

Inter *Self* tion

and they work together

Zsa Zsa Tudos

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**To all....**

## **First book**

(Calls from the 5<sup>th</sup> dimension)

## **Prologue**

Despite of the killing-machine chem-trails and electronic smog we produce in order to keep humanity in dark ignorance, it is becoming fashionable to believe in multidimensional living. The fast and high frequency energies coming from the macrocosm trigger the penial gland. This action clears the bridge between the conscious and the subconscious, and let the memory of wholeness flow in. The long oppressed sexuality is also gaining new meanings as the strongest base for emotions, the motions of existence. As far as I am concerned everything is sex, for everything carries the essence of life, creation and evolution.

This series of books provides an understanding of interrelations within The Matrix, lessons of as above so below, and looks upon sex as a wonderful, shameless channel of feelings. Enjoy!



## 1.

There was a quiet beep on the tracker. Hades took note of it while continued to look at the events on the monitors in front of him. The excitement blended with anxiety mirrored the happenings on his face. "Good, good, good", murmured to himself "I like this. Lucky I didn't go there today. They managed very well without me." He turned off the monitors and plunged into an armchair. "Let me relax here a bit before I make an inventory. I need to know the losses and the gains."

Suddenly he remembered the beep. The importance of the signal couldn't be doubted for a moment. Only one creature was trained to use his personal alarm and he would not dare to use it in vain.

„Let's see what's so urgent", whispered and pressed the knob firmly.

„Sir, your student has arrived."

„What student, I don't remember having one."

„The one your sister sent."

„Oh, really, I hoped she was only kidding."

„Well, as far as I can see the soul-creature is real or a mighty good hologram."

„Okay, I am on my way. Try to entertain it, please. Does it show a preferred gender?“

„Nothing particular. It may take a minute or two to figure it out for certain.“

„Never mind, just do it. I hate the game they play.“ He replied and he was on his way.

„So, my sister wasn't joking. She must have something boiling on the stove sending me a highly trained and faithful disciple to teach. Did she forget that I am the Enemy? I think she wants something. What it might be? I don't remember being in a territorial fight with her. We usually don't fight over space, unlike the rest of the family. They often get into major quarrel over minor matters. Minor for me I might say. Only stick together when the war is against me. I am the Common Enemy that keeps the family together. Looking at it from this angle I am the glue in the Universe.“

He found his discovery very amusing. Like most members of his family he treasured the feeling of being important. His thoughts returned to his favourite sister.

„How is she down on Keta?“ he wondered. „Must be very lonely there. Things she had to go through because



of my stupidity. Darling beautiful! I must pay her a visit one of these days."

With these words in his mind he arrived to the office building. Looking into the copper triangle monitor noticed that the visitor was around two and a half meters tall, very slim and dark haired creature.

"By gender it originated from the male camp. His energy level is quite low and his polarity is totally messed up. Coming from Keta it is almost understandable. He is from the third generation and – heavens - my grandson!" assessed Hades the newcomer.

He did not know how to take this news.

"I hope Hera didn't give his second number away. No, she wouldn't. We spent few thousand stormy lives together here and there...They make up my best memories."

The love for his sister made him soft and smiling. However, he realized that she outsmarted him again. To send his own grandson, who is in Mekai's army and ask him - the enemy - to further his education, is not only extremely shrewd but also very cruel.

"Well, existence is not easy. Not even for us, gods", he murmured.

Reaching the office he stopped at the door and listened. "Why you?" questioned the stranger the Chief News Collector in **Maravi** language.

The visitor did not reply straight away.

"My newly found grandson is not familiar with the dialect yet", crossed Hades' mind.

"I don't really know", replied the newcomer.

"Well, then again, he encoded it quite nicely" smiled the god proudly.

"My Master thought that I was ready to face the Evil God", continued the guest.

"Evil god, that's what she said? It sounds awful and totally untrue", added the collector.

"Oh no, not at all. She never says that. Always tries to make him look better and nicer! But we don't believe those amazing stories about the wonderful brother and the helpful alliance. Never really understand the reasons behind her praises."

"That is what they think of me? Interesting. I wonder why?" mused Hades and started walking towards his living quarters.

## 2.

Lesley was sitting in his office. He liked this place. It was in the basement of his substantial house. Few years back, when he was made redundant, they converted the garage.

Today he didn't come here to work. The New Moon was strong and the widely opened star gate offered an excellent possibility for packing the unwanted problems and headaches for sending them into the universal rubbish collector at the end of the corridor. Fortunately he and his family didn't have much to be troubled by however, Lesley had never missed the opportunity to work on the improvement of his physical eyesight that caused him some discomfort. He was a highly intelligent man and understood the cul de sacs of earthly existence. He had never forced changes, only welcomed them, and diligently worked on the given tasks.

His faithful guides stood behind him waiting for his questions. The heavy air around suggested the presence of strong but strange energies.

Suddenly there was a scratch on the double glazed window. Lesley turned towards the sound. He could not

see anything, however, his highly trained senses reassured him, that a group of slow energies entered his office. He was not surprised at the least. Put on his animal shaman robe, got his sword and shield, cleansed his pendulum and waited for the visitors to enter into conversation.

His pendulum was swinging wildly while he felt a strong hold on the left shoulder. The hold was followed by a voice.

"We want you to organize souls for us", uttered the hand's owner. "My master understands our position."

Lesley looked at his pendulum while posing the question.

"Who is your master?"

"He is the great Ceatan, the master robot and the robot master", replied the voice.

"What is to be done now", murmured Lesley seemingly to himself, however, very much hoping that his guides were standing by with a reply and ready to get into action if and when necessary.

"I suppose I need to call Hera, Zeus and probably Hades too. After all Ceatan is the number one creation and officer of the latter."

"Why don't you approach your great master Hades with this request?" Lesley startled the speaker with the thought.

"Well, my master wants to take over from Hades and work together with the others to help humanity and Earth", was the quick reply.

"Really, and what is your role in this uprising?" was Lesley's forward question.

"You are very curious. Don't forget that I only came to you because there is no way of getting near to your master. I am hoping that you would put this request to her", kept his cool the visitor.

"I see, you want me to talk to Zeta, in your behalf."

"Well, Zeta or Hera, whatever you want to call her. We understand that she is one of those on Earth who deal with these matters", was the continuation.

Lesley looked around. Although he could not see anyone, was very happy to notice the energies of his guides beside him. Wearing the shaman robe of a Great Bear, the sword, the ring and the belt with all the things in it, gave great presence to the warrior.

"And what if I don't do it?" asked Lesley while tried to figure out if the visitor was a machine or an astral body.

"I doubt that you would dear", approached him the energy mass with an arrogant push.

The overwhelming power assured Les, that the visitor is an astral body, meaning that his physical body is on the planet.

"My physical body knows you very much down here and has some power. I can make your life miserable."

Les smiled in amazement and fright. "So, what is your name down here?" he asked the robot.

"You must be joking", he said aloof. "I only tell you that my name is **Anir** here and there and I am very important", added the visitor.

"All right, let me think about your proposal", said Lesley.

"I don't have word in it, you know. Anyway, I tell my master."

"Good, good, good", was the reply. "I leave you to it" added the robot and left.

After Anir's departure Les looked into the big mirror on the wall. He saw himself in his beautiful and majestic bear shaman robe, the belt on his waist with the pockets full of goodies. He saw the sword with its exquisite handle. The picture in the mirror pleased him.

When he moved his eyes a bit above his mirrored head, he noticed a light bluish patch.

"I think my eyes are playing tricks on me", he thought.

"It is something I cannot improve, unfortunately. I worked so much on them and everybody helped", added with a deep sigh and moved to the right. The patch in the mirror did not move. Les looked at it mesmerized. Then turned around. There was nobody there. Nobody to see and nothing to sense. He posed for a moment and brought his sight back to the mirror. The patch was still there as if in waiting to communicate.

"Who are you", Les enquired. The patch came nearer.

"I thought you would never ask", started the communication from behind.

The voice suggested it to come from a male. The language he used was neither Hungarian nor resembled any other that Les happened to recognize. However, he understood every sound of it.

"This is strange but very satisfying", he murmured proudly to himself. A pat on the shoulder woke him from the self-indulging dream. His wife Christie was standing behind and looking at him strangely.

"Come on Les, what is going on? You are admiring yourself in the mirror! Is everything all right?"

Les seemed very puzzled.

"I had the feeling that somebody was in the mirror or behind me", he uttered and turned towards the mirror slowly.

The bluish patch was still there.

"Do you see, there it is! Can you see?"

Christie fixed her sight on the mirror scrutinizing.

"I don't know, really. There might be something", she added.

"I tell you what. Close your eyes and listen. He will speak to you."

Christie closed her eyes very slowly while grabbed her husband's hand.

"Do you hear now? It is a manly voice assuring to help us in our work. I think it is great! We must thank him and tell Zeta all about it!"



### 3.

Hades, the prodigal son, stepped into his office. There was no sign of the hard authority on his face. He looked at his CNC with a secret smile in the corner of his mouth, while assessed the visitor. One could never be careful enough, nowadays. Too many robots are around. The real danger came from the highly sophisticated "human machines" created and coded by the god himself. "The whole world is upside down", sighed Hades. "So let's see the truth", murmured as he closed the door behind him.

"Peace", greeted the stranger while took its essential particulars. The result put a broad smile on his face.

"Well, he is an earthling after all", finished the examination Hades.

"Peace and happiness" was the reply. "I am honoured to be here", continued the visitor. "My name is Nagy Zoltan", offered his hand to his host. "Out of Earth I am known as Mabek."

"Nagy, Nagy... do not tell me, I think you are from one of those Arabic countries, where they still use the remnants of the ancient Ketean language. Or you could

be from Magyarország, where against all odds, many words are spoken from the first earthy way of communication." "Excellent, I am from Magyarország, or Hungary, as it is called by the English speaking population. I am sure you know that my master has a base there."

"I should have figured", added the host. "You gave your family name first and your other name, Zoltan, is the Latin version of Sultan. You Magyars are very funny thinking that it is a true Magyar name."

His words brought amazement on Zoltan's face.

"What do you mean, it is not?"

"Forget it for now. One day I might tell you all about it", closed the subject Hades.

"Anyway, how do you know that I am who you think I am?" turned Hades towards the visitor intriguingly.

"I did my work of checking" he replied with a great deal of pride.

"What did you check?"

"Among others I looked at your soul number. It is definitely 16."

"How do you know?"

"My guide was telling me."

"What if he or she was lying or it wasn't your guide, or I play a trick on you and I am here to destroy you."

"Zeta would not let it happen."

"You have deep trust in your master. It is good."

"Yes, I do. Well, most of the time. Sometimes I think I do not need her anymore."

"He is a man after all. Trying to stand on his feet without help from a woman", crossed Hades' mind.

"So, how do you feel now, here, without her?"

"Frightened. And excited."

"All right, I think you ought to have some rest before we start working on your education" suggested the god.

"**Mahin** will see you to your quarters."

#### 4.

Zeta looked at the clock next to her bed. It showed 7 o'clock in the morning.

"I need to get up really" she was saying it to herself.

"My first patient comes at 9.00 and I have to get ready for him. After that, I have a quick lunch if I can and go to court. Today is my divorce. I think it will be granted.

It would be good to end this agonizing story.” She closed her eyes in pain.

Turned away from the light and tried to relax a bit longer. While she was there, lying in bed, covered with the warm, thick duvet, she took a last look at her very short and eventful marriage.

“Here we are, two weeks before the third anniversary and it all goes down the drain”, went through her mind. So much has changed during these three years. She gave up her work in London, moved to Budapest and started to build a new life.

“Was it worth it?” she pondered.

She realized that she couldn’t put off the stock taking. Perhaps the pain weakens by the time.

“Yes, today is the day”, she said and took the usual motion of jumping out of bed.

Suddenly, there was a firm grip on her shoulders that forced her to stay put. The touch made her shiver. At first she could not see the energy, only smelled it. A deep, sweet, masculine, forceful and sensational fragrance filled her nostrils, carried the promise of an overwhelmingly satisfying sexual intercourse.

"Oh, Sweet Creator, aahh, I need to get up. Really, ahmmmm."

A wet, warm and soft sucking took over her left toe that spread on, taking the right toe first and finally covered the feet under the duvet. Zeta focused and let the familiar face taking shape in front of her eyes. The dark, bushy hair, strong straight nose, lusher, dark red lips, fiery black eyes and this absolutely perfect, beautiful body with its strong curves and moving muscles brought a grateful smile on her face. Closed her eyes in comfort and enjoyed the currents pulsing through her body.

"My darling brother, you never let me down. Do you love me?"

"Very much, sweetest and enjoy your body even more", replied the man.

"You are only saying it because you feel ashamed for the behaviour of your earthly soul. Why didn't you teach him, why didn't you help him to remember? He is so lost!" continued the woman.

"Hush Hera, hush..." he said and pressed his warm lips firmly on hers. His tongue started its way, gently opened the teeth and disappeared in the mouth. She

lifted her arms and tried to caress him. The hands were slowly coming up on the firm back and dancingly lost themselves in the hair-jungle. The lips opened, giving full access to the sucking and licking tongue.

They seemed to forget Earth and all its pain. The mouth released the tongue and allowed it to make its way down on her body.

"I should have taken a shower with a softening lotion and put some perfume on", ran through Zeta-Hera's mind.

The man noticed the apprehensive tightness in her muscles.

"Let it be my sister, you are Hera now. You do not need lotions and showers. You can change your body and be anything you want. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Hades, my darling brother, I understand", replied the woman and with a curving motion helped the tongue to reach her nipples.

The gentle and wet sucking made heavenly sounds while a big warm hand travelled through the stomach and landed on the navel. The tongue followed it shortly, licking its way deeply into Hera's soul. The woman cried out.

"How very interesting", she thought. "My husband would do it very similarly. It is something he seems to remember knowing."

Hades noticed her wondering thoughts.

"Look, what you have done to me, sweetest", he said leaving the navel and showing his café au lait coloured extremely sizeable erected penis. "It is all yours. Any way you want it."

The woman sat up and slipped closer to the inviting masterpiece. "Let me kiss it, my love", she said and leaned over it.

Her long red hair fell on the soft and sensitive skin. Let her warm breath comfort the penis while she enjoyed inhaling its sensual fragrance.

"Where is your beautiful tongue that I enjoy so?" pleaded the man in desperate waiting. "Let me have it, please. My cock dies without it. Do not make him suffer any longer, my darling."

Hera smiled and opened her mouth. The tongue reached out but instead of landing on the longing cock, started to caress the sensitive skin behind the balls. The sharp and forceful motion fastened and developed into slow sucking. With one hand she made her way to the

anus and caressed softly around it, playing with the hair cheekily. Her other hand found the penis. The head was slippery wet with desire. She put a firm grip on it with her fingers and slowly pulled the skin back. Hades gave out a loud cry, grabbed her head by the hair and pushed it towards his penis.

"Come on you bitch, suck my dick", yelled and forced his manhood into Hera's mouth.

First she fought with him a bit longer but the hard and wet penis finally disappeared in the abyss of her mouth.

"Oh, you fucking whore, you know how to play with a man! You are the best, you bitch! Come on, make me happy", he moaned.

A shiver ran through Hera's spine; the shiver of joy, of happiness and ecstasy. She slipped under the man between his open legs. The hard cock popped out of her mouth and ended rubbing itself to her face, making it all slippery wet. The man moved down to make space to his tongue in her mouth.

"You darling, you. My little whore, my angel, let me enjoy your tongue in my mouth", he whispered.

While their tongues made passionate love to each other, Hades moved his right hand down to find the sweetest



womanhood in the Universe. The fingers played down on the shaven mons pubis and reach the labia. She was soft, chubby and full of sex, waiting to be taken. With his big hand, the man went down between the legs, gently taking them apart. Hera gave him way. The stroke got more and more passionate until the fingers opened the labia and found the juicy lips. He played with them for a while to make them even harder and gently merge his pointing finger in the vagina. Down, down and up and down again. The movement made loud squelching noise and released extraordinarily sensual fragrances. The man pulled his finger out, brought it up to his nostrils and took a deep breath. After, with an intoxicated smile on his face the finger disappeared between his lips.

"You are so tasty", smiled Hades and pressed his lips on hers.

"Only with you. I feel so much a woman with you" whispered Hera. "Fuck me my great bull, fuck me hard", and continued sucking his tongue.

"You want my cock? Are you dying for my big cock, you whore? Don't worry I will fuck you hard and forever. I

will fuck you apart but first I say hello to your gorgeous, juicy pussy, all right?"

Hades got up from the bed, stepped to the end of it and pulled Hera down with her feet reaching the floor. The kisses started up on the knees and continued on the inner side of the thighs giving green light to everything that would follow. The tongue reached the end of the thighs and pushed the legs further apart. His hands opened the labia, lifted his head and looked at it.

"It is so beautiful", he observed. "The great valley of life with a running river."

"Jump into it my love", she whispered in agony.

"Not yet", lowered his face the man. "I want to taste your clitoris first."

His tongue opened the lips and caressed them softly. Then found the hugely grown sensual clitoris. His lips closed up on it and his tongue started the sucking motion. Hera's hips moved, followed by the body's swaying rhythm. The muscles in her vagina moved. Hades noticed, that the thin stream of greyish white sperm was getting faster and thicker. He thrust out his tongue and licked up the liquid and suddenly pushed it deeply into the vagina. Hera moaned in ecstasy.

Opened her legs wider to make access for the man and continued swinging and swaying. She felt the butterfly getting nearer to the vagina.

"God, I am going to come", she whispered. "Fuck me with your tongue, lick me dry, I love you. I am coming, I am coming, lick me out." The tongue and the vagina got into a frenetic dance until the sperm stopped pouring and softened the swaying movement.

"Oh, yes, you are mine, totally mine. You are my woman", whispered Hades into her ear. "I will fuck you now, fuck you hard, you bitch." Kneeled up, wide opened the legs in front of him and slowly pushed his penis into the dark and bottomless abyss. Hera closed her eyes and let her body follow the rhythm of love.

Zeta turned.

„Sweet God, I need to get up“, she yelled and hopped out of bed. "I had a very interesting dream", she remembered. "It was the best sex of my life!"

She opened the duvet, like she usually does every morning. A deep, sweet, forceful, masculine and sensational fragrance hit her nostrils. "I must be dreaming still", she wondered and pinched herself.

"Ouch! No, it has really happened" she said and brought the duvet up to her face.

## 5.

Zoltan, alias **Mabek** from the third generation, the grandson of Hades, said his thanks and the appropriate greetings, as he learned and started the seemingly short walk towards his living quarters. Mahin was called away urgently so he only had time to point to the direction Mabek needed to follow. He could see the place nice and calm, sort of inviting and waiting for him. As he put one leg after another his mind produced many confusing thoughts.

"He looks harmless, this Hades, I don't know why people are so frightened of him. Well, he plays tricks. That is natural. He has authority and air however there is mischief in his eyes. As if he is playing a game with everything and everybody. I think we are going to have good times together. I still do not exactly know why I am the one chosen to come and learn from the Big Master. I must be very good to deserve this trust. Yes,

I think I am very good, otherwise my master wouldn't have sent me. Probably I am the best of all her students", gazed into the distance with steamy eyes.

While he was getting more and more proud of himself and his ego got bigger and bigger, he felt a healthy tiredness in his feet.

"I cannot be tired from this short walk. The atmosphere feels all right, I can use my own newly found physical body perfectly and I am in good shape. Anyway, I am about to reach my quarters."

As he was taken away from his favourite thoughts of feeling important, he looked up to summarize the situation. The road in front of him still had some length, actually looked very similar to the one he started to walk. Strange feeling ran through his stomach. His self-importance disappeared, shivered and looked behind. Hades' headquarters faded out of view. Slowly turned, however there was nothing around whatsoever.

"I lost my concentration, I think. No, I cannot afford to do that. Let's see what is going on."

While he was murmuring these words to himself he took his copper triangle out of his belt and started to work

on it. Managed to set to the local frequency and focused the monitor.

"Oh, no! I am getting further away from Hades and also from the building that was appointed to be my quarters on my stay here! How does it happen? What's to be done? I ask Him to help me", he thought and put his fingers on the edge of the triangle. "Well, I cannot do that. I am not a little baby and I know few things. Might not everything, but then again, enough, I think. Right, let me concentrate. What would Hera do in my place? I don't know, however, I can ask her. She said that we could call her anytime if we were in need. Should I? I am sure she would not mind." As he formed those questions, the answers started to flow in. He gave a sigh of great relief. Following his master's instructions he checked, if his destination, the building he saw when he started his walk was real or a hologram. It was for real. After, he had to assess the energy coordination of that building.

"I think it cannot be done by ordinary measures. Let's see what do I have in my belt?"

Listening to his guides, he grabbed the pyramid he brought from Saturn and kept in one of the small

pouches on his belt ready to use when time arises. Pointed it to the destination and allowed the very fine energy beam to travel. The flow-less thread, that did show no changes in frequency, suddenly stopped on its way. The resentment came from a wall of a star gateway. Zoltan opened his eyes in amazement and stood petrified in front of this miraculous creation of the God force. Then he pulled himself together and searched for the right move in his brain-computer.

"There it is. I need to change dimensions. Oh God, as if it was that easy!"

Dimension changing has always fascinated and frightened him at the same time. Carefully learned the adaptation of the move, making certain that his ego stayed out of the way and now here is the opportunity to put the information into practice.

He didn't want to think, just to do it. Felt the great power of his guides and helpers behind his motions. By the time he finished the last part of the exercise, tiredness came over his physical body. He searched for something to hang onto...

Some time must have passed by. He noticed that the light changed. Could not see the source or feel the

importance of finding it. The main concern in his mind was to reach his quarters as soon as possible. This is what he has to do. Hang onto the aim. Nothing else matters.

Struggling with the break of concentration he realized, that he was connected to the ground by the back, although there was no pulling power of a solid energy there. He tried to lift the legs. The order was formed in the brain-computer, however, the legs stayed heavily on the ground. "What about the arms?" he thought. Put all his strength into the routine motion but it did not change the situation.

"What am I to do?" he asked desperately anyone listening. "Calm down, just calm down. I need to calm down. Why am I panicking? Panic is the result of fear. Fear is the result of lacking experience. Since you do not have the experience you don't know what are frightened of. Therefore fear is an illusion. But how can you be frightened of something you do not know? That is stupid, totally stupid. Not to mention, it is not the right time for panicking. Is there a right time for this unnecessary self-indulgence? I cannot fail my master and above all, I cannot fail myself!" he added aloud.



With great effort, he located his main energy centres than cleansed and equalized all seven of them. With the help of his perfectly sharpened intuition started to search for the one that appeared to be the best for communication at that moment. He knew that it is the time to force his enormous ego into the background. A faint smile left his lips. Suddenly remembered the battles he fought with Zeta. Well she proved herself again.

The throat chakra seemed to be on the required frequency for chatting. With deep concentration called his guides and waited for the well-known sound coming from far away. A kick on the leg woke him from his meditative state.

"Hi Man, what's up?" Zoltan opened his eyes and stared at the being leaning over him. His vagus nerve was pumping in his neck while he struggled to open his mouth.

"I have never imagined that I could be lost for words", he thought. "It appears to me that life changes faster than I can follow. Let us stay calm and collected, like an English cucumber, as Zeta would put it. I'll try to breathe properly. One, two, three...All right now, I

concentrate and look straight at it." With his eyes wide open looked straight at the face above. His initial fright disappeared and a soothing familiarity took its place.

"Wait a minute, she looks like my guide, Linaha!" ran through his mind. "At least, that is the way I imagined her to be."

The female being broadened her face and said.

"Yeah, Yeah, very clever of you."

He showed a strong sign of relief. Now, everything is going to be just fine.

"Linaha, I need your help!"

"Whaat, did I hear it right? Have you actually admitted that you are in a big shit? Above all, you want me, personally, to pull you out of it? Well, life is full of wonders, even here, in the fifth dimension. I mean in this dimension, you earthlings prefer to call the fifth. You are crazy people with this naming and relating", she added with a musing satisfaction on her intriguing face.

"Did you just say that you are in the fifth dimension? So you are only a hologram here?" Zoltan uttered the words with fright but elegant ease.

"What you mean, only?! But I am not. Not a hologram, I mean. At least not here. Why did you thing I was?"

Well, does not matter. It must be one of your strange explanations. And what do think where you are? I mean your, so-called, body? On Earth or the Moon? No my Darling, you are, where I am and I'm telling you, it is the fifth dimension. You have a lot to learn yet."

"Yes?! I am in the fifth dimension?! Oh Darling Creator, I have done it!" he shouted and wanted to jump up from the ground.

"Hey man, slow down! In this dimension your body functions differently. You want me to help you or you want to be the wise guy who does everything by himself?! Doesn't really matter, you would come to me at the end."

As she was asking this question, turn her back on him, chuckling.

"Yes, she laughs about me that is for sure", Mabek thought. "I am a stubborn mule who breaks legs and arms to get his ways.

"Please Linaha, I really need you now. I apologize for the headaches I caused you with my big-headed egoism", managed to utter Mabek.

Linaha nodded in deep satisfaction.

"Naturally I help him for that is my job however I want him to crawl a bit longer. It definitely does him good" she murmured to herself.

"So you want to get up from the ground, yeah?" she said aloof.

"Yes, please", admitted Mabek quietly.

"All right. I see what I can do. But promise to follow my instructions fully."

Mabek frowned, however, since he had no choice, made that promise.

**Linaha** knelt down beside him and lifted her left arm. The man had the opportunity to look at her features in details. The oblong face carried a faint bluish colour that had a hue of green in it. As she turned, her waist seemed very small, almost like a cable that connects two objects. The upper part was narrow without the slightest sign of breasts. The lower part started up with a big pear-like energy mass that ended in two long and thin twigs. As she stretched her arms, they grew even longer and seemed to reach the sky. Linaha kept the pose while the cord from her solar plexus touched Mabek's and pulled his body up the ground.

"Here you are!" yelled Linaha. "Now, do not move! Listen! First of all you need to clear your mind. You are not an earthling anymore. Your thoughts are stronger and purposeful. That is how you change places. Since you have no reflex, your thoughts would take you wherever you wish to be. Maybe wish is not a right word, for here one does not have time for this stupid earthly indulgence. You people down there! Waste so much time with not getting anywhere. When I am bored that is how I amuse myself. Watch you being stupid. Great fun. Anyway, here it is customary to control your energies with thoughts. Let's try."

Mabek pulled himself together and uttered a vague question.

"You mean that I stay like this forever?"

Linaha looked at the sorrowful face. First she felt the itch of laughter but changed her mind when she realized the seriousness of the situation.

"Of course ... not. It only happens in this star gateway between Hades' territory and your quarters. The idea is to make it very difficult for the curious visitors. You need to change energies three times on your way to him and three times on the way back. I hope you've learnt how

to control it now. If not, call me and I would run to help you. Is it okay? You understand that I only come if you call me. Yes?"

"Yes, I understand, dearest Linaha."

Zoltan wobbled ahead. His legs and arms moved aimlessly not helping in shortening the way.

"Come on, pull yourself together", was saying to himself. "Focus and do, that is what Linaha said".

He lowered his centre of gravity into the root chakra. Then he lifted it slowly to reach the forehead chakra. "Yes, that is it", he observed and let the body follow the order.

Few minutes later he reached the quarters that was appointed to him while staying on Ursa Major star formation. At the front gate he was asked to step into a mirror on the left that sealed up behind him.

„Another star gateway", he realized happily when his feet reached the ground. His eyes found a totally different world. The meadow, full of flowers, gave a fragrance of summer and the butterflies played hide and seek with the ladybirds. A creek, that was cheerfully caressing the stones, interrupted the vast green. The delicate Japanese style wooden bridge offered save

crossing to the passer by. Over the bridge the meadow continued. There was a cottage style building with red tiled roof and large windows. The white string curtains were nicely arranged and fastened with a bow on each side.

„If I did not remember meeting Hades yesterday, or whenever, I would think that I was on Earth, in a village“, ran through his mind. „Or am I? Can I be on Earth and having dreams? It is a bit confusing.“

Mabek walked through the hallway and opened one of the doors.

“Wow, just like on Keta! It seems they wanted me to feel at home here“, he cried out loud. “Well, it is much more luxurious than my apartment in Budapest. However it definitely feels like there.“

Before entering he took his shoes off. He remembered Zeta doing it all the time.

“I am certain she is able to see me here and would tell me off if I did not do it“, he mused.

The thick carpet on the floor felt soft. In the room, there was a huge, bedlike piece of furniture, about thirty centimetres above the ground covered with a very pretty, thick and woven textile. It felt very comfortable

and inviting. For a moment he played with the idea of lying down but the thought of Zeta seeing him lazing, while on an important mission put him off.

In the kitchen he found a kettle, a toaster and a simple cooker. The cupboard was full of goodies: lot of herbs and spices with tin fish and pâté, some pasta, jam, mustard, horseradish, rice and flour.

"I will not die of hunger that is for sure", he wondered smiling. "Food does not seem to be important here. At least not for me."

He opened every door with curiosity, hoping to find something new, something out of the world, unknown to him, something from here. After closing the last door with disappointment in his eyes, walked back to the bedroom and decided to lie down after all. As he was taking his plastic jacket off, a loud voice started to talk behind him. Mabek didn't dare to turn. Suddenly his arms lifted up in the air and he looked like a scarecrow on a cornfield. Fear took over his thoughts. His concentration was totally broken. The rhythmical pounding in his ears became loud. One - two – one, one – two – one. Li – na – ha, Li – na – ha.



"That is it. Linaha is the answer. Yes, Linaha!" he shouted.

"Behind you, my dear. Been talking to you for a while now, so just look at me when you have finished cleaning your pants, yeah?" chuckled the woman. Mabek turned in relief.

"Oh, it is only you! Thank God", he shouted scrutinizing the place. Although his eyes almost popped out, he did not manage to see or feel anybody, let alone Linaha.

"Pull the curtain on the wall", continued the chuckle. The man stepped forward and opened the very intriguing but beautiful hanging textile on the wall.

The motion exposed the laughing Linaha on big screen. Her oblong face had quite a lot of green in it now. Matching up to this colour she wore a long, blond hair-shower that came down to the middle of her still very thin legs. The cable waist was covered with a golden coloured transparent shawl. The pear like buttocks grew bigger under the glowing pinkish miniskirt. The chuckling sound coming from the wall interrupted Mabek's scrutiny.

"What about my boobs, man?" added Linaha provocatively.

"Wow that is it! I felt something strange about you. Strange, however warm and soothing. Yes, your boobs. God, they are big!" uttered Mabek.

"Oh, yes. I popped down to Earth to make inquiries about your taste in the opposite sex. Round and full, I was told. So I decided to pay attention to my non-existent boobies. I must admit I have no idea why or what. Anyway, as your guide, it is my duty to keep you happy while you are away from your beloved land. So, there you are!"

The man scratched his head showing that he was using his brain.

"That is all very nice but I cannot touch them, can I?" Linaha looked puzzled.

"Why would you want to touch them? They do not give me any feeling", she added.

"What you mean, they do not give you feelings? Where did you get them from, Linaha?" asked Mabek. "You should try Mars, the third pyramid. They are able to construct boobs that feel and look like real."

"What do you mean by real? They look all right to me", said Linaha lowering her eyes.

"Sure they do. But the feeling is missing. You lived on Earth, did not you? According to my studies you, as a guide lived there and learnt everything about the earthly existence. I also remember that you should have been a woman, something similarly odd in looks and probably very small breasted. Don't you remember? Didn't you dream about bigger ones, then? What about men? Did you have any around?" Zoltan continued his sudden interrogation.

"You are getting very personal. My last life on Earth was spent in a convent with 8 females and 2 males. Yes, I think the goat was a female and the donkey was a male. The other male or male looking creator was the gatekeeper in the hidden stone building. What a life it was!" cried out Linaha and continued. "Answering your question, I do not remember thinking about my tits or the importance of them. What did you say about Mars and the 3<sup>rd</sup> pyramid?"

"I just suggested it to try. The bath is excellent there. You may enjoy a champagne bath, a refreshing plunge or a self-catering plastic surgery. I will take you there, one day..."

The man seemed to get lost in thoughts.

"I do not really know how to get there from here. Anyway, you are my guide, you will show the way."

Linaha smiled at him cheekily.

"All right, my darling, I love when you speak dirty. Sometimes I listen on when you try doing it to your sweetheart" she chuckled.

"It is something not really funny." Mabek wide opened his eyes. "You are telling me that you listen in?! God, Linaha, I hope you do not watch!?" Linaha could not hide her satisfying laughter anymore.

"I most certainly do. How can I help you when you get into a mess when I am not around? You want me to be available but you do not want to be watched. That is silly."

Mabek looked in front of himself disturbed.

"You mean you laugh at us? Or, only at me? Am I so bad?" turned to Linaha. "Tell me, honestly, am I so bad?"

The woman looked at him with deep sadness in her eyes.

"No, I think you are wonderful. Come here. Sit down with me", waved at the man.

"With you, in the wall? How can I do that? You are on cosmic television."

"That is true, but it only is a transmission. I do not need to be there or anywhere near the screen. Do you remember the copper triangle you keep in your belt? The one you took from the first pyramid on Mars?"

"You mean the one in a pouch on my belt! Yes, I have."

"All right. Do you know how to use it?"

"Naturally. I used it to assess the energy structure around me when I was in that shitty state. I turn on the TV and watch. That is what you think?"

"Not exactly. First you take it out of the pouch and cleanse it well. Then, in this case, you enlarge it."

"How big?"

"As big as you want."

"How do I do that? Zeta taught us, but it feels different in practice."

"Okay. Hold your palms out in front of you, next to each other, facing upwards. Place the triangle in them, in a way of keeping one corner in each palm. Pull your palms apart while focusing very hard on your aim. As the triangle grows in your hands, getting bigger and bigger, feel the weight getting heavier and forcing your arms

downwards. That is the moment when you have to release it. In no circumstances you should keep holding it! Release and fix!"

"All right, I have done it. What is next?"

"Project yourself into it as if it was a mirror. Can you see?"

"Well, I see something, some colours...yes, I think my head is there!"

"That is no good, no good at all. You should see the whole body otherwise the exercise can damage your own energy field. That is something we definitely try to avoid now. Pay attention and pull the triangle upright with your right thumb. You need to work fast!"

Mabek put his thumb out in front of him and concentrated hard. With a pulling motion he managed to straighten the triangle. There he was. His head, followed by his body appeared on the brass screen.

"Well done, man!" yelled Linaha with excitement. "And now, send the picture over to the big screen."

"What do you mean, send it over? How?"

"Just close your eyes and focus. Give orders. You are a soldier on Keta, aren't you? So, give clear orders!"

"Right. Appear on the wall! The picture, I mean. The picture in the triangle, appear on the wall, next to Linaha!"

There was a sudden flash in the triangle and on the wall. The connection was made successfully. The man was faced with his own perplexed looks, while Linaha chuckled her head off.

"What's happened? I feel very strange! I think I am here in the room and I am also there with you! I can touch you and feel you! Come on Linaha, I am getting insane!"

"Calm down. You are not losing your mind, although it would do you good. You have managed to carry out something that we call multiplying. You know, that you do on Keta by looking into the mirror or having your picture taken."

"What do you mean? I feel nothing – apart from some pride – when I look into the mirror at home. I remember Zeta was saying something about it. Even then I could not grasp the idea."

"Because you are basically a non-believer. I must admit, that it is not easy. Your physical body is a heavy and solid energy mass. You only feel the shift, if you concentrate hard."

"Linaha, do you mean the shift happens to us every time we look into the mirror or have our picture taken? Isn't it damaging?"

"Each time you lose a bit of your soul for you give away the part of it. I am sure you heard about magicians, sorcerers, even healers who work with photographs. That is why."

"You suggest we shouldn't do it? I mean looking at ourselves in the mirror and taking photographs?"

"We will talk about it later. Now you need to familiarize yourself with the place. You have no time to waste. Do not forget, you are here to learn. Consider yourself very lucky. Hades is a big master and he is not known for shearing his vast knowledge. He must like your master very much to do it for her."

Mabek showed a grim face hearing that.

"Man, I hope you didn't think he does it for you! You are only the object through which he conveys his love and caring. And what love and what caring! Now it is yours to enjoy. Take advantage of it!"



## 6.

The road to Zeta's house was totally congested and the white car moved inch by inch towards its destination. The couple sitting in the car looked quite apprehensive. They set there quietly, looking at the traffic and thinking about last night's events. After all, they both witnessed the bluish patch in the mirror.

Zeta opened the door and let Christie and Lesley in. She liked these two very much. Christie's full of love and naïve innocence that made her frightened of everything, that appeared to carry the slightest hostility, and Les' confident honesty how he admitted to right and wrong.

From the coded telephone conversation they had earlier, Zeta understood that something serious was simmering on the stove.

She made her own enquiries and arranged the time and place of meetings with the Council. They were also very concerned about the "soul-granting" and insisted on consulting the 12 Magi.

The channel for conversation has been set up, however, it needed to be checked again just before the actual exchange of thoughts. The security reached the highest level all around. New star gateways were created and old ones destroyed. A notice to Mekai, Hades and Zeus was sent out and an army of entities were put on the job. The breach of security was expected from Keta, therefore all the open or sleeping communication channels had to be examined and blocked.

Sitting down comfortably on the sofa, Zeta was checking her energy centres one by one. When she reached the solar plexus, a burning wave freed itself and aimed on something in front of her. Although could not see that one, she understood that somebody was standing very close in front of her. Somebody, who presented danger to the operation. Fortunately she never had to be deeply concerned with this kind of danger. However, it made her think about the safety of her associates. Glanced at the visitor and turned back to Lesley and Christie.

"They should not notice the danger. Christie gets over anxious quite easily and it makes her ill. Lesley is

different. He is always ready to fight. Good. I will talk to him later."

"What is it, Zeta?" asked Christie straight away sensing the danger.

"Not important really, just checking the communication channels", replied Zeta. "They are seemed blocked."

"So, what is the situation?" enquired Les impatiently.

"They agreed to the soul giving. And we figured out who the person is. I mean on Earth."

"Tell us, please!" shouted Les and Christie at the same time.

"You know him very well, unfortunately."

"Oh God, he is somebody really bad, yes? Why do we want to give a soul to bad people?" asked Christie.

"We hope that the soul would make them better human beings", said Zeta.

"All right, tell us who?" jumped up Les.

"Gabriel Smith. You know, the guy who stole lands from people."

"You mean the one who built the palace in the centre and donated it art?" ask Christie.

"Yes. But first he named the palace after himself."

"Sweet Jesus, I mean Zeus, and all the others! That is something! Why would he get a soul, does not he has one already?" said Les.

"No, he has not. He is a robot. Didn't you know?" enquired Zeta

"Not really. We have never thought of it. Now I understand how did he do all he did. No soul, no feelings. That is it. Do you really think that he tells the truth?"

"We'll see. Before granting him a soul, he has to do few things to prove his loyalty."

"What is it?" asked Christie.

"He has to help us capture Ceatan."

"And what about Hades? What does he say?"

"Hades now understands the seriousness of the situation down here. He works with us. Not to mention, that Ceatan became self-contained, needing nobody to guide him. He removed the code that Hades put in him and now he wants to take his master's place. It is very dangerous. He has no fair. He is capable of coding other robots also. We have to eliminate him before he damages earthlings further."

"What do you mean by damages us further?"

"I mean he is able to put chips into beings, especially into robots down here. And as you know, it would definitely be a disaster."

"All right, tell us what to do. We do it", said Les convinced. Next to him Christie was sitting with widely opened eyes and a badly concealed fright in the corner of her mouth. Zeta looked at her with a secret smile.

"Right. I need to talk to the Magi first. They are the ones to decide. After that I tell you what to do."

"Do we have to come to you or get together in any way?" asked Les.

"No, I do not think so. We just link up and do it", replied Zeta. "What are the other issues we need to discuss?"

"I think we should look at Christie's thyroid gland. She has been having quite a time with it recently, said Les.

"Come on, it is not important whatsoever. Let Zeta be, I can bear it and it really is nothing", announced Christie.

"I am very happy to look at it my Darling", replied Zeta and stared working on the project. "I don't think it is something dangerous, however I urge you to say always everything what is in your mind and take it easy. Do not try to solve everybody's problems. You are not

responsible for their actions”, said Zeta while she was cleansing Christie and looking at her energy field. “I also think that you should appreciate yourself a bit more. You see, if you do not look after yourself there will be nobody to look after the loved ones. Apart from that do your everyday cleansing and filling.”

Christie slipped down on the couch with guilt in her eyes. A minute later she composed herself and said:

“Les does it for me. He is very good at it. I cannot really. I do not know how...”

Les looked at her lovingly. He was satisfied with the result. Christie needed him and respected him as the head of the family. His word was still the decisive one. Anyway, he was good at taking care of them. They did not need to do much just to be. He does the thinking. Good, good, good.

“Well, just try it. As long as you don’t have confidence of healing it means that you don’t believe in yourself. You can only be a half person this way. I do you now but you have to change your attitude towards life.”

“I will, I will, I promise. But it is so difficult. I have to help my daughters. They have so much to do and I always need to be there for them. You know Eszter. She

is so unhappy. I cannot bear looking at her. How can I be happy if she is not? This guy is a bad choice for her. And she does not have work either. God, how life is difficult!"

"I know, my darling. Still, it has to be changed. "

"So, how long would it take?" asked Les suddenly.

"What?"

"To do it."

"To do what?"

"This soul business."

"Aaa, I see. I think two days the most. I will tell you."

"All right."

The rest of the conversation went on about trivial matters. Les was still curious about the details, but he did not dare asking. He knew Zeta well. When time is right she tells everything. Until then, there was no point of questioning.

## **7.**

Hades plunged into his favourite whirlpool armchair. He felt a bit worn out. The meeting with his grandson made

him unusually emotional. The fact that he was sent by Hera put an additional strain on his nerves.

