smiling. “Can you imagine? People do not come here...I cannot imagine where they get their energy...Trees... They only wish to get higher to the light and to the warmth. Do you understand how sacred they are compare to us? They have no sins, because their gaze is always up. There is no ego, no gaze in to yourself.”

Aurelius walked up to the tree and leaned on it. He pushed his forehead to the tree with such a passion; it seemed that the beautiful woman is in front of him – not just a tree. He closed his eyes and leaned against the tree hugging it. He was going in to meditation state deeper and deeper, and tears were slowly running down his face. Peaceful and silent. I was afraid to disturb this moment with my feelings. I was afraid I will feel something negative and it will destroy the moment. I didn’t know what distance would be safe. I hope if I will be by this lake, Aurelius will not feel what I am feeling or thinking.

My ability to feel energy is nothing if compare to Aurelius. I even don’t know why. Perhaps, this man practice some kind of spiritual exercises that is why he is so sensitive. On the other hand, maybe he was born like this... How what about me? It seems that my senses are not developed at all. I always thought that I can sense people, their thoughts and feelings, but I realize now, that I can’t. I even cannot sense my own thoughts and feelings. Everything comes spontaneous and without any control. Even if I don’t want to think negatively, I can’t control that. Negativity, in form of senses or thoughts, comes involuntarily... How can I sense the others if I can’t sense myself? I think I can just resonate with the others. If somebody next to me feels bad, I feel the same. Worse thing is – I cannot feel different. I cannot control myself. If somebody next to me feels bad, I cannot force myself to feel different. Buddha said: “if someone is annoying you, avoid them”.

So what am I supposed to do? I imagine, if you always in places like this, if you always surrounded by good people – of course you will share a good energy. You will really shine. It is impossible not to shine. Unfortunately, in everyday life you can’t avoid angry people and fake stuff...

I was looking at the lake, which reminded me non - blinking eye, watching the sky. Aurelius walked up to me.

“Do you feel how good this place is?”

His eyes were shining. He looked absolutely relaxed, calm, and very handsome. My heart was overwhelmed with the beauty of this moment.

“Want go for a swim?” He asked.

I got confused a little. I was not prepared to swim.

“Scared? Scared of water or getting naked?”

“I don’t know... Perhaps both...”

He took my scarf of the neck. Looked at it. He put it on my back, crossed the ends in front, and tied behind the back.

“That’s how you can swim... I will not try to convince you... Trust me... It is unique. I did it many times... It is very pleasant to me... It would be a double pleasure if you would like it too... You know, I am like a vampire – I feed myself with the other people’s good feelings, senses, thoughts... I will feel very bad if you will feel uncomfortable doing that just to please me. You already know that. So, please, you have to decide without any doubts.”

He was so precise... Actually, many times, we do something to please the others and we feel so bad at the same time... We even do not think how our negative senses affect a person we wish the best. This will not work with Aurelius... You will not fool him... I closed my eyes and asked myself, what I would like to do. Cool lake water should refresh and tone up. After all, that would be very new experience. Swim with him... Scarf will hide my nakedness. It seems there are no any minuses.

“Yes,” I replied. “I want to swim with you.”

“Okay, you can go behind that tree and change, and I will jump in right now. Warning, I will be naked,” he smiled half - smile and winked.

I could hear how happy he was in the water while changing. I put a scarf on my naked body as he showed me and slowly walked up to the water. Aurelius went his fingers through his wet hair – he was diving. He turned to me and watched me coming. I was going slowly feeling how freezing water freezes my legs. I stopped holding my breath.

“Don’t be afraid, scream,” he told me laughing. “I always do that. I scream, otherwise, it is so painful. Come deeper and dive. You will feel much better when you will jump out.”

Screaming I jumped in to the water. It was so freezing cold and I could not hold my jaws from shaking when I jumped out. I wiped water of my face. It was indescribable good feeling. Aurelius came closer and watched my face. I did the same. His symmetrical lips were screaming for a kiss. I saw his shining perfect look. It seemed that his left eye looked at me cheeky from a little raised eyebrow. His right eye was very serious and very deep... I saw a playfulness and seriousness in this man at the same time. His longer than usually hair was curling nicely around open face. His jaw was shaking a little too.

“Do you know that you are beautiful?” His gaze was studying my face. “You have a clever forehead. It is wide and tall. Your chin is small and fragile... How do you survive in this world when you have a call to go beyond that all the time? You have narrow lips and heavenly deep and big eyes. How do you survive in this world created to be enjoyed, while you just watch how the others enjoying it? You have very long eyelashes. How do you survive in this world having the only wish to love, while the rest of the world have a wish just to use it? You are a little miracle, which I would like to have for myself. No matter where you will be trapped, the only owner of you is He, whom to your soul reaches...”

His words astounded me. I didn’t know what to say, it was so good to hear what he was saying and confusing at the same time.

“I am freezing,” I told after some time, because I did not know how to get out of this situation. I understood that this confusing is not negative, because Aurelius was feeling fine. He showed with his gaze to go out of the water. I walked out of the lake and he was waiting, while I will go behind the tree.

My body felt heated after this swim. Sun was already high to dry the morning dew. I spread my mantle in the sun and took sandwiches out of backpack.

“Look, I made a bread last night. Can you eat it?”

Aurelius sat on the mantle and looked at the box with food.

“You made a bread? Of course, I can eat it. Did you make the cheese too?”

“Oh, no,” I laughed. “And the bread is made by bread maker. I just put all the ingredients last night and it made bread through the night. I have a tea... I knew, we are going to the woods, so I thought that...”

“You think about everything...”

“And I have pickles... I didn’t know what you like. With this disease... I don’t know what you can eat...”

He looked at me very seriously.

“Gabriele, trust me, it is not a disease. Such a food, prepared with love and care, I can eat. I can see how it shines. You are wonderful. Everything you do, you do with love...”

“I am happy that you see that...” I looked down. “Please, try it...”

We got comfortable and started to eat. After a swim, everything was so tasty.

“However,” I said. “If this is not a disease, what is it?”

“I will tell you, but it is a long story,” he told after he swallowed a bite.

“And we not rushing nowhere.”

“So, once upon a time, I was a beautiful horse,” he started laughing to sing a song from the animated movie... I punched him in a chest softly. “Well, oh, well. I was a very good student with many hopes. I was very successful, very serious, and goal reaching man. Everybody forecasted a bright future as a doctor for me. Everything was going effortlessly. Important people at the right time. I thought that my karma was perfect. Plastic surgeon. Perfect recommendations, the upper class, scientific articles and the best girls... Not as good as, you are...” he corrected himself. “The upper class blondies. Do you understand?”

I nodded head that I understand everything. I tried to imagine him as he described himself.

“So...” he was silent for a while, took a sip of tea. “Oh, still it is very sensitive subject, I can’t tell... See, I react not just to the other peoples’ negative senses. If I am stressing or going through negative feelings, my inner organs get tense... Sometime ago my stomach erupted and I vomited with blood. It was terrible; I had to go to hospital. There was a real nightmare right there; the negative thought of the doctors almost killed me. For the first time they saw such an individual. After some treatments, I ran out of the hospital. I wouldn’t survive there...”

“I don’t want to hurt you. You can tell when you will be ready...”

“I want to tell you very much,” he said thinking. “I feel that I will be much better if I will tell at least to one person... Specially a person like you. So I went to India,” he said rapidly.

“To India? And?” I wondered.

Aurelius stood up and started to walk and breathe as if he was trying to control his anxiety. Sometimes he would look at me and would show with his hands – one moment, one moment...

“Life is just a blink of an eye and I don’t care about it...” he was murmuring to himself. “My body is just a tool. I am not a body. I am a soul. My home is in the soul’s world. I don’t care what is going on with my tool. I use it as long as I can. When it will break, I will change it. I am calm, because I am a soul. Eternal, calm soul...” and then loudly rapidly shouted: “I drowned in the Ganges river near Himalayas. It had to be the end of my life. But one Indian... Revived me... He said, that I used up all my stars and that is the end of the journey. Because my destiny was to die near the Ganges River it showed that, my karma is very good. That’s why that Indian ...”

He started to take deep breaths and walk fast back and forward in the field.

“He gave a little time...” Aurelius kneeled and grabbed his head. “I need to lay down.”

I worried about him.

“No, please... stay calm, please. Don’t put your worries on me... Let me calm down,” he begged while laying on his back on grass. “Come lay down.”

I laid next to him.

“Do you feel how nice this spring grass is?” he asked after some time. “Do you feel how much power it has? Close your eyes. Feel soft grass with your back. Feel how green power feeds you, blue sky protects you, and heat of the sun absorbs in to your body.”

It was really good to lay like this. By the way, I felt very nice scent from this man.

“I was laying like this,” he returned to his story. “On hard wet stones. At first, I saw Indian man drawing some kind of symbols in the air next to my head. I started to come back to this world very slowly. Then I heard his thoughts in my head. He never moved his lips, but I heard his words ‘you was born lucky. You will not die in the strange country, because Ganges gave you a blessing. You will come back home and will die in peace. You will have enough strength just to die in peace. You are like an earth without a sky, like a baby without a mother... That kind of people do not live long. I have no right to give you more time you used it up already. Don’t wait. Go home and leave this world in such a way, that you wouldn’t have to come back again.’ I came back home. I had no idea, what was going on. Just now, after 12 years, I think I understand what is going on. I have no idea, if my thinking is right. That Indian didn’t explain nothing to me. When I woke up, he was gone. I did not want to die. I tried to live with this...”

I listened to him with my eyes closed. It was easier this way to imagine everything, not to show the anxiety and stay calm.

“I tried to understand what is going on with me,” he continued. “When I settled a little with my new situation, I started to remember his words: ‘You are like an Earth without the sky.’ I started to understand a meaning of these words. I think I am like an Earth without atmosphere. Atmosphere protect Earth from the hits, which come from the universe. It seems to me, that everybody has an invisible shield, which I do not have anymore. Everything spreads its energy. If someone has his shield or atmosphere, which is called bio field, the impact of energy is weak – he can feel a pleasure from the harmonious energy and be a little annoyed from the non-harmonious energy. I do not have this shield, so the meteors from outside hits me with all the power. Every non-harmonious energy hits me so badly, that you can see scars on my physical body. You remember the skull, right?”

I did not answer. It is clear that I remember.



“I would die, if I would not notice that harmonious things heal my wounds. The real things. Moreover, there are no exclusions... I loved modern art, jokes, acting up, and nonsense. I could die very soon after I came back from India... Big part of art is destructive. I loved it before... But now even a small destruction can kill me. Just a real beauty, harmony, and consistency gives me energy. Nice flowers, healthy trees, sacred pictures, smooth music...”

Aurelius went silent. I felt like is remembering something beautiful.

“About the people... Yes, I can curse that accident in the mountains. You know, sometimes I thank God for that experience, because I understood what is really innocent and valuable. It opened my eyes. People... Of course, I had to leave my job. My forecasted career was gone. If you would know how lonely I felt. People started to choke me. Even my girlfriend whom I wanted to marry... Everything in this world can be a priority, except the sincerity and love. Later, after a few years I even stopped looking for the contacts. I lost hope to find somebody good... And yes, I found a good servant. He is old crooked man and doesn't care about anything. Totally unconcerned. He does what I say and gets paid for it. No hidden thoughts, no schemes. He is not choking me. And you...”

He went silent. I was still floating in the world of closed eyes.

“Though, do you remember the first time?” he laughed. “You was scared of me, and I was scared, that I will choke. You gave me a clean book with the hand wrapped with rosary. I got energy. At first you was the same as the others. The rosary... The rosary made everything innocent around you. Where did you get it?”

“That Indian, you saw on Skype the other day, gave it to me,” finally I opened my mouth. “He gave me a statue of Ganesh also.”

“I want to meet him very much,” said Aurelius. “Perhaps he would help me to get my ,atmosphere‘ back. Maybe there is a way to get out of this if I didn't die during the twelve years?”

“You know,” I said. “You are unique. You are like indicator. I am very happy I met you. You opened my eyes. I saw myself and the world in a different light. Everybody could have such an indicator, which would be around all the time and would signal, when we are acting nicely and when we let ego, anger, jealousy and the other feelings like it to take over us.”

“I think everybody has it,” Aurelius laughed. “It should be a conscience. But, it seems that through that thick atmosphere nobody bothers to feel an impulse of conscience and its signals. Though, not just a conscience needs to be heard. Oh, perhaps that is wrong name... perhaps I should call it ,inner voice‘. I wanted to tell you everything. You are the only one I told it... But it did hurt something inside me... It hurts... I think it's kidney...”

I turned towards him and started to touch his chest, then stomach. He didn't open his eyes. I felt, he likes it. And the tense caused by pain was going away. He said quietly:

“You know how many years nobody touched me like this?”

“Perhaps twelve?” I replied.

He smiled:

“It is not so hard to guess... If you just would know how good it feels, when somebody touches you with love... Pain goes away... On a ten point scale, your touch is a eleven.”

“And how about the grass you laying on?”

“It is very pleasant...,” he laughed. “I would give seven.”

Aurelius' eyes were still closed. The sun's warmth was gently touching his face. I just noticed right now that corners of his lips were

facing up a little. That means person is optimistic, smiles very often and laughs. I have read somewhere. I had a desire to touch his lips with mine, but I was holding myself.

“Something wrong...” he sighed. “What are you thinking about right now? Everything is okay, but I just feel some kind of stinging a little... Not very pleasant.”

He opened his eyes and looked at me trying to guess, what disturbed my innocence and harmony.

“Ouch...” he jumped as if he was shocked with electric shock, when I got scared of my thought about the kiss. “Stop... It hurts... What are you doing? What’s in your head?”

I touched very softly his lips with my lips. He didn’t answer for a moment... I froze not knowing what to do, and when I wanted to move back a little, Aurelius grabbed my lips. Kiss was very soft and gentle. I looked at him after a moment and said:

“That is what was going on in my head...I was afraid to kiss you...”

With the smile, he turned towards me. He touched my cheek.

“Don’t be afraid to do this ever...”

We heard steps over our heads at that very moment. We turned on our stomachs to look up what was that. Three deer showed up between the trees. They did not expect to meet somebody here, so they were nibbling grass quietly and coming toward us. We put our heads down trying not to scare these creatures. We exchanged glances. We felt like a kids watching something we should not watch... What a wonderful feeling. We put our heads down again. Aurelius put his arm around my waist and we laid like this watching at each other’s faces.

There were a few days before the beginning of my vacation. Time was flying. Oksana was working hard to get everything ready for the guests from India. The only Aamir got the visa to come to our country. Oksana thought that everything is going bad.

“Who will come to the seminar if there will be just one lecturer. And his lecture...”Healing spiritual causes of the disease”. Who will come?

“Aamir doesn’t worry at all,” I said. “He told me on Skype, that everything is going the way it had to go. He said that his colleagues got visas to America. According to him, everything is, as it had to be.”

“At first, my dear Gabriele,” said Oksana very serious. “At first, his name is Ahmir, but not Aamir. You have to pronounce Ahmir. Perhaps he thinks that it has to be that way, but the program is written differently and the people expect completely different things. Overall, what do you understand in it at all?”

I saw my friend is stressing out. I tried to calm her.

“Look at this from the different point of view. He will give his lecture. Hotel for just him alone will not cost a lot. We will show him around a little and say goodbye. Can you imagine how much work it would be for the whole group?”

This didn’t work to calm her down. I helped as much as I could. I distributed leaflets in the library, asked people to come to the seminar. I found a good inexpensive hotel.

We met with Aurelius every day. We would go to forest on Sundays. He would come to library on weekdays or we would meet after work. Some days were better and some days were worse. I would help him heal the wounds, which he would get during the day. He had to get out of his house, because he could survive only if he would get energy from the surroundings. I never was in his house, but he told it doesn’t have any energy, that’s why he needs fresh sources of energy. He would

bring these sources home if it is possible, for example, book, painting, or something else. When he uses up all their energy, these things cannot help him anymore. I was looking for the energy sources constantly - take him to exhibitions, after I checked them alone for destructive stuff. We would watch good movies. We would go to the parks. We would stand by the kindergarten fence and watch kids playing happy games. Sometimes I would find something good on internet. I never had that much positive stuff in such a short period.

Aurelius couldn't wait until Ahmir will come. He even thought that Indian is coming just for him. Guest is coming on Sunday, and on Monday evening, he will give his lecture. Aurelius understood that he couldn't go to the airport to meet him because of his health issues. He wanted to meet him before the seminar. I promised him to make it happen.

## GEMINI

The last night of work before vacation, I felt very excited when I locked the door of the library. It seemed that I would have very special vacation month. Temptingly was looking to the idea of spending time with Aurelius, going to listen to Ahmir's lecture, travelling around together... The amazing summer starts right here.

Next day, Sunday, Oksana and I went to the airport to meet Ahmir. She was excited:

“You will see what a special man he is. I do not know why, but I am very happy that you will meet him. You know, he is like a miracle. You tell people about him and they do not believe. Then you show them that miracle and they get shocked that this was true...”

After words, I didn't believe in that miracle. I was waiting something special, but the first impression was not WOW. He was

wearing just a jeans and plaid long sleeve shirt, and shoes (in that kind of summer heat...). Not very tall and slim. Of course, his skin was dark, you would recognize Indian complexion.

The features of his face were sharp as most of the Eastern people's: brown eyes, dark eyelashes, eyebrows, and brownish Indian's lips. I was captivated by very white teeth and black hair combed up. It was shining in the sun. I think it has oil on it. I sensed a pleasant scent coming from him, the same scent I sensed from gifts he sent to me.

He walked up to Oksana and gave a hug. Then he turned intensely towards me.

“It is pleasure to see you.”

“Oksana told about you a lot, so it is pleasure for me to meet you too.” I replied.

On a way to hotel, we were talking about common things as regular people. About the trip, and the weather. Oksana asked about his colleagues who stayed in India. Ahmir's room was high, on the ninth floor. He loved the view to the forest. He asked:

“How long will I stay alone?”

We didn't know what to answer. We even did not know how long he is planning to stay here and what he is going to do. After not getting the answer, he closed his eyes and it seemed he is listening to his inner voice.

“Okay. Everything is fine,” he laughed and opened his eyes. “Tomorrow someone will invite to stay at his house.”

We laughed with Oksana, not knowing is this some kind of hint to something. I think Oksana cannot take him in. I knew her husband is very strict. Yes, I do have a house, but I could not imagine that the stranger would like to live with somebody. Personally, I would stay in

a hotel in some country instead of staying in someone's house. I wouldn't want neither depend on somebody nor to cause a problems...

"So, how is this scary man?" he asked looking at me.

"What scary man?" asked Oksana.

"She didn't tell you?" Ahmir raised his eyebrows wondering. "I thought there are no secrets between two of you..."

"This is not a secret at all," I explained. "Just very personal."

"Come on; tell me who scared you," was laughing Oksana.

"Nothing important," I tried to describe the situation vaguely. "I met Aurelius; he has some strange disease, so I got scared. He is much better right now and I am trying to help him."

"What kind of disease?" Oksana asked me professionally frowning her face. That was her professional interest. "What are the symptoms?"

"No need to tell. I know what is wrong with him," Ahmir interrupted. "Medicine is helpless here."

"However I would like to hear," Oksana was very interested. Obviously, it was very interesting for her, that modern medicine can't help.

I told very shortly about Aurelius, about hurting him with a drawn skull; how energy from the trees and soft touches helps him heal. Of course, Oksana offered to see a psychiatrist. I got angry a little, that she does not believe my words and told her in Lithuanian; I did not want that Ahmir would understand.

"Aurelius is like a miracle, you can tell about it but nobody believes..."

Oksana looked at me frowning. Ahmir interrupted unpleasant silence:

"It is okay, Oksi, we will see him tomorrow before the seminar."

We left our guest to relax on Sunday. Seminar will start tomorrow evening, so we decided to meet Aurelius at lunchtime. I understood that everybody is waiting for this meeting: Oksana was curious; Aurelius and I hoped for help from Ahmir. I just could not understand why Ahmir was excited too.

"What do you think about him?" asked Oksana.

"I do not know. Nothing special for a while..." I shrugged my shoulders. "Easy going and kind. I do not see any miracle yet."

"I saw him watching his present on your wrist," said Oksana while touching rosary. "I think he likes that you are wearing it."

"He will be happier when I will tell him that I repeat Indian mantra every morning..."

"One more piece of news? I told you, he would sweep you away. You even not noticing how he affects you from far away. Now, he will be next to you... You will see, he will sweep you away."

"How do you know? Did he sweep you away?"

"Nobody is impassive about him. Today he is tired after the flight, I am telling you, you will see..."

Next day Aurelius and I came to the hotel. Oksana was already waiting for us.

"Aurelius," I introduced him to her. "This is Oksana, I told you about her."

They exchanged exploring looks. Of course, Oksana wanted to know what disease this man has. She even squinted. She was surprised why Aurelius is wearing clothes covering every part of his skin and gloves in such a hot day. She understood that Aurelius is hiding his

body. Aurelius started to feel bad. I saw that in his begging gaze. He almost started to choke from Oksana's thoughts but he was trying to hold on, because he did not want to show it. I stood between him and Oksana.

"It is so beautiful today," I addressed Oksana trying to redirect her thoughts to positive direction. "Do you think Ahmir will like this climate?"

I stepped up a little to get faster to Ahmir's room. I kept walking between Aurelius and Oksana. She started to chat about the weather, Indian climate and that Ahmir should like our warm weather... I didn't pay attention and secretly was watching Aurelius. I saw, that he got a little bit better. He even tried to smile, but still biting his lips and uncontrollable tears were filling his eyes.

"Look, Oksana, you go to Ahmir, we need to run to kiosk, and I need to buy something."

"I will wait," she was confused.

"No, no you go. You know him; you will see how he is feeling after first night in Lithuania. Perhaps he will want to discuss something about the seminar. We will be there in ten minutes."

My friend looked and noticed that I was holding Aurelius hand. Our crossed fingers looked intimate to her. She smiled.

"Well, oh well. I am going. Don't wait too long..." I felt she wanted to say, 'love doves' but she didn't because, she didn't know Aurelius very well yet, and that would not be a nice move from the lady of high degree as she was.

She left as usually sexy swinging her hips. I looked at Aurelius. His forehead was wet and he still is biting his lips.

"Feeling bad?" I asked.

He closed his eyes, let his lips go, and slowly said:

"Let's go. I know everything will be okay there. This woman... She could kill me... Is she your friend?"

I nodded my head sadly looking at him. I could say that I do not have very good friends. Oksana is a person whom my destiny brought in to my life for unknown reasons. Therefore, we socialize sometimes. It is far away from real friendship.

"I feel how you guard me," said Aurelius. "You are like a wall taking the hits for me. Your hand in my hand feels like intravenous drip feeding my energy."

"Okay, let's go," I didn't want that he would keep saying these words, I might get stressed and would hurt him.

Oksana answered the door. She smiled mischievously and invited in. I had a strange feeling that the room is not the same where we left Ahmir yesterday... I was wrong, Ahmir walked from behind the room divider and smiled warmly. In a few seconds I looked around the room looking what is changed from yesterday. One piece of curtain was nicely covering the window, and the sun was shining through its orange fabric. Smoke from the frankincense was nicely wafting in the breeze that was coming through the cracked window. The whole room smelled very pleasant. Chest-of-drawers covered with silk fabric; candle and a few pictures of Indian Goddess were on a top. Everywhere you can see the signs of coziness - made up bed, but still you can see that someone slept here, jeans on a chair, empty teacup on a table, and a few personal things. There was peacefulness and coziness everywhere.

I felt that Aurelius squeezed my hand. I looked at him. He looked surprised.

"So we are meeting again," he said in English while walking up to Aurelius. "How did you survive that long?"

"That was you?" Aurelius was surprised.

“You remember me? I thought you wasn’t conscious enough to see my face and remember after twelve years...”

Aurelius let my hand and hugged Ahmir. They looked like two friends who didn’t see each other for a long time. I never saw Aurelius smiling like that. Ahmir was happy too.

“You know each other?” asked Oksana, something I was ready to ask too.

“Yes, this man saved my life...” replied Aurelius.

I understood that he is the same Indian who found him in the Ganges River. Oksana did not understand, because she didn’t know the story.

“Please, sit down,” Ahmir said, still all smiles. “I will tell you everything.”

We sat around the small table. Ahmir started to tell:

“Twelve years ago during Shivaratri festival, I went to Rishikesh. It is a city near Himalayan Mountains and the River Ganges runs through this city. They glorify God Shiva. Shiva destroys and transforms everything. Shivaratri festival glorifies Shiva. I stayed late that night; the celebration goes through the night. My hotel was near the river, so I was walking by the Ganges to get to the hotel. Razzle-dazzle was getting quieter, still you could see a single prayer, but the crowd was gone already. I stopped by the humongous statue of Shiva, which was standing proudly in the Ganges waters on a huge rocks washed by the river waves. I was giving a bow to Shiva and I saw this man.”

Oksana looked at Aurelius. He looked at her and bit his lower lip again. Ahmir looked at both of them and then he waived his hand in front of Oksana’s face as if he would want to take off the invisible spider web. He snapped his fingers. Then he touched Aurelius’ hand very softly. Aurelius sighed and I could see how he started thirstily drink his

energy. He let his lip go and I understood how good he is feeling right now.

“You was in India?” Oksana asked Aurelius’ calmly.

“Yes, I was, but very unsuccessfully... I was with my friends in Rishikesh. We...” he stopped for a moment. “We were in the inflatable boats. The flow is very strong there; it carries you very fast... I tried to show my awesomeness... Unfortunately, unsuccessfully. I hit my head on the rock while falling out of the boat... I thought I died, because I do not remember nothing from that moment.”

“But you remember me?” corrected Ahmir.

“Yes, but...” Aurelius was confused. “When I saw you, I think it was day light and sunny... You are saying that it was night...”

“Yes, it was night,” laughed Ahmir. “Standing on the shore next to the crossed legs of Shiva, I saw something red in a water. When I looked closely, I understood that this is a life vest, which rowers use for safety. When I looked more closely, I saw that this vest is on someone’s body. The body did not move. I understood that something happened. I could not understand how this could happen on such a sacred day at the sacred place. I thought if Shiva took this body to his legs Perhaps that means, there is a hope.”

“He wasn’t dead?” I asked.

“Silly question,” said Oksana while laughing. “Of course, he was not dead. You can see he is still alive...”

“Oh, Oksi, it will be very hard for you to understand. He was dead...” nodded his head Ahmir.

“Then how he can be here alive?” she couldn’t agree.

“I was all wet until I reached the statue in the river. I leaned to the body. It was stiff, blue, and cold. Eyes opened and pointed up, as dead peoples’ eyes. I addressed Shiva in very warm words. I got the

answer that the physical and ethereal body of this man is dead unreturnable, but his soul is still attached to astral body. Death is unavoidable. Shiva told that his karma is very good. His birth was a blessing for all the things in the past. This life was given to him as payment; he was very lucky, he did not have nothing to worry about, and he always got everything the best. Unfortunately, he spent everything he had very fast. He just enjoyed, but he didn't do anything good. The wealth was gone. I asked God, why he had to die like this so far away from home and loved ones.”

Ahmir went silent. We all looked at him.

“Indians think that to die near the Ganges is a blessing. A person gets moksha – freedom from the material world. Shiva explained to me, that this is the best death he could get, because he doesn't have any relatives and the world he lived in is just a sea of cheating and egotism. But...”

He went silent again. Aurelius and I asked him in one voice:

“But?”

“Because of the Shiva's festival, he let me to do something... He said if I want I could let this man go back to his country and die there quietly. You know, we Indians are attached to our roots and to die in a strange country it is a damnation for us. Therefore, Shiva let me give this man a few days of my own life. ‘If you want, you can revive him and give your days to him. Your destiny will be shorten by the number of days this man stays alive...’ I thought that is the biggest contribution I was allowed to sacrifice ever. Shiva would take that big contribution with a big pleasure. So I agreed.”

“That is a fairy tale right here,” Oksana said confusingly. I saw, that my friend is disappointed in a man she idolized.

“And then,” Ahmir resumed. “Shiva taught me how to give life to the first chakra, which will wake up a physical body. The first and

second chakras were not spinning anymore. The others, the higher ones, still had a little bit of power. I did everything I was told – a few special mantras, magic symbols and magic moves... Therefore, we gave life just to a physical body. It should be enough to go home. Then he should die. I thought that there is nothing bad to give up a few days of my life...”

“But then, that means I took from you twelve years?” Aurelius asked confused a little.

“Yes, you did...” Ahmir looked at him sadly. “But I wonder how you survived that long. Theoretically, you cannot be alive.”

“Theoretically you cannot be alive for sure,” Oksana laughed. “Perhaps he wasn't dead? Perhaps he had a clinical stage and Ahmir revived him by accident while moving him...”

“By the way, I would like to know,” Aurelius interrupted her speech. “Why? Why theoretically I cannot be alive?”

“Because you don't have the second chakra, and that means you don't have an ethereal body. Such a creature cannot exist,” Aurelius started to explain. “All chakras are connected in to one whole tissue. If one of the chakras dies, the whole organism is dead too.”

“When I came back scary things started to appear,” Aurelius defended himself, “I started to research everything. I studied chakras, but I still do not understand what you want to say...”

“If you studied chakras,” Aurelius continued, “You should know that first chakra creates a physical body, liquid, tissue and everything we can touch. A second chakra forms from all of it. It creates human energy, which is a protective shield for the body. Energetic field protects human body from outside influence the same as atmosphere protects the Earth. If a human doesn't have energy, his physical body cannot exist. How I could explain it differently? Simply different energies start to affect the physical body direct and very aggressively.”

“I understood that,” Aurelius was anxious. “I read somewhere that the second chakra is responsible for the sensitivity. The more it is developed the better someone can feel energies. He even can be a bioenergetics because he can feel even smallest changes of the energy.”

“Yes, you are right,” Ahmir laughed. “You cannot find truth in the books... Unfortunately. In this case is the same. Yes, if second chakra is very good developed, person is very sensitive. Anyway, what does that mean? That means – he has this chakra. You do not have it... When someone has a second chakra, and I am telling, everybody has it for sure, otherwise organism cannot live. Fluffy cat feels the surroundings with every single hair or mustache. All the senses are in the second chakra, which connected to the body through the ends of fur hair. If you get your hand close enough to the fur without touching it, you will feel warmth. That is cats’ energetic body, very strong and powerful. If somebody touches that energetic body cat will feel it. The mustache on cat’s face are especially sensitive. If the mouse runs by and moves the air, cat will feel it with the mustache. The same is with humans. If somebody feels energies that means his energetic body is not just developed, but even fat.”

“So how is it possible that I do not have second chakra?” Aurelius argued. “I am too sensitive to energies. I feel what the others do not feel at all...”

Oksana and me were just listening with our eyes wide opened and didn’t say nothing. Ahmir started to prove:

“You feel with your physical body but not with chakra. By the way, you feel very strong, because you don’t have any of energetic protection. If I would shake a finger at you, you would pass out. Your body always suffers from negative things and peoples’ thoughts. You did noticed that, didn’t you?”

Aurelius agreed with nod of his head.

“So,” continued Ahmir. “Moreover, you constantly have to look for sources to feed your body. It has to be an outside source, because your body doesn’t produce energy. There again, a person can charge his energy with a simple prayer, mantra or yoga exercise. On the other hand, you will need a lot of effort and the energy will go away very soon... You need a constant source of energy. You should know more about it for yourself.”

“Yes,” Aurelius agreed. “What can I do right now? I... It is a torture to live like this. I do not want to live like this.”

“I don’t know what to say to you, especially when you live the days of my life,” he laughed. “I should be interested in your death, because you already stole my twelve years. However, my honesty cannot let me take your life... I need to meditate about you. I cannot realize yet how you still exist. It simply impossible. Do you understand? I will pray to God and ask for the solution.”

There were many doubts in my head; my thoughts were spinning in a chaotic way and I had many questions I would like to ask this man from India. I decided to give a break to him. I hoped that there would be a time left to ask the questions.

I observed Ahmir’s facial expressions, trying to understand his character while he was telling these stories. He always looked in the companion’s eyes while talking; his gaze is very calm and pure. He looks like he is a good man.

Everybody went quiet. Nobody said nothing. I felt the coziness of this room again. It felt like home.

“Do you have everything you need here?” asked Oksana.

“Just a people...” he smiled. “I know, Europeans like to be alone, but the Indians are very different. We need people. Somebody could live with me here. We would share everything and talk.”

“I would like,” Aurelius told without even thinking.



I saw that Oksana was shocked more than I was. I felt that she does not have a very good opinion about Aurelius. Ahmir thought that Aurelius is very homey; they communicated very easy, without any pre-established opinions or hidden thoughts.

“Great, stay,” Ahmir was happy.

“No, no, you can’t,” Oksana protested. “This is single room... One bed. Everything is just for one. By the way, who would pay for it?”

“Not at all,” Ahmir argued. “We sleep in one bed in the hotels in India. Thus, it would be much nicer to stay in one of your nice houses. I saw very nice expensive houses on a way to hotel. What if there would be a garden...” He even closed his eyes imagining this kind of pleasure. “Your houses are very bright and open. It is different view in India – we hide from the heat of sun, there for windows are very small and closed with the thick curtains...”

“Perhaps you would like to stay in my house?” Aurelius asked.

“Ayurveda looks at the human as to a whole system, which connects all the plans of the creature. The beginning point is very different here than in traditional Western medicine. If a man lives in peace and tranquility, he will get sick. Every disease is connected with losing a balance and harmony in an individual,” Oksana was translating Ahmir’s lecture to the listeners. “So Ayurveda has a purpose to help people to maintain a balance and satisfaction. Man does very many different things: works, study, communicates, creates, does sports, prays, and many more... All these things takes up his mind, feelings and actions. How to force a man not to go too far? How to stay calm, when let’s say, his child is hurt or employer yells at him? How many situations like this we have during a day? Infinity. Even a rain can irritate you if you don’t have an umbrella.”

Oksana was translating very easy sentence after sentence.

“It is very important not to forget, that everybody is very individual, so the same situation affects differently. The same disease Ayurveda can heal very differently. We give three doshas, three bodily humors that make up one's constitution. Vata - air, Pita – fire and Kapha – earth and water principals. They all interact in one’s body and define different features of character thinking, acting and features of physical body. We are born with different set of dosha and if we live in harmony with the world and ourselves, the set never changes. If we lose a balance – very quickly some dosha will start to change – to get bigger or smaller. We start to feel discomfort that something is not right. With Ayurveda and the medicine we try to reset the primary ratio of dosha.”

I noticed that slowly listeners started to change. At first, people were cold and serious. They just came to one more seminar. Simplicity and very warm Ahmir’s tone changed everything. Before the seminar, he asked to show them Ayurveda Goddess Dhanvantari picture.

“I hope I will not offend your God if I will put a picture of this Goddess on the table?” he asked. Nobody said “No”. Everybody looked very serious and specific. “Do what you want to do,” that was the answer on their faces. Ahmir needed just that. He took Dhanvantari picture out of his bag, unwrapped, and put on the table. In addition, he lighted the candle and put it next.

I felt that Aurelius got comfortable and relaxed. I understood that he is getting out of tense, which was caused by the peoples’ thoughts. Aurelius was an indicator showing that people became more positive.

Of course, Ahmir started with the explanation what Ayurveda is. He told that in old times people gave Vedas – sacred Indian writings, from generation to generation. They would choose very talented kids, read long texts of Vedas to them and they had to repeat everything. Before the writings, all the wisdom was kept in the memory. Even the smallest change of sound or word could cause the Veda traditions keeper to lose his arm or even life. Just because of these strict punishments,

Vedas stayed original and not distorted. When the script came in, Vedas were written on the paper. A life science Ayurveda quotes Vedas, which teaches us how to live right, how to communicate with each other what to do, what to eat, and how to heal...

I didn't have a doubt, that Ahmir not just teaches how to live healthy, but he lives like this too. In every aspect, this man looked perfect. His body was slim and healthy, his eyes not just were shining, but also he looked at everything with respect and peacefulness. His speech tone was pure, there was no wheeze in his voice, and the words sounded like nice and peaceful music.

Even his behavior was perfect. He would look in the eyes of companion while answering question from the listeners. Sometimes he would walk to a person and would touch his wrist or shoulder in a friendly manner. Indifference was not his act at all.

Most of the people seemed under a charm of very calming magic Ahmir's energy field. At the end of the lecture many of participants were interested in Ayurveda, but Ahmir was sorry that for Europeans it almost impossible to use it. They would need to learn a lot and more they would need to change their thinking and beliefs. They would have to live on beliefs instead of science. This is almost impossible for the Western world. Many questions came in: could he diagnose, recommend, put the diet together, choose the medicine, and tell what to change in the behavior...

Oksana and I were thinking that Lithuanians would not be interested in Ayurveda. We were so wrong. I even couldn't imagine that everything will turn out like this.

Ahmir told that he will spend a few weeks in Lithuania and he can consult everybody who wants it. He asked me to make a list and give a half an hour to every visitor. I didn't believe that Ahmir will have to consult people every day from 6 am to 2 pm the whole week. Everything was spinning so fast, we even did not notice that Aurelius'

house became not just a place to stay for Ahmir, but it became an Ayurveda clinic and I became his assistant and interpreter.

It was strange, but there were no questions asked. Ahmir with all the peacefulness and confidence was telling everything that will happen. We?...We had no desire at all to argue with him, even if we would like to do that, we had no power to say "No". He disarmed me completely.