The cleansing and reviving liquid in the chair massaged his physical body and refreshed his thoughts. The physical body he used in this star gateway was his favourite appearance. The dark brown slightly wavy hair, light brown eyes and the well-toned masculine body caught the eyes of many goddesses and mortals equally. His faint and mysterious smile lent him playful evilness that promised a well-finished business regardless its nature.

In this centre the use of physical body was inevitable. The stargate Hades created and furnished was filled with the air substance similar to that of Keta to suit the requirement of the precision equipment measuring the disturbance in the air.

He felt rejuvenated after the well-deserved toning. His attention went straight back to the picture he saw on the monitor before he was called away by Mahin, his man in charge.

"I managed to break them down after all. What a stupid fight. These robots are getting very sophisticated. I have never thought that they could develop an ego.



What a nice place Meghrez used to be! Now they are almost as bad as the Keteans or "Earthlings", the god wondered to himself. "I think we need to talk about this matter", continued. "I will communicate with Zeus and seek his opinion. We might put it in front of the Council at the next meeting. Well, perhaps. If I do that I need to be there since I am the master robot maker. My brother Zeus makes quite good ones also, not to mention Mekai and Enkki. We should not forget about the girls. Zinas, Penka and Phoenix are real masters! However, none of them knows these encoded energy machines as much as I do. On the other hand it would be nice to see the family or at least those who are members of the Council", he sighed, pressed a button with his left hand and looked at his agenda on the wall. The nicely curved symbols were separated by sharp straight lines, squares, dots and circles. Bunches of symbols would make up equilateral triangles of different size and angles. He looked at the star regulator and matched up the information with the appropriate triangle. With his right thumb pointed to its direction made it turn several times while the symbols found their proper place.

"Let's see, what is cooking. It looks like my next move should be Meghrez after all. I collect all the information on its past present and future. I am certain my great brother, Uriel would be willing to help. I delegate the present. Who should I give it to? It is a task needs determination, intelligence, stamina and a big ego. The collector also needs to be trustworthy. Yes, I know! I give it to my grandson! Mabek, I mean. He'll do a good job and we will have something to talk about other than my private life. All right, it is done. The present is out. Perhaps I could give some of the past to Mahin. He is dying to have something important to do apart from being my CNC. The rest of the past and some of the future could stay with my faithful computer. I drop the question straight away", he said and with a sudden move of his right hand closed the agenda.

As he left the exercise room he closed the door firmly and walked to the computer room. Although Tati, his computer was everywhere, they needed a safe place for the one to one conversation.

"Greetings my friend", started the god. "I hope nobody is listening now. Would you double check it, please?"

"Sure, sir. Give me a minute."

"You have all the time you need."

"I have a strange feeling there is something very important in your mind."

"What do you mean by feeling?" asked Hades startled.

"You are not supposed to have them."

"If it is something to have I definitely do not. I only repeat your words. You wobbly creatures always talk about feelings. You have a feeling of this and you have a feeling of that. What does it really mean to have a feeling?"

"Now that you mention it Ketean use this expression a lot. Since we all lived there we learned these expressions. To put it in a sentence we say when we assume something to happen."

"And does it?"

"What does it?"

"Does it happen?"

"Sometimes yes and sometimes no."

"Therefore it carries no real meaning."

"Yes Tati, you are right. It doesn't carry real meaning."

"A waste of time and energy."

"Yes my friend, it is. Like most of the modern words we are frequently using."

"Right, let's get back to business. What is it you wish for?"

"Is it clear?"

"Yes master, it is."

"I want you to help me complete a big task."

"Sure, I would be honoured to work with a being like yourself. Who else is on it?"

"Mabek. You know him, don't you?"

"The Earthling you spend a lot of time with recently."

"Well, relatively speaking. Yes, he is the one."

"It depends. I was not introduced to him and I did not have the pleasure of being in his company."

"Sorry, my friend, I will see to the formalities."

"Don't worry, master. Who is in charge?"

"You didn't really ask this question?"

"Yes, I certainly did. My memory is telling me that whenever two energies work together one of them has to be the leader."

"Oh, you mean out of you two!"

"Certainly master."

"All right. Let's see. You I trust to the bone."

"Meaning that you had my hardware checked out."

"And your software. Seriously, you have never let me down, you've never concealed the truth from me and you are hard worker. Not to forget, intelligent. On the other hand, this Earthling is all right for his kind. He is trained well, he is anxious and above all, he wants to prove himself badly."

"Don't mind me interrupting your thoughts master but the latter can be very disadvantageous."

"You are right. Therefore we need to form a secret society."

"Do you mean the two of us? It sounds exciting."

"It is going to be. I would put you in charge, however we – meaning you and I - cannot tell Mabek. He would understand that he was working with me. Only me. I would explain to him that the mission needs the utmost secrecy. Therefore he should feed all information into you to keep it safe. This way you can check and select the result. You can also add yours to it."

"I see. It is a smart plan. It would keep his ego working to our advantage."

"That is right. Thank you very much."

"Do not embarrass me master. It is my duty."

## 8.

Nagy Zoltan, the army man, the lover and husband, the good friend and the clever guy, was making his ways to Zeta's place to take part in the group's New Moon meditation section. As usual, he walked the 30 minutes distance from work. He advanced firmly, with long and stable steps, sure of himself, straight to the destination. No step was taken in vain. He calculated the shortest route, perhaps even counted the paces. The legs followed the encoded path, however the head worked separately. As if with another code, was leisurely moving from one side to the other, observing the events around. Playing with the details of buildings, checking the energy levels of passers-by and trying to work out the thoughts in their heads.

"I like this game", he mused. "I can actually read their minds. It really happens. Zeta is right it only takes practice and belief. You can achieve anything with those two", continued Zoltan with a child-like satisfaction on his face.

Without noticing the distance he reached the black iron door that led to the basement meeting place. "Time flies

when you enjoy yourself", he murmured and enter the room.

"Happiness", greeted the others Zoltan.

"Oh, please, don't give us this bullshit", replied someone in the crowd.

"All right, all right. Peace then."

"Sounds better."

"What do you have against happiness", asked Zoltan seriously.

"Sounds an empty word to me", stood up Claire. It is a state cannot be achieved. Like a balloon, full of air and flies away before you could even think about catching."

"Why are we chasing it so desperately, then?"

"For that very reason. So we can justify the time we spend on idle chasing, dreaming and most importantly on self-indulgent suffering. To be entitled to cry out that we are unfortunate, for happiness avoids us, to gain the sympathy of others and boost our adrenalin level."

"What do you call the moment when you are at ease, satisfied and in peace with your surroundings?"

"I suppose that is you call the inner peace. Anyway, ask Zeta about it."

"Let us see. Happiness", started Zeta while making room for the new arrivals. It is one of those Big Words had been created during the Pisces era. The 2160 years with Neptune's help provided the factory for similarly empty, unconceivable and unreachable expressions. That was the time when men wanted to understand and control everything. To achieve that, they had to label the jars with certain feelings in them."

"But surely there is a feeling we call happiness", interrupted Marika. "We say every day that we only want to be happy! Why are we saying it then?"

"To keep you on the edge. To never stop searching. This drive makes you go on with your life. You push, you push you push and forget about yourself in the process. When you realize that you had been taken for a fool and had lived under the control of stupid words, it is already too late. Life is over. And you have never really lived it."

"Oh God, It sounds very gloomy and sad", continued the discussion Lesley.

"It might well be if you can define this pompous word. However, the saddest of all is that we still need to talk



about it", raised her voice Zeta. "Please let us concentrate on the New Moon now."

"That is true. Let us do some cleansing and throwing away meditation. There is a lot I want to get rid of today", closed the subject Zoltan.

"All right. Do sit down, please! First we visit Mardouk in the Sun, talk to him and go to the immune strengthening. You cannot invite anybody into your golden aura anymore, for there are many viruses around. But you can take your beloved to the immune strengthening."

"How do I do it if I cannot invite them into my aura? I transport them up in the energy shield, don't I?" asked Gabi.

"Of course not. You just gather them and lead them into the stargate you take."

"Oh dear, I had the impression I should take them in my aura."

"Did I say that?"

"No, I don't think so. We assumed."

"Well, now you see, that assuming is dangerous. I wish you stopped doing it."

"All right, we try. Let's go now. Into the Sun!"

"Don't forget to do the tree of life cleansing before."

"When we project the seven chakras out, you mean?"

"Yes, that is the one. Good work."

## 9.

"What am I doing here if Hades doesn't want to see me? I thought he wanted to teach me! Now it turned out to be for Zeta! Everything is for her all the time. Why?" Before he could reply he realized the stupidity of his thoughts. "Wait a minute. I learnt that there are two sides to everything. This is one. What about the other? Let's see. I am very privileged to be here and should feel honoured. I go through experience that not many Earthlings do – actually I believe I am the only one – and able to further my spiritual and earthly education. Well, it is all beautiful, but still hurts."

After the usual pouting time Mabek decided to get back to reality. He did not have a choice, for Linaha paid no attention to his hurt ego. He thought he could look around in the house to familiarize himself with the corners and walls. While he was roaming from one room

to the other he had the strange feeling that he was observed. Looked around in the room but there was no visible sign of a camera or a chip. "All right, I need to pull myself together and think rationally. But by God, what is so rational about anything here? I came through different dimensions, landed on Ursa Major's **Dubhe**. I talked to a god in flesh, changed bodies, met my guide in flesh, landed in nice place where I try to make myself at home, however it is a bit difficult because I feel Zeta all over the place. It is really crazy. I feel as if I was at her place. Everything carries her energy around here. Then there is this monitor on the wall. I am here and I am there. So where am I? Here or there? What do I do here and there? And I constantly feel at least one pair of watchful eyes on me. Wait a minute. I am here and I am there. Good heavens! I didn't remove myself from the wall! I am the one who is watching! I am the one who is watching me!" He tore open the curtain on the wall. There he was standing with eyes wide open, staring at him in the room. "It is frightening. Perhaps if I move..." He took two steps to the right and looked back on the monitor. The piercing look did not stop. He moved to the left. The staring did not ease. He crouched

down and looked up suddenly. The eyes followed. Mabek took a sudden gesture with his right arm. "Now, what am I to do? I do not remember learning anything about a similar situation." The left arm joined the right. "Should I ask anyone? Need to calm down and listen to my intuition. All right. I lie down here and concentrate." He looked around to find the right place for meditation. His search stopped on the bed. Huge, soft and inviting. Removed his trousers and laid himself down. Closed his eyes and took a deep breath. The bouquet of the bedding filled his nostrils. Released the tension from his body and without prior intention he dosed off.

When he opened his eyes again he felt totally relaxed and rejuvenated. With the great boost of energy he jumped up and suddenly remembered the monitor. Ran to the wall and pulled the curtain. The monitor was empty. Actually the monitor disappeared. Zoltan alias Mabek, gave way to a big sigh.

Following his earthly routines he headed for the bathroom to take his morning shower.

"I think the bathroom was this way", he said aloud and followed the direction. "I've been here for a while now. Visited Hades, argued with Linaha quite a lot and during

all that time I have never needed to go to the bathroom. What's wrong with me? Mind you I did not drink much water either. Let alone much but I do not remember taking any. Probably I should. Your body needs 2 to 3 litres of water a day. Three quarters of your body is made of water, Zeta is saying. I presume my body is different here. First of all I find the bathroom or the shower room, I take my morning shower and...wait a minute, why do I keep on with this morning business? Perhaps because on Keta I sleep once a day and usually during the time allocated for that sort of things. When it is dark outside and you are happy to be in the comfort of your bed with your love...never mind that now. Where is this bathroom?"

Mabek opened every door, peeped into every corner in vain. None of them resembled the bathroom he remembered. Finally he got tired of looking and dropped into a fluffy armchair-like furniture in one of the smaller rooms. As he made himself comfortable the cushion started to move under his buttocks in a massaging way softly and soothingly from the knee on the back thigh, crawling up on the back and caressing the shoulder blades.

"This is fun. Let's see what else is here", murmured Mabek with curiosity and pressed a little orange button on the arm. The water started to spring from the cushion on the seat, after from the one on the back. The result encouraged Mabek to press another button on the chair, and another...

Nobody knows how long he stayed in there. When he finally emerged he was clean, refreshed and very happy. He realized that he had also found a bathroom.

## **10.**

The open curtain let the daylight in. The brighter aspect of illumination could not reach the windows of the second floor flat. The orange coloured beam was stopped on the red tiled roof making vain attempts to dance through the narrow courtyard, however lost the power before reaching down on the tastefully sawn reddish-brownish textile.

The one bedroom flat in the heart of Budapest provided a safe haven for Zeta. She liked the open plan apartment with its space, tasteful decoration and

furnishing. The neighbourhood was quite pleasant, although in the house people tempted to be nosy and dogs were running up and down barking their heads off. It was an old house with an inner courtyard. This Middle-Eastern feature was wrapped into a delicate outer architecture with columns and ornaments. The circular corridor, that provided the entrance into each apartment, was wide and neatly tiled.

She spent most of her time sitting in front of the laptop. Not always using it but sitting there, readily to write whenever time comes. It was not easy. Handling the business, writing different exercise books for different levels, do articles and radio programs, do TVs was quite a lot of doing. Of course there were the healings and handling telephone calls. These are the hardest. Everybody is asking for help and they have to get it at once. She tries to reply to all of them. Sometimes she thinks of disappearing to another planet. Well, she cannot really leave the church and the people. She wishes that she could.

Not in reality, only handing over a chunk of doings to students who deserve to be honoured with the trust.

The harder she thinks, the clearer it becomes that it just can't happen. Although bits and pieces make up the whole, however they do not equal.

There are other times when she feels quite at home and relaxed here. "Hungary has changed a lot during the last fifteen years", she thought. "I remember a very different country. I remember happier people, who would share their food and thoughts with you. Budapest was a pleasant city full of cultural events. Parties, where changing views was a natural ingredient and everybody was happy to help. Now it is quite different. Sour faces look through you on busy streets. Sometimes their eyes meet yours and you can see the different level of dissatisfaction and unhappiness in them. The basic dissatisfaction is provided by the unfortunate fact that you dare walking where you do and with the thick energy mess of your physical body you block the straight line of their empty gazing. Then – since the very important task of not looking anywhere particular has been interrupted - they make proper use of the two similar and always moving holes above their nose. This work doesn't need heavy thinking or prior arrangement. Starting from the toe the holes aims raise and slowly



reach the top of their head. By that time the second level of dissatisfaction finds its comfortable place on the face, usually around the eyebrows, perhaps a bit towards the forehead. To make sure that the disastrous effect of your existence has been noted, they make certain sounds that form into proper words occasionally. If there was any level of happiness you indulged in, it starts fast disappearing as the result of their unhappiness. Furthermore you come to realize that you are not dressed to the great occasion of meeting your fellow earthling in public, your hairstyle is not up to the fashion they seem to dictate and anyway, you are either too meagre or too gross to live. Whatever is the final result of the judgement you think twice before you come out to the open from the lonely comfort of your room and seriously start considering the move to Mars or Venus where beings supposed to be grey and green with no hair and particular clothing.

She wasn't very happy with the conclusion.

Her thoughts wandered further away from the computer. The green eyes ran through the open space, rested on a reddish-blue patch flowing into the kitchen. The energy-ball stopped and started to grow. Zeta

smiled, stood up and went for a candle. The communication channels needed strengthening. The visitor was familiar and had urgency around her.

Zeta lit the candle and poured some frank incense into the burner. Took two deep breaths, closed her eyes and concentrated. The channel was open.

"Greetings Aurora. Nice of you to drop in", welcomed Zeta the distinguished guest. "I feel that something disturbs you. Can I help you ease it?"

"Greetings, dearest sister. Good of you to offer. Yes, I need your help. I have to be very quick because I feel the channel fading."

"Very well. Let's get to the point and leave the gossip for another time."

"You know my little entity angels are working on the Uranus energy bulks", started Aurora anxiously.

"Yes, I know. They do a great job."

"Certainly, they do. However, the frequency of the energy cannot be changed, therefore Earthlings need to be educated about the changes very fast. Otherwise we'll lose many of them."

"You mean to teach them how to raise their frequency."

"Yes. It is exactly what I mean."

"It is not going to be easy the least. We'll do our best, naturally."

"Thank you Hera. I must rush. See you soon."

"Right. Thanks for the visit", shouted Zeta into the fading communication channel.

## **11.**

Hades set back into his favourite armchair and put it on toning. The agenda made him anxious. First of all the sweeping procedure on Mizar needs to be organized and here is this Mabek or Zoltan or whatever you want to call him. He has to be attended to. Let alone him being the grandson – there are quite many running around in the Universe – he is also the student of Hera. It still bothered him. "I should give him priority. He might even turn out to be a nice guy. Family ties need strengthening, I suppose", he mused. "Oh, speaking of family connections, I should communicate with Ariadne. She attended the last Council meeting on my behalf. Darling girl, she is so good to me, and the Family! Apart from doing her own job she helps Aurora with this

trouble on Keta and manages to pay attention to my bits and pieces. Well, mostly the pieces for the bits usually go to others."

He jumped up and stepped to the small monitor on the desk. "Let's see where Ariadne is", he murmured.

Hades tapped Orion in on the keyboard and switched the motion on slow. Moved the monitor above his head and enlarged to the maximum. The ceiling opened up like a huge skylight window and gradually the walls blended into the magnificent sight. Then he lied down on his favourite cushion and allowed to be taken on a trip in the Milky Way galaxy.

The feeling of flying started to tickle his toes first then it moved up on his legs, reached his private parts and landed in his stomach as a butterfly. His adrenaline level went high. The slow focus on Orion opened up the memories and brought smile on his face. On the way there was Achernar, the most Southern star of Eridanus, the River of the Night. This constellation flows through practically the whole galaxy as a calming and cleansing water, washing away a lot of residue and waste product all the way down to the South Pole. Suddenly he remembered that in Babylon they used to take Acamar

for the last link of the star formation because it was the last to be seen from the Northern hemisphere. "Well, those were the days down on Keta", he thought.

As his mind focused on Eridanus, the monitor enlarged it. To see the perfect chain of the 24 planets made him proud at heart. "It was not easy. With Zeus and Enkki we worked hard on this project. At the end my precise calculations provided the key. How very rewarding it was to work together! I must admit I miss it sometimes." He closed his eyes. The loss of focus shut the monitor. "Where was I? Yes, Eridanus the river." After a few seconds of blurry images Rana showed up on the screen. "There we are, back to the river. And there is the ever so bright Sirius. What a masterpiece! Standing there, shining as the continuation of the hunter's belt. My brother, the great Kronos works there. I could say, lives there, for he is hardly seen anywhere else. There you are! Capella is right up on the North. All right, let's go to the Council." His thought triggered the computer's mind and started to search for the Council. "The Council is not at work", said the computer when finished looking through the three stars of the belt.

"All right Tati, let's go to the private quarters", said Hades. The focus passed over to the North-East and started to sweep Orion's arm. The five planets provided private housing for the first generation when they gathered in the galaxy. Hades new that he had a great chance of finding his wife amongst the residents. While thinking of that the monitor stopped on the 11<sup>th</sup> planet at the elbow of the Great Hunter. He speeded up the focus and went straight to the main entrance of the Family Assembly. Went up on the stairs and following his intuition reached the roof terrace. There he saw some family members and a lot of strangers also. However, there was no sign of Ariadne. As he was turning around, his vision stopped on a big bulge of flesh that ended up in short red hair.

"Honey, at last I found you!" cried out Hades.

"Hi Honey!" turned around the huge energy mess with a wide smile on the face. "As you can see I am here. You would want to know about the meeting, I suppose." Hades looked at his wife. She had everything he would prefer in a woman; kind and pretty face, big boobs, big black eyes and brain. Let's not forget the big-big bum.

Wooow! Yes, she had everything. However, she was Ariadne.

"Yes dear, you are right..."

"Right, where are you now?"

"On Dubhe, actually."

"Is our great sister with you?" asked Ariadne.

"Which one do you mean, dear?" tried the innocent voice the God.

"Hera of course. As if you did not know who I meant", added the goddess.

"Do you really need to be sarcastic, now? I thought you were friends or got close to it."

"Yes, dearest. We actually are. Not to mention that my nagging is a routine. I think you would be disappointed if I put on a smiling face whenever you manage to find time and look me up somewhere. Talk serious, the meeting went well. The Council wants you back to help Keta. It is the best time for you to become the full member of the family again. That is what you want, don't you, dearest?"

"Sure, thanks for the good news. I organize everything and then set the date for moving back full time. Yes, it is a wonderful piece of news."

"Good, so I don't need to take your place at meetings anymore. It would give me extra time to enjoy myself."

"All right. Thank you for your help. See you soon."

"All right. Thank you for your help. See you soon", repeated Ariadne.

"Thank you Tati", said Hades and jumped up from his chair. "I need to start preparation for the next Council meeting at once. See you later."

"Yes master. This is great. Come to me if you need some help. Otherwise, all right, thank you for your help. See you soon."

"What are you talking about?"

"That's what you both said at the end of the conversation. I thought it was a trendy way of saying goodbye."

"Oh, no! Just empty words, my friend. Just empty words."

## **12.**

Pulling himself together, Mabek looked around to find a notepad. There were many exciting thoughts he wanted



to jot down and did not want to miss out on any. Zeta is always reminding them to write everything down. "Be conscious! Make thoughts stick!" she would say. After a routine search he realized that there was no paper in the house and no pen either. "I think the perfect time arrived, to call Linaha", he sighed with satisfaction. He did not like his solitude and Linaha made him curious. Even the bed he laid in made him curious. Sometimes he wondered about his thoughts. They do not seem proper for one just got married. And she is really nice, decent, sort of pretty looking and she needs to be taken care of. It has always been important. "Now, there she is and I am after some hologram or whatever and my earthly feelings are totally messed up. I wonder if there is a way of her hearing about it. Am I unfaithful? Or should I be? Should I follow my urge to try everything? Zeta always says that experience makes the person. It is easy for her to say. She lives all over the space, she enjoys every dimension and every situation to the full. Where is Linaha? Oh, I forgot to call her. Linaha! Linaha, my darling! Linaha!" he shouted turning into all directions.

"Keep your pants on, boy!" murmured a deep voice from one of the corners. "I am here. What's so urgent?"

"I need pen and paper. Any idea where to find them?"

"You mean the whitish material you fill with symbols and put into the drawer after?"

"Yes, I think. What is wrong with the drawer?"

Nothing really. However, to cut trees out, process this important white stuff, fill the product with symbols you consider very important and put away afterwards, seem very stupid and inconsiderate to me."

"Why? What do you do when important thoughts come to your mind and you want to save them for the future?"

"Important, for whom? Anyway, if they are so very important, why do you need to make note of them? And why do you hide them after?"

"I don't really know to be honest. You made me think now."

"Great. So there is hope."

"Come on Linaha, am I so thick?"

"I don't know yet. Would like to think that you are bright and wonderful for I am your guide and as you know we should work together. Your actions or the lack of them,

mirror my work. So pull yourself together for the Creator's sake!"

"All right, my beauty, I will. But I still don't know where I find pen and paper."

"That's what I been telling you. You do not need them. If your thoughts are so great and beneficial for the Universe, you would not forget them. If not, no point of this writing down business."

"Do you mean you never take notes?"

"Not really. My filing cabinet arranges my thoughts. You only need a good program to do it for you."

"But if everything is done for you what do you do?" asked the man intrigued.

"I note everything and try to live accordingly."

"You don't question anything given to you? I thought robots are to follow this behaviour pattern."

"Robots are totally different. They never think for they do not have the drive to do so. I, or others similar to me, understand, that we are not in control of all the magnificent things happening around us. Therefore we do not intervene in the flow of life by thinking and questioning. On the other hand we are very grateful for

the trust and help we receive when we ask for some", explained Linaha.

"Come on, Linaha, tell me where are you in this?" posed the impatient question Mabek.

"I am here with you. Doing my work, that is not always rewarding I must admit, and trying to please my boss and you. Mind you, the latter is much harder. You Earthlings are very stubborn creatures."

"All right. That is your work. But where is the satisfaction in it for you? How can you show your abilities?"

"My abilities? To whom should I show?"

"Yourself. To be proud of your achievements."

"I am proud of my achievements. I have multiplied about – let's see – 500 earth years ago and I am nearing the next one. So as far as I can see, I have done all right."

"Multiplied? What do mean? I am going to see lots of Linahas around? Or others like you with different names?"

"No, I don't think so. You are very fortunate for you are only going to see me either you like it or not."

"Well, this conversation is giving me a headache. Can we continue it later, please?"

"Sure, my beauty. Let's talk about something else."

"I don't think so. I need a rest now. Will see you later."

"Alligator", finished the conversation Linaha.

### **13.**

"You should not be angry with Tamas. He had a lot of problems in his life", started the conversation Mari.

Zeta looked at her strangely gaining valuable time to gather her thoughts.

"Yes, I know", she replied at the end. "None of them were my doings though. I cannot see why I should suffer from his bad experience. I was his mother, wife and lover in one person. And he was disgusting to me. He hurt me more than all the people before me. He kicked me, beat me up, spit on me, and pulled my hair, through me to his friend for a fuck and so on. There is no person who should deserve such treat. I hope he never gets back to normal life. And I definitely hope not

to see him ever again. If I did I would cut his cock off and stick it into his ear.”

Mari looked at her patiently.

“I see that you are hurting. I also see a curse on you. It comes from way back, from your childhood. Around the age of 16 I think”, Mari added.

Zeta tried to roll back the time-wheel of her present earthly life to see if there was anything major to bring the curse on. She finds easier with time balls in the upper right pyramid on Mars, however the time and the place did not match up to the requirements of the trip.

“I must have been in college in Pecs. I lived by myself, far away from my mother and stepfather. “Yes, that is it!” she realized. “I was about 16 then. One day, just after the bell that marked the end of the literature class, the head mistress’ head appeared at the door of the classroom.

“Zeta, I want you in my office when finished”, she said firmly.

Everybody knew Zeta in the college. She was the one who recited the poems, sang the songs and told the stories at celebrations or school dos. Yes, everybody knew her or at least they thought they did. A pleasant

looking and well-shaped girl, who talked to all about everything but her. Dressed funnily in skirts and tops she inherited from others or designed, cut and sew single handed, desperately trying to follow the latest trend, using the material of leftover garments. She did not go to parties ever. Firstly because she had no money to support such a do, secondly she was afraid. Did not find her way amongst girls, for they usually laughed at her or talked about her spitefully. Well, she wasn't a sissy; at least that is what she thought however she might have been a gig. Almost always ready with the homework, good with the human subjects, winning mathematic and chess competitions but probably did not know the name of the recent King of England. For her it was an agony to learn something she didn't consider important. Her judgement was clear and radical. She couldn't stand, no, definitely hated everything unjust.

On her way to the office she ran all the options through her mind.

When she entered the tiny room, adjacent to a bigger office, Aunt Vitza – as they all called her – offered her a seat. The morning sun lit the heavy air, showing the

ecstatic dance of the scintillating dust molecules. The directress sat at the desk, quietly, playing with her notes, as if she forgotten Zeta, however, the tension was apparent on her hands.

"When did you see you mother last?" directed the question to the girl.

"About six months ago, I think", was the reply. "Or maybe more."

"You mean during the summer holiday", enquired Aunty Vitza further.

"Not really. I stayed here and worked in a factory then. It must have been before that."

"You mean about a year ago?"

"Well, just about. We do not see each other that often." Does she write you letters?"

"No. She only sends me the money each month and that is it."

"How much money does she send?"

"Seven hundred forints. Five hundred and forty is the child keeping money my father pays, one hundred and sixty that my stepfather gets after me and she tops it up with one hundred."

"What do you do with it?"



I pay my logging and up-keeping to the family I stay with. It comes to five hundred and sixty forints a month. The rest is mine to buy books, exercise books, pens and essential clothing."

"You mean that is it? And what if you wanted to go to cinema? Or dancing? Or just have a walk?"

"I do not go to cinema and do not have time for walking. But dancing I love. I just have to do it."

The lady looked at the girl. She was clean, however the skirt must have seen at least 4 summers and the pullover looked worn.

"Do you have special dancing outfits?" she asked curiously.

"Yes I do. I collect old dresses from everyone, cut them up and make new ones for myself. I do it by hand."

"What about your stepfather? What sort of man is he?"

"He is a good man. Taught me how to play chess, mathematics and the love of classical music."

Does he talk to you?"

"Yes, he does. Sometimes he writes letters to me and puts some money in it too."

"Why does he do that? Should not you ask your mother if you are in need for something?"

"It does not work. I stopped asking my mother for anything long time ago. She always refuses."

"Do you ask your stepfather?"

"No, not really. He just figures."

"Do you tell your mother about these letters?"

"No, I don't. My stepfather asked me not to. First I thought it was wrong but I showed the letters to my leading teacher and she said they were all right. Now I just burn them as I am told."

"What is in these letters?"

"They only say to take care of myself, be strong and clever and do not give in easily. That sort of things."

"All right. Do you have any idea why are you here now?" asked the directress.

"I have not got the faintest", admitted Zeta.

"Your mother is here in the office. She claims that you had an affair with your stepfather two years ago."

"Two years ago! I was only fourteen then!" cried out the girl. "But I have never had an affair with anybody yet! I am only sixteen! You can take me to the doctor!"

"We will see what happens now. Your mother is waiting for us. I just want you to know that I believe you."

"Thank you."

There were quite many people in the room. There was her mother, her aunty who lived in the same city, the landlady and a couple of her teachers. All females. They all looked at her scrutinizing and with the utmost disgust.

"Ladies", started the conversation the directress. "I talked to Zeta and I am very happy with the result. I honestly do not think that her mother's story is true."

"What do you mean? Here is the letter I found! Isn't it enough?" shouted the landlady waving the letter.

"And I found other letters too!" added the aunty. "I think it is disgusting!"

"Well, I think Zeta is very quiet and reserved as if she had something to hide..." said one of her teachers.

"Yes, I think it is true. Look at her mother! Poor woman! Her marriage is over! What a disaster!"

The girl was just standing there mesmerized. As always in a situation like that, she was lost for words. Her tiny figure with its forty-two kilos seemed fragile. As she looked at these vicious creature, trying to get some sort of revenge for their miserable lives, understood it all. Her whole earthly existence was in that room. The past, the present and the future. The constant struggle for

survival amongst predators. She was capable of looking at situations from the outside with the feeling of not belonging. She realized that she was blessed and cursed at the same time. Blessed because she knew and understood it all and cursed for the same reasons.

She turned, walked out of the room to her lodging, into bed and decided not to be back to that school again. Two days later Aunt Vitza came to take her back to study. She returned to school but from that day on she only concentrated on her marks. Two years later she finished her "A levels" with high marks.

Since that time her mother never missed to inflict misfortune into Zeta's life.

"I think I found the break", said Zeta after a long silence. "Is there anything we can do with it?" she asked.

"I have to see", was Mari's reply.

## **14.**

"Thank God, you are here!" cried out Mabek.

"Oh man, you are a nerve rack. What's your problem now?" enquired the corner.

"We do not have problems, you should know that. We only have chores and exercises that we need to face and solve, see? At least Zeta says that."

"Well, she is right. I only used the word because you seem to do that all the time. Your mind does not correspond with the new information in it. How do you want to become four dimensional if you cannot handle this simple task?" added the deep voice.

"You sound pathetic! Did you catch cold?"

"No you stupid, I just happened to be a male by gender", replied the voice. "What?" shrieked the earthling. "Who a Hell are you?"

"Well, the last time I checked I was called Zoltan or simply 854", was the answer.

"854, 854", murmured Zoltan. "This number is very familiar. Hang on, it is my soul-number!"

He knew that the time has arrived when thinking should be avoided and be replaced by the work of intuition. Being an army officer down on Keta does not really give life much relay. "Let me think properly. What should I do and where should I go to look into this odd event?"

The best would be to talk to my astral body I think. Only, if I happened to have one here. It is still very confusing." Zoltan rubbed his palms together than held out in front of his heart energy centre. "Astral body come back", called out aloud.

"I am here", said the deep voice and hooked himself up with Mabek's physical body.

"Oh, so you are my astral body."

"Not exactly. I am your astral body down on Keta. Here, you don't need one."

"Then go back to me, please."

"I cannot at the moment. You sent me up to collect information about you up here."

"Really? Why, I don't know about my life here?"

"No, you don't. I give you impulses and certain thoughts, however I don't think you understand them much."

"Why, for God's sake! Am I so thick?"

"No, you are very intelligent. You are not thick, you are afraid."

"Of what?"

That you do not know. One can only be afraid of that one doesn't know. And one cannot know because one is afraid."

"What a mess! Why am I here than? I thought it would add to my knowledge."

"Hopefully it will. I help you all the way."

"Thank you. Nice meeting you."

"Likewise. I go now. Bye."

"Bye."

Mabek set down on the edge of the bed looking a bit sad. He realized that life would never taste the same and there is no way back to find the lost innocence.

## **15.**

On the way back Zeta could not get rid of the thoughts Mari put into her head. Angry and smiling at the same time she acknowledged over and over again that human beings are gullible and she is not an exception. Even though her mind did not desire Tamas in any way, her body started to react to the thoughts of his presence.

She gave way to the unbearable battle of the mind and body.

Mari was a Hungarian Romany woman, a member of the large K-V family where Tamas came from. As a soul she was created into the 4<sup>th</sup> generation on Mekai's and Aurora's side. She is the first "born". This fact left an overpowering mark on her behaviour pattern. Despite of her tiny body and feminine looks she was or always tried to be the leader, the boss, the brain and knowledge. She remembered quite a lot of the cosmic intelligence however it was blended with strong Christian belief that stopped the real connection between micro and macrocosm. The earthly, manmade and brainwashing system gave her shelter and relief from the painful experiences of everyday living. It also provided her with false forgiveness when fear forced her into lying or even cursing from time to time. She was a strange blend. Warm hearted, understanding and helpful on one side while manipulating, cheating and troublemaking on the other. A good soul lost in the crowd, fighting for survival between the grinding stones of existence.



"Tamas", Zeta grimed. "The earthly number 16. He is everything Hades is taken for in the minds of Earthlings. Handsome, well dressed, smooth, great lover, good talker, funny, intelligent, evil, envious, arrogant, aggressive, lazy and I can go on and on about it."

The Tamas filled memories pushed their ways in front of the other thoughts in Zeta's mind.

"How very interesting", mused Zeta. "He loves the same way Hades does. Passionately, wildly, deeply with his whole mind and body."

The first time they met she recognized him and realized that life would never be the same again. It will be filled with bitter lust, sadness, fights and occasional happy moments. And there is nothing to be done. It cannot be avoided.

Tamas was divorced for long but usually stayed with the ex-wife and their teenage son. He did that because he was afraid to be alone. He always wanted to belong to someone. On the other hand nothing restricted him from having all sorts of affairs on the side. For Tamas it was a must. As far as he was concerned life was only sex and money. The latter usually came from girlfriends or some monkey business. He never really worked in his

life. His charm, the sweet talk and the vibrating sexual promise blended with an imaginary background effectively found victims one after another to promote his lifestyle and his endless thirst for excitement.

After his mother's death he visited his cousin in London. The cousin, that happened to be one of Zeta's old friends. Edith talked about the Tamas to Zeta, however she did not seem to care. She sensed the disaster and turned away from Edith's request to meet him.

One day, during his long stay she agreed to see him for a moment to help in a problem he developed with a woman he met in London. He arrived with Edith. After the essential introduction she left for work.

They talked about trivial matters for quite a while when Zeta started to force the initial subject. Tamas told her that he is going to move to London and live with the woman he had just met. He needed advice in developing some sort of business for survival. Zeta suggested few lines however Tamas looked through her and stepped out to bring some drinks.

They started sipping the lager. The cans disappeared, one by one leaving Zeta with lightness.

They talked about trivial matters appeared to be important only for Tamas. Zeta started to become bored. She got up from the couch and walked to the bookshelf looking for a book to talk about. As she was passing the man, his hand grabbed hers and with a strong move turned Zeta around to face him.

"I desire you", said the man with bluntness.

Zeta did not say a word, just pulled her hand back and placed it on his groin and gently squeezed the very sizeable and rock hard phallus.

"I wanted to know your offer", she said calmly to the surprised man. "I think it would be all right", she continued and started her way down to the bedroom. Tamas followed her.

They made long and passionate love on the king size bed in the ground floor bedroom. Hours passed by and they just could have enough of each other.

For the next two weeks the lovers met every day. When Tamas finally left for Hungary they agreed to meet there. This was the start of their stormy and very emotional relationship. A year later they got married.

After the simple ceremony life seemed to change. Tamas hurried back to Hungary saying that it was not

possible for him to stay away longer. Zeta went back to her work wondering about the future. The business that supported her one bedroom Central London flat and the basic living however wasn't enough to keep Tamas and finance his flamboyant lifestyle. As time passed by his stories about momentary difficulties, needing some money to invest in an excellent idea and the necessity to return back to Budapest became more and more colourful. Zeta understood that the marriage was over without beginning. The universal task to change his attitude towards life and make him aware of his duty grew immensely in weight.

Although Zeta and him finally managed to get divorced about a year back, ending their passionate but very disturbing six months marriage, they both believed, that there was nobody else for them in their earthly existence.

## **16.**

On the 16<sup>th</sup> star of Orion the Alfa & Omega council was getting ready for yet another emergency session to

discuss the future of a tiny planet, called Keta. Their face carried the weight of the desperate situation. The effort to make earthlings understand their duty and responsibility towards the future of their planet has failed.

The huge, hangar-like hall, where the council usually meets, is situated quite near the main merkaba port on Orion 16. The place enjoys the highest security. Only council members and occasional visitors or invited outsiders are allowed to land here. The new entrance codes are treated with the utmost secrecy and caution. The watchdog frequently sweeps the whole Milky Way galaxy. In the event of noticing anything remotely suspicious, the emergency protection system strengthens the stargates to withhold invaders.

While council members emerged one by one, the hall was filled with tables, chairs, food and drink. Near the ceiling, close to the walls the visitors and invited outsiders were floating trying to find the best place to watch the event. Amongst them are the NCs (the news carriers) setting their chips for recording, few robots with the same purpose and invited Earthling displaying the urge to learn the procedure.

The first member to enter the hall was Mekai, the 2<sup>nd</sup> son of the Creator. He is in charge of the CUA (Central Universal Army) with great organizing skills and fast working mind. The short brown hair, the brown eyes, the beard and the masculine, well presented appearance mirrored his taste in physical body. His walk was calm and collected as he took his place at the far end of the table. Shortly behind him Zinas, the 4<sup>th</sup> daughter showed up. Her slender figure looked immaculate in the long Roman style dress. The long blond hair and green eyes made the gracious lady even warmer.

The siblings were very excited to meet again, however, after giving quick accounts of small matters the initial light conversation turned towards the main issue of the meeting.

A sudden whisper, announcing the Great Father, ran through the hall. The chatting stopped and the energy level rose high. All eyes were fixed on the main tunnel-gateway that worked as the temporary entrance door. Nobody dared to move.

The 12 members of the First Generation stood still in respect. Long time passed by but the door remained

closed. An uneasy feeling took over the motionless waiting. What if is not true? What if the watchdog did not get it right? What if he is not coming at all? Their thoughts blended into the high energy of the place making it almost impossible to bear. Suddenly their sight wandered away from the door as if pulled by a magic string. And there he was, sitting at the table, openly amused on their confusion.

"Greetings Great Father", they uttered almost at once still looked taken aback.

"Greetings my Honourable Sons and Daughters", replied the Creator. "Again, I managed to fool you, hey? Have you forgotten that walls are no obstacles for us? This physical body still frustrates you, I think", added with a loud chuckle.

The twelve siblings couldn't conceal their happiness to see the Creator. They also understood that something vital was there to discuss.

„Since our time is limited, I suggest starting the meeting straight away. I hope every council member is here."

„Yes Father, we are all here."

„I don't see the number 6. What happened?"

„I am here Father", replied Ariadne with a smile.

„I mean the male side of it. Where is Hades? Is he still sulking?“

„No, Father. He is on his way. He needs to finish few things before he joins the council full time“, replied the daughter.

„Good news. Was he happy about the invitation?“

„Yes, he was over Anka with happiness. Naturally he didn't show but he cannot fool me.“

„What is this Anka?“

„It is Dubhe's moon, Father. Hades is on Dubhe now. It is the 1st planet of Ursa Major“, added Hera.

„I still don't understand this Anka business. Why is he over Anka?“

„It is a Keteian expression“, started the explanation Zeus. „They use it to express great happiness. Be over the moon, to be exact. And because Anka is Dubhe's moon, he is over Anka with happiness.“

„Mmm. Very clever. I am glad you show interest in Keta for we need to talk about it. First of all I would like to get your assurance that you don't mention anything about your brother's past behaviour when he arrives. You know how sensitive he is. I want him to feel comfortable among us. This trouble with Haudi can only



be dealt with, if we put our knowledge and heart together. Is it a promise?"

"Yes Father, it is", answered the family without hesitation.

"Good, good, good. Do you know if he's coming to this particular meeting?"

"Not to this one, unfortunately. He has a lot to attend to", replied Ariadne smiling. "He is getting ready for the big work. At the time of our last talk he was going through old files about Keta. There was an overwhelming affection in his voice I have not seen for long. It's going to be great fun to work together again."

"Well, we shouldn't lose the main purpose of our meeting. Keta. Do you remember? The little planet in the Haudi solar system. The one that is unfortunate enough to arrive to a one-pole situation just now, when the Sun Age is ending."

"What do you mean?" asked the newly arrived Uranus, the family's great astronomer.

"Hi Ura, good to see that you managed to leave Monius on time", greeted her husband Phoenix. "Greetings, Son. How is Mazarel?" asked the Creator. "Did you see him?"

"Yes Father, I did. He is fine. A bit grumpy though. He is concerned about the latest Magus-Medium course he is leading. A student went down to Keta without asking permission. You know the old bugger, he cannot stand the lack of discipline."

"He is right, Son. One has to be faithful to certain principles."

"That is true. However, everything changes therefore we need to change also. We need to change our views. Did I miss anything?"

"We have been talking about Keta, my dear."

"Oh, that. The one-pole planet. Mmm, pretty unfortunate. Such a short time!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Which of my sentences are you questioning?"

"I talk about the last one actually. Although I don't think it was a question", continued Hera, the number 3 daughter, combing her hair with her slim fingers.

"You are right, it wasn't. Keta has a very short time to put it right. I mean we have a very short time to put it right."

"I still don't understand your meaning, my dear", claimed Phoenix.

"The end of the last Sun Age is nearing fast."

"Sure. However, with our help miracle can happen", smiled Hera confidently.

"On one hand, yes. But you ignore the one-pole. If the micro and macrocosm work in relation we need to create another pole there and here also. Now, with Hades coming back to the family, we have a one-pole situation at our hand. To enable the changes on Keta another pole is needed here."

"I think you are right. I've never thought of it this way", considered Hera. "You are saying that actually we need an enemy. Now, when we are together again and everything looks rosy."

"All right, children! Let's start the meeting", warned the council members the Creator and took his place at the near end of the big table.

## **17.**

Zeta made herself comfortable on the leather sofa. Although Mardouk was very busy giving light and heat to the planet, sunshine couldn't break through the

rather big windows of the flat. Outside old ladies changed recipes from one corner to the other of the circular corridor. Entrance bells and telephone lines demanded attention and triggered the dogs to bark. The noise grew on each other and reached the unbearable level. Zeta smiled and focused on the giant geraniums on the window ledge. Put her right thumb out and drew a straight vertical line in front of her. The clamour stopped and the energy frequency rose. Two white candles were lit and incense started to burn. With the help of the sensor she found the communication channel. Straightened her back and let the golden energy beam flow in through the crown chakra down the root, let it fill the entire body and spread into the aura. Zeta indulged in the cleansing-healing golden light for about ten minutes. She felt ready and strong enough for communication. With a deep inhaling she summoned and concentrated the energy over her crown centre. With a twist of a finger she changed its structure. The beam turned to gentle lilac in colour and faster in speed. Her concentration strengthened and the communication channel was ready to use. She sent the first signals out requesting contact.

The central office of Andromeda constellation picked up the waves on the other end. Zeta projected her copper triangle to follow the happenings.

"It is Andromeda", said the machine like voice. "Who are you and what your mission is?"

"I am number 13 from Keta", replied Zeta.

"Put your left thumb into the communication channel", ordered the voice.

"Yes sir! Or lady", said Zeta with willingness.

"Thank you Hera. Peace from Andromeda. What is that you desire?" mellowed the voice.

"I would very much like to talk to the magus in charge of soul changing."

"It is Mekhtani, the number 4. Are you going to visit him straight on the 4<sup>th</sup> planet or you need some help with it?" enquired the voice.

"Thank you very much, I think I can manage. Thanks again... What is your name?"

"My name is 1253. I am a robot at your service."

"All right 1253. I will call you Wisey from now on. Would you like that?"

"I am honoured", closed up the conversation the robot with a tingle in the voice.

On the copper triangle the thirteen stars Andromeda constellation appeared. There was the beautiful princess in her full glory. The daughter of Kepheus and Cassiopeia, waiting for the brave Perseus to free her. The chains on her ankles are the work of Poseidon who managed to capture the beautiful girl with the help of the sea monster, Cetus. "She is glorious", thought Zeta. "She could teach some tricks to Earthlings with their arrogant attitude. It's a pity that she is only seen during the late autumn and winter months from the Northern Hemisphere. How beautiful she was from Brazil in March! First we caught sight of the W formed Cassiopeia near the North Pole. There she was, to the South of her mother, the cosmic princess with billions of little stars keeping her company in this enslaved loneliness!"

The focus of Zeta's energy triangle went on the zero star. "It looks abandoned", she thought. Father must have gone to the Alfa & Omega council meetings", added and went on to the fourth.

Mekhtani was busy in his study when the staff on duty announced the visitor. The magus looked at the monitor. "In God's name, it is Hera I think! What is she up to coming to me like this?"

"Peace my child. I am honoured."

"The honour is mine Great Mekhtani", rejoiced Zeta.

"Unfortunately I cannot recall any of our previous meetings, although I am certain there were many."

"It is true my child. We know each other quite well. Would you like to hear few stories about our work together?"

"Not right now, if you don't mind, although it is nice of you to offer, your honour."

"How did you find me?"

"Well, I have not, really. One of my students approached me with a question and as always I was trying to find answers. It just hit me on the way, that the answer was myself."

"That must have been a shock, I'd say! How did you take it?"

"I am getting used to being important and sort of knowledgeable. People around me believe that I have the answer to all their questions. Or at least I should have. It drives me crazy sometimes. I spend most of my time on Akasha. There is no day – I mean earthly day – when I do not visit my wonderful brother, Uriel and

seek some assistance from him. He is such a darling!  
Never runs out of patience!"

"Did he tell you about me?" asked the magus.

"No, he did not. I had to learn how to access my central soul bank."

"Where do you keep them nowadays?"

"There are three copies. One on Galluba, one on Orion 17<sup>th</sup> and I have one on H planet."

"Auuuu, H planet! Is it ready now? I meant to check on you there. I am curious about the place. Anyway, good, good, good. Very clever to keep one there. You are advancing fast."

"Thank you. Nice of you to say so considering how difficult it is to please you. I do my best."

"All right. Let's get back to business. You want souls, ey?"

"Yees, how do you know?"

"I am a magus after all."

"Sure. I would like to have 3 souls to start with. One for Gabriel Smith, one for his lover Dianora and one for his wife. His children could come after if he keeps his promises."

"What a family! All robots! Who encoded them?"



"Initially Hades, however, when Ceatan went solo, he removed the codes and replaced with his own. That is why they are dangerous."

"Oh yes I have heard that this silly robot Ceatan or, as he is better known, Satan is doing a grand job on Keta. His work is easy, I must admit. Keteans are very gullible. I can imagine you have a hard time there."

"Yes, I do. Especially now with the new energy, my brother Uranus is sending to Keta. He is having fun I am sure. You know how efficient he is! Gives the most of his abilities. Sending down double doze to make sure that he is capable of doing the job. Well, he is the youngest. I have the feeling that he struggles with all those clever siblings around. Please, do not ever mention it to him for he is very serious about appearances. I think I have just realized that he might be one of those suppressed children. Yes, I think I should give him a sisterly hug more often.

Anyway, he is doing great. The change drives the Keteans nuts. Mind you it must be very hard. Being self-centred and brainwashed for the last 2160 years had permanently damaged their energy field."

"Do they know it?"

"Unfortunately they do not and they refuse to. This is the saddest of all and the hardest on me.

"I hope you receive some help from the others", sighed the magus.

The deep and long exhaling triggered a swirl of the most beautiful blue. It was pastel and bright at the same time, smooth and caring and felt like an abyss one desires to get lost in. Zeta felt calm, very calm. Closed her eyes and allowed the energy to take her to the place wherever this overwhelming calmness was. "I need this soothing journey and the caring", she admitted and had gone with the flow. The blue energy caressed her nicely stroking her face and hair. Then turned her around and around, going down on her body, tickling and massaging, almost like flirting to win her attention. Zeta let it go. The blue got darker and stronger to match her taste. Then the energy mass got suddenly divided into concentrated snake like beams and took separate ways to enforce the purpose. The soothing and exciting energy slipped down on her body, covering every inch of great importance. After a crazy dance on the neck, back and armpits they all met on the navel. The strange feeling forced her to get rid of the tight and sexy top

that showed her naked nipples. The jeans were unbuttoned and released. The black tanga was pulled away and her fingers started to play with her labia.

"God, it is good", whispered Zeta and slowly opened her legs to make way to executing hand. The lips were forcefully opened and the fingers find their way to the vagina. She felt the blue snakes supporting her move and accompanying the fingers all the way.

Behind the blue cloud Mekhtani smiled impishly.

"I think you will have enough energy now to accomplish the work, my child", commented and disappeared.

## **18.**

Hades closed the monitor on the ceiling and laid back on the bed. His thoughts jumped from Zoltan, the Earthling grandson, to Zeta and Tamas.

Zoltan, who was called Mabek at the time of creation, is a handful. His brain is a sponge, takes in everything in vicinity and selects later. Just like the fish. Opens the mouth, takes all in and keeps only the important parts. It is the filter of the ocean. Wonderful! Well, Zoltan is

the filter of Earth. Not a very good one though! Being an Earthling, having the family he does and the education he had, damaged his vision. "I only hope it is not near permanent. I think he would be all right. After the turn of the moon his cosmic education starts. I think he needs some rest now. I hope he is taking it easy in our love nest. Such a pretty place! We enjoyed countless eternities there. Sometimes even longer." The fragrance of the impatient waiting, the slow sliding of silken underwear, the nerve tightening move and the sweet saliva in his mouth brought back the urge of a successful energy exchange.

"What does she have the others don't? She is not particularly beautiful, might not even be sexy for the crowd. Well, what does the crowd know! Nothing.

They are the clone people. Especially the so called civilized ones in Europe and in North America like U.S.A. and Canada. I just call them white Earthlings. They are not white really however, they either want to be considered white or gave up their ethnic identity for the sake of blending in. I think if you meet one you met them all. They have the same hairstyle, the same outfit, the same long nails and the same body structure. They

talk the same way, think the same and eat the same. Usually don't read unless it is about sad love offers and watched the endless soap operas on TV. Wonder why they have so many relationship troubles.

Zeta is different. She's happy to be an individual and doesn't give a damn about belonging or blending in. Just like Hera. Mmmm... Hera...

I remember my brother Zeus was once looking for her really out of his mind. And he found his wife with me in bed. What sight it must have been", mused Hades. Stood up from the chair, ordered peace and quiet from every angle and walked into the renovation room. A minute later seized to exist for the rest of the Universe.

## **19.**

After his guide's departure and meeting with his earthly astral body, Zoltan opened the window to let some fresh air in. Although it didn't make much difference to the taste, smell and frequency of the energy indoors, the motion made him feel at ease. As a routine he started to tidy the room to pass the time until Linaha returns.

"She says there is no time here", wondered Mabek. "What am I passing than? Time goes while my mind works or I tidy this place. I don't think I fully understand timelessness." With a sudden pull drew the curtains on the wall to make them symmetrical. As he did, he found Linaha looking back at him from the wall.

"Here you are!" cried out happily. Please come down here. I find this situation a bit ridiculous talking to a wall."

"You are a soldier all right", laughed Linaha. Do you talk to all women like that? Giving them orders to march to your music? By the way, do you play music or sing, or do anything with performing art?"

"Unfortunately not, however, I have always wanted to. I could have been great I think. Zoltan Nagy, the King", he announced proudly to the world. He straightened his back, lifted his chin – a bit like a soldier – and greeted the imaginary crowd of raving fans who were coming from far to see the gorgeous, sweet and amazing rock artist.

"Are you about done? Do not forget clever!" she brought him back to reality.

"Oh, yes, thank you Linaha. Clever is important."

"Calm down, just calm down my Darling. It is time to think about the next most important event in your life", she warned.

"Yes, what is that?"

"You know, the first lecturing with His Almighty. Have you forgotten?"

"What do you mean?! I have not forgotten! I was just waiting for the Sun or the light to disappear so I could go to bed, rest and get ready when the light comes up."

"Would be interesting. Here the light stays on for fifty-four turns of Anka, the moon of Dubhe. And disappears for 21 turns. Surely you do not need all that time to rest. Although I know, your work a lot and your mission is very hard."

"Shhit, you mean there is no tomorrow?" inquired Zoltan with fear in his eyes.

"Not how you think of it. Here time is not important. We set our appointments by the movements of the planets, but then again, it only comes in a different dimension. I mean the movements. And the appointments. Should not get into it now. Hades would explain it better. "

"How would I know, when to get up, when to leave the house? And the time, what is the time!" cried out Zoltan.

"There is not any. Get used to it. Relax and take it easy. I come and wake you up with a big kiss and anything else you might require to get alert, happy and high in energy", chuckled Linaha.

"Yes please. What about tucking me in tonight? I get restless being alone in this big house."

"So you do? My sweetheart, since I am here to serve you, I am going to design the female or male to fit all your needs. Which one do you want?"

"Do not be dumb! I am a healthy man not a gay! Of course I want a female!"

"You mean all the earthlings who prefer the opposite sex are healthy and rest are ill? It seems easy to be a doctor on your planet. The only thing I do not understand that if it is so obvious, who is healthy and who is ill, why do doctors need to study for many moon turns? And what about those who are not having a preferred gender at mind? Or just don't want to have anybody at all?"

"Do not confuse me now. Yes, we have certain ideas of shoulds and should nots. It is stupid I suppose but life is easier with them around. We do not need to think and spend long time on finding justifications. The earlier



you accept them the easier your life become", replied Zoltan a bit annoyed.

"All right. We'll continue this conversation at another time. Seems I can learn something from you here. I mean receive information."

"Sure, tell you all about it tomorrow. I mean after I got back from the boss. So, where is this woman you have promised?"

"Place your order my master. Do you want short or tall, plump or thin? Big boobs or small ones? How many? I mean boobs? Mouth, eyes, legs, hair and clothing? I need all the details. What do you want to use it for?"

"Oh, Linaha, you are not serious, are you?"

"Yes, of course I am. It has to be encoded for certain movements and routines."

"It is awkward, I do not know yet."

"What, you make up your mind then. Zeta always says that any decision is better than hesitation. Easy, ask for complete service and use the Darling whatever you care for."

"How do you know what she says? I mean Zeta."

"We communicate, you know."

"Do you mean that she calls you up?"

"Yes, something very similar. She summons me from time to time."

"I see. All right, just do what you want. I mean concerning this female creature. I trust you."

"You'd better", she said and disappeared.

Zoltan, alias Mabek set down on the bed with a confused look on his face. The thought of being alone in a relatively strange house, on a strange planet, far away from loved ones still made him tremble. On Keta he would sweat heavily but here his energy level and structure changed. He did not desire any liquid, and just remembered, did not pass away any. He had actually never been to the toilet since his arrival! "There must be something wrong with me", he thought. "I might be dying or something. No, just calm down. Take a deep breath. One, two and threeee, in." He started to feel dizzy. At the fourth inhaling he fell on the bed and never remembered the fifth. When Linaha arrived with the carefully designed and fully equipped female there was nothing to do. Zoltan was deeply asleep.

"Thank Anka for that!" sighed his astral body and carefully separated himself from the snoring physical counterpart. "I desperately need to go back to Keta now

otherwise Zoltan is going to end up in a big shit. Why do I have to cater for two physical bodies in two different dimensions! I know I have to collect information to awaken the earthly Zoltan. It is a tiring job with no serious result yet. I hope with this trip he would remember keywords to open some of his files. All right. Let's do it", he announced and left.

## **20.**

Zeta picked up the phone and called Les to tell him the news about the souls. They discussed the strategy and agreed upon the time to meet.

After the conversation Les went down to the office. Put a clean sheet of paper on the desk, set down in his favourite armchair and started to jot down the questions flowing into his mind. He didn't always understand what Zeta was talking about. Although his trust in her was strong the questions did not let him relax.

"Let's see, I do not really understand this soul business. What is it? Where is it? Why would anybody need one?

How can anybody get one? Where do we get it from?" He continued with few self-related doubts and finished with a big question mark at the end of "What is my task on Earth" sentence.

"I should try to find answers to these questions by myself I think. That is Zeta's theory. She says that the answer is in front of you, just open your eyes and allow yourself to see. If you cannot see it than you need to forget about it for you are not ready to take it in. I am sure she is right. But what happens with the searching? It is in the AKIA-path-finder: Life is the constant cycle of searching for personal truth. I suppose it is true. I do not know where the cycle is and why should we stop searching when it is the essence of existence?" murmured Les. "I think I will ask my guides for help. They would show me the right direction", added, putting an end to his question time. Took his pendulum out of his pocket, lit a candle with some incense and begin to search for the adequate communication channel to contact his guides. As his focusing became narrower, he felt a light breeze entering the room. "Are you Malor, my guide?" asked Les stopping the visitor.

"No I am not, son. I am Aurora."

"Hello mother, what a pleasant surprise!"

"I was in the vicinity and heard your call. I thought I come and help if I can. What ails you?"

"I don't feel I should bother you with my little questions. There is quite a lot on your plate now."

"I have some free time at hand. Tell me!"

"Thank you very much. It is very kind of you. I have been wondering about the soul. Where is it? What is it all about? What do I do here on Earth?"

"Wow, this is a handful. I think I could start you up and point you the right direction to continue the work. Is it fair?"

"Yes, it is more that I could ask for. Thank you."

"Right. Let us sit down and make ourselves comfortable."

"I beg your pardon. Would you like anything? A drink or some food perhaps?" proposed Les.

"Very kind of you. Not at the moment, thank you", replied the goddess smilingly. "The soul is an individual concentration of knowledge and experience."

"Wait a minute, please!" interrupted Les. "Did you say, individual?"

"Yes, I did."

"You mean that they collect and use knowledge individually for their own advantage?"

"In many ways, yes."

"Therefore the knowledge I have is mine and I can use it to my personal benefit. That is it?"

"Certainly."

"What is in it for the universe, then?"

"The question is not to use but how to use."

"What do you mean?"

"Regardless of what galaxy it lives or what sort of body form it takes, the soul's only aim is to reach the level where it can multiply. It means that the soul raises its frequency to the sufficient level."

"How does it do that?"

"The how comes in here now. Since everything is energy and interrelated, the soul manipulates its moves through obstacles and pathways to gain the highest frequency possible."

"I see. So I can only use my knowledge if the result takes my soul nearer to the multiplying point", laughed Les.

"Yes and no", continued Aurora seriously. "You can do what you want, however without the true path existence would not make you happy and would bring unhappiness to your loved ones also. Even, if you don't realize it. Something else you need to understand. You don't have a soul but you are the soul. I think it is important to know for it changes one's approach to life", said the goddess while tried to take the message coming through to her. "I think I have to leave you now. I would be happy to continue some other time. Peace with you. Keep up the good work."

Les set there for a while mesmerized and happy. Then got up from his armchair walked up on the stairs, stepped into the kitchen and gave a kiss to Christie, his faithful wife and companion.

## **21.**

After giving some life saving energy boost to Zeta, Mekhtani stepped into his office and ordered the guards not to be disturbed. Went to the fifth corner of the small pentagonal stargate he considered to be his main

residence, and projected a plasma triangle on the wall. Found the right frequency, fiddled with the focuser and looked over the choice of souls on offer. There were few on trial, few desperate to go down to Earth in hope of a fast evolution jump, and many volunteers. He was not interested in the professionals for he considered them far more valuable than being wasted on a trivial matter on Keta. At the end his choice fell on the first group.

The next and vital step was to look at the particulars of the robots in question before the final selection was made. It was not easy. After the icy air melted between Hades and the family, the strict control over these machines loosened and temporary pirate ownership took over. The new owners were not others than Ceatan's first and best creations. These highly qualified machines developed a strong ambition to survive and succeed. However, breaking their codes and create new ones did not cause difficulties to the pirates. So the ambition stayed, only the aim changed. The headache, caused by the loose moral became the privilege of the family and the Universal Watchdogs.

The magus opened his communication channel that resulted in a knock on the entrance.



"Enter", he said and turned around. A beam of orange coloured energy burst through the gap and started to hover above Mekhtani.

"Come on **Yelashu**, settle down. What is this colour all about? You look like an overheated mango!"

"Sorry boss, Yelashu could not come. He is over on Orion now. You have got me instead. My name is **Taringo**. I have been working for you since the last Light Turn."

"Oh, that is a disaster! Now I have to do it myself!"

"But Great Mekhtani, I am in charge of the filing cabinet system here. Actually, I invented it."

"Invented? You mean it has never been in use before you?"

"It has not, as far as I know."

"All right then. I give you a try. I need the whole history of 3 robots. Momentary they live in Earthling physical bodies, on Keta, well, in Budapest or nearby. The names they use are: Mr Gabriel Smith, Ms Dianora Wolf and Mrs Gabriel Smith. The two Smiths belong together. On paper, at least. The questions are the following: What is their capacity, who manufactured them, who encoded them originally and who do they work for now?"

"I got it. It is not going to be easy. The robots do not have soul banks", started Taringo. "One can only trace them through the owners. And having all that pirating they might not even be registered."

"Just do your best. I need the result by moon turn."

"Understood, Great Mekhtani."

The magus turned around, switched on the monitor and focused on Keta. From the Northern hemisphere he selected Europe and started to sweep it.

"I was told the place was somewhere in the middle. Yes! Here it is. Budapest. There are numbers here. Which number should I choose? Yelashu! I mean Taringo, help me out here!"

"Yes sir. What is it you wish for?"

"I want to learn something about these robots."

"You need to look at the map of Budapest. Do you see the numbers? These numbers are the districts in the city. Find number five and number seven."

"Do you have the addresses?"

"Yes, Sir. Here they are."

"Thank you. You can go now."

"Thank you, Sir."

Mekhtani enlarged the 5<sup>th</sup> district. Looked at the buildings one by one. "I guess I have to open the details if I want to know more about the place they live or work", pondered the magus and opened few files. "Here are the measurements, the date of construction, the market price value and the owner's name with all the personal details. Let's see. Certain names come up more than others. Funnily, there are many robots in this district. I wonder why Keta is in trouble! Must tell the Council about this discovery", closed the monitor Mekhtani and left for his private quarters.

## **22.**

When Mabek opened his eyes, saw Linaha leaning into his face and holding something like a mug, with obviously something in it.

"Come on baby, pull yourself together. Hades is waiting", cried out Linaha. "Sweet Universe, what did you do with this poor female? She looks utterly exhausted!" glanced at the emergency female creation Linaha.

"I did nothing! At least nothing I remember of. You really mean that he is waiting for me!? It is a disaster! Let's go! Give me this coffee", he said and grabbed the container out of Linaha's hand. When he saw the fright on Linaha's face was too late. The empty mug was dropped on the floor and Mabek on the bed. He felt a warm wave starting from his toes and fast approaching his head while growing in size. His legs puffed up, his arms were lifted by the power and his head became a mass of pain. He tried to open his mouth to say something, however, his control over his body seized completely. The swelling started to concentrate in his belly and with a shrieking sound burst out leaving the surprised Mabek lying on the bed motionless.

"That is what I was about to tell you", said Linaha. "The effect is strong and you are not used to it. We sip it nicely and slowly. Is this the way you drink your booster or whatever you call it on Keta?"

"When one is in a hurry, yes", heard his own voice Mabek. The sound was followed by a motion and there he was, standing next to her, fresh like a daisy and ready for action.

"I am glad you are back to normal. Let's move! I take you to the fence. You know the way after."

"All right gorgeous! I like when you talk dirty. Tell me, what did I drink? It had an awful taste, a bit like zinc blended into Colgate total."

"An energy booster. Actually a double energy booster. I felt you needed it."

"Yes Linaha, I think I really did. Don't go anywhere! I would like to find you here when I get back, you know!"

## **23.**

Hades walked to the cabinet where he kept his earthy clothing. He wanted to look fashionable, young and cool for his grandson. After all the boy was here to learn. "He needs to trust me", murmured the god. "Down on Keta they looked at fashion as a vital issue on the road to success", continued the thought. "Success in business as well as in relationships. In one word, life. Keta is in the hands of the fashion multies. I wonder about his view on the subject", he paused and put on a trendy acquisition he purchased on Keta on his last trip.

With a whussssh on the finger he appeared fully dressed, smart, his dark hair mussed and his fragrance was very becoming. Being a teacher felt good and made him proud. Walked to the entrance and pressed the button on the monitor. He saw Mabek, fast approaching the back door.

"His guide is good and he is a fast learner. It pleases me. I cannot stand wasting myself."

"Hi Sir", greeted the god Zoltan. "Mabek, the peace soldier and light worker at your service."

"Peace Son. You look neat and organized."

"I am a soldier after all. I thought I should look my best today. It is our first real meeting and do not want to disappoint you."

"Disappoint me? In what way?" asked the god with a frown.

"I studied your life and behaviour pattern, I mean whatever was available about you. I put all information together and altered my usual ways to match up to your liking."

"You mean you have some ideas about me?" questioned him Hades with irony in his voice. "You made me curious, let us hear them!"

"I do, I mean I do have assumptions but I rather you asked me specific questions and I replied."

"Why not idea, why assumption?"

"The idea is a lazy thought that involves the source in some sort of agreeable motion. It is a projection of fear, destined to die before birth, because it lacks building power. It is reflective therefore it hurts only the owner. On the other hand, assumption is a thought about somebody else's stand or behaviour pattern. It is a thought that not necessarily covers the truth. Well, truth is a different matter I would very much like to discuss with you later. Assumption is a weapon used against those we envy. They are the best targets. We like to assume them being in a disgraceful situation, doing disgusting things – that we would very much like to do, however, we do not have the guts or the money – and we hope to save our sinful souls by making all those assumptions. With this deed we would be declared to be the loyal part of the herd that knows what is right and what is wrong. With one word, we would be considered being one of those with a moral standard." Envy is also a projection of fear, but unlike idea, assumption destroys. It is powerful! It can demolish

anything and anybody. We fear that those we envy would start disliking us. Or they might notice us. If and when they do, we become targets of their assumptions. Assumption is the disease of Earthlings. Whatever way I am looking at it, we are eating up each other. You see, just because I am up here on Dubhe I still consider myself being an Earthling first of all, therefore I have the habit of assuming. I hope the time comes when my fears disappear and I would dare walk naked", he finished with a great pride in his voice.

"This was a pretty clever presentation and introduction. Going to be fun working with you. Seems that you could teach me few things about Keta. Life has changed there since I have been. I mean consciously. Where did you find all this wisdom?"

"I think I am so nervous that forgot to control myself. Could it be one of my files that opened up? Dear Creator, am I clever! It feels good!"

Mahin's face appeared on the hologram monitor and conveyed a message from Keta. Hades made note of it and led Mabek through a corridor, into a tiny room. The walls were dark in colour, an unrecognisable mixture of



brown, purple and black. Snake like tubes and wires were hanging out and started up for Mabek's throat straight away as if they were coded to strangle him. The fear in his eyes was growing, while he hung onto his baggy trousers. Hades noticed the seriousness of the situation. He tried to make up his mind if he should look at the grandson or not however at the end he decided not to embarrass him. The energy coming from his direction talked for itself. Mabek, alias Zoltan Nagy, the grandson, was shitting bullets. Or something else as the matter of fact.

Hades snapped his fingers and the room eased up. Mabek sighed and pulled himself together.

"This is our room, our meeting place. When you enter the equipment would test you for communication. Measure the frequency in each centre and select the files from the cabinet you would need for the day."

"What centre you talk about?"

"Your energy centres, of course. I remember you call them chakras."

"I can't see any filing cabinet here", moved his eyes around the room Mabek, slowly."

"I talk about your filing cabinet", laughed the god. "The place you keep the knowledge."

"Yes, yes, yes. That's right. It's my brain. How would they know which file I need for the day?"

"It is easy. I tell them in advance. I don't mean the exact files. Just mention the subject I pick for the day. They look for relevant files you might have and bring them forward. Actually every time we talk about something a file opens up in your brain."

"Great. We do not need to work then. The files come forward, open up and the wisdom spreads in my body."

"I wish it was that easy. The files have to be triggered or decoded, we would say."

"Yes, now I remember. Zeta says that we are never learning anything new only remembering the things we already know. When certain energy triggers open a file, we start remembering."

"Exactly."

"She is clever, you know. Now I am thinking. Does it mean that she remembers more than, let's say, I do, that is why she knows more, but actually I also have the same knowledge in my cabinet, waiting to be

opened and when it does, I become a guru or a wise man?"

Hades started to laugh. "Yes, we are definitely related", he though referring to Mabek's wise man theory.

"Well, the answer to your question is yes and no. Yes, you would become wiser and some would call you Mr Guru perhaps, for some files are more special than others. And no, for you would never know as much as she does."

"It is hard to understand and even harder to accept."

"Let's make it the subject of our first lesson. I hope my explanation offers you a degree of light on the matter."

## **24.**

They closed their eyes and started the gold energy cleansing. The beam flew down from the crown along the spine and down to the root. The whole body was filled with the universal strength and started to float. Zeta was training them to lose their roots and make the connection with guides and helpers. The aura was filled

with the thick golden light and stretched to a mile in its diameter.

After an easy and lazy floating the energy field arrived back to its original shape and size, ready to take the stargate to the Sun. One could see the balloons reaching for the sky and disappearing from human sight.

The keepers of the Southern stargate on the Big Burning Ball prepared for the arrival of the visitors. Activated the plasma triangles and stood closely to help the gold balloons through. A message was sent to Mardouk with a warning as he requested. He did his best to fit his sister's students into his demanding schedule.

They all liked Mardouk, the 7<sup>th</sup> son of the creator. With his curiosity and investigating nature he was sort of human like. Under the mood changes and sudden grumpiness he was a helpful and warm-hearted creature. A chat with him always brings something rewarding to the souls involved.

Zeta's students go see Mardouk for a chat every now and then. While in the Sun they visit the immune strengthening also. Usually they take the whole family.

The treatment is vital to keep earthlings ready to face the viruses and other strange bugs coming into the atmosphere of Keta through the karma - cleansing motion.

Zeta watched her students. Astral bodies arrived back leisurely and connected to the spiritual carefully. Their faces were lit and their auras turned into light golden with a touch of pink.

"Right. Is there anybody who wants to talk about the visit?"

"Mardouk offered me a crystal. A pyramid crystal", announced Judit. He wants me to take it to Petra and put it under the Treasury building."

"You mean the one, people call the treasury?" added Zeta.

"Well, yes."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, but would be nice if you could check it."

"I don't think you should worry about it right now. Time comes when Mardouk would tell you what to do with the crystal."

"Anything else?"

"He offered me coffee", smiled Gabi.

"That is great", closed the subject Zeta.

She put two white candles out and lit the burner. "Today the communication channels are troubled" she pondered. "Many of them broken, therefore a special assessment and cleansing is needed. The Moon is its strongest. It helps to make the connection with the godly forces. On the other hand, a channel is not selective. It is like a telephone wire. Serves everyone that picks up the receiver. Idle or wandering entities and enemy souls could catch the other end if one is not careful", finished her thoughts.

"Let us gather everything we need to know about the Moon for the moment", started Zeta. "The Moon, our moon, is the only natural follower of our planet. The diameter of the Moon is 3476 km, equals to 2172.5 miles. Its distance from Earth is 406.000 to 363.000 km. Today it is nearer to 363.000. The Moon orbits Earth in every 28 days. The spin on its own axis would take equal time. That is why we always see the same side of it from every particular spot on Earth.

Although Keta's diameter is four times bigger than the Moon's, the pull of the latter is far more noticeable. Keta's axis is leaning 23.5 degrees because this way it is perpendicular to the Moon's equator. I hope you really understand the significance of the effect.

We know that the Moon does not actually shine but reflects the light of the Sun. Today is the second day of the New Moon, meaning that our faithful follower has just started up her journey to the East leaving the straight line between Earth and the Sun. This time of the month she appears on the West horizon evening time. Do you understand this?"

"It is a bit complicated and I don't know why we have to bother with the details?" said Marika.

"I am sorry. I want you to know how the Universe works. Knowledge is your power", announced Zeta firmly.

From time to time she lost patience with the students. Was hard to accept that their view was quite a bit narrower for they preferred to stay Earth bounded.

„All right, let's get back to business. Naturally we do the throwing away meditation now. You know the one leads to the universal rubbish bin where you may dispose of

your karma, illnesses and annoying behaviour patterns. Please, do understand, that the Council had this stargate built to help you, but cannot do the job for you. It is up to your decision to continue living with slow energies that hinder your spiritual development. Also understand, that you have to seriously and consciously want to get rid of the weight on your shoulder and back."

„We do, however, it seems to come back all the time."

„Only if you invite it back. Enjoy the lightweight freedom. Think of being blessed and reborn rather than missing something you have carried for years. Enjoy the floating and the lightness."

„Zeta, don't you think that karma is there to teach us lessons?"

„Originally it was, in a way. Because, what is karma? Unsolved situations rolled over from previous life."

„You surely mean lives!" argued Jozsi.

„Wait a minute, you are confused. Since karma always rolls over to the new life and becomes part of it, we only talk about the very last time we lived on Keta."

„That is logical, but we still have to live it out, don't we?"



„Not anymore. Since time is limited the Creator decided to help us. They built a stargate in 1992 to work as a rubbish collector. It means that at the time of New Moon it opens up and sucks in the unwanted household waste. That is you want get rid of.”

They closed the eyes and put a determined look on the face. Shoulders started to ease and backs begin to straighten.

The New Moon exercise peacefully went on its way.

## **25.**

Hades parked his merkaba on a plot next to the council building on 16<sup>th</sup> star of the Orion constellation. The tight security around the merkaba-park and the base showed the importance of the meeting. At the door the left thumb security took effect.

Hades walked through the main corridor. At the far end he climbed few steps and found himself in the most beautiful pathway full of colourful flowers. It resembled of the Babylonian hanging gardens. Pushing his ways ahead he saw Stonehenge, Machu Pichu and Chichen

Itza. His walk continued on the side of the Great Wall of China and passed by the embankment of the Nile. Over the river the landscape changed. With the Great Pyramids of Giza and the Sphinx a line of fingerprints were on display. All the places that guard knowledge the gods deposited on Keta to help people there. He saw an arc de triumph looked like the one in Paris on the top of the Champs Elysee, further he found the Leaning tower of Pisa and the Taj Mahal.

Finally he entered the main hall. Zinas and Penka ran to greet him.

"Sweet Creator! You look handsome! Very nice to see you."

"Thank you darling sisters. You are not that bad yourselves. Good to be here", he said and put his arms around the girls. Zinas with her tall and slender figure came almost up to Hades' height. Her green eyes were contoured with thick black carbon paint lightened up with some pale gold. The long blond hair covered the entire back of the ancient Roman style dress on her. The open smiling face didn't show the strain the enormous work and worry produce. She seems to

handle everything easily and with a lot of love and understanding.

Zinas takes care of the other 15 Earth-like planets.

On the other side of the god Penka looked a little worried under the smiling face she put on for her brother. The tiny figure was wrapped in a long and colourful Indian style dress. The short brown hair was adorned with ribbons.

The goddess' worry was well founded. She is mainly responsible for the energy manipulations of solar systems amongst them Haudi where the ailing Keta is. Her work also covers the monitoring of constellations and moons' behaviour patterns. Apart from that she is in charge of the Xerox library.

"Are you ready for what comes?" asked Hades the girls cheerfully.

"It is very worrying, I must admit", stated Penka.

It is. Let's go. Every moment counts", added Zinas and with a swing she pulled the others ahead.

The Council members were patiently awaiting the Creator's words. "What is it he has to say about Keta? Does he have a new plan or does he want to implement some changes only? What is it they would have to do?

Would they be able to do it? Perhaps the answer is yes. Now that Hades joined the family every task seems easier. He is clever and a good person basically. Very good to see him back. But where is he?" Suddenly the door opened and the long awaited 6<sup>th</sup> son entered quietly with a broad smile on his face. The Alpha & Omega Council was complete to begin the emergency meeting about the future of a little planet in the Haudi solar system, called Keta.

The huge round table took most of the strangely decorated place. A thick purple-lilac coloured cloud drew the imaginary ceiling. The jelly like walls showed the hue of orange and the floor had been giving the reflection of the souls present. To the East, in the middle, Zeus was sitting in a long toga like clothing. Its colour was strangely changing, reflecting the mood of the 3<sup>rd</sup> son of the Creator. His long and curly hair showed dark brownish shade, matching up with his bushy beard. The light brown eyes were smiling impishly as he was changing words with his sister sitting next to him. He looked powerful and obviously enjoying the Family's respect.

The sister on his left was Hera, the 3<sup>rd</sup> daughter of the Creator. She looked pleased listening to her husband's charming words. Although they go separate ways most of the time, at heart they are deeply concerned about each other. Zeus leans on her quite a lot. She is an equal partner in wits and charms, very knowledgeable and trustworthy. Happily takes care of her husband's monkey businesses and sits in the Council on his behalf. Her good mood has double foundation. Apart from having fun with her husband she is pleased to see Hades back. The fight within the Family was officially over.

Walking towards the South at the table, the next Council Member is Mekai, the 2<sup>nd</sup> son of the Creator. He is the leader of his father's Army. Wearing his favourite shorts and a stripy summer shirt nobody would give him much notice, let alone importance. He is calm and collected, always in focus and ready to move.

On his left, his woman, Aurora, the 2<sup>nd</sup> daughter of the Creator sits quietly. She appears happy and content. The natural suntan emphasizes her big, light brown eyes and the curly hair. The long and white dress makes a good frame to her features.

Moving further down to the South there is the blond haired and green eyed Zinas, the 4<sup>th</sup> daughter of the Creator showing her slender body under a long and light blue dress.

Uriel, the 5<sup>th</sup> son is next. His black hair is combed back tightly. The dark suit lends him authority and respect.

Beside Uriel, his wife Qula whispers few quiet words into her husband's ear. She is the 5<sup>th</sup> daughter. The respect of law and order puts certain behaviour on her. She is composed, quiet and majestic.

Undoubtedly Hades, the 6<sup>th</sup> son, is the star of the Council's sitting. His presence fills the room. His strong and manly body shows through his fashionable outfit. The light brown eyes are fixed on Zeus, the brother, the friend, the ruler and master of the **Kabutoreos** galaxy and Hera's husband. They both understand the significance of the moment.

Ariadne, the wife and the 6<sup>th</sup> daughter, gazes into the distance. The tight black dress hardly gives room for her enormous breasts. The big black eyes are framed with ginger curls.

Kronos, the 8<sup>th</sup> son is next with his ever-black outfit and pony-tailed hair. He looks just as miserable as ever. His light blue eyes cut the air in front of him.

Continue on the list there is Uranus, the 9<sup>th</sup> son of the Creator. He is like a huge teddy bear, chubby, cuddly and warm, with constant smile on his face. His lady, Phoenix, the 9<sup>th</sup> daughter closes the list. Her long hair touches the floor. Her face is motionless.

In the four corners of the hall strangely dressed big and round female like souls were sitting filling up the given space with their presence. They were Tari, Banu, Keny and Vilan, the Creator's sisters. As the honorary guests of every important meeting, they are quietly observing the event keeping their thoughts and emotions to themselves.

The twelve members Alfa & Omega Council is headed by the Creator himself. He does not vote when voting is concerned, however, he has the right to veto the decision taken by the members.

Today the sitting is for a very urgent course: Keta is in need of help yet again.

## 26.

"Oh, shit! I have done it again!" went through Zeta's mind. "Why cannot I be like others to make love only to flesh and blood persons! It is really crazy! But then again, it felt good. Is it a sin or is not it? And what is considered to be a sin? Who makes the decision? I see earthly living has affected me. Mind you, I don't think loving yourself is a sin. Not to mention the rejuvenating energy boost. Yes, sex is very much the best power to keep the motor ship-shape. My Grandma used to say, that even if it hurts, one needs sex to pump fresh blood into the veins. She was 76 years of age when my Grandpa moved back to his Universal place and they were still doing it. Grandpa even had a lover he visited quite often. A young girl, that is. I heard that he paid her a visit the day before he left Earth. He was 86 years young."

"Sex life on Keta is changing rapidly", she continued the thought. "What is happening to us? We don't get near and do not touch. Men we don't, because they might think we want something. Women we don't, because, well, because they might think we want something."



Actually, we really want something. A touch on the skin, a fragrance of hair and a tinkle of the heart. We desire it regardless the sexual preference. Sexual boundaries are only in the mind. I remember proving it on Tantra workshops. I asked every male and female to strip off the clothing, perfumes and after shaves. There they were, sitting naked, clean from the artificial partner catchers, having only the fragrance of the skin. I asked them to close their eyes and focus on the sense of smelling. Then I made them cover their eyes with scarves and mingle.

The best is to do this exercise in the dark. Light changes the smell and touching. When eyes take over the brain starts working. Files, labelled Dogmas, Scruples and Behaviour patterns, open up and if you are not careful you find nobody to match up to your requirements. However, dark sharpens your hearing, touching and smelling.

After half hour of awkward giggling and bumping into each other, the naked truth and shameless sexual desire filled the air. Without knowing the face, the gender and the social background energy centres were connected and the foreplay started. Without knowing

who is with whom and with how many, they received and replied to impulses. It was wonderful to see how open, how healthy and how satisfied they were! Living the total freedom without moving, without talking and without touching. They created the road to fulfilling sex and unconditional love. Love for yourself, love for others and love for the whole world.

The exercise proves my theory. The sexual behaviour of a man mirrors his physical and mental state. Work on the sexual behaviour and you achieve a healthy body.

At the end of the exercise I asked the students to stay put and remove the scarf. The sudden recognition of free behaviour put guilty feelings on their face. Looked for the clothing, dressed up and without proper good-byes they left the room. Well, that's how disturbed we are."

## **27.**

Lesley sat back comfortably to clear his mind for the astral travel. The questions about his origin and task bothered him. Nobody provided sufficient answers to

his questions. When he started to pester his guides to avoid the pressure they suggested the souls' bank on Galluba.

The pyramid shaped stargate is near Sirius, the Dog Star, and the brightest of Canis Major constellation. Galluba is a floating stargate. Its measurements correspond with those of the Great Pyramid in Giza, only 144,000 times bigger, that actually equals the pyramid named Syon on the 15<sup>th</sup> star of Orion constellation.