Next morning I came to Aurelius house before six. It will be the first time I will step in to place where I wanted to be long time ago. He never invited me to his house. The main gate with the demons was opened so I will drove in to the yard. I felt cold on my body while passing these scary creatures with wings. Yard was very simple; green grass and brick pathways. I walked in through a wide opened door covered with white curtains to protect flies from going in. I opened the curtain and walked in.

I felt a pleasant smell of frankincense. It seems Ahmir already did his prayers. I saw Aurelius' shoes in a hallway. There were women's sandals next to them. I thought that Oksana might be here already. I kept walking. I heard Ahmir's words, which were capturing me to go there. My eyes were catching everything. Inside everything was white: walls, ceiling, floor, curtains, furniture... I never saw something like that. No souvenirs, no pictures – nothing. Built in closets, white soft sofa, white chairs, and small table. I felt uncomfortable.

"Oh, you are already here?" Aurelius' voice from behind scared me.

I turned around. Aurelius was dressed in white linen clothes – pants and shirt. Barefoot. He was so bright, very bright. Smiling.

"How do you like my home?" he asked.

"I even don't know what to say...Very white..."

“Yes. White color reflects all the other colors. I can’t afford the other colors, because they suck a part of light. I am an energy vampire. I cannot share the light with things.”

“There are no things here,” I laughed. “Look around, you don’t have anything.”

“Now you understand why I have to leave the house every day? If I find a good thing with strong energy, I bring it home and keep it as long as the thing has energy. When energy is gone, I have to get rid of it. Do you know that things become energy vampires too?”

“How?” I wondered.

“Look, this rosary you have on your wrist. It spreads energy because you pray every day. If you would stoop doing it, rosary would lose its shine and would start to suck energy from you. That’s why I do not have any things in my house. All the things we do not use suck energy from us. I feel it very painful.”

“Are you saying that all the souvenirs on the shelves are vampires too?”

“Not just souvenirs, but clothes you don’t wear, books you don’t read, dishes you don’t use...”

Aurelius walked close to me and looked at me sincerely.

“I am very happy now. You and that amazing Indian in my home. I will not be missing energy until he will stay here. I feel how positive energy field surrounded my house. Even strange people cannot hurt me. I feel their negative thoughts, but it doesn’t hurt my inner organs.”

“Is Oksana here?” I asked.

“No. This is our first client. Let’s go.”

“Am I late?” I asked.

“No. Yesterday late Oksana put one more patient on a list. She was begging. Let’s go.”

Aurelius took me to the next room. There was a woman with the naked belly and there was a metal pitcher hanging on her belly. I was surprised to see a picture like this.

“Gabriele!” Ahmir shouted very happy. “We are treating people already.”

“I see, just I do not understand what kind of treatment is this?”

“A belly button energy center is moved to the side. She always feels fatigue and when she is sick, the medicine would not help. So we are trying to move that center in the right place.”

“This is the first time I hear such a complaint,” I corrected myself. “How will you treat it?”

“Vacuum sucked her belly in to this pitcher. The pitcher is filled with water and its weight pulls the belly button down. When I will take off this pitcher, energy center will be in the right place.”

“How will you know that the center is fixed?” I hesitated.

“Lines on her palms will be changed. I showed her how different are the lines on both palms. After the procedure, they will be identical.”

“Really? How can it happen?” It was hard to believe for me.

Actually, it really happened. Woman left very happy and smiling. People went one after the other the whole day. I heard all kind of diagnoses. I had to translate very often because people wouldn’t know the specific terms. Aurelius was like an indicator for us. If he would walk, biting his lip, that means a patient will be heavily sick – cancer or some kind of really bad disease.

“You take away my job,” Ahmir was joking. “I don’t need any effort to understand how serious the disease is. On the other hand, I worry about your lip. Do not bite it.”

The same text all day long: “Vata doshas (air element) zone is inside the belly; 80 percent of all diseases come from here. Air is going up and it causes anger, stress, headache, and dizziness. No coffee, bananas, coke, grilled spicy food and sauces. Need to get up early and go for a walk, or even run. How much time do you spend praying? You have to pray in the morning and in the evening...”

When the last patient left, I asked Ahmir a question:

“Why you are saying exactly the same words to every patient?”

“Because your people suffer from the same thing.”

“Why? Their complaints are different.”

“No, all diseases are the same. All of them are type vata. I didn’t see kapha today, because this zone is in the chest and from here comes just 20 percent of diseases. Of course, is summer time now, that’s why there are no diseases in this zone. When fall will come and the weather will be cold, we will have diseases here. These are seasonal and connected to mucus in the lungs. Vata diseases are already chronic.”

“Why?” I was concerned.

“That’s the way you live. Vata or air is very fast and not consistent. How do you live? Fast, running, and rushing without any reason. Running, because there are endless thoughts in your mind, nerves and stress. What would you expect from that kind of life style?”

“You think that’s because of the life style?”

“Let’s say - you do not believe in God. That’s why you rush and get sick,” Ahmir explained while smiling. Does he want to say that there are just godless people living on the St. Mary’s land? Most of the people would argue about this.

“I do not understand. Are you saying we have to pray to Indian God?” I couldn’t agree.

“Calm down. Look, Aurelius already biting his lip. Don’t hurt him...”

I turned to Aurelius. He was sitting at the table. He understood that we are concentrated on him, so he smiled widely but painfully, as if he would be embarrassed because of his feelings. He leaned on the table touching it with the forehead, covered face with his hands, and said:

“I will survive. Ahmir tell Gabriele everything she wants to know.”

“Well, if Aurelius is ready for your negative emotions, we can go on,” said Ahmir. “I told to a few people that they need to pray more – morning and night every day. So what did they answer?”

“They would try to convince that they pray constantly,” I replied.

“Do you know what that answer means?” Ahmir smiled. “That means they do not pray at all. They rush all the time as the others do. They have many problems. They remember God when they have a little spare time. God is not their priority and they do not give special time to God. Perhaps they remember God while looking for the place to park a car: ‘God, it would be great if I would find at least one empty space...’ Perhaps they remember God while cutting potatoes for the soup: ‘God, help me to win a million...’ Maybe they remember God while spending time in a nature: ‘God, it is so beautiful here, be blessed for that...’ and they would drink for that thought beer or wine. Do you think that is the prayer?”

I didn’t answer, I felt he is telling the truth.

“Do you know what means constantly? If they would pray constantly, all the Saints would be shining because they can feel the

rhapsody of God being so close. These people do not lie. They honestly believe what they say. They believe that they pray constantly, because their mind said so. Many times the mind said:

“I have to pray, I will pray when I will have time.” However, they never did, they don’t remember... They believe, that they prayed for sure. What does God need?”

“What?”

“The same as the others need. Attention. Therefore, I asked these people to give God at least ten minutes in the morning and at night. The time should be given to God. Not when there will be time left from the other things. People think that there are things more important than prayers. This is the biggest mistake of the culture. If a man could get up ten minutes earlier, light a candle and frankincense for God, if a man could concentrate attention just for ten minutes to God – that would be a huge step forward. If a man could do that every day, God would know that He is not in the last place.”

Aurelius suddenly lift his head of the table and asked: “Can you stay here? Can you stay here in Lithuania forever?”

Ahmir didn’t answer. It was clear, that the answer is “No”. My phone rang.

“Am I at the right place? Do I have to go through the gates with the scary demons?” asked Oksana.

“Yes,” I replied while smiling.

Oksana brought lunch. She cooked vegetarian food. We sat on the terrace and ate. I never ever had this food before and Ahmir was happy, that Oksana learned to cook Indian dishes. Was very good.

“How long it would take to register a marriage after you present the papers?” Ahmir asked out of nowhere.

I almost choked. I remembered his proposal via internet. I looked at Aurelius. He was circling with the spoon monotonically in his plate, his forehead was frowned, and eyebrows raised.

“About a month,” calmly replied Oksana. “If it is not changed after I got married.”

“So, perhaps it would be smart to present the papers today. I didn’t plan to stay longer than month,” calmly said Ahmir while chewing his food.

“Did Gabriele say ‘Yes’ already?” wondered Oksana.

Aurelius put the spoon and leaned in a chair. I did not know is he sick from my thoughts or from his own emotions.

“I didn’t say ‘yes’,” I told seriously.

“I understand you,” he said without any disappointing. “You will say ‘yes’ after one month, but it will be too late present the documents. Let’s present the documents today and if you will not want to marry me after a month, we will not get married. What do you think?”

Oksana leaned and whispered in my ear:

“Agree. You will see, after one month you will be in love up to your ears. Ahmir is right; you will not have to do if you will not want. If you are thinking about that disabled guy... Don’t fall in love with him, he will not stick here for a long time. By the way, can you compare him to Ahmir, can you? You do not know yet what Ahmir is capable of. Agree...”

Aurelius couldn’t hear what Oksana was saying, but he felt it with his sensitive body. He stood up, said “Sorry,” and left to his room.

“How can we solve everything nicely?” looking at Aurelius said Ahmir. “I even don’t know how long he will live...He is so in love with you. He can live normally until he is with me, Aurelius will die when I... We will leave. Should we take him with us? Perhaps some Gurus in

India would help to solve this problem... I didn't get any answer. God is quiet still."

"Why don't you have a solution?" wondered Oksana while laughing. "I never ever saw you so hopeless"

"Well, my dear friend. You forgot that I am complete powerless. My power is God. I do not belong to myself at all. I do not have my own wishes or powers; I just do what He says."

"So, did God tell you to marry me?" I asked.

"Exactly," he smiled. "Though, I have a fiancé in India..."

"You will marry two?" I was very surprised.

"Marriage with you will be just 'paper marriage'. Nobody in India will know about it. Indian can marry only Indian. Specially a Brahman – Guru. You understand that you will not be able to serve me as the Indian women do. I need many help. Unconditional devotion."

"Why you wouldn't hire a maid?" I asked being sorry for his future wife.

"God told me to marry, but not to hire a maid," he laughed.

"How do you know that God is talking to you or whether you present your own wishes like God's orders?"

This time he looked at me closely piercing me with his sharp gaze.

"Let's talk about the picture of you Oksana showed me."

"What is to talk about it?" I wondered.

"How do you know you are talking to God but not to some kind of demon?"

Suddenly Ahmir dimmed, and his eyes squinted.

"I need to check on Aurelius," he said.

We went in to the house. Ahmir said that we should look for him in his room on the second floor. We went upstairs. I felt a heartache that Aurelius is feeling very bad while we are talking nonsense here...

Ahmir walked in to the room without knocking. Aurelius was on a bed, crawled in a ball and writhing because of pain. His blood vessels were bulging out on his face. I already forgot how bad this looks. Ahmir walked up to him and wanted to touch him, but he pushed away his hand. I saw, that he is not just suffering but he is angry too. The anger is killing him right now.

"What is wrong with him?" asked Oksana. "He needs help. He will choke."

She tried to come up to him but Aurelius said through clenched teeth:

"Leave me alone. All of you..."

"Stop being angry." I said quietly. "You are killing yourself."

"Exactly..." he said through the clenched teeth.

"You will not kill yourself like this until I am in your house," quietly said Ahmir. "You will hurt yourself but you will not die, because my energy feeds you. By the way, we do not want you to die. We want to solve your problem softly and save you. If you think different than that, it is your ego problem."

Ahmir asked Oksana to get out of the room.

"Let's leave them. Let them calm down."

"So they are really in love with each other," I heard Oksana saying behind the door.

“It hurts to see you like that,” I said and sat next to Aurelius. “I do not want you to suffer. Do you think, that... Do you think that we could be together? With you?”

Aurelius didn't answer. I put my hand on his head and started to stroke softly. I felt that my touches do not give as much affect as it used to do. I suspected that is because of Ahmir whose field gives him an energy shield. Aurelius looks like us a little right now, not that sensitive. It is sad a little, because I was happy to please him with my touches.

“Don't think that I do not feel anything...” he murmured without looking at me. “I feel positive and negative thoughts but it feels as if there is a thin-wadded layer. Pain is a little bit less hurting and the pleasure is not as strong as it was...”

I laid behind and wrapped my arms around him.

“Ahmir says that we could take you with us to India. I do not know what to do. If I will not take his offer, he will leave and you will live like a disabled person. Not clear, how long you would survive. If I will agree to go, then he would take you with us and you could live reasonable life. Perhaps, we would find somebody who would help you while in India. By the way, marriage is just a fiction. Ahmir told nobody would know about this in India. He has a fiancé there.”

He turned to me and hugged me:

“I don't want to live anymore like this. Not alone. With you, I could go through any pain. I would not survive if I would lose you. I feel that you are loyal to me for now. Ahmir believes, that you will say 'yes' after a month. That means you will fall in love with him...”

“Do you think he knows everything?”

“No doubt...”

“He doesn't know how to solve your problem...”

“It seems that the solution is – not to solve the problem. Can you promise not to leave me?”

“Can you promise me the same?” I asked.

He looked up to the ceiling thoughtfully.

“I don't think I can... I don't know how long I will live... But the worse thing is that you didn't want to answer that question either. That means you do not know will you stay with me...”

Above our heads through the cracked window, wind was blowing curtains. The same wind brought to us Ahmir's and Oksana's steps. They sat quietly by the window on a bench. Oksana lighted a cigarette with the lighter. After some time we started to smell smoke in a room. We were laying and looking in to each other's eyes while listening to the conversation outside. We heard Ahmir's words:

“Oksana, why are you killing yourself?”

“You mean smoking?” she asked.

“About everything... You do not take care of your health at all. You even don't see that you are on death path. Do you see what you did to Aurelius. He feels guilty of his feelings.”

“What do you mean?” wondered Oksana.

Aurelius' gaze changed and I understood that he is concentrated to the conversation but not to my eyes.

“What happened to you today, my dear friend? Tell me. Are you fighting again?”

“How do you know?” she was surprised.

“You are still thinking, that you can hide from me something, aren't you? So what happened? Tell me, you will feel better.”

“Nothing in particular,” she said while letting the smoke out of her mouth. “Just a common fight with my husband. You know, I am very emotional. He always provokes me. He started to complain that India changed me in a bad way. Just a few words and I got mad...”

“And you put all the emotions in to the food... I felt it right away. Aurelius was broken completely because of such a negative thing. Poor guy, he still thinks that this is his fault, Gabriele’s fault or mine... Sometimes is so hard to recognize the real reason for our bad mood. You need to love your husband much more.”

“I love him,” Oksana sighed. “I just don’t know why he is always like this... As if we would fight each other... Many tears I cried... After India, everything went worse. He doesn’t understand me at all...”

“Calm down. Everything will be all right... Learn to control yourself – when you get angry you might do something you will regret...Please, stop smoking.”

Aurelius’ gaze and all the attention came back to me. He was calm. Ahmir’s words changed his mood. After some time, Ahmir asked Oksana:

“Do you know what Gabriele was doing twelve years ago? In the beginning of March?”

This time I was all ears. Why he is interested? I was thinking what did I do at that time? My studies were ending. I already lived in a house my parents left for me. You could say that the new stage of my life just started. In addition... Then... Why I never thought about that... Electricity went through my body. I gasped and sat in the bed.

“What happened?” asked Aurelius.

“I... I...” I could not make a sentence. “I should go home...”

Aurelius sat too and took my hand.

“What happened to you twelve years ago?” he repeated Ahmir’s question.

“Twelve years ago? Yes...”

I couldn’t say anything. It seemed that just now I started to realize fundamentals of some stages of my life. The new understanding was so foggy. I felt I have to check everything. I pulled my hand and stood up from the bed.

“Don’t be angry at me I have to go...” I said. I leaned and softly kissed him on his forehead. “Till tomorrow...”

I left unnoticed I didn’t want to explain anything.

I overturned all the drawers trying to find old diary. I was writing everything what was happening to me, because the Death Valley was a new thing to me. I found my diary among old papers, opened and went through my forgotten experiences again while reading a diary...

Many years ago, one-day big storm came in. Sky was scary and dark. It was one of those nights when I didn’t know what to do. I had some kind of anxiety, unexplainable desire to go somewhere. Something is pulling and alluring you, but you have no idea who and where...The storm enhanced that feeling. I decided to go for a walk in the fields behind my suburban house.

Yodulis was wagging his tale – he wanted to go with me. Therefore, we left together. The wind was so strong it was hard to breath and my hood wouldn’t stay on a head... Sky was getting ready to burst. And it did. When Yodulis and I were already far away from home it started to pour on us. Water was pouring with a huge power ripping with the wind. Lightning was all over the place – wide and long through the sky. I never ever saw or felt that kind of power before.



No fear at all. Opposite, my heart was filled with unexplainable joy and happiness. It seemed that God is looking at me. There was no end of thunder and lightning. I didn't try to hold my hood anymore, which was flying around my head together with my hair. I put my arms up in a sky and screamed while feeling ecstasy and euphoria:

“God, now You see me and I see You!”

A lightning blazed and magnificent sound exploded at this very moment. For me it was His answer. A gust of wind with rain hit me in a face, I took a step back and suddenly felt that I am walking in a rain as if I would be in the labyrinth... Strange gusts of wind pushed me through invisible curves; unnoticeable streams of wind pulled me deep in to the space where my consciousness started to get cold and stopped... I felt at one moment that body motions became clumsy and slow as if in slow motion movie. My hair was flying in the wind but slow as if underwater... I didn't feel wind, I didn't hear sound...It seemed the storm doesn't exist anymore.

The strange change did not scare me at all. I feel, as if I am standing in front of Him at His office...

“Is that You, my God,” I heard my thoughts and at that moment a bright light of lightning lighted up the sky. That was the answer for me. I stood perplexedly. I did not know what to say to Him. I never prepared myself for such a situation; to stand like this in front of Him... At this very moment I heard one more of my thoughts, very quiet and peaceful:

“I love You...”

Tears were coming out of my eyes. They washed my soul and my body. Tears of happiness, love, and innocence. It felt so good. No words, no thoughts... His closeness was so magnificent and my being so fragile... I know I would come here every day. I will look for this date repeatedly... My life since would be useless without it. As a

teenager looks to repeat a feeling of the first love, I have no doubt – I will not be able to live without it anymore.

I felt that the storm was calming down and the same invisible gusts of wind pulled me through the same labyrinth. I flew easily until the storm became material again and I could hear gust of wind and thunderstorm. Moreover, wet hair was hitting my face. I felt He is saying “God bye” to me but just for a while. My arms went in to the sky as if I would like to grab it and never let it go.

“I give all myself to You! Give me your will! Whatever You want! Forever!” I was shouting.

I remember, I came home took a notebook and wrote everything because I could not tell anybody about it and I could not keep it to myself. It seemed as if I was so electrified and my soul was shining as a bolt of lightning. This heavenly anxiety stayed with me for a while. Every day I would write about an experience from the Death Valley. At first streams of wind and gusts would carry me through the labyrinth and then later the weather was much calmer and the streams disappeared. My body still would feel a light gust, which I would follow to get to that strange space.

I would observed everything at first. Then I had a wish to ask a question. I would get the answers in my mind. Slowly it became an everyday routine. I was writing less in my diary. There were days that I even didn't go to Death Valley... Euphoria disappeared. I would go there when I had that strange longing for something...

Why did I need that diary today? Because, after all these years I do not know when this started. I looked at first date: “March 12, 2002” Yes that was exactly 12 years ago. I met Him for the first time when Aurelius died in India and Ahmir revived him to a strange existence as if he is half-alive. How it can be? Is that a coincidence?

I felt that this is the time to fulfill a promise that I gave that day: “I give all myself to You! Give me your will! Whatever you want! I take You all! Forever! Perhaps it is time now?”

I walked upstairs and kneeled in front of Ganesh statue.

“What do you think?” I asked it. “Did you come in such a form? Did you come to remind me to fulfill a promise?”

I shook because of thunderstorm’s sound and the blaze of lightning. I stepped in to balcony. The heat of the day exploded with the same storm as the first day. My apple trees were leaning to the ground as if the God would walk here. I ran outside and Yodulis ran after me. I ran as fast as I could through the fields and with the anxiety in my heart, I was waving to the sky. Here I am! God, I am here! I forgot my promise because you didn’t asked me for so long. Whatever You want. I will take everything You want me to take. Tears of joy were running down my face as they did that day. It’s been a long time... I didn’t have much hope that this day will come and I will feel what I feel right now. I thought that my every day routine bored me and I became a grumpy persona who just pretends that she believes in God as most people do.

Bored by every day routine I forgot what is important. In addition, I wouldn’t wake up by myself... He woke me up again. I feel unbelievably happy, overtaken by euphoria, filled with trust and joyful happiness. Moreover, the most of all filled with love for all.

It seemed that the period of emptiness was a challenge. I believed I passed this test.

“What has changed in you?” asked Aurelius in the hallway when I came in the morning to assist to Ahmir. “You shine. You are just beaming... Who charged you?”

I just smiled and with happy smile kissed him on a cheek. I heard Aurelius reading mantras monotonically in the room. I tiptoed towards

Ahmir as if I wouldn’t feel the ground under my feet. I kneeled next to Ahmir who was sitting with his legs crossed. He didn’t open his eyes, but he felt me.

There was a statue of Shiva, a candle and the frankincense burner was smoldering very peacefully on the little table in front of him. I watched his repeating motions: he was picking up beads of rosary with the right hand’s three fingers and his lips easily repeated hard to pronounce words. Trust and the peacefulness was on his face. It seemed that nobody could disturb him at his moment, because he is in front of God.

I didn’t see ecstasy or euphoria on his face. The waves of peacefulness were going over the edges all over the place. I felt that Aurelius sat next to him too.

After some time, Ahmir touched the center of his forehead with the rosary and then touched both eyes. He put together his palms and opened his eyes. He looked at me and asked:

“How do you know that this is not a coincidence?”

Aurelius looked at me questionable; he did not understand what Ahmir is talking about. However, everything was clear to me.

“I simply know it was not a coincidence. I know it was God”

“Did you ever really hear His voice?” Ahmir leaned back a little. “For real? What tone and color does His voice have? Is it loud or perhaps quiet?”

“I,” I hesitated a little. “I heard His voice just in my head.”

“In your head?” Ahmir laughed. “How do the people of Western world call it? Schizophrenia? The only proof of that would be if somebody would hear it too. Do you have a witness?”

“No for sure...” I was laughing now. I could not believe he is asking me such things.

“How do you know that is for real? I think you simply made it up. You believe what you want to believe.”

I looked down. I did not understand why he attacked me like this. Nevertheless, I had no doubt in what I had experienced twelve years ago. I had no doubt in what I experienced yesterday. I have no proof, but I know it is real. Could I fool myself? Perhaps I am not a normal dreamer. In this case, all my twelve years have no point at all. None.

“Look, Ahmir,” said Aurelius when he understood what about we are talking. “Don’t you see how she is glowing? I cannot tell did she convinced herself or that was God for real, but Gabriele is full of energy, pureness, and strength. I feel it. You can fool anybody but me. If she convinced herself of seeing God... Then I can tell I do not see any difference in this. Energy is the same. She glows the same as you do when you read your mantras. Or your mantras are just imagination too... Or her source of faith is the same as your mantra’s power.”

Aurelius knew about the Death Valley, I mentioned to him about it. Ahmir took a deep breath, put his hands together to his forehead, and bowed to Shiva statue.

“Do not forget that I am a Guru. My duty is to give faith to those who do not believe and give a doubt to those who believe”

“Why?” I wondered. “Why do you want me to not believe?”

“You will not find the truth without hesitating,” told Ahmir to me while taking gently my hand.

I felt warmth and peacefulness. I saw, that Ahmir’s faith is perfect. It is some kind of different quality. I never met a man like him. It seems that his basic is a strong and peaceful trust in everything.

“Very soon a person, whose faith is just a stereotype made up of hearsay, will show up here...” smiling said Ahmir. “We have to destroy

this stereotype and build principals for the new faith. Let’s go, ‘karma’ goes first...”

“Karma?” I did not understand how “karma” is connected here.

“Oh these Europeans!” laughing Ahmir was getting up off the floor. “You mystify everything... We Indians call job a ‘Karma’. Job is the most important thing. That’s why we say ‘Karma first – karma goes first.’”

“Hello. Is anybody here?” we heard a shy man’s voice was coming through the white rooms.

“Yes, yes, come in, please,” jumped Aurelius; because of the chat, we forgot that it is time to meet people already.

We saw a man in a threshold around forties wearing a suit. He looked at us very engaging and smiled half smile. He looked confidence in himself, but had a doubt about our invitation to step in the room. There was a doubt in his eyes to get out of here while he still has a time to do that. There is nothing strange here, because the way he looked he seemed very far away from the things Ahmir does here. Three piece suit and smooth combed back blond curly hair. Businesslike.

“Please, we are waiting for you,” said Guru while getting up off the prayer’s rug.

He pointed to the chair next to the massage table. The man looked at it and obviously, took a seat reluctantly. Ahmir took place next to the client.

“You came from the street... Close your eyes and breathe deeply for a while to calm down.”

Man closed his eyes and smiling incredulously tried to do what he was told to do. Aurelius turned on quiet Indian music. I observed a stranger. He looked handsome: right features of the face, tall forehead

and the wrinkles around the eyes witnessed that the man laughed very often.

Professional look. Perhaps he works as a clerk. It is very hard for them. Position forces to keep yourself officially and not natural.

Ahmir turned on his phone player. A beautiful Gayatri mantra was playing very quietly. I couldn't hear it where I was sitting, because Aurelius' music was louder. I always wondered why they put on two different type of music at the same time. Cacophony...Perhaps it has to be like this; that's why I never asked.

"All right, you can open your eyes" encouraged Ahmir.

Man opened his eyes. He was not smiling anymore; he looked very calm and relaxed.

"What is your name?" Guru asked him.

"Danas"

"Why did you come to us?" asked Ahmir.

"Well..." he said hesitating. "It would be nice to know my horoscope..."

Ahmir was looking straight in to his eyes calmly. Smiled a little. I didn't understand, why he is not getting his computer and not getting started. Finally, he touched his wrist and wondered very quiet:

"You went through seven security circles... I wonder... It seems you needed this meeting more than you think... Do you believe in God, Mrs. Danas?"

"I believe in God, of course," man replied half – smiling. "What kind of security circles you are talking about? I am not sure I understand..."

"First security circle is the invitation of this home owner to come here. You had to get his phone to call. I am sure you didn't attend my seminar..."

"My aunt was... She gave me the number," he murmured squinting.

"There was nothing happening between the call and today that would hold you from coming here... That is the second circle."

Danas shook his head.

"You found us easily, did not get lost. That is the third circle...Went through the gates with the demons. Fourth. Moreover, the fifth is – you stepped in this room. Sixth – you are sitting here with me in my little security circle."

"What kind of circle is this one?" guest wanted to confirm.

Ahmir nodded to me to come closer. I walked slowly to the massage table where both of them were sitting. The threshold, which I felt, with all my senses, surprised me. It was strange. The music from the Ahmir's phone was very low and it seemed that this low sound creates some kind of delicate circle of energy. Everything felt very delicate in it. I almost couldn't hear Aurelius' music here. Very strange. It seems I understood what the sixth circle of security is. Low Gayatri mantra was like a glass dome. Things going on under this dome are very intimate and understandable just for those who are there. I saw everything different while standing and watching it in a distance just of a couple meters.

Delicate sixth circle of security guarantee, that people who watch and listen to this from the bigger distance will take in very primitively.

"This is my fiancé," unexpectedly told Ahmir looking at me.

“Why did you suddenly changed the topic?” wondered Danas. “You didn’t tell me about the seventh security circle...”

“What? Seventh is the most delicate. It is your wish to stay here. I thought you will not pass it when you was standing in doorway, I was wrong. You are here and you want to stay here...” closely looking in his eyes told Ahmir.

“Why would I come here then? Of course, I wanted...”

“Are you not afraid?”

“What do I have to be afraid of?” wondered Danas.

“What?” Ahmir sighed. “Not at once, but slowly... Slowly, approximately over the three years, your creed will change completely. Your faith will be destroyed. Can you believe that you will become one of us?”

“What do you mean?”

“I know why you came here. To check, do I take money? If yes, do I pay taxes...”

Danas pulled his wrist out of Ahmir’s hand and leaned back in a chair. Smiled.

“How did you find out?” he asked.

“Aunt told me.”

“What aunt?”

“Aunt who gave you the phone number.”

Danas smiled widely. It was obviously – there is no aunt.

“Okay, you’re right,” admitted guest. “I came here to check how you deal with taxes. How much people pay you?”

“They do not pay. They contribute to my ashram, if they want. I do not need nothing.”

“Really?”

“Can you believe it?”

“Hardly...” he said ironically.

“I know you didn’t act very nice today with us. Therefore, you will cry bloody tears for that... And I know, after a few years you will thank God for bringing you here. Your soul needed that; otherwise you wouldn’t get through seven security circles.”

“Really? I am afraid that you will be the ones who will find themselves under the seven locks... Everything is different here. It is very easy to get locked and it is not easy to get out.”

Everything happened exactly the way he said. They searched the house and checked all the accounts. Somebody dropped a dime, that charlatan doctor treats people, takes money, and doesn’t pay taxes. Of course, it was easy to search Aurelius’ house – there is no stuff here. The amount of money they found wasn’t as big as the foreigner can have without a declaration.

They didn’t find something to impose, but the day was destroyed. Aurelius was dealing with his anger and disappointment. He thought that the society is a flock of animals. They do not understand the holiness and importance. However, Ahmir convinced him that Danas was acting like this because of love. This made Aurelius stressed even more. We had to work on this with him, because Aurelius was close to have an attack.

Ahmir was calm. He watched how people do “work” and he was deep in his thoughts. Sometimes it seemed as if he would start to cry, he would start to take deep breaths to calm down his feelings inside him.

He was boiling inside, but you could tell that if you would take a closer look.

“You know what, Gabriele,” he said when I brought him tea. “If people would know their future, they would lose interest in their lives. Everybody would feel like me right now. Who would watch a match if they would know the result?”

“Do you really know everything?” I asked.

“Unfortunately... This is side effect...”

“What? What could cause that kind of side effect?” I wondered.

“Soul practice. I can see your future right now, but I will not tell you, because you will be afraid and then you will be bored. One day you will hate me...”

“No, that will never happen... I know you, I saw who you really are. There is no way I could hate you,” I smiled.

“Trust me,” he looked me in the eyes. “It will happen. Unfortunately. I have to do what I have to do. I want to give you one piece of advice. When all these people leave, tell Danas that you forgive him. He will know very soon why.”

“Will you tell me why I have to forgive him?”

“No, my dear Gabriele. You need to live up to this... To go there. You wouldn't believe anyway even if I would tell you. Anyway, you will thank your destiny for this particular day. At first, you will hate it and then you will thank...”

Late in the evening, they confirmed that there is no wrong doing here. Danas's team left, he was the last one. He was surprised and disappointed. I looked at him and walked closer. I was stressed a little. In my thoughts, I was with Aurelius that all these laws are just crap. It is complete nonsense that, many people are suffering hunger, many people cannot travel easy. Where is the solidarity? Ahmir's prohibition

to think like that stopped me from getting anxiety about it. Guru told me that the biggest stupidity is to be mad about the world's order, because everything is under God's control. If He needs such a situation, that means this situation is better for us. Perhaps, we have more possibilities to grow.

“I forgive you Mrs. Danas.” I said as Ahmir told me so.

“Why?” he asked ironically. “I didn't ask you for forgiveness. If we didn't find nothing this doesn't mean that everything is clear here. I do not believe that Indian guy would treat Europeans for free... When there is such a good possibility to make money...”

“Whatever it is, I forgive you and you will know why very soon,” I smiled, because I knew that Ahmir saw big changes in this man's future.

“Look, miss,” Danas was talking with the smirk on his face. “Be careful of this crook. I have heard that you are going to marry him. If this will be a false marriage, I will annul it and deport this charlatan from Lithuania. Do you want us to have colored people here? Do you see what is going on in Europe? White people are disappearing. All kind of blacks, redskins, yellow skins... Kill all of them...”

“You are so angry, Mrs.” I smiled. “I understand that you have such an opinion because you do not know the world. Are you a Christian?”

“My point of view shouldn't bother you,” he said angrily still with the smirk on his face. “Of course, I am not a Muslim. I do not believe in God at all.”

“I am so sorry for you,” I honestly felt that this man is blind.

“Okay, enough talk... Do not think that I will leave you alone. I will be your shadow, the minute you will do something illegal, I promise, you will go through seven bars without possibility to come back...”

“What can we do that is so bad that we would be locked up without parole?” I teased him, because I felt that his threats are not serious.

He slammed the door and left. I heard Aurelius’ deep breath behind the wall. I knew he was listening through the distance because he was afraid of pain attack.

“No, it is not the end for today, my dear,” surprised us Ahmir.

He was going upstairs to his room. I followed him.

“Will they come back?” I asked

“No, they will not come back...” Guru answered emphasizing word “they.”

I observed his sad face, which was lighted up with the setting sun’s light coming through the window.

Soft features of his face were pierced with tiredness. For the first time I saw tiredness in his body. Or maybe it was a hopelessness?

“Do not tell anybody...” Ahmir sighed. “I am tired of war. I liked it when I was younger. I was burning with the desire to change the world and I was ready to do anything for India. I aspired to bring happiness to India from the Western world. I thought, that India is missing education that’s why people are filled with defects... Oh, yes... I have to admit that my country have a lot of defects. Every place I go there is a war. Europe. America. These two words in India means something bright – hope to find a heaven there. Unfortunately, there is no heaven here. Heaven is just for the locals...”

He sat in the armchair and closed his eyes.

“Heaven will not let us in. Last of all...” he sighed. “This heaven is rotten on the inside. Intolerance. Competition. Abnormity. All of this is hiding inside the core of sweet seductive apple.

Ahmir touched a metal box on the table with the Lakshmi picture on the top. He pushed it to me and showed to open it. I walked to the table and opened it.

“Oh, God...” I couldn’t help myself. There were many rolled bills inside the box. “How they didn’t find it? They looked everywhere...Where did this money come from?”

Ahmir opened his eyes and looked at me.

“Dear Gabriele, this is a contribution to India, for my ashram, for starving people. Goddess Lakshmi protects this money. Nobody but the people who need them can touch them. Understand? Neither police nor custom officers. Nobody sees this money because this is a pure energy. I am real thief in your heaven. Not voluntarily. Trust me.”

His face looked orange in the shine of the evening light. His sad look was piercing me through. I felt my heart shaking. I want to help him. I want it very much.

“If it would help you, I can...” I paused. “I can marry you.”

“I know,” he smiled. “I would like to marry you too. I would like to live a simple life with you, have kids, work a simple job... But I can’t. This marriage will be just a ‘paper marriage’. Do you understand... What about Aurelius? Did your feelings for him change?”

I was thinking. I couldn’t tell why my feelings to Ahmir were stronger than to Aurelius at this moment.

“I understand you.” Guru nodded his head. “Don’t think you are the only one. I am not a human. I can make just one conclusion... I am as a robot programmed to do a job. I don’t know why, but I have a lot of energy and power. I hear my inner voice, which tells me every day... Every moment what to do, and what to say. I just have to do. Everything is going as supposed to go. It is like an autopilot... Even if I don’t react and miss the turn, this autopilot always finds the other way to reach the goal. I cannot run away from that. Do you understand? I have no

flexibility to choose. If this program would lead me to jail, there would be no way to avoid it. I know my future. There is no jail in my future.”

“What is in Aurelius’ future?” I asked.

“I cannot answer. You will not like it... Now you are like me. You became a robot. You will do what needs to be done. I know you started to fall in love with your Guru. This is not love to a spouse. You have to understand that. It is love for your Guru. It is much bigger and more pure. Guru presents God on the Earth. Who loves Guru loves God too. Our society is very depraved... Movies, art – everything is filled with sex. Any love is understood as a possibility to have sex. In India, it is called Kama. Kama love can be just between the spouses. There is no divorce. Marriage is eternal. In our country, it is forever. Man and woman give oath to each other for seven lives. Nobody can break it. I already have my eternal fiancé. No Indian woman looks at me as a man but just as a Guru. Here, in the Western world women feel love to me as a love for Guru and then they start to think that this is a physical love – Kama. That is wrong. Do you know why I am so sad this moment?”

I shook my head.

“I am so unhappy because that man, Danas...”

The doorbell interrupted him. Somebody was pushing it constantly. Ahmir got up and walked towards stairs. Aurelius already was at the door. When he opened the door, Oksana ran inside frantically. Crying and aggressive. Something happened.

She pushed Aurelius away, ran inside, and started to look for somebody. She looked up and saw Ahmir standing by the stairs. She ran lickety-split upstairs and hugged him. She begged for the forgiveness:

“Forgive me, please, forgive me... I didn’t know. Trust me. He is insane. He... He came home so angry; he... Told me what he did here. Forgive me. It is my fault...”

I couldn’t believe that. I understood that Danas is Oksana’s husband. I never saw him. We are not that close friends and she never told about her family... Why in the hell would she? Why did he do this? Where this hate is coming from? No, not Oksana’s husband... Oksana adores Ahmir... Perhaps that’s why?

“Calm down, dear Oksi,” said Ahmir while rubbing her back. “I told you... I told that he is afraid to lose you... He loves you. You are one soul in two bodies. You have to understand. Your duty is to love him and support... You cannot have any illusions about the other man. I am your Guru. You have to understand. You cannot love me physically. You can love like this just only your husband. Change your mind. Be good... I feel guilty that I destroyed your life. But...”