Apart from its soul developing education system, Galluba has a complete copy of the central souls that certain Earthlings are allowed to visit. It is like a library where you find your origin, the time of creation, lives you lived, names you were called by and the evolution stages of your soul.

As the stargate itself, everything follows the pyramid structure, the symbol of the New Age. The various education centres, the Kabutoreos Travel Agencies, the news agencies and the communication centres. The museums, cultural and leisure centres like ancient ziggurats mushroomed out of the base. The main attraction of the place is the complex of the 18 magnificent pyramids. Although their base keeps the

proportions of the Great Pyramids, their height is lengthened 3 times to provide ample space for the seven floors and to show the way to the four dimensional existence.

Les adored these buildings. They are neatly connected in pairs, nine of them altogether, one for every first generation couple. His astral body entered the second complex. At the entrance the guard inquired about his soul number and present name. As he stated the required data, a sign of respect showed on the face of the doorkeeper. He didn't say much but silently instructed the staff to help the visitor with his inquiries. Les thanked him and slowly but confidently made his way towards the back door on the right that led to the amazing hall he favoured the most. The unique architecture mesmerizes those who enter. The walls are dedicated to the achievements of the number 2 couple, Mekai and Aurora. Holograms of the great masters walk up and down, even talk to you if they sense the need for it. Strange floating feeling gave him the impression of not belonging. "I think this is what Zeta calls freedom. No feelings of belonging, I am the part of the macrocosm, the Great Universe and with my mere

existence I add to its greatness", murmured Les. He could truly imagine that this freedom permits him to feel at home everywhere, being part of everything and through himself being responsible for everyone. "Funny, isn't it", continued his thoughts. "We give our lives for what we imagine freedom only because we want to run away from responsibilities. It hits us only later that the bigger the freedom, the vaster the responsibility. It is somewhat frightening that with our astral travelling scheme we increase the load on our shoulders. I see Zeta's point now. The more you know, the bigger your responsibility. The less you know, the happier you are. Following these thoughts we should stay ignorant. Ignorance is bliss. But then again, how is it possible to stay ignorant? I think the bliss comes when you don't know about your ignorance. At the very moment when realisation hits you that you might not be as knowledgeable as you believed, you lose this bliss. And this is the turning point. You cannot go back to the safe haven and the road in front of you is rocky, strange and dark. Fear sets in and grabs you by the arm. There are no alternatives to choose from. Well, you can stay put and wait for the end. How embarrassing it could be!

Standing there, in Shambala, with your faithful guides and helpers where you have to admit your weakness and meekness. I don't know. I shouldn't think too much. Just take life as a pleasant task that keeps our dignity. Good, good. Let's see the past history of my dignity", added smiling and made his way towards the library.

The bright pink-purple light in the pentagon shaped hall blinded him for a moment. His physical eyesight had not been the best since birth. Although his astral body didn't need their service, the mind couldn't let go. The fear of not knowing, the fear of not seeing kept the senses open and operational.

Les relaxed his muscles and straightened his back. The movement dimmed the light as he thought it would. The big red book that made up the centrepiece of the room, took shape in front of him. There it was, under the skylight, through which the intriguing shape of Sirius and H planet welcomed the wandering eyes of the visitors' in Galluba.

He could not make up his mind what was more important: to admire the magnificent work of the Creator or going on with the business of past findings and present searching. Finally he moved nearer the big

book. He entered his soul number on the front-page monitor and waited for the right page to appear. On the top of it there was the original name and time of creation. To narrow the possibilities down, Les typed in his present earthly name. A second later four other names appeared on the monitor. His soul brothers and sisters.

Les felt slightly warm and his heart started to pound faster. "Yes, we are really and truly part of the game. I am only a little Earthling and my name is in the big book of Galluba. I might be bigger than a little Earthling. Someone important perhaps..." Playing with the thought he travelled back in time. He saw himself as a child. Poor, underfed and underdressed. They were orphaned at a tender age, his elder brother and him. First the father died and soon the mother followed. The children ended up in an institute where completed their general education. Few years later the bright boys entered university. Les became a chemical engineer. After finding well paid work he married his sweetheart, Katie. They have two beautiful daughters, both well-educated with university degrees. Yes, he did all right for a little Earthling. Nice house, decent living and

healthy family. "And they all love me as I love them", smiled to himself quietly and walked to the kitchen to check on dinner.

His thoughts cleared and suddenly remembered that his astral body was in the pyramid up in Galluba looking at the records. He opened the communication channel to call him back. He couldn't resist looking into the big book once again before coming back to Earth. "Oh, yes the five names. My soul family", he added with pride in his voice.

## **28.**

"The soul is the concentrated knowledge and wisdom of experience picked up throughout its evolution stages", started Hades.

"Wow! It sound intriguing, however, I must admit there are certain points I don't fully understand."

"Do not feel shame to admit your lack of remembering. Then you always have an open door for the key words to walk in."

"On our planet it works differently."



"You see, on Keta you attend schools to jam your brains with idle information about past events nothing to do with the soul. You assume that if you know more about the past your future would be more apparent and foreseeable. Mind you, it is the right approach, for the past made you the person and soul you are now. But you shouldn't differentiate between the person and the soul for the person is the soul in physical body."

"I still need to know my past, don't I?"

"Not necessarily. The past is in you so you don't need to bother with it and don't need to understand it. You are your past."

"I must admit, I cannot follow your thoughts", interrupted Mabek.

"What is it you cannot follow?"

"That you said about this understanding business. I thought I need to understand everything!"

"You could never really understand everything for everything is nothing. Only a big word. Like need to. How did you arrive to the conclusion that you cannot carry on living without understanding?"

"It is the Ketean common sense. The measure of your knowledge."

"Another big word, knowledge. Who set up the measurement?"

"I don't know. I don't remember. It has always been that way."

"Oh yes, always. What sort of measuring is this always?"

"We use it when we don't remember what was before or cannot imagine being anything different in the future."

"You are saying that it is a flexible measurement unit that changes according to the needs of the user?"

"If I look at it that way..."

Hades looked at Mabek with total amazement in his eyes and suddenly burst out in a non-stoppable laughter.

"Dear Creator!" he shouted five minutes later still giggling. "You are something! You cannot stand constant changes and the feeling of temporary so you use words to stop them! Did you realize that you actually stop the time?!"

"I thought time cannot be stopped", said Mabek.

"You are right. It cannot, because it doesn't exist", added the god.

"Of course, it exists!"

"No, change exists."

"What about the past? Isn't it a measure of time? On Keta we often stop and look back on it. To see our achievements and merits, the place we came from and the place we go to." "That is another change - stopping illusion. While you are satisfyingly dwell in the past you are not part of the present. It runs by you on a fast train waving hello and good-bye at the same time. You are actually never part of the present. When you think you are, your mind is on a future event you wish for or you have to be part of."

"What about my own past? Surely I can learn from the mistakes I made?"

"No. You either did or you would never do. The moment is gone. The energy is gone and the momentary effect on you is gone. You look back because you want to justify your deed. While you are indulging yourself in remembering the present becomes the past, however, this past you wouldn't know, because you were in the middle of grabbing the essence of another one. How do you know which present to miss and which past to cry for?" asked Hades curiously.

"You are confusing me now. Not enough though. I know that we learn from the past! We do that by reflecting back on it."

"You are repeating a political slogan now. The way Keteen leaders want to make a nation out of individuals living under their jurisdiction."

"The great nation of the Hungarians..."

"Yes, from the Keteen point of view. However, you are here to learn the universal wisdom. Earth is only a little dot in the whole."

"Where we live..." added Mabek with fondness in his voice.

"Sure Son. Conveying the understanding of most Keteen, without thinking and without using the wisdom, you refuse to be different, and deny the fruit of your hard work, the result of travelling here. And what for? A bit of sadness, a bit of connecting and a bit of suffering. You are the fine example of an imprisoned Earthling. You are given the freedom you longed for but you have no idea what to do with it. You left your physical body, understand the dimension changing game, leap from one stargate to another one, you are strong, curious and willing and still, you cannot forget

your Earthly existence. Old habit dies hard, I would say.”

## **29.**

“Hi, my love and joy! Fabulous to see you together at last. How are you all?”

The voice turned every head in the room. The movement was followed by a pull on the lips and a shine on the face. The energy lifted the worry they all seemed to nurture. The subject of their attention filled the room with his strong presence. His golden coloured outfit sparkled as he lifted his arm in greetings. His behaviour reflected sadness in his otherwise playful eyes. The family was together to start the meeting.

“I am sure that you all know the most important and the only point on the agenda of our meeting. Keta is in trouble again and too much is at stake. Which one of you wants to chair the meeting? I think the best would be Zeus for the job. He is the master of the Kabutoreos galaxy so I presume he knows what is happening in his own household.”

"I wish I could spend as much time with all the 77 thousands galaxies as I need to spend on this one. This tiny planet is a real worry," started his statement Zeus. Every eye in the room turned towards the owner of the strong baritone. The god bathed in the attention for a second than seriously stroked his bushy hair with the left hand.

"Brother, where is this Keta?" asked Uranus.

"In Haudi solar system. You know, where Mars is", informed him Phoenix.

"The one we implanted with organic energy, I think about 66 million Keteen years back", checked his files Mekai.

"What seems to be the trouble now?" interrupted Ariadne.

"Unfortunately our plan did not work. We didn't take earthlings into account. The organic energies we created ruined the planet we wanted them to save", continued Zeus.

"How did it happen? You must've assessed their abilities? Who are these earthlings anyway?" asked Uranus.

"The Keteans. I don't know why, they call Keta Earth" replied Ariadne.

"I still don't remember hearing about them ever", reassured the Family Uranus.

"I assume it would be a good idea to recall the event. It was long ago and there are other things in the Universe..." eased up the situation Zeus.

"All right. Who starts it?"

"I presume I have to", looked at the others the chairman.

### **30.**

"Linaha! Linaha! Are you here? I am back from Hades' office!" cried out Mabek excited.

"Oh, please, just calm yourself down. Of course I am here! Where else should I be! Always with you! How was it?"

"It was awesome!"

"Awesome in a good way or awesome in a bad way."

"You are joking, yes? Or you just want to test me! You know there are no bad or good ways! Only ways, for

everything happens for a reason and it is to forward the soul on its evolutionary path. Therefore he was just awesome."

"Man, what did he do to you?! You are actually remembering! No, please say no! He did not open files in you, did he?"

"No Linaha, he did not. Do not worry. They opened by themselves. Good, eh?"

"Yes, it is absolutely wonderful! Only if I wasn't your guide!"

"Why, is it hard? Am I difficult? Am I nasty to you? Do not I treat you properly? Sometimes I even pay attention to you!"

"Oh, yes, that you do. Sometimes. I wonder what is better, when you ignore me completely or the time you notice my presence..." added Linaha with a gaze.

"Do not mumble there, woman! I am here talking to you, happy with my opened files and as my guide, you should be proud of me! Very proud indeed!" cried out Mabek.

"I am, you silly. It is just sad that you improve so fast! Time comes soon when I have to hand you over to another guide. Then again, your mind is concentrated



around your latest achievement showing arrogance and high ego. Perhaps we could work on that for few more earth years”, added Linaha with a chuckle.

“I have never said that I was perfect. Only fast nearing it”, frowned Mabek. “Zeta says that one should never conceal the healthy happiness and pride when one puts something down on the table”, added while steadily admiring his reflection in the mirror.

“Happiness, yes. However, pride is a malfunction of the ego and as such, considered an illness therefore I honestly don’t think you heard the second half of the sentence from Zeta”, explained the guide trying to catch Mabek’s glance in vain. “Are you listening, my dear?” patted the man’s shoulder the guide turning towards his subject of attention.

“Sweet Universe, your ego created a mirror on the wall!”

“What do you mean, it wasn’t here?” asked Mabek with a touch of melancholy in his voice. “I look good, don’t you think? The universal knowledge brightens me up. Gives me presence, I think. Great, just great.”

"All right now, stop it!" shouted Linaha and with a twist of two fingers made a sudden and sharp sound. The mirror disappeared.

Mabek did not stop staring at the wall. There was a mirror a minute ago and now it is empty. Strange. What have happened? Did his ego put it there? How did it vanish? He should ask Linaha. She surely knows. But what about his newly found knowledge? Is Linaha still ahead of him?

"I don't understand anything. Hades says, that I should not. Then again, if I have all that knowledge why am I standing here puzzled by Linaha's moves? She said my ego created the mirror. I could understand that. Ego is strong and seems to work independently from me. But if I, I mean my ego made it, how could she stop it? How can she interfere with me? Oh, shit! I feel very small again", ran the usual thoughts through his mind Mabek. "See, dear, you cannot stop feeling sorry for yourself. You want to know why am I able to do certain things don't you?"

"First of all, I want to know how you can still read my mind! No secrets from you! I feel like an idiot!"

"Don't be so hard on yourself! When files and folders open they let information running astray in your computer. It is your task to organize them according to your liking.

"How can I do that?"

"Just like the computer. You understand computer, don't you?"

"Sure I do. I work on them all the time."

"Then, it is easy. You organize information according to their headline and put them into one folder. After that you find a secondary heading that runs through the files. Copy and make a new folder", continued Linaha.

"Get straight to the point Linaha", said Mabek very impatiently.

"Calma, calma man! Keep your pants on! You definitely need few bottles of wisdom from Sirius. Hopefully helps you to become a bit more patient", calmed the man Linaha.

"Sorry Linaha, I just want to get to the core of the matter. You see, to organize I can. I only do not know how to open a file when there is need for it?"

"You do the same you do with the computer. Put in the heading and look for the right file. After that you just open it and read."

"You mean like **Sezam open?**"

"It might well be. What is this Sezam? Some sort of file opening instrument you Earthlings use?"

"Not really. It is a sentence from a well-known fairy tale."

"Fairy tale, fairy tale, I have heard that expression somewhere. Wait a minute. Tale means the funny wiggling part of animals that seem to live a separate life from its owner."

"Not all the time though", added Mabek. "And it is spelled differently."

"Don't be so fussy. Most of the time then. I wonder how many Maravi word you remember."

"Not many unfortunately. Although Zeta said something about the Magyar language being very similar."

"She is right, but let's talk about it later."

"O.K. I would very much like to know how you describe a fairy. I lived thirty odd years on Keta this time and I still don't know who they are."

"Do you want to know who they are or what do you imagine them to be?"

"I think I would prefer the true version", admitted Mabek.

"Fairy is an entity, that is quite small in size, has round and smiling face with big eyes – no eyebrows -, with scintillating wings, they are working on cleansing the air down on Keta."

"You mean like Aurora's little angels?"

"Yes, they are Aurora's little angels."

"That is interesting. So they actually exist", wondered Mabek.

"Sure they do. Everything exists. You cannot imagine anything that is not there."

"I know about Aurora's little soldiers. When the air is clear and Mardouk is in action, I can see them buzzing around making funny noise with their wings. But fairies, I haven't seen yet."

"Dogmas, dogmas and dogmas. Open your mind. Put the mass of information you have in it into practice. You learnt that everything exists and you learnt about Aurora's angels. You know that according to your way of thinking fairies are usually good and angels – who

look very much like the fairies – supposed to look after you. So they are also good. According to your way of thinking of course. Well, as far as I can see it is very easy to put them together, don't you think?"

"Now that you explained..." admitted Mabek.

"Why do you need explanations all the time? Why cannot you connect two and two together without help. You see, the same thing you must do with your files and folders. Match them up, and make them work for you. This is that we call file reading. Easy, eh?"

"Sweet Creator that is it? We go to different planets and take courses on file reading! And we still cannot do it."

"You and your courses! We'll talk about them later. Let's get back to Sezam and the fairy tales. Now I know exactly what they are. Bullshitting about something you can only dream about and never able to reach. I think it is really bad. Well, it is another subject we should talk about. You see, everything is connected. We started with the files and through the whole galaxy we arrived back to them."

"Funny you mention it. Hades did the same today."

### 31.

There was a loud buzz on the entry phone. Zeta got up from the laptop and picked it up.

"We have arrived", said the familiar voice on the other end.

"All right my darlings. Come up."

She walked to the door unlocked and wide opened it. Stepped out to wait for the visitors. In a little while Christie well dressed, pretty and smiling figure appeared at the end of the marble corridor. Following her there was Les with gentlemanly and protecting behaviour.

"Hi Guys", greeted them Zeta from the door. "You look very pretty Christie! Naturally Les looks quite handsome too. But don't tell him. He might become conceited or something like that", added Zeta aloud and laughed.

After exchanging kisses and good wishes they sat down and started to discuss the drive behind the visit.

"I have a lot of questions Zeta", admitted Les.

"Certainly you do. You are Les, aren't you?"

"Yes, thank you. I certainly am."

"All right, let's start talking. What ails you my friend?" asked Zeta smilingly.

"Two things. I was up on Galluba to look at my soul family. You know, family has always been very important to me. Since I lost my father at a tender age and my mother did not last much longer, poor soul, I cling to anything I can."

"Yes, I know. But you also need to remember that the past is in you therefore you needn't go back to it all the time."

"Yes, yes, I understand, but you know, it wasn't easy..."

"Nobody's life is or was easy. That is the beauty of life. It depends on your point of view. You find that you look for. Never mind, tell me what happened."

"I found all my soul siblings from the last multiplication. We are five altogether. Two girls and three boys. Two of them live in Hungary, I think. Do you think it possible?"

"Sure it is. The Carpathian basin is a curious place. Full of knowledge and mystery. Did you know that it was the base chakra of Keta at the time of Atlantis?" asked Zeta.

"Really?" interrupted Christie very quietly.

"Yes, we are going to learn about it at a later stage", closed the subject Zeta.



"So I think that I have 2 soul siblings here. You said that they should have the same soul number, didn't you?" continued the questioning Les."

"Yes, they are a part of you, I mean the part of the cosmic you."

"I do not really understand this, how can it be? Why is it important? What is it to do with my earthly living now?"

"Nothing and a lot. Although independently from each other you work towards the same aim. Whatever you learn goes towards the big universal soul bank that bears your soul number on it."

"Let me understand this. Whatever I learn goes to my soul bank. Whatever they learn goes to the same place for we share a soul number. I am entitled to take information out of my bank that is also theirs. Therefore, as I understand correctly, I can use the information they collected and the others are entitled to my input."

"Yes, it is correct."

"Now, what if I don't want to put my so called knowledge in?"

"It is not a matter of choice. You cannot control it. Not to mention that most of the information you proudly call knowledge is already in your bank."

"You mean we live our lives here, going from one school to another one, reading books, watching film, going to exhibitions and listening to each other, however, at the end of the road we do nothing at all!? Why are we here then? Why do they call Earth THE SCHOOL?"

"Good question. There is a simple explanation to it. Earthlings don't really make differences between information and knowledge although they are not nearly the same."

"Why not?" broke her silence Christie. You have the information that you know. Therefore, it is part of your knowledge."

"I don't think so", continued Zeta. Information is useless if you don't or cannot use it. And the key is in this sentence."

"It is getting more and more complicated", added to the conversation Les.

"Not really. You do nothing else here but remember the information you previously put in and turn it into experience."

"I see, so you don't collect new information."

"No, you don't. You remember the existing one and create wisdom out of it."

"I understand it now."

"I see your point", said Christie.

"Good. You wanted to talk about something else also?"

Zeta turned to Les.

"Oh, yes, yes. I was up in the Sun the other day and Mardouk told me a story about my Earthly godmother. She left Keta long time ago. Mardouk said that she was very unhappy because she is being punished for something in the past and Kronos did not take her back to Sirius where she previously lived and worked. I asked Mardouk if I could help. He said that I should ask you. Sorry."

"That's all right my Friend. I go ask my brother to take her back."

"Thank you. It's very kind of you."

"Not at all. My pleasure. Anything else you want to ask?"

"I wanted to know how was the soul - giving."

## 32.

"As I am certain you already know, everything is energy in the Universe. Either organic or non-organic. Do you know the difference between these two main types?" started the second lecture Hades.

"We would say that one is alive and the other is not. One can multiple and the other cannot."

"Basically it is."

"You've just said it. There is the matter of truth also.

"What is the meaning of a sentence to do with the truth?"

"Without it the sentence is meaningless. At that stage there is nothing to understand."

"You mean that it becomes a selection of empty words."

"Exactly.

"I do not agree with that, Sir", interrupted Mabek vehemently. "Let's say, there was a war and looking back on the records we can figure out how much ammunition was necessary to do the job, than in the future we would be ready for the battle."

"I almost forgot that you are a soldier", smiled Hades.

"Let us think about that event for a moment. First of all, you have too many wars down there. Most of which are only stupid games, showing the ignorance of the so-called civilized countries. These people cannot see further than their nose. They do not know, that the real wealth is within you and all the material things you proudly call 'mine' are only lent to you for the time you stay on Earth. And remain there forever. You cannot take them with you. War always happens for a reason. Seeing the ammunition supply doesn't make you understand that. Usually you are caught up in details."

"But surely we need to deal with dictators and bad guys, don't you think? And what about freedom?"

"Freedom is one of those words that can mean anything. Therefore it has no meaning. Real freedom is the highest understanding of the Universe. Naturally it starts with understanding yourself because if you do, you understand."

"What about the people having merciless rulers who kills his own flesh and blood and cannot let others live properly?"

"You only and always mention physical freedom. Perhaps not even that. As I understand you are free in your country. Free from the communism. But would you be able to walk on the streets of your capital during the night and by yourself?"

"Oh, definitely not without being mugged or molested."

"Could you do it before, when you thought you were not free?"

"Yes, I suppose, yes."

"Tell me then, what was you cannot do those days?" enquired Hades.

"I do not know much about it, but it is said that people couldn't travel whenever and wherever they wanted."

"Why was that?"

"Hard currency restrictions", added Mabek.

"What do you mean by that?"

"People could not exchange their money for hard currencies needed for travelling."

"Any idea what was the cause of it?"

"Probably the government. They did not want you to see different ways of living."

"You mean capitalism."

"Yes, as the matter of fact, yes."

"I think you got it all wrong. I mean the currency business. The government cannot give you hard currency when it does not have any. The money exchange comes from trade transactions. Those days the so-called Eastern bloc countries had a well-developed barter system between them. It worked well, for only produced the certain amount of certain goods to feed the demand of the community. You see, it was a trade, a commercial community. There was no over production and the agreed price was paid. The most important is that no money exchanged hands. Goods for goods, like in the beginning in Toreos."

"I still cannot see why couldn't we have hard currency to travel?"

"Since the government didn't receive any, had to buy the necessary hard currency. It was not easy because the countries involved push the price up. Anyway, we started talking about the soul and arrived to argue about freedom. Shows that everything is connected. However, I think this freedom argument deserves one more thought. You are always free of something. And that is it."

"That is true. However, I think we at least have the freedom of choice now", added Mabek.

"That is an illusion. You only have wider selection to choose from. Then again, the selection was made by powerful people who have never asked your opinion and secretly guide you to the choice would be most beneficial to them. So tell me, where is your freedom here?"

"Oh, I don't know. The whole lot is very confusing", admitted Zoltan.

"Not really. It is very simple just needs more time to elaborate. Let us make it the subject of another lesson and get back to the soul now."

"Yes, I think we better do that", agreed Zoltan. "And if opportunity presents itself I would very much like to ask you few questions I have been wondering about lately."

Their conversation was interrupted by the beep on Hades' tracker. He picked it up with some uncomfortable hesitation on his face.

"It better be very important. I asked you not to bother me while I am with my...our earthling friend I mean."

"Master, Aurora is on to you. She said it was urgent", was the CNC's reply.



"Ah, all right, connect her here to the communication room."

"But the creature is around. Should he really see that?"

"Yes, do not worry. He has to learn a lot."

"All right master."

At that moment the Eastern wall of the communication room cracked open and led into a very colourful space with billions of golden insect like energies scintillating around an attractive woman in a light blue dress. Her thick and curly brown hair was tightened up on the top of her head. She greeted Hades with a smile.

"Greeting my brother. Good to see you."

"I am happy to see you too my darling sister. I see your little angels are as busy as ever. Are you involved in something big?"

"As the matter of fact, yes. You know Keta is having the energy change and we work there. But never mind that now. I called you to come back to the meeting straight away. Father wants you there. And we want you too."

"Thank you very much. I am on my way. Only need to take care of my visitor."

"I heard about it. Nice to have someone to teach! Is he easy to cope with?"

"He is all right. So, follow you in a moment."

"Sure, see you later."

The wall closed. As Hades turned around his eyes stopped on Zoltan's face. His mouth and eyes were wide open and his hands trembled. The god quickly snapped his fingers and started to laugh.

"What is the matter with you? Have not you seen a god before? I am one, you know!"

"Sure but she was so pretty! And the little angels! It was Aurora, wasn't she?"

"Yes it was and yes, she is pretty. A bit like me, don't you think?" he asked jokingly.

"Yes, well you have curly hair and it is sort of brown", tried to assess the similarities Zoltan.

"No, no! I mean she is pretty like myself."

"I do not want to disappoint you but men cannot be pretty or we don't call them that. This expression is for females only."

"What would you use for a man like me?"

Mabek was suddenly lost for words. He understood that choosing the right answer plays major role in their blossoming relationship. His master was good and manly looking. He was clean and elegantly dressed.

However his charm was overshadowed by his enormous pride and his insecure haughtiness.

"I do not know. There is a certain air around you that would forbid people to say anything...It shows..."

"What shows?"

"That you are a god."

"I don't think it makes any difference. The soul as an energy mass shows only the knowledge not the origin. After all, every soul is the creation of the Creator and as such his sons or daughters."

"This is a very exciting subject."

"Yes it is part of today's lesson that we cannot continue right now. Will send you a message when I got back. Until then ask Linaha to look after you", he said and with a snap of his finger

### **33.**

Zeta set down in her corner. Now that the New Moon exercise is over she has some time to collect her thoughts about her work and life. It became quite a routine recently. She feels the breeze of a vast change

on her skin, playing games, showing the strength, only for seconds, to make her accept the future. Yes, she understands that. The end of the fifth Sun Age is around the corner.

The life on Keta is very hard for all concerned. As if they felt the imminent disaster.

She decided to make a loose account of the situation. Put a sheet of one-side-clean paper (she use them for jotting notes down) in front of her and wrote down the following:

There are two major groups of earthlings. One, that is taking and one that is taken from. The real takers make up about 0.001% of the whole population. They control about 50% of Earth's natural resources. All organic energies belong here including earthlings.

Keta has to be saved. To save Keta we need the help of the vegetation and earthlings. The vegetation - especially trees - is conscious, for they are here to do their universal work. This work includes air cleansing, karma releasing, communication and protecting the knowledge. The duty of earthlings is very similar, however, they don't seem to know and the saddest is,

they do not want to know about it. To wake them up we need power. We need mass communication. We need media. The trouble is that money produces the media for people who have money want more and more. They convince the others to give them the money they want.

The targeting they use is very clever. Colourful picture are showing very happy families. Well dressed, smiling children with parents that cannot get enough of each other. The room is always tidy and smart, filled with the latest furnishing trend. Seeing it you straight away presume, that it would be the smartest move of your life to buy their product, because your wife would become an ever-smiling fairy, your children would just love you for whatever you are and they would stop demanding other things and whenever you arrive home after the hard day's work you'll get your freshly cooked dinner with herbs and exotic spices out of a fairy oven. After all that you don't really need a holiday for the whole life is one.

Yes, that is something you definitely want. That is a life you would be happy to live and if you are happy others are happy around you.

The last statement makes a lot of sense. However you find that you need to work 26 hours a day to make ends meet and neither your family nor you can decide what is more important, the money or you.

### **34.**

"Well, my dears, to be honest with you I don't remember all the details myself. It has been rather long. I suggest you look at the report one of my officers prepared for earthlings. Let's run through it to trigger our memory. I am sure you find it interesting", announced Zeus with an impish smile.

About 9.9 million earth years ago Enkki - the fourth son of The Creator - noticed that the energies were slightly off balance around Mandui, the II energy converter shuttle in the second pyramid on Mars. He was on his way to see his father on Orion and needed to change means of transport there.

The precise energy balance on Mars is vital to the astral traveller. Visitors arriving from other galaxies need to

change physical forms to suit the energy structure of this galaxy. It is not an easy task for changing body forms requires an impeccable skill and knowledge. It also needs a 100% balanced environment.

Arka, the being in charge on Mars, is still the one responsible for the conditions there. Although his equipment didn't show anything unusual he took Enkki's warning seriously and ordered a check-up. The investigation showed, that the trouble derived from Keta. I mean Earth. Being not only in the same galaxy with Mars the travel centre, Orion, the centre of the Universe, Galluba by other name Heaven, Akasha where the records are held, Ursa Major and Minor the important strategic centres, Sirius with the hospital and medical supplies but being in the same solar system called Haudi with the almighty Mars, made Earth a very important spot.

Due to astronomical changes in Haudi the energy level of the planets gradually altered to a lighter, faster way. Earth being heavier could not keep up with the others.

The Council of the Universal Leaders ordered an emergency meeting to discuss the situation with planet Keta by other name Earth. The council agreed that there were 3 basic ways of dealing with the problem. The first was to alter the energy level of the troubled spot. The second was to alter the energy level of the surroundings to match up to the troubled spot. The third was to remove the troubled spot.

The removal of Keta would have caused a fatal upheaval in Haudi that would have led to a major shake-up in the galaxy. This solution was definitely out of question. Altering the energy level of the solar system could have proved a temporary solution, however, by time it would have infected the galaxy and through that the universe. They decided to stay with the first suggestion.

To achieve the faster energy level Earth needed an organic energy implant, meaning life.

Zeus, the third son of the creator, who is in charge of 144 milliard galaxies, amongst ours, was personally



leading the necessary research to find a successful way of implementing the idea.

### **The pioneering work**

Very quickly after choosing the only right way of saving Keta, the **Alfa & Omega Council** had yet another meeting session where the all - sided, carefully gathered information were looked at and put down for further investigation. The small and little known planet suddenly took the centre place in their thoughts and duty. Organic and inorganic samples from every corner of Earth were scrutinized and the possible ways to implant were drawn. This work was not easy at the least.

At the first visit to Keta, the highly trained engineering force realized that the magnetic field of the planet was causing them more headaches than they were able to cure. It made not only the landing but also the leaving extremely difficult. Souls, robots, entities and all sorts of cosmic beings that helped in the research were forced to use mechanical machinery for transportation,

rather than “simple” energy transformation that proved satisfactory with other places. This valid point opened a new way in space navigation.

To alter the energy structure of Earth, a settled and controllable organic energy implant was needed therefore souls were in high demand for the work. Souls in the Universe belong to the fifteen - generation soul-banks. Each of them has certain knowledge and duty to use and to come forward with. Apart from the first generation, soul-banks split and multiply at the time of readiness. It is like the evolution on Earth. The first generation souls do not split further than seven and none of them can be replaced if something happens. Since the first generation souls are also Gods by title and they have the biggest chunk of the knowledge, they are carefully looked after and helped throughout their existence and their work.

Generally souls are immortal, however, to do the job like the one connected to Earth, needs wits, courage and compassion.

The vital problem was caused by the energy supply of the souls working down here. The planet's aura – that is the magnetic field or ozone layer or whatever you call it – blocks the energies coming from the universe, therefore it makes living here very difficult indeed.

A transformer or an adaptor was needed, that had the means of changing the available energy structure and to make it "consumable" for the newcomers.

During their discovery mission they collected samples of organic energies in hope of finding the key to the solution.

Considering the difficulties that emerged around the transportation of souls with ready-made physical bodies the God force decided to find a way of manufacturing them.

The universal energy provides the livelihood for souls. It is freely available at most places and can be altered to suit the requirements of those in need.

With Earth it is different. Universal energy as it was, could not get through the dense magnetic field without serious change.

At the first attempt, the Universal Scout group of souls noticed that on Earth organic energies grew in abundance. The most important of those was the vegetation.

## **THE ARRIVAL**

At the time of the summer equinox in 20,238 BC, the first 144 souls were on the way to start up a race we usually refer to as human. One of Zeus' sizable merkaba was filled with useful items for the new life and the new world. The atmosphere on the spaceship was not of total joy and relaxation. The initial fun of meeting and exchanging thoughts soon turned into meditative anxiety. They found their brand new, twelve – fifteen metres tall physical bodies awkward and quite much of a nuisance. The density of the energy level acquired space and strange reactions ran through the energy lines. The pyramid of the heavenly hierarchy seemed to flatten by the moment. The common aim strengthened the togetherness.

Few minutes later the merkaba landed on the isle of Toreos. The first couple to set foot on the land was Adam and Lilith. With this deed the first generation

souls, Zeus and Hera, started up the controversial and eventful life on Keta. The clock was set for the 5 Sun Ages, the last of which is to end in 2012 December 23<sup>rd</sup>. And the account was going on and on and on...

The chairman looked at the faces trying to find a trace of memory in the expressions.

### **35.**

Arriving to his very private office, Hades rushed to the vast chest of drawers and pulled the second handle from the top. He kept his memory there. The last work report he put in front of his father, his first invention, his initiation into galactic travelling, the time he became a leader and in charge of the 77 thousands galaxies the Creator gave him to govern, the sight of the magnificent Eridanus, the battle on Ursa Major, Ceatan, the first robot, and yes, as he expected, there was the copy of the first landing on Keta... It was something! One of the best examples of teamwork, when they hearts beat for

the same rhythm and filled with the sweet taste of success.

The memories brought warmth into his heart and a smile on his face. He felt a bit awkward with his emotions. The idea of being a male doesn't include nostalgia especially when you want to look so macho. Aurora agrees to that. She cannot handle emotional situations. She is kind and a hard worker however, past doesn't exist for her at all. This behaviour comes very useful at times. For instance when her husband gets closely connected to earthly and cosmic females, sometimes several at the same time. And there is Hera. Aurora never gets jealous of her or she conceals it well. And there is Hera. A very different woman altogether. As he was having a walk on memory lane he realized that he almost emptied the wooden box. Grabbed the last few bits, put them on the top of the chest and closed the drawer. He turned and was about to walk away when he felt a pulling motion from the direction of the furniture. The intuition was suggesting him to look through the last bundle carefully. A minute later a pinkish-lilac paper with dark blue letters was facing him intriguingly. It was the **AKIA-path-**

**finder** that was created for the first Earthlings at the time of landing on Toreos. The wisdom of enjoyable life in 13 points went as follows:

**Learning you remember your knowledge;  
With practice it becomes experience;  
Teaching you remind others of their knowledge.**

1. Time is an illusion that imprisons those without  
courage
2. Life is a constant cycle of personal truth searching
3. Live without bringing shame on yourself
4. You must remake yourself in the eternity of your  
body
5. The night is not the end of a bad day but the  
beginning of a better one
6. The outside knowledge is the start of the wisdom  
within
7. Wisdom is the knowledge you can make use of
8. Material wealth you can inherit, however, true  
dignity you need to work for

9. Everything you can touch is lent to you for this life.  
When you leave you cannot take them with you
10. Only through the Universe you can get to know  
yourself
11. The light embraces you unconditionally and  
disappears in you if you let it
12. Imagination is the memory of the soul
13. The real knowledge is untouchable and changing

So that is it! I think this document would come handy now. He picked it up and decided to take it to the Alfa & Omega meeting.



## **Second book**

More calls from the 5<sup>th</sup> dimension

## PROLOGUE

The generally accepted way to start a sequel to an already existing book would be a sentence with some time gap, such as 2,000 years later or so. However, time only exists on Keta and other Earth-like planets, where a physical body is needed to house the soul. Here we measure everything according to the life expectancy of this house, for it is not infinite. It takes about 25 years to fully develop and from that moment on, it is set on the journey towards decay.

This dense energy mass is needed for two vital reasons. The first and utmost is to provide channels for conscious energy intakes, such as food, turn them into fuel that is recognized by the body, and the other is to create houses for incoming souls.

The digestive system is the most elaborate chemical plant we know. As with every protection, the magnetic field of the planet serves as an obstacle also, for the pure macrocosmic energy cannot penetrate it, therefore earthlings need other resources for the daily energy exchange. The digestive system is designed to work with organic energies only. It means that we need to

take our place in the cycle of life. It is an extraordinary mechanism where everything exists for a reason. In the case of earthlings, they gain nourishment from vegetation and animals. The first is capable of taking in the pure energy of the macrocosm, hence provides us with a good dosage of both Earth and the Universe. The latter group generally feeds on the first so it also has a different type of ingredients we need for feeding the physical body. I am aware of this newly found love for animals and the movements against consuming them. However, I must emphasize that vegetation is the most intelligent out of the three groups and we eat them regardless.

The physical body creating is taken care of by the reproductive system. Having children is an option for earthlings. Since we are here to learn, it could be an added ground for experiences. Through parenting one learns to balance emotions, to hang onto individual aims, to take responsibility for one's actions, thoughts and words without losing the Self.

Today in the consumerist society more than ever, earthlings aim at pleasing this multifunctional mass of energy. Whatever we do, we do it for the physical body.

We feed it, dress it, pamper it, transport it and built a safe and warm house for it. Since this treatment costs a lot of money, we imprison us by loans and worries for the safety of it, while damaging it in the process.

Now let us get on with the stories of Hades, Mabek and Zeta regardless of time.

Enjoy!

## 1.

Zeta as always put a piece of paper in front of her on the desk next to the computer. The group of AKIA light-workers had to be chosen to clean up Mizar, after one of the biggest fights in the galaxy since Hades was invited back to work with the family.

The job needed the bests of disciples. "Time has arrived to see the real fruit of my work," announced Zeta aloud with a bit of apprehension in her voice. "Do they have what it takes? Was the time enough? Was my work enough? Was their work enough? Here, the biggest problem is fear. Are they strong enough?"

The operation demanded step by step attention. First, a small group of scouts had to be sent out to explore the environment.

"They should be trustworthy, technically astute, cool blooded and without fear. Also, able to take initiative when the time arrives," Zeta fiddled with the pen for a while and carefully jotted down the first soul number. Then suddenly she remembered the security. Lit a candle and put some frankincense on the burner. The

dowser showed no sign of unidentified objects or intruders in the room.

"Right, now I can continue in peace," she said and added another number to the list. To ease and clear her mind, she started to prepare the next lecture on the computer keeping the list at hand. Zeta found it very hard to concentrate on one thing at a time. Her brain had to be stretched to the limit. Her cerebral convolution needed big tasks to tackle in order to earn the right for existence and to find connecting lines between events. "Earthlings say that one should focus on one thing at a time," she mused. "I wonder why when everything is connected and it is actually utterly silly to look at a single situation on its own. Well, I do not think it is possible at all. What about the result? Would not it be sort of single-minded? Now I am to make up this list. A universally important list. Yes however, every deed is important universally. And every thought is just as much. Therefore my work is not bigger or greater than anybody else's. Ah good. It is a relief. Just have to put my 100% into it. Naturally. Well, whatever I do will be my 100% at that particular time," ended the little interaction and confidently finished the

initial selecting. Put the paper in a safe place to ripen, and went on preparing the next most important material.

The skeleton of the numerology lecture she carefully put together a week ago looked fine on paper. Zeta understood that without it, the whole six hours performance could stumble or might as well, fall apart. Putting flesh and muscles on the skeleton proved equally demanding. The brainwashing techniques used by the globalization department did not give much opening for new ideas. Earthlings do not like changes and have nostalgic feelings connected to the past. The past is like a fairy tale. Moulded and shaped to international requirements to convey the message of money and power. The ground is fit to achieve all their dreams that you have never had the courage to pursue at the given time. However, from a distance, it seems as if they did, and worked hard to put their ideas into practice. They might even feel and see the glowing halo around their head. They are satisfied, believing that the glory of the past carries the hope for the future. They have done it once, so they can do it again, anytime they wish. Nevertheless, the beauty of the past is that it can

be changed more than once. When the time arises to feed their future's hope with the glory of the past, the gold fades in the aura before gradually disappearing. Only the skeleton remains giving them the rear freedom to dress it up. The international requirement changes into personal need and the glorified nation becomes a fallen person. "It is all in the wrist," she remembered Audrey Hepburn's words in the film with Humphrey Bogart when she was explaining the successful way of cracking an egg. "The confident wrist produces a high-class job while the shaky one makes a mess of the situation. Yes. The crack is the key to the past, to the future, to the whole life and the Universe. The crack is everything. It is the perfect way of showing the two poles, the Universal balance, the Moon and the Sun, the male and the female in their dance to eternity. Yes, the egg. The slogan and overused question of what was first, the egg or the hen sounds very silly now. Naturally, the egg, for creation can only come from balance, the interrelation of the Sun and the Moon, the perfect alchemical blend of Sulphur and Mercury," she mused further.



Satisfied with the train of thoughts, confidently and smilingly put the opening number on the top of the sheet:

121446412276734251776

"The number of Central Soul Banks in the whole Universe. The beginning and the end, the number 1. The Source, the Spirit, the Energy and the Knowledge," finished her analysis Zeta.

## **2.**

In the underground labyrinth of Cariso, the main star-gate of Dubhe, a human-like creature was sitting in the corner of a temporary division. First its gender was not obvious but after a careful examination of the energy, one would definitely take it for a female. She had great pulses in her aura, travelling between the two poles while looking for depth of understanding.

The corner where she was sitting provided excellent sight on the surrounding activities conducted from the

core of the star gateway. Groups of beings in matching uniforms looked busy combing the area, trying very hard not to find anything suspicious. Nobody really knew who the enemy was or what the enemy did. As if they were waiting for events to calm down and for the dust to settle. From time to time yellowish pink radar beams cut through the air following the same rhythm and making the same, unbearable sound. The light was the perfect blend of many colours and enforced to great strength.