Oksana was crying listening to his words. I understood that she is in love with this man. That’s why she invited him to Lithuania... She convinced the others. I understood that my wish to marry him came for the same reason. I feel so confused. I looked at Aurelius standing downstairs and looking as confused as I am. Something magic is here... Everybody falls in love with Ahmir. I saw even Aurelius was watching jealously how Oksana was trying to calm down in Ahmir’s arms. He feels so happy and healthy in this Guru’s aura. He even doesn’t seem attached to me that much. He mesmerizes all the people who come to see Ahmir. They contribute money. By the way, not a small amounts. Everybody wants to spend more time with this man... Why?

“Tomorrow me and Gabri will bring papers for the marriage...” said Ahmir.

Oksana stepped back. She stopped crying and looked very surprised.

“See?” looked down Guru. “This news confuses you. You are trying to prove to yourself and to your husband that you have done nothing wrong, but this news hurts you. You was encouraging Gabriele to do that, because you knew that she is too honest and she will not sign



for this. You are trying to prove to everybody that you are devoted to your husband and this is his fault because he is too jealous. I see very clear right now that inside you are not devoted to him. You think just about me...”

“And you...you...you...” Oksana couldn’t find the right words. “How could you? I love you!...” finally she shouted it.

“You do not love me. You love the light you see in me,” pleaded Ahmir. “It is God. You love God in me. Trust me. Your husband is a good man... He is perfect. He... You have to love him and respect. He would never hurt you. He is not a heartless person as you are trying to show him.”

“No, he is heartless... Trust me!...” Oksana was screaming. Tears and saliva were running down her cheeks. She was wiping it with the sleeve. I never saw her like this.

Ahmir took her wrist and walked to his room.

“If he would want to hurt somebody... Do you think he wouldn’t see that?” he showed a box filled with money.

Oksana was shaking her head.

“Today’s events were just a show,” now Ahmir was screaming. “If he would want to hurt you, he had a good opportunity to do that. He didn’t hurt you or me. He was sitting in front of me today and I hold his hand in mine. He is not the way you are trying to present him. While denigrating him you want to excuse yourself from not being a good wife. He is not soulless as you trying to prove. Wake up. You can still fix everything... If not...God, Oksi... Calm down, please, do not do what you are thinking about right now.”

Ahmir hopelessly sat in the armchair. His eyes filled with tears. He made a big effort to not let the tears flow. It came back in to the body and he started sniffing. He asked us to leave while sniffing. Oksana ran out first, I quietly closed the door. Ahmir stayed in his room. I heard

he was crying. Aurelius closed the outside door when Oksana ran into the yard. I went out to the terrace and sat on the soft swing bench. Sun was setting and the sky was shining bright red color. Aurelius sat next to me. We were quietly swinging in the soft bench...

We didn’t discuss the events of the day. Oksana did not come back. I understood that she is really angry. She did not answer the phone. Next day we brought documents for marriage registration. Everything went smooth. Wherever we went, people were kind and gave good service to us. It seemed that everywhere we went it was the right place at the right moment. We had to wait for a month. We were very active that month. All three of us pretending that we forgot everything. I, Aurelius and Ahmir worked very hard. Patients every day. Ahmir taught us different refinements of Ayurveda, forced us to learn to provide a massage. We got a lot of experience. We would work without breaks and would fall in to bed like rocks at night. Every morning we would start again. I asked my sister to stay with me to help take care of dog, because I had no time at all. I moved in with Aurelius.

My vacation came to the end and because, of planned trip to India, I quit the job and was working with Ahmir. It seemed that the life should be like this. Every moment is meaningful and fulfilled. No thoughts about yourself at all. You simply forget that you exist. You just serve. Serve like a robot.

Sometimes we would have a day off. Then we would forget about the job. We would go to Nida, Druskininkai, and Vilnius...We would have fun. These were wonderful days. No intimacy. I looked at both of my men and didn’t see a sex object in them at all. Perhaps the events of that unblessed day was a lesson to all of us. Neither Aurelius showed me a special attention nor me. I felt just a respect to Ahmir. We would take pictures together, because perhaps someday I will have to prove to somebody that the marriage is real...

## CANCER

We got married after a month. I felt a bitterness in my mouth when saying “Yes”; this is just a temporary thing. I liked that kind of life. I wanted that it go forever. Ahmir’s lips touched my lips for the first time in my life. They were soft and warm. I knew, that Ahmir did not want to do that, but I explained that people would think the marriage is fake if we wouldn’t kiss me. We did not look fake and there were many people who came to congratulate us... All Ahmir’s patients came.

I saw how Ahmir’s young patients looked jealously at me standing there in white dress next to their Guru. I felt that any of them would like to switch places with me. If only they knew...

“By the way... Ahmir, this marriage means much more to me than it means to you...” I picked up the courage to say him at our wedding reception party.

“I know,” he looked in to my eyes sadly. “Trust me... I would like everything would be different...”

“How different?” I asked.

“I would like to be born here, be equal to you. Be simple. I would like just to enjoy the life with you. But the reality is different...”

“Is that just because you was born in India? Look, many Indians live in Europe and America. They have normal families, live simple life. Why can you not be like they are?”

“I have many commitments. Please, do not talk about that anymore. I came to this world not for joy... Unfortunately...”

“Perhaps all your commitments are just your imaginary; you just put in your head. India will be all right without you.”

He just smiled.

“I came from the world of light. I even don’t know did I come because I wanted or did I come as a payback for some kind of sins... I am forced to be here. It is not an imagination. I don’t want to talk about this because you will think I am crazy.”

“Any way you are far away from being normal... You know everything what happened and what will happen... Is it sad for you, isn’t? Would you like to change the future and do something different than is predicted?”

“Are you trying to fight?” he laughed.

His eyes were shining in the moonlight. It felt good to run away from the people. Very seldom, we have such a moments to be just us...

“So what? You don’t want to run away from everything?” I asked one more time.

Ahmir was smiling and his gaze showed me that he is not irritated with my ignorance. I look too naive for him.

“Everybody is programmed. Yes, this world is like this. Everybody thinks he can build his destiny. Unfortunately, it is not like that... Where could I run? I am like a virus here... I am programmed to be a virus, which destroys old standards, old thinking and stereotypes... Wherever I go, my program stays the same...”

“Perhaps it is possible to reprogram you?” I smiled.

“What is the point?”

“Then we could live regular life...”

“My dear Gabriele,” he took deep breath and looked in to the sky. “If you would come from there you wouldn’t want to stay even a moment longer than you have to stay.”

“There you are,” said Aurelius angrily stuck his head through the door. “I looked for you everywhere. It is almost twelve, let’s go to the hall.”

After a few moments, they sung for us “happily ever after” and believed that our marriage is real. Only Aurelius was quiet and his gaze was going far away. Guests left, reception was over, and we came home.

“How does it feel to be married?” asked Aurelius when Ahmir went to his room.

“You know that this is just a show...” I replied quietly.

“What happens next?” he asked. “Will I travel everywhere with you? I cannot live without Ahmir. And I can tell you are the same. It seems we both got married Ahmir.”

We started to prepare for the trip. We planned to stay there a month. Ahmir has to deal with some kind of Ashram’s business and after that, we planned to come back to Europe. Ahmir has to spend time in Europe with me if he wants to get a permission to live in Lithuania. That is the law... We have interesting seven years ahead. I understood that this is a biggest venture of my life. I would never ever think about it in my wildest dreams... Life is strange.

I couldn’t leave without saying goodbye to Oksana. I knew, she is angry, but I had to fix it somehow. She wouldn’t answer the phone. Did she change the number? I got her address and decided to go there on weekend. It was very nice Scandinavian type little wooden house, with small windows and decorations. This delicate warm house didn’t match Oksana’s city style. Looks like I do not know her.

I rang the bell. Danas opened the door. When he saw me, his gaze changed. He looked questionably in to my eyes and didn’t say nothing.

“Hello,” I got confused. “Can I speak to Oksana?”

I saw, how Danas squeezed his teeth and swallowed the words trying not to say something that might even kill me. Suddenly he let the handle go, turned sideways, and asked me to come in. I stepped through the threshold shyly. Danas showed with his hand to proceed further, to the kitchen joined with the living room. On the side of the room were doors probably to the bedrooms, and on the opposite wall in front of the kitchen was a big window with the terrace behind it. That’s the house. Not too much space, but very cozy.

I turned to Danas because I didn’t see Oksana. He grabbed my wrist and squeezed very hard pulling it up. My heart started to pound. I understood that nobody but him is in a house. His angry look was not very friendly... I lost my ability to speak. He pulled me and pushed on the sofa.

“What do you want from her?” he said through squeezed teeth. “Why you are not leaving her alone?”

“Where is she?” I barely stammered. Perhaps he is a maniac... I don’t know him. Perhaps Oksana doesn’t answer because he... I was scared even to think. It doesn’t matter that Ahmir said he is a good man... Anybody can go crazy.

“Where? Where?!” he was screaming.

He took me by the shoulders and shook me. I even was scared to think how much power this big body has. I realized that this is the end for me. I felt a hit in a face and the blood came from somewhere. I didn’t know where from, because hits were falling everywhere. I knew, he would kill me... Never thought that I will end my days like that. There was no point to fight back.

That moment I thought I would go back to the place of which Ahmir told me: “If you would know where you come from you wouldn’t want to stay here even for a moment longer...” I remembered the Death

Valley. I remembered how I used to walk there, how I begged God. This is His answer. God is fulfilling my request. I would never think that it would be like that... Sometimes I saw brutal Danas' face, spitting saliva and screaming. I didn't understand what he was saying. My eyes went dark and the feelings disappeared.

Pain. I woke up because of excruciating headache. I was afraid to open my eyes. Perhaps I didn't have enough strength... I tasted blood in my mouth. The whole body was in pain, especially right arm. I was afraid to open my eyes. I was afraid to see him in front of me again. Why didn't I die? How long will I have to suffer? I was listening what was going around. No sounds. Perhaps, he left me alone. Perhaps, he thought I died.

I opened my eyes. I was laying on a white rug. There was blood around. I am trying to lift my head, but I cannot see anything. Barely, I lifted my body of the floor. Looked around. Where is he? I am alone. Is he in the other room, perhaps? I need to get out of here but I do not know if I will have enough strength... Probably my right arm is broken; I cannot bend my fingers because of pain.

Faltering I drag myself towards the door. He is not seen anywhere. I open the door... I gasped... There was a rope from the roof's beam and Danas' body in the loop. He hung himself... I don't know where the indescribable strength came in to my body. I ran in to the kitchen, grabbed a knife, and ran back. I put the chair back, which fell down when he hung himself and started to cut the rope. Why would I rescue him? Why? Bloody sweat drops were going through my face... I was rushing without understanding what I am doing. He killed Oksana I know it... Suddenly Danas' body slumped on the ground; half cut rope broke because of his heavy body. I loosened the rope on the neck and started to rub it. I heard that if someone tried to hang himself you have to rub the neck to get the blood going through the vessels again. No signs of life.

“You, animal...” I started to scream and hit him in a chest and the face with my left arm.

I felt revenge wave raising. I stood up and started to kick him. Suddenly I felt that he took a breath, his eyes were still closed. I was scared to lean and touch his neck. I was afraid that he would grab me again. I did what I had to do. If God will want He will let him live. I have to get out of here. I stepped back from his body.

It seemed Danas is breathing. Barely. My blood was on his hands. He had a gold wedding ring on his wedding-finger. Oksana. Where is she? I decided to go inside one more time. I was rushing. Looked in the bathroom – nothing. Ran in to living room, opened the door – that is the library. Empty and clean. Ran to the other side and opened the door to the bedroom. Nothing particular. I walked inside and looked in the closet – his and hers clothes. That means she didn't move out. Oksana's things on the table: purse, newspaper. I walked closer. Newspaper smashed and folded that you can only see a picture of someone. Oksana. Accident? I opened the newspaper. I feel that my right arm stopped moving...Oksana was killed in an accident...When? How? A month ago... The same day when they did the search... She got under the truck... They suspect that she did it on purpose... There were no reasons to go in to upcoming traffic...She killed herself?

I hear Danas' voice. He is alive... He will kill me... I came back to the living room. I go very careful and quiet. Where is Danas? He is still on a ground but in different position. Alive. He is murmuring something. I ran through the door. I turned around. He is laying and looking at me. Light curls were covering his eyes. No, he will not chase me... He is too weak... I get in a car and try to start it. It is not easy to start a car with the left hand. Finally I did. I switch the shifts while sitting sideways and somehow I go on to the road... I look in rearview mirror and see that he is still on a ground by the entrance. He will survive...

My gaze goes in to the mirror and I see my face. Face covered in blood, eyes bruised, one of the eyebrows swollen. Terrible...

“Why did you let her go there?” Aurelius was angry. “You didn’t know what will happen?”

“Probably I didn’t know,” murmured Ahmir while cleaning my face with the disinfect liquid.

“No way,” angrily said Aurelius. “You know everything.”

“Probably this had to happen... That’s why I didn’t see,” pleaded Ahmir.

He didn’t look angry or sad. Calm as always. The tears ran down my face like a river. I was so sad. I couldn’t get myself together. Perhaps shock, fair or sympathy... Perhaps everything altogether...

“We need to go to police,” Aurelius was anxious.

For the first time I saw him nervous and angry. How does he survive it? It has to be hurting him a lot...

“Calm down, okay,” said Ahmir. “Do you know how much energy you suck from me when you act like this? It doesn’t hurt, does it? If I would not be here, you would be wriggling in the death agony. What do you think, why it doesn’t hurt? Because you use my field right now, my energy. That’s why. Calm down, stop...”

Now I started to talk:

“Did you know that Oksana will die?”

Ahmir didn’t answer. His gaze was so painful, but he refused to talk. I feel that he knew. Why did he stayed out of this?

“Why didn’t you want to change everything? It cannot be that all the future is predicted and it is impossible to change it.” I could not stop worry.

Ahmir was silent. He hugged my forearm and started to pray with his eyes closed. Pain slowly was going away.

“This bone is broken, but it will heal very soon. Don’t worry,” he said and opened his eyes. “How is Danas? Does he need help? Perhaps he broke his back?”

This question surprised me.

“You tell me if he broke his back? Why you don’t know these things?”

Ahmir got up and went to bathroom to wash his hands.

“Why did you save his life?” he asked me when came back.

“I do not know...” I was surprised of this question.

“What do you think: did you do him a favor or sentenced him to suffer?”

“I hope he will suffer,” I said through the clinched teeth.

“Why do you say that?” Ahmir sat next to me. “Because he beat you?”

“Of course,” I replied angrily.

“So you think that beaten face and broken arm is worth a life?”

“I thought I will die... Can you imagine what I went through?” I was screaming to his face. I could not believe that he can say these words...

“Would you feel happy if he would die?” quietly asked me.

I didn't know what to say. I remembered him hanging. I remembered how I ran for the knife; how I cut the rope... How relieved I felt when he started to breathe... Perhaps not. Perhaps it is easier for me knowing he is alive.

"No I understand why you asked me to tell Danas I forgive him... You knew everything... Why didn't you tell me?"

"Would you go to that house?"

"You kidding? If I would know that Oksana died, my foot would never step there ..."

"Who would save Danas' life then?"

"If I wouldn't go there he wouldn't hang himself. He thought he killed me... He is a policeman... Evidently he thought there is no reason to live..."

"He has nobody to live for... He just needed a reason..."

"If he needed just a reason, he will repeat again without me."

"No, he will not..." Ahmir sighed.

"That calmed me down," I laughed. "Why not? Did his reason to live come back?"

"You will not believe, but that is true," smiled Ahmir. "He went through clinical death and he chose to live."

"Why?" asked Aurelius.

"Why? Because he understood that this is not the way to die," grumbled Ahmir.

"Not the way?" laughed Aurelius. "So he will try to die nicer?"

"Exactly," clapped Guru. "Exactly. Nicer. You said it so correctly. But I wonder about something different..."

"What?" Aurelius was interested.

"I remember how sick you was when I saw you for the first time at the hotel room." Ahmir smiled. "You was so innocent. I understand why. Because it hurts when you are not innocent. For a long time you do not feel pain anymore, because the emptiness of your ethereal body is filled with my worminess. You stopped feeling pain and forgot about the innocence... You let yourself be angry, stressed, think about the things you was afraid to think of... What a strange life. Some lesson, very painful lesson shows us what we should not do and the man thinks that he would never act like that. But... When pain goes away... He will start to do the same mistakes again. God is very patient, isn't He?"

Aurelius didn't answer. It was true. I catch him sometimes not being innocent. He became invulnerable. Really, can somebody stay innocent if he does not feel pain? I closed my eyes. I was told to rest and not to move too much. I heard both men went in to their rooms. My mind was playing today's events over and over again: how Danas opens the door, grabs my wrist, how he hits me, how he swings on a rope, and how slams on the ground. I felt that my soul is quiet but my mind is very stressed. I saw his brutal face, clinched teeth, and crazy eyes. I couldn't stay with my eyes closed. I do not know why, but I did not feel anger for this man. No. I would not want to meet him again, but I do not hate him. No, for sure. This brutal face was not natural. It was overcome by brutal rage and it looked possessed. This is not him. This is not his energy.

I know I would not be able to trust people anymore. I never was afraid of people before, but now I know that any of us can be overcome by rage... And then any one can become an animal. I am not sure about Ahmir, he might be able to fight this energy... But the others can't. How about me? I started to look for situations, which would cause me to act brutally. I couldn't find one. Unless I would love somebody very much and someone would hurt my loved one. If I would have a baby and someone would... I think Danas is not guilty for Oksana's death. I

realized just now that he took a revenge for Oksana, but he didn't know I am not guilty of that... Am I?

I think I saw Danas standing next to officer at the airport baggage checkpoint. I felt sin shivers through my body. Unconsciously I moved behind Aurelius to hide. I leaned very slowly to see if this man in suit is really Danas. If it is he, we are in trouble... Ahmir put the money in the luggage, he didn't declare them. If he will find it...

I was stupefied. It was Danas. He acted very easy and joked with the officer. I never saw him like this. He was smiling and gesticulating. So alive and happy... We are done. If they will arrest Ahmir there would be no reason for me and Aurelius to go to India; by the way, we would be in trouble too. Especially right now when I am his official wife. Oh, God. In a blink of eye events of that day came in to my mind: hits, blood, scaffold...

"Miss, please, put everything in a box," woman officer told me.

"I already did," I said barely because fear locked my jaw.

"Glasses too, please," demanded she.

I forgot that I am wearing sunglasses to hide my black eye and split eyebrow. I took off glasses shyly and put in the box. Officer was surprised seeing my face like this. Line was moving forward and she didn't say nothing. She nodded head to an officer whom Danas was talking to. I almost threw up... I was so scared. Officer looked at me and got serious. I understood that he is waiting until I will go through the metal detector.

I went through detector without triggering it. Aurelius already was in front waiting, nobody noticed him. Danas was looking at me very intense. I couldn't stand it and I turned away to the box with my things.

"Miss, is everything okay?" asked officer.

I turned to him and nodded that everything is all right. Danas was standing next with his arms deep in the pockets; lapels of the coat sticking out and he had a gun on the belt. I was afraid of this man, but I knew he could not do nothing to me here in a public place unless he can stop me from leaving. Probably he can't wait to do that. Danas leaned to officer and whispered something to him. I didn't know what to do; can I take my things, to put my belt back on... Aurelius was watching us from the distance. I saw he was worried too. I looked at Ahmir who was calmly waiting behind me.

"Can I?" I asked officer reaching for my stuff.

"Are you under coercion?" one more time asked officer.

I shook my head.

"No, no... This... I had an accident..." I lied.

"It looks like abuse..." said officer.

Danas was scowling me while rocking on his heels. I couldn't understand why he is staring at me. Enjoying what he did? Is he sorry? No... He wouldn't.

"If everything is okay, please, go to the waiting area," said officer.

I was relieved. I started to take my stuff and looked at Ahmir. Anything can happen right now. Officer looked at the colleague who was screening luggage.

"Do you have money, gold, precious stones or something else which needs to be declared?" he asked Ahmir.

"No," very calmly replied Ahmir putting his belt on his waist.

"I would like to check your luggage," seriously said officer.

I saw that light smile showed on Danas' lips.

“Please, check it,” said Ahmir putting his phone in a pocket.

I had a feeling that it will not end well. I watched everything.

“Miss, you can go,” officer turned to me.

“This is my husband,” I said showing to Ahmir. “I cannot go without him...”

“Husband?” asked Danas.

Officer already opened a luggage and started to take things out underwear, socks, shirts, religious clothes, and black plastic bag... My heart stopped beating when he took that bag. Ahmir even didn't bother to hide the money? He just put the bag between clothes? Officer looked inside, put his hand in, checked... And put next the things he took out. He was going through the things in the luggage. I couldn't take my eyes of that black bag... Why the officer didn't pay attention to the bag?

I felt that Danas followed my gaze. I looked at him. He smiled and walked to the luggage. He put his hand inside the bag and checked. Disappointed put the bag back. I didn't understand; Perhaps Ahmir put money somewhere else? I saw him putting roles of dollars in that bag last night...

“Everything is okay, Mrs.,” said officer. “You can put your things and proceed. Have a good trip.”

Ahmir started to pack everything very calmly. Officer came back to Danas and they started to talk about something funny while watching slowly moving line of travelers. I was surprised. I helped Ahmir to put back things in to the luggage.

Finally, we are in the waiting area and the fear is gone. I asked Ahmir:

“I don't understand. Why they didn't take your money?”

“They didn't see it,” he murmured.

“How they could miss it – they had the bag in the hands and they checked the inside?” I could not agree.

“How do I know?” Ahmir was trying to avoid answer. “They looked at bag but they didn't see the money inside.”

I didn't understand nothing, they should see it.

“Do you remember that day when they searched Aurelius house?” I asked. He nodded his head. “So, you explained that day they couldn't see the money because the money was contributed to poor people. It seems a mystery to me. On the other hand, you said to Oksana that Danas pretended he didn't see the money. So, where is the truth? Is here some kind of mystery or Danas didn't do what he supposed to do? Perhaps you just wanted to convince Oksana that her husband is a good man?”

“He is a good man,” Ahmir nodded his head calmly. “Money, they didn't find that day?... Realistically I have no idea how all this happened...”

“How could you not know?” Aurelius joined the conversation.

“I know what I need to know,” smiled Guru. “They didn't find the money. So what? What difference does it make how this happened?”

“Big,” I got mad. “Today Danas didn't see the money for the second time... Is he blind or is this some kind of mystery?”

“Perhaps he is not as honest as he presents himself,” said Aurelius.

“Please, let not talk about this anymore. Okay?” Ahmir tried to avoid a conversation.

“Wait. I would like you to know that I do not feel very good being involved in such a financial fraud. We hiding it from the government. It is illegal. Sin. Unethical.”



“Did I steel this money?” Ahmir sighed. I shook my head. “People contributed this money. Not to me. To poor people. What should I do? Should I give half of it to the government? I will give them to those whom they belong. My conscience is clean.”

“How your conscience can be clean if you broke the law?” I wondered.

“You are talking about the ethics,” sluggishly said Ahmir. “Very soon, I will show you ethics... There is no reason to talk about it. It is better to see with your own eyes. Do you agree?”

“To see ethics?” I confirmed. He nodded his head.

“Is it Danas right there?” nodded head Aurelius.

I felt a heartache when I saw this man in a hallway among the travelers. He had a luggage. Will he fly the same airplane? I turned around. Both of my companions saw my confusion.

Aurelius looked at Ahmir questionably, but he just shook his head – he does not know nothing. Danas stopped in our waiting area and looked at the store showcases calmly. He saw us watching him and he waived to me asking to come to him. I looked around making sure that this gesture is for me. Ahmir and Aurelius exchanged glances – they had no doubt that this invitation is for me. I turned backwards from him. I am not going. I looked at Ahmir.

“What does he want from me?”

He just shrugged his shoulders. Finally, they announced boarding. I still had a hope that Danas will not fly. He was walking behind us. I just wanted to run out of the plain... Aurelius and Ahmir let me sit in between, that I would feel safer. I watched Danas. He walked calmly by us and took the seat couple of rows behind us. I knew I would be scared to look back for the entire trip.

I gathered my courage and went to bathroom when almost everyone was asleep. Just a few people were watching television. I stood up and looked at Danas. He was asleep. Thanks God. I went to the opposite side of the plain even it was further. I didn't want to go by him.

I was scared to get out. I thought I would see him when I will open the door. I pushed harmonica folding door and gasped – Danas was behind the door. I pulled the door back but he stuck his foot and pushed me back inside. Even for one this place is not big enough. He locked the door pushed me against the mirror and covered my mouth to keep me from screaming.

“I am sorry I couldn't control myself and damaged your face,” he whispered being so close to me. “You are at fault for Oksana's death. I wanted to kill you. I thought you died, but you.... Listen to me. Don't get loose too much I will be always breathing on to your neck. Just make one illegal step and I will get you. I will move my hand off your mouth now; even do not think about screaming. Do you understand?”

I nodded my head. His hands let me go. Danas turned around and wanted to leave. I could not let him to leave like this because this would never ever have an end.

“Why do you act like that?” I whispered a question. “I am not guilty that Oksana died. Why?”

He turned around and pushed me against the mirror holding me by the trout.

“Not guilty?” Foam was coming out of his mouth. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“Yes, I want,” I crepitated while pulling his hand from my trout. “You are wrong accusing me. You are wrong, it is not my fault.”

He covered my mouth with his hand again; quietly and very aggressively, he was throwing words at me:

“First, she was very mad about the search in a house. She ran out crying. After one hour, she called me from her car, cursing at me and blaming me that I destroyed her life. She was screaming that she hates Gabriele; that Gabriele is at fault for what is happening now. Suddenly I heard a big noise and wham. I heard how she died but I couldn’t do nothing... Nothing... Do you know that feeling, when your loved one is dying and the only thing you can do is - listen? No, you cannot imagine that... She blamed you...”

I saw tears coming into his eyes and his lips were shaking. I didn’t believe that he will start to cry. He was very close doing that.

“What did you do to her? What?” he started to push me more. “I am sorry I didn’t kill you. Perhaps it is better. I will put you in jail for life. I will follow you even up to hell’s gates until I will find something to put you in a jail. Do you understand?”

I tried to break free, but his arms were too strong. I understood that I could not fight him, closed my eyes, and relaxed. He can do whatever he wants. I felt he took his hands off me. I opened my eyes.

“Just never forget – I am your shadow from now.” He said calmly looking in to my eyes.

“You are wrong,” shaking my head I replied. “You are wrong. It is not my fault. I am very sorry for Oksana, she was my friend...”

“Not very close friend. Otherwise, I would hear about you. Oksana introduced me to her friends. You are not a good person. What kind of sect did you involve my wife? Why did you do that?”

“Let’s talk about it, please. Your imagination is wrong. Nothing is as you imagine. I think, as a police officer you should hear both sides, shouldn’t you? Start an investigation and be more impartial...”

“I do not want to hear your whimpering. By the way, I am not a police officer any more. I had to go on leave.”

“Please, listen to me...”

“There is no need for that. She changed very much after she came from the trip to India. I had to understand that she is involved in something. I was blinded and believed her.”

“Please, let’s talk...”

“You will not screw with my brain, understood?”

“Please,” I touched his hand softly. I understood that the pain controls him. I felt sorry for him... “Please, let’s talk... Would you like to know everything? Is it enough for you, what you know?”

Somebody knocked on a door, waiting when the bathroom to be vacated... Unpleasant situation... Danas opened the door and left. A man wanted to walk in but he saw me there and jumped back. I have no idea what he thought about me at that moment. If not for my bruised face, he probably would think we had sex there. I left after Danas.

“Where did you go for so long?” asked Aurelius when I came back to my seat.

“You are not sleeping?” I took a deep breath covering myself with the throw. “I talked to Danas...”

Aurelius looked at me very surprised. I felt that my instinctive brutal fear is gone. When Danas explained his motive, I understood he is very weak and the pain forces him to act this brutal. I put a little seed in his mind that I am not guilty. I saw that in his eyes. When the doubt will get in to your heart, it will start to expand like freezing ice and will destroy everything that is not real and strong. I feel that one day Danas will listen to me and he will understand he is wrong.

## LEO

We stayed in Ahmir's ashram in Delhi. It was a small complex. About twenty monks lived there. Twenty families worked at ashram's hospital, school, and eatery. The most precious property and the pride they had in ashram where twenty cows.

They met us and were very nice and friendly. Of course, nobody knew that we are married. Ahmir was not going to tell about in India. This false marriage is just a formality, which will help us to travel through Europe. His fiancé was waiting for him patiently in India. I couldn't wait to meet her, it was very interesting to see what kind of woman will have a chance to become a wife of a man like Ahmir. I was jealous deep in my heart and was scared to show that feeling.

I saw the real Ahmir in ashram. Everybody would bow to him; some of them even would kiss his feet. Obviously, he is very important, respected and loved. He introduced us as brother and sister. He said we helped him a lot while in Lithuania and we became very good friends. Because of that, they treated us like very important guests. They pampered us, served us, fed us very good food, and told us everything we needed to know. They know how to welcome guests.

Different life began. Ahmir was busy with his ashram and he spent a lot of time in his office with his colleagues: calls, computers... I had a different view about the life in ashram. Though I understood, that someone has to do all these kind of organizing jobs. They needed to support a school and the hospital, and they needed food for themselves too. I realized that the money he brought from Lithuania it is just a drop in a sea.

Aurelius and I got bored after one week. Everybody was busy here. Few of them worked at the hospital. Their duties were to take appointments, treat poor people, diagnose them, nurse them, massage, and clean the premises. The others worked at the school where they

taught poor people's kids. Few people worked at the eatery. They needed to prepare about two hundred portions for every meal. It was hard to believe that all the money they have comes from the contributions on trips in Europe and America. The same as he did in Lithuania. Because Ahmir was known as a good doctor, very important and famous people of India would come to him. They would contribute good amount of money and would help to organize charity events.

So we asked for a job. Ahmir let us to choose what we would like to do. He said that our pay would be just food nothing else. Everybody worked just for the food here. Aurelius chose clinic, because he was a doctor some time. I had no idea what I could do. Ahmir offered to come to work in the office and help to renew ashram's website. I was good with the computers.

Days were going fast. We got used to people, climate and food. The only thought was bothering me: where is Danas? When we got off the plain, Ahmir's car picked us up. I saw Danas looking at us, but I never saw him again after that.

"Wait," I stopped Ahmir when we were passing by the store's gates. A little dirty girl without a leg was standing next to the gates. I was sorry for her. Here, in India they ask you for money very obtrusively. This girl was standing quietly and looking at us while we were passing by her. "Where is her mother? Is she homeless?"

"Perhaps," apathetically looked Ahmir. "Let's go, do not stop."

"Wait, I will give her a little money."

"I told you, let's go," almost angrily, he asked me to go. I knew we are in a hurry, but would the couple of minutes change something... I followed Guru.

The girl was in the same place when we walked out the store. Ahmir walked up to her and gave some food. I kneeled next to her. She took the crackers and put in a pocket. Ahmir took the crackers out and

asked her to eat. I watched her eating so hungrily. She put all the crumbs in a mouth too. Ahmir took out a small pack of juice put the straw in and gave her to drink. I was admiring how nicely he took care of that girl.

“You fed her by yourself, it is so nice of you,” I said.

Ahmir looked at me wondering.

“Nice?” he nodded his head to the woman on the other side of the street. “See that big woman watching us?”

I looked.

“Yes.”

“She cut this girl’s leg and trained her to stand here and beg. She has ten of these kids. This is her business. If you would give money, the woman would take everything. If you would give food, she would return to store and would get money. These kids make her rich while starving. If you would not feed them, they would not get anything.”

I almost threw up hearing these words. I got dizzy. I stood up and sighed.

“What? How is this possible? Why nobody does something?” I could not find the right words.

“My dear Gabriele,” smiled at me Ahmir while getting up. “This is the ethics I wanted to show you. Laws of your world are glamorized, dedicated, and snobbish. Your world is afraid of such people as we are. If we would come to your country, you would degrade. You would not survive us, because you are too delicate. We are hardened because our life is rough.”

“Are you proud of that?” I wondered.

“Don’t you see what I do? I fight it as much as I can. What can I do with a few people? However, I hope that some kids, who are here

with us learning, will be different when they will grow up. They will be more sophisticated. I believe that the kids of our ashram will be even more sophisticated. I hope I am not alone doing this kind of job. But I want to destroy the Western world’s illusion you live in.”

“What illusion?” I was hurt a little.

“Someday you will understand,” he smiled.

I was watching that woman. She crossed the street and came to that girl. She was explaining something to her angrily. I realized that there are too many poor people in India and you cannot come up to everybody and help. It is impossible. You can just watch how poverty turns people not just in to thieves but also in to animals too.

“How can you live here?” I said. “How can you watch this every day and...”

“I was born here. I saw this since I was a little kid... But I do everything I can. Unfortunately, India is too big and I cannot help everyone. Thus, they say that it is much worse in Africa.”

I didn’t want to talk about it anymore. At this moment, I missed my home very much. I missed my quiet job and knowing that people are mostly happy around you.

“Don’t worry, these people are happy too,” tried to calm me down Ahmir and it seemed he knew what I was thinking about. “We get what we like, everything that our heart wants.”

“Are you saying that the girl without a leg likes to stand there and starve?”

“Do you know why camel eats thorny branches?”

“Do they?”

“Yes,” laughed Ahmir. “You never saw it?”

“Where? In Lithuania?” I shrugged my shoulders.

“Yes. Therefore, they prick their tongues with the thorns. They taste a sweetish blood taste and they think this is the taste of the thorns. Can you imagine that? That is the mind of an animal. They do this because they like it. People are the same. Some of them like to be a victim. Everybody is sorry for them. They enjoy it. The main thing to help creatures like this is to change their level of consciousness. In your country is exactly the same situation...”

“Well oh well; we will wait until India will reach a level of our consciousness.” I wanted to sting him a little.

“My dear Gabriele, you will be back in to your world very soon and you will have to live there. After this time spent in India, you will hate many things in your world. You will feel the pain. You know why?”

“Why?”

“Because you will not be able to live following your norms and ethics. You will be higher than that. Nobody will understand you and nobody will support you... Unless someone who sees the same as you are.”

“Aurelius,” I said quietly imaging a model of my future.

I put a picture: it will be very hard to leave Ahmir. Aurelius will come back to Lithuania with me, he will support me and I will love him again as I did before. We will live happily after somewhere away from the society. Perhaps somewhere in the woods...

“No... No, not Aurelius,” Ahmir quietly killed my dream.

I looked at him.

“Do you see my future? Aurelius is not in my future?”

He didn't answer.

Finally, Ahmir finished his most important things and started to plan the trip to Europe. Before the trip, he decided to take some time to

do prayers and spiritual practice. He decided to go to Amritsar where the Golden temple is. He will meet his fiancé there. They cannot stay alone until they are married.

Someone from the family has to be with fiancé at her meeting with the future husband. It was funny for us to see that and we laughed between us at them being so archaic.

I was waiting for that trip. It was so busy in the ashram, there was no time to be alone with yourself or pray to God. It is strange that there is no time for God in the ashram. Ahmir said that there four types of yoga and all of them are equal. This ashram practice karma yoga, which means serving God through the work. People who are devoted to help poor and disadvantaged people give themselves to God doing that. They do not have personal life or their own dreams. They work to make the others happy. They see God in every one of these poor people. Perhaps this kind of yoga is the material one, but it gives so much harmony, goodness, conciliation, and at the end of the day gives you a recognition of God.

“There, a Krishna people worship a bhakti yoga,” said Ahmir. “They sing songs to Krishna and Radha; they dance and live happy and joyful. God's children. They do not care about nothing; they just want to glorify God. You would be very surprised in Krishna's childhood city Vrindavan. There are thousands of temples. They sing since early morning until they reach trance and then they dance. They do not need nothing but to be next to God and glorify Him.”

I remembered a story from the Bible, when Jesus came in to the house where two sisters lived. One of them jumped and started to prepare food for Jesus; the other sister was sitting next to Him and listening to His speech. The first sister became angry that she is not helping her, and Jesus told that everybody choose what is more important. In reality, our mind decide what kind of service model we choose. Everybody choose what is more important. God doesn't care what kind of form we glorify Him.

“The other two yoga branches are more sophisticated. One yoga comes to God through facts and knowledge. This is Jnana yoga. These people study all the time to recognize God. The fourth yoga is Hatha yoga. It seems that these people do nothing just live inside their own minds. They look for spiritual feelings, which would show that the God is inside. They try to be perfect and go through eight stages. They start with ethics, physical exercises and finish with aura.”

“What kind of yoga do you belong?” I asked.

“I practice all of them. You see, I work every day for others, I communicate with God every day, and I philosophize and meditate. My strength is that I recognize and practice all of the yoga. Very often people from different yoga tease each other... I think they would reach more goals working together.”

“What about Sunita? Does she practice yoga too?” I asked.

“Sunita?” he was thinking. “She is the same as me. We are many lives together. So we became as one,” he smiled.

“Do you remember past lives?”

“I wouldn’t say that I remember everything...” avoiding answer said Ahmir. “Simply I remember some things.”

We stayed in the hotel in Amritsar. We came the night before that we could go to Golden Temple early morning. I saw that Ahmir is nervous, but I couldn’t understand why. I think he is anxious to meet Sunita. She should show up any minute. Jealousness squeezed my heart. This man is perfect to me. He could be mine; unfortunately, he is not. I was surprised a little. A man, who was so calm and strong, looked soft, excited, and so fragile.

Aurelius and I stayed in the same room. We still were playing brother and sister. It is good that we will be together because the jealousy was getting on my nerves. I understand that the feeling I have for Ahmir is a mistake, but I cannot get rid of it.

Finally, we came together for dinner at the hotel restaurant. Sunita showed up with her brother. I just realized why Ahmir was nervous. In front of this woman, every man would be nervous. When she was walking towards our table, it seemed that only music was missing from the fairy tale movie. Rose flower sari embroidered with gold thread hugged her perfect body so delicate. Her tiny body decorated, as many ways as possible: jewelry, clothes, scent... But the most beautiful feature was her sophisticate, honest, and open gaze. Big eyes and kind smile can weaken any man’s legs. Of course, I had no illusions about Ahmir at all. He jumped off the chair to meet Sunita. He was all smiles. He shook hands with her brother. I looked at Aurelius, who was sitting next to me. I saw, that the beauty of this woman stunned him.

If that would be just a beauty... She looked as perfect as Ahmir looked. She was from the rich family, graduated from a medical college, studied in America, and spoke very good English. Everything she says is smart and wise. Never says too much. I started to feel slowly that the jealousy is replaced by shame. I would never be equal to this woman.

Ahmir was her slave during the dinner. It was clear that these two people spent many lives together and just stupid traditions standing in between them preventing from being together in relationship. Even now, her brother was sitting between them. As a guard...

Aurelius was obsessed too. He couldn’t take his eyes of her, talked more than he usually talks. He asked her about everything he could ask.

We got up at three in the morning to be at Golden temple at four. The energy at that place was stunning. Finally, I saw what I was waiting in India. I didn’t feel like this in Delhi. It was a spirituality as I always thought it had to be. Perhaps for Ahmir the spirituality is to work for others sake, for me it was what I saw in the Golden temple.

Space filled with sounds of music. The area was framed with four buildings and there was a lake in the middle. In the middle of the lake was Golden temple. The only bridge like an artery connected temple with the world. Dark sky in the early morning, dark water in the lake with the big colorful fish, Golden temple surrounded by the delicate light, and nice music. The whole area was in the energy cloud...

We needed to wash ourselves in the sacred lake. It occurred to me that women have to wash themselves in the building above the lake to protect the pureness. Therefore, men stayed outside. Sunita and I walked in to the building. There were many women. They were taking off clothes and stepping in to the lake's water naked. They would hold on the metal chains to dive in and get out.

Water was cold and stairs were slippery. These metal chains are a very smart solution. There would be many accidents if there wouldn't be chains. A woman slipped and almost fell on me when I was getting out of the water.

"Oh, I am so sorry" she told in Lithuanian.

"You are from Lithuania?" I was surprised: what a small world.

"Yes," she smiled happily. "You are from Lithuania? How long will you stay here?"

"I think we will go back in couple of weeks..."

"Really? How many people?" she was so happy. I feel that it is a miracle to meet a Lithuanian here and both of us were very happy.

"Just two of us Lithuanians. We have three Indians together. Over there you see Sunita..." I didn't know how to introduce her. I could not say that she is my husband's fiancé. So, I decided not to go in to details.

"That's wonderful. I am Eleonora," she introduced herself. "We are together with my husband and a friend. We will stay here for a

month, so perhaps we will meet some time during these two weeks? How about today? Do you have time to do something today?"

"Great. I am Gabriele. I will talk to the others I can't decide alone. We are here with a Guru who is in control of everything."

I told Sunita about Lithuanian I met. She was happy and asked her to join us. We dressed and walked outside.

"My husband has to be somewhere here. Do not leave, I will find him and meet you here. Okay?" asked Eleonora.

Our boys came back while she was looking for her husband. All of us looked fresh, lively, and sanctified. I told them about the Lithuanians. We decided that we should spend time with them. To meet somebody in this sacred place it is not just a coincidence.

"Here we are," I heard Eleonora's voice from behind.

I saw Aurelius' face twisted...

I turned around and I saw Danas, who got confused too and squinted.

"My husband Rapolas," Eleonora showed man who was next to Danas. I was surprised even more, because he was a famous Lithuanian actor. I saw all the movies he was in. To meet him here was a true miracle. "This is Danas."

Aurelius and I were standing with our eyes popped out. I didn't know – should we admit we now Danas or not to admit. Danas was absolutely calm and didn't show anything...

"I understand your confusion..." said Eleonora. "Yes, he is an actor. You didn't expect to meet him here, but I would like forget about this factor and just enjoy the moment we have here."

When Aurelius and I found our voice, we introduced Ahmir as a Guru. It was time to go to the Golden temple. We went with the flow

of people that slowly was going towards lake. We had to stand for about five minutes after we made a couple steps. There were many people and the bridge was long. I understood that it would take a couple of hours. The energy around the area forced us to be introspective.

My mind was going through the things my life presented to me. Area was surrounded by sounds of music. I remembered the movie I watched about Hermes Trismegistus. I liked it very much. It was popular everywhere even in foreign countries. I saw a documentary film about how this piece of art was made. I admired actor Rapolas Neshas and dreamed to meet him and talk about the magic things. I have heard that his wife Eleonora is very special too. At some point, they both were on TV. Somehow, they were connected to the evolutionary inventions. And here we are. I meet them here in India. Together with Danas. Everything is so strange. Time is standing still here in this line to temple. It is so quiet here; just sometimes fish would make a splashing noise in the lake.

I see that everybody is being introspective. Real genius build that temple. This long bridge is the deepest meditation. I was at the end and I could watch my friends transforming. Ahmir was leaning on the rails and playing with the rosary between his fingers. His thoughts were somewhere far in the future, because he has a big plans to accomplish. Sunita and Aurelius were so involved in conversation about something. I understood, that she was telling about Hindu worships. Her brother was standing next to her and quietly listening to the conversation. Rapolas was holding his wife Eleonora around the waist, and she was nestling cozy next to him. They silently looked in to the lake. Danas' look was deep and somewhere in the depth of the lake. I was looking at his profile. How did he get here? Is that a coincidence or a threat to me? Danas looked so different at this moment. Especially that orange scarf, which you get before entering the gates (you have to cover your head), was changing his image. For the first time I saw him without a suit and so calm.

At the time when we reached the temple, we all were in the state of contemplation. It was clear now, that this special music was coming from the speakers. Drums, windbag were playing inside the temple and the bearded man was singing. Temple wasn't big. We went upstairs, sat on the floor, and went deeper in to the meditation. Nobody was talking; even Sunita and Aurelius stopped their discussion.

It took less time for us to come back from the temple. It was already morning. You could see the sun between the Indian temples' steeples. We ate a Prasad, which was given to everybody at the temple. Then we sat on the granite floor by the lake.

“We are going to stay a couple of weeks in Dharamshala, Himalayans,” told Rapolas. “What are your plans?”

“We have to go back to Europe very soon. We do not have tickets yet,” explained Ahmir. “We will leave when God will tell us to leave.”

“When God will tell?” confirmed Eleonora.

Ahmir nodded his head.

“What you are doing in India?” asked Aurelius.

“Rapolas has two weeks of vacation. We decided to travel... And look for something. Our life is constant search,” replied Eleonora.

“What about Mrs. Danas?” Aurelius finally gathered his courage to ask.

“Danas...” said Rapolas, looking at his friend standing alone distantly. “Perhaps he would tell better, but he is not very talkative. We decided to travel together for the safety reasons. He is a police officer... That's it what we know. We met him in Delhi. You know you get happy when you meet your fellow citizen. It even doesn't matter what he is doing.”



While we were talking, Danas was sitting distantly, braking Indian bread in small pieces and feeding fish, which was swimming, close to the shore. They are not afraid of people; you even can feed them out of your hand. Man looked serious and thoughtfully.

“He is not talkative at all,” continued Eleonora. “But this type of people are the most interesting. They hide a secret. They do not chitchat. Everything they say is true and meaningful. I like him. He has very strong energy.”

“Will he travel to Himalayans with you?” asked Aurelius.

“I think so,” shrugged his shoulders Rapolas. “His plans are not concrete. I think his mind is transforming. Perhaps he is trying to forget something...”

“I think we will meet again. Destiny always brings together heroes of the same fairy tale, does it?” said Ahmir.

Danas finished feeding fish and slowly walked to us.

“How long you will stay in this town?” asked Rapolas. “What your God is telling you right now?”

“Exactly at this moment He is telling me something...” thoughtfully said Ahmir. “Not far from here, there is a Guru living in shantytowns. He does magic things. It seems that we will have to take one of our friends there... I think that Guru can help him to solve his problem,” he looked at Aurelius.

Big Sunita’s eyes just became bigger.

“I hope you are not talking about Nagarjun?”

Ahmir nodded his head: “That’s exactly who I am talking about...”

“You know his reputation, don’t you? You can’t do it.” Sunita got confused.

“This is for your sake, my dear Sunita,” objectively said Ahmir. “Aurelius took from me twelve years already. That means from you too. You will not be without me, don’t you? How much you want to shorten our being together?”

Eleonora leaned towards Rapolas. I understood that they could not be without each other too.

“What you are talking about?” finally joined Aurelius.

“There is a magus,” started to tell Sunita’s brother, because Ahmir was far away in his thoughts. “He lives in shantytown, because such a place is his kingdom. You never see place like that. Just ignorant and garbage of society live there. They do not care about cleanliness or hygiene. They always dirty and stinky. They do not care about their moral at all; they even do not know the father of their kids. I would never step my foot there and I would not let my sister go there ever.”

“How this man can help me?” wondered Aurelius. “If I have to go there will I have enough energy to survive? What do you think, Ahmir? Will your aura be enough not to get killed there?”

“It is not as bad there as people describe,” Ahmir sighed. “Yes, there is not enough cleanliness and morals, but these people are people still. They are closer to animals, but already people. Nagarjun really can help you. I asked all of Gurus about your problem. Nobody had this kind of situation. To revive a dead person is to go against God’s will. Thus, I know that Shiva gave you a second chance. So, what to do know? I even do not know what is better for you.”

“What do you mean?” murmured Aurelius. “Do you think it is better for me to die?”

“Why not?” smiled Guru. “You should have died a long time ago but you avoided it. All these years you are living on borrowed time... Has this been torture for you? Why are you holding on to this

body? You are driving a broken car. Why? May be you should buy a new one?"

"So, you want to take me to this magus that he would finish me off?" Aurelius' eyes popped out.

"I do not know..." squirmed Ahmir. "It would be nice for us to hear some advice..."

Rapolas and Eleonora could not take it anymore. They had no idea what is going on, so Ahmir told the whole story.

"So, this magus can revive a dead person?" finally, Danas started to talk. Nobody expected such a question, especially from his lips. Everybody looked at him.

"If someone is already dead, you cannot revive him." Angrily said Sunita's brother. "God Yamaraj takes all the people whose time has run out. Do not play with him."

"No, I can argue with you about this..." Danas said angrily. "Someone can die here because of heart deficiency. You would say that his time ran out. In our country, they would put a device in you, which forces heart to work and you can live like this for many years. What your Yamaraj would say about that?"

"That is the violent language." Indian became angry.

"Okay, okay, calm down," Sunita leaned to brother. "Perhaps Mrs. Danas is talking from love, but not because of anger."

"Yes," I confirmed. "His wife died not too long ago."

"If he can revive a dead person, than I want to meet him." firmly said Danas.

"But you do not believe in these things?" wondered Ahmir.

"It doesn't matter what do I believe or don't," angrily said Danas. "If you will go there I will go too. If you will change your mind, you will tell me where to find him."

"Wow, that's a serious speech," Ahmir gesticulated his arms. "Aurelius and I will go there for sure. It is up to you. You can join us, but I am telling you right now, you will not like there."

"How about me?" I asked. "I want to meet that powerful magus."

"No... No, trust me," Sunita grabbed my hand. "You don't have to go there..."

"No... No," waived his hands Ahmir. "I will not take you there. Even don't ask me."

"Why? I can stand uncleanliness, nothing will happen to me."

"You cannot go there," firmly said Ahmir. "These people's skin is very dark. Even I look to them too light skin. They do not like people better than them... Look at you. You are white and blonde-haired person. I can guarantee that these people never saw white people. Aurelius will look for them like alien... But you... Woman... I even cannot imagine what reaction they would have seeing you. They would freeze at first and then they would like to touch you. They are like animals. They might play with you as cats play with the bird they catch..."

"You will be together. Would they do something in your presents?"

"My dear Gabriele, I do not have any authority there. I told you that they don't like me."

"Why he can go than?" I pointed to Danas.

"I have a gun," calmly replied Danas.

“You have a gun?” Ahmir was very surprised. It seemed that this fact is changing something. He thought for a moment. “Then we will do this: you can go with us if you will promise to be Gabriele’s body guard. I will take care of Aurelius.”

“No problems,” Danas replied shortly.

“You are making a big mistake,” nodded her head Sunita.

“Darling, sometimes we need to go to hell to rescue a world,” said Ahmir while turning to her.

“I hope, that nobody will know about that in your ashram...” said Sunita and tears dimmed her eyes.

“Do not be afraid, Sunita, I will be with you tonight. We will meet at the hotel. Tomorrow we will go to Delhi as if nothing had happen.”

We drove to some village where people were looking at us very strangely. We rented bikes. Ahmir said that is the only way to get to shantytown. Sun was already high, so it was hard to bike in that heat. There was no road; we were biking on parched ground with just a few patches of grass. After one hour, we saw a shantytown. I could not see it very well yet, but the place was big and overrun by people.

Ahmir stopped us. We got off the bikes in the some kind of parched land.

“We will leave bikes here,” said Ahmir. “We do not want to tease these people. Bike for them would be a big property. I feel that we will have to return by foot anyway. Just for the beginning, let’s make impression that we are not better than them. We will go in pairs. Try not to look these people in the eyes, especially you,” he pointed to me.

I got scared. Is it that dangerous here?

“Where is your gun?”

Danas pointed in to a coat pocket.

“Look, make sure that it is in your hand but not theirs’. They are very fast. It is easy for them to go in to your pocket. So, Danas, you have to hold Gabriele’s hand, that they would know she is yours. You are big, so perhaps they will be scared of you. You have your gun in the other hand. Do not show it at first, but if there will be a dangerous situation – show it. They might get scared of seeing it. They know, for sure, what the gun is. I hope they do not have them. However, it is not likely...”

We are getting closer to shantytown. The view was getting clearer and I didn’t like it at all. Shanties were so small, just a four or five square meters. They were standing in rows and touching each other. I understood that is the way to block the sun or rain. Even a shed for animals in Lithuania is better than their shanty.

We saw kids. Naked or half-naked they were playing in the dust. The smaller ones were crawling or sitting, and the bigger ones were standing or squatting and staring at us with open mouths. When we got closer, Danas took my hand as he was told to do. I felt a big strong palm and remembered how this hand hit me... I looked at him. He looked tense. Closer to the shanties we saw a few women. Saris they wore were dirty and stinky. They would freeze, as Ahmir told us, when they would see us. You can see crooked and decayed teeth in their mouths. The view is unpleasant. I almost was sorry I agreed to come here. I felt that our palms started to sweat and became slippery. I didn’t know was it mine or was it Danas’ sweat?

These people are really black. I tried not to look them in the eyes. I felt they are watching us. The feeling is as if you walk through cannibal village and they are surprised that food came in to the house...

We were going further in to the block. Ahmir was going very solidly. I understood that he is not the first time here. Aurelius was going

toe-to-toe with him, but you can see the surroundings already affecting him; sometimes he would stumble and sway a little.

Finally, we walked in one of the shanty, which was bigger than the others were. It seems that this is Guru's house. I was scared of the smell inside, stepping through the threshold. I was ready to hold my breath. It was stuffy here, but as I understood because of heat and frankincense. There was one more entrance covered with bright red cloth. Ahmir said something in Hindu. Someone small, as the others here, showed from behind the cloth. He had a big beard, looked old and wrinkled. He was wearing long down to the floor clothes. He looked at us wondering and started to say something to Ahmir fast and aggressively. He would reply the same. We were standing and watching.

Finally, he turned to us and said:

“Aurelius and I will go inside, you will stay here. Danas, you are responsible for Gabriele's life. Did you understand?”

Danas nodded his head and squeezed my hand. Aurelius gave us a look showing that he doesn't want to go inside at all. His face was constrained with fear and with the pain. I realized this place is so negative; even Ahmir's aura cannot protect him.

They disappeared behind the red cloth. We were standing in the small dark space. There were dirty pillows near the wall for sitting. In the most respective place there was a statue of some God, lighted candle, and burning frankincense. We heard Ahmir's and homeowner's voices in Hindu from the other room. Sometimes English translation for Aurelius could be heard, but I could not understand nothing.

Nothing has changed in quite a while so I calmed down. There is nothing to be scared about. Just like a Gypsy encampment. We are standing so innocently, who would want to hurt us. Probably, Danas was thinking the same, because at one moment he let loose of my hand. There was no reason to hold each other. Obviously, no stranger will come here. Our eyes started to have a closer look around the room. It is

small but filled with various things. These things attracted us, we wanted to touch, so we started to walk around and look at it.

Suddenly the cloth covering the outside entrance opened and we saw an elderly, but very pretty woman standing in the doorway. That kind of woman would be an example for bad witch. They are bad, but they have alluring and piercing gaze, curved nose, and black messy hair.

She was rooted to the ground seeing here two blond people. We were rooted to the ground too. Why? Perhaps fear came back. I got closer to Danas. I didn't trust him, but I trusted his promise to Ahmir to protect me. Woman said something in her dialect.

“Do you speak English?” I asked shyly.

She raised her chin. She was petite, but this gesture showed that she is higher than we are. Her status was higher than ours was. Is she shaman's wife? Swinging her hips so wide making her skirt fly, she walked inside and slowly was coming to us. She raised her alluring face up and starred directly in to Danas' eyes. I saw, that it is hard for him to return her stare; he squinted a little but didn't turn back. After some time he turned to me. He intensely looked at my face and eyes. I did not know what to do...

Suddenly a red cloth flew in the air and Aurelius stormed out of the room very angry. After him walked Ahmir.

“What? Do you want me to die?” he was screaming. “Perhaps someday I wanted to die, but I am not ready right now. Do you understand what you are offering to me? Even a cow, which will be slaughtered, feels better because it does not know when the end will come. How can I go to Rishikesh, knowing that I will die there? You can go insane just because of thinking about that. This is the same as to walk a perpetrator to a scaffold. Do you think I am a perpetrator? How can you treat me like this?”

Woman was watching Aurelius' melt down questionably. Owner came out, told something to her and she relaxed a little.

"I am not saying that we have to do it today," quietly was talking Ahmir. "You have to make peace with this. You are concentrated just on fact of death right now. When love will be more than death, you will do this very easy. Trust me."

"Okay. We will wait then," he angrily opened the curtain and walked outside. You can see that he forgot everything... No fear of locals... He even didn't notice me, Danas and alluring woman... Ahmir was concerned and wanted to run after him, but Danas said very loudly in English:

"Wait. I need your help with the conversation with Guru. Who will translate for me? He doesn't speak English, does he?"

Ahmir stopped in a doorway. Thinking what to do. Anyway, he asked to wait a minute and ran outside.

Shaman came to Danas and started to stare at him. Probably, he felt that this man has a business do with him. Who knows, perhaps Ahmir mentioned something. Guru asked him to go behind the red cloth. Danas looked at me. Probably thinking about the promise, he gave to Ahmir to protect me. He decided that nothing would happen. He turned around slowly and both men disappeared behind the cloth. Silent. Suddenly woman took my palms, raised up and looked at them. I understood that she is reading my destiny. In the dusk palms looked so smooth without any lines at all. I remembered a dream. This woman looks like the one in that strange dream. Suddenly she pinched my under nail with her nail. I saw a blood. I pulled my hands out of her hands and stepped back, but she stepped towards me. I stepped again and she stepped forward. I felt a curtain with my back... When she stepped one more step I had nowhere to step but outside. Bright sun outside blinded me. It was dark inside and my eyes didn't expect that big contrast. My eyes couldn't see anything – eyes filled with tears.

Finally, I opened my eyes and saw a crowd of dummies around me. They waited. I didn't know what to do. I didn't see Aurelius or Ahmir. Danas was inside and the woman was blocking the entrance. Run? Where? Labyrinth of this shantytown is so narrow and complicated.

Suddenly one of the kids touched my skirt. Laughed. The other did the same. I realized that blond people are like aliens to them... I was holding my palm, which was not bleeding a lot just hurt very much. One woman, probably not so shy, came to me and took out a pin of my hair. Jewelry was in her hands. My hair slowly came down on to my shoulders. One braver woman came and touched it. I believe, that was the first time in her life she touched the hair of this color. She also smelled it. It should be strange for her because the hair really smelled good.

After a moment, I felt the crowd is getting closer to me. Everybody wanted to touch, smell... I was looking for the escape. I chose a space where were only kids. I ran, but I had no idea where. I knew I have to reach the open field where we came from, but the labyrinth of the shantytown was going in the circles and it was not easy to escape. I couldn't find a road we came in. I ran as fast as I could, but the crowd behind me ran too. By the way, they knew all the local roads. They surrounded me. I felt the same as I felt that day when Danas got me. I understood that I would not escape it. That's exactly what happened. There was a big bustle. Excited crowd ripped clothes off me and pulled my hair. I fell in the dust. Then I felt their feet.

Suddenly there was a gunshot. I felt that I am choking because of dust, but the area around me was getting bigger. People were going away from me. Through the dust cloud shining in the sun, I could see Danas. He was coming towards me with the gun in his hand. I understood that the shot was in to the air. Locals were clearing his way very fast. Very soon, he was next to me. He helped me to get up, grabbed my hand, and took me with him. Nobody tried to follow us. The

labyrinth took us in to the open field and we saw Ahmir and Aurelius standing in front of the small group of locals. They were far away - where we left our bikes. In half way to them, Danas stopped and looked at me.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

I didn’t know what to answer. I felt the pain somewhere, but because of shock, I could not realize my sensations. Seeing me in shock Danas started to look at me closer.

“Face is okay... Head...” he looked all around me, “is okay. Arms. Not bad, just a few bruises. Legs,” he lifted my skirt a little, “seems okay... Hello? Are you all right?”

“I think so,” I said.

We started to go towards Ahmir. We saw four bikes coming towards us. They zoomed by us. That was our bikes we came here on. That means we will have to return to village by foot...

“Are you okay?” asked Aurelius us. He looked at me and said: “You look terrible...”

“Let me ask why?” I was angry. “Why did you run like your pants were on fire? If you wouldn’t run this would never happened.”

“What did they do to you?” concerned Aurelius.

“Thanks God, just a few bruises...” I complained.

We traveled for a few hours to get to the village. Ahmir told that shaman confirmed that Aurelius is borrowing life from Ahmir and Sunita. He recommended him to go back to Rishikesh and return these years. Aurelius has to leave this world. The sooner the better. Aurelius gets terrified just thinking about it. I understood that when I saw him storming out of the room.

We asked Danas what he found out. The truth is, he didn’t have an interpreter... Danas was silent, he didn’t tell anything. Perhaps he didn’t know nothing because of a language barrier. On the other hand, he is keeping the same tactic not to talk. Hard to understand him. No emotions at all...

We came to the hotel late. Personnel looked at all of us, especially me. I understood why when I saw myself in a mirror. Face is dirty, white clothes are almost brown, wrinkled, and ripped... Messy hair. Horrible. Aurelius let me to go shower first and I rushed. It seemed that all this brutal uncleanliness is running off me with the water.

Rapolas and Eleonora invited us to their suite later. They were in the same hotel, but they had a suite room. Sometimes Indians can do real good job. It was a big room. There was a big bed with baldachin at the end of the room. On the opposite side of the room, there was an area with the sofas and big table. We sat there. We told about our adventures. I felt cozy laziness and completely relaxed while sitting here quietly after all I have been through. I snuggled in to soft sofa and listened to the conversation almost asleep.

“You say you are looking for something here,” Ahmir remembered a conversation with Rapolas and Eleonora. “Did you find it?”

They looked at each other and smiled.

“It seems we found it,” said Rapolas. “We were looking for Danas... And here he is with us.”

“Me?” wondered Danas. “What do you need from me?”

“I can say that we are putting together a team,” with the hesitation about the right words said Eleonora.

“What is the purpose?” even more wondered Danas.

Rapolas replied after some pause:

“General”.

“General?...” murmured Danas. “Tell everything if you already started. Why do you need me?”

“It seems that benefits will be on both sides. You need us too,” smiled Eleonora.

“What kind of criterions did I fit to get on your team?”

“The only one – we got to know you. Did you get to know us, did you?”

“Who does not know Rapolas Neshas? Everybody knows...”

“Does it seem to you that you know us for a hundred years? Do you feel how close you are to us?” Eleonora asked.

“I think they are talking about soul brotherhood,” Ahmir joined to the conversation.

“We would like to offer you to travel with us,” objectively said Rapolas.

“Where?” as always calmly asked Danas.

“It depends how you will look at this,” uttered Rapolas. “Practically... We will travel in India, after that we will come back to Lithuania... Then we will see how the things will go. If you would look deeper... We are going home, to the light.”

Danas giggled. It is clear that this kind of talk is strange for him. To the light... I feel that sounds like nonsense to him.

“People, what is wrong with you? Did you smoke weed?” laughing, but angrily said Danas.

“Danas,” interrupted Ahmir. “Perhaps you should be more interested in it if this sounds like a nonsense for you? Oksana Perhaps would be alive if you wouldn’t be that peremptory...”

He shouldn’t be saying that for sure, because Danas became so angry – he started to boil. He jumped and grabbed Ahmir by his lapels. I shrunk even more, because in front of my eyes I saw these events when he was trying to kill me.

“So what?” calmly asked Ahmir. “You will do this every time, will you? Every time you will let your fists fly, whenever someone will mention Oksana? Perhaps, it is time to control yourself? By the way, maybe you will tell what did you know at the shantytown?”

Danas let Ahmir’s lapels and jumped to the door, but Ahmir was faster. He turned the key, locked the door, and put the key in a pocket. Danas did not expect that. He pushed Ahmir against the door and ordered angrily:

“Key.”

Guru was smiling at this moment.

“Danas, for God’s sake, what you are doing?” quietly said Eleonora.

Danas let Ahmir go, but he extended his hand and repeated:

“Key.”

“How long will you be running from yourself?” asked Ahmir. “Perhaps it is time already to go on with your life?” His tone voice was raising up. “What did Nagarjun tell you? What did he tell?” he pushed Danas with both hands.

He pushed him one more time. Danas didn’t resist; he would make a step back every time Ahmir would push him. We could not understand what is going on inside him; we did not see his face. I understood from Ahmir’s face, that he would break him this time. Guru was pushing him and yelling. Aurelius was whispering the story about Oksana, what happened after she died. I was just watching what was going on by the door.

After a few seconds, Danas fell on the floor and burst in to tears. He was at the stage when you forget that the other people exist, when you are alone with yourself and with your pain. Ahmir was standing next to Danas, who was kneeling on the floor; Ahmir was looking at him with sympathy. He enjoyed the results. He expected that to happen – to expose this man’s soul. He left to the bathroom to wash his hand as if he wanted to wash the soul’s blood off it.

I walked up and kneeled next to Danas. I touched his languid and jumpy back. Most likely, he didn’t feel my touch. Ahmir came too. I saw that he washed not just hands, his face and hair was wet too. He took the key out of the pocket and gave it to me.

“You can take him to the room. Let him shake off his pain.”

“Is it safe?” asked Aurelius. “One time he tried...”

“Today is safe,” said Guru. “It is time for us to go too. It is late. We will have to go home tomorrow. Rapolas and Eleonora, it was pleasure to meet you. I believe we will meet again.”

Everybody looked at Danas with sympathy while passing by him. When everybody left, Eleonora, Rapolas and I were waiting for him to stop crying. We didn’t want to disturb him. Finally, I shook his shoulder very softly. Man raised his head. He looked at us, trying to contain his emotion. Closed his eyes and said:

“Sorry... I...”

“You do not have to explain...” Rapolas friendly put his hand around his shoulders. “There is no need for words here... I lost Eleonora one time... I know how you feel.”

“Let’s go, I will take you to the room,” I said.

Danas went with his fingers through his face and struggled to get up. His room was close. I followed him when he opened the door. Danas sat on the bed and cradled his head in his hands.

“Can I make you a tea?” I asked shyly.

“No. You do not need to do that. Just stay with me for a while if you can.”

I looked around. Should I sit somewhere?

“Would you like to talk?” I asked.

“I have no energy to talk...”

I sat in the armchair in front of Danas. How did Ahmir break him? It seems, that it was enough just a one drop to let that glass, filled with pain and anger, to go over the top... Guru in shantytown probably said to him something very important.

“Why did you cut the rope then?” Danas asked quietly sitting with his head down. “When I was trying to hang myself?”

“I do not know...” I replied, because I really do not know why I did that. “Do... Do you blame me for that?”

He raised his head and looked me in the eyes. Redness was still on his face. Eyes looked very sad and deep.

“Blame? No... Really, no. I want to tell you something... I never told it to anybody... I could tell it just to Oksana, she would understand me. But the environment I am in... I would look like a fool and stupid... I would lose my job right away... Can... Can you listen to me?”

“Of course,” I replied.

“When I was in a loop... In the beginning... It was terrifying. I wanted to get out of this rope. Probably, instinct to live... But at the some point my body lost the strength, I lost consciousness... Strange, but the feeling of being terrified was still there...”

He stood up and walked to the balcony door. Opened it and stepped outside. I followed him. It was a beautiful night. Dark sky was full of stars and down below an Indian city was sleeping and breathing



quietly. Quiet and fresh. The same as in Lithuania warm summer night. Danas leaned on the rails and turned to me.

“A very strange thing happened then. Some kind of illusions, I never saw before, came in to my... I even do not know how to express it – my mind? Where do we see illusions?”

“It doesn’t matter where,” I smiled. “What did you see?”

“I saw a universe as some kind of system...” he laughed.

“Why are you laughing?”

“My lips are wondering that they have to pronounce these words... Everything is nonsense. They are not used to talk this nonsense...”

“Come on, everything seems very serious. Okay, tell me.”

“Well, you can think that was the dream. At least, I will think, than it will not be so uncomfortable to talk about it.”

“Okay. Tell me your dream...”

“So, system. Universe is like a big complex of rooms. Some kind of light behind this complex. There are many complexes in that light. Therefore, I see the universe. People’s world is like a corridor. Through the one door one little light comes from the behind the borders of the universe. This light breaks in to a few small rays. Every one of these rays puts on a human body. Human body as clothes. Then...”

Danas laughed again:

“Is this like a fairy tale, isn’t?”

“Relax... Go on. I like it.”

“So, the particles are walking in a big corridor, which looked like a hallway. Hallway has many doors to the other rooms, where different creatures live. I do not know – perhaps Gods, perhaps demons

or angels. So. These particles walk together and look to all the options. Then they decide which door to go through. They gather by this door and learn what they might need, when they will go through the door. I watched everything from the above. The room is very distinctive. It has its own color, own dominating emotions, thoughts... In the hallway these particles become similar to the room they are ready to walk in. And then...”

Man got quiet and serious. I asked to resume the story. He raised his eyes to the sky and continued:

“Then I felt that I am the same as one of the particles with the body on. I am standing at the black steaming door. The door opens and I see what I feel. At first - horror. I feel horror, perhaps because I tried to hang myself. I do not know, but I felt, if I would step in to this room, I would be swimming in that horror... Then, I felt anger... I hated you and I felt that I could kill you over and over again... In the most horrible ways... I had a desire to take the revenge and forget everything... I saw how the particles next to me drop their bodies in the hallway. Moreover, they are not particles of light anymore; they become colors. The red colors go in to some rooms, the blue – in to the other rooms. Dark cherry colors were coming in to my room. I realized that I need to make my last decision to enjoy the revenge and I will step in to that room...”

“What did you decide?”

“I almost stepped in, but the particle without a body came to me. I do not know why it was without a body. It was just a light, no color... It touched me with finger and showed the outside door. I felt that she was asking me: “Do you want to go there?” I turned around and saw, that some of particles after looking at all the options, didn’t choose any of the doors. They went back to outside door, dropped their bodies, and joined each other forming small balls and went back in to outside light. You know, I thought what Oksana chose...”

Danas looked me in to eyes.

“I know she would choose different color. I started to go from door to door. Looking what would be the best for Oksana. I stopped by the door, which smelled like her. There was a lot of yellow light. I felt that room was beaming a morning desire to do, to reach, and to accomplish something special. I believed she chose this room. She lives there and enjoys constant action, that’s what she loved the most. What you will do for the rest of your eternity... Then I got sick of the revenge feeling. No. No. Not that. I do not want to stay in that feeling forever. I realized that I do not have a decision yet...”

He got silent again. He took my wrist.

“Then I felt I can breathe again. I saw you running to the house and then to the car. I realized you cut the rope and saved me... Saved my choice. For me it is so real and genuine, even I understand that I am talking absolute nonsense. I cannot run from that. I tried to live as before. I worked and decided follow you and go for revenge. I can’t. Right now, I am lost like a hedgehog walking in the fog.

He laughed. For me it wasn’t funny. I had goose bumps while he was talking.

“I want to choose right. What to do for the rest of eternity? I always remember that particle of light, which didn’t offer anything and didn’t promote anything. Just showed that there is a possibility to come back... Just comeback. What would you choose?”

“I never thought about life like this... I do not know...”

“Wonderful story,” we heard Rapolas’ voice in the next balcony. Probably, he stepped out to get fresh air and listened to our conversation. “I am sorry, I heard it unintentionally.”

We looked into the next balcony and Rapolas came in to the dimmed light.

“Do you know that according to all religions, this human life on the earth is just a road to choice? In Christianity, this is a choice between

hell and heaven. Krishnan serves to God and wants to go back in the spiritual world. Buddhists wants to get out of samsara circle... I can go on and on. The principal is that the inner man’s choice will define who he will be. There are just two options.”

Eleonora sneaked in to the balcony. She wore a robe and had a towel wrapped on her head. Probably, she just came out of the bathroom. Without saying anything, she walked to Rapolas and wrapped softly her arms around his waist. He smiled happily and continued:

“Two options. One – evolve in the universe. It means grow your ego. Individual tries to step out of the crowd, desires to be original, and accomplish himself. When there are more such individuals then the competition, fight, and war starts among them. ‘Do not have the other God but one...’ says all the Gods of new religions. While man lives just in his culture, he even does not have a doubt, that his God is the only real God... If he has a possibility to travel the other places in a world... Let’s say Christian comes to India... There are many Gods here and the locals do not have any doubts about them. If Christian will meet with Hinduist they both will fight for his own truth... They will end up in the war. Because all the Gods are different aspects of the only Patriarch. All of them have very strong individual ego. So if you will choose a competition road, one day you will become very powerful, strong, and influential. Perhaps you even become a God. It will be very interesting road to evolution. As if, you would have some important role in the Patriarch’s game. Manipulate, trick, and play. Will be interesting for you and for Patriarch.”

“This would be somehow similar to the colorful doors I saw in the moment of my death?”

“Yes, you are right. That’s why this life is very important. This life will define what you will be for the rest of eternity. Every step of this life leads you to a specific destiny. However, there is a second way. Road of unity, peace, and love. People do not try to be better than the others but look for the similarity with others. They are happy that each

of them is a spiritual creature, God's child, and everyone is the light. These people feel unique, when they find similarity with others, similarity with the light. These people do not go on the road of evolution. After they die, they just fall out of the game. Buddhists call it freeing from the samsara circle. This is a perception that the watched and the watcher are the same. That the tree in the yard it's me and I am the tree. These people return to the spiritual world. No game, no competition... They missed being home."

"That would be the door to outside I saw. Why the particles of light get in to the corridor?"

"Who knows why... And because I am an actor I would say that this is the show, which is watched by God's audience."

"Which road is the right one?"

"Some people follow one road while the others – the other road. There is no right or wrong road. There is a choice."

"Rapolas and I decided to go back home to the light," Eleonora said quietly and snuggled more to her husband.

"Do you really believe this? All of you?" doubted Danas.

"Yes," confirmed Rapolas. "Do you still doubt, even after you saw everything with your own eyes?"

"Don't misunderstand me, everything is not clear to me," Danas started to plea. "I am confused a little right now... Oksana was always interested in these things, but I never listened to her."

"I think Oksana played her role very good. Her tragic destiny forced you to think about the meaning of life. If not because of her, you would step in that hate and horror room..."

"So, Danas, will you travel with us?" asked Eleonora.

"In India? Or... Home to the light? What are you asking me?" he wanted to confirm.

"Both..." replied Rapolas.

"I do not know about the light yet, I do not believe that deep... India? It would not be bad."

## VIRGO

Time came for us to go back to Europe that Ahmir wouldn't lose his right to live there. Aurelius decided to stay in ashram, because of good aura, which would compensate shortness of his own energy. We plan to come back in two months.

When in Lithuania we stayed in Aurelius' house for a week. After that, we left for Europe. It was the strangest trip for me: we would go by car just only to places that were chosen by Ahmir. In every city, we would find new friends who would be interested in his treatments. We would stay for a week and friends would bring their friends... We worked constantly – diagnostics, horoscopes, massages... And money...

Of course, my status in Europe is different. I am Guru's wife. We would stay in one room with one double bed... So far away from India and beautiful Sunita I had a little hope that Ahmir might... I was afraid even to think about it, but there was little hope smoldering deep in my heart.

"Let's make a deal once and for all," asked Ahmir when we stayed together for the first time. "You will never tell it to Sunita. It doesn't matter that we will stay innocent and sinless, but she cannot have even a smallest doubt in me. Wife's respect to husband is principal thing, which keeps family in harmony and happiness. By the way, Sunita is very sensitive. If she would know that we sleep in one bed... I do not want to hurt her."