A murmuring and deep pitched purple light started up from the merkaba parking, near the main entrance channel. After leaving the area the energy wave substantially grew in size and formed a ball-like cloud over the vast temporary division that was designed to house the emergency gate-keeping forces. A few seconds later the ball opened and with a sucking motion gobbled up all the high-frequency energy from the surroundings. The sound rose in strength as well as in pitch, while the fast travelling yellow light blended into the purple and coloured it pink. The newly acquired speed lent a cutting edge to the beam that fast disappeared on the North, using the short distance in a

way, to make you regret having reasonably good hearing abilities. The purpose of the operation became apparent only when curiosity made her notice the darker objects the light carried during the last third of its journey. Then, and only then became clear that serious down and uploading was taking place. The floating transportation of goods had been in operation on Ursa Major since Hades invented it for the use of his own army in the area. The huge chip factory on Mizar - the 6<sup>th</sup> star of the constellation's visible part, the Plough – and the Advanced Robot Developing Centre on Alioth – the 5<sup>th</sup> – with their workload needed the injection of high technology to ease the pressure put on them by the Alfa & Omega Council.

The well-known constellation of the Northern hemisphere is loved and cherished by all. Ursa Major, the Great Bear itself is not visible to us in its full glory. However, the 7 stars we are familiar with, make up the small formation within the big one. That is, what we call the Plough, the Casserole, the Big Dipper and the Carriage, always there to comfort us. Dubhe is the first star of the Plough, and with Merak, the second star they

make a straight line towards the current Pole star, the Polaris in Ursa Minor.

The intriguing sub star formation of the Plough became a hot spot when Hades was invited back to the family to work with the greatest, in order to save Keta. With his "conversion" the 2 poles united and the balance disappeared.

The majority of the 1,562 star gateways in the galaxy were created and still used by Hades and his offices. They are scattered and relatively small, to provide better security for the god and his army. The work has changed since Hades' departure. His role as the leader of the opposition was to create and provide the opposite pole, hence accelerate movement within the macrocosm. Now that his work is done, a momentary one pole system provided ground for assessing the situation and help with planning the future.

The grandieus army remained, only its purpose altered. The war has ended however, signs of the after-effect were very apparent everywhere. Most soul members of the army welcomed the change, and adapted easily to new situations. A few had to go through the rehabilitation program to help recall the purpose of

existence, and find new ways to pursue the road to successful multiplying.

Robots were another matter. These sophisticated soul-like machines caused real headaches to the god and his leaders. Coded for particular duties and situations, they did not understand the big change. However, they sensed the uncertainty and the tension in the air. The low-frequency energies out there made them try more and work harder. Their high tech sensor could not differentiate between enemies and strangely behaving confused souls, therefore they meddled into situations they shouldn't, and eliminated many from the same side. Basically, they became uncontrollable and dangerous.

Hades, although understood the happenings, couldn't take full control. His work was needed in the Council therefore he delegated the leadership and set up a Control Committee. The latter was a secret society. Its 7 members were appointed by Hades with the help of the 12<sup>th</sup> Magus, Kaibura. The group was to discover animosities, keep the contact with Sion on Orion and build communication channels. They worked alone, one

by one, enjoying the full responsibility and the full blame for each project.

The usage of the floating transportation happened to be a very important discovery. It wasn't authorized by the Committee, and the movements predicted dubious orders from behind.

The yellow and pink radar beams made her curious. She produced a golden energy triangle and zoomed on the transported objects for a second. However, the sudden pulse in her Solar Plexus proved dangerous and urged her to abandon her mission and return to work.

Looking west, she seemed to enjoy the backing of the Eastern energies and the protection of the Northern ones. Through her semi-transparent body the seven major body gateways were clearly shown. They were cleansed and filled with dense and dark, high-frequency energy. Her golden aura filled the place. From the middle of her body, parallel to her spine, a tube-like indigo coloured light shot upwards, reached the ceiling and firmly continued on the other side. The sensor in her left hand showed the direction and strength of the channel continuing strong and hooking itself into the major communication centre within the star gate on

Saturn. The near 1,000 light years distance was tackled and safely established at her end of the line.

Kegi, the semi-transparent bodied, human-like female creature, prepared her waiting position in the corner of the temporary dwelling. Carefully cut the indigo coloured tube about 25 cm above her crown chakra, fixed a sensor at the near end of the tube and picked up her beeper. She knew that time was precious and there was still a lot to be done.

The safety of the channel all way to Saturn was assured by her good friends from Auriga and Boötes. With the help of Aurora's little angel-like entities, the well-organized operation was on its way to success. There were only three more steps to accomplish. First, was to develop the connection from Keta, second to join the two together and the third, to conceal the operation.

### **3.**

"This is the best pathfinder I remember seeing," nodded Hades with satisfaction. "Far better than those we are composing for the other 15 Keta-like planets. Twenty-

two and a half thousands linear years away still makes sense. It makes great sense, as the matter of fact. I wonder how many Earthlings remember the true knowledge and how many live according to the pathfinder," Hades continued the search for memories. "I cannot recall the mastermind behind it. Zeus perhaps or Mekai maybe. But it could have been Penka, Zinas or even Phoenix. Now that I am thinking it was Hera surely. Those were good times for us. I always liked projects when we put our strength and knowledge together for a good course."

With a sudden swing, he got up. As he walked across the room, the window-like openings on the wall let some fresh air in. It gave him great pleasure to take a sniff. After testing the substance, inhaled the bluish energy through the crown chakra and along the spine slowly brought it deep down to his root. The energy centre found the colour very agreeable. It was quite high in tone, fast, with a good frequency and beautifully soothing. He swallowed the second sniff and went for some more. Filled the root chakra and started for the sex energy centre. The first sniff went in well, however,



he found the second one irritating to his reproduction system.

"Perhaps the frequency is not right," he thought while searched for the matching colour. "Or my sexual organs work just fine," he grimed with great satisfaction. Step by step he went through the major energy centres cleansing and filling them. When he finished, pointed his left thumb to the wall and looked at the result of the exercise in the mirror-like star gate opening. "Oh, yes. The job is done," added and left the room. The mirror closed up behind him.

On his way to his merkaba, beeped his CNC and looked at the incoming reports. Amongst the seemingly important messages he hardly found few to his interest. However, the uprising on Dubhe made him apprehensive.

"It is odd, how souls think. They honestly presume, that whatever their minds produce would be precious to others," Hades was pondering. "Especially Keteans. Luckily I don't receive many messages from there." As he was playing with his thoughts, his eyes stopped on a short message with an exclamation mark at the end. "Maroukha, maroukha!"

The meaning of the words was help, help in Maravi language. This way of communicating was not widely spread, and one can easily say, it was the language of the universal elite. As he looked at the signature, the apprehension reached his face.

"So it has started. Well, life is not going to be the same ever again," added and switched his beeper off.

Hades, the number 16, walked to the computer room.

In this small star gate, he named Mantahani, translates as "always together", he set up the perfect place to peacefully observe the whole endless universe. The double glazed protection of Mantahani was given by the two, equal-sided pyramids pushed into each other on a way to make a six-pointed star lying on the ground of Dubhe. All eight sides of the two pyramids measured exactly the same and naturally carried the numerological details of those of Giza, Orion and Mars with the most important mathematical keys connected to the DNA of the Universe.

Directions, like East West North or South, were decided by the flow of energies within the star gate, or vice versa, meaning that the four elements were connected to the directions; Fire to South, Water to West, Earth to

North and Air to East. According to these directions, the computer room, as the most masculine feature of the dwelling, took its place in the Northern wing of the six-pointed star.

Hades liked to remove himself from the world to sit there with his faithful computer, Tati. Right now he wanted to look into the message he received earlier.

As he entered the room Tati greeted him impatiently.

"Hello Master, nice of you to pop in. I have been expecting you."

"What's up my friend?"

"I am a bit worried about strange wavelength getting into Mantahani; therefore I searched all incoming calls. The one in Maravi was amongst them. I hope you don't mind, master."

"Not at all, my friend! This message is one of the reasons I came to see you."

#### **4.**

The key was turned in the door and Zoltan stepped into the small Earthly centre of AKIA. It had just past five in

the afternoon, was straight after his office hours and he came here to do some work on a project.

Today was very important, for the connection to Dubhe had to be mastered. As the group's communicator he figured out the next move and built the necessary channels to achieve the universal handshake.

Zoltan Nagy enjoyed the position he was given. Made him feel precious, kept his brain waves working, and despite the hectic schedule, it put calmness into his life. Took his shoes off and ran upstairs. Half way stretched his left arm forward supporting the elbow with the right palm. The left fist, in budding position turning towards the heavens, was lazily hanging at the end of the arm. Slowly he started to walk around the medium size room. One could only see the seriousness of his action by looking at his never-stops-wriggling left thumb that measured the changing energies looking for the best possible place to start the work.

After numerous circles he stopped near the big round table, somewhere on the Western side of the place. Chose a cushion from the sofa, put it on the floor and slowly placed his lower back on it. Crossed his legs in a lotus position, straightened the spine and closed his

eyes. The channel from his crown chakra started to grow confidently, shot through the ozone layer, arrived at the lower layer of Shambala safely when it suddenly halted as if it found an obstacle too dense to pierce. Zoltan immediately sensed the stop in the flow.

"What can it be?" wondered while giving it a strong push. "Shambala, especially the upper layer, should be the safest of all. Unless I lost direction and put my hand into something I shouldn't have."

He fixed the channel at both ends and stood up. Ran downstairs and switched on the computer. Typed shabahup in and waited. A few minutes later a funny-faced entity appeared on the screen and like a machine repeated the following words:

"Unidentified communication from Keta stops all communication channels. Working on removing."

Zoltan listened to the message a few times trying to figure out its meaning.

"A channel from Keta stops communication. Why and what communication?" he was thinking aloud. "I must contact my guides to see the situation."

"Gajda come in please!" shouted Zoltan apprehensively.

"Hi Zoli, what's up?" appeared a well-dressed elderly gentleman in the most striking white dinner jacket.

"Greetings Gajda. Thank you for coming so soon. Looking at you I arrived to understand why our ladies are miserable."

"Share the great knowledge with me," said Gajda.

"Because we lack gentlemen like yourself. Smart, well-dressed, handsome..."

"My friend, you don't need to woo me. It's only that I am at a dinner right now. Tell me what ails you."

"Sorry to drag you away from joy. I would only like to know what is going on in shabahup."

"Patience, please. I make a few calls."

"Shall I leave you to it?"

"I don't think it is necessary. Here we are! An Earthling wanted to push a communication channel through. They stopped it and now looking for the source."

"Really? Why?"

"Because it is unidentified and as such needs to be removed."

"Sweet Creator, I might have been the one who caused the alert! I forgot to put my code in! Sweet Creator, what am I to do now?"

"And to ask for permission. I mean you forgot that too."

"You really mean it is necessary, for me?"

"Yes, it is. Even for the Creator."

"Dear, dear," said Zoltan scratching his head.

"You mean you would be very grateful and invite me to dinner if I remedied the situation and saved your absolutely precious lower back?"

"Yes please. Just tell when and for how many. And what, of course."

"All right. Permission is given and I arrange everything for you. I come back with the dinner arrangement later. Now get on with the work. I send out a few VIP chaps to help."

"Thank you Gajda. Give my love to Linaha, please."

"How did you know I was with her?"

"I didn't. But now I do. Good luck."

"Thanks. I definitely need it."

As he left, Zoltan ran upstairs and sat down to accomplish the connection with the communication centre on Saturn.

Saturn has the best equipped News Agency in Kabutoreos galaxy. The 34 visible and the 25 invisible satellites suck in information from various news centres

in the Universe. It arrives in the forms of energy without interference from souls and machinery, transmitting the naked reality. The energies of the planet were well fit for the job. They pushed you to limits, tried you out, took you to the ground, lifted you up and filled you with curiosity and eagerness to know.

The great enticer's distance from the Sun is 1,429 km. It orbits the big fireball in 29 years and 167 days.

The planet has only one major star gate, in which there are the 7 crystal mines, the information centre, colleges, various leisure conveniences and a small living quarter. The community leader on Saturn is Lazar, a highly respected soul of the third generation, from Uranus' family. He was trained as an astronomer first; however his abilities gave him the opportunity to go far beyond the initial studies. When the first expedition was getting ready to explore Keta, he volunteered to take somebody's place at the last minute. He proved his capability, his loyalty, his understanding and strength. Soon after he started to take private lessons from grandfather Uranus and became one of the most knowledgeable numerologists. When the First Egyptian Golden Age, during the time of the Leo, needed him,



Lazar was very happy to come down to Earth to entangle himself with karma teaching and become Huh, the God of Eternity in the Egyptian Pantheon. Unfortunately, his entanglement with his wife at the time forced him to come back to Earth in different shapes and genders until his karma finally wore out and he was allowed to return to Saturn. He did not get his old job back as The Chief Newsroom Engineer however he was promoted to be the leader of the community. The responsibility frustrated him at first, but as he became acquainted with the duties, familiarized himself with the possibilities also. When emotions run low on Saturn, he visits Keta for one day or two to take up an earthly life. Since 1972 it became easy, for nobody is retained as the result of the past or unsolved mysteries. He could not afford to leave his very demanding job for a longer period.

Zoltan built the communication channel and went straight to Monas.

Monas - nowadays likes others to refer to it as "She" - was Lazar's deputy and right hand in the up-keeping of Saturn. She was very helpful, however did not like arrogance or the sight of an unbalanced ego. Zoltan

created quite a lot of upheaval for her with his carelessness.

"Monas, I am calling Monas, come in please!" whispered into the channel Zoltan.

"I am here," answered Monas. "But I tell you, it better be very important, for I am over my head with work," she said.

"I assure you it is serious," said Zoltan. A minute later the communication channel was established.

## **5.**

"Would you tell me anything about your lives down on Keta? Is it true, that you and other members of the first generation incarnate on Earth from time to time?" started his questions Mabek. "What is it you do there? What do you look like? What sort of..."

"You want to know too much at once," interrupted Hades. "Each of your questions would take a moon turn to reply. Therefore you need to select the most interesting one out of the lot."

While Hades said these words, a sudden and strange feeling shot through his visitor's body. He opened his mouth as if he was about to say something of great importance. However, the sentence stopped half way and formed a funny grim on his face. And it stayed there. For long.

Mabek was frozen. He couldn't move. His basic functions disappeared. He was physically dead from the Keteian point of view, nevertheless was given the chance to exist by some strange power. He wasn't clinically dead, how they say it on Keta, for his mind was clear. He knew where he was and who he was. He remembered Earth, his home there with his wife, his superior at work and Zeta; yes there she was with her funny short red hair, watching him while he was looking at her. He could actually see her sitting in front of the computer typing fast. As he was trying to read the text, his telescopic left eye zoomed out and with a sudden focus made it clearly readable.

"Please give him the out of body experience. Be gentle though, and never leave him, for he becomes frustrated easily. Thank you very much. Love and peace: Zeta."

"It looks like an e-mail," assessed Mabek. "An e-mail Zeta sent. It would be interesting to know the address. Let's see, if I scroll up to the top of the letter. Oh, yes. There it is: h16@akialigha.com."

"I don't think it is important. Anyway, it is nosy to snoop. Mmmm. But who is this h16?"

He just had to know. Couldn't bear to feel left out and got frustrated easily with uncertainty around.

"Zeta says that one cannot and need not know everything. Mmmm, it might work for her. She seems to know everything. Whatever it is I just have to know."

To make his concentration deeper, Mabek produced a motion to close his eyes. As he did, his mind shifted and arrived back to Ursa Major, Dubhe and Hades' office. He saw himself sitting in an armchair or a chair with arms rather, and trying to figure out what to do with a knob on the left.

"Sweet Creator, what is going on? I am here and I am there. Have I multiplied? Or have I stepped out of my body? Why do I think differently here than the person in the chair? What is wrong with me?"

As he was following the train of thoughts on why does he have to know everything and why it is the most

important to become the most knowledgeable in the whole wide world, noticed that uncontrollably his left hand was going for the switch on the side of the chair. "Hello, do not touch this knob!" shouted to himself in vain. "I need to ask someone. Linaha!"

Realizing that nobody seemed to hear his appeal for help, Mabek became nervous. He understood that the only way back to his previous state was to reverse the motions and roll the events backwards. But how to do it when you are not exactly aware of the situation?

"Ease up, just ease up. Calm down and concentrate. Listen to your intuition. What does it say?" he murmured and calmed himself down. Stayed motionless for a moment, then suddenly everything became clear. "Hades, yes Hades! He is the one! But how will I communicate with him now that I am out of my body! I need to find it out."

Mabek pulled himself together and focused. "Sir. I need help," sent the message to the god. Since he was not having much faith in his power he was surprised to see Hades walking through the door and actually smiling at him!

"Are you sure?" put the god to Mabek.

"Sure of what?" thought up the words Mabek.

"I cannot hear you," said Hades.

"Yes, I need to focus," he admitted and started from the beginning.

"That's better! I heard you asking for help. From me."

"Yes, yes, I was!" transmitted Mabek.

"You are good. I hear you clearly now. What do you want me to help you with?"

"I want to get back into my body. It is very weird to be without it."

"I see. That is easy. There you are!" the god said and made a move with his right thumb.

"Oh, thank you very much, Sir. It is better now," announced Mabek back in his physical body, sighing deeply.

"I am glad I could help. What happened?" asked Hades as if he didn't know.

"I don't really know. My physical body stopped functioning and after I found myself looking at myself in the armchair. The interesting part was that all my gadgets worked and it was great! My telescopic eyes, my thought transmitter and energy manipulator. I thought they were connected to the physical body."

"They are, however easier to use them when one leaves home. Tell me about your experience."

"The most interesting was that I saw Zeta writing an e-mail. Yes, it was addressed to you! You are h16, aren't you? Hades, for the 'h' and 16 is your soul number. I am so clever! She asked you to show an out-of-body experience to someone. Did you receive that message?"

"I did, indeed," said Hades smiling. "And I fulfilled the request."

"You did? It would have been good to see... Wait a minute! It was I who you had to show it to! Wooow! Thank you. It was great. But I am glad to be back in my prison."

"I thought you would be. One has to get used to it. Used to the freedom I mean. The freedom and the fear, that comes with it. The uncertainty of existence and on the other hand the wholeness of life. One needs to learn to bear the weight of freedom. When you are free, you are a free target. And you are free to hit back. Whatever happens, it is only between you and the Creator Force. That is the real you, that is your real soul and your real knowledge. The physical body is like a costume for a soap opera. You put it on and you give green light to

the frustrated preconceptions that have been bottled up in the brains of permanently imprisoned souls.”

“What do you mean by permanently? I thought it was temporary and only happens when becomes necessary,” cut in Mabek.

“Glad you’re listening. You are right, of course. It is temporary. However, there are certain states when the soul forgets to remember. So much that the vision narrows, senses disappear and the soul becomes attached to the material world. It wouldn’t understand anything else. With this attachment, the cause for the memory loss would step forward as the centre of living and the main aim for existence. The physical body, this totem becomes everything. It has to be catered for in every way. Be washed, cleaned, dressed and fed. All of those things need security. Security creates prisons. So, in the end, the physical-body-prison needs other prisons for maintaining it, as the centre prison. Did you know that what you causally call living is usually not more than a constant fight to please or maintain the physical body? You become so much attached to it that you forget about the reason for having it at the first place. Do you get my meaning?”



"I think I do, Sir. I must admit you enlightened a few confusing thoughts for me. Zeta is going on about the body and eating and making love and all that! She says it is possible to feed on light and to make love without touching. Can you imagine?"

"Oh yes!" said the god with a deep melancholy in his voice. "She is right you know. The only way to get in touch with yourself is to lose your boundaries. The biggest boundary for a Ketan is the physical body, meaning life.

"That does not make sense. If life is our prison, than we have to get rid of it. If we get rid of it, we would not be able to fulfil our mission to the Universe."

"Quite right. It is very complex. Keta has always been the hardest school for souls. It is the only place, where the soul is forced to live to its complexity."

"What happens when you incarnate there? Do you feel the same?"

"And we arrived at one of your previous questions. It is fine now. It makes sense to ask this particular question. To start replying I would say, naturally. However, there are differences. Since we always incarnate and not reincarnate, we do not carry karma. It lightens the soul,

and keeps it closely connected to the God Force and our soul bank. Of course, it is not only fortunate but a necessity. We are there to accomplish certain tasks."

"Is it always something big?" asked Mabek.

"You mean the task?"

"Yes, the one you have to accomplish."

"Everything is big for everything is important. Just as everybody's work is big for everybody is important. That is the beauty of the Universe. But then again, looking through the history books you are right. We do so-called big things. However never forget, that history is written by earthlings and altered or bent according to their desire. These fine, usually gentlemen, look for big events from the physical point of view, the surface and the scratches of the deep. They study the past using history books written by other earthlings, and they filter the present accordingly. I tell you, it is a big mess."

"Yes, but surely the truth is the truth, isn't it?"

"You forget easily my son, or your brainwashing goes deep. We have already talked about the truth and we agreed that it doesn't exist. At least, not the kind of truth you believe in. The only truth is that there is no truth. Let us look at yourself as an example. You are

having certain ideas of certain things and you consider your ideas to be the truth of the certain matter. Now we are talking. You ask questions, I answer. You are asking questions because you do not have the answers or you are interested in my opinion. It could also be that you are bored to death or testing me. Well whatever it is with my reply I would manipulate your thoughts and your, so-called truth."

"What do you mean? How do you do that? And why do you do that?"

"I have no reasons at all. However, my way of thinking would affect your way of thinking. Either I like it or not. Or either you like it or not."

"Naturally, because I want to learn from you."

"How do you do that?"

"I listen to your ideas and I take them in."

"You mean you trade your ideas for mine."

"Yes."

"Why do you do that? Do you consider my ideas nearer to the truth?"

"Yes, naturally."

"I can understand your argument. However, my viewpoint is still my truth, my way of living and

understanding. If you take my thoughts you need to take my life also. My truth is true only in my life with my feelings and knowing. Otherwise, they become burdens on your shoulder. Useless information to bother you for the rest of your life."

"I understand that," became a bit impatient Zoltan. "I think we should go back to the incarnation if you don't mind."

"All right. Good way of thinking. I start at, that I consider the beginning. At the time of the creation, each of the 18 members of the first generation was copied seven times. These seven are encoded with the same information. The so-called original became the central soul bank of the particular family member. The seven work as one, furthering or hindering the other six. Their aim is very different from that of the other 14 soul generations. Since they don't multiply, there is no evolutionary step ladder to climb. While the others work towards perfection, the duty of the first generation is to help them achieve it. These unique differences made the first nine daughters and the first nine sons of the Creator very valuable and vulnerable. However, the effect - counter effect fight takes its casualties

regardless of origin or social background. Some of us actually lost souls in this fight. I, for instance, have only six souls to play with, so to speak.

"Really? Where are they?"

"When time comes you would meet them. Right now, I think we need to adjourn our conversation. Duty calls. Make a question ready for next time," he said and made his way to the Northern wing of the star gate leaving Mabek behind.

## **6.**

The material was nicely prepared for the new lesson nevertheless she was a bit apprehensive. Going back to Atlantis jogged her memories and created an uncontrollable energy mess of thoughts. For a moment it seemed impossible to separate events from previous earthly lives and those from other dimensions. It seemed that the strain, she put on her filing cabinet by the mere thought of Atlantis, unleashed a lot of information from folders that had keywords connected to the beginning of earthly existence. She understood

that sorting them out was a must, therefore the filing system needed immediate attention. Following her intuition, she decided to visit the Lower Right Pyramid on Mars and ask professional help from the brain-washing staff. While she was with the thought, she felt the weight started already lifting, slowly from the back of her head. "I should have a good bath," tried to find the best solution Zeta. "I have not been in the bath for long. It is time to pay them a visit," decided and prepared the golden path for her astral body.

The merkaba was there where she left it, waiting for her order. She opened the door with the right thumb and let it close behind her. Took place at the wheel and gave orders to the computer.

The red planet appeared straight after leaving the merkaba parking.

Mars, the eternal forcing power of the Haudi solar system, is travelling on its ecliptic 155 million miles away from the Sun. It makes one circle around it in 1 year and 322 days. Mars is a pompous planet with an over satisfied ego. One of Enkki's souls gives it the necessary organic energy substance.

Zeta's merkaba landed in the VIP parking in front of the third big pyramid, on the Southern hemisphere of the fast energy producer. The complex was the enlarged version of the one on Giza, taking its majestic place on the East bank of the river Ghuran.

As she entered the bath the chief attendant hurried to meet her.

"What a pleasure to see you here. It has been a long time."

"Yes, it has, has not it?"

"How could we be at assistance?"

"I think my mind needs a bit of clearing. Atlantis put a huge impact on it. Perhaps it would be useful to revitalize my physical body also."

"Right. I put you in the capable hand of Urunga. I give him the instruction to follow. He is one of our bests."

"Thank you Barta," smiled Zeta and made an attempt to follow her guide for the session.

"You remember my name," noticed the chief taken aback by surprise.

"Of course, but the sign on your uniform helped a little," added Zeta laughing.

Urunga was around two and a half meters tall, lean bodied, dark-haired and dark-eyed creature. He had a permanent smile on him that lent an intriguing expression to his pleasantly featured face.

"Should I go up to you or are you coming down to me," asked him Zeta noticing the height differences. "It would make conversation easier."

"It would be a great honour to shrink myself for you. However, looking at it from the professional point of view, I think you have to make the effort this time. The bath, I am taking you to, works better with long bodies and the massage that comes after the bubbly is more effective that way."

"All right, you convinced me," replied Zeta and lengthened her body.

"Hi there. Now we can talk."

"Sure we can. What would you like us to talk about?"

"Just chit-chat. About you, your work, Mars or anything you fancy."

"Then I will explain the recreation bath I am taking you to. Would you like that?"

"Sure."



"It is a private room with three pools. In the first, the liquid is transparent and quite cool. Here you are helped to relax your muscles and strengthen your bones."

"What do you mean by being helped? Who is going to assist me?"

"I have the feeling that you have not visited us for long. You forgot the ways."

"That is true. I usually pop over to Orion or Venus. Sometimes to my planet."

"Unfortunately, I cannot comment on Orion or H planet however, I heard about the excellent services on Venus. My brother works there."

"Really? What does he do?"

He is a sexual-energy manipulator. In the central bath, that is."

"Yes, they are pretty advanced there," laughed Zeta. "I remember you having something similar here."

"Yes we do a special treat for earthlings. But we use the traditional ways. You people want to feel the physical body. You want to touch and to be touched."

"Do you really now? What service does it come with?"

"The Complete Action. Like the one you are going to have yourself."

"Let's continue with the pools. What happens in the second one?"

"There you have your organs cleansed and healed. In colour it is golden."

"And the third, I remember being pale lilac and very soothing."

"That is right. It tones the skin and lifts your spirit. In this pool comes the sexual energy boost we talked about. Naturally you may have one in any other pools also."

"Excellent. Can I choose the participant?"

"Dear Zeta, any of us would be honoured," smiled Urunga.

"May I choose more than one?"

"As many as you wish. Now we arrived at your room. Have a wonderful time," added Urunga and watched Zeta disappearing behind the door.

After the good bath she returned back to Earth to continue the work. She decided to skip the brain washing after all. The effect of cleansing and sexual energy boost resulted in some sort of enlightenment in her thoughts.

Everything started up very nicely with work. The channels were clean and approving nevertheless, the thought gathering concentration still proved extremely difficult for her. She was bothered by a communication attempt that she did not want to acknowledge.

"Please, please go away. I don't have the time now! I am to start the lecture in a minute and still do not know what to say. Please, I beg of you!" she was sending the impulses away.

"Sorry sister, I cannot do it. Far too important," uttered the words a familiar voice.

"Hello, my brother, how are you? What are you doing here? It must be crucial if you are here. I don't have the pleasure of seeing you nowadays," entered into the conversation Zeta bitterly.

"I do apologize, my darling. I desperately need your help. Life is rapidly changing on Ursa Major and every minute counts."

"Oh, I heard this expression somewhere. All right Hades, I help you. But you have to be by my side when I start my lesson an hour from now. It is very difficult and I must have my wits about me. So, tell me what would you like?"

"I guess you remember sending my grandson who is also your student, up to me. Now I have quite a lot of work so I thought I would give him some of it. The work is difficult and confidential. Do you think I can trust him? I didn't have the time to draw up a test."

"Yes, you definitely can. He craps a lot but apart from that he is very trustworthy and honest. That's it?"

"No, it was just a question. I would like you to help with the work I've just mentioned."

"Oh no! I have so much of my own! Cannot you give it to someone else?"

"Please Hera, I need you on it. I could've given it to my CNC, however, I figure the souls are dangerous on that job. Therefore I gave one part to Tati and a bit to Mabek and he is putting his result into Tati. Therefore I consider him safe."

"Why cannot you do it?"

"I am doing some, but I need to go to the council as you know. I wouldn't tell anybody else, I am a bit nervous. It is important for me. Please help."

"I will, I will, I will. I still don't know what is it you want me to do."

"Collect information about the future of Meghrez. It should not be very difficult since you have been working on it with your Lightworkers."

"Oh sh...sh...sugar! Yes, we did and still do some work there. However, what you are asking is very different. We talk about the future. Do you realize how complicated it is to get a glimpse of it? I hoped for a bit easier task. I should've known better. All right. I do it if it has to be done. What else can I do?"

"Not much I am afraid. Thank you. I owe you one my darling. Love and peace."

"Love and peace."

Zeta turned back to her earthly work straight away. Only a few minutes left before the students start coming. Carefully organized the papers and maps. Looked for the incense burner, lit a candle and poured some frankincense on. She was ready.

Ten minutes later, when she started the lecture she saw the bluish-pinkish light Hades produces, in the corner of the room. She smiled and confidently went on with the lesson.

## 7.

Lesley and his family had been a very good friend to Zeta and the cause. He understood life, has never taken anything for granted, he appreciated and he liked to be appreciated. He feels for justice immensely. Wasn't afraid of work and couldn't stand being taken for a ride. He was the one to read the small letters at the end of every contract, stood up against enemies of the poor and his dignity was above every possible doubt.

He was also a good father and a faithful husband.

Zeta and Lesley met through Christie. She came to the prominent healing centre where Zeta managed to find work after being stranded in Budapest, Hungary, and booked an appointment for herself. The meeting proved successful for one day she brought her husband to see the healer.

As always, Zeta offered them a seat and without asking questions she started to work on the diagnosis.

"Digestive system is warned out. You seem to hang onto hurts and wounds from the past. Think about unjust situations. You are quite stubborn too," started Zeta and turned to Lesley with a smiling face.

"Oh, yes. Definitely," agreed Christie laughing.

"You had a gall bladder surgery and two lung inflammations in the past."

"That is correct about the gall bladder. I don't remember the inflammations," nodded Lesley.

"I can also see a cyst on your right kidney. Or actually a chain of small cysts. They look like grapes. Do you know about them?"

"I will tell you when you finish," said Lesley with some sort of satisfaction in his eyes.

"Fair enough. Then I tell you that the cysts are actually between two layers of the kidney walls. Full of excess liquid."

"Do you think that it is a life-threatening situation?" asked Christie.

"Well, there is a chance of them growing. In that case organic energies, like bacteria would grow in the waste product and could turn malignant."

"Is there anything you can do with them?" asked the couple almost together.

"I don't see a reason why not. However, I must warn you that it would take a bit of time."

"How long?" asked Lesley.

"The first sign of development should show within two weeks."

"All right," agreed Lesley. "Now I tell you about the situation. I visited our doctor, who is a friend of my wife. She sent me to have tests and x-rays and the cists were on them.

The doctor got very nervous and sent me to a specialist. She suggested having my kidney removed because they could not operate on it and could not see if the cists were cancerous or not. As you said the cists are between two layers. They also said that if they grow would have a fair chance of exploding by the pressure from the blood vessels nearby. And if they turn out to be cancerous I could die within two weeks. If they explode that is. They are supposed to be about 5 x 3 cm. They already arranged the operation for me."

"Wow! I think I have to look at them once again," said Zeta.

She half-closed her eyes and concentrated on the mass of energy in front of her. She could not see any sign of distraction. She also knew that she would be able to remove the cists.



"What if something goes wrong," flashed to her. "What would I tell his daughters and Christie? The daughters want him to do the surgery, purely out of love of course, and to stay on the safe side. It is a big responsibility! But then again, the bigger the deed, the greater the responsibility. I have to take it. I would never be able to face myself and the world if I did not."

"Yes, I can do it if you agree. We have to work together. I need two weeks to show you some results."

"You mean after two weeks I could go to the doctor, take a test and it would show the improvement?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I say," confirmed Zeta.

"Please, let me talk to my wife alone."

"All right. I leave you to it. You have 2 minutes."

"That is not very long. But if that is what we have that is what we have."

"Two minutes is enough to decide. You should not have doubts. If you have, the modern medicine is better for you," insisted Zeta and left the room to give space to the couple.

When 2 minutes later she stepped in, she saw a couple of smiling face in front of her.

"We do it," they announced almost at once.

"All right. Let us start the work. Only ten minutes left from your time and as you know I cannot give you more for it is not under my control. However, I could see you later today in my own time if it is needed."

"Thank you very much."

"Right. Now I am going to pierce the cists to give way to the liquid in them. Cleanse and take away every form of infection possibilities. You must come back next week to see the result. I forecast quite a large reduction in size by then."

"I guess I have to convince my doctor to postpone the operation."

"Is there anything for us to do?" asked Christie anxiously.

"Not at the moment. Be blessed."

"You too. See you next week." Said the couple and left.

Lesley and Christie returned a week later.

"Hi, how are you? Nice to see you again!" greeted them Zeta.

"Hello. We are fine, thank you."

"Let me see the result. I can hardly wait," she said and started to work.

"What do you see?" asked Christie impatiently.

"Good news. I see very good reduction. It is about 3x2 cm in size now. The liquid is escaping nicely."

"Good, good, thank you."

"What did you say to your doctor?"

"I said that I needed 3 weeks to think it over. He wasn't happy. He said it was very risky."

"Hopefully within the 3 weeks you can physically prove them wrong."

"All right!" added Christie to the conversation.

"I would like you to come back next week once more. Then a week after that you can have an X-ray to see it for yourselves."

"Do you mean I should start arranging it?"

"Yes, I think. I also think that you should ask for a second opinion. Or third, in your case. Somebody independent."

"We will. Thank you very much."

"See you guys next week."

After the last session Lesley went through quite a lot of abuse from the medical profession. In the end the couple travelled down to the South of the country to see a specialist. He was willing to look at the situation with

open eyes. The young doctor was amazed when he compared the result of the 2 CT scans. The one that was taken 3 weeks before showed the big cists and the one he took showed only a very small remnant of it. He was so much taken by the results that asked Lesley to give him some time to look at them a bit longer. When he returned, he looked at Christie and Lesley and said: "I don't know what is going on but it definitely looks like some sort of a miracle. After careful consideration I announce you healthy."

"Thank you sir," shook the doctor's hand Lesley. However, you should have a check-up twice a year. Just to be on the safe side.

This event was the start of their very good friendship. Christie and Lesley became students and later light-workers of Akia.

## **8.**

Mabek was sitting in one of the corners of the little cottage-like house and seemed to focus on something. His eyes were hazy; his left arm was straightened out

in front of his heart chakra and seemed to be drawing some sort of a symbol, or symbols, with his right hand fingers. While doing that he uttered strange sounds in a very complicated rhythm.

Linaha did not want to interrupt. Watched him quietly, standing behind the white string curtain. The hiding became her habit she picked up from Earthlings.

"It resembles a tribal ritual when, before initiation and inauguration all MAN-to-become goes through tests," collected her thoughts Linaha. "And I remember it to be very dangerous!" added with a tremble in her voice. "Now, what shall I do? I cannot just stop him. He might even know what's going on. But what if he doesn't? I really have to figure it out before the situation gets serious. First of all I should come out of hiding and pretend to have arrived from a mysterious mission," she thought and step out of hiding.

"Hi man, what's up?"

"I am talking to the North wind."

"Oh, that's what you do!" cried out Linaha in relief. "I don't remember you studying anything about pagan movements."

"You are right, I didn't. I saw Zeta doing it on one of her Orixá courses."

"Did you say Orixá? Isn't it an African religion on Keta?"

"Yes, it is. A shaman movement," added Mabek.

"I knew I have seen those symbols before! I still don't understand what it is to do with the North wind!"

"One calls the North wind to help in the demolishing business."

"I think you dangerously mixed up the symbols and the rituals."

"Really? Why?"

"I cannot tell you why you did that. Probably, because you haven't got the faintest on the subject. Aren't you afraid of stepping into something dangerous that is extremely difficult to get out of?"

"Zeta said that one is capable of doing anything if one believes in oneself. I believe in my great potentials and I am good at channelling."

"That's what I was afraid of. What am I to do with you? Yes, you are great. You are intelligent, your mind is a good receptor and you have a very kind heart. You are smart, knowledgeable and a nice guy."

"Go on!"

"I don't think so. You had enough praises for one occasion. Let's get back to your ritual. First of all, you should stop it right there. Secondly, let's talk about this demolishing business of yours. What do you want to chase out of your life? Or shall I ask whom?"

"I want to get rid of my obstacles."

"What obstacles?"

"The obstacles between Mabek and Zoltan. I want to do that Zeta does. She is conscious of her simultaneous existences. I would be happy if Zoltan could feel everything I do up here. Does it make sense? I know I am Zoltan and he is Mabek. Or I am Mabek and he is Zoltan. Or whatever. We are the same soul in different dimensions."

"Why would you want that?"

"Well, I learn a lot here and I want Zoltan to use this knowledge in his work. Funnily, I can see him, but I don't think he could say the same about me."

"Are you asking for help? From me, I mean."

"Yes please, would you?"

"Of course, my Dear. Just close your eyes and I demolish your obstacles."

"Don't make fun of me! It wouldn't do me any good."

"You are right, but I thought that is you want."

"To tell me how to get rid of them."

"All right. There is nothing between you two. Zoltan needs to talk to his astral body more. But I tell you it would be very distractive for him to feel you all the time. Life on Keta is very rigid. You need 100% concentration to take some sort of part in it. If you want to send him information, talk to him when fast asleep. Or find somebody to deliver your message. You can even send an e-mail!"

"A real one?"

"Surely. Lucilla is usually on the North wall of the lounge. You need to use Hera's address until we create one for you. It is h13 at [akialight.com](http://akialight.com). I hope she doesn't mind us using it. Sometimes she becomes over protective."

"Lucilla or Zeta?"

"Both, in this case. I have to remind you that she is a computer and a very special one. The boss ordered her specifically to see to her communication needs."

"Do you mean Hera or Hades?"

"In Hunata star gate, where we are the guests of honour, only one boss exists, Hera."



"I should have known. Sorry. What hunata means?"

"Guess, my Dear."

"Love."

"You cannot be serious! It is too mild a word and as you know, meaningless."

"Yes, yes, you are right. I should have known better. Then, it has to be SEX!"

"Good boy. It is."

"Right. Where is this beautiful female?"

"Are you talking about me?" asked the guide.

"I do not dare talking about you in this manner however beautiful you are! Now I meant the computer."

"Darling Lucilla? You just have to call her and she gets ready."

"I like that in a woman!"

"Get on with it! Work!"

"All right, all right. Lucilla! Where are you my Dearest?"

## 9.

"The message arrived from Cariso, that I am sure you know," started to summon the situation Tati. "I checked the code, it is legitimate. One of yours, actually."

"Have I issued it recently or long way back?"

"It goes back to the uprising on Dubhe."

"Which one do you mean? The one opposing The Family or the one created by my officers against me?"

"Yes, master. It was the latter. The time when Anir took the lead."

"Mmmm, I see. Well, it is going to be very hard to figure out the attention of the being. Is it a soul or a robot, do you know?"

"It is a soul and as far as I can sense, with a female preference."

"Clever. We are getting closer. Anything else to help us?"

"Yes, actually there is. The message carried a very strong pinkish energy beam. The sort that is used by the light lifters in your army."

"So, the being is somebody who either worked with the light in the army or someone who has managed to put

her hands on a charger. Mind you, we can eliminate the latter option. It would be fatal for one who doesn't understand how it works. She has to be qualified to hold and work with the charger and took a large energy stabilizer implant to withstand certain waves and shocks. All fingers are pointing towards the army."

"It is all well. While you were assessing the possibilities I ran a check on this particular pink light energy. The result shows that one does not need to handle the charger to draw in a certain amount of light. Just enough to help conceal oneself and the message, one is desperately in need to send. The power could damage one's aura however it is still better than losing life or the cause one believes in."

"I believe you are suggesting that this soul is a friend, who needs help, aren't you?"

"To put it bluntly, yes," admitted Tati.

"For the Creator's sake, tell me how we can help her! Time is running out, you know!" cried out the God!

"Yes, master. I took the initiative to run the solution check that was triggered by your word 'friend' and the result is imminent in my temporary folder."

"Great. You are clever, my friend."

"Thank you, master. However, you should not overlook the fact that you created and programmed me. Therefore the merit is yours. Congratulations."

"Thank you my friend. Still, I couldn't have created you without you," added Hades smiling.

"I apologies, I do not understand your line of thinking. You created me so there was no me before to help you in the work."

"You make me think now. What was before? The egg or the hen?"

"It is something for your intelligence to figure out, master."

"At another time, Tati. To cut it short, you are the most advanced filing cabinet in existence now."

"I need to interrupt, master, although I am very much interested in the story about my birth. If you don't mind I would be honoured to talk about it later. But now, the result is more important. It is here."

"That is exactly what I said" mumbled Hades. "Let's see. We need to act fast. Read it aloud, please," he added.

"Thank you for the honour, master."

"Skip the formalities, Tati."

"Certainly, master. If you don't mind I translated the meaning only, since it is in Computer-Maravi."

"Sure, sure. Just do it."

"It says that the source is in imminent danger. She doesn't have the charger; the light was used professionally to conceal the message and to aid the soul. It shows that she is well trained, knows about the light and its power. After all the cross exam, she definitely is a friend. A friend, who is in great danger and needs help."

"Good. Do you know where she is?"

"Yes, I am just getting to it. She is in a derelict building near the transportation area."

"What was she doing there?"

"It is quite hard to tell. However, under the well-built protection and disguise I see a vague silhouette of a channel. Therefore I would suggest that she was building a channel."

"A channel? What for?"

"That I do not know, master. But the beginning and the end are clearly showing. Keta and Saturn. Looks like a communication channel."

"Did you say Saturn and Keta?"

"Yes, master. Both of them are in the Haudi solar system and in Kabutoreos galaxy. As the matter of fact they are in the galaxy where we are right now."

"Good work Tati. Still it is utterly crazy. Why would anybody put a U turn in a channel? It must be a work of a beginner for I cannot see any purpose in it. Or it could be a cover up," murmured quietly to himself Hades.

"Contact my student urgently and ask him to come over. I have a feeling his hand is in it. Set up a transfer for me please; I am going down to Keta to see my brother. He might know something. Could you locate him?"

"Certainly master. Which one of your great brothers you are after?"

"Zeus."

"He is in Cyprus. In a sea-side town called Limassol."

"Get me the address."

"All right, master. In the meantime I report that your student has arrived."

"Where is he?"

"He is standing in the entrance hall. I bit frightened I may say."

"Why, what happened?"

"Considering the urgency of the matter I have transported him over without further delay and explanation. He is still in his nightgown."

"Great Creator! Poor guy, he must be shocked," laughed the god whole-heartedly. "I go see him now. Bring the address to me, please."

Hades walked through the computer room, and opened the door to the entrance hall. And there he was. Standing in his pair of pants, his thin legs sticking out of them, his eyes are almost closed, and his arms hanging motionless on the side of his body.

"Welcome son," greeted him Hades. "Are you just about all right?"

"Yes Sir. Mabek **854** at your request. What's up? Sir."

"Do you know anything about communication channels?"

"Oh, yes. I build them all the time."

"You build them? Who taught you?"

"Well, whatever I know I learned from Zeta."

"I see. Is she checking up on your work?"

"No, of course not."

"I thought so. Did you build a channel recently between Keta and Saturn?"

"I wouldn't know. Since I've been here, no. On Keta, perhaps. I don't seem to get through to Zoltan."

"Pardon me master, I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. Therefore I checked, with your permission that I took for granted," interrupted Tati.

"Anything that helps. What did you find?"

"There is a channel coming from Keta. If I zoom it in I see a small country called Magyarország. It is widely known as Hungary. Zoom further and we arrive at Budapest, to the 6<sup>th</sup> district and we are on Terez krt. No 39."

"It sounds familiar to me," added Mabek. That is where our centre is. Who built the channel?"

"If my senses are serving me well, I would say, you. I mean Zoltan."

"Do you know anything about the Cariso stargate on this planet?"

"Yes, we have been working with them for quite a while."

"What do you mean by *we*?"

"Zeta and us down on Keta."

"Good. I need all the information you have."

"I have to check with her first, if you don't mind."



"All right but do it fast. We have very little time."

"It is done. She said yes, amazingly."

"Start!"

"There are 156 stargates on Dubhe that are public places. One of them is Cariso. Twenty four are damaged beyond repair."

"Do you know anything about the recent political structure?"

"Yes, Sir. There are two major groups. One is with your new position that is with the Council; and another group opposing the first."

"Any names?"

"The leader of the first group is Konet. Good organizer, faithful and very clever."

"Yes. I taught him everything he knows."

"Lucky devil. Anyway, he has a great position now, controls most of the underground movements and constantly trains his men."

"That is good news. What else?"

There is an opposition there also. Quite strong. The leader goes by the name of Somon. Do you know him?"

"I know of him. What else?"

"We also have a spy called Cristin. She brings information for our group on Keta."

"Do you have anything on Somon?"

"Not much. My work does not cover information collecting. I am responsible for the defence."

"I see. In this case..."

"Yes Master, I am already working on the case," interrupted Tati.

"Excellent, my friend. What have you found?"

"We know that he is fast and dedicated. He likes to use a form of a 6'12", dark grey-haired and pink-eyed male. His skin strangely scintillates telling me that he is from another galaxy, to be exact, the fifth looking towards East from here."

"It is strange. Beings on Dubhe do not usually mix with other kinds. Somebody must have invited him. Check on his closest allies, please."

"Certainly, Master," said Tati, and started to run a few programs."

## 10.

There was still a sizeable amount of fully functioning robots on Meghrez, encoded by Hades himself.

When time arrived for big operations he preferred robots to souls. They did not recognize fear and did not feel pain. Hades was a precise master with iron hands and sharp mind. His coding was prompt and security had no loopholes. Now, that he gracefully accepted the Family's invitation to become a full member of the Council again, did not have the time and attention to check the robots, their codes and enforce the security on them. This momentary negligence caused a lot of upheavals amongst ambitious leaders to be or egoistic robot master who had been encoded with the intelligence of forming thoughts and choosing between simple tasks.

The very first and the most intelligent master robot that Hades constructed was Ceatan. This machine became so powerful that developed an ego - quite large I might add – and turned against its own master-creator Hades itself, with the ambition of taking its place in the Gods' World.

As the result of the work put together by allied forces, Ceatan was finally eliminated, short after Hades took up his new residence on Orion.

After the elimination of the robot master Ceatan, his most ambitious follower and man in charge, Anir took over his master's task. Losing his beloved commander made Anir bitterly vicious. He adored his late master's majestic authority, his prompt decisions and his heartless jokes. His only aim in life was to copy Ceatan's behaviour pattern and attitude. The task that seemed easy at the beginning soon turned sour. Anir overlooked one little fact that made a big difference between him and Ceatan. Anir was a soul, while Ceatan was a robot. Whatever he did, he could not possibly behave the way Ceatan did. His jokes went too far and often ended up in pain, sometimes even with the loss of a soul. When he tried to play, he forgot his anger and when he was angry he could not play. His emotions pushed him over the edge. This behaviour was unforgivable from someone who controlled the vastest robot army in the Universe.

Anir's removal was welcomed by Zeta and the Akia Lightworkers. A small and elite group straight away

started working on the task was given to their leader by Hades. The future of Meghrez.

The first time when Akia members travelled to the lesser constellation the Plough, happened when they learned how to eliminate robots. It was a useful exercise for all these abandoned iron-machines went against everything and everybody – following the code - when they detected strange energies. The lightworkers realized that the greatest danger came from those been damaged during operations and part of their code disappeared. The behaviour pattern of such robots became unpredictable, and their defence turned into viciously aggressive offence.

Prior to the operation, the selected students went through an intensive training session, where they learned all about codes, how to find and read them, how to change them if the possibility arose, and how to eliminate them when necessity arrived. However, the biggest part of their education was dedicated to dealing with the damaged enemy. Right at the beginning, became apparent, that a parallel could be drawn between the behaviour pattern of robots and human beings. Unlike other souls in the Universe, Earthlings

tempt to live and work according to their codes. In both cases the code is put in by another party or parties, however, the latter group has the capability of being aware of codes and their effects, while the first has not. The first code a human being receives is at birth, actually before birth, when the soul selects the family it wants to live with. After the selection is made, and the foetus is created, the *it* changes into He or She, and the genetic code sets in. This is the strongest of all, many think they are permanent and unchangeable. The "newly born" soul would inherit some of the physical features of his or her parents; sometimes even that of the grandparents. If they are noticed at an early stage, some of the visible codes can be altered to a certain extent. Like body height and other bone structures, for example. However, it happens very rarely because parents are eager to see the miniature copy of themselves in their offspring, regardless of the disadvantages or features considered to be not extremely fashionable by society at the given time. Although behaviour patterns are only inclinations, they considered to be inherited and as such permanent by most, for the joy or nuisance of the surroundings. The

feelings about certain inclinations vary according to the nurtured emotion one has towards the source of the behaviour pattern. If you have a deep affection for the person, you would say: You are just like your Darling Mother! When you the offspring walks with a bent back or speaking fast, for example. If you happened to have some dislike for the source, you would say: How disgusting, you behave just like your stupid Mother, in the same situation. The nearer you are to the source, the more weight your remark puts into the balance of opinions. And the result of this balance is a decisive code for life. One often finds oneself in the crossfire of opinions coming from people who consider themselves invaluable in the work of shaping one's life. The shaping power of such events provides little crossroads for the person concerned, pushing him or her to make choices between, leaning towards the robot behaviour pattern by strengthening the codes within, or stand up and fight for the freedom of the soul. With the first option your life would be more even, without big upheavals, and the safest possible, as far as your physical body is concerned. However, it is a surrender to the code. As a soul, your life is over. You are a robot. You live for the

code. The life of a human being is a constant battlefield of interrelating energies. In these fierce fights even the strongest of the codes can get damaged, which throws its owner out of balance, and fear sets in. The defence turns into offence. This is a very similar situation to that of the damaged robots in Meghrez. Unpredictable, aggressive and hurtful.

Taking the second, the less popular option, with changes, fights and lot of learning, you have the possibilities of reaching the stage of enlightenment. Every thought, every deed, every change and every decision should support this road in the life of an Earthling. This choice is irrelevant to the behaviour patterns of the robots.

With these thoughts in mind the elite group started the operation of cleaning up Meghrez.

## **11.**

Zeta walked in and turned to the ceramic clock on the wall. It showed a quarter to seven in the afternoon. The Mediterranean village was packed with holidaymakers



and natives alike. From the balcony, the small and sandy bay clearly showed the desperate intent to enjoy the little time available for that purpose. Children were jumping up and down in the shallow water, trying to catch the ball or just to show their body to the scorching Sun. Grownups laid in the sand in tiny swimsuits in order to receive the most of the vital Universal substance.

She could not make herself go down and become one of them. The view from the balcony highlighted the enjoyment of sipping a glass of well-chilled dry white wine.

"This is definitely the best," she thought thankfully. "I could sit here forever. Perhaps not," added with a faint smile in the corner of the mouth. "The work has to be continued. I think the time has arrived to open a couple of lesser channels to train a few of my best students for receiving information. I would not tell them however, this way they would become my disciples. Great Creator! It sounds intriguing. Like the so-called Big Gurus. How do you have disciples? What do you do with them? Obviously, they need the training. Should I treat them differently from the others? I do not think it would

be fair. And naturally, we cannot live together or separate ourselves. In the New Age, it is not permitted. Time is limited and the work is big. I need to decide upon the persons. It is hard. The choice changes the way we operate. The good choice would further it, and the bad would demolish everything we built. Shit! This is a big responsibility! In fact, it is the biggest I have ever had! Well, naturally the biggest. They grow with time. Or always the one you handle is the biggest. What should I do? Perhaps I could wait for few days..." tried to make herself more comfortable with the situation. "Come on girl!" heard her own voice suddenly. "What are you talking about? Any decision is better than no decision! And they never force you to do anything you are not capable of handling!" Zeta started to laugh. "Well now, I should eat my words! All right. To decide or not to decide is not the question but how to decide is the real puzzle in my mind. What should be the main objective? I know, it is my duty. I cannot ask anybody because I cannot talk about it to anybody. Not even to the people I select. I ask the council. They might give me a hint or a sign or something. Otherwise I would

turn to my dearest Nuba and Abua with their great wisdom.”

With these comforting thoughts she jotted five names on a piece of paper and went on sipping the wine. Now that she accomplished the work bothered her most, felt relaxed and light. The tinkle reached the heart chakra and created an overwhelming need for love. Love in the traditional sense. To give and to take. To have someone beside her to hug unconditionally, someone that puts up with her mood changes and her work. A person she can talk to, one that would understand at least some of her thoughts. Someone to give her the freedom she needs. One that is strong enough to withstand the currents of the tide. Where is this person? The time has arrived when people should be with their soul mate, to do the universal task together. The New Age energies do not actually give you a choice. One cannot be completely happy with others. That should be the only consideration when looking for someone to be with. For most people soul mates are available in big numbers. Zeta is not one of those. She has nine soul mates the most. Finished up two, missed out on one, she would never consider being intimate with four of them, so

there are two left. Or she can look for the one she missed out on.

It is the heat that helps you to think. Or at least helps her to think. She loves the Sun and the heat.

She loved the Mediterranean, especially Spain. The always flowering orange trees, as the fragrance filled the evening air; the clean blue colour of the sea; the fishermen's boats as they arrived back to the port; the small cafes and big restaurants; the giggling tourists and the ever so loud natives; the fresh citrus fruits and tasty vegetables; the olives and the olive oil; the good looking men and the quite bad-looking women; above all the heat and the light. These two made her forget about the moths that ate her favourite rugs, the cockroaches that ran all over the place when the light went on and the smelly bathrooms falling prey to the malfunction of local plumbing.

She was sitting there for a while, admiring life with grateful thoughts in her head. Then walked to the kitchen, poured another glass of wine and took the same place at the small table on the terrace. Pulled a piece of paper nearer and started to jot down the plan for the future of Meghrez.

## 12.

"Well Master, I think I managed to select the most interesting question," started his speech Mabek.

"So you think or you actually have," was the god's reply.

"I think I have," answered Mabek.

"That is not acceptable," raised his voice Hades. "You should focus on short sentences with one verb in them. You decide this or that. You do this or that. You think this or that. And you say this or that. Verbs mean action. How can you do two actions at a time?"

Mabek looked puzzled.

"I am saying that I am not great with everything therefore I try to do things. Even though I believe differently most of the time," uttered the man quietly.

"Good. So there is hope for you, although hope is the word of modern Keta. Crazy how brainwashed and frightened you Ketans became! The only thing you have is hope. Actually, it is the only thing you hope having. What a mess!"

"You say that we shouldn't hope?" cried out Mabek.

"Yes, I mean exactly that. While you are hoping you are not doing. One cannot hope and do at the same time. Or can, however the result is going to be nothing."

"What do you mean? I don't understand," admitted Mabek.

"All right. Let's say you have 100% of your energy, as you should, all the time. With the hoping you lose at least 75% of it, for this particular action takes a lot of good energy. The remaining 25% makes a very faint doing. And I have not mentioned your everyday chores, the so-called routines. They are the real energy vampires!"

"Wow! I have never thought of it this way. As far as I can see, you described life on Keta."

"Yes, I did unfortunately. That's why you cannot get ahead. That's why you have no sayings in important matters. That is why you are unfulfilled and your self-indulging sufferings would never take you to an evolutionary level. In one word, you stay there in vain."

"What do you mean by in vain? We live there! We try to enjoy living there!"

"You said it again. Your biggest problem. The 2 verbs towards 1 aim. The key is one aim, one verb. If I remember right you use this silly A & B plan on Keta."

"Yes, yes we do. We add a C too."

"That's it. You don't need the B plan if you do the A whole-heartedly. Or you conveniently put B into A. Your brain computer is totally messed up. You don't know if you are coming or going. What sort of existence is that?" demanded an answer Hades.

"I don't know. I really don't know. But since my first friendly question you have been telling me nothing but criticism about our life! We help you, you know!"

"What do you mean, you help me?" asked the God astonished.

"With your cause to save Keta."

"Do you consider it to be my mission?"

"Not exactly yours. It belongs to the Alpha & Omega Council."

"That's the other thing you always do. To put the responsibility on someone or something else. You need to understand that Keta is your home therefore it is your work to look after it. As everything and everybody is energy and these energies are interrelated, you are

responsible for not only your own thoughts, words and actions but those of others' also. That is why your energy helps Keta either way: to become better or worse. You are doing it. We can only show you ways or kick your bum in the process. Gods and prophets of religions are also energies. They are the product of collective consciousness invested in them throughout the past and present. Some of them are more helpful with your task than others, however generally they hinder the evolution of the souls connected. It is very naive to think that they would help if asked nicely. They are not doing the work for you either. However if you believe in yourself and put yourself to the cause you might want to take advantage of the helping forces. Naturally you choose a force you believe in. I mean you always do 100% of your capabilities at every given moment. However it is down to you how high or low this particular 100% is. Any question in your mind?"

"Sorry, I am a bit confused now. Let me think a bit more."

"That's fine with me. It is you who seems curious," he said and closed the door behind himself.



### 13.

"I have a few lines jotted down about our subject today. The suggestions were made yesterday in the Orixia section. The first is the question of entities. How and why they've changed towards us?"

"Have they? I haven't noticed," said Marika.

"Yes and be a bit more patient. I am going to tell you all."

"Good. Thank you," the reply arrived.

"It came to me that you see big, dark and frightening creatures in your dreams or the corner of your room..."

"They are the..." interrupted Gabi.

"No, they are the...." added Klari.

"Come on guys, calm down," quietened them Zeta. I don't understand you. Perhaps you've been reading books on the subject."

"Yes, I have read..."

"Let us forget about these publications and get back to basics. First I think we should agree upon the meaning of the word. The Oxford illustrated dictionary says that an entity is a thing with real existence. A thing that has qualities. I stick to the essence of this explanation. For

me entities are organic energies without souls. They are the trained workers of the Universe. Like the bacteria in the physical body. We cannot exist without them. They are trained to do certain works necessary for the continuous operation of the engine. They differ in size, shape and colour according to their function and duty. They do not have brain therefore cannot think. I bit like robots, however, they are trained rather than coded and because of it they are far less dangerous than coded machines.

Since they are organic energies they multiply quite easily. However, for this event they need intervention from experts in the field. That is why there are reproductive centres for entities all over the Universe. You have already seen a couple of them. Robots, on the other hand, since they are non-organic, have to be built by organic energies.”

“Can entities build robots?”

“Entities from higher planes can be trained to do almost anything. However, I haven’t heard of it yet. The latest layout of the Council has something to do with it.”

“What layout?” asked Zoltan.

"Hades joined the family. It is the beginning of Universal Peace. Sooner or later Keta will be affected too."

"Getting back to the entities we need to differentiate 3 main groups working on Keta. The first and most important are the ones multiplied, raised and trained for universal duties. Usually take care of energy lines, clean communication channels and so on. We would elaborate on them at a later date. The second group is those created by electric and electronic equipment. This group will also be the subject of another lesson. What we want today is the 3<sup>rd</sup> bundle. These energy masses are solely created by Earthlings. They are fierce, provocative and above all, they feed on us."

"You mean like parasites?"

"Yes, a little bit like them."

"Right. However if we create them we can also eliminate them," tried to find a way out Zoltan. "It is easy."

"I wish it was", continued Zeta. One needs to reach the highest level of consciousness to be able to work with entities."

"Can we receive help?"

"Help is always readily available when you ask for it."

"Who do we ask?"

"I don't think I heard this question. Who can you ask, apart from me of course?"

"Our guides."

"Really? You see you remember when you are forced!"

"Surely we can have some protection if we ask for it nicely!" added Lesley.

"You want to take the easier way to happiness, again! Didn't I tell you that happiness has to be earned! Happiness is a philosophy, a way of looking at life. I can see you go wobbly over crying people who never fail to announce I want so little from life, I only want to be happy! Is it too much to ask? Yes, actually it is. Because everybody wants just that. Happiness. The word that makes us unhappy. Never mind. I do not want to get into it again. We'll make happiness our subject another time. Let's go back to the 3<sup>rd</sup> group of entities."

"How should I start...As we are part of the Creator, he is part of us..."

"Please Zeta, could we stick to the entities right now?"

"Sorry guys. Since everything is interrelated you meet a vast amount of questions on the road to understanding one. Only if you are a thinker, that is. However, you are right and we should focus on one question at a time.

Then look at the answers, choose the best that gives you a solid base you can stand on. The one gets under your skin and supports you in your beliefs. Therefore, let's get back to the entities."

"I was saying that the third group is a bit different. These entities are created by us. They are the extensions of our energy field."

"Do we create them consciously?"

"Most of these entities, just pop out of our heads, without control. Not because you could not or should not control them. The reason lies in ignorance really. You just do not know about them. And you cannot control something you do not know exists."

"Sounds awful!" cried Gabi. "Where do they come from? Are they living in us all the time and pop in and out whenever they feel like?"

"I would describe them awesome rather than awful. These entities are your thoughts, words and your deeds."

"You are joking, aren't you?" asked Marika frightened.

"No, I am not."

"But surely deeds are stronger than thoughts!"

"Unfortunately not."

"It is impossible!" stood up Liz. "If I think that I would very much like to kick you, it is not going to hurt you at all for I do not do it. And you would not even know about it. On the other hand, if I kicked you, the physical pain would tell clearly that I am a bit cross with you."

"You mean you kick people when you are a bit cross with them? We better keep out of your ways!"

"Not at all. It was only an example. Don't worry."

"Good, we are relieved."

"I tell you how they work", stopped the questions Zeta. Every time something comes to your mind you actually create a new energy mass that at the same moment starts its independent life as an entity. Your thought – by now a living creature - is usually addressed to another energy mass, most likely to an organic one."

"Where do they go?"

"The first destination is the addressee," said Zeta.

"You mean another human being."

"Well, the one you have been thinking about. However, sometimes you target inorganic energies, like table, chair and bed and so on. Other times a whole web of energy fields, like school and workplace."

"How one can target an inorganic energy?" asked Zsuzsi.

"You would say: stupid broom, why don't you work properly! Then your thought pops out of your forehead chakra and targets the broom."

"It is very frightening. All day we go on about something or somebody. And usually not having laughter in the meantime. If yes, it is because we imagine the look on the person's face when receives the parcel," stated Christie.

"Yes, that's it! You just said it!" pointed out Zoltan vehemently. "We actually think about the thought getting there! So it comes without saying, that you are right!"

"Thank you my Dearest. I am flattered," added Zeta.

"I cannot stop thinking about all that rubbish! All day moaning and dissatisfaction!" said Gabi.

"Well, that is the core of the lesson. Why don't we laugh more? Why do we always moan and groan about life? Why do we assume that our dissatisfaction or unhappiness derives from the behaviour of others or other things rather than of ourselves? Why do we put the blame on the world just because we are frightened

to live in the present and guilty to enjoy that is given to us?"

"It is very difficult. One cannot be happy with the present when the future is fragile," interrupted Zoltan.

"Come on, the future has always been fragile because it is unknown. I must admit, it is unpredictable more than ever. Nevertheless, you cannot give in and give up. I think we have to go back to thought forms."

"What do they look like?"

"Like cartoon balloons. You know with a tail, indicating its origin and a body containing the words. A bit like a sperm. The tail desperately searches for life. We learned that similar energies stick, so depending on their energy level every thought ends up somewhere. Usually at the place it was sent to. However, the chance is there for your thoughts to end up somewhere else."

"How come?"

"As I mentioned previously, everything and everybody is energy. Talking about human beings, we do not have energy but we are energy. Energy in the sense of physics."

"Can we lose this energy?" asked Zoltan.



"No, not really. You do not lose energy since you do not lose yourself."

"I do not understand. In the morning when I got up, I was full of energy. By now I am getting quite low."

"Yes, but not of energies. The quality of your energy field changes. The quality, not the quantity."

"I still do not understand. What do you mean by quality? I am the same person I was in the morning. My views on the important issues of the world have not changed. I still work towards certain aims I considered urgent in the morning."

"In many ways yes. However, your thoughts about your aims were much clearer in the morning and you loved the world just a tiny bit more. You had more vitality."

"Sure. That is what we call energy. I had more energy in the morning."

"You had different energy. The data of your mass has altered."

"What do you mean by data?"

"Knowledge."

"Knowledge, in what way?"

"In the way you remember it."

"You mean what I learned in school?"

"No, I mean the knowledge you collected throughout your existences."

"In our past lives?"

"Yes. However do not forget, that Earth is not the only place for souls to exist. Therefore the knowledge I am talking about is The True Knowledge, The Gnosis, and The Macrocosmic Truth."

"I do not understand the half of it. Do you care to elaborate on it?"

"I am afraid, it is not going to be today," said Zeta and continued. "Let us simplify the subject. Let us talk about the remembering business. Please, keep your questions for the end."

"In everyday living Earthlings go through traumas, mishaps, joy, happiness, pleasure, hatred, envy, devilishness, fear, sadness, pain, love and other different controversial emotions, and not many of us understand that all our deeds and feelings actually spring from the mind.

The Mind is a management centre, where a worker or workers - depending on the size of the company - process the data that is stored in the filing cabinet, called Brain. Some of the various folders are labelled,

Past lives, Present, Future, Soul Siblings, Tasks, and others are waiting to be looked at and organized. These are all part of the subconscious, ready to be discovered and used as part of the knowledge, the wisdom that helps us with our endeavours on the path of becoming better human beings in the sense of unity and wholeness. Other ones, like Dwelling, Work, Money, Car, Education, Holiday, Relationship etc. are neatly filed in the very front of the cabinet for quick availability. The largest of them all, has Miscellaneous scribbled on the front with an indescribable hue of pink. It stores runaway files that sort of limber undecidedly between the conscience and the subconscious existing.

As an example, let us look at the first folder labelled Past Lives. It stores the data of one's ancestors, the soul-number, basic abilities – so-called codes - works the soul accomplished, events it passed through, experiences it had, battles it conquered or lost, and most importantly the knowledge that the soul collected during its lives prior to the one it struggles with or enjoys here, down on this wonderful planet called Earth. To be able to understand the purpose of these files, their interrelations and effects on every moment of

living, we need to define certain things we keep talking about. The most important is to understand that in the Universe everything is energy in the physical sense. As such everything has speed, frequency, taste, smell, consistency, sound and colour. That is what we see in the auras. The mentioned characteristics vary according to the data, the knowledge they carry.

These energy masses are either organic, meaning living; or non-organic, meaning not alive. An organic energy is capable of reproduction, like Earthlings, vegetation and animals, while non-organic ones don't have the tools to do so. The latter is the processed result of the first.

The sole purpose of an organic energy in the Universe is to collect enough knowledge to multiply by division.

The impulses in the mind are all organic energies carrying data that have been altered by effects and counter effects, helping or hindering the owner. If the management is good and the workers do a good job in the centre the result would tilt towards the helping end."

"To put it into practice, let's say, you left home in the morning with the thought of buying a pair of shoes.

Depending on your nature, meaning the attitude towards life, you are either happy, unhappy or neutral about the plan. If you are happy, your vitality - that is the percentage of yourself you are using at a given time - goes high. You are smiling, might even be humming a nice song and play with the thought that life is very nice after all. So the thought of buying a pair of shoes opens you up, allowing other similar energies to get into your sensitive field, the aura. You start the day with great advantage."

"You might of course be unhappy to have the shoes buying amongst your plan for the day. You might consider it time wasting, or fairing the decision you have to make. This little thing would alter the whole day for you. Well, at least the beginning of it. You would be miserable, not paying attention to your breakfast and thinking that the whole world is against you. In this case you start the day with a closed mind, not giving possibilities of seeing or hearing, with one word, remembering."

"Neutral is in between. Any questions?"

"Yes, please," jumped Klari up straight away. "I think people behave differently in situations because they

have different natures. They cannot help it. Some people like buying shoes, some not."

"Really?" took Zeta over the conversation. "And who decides for you which group to take?"

"Nobody does. You are just born with it," added Gabi.

"You mean like a code?"

"Oh yes, that is it. I read a book about it. The code. It decides everything for you. That is it."

"I do not think life would be worth living if it was the case," interrupted Zeta.

"Well, the code comes from your family and your upbringing mainly."

"You mean everyone has to do what the parents did? The world would be very boring and unchanged."

"That is true. However, we do just do it."

"All right people, we have to leave it for today. You see how much you need to understand, to know something about entities?"

## 14.

The merkaba landed in the reserved corner of the main parking on the 16th star of Orion constellation. The hangar-like building with the beautiful garden has long gone; a pyramid-shaped edifice stretched far to the abyss of the sky, on its place. The indescribable shade of light, that enveloped the walls came from the building itself and changed with approaching energies, as if a watchtower, reporting on the movement in the parking area.

Zeta set there in her vehicle, watching the newcomers. "There is Sra Altobello from Italy, who is the part of Zinas," Zeta was thinking. "I love Zinas as a whole. However, Anastasia has very little of her compassion, of love, of emotion, of beauty and the majestic scintillating silver lined authority and strength." She looked out of the window searching for the moon. "Oh dear, I am pathetic! Here on Orion and trying to find Keta's moon in the sky. It feels a bit lonely without the round smiling face looking at us from above. On Keta today is the full moon." She returned to her seat and continued to watch the guests arriving. It was a unique opportunity to see

all the first generation souls from Keta. "It is quite early yet," she thought looking at the sky. "It would be interesting seeing him here. I hope he did not deny his nature by arriving earlier. In any case, his merkaba is not in the parking. Unless he changed it for the latest model. Let's wait and see."

Aryston is a historian from Cyprus, the isle of Aphrodite, love and lust. He carries one of Zeus' soul. "I wonder if he still has those dark blond curls... He had the most beautiful deep blue eyes. His skin was evenly coloured by the fine Limassol sun. His finely toned muscles shined in the scorching heat. I was intrigued by the luscious lips, on the other hand I feared them. I cannot recall fearing a pair of male lips. They were overwhelmingly strong, arrogant, fatal and promising. Well, this is the only regret of my life. I know that one should not have regrets about the past but this picture stays with me forever. I see him sitting at the bar of the posh downtown hotel, where I was a guest at the time. I was an entertainment agent then, providing artists for clubs in the tourist-filled town centre."

"It was in the year when I started my petty, disgusting and very short affair with this big, plump, empty, light



blond, watery blue-eyed, and against all odds, Brazilian guy. He wasn't my type in any possible way, also a very poor lover. His task was to open my horizon and take me out of the monotonous life of London. I understood that, and followed him to the land of all wonders, a piece of the all-knowing ancient soil of Atlantis, the Orixá and magick, the land we call Brazil. His name was Ricardo. Poor Ricardo," she continued walking on memory lane.

"Limassol happened between the meeting and the departing. I was already itching to go, however Aryston intrigued me. I straight away recognized Zeus in him. Poor darling Aryston. I was weakened by the excitement of changing countries. And He was awesome! Strong, witty, masculine, over sexy with a perfect smile and an offer I still regret not taking."

"My dearest sister! What a pleasure to see you here," came from a bushy head at the merkaba's door.

"Aryston, I have been looking out for you..."

"Do you mean you changed your mind and will accept my offer?"

You mean the invitation to your apartment where you supposed to cook for me?"

"Yes, that is exactly the one."

"I was so ignorant then. And you were so overpowering."

"If memory serves me right, you were not very feeble either."

"In some ways yes, I was. You said it yourself."

"I don't understand this suggestion."

"Let me jog your filing cabinet. Do you remember us taking a stroll on the seafront, where you talked about your work with ancient history, looking after the heritage of Cyprus? Told me about the 12 Earthly Magi who was looking after the energy lines of Earth? You were telling me secrets, you said. And then you looked at me walking beside you in my loose summer dress, and with some sort of disappointment on your face you arrived at the conclusion that I was tiny."

"Well, as I recall, you were. But you had this extraordinary glow about you. I didn't know what it was but I was drawn to it."

"For me, you were something out of my boundaries. Too masculine and too strong. You had a great job, I am certain you had a family too, and there I was with

no future, floating on the ocean of life, trying to find the way to be some use to humanity and myself."

"I think we were both deceived by our misconceptions. Sorry. I remember phoning you in London but you were not very kind..."

"I know, I remember too. I had no money and you were phoning me on my mobile phone that cost me also when somebody phoned from abroad. And I was shouting at you. On the other hand nothing happens in vain. Therefore I will always miss you."

"And I will always miss you. Let's go now."

"I think I am going to stay here a bit longer," said Zeta. "See you later."

## **15.**

After dismissing the shaman group Zeta cleansed the place, lit a new candle and put some frankincense on the burner. Walked to the shelf behind her desk and chose a very colourful cylinder-shaped object with a wiggling tail-like wire hanging out of it. She picked it up in a market while on Bali with a group of students.

Looking at it in detail there was a wafer-thin animal skin on one end of a sizable roll and a long wire spring was attached to it. With the slightest motion, the spring started to wriggle. This sound was multiplied by the skin and grew into a thunderstorm following the movements of the hand. The frequency of the sound equalized the frequency produced by most spying and information gathering bugs. This important discovery made the musical instrument very useful indeed. By walking around in the room and shaking it constantly, the sound shutdown the occasional recorders and cameras spying on the activities in the room. This way they did not show the sign of malfunction but were unable to record information.

Today she wanted to do some work for Hades. The energies around were favourable and the full moon provided a fast train to Meghrez. She thought she would look at the current situation first and get into the future after assessing the result.

Before deciding on the means of operation she wanted to know if there was a possibility to fly there in the merkaba or should she open a communication channel with someone useful and collect information through

the channel. After a short valuation, Zeta opted for the journey.

Meghrez, the 4<sup>th</sup> planet of the Plough or Big Dipper star formation, is a planet from a neighbouring galaxy. On Earth, we always look at the sky as a two-dimensional colouring book. That is what we see up there and it rarely occurs to us that we are looking at the never-ending vastness of existence. However, what we see from here is not a still life but the ever-changing and moving interrelation of energies.

The Big Dipper is the most prominent part of the Majestic Ursa Major star formation as we see it from Earth. The two dimensional, almost motionless projection of lights coming from far away planets. A strange feeling to know that every one of those stars belongs to a different solar system and follows a predestined path with a speed that stops time. And against all odds they meet every night for a performance to comfort the frightened humanity, to show them some sort of permanence in the ever-changing and moving creation.

Zeta rearranged her lips that have been frozen into a faint smile by the picture her thoughts created.

Her merkaba was where she left it in the parking lot at the end of the Yellow Brick Road. Touched the door with her left index finger, the door opened and she entered. Apart from travelling Zeta liked to come in here when delicate jobs were on the agenda. The small spaceship functioned as a high security star gate, not allowing any kind of energy exchange between the microcosm, being it within, and the macrocosm, the rest of the world. The constant energy movement caused a lot of headaches in every practice for it interfered with delicate works, such as healing, channelling and travelling. "How many so-called healing practitioners on Keta without having the slightest idea about the essence of it?" pondered Zeta. "Most of them considered unique. And they live on the ignorance of earthlings."

She took her place in the revolving chair in front of the dashboard. All 12 lights, representing her brain cells were properly working. "That's a relief," went through Zeta's mind. "At least my mind is functional." With an intense focus, she called her faithful spirit guides. "Now I need all the help I can get," she thought. A cold shiver ran through her left shoulder.

"Darling Abua, how are you?" noticed the small and golden snake.

"I am getting better dear. It must be something urgent, important and dangerous. I was getting bored. We do not have the opportunity to see you very often nowadays," added Abua with a twist.

"Sorry darling, I am just very busy," apologized Zeta.

"Sure! That is why I should be there to help," said Abua.

"Do you know anything of Nuba?" enquired Zeta. "I would need him too!"

"It sounds really fun," curled into an excited twist the small reptile. "He'll come I think."

"What do you mean, you think?!" asked Zeta rather anxiously. "Keep your pant on! I am standing right behind you! You could have known if you looked! I only wanted you to declare surrender and shout my name!"

As Zeta turned she saw the most magnificent sample of the Lion Kingdom. He was a handsomely groomed, majestic male with power and fire in his piercing blue eyes. Underneath this overpowering surface, he was desperately waiting for a hug. Zeta swirled his chair around and put her arms around the lion's neck.

"Darling Nuba, yes, you are the handsomest, the cleverest and the best guide an earthling can have. Especially when you pair up with the most amazing serpent of them all."

Nuba returned the cuddle with great satisfaction in his eyes.

"All right, all right, let us get on with work. So how can we help you Zeta?"

"I promised to help out my brother," announced Zeta.

"Which one?" the guides asked all at once.

"Hades," said Zeta with a faint smile.

"It figures," added Abua. "So what is he up to now?"

"He is working on his smooth return to the family and wants to know the situation on Meghrez," announced Zeta.

"Why doesn't he do the work himself?" asked the lion.

"He has a lot on his plate now. Also, I owe him a favour," confessed Zeta.

"I see. Do you have a plan or should I draw one up?" urged Nuba.

"I thought I would go there in my merkaba to see the situation first hand," announced Zeta.



"Are you sure?" enquired Abua. "Isn't it a bit dangerous?"

"Oh yes! That is why I am seeking your invaluable advice," declared Zeta.

"Well, naturally," uttered Nuba. "I will look at the safety situation there and I am sure Abua will get on with sneaking into places and spy."

"Oh yes, I want to see what Anir is planning. Let's go! Be back in a sec," said Abua and the two disappeared. Zeta looked around in the merkaba. She wanted to check if there was any breach of security, for the slightest could prove fatal for her. Especially where the brain cells are concerned. It was her invention to install them on the dashboard of merkabas. Each of these switches was connected to a certain centre in the brain, such as speech, movements, digestive system and so on. Here in the private spaceship they are safe, also the healing is much more powerful due to the security and the lack of energy exchange. On the other hand, even the highest security code is breakable. Luckily the sensor did not show any signs of foreign energy ever entering her private space.

Suddenly she felt a tap on her left shoulder. "It is Abua, she wants to communicate," she thought and open a communication channel with her.

"Hi Darling, what's up? Did you get something?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the serpent. "Great confusion, there is an uprising within his army, they fight for power and leadership. And the central merkaba parking is demolished."

"Wow, it is big!" said Zeta astonished. "So you mean I shouldn't risk the journey."

"Definitely not in any circumstances!" heard Nuba's voice from the background.

"Thank you guys, I will figure something else out, and let you know. Bye for now," said Zeta and left the merkaba.

## **16.**

When the door closed behind Hades, Mabek understood that he was dismissed. Understanding is one thing however, accepting it was a totally different matter.

"Come on man, I need answers! That's why I am here! You should teach me, you know! There must be someone else I could ask! Linaha!"

Waiting for the immediate action of his faithful guide, Mabek closed his eyes. Stayed like that for a while, for eternity as far as he was concerned, and nothing happened.

"Linahaaa!" cried out lauder.

There was no reply. He felt his energy level rising rapidly and he was nearing a state would be called a nervous breakdown on Keta, when suddenly a body, looking somewhat like him but smaller, appeared.

"Thank Creator, you are here. Why did you change yourself into this silly looking creature? I prefer you beautiful, lush and above all, woman!"

"It would be a bit difficult without your permission," replied the body in a deep voice. "I am your spiritual body. Your guide asked your astral body to intervene and he passed me the message that she is deeply concerned about your health. She also requested us to tell you that Linaha is not allowed to come into this star gate."

"What do you mean, not allowed! And if something happens to me? Who can I turn to?!"

"To yourself. Believe in yourself. See, I am here. Feel the strength that you are able to overcome the difficulties presented to you. Trust the ways of the Creator. He would never let you down. Furthermore, respect your host and his decision."

"All right but isn't it rude to disappear in the middle of a conversation?"

"I cannot answer that. You see, I am you, therefore I can only remind you of the things you accept. Doubts you need to deal with first."

"You mean you are telling me my own thoughts?"

"Yes, the thoughts you conveniently forget when action is needed."

"I don't understand this at all!"

"The situation is getting worse. Your fears are taking over. When I arrived, you at least understood the situation. You took the first step."

"What first step? By understanding you finish the problem, don't you?"

"Understanding is passive. To put things into action you need acceptance."

"I understand, I understand!"

"No, you have to accept it!"

"Well, I don't know..."

"Accept it!"

"All right, I accept it."

"Good. You don't need me anymore."

"Where are you going? Don't leave me, please! What's wrong with me? Everybody leaves me in the middle of a conversation! First Hades, and now my spiritual body. Ah, but my spiritual body is I am! I was actually talking to myself. What a good conversation we had! I mean I had. With myself...And I left. Even I left myself in the middle of a conversation! It is terrifying! On Keta I would be locked up in the little yellow house if I did that. Whatever it was, I feel much better now. I am calm and collected like an English cucumber, as Zeta would say. I am ready to assess the events. Let's see. First, there were Hades and I. I was asking questions and he left. Oh, yes, he mentioned that I should concentrate on one subject of my curiosity. Decision is important. Since everything is related, we would pretty soon arrive at the other subjects. Zeta says that we should be more patient. But how can it be when there is so much we

don't know! Mind you she also says that knowledge is only information and it has to be turned into wisdom by practice. If I did that I would be the strangest and nearest to the best, Earthling", uttered his thoughts the man.

A few minutes later when he got out of the gaze noticed his other body standing in front of him again.

"What is it you want, again? I thought I was at peace with myself."

"I am your astral body", said the even smaller and somewhat vaguer version of him. "I think you should take your physical body back to your quarters now."

"How nice to be together again! Welcome my astral body. But did not you mention once that astral body is not needed here? Or did you leave Zoltan again?"

"No, I did not leave him. I belong to you in this dimension. I come when I am needed. Like now. Your physical body is closed in here. You need help. Linaha cannot come. Your spiritual body cannot travel long distance. Therefore I am the only one who can take you back or get you out of this situation."

"You are right, of course. I should make my way back. Are you sure the Master will not come back?"

"You know he wouldn't. Only need to accept it. The doing is missing again."

"All right, I give in. Stay close on the way home. Changing dimensions is still a bit tricky for me!"

"You've got it. Let's go!"

## **17.**

The Orion star formation is the most prominent in the sky of Keta. Wherever one travels a certain part of the constellation is distinctively visible. First, one would notice the belt of the hunter. These three stars were mirrored down to Rossetau, today's Giza plateau marking the centre of the dry land and serving as a beacon for the survival of the Great Deluge that broke up Atlantis at the end of the 1<sup>st</sup> Sun Age. Each of these pyramids was built according to the measurements and structures of the universe and the subsequent planets of the constellation. They are reminders of the built-in Knowledge every earthling carries in the subconscious. "Well, this is what earthly living is all about," pondered Zeta. "Building a bridge between the conscious and the

subconscious, transfer the macrocosmic knowledge into the microcosmic existence to help see the structure of the matrix," she continued. "It is so simple really! Just follow the laws of physics. And add the as above so below theory."