“Okay, okay, I will not tell if you will not tell,” I agreed.

“I feel bad that you have to do this. I know, sometimes you think about me as if I am your husband... Every lie creates more temptations. Lie breeds faster than the rabbits do,” he smiled. “We just want to avoid the restrictions, which shouldn’t be there in the first place. The world is solid and belongs equally to all the live creatures. We chose lie to do good things. We help sick people here and India gets food for it. You understand, don’t you?”

I am not happy breaking the laws, so I had a heartache because of our behavior. I felt, that all these events are much stronger than my possibility to leave this game. Everything happened in such a way, that I had neither possibility nor wish to leave. Even if I will not seduce Ahmir, a possibility to be with him is a big pleasure. To serve him, feed, take care, and tell people about him... I feel like I have special rights.

Strange that it is similar to slavery, but I didn’t want to escape it. I would suffer secretly that I am not serving him if somebody would offer a help and Ahmir would take it. The biggest pain was waiting for me in the future... Sometimes I would have a heartache thinking that the time will come, when he will not need my help anymore. We will divorce officially and I cannot imagine how I will live... I pushed that thought away from me...

Aurelius started to call more often after one month passed. We would talk for hours. He complained that his sensitivity is growing. It is not enough energy from ashram that he could live good life. Perhaps because, the energy Ahmir left is running out. Perhaps because, of everyday work at the clinic where he sees many heavily sick patients... Or he feels lonely without us. We would talk for a long time. We understood that these talks would give Aurelius a little bit more energy. Every time Ahmir would get thoughtful while hanging up the phone.

“Delhi is not the most innocent city. Ashram cannot withstand negative vibrations from the city. We need to move Aurelius somewhere

else. Closer to the nature. Where could he go? He needs innocent and strong energy person.”

Calls were coming more often and hearing his voice was clear that we have to do something. He will not survive much longer. Ahmir said, that he has no choice but to ask Sunita to take him somewhere out of the city. She is from Dharamshal Himalayans. Therefore, they decided that Sunita’s family will take him in and will give him a good care. Her family is very religious and Sunita has as strong energy as Ahmir has, because they are soulmates. After moving in to new place, Aurelius called with a big relief. The weight was lifted of my heart, it seems, that Ahmir’s idea worked. Anyway, Sunita and her cousins were demanding that Ahmir wouldn’t stay too long in Europe. I don’t think their family liked very much the fact, that foreigner was living in their house and he was a man... Indians are very hospitable, so I believe that guest got everything what this family can provide for him.

We were busy in Sweden opening new Ayurveda center. Ahmir met a new friend here, quite rich. He offered to start a business together and promised to open Ayurveda center with his money. Ahmir has to train good therapists. A lot of work to do. We put together a group of eight massage therapists. We were working with them every day. Ahmir taught them different Ayurveda technics, acupuncture, and how to read body signs...

I was happy. I feel so safe next to this man. It is special feeling I never felt in my life. I always had to do everything by myself, organize everything, and take care of my life. Now I just had to be next to him. I knew every single day, that everything will go very smooth. Ahmir’s trust in God was endless. Even in the biggest failures, he would see a huge success. It was enough just to keep look on his face... That’s it... We know each other so good that I understood even the smallest move of his face. People were surprised; they thought that we are reading each other’s thoughts. It was very close to truth.

Once while teaching me to cook an Indian dish khichdi, he asked me for a spice:

“I do not know the English name of this spice... In Hindu is jeera. Can you give me jeera?”

From all the spices, I chose a caraway and gave it to him. He smiled:

“You always understand me...”

That the spice he was looking for. We didn't need words to talk. We could communicate in silence even stronger than with words. Sometimes we would look in each other's eyes and be silent. I knew his face by heart and he looked heavenly handsome to me. Big curved nose, eagle's eyebrows, expressive brown eyes, always nice combed hair, and soft lips... I believed, I just need to get a pencil and draw his face. It would be so easy for me. I feel Ahmir's image lives in me.

“It is so sad that I can have you just distantly,” some time I had courage to tell him. “I know I can never hug you, I can never kiss you...”

“Is that important to you?” he asked smiling.

“I feel like a hungry man in front of plate with soup in the window... I can look at it but I can't beat my hunger with it...”

“I think I will surprise you but I feel the same... Knowing that Sunita is waiting for me gives me strength to fight that seduction. You should find somebody.”

“It seems that you are my lover... I cannot see the other men... Just can't.”

“What do you think if I would hug you and kiss you... Would that be a mistake? Sin?”

“Do you want to hug me?”

“I am so thirsty for it... I am afraid that this is just a weakness. You know how sometimes it can be: you are not hungry at all, but if you see a cake on a table, your eyes would see just a cake and your thoughts will just about the cake. You are always next to me, so beautiful and smell good, alluring... All the thoughts are just about you. A conscious man has to follow his mind.”

“You have to stay honest to Sunita? Is that what your mind says?”

“Yes. However, I have a big desire to make a mistake. It is terrible feeling if you want to make a mistake. How to stay strong and not to go with temptation?”

“Is your wish that strong?”

“How about yours?” he smiled.

“I do not have any others commitments... I do not have other prince charming, only you, so I do not have any obstacles for that. Just a respect to you and your choice keeps me fighting the seduction.”

“Is that mean, if I will stop fighting seduction, you will not stop me? You will let me make a mistake?”

“Yes. I will not stop you. You want make that mistake. I will respect your choice,” I smiled.

“What would happen then? How we could look in to Sunita's eyes after that?”

“I do not know... You are not married yet, you didn't give a pledge yet...”

“I gave her pledge so many lives ago...”

“Are you saying you never was with the woman? Just with Sunita for ages?”

“Did you see how beautiful she is? By the way, we are very similar. Identical. As Shiva and Parvati is. This heavenly couple is an example to us. We are identical – the one. You and I are very different. We can be together just in your world. When we live under your world’s laws, I can fall in love with you, I can let you touch me, and I can touch you. This would be just temporary passion. I will go back to my world, to my Sunita. What kind I will come back it depends on this moment. If I will let your world to seduce me, even for a short time, I will stay forever with my mistake. I will not look innocent anymore in front of the only one I chose. Can you promise me to stop me if I will let my human weakness take over?”

“You think I am stronger than you, don’t you? You, on the other hand, have a reason to fight a seduction... How about me? I love you.”

“Even don’t doubt; you will meet a man. He exists for sure. Just know - it is not me. Let this knowledge to be your motivation.”

After two months of hard work new Ayurveda center was opened. From now, some part of profit will go to ashram in India. Ahmir was very happy about it. His partner was very happy too – this kind of opportunity fell right from the sky for him. Working with India looked very promising. He can offer trips to India to rich clients. By the way, Ahmir promised to help with it.

Time came for us to travel to India. Aurelius stopped calling us, so we understood that he feels much better in Sunita’s home. It was not as clear as it was planned. I saw guilt in Aurelius’ and Sunita’s eyes. I understood that they are in love with each other. I just did not know, did they do something more than the thoughts. Ahmir felt there is something wrong too. I think he felt even clearer than the others did.

Sunita’s family was not happy at all when Ahmir and I stepped over the threshold of their home. Sunita’s parents and brother took

future groom to the other room for the serious conversation. I didn’t understand what they were saying because they spoke in Hindu.

Mother wanted to take Sunita’s hands, but she turned around and ran out crying in to the yard.

I looked at Aurelius.

“What have you done here?” The only words I could find right now.

While in Europe, we were protecting Ahmir’s innocence. All the effort there was useless because a betrayal happened here...I never thought things could go that way...

“Gabriele, you know me. We didn’t do anything wrong, because even the smallest guilt would destroy me... The feeling between me and Sunita is the most pure and innocent feeling.”

“Aurelius, what are you thinking,” I widened my eyes. “Ahmir trusted you the most precious property he has – his fiancé to save your life. You have no rights to have any of the feelings for her neither innocent nor not innocent...”

“What can I do if I have these feelings?” he shouted while clenching his teeth because of pain. I understood, that he is stressed, so his body is reacting.

“I even do not know what to say to you...” my hands were down. “It shouldn’t happen like this.”

At this time, Ahmir stormed out of the room. He looked angrily at Aurelius and rushed in to the yard to look for Sunita. Girl’s parents and brother looked at us angrily while passing by.

I wanted to clear everything, so I turned out the door. I saw, how Ahmir is storming towards the garden where Sunita was crying while hugging the tree. Her mother grabbed my hand and said something in Hindu. I understood she does not want me to disturb them and let them

clear everything out. By the way, the whole family stood outside waiting what will happen next. Ahmir told me, there are no personal relationships here. Everything is whole family's business. If a couple has problems, the whole family can go in, give advices, and try to reconcile them. I was seeing it right now with my own eyes. No matter, what happened, the family will do everything to bring them back together. I saw this determination in both parents and her brother's faces.

Ahmir didn't touch Sunita. He was talking to her through the distance. Slowly she joined the conversation and crying was answering his questions. After some time he touched her shoulder and she turned to him. Ahmir hugged her softly. Family faces lighted with the smiles. It seems that everything might be all right...

The same evening they announced that Ahmir's and Sunita's wedding will be in a month. I didn't see much happiness in Sunita's eyes. It seemed she agreed just because of responsibility. Next morning Ahmir had a courage to talk to Aurelius. He asked me to participate in it.

"Ahmir, I want you to know that I respect you as I never ever respect someone more..." he started.

Ahmir nodded his head and lowered his gaze in to the red patterned rug.

"I made a decision," slowly said Aurelius. "I am ready to die. Not because I have nobody to live for. No. I want to return your life to you and Sunita. I love Sunita and do not want my days would shorten her life... So... Will you help me to do this?"

Ahmir could not find the right words. Lips would be ready to say something and he would swallow it. After a few of such tries, he finally said:

"Your decision is right."

I didn't know what to say. I realized that my life is completely ruined. After one month, I will not have no hopes at all to have Ahmir. I would lean on Aurelius, and now is clear that I will not have him either... I had no idea, why in a half of the year my life went very different direction... Hopeless I just fell in to the armchair.

"I will talk to Nagarjun and I think he will help you... To die..."

"I would like to do this at home very much... I wouldn't like that Sunita would suffer being close. By the way, I understand that it is a big happiness to die at home. I wouldn't like to die anywhere else."

Ahmir nodded his head. I saw he feels uncomfortable. Probably, he feels the same as someone would feel if asked to return his given gift...

"I will try..." he said and left the room.

"Are you sure you want to die?" I had the courage to ask Aurelius.

"I have no choice," he answered smiling. "I love Sunita. She warned me that we would never be together. I didn't stop loving her. This feeling gave me a lot of energy... I never had that much energy... How could I steel her days?"

"How we can know for sure that you are stealing their years? What if all of this is complete nonsense? Maybe we are wrong. You do understand that all this is very doubtful, don't you? What if you will die for no reason?"

"It doesn't matter what this could be, I do not want to risk her life. I would rather die for no reason, than live and doubt the whole life that she might die before me because of me."

“May be there is a chance to change everything? If she loves you too... How she can live with a husband she doesn't love knowing that you died because of her?”

At this moment, Sunita ran in to the room. She started to moan:

“Ahmir said to me... That you... You...”

She hugged Aurelius. I saw the tears flooded her face. Aurelius walked in to the room. He looked at first to them hugging each other and then to me.

“I will ask you to accompany Aurelius to go home...” he told me.

I nodded my head agreeing, because it would be too painful to watch him marrying someone else. His real marriage, which will last forever.

One week later, Aurelius and I left to Lithuania. Saying goodbye was terrible. I thought that my heart would stop beating. While on a plain, I always was thinking about that moment and my eyes were filled with tears all the time. Aurelius was sitting next to me barely alive. Ahmir gave me precise instructions from the shantytown Guru. At some point, I will have to take Aurelius to my Death Valley. At the same moment, Nagarjun will be on the Ganges River doing a ritual, which will take life from Aurelius and return to Ahmir and Sunita.

I tried to talk to Sunita. She is very educated and modern woman. How can she let the customs regulate her life? If she loves Aurelius, why wouldn't she create a family with him? Sunita even didn't hide her tears, but she explained, that she gave a word and she cannot break it... My Western world mind couldn't understand that... This girl submissively will take her destiny... At this moment I hated India, I hated Ahmir... However, at the same time I loved him very much. Sunita's love for Aurelius was my last hope, that perhaps Ahmir will let

her stay happy with the foreigner and he would stay with me. I realized these thoughts are very egoistic, and Aurelius was disgusted with me, because he was feeling my egoism. I couldn't control myself...

We came to Lithuania very exhausted and stayed at Aurelius house. We need to wait for three weeks. Aurelius said goodbye to his life during that time. We visited all his favorite places, we ate his favorite food, and we filed all the documents. Every moment we were trying to paint with the most brightest colors. All these moments were filled with sadness and longing. I always was questioning myself, how could I get involved in such a drama? My life was so quiet and simple... Just a half a year ago. Look at me now...

The appointed day was getting closer. We felt like as convicted in front of scaffold. Terrible feeling.

Nagarjun respected Aurelius' wish to die at home. That was not a problem for him at all. As I understood, the distance doesn't have any influence. The decision was made that at the same moment Aurelius and I will be in a Death Valley, and Nagarjun will be at the same place where Ahmir found Aurelius near the Shiva's statue on a Ganges river. He told us just to be at the place he appointed and leave the rest to him. I realized that my Death Valley is like a space portal. Very special place... I was scared of what will happen. I will have to see how someone is dying and I will not have any right to help him to survive. After everything will be over, I thought I will dial 112 and will tell that I found a dead person. What else I should do? To leave him there? How I would live after that? Everything seemed as a biggest nonsense...

Everything will have to happen today. We were told to be there at 11. We both dressed in white, as we agreed. We were delaying to step through the threshold. Quasi we would need something to do before we go. Aurelius seemed quiet. I couldn't control my tears. The smallest details would choke me and my eyes would get wet.



Finally, we did the step over the threshold. Probably, winter is the best time to die. Together with the nature. However, the day was cold, was snowing wet snow, and sky was dark. It became even sadder to go for the Aurelius' last trip. I even couldn't imagine, how he is feeling knowing that this is his last trip. I looked at him questionable. He smiled:

"No, I do not have any doubts. This is my decision. I cannot stay as a vampire. Suddenly he stopped... His look on face changed; I did not understand what has happened.

"Oh, you are in Lithuania already?" I heard Danas' voice. Danas walked down the street, and bumped in to as by accident.

"Yes, we... Are still in Lithuania..." Aurelius smiled and his words sounded ambiguously.

"I thought you are in India. I thought you will be attending Ahmir's and Sunita's wedding?" surprisingly said Danas.

I looked at the watch. We had just 25 minutes. It is better not to be late... I need to get rid of this man, who always miraculously shows up in places where nobody expects him...

"Did you come back with Rapolas?" I asked as if nothing happened to avoid a suspicion...

"Yes, we came back. Rapolas will start to play in a new movie. I would like to tell you a lot. Do you have time?" he asked very happily.

For the first time I saw him being so natural and honest. India did a miracle. This man is shining. However, at this moment his shining was irritating.

"Great," I tried to make a deal. "Perhaps we will meet some day and talk? There will be a lot to talk about."

"What are you going to do right now?" he asked.

"We have to deal with one business right now. So we are really busy," said Aurelius.

I couldn't stop looking at the watch. Obviously, minutes are just melting. What if we will be late? Nagarjun will start his ritual and we are not in the Death Valley yet... Hurry up...

"Really, we have to go," I said. "Here this is my business card, call me tomorrow."

Danas took a business card, smiled and getting in a car said:

"So you changed your last name to Indian... Today is the day Ahmir is getting married, isn't? He mentioned the date when we met... I don't remember. It seems it is today..."

I smiled through clinched teeth and sat at the steering wheel. Last Danas' words hurt me. I even did not know how to react... Officially, Ahmir is my husband; I cannot confirm that he is marrying the other woman. On the other hand, I knew he is getting married, I just didn't know that this day is today. He did not tell me. Perhaps on purpose, he didn't want to hurt me. Why today I have to lose two of my most loved men? I was so sad. I wanted that Aurelius' leaving would be very bright. Everything turned the other way, and I felt so disgusted and angry.

However, it doesn't matter how I felt, Nagarjun's instructions were very strict. I was speeding as much as I could not to be late. I even didn't go in to my house as we planned. I turned directly to the fields and had a hope, that in the beginning of the winter ground would not be so wet and my car wouldn't stuck. However, even nature was giving us obstacles. I had to stop in the middle of the puddle in the fields. There was no time to push the car.

We both jumped out and hurrying each other, we ran towards the place where the miracle gates are. I was looking at the watch. The two last minutes were melting fast... We ran without paying attention

to the mud, which was splashing from our shoes on to white clothes. Here, somewhere here... I was looking around... I didn't come here for a long time, but this place was calling me... I stopped. I heard my heart pounding in my chest. I couldn't take a breath. Aurelius stopped next to me, breathing very hard he asked:

“Here? This is the place?”

I nodded my head. He took my hands and looked me in the eyes as someone who is leaving this world could look. Here and now, it will happen... I feel the wind raising. Aurelius felt it too, but he was starring directly in to my eyes. He was waiting for the support until the last breath, which is coming right now. We both didn't know how it will happen, what to expect... Wind was getting stronger. My white skirt and loose hair were flying in the wind more and more.

Suddenly I felt that the hard surface disappeared from under my feet and the whole body was in the water. I saw us under the water very surprised and gasping for air. Aurelius lost my one of hands because of the surprise, but I squeezed his other hand more. I felt that we are under the water and the instinct was pushing us to go up to the light. The closer the light, the stronger the flow was carrying us. It was throwing us as if we would be little ants. Sometimes we would get out catching the air, but together with air, water was getting in a mouth...

Suddenly I heard a loud whispering in my head. Slowly it was getting louder. It was similar to repeating a magic word. Nagarjun's voice sounded louder and louder and was mixing with the sound of the flow... When I would get out, I would look around trying to see where to swim and what to grab to hold on. The moments were too short to see something. Suddenly I felt that Aurelius hit very hard in to something, his hand lost the strength and got out of my hand. That particular moment I dove out and saw Shiva in very calm meditation state.

Body didn't have any more strength to fight the flow. Water was flooding my mouth. I felt very light. Flow was carrying my lifeless body

as if it would be a feather. My eyes started to see hallucinations in the shimmering waters. I saw how all dressed up Ahmir and the beautiful Sunita in red bright Indian dress, holding each other's hands proudly saying a pledge and walking around the priest. At the same moment, I saw that Danas is kneeling next to me, shaking me, and trying to blow air in the lungs filled with water. In the end, everything went dark.

Strange beeping in my ears. Slowly in my mind, I started to merge with this beeping sound. It seemed that this is the pulse of my heart. After some time, I realized everything is opposite. My heart is pulsing and the beeping sound repeats every beat. I opened my eyes. I understood that I am in the intensive care unit. I saw that image, when I was visiting very serious ailing patient. Thanks God Nagarjun didn't send me to the other world together with Aurelius. I almost doubted his abilities... Poor Aurelius, he hit his head and drowned... Exactly as the first time. I cannot understand where I am: in India or in Lithuania. Probably we were drowning in Ganges... The statue of meditating Shiva came in to my memory as something very monumental and even pleasant...

I looked around. Near to the control panel, which supervises all the patients in the intensive care unit, I saw white women moving slowly. That is Lithuania. No teleportation, no miracles... Thank you God.

Very soon, the doctor saw that I am okay and moved me to the other room. I wanted to get out of the hospital, but they decided to watch me for some time. Later that day doctor told that the officer would come to question me about accident. I was very surprised that the officer was Danas.

“What happened there?” he asked straight.

“Where?” I was surprised.

“Do not pretend,” he sat next to me. “You looked strange when I met you near Aurelius’ house. It was obvious you were on to something. I followed you. I still do not understand what happened... Would you explain? I need to write some kind of reason in to report, how two people almost drowned in the simple meadow...”

“You was there?” I was surprised.

“You do not remember? I watched you two squirming on the ground as if you were drowning. I shouted, tried to hold you, but I didn’t know how to get you out of this strange stage. Like addicts... At first I thought like this... But then I thought you fainted, I started resuscitate you, and at this moment a water came out of your mouth as you would drown...”

“I cannot tell you something logical and realistic to put in your report...” I murmured.

“What should I write? That I found you near the river? When I called emergency they came in to the field.”

“I do not know... You are the witness that I didn’t kill Aurelius.”

“Thanks God, he is alive, otherwise we would have more serious business...”

“He is alive?” I was astounded.

“He still is in the intensive care unit, but he will be all right. He wasn’t as lucky as you was. He hit his head, but he will survive.”

I jumped out of bed and ran in to the intensive care unit. Danas didn’t expect that reaction, so he didn’t stop me.

“How is that possible – he is alive?” I was whispering to myself. “He has to die. He needs to die... Stop the treatment, take off these oxygen pipes, hurry up, he has to die...”

Nurses listened to me surprised. I do not know what they thought about me. Danas ran to me, grabbed my hand, and tried to take me out.

“She is confused, she doesn’t understand what she is talking about,” he was explaining to the nurses. “Let’s go. Let’s go.”

“No, no,” I argued. “He wants to die, do not disturb him. Take out these pipes...”

Danas took me on his arms and brought me out of the intensive care unit.

“Are you crazy?” He tried to calm me down. “Do you want to go to psychiatric clinic?”

He carried me in and put on the bed. I tried to explain to him that everything had to end with Aurelius death, but Danas didn’t let me say such a things, because he is an officer and he will have to write a report. There was a chaos in my head. What will happen now? Will I have to repeat everything? Nonsense.

“I do not want to stay here. Ask them to let me go.”

“After what you just did, nobody will let you go.”

Aurelius was not unhappy that he did not die. However, the changes were incredible – he didn’t have a sensitivity to the surroundings. It was like a computer – it was working perfectly after restarting.

## LIBRA

Ahmir told us to return to India, so after some time we were standing in front of him in his ashram. Sunita met us. She had a dot in the center of forehead and rings on the toes, which means that she is a married woman. She was smiling as if nothing happened; it seemed that

there was no romance between her and Aurelius. Instead of showing to us our rooms, she told us to put luggage in the car.

“Were we are going?” asked Aurelius.

“Hare Krishna...” putting palms together nodded her head Sunita. “We will go to Vrindavan – Krishna’s youth city. Ahmir is waiting for us there.”

Seemingly, Sunita is a master of everything she does. She is a good driver. At first it seemed, that we would be killed here. There is the only law on India’s roads - no laws at all... Everything looks more terrible because the driving here is on opposite side than in our country. Officially... There is nothing wrong if you will drive against the traffic. No signs and no directions...

“How do you know that is your preference to make the turn?” I couldn’t stop myself and I asked Sunita at the one intersection.

“I do not know. I just felt that this is my time to make a turn...” she murmured. “Scary?”

I just raised my eyebrows and smiled.

“Well, that means you do not believe in God...” she nodded her head.

“Why? I believe,” I argued.

“It just seems to you that you believe,” she smiled. “Most of the people think they believe. In reality, they have no faith at all. Honestly believing person never is afraid of something, never worries about the things, they trust God everywhere and every time. Every time, when you have a doubt in something, scared, disappointed... Every such a moment you betray Him. Do you understand?”

I nodded my head and thought. Sometimes it seems that she has the same power as Ahmir has when she says such things...

“Why we are going to Vrindavan?” asked Aurelius from the back of the car.

“Because of you,” replied Sunita. “This is very sacred place. Just a very important people can go there. Even not all of the citizens of India can go there.”

“Why?” wondered Aurelius.

“There are very high vibrations there... In India there are many not innocent people, who cannot go there because of their energy,” she explained and gasped laughing. “You thought armed guards will be there. No, no,” she laughed. “Spiritual things have a natural protection. You do not need weapons, passports, or university diploma. Simply, if you are not ready, you will pass it without noticing such a distinctive energy. Most of Indian people are so ignorant, that they even do not know that this city exists. Some of them already knows, but they do not have a good karma to come here...”

“How special is this place?” I asked.

“This is a youth city of God Krishna. The whole city is like a temple. There are ten thousand temples here. It is hard to count...”

We stayed in the rooms of ashram. Ahmir hugged us very happily. It seemed, he didn’t worry at all that Aurelius survived... He warned us very serious that we should avoid thief monkeys.

“Tomorrow we will get up at three. Shower and go to the pilgrim trip around Vrindavan city. Please, do not eat nothing.”

Dark came very early, but I couldn’t fall asleep. Happy loud music was coming from the temple. I stepped out to a corridor; all the corridors here are outside. Of course, there is no winter here... You could see a temple from the balcony. Big entrance looks like gate. Doors wide open. It seemed, nobody ever close them, because a big wooden

fringe was hanging above the threshold of the door touching the floor. Inside there were young people dancing and playing in ecstasy. They were dressed in Indian clothes. By the way, most of them were white people.

Suddenly I felt that I am not alone in the corridor. I looked around. A few orange lamps could not light all of the corridors and staircases. I felt uncomfortable like I was being watched. I know, in India somebody is always watching you; I have never seen that much liveliness in my life. Somebody's eyes always are watching you. Man, monkeys sitting somewhere, lizard sitting somewhere between the wall and the closet, and a huge spider in the bathroom sink ... I heard that snakes even get into the bed... I did not experience it. I hope I never will.

“Every moment of fear you betray a God. ...” I remembered Sunita's words. Perhaps, multi-million Indian eyes are the eyes of God. Seemingly, God is watching you all of the time through those eyes. At this moment, he is watching me. I just don't know with whose eyes. I locked myself with Aurelius in the room but did not fall asleep at all.

I came in to the yard at the time I was told; Sunita, Ahmir and Aurelius was waiting for me. Indian night climate is so pleasant for me; it reminds me of Lithuanian summer day except it is dark...

“What are we waiting for? Who else will go with us?” I asked.

I heard somebody going down the stairs the same way I came. I had goose bumps on my body when I saw Nagarjun with his mystery woman.

“You will go with them and Aurelius and I will go in front,” said Ahmir. “Please pay all of your attention to Krishna. Repeat in your mind: Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare.

I did not want to go next to these people because they were scary somehow. I looked at them. The dimmed orange lamp light lit up the woman's face when she answered something to Ahmir in Hindi. Just now, I understood what was wrong with her. Her bottom jaw was protruding out further than her upper jaw. That is why she reminded me of a bulldog. She looked quite aggressively. The nice features of her face made that impression not so bad.

I started to repeat Ahmir's mantra in my mind. I am happy that the mantra will block my thoughts about being dissatisfied with having to walk next to these unpleasant people. I will not have to communicate. However, how do you communicate if you do not understand both languages?

I just followed Ahmir, Aurelius, and Sunita, keeping about ten steps distance. We walked into the street. We were walking quite fast because we had a long way ahead. Poorly lighted streets started to wake up. Hermits (I even don't know how to call them) were waking up in their poor nests. They wash themselves right on the sidewalk, pee in the sewer drains, where the disgusting odor followed us all the time. Nagarjun and his wife was walking next to me. I remembered Sunita's story that only special people can come to Vrindavan City. How could Nagarjun be here? He did not look innocent. I always remembered the view of the shantytown and because of that, I felt more obnoxious.

“What are you doing here Nagarjun?” this thought was in my head next to the mantra.

“I am going to meet with God as you do.” I heard an answer in my mind. It seems strange as if I would talk to myself.

“It is not your consciousness. It is me, Nagarjun.” I heard again. It even became funny, how the flows of uncontrollable thoughts can spin in your head when you are stuck with one question.

“No, no, it is me. You don’t trust? Now I will clap three times“ I heard my thought again and Nagarjun clapped three times. Aurelius turned around to see who was clapping. He smiled and turned back.

“Hare Krishna,” Aurelius shouted to a stranger. Everybody does this here. Hare Krishna. Either just Hare... Or Ram Ram... Everybody says hello here as if he would know you for a hundred years. Everybody smiles and looks at you as if they see their best friends or themselves.

“Ram Ram,” I said to the same stranger and smiled. My wondering look stopped on Nagarjun’s face. He was looking at me as if he would like to know if I heard his clapping.

“Perhaps it is just a coincidence? How could I expect the unexpected that Nagarjun would start to clap just like that? How could I expect that?”

“Oh God these Europeans... What can I do to make you believe I am talking to you?” I heard again my own thoughts.

“Then stop and spin around.” I laughed wondering that my mind can play like this.

Nagarjun stopped and spun around and continued to walk behind our three leaders.

“How can it be? You do not know Lithuanian, do you? How can you talk to me in my mind?” I was asking myself or perhaps Nagarjun.

“Yes. We cannot communicate with words because I do not know English. There is a simpler way to do that... I need to connect to the frequency of your thinking and then we can communicate without words.”

I looked at Nagarjun. He looked in my eyes smiling.

“How do you think I was communicating with your husband?”

“What husband?”

“The one you came with to the shantytown. He protected you. He is not your husband?”

“Danas?”

Nagarjun didn’t answer, because “Hare Krishna...” was sounding in my mind. I couldn’t understand was it - my prayer or Nagarjun’s prayer in my head... I felt strange. Is there something sacred and untouchable left in this world? It would be terrifying if we could hear each other’s thoughts... On the other hand, perhaps we would be more innocent... How can you know is that your thoughts or somebody broke in to your thoughts and controlling them? Who said that the thought is your property? When you think about the world as a God’s creation, is there any hope that you control your own thoughts? Every character in a book thinks that he is the thinker, but in reality, the author of the book puts thoughts in the character’s head...

“Hare Krishna” again. On the other hand, does the author of the book puts his own ideas in to character’s head? Perhaps God sends thoughts to the author to put them in the minds of characters’... I am starting to be confuse... “Hare Krishna...”

“What are you doing here, Nagarjun?” I addressed him purposely in my mind. “Is it this place for you?”

“Why not?” I heard an answer.

“Why? You are a demon... You came from the place where people – animals live.”

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare... He didn’t answer. Just mantra was circling in my mind, eyes were touching barely lighted street views, sleeping dogs, here and there standing cows, and waking up and praying homeless people. Indescribable feeling of happiness filled my heart. I felt that my home is here under this sky and I feel absolutely safe here. It does not matter what would happen, I can always come back

here and live happily. People's mood is always uplifted here. It does not matter are you rich or underdog... Human or dog. It is a God's shelter for everybody who... Who can get here.

"What is your plan after you die?" the thought came in to my head; I do not even know if it is mine.

"What is my plan? I want to go back home in to the God's shelter, the place like this, just somewhere where you do not need a body anymore."

"Do you think God will let you in? Can you at least imagine how great is He, and what His features are? Do you have the courage to believe that you, with all your sins, will be let go there?"

"And you? Do you want to go there?"

"Of course. Indians call it freedom, moksha. All of us want it, but we are realistic, we know that you will not get moksha if you will not do nothing good."

"So, what are you doing? I do not see that you are doing something good. You live with I don't know who, you do I don't know what," I started to tease him.

"You know, God doesn't care who pursues moksha. Look in to our sacred stories. You will see that the most terrible demons get the biggest presents for their asceticism and holiness.

"Aah... Demons for holiness?..."

"So what? Why do you think that demons are not sacred? They were created to perform God's wish the other Gods didn't want to do, because you will have to dirty up your hands.... Demons are as sacred as the Gods are. We are a part of the same God. Nobody wanted to help your European friend to die... Why? Probably it is a dirty job. Nagarjun did... Did somebody thank him? No. God will pay him for it, because God is right."

"You didn't kill him. See, he is alive."

"You do not understand everything, because you do not see everything. He died the moment we planned. Twelve years he practiced inhuman asceticism, so God let him keep his body to save the time we usually spend to materialize in to the new body, to kids again... So we can say he lives a new life. We will see which way he will go this time."

"What are we doing here? Why Ahmir brought us here?"

"He already did what he needed to do. He wants to untie all the karma knots, which were tied... Everybody needs to find their answers and live their own life. Where will you go?"

"Hare Krishna..."

"Your destiny is already designed. There is no reason to ask. You wouldn't change nothing even if you would wish. It is interesting, what would you do if you could choose?"

"I would choose love. I just would have loved one would live simple life, we would die together, and then we would go home..."

Nagarjun laughed loudly and happily. The three in front turned around to see what is happening. They didn't see nothing particular just a laughing Nagarjun. They waved, smiled, and went back to their thinking or perhaps to the quiet talks as strange demoniac Indian and I are having...

"What is my destiny? Do you see my future?"

"Do you think future is more important than the present?"

"Anyway, all the hopes are in the future... Become something, have something, experience something..."

"Here it is. This is the biggest difference separating you from moksha... The moment, when God will take you in to his kingdom is not important more than this, when you are walking around

Vrindavan... Take it in and live it right now. You know the saying ‘Live right here right now’, but you do not have any experience how to do that...”

“Are all of your hopes put in this moment right here? It is hard to believe it...”

Nagarjun smiled again and blocked coming laugh covering his mouth with hand...

“What is so funny here?”

“Nothing, I just saw that it would be hard for people in your culture to live with you if you would be like I am... Would be funny...”

“Why?”

Hare Krishna... I didn’t hear the answer. Sun was raising in the sky and the life on the streets was becoming busy. This conversation helped me to forget things. I started to feel tiredness in my body when Nagarjun’s thoughts silenced in my head. We were walking for a few hours already. By the way, fast. How much is left?

This particular moment the light came on in my head. I didn’t feel tiredness and didn’t see the sun while I was talking to Nagarjun. This moment was very special, filled with my attention and concentration to the conversation. I was in that moment. The minute when my attention changed the subject, the reality changed too. The reality did not change, but my feelings, and my concentration changed the object. I cannot tell that this moment is worse than the moment I was talking to Nagarjun. It is just absolutely different. Different feelings, different senses, and different energy... It is so strange. It is interesting to observe this moment.

I looked at Nagarjun, and he nodded his head as if he would confirm my thinking.

Hare Krishna...

After the journey, we came back to the ashram we stayed. Steward met us and invited to the eatery. It was behind the fence in the same complex as the temple was. You have to go there barefoot. Therefore, we left shoes at the gates, washed our feet, and stepped in to very clean territory. The tile of the yard was washed, no dust at all. There was a tree in the middle of the yard. The tree symbolized the life and the world. Everybody walked towards the eatery. The sounds of music were coming from the temple as it were yesterday: drums, jingles, bells, claps... Seemingly, people are feeling very special ecstasy there.

Aurelius grabbed my hand and dragged me towards the temple. I was shocked. It is not common for him to act like this. We squeezed through the heavy wooden fringe and we saw what I wanted to see yesterday night.

A crowd of young people, dressed in Indian clothes happily jumping, clapping, and some of them playing music. Everybody was laughing or at least smiling. Aurelius let my hand loose and jumped in to the crowd. The view astonished me. Aurelius was jumping with the other Krishnan, clapping together, and shouting easy to remember mantras words. His face shined a heavenly light; he was so bright, innocent, and happy. It seems he sees a Lord at this moment.

Aurelius looked at me and smiled with the grin asking to join him. I didn’t have enough courage to join and I just shrugged my shoulders. He looked so different. Even his face features. Where did this grin come from? It was attracting and enticing. I felt that the attraction came back. Jealousness came back together with the attraction. I was jealous to see how young girls were so happy to see a new happy young man; they were sending him looks and winks...

“Krishna had around sixty thousand girls.” Aurelius told me at the eatery. “He was very mischievous when he was a kid. Krishnan are the most happiest and funniest people.



I could not understand a religion, which excuses God's games with a thousand of girls... Religion that admires it and enjoys such a freedom and happiness. It is impossible for Christians. Vrindavan is filled with simplicity and ease, and I didn't see any lechery here.

I was shocked when Aurelius walked out of that bathroom; he shaved his head. He is really in to his new role. I cannot say that he became Krishna; he didn't leave a small place unshaved. Men have their heads shaved and just a little braid on a back of the head is left unshaved.

"What?!" I said, as I would have a tetanus. His hair was so heavy and strong.

"So what? Not good?" Aurelius smiled widely and mischievously.

"Where does this smile come from? You changed unbelievably..."

"You do not like it, do you? I feel I am so full of energy I never had. Energy simply just lifted me of the ground. This music..." his face became more serious. "This music... It is constantly playing in my head..."

"What music? Krishna mantra's?"

"I don't know. Perhaps not mantra. Even they make me feel so good. This beat. It is inside of me. Then wide cosmic music. Seems like computer music. I even do not know how to call it... Something new. When I was a kid, my parents wanted me to go to a music school, but I avoided it somehow. I saw, how my friends were working so hard. I am sorry right now, that I didn't learn how to play music..."

"It is never too late... Maybe you will find your talent..."

"You are right. I feel like I am starting a new life. I am so happy. Happiness is so big that seems I can breathe wider and deeper."

His look went down, it seemed like he is listening to something. I listened too. The sounds of music were coming from the temple again. Are they dancing and singing constantly?"

"Let's go there. I cannot hold myself. Let's go," vigorously said Aurelius while putting on sandals.

I doubted. I didn't want to go there, but the thought that he will go there alone... With pretty girls shooting alluring looks at him... And he is like a newborn so naive and irresponsible. I put on my sandals and followed him. Aurelius was running and pulling me holding my hand.

The music forced the heart to beat faster. This time local girls pulled me in the circle. Was very nice. The atmosphere was so energized and happy dancers, overrun with ecstasy, dancing to the mantra songs. Aurelius was delirious with delight and stayed close to the musicians. He was watching their moves and catching the feelings.