To see and experience the meekness of earthlings was an unbearable sight for Zeta. "Thinking about all the misleading searches and researches humanity believes in, even supports! How much ignorance is there to conceal the consequences of everyday deeds! To diminish the feeling of responsibility and allow self-appointed decision-makers to rewrite human heritage with a sentence! Egypt is here for everybody! Just need to learn the way to understand it! The Knowledge is visibly in the rocks of The Fingerprints of the Gods and the Magnificent Temples!"

While she watched the small crowd of prominent family members arriving, the security in and around the main building was tightened. As the centre of the Universe Orion needed to maintain the highest pulling power in order to keep the hosting job. It was a very delicate work for pulling is very often pushing; but how far should pushing go and still serve the core? This



balancing task demanded an extremely high level of intelligence, courage, foreseeing abilities, and above all, a capability to put the life of the universe before individual aims and desires. In charge of this important balancing mission was the Alfa & Omega Council with twelve permanent members and the Creator Force overlooking the event. Today the council gathered to bring a solution to the ailing situation on Keta.

The belt of the Great Hunter was made up of the 15<sup>th</sup>, 16<sup>th</sup> and the 17<sup>th</sup> planets of the constellation, where the so-called government institutions were housed.

Keta had been the centre of attention for some time. The Fifth Sun Age ended with a Galactic Quantum Leap on the 28<sup>th</sup> of December 2012 C.E. prepared the planet for the Golden Era. However, events showed a different picture. It seemed that the dark forces gained strength and united for the last battle to overthrow the Light and Knowledge. Will they succeed? Will they bring a unified prison to their world and spread more ignorance and emotional emptiness or will earthlings find the strength to fight for their rightful existence?

The key is always in Knowledge. Dark and Light, Ignorance and Understanding go hand in hand and it is

down to the individual to choose a degree on the scale when explanation and justification are concerned. However, there is always a guide to follow. The main consideration should be about the welfare of the universe because it falls back upon the individual as advancement. This is the Light way of thinking and living. The Dark following would be when the individual has a limited understanding of the interrelations of energies and considers the Self as the most important segment stating that if I am happy the universe should be pleased too. This understanding shows an unhappy and unfulfilled person with no mercy at the end.

"Let's see what comes out of this gathering," was in Zeta's mind. "It is not going to be easy for we do not really change events, only give guidance. It is still early yet. I should stay here a bit longer and watch the arrivals. It calms me down," she thought.

## **18.**

The apartment looked nice and tidy. She wanted to accomplish a few more decorating jobs however, time

was limited and she was too nervous to pay attention to things. Lunch had to be cooked. Chopped onions waited to jump into the saucepan and the mincemeat was nicely blended with spices, ready to get into the oven. Zeta put on her long chef apron and walked to the kitchen. Apprehension showed on her face. She had never really liked waiting.

"I still have plenty of time. He said he would leave around 6 in the morning and he would not drive fast. I presume he would arrive at the village around 3 in the afternoon. I should go down to the beach to have a fresh suntan. I want to be beautiful just in case. I do not really know in case of what. I think it was a stupid idea though. To invite a stranger to stay at my house! Anyway, it is done. Now I take a shower, put some lotion on, some perfume and something sexy and intriguing. I want to check the possibilities at the very first moment. I want to know if there is anything left from the old fire. Or if there is a place for something new. But I do not want anything new! Dear God, what am I to do now? All right girl, pull yourself together! What is done is done. We cannot just sit down and look at each other forever when he arrives? I mean we could

if that is what we decide to do. But we have to arrive at the decision. The ball is in my court. Let's see honestly what I want," she thought and started to search her memories for something tangible about the visitor, while helped the chopped onion into a saucepan.

"Let's see. I remember a guy, not particularly good looking, blue-eyed I think, and blonde or definitely light-haired. His body was well toned. I remember a nice mouth with sweet and long kisses and a well-developed manhood always ready for action. Good action. Yes, very good action. I do not know if he was intelligent or not, for I cannot recall having a conversation with him ever. It must have been a short fling. I do not think he valued me very much though. One day when I returned from somewhere, I was waiting for him to arrive home at his tiny bed-sit in the 13<sup>th</sup> district of Budapest. I wanted to surprise him. Well, I achieved that. There he was, walking through the inner courtyard with a dark-haired girl at his side. And that was the last time I saw him. I do not remember being bitter about the event or having nostalgic feelings over him ever, until the strange conversation with a friend from my youth.

Eda, my friend, used to be a prominent dancer in the Maxim and later the Moulin Rouge. I had known her since my university time. Actually since the time I arrived at Budapest. We often get together for a beer and talk about old times when I happen to be in Hungary. About a year back I was talking to her, and her boyfriend Attila, about my imminent trip to Spain. She sighed and said:

"I would very much like to go to Spain too. I have a good friend there it would be nice to visit him."

I did not say a word and naturally forgot about the remark. Later in the year, when I mentioned Spain and my trip, she repeated the same sentence. The change arrived when last June, just before my next trip to the Mediterranean, Eda added a short remark to the already well-known sentence.

"I am sure you do not know him."

My curiosity was aroused so straight away I asked:

"Why, who is he?"

"Mmmmm, you do not know him, definitely. His name is Balogh Andras."

The name sounded familiar to me. "Maybe because it is a common name in Hungary," I thought. However, something did not let me leave it.

"I knew a guy, a dancer, dark-haired and he was gay," I tried.

"Oh, no! He is not!"

"All right, then I knew another guy who was a folk dancer, had curly light-hair and glasses."

"Yes, he is the one! How do you know him?" asked my friend, taken aback by surprise.

"He was my lover, I think."

"What do you mean, you think? Was or was not?"

"Yes, he was. He left me though for another girl. And he forgot to tell me."

"No, that is something I do not believe! He is a real gentleman. He would not do such thing!"

"Sorry darling, I assure you he did this time."

"Really? And why did not you tell me? And he did not tell me either? You were both my friends and I did not know about your affair!"

"Probably because I lived with my teacher, you remember?"

"Oh, yes. And you had to keep it secret."

"Yes. Anyway, how is he?"

"He is fine now. Got divorced a few years back and went through a rough time. Has a teenage son."

"Do you know his telephone number or an address to contact him? It would be interesting...Although I am certain he would not remember me at all. It was twenty odd years ago."

"No, I do not. Ask George in the Circus Company. He should have the number I think."

"All right, I will. Thanks."

The mentioned George was not available for quite a while. When he returned back to Hungary I was ready to do my next trip to Spain. With the newly acquired telephone number in my hand I arranged a beer-drinking appointment with my friends, and had my mobile topped up.

We set out in front of a small beer bar, sipping brown ale and talked about trivial matters. Then I entered the number into my mobile and with a pounding heart in my throat, waited for attention on the other side. When a voice eventually picked up the phone I was ready with my little Spanish speech.

"Buenas dias senior! Puedo hablar con Senior Andre por favor!"

"Dime!"

"Darling Andre, I am so happy to talk to you at last! I saw you in the circus and since then I cannot sleep; you are always in my mind! I think I am madly in love with you!" I said and looked at my friends. A quiet laughter assured me of them understanding the situation.

"Who are you? Do I know you?" asked the person on the other end.

"I do not think you do. However, we have a very good common friend I hand the telephone over to her," I said and gave the receiver to Eda.

"Hi my dear friend, how are you? I am Eda here."

"Who is she at the telephone? Come on, tell me! Is she pretty?"

"Yes she is. I cannot tell you her name, she does not let me! She said she knew you. I give it back to her now."

"Right, tell me who you are, please!"

"I honestly think you would not remember me. Never mind, I would tell my name and after comes the story. My name is Zeta Erdelyi."



"My darling Zeta!" uttered the voice on the other and after a minute of silence.

"Come on, do not tell me that you remember me? Do not be silly!"

"Of course I remember! You are the clown!"

"God, you really remember! How are you?"

"I am fine. And you? Please forgive me!"

"What for?"

"For my behaviour."

"We can talk about it. I am going to Costa Blanca next week. I was wondering if you wanted to pay me a visit. Where do you live?"

"In Madrid. Yes, I would, naturally. Thank you."

"You can bring your girlfriend also. The apartment is big."

"I have two girlfriends!"

"All right, you can bring them both."

"It is not possible. They are married," laughed the guy on the other end.

"Bring the husbands too. As I said, there is space..."

"Thank you. I go by myself."

"Good but do not be surprised. I am 150 kg and my breasts are resting on the table."

"It is not possible. You used to have beautiful breasts!"

"Long time passed by, my friend. Now I look different."

"I think I should tell you about my big belly," took the ball the man. "And I am totally bold."

"It is all right. Big brain does not like hair."

"I am happy you think so. See you then."

So that is where we are now. After a few initial telephone conversations he eventually set off today, to visit me here and make his apologies for the past. I think it is pathetic. On the other hand, he sounded quite nice on the phone. Somebody I could even have a conversation with. Therefore, it is going to be all right. We would talk. Should I forget about the sexual energy in his voice? Or in mine? Do I want him? Yes, I do want to give it a try. Therefore, I should put on a checkout outfit. Something, that covers but easy to remove if necessary. I want to show my legs. They said to be all right. I think a soft miniskirt would do with these Balinese batik patterns. The ten buttons on the front make it perfect for the situation. What about the top? Something that covers my breasts fully. Again, buttons are the must. As she was pondering about the situation the telephone rang.

"Hi, darling! I have just left the motorway at your exit. Be with you in twenty minutes."

"Yes? My God! I am not ready with the food! What should I do! Never mind, just come! See you!"

So the time of the truth has arrived. He is here and there is no turning back. I pull myself together and calm down.

The clock on the wall opposite, above the pharmacy, showed 12 o'clock, midday.

Zeta poured a glass of chilled white wine into a crystal glass and set out on the terrace. The streets were quite empty only the restaurants below showed signs of movements getting ready for the afternoon rush.

The sound of the entry phone made her jump. She walked the 13 metres to the door slowly and calmly. Pressed the button and let the man into the apartment building.

The pounding boots took an eternity to reach the third floor. Finally a slim, bushy-haired figure appeared at the end of the long and dark corridor. Zeta opened the door, hiding behind it, showing only her head to the fast approaching man.

"Hi beautiful! How are you? How was your trip?" she asked quickly giving him two kisses on the cheek.

"Let me look at you," he said. "Come out here! You have not changed at all! Only your belly I think. You have a bigger belly!" he continued and drew her closer to his body. "Nice to be here," added with kisses on her neck. "That is it," Zeta was thinking. "Now should I take it as an advancing or should I take it as a sign of a good friendship? I have to figure it out," ran through her mind and grabbed the man's hand.

"Just put your bag down here and follow me to the kitchen. I have to see to lunch, you know!"

As she said it, she turned, and the short skirt revealed her legs and thighs. The checkout manoeuvre had started. They walked to the kitchen slowly enjoying the touch of hands that carried the promise of more.

"This is my kitchen," started the introduction. Released his hand and turned towards the cooker.

"It is very nice," he admitted and put the hand on her shoulder.

The move made her shiver and turn. "Shit, after all these years, what do I have for this guy? I was not supposed to."

“Good to see you here,” she said to fill the gap and waiting for the hand to leave the shoulder.

But the grab did not ease. It was not strong or forceful however, felt sort of permanent and made her relax. The control disappeared. Her hands moved up on his neck and her lips gave away more kisses on his cheeks. The man did not protest, closed his eyes and tried to find her lips in the dark. Zeta noticed the attention and moved away cheekily at the last minute. It was her game, the game she liked. Opened her lips and playfully released a breath on the searching mouth. The effect was fast and vigorous. The wild search ended on her lips, slowly and softly opened them, and slipped his tongue in. Beautiful, soft and moist kissing. She could carry on doing it forever and ever. As he held her close to his body, the hardening penis introduced itself through the man’s trousers and made her shiver. Stopped the kissing, brought his pointing finger up to her lips and pushed into the mouth. Gently suck it for a moment, slowly and softly, moisturising it with the saliva. Then released the finger and led it down, all the way, touching the breast, the belly button and the thighs. Gently lifted the skirt, pulled the tanga away and

pushed the finger into the moist vagina. The man exclaimed in pain and forced his tongue into her mouth. His hands started to search for the breasts under the sleeveless silver blouse. She pushed his hands away gently and continued the kissing. Suddenly the man stopped and removed his T-shirt. His body was lean and full of desire.

"I do not think it fair that I am undressed and you still have your blouse on," he said smiling.

"All right," she replied. Untied the apron and slowly started to unbutton the blouse. The man helped her with his tongue until he managed to free one of the beautifully shaped breasts.

"This situation is going to lead to a bad end. Or a very good one," he said without removing his tongue from the nipple.

She slipped out of the hold and started to walk slowly towards the master bedroom without releasing a sound. The man followed.

The master bedroom was at the back of the large apartment with the other two bedrooms. Its only window looked on an inner courtyard with plenty of light, off the noise of the streets however, not far away

from the Mediterranean ways of enjoyments. The summer heat opened every window and put behaviour patterns on display.

The room itself was sizeable with a large built in wardrobe and an en suite bathroom.

The bedroom door was just opposite the main entrance where the 13 meters corridor started with a square shaped small opening that flowed into a stretch that ended up in the lounge.

Entering the door, on the right there was the wardrobe I have already mentioned, with a door to the bathroom at the end of it.

On the left, a colourful, handmade, loosely woven textile curtain hung on the beam to separate the substantial sleeping area from the conveniences of everyday living. Zeta bought the piece in Fortaleza, thinking of using it as a bed cover. When it turned out to be too large for the largest bed in the house, she decided to make use of it as a dividing curtain in the master bedroom.

Behind this beautiful piece of textile there was still a sizeable space to take a king size bed, a big side table and two chests of drawers with mirrors above them. On

the floor there was a huge Persian hand knotted wool carpet with ancient Phoenician patterns. The wall was decorated with pictures either from Zeta's life or from somewhere far beyond. It looked amazing and felt homely.

Zeta took place on the edge of the bed and released the hand. Her tongue set on a journey on the hairy thighs in front of her. As she leaned over, her legs opened the skirt and revealed the tiny black tanga. By her movements the lace drew certain patterns that intrigued the man. Zeta noticed the development. Slowly wide opened her legs and slipped the right hand down to play with the lace. The man gave way to a suppressed cry. The tongue travelled peacefully and surely towards the goal, kissing the inner thighs and pulling the hair gently to enhance the man's desire. Andras lifted her head, opened her mouth with his left thumb that gently replaced with his rock hard penis. They enjoyed this togetherness. The sucking motion accelerated bringing joy on the man's face. He closed his eyes for a moment and suddenly opened them again.



"My little cat, this conversation is a bit one sided, don't you think?" he said and pulled his penis back.

"Do you want me to use a condom? Are you all right with contraceptives?"

"Good of you to ask. Yes, I am fine. You do not need condom."

"Very well."

Andras laid Zeta on the bed, removed the playing hand from the lace, lifted it to his nostrils and took the juicy fingers into his mouth. Then he got on his knees between her legs, and his face disappeared in the black tanga. The tongue found the labia through the lace and started playing with it.

"That is it," run through Zeta's mind. "That I remember very well. He was the one who introduced me to oral pleasure. He used to say that he was a gentleman therefore he always said hello before he entered a place. I am happy he still considers it important. God, it is beautiful! I am going to come..."

"My darling, would mind it terribly if I came while your tongue is in me?" she asked the man hanging onto the moment.

"I can hardly wait my cat."

"You mean you want to lick me dry?"

"Oh, yes. Your pussy is very tasty."

"All right darling, I'll do it just for you. Sweet Creator, be with me!"

As she uttered these words, relaxed her body and cleared her mind. The world disappeared, there was only her on the top of a bed with a searching tongue deep in her, working gently towards its award.

When the surrounding started to make sense again, she saw the smiling face framed with long and curly hair leaning forward while a familiar tickling feeling assured her the continuation of the enjoyment.

"Are you all right darling?" asked Andras noticing the change in her impression. It looked as if you had gone far away."

"I did. It was amazing. But now I am back again. With you and for you. Love me, just love me."

The words boosted his energy and pushed his ways ahead on the path to fulfilment.

"We should stop," he said. "Otherwise I am going to ejaculate in a minute."

"What is wrong with that?" asked Zeta surprised. "I want to have the fountain inside me!"

"Darling there is no fountain anymore. As time passes, the body produces less and less semen," replied the man laughing.

"Never mind. I want that all in me."

"What about tonight? If I go now, I would not be able to stand up again later."

"It doesn't matter. Please relax and fuck me."

"Then get ready. I am here. By the way, do not be frightened if I lose my breath. Nothing is wrong with me."

"I know. I remember."

"You still do?"

"Yes. It all comes back to me."

Andras pulled his penis out and looked for the anus.

"Not now, my love," said Zeta when noticed. "I let you do it another time."

"It is all right. They are very beautiful and inviting," he replied and started to kiss her clitoris.

"Your pussy is also beautiful. And juicy. A good juicy pussy and I love it!"

"You have done that. It is all your work. She is juicy for you. She loves you. She wants you. She wants your hard cock in her, moving in and out."

There you are! I am giving it to her," he said and pushed him in.

There were no more words uttered, only short cries left Zeta's lips, indicating pleasure, then finally a loud and long groaning sound put an end to the amazing liaison.

## **19.**

Since giving the lifesaving blue light energy boost to Hera, Mekhtani had been playing with the idea of visiting H planet. He was very curious about Hera's earthly intelligence and her capabilities of designing and managing a cosmic hospital.

H planet is actually a star gate near Galluba, between Sirius and the Orion belt. The idea of the cosmic hospital came from Zeta. With the help of his brother Uranus, they found a blind spot in the galaxy, big enough to construct the place where earthlings could have their astral body treated when illness or disease struck.

There are not many blind spots in Kabutoreos galaxy, for it is highly populated with quite a few independent

planets, either looking for a permanent bond or enjoying the dangerous and hazardous here and there. Star gates are usually built on the surface of planets where circumstances do not support living conditions for souls in any form. Or they need a boost. Although it is the extended aura, but the ozone layer of Keta is somewhat a star gate. Or was at one stage. It has been substantially destroyed by the very beings it was designed to care for.

There are not many independent star gates in the universe due to the delicate building requirements. Since they are not attached to planets that swirls, turns and travels, they need vast blind spots that hold steady under the influence of the movements around. When the place is found the size and shape need to be established. These aspects are not fashion - centred but follow the physical requirements of the space. It is like Feng Shui. It only worked in ancient China where everything was built according to the energy lines, the wind and water. The place and shape of a house was determined by the energy flow; the windows and doors were placed to fit in and bring the most favourable impact on the family. In the Western World, where Feng

Shui is a multi-business, people buy expensive decorations in a hope of creating better living requirements. However, they do not understand the interrelations of energies and the fact that with their expensive piece of decoration they only bring hope into the house and nothing else. And as we know, one only starts living when stops hoping.

After the decisions made the decided size and shape are cut out of the space in the blind spot and filled with substances necessary for the purpose. This particular star gate is called H planet. Not for the hospital, for Hera.

H planet houses all the central offices governed by Hera in 7 souls. The main attraction is the hospital where selected earthlings could have a medical check-up and treatments. It isn't a public place; Zeta's permission is needed for the visit.

The building itself is obelisk-shaped with 99 stories all together. It strictly follows the measurement of the originals in Egypt which collected electro-magnetic waves from the macrocosm, multiplied it and used the energy gained for various purposes. It was the time when earthlings had purpose and whatever they built,

mirrored this consciousness. The top of these obelisks copied the measurements of the Great Pyramids in ratio and was covered with sheets of crystal similar to the original.

In Zeta's hospital the crystal top itself was the top story of the edifice accommodating the cafeteria, restaurant, bath and various leisurely establishments. It also provided a fascinating site of the galaxy through the transparent walls of the star gate.

"It would be nice to have some fun," chuckled the Magi. I could take some time off from duties. I might take my pal, Taringo with me. And we accommodate some work on the road," concluded the plan Mekhtani.

## **20.**

After a successful leaping, Mabek found the way back to his quarters. The familiar sight of the back garden made him feel at ease and released the tension from his back muscles. He saw Nelly out there in the garden, fiddling with the roses. It was strange to see her here and go to the same meetings and courses on Keta.

Straight away he understood the essence of the saying the world is small, for sighting an earthly acquaintance here, was an event he would have considered impossible until now.

The plants and flowers in the garden were carefully selected and placed. Different species in every row, none he would recognize, with a nametag and code.

He walked along the most beautiful path he remembered ever seeing, and entered the cottage. The air was thick. A strange, but intriguing fragrance hit his smelling buds. "What can it be?" he wondered and took a deep sniff with total enjoyment on his face.

"Zeta taught that all energies have certain smell, among other things. Therefore the logical conclusion is that every smell is energy. Now, let us see. What else is there? Energy has speed, frequency, density, taste, sound, polarity and colour. I am not very good with smell, nevertheless I enjoy them, neither with colours. However, taste is my favourite. If I put my tongue out I would pick up the taste."

Closed his eyes and as if he was about to go through life's best experience, slowly extended his tongue, out of his mouth, ready to receive the impulses.



"Sweetish bitter, with an effect on my sex chakra, therefore it probably comes from a woman or something sexy. Let's see. The sweetness comes from honey or pollen. Yes, it is acacia, I think. I taste basil and caramelised onion. Very interesting and intriguing perfume," he thought while followed the lead through the hallway and two other rooms. The taste got stronger as he was following the intriguing fragrance. He passed the kitchen by, where herbs grew on the window ledge. However, the effect was derived from somewhere else. He straightened his taste buds and entered the last room on the left. Slowly, with great satisfaction of finishing the task and enjoying the taste, Mabek opened his eyes.

And there was Linaha, moving her arms up and down in the company of two, entity-like creatures.

"I don't want to see what she is doing for I want to see what she is doing," mumbled Mabek and closed his eyes again. Held his arms out in front of his chest and started moving them up and down. "The best is to copy her movements," he thought and took a step ahead.

"Don't fall over, my Darling! You look silly acting like a sleepwalker."

"Dearest Linaha, I just want to feel you and taste the energy you are releasing. This way I could see the colours and understand your moves," uttered Mabek with a deep sigh.

"Do not be so enchanted," wiped Linaha off the faint smile from Mabek's face. "Come and help me cook dinner! You are a chef on Keta, aren't you?"

"Ah, so, that's what you are doing! I hoped it was something cosmic."

"It is cosmic! Meet my friends from Xerox. They help me with the cooking."

"Hi, I'm Mabek or Zoltan from Keta. Nice to meet you," greeted and approached the largest energy mass he had ever seen. The greenish, amoeba like concentrate did not take notice of his gesture holding his right hand out.

"It would not know what to do with you," rescued him Linaha. "They are entities, you remember? Trained to do certain tasks."

"What are these trained for?"

"Each of them is trained to produce energies of certain tastes. In other words, they supply the ingredients."

"How do they do it?"

"With the wiggling motion of their body. I collect the result. When I think I have enough, I make a sharp clapping sound to stop them work."

"I still do not understand how do you cook. You are not even in the kitchen! Where are the saucepans? The cooker? I have seen the kitchen, it is well equipped."

"You mean you need all that for simple cooking?! Man, you make life complicated!"

"Well, you don't really use all, only the ones you need."

"How do you figure out which one you need? According to the colour, the smell, the taste or what?" enquired Linaha curiously.

"According to requirements."

"What requirements?"

"The cooking requirements, naturally."

"Tell, what are my cooking requirements now?"

"I don't know. What is on the stove?"

"What stove?"

"The bulky yellowish stuff in the kitchen. The one next to the sink."

"I don't know. Shall we check?"

"Forget it. It is only a figure of speech, meaning that I would very much like to know the name of the dish you are working on."

"Oh, the name! I forgot. The only thing I remember that you love it. The ingredients are: onion, garlic..."

"How do you know I love it?" interrupted Mabek.

"I've asked."

"Who? I mean whom?"

"Whom I always ask! My intuition!"

"Great, now you are telling me that you cook something for me your intuition suggested, you have these funny creatures to help, you are not in the kitchen and you don't know the name of the dish. Strangely I don't feel hungry; however I could do with some chicken paprikash with..."

"That's it! The name! The name of the dish! You see my intuition was right. You should trust yours more!"

"You are cooking chicken paprikash! Do you have all you need? Where is the chicken? And where is the paprika?"

"Chicken? What is chicken?"

"The domesticated bird-like organic energy we feed ourselves on. Down on Keta that is."

"Do you mean it moves and everything?"

"Yes! When alive and has space to move."

"What?"

"Well, we used to keep them in gardens, where they could run around and grow nicely, until one day we decide to make a soup or a stew out of them. Nowadays however, we usually buy them in supermarkets or butchers, already dead and cleaned."

"That is strange. I cannot understand why go through so much hassle just for the sake of preparing food when you are able to get it from the energies around you."

"That has been a while, I presume."

"What do you mean?" asked Linaha curiously.

"The time you lived on Earth," stated Mabek.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you do not remember how an earthling cooks."

## **21.**

The place was in the city centre next to the Northern Railways. They ordered a bottle of dry red wine for 4

and started to talk about trivial matters. In the past Zeta did not meet students out of the centre, sort of privately, very often. Over the time they have been together the relationship eased up. The students understood that a spiritual master should be touchable, flesh and blood, and her life is an open book to help others with her experience. She is also available whenever needed. On the other hand Zeta learned to trust her students and with mutual respect they created a very happy family. They helped each other without intruding, and she scolded them when they provoked it. Since she gave up her private apartment and moved to the centre, where she ran her courses, Zeta often went out with students, as far as she was concerned friends, for a drink or lunch.

Szlovak is a pub-like place, with vast and spacious wooden benches and tables making up boxes to separate noisy drinking parties, and provide a glimpse of privacy to lovers, couples and business associates equally. It doesn't have a garden but during the warm seasons few sets of sittings are placed on the pavement in front of the restaurant.

"My eldest daughter, Eszter is going to stop by for a moment if you don't mind," said Gabi quietly.

"Of course not," announced Zeta. "What do you think girls, do we mind?"

"No, no, not at all," they replied almost together with a glass of dark beer at hand. The food was chosen and the conversation continued about every day issues, when a girl in her early twenties jumped off a bike at the boot. She wore a pair of shorts, a sleeveless top and her hair was secured with a twisted scarf.

"Ladies, she is Eszter, my daughter," announced Gabi.

"Hi Eszter, wanna beer?" asked Klari.

"Are you hungry?" was Zeta's question.

"Hi ladies, thank you, I am fine, very nice of you. Mmm, probably a beer, please."

They scooped over and offered a place to the newcomer.

"So what's up, Eszter?" Zeta started the conversation.

"How is life treating you?"

"Very well thank you. I have just decided not to write my final essay towards my diploma," announced Eszter with satisfaction in her sparkling eyes. "I will do dancing instead."

"What are you studying now?" was Marika's question.

"To become a kindergarten teacher. But I do not want to be a kindergarten teacher. I thought I would but now I think I don't."

"What do you mean you don't want to be one? Why did you study then?" came the question.

"Well, I thought I wanted but now I decided to do dancing instead."

"How long you've been dancing?"

"A year and a half. I am practicing with a group. We will have performances."

"Where will you perform?"

"I don't know yet. They've been talking about it."

"Will you be paid for the performances?"

"We'll probably have a little money, you know as a token."

"And what are you going to live on?"

"I will rent my studio out and stay with mother."

"Have you discussed this move with your mother?"

"She has mentioned it," added Gabi. "She wants to do it so badly! I thought I should give her a chance."

"What are you talking about!" exclaimed Zeta. "What kind of a chance is there?"



"A chance to be happy," added the mother.

"Well, happiness is a state of mind darling, not a momentary joy. I cannot see how this story leads to this kind of enlightenment," added Zeta.

"She is not patient enough for children really. And she loves dancing!" came the reply from Gabi.

"You mean you actually encourage her to leave the studies at the very last minutes, the studies you financed, to set out for a very shaky future to say the least, without any responsibility?" asked the blunt question Zeta.

"You are confusing me now," uttered Gabi. "I thought I should give chances to my children."

"Sure but this is not a chance." Interrupted Klari. "This is a dead end! A road that leads nowhere."

"Yes, exactly," get back into the conversation Zeta. "You are not a trained dancer so you cannot fall back on your knowledge of the trade when time comes."

"What do you mean? What time you talk about?"

"When you arrive to the age no one should dance any longer. I mean on stage. You need to have your diploma in your hand. Establish your life, move out of your mother's and take up dancing as a hobby."

"I cannot do that. We rehearse during the day so I cannot work," was Eszter's reply.

"I think you just have to," continued Zeta. "You cannot live on your parents forever. They brought you up, gave you education, even a home of your own, now it is your turn to step out and take responsibilities of your existence. It is time to let your parents be and enjoy life."

Eszter became very quiet. She took few more sips of her beer and abruptly said good bye to the small group.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Gabi. "Now she is offended I am to listen to accusations about parenting abilities when I get home. I really do not know..."

"All right, think about it. Eszter stays with you and you have to cater for all her needs, finance her life and feed her while she is getting lost in life. Do you really want that? At the end you would kill each other."

"Yes, that is true. Let's eat our food now!" Gabi ended the conversation.

They returned to the enjoyment of the outing.

A month later they learnt that Eszter received her diploma.

## 22.

Mabek went through the file detecting procedures and entered the room where he was to meet Hades, the Master. On the piece of paper in front of him were the questions he wanted to receive answers to. Ignoring Hades' suggestion that he should select the most important one, Mabek put down all, in hope that he would not have to choose after all. "Hades would be in a better mood today and reply to all my questions without lecturing", he dreamt.

The drastic change in the energy level warned him, that the moment of truth was imminent.

Mabek spent considerable time with the preparation of today's meeting. He cleansed himself, raised his energy level and the centre of gravity. He took a soothing bath on Mars in the third pyramid and wiped out the surplus viruses in his every available body. Visited Mardouk in the Sun and strengthened his immune system there.

"Zeta says that we are Gods also. If it's true he would talk to me man to a man. I should put on my shamanic robe and have my sword ready. Hope my initiations and inaugurations are properly showing," he thought.

Despite of the strong general belief, Mabek was seemingly nervous. The bastion he built around himself as strengthening protection suddenly turned sandcastle in his mind. His attention was scattered.

The door opened and Hades stepped in. He wore an orange-yellow long shirt with a wide belt below the waist. His slender but very masculine body ended in a smiling face with a bush of greyish white hair on the top.

"Whow! I am not surprised Hera was taken by him! If I were a female, I am sure, I would die for his words," ran through Mabek's mind.

"Peace and love my Son!"

"Sweet Creator, he called me son! I shouldn't lose it now! Concentrate!"

"Peace and Love to you too, Sir!"

"Don't be silly," read the visitor's previous thoughts Hades. We change characters as we want. This is my favourite. You can do it too. Well, not now but at a later stage..."

"No, no, no! That's not it. I am happy as I am," assured him Mabek.

"Really? Why were you thinking about Hera's taste in man, then? And anyway, what do you know, and why?"

"Well, history. You know, the mythology. Hera, Zeus and Hades. The famous triangle."

"Good God," laughed Hades. "One would think that you have no idea of anything down there, and here you are, just telling me the story of my life!"

"I am certain, you have a little bit more in your bag."

"You are right, I do. Still, it is disturbing to see that there is no privacy."

"I am sure, there is. Only you leave your fingerprints at the scene."

"I will pay more attention to wiping them off in the future," added Hades with a smile. "Why do not we change the subject and concentrate on you now."

"I agree, sir. Sorry."

"It's all right. Give me your question."

"I could not make up my mind, Sir," admitted Mabek, with the feel of defeat in his voice.

"Well then, as the first part of the lesson we talk about your question.

"But I don't have one!"

"That's what I am saying, my Son."

"I see."

"I do not think you do. Without a selected question this lesson has lost its original meaning. Perhaps you are not ready for it yet."

"Perhaps not."

"Zeta and you, are both right. You are gods. We are all gods. Therefore we are equal. But not in any circumstances you may think that we are the same. Every being is different. However, our aim is the same. Knowingly or not we all proceed towards one goal: to be ready to multiply."

"You do not multiply, do you?"

"No I am not. Regardless, the aim is the same."

"In your case what could be the aim?"

"To reach the highest knowledge possible. To notice the changes in the universe and go with them, understand them if you must, and never be afraid to change with them."

"To change? I understand I need to change to become perfect. But where are you changing? You suppose to know everything! You are perfect!"

"How did you arrive at this conclusion?"

"Well, the Creator is perfect and you are his first children!"

"All right, let's elaborate on this situation. Why do you think, that the Creator as the first knowledge, that reached the state of multiplication by division, is perfect?"

"Surely there is nobody more perfect than he is?!"

"It might just be. However, he or she or it, can never sit back to look at the job well done, for well is only for a particular moment and the next will demand a well-er deed. It is a never ending improvement."

"There must be a place where everything is perfect," murmured Mabek.

"A place can only be perfect if it is still. But when something is still it is dead. And when it is dead, it ceases to exist, for it falls apart. I hope it clarifies your query."

## 23.

"Oh, I'm exhausted. What a meal! God, I am full! I need to rest for a while. To digest a bit. Oh, man! I need a bed, a siesta! A woman! Linaha!"

"What! Don't try this Earthling thing on me! To digest! My foot or something like that! There is nothing to digest! It is all built into your energy field! I even see the onion on you!"

"You mean smell it on me."

"Probably if I go closer. But from the place I am standing, I only see the brownish colour of your favourite ingredient."

"It doesn't change the fact that I need a woman!"

"Well, you might be ready for a cosmic experience," admitted Linaha pensively.

"Definitely I am, my Dearest," showed great willingness Mabek.

"I am not the one you should woo. You need a challenge to keep you quiet. When you are ready that is."

"Yes, yes, yes! Shall I show you how ready am I?"

"Please, spare me the sight. This is not the readiness I talk about. The important is to be ready here," said



Linaha and touched Mabek's chest with her extended arm.

"But my Dearest Lady, on Keta I have a sweetheart!" cried out Mabek.

"That is exactly what I mean. If you are so conscious about your relationship, why do you need a woman?"

"To keep me happy!"

"Aren't you happy with her?"

"Yes, but, you know what I mean?!"

"No, I don't know what you mean! You either want a woman or you don't. You cannot want her half way."

"That I do not understand. I have a wife. Even though she is in another dimension and I am with her only on Keta, I do not seem to forget about having her."

"I see. I think your problem is in the word, having. You cannot have anybody or anything! You Keteans are mad about the possessing business. Knowledge is the only thing you can truly possess. Nobody and nothing can take it away from you," assured him Linaha.

"Surely my wife belongs to me! She promised to stay with me forever," said Mabek with some tremble in his voice.

"As you promised the same to her. I know, I was there," continued Linaha.

"Come on! Really?"

"Yes. I wanted to see how you make a monkey out of yourself," said Linaha with satisfaction.

"Linaha, do you think marriage is not an honourable step towards a steady relationship?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why do you say that? That is what we want. That is what our parents want for us. That is what society wants and our friends and,"

"Oh yes, I know about the unwritten rules of your earthly existence. Made by earthlings. Ignorant earthlings. Male earthlings. Stupid."

"Why do you say it is stupid? You have to respect our rules you know!"

"I cannot see why I have to. I would if they were clever! Anyhow most of them are not."

"Oh dear, now you are telling me that we are not doing our lives correctly," got into the sulking mood Mabek.

"Oh no darling, I am not. I am only saying that you have no idea what it is you do. You are not conscious."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you got married and hope for a steady relationship. Don't you think you should know each other first? And of course yourself?"

"Maybe but it takes time. Zeta says it is the most difficult."

"Of course it is the most difficult because you are cheating yourself. As you are cheated on by society. It tells you to get married and you will live happily ever after. So you cheat yourself to get there."

"It makes sense," said Mabek visibly disturbed. "So what should I do now?"

"Well it is something I do not know at the moment. But I do know that your thoughts are off women now."

"Oh yes, they only drive me crazy anyhow."

"I bet they do," said Linaha and left Mabek deep in his thoughts.

## **24.**

"Let's sit on the terrace and talk a little," said Andras after a refreshing shower. "I would very much like to smoke a cigarette if you don't mind."

"Sure. I'll be with you in a sec. Just grab a glass of chilled white wine. Would you like one?"

"No thank you. Do you happen to have some beer?"

"Of course. San Miguel would do?"

"Well, if there is nothing better," said the man jokingly.

"There you are! Here is your cerveza. Let me just look at you while you are smoking. It is really strange. We made love and I haven't even looked at you."

"I remember otherwise. You looked at me really nicely when I was on top!"

"Sure. But that was a different looking."

"Really? So how are you looking now?"

"With awe. I never thought I would ever want you."

"Wow, I wonder how you would have been if you had wanted me."

"Yes I know. So how have you been?" asked Zeta.

"You mean during the last 25 years? All right I guess. I got married and divorced too. I have a son and I live in Madrid."

"And what do you do with yourself? Still working in entertainment?"

"No, unfortunately not. My wife crushed me very much. She is a singer and she ran off with the band leader. And took everything I have owned."

"Why did you let it?"

"The law is with her."

"What law?"

"Spanish law."

"You mean because you are a foreigner? I think she just intimidated you."

"Now I live on a caravan site near Madrid. I have a permanent mobile home. And I have a car. I also have 2 lovers. Both married. But one of them wants to live with me. Oh, and I have a dog."

"It seems a lot happened since I have seen you."

"Yes. And what about you?" asked the man.

Zeta did not answer straight away. Her life was always productive, it still is very much. Yes she was married and divorced, cheated and was cheated on but she considered events as the results of the interrelations within the couplehood. And somehow inevitable. Like her marriage. She could see the bitter end before the start. "It is not easy to live as a seer," admitted Zeta in her thoughts. "However one still needs experiences."

She just looked at Andras smiling and said:

"Not much, you know, all the usual stuff."

"Ah, I understand. You do not want to talk about it. It is okay. Changing the subject," said Andras. "What are you doing here? How did you get here at all?"

"It is a long story, darling. Let's cook some dinner!" announced Zeta in an attempt to avoid the question.

The two left the terrace and started preparing the evening food. Both felt at home in the kitchen, they worked well together. The ingredients, the wine and the laughter resulted in a heavenly meal. "Yes, guys without cooking abilities are not satisfactory lovers," Zeta was thinking. "They do not have to cook, but the understanding of the alchemy of spices, the sturdy structure of vegetables, the sweet-sour magic of fruits and the whole magnificence of nature and life is vital. He is quite good at it. Might not be always conscious of events though. Yes, I saw it on him the first time. He oozed sex," she was reminiscing. "I am absolutely certain that one should be a lover first in a relationship. But it is not enough surely. Or who knows? Living together is delicate. I think we enjoy each other so

much because we know it is an affair without major consequences," she concluded.

Two days later Andras left and Zeta flew back to England.

## **25.**

"Let me ask you a question for a change," started the lecture Hades. "Are you on the right track with your earthly life?"

"What do you mean?"

"I want to know whether you understand what you do down there."

"I think so," pondered Mabek. I have a place of my own, a well-paid and secure job and I also have a wife. I think it is more than most people's achievement."

"Achievement. Why do you call that achievement?"

"Well, I followed the pattern of events, one supposed to. You know, go to school, higher education, get a good job, buy a house, get married and have a family. In my country we are pushed towards having children but I am not sure of that. My wife wants children very

much. I am not sure really. Sometimes I want and other times I do not. Zeta said that we need to become wholesome before we enter into parenthood."

"Wholesome? What does it mean?"

Well... you know, reaching the fastest energy possible. She said it is important to understand ourselves, and, you know, you can only do it through the universe. Then we will be able to take responsibility for our deeds, words and thoughts. To tell you the truth Sir, I don't really understand the whole concept."

"What is it, you don't understand? It is a figure of speech, means that you are open-minded, willing to experience, expand your horizon and your microcosm with it," added the god.

"Yes, yes, that's it! The microcosm! What is it exactly?"

"The microcosm is the place or space actually, where you feel comfortable. That is why many people refer to it as a comfort zone. It is the place you understand, at least you have the assumption of understanding, for your knowing doesn't usually go beyond the surface. And even the surface could be quite a study. Anyhow, this is the microcosm."



"Surely," continued Hades. "An earthling can be assessed on the size and quality of his comfort zone."

"You mean everybody's microcosm is different. The bigger the better," assessed the situation Mabek.

"Not necessarily," was Hades' reply. "That is why I added quality. Well it is the answer to the second sentence. Looking at the first, yes, everybody's microcosm is different."

"How so?" enquired Mabek.

"And it is true for every organic energy in the universe," finished the train of thoughts Hades.

"There is something I really wanted to ask you, or anybody as the matter of fact. When I say to my students, that we are energies, they do not really understand it. In their mind people have energies but they are not energies."

"Yes, I know," confirmed the god. "It is the consequence of the Pisces Era, when fear was chiselled into the minds of earthlings by putting non-existent sins on their shoulders. There was also a dark picture painted of their life if they dare remove the weight. This event changed the life of earthlings and the planet forever. I must say, unfortunately not for the better.

Anyhow the connection between the 2 cosmos was cut and new explanations were created to fit the two separate realms, and the doors to the macrocosm were shut."

"Sir, I still do not understand..." interrupted Mabek.

"Yes, I know. Since everything is interrelated it is very difficult to find a starting point to a story. I assumed you were curious about some background details."

"Oh, sure I was!" cut in Mabek swiftly.

"There you are! Now you have it! The rest is history. As you are one of the lucky or doomed earthlings who stepped over the wall by following Zeta's teachings. It provides you with more understanding. Your students are not there yet."

"I see. Yes I definitely stepped over."

"Coming back to the original question, one's microcosm could be somewhere on the scale from a bed to the end of the endless universe."

"You don't have a microcosm, surely," asked Mabek with doubts in his voice."

"Sure I do! Even though I have seven of me, well now only six, covering vast parts of the universe but we can only do so much. Some parts of the macrocosm I have

never heard of. I access my central soul bank regularly for new information my other 5 collect, nevertheless the constant motion creates constant changes and constant blind spots in my data."