It was time to go, but Aurelius was still talking to musicians. Most of them were white people. Perhaps they found their talent here the same as Aurelius did. One of the European girls dressed in Indian sari put on our necks Tulsi (Basil) neck beads. Everybody has one of these. It is a sign of Krishna. They say you should never take it off. Locals treated us like their own people. I think that Aurelius' action surprised them all. He was acting, as if he was not a newcomer. It surprised me too, because I never ever saw him like that.

"Marry me," he said when we came out of the temple.

I was so stunned; I could not say a word, because neurons of my brain started to join in to impossible networks. I lost my tongue and looked at him with my mouth open like a fish. I remembered, that officially I am still married Ahmir. It seems that he remembered that too.

"Divorce Ahmir and marry me..." he repeated with his new smile on his face.

“Listen, Aurelius, chill a little... Why are you rushing? You look like a dog who got loose from his chains... Don’t you feel that there will be many more changes in your life, do you?”

“I love you. I love you from the moment I saw you. Being disabled I had no right to ask you to marry me. Now I can do this.”

“Chill out, okay?” I punched him in the chest. “Loved... How about Sunita? Did you love us both at the same time? Don’t lie to me that you was thinking about me while being with her at her house and trying to attract her...”

“Yes, that’s exactly how it was...”

“Get out of my face...” I got angry and walked away faster.

I came back to room alone. It was almost morning, when Aurelius came back. He smelled woman’s perfume. I couldn’t believe that... Could he sleep with some Krishna after he asked me to marry him? Oh my God, are all the men animals? I turned back in my bed that I would not feel that smell...

I didn’t talk to him in the morning. Aurelius tried to joke and be too happy. Ahmir felt the tense between us when we met at the eatery in the morning. He didn’t say anything and looked as if he is deep in his thoughts...

“You had twelve years long lesson. Do not waist it,” he said to a newborn Aurelius while passing him by.

Aurelius looked at Ahmir who was leaving the eatery. His look became more serious and his chewing slowed down. Seemingly, Ahmir’s words hurt him.

I kept distance with Aurelius for the whole day. We planned to stay one more day in Vrindavan. We walked around city in a daytime and then at night we went to ashram’s temple together with locals. There

was some local Teacher Guru sitting surrounded by young people asking him questions.

Teacher saw us coming. He looked at us intensely and smiling showed us to come and sit.

“Perhaps newcomers want to ask something?” he addressed to us.

We squirmed a little; we were not ready for a discussion. Because Guru was still looking at us and waiting, I asked a question wanting to get off the responsibility he put on us:

“How much does our life depends on God? How much does a man can choose by himself?”

Guru leaned back, sighed and rocking his head replied:

“I can answer to this question individually. There is no common answer, because this depends on a situation and on a person. You need to understand one thing: universe is a creation of God. It will not fall apart if you will make one wrong decision. A human cannot change someone’s destiny... Even his own. Every choice you make is very important. We can say that every choice is an indicator how much somebody is changed. Every day we get in to very different situations. Every moment we choose: what to do and what not to do... God’s plan will not change, but every choice I make will show who I am at this very moment, what am I now. You choose the light – you are innocent; you choose the dark – you are demoniac...”

“How to separate dark from the light?” asked Aurelius.

“Who if not you, young man, you should know better than the others...” replied Guru.

“Why?”

“Why?” leaned back again Guru and switched his legs in lotus position. “Not too long ago you really knew what pain is and what

fullness is... Why did you forget that fast? I understand, you are starting a new life, but why do you want to throw away everything you have from the past? Your heart can measure, because it went through a lot of pain. Pain tells us that something is wrong - wrong view, or wrong behavior... Use it. It should be like a reflex. It is easy for you. Everybody measures with his own criterion. You feel that you are falling, but you do not know where. Do you fall down into your abyss or you are going up into your space?"

I looked at Aurelius. He has a grin on his face but his look was hiding somewhere deep.

"Everybody does his own measurements," continued Guru. He looked at me. "Look at your friend. She is apsara... She doesn't have a choice at all..."

"What does it mean apsara?" I asked.

"That is very pretty heavenly beautiful women. They just do their dharma... They live in a God's kingdom and give pleasure to these soldiers who died in the war. They do not belong to anyone and at the same time, they can be anybody's... They come to Earth to fulfill God's wish. Mostly they have to seduce ascetics, who because of the power of their asceticism can strengthen their spirit, that they even can be equal with Gods. Gods do not like a competition. By the way, if someone bad can get as powerful as God is... That someone can make a very bad thing in the universe. So apsara comes to them to seduce and to direct their attention from their practices to just enjoying life's pleasures."

"It doesn't look like me..." I murmured blushing.

"This time you came to create conditions for something to happen. Sometimes it happens."

"What has to happen?"

"It is already happening... Try to take yourself out of all the events which are happening around you. It seems that you are outside;

it seems nothing depends on you, but nothing wouldn't happen if not because of you... Think about it."

Aurelius looked at me. His face looked very serious.

"Yes, yes, young man," Guru said seeing that. "Without her you are armless. Your life will stop if you will distance from her. You will have all the possibilities to fulfill yourself if you will be close to her. Value what you have. You have such a possibility. Gandharvas want to give something beautiful to the world through you. Pay attention. You purified yourself during these twelve years so you can hear them..."

Aurelius smiled happily. I could not get used to his new look.

"One more new word. Who are these gandharvas?" he asked.

All of the people turned to us. Everybody was interested what Guru is talking about.

"Gandharvas are beautiful artistic creatures. They write and play God's music. They entertain heaven's habitants," he stopped for a moment and asked: "Do you hear music inside? Embody it and it will live through the ages as a perfect example..."

I knew that Aurelius is in front of his new world, which just opened for him. There is a lot of space here and many possibilities. He was thirsty to try everything. He was hungry for Guru's words, but I knew he could not wait until the night when everybody will start to sing and dance.

Aurelius was out of reality very easy again when everything started. So easy... So fast... He was in the music, and he became a music. Instruments in his hands sounded so special, beat was improvised but so simple, and everybody could participate in that improvisation.

In the middle of the heat of the music, I felt the same scent Aurelius had yesterday. I looked around. Many women were dancing

around me, but I had no problem to determine where this scent is coming from.

Her clothes were not different from the others: dressy Indian sari, ringing bracelets, rings with colorful stones, long earrings, and bright Eastern make up... All of them looked very similar, but this European was different. Her moves were very deep, graceful, and elegant. She drew everybody's attention and she was very seductive. Her face with the heavenly smile looked like she is deep in the music ecstasy. This scent has to be hers. I couldn't take my eyes off her; I just enjoyed it and was a little jealous...

“Do not be jealous. She is apsara. She will never get married and will never have a family. She belongs to everybody,” I heard in my mind and it seemed like Nagarjun broke in to my mind again. I looked around and was not surprised, seeing him standing by the entrance.

“If you want you can be like she is, because you are apsara too...”

“You said I cannot make a decision by myself. You said everything is decided already...”

“Appearance doesn't have any value in this case. You can choose good or bad... It doesn't matter. You can do what you like.”

“Tell me, what do you see? What is my destiny?”

“Why do you want to know? We all forget why we are here before we come here. There is a reason for that. Sometimes it is much better not to know. By the way, knowledge is not the goal. Even the life by itself is not the goal...”

“Are you saying that it doesn't matter if I will fulfill the task? Why am I here than?”

“You are here to sing and dance to God, to entertain Him...”

Nagarjun lifted up his chin inviting to look around while he was looking at the dancing crowd.

I looked around where I was. Many happy people... I do not know are they happy in their lives, at home, with their families, but here they looked very happy. It seemed they have no problems at all. They are in God's love. I understood the ambiguity of Nagarjun's words. This particular moment I am with the people who entertain God; I am part of this action. However, according to local Guru, Apsaras are entertainers. Therefore, if my task is to entertain God, I would like to make it very special. I would like Him saying: “Wow, I didn't expect that. How nice...” On the other hand, I have no ideas how to do that. In generally, no ideas what to do? I could simply dance, but perhaps I need to create something that doesn't have a name yet... I have to find something of my own.

It was not good go to sleep the last night in Vrindavan. The whole air was filled with holiness and pure joy. It seemed, you would miss it if you will go to sleep. After everybody left, Aurelius and I took a walk in ashram. Very slowly and very quietly. We didn't want to interrupt a silence of the night. You cannot touch a tree or flower at night in India, because you might wake them up... We went to bed close to the morning. We were told to get up at seven; after breakfast, we had to leave to Delhi.

I woke up before the alarm clock went off. Aurelius' humming woke me up. I looked at his bed. I was surprised; he was humming while sleeping. Melody was repeating. It was very simple melody easy to remember. I realized, that he would not remember when he would wake up. Therefore I took the notebook, draw the staff, and wrote the notes of the melody.

I remembered the melody when we were on a way to Lithuania. Ahmir and Sunita decided to travel to Europe and do the Ayurveda programs. Therefore, Aurelius and I had to go alone. By accident

opening my notebook I saw the notes I wrote. Aurelius looked at it and asked:

“What is that? Notes?”

I turned to him.

“Yes. The last night in Vrindavan you was humming that melody while sleeping. Nice, isn’t?”

“Hum it to me...” he got confused. I understood that he could not read the music.

I started to hum quietly and noticed that the melody got in to my mind. Aurelius closed his eyes and joined my humming. I stopped humming because I felt that he is improvising, doing all kind unexpected jumps. People around us were looking, but nobody stopped the singing. Aurelius opened his eyes and asked:

“Do you play? Can you write a music?”

“A little. I played a violin in my childhood. I graduate art school.”

“If I ever will hum when sleeping, please, write it. Now, when you reminded me that song I will never forget it... I could make a miracle of that... I already hear it somewhere in a club... Everybody is dancing and – God sees it and enjoys it...”

“In a club?” I wondered. “Or in Krishna temple?”

“Krishna are really great, but I think that my road is wider. The music I hear I cannot put in the frame of very primitive instruments. I need modern equipment, computer programs. The way I would like to present that music, I need state of the art technologies.

“I have no idea what you are talking about... You do not have music education...”

“How can I answer it... Music came in to me without being prepared at all. That means you do not have to be prepared if this has happened. Will you help me?” He looked at me with the same childish grin on his face. Corners of his lips go up when he does it. His face shines... It is impossible to resist.

I even didn’t agree to help as much as I can, he was asking again:

“Do you have instruments?”

“I have a violin and piano at home...”

“Can we go directly to your house when we will land?”

He is as impatient as a kid... I nodded my head and laughed:

“What happened to you? I do not recognize you...”

“Look, I didn’t change at all. On the other hand, I changed a lot...” he was thinking what he just said. I giggled.

“What kind of system is here?” asked Aurelius looking at my piano.

“You never saw a piano?” I wondered.

“Of course, I saw,” he went through his bold head with fingers. “I never thought about it... However, you are right. You can say I never saw a piano...”

“Aurelius, you are so strange,” I smiled. “This is octave from DO to DO. It is repeating up and down. The further to the right, the higher the sound. The further to the left, the lower the sound. If you want to start your melody, I would suggest you fiddle around one octave and then join the other octaves.

Slowly with one hand, I played a melody I wrote that night.

“Can you repeat?” I asked.

For my surprise, Aurelius closed his eyes, played gamma from DO to DO carefully listening to every sound. Then he easily played his melody.

“Wow. It is wonderful. Why I never learned how to play piano?” widely smiling enjoyed Aurelius.

“You said that your parents wanted you to go to music school, but it seemed boring to you...” I reminded him his words.

“I was stupid. Why in hell I went to medical school? Music is my real love...”

“Perhaps it just seems like this to you right now...” I wanted to argue. Aurelius didn’t listen to me. He was putting together a melody and improvising it... Of course, his hand was not moving as good as we were taught at school. Fingers looked like wooden and straight. He didn’t know, that he needs to loosen and bend fingers... Anyway, melody sounded elaborately. If you would close your eyes, you would think that the musician is playing. After some time he started to use the other hand. It wasn’t so easy, but I felt if he would practice, he would play better than me after my seven years in music school...

“Can you write what I am playing?” he asked suddenly.

“I can try,” I replied doubting. “I am not a professional...”

“Aha, I understand. Anyway, you know more than me,” he laughed again.

Aurelius asked to let him stay with me. He begged as a kid who cannot live without an ice cream... It seemed that he would die without a piano. Of course, I agreed. I didn’t know what to expect. This his change was so beautiful, it seemed I could not be without him; I wanted to see him every day. On the other hand, I didn’t want to get hurt. What if I will put all my hopes in to him, and Aurelius... I cannot trust him after he came back with that girl’s scent. The doubt and ambiguity got

in to my heart. By the way, he forgot her very soon and Sunita, he was ready to die for...

I am happy I am at home. I left Aurelius at the piano understanding he will practice all the time. I left to the Death Valley. I miss my dog, but he is with my sister. Therefore, I have to go alone. Last time I was here, I had to go to emergency room... It was strange to go back to the same place.

I felt that something significantly has changed here while walking through the Valley tunnels. Different hopes, different reality, and absolutely different existence. I remembered Ahmir. Feelings for him are very different than it used to be. I remembered Aurelius... In my heart he was different too. The last time I was here, I was almost apathetic for his death; now I feel that I would be very unhappy if I would lose him. I remembered Danas. Destiny brings us together somehow in extremely situations, when there is life or death question. Oksana... Everything started with her. I remembered how elegant she was. The apsara smelling very good... I want to be that beautiful as she is. I want it very much.

I came back filled with enthusiasm to change my style and life style. I found Aurelius filled with enthusiasm too. He was ready to offer his music to some club. I tried to argue, that this would take years, but he didn’t want to listen to me.

Next day we went to Aurelius’ house. My friend wanted to bring some clothes and things. He found an invitation to a premier of new movie, where Rapolas has a main role. Perhaps Danas remembered us, because he is in contact with this lovely couple. New spontaneous plan was born in Aurelius’ head.

“If they are inviting us, that means we will meet with Rapolas. I will ask him to introduce me to people who wrote the music for movie and to show me their creative kitchen. That’s how I will get to know all

the process of music creation and all the subtleties. Then I will take the music out of me and nobody will stop me...”

Aurelius was so excited that he had no doubt everything will be just like that. I just felt on his white couch and sighed.

“What? You do not trust my plan?” he asked and sat next to me.

“I even do not know what to say. Your enthusiasm is like teenagers’ who wants to take the whole world... I cannot say I do not trust you. I just do not want that you would get hurt...”

He rested his head on the couch, looked in to my eyes. He was deep in his thoughts.

“You know, when we were in Vrindavan... When we went around the city the first morning... I felt that my road will be like this.”

“What?” I asked.

“This one... Through the whole journey, music was playing in my head. It never was like this before. The amazing music was ever changing depending on what people we would meet, what places we would pass, and what animals we would pet. It seemed to me, that everything in this world could be expressed through the sound of music. Perhaps I am crazy, but I thought if you would scan someone’s soul sound and put it in to a melody, you could show how unique someone is. Who knows, perhaps even you can treat someone. Imagine if someone is sick, the sound should change. What would happen, if you let someone listen to the melody, which was recorder before someone got sick? If the two melodies would resound, perhaps the person would be all right again. Do you understand what endless possibilities are here? I do not know, will I have any luck here? I really don’t know. I want to try. I have nothing else to live for.”

I raised my eyebrows. He is healthy now, so he has something to live for. Live for the sake of life...

“Just think a little,” Aurelius rushed to explain when he understood my face expression. “I have enough money for the rest of my life. If there will not be a change in currency value or financial crisis will not come, I am okay,” he sent me a wink. “That means I can do this. What will I do? I am a doctor, but who will hire a doctor who didn’t practice for twelve years? What else can I do? Why not to give a try to music? It will be something new. By the way, very interesting. I do not want anything more than the music. At least, for right now. Do you understand?”

I nodded my head in agreement. I felt disgusting inside. A man, who attracts me so much, who I want very much, talks about his wishes and even does not mention me at all. He didn’t say a word, that he needs me... He needs just music. Tears were coming in to my eyes. Why am I so unlucky? What a nonsense that apsara belongs to everybody? I wanted Ahmir, I got married to him, but I do not have him. I want Aurelius and I am with him. I am his biggest helper, but he doesn’t need me in that way as I would like. Perhaps, I made a mistake when I left him with this nice smelling apsara? Of course, I am not as beautiful as she is. Of course, after her Aurelius will never see a woman in me. Should I change my appearance?... I do not have as much enthusiasm as Aurelius has. What is left for me? I do not have any income to support me; I have to be happy that he is helping me. I didn’t expect nothing from Ahmir, he has too many people hanging on his coat tails...

“Okay,” I said objectively. “I will help you as much as I can...But I need new clothes...”

Aurelius burst in to laughter even grabbed his stomach.

“Oh, that is a woman’s tactic... You became an Indian... I will be yours, but you have to pay...”

“You can say no,” I teased him. “If the price is too high, you can hire somebody else...”

“Well, oh, well...I have nothing against it...”

I felt very good at the movie premier. I knew I looked perfect. New hairdo, good make up, manicure, pedicure, waxing, new fashion clothes, and new shoes... If they knew that I was only a librarian, they would never believe it. I am asking myself today, why the profession defines a stereotype of how you look? I wonder, does the salary dictates it? I do not know if the profession make the changes in people or people choose a particular profession. It didn't matter this moment.

Movie was very interesting. After the movie, they invited everybody to hallway for the drinks and snacks. Danas came up to us.

"Wow, what a change," he said looking at me and happily smiling. "Very nice. I am happy you came."

"Hi, Danas," Aurelius happily shook his hand. "How are you? What do you do?"

I saw Danas was confused a little because of Aurelius' changes, but it seemed that he liked it.

"I work as a body guard and a driver for Rapolas and Eleonora. I have a good time."

"Do you need to protect them from somebody? Are fans annoying them?" teased Aurelius.

"Anything can happen... They go to strange places... They meet with strange people..."

"Right," Aurelius started to direct the conversation to the business. "I like the music very much in this movie... Do you know who wrote a music? Who is the music director?"

"Of course, this team always works together... They live like one family," replied Danas. "Music director is Skaiste. She stands right there next to that big flower. The one in a blue dress."

"Skaiste..." Aurelius thought. "I will go and say a few good words. Do you mind?" he looked at me and to Danas.

We shook our heads and he rushed to fulfill his idea.

Uncomfortable silent. Something needs to be said. What?

"Are you saying that Rapolas and Eleonora meet with strange people?" Danas was relieved; finally, there is a theme for the conversation.

"Yes... They go to different sects, communicate with occults..." he rocked a little on his heels. "Strange scientists... I saw things I never saw before in my life..."

"Are some of those strange people here?" I asked.

Danas looked around and nodded his chin towards the sofa.

"For example, over there, you see a bold man next to blondie in a green dress. Do you see? Leonas and Daiva. They are the leaders of one of the Christian sect's. They have special powers. They created their own community... Over there, next to the poster with the picture of monster, do you see? Simonas. Very mysterious man. I know Rapolas' sister belongs to his sect. This sect is very secretive; I am not allowed to go there."

"You do not need to guard Rapolas here, do you? Many strangers are here..."

"No no," he laughed rocking on his heels again. "All of them are very good friends of Rapolas and Eleonora. This is selected crowd. No strangers."

"Then how Aurelius and I got here? We are the strangers."

"They do not think like that," smiled Danas. "They talked about you a lot. You know, Eleonora has a God's gift too. She sees more than the others do. She needs to look in to your eyes, touch you, and all your life will be in front of here like a drawing on a piece of paper. Sometimes when she says things... I even am afraid of her."



“What did she say about us?” I asked.

“She said that you will build a home for them. I do not know what she means, because they have very nice house. Perhaps some kind of hidden thoughts are here...”

I looked at Aurelius. He was happily talking to Skaiste, it even seemed that he is flirting... Danas followed my look.

“I am happy you survived. Perhaps you will tell me what did really happen there in the field?”

I couldn't tell the truth, because it would sound strange.

“Look, Danas, I wanted to ask you long time ago,” I turned the conversation to a different direction. “Remember the search in Aurelius house? Did you find any money there?”

“Are you saying I stole the money?” he got serious and stood in the protective pose.

“No, not at all. On the second floor, there was a box with the money. You didn't see that?”

“What are you talking about? I do not understand. Are you blaming me?”

“Are you saying you didn't see the box?”

“Did it disappear during the search?”

“Strange... It didn't disappear and none of the policemen saw it...Otherwise, we would be in trouble.”

“I didn't see any box there.”

“Do you remember at the airport, when you checked Ahmir's luggage? There was a black bag there. What was in that bag?”

“Yes, a black bag with candies in it. I expected to find money, but instead there were just a caramel candies.”

“Candies?” I wondered.

“Yes. I even unwrapped a few to make sure,” replied Danas. “So, you had the money? I knew it. Where was it?”

I just waved away, because I understood, that some kind of mysterious things are going on here. At this moment, a blond girl in a green dress came up to us. Danas introduced us.

“Very nice to meet you. Finally,” said Daiva. That was her name.

“Finally?” I wondered.

“Yes, Elonora told a lot about you. She is right... Now I can see it. Eleonora said that you are one of us and very open. Simply, if the woman looks as beautiful as you do, her look would be very cold and very arrogant. You always look from the bottom and very warm.

“From the bottom?” I laughed not understanding what she means.

“I wanted to say respectful,” pleasantly smiled blondie. She looked very elegant.

“You know, this is my first time at such an event... I even do not know how to behave...” I blushed a little, because of my honesty.

“You behave perfect, trust me,” she said pleasantly. “I think we will meet more often. I see that your friend has a contact with Skaiste. Is he interested in music?”

“Oh, yes,” I pursed my lips and nodded my head. “He is crazy about the music.”

“Great, you need to lose your head for something in your life... How can you not? What is your passion? What is your goal?” Daiva touched my hand asking these questions.

I thought. I do not have a crazy wish as Aurelius does. I have no goal. Perhaps I am just going with the flow. I do not decide nothing... Are all the Apsara behaving as I do?

“I see you do not have an answer,” Daiva raised her perfect eyebrows.

“Is it that bad, isn’t?” I murmured.

“Why bad?” she smiled. “Perhaps it is good. You will not ever get burned. Do you have a wish at this particular moment?”

Wish? I looked at Aurelius. The only my wish is that Aurelius would love me, but I cannot tell her that. By the way, it is not even a wish...

Daiva and Danas followed my look. I think, they understood my thought, but they didn’t show it. The awkward moment was getting closer, when you do not know what to say. Rapolas and Eleonora rescued that moment. They stayed together the whole night. They talked to people but always together. They fit each other very well... Pleasant jealousy trembled in my heart seeing such a nice friendship and love.

“Gabriele, I am so glad you came,” shook my hand Rapolas and then Elonora. “How are doing after you came from India? Danas told us about the accident that happened in the field in Lithuania... Do we have more danger here than in India?” he sent a wink.

“Oh, yes. Thanks God, Danas showed up in time...”

“What does have happen there?” asked Elonora.

“Long story...”

“Why am I asking...?” murmured Elonora questionably looking at Rapolas. He nodded his head in agreement. “I know this place is very special to you... I know you protected it for long time...Is it the time perhaps to share with the others, isn’t?”

“With others?” I felt selfish feeling. “What do you mean with the others? I do not want that all kind of losers and tourists would go there. ... Do you want to make something like Lopaichiu dolmen out of this place?”

“No, not that I had in my mind,” Eleonora stepped back as if she could feel my jealousy. “You know we are interested in all kind of strange things... We would like to see that place. Danas tried to take us there, but he couldn’t find the exact place. Are you the only one who can get there?”

“Why do you need that?” I asked cautiously.

“We are looking for a special place for a special building,” explained Rapolas.

“Building?” I stepped back. “What kind of building?”

“Tell us what you want,” Daiva tried to bribe me. “You can get anything you want from us... Do you want that your friend Aurelius would be yours forever?”

“What is going on here?” I got scared. We came here so that Aurelius would get a chance to fulfill his dream, but everything is opposite – they want to use us. What kind of offer is this? I even do not know where I am... “You are wrong, if you think that I am selling my Valley. This will not happen. This is a sacred place...”

“We are not going to desecrate the place, it will stay sacred forever,” replied Rapolas. “We just want to make it good to use it... Better use. We would like that everybody, who is ready could communicate with God, not just Gabriele...”

“I do not want to talk about that...” I raised my voice.

At that moment, Aurelius and Skaiste came up to us. He saw that I am scared and outraged. He looked at me questionably. I clinched my

teeth because I didn't know what to say. He is flirting with that girl, when at the same time vampires are attacking me...

"Is everything okay?" quietly asked Aurelius.

"Ask your new friends..." I replied angrily, turned around, and walked towards the coatroom. I could not stay here any longer here. Aurelius caught me.

"Do not behave like that, when I am so close to my dream. I almost got agreement with Skaiste to work at their studio. She needs to ask Rapolas for permission. Whatever had happen here, if you will leave like that everything will be destroyed. My plan will be ruined. Please..."

"They want to build some kind of house in my Valley..." I shouted in to his face. "This will never ever happen!"

Aurelius was shocked. I realized that his plan is hanging on a thin hair because of some crazy idea. He came back to Rapolas and his people to clear it up. I couldn't stand it anymore and went home alone.

Aurelius came back couple of hours later. I heard that he was playing piano. I listened to very simple but melodious music. It sounded sad and nostalgic. I felt that tonight he is meditating and thinking while playing this melody. Probably, he didn't want to come to my room, thinking that I might be sleeping. However, I couldn't fall asleep until morning.

Aurelius' music woke me up. It was almost noontime. Just a little light was coming in to my room; I realized, that today is one of the winter days, when the day light will never shows up... I got up, ate my breakfast, and walked in to the yard. I didn't check my property for a long time. Aurelius came out too.

"Are you angry?" asked Aurelius while I was checking how well are covered my roses for the winter.

I didn't answered, I was really angry.

"Look, you will not lose nothing," he started to convince me. I looked at him. "I need this very much... Rapolas put one condition: if I want to work with Skaiste at the studio, you have to show them the Valley. They say that this zone is abnormal. Just you and the people you let can go there... Nothing will happen if you will show it to them. You do not have to sell it if you do not want. Nobody will build something without your permission... I need many lessons... You can see I learn fast. When you will stop showing the Valley, I will be done with the lessons. Please..."

I was thinking what to do. On the other hand, Aurelius is right. Without my permission they can't do nothing. Will I break the God's law playing these games? I decided to call Ahmir. We sometimes use Viber to talk.

I got him in France this time. He tried to avoid a serious conversation. Connection was very noisy.

"I cannot talk very long right now. We will meet very soon. This week. Then we can talk, okay? I have to go. Hold on. Do not worry. Calm down. You will understand everything when you will be here..." he said very fast and hung up.

That means - do not worry and wait unexpected trip to France. If Ahmir said, that means I will have to go. The same night, Skaiste and her friend Neil visited us, if say exactly – Aurelius. I didn't expect that so artful and heavenly fragile creation could be friends with this down to Earth and a little rough Rapolas' manager. His behavior and appearance was breathing a sweetness under which, the absolute spiritual illiteracy was hiding...

Aurelius started a fireplace. We were drinking tea and enjoying a coziness. Very unexpectedly, Skaiste said words, which made my heart vibrate:

“The day after tomorrow we are going to Taizé in France. I am so sorry that Rapolas didn’t let you work in our studio, but perhaps, you would like to see, where I get my inspiration to write music for movies?”

“To Taizé?” Aurelius was all ears. “I heard a lot about this place...”

“Yes, you are right. It is very special place. Amazing community. Holy aura. There is everything you need for inspiration...”

“And everything is cheap there,” added Neil.

Skaiste smiled:

“He always counts Rapolas’ money... Knowing Rapolas demands, just Neil can please him. He has very good nose for these things.”

“What things?” asked Aurelius.

“The real ones. We can say,” Rapolas’ movies are very special because the whole team is working very honestly and...”

She went silent thinking does it worth to continue. Aurelius’ look was stubborn and demanding to continue.

“I hope you understand, I cannot tell everybody very openly, but I think I can trust you... Rapolas ask us to look for inspiration in sacred and special places. Then Neil gather information and organize a trip for us. He has a vein for that. I got my inspiration for a music for this movie at Taizé. Now, after we had such a good success, I want to go back there and thank for the energy I got.”

“If you would like to go together, you have to decide very fast, because I need to get tickets,” objectively and seriously said Neil.

“I want to go,” I said quietly.

Aurelius looked at me. He was angry that I didn’t take Rapolas’ offer, so he didn’t expect, that I will go to France with his people.

“I think we will go,” confirmed Aurelius.

Neil took his phone and got two tickets. Everything is so simple. Exactly as Ahmir said.

Small village in France. Young monk Roze during the war was hiding condemned people, and then later he organized monks’ community. People from the entire world come to pray together here... The living conditions are very simple, but there is something very special here.

A big temple reminds the Indian one, because everybody sits on a floor. I kept distance between Aurelius and his new friends. They were deep inside their music things and they were talking about the inspiration. Neil was on a phone dealing with some business, so he would jump out from the temple and would come back again. I was among the people who were in ecstasy as the Krishnan in Vrindavan. The songs here were very melodious and carrying you away. It is hard to describe in words how your spirit is flying up...

One moment I felt a breath; the one I felt in the Death Valley. It seems that the whole space turned in to the other side the same as in Rubik’s cube. Nobody noticed, because they were in ecstasy, when your brain is a little dizzy. I saw very clear that everything was altered exactly as in my Death Valley... Everything went slower. It seemed that the only Neil, running back and forward, didn’t get in to the other level.

I felt that God is surrounding us with His love.

“God, how many such meeting places do You have? I thought that mine is the only one...”

I felt his smile on my face; just my eyes weren’t able to see that... I looked around. The crowd of singing people looked like a wave. I couldn’t separate a single person – all of them was a one vibrating wave. However, far away in front I could separate two men looking at

me. One of them was Ahmir. I got up slowly and walked to them. Sat next to them.

“See?” Ahmir quietly raised his palms up and asked.

The word “see” meant much more than you could express. It fitted in not just a vision, but the taste, hearing, scent, and touch... With all the senses, you could feel the change of reality...

After a moment, he asked:

“Why you are not asking something for yourself? He hears you very well right this moment...”

“I want to go home...” I said nostalgically.

“All of us want to go home...” said Ahmir’s European friend. It seemed, that I met him but I couldn’t remember where. “He sent you here with the task to be here. There is nothing, you can do about that. Make it pleasant for yourself. Ask him what you want for yourself.”

“This is my friend Simonas,” Ahmir introduced his friend. I remembered that I saw him at the Rapolas’ movie premier. According to Danas, he is a leader of mysterious sect. “He is right. Ask him what you want...”

“Everybody says that I have a mission, but nobody explains what kind of mission... Perhaps you will tell me?”

“You have just to be here,” continued Ahmir’s friend. “We are like figurines of chess. We just need to stay in these bodies. God moves us and that is how He does His job. You do not have to think every day what to do. You get these instructions directly to your heart. You just need to do.”

“Do what my heart wants?”

Both men nodded their heads.

I looked around. A sea of people was moving with the beat of music. It seemed, nobody cared that everything has changed... All of them were in God’s grace. Perhaps just three of us understood this change not just with the feelings, but also with the mind... I looked in to the other row, behind the space, where the monks were singing. Aurelius and Skaiste were sitting there. Both of them enjoying the song. I saw his face shining, his lips repeating words of the prayer. He turned his head slowly and saw me in a crowd. He raised his eyebrows surprised, that I moved to the other place, smiled very honestly, and dove back in to his music meditation.

“I want a husband, I want to love and be loved,” I said my wish to God in my mind. If it is enough for Him I will be here. My being here would be much more pleasant if Aurelius would be with me... At this very moment, Ahmir took my hand, squeezed it in his palm, and kissed it. I couldn’t guess what he is thinking right now, but it seemed that he heard my wish.

“Right choice,” turned to me Simonas. “Now you just need to act accordingly.”

“What does it mean ‘accordingly?’” I didn’t understand.

“As you would be in love.”

The rest of the night, we spent together. We had many exciting news, so we shared them. Simonas was very quiet and didn’t show much interest. Was clear that his thoughts are somewhere else.

“What did you want to talk about?” asked Ahmir after it got a little bit quieter.

“To talk?” I was confused. “There was a situation... Aurelius...”

“Perhaps you will solve all the problems with Aurelius?” he interrupted my thought. “Do I have to get involved? You should talk very openly and all the problems will be solved.”

“It is not our problems...” I tried to argue.

Ahmir’s phone rang and he answered. I understood that was Sunita. He excused and walked out of the room. It is clear he is avoiding this conversation. Why?

“Would you like to go for a walk?” offered Aurelius. “You can see Ahmir doesn’t care about our problem...”

“It is not just our problem...” I replied. “There wouldn’t be a problem if Rapolas wouldn’t get involved here with his construction in the Death Valley. This is his problem.”

We walked outside. In silence, we were walking on the lighted narrow streets.

“Strange,” after some time said Aurelius. “Look, this field would be empty if there wouldn’t be the temple and pilgrims’ houses. Some time it was like that. Just a village. Someone decided to do something good... Started to take care of people persecuted by soldiers. Slowly the idea grew up in to community of monks. Then more people came, more buildings... And now. Super. Does this remind you of Vrindavan?”

“This is exactly what I thought about today,” I laughed. “People are happy and lifted spiritually here. The material part is very simple here too, but the soul just gobbles the spiritual food that is a lot here.”

“Did you notice that at some moment the surroundings were altered during the service?” asked Aurelius.” It reminded me the moment when we were drowning in your Valley...”

That means he felt it too. Perhaps, this is abnormal zone too. It has to be because there is so much power. Maybe, this place is charged with people’s prayers, songs, and good things.

“Don’t you think that Rapolas want to build something like this in Lithuania?” shyly asked Aurelius.

“We will get in a fight again, if we will talk about this...”

“Gabriele...” I saw that it is not easy for Aurelius to talk. “I don’t want to ask you to do something that would make you unhappy. You cannot imagine how much I respect you and... And...”

Aurelius stopped again. This time we were under the street light and I could see his face very clearly. I saw, how hard he is working finding the right words. He ran his hand over his hair, which was starting to grow back.

“I had to say to you long time ago... I do not just respect you, but I... Love you very strong, so strong that I have no courage to ask you for something... I would like to give you something pleasant, but I do not have anything you would like... I understand I have no right to love you. I see it very well that your marriage with Ahmir is not just a formality. I feel you love him. God sees everything is so complicated. I even do not know what is right and what is wrong.”

I was looking at him and realizing that Aurelius feels so hopeless at this moment. His behavior shows that he is talking honestly and hopelessly... His look was sad. I didn’t know what to answer. I tried to feel what love he is talking about. I was confused too. Not too long ago he was ready to die for Sunita. I mean, really die. Right here is talking about love for me.

“I really know one thing,” he continued. “My twelve years ‘disease’ left me a complex of conditional reflexes. When I behave wrongly, my whole body waits for the pain to hit. I feel relaxed and relieved when I behave right. This moment my reflexes say that it would be right...”

He stopped talking, walked up to me, and kissed me carefully and softly. He looked me in the eyes not knowing how I will react to it. I did not even dream about a kiss, so I was confused, because I didn’t expect it, and because I was happy... Probably this reaction gave him courage and he kissed me again with more passion. After the kiss, he hugged me and it was so beautiful. Peacefulness, happiness, warmth,

love... fulfilment. I listened to his breath. After some time Aurelius said:

“Do you feel the same as I feel? Is it good?”

There was no need for words – it was clear we feel the same. It was just amazing to walk on the streets of this little French village, to hold hands, joke, share the experience we had at the temple... Everybody was going to bed when we came back.

We came back to Lithuania the next day. It was strange to watch the surroundings; Everything changes when the love comes in. The trip back was absolutely different. The looks, secret touches, that nobody would see the change... Now we were connected with one wave and just Aurelius and I were moving in that wave. Ahmir and his friend Simonas came back with us together. My official husband had to spend some time in Lithuania that clerks would not get suspicious about our marriage.

This moment I wanted the marriage be just “a paper marriage” or not to exist at all. I wanted to talk to Ahmir about it, but I could not get the right moment for that.

We came home late night. Everybody got a room and a bed.

The sound of piano woke me up before the morning. Aurelius was in his music. I got up even it was so early, because I knew I would not fall asleep anymore. I went to the living room where he was playing. Aurelius was sitting in pajamas and meditating together with his melody. I came from the behind and hugged his chest. He leaned back on me, raised his head, and looked at me. I kissed him. I realized that music he has, wouldn't let him loose at all even at night...

“Invite Rapolas today. I will show my Death Valley...” I said quietly.

Aurelius turned to me surprised. He started to shake his head arguing:

“I do not want you to do it for me... I do not need...”

“I want you to be happy,” I replied. “If Rapolas is the one who can make it happen, I will show my Valley... Call him.”

“Why do you do that? There is no need...”

“Because I love you, silly. Why would I have a Valley if I will be alone with my Valley... Perhaps this is my mission as being Apsara?” I laughed. “Mission to love...”

That moment I felt as if someone was watching me. Strange feeling. I looked around – nobody was here. I felt chills on my body. Everything is very strange these days. Events are spinning as if someone would put them in particular order. A few days ago, I even couldn't think about selling my Valley and today I am ready for the contract. What has changed? Who changed my opinion so quickly? I went back in to my memories. Ahmir... His involvement changed my opinion. Aurelius already was on a phone, while I was thinking. He acts very fast when he needs something...

I decided to take a shower and put on comfortable jeans, so I went upstairs. I flinched when I saw Simonas standing upstairs and silently watching me. Now, when I saw him again, I remembered Danas' words at that party: “Over there by the poster with the monster's picture on it. Do you see? Simonas is standing. Mysterious man. I know that Rapolas' sister belongs to his sect. It is very secret...” Simonas. I was afraid of him right now. How did he get in my house? Could this Rapolas' man meet Ahmir by accident, and after that he broke in to my life? Could it be a coincidence?

I silently watched Simonas as he watched me going up the stairs. The closer I was getting, the more fear retarded my steps. Fear of what is going on here. It seemed that the whole world decided to play a game, but nobody told me about it. I remembered a movie “Truman's show” where the whole world watched a man, living and growing up in studio.

He was filmed all the time, but he had no idea what was going on around him.

Simonas was that man who encouraged me to take the first decision, and from that, everything was going different direction. At the Taizé temple, I wanted that Aurelius would become my husband. “Right decision, now you have behave accordingly,” he told me then. Suddenly Aurelius told me he loves me. Why then and why there? It seemed that Simonas heard my thoughts then and hears now... I am already used to Ahmir’s tricks. He always knows everything but that doesn’t scare me... Simonas... Uncomfortable. I wanted that he would leave my house. Danas’ words about the secret sect... What do I know about him at all?

Finally, I got in to my room and if there would be a key, I would lock the door... I decided to act carefully, because a strange suspicion was in my heart. I even started to doubt Aurelius’ honesty. Perhaps his confession about being in love with me is just a game, an attempt to manipulate me.

## SCORPIO

Aurelius happily rushed out to Rapolas’ studio to see Skaiste and to learn music programming there or something else... My heart fluttering with excitement, I was awaiting Rapolas, who showed up on my doorsteps in no time. Apparently, my Death Valley was a matter of great concern to him. A big khaki jeep turned into my yard. I see Rapolas, Eleonora, and Daiva, who eagerly tried to convince me to show the Death Valley. In addition, I see her partner Leonas, and one more very elegant man, whom I never saw before. I met them in the yard and before I could exchange greetings with all of them, I heard Ahmir’s voice from behind my back:

“Well, nice to see you again!”

I turned around. He and Simonas were already standing in the doorway, all dressed and ready for a trip to the fields.

“Hello, hello!” Rapolas replied, with a cheerful smile. “What a surprise! I didn’t expect to see Simonas here too.”

“I can’t miss such an important day, can I, my friend,” he replied.

I felt very insecure. What should I do? Oh God, do you really want me to take all of them to the Death Valley and show You to them? Just like that? Right now, so simply?

“Well, Gabriele,” Rapolas looked at me, “shall we go now?”

I hesitated for a moment, wondering do I have to do this or not. Everybody was staring at me, painfully piercing me with their looks, and demanding to fulfil their desire as soon as possible. “My God, if you do not want this to happen, please, stop me on this road.”

I did not reply, I just turned and headed towards the fields. Everybody followed my steps. I could hear how snow is crunching under my feet... The sun was shining in the bright blue cloudless sky, and long shadows were accompanying us on the left. At this very moment the space altered, steps evaporated, became somewhat tough, the crunching sound of the snow was gone. Our shadows also remained waiting at the entrance to the Death Valley... Everybody felt that we had reached the place already. The wave of time was flowing and passing by each of us in this area. Everyone was gone in to his or her experiences and sensations.

We had to stick together, because it is easy to get lost here. You cannot get lost within the area, because there are neither walls, nor trees, nor mountains... But only within dimensions.



“You go and lead the way,” Rapolas uttered with difficulty. Speaking is extremely difficult here, because the sound’s transmission follows different laws.

“Wait!” Simonas stopped us. He took some tiny bottles out of his backpack, each one filled with different-colored dust. He gave a bottle to each of us. “In case if someone gets lost. We have to be safe. Turn the cap so that the opening would aligned with the hole. When we start walking, let the dust sprinkle down gradually. This will help us see our path.”

I started to walk forward. Everybody followed me in single file. I felt I was going to the place I would never go alone. I was approaching the line and I had no idea what was awaiting for me beyond that line. The unknown would always stop me here. That was the line where I would lose my connection with God. Our communication would stop at that point. This time I felt I would have to go to the very end. My steps got heavier and heavier, and my legs seemed filled with lead, and out of control. I turned around. Everyone was struggling. Rapolas was right behind me; he was holding Eleonora and keeping her from falling down.

“Don’t look back!” I heard Simonas’ voice coming from the end of the line, distorted by the echo. At that very moment, my heavy foot stumbled on a rock, and my body slumped on cold hard snow. Rapolas helped me to get up.

“Don’t look back, Gabriele! Go only forward,” he said with much difficulty.

I had no idea where we were going, but those who were behind me, forced me to go forward. We continued on our way, which became physically unbearable. When it seemed impossible to make any further step forward, I felt that I reached the line I never crossed before. I stopped. The feeling of gravity pressed heavily to the ground, as if the atmosphere was heavy as a rock. We could feel and touch the substance that enveloped our bodies.

“My Lord, I have no idea what’s beyond the line, but I am placing everything into your hands. I am ready to take that step...” With all my strength mustered up, I stepped one more step... I had a feeling as if my body rocketed up. Although that was just a feeling, as once we had crossed the line, the heavy pressure disappeared, and the body felt light; it felt as if we are in the state of weightlessness. It seemed there was no weight at all here. The feeling of absolute freedom, infinite space, and lightness overwhelmed me. Some of the people who were following me even gasped in surprise. It seemed our consciousness found its way into the tunnel of weightlessness. Consciousness was able to observe everything from any perspective, even from several perspectives simultaneously.

My consciousness overlooked the road we had passed, which was shining in different colors of the dust we left behind. It was impossible to see the trajectory of the path while walking, but now we could clearly see the spiral labyrinth of seven circuits; in the place where I stumbled while turning around, there was an intersection of circuits, shining brightly because of my green dust I spilled there more abundantly. Everything looked so beautiful... The road was glittering and waving. I had an impression that we came to the center of the labyrinth not by walking, but because a wave brought us here...

Yet what looked much more impressive was the very center. I could not understand what this was. It reminded me a stream of light connecting the Earth with something we could not perceive, something that was constantly moving, altering, and spinning around... Observing the view, I was overwhelmed with such bliss that I didn’t want to ever abandon this feeling. Our bodies seemed as if fragmented into molecules, but it was easy to tell who was who... I have no idea how much time we spent there, but for a moment I felt like God was talking to me in a beautiful language of love, impossible to translate into words... It would be like reading a poem while barking as a dog or mewing as a cat...

I experienced a strange feeling, as if I knew what all the people who came here were engaged in. They also communicated with God, but in their own ways. The elegant man was most nuts-and-bolts. His consciousness received some kind of drawings, calculations, measurements. Rapolas and Eleonora got to know faces, lives and names of some people. Leonas and Daiva viewed rituals. Ahmir and Simonas sunk in the mysterious streams, I was unable to comprehend and identify. I was just listening to the language of love, and saw amazingly beautiful creatures, which radiated harmony, piece, subtlety...

For one moment, Ahmir and Simonas forced themselves to generate their molecules back into the shapes of their bodies and, pronouncing the words of some strange dialect, made us do the same. My consciousness realized that evolutionarily, these two men were way above everyone else... No matter how much we wanted to stay there, they kept repeating some formulas unknown to me, which made us to go back the same way we came here. My body felt that enormous pressure again, which after the lightness experienced in the center of the labyrinth, now seemed unbearably painful. Wriggling on the cold snow, we were as snakes with tails pressed under the stone, which fell onto them from the sky.

“We need to return back; otherwise our bodies will not live through. Now, move forward...” I have heard Simonas’ words said with difficulty. “You have to pursue the same path, if you try to cross over the spiral, you will get lost...”

Initially, I was just crawling, unable to stand up on my feet. I knew nobody was able to. However, it was easier and easier with each new circuit of the labyrinth. Around the place where I stumbled, I managed to stand up and walk normally. After a while, I realized that I had stepped out of the Death Valley. I took the deep breath and looked back at the others. They looked odd, as if they could not see me. They still kept spinning inside the labyrinth and their movements seemed

heavy and clumsy. Following each other, they stepped out of the labyrinth, each heaving a sigh of relief. The elegant man was the last one. Now all of them were standing next to me, watching the man wondering strangely. He was lingering too long...

“Nicholas got lost...” Simonas said. “And I can see that he is rapidly losing his strength, he will not be able to return...”

“I’ll bring him back,” Rapolas said firmly. “What’s his color?”

I turned my attention to the snow where we were walking... Strange, but I couldn’t see any colors. They were visible only inside the labyrinth. I raised a bottle I was still holding in my hand. It was empty and there was no trace of green color dust...

“Nicholas’s color is navy-blue, but you, Rapolas, will not have the strength... Don’t you understand that you will have to get to the center, then follow Nicholas’s track straight to the place where he got lost, come back to the center, and then take your way back, following the spiral. I don’t think you’ll have enough strength...”

“So what do you suggest? To leave Nicholas to die there?” Rapolas was surprised. “After all, he is my man. I cannot do nothing without him...”

“Can he really die there?” I was surprised. I would walk here so many times having no idea how dangerous this was.

Rapolas only took a glance at me, giving no response to my question, as if it was rhetorical, and assured:

“Enough, let’s not waste our time. I am going.”

Eleonora just grabbed his hand: “Be good, come back, please... I will pray for you...”

Rapolas gently kissed her and swept his hand across her face.

“Don’t worry, you know that both of us have been and will be together eternally.”

“Take this,” Simonas gave a new bottle to Rapolas. “In case we need to rescue you...”

The bottle seemed colorless, but the color will probably appear inside the labyrinth. Rapolas sighed and stepped forward. It was strange to watch two people mazing in the area of somewhat sixty square meters and having no sight of each other. They were mazing, rapidly losing their strength. It was very strange indeed. Now we could clearly see the trace of the labyrinth in the snow. We could see Rapolas approaching the center with much difficulty. It was hard to watch Nicholas, because he was almost dropping with fatigue, barely crawling and gasping for air...

“And what if we simply got there and dragged him out of the labyrinth?” I asked. “Just get him up and take him out... See, we are losing him...”

Simonas turned to me and explained:

“It’s only the body that can be dragged out... The soul will remain lost in the labyrinth. As a result, he will stay in a coma up to the end of his days. We will not find his soul without his body. So, now it’s better to take the body and soul out together.”

Eleonora was wringing her hands desperately, and I could see she was extremely worried. I realized that among all the people here Rapolas was physically the strongest. As an actor, he is keeping himself in excellent physical shape. If there is a person capable to withstand such a load, Rapolas is the one. It’s a sad that Danas is not here at this moment... This would be even easier for him.

Finally, Rapolas got near to Nicholas and collapsed next to him. We could see that Nicholas had almost lost his consciousness, and Rapolas’ almost lost his strength. With every ounce of strength, partly

sitting, Rapolas kept dragging Nicholas’s body after himself. It seemed impossible to surmount all the way to the center of the labyrinth, where the pressure was the highest, and then to return to the exit... It seemed to me absolutely impossible.

I looked at Eleonora. I saw her praying heartily. I remembered myself praying for Aurelius, repeating the mantra taught by Ahmir. I started repeating it in my head. At that very moment, I felt Ahmir looking at me. It seemed he had heard my inner voice. I was concentrating on the mantra. It seemed to me that at this moment everyone was doing the best, they could to help these men escape...

Rapolas stopped at the center. He seemed completely exhausted. Obviously, he was hesitating what to do. All of us were watching in silence, praying, and so tense that even fearing to breathe... All of a sudden, Rapolas clenched his teeth, grabbed Nicholas under his arms, and made an unexpected move. Both of them got into the center. We could see both men starting to gasp as if emerging on the surface of water after spending too much time underwater. It was much easier to them at that moment. Both were breathing heavily. Nicholas began to come to his senses.

“I’m not sure whether it was a wise decision...” Ahmir sighed. “Yes, they will recover their strength, but how will they get out of there?”

I could remember how hard it was to get out of the center. If not the strange formulas of Ahmir and Simon, I would have stayed there forever. It is impossible to force yourself consciously leave this zone of energy and love...

“You and Simonas must help them,” I said to Ahmir.

“We can’t any longer... Not this time...” Ahmir sighed. “We are not allowed to overuse the formulas and to repeat them twice a day... It’s forbidden.”

“And when will it be possible?” I asked anxiously.

“After the Moon travels around. In a month or so...”

“Will they survive for so long?”

“You must be joking! In cold, without water and food?” Ahmir grinned.

“But there’s so much energy there...” I doubted.

“Spiritual energy...” Ahmir specified. “It is too sophisticated for the physical body... It’s not possible to feed the physical body with this type of energy.”

“Then how do bioenergy specialists treat? Don’t they use spiritual energy to treat the physical body, do they? Isn’t this the same?”

“Definitely not. Bioenergy specialists use much cruder energy. Usually the etheric energy. Prana energy at the best... Spiritual energy, on the other hand, is much more sophisticated than any material energy.”

“Is prana a material?” this surprised me.

Ahmir only glanced at me in despair. I looked completely ignorant to him. At that very moment, Eleonora got down on her knees and burst into tears:

“I feel I am losing him...”

I turned to Ahmir with a question on my face. He nodded.

“Yes. That’s not good... Rapolas and Eleonora are one soul. She feels him leaving. If Rapolas gives up to this spiritual allure, it will just suck him out of the material world... Then many things will be left unfinished... It would be too bad...”

“How can you be so calm?” I was surprised. “Do something, please...”

“Well, what can I do?” Ahmir shrugged his shoulders.

“Tell me the formula,” Eleonora jumped on her feet, tears in her eyes, and started to beg Simonas. “I’ll get to the center and take Rapolas out... Please...”

Simonas only shook his head, “Must be joking! You are his soul partner, aren’t you? His second half. You know what will happen. You will merge with him in bliss and forget about all the formulas... And then for sure, you will not return...”

“I promise to come back...”

“It’s only now that you are saying this. And I say that it’s impossible for you. No one can resist merging in the spiritual realm. Even I wouldn’t be able to do that if I got there with my soulmate Elona... You have to understand this.”

“Then, perhaps, I could do that,” I said. “After all, this Death Valley is mine. I’ve been there so many times...”

“But you’ve never crossed the line... Although... Maybe you could do that...”

“Let’s don’t waste our time,” I rushed. “Have you the formula in writing? I don’t have anything to write on”

Simonas burst out with laughter:

“Write it down... You won’t be able to read the word ‘mother’ being there...”

“But I will not memorize the formula... It’s too long and in such a strange, complicated dialect...”

“There’s nothing complicated,” Simonas smiled. “I can easily record the formula in your memory. When you will be in the center, you will remember it immediately. There’s another problem, though...”

“What else?” my hands drooped.

“You are not ready for that... The formula is strongly affecting the one who is pronouncing it. When you come back, you will feel weird for a while. Ahmir and I are constantly seeing the spiritual world, and we already know how to behave in a way that doesn’t surprise the people around us...” he grinned again. “But you... You will see the spiritual world on top of the material world, and this will seem like hallucinations. Your behaviour will be inadequate... It will not be easy for some time... Until you get back to the reality.”

Eleonora looked at me, full of hope. Her look was begging to agree with all the conditions.

“Do you think I will overcome this side effect?” I asked Ahmir, as I trusted him absolutely.

“Well,” he hesitated, “you may even start enjoying living for a time with your kindred spirits apsaras and gandharvas...”

“Then give me the formula...”

Ahmir and Simon looked at each other. It seemed they had exchanged a few phrases telepathically. Then Simon approached me and said, “Ahmir and I keep this formula inside ourselves. As if a part replicates the whole, each of our cells contains all the information about our essence. You just need to take a small part of any of us and you will gain for a time the entire treasury of our experience. So, choose one of us so that we could give you what you are asking for.”

I didn’t quite understand what he had in mind. Obviously, it was clear that I should choose one of them to get the formula.

“Well, if it makes no difference regarding who is going to give me this formula... Then, perhaps, I will take it from Ahmir... Anyway, he is already my teacher...”

I reached out my hand in hope to receive something with the required words written down on it. Ahmir took my hand and came closer than I expected. He brought his face close to mine, looking into my eyes

seriously, from the very depth. Shortly, his lips penetrated mine... This was a long kiss, which might have been taken for passion, but at that moment, I deeply realized that this was the only way to pass me a piece of Ahmir’s DNA, that is his saliva...

“And now hurry up...” said Ahmir, distancing his face from mine.

“Well, is that all?” I was amazed. Expecting a miracle, I tried to look at my consciousness from a distance, but I realized that no miracle really happened... “I do not know the formula... I do not know what I have to say,” I started to panic.

“Don’t worry, when the time comes to pronounce the magic words, you’ll say them because you already have them inside you...” Simon reassured me. “Go now, if you haven’t changed your mind yet...”

Eleonora embraced me.

“You are my last hope... You have no idea what a heroic job you will do... You can do it.”

Wow... A heroic job... The events have turned so bizarre. Without hesitation, I stepped into the Death Valley. Oh God, I forgot to ask for a bottle with colored dust. Will I find my way back? I was about to return, but I remembered Simon’s prompt not to look back. I casted a glance under my feet. There were all sorts of colored dust sprinkled around. Well, if I managed to come back once, I will make it for the second time again. I moved forward drastically. My strength was not the same as the first time. This reminded me of a feeling as if I had to run a distance of a few kilometers for a second time without taking breath after the first one... I struggled with ever-increasing difficulty, but eventually I made my way to the center and crossed the line.

I felt Rapolas and Nicholas submerged into the bliss and forgetfulness; and then that same feeling started dissolving the molecules of my body. I can’t delay, I must pronounce the formula

immediately, as long as my wish to return it is not vanished into the thin air. The formula... Come on. “What’s the formula?” I commanded my consciousness. Silence. Emptiness. Could it be that Simon and Ahmir were wrong?”

I felt I was sinking deeper and deeper into the wave of happiness and love, which makes me forget the Earth and all its troubles. I could already see the harmonious gandharvas. They were making a wonderful sound, resembling the music of these days, performed by the most sophisticated computerized equipment... I remembered Aurelius. Now it seemed to me that he could hear and wanted to repeat exactly this music. But is it possible? This music is too sophisticated for our world...

I reached out the stream of my hand’s molecules towards the gandharva standing closest to me. The sense of touch was amazing, absolutely different than in our world.

“I would like to stay here with you,” I confessed.

“Not yet...” said the creature. “Be aware that you are always with us in the eternity. You are one of us. What you now call your life is just a second in our life. Therefore, you have left us just for a moment because God sent you there. Accomplish what He has assigned to you, and come back. We are waiting for you.”

“I have to return both these men back to the Earth, but I don’t know how.”

“Yes. Return them back as soon as possible, because with each passing second, they are dying in the material world and being born for our world. But the time has not yet come for them.”

“How am I supposed to do this?”

“Command them in the name of God.”

“I don’t have such a right, do I?”

“Absolutely you do. After all, you are the messenger of the God. He sent you here, and therefore, you can speak in His name. Anyway, it’s not on behalf of your name that you will command them.”

“But will they listen to my words? Will they believe I am commanding in the name of God?”

“Well, this is the spiritual world. Who speaks in the name of God, that one really does it. There’s no lie here...” the creature laughed. “Hurry up!”

“Rapolas and Nicholas, in the name of God I command you to return to the Earth to carry out your task,” I was about to say, but the sound was different, as if God spoke through my lips... Unrecognisable words have echoed in that strange dialect making the molecules of the two men’s bodies go back to their souls, however unwillingly. When I came to my senses, the bodies, all in pain, were wriggling beyond the line of the center.

Inch by inch, we were crawling back following the spirals of the labyrinth. Nicholas was very weak, so Rapolas was dragging him. I was crawling right behind them.

“Are you with us? Are you following?” Rapolas kept asking me repeatedly. I realized that he does not want to look back. Apparently, this is a really bad sign. However, he also feared to lose me, because getting to the labyrinth once again to rescue a person would be too much for him.

When we finally stepped out of the Death Valley, everybody was rushing at us. Outside, it was already dusk. I did not realize how much time we spent in the labyrinth, but Nicholas's body was blue because of cold. I looked at Rapolas. His hands were bleeding, scratched against sharp frozen snow; as he had to crawl all the way back, because his legs refused to carry him. Ahmir leaped up to me.

“Good girl! I had cold feet for a moment, but you did it,” he kept saying this repeatedly, rubbing my frozen hands, pulled out of my gloves.

I felt I hadn't fully come to my senses yet. Because of the uproar around, I was unable to put it all together and put it in my head. It seemed there are too many people here, too many words, and events too...

“I want to go home,” I said still laying on the ground.

After a while, when all the emotions regarding the event have been spilled out, we started towards my home. The stronger ones were trying to help the weaker ones. White snow was sparkling in the black night, so it was not as dark as it might have been... I looked over my shoulder to the right and saw the gandharva walking next to me... The same one I spoke to in the center of the labyrinth. I almost laughed. I remembered Simon's words that after I had pronounced the formula I might hallucinate, so I did not panic. I turned to Ahmir, who was holding me so that I wouldn't fall from fatigue.

“Can you also see him? Or this is just my hallucination?” I asked him.

“What do you have in mind?” Ahmir wanted to make sure. I turned my head to the right. He followed my look. “Ah, do you mean this gandharva?”

“Yes. Can you see him?”

“Of courses I can,” he replied without ruffle or excitement.

“Does it mean he came with me to the Earth?”

Ahmir burst out laughing:

“Came? He did not come anywhere. He lives here, like all the other gandharvas and apsaras, like all the other living creatures.”

“What do you mean? Don't they have to live in heaven?”

“What we call heaven is just a higher and more subtle dimension. All the worlds are here, in one place. Only a few people can see several dimensions at once. This is a side effect to you. Don't take it too close to the heart. Especially when you see nagas. They are not very appealing... You would better turn to your apsaras and gandharvas.”

“And they, can they see us?”

“Of course they can. After all, they are creatures of the upper world. They are more subtle, so they can see everything. Even you,” Ahmir smiled to me.

I turned again to the gandharva. He is really very handsome. I enjoyed the view of him all the way home. The rest could not understand what I was staring at, because what they could see it was just a black emptiness of the night.

I didn't know how long I will be able to see it... Before leaving Ahmir and Simonas gave an advice: not to react and not to tell anyone about illusions... It was hard to ignore that... Mostly because these worlds interacts with our world. I was shocked by understanding that the most of the decisions, events, feelings, and thoughts people make are decided by the creatures of different worlds but not by us.

Skaiste brought Aurelius home around midnight that night we came back from the Death Valley. He was happy, seemed excited about the new technologies and he was humming his melodies. He even could not imagine that music creators have unique possibilities to express whatever they hear inside of their inner world as more precisely as they could long time ago.

Suddenly I noticed that gandharva, who came home with us got close to Aurelius and started to play with his strange body. Actually, rest of the world creators do not have a physical body. You can see them as clear colorful shadows, steam whirlwind; they change their shape very easily and it transforms very easily. Their bodies look like balls of smoke... Therefore, this gandharva started to transform to a sound producing whirlwind surrounding Aurelius. I looked in to his face and noticed that at the same very moment I saw a grin on his face, he dimed his eyes, became all ears, and tried to repeat gandharva's melody. Of course, his humming was very primitive in comparison with real sound. I tried to hide that I see it, but I think I acted not naturally. No one can act naturally in these kind of situations...

Being hugged by gandharva, Aurelius didn't noticed that I watched him differently than usually. The melody was bothering him. He ran to the piano and started to hit the keys. Only now, I saw the real reason why Aurelius is different. Gandharva was bothering him all the time. Gandharva would leave him alone to rest a little only when Aurelius is out of his mind, because of not getting enough sleep and trying to hide his changed condition. I understood why is so important for Aurelius to get rid of that music. He had to try to express that music as precisely as he would be able. That's why he needed the state of the art technologies, because the sound was so distinctive, unique; no one on this planet was able to produce that kind of sound yet...

Sometimes I would see how apsaras would touch Aurelius's body, which was exhausted from sound hallucinations. They would touch him while he was sleeping. Then he would wake up as if he saw an erotic dream. Apsaras would touch him when he plays piano, and then he would play with a lot of passion and very forcibly... I saw that he would come to me filled with love only when apsaras would hug him. How could I take his love like this? Is it real? They would get him high and Aurelius would think he is in love with me. On the other hand, where else he can go. I am the closest woman who lives next to him and who tries to help him and support.

I distanced myself from Aurelius. What should I do? His love he was talking about was not for me. Overall, is this really love? I could understand what he feels. He wants to love; he loves the feeling of love when apsaras are next to him. In this case, the object of love can become anyone who is close enough. I didn't want that. I ran away from that. I couldn't tell him what I see... I had to evade all the time telling that I am not sure in my feelings.

That wasn't the worst thing. Even that would be enough to torture my spirit... Gandharvas and apsaras at least are pleasant, bright, harmonic and creative... But next to them was very different world with the snakes in it. Ahmir called them - pishachas, nagas and rakshas; that's how Indians call these creatures, who are the opposites to the angels of light.

"Do not worry, Gabriele," told Ahmir before leaving. "Live as you lived before. These creatures were around you all the time, just you didn't see them. You was not scared of them until you saw them. Why should you be scared now? They will not do anything different than they did before. It is even better now. If somebody will be mad, become hopeless or scared, you will know the reason... You will understand that someone is not a bad person, just someone has a nagas. It will be easier not to judge these people because of their bad behavior or bad senses. Really, they do not want any bad to happen. Just a snake is poisoning them with their poison... You will get used to it. However after some time hallucinations might disappear... Or perhaps not..."

"Why?" I asked.

"You are apsara. You belong to the other world in your soul. Physical body imprisoned you in this material dimension, but the real senses of yours are much more distinctive... If you will become as rough as the real people are, the hallucinations will disappear. Do you really want that all of this would stop?"



“It is killing me... It is killing because I cannot show that I see all of that... Do you see that?”

“I cannot tell you,” he laughed. “I can tell you that I see much more than you see.”

“More?” I wondered. “What is more?”

“There are more distinctive dimensions that affect these creatures. Don’t think that gandharvas and apsaras circling around Aurelius because they want to do that... They are controlled by the other creatures you cannot see...”

“Oh my God, what kind of system is this? Will the secrets end sometime? Is there anywhere the end of all of this?”

Ahmir smiled:

“You know that God is infinitive...”

“Does anybody have a possibility to choose? I do not know at all what do we do by ourselves? It seems that all of us are forced to do. Forced to feel...”

Ahmir’s face become more serious.

“Yes, you are right. We get orders from the above. The task has to be fulfilled. Where is the free choice? The free will is the choice – to do or not to do what God asked you to do. By the way, He offers you the alternatives, the whole bunch of alternatives. Every moment you choose one of them. Possibilities are very different: some of them are rough, horrible and the others are responsible, childish, boring, sacred... A human chooses one according to his vibrations, the one that he will be able to resonate. A rough man will not choose a pray, meditation, or service without payback... The same as the distinctive person will not choose alcohol, immorality, or hunting... God offers the same possibility to him as to all of us. That is the freedom to choose.”

“What can poor Aurelius do? Gandharvas stick their music to him forcibly. He even can’t sleep... What freedom of choice does he have?”

“The same exactly as everyone. Did you ask him? Don’t you see he likes it? Don’t you? Yes, he gets tired, he always is searching for ways to fulfill it, and he lost his peace... Do you see how much he likes it? He doesn’t try to avoid it by doing something else. If he wouldn’t like, he would do different things. If he wouldn’t want that heavenly music, the gandharvas would find the other victim...”

The time came when everybody was busy. Aurelius worked in the studio and constantly played at home. I felt how quickly he is improving. Ahmir came back to India and continued his educational programs. Simonas disappeared out of the sight and I was happy, because he scared me being inhuman. Eleonora would call sometimes and tell me about her and Rapolas’ plans. They are getting ready for some important steps. At this time I was walking alone on the streets and watching how the worlds interfere between each other and how people are seduced or encouraged...

Someday I turned in to the street I never was before. I watched the windows of the stores where all kind of energies would tempt you to come inside and buy something. Suddenly I stopped because there was a nagas covering the entire little street. He was wriggling as a fat python and spitting slimy drool. I decided to turn around and go back. I do not want to go by this disgusting beast. I understand that this is just an energy, but even if I would not see, I would feel cold on my back or a light disgust while passing this place... I got sick and disgust, so I was already turning around...

“Gabriele,” I heard Danas’ voice. I gasped, because his voice I heard at that very moment when I was ready to turn around...

I lost my tongue when I turned around. A huge lighted angel with the long sword was behind Danas' back... He flew over me and pushed naga's head to the ground with his sword. Nagas started to wriggle and hiss, but finally calmed down and patiently was waiting what will happen next.

"Gabriele?" called Danas again. Probably he didn't understand my reaction after I looked at him. I turned back pretending I am looking at something on the other side while there was nothing to look at. "Hello... You do not recognize me?"

I turned back to Danas.

"Why you always show up unexpectedly? Why does these moments scare me all the time?" I asked reluctantly.

"Do I scare you?" he squirmed. Danas' eyes were shining because of joy and because of guilt scaring me. "I am sorry. I didn't want to. I just saw you walking... We didn't see each other for a long time, so I decided to talk to you..."

"Do not defend yourself," I laughed.

"Where are you going?" he asked. I saw he wants to socialize.

"I forgot already... What is over there?" I waved with my hand towards the angel holding naga's head.

"Over there? Casino. Do you want to go there?"

"No, for sure... Where are you going?"

"I am just killing the time... I brought Rapolas to Nikolas. I have a few hours. Just walking and enjoying coming spring."

"Spring? It is just a middle of February and cold..."

"Do you have time?" he asked excitingly. "I will show you the spring."

"Okay, show me," I smiled.

Now I was happy I met Danas. I looked around if there are some creatures encouraging my happiness. No, there were no neither apsaras nor gandharvas... That means I am happy naturally.

Danas took me to the river. His angel was in front of us, and if there would be disgusting nagas or rakshas, they would run away hissing. I understood that the power I felt from Danas is the light of spirit which follows him, and which is very hard to withstand. It is interesting, why does it always follow Danas?

"Here," said Danas and stopped near the river.

"Where do you see a spring?"

I looked around. No grass and no signs of spring.

"Look up," Danas pointed with his chin up. "See, how crows are nervous? They feel the spring first. In winter, they just croak, and listen to them now? They croak very softly as if they would call a girl. They get in to crowds and fly as if they would play..."

I followed Danas' look. Really, these black birds looked different. Happy, playful, and gentle. I was surprised seeing Danas being sensitive and sharp. I would never believe that... With every meeting Danas is changing a lot. Or is it me who is changing and seeing him in a different light?

Forget the crows; my attention got a big modern skyscraper on the other side of the river. It was surrounded with a strange energy I couldn't identify. Very structural, symmetrical, neat, and bright. There was a big sign on that building "FOE." Danas noticed where my look is.

"Can you imagine Nikolas bought that building...? His scientific center and fund operates from there."

“I do not know nothing about Nikolas... I can't imagine he is that rich...”

“He is filthy rich... He has a fund, which supports the newest scientific researches. His scientists can do work, that no other funds would support. The most risky and strangest projects became a reality there.”

“Is Rapolas there now?”

“Yes. He is planning a construction which will be done in your magic property...”

The last words kicked me. I didn't give any permission yet and they already adjusting the plans to build.

“I would like to participate in that discussion,” I said firmly. “How can they plan without me? The property is still mine. Call Rapolas and tell that I want to see their blue prints.”

“I cannot call just like that...” uncomfortably mumbled Danas. “I am just his bodyguard and the driver. How I can call in the middle of the meeting...”

“Give me his phone I will call him,” I said drastically and took out my cellphone.

Danas doubted, but gave the number nevertheless. I dialed and Rapolas answered. I introduced myself and asked what is going on and what is being planned without me knowing? I tried to stay calm, but probably I failed, because Danas was looking at me unpleasantly and frowned.

Finally, I admitted that I am here with Danas and I am ready to take a part in the meeting. Surprisingly, Rapolas agreed. Danas took me there. He was feeling guilty that he mentioned about his boss's plans.

Nikolas' polite secretary took us to his office. From that height, through the glass walls, you could see the city and the suburbs. In addition to Rapolas and Nikolas, Simonas was in the office too.

“Here we go – we meet again,” said Simonas.

“So, what's going on?” I asked with raised voice. “I saved your life and you weaving a plot behind my back?”

“Gabriele, do not get angry,” friendly started Rapolas. “Take a look at first to our plan and then you can say something. Come here,” he invited showing a scale model on the table.

I walked closer and felt so uncomfortable at that moment. Office was filled with all kind of creatures watching how people creating a new project. I should take a deeper look if this project got higher worlds' attention. Clear scale model of the building was on the table and many blue prints next to it.

“You will have to explain, I do not understand nothing,” I said.

“Do you know why I stuck in your labyrinth that day?” with a little accent asked Nikolas. I realized that he is not Lithuanian.

“No,” I shook my head.

“It wasn't enough for me just to go to the center and come back. While being in the exact center of the labyrinth, I saw a scale model of the building that we will build there and the blue prints. I needed to check how the energies of the labyrinth are working; are my projects the right ones; is the idea to fit the labyrinth to the needs of people safe and good. That is why I intentionally went to the other levels. Of course, I didn't evaluate that I will not be able to come back...”

“What did you get to know?”

“Here, look at the scale model,” he invited. “Building will be big enough. An energy transformer, like yantra, will be in the exact center where the labyrinth is. A main hall will be above it. Strong enough, but

not dangerous energy flow will get in to the hall. All kind of spiritual practices can be provided there, they will become very powerful because they will get very significant amount of energy. A corridor will go around the hall. You will be able to get to the kitchen, rooms, and the other offices from this corridor. The central dome will have a clear energy transformer, which will proportion the energy coming down to make it safe.”

“What is all of this for?” I asked.

“What do you mean?” wondered Simonas. “Just imagine. This will be a stronger building than a pyramid.”

“Well, what for?” I continued.

“If the kitchen is to prepare the food, then this kind of energy building will be for working with energies.”

“Who will work there? You, Simonas?”

“Whoever will want. Hall can be rented to the different groups who are working with energies. Of course, I would like sometimes to do something there...” he laughed.

“Who will administrate all of this? In the end of the day, who will own the building?”

“We will determine that when the time will come,” Rapolas laughed. “For now, we know that everything belongs to you. We need your approval to continue what is already done. You do not have to rush, think.”

I looked around. All the creatures were looking at me questionably. What does my vote means if everybody is so interested in that project? It seems everything is already decided. My agreement is just a small formality...

“Do what is best,” that was it what I said.

Very soon all the constructions started. It was not a problem for Nikolas to get all the permissions for the constructions. In March all the heavy equipment were up and working in my Death Valley. It hurt. I couldn't explain that feeling to myself. It seemed, that the Death Valley is my baby, which is becoming something I didn't see and didn't plan at all. Parents have the same feeling, when they want their kid to be a doctor, and kid decides to turn in to art and live bohemian life... I felt worse and worse every day; everything was annoying me, I even didn't enjoy the coming spring. My life seemed ended. I realized that I will never ever walk in my Death Valley and will not talk to God as I used to do.

“It will be even much better, you will see,” tried to convince me Elonora, but it was hard for me to believe.

Aurelius, on the other hand, was doing great. He took Skaistes' and Rapolas' advice and started to do concerts at the clubs. He was dreaming about that and his dream came through. He used the modern technologies to create his music. During the show, gandharvas would hug him and then the magic show would start. People loved it a lot and very soon the news were everywhere about the new musician, who plays music never heard before. What Aurelius was playing, was very similar what gandharvas were broadcasting for him. Aurelius didn't want to record the music – he believed that all the beauty would disappear... Probably, for that reason, more and more people would come to listen to him – that was the only way to hear his music. Very soon, Aurelius took over the biggest arenas.

The shows would make me feel better and uplifting, but the longing for my Death Valley would come back and destroy the harmony.

Feeling of senselessness was hurting my heart, so I had to do something. I asked Ahmir to find a quiet place for me in India, where I could hide from the world. I said goodbye to Aurelius and didn't give

the time when I will comeback. If he would need me, he can find me through Ahmir. Just two of them knew I was leaving.

Dusk was coming in and I went to my Death Valley for the last time. Bulldozers and tractors were sitting calmly – workday was over. I was splashing my way through the mud. The labyrinth zone was untouched. It was fenced with the bright yellow tape. Around the labyrinth, the frame was ready for laying the foundation. It hurt to see all of that.

I went through the yellow tape and started to walk the labyrinth.

“Where are you going?” suddenly asked gandharvas, formed from somewhere. It wasn’t a surprise; they show up all the time. I think those creatures are next to me all the time just sometimes they are able to hide out of my sight.

“I am going to say goodbye to my Death Valley...”

“You are not going to the center, are you? You know you can’t go back by yourself, don’t you?”

“Why? I even got the others out of there the last time...”

“You had Ahmir’s present then. You don’t have it now...”

“I don’t?”

“Of course you don’t. You do not think that he gave you the present to speak in God’s name forever, do you? “

“Too bad. I wanted to get to the center... For the last time...”

I felt that it was more difficult to walk with every step. I reached the line; behind this line was the center. It was tempting very much. Absolute happiness and absolute disappearing in God’s perfection. This is the last chance to go there. When the building will be built, the energy will be split and it will be impossible to get to the center. For the safety...

“Gabriele,” I heard Danas’ voice behind me.

I turned around. As always, he was here in front of me in a suit and light coat with the angel of light behind his back.

“Oh my God, Danas,” I uttered hardly because it is very hard to talk and to move here. “How on the Earth you always manage to get next to me just like that. At this kind of moment, when... By the way, how did you get here?”

“Why is so hard here?” he asked. Of course, Danas never was here in the Valley’s labyrinth... This is the first time for him. I felt responsible for him. I had to take him out of here.

We walked slowly in circles in the labyrinth until we reached the exit. We got a relief after we crossed the yellow tape.

“How did you get here?” I asked him again.

I brought Rapolas and Nikolas here. They have important instructions for the workers for tomorrow. Aurelius told me you are here, so I came... Is that bad?” his eyes were smiling and at the same time, he had a doubt about his behavior.

“I want to ask you very seriously. Why do you come to me always when I am close to death? When I am in danger?”

Danas looked around wondering.

“In danger? Did you try to drown again here?”

He was so clueless what I am talking about. I smiled. This big man was so naive and not damaged yet...

“I was told you are leaving?” he murmured sadly.

“Who?” I wondered.

“Aurelius.”

“Hm, that’s the friend? He cannot keep his mouth shut...” I got nervous. It had to be a secret.

“You shouldn’t leave without saying goodbye.”

“Well, let’s say goodbye if this is so important to you...”

“Perhaps, we should spend a night at the club partying...”

“No... No... This is exactly what I am running from. I do not want to see people and...” I hid the fact that I am running from all of these creatures I see.

A cloud of crows flew in to the sky at that very moment. We both followed them with looks.

I remembered that day in a city, when Danas was showing me the spring. The hopelessness came on me as if I had nothing to lose at all.

I looked around looking for an apsara, who would wake up my passion to the man... Only his bright angel was here. I didn’t know what to answer. I would kindly say no if this question would be provoked by apsara. But this... He is talking honestly with no influence of something at all. I thought. It seems I can share my loneliness only with this man, who tried to kill me and then saved my life not once... My heart was happy because of him. Why?

“What are you offering?” I asked.

“Just... Let’s be together. We can do whatever you want to do. Take the luggage and I will take you directly to airport tomorrow.”

“What you would like to do?” I asked again.

“And you?”

I just shrugged my shoulders.

“Then let me take care of everything...”

In silence, we came back to my house. I had neither wish nor strength to analyze the situation. I changed my clothes, took the luggage, said quick goodbye to Aurelius, Rapolas and Nikolas. It was strange for me to behave like that; we got in to Danas’ jeep and left with no destination in mind.

“Who will bring Rapolas and Nikolas?” I concerned.

“Do not worry. Can you just relax?” laughed Danas. “Everything is under control. Elonora will come and pick them up. You better look at the nice sunset.”

“Can we stop somewhere where we can enjoy the sunset?”

Danas turned off the road to the open field where the west horizon was seen perfectly. We got out of the car. A humongous red Sun was sitting on the bed of clouds. I felt Danas hugged me from behind and snuggled with me. My body was drinking a pleasant worminess of his big body.

“Would you stay if I would ask you to?” he asked quietly.

“Danas... I am so confused, it is so hard for me right now... I even don’t know who is who. Why is happening what is happening right now... I cannot stay. I need to step back from everything and put together all my broken in to pieces world... Understand...”

“Then I will not ask you to stay...” he said quietly.

I turned to him. His face looked sad and happy at the same time. I wanted so badly to hug him and snuggle this strong body. I couldn’t resist this feeling. My arms went around his waist and the head snuggled his chest under the coat. His scent reminded me the flow of our strange story. From the hate to... Could I say that this is love? How do I know if the felling is a true love? I remembered a saying: “Let the loved one go; if he is meant to be yours – he will come back; if he is not yours - you do not need him.” Suddenly I heard his stomach growling and we both burst out laughing...

“I am sorry,” Danas said embarrassed. “Dinner time.”

“You know, I would like to eat too.”

“Perhaps we should make diner?” he asked squinting.

“In your house?”

“I understand, not a pleasant memories...”

“If you promise not to beat me...” I made a funny frown face trying to look angry.

“I do not know what to say...” Danas became serious. “No words can pay for the guilt what I did to you... If you would just know what pain I feel every time I remember it... The real hell is in my heart... I do not know... Why did I do that... I do not know...”

If I would be able to see the creatures of the other worlds then... I even do not have a doubt, that I would see some raksha on him when he was beating me. Only that kind of beast can turn human being in to an animal.

“I think we will never forget that,” I said. “If we would make a delicious dinner in that place, perhaps, we will make good memories. Probably, they would block the bad ones.”

Coming up the steps in to his house, I saw a small nagas was wrapped around the wood beam showing that the bad thing happened here someday... He hissed and receded back form the angel of light, but it was clear that he felt as if he is the owner of this place and he will not leave it.

“This place is very scary to me...” I said and jumped inside.

Danas looked at the beam too while closing the door.

“Every day I go by this place; every day I feel chills going through my body.”

I stepped in to the same room shyly. Nothing had changed since I was here the last time. There were stains of my blood on the white rug. I looked at Danas.

“Why you didn’t clean the rug?” I got scared a little... And I gasped a little because a disgusting slippery slope nagas just slipped from the couch on the rug.

I could not take it anymore. It was too much. The memories coming spontaneously fed the nagas with unpleasant experiences. And it grew very fast. I stepped back and leaned on a wall, my eyes were flooded with tears. Nagas was coming closer to me. The fear constrained me. I felt blood was freezing in my veins.

“I couldn’t...” said Danas. “I did not know I could be that brutal... I did not clean the blood to remind myself that I have to control my anger... I cannot be here at all and I never sat on this couch after that day...”

Tears were flushing down my face. I slipped on a floor by the wall. Danas kneeled next to me.

“I am begging you to forgive me... I do not know what words to use to ask for forgiveness... Something darkened my mind.... I was something else... Forgive me.”

Tears were coming down his face too. I saw how sorry he is with every single cell of his body and every corner of his soul... I felt a strong wish to forgive him, because I knew what kind of guilt is on this man... At the same very moment, nagas stepped back while hissing and the angel of light pushed his head with his sword on the rug. For the second time I saw the angel doing that, I just did not understand why he doesn’t kill them...

I hugged and held Danas. I felt his body shaking because of the cry.

“I do not know what words to say to you, but I forgive you with all my heart. Let me clean the rug...”

Danas looked at me.

“Now? You are leaving tomorrow... We cannot do a house cleaning right now... We need to make dinner...”

“Let me at least symbolically to pick up these blood drops. Trust me. It is very important energetically.”

“Well, if this is so important to you...”

“Give me a sponge. Do you have a rug cleaner?”

“It has to be somewhere... Oksana had all kind of cleaners. However, I think it is not easy to clean the blood stains.”

“I have to try... You can start with the dinner, and I will clean as much as I can.”

I got the sponge and the cleaner. The kitchen and the living room was in the same area. Danas was very close. I didn't want to show that I see that disgusting beast on the rug. I understood that it is attached to these bloodstains. The angel was holding its head, but the beast was drooling saliva and hissing. I thought I would die of fear or throw up of disgust. I needed to overcome myself. I started tentatively to scrub the bloodstains. Unfortunately, they were old... Nagas burst out laughing thinking I will fail. Danas would come and check how I am doing.

“Do not kill yourself. I will simply through away this rug tomorrow...”

“No, you need to clean karma but not run away from it...”

After some time Danas went to the bathroom and came back with the straight razor.

“Let me do this,” he kneeled and slowly cut all the bristles of the rug that were stained with my blood. I watched surprised and picked all these bristles in to my palm. Then Danas asked: “Is it okay now?”

I had no strength to reply to him. The determination and strength of this man was shocking. If it needs to be done – the price doesn't matter. I saw nagas started panicking.

“It is very important to burn these bristles,” I said.

“Let's burn them.”

“It has to be done outside.”

He opened a glass door to terrace and was ready to step out, then stopped and asked:

“How we will do that?”

I shrugged my shoulders. He went to bedroom and came back with the newspaper, after which one more nagas was running and hissing. Danas came up to me, unfolded the newspaper, and handed to me to put the bristles on. That was the same newspaper with the news about Oksana's accident. I understood why nagas is so attached to that piece of paper. He fed himself with Danas' pain. I put the bristles; Danas wrapped it and took outside. I ran after him. Danas lighted the newspaper and hold in his hands as long as it was possible. It looked like a torch in a dark of the night. He put it on a big rock that was in the flowerbed as the decoration. Both nagas were wriggling in pain and it seemed that they are losing their power. When everything was burned, angel of light lifted his sword and both nagas dematerialized, just evaporated. Danas looked at me.

“You will freeze...” He took my hand and walked me in side. He closed the terrace door and sighed. “You are right. It became much easier. Do you feel?”



The oven made a sound at that moment. That was the sign that dinner is ready. We needed to lay the table, light the candle and eat the food. The room became so unexpectedly cozy in the candle light and delicious smell of food. We ate in silence exploring each other. I don't know what Danas saw in me, but the things I saw in him made me happy. It seemed that this evening cleaned up the meaning of this man and probably his soul. Our tears washed away some big mistakes from the past. Seems that there are no walls standing in between of us prohibiting our souls to flow in one beautiful relationship flow. We were silent, but there was a feeling that an honest dialog is going on between us.

"I am very happy you are here today..." finally said Danas.

"Me too. I am so happy... Not just happy but I am also surprised your ability to cook..."

"When is your plane?" he asked looking at the clock.

"I have to be in the airport tomorrow by two in the afternoon..."

"Great, we have more than twelve hours. I want to look at you, when you will leave your picture will stay in my heart."

We cleaned the table and had the courage to sit on a couch nobody sat on for a long time.

"Don't be afraid. I will sit first," encouraged Danas. He walked up ostentatiously to the couch and sat comfortably. "Come on, will you join? How did you say? We will block bad memories with the good ones."

"You know, Danas..." I was confused a little. "If you think about something intimate... I have to tell you that..."

Danas extended his arm and asked to sit next.

"You do not have to tell, explain, or defend yourself... Just be next to me and if you can – snuggle. This is most intimate thing I would hope..."

I made myself comfortable next to him as close as I could touch his face. I went through his cheek with my finger and shyly said:

"I wanted to say... As much as I would wish to love and to make love, my destiny did not give me that chance; the chance to feel what that means for real... That's why I am afraid of that moment when it can happen for the first time... I am afraid and shy..."

"How about Ahmir? Is that really a "Paper marriage?" murmured Danas.

"That was utmost "paper marriage," I smiled with guilt on my face.

"I knew that... I knew that...Too bad, I do not work as a policeman anymore..." he laughed. Then became serious and asked shyly: "Would you like? Would you like to do that without a marriage?"

"I am even more afraid when you ask like that. I feel that it could happen with you, but please, let it go naturally. If it will happen, that means it meant to happen. If not, just let it go. Do not make me be nervous and wait for that moment. I feel that special closeness and I just want to enjoy my being next to you."

I waited when Danas will touch my lips with his lips. It happened. I got closer to him and let him lead me to this new experience. He was so careful and sensitive. I touched a strong naked man's body with my naked body for the first time in my life. For just a moment, I felt gandharva whispering in my ear:

"Sister, if you will not stop right now, you will see us just with your eyes closed... Until you will come back to us."

“I want to stay with him until I will go home...” I said quietly.  
 “I love him...”

“Why did you say that?” quietly asked Danas.

“What did I say?”

“That you love him...”

“Yes... That is true.”

“What do I have to think now?”

He hugged me and buried his face in my hair.

“You have to think that I love you,” I smiled.

“Why did you say ‘him’?”

“Because I did not say it to you...”

Danas raised his head and smiled:

“Make a decision... Did you say it to me or not to me?”

I hugged his neck and pulled closer.

“I am saying to you now: I love you, Danas...”

“I love you too, Gabriele,” he replied and calmly snuggled.

I feel how this couch absorbs our happiness, how the pain from the past is slowly erasing from the memory. Towards morning, I looked around and couldn't see his angel. I realized that the gandharvas were telling the truth – I stopped seeing these creatures. I got sad a little and happy at the same time, because sometimes it is hard seeing it. I closed my eyes and what a surprise – gandharva was wrong. I do not see the angel with my closed eyes either... Strange. That means I lost that vision completely.

I looked at Danas sleeping next to me. The heart was filled with a warm feeling of love. Just because of that, it was worth to lose that vision. Important, that I can see this man. I remembered a trip. We have about five hours. I felt a heartache. Should I stay? No. Probably after this night, I have to leave even more than before.

“I am not sleeping...” suddenly said Danas with his eyes closed. He smiled. “I am trying to envision your picture as precisely as I can...”

The eyes opened. Blue and very deep eyes were looking straight in to my heart.

“How long ago did you wake up?” I asked.

“You know,” he thought. “It seems that I slept very long time and dreamed... Oksana woke up earlier and tried to wake me up. She told, she told a lot, but I ignored her words. I just did not pay attention. Even teased... I woke up when she died... I think I woke up when I was beating you and try to hang myself... I really woke up then. Since that moment my real life started. A life I know nothing about...”

I had no idea what to say, I simply watched him thinking aloud. Serious and heavenly handsome... After a short pause he continued:

“Yesterday... If someone one year ago would tell me to cut out the rug's bristles and burn them ... I even cannot imagine... I would offer a visit to psychiatrist. Burning it was some kind of magic process, but the real magic happened in our hearts. The real magic happened, when I was able to ask for forgiveness and you honestly forgave me. Now, I think I know how to live... Do you understand? Until that wake up I just pretended that I was living...”

He silenced again and finally smiled:

“How it could happen that you are here with me this moment?”

I kissed him.

“I am wondering by myself too - how it has happened... I never thought about you as my first man...”

“Stay...”

I buried my head in his chest. I could hear his heart beating...

“I can’t stay... Will you wait until I will come back?”

“When will you come back?”

“Does the wait depend on when I will come back?”

“No, I didn’t mean that... Of course, I will wait. I just want to know how long it will take...”

“What if you would have to wait forever?”

“Why do you say that? The minute you will disappear in the airport will become an eternity... It is always harder to stay, than to leave... Agree?”

“Yes. I am sorry for you.”

“So, when will you come back?” he asked again.

“I planned to wait until they will build the building...”

“Oh, God... It could go for a few years... Can I come and visit you just for a short time?”

“I don’t think so. I want to be alone. Do you understand? I will miss you a lot. You are my first man.” I smiled shyly.

“I feel so special because of that. You know, I never had a woman where I was the first man for her. This somehow specially obligates you... I think that virginity law until marriage has its strong foundation. I do not know what woman feels about that but the man... Trust me. I feel so responsible for you...”

“Well, yes. You got me to bleed again... Now you will have to repent and perform penance by helping me...” I laughed in to the pillow.

“I don’t know,” he confused. “Why it is always like that... This is some karma... Are you hurt?”

“Don’t worry; I think I will survive...”

The hours were melting very fast. I desired to see him all the time, to drink his scent, voice, eyes... Unfortunately, the moment came and I had to get out of the car at the airport. It seemed my heart would break because of pain. I even got sick a little...

The whole company was at the airport...

“We couldn’t let you go without saying goodbye...” hugged me Aurelius.

“You have to know how important and how loved you are. Know, we will always think of you,” added Eleonora. Rapolas hugged me and slapped me on a shoulder.

“If suddenly I would need your signature, I hope I will be able to reach you somehow?” asked Nikolas.

“Ahmir promised that there will be no cellphone or internet at the place I will be staying... You can reach through Ahmir it just will take a little longer.”

“I can give you something what works via satellite...” tried to convince me Nikolas, but I didn’t listen to him.

“I don’t want anything. Please. Let me go...”

Tears were coming in to my eyes. It was really hard to leave. Specially to leave Danas... He hugged me and kissed for the last time.

“I will wait for you forever...”

I closed my eyes in his arms and suddenly I felt Danas' angel of light, his power... I understood now, that I will not see all the creatures with closed eyes anymore, but I will feel... I will feel their energy next to me.

"I do not want let you go... I am letting you go because you asked me..." said Danas and let me go.

I turned around and rushed to the passport checkpoint. My eyes were flooded with tears.

## SAGITTARIUS

"Were do we go?" I asked Ahmir at the airport in India.

"To Vrindavan."

"Ahmir, I asked you to find a place with no people, where would be peaceful and I could meditate all the time... Really, you do not have places like that here? In Vrindavan there are many people, foreigners, Krishnan, noise... Where do you see a quietness there?"

"Gabriele, you do not trust me, do you?" smiled Ahmir. "I am local here. I know better what we have and what we don't."

"Don't worry," interrupted Sunita. "Not far from Vrindavan is big Mother Durga's temple. Next to the temple, there is an ashram. An amazing Guru works there, he is hiding from the people as you do. There are no phones there... You will like that place."

That's exactly what it was. A huge statue of Durga shined from far away; a few kilometers. It was busy around the temple – rickshaw, motorcycles, busses, sellers, foreigners, security... Life was very busy here. We turned on to the public road, closed with the heavy metal gates. They let us in and closed the gates. It seemed we just got in to a different

world. There was no noise from the street and the temple. Ashram's building was old and in disrepair.

"This is very old Ashram and that's why the energy is so strong," started to tell Ahmir when we got out of the car. "The energy of great teachers still lives in this place. They lived here, taught people... Today's Guru is their follower. He worked as an eye surgeon in England. Can you imagine? He left everything for his spiritual road."

Sun already was setting down. Its red disk was hanging above far away standing building's steep decorated with Indian tracery. Magic India, not seen by the European tourists who visit just touristy places... Space is somewhat thick, steamy, filled with something unexplainable. I sighed and followed Ahmir who was inviting to come inside.

Behind the first doors, looking like gates, there was inside yard with the almost dead tree in the middle. Everything is decorated in nice Indian pattern; marks of time are left here – broken tiles, peeling walls, dusk... Square yard was divided in four pieces. As I understood, a few ascetic men were living in the left part and a few ascetic women in the right part. The temple was in the center– altar with statues of Krishna and Raja.

"So they are Krishnan, aren't they?" I asked.

"Don't be afraid, they will surprise you," smiled Ahmir. "They will not bother you with their happy singing... Locals here practice raja yoga path. They look for the truth inside themselves. Well, and a little in the news..."

"There is one little problem..." murmured Sunita. "Guru is the only one who speaks English. The other ascetics are very common people, never tasted the western world's lessons."

"You said that they look for the truth in the news. How they can be illiterate?" I wondered.

“Do you think you can find the truth in the western world science?”

“Why not? God is the only and the same everywhere...”

At this time, an elderly woman in white sari came to meet us. She explained ashram’s rules and Ahmir translated it for me. I understood that I would have a separate room. In the morning, everybody comes for the united prayer and meditation. After that, women go to prepare food for the day and men go to do all kind jobs around the ashram. Ashram has a lot of property; they grow vegetables, so sometimes it will be needed to work in the fields. In the afternoon – private time to look for God. Nobody disturbs anybody; nobody talks. At night united prayer again. I have to obey the rules if I want to stay.

I agreed with everything.

“You didn’t change your mind? Are you staying here?” asked Sunita.

“No, no... I am staying,” I replied. “How will I find you if I will need something?”

“I do not know...” Ahmir waived his arms. “If you will want to reach us, tell Guru, he will send us a letter, but it will take time. On the other hand, you can go to Vrindavan. You will find a phone there and call. Just be careful, do not go alone.”

“I got you, it is better not to try to reach you...”

“Don’t be afraid. If you will really need us, we will feel,” smiled Sunita.

When they left, the same elderly woman took me to my room. It was real nun’s cell. Small bed, table, and the closet. A nun was telling something but I didn’t understand what. I will have to learn Hindu...

It was hard to adjust to the new life. Sometimes I even thought I would run away if that would be possible... There was no one to talk to. You forced to work quite hard, even though you do not know these kind of jobs. Especially in the kitchen... They cook absolutely different than we do. Women tried explain to me, but I cannot understand. Of course, because of that I get the most simple but the most boring tasks.

However, during the month I got used to it, I learned a few words, and got used to the new routine. I felt that I adapted.

People were not the ordinary people here. They were individualists comparing with their fellow-countrymen. Usually Indians do not do nothing alone, always in groups, always together. These people loved to be alone. If it were possible to do something alone, they would do it alone. No company, no talks or jokes... It seemed that this is exactly what I was looking for. Even Guru would show up very seldom. He was not looking for the company and the others were not looking for him, though they respected him very much. It seemed for sure, that everybody here goes to God on his own path and nobody argues with that and nobody tries to prove that his or hers truth is the best one.

Living here in silence and peace, I felt that past events started to draw very different meaningful lines. At first, it was magic, that the destiny just in one year threw at me that many different views to the world. I realized that the human being is the perfect God’s organ that sends unique and unrepeatable personal feelings and experiences to united God’s consciousness.

I remembered how Aurelius would suffer because of impureness. He called it negative energy. I could call it naga’s influence. Danas wouldn’t have a name for it, but he would feel it. Everybody would react to negativity very differently... Aurelius would hide, I would be disgusted, Ahmir would look for the civil solution, Danas, with the help of his angel of light, would kill that evil... Different terms, different reactions, but the phenomenon would be the same. Let’s say...

What would be Nagarjun's original perception of the world. Or, let's say Rapolas' and Nikolas', who takes on unreal projects and invests in them humongous amounts of money... And what about Simonas?... How can exist a conscience, which knows the past and the future? Unique.

I felt a meaning in the silence of the habitants of this ashram... There is no reason to share your experience. Nobody can fully understand how you see the situation, and what your feelings are. There is no difference, how you will describe it with words... That what Aurelius would call an inspiration, I would call it gandharva's hugs; some psychiatrist would name it with the real diagnosis... The core of the process does not change with the title. Only people's opinion is changing...

I missed Danas' very much... Especially at nights, when there were no things to do, but to watch a sunset. I would guess what he might be doing, does he remember me... Days and months flew. It seemed that the days will be similar to each other, but that didn't happen. Every morning we would go, celebrate the sun. Even this routine was different every morning. I would never believe that every morning the Sun is different and it rises differently. The same Sun gives you different mood and different feelings...

"You have to understand, that the whole material world including us are made of the same substance. The same material is in yours and mine body," sometime explained local Guru. "The only thing which separates us is the soul. God gave to each of us a piece of his soul. No piece is the same, that's why people are so different. That is why people see things different. Look, my eyes are brown and yours are green... Do you realize, don't you, that even the colors we see differently but call them the same names..."

I remembered a contrary Rapolas' teaching and tried to argue:

"Once one man explained to me absolutely differently. He said, that the material ego forces us to compete with each other and that's why we are so different. He said, that the soul unites us, and we are all equals in front of God, and this is the real unity..."

Guru smiled and after a short pause asked me:

"So, what do you think which Guru lied and which said the truth?"

I thought. Both truths sounded very convincing. I even didn't know which one should I give advantage...

"Do you still believe that you can describe absolute God's truth in words? The real truth makes a man to be a mute. The truth is bigger than words or ideas are. Of course, the human problems shouldn't bother you..."

"Why?" I wondered.

"People think and look for answers because they need to choose the way to proceed. As you, Christians would say – to heaven or to hell... You. You did your choice and became apsara... This time you came on the Earth not because of your searches."

"Then why can't I stop searching? Why do I think and think, and search and search?"

"Why does caterpillar eat and eat? Why it cannot stop? Because that is its nature. The same is a human being. Humans' nature is to search. Because you are in the human body, that is why you are doing it. Do not think that the mind is the piece of you. It is just a tool. The same as caterpillar's mouth to eat as much as possible. The mind is spinning; the thoughts never stop. This time the mind doesn't influent your behavior. The task you have to fulfill is more than the mind that is trying to give you pluses or minuses. Apsara works on her task without

listening to the mind. Mind just speaks... As the radio which never shuts off..."

"What do I have to do? It would be easier if I would know?"

"You already are doing everything. Do not worry. Apsaras' task is to love and share the joy. You are doing exactly that. Apsaras' love destroys the anger, aggression, and sadness."

I remembered Danas. I think he is not happy right now; leaving him, I forced him to suffer in pain.

"The longer man suffer longing, the bigger joy and happiness will fill him," said Guru as if he would hear my thoughts.

It is hard to regard seasons in India. Of course, winter is unpleasant. Temperature will fall to eight degrees. We would start a central heating, but there are no heating systems at all here... You have to suffer through the cold on your own. It is good that the winter is short, weather gets warmer fast. I spent at least two of these winters here. I got used and it seemed I would stay here forever. I became one of them. Nobody looked for me. Ahmir visited me, perhaps, four times during all my stay here. He told that everything is going great, more students, more money. He even doesn't need a marriage anymore. He gets business invitations from foreign countries, so he is ready to break the marriage. It didn't seem important to me. While I am here it doesn't matter am I married or no. I said that we could fix all the formalities some time when I will come back to Lithuania. If I will come back. Here in India I thought, I did what I came for in to this world. It seemed that I could wait just for the last breath.

Ahmir showed the pictures from Rapolas. Constructions were going fast. I saw Danas in some of the pictures. I was happy, that he was smiling and looked happy. The longing got in to my heart. Danas could find the other woman during these few years. It could be true, that he is not waiting for me anymore. In that case, I would stay here for the rest

of my life. I would live here absorbed in thoughts and would wait until end would come and I would go back in to the natural apsaras' state.

"You know, everybody who lives in this ashram does some kind of mission. You should do too," the local Guru offered to me.

"Mission?" I wondered.

"Maybe you would like to take care of the tree in the yard? It is dying for some reason... Maybe because it is alone or maybe because it doesn't get enough water..."

I agreed to take on this task. Taking care of the tree became a chain connecting my days in to one line. Good idea to have a mission. It gives a meaning to the chaos of life... I would do something for the tree every day. I would cut dry branches, water, hoe and fertilize the soil, decorate with ribbons, and sing mantras; later I started to decorate the area – changed broken tiles, demanded money for the paint and painted the wooden decorations first and the walls later. I saw that my mission brings joy to all ashram's habitants. They started to come here more often to sit and meditate... My tree recovered, grew new branches, and started to grow buds for the flowers. My heart was happy. I think everybody's heart was happy. I would sit next to the tree and would look around trying to find something I could change. What else does my tree not like?

The one thought scared me: what if the tree will grow above the ashram's roof, then I will have to change a much bigger area. It would need to reconstruct ashram; that would be not easy to do and it would need more efforts and more money. Therefore, I was happy just with smaller results for a while.

## CAPRICORN

Once I was sitting next to the tree and meditating. I felt that moment, that gandharvas and apsaras are walking in the courtyard and humming their beautiful songs. Suddenly, I felt a new energy, which was very familiar with its determination and power. Really, is that Danas' angel of light visiting me? Why he is here? Why did he leave Danas alone? With my closed eyes, I felt his being here so clear. Longing forced me to sigh deeply.

Suddenly I felt that the gates opened. Somebody came in. Who could come here in that heat? I raised my head and opened my eyes. Ahmir, Danas and Sunita were standing here. Is that a hallucination?

Danas was going towards me with open arms, his eyes, and lips smiling. I could not resist my joy and jumped in to his arms. Hugged him very strongly. I felt that his heart is pounding of joy too.

"Gabriele, do not get mad at me, but I cannot wait any longer. Even if you ask, I will not leave you. If you will not go back with me home, I will stay here. It is stupid not to be together when we can be together," he blurted out quickly.

We let each other out of the arms. I looked at him. The same kind of long curly hair, the same blue eyes, and strong but soft lips. White linen Indian clothes. Probably he bought it here because it is so hot you can't stand it.

"You are so tanned..." laughed Danas. "And so white..."

"Women in this ashram wear that kind of clothes..."

We looked at each other so happily. No need of words. It was so good.

"Well, Gabriele," addressed Ahmir. "Construction officially is over. Would you like to come back and look at your Death Valley?"

"Is there anything left to look at?" I asked.

"You will see..." enthusiastically said Danas. "Will you go back with me?"

Very good feeling was inside my heart. I didn't want to lose that feeling again. This feeling comes when Danas is next to me. He was right saying, "It is stupid not to feel pleasure when you can feel it..."

"I will go with you..." I replied.

We spent a few more days in India. I showed Danas how I lived here these past years, what I did. Of course, the tree story was the most exciting.

"You know you are so beautiful, don't you? You transformed this place in to heaven... As you did my life. Once you met my anger with love it transformed to a beautiful and great love."

Danas brought me in to his house. It was shining in the green of summer. On the beam, which reminded a scaffold earlier, a big nice flower was hanging now. I feel that there is no more nagas here, just a pleasant clear energy.

"You know what, guess where did I sleep all these years?" asked Danas.

"I would guess that on a couch in the living room?" I smiled.

"For long time I smelled your scent, it seemed you are here next to me..."

We went to my house the next day. I even gasped when I saw the changes. Huge territory of my property was bordered with wooden or with bush fence. Renovated house looked like a candy. Yard tiled with the bricks, rich grass, and the flowers. In the distance, where the Death Valley is, was a huge quite modern white building. The whole company met Danas and me in the yard. By the way, there was a nice unseen girl next to Aurelius. Probably he found a girlfriend. Eleonora



was the first one to give me a hug. Rapolas shook my hand as usually, then hugged me and slapped on a shoulder.

“Welcome back.”

Nikolas introduced his wife Sofia. She was Indian looking woman I never saw before.

“Gabriele,” finally Aurelius came up. “I am so happy to see you... You changed. You have a tan... And you are somehow so white...”

“My light hair became lighter because of Indian sun, that’s why it looks like this...” I murmured. “How is your music?”

“This is my new music and life partner Uma. With her together we write that heavenly music which you will hear very soon.”

“Really? When I will have that pleasure?”

“Very soon, my dear, very soon...”

“Shall we go now? Simonas and Daiva are waiting...” offered Rapolas.

I forgot Daiva and Leonas. They belong to secret sect. Simonas belongs too. Probably, they are getting ready to start their practice in a new building. Perhaps, they are already doing it. At this very moment, when Danas is holding my hand in his hand and I feel him next to me with all my entity, the destiny of the Death Valley did not seem very important. I felt happy and calm. I feel that I reached the stage of evolution when nobody can knock me off the feet, and when nothing is all that essence...

The entrance to the building was through big arch decorated with Indian marble. It looked very Indian.

“This is Ahmir’s idea...” explained Rapolas. “We mostly used an Indian marble to decorate the building. It has some kind of freshness and sacredness, doesn’t?”

Really, you can feel uplifting area inside.

“There are corridors on both sides. Pilgrims’ rooms and the other premises you will see later. Here is the main entrance to the temple hall,” continued Nikolas.

The hall was big and high. Perfectly rounded. The balconies were in the recesses on the walls. In some of them, you can see video and audio equipment.

“Finally, here you are...” we heard Simonas’ voice from behind. “We were waiting for you.”

“Great. I want to show everything to Gabriele,” said Nikolas. “Possibilities are not bad here. Let’s go. The lighting system is perfect. You can see the sky through the clear dome. Even at night. The hall is lighted at night but you still can see the starry sky. State of the art technologies. You can evaluate the quality of sound very soon. The labyrinth is not touched; you can see it through the glass floor. Let’s go.”

The labyrinth was brought out with the lines of rocks, which was easy to see through the glass floor. The floor raised off the ground. Nikolas said that they needed space for the energy transformers that is why they had to raise everything.

“Did you try the space for the ritual? Does the Death Valley still have its energy?” I asked.

“The first ritual has to move the wheel of this building’s energy. Because this is your Death Valley, you have to do the first step...” explained Leonas.

“Me?” I wondered. “You invested a lot and you still do not know if the energy still works?”

“We didn’t try on purpose,” said Simonas. “See, we came to the center and we do not feel anything special. If we would go along the labyrinth lines during the ritual the energy should come on.”

“Then let’s do a ritual and we will see what is left of my Death Valley.”

“The core of the ritual is its meaningfulness. To do something – it is a game,” smiled Simonas. “When the time for real ritual will come you will perform it. Don’t be afraid. Everything will be all right. The people and the Gods didn’t work here without a purpose...”

It felt we got out of the spaceship not knowing how to start it and how to fly, when we came out of the building. Here is this big and expensive thing absolutely useless...

“Stop worrying,” comforted me Eleonora. “Everything will be okay. I know it.”

The rest of the day, we spent very nicely. There is a pool near my house, so we swam, ate very celebratory dinner, and then listened to Aurelius’ and Uma’s concert which amazed us.

“This music will sound in the big hall during the rituals and practices. Can you imagine how it will sound there?” Aurelius was excited. I saw that he still has this mischievous grin on his face that means the gandharvas are still visiting him.

After it got dark, the group dispensed. Some went to sleep and some were walking in the nice lighted garden.

“Do you want to see how the hall looks at night?” asked Aurelius. “You know, it is very beautiful.”

We decided to go see it. Aurelius and Uma even promised to play something there. Danas encouraged going too. He said he didn’t

see the hall in the night yet. Actually, you could change the lighting inside from very bright to the dusk; you could even choose the shade, but you always could still see the starry sky. The possibilities of the state of the art technologies...

Aurelius and Uma went upstairs to the balcony, where the music equipment is. They started to scratch there, turn on the speakers, and get ready to perform. Danas hugged me at this moment.

“I am so happy you’re back... Would you let me to perform one ritual?”

“Ritual?” I wondered.

“Something similar to the burning bristles from the rug... Remember?”

I laughed.

“Here? Well. What kind of ritual?”

“You will see. Let’s go.”

He took my hand and walked to the center of the labyrinth. Aurelius started to play something at this moment, but I understood that he is trying to adjust the instruments... Danas walked up to the entrance to the labyrinth and said while still holding my hand:

“Follow me...”

We walked in the labyrinth together. I felt that energy started to work. Aurelius turned on the music and the music sounded exactly I heard gandharvas playing it. I couldn’t believe it. Every step was becoming stronger and stronger. The energy seemed controlled and so clean. No heaviness that I would feel before. Right here, it seemed that the body is becoming weightless and it will start to glide in the air. Danas was taking me deeper in to the labyrinth. And here we are in front of the center.

“Will you go in to the center with me?” asked Danas.

“You know it might be dangerous... The odds are not on our side... Will we be able to get out?” I doubted.

“If I would go there, would you go with me?”

I looked in to his eyes. They were smiling and shining with peace. It seemed now that I can absolutely trust him; even if we would die there, we would die in blessings and we would be happy.

“I would,” I replied shortly.

He kissed me softly, turned back to the center, squeezed stronger my hand, and we stepped through the line.

The feeling was unreal. All the worlds with the creatures in it came out of the space. It seemed, we are in the center of the universe where from comes the life and everything comes back in to the spiritual world... Two flows equally were spinning around each other. Coming up from the core of the Earth and coming down from the space. Ecstasy overran us. The reality overflowed its edges and it seemed that the whole hall is filled with God’s blessings and bright light. The sounds of the music mixed with the colorful flow of energy.

Danas hugged me and, it seemed to me, that we let out our roots down to the core of the Earth as if we would be a tree, and sucked the heat of its lava. The branches of our tree spread through the whole universe and held every single star on its branches. The stars fed the tree with its fresh breeze.

I felt that Danas is my soldier, who sacrificed his anger to the light and was paid for it with my as apsaras’ love. Now we will enjoy the love and the heavenly petting until God will destroy the universe. The tree of life is connecting all the worlds to live in unity and love. I feel that there is space for all the creatures: for hissing nagas, for angels spreading the light, for people, and for Gods...

We will never get old, and we never will die. Our bodies will transform in to the wave of energy, which will spin this wheel and will feed the labyrinth. Everybody who will participate in this dance will feel God’s being and will see the spiritual world. The road will be clear, all the answers will be here, and the truth will suppress the soul’s thirst. We are becoming an angel that will feed the nation, called the New Nation. Here is the home for us forever – to be in love, in ecstasy and in permanence. The Death Valley in us, and because of us, matured and will live forever as the road and the source to connect everybody with everybody.

That is how live people are taken to heaven. That is how you surmount substance and subsistence. That is how the Gods are born.

## AQUARIUS

P.S.

Love or hate it, but that’s how the foundation for the era of Aquarius was getting prepared. With the beginning of new spiritual forms, the old religions disappeared, because there was no need any more for the rituals and the caste of priests. Everybody could communicate to God by one to one. People would come to places where gandharvas’ music and illusions would take them to a different state of consciousness. The teachers and Guru disappeared, because all that was from the era of Fish. There was no need in meanders, who knew the truth, because everybody knew the truth. There was no need to proclaim the truth. The people of the world stepped in to cell of universe consciousness where every individual does the best he can do. There was no need to compete and to fight...

For the first time the new spiritual form was not brought by people. It was a higher consciousness, which dematerialized to prepare

the soil for the New Nation. The new Homo unicultor emerged next to the Homo sapiens.

..... The new suitable matrix has to be prepared for the possibility for people with higher consciousness to be born. Bacteria can live even in the space, because it is so primitive and it does not need much. The more distinctive is the creature, the more complex environment it needs. .... *L.B.*

..... The crows feel the spring soonest. They are getting in to crowds, no matter, that the smaller birds do not feel yet the sun coming back. .... *Danas.*

..... We will go home and leave the world to the New Nation, when we will gather all kindred souls together. .... *Eleonora*

..... In octave, every sound becomes a master, when it sounds at the right moment. .... *Aurelius.*

..... This book would not be born without me. Nobody even asked me, do I want to become his inspiration, and until now, I do not know that I was the inspiration to write what was written. .... *S.B.*

..... I am non-material creature, which was allowed to materialize in this book and in the minds of people, who read the book. I am the creature, it would be wrong to say, that I do not exist, because every reader saw me in his inner world. I am non-material, but I force to create unseen illusions, when I get in to someone's mind. Now I am going back to the place from which Loreta took me – in to the spiritual world. I fulfilled my task. .... *Gabriele*