As he turned around saw Mabek sitting there deep in thoughts.

"So," continued the lecture Hades. "To be wholesome means that you seek new information, experience and understanding. Be open to changes, do not stick to scruples and ask questions all the time. This is the real importance of living on Keta. To have children or not is a choice not the meaning of life."

"So, why are we pushed towards parenthood?"

"Because it is the mechanism of the consumerist society you are living in. They gather if you have children, you will find less time to wander around in the universe in search for your wholesome self. You will work harder in order to make more money. It means you will settle down, paint your house, manicure your lawn, if you are lucky to have one, and become a bottomless bucket for loans, mortgages and credit cards."

"So we should not have children, you mean?"

"No, not at all. Having an uninvited or invited permanent organic energy in your life could offer you endless possibilities to learn and grow. It works very well for everyone concerned if you do not give up your search and yourself in the process."

"If you only focus on house, career and material wealth, your life would become meaningless in real sense."

"That is why I do not call the possession of the mentioned objects, achievements," Hades concluded the conversation and left the room.

## **26.**

As before every important work with substantial danger, Zeta prepared herself for a shadow bath. The two candles were lit on the coffee table and she put the glass of water in its place. Looked for the transparent cleansing rocks, broke off a piece, and lit a candle under it in the incense burner.

The bath primarily cleansed and balanced her energy field. The act was followed by a short deep meditation, that sharpened her intuition and the channel opened

with the main newsroom in Saturn. She was hoping to be able to collect some information on Meghrez.

Saturn is the sixth planet from the Big Fireball we usually refer to as the Sun. Orbits the main attraction of Haudi solar system and completes the circle in  $29\frac{1}{2}$  years. A spin around its tilted axis takes a bit longer than 10 hours. Titan, the biggest of its countless moons, is the second largest of its kind in the solar system. The planet provides home for one of Kronos's soul. He is the 8<sup>th</sup> in the row of the 9 first generation male members of the Macrocosmic Pantheon.

The news collecting, filtering and spreading complex is a fascinating place indeed. Camorana, as it is commonly referred to in Kabutoreos galaxy, has the most advanced technology to collect first-hand information from all over.

The validity of information depends on the channel between the place of the event and the News Receiving Station of Camorana. These channels are built by entities to provide a strong and soul-proof path for the energies delivered in the form of numbers. The event, as an energy mass, is picked up by specially trained entities and turned into numbers straight away to

prevent alterations, mishandling or distortion. Although they are far less emotional off Keta, souls were not allowed to work with news energies in fear of bending them to fit their individual understanding and favouring. On arrival at the news centre the numbers were transformed into news flash holograms for the advanced readers and also turned into letters for those in learning the process of news reading.

Similarly to the widely accepted practice on Keta, the vast majority of the information was filtered. Important news maintained their numeric form.

The huge entrance hall welcomed everybody who could make the journey. Low profile, everyday data was constantly running on the walls for those interested.

There was a narrow opening on the East wall leading to the next level of news reading. Energies were forced to enter one by one and their data was read by invisible sensors built into the bricks in order to make sure they are ready to receive information filtered into the next level. This idea was used at the hidden main entrance of the Saqqara complex in Egypt by the 1<sup>st</sup> generation Mekai when he was down on Keta to help trigger the minds of the newly arrived earthlings from Atlantis.

Imhotep was the name of this very strange looking superman who came from nowhere and left without a trace. He happened to understand sacred numerology and the physical interaction of energies.

Zeta walked through rooms with ease. She was aiming for the seventh where the most delicate news was kept. "It might be a good idea to conduct a focused search in the private room there," ran through her mind. "Let me ask for permission to use the room. I hope my darling brother Kronos is reachable." She focused and with the motion of her hand the message was sent.

Her Shamanic robe gave her good protection and invisibility for most creatures, nevertheless easing up was out of the question. Spies were everywhere now, aiming at advances in this unsettled historic situation. Although Hades was back in the Family and the Alpha & Omega council, for many it was difficult to get used to his change of heart, as it looked on the surface. Deep down it was inevitable to harmonize the situation, gain power from the unity and create two new poles when strong enough. It is the way of proceeding, gaining knowledge and keep life rolling.

She arrived at the seventh pathway when the message came through from Kronos. "Meet you in Seventh." "Well I can watch the news while waiting," she pondered as she entered the room and without hesitation reached for the light switch on the right.

This place was the smallest of the news reading rooms. Its sheer black walls served as monitors for the most delicate news arrived at Camorana from all over the universe.

Eager to get on with the work, Zeta reached for the main switch to turn the monitor on the south wall, when a gentle tap on her shoulder interrupted her concentration.

"Hi sis, I've been waiting for you in the private newsroom. What took you so long?" uttered a bushy face behind her. "Kronos? Is that you?" she enquired surprized. "What happened to you? Why do you have so much hair on your face? How did you get here so fast anyway?"

"All right, one question at a time," replied the god. "I am experimenting with my looks. Needed a change. Ah, didn't you know that we have a new teleporting system here on Saturn? I tested it. It seems to work well. Let's



get to work! I am very busy now with all these casualties from The Big Dipper. The hospital on Sirius is overcrowded all the time. We added two new wards but now we need more professional healers. Is there anybody you can send up from Keta to volunteer? And if you can spare few helping hands from your hospital on H? I am desperate really," added Kronos.

"What about Orion, can't they help?" enquired Zeta.

"Oh yes, they are doing their fair share. However, it is still not enough. We were ready for casualties after the harmonizing procedure but I must admit, we underestimated the situation. The two poles system worked quite well without major clashes but it stirred up the feelings and now they run loose. That is what happens on Meghrez at the moment."

"Oh, yes, Meghrez," remembered Zeta. "The reason for my visit. Let's get on with it darling!"

The private news reading room did not have a visible door. It was unheard of for the great majority of the visitors to the centre and even those belonged to the privileged few, needed Kronos's mercy to open it up. The key to this magical place was the god's left thumb.

Zeta allowed Kronos to move closer to the eastern wall and watch as her brother raised his left hand and with a twist touched the wall with his thumb. As he did that the room expanded into a narrow opening and swallowed the visitors without a trace.

The room was small but very comfortable for its purpose. There was an L-shaped table facing east with 3 monitors; a chair behind it, and an armchair in the corner for rare occasions such as this one. Although Kronos had the key, he wasn't prepared to waste his precious life on babysitting visitors. Zeta was different, however. They enjoyed each other's company and she was one of the rare souls who could jerk him out of his usual dark self. And there was also the factor of curiosity and the matter of help.

"All right, let's see what is cooking," pulled the armchair nearer to the table Kronos. "What is it you want to know and why?"

"Well," started the goddess carefully. "Our brother, Hades is in a bit of a quandary about the planet he used for his headquarter."

"Oh, him!" exclaimed Kronos with bitterness in his voice. "Please darling, do not be crossed with me,"

begged Zeta. "Or him. Hades only did what was expected of him by the Council. And now he is doing a very good job of the harmonizing plan."

"Oh, so he is still visiting you!" uttered Kronos quietly as if to himself with disappointment in his voice.

"Let's change the subject," urged him Zeta. "I do not have much time. You know I love you and will never forget you." "Yeah, yeah," added Kronos.

A few minutes later the events of Meghrez appeared on the wall, live. Zeta recorded some data, talked to few important participants in the upheaval, kissed Kronos goodbye and left the building.

## **27.**

On Andromeda 7 Mekhtani and Taringo walked towards the central merkaba parking of the planet. They were looking for Taringo's new merkaba he was awarded by the merkaba factory on Orion 2. It was the latest model MSG192/as with many previously unseen features.

The Magi's friendship went back to the time when the Universal Magi Council was created. They both landed

a job there and have been collaborating on important tasks landing on their tables. At present, it was the burning issue of clusters in Kabutoreos galaxy.

The 12 Magi made Andromeda their residence, taking up the twelve numbered planets of the constellation, leaving the head of the princess for the Creator Force. That planet was marked 0.

The 7<sup>th</sup> was the end of the princess's left arm.

The planet, nicknamed Taringo's place after its main energy force, was a fascinating sphere with the responsibility of keeping the galaxy in balance. When I say galaxy I mean the Central Galaxy of the Universe, called Kabutoreos. There are views stating that Andromeda is a separate galaxy. However, it is not a matter of consideration but connection.

Taringo was the 7<sup>th</sup> Magus. He was the master of Equilibrium, Balance and Tranquillity. Although Harmony is overrated, it is badly needed as the starting point to welcome changes.

The two buddies walked deep in thoughts. The plan to execute the clean-up work was laid down neatly and the first steps of the expedition were taken.

"Are you sure, you have everything we need for the operation?" asked Mekhtani looking at his friend walking next to him leisurely.

"Sure," answered Taringo.

"You do not seem to carry anything," interrogated him Mekhtani.

"Yes," replied the master of Equilibrium.

"What do you mean, yes?"

"Yes, I do not carry anything."

"But you said just now, that you have everything we need!" blurted Mekhtani out a bit anxiously.

"Yes."

"What do you mean, yes!" raised his voice the 4<sup>th</sup> Magus.

"Yes we do have everything we need for the operation," answered the 7<sup>th</sup> calmly.

"Taringo, pull yourself together man! You are not carrying anything! I am not carrying anything! Do you really understand the work we undertake?!"

"Yes"

"Oh dear Creator! We are going to clear the galaxy of all the clusters! Do you understand that!?"

"Yes. Keep your pants on!"

"What do you mean keep my pants on?!"

"Your fly is open."

"Oh, dear, oh dear, oh dear!" exclaimed the Magus. "So where is the stuff we need?"

"My assistant, Ishigo, uploaded everything into the merkaba," cleared the air Taringo.

"And how do you know if he chooses the right one for us?!"

"I encoded the key. It only opens the One."

"Very crafty," stated the 4<sup>th</sup> Magus.

"Now we just need to find that merkaba. I hope Ishigo will stand there waiting for us with the key. Otherwise, we have to start the search from the beginning."

"Yes. He will be there. But where? This parking lot is huge."

"What is his training?"

"He is a good energy reader and manipulator. Strong-willed, understands different kinds of protections. And he is fearless."

"All right, then I send him a message, let's see if he receives it," offered Mekhtani.

"The third spaceship in the 5<sup>th</sup> row within the South-East section," answered Taringo.

"Wow that was quick!"

"There we are! He is standing over there. This merkaba, wow, it doesn't look like anything I have seen before! Wow! I hope it is not overly difficult to drive."

"Greetings great Magi," bowed Ishigo in front of them.

"Your merkaba is ready for your work and journey."

"Splendid!" announced Taringo. "Have you finished with the researches?"

"Yes, master. Everything is on a chip on your dashboard, next to your brain cells."

"All right, all right!" said Taringo. "Let's get on with the business. We do not have time to waste. Ishigo, do not go far, in case I cannot read your writing."

"Nice joke," said the assistant. "I'll stay around for a bit if you wish. You can always communicate with me telepathically."

"That's true. I wonder if my key works..."

Taringo closed his eyes for a moment and allowed his body to turn intuitively. When stopped, walked to the merkaba and put his left thumb on a point in front of him. The space-craft opened and the 2 Magi disappeared behind the closing.

"Wow, I haven't seen anything like this before!" stated Mekhtani surprised. "It is quite nice actually. Everything is here out in the open. No hiding in the cupboard. What are all those buttons on the dashboard? How do you find things here?" asked Mekhtani.

"Just look for them," replied Taringo. "It takes a bit of a time but it is great fun!"

"Sure! As long as you understand the layout," agreed the number 4. "Right! We have to start working! Do you have any data on these clusters?"

"I think so," said the number 7 with uncertainty in his voice. "My assistant promised to leave here all the details we needed. I just have to find it."

"That's all right. I asked Zeta to help. I am sure she will come up with something important," added Mekhtani.

"Until then let us start our holiday right here. I've noticed some crackers and avocado on the table. They bring back good memories of earthly living."

"You old sentimental fool," murmured Taringo. "Come on then, let's walk the memory lane."

And the macrocosm ceased to exist. They sat down at the table and started to sample the fruits and



vegetables Ishigo left for them, accompanied with sweet memories and a lot of laughter.

## **28.**

The two and a half days of extraordinary sexual sub-consciousness released suppressed thoughts and semi-chiselled rules in Zeta's mind. Suddenly feelings came in from every corner. Feelings, she imagined being managed after the countless hurts and disappointments of the last four years. Her life looked scattered on the surface but work held it together. There was never doubt about work. She loved her work. "It is really strange to see people struggling with work. How can you do that? They say the job they do is not interesting. How can it be? Work is essential in the life of an earthling," pondered Zeta. "You either do it because you like it, or you do it because you like things you can have or do with the money you receive. We spend around  $\frac{3}{4}$  of our waken time with work. Not loving it would be a tragedy because we would end up hating the  $\frac{3}{4}$  of our

time and what we do here. The remaining ¼ would be spent on complaining about it. So where is life?"

She enjoyed experiences and emotional encounters. "They stir my energy," she admitted. "Takes me out of the rat race unleashes new ideas and thought. It is really good. Like a rejuvenating injection."

She wanted to take advantage of this newly gained clarity.

"I should go up to Hunata and see Mabek there," was Zeta thinking. "I am sure he would faint," she added giggling.

An unexpected tap on the shoulder brought her back to earthly present. From the force of it she realized that it was one of her spirit guides Nuba.

"It must be something urgent if Nuba bothers to come through," she thought and stepped into her office. Lit a long white candle and put some Sahara incense on the charcoal in the burner. The air was cleared and connection was established.

"Hi darling, what is so urgent?" asked her guide Zeta.

"Apart from not seeing you ever, nothing," replied the lion. "It seems that we are not useful to you anymore. You might want to find another set of guides."

"Oh no, not at all! Don't be crossed with me darling Nuba, I love you guys very much! Just it seems to be so busy and all the stuff I need to do!"

"Yes, that is what I mean! May I remind you that we are here to help you with your task? You only need to ask! Since you do not ask, I presume you do not trust us enough to share your work with us!"

"You do know that it is not true! Sometimes I just get carried away with all the earthly living and forget about the helping hand of the macrocosm. Oh, it is really stupid!"

"Well, if you honestly not thinking about replacing us, I would give you a message from Mekhtani."

"Please, it must be very important! He doesn't come for help ever!"

"He is similar to you in this respect. He assumes that he should solve all the tasks by himself. I am certain that he was reminded of you somehow."

"So tell me please," urged him Zeta.

"He wants you to help clear the clusters in the Galaxy."

"But it is not his job!"

"Now it is! He requested the. He said it is on his way towards his holiday destination."

"Did I hear it right? You said holiday? To my knowledge the Great Magus has never taken a day off!" Zeta added surprised.

"True, true. Probably that is why he is onto the cleansing," pondered Nuba.

"It sounds very strange. Everything seems out of character. What did you say, where does he go?"

"I didn't say. I must admit I do not know. Shall I make enquiries?"

"I don't think it would work. If he wants to keep it a secret than it remains one. Unless..."

"What unless? Do you know something?"

"I have a strange thought. It is a hunch really. I could say intuition."

"What is it? You know I hate secrets!" said the lion.

"I know but it is so strange and exciting at the same time that I am afraid to say it."

"Oh dear, oh dear, I am getting very nervous now"

"Calm down my darling Nuba! Your beautiful mane gets all messed up when you are anxious. You do not want that do you?"

"Not really, you are right, I calm down. But I still am curious," added Nuba.

"All right, I tell you. But it has to remain a secret. Promise?"

"I can tell Abua, can I?"

"Sure, she is all right. Just keep it low."

"All right, all right."

"So, I think he is going to visit my place."

"Your place? What do you mean? Which one? You have a place on Orion, Mars, Moon and Keta, to mention a few," started the assessment Nuba.

"Darling, you forget the most important!" claimed Zeta.

"H planet!"

"Oh yes! The great creation! The Opus Magnum! How silly of me!"

"Yes, H planet! I remember him blurting out that he was curious about the place and wished to visit."

"Well, if Mekhtani says something like this then it is a done deal. You might be right. Would you need help with arrangements? It is not every day that a Great Magus honours anybody with a visit"

"Oh, yes. But first we have to pay attention to the task ahead."

"Quite true, quite true. How do we start?"

"I think we do a brainstorming, the two of us. Or we invite Abua too."

"Sure, sure! Let's do it! Shall I?"

"Yes please!"

Nuba set down in the corner of Zeta's study. Put his left paw in the top of the left facing upwards. Then released the fiercest roar possible. A shiver ran through Zeta.

"Wow Nuba, what have you done? You scared the life out of me!"

"I apologize. Abua is in Khem now, helping your students with their assignments. And when she gets carried away!"

"Oh really? How very nice of her! Where in Egypt?"

"I think in Theba. They do Medinat Habu at the moment. But ask her yourself. She is coming."

"I am here, I am here! Ah that is where you are! With Zeta! It has to be big. I haven't seen the 3 of us together for a few moon turns! Or as you say it on Keta donkey's years. What is cooking?" came Abua's voice from somewhere behind Zeta.

"Where are you darling?" asked Zeta turning around.

"On the bookshelf on the top of the folder boxes," replied Abua giggling.

"Ah there you are!" exclaimed Zeta as she caught sight of the golden coil of the small reptile."

"All right, we have to start working. What do we know of the origin of these clusters?"

"According to the observation centre on Saturn, they started to appear just before the quantum leap," answered Nuba.

"We can start with the quantum leap theory then," added Abua.

"The quantum leap came with the end of the 5<sup>th</sup> Sun Age, on Earth that is," started the brainstorming Zeta.

"Therefore we need to look at the changes arrived with the end of the 5<sup>th</sup> Sun Age."

"Looking at the official data released by the S.O.C., the most important change was the pole shift of Keta and the restoring of the 2 poles system in Kabutoreos galaxy," Nuba read the message from the Saturn Observation Centre.

"I don't think the pole shift on Keta could have caused the clusters," pondered Abua aloud.

"I totally agree. It must have been the 2 poles system," added Zeta. "We need to collect all data possible about the clusters. Nuba darling, could you find out in any of

the planets are missing bits. Abua dear, you could test the clusters to see if they come from the same source or not. I work on the strategy," announces Zeta and left the room.

## **29.**

"Today is the big day! We are going to talk about sex with Hades!" exclaimed Mabek excited! "Finally! He is the master of this field, and many others naturally. All right, let's get up, have some breakfast, a very substantial breakfast for sex in every form makes me really famish. After shower, and ready to go."

As he jumped out of bed he heard it close up behind him. "I miss making my bed," he thought. "I can make a really nice bed." Walked onto the hallway and halted. "Which way should I go? I am so confused about directions here. I think I should go this way. Or this way. No, not this way. Here is this warning sign I still do not get. Watch out! There is a step ahead! The ground seems even ahead. There is no sign of a step. Then what is there? And what if I approach the sign from the



opposite directions? Will there be another sign? So which is the one near the kitchen?" pondered Mabek. "I should ask Linaha. But I am not a cry baby! Will go talk about sex with the great master in a minute and I cannot find the kitchen!? Sweet Creator, this place is really confusing! I do not know how Zeta finds her ways here!"

"Did you call me Zoli?" he heard a voice from behind.

"It sounds very much like Zeta," stated Mabek. "Linaha is at it again I suppose," he continued the chain of thoughts. "Do not act surprised, just calm yourself down. At least she would show me the way to the kitchen." smiled Mabek. "Not directly of course. I do not want her to know that I am lost."

"Are you lost?" continued the voice.

"That is it! Enough is enough! You do not fool me Linaha! And I am not lost," raised his voice annoyed while slowly turning to the direction of the voice. And then he froze. There was Zeta, coming towards him, "What happened? What's wrong with you? Are you stoned?" asked Zeta smiling.

But Mabek did not move.

"Are you all right Zoli? Do you need help?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, you would love that if I asked for help," ran through Mabek's mind. "When will I arrive at the point when I do not need help anymore? And always girls who want to help me! Actually, there are only girls who can help me! On Keta there is Zeta! She has numerous star gates and here there is Linaha. She can change into Zeta! And what do I know? I cannot even find the kitchen! I am such a miserable sissy!" he continued the thought.

"Do not be so hard on yourself," said the Zeta-like creature. "You are all right. You are more than all right! You are fabulous! However you need to start moving soon. Your etheric body is quite fragile and will fall apart without function."

"Easy to say," gathered his thoughts Mabek. "If I knew how! It seems I have to beg again. Never mind, it is something I know. Please Linaha, help!" focused his will power.

"Hi Mabek, you are early," entered the scene Linaha cheerfully. "Oh hi Zeta! How wonderful to see you here! What is going on? He looks stoned! What happened?" she turned towards Zeta.

"I am not quite sure. He was mumbling about the kitchen...He cannot find the kitchen...That is it, he cannot find the kitchen. Why, what happened to the kitchen?" Zeta turned towards the guide. "Sorry, hi Linaha, it is good to see you too."

"I do not really know. He has something going on with the kitchen. He tried to cook once," remembered Linaha.

"So now what? We have to snap him out of this frozen state otherwise we lose him," suggested Zeta.

"Oh no!" panicked Mabek. "Please girls, I beg you, I do anything you want! Please! I would kneel down if I could. I have to get ready! The big master of sex is expecting me for the conversation of a lifetime. Please!!!"

"The big master of sex?" laughed Zeta. "That's what he is spreading now?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Mabek quietly. "Only I assumed..."

"All right we let you go," announced Zeta. "Linaha, give him the key."

"What key, do you mean?"

"The kitchen key," whispered Zeta.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. He begged for it."

"True, true."

"Boohoo!" howled into Mabek's left ear from behind Zeta. The man collapsed on the floor.

"Come on darling," nagged him Linaha. "Here is the key."

Mabek pulled himself together and looked at Linaha and after at Zeta.

"So you are really here. It is not a trick."

"No, it is not a trick. I am here Zoli. I had this feeling that you might faint. Sorry. I did not want to scare you."

"It is all right now. I just have to get ready and leap over. So, where is this kitchen? I am starving!"

"It is straight ahead, after the warning sign on the left."

"You mean the one about a step ahead?"

"Yes."

"But there is nothing there I can see. Therefore it has to be something hidden."

"No, no hidden stuff. Only a step ahead."

"There is no step there," claimed Mabek.

"Of course there is!" replied Zeta.

"Where?"

"Where you put one of your feet in front of the other. And do not forget the key."

"It was open!"

"It is. The key is to the cupboard."

Mabek turned and started walking towards the pointed direction. Stopped at the sign and carefully lifted his left foot, slowly put it down and lifted the right after. When nothing happened confidently walked to the door on his left and opened.

The kitchen looked nothing he remembered. However, the cooker and the pots were still missing and there was no food in the material state anywhere.

"Yes, I do recall that," murmured Mabek. "How will I cook something substantial now? Let's see what is in the cupboard."

As he turned the key in the lock heard Zeta and Linaha talking and making their ways towards the kitchen.

"What is cooking darling?" asked Zeta enthusiastically.

"Not much yet. There is nothing to cook here," replied Mabek.

"Turn that key!" ordered him Zeta.

Mabek turned the key and pushed the door open.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "What a kitchen! I have been dreaming about such a kitchen! Girls you can order anything you wish. I cook breakfast for you!"

"Am I hearing it correctly," appeared Linaha. "You are cooking breakfast for us? All right. I just have to make myself physical first," she said and disappeared. When she came back a short while later she was in a glowing physical body of full density.

"Surprise us, I trust your cooking," said Zeta. "While you are working your butt off we can talk about sex. So tell us Zoli, how was your first encounter with the devil?"

"Now I need to focus on my cooking. I am a man after all and I cannot pay attention to more than one thing at a time."

"Sure darling, but you are a unique member of the gender. After all, you are here in a star gate, you live parallel lives, and you are a good healer, seer and astral traveller. I cannot see any reason why wouldn't you be able to do it."

"If you put it this way, let's see. But you promise to eat breakfast."

"Sure we will," agreed Linaha for both of them.

"So, let me refresh my memories," started the story Mabek. "My father booked me a joy-woman."

"You mean a robot?" asked Linaha.

"No, not a robot. A real woman who satisfied hungry males against a certain fee."

"Would it be the same as a prostitute?" asked Linaha.

"Yes, it would," replied Mabek.

"I did not know you then," pondered the guide.

"That is right. I had a different set of guides back then," answered Mabek.

"All right! Let's get on with the story," announced Zeta.

"What exactly happened?"

I was almost 28 years old and still a virgin, and you know, I am the first born. So my father started to get a bit frustrated with the situation."

"Why is that?" asked Linaha.

"Because he is a bigot and he would have hated it if I had turned out to be gay."

"I see," stated Linaha. "What happened next?"

"How do you like your eggs ladies?" interrupted Mabek.

"I like all two of them soft, please," replied Zeta.

"Surprise me, please," added Linaha. "And then, what happened?"

"He brought home a magazine, full of pictures and telephone numbers and he asked me to choose a woman."

"Your father is fun. And?" was the question.

"I had the magazine with me for a week. Went through all the contestants many times. After careful consideration I decided upon a big woman, mother of four and around 40 years of age."

"What were your reasons?" asked Zeta. Men usually want thin, young and single for their playmate."

"I am not a usual person. I wanted someone experienced. I figured that if she has four children she must be gentle. I also wanted someone with substantial flesh. I had sort of kinky fantasies and I planned to put them into action."

"Ah, okay."

"So I approached my father and said that she was the one I want. Mind you he was just as confused as you are. However, he did not ask questions. Picked the phone up and booked me in. Breakfast is ready! Now, you have to live up to your promise! Eat it!"

Mabek laid the table nicely and put three plates, filled with delicious looking food, on the table.



"Where is the cutlery?"

"Top drawer on the left," came from Linaha.

"All right! We eat and you continue," said Zeta.

"Ladies, I am starving. Also have a very important meeting with Hades that I am late for and now you want me to talk."

"Well, eat and talk!"

"My mother taught me to shut up while eating," said Mabek.

"Sure, but she is not here," said Zeta. "And anyway, you are a big boy now."

"So this lady became my playground for the next few months. Luckily I had a good salary in the army because I left good half of it with here. In return, I learned everything about the female body, discovered every inch, tried all the sexual boosters possible. We cried, we laughed and we exhausted each other to the level of extreme calm and clarity. It was great fun!" Mabek concluded the story.

"Does your wife know the story?" asked Linaha.

"I do not think so. She likes to indulge in the purer version of events, thinking that she was the first and she is the only."

"It's a bit silly, isn't it?"

"Sure but it makes her happy. It boosts her self-confidence. All right ladies, I have to go now. Have a nice day or whatever it is now."

"Bye darling, say hello to Hades for me, would you?" said Zeta.

"Sure I will! It would put him in good mood!" said Mabek and left. A few minutes later the gate opened and closed behind him.

### **30.**

Nearing the end of the 5<sup>th</sup> Sun Age on the 28<sup>th</sup> of December 2012 all eyes in Kabutoreos galaxy were on Keta. The planet was given the 5 Sun Ages to speed itself up and raise its vibration, none of which had happened.

The time was also the end to another astronomical cycle, the Precession of the Equinoxes that marked the beginning of the New Age. The introduction of the high frequency Uranus energy to the planet, triggered the minds of few and all kinds of prophecies came to light

predicting the end of the world. From the Ketan point of view it really meant the planet and earthlings with it. However, none of the forecasts appeared to be accurate regardless of the source. It was a great lesson for earthlings to see that the future is not predictable fully, only outlined and changes according to the events in the present.

This enormous energy shift gave a boost to Haudi solar system, where Keta was, and with the help from the galaxy, the planet was pulled through into a higher existence with the aid of the galactic quantum leap. This event demanded a major reorganizing in the galaxy. Reinstating the two-pole system was the first step after a lazy and slow one pole period to stir energies up and give more motion to life. As the work started, decisions had to be made regarding belonging. Indecisive planets went through quite a lot of pulling and tearing that caused fractures in the planet and ended in separation. These lost particles were scattered in the galaxy, trying to make some sense of the happenings and looking for a place to hook onto. The clusters were causing worries for they were changing the substance and speed of the planets involved. Due to the urgency and delicacy of the

matter, Mekhtani the 4<sup>th</sup> Magus took on the work with the help of his great friend Taringo, the 7<sup>th</sup> magus and Zeta, first generation soul living on Earth.

### **31.**

After the successful breakfast preparation and storytelling, Mabek took a long shower and dressed to the occasion of the sex talks with Hades ahead. The events of the morning boosted his confidence and felt completely ready for further learning on one of his favourite subjects. His canary-yellow T-shirt and blue Bermuda shorts looked a bit out of character. However he figured that if they arrived at the point of talking sex, they might as well call each other friends, so formality lost importance.

"Sir, your student has arrived," announced Mahin, the Chief News Collector via interphone.

"At last," claimed the god. "Send him in please. I am in Haripa in South-West"

"All right, sir."

In the brightly lit room there was a huge sitting area near the wall opening we would call window, a work desk near the communication system and in one of the corners there was a big table full of delicacies. "I always get hungry when I talk about sex," ran through his mind. "That is actually always," smiled Hades.

The buzz at the door was confirming Mabek's arrival.

"Good morning sir!" Mabek greeted the god.

"To you too son! Wow, what is it you are wearing?"

"I thought I dress to the occasion," replied Mabek.

"What occasion you had in mind? Are you going somewhere after?"

"Nnnnnno, not really," replied Mabek confused. "I meant this one."

"You mean that now we are close enough to talk sex you can wear anything in my presence. Well, it is a big mistake earthlings make in their sexual encounters. They get very comfortable with each other and do not care about attraction at all."

"That is true. But isn't it the point to open up, lose your scruples and dear to be yourself?"

"At certain stages in your life, yes. But sexuality is different."

"How so?"

"Because sex is the elixir of earthly life. I might say, life on Keta is sex."

"I don't understand," said Mabek pondering.

"It is because everything carries life. Don't get me wrong, the whole universe is alive but only souls in physical body are able to experience real creation with its pain, joy, responsibility and learning."

"You mean by having children?"

"No, Not at all. Having children is the procreation of physical bodies allowing souls to live and learn on Keta."

"How do we create then?"

"With everything you do. Think about it! All your deeds and thoughts circle around the physical body. You want to feed it, dress it and keep it safe. You are doing this because your life depends on it. Your life on Keta is as long as your body allows it. But let us get back to sex," said the god and walked to the tableful of food. "I think the problem is that you do not understand the meaning of the word and you take it for intercourse. It could be a blissful end to a sexual act but not sex. Look at the food on this table! Doesn't it make you shiver? Doesn't it give you the sensation at your fingertips? Come and

take the divine fragrance of Life to your nostrils. Let your eyes indulge in the colours and your tongue on the texture. Do you feel the warmth around your heart? It might even come up to your throat and sneaks down to your lower part, into your private place."

"It is nice and beautifully presented but I fail to feel what you do," said Mabek a bit disappointed.

"Because you have scruples. You have a set of pictures about sex. And you have certain principles on the issue. You do not think it is tangible and decent to make love to food, smell or colours as the matter of fact," answered Hades.

"Well, you are right," replied Mabek. "But I want to feel what you do. How do I do it?"

"It is a tough question," smiled Hades. "I think you need to learn. To elevate yourself to the point of happiness."

"Zeta is saying that," added Mabek. "But I do not really get it. You are either happy or not."

"That is true. You are either happy or not. But you should not look at it as a momentary joy, but as a lifestyle," he paused while savouring some lemonade.

"Here is this heavenly drink. Just the way I like it. Quite

titillating and pungent. Wow! This is good! You should try it!"

"I have had a glass. Yes it is nice," said Mabek.

"No, you haven't had a glass, you drank one. You didn't send a picture of its colour to your subconscious. You didn't inhale its fragrance. You didn't touch it through the glass. You didn't keep it on your pallet to allow yourself to become one with it. You didn't tame it. You only consumed it. There was no respect from your part."

"I am afraid so," admitted Mabek. "But it was really good. I'd like to have the recipe."

"Do you know it is totally possible to tell everything about an earthling through his sexual behaviour? His thought, habits, flaws and merits, even his illnesses or health related problems."

"Yes, Zeta said that. Why is that?"

"It shows your knowledge and understanding. You behave accordingly. You give yourself. You are whatever you managed to become throughout your earthly life."

"And the illnesses?"



"They reflect all you haven't learned yet. So, do you understand sex yet?"

"I am far away from understanding it but I have a few keywords to consider."

"Good. Come and eat with me then," Hades invited the man. They set down and kept chatting about food, recipes and sex.

## **32.**

"I am sure you know, we do work against the enemy," started the conversation Mabek.

"What enemy?" came back with a question Hades.

"Our enemies," replied Mabek.

"Who is us in this case?"

"You, I, Zeta, everybody who works on the side of Knowledge."

"I don't understand your words. What is this knowledge?"

"You know, the True Universal Wisdom. The Gnosis. The Akasha."

"Well, out of all you mentioned I only understand Akasha. I know, it is a planet, near Galluba star gate, and there is nothing else but piles of files on the past present and future. Events that happened and events that would happen. In any case I would not call it knowledge."

"Why not? Everything is there. The whole Universe!"

"Sure. However, it is still only information and not knowledge. You can only know the things you experience. However, you could use information as the source of some kind of knowledge."

"What do you mean?"

"One needs to have the information as a base to build the knowledge on."

"I don't understand," admitted Mabek

"You are here because you understand and believe in the theory of multidimensional living," started the god.

"This journey is open for every earthling. However, most of them have never heard about it. They do not have this privileged information. The majority of those who have been informed would not believe or understand it. So they do not know. Out of the two, the latter is the better position for it holds a possibility of

one day, after receiving a keyword, they might give the thought some time and effort."

"Is that it?"

"Well, not really. After the initial steps, they need to allow themselves to connect with Zeta somehow. Multidimensional living is possible for all but visiting me here is only for the selected few."

"Oh, I see," said Mabek proudly.

"Do not be full of yourself!" replied the motion Hades. "Although it is entirely your doing, for nobody forced you to be at the right place at the right time, you are only doing what every earthling is supposed to do. If you remember you went through your battles with Zeta and yourself, above all with your enormous ego. However, do not indulge in imagining a lot about this so-called suffering. It is only life on Earth. Should be a standard for all."

"Sorry sir," said Mabek. "I need to be proud of myself from time to time."

"That's all right. You've earned it. Now you understand that in the interrelations of energies knowing the future would not make any difference to your actions. You always do what you are capable, and you know that the

root of the future is in the present. If you are not conscious of your present you will not have a future for it will not exist. Anyhow without understanding multidimensional living, you will only feel the now."

"Wow, it is very nicely put," announced Mabek. "So how do you do it in the macrocosm? How do you look at your future? How do you count time?"

"In the universe the past and present happen at the same time. Only deeds are important, time isn't. When one needs to act, it is time for it. One must always know when to act and has to consciously observe it. Deliberately train oneself to wait patiently for the time of acting. When it arrives it mustn't be missed. That is how time is accounted for in the universe."

"Are you saying that it is not important to see the future?" asked Mabek.

"Life on Keta is different. It helps to see advantages and disadvantages ahead, so you can change what is changeable. However, it could be dangerous for those who take it for granted. And there are those with multiple codes and narrow minds. For them it is wasted."

"It is interesting what you say. But there are plenty of gullible people who would go to extremes to know the future. I don't mean a good soul reading – it could be quite beneficial – but for example paying a lot of money for their palm-leaf, written by the Gods and kept in Akasha, a village in India, they say. Crazy how ignorant people can be!"

"Lives on palm leaves in India? Wow! That's a good one! I have never heard of it. I think it is a Magyar invention. At least they got the name Akasha right."

"And there are those who make up all kinds of stories about being near to God and as the result they can go to Akasha and look at the Book of Lives."

"Where do they go?"

They do not know, just up there, you know as the Heaven and Hell and all that stuff."

"Oh dear, so much confusion! Well, thoughts have creating power, so they create a place and it looks the way they want. And they see what they want."

"What do you think, why is that?"

"Because they are crazy about information. They call them facts. They believe in them. Information is money, they say. And they make money out of information."

Perfect Ketean marketing. You announce, that the product you have is essential for survival, however, it is very difficult and dangerous to come by, therefore it is costly to obtain. This Akasha business on Earth is similar."

"As I remember, one is not allowed to speak about the files or spread information from there. This is the law of the Universe."

"Now you talk about the star gate called Akasha that is governed and looked after my dear brother, Uriel, the number 5. That place is very majestic. Nobody can enter there without permission from Uriel himself. And then, even then, you need to have the capability to read the files. And you cannot talk about them. But then again, there are always souls who would put themselves above the law."

"You see, they are our enemies," concluded Mabek.

"I honestly don't think so. What they spread is nothing to do with Akasha."

"Yes, only lies. But they talk about being privileged and the source of their information is Akasha."

"So they mislead Earthlings. The funny part of the situation is that Earthlings are free game. They want to

be misled and lied to. Lazy to interrogate and fearful of the result.”

“Do you think that is the reason for the widespread brainwashing on Keta?”

“Yes, they think if they put their heads into the sand they would not see. That is true. However, not seeing is different from not knowing. Brain works separately from the eye.”

“You mean brain alters the picture recorded by the eye,” assessed Mabek.

“Surely. A great example of this theory is just happening. You have this war around the star gate in the region you call the Middle-East. The intruder and occupier killed millions in the process. To justify his action, now he holds accountable certain ex-leaders of the occupied country, for crimes they never committed. Because he is strong and powerful nobody dares questioning his actions and nobody cries for the millions lost. Mind you, the classical example of brainwashing was employed in the proceedings.”

“I take you don’t think that the war was justified.”

“What is justified? Who holds the justice? The momentary truth is always with the strongest for he is

able to force his will on others. He has the means to enforce his power. However, taking lives for personal gain is not part of the Universal Well Doings.”

“It is so confusing! If you are with the weak, you’ll be eaten. If you’re with the strong, you’ll be skinned. I don’t know which one is better.”

“Let us leave it at that and go back to work. If you want to help ask Tati to give you an assignment. If not, then see you at the next moon turn,” said Hades and left the room.

### **33.**

The merkaba of Taringo arrived at the central parking lot of H planet star gate, carrying the two Magi of the Universal Magi Council for their surprised visit and the destination of the long-awaited holiday. There were very happy to arrive after the tiresome work with the clusters. Unfortunately, it wasn’t a success story due to the vast differences in data. The idea was to unite them and form a larger unit so it could live as a new planet. However, they could not find a strong enough core to



pull in and keep the particles at bay. Therefore, with the help of others, they went on equalizing the resonance of the stray rocks, enabling them to create a magnetic centre naturally.

H planet was ready for the Magi, their concern for safety and entertainment were well concealed. Zeta made certain arrangements prior to the visit, such as thorough cleaning, refreshing the flower beds and putting new amusement elements on the top floor. Her staff was trained to keep up the incognito of the mischievous old rascals. Four special guards were appointed to look out for them and send messages of their whereabouts and intentions.

Although the residents of H planet were well accustomed to high ranking and prestigious visitors from all over the Universe, the magnificent looking spaceship caused quite a stir. At the moment of landing a four female membered welcoming party was waiting for the Magi to step out. Security was nearby just in case but their presence was more a formality than actual safeguarding. The star gate had numerous built-in filters to eliminate unwanted entrees. These screens help maintain the special energy within the star gate

and kept the atmosphere of the well-respected hospital and recreation centre intact.

"Greetings gentlemen!" said the girl at the front.

"Welcome to our beautiful place! What brought you here: business or pleasure?"

The two Magi looked at each other.

"A bit of both," replied Taringo.

"Excellent! My name is Keran. I will be your personal assistant while staying with us."

"May I interest you in a two bedroomed penthouse on the top floor?" stepped forward another girl smiling.

"The view is extraordinary, with the whole galaxy at your feet. All the leisure and pleasure activities are there with our world famous cafeteria and also our best restaurant. I am Kirus. I'll take care of your accommodation."

"What do you think my friend?" popped the question Taringo.

"While you are thinking, may I interest you in some of our services," announced the third girl. "I can offer you a thorough general check-up to start with and perhaps a nice relaxing massage?"

"Ladies, I am old and exhausted, haven't been on holiday for many moon turns and I am ready to follow you anywhere now," announced Mekhtani. "I cannot vouch for my friend but I put myself into your beautiful hands."

"Excellent choice," agreed the fourth girl giggling. "I will make up a really good exercise routine for you to start the day. Let's go then!"

Keran made a sudden gesture with her right hand. A light green snake-like mass began to slide towards them and stopped about two steps away. The party ascended and one by one found a comfortable place to sit down. "We are going to take you around H planet as an introductory gesture," announced Keran. "Kirus will offer you a great selection of light food, a good choice of refreshments and other types of drink if required. Gentlemen, enjoy the scenery! And welcome to H Planet!"

"By the way, there are two restrooms in the front," said the third girl. "My name is Leela and I would be happy to show you around. Both equipped with a shower. There is a system we call Marcha that washes and dries

your clothing while you are in the shower," She continued. "It is pretty neat."

"The journey is going to take you a while so it is important that you enjoy yourself," took over Keran.

"For your convenience, the guide will tell you where you are. However, you can switch it off if you wish."

"Very exciting!" exclaimed Mekhtani. "Let us have some good stuff from your extended menu and a glass of good Cava. Medium dry please! Very chilled!"

"You have every earthly goodies here," stated Taringo.

"How do you manage it?"

"Hera likes Keta very much and with Zeta's help they bring in the best of it," announced a deep male voice.

"I am Guide, and I am a radio. I answer your questions about the place. I must add, it is a great pleasure to see you both here. It is a great honour, gentlemen."

"Well, so far we like it here," said Taringo. "Will take a few ideas to make my planet more comfortable. I also need your suppliers. A bubbly is a must in every household. Luckily Zeta likes it and uses cava at rituals quite often when I am invited."

"Sure," said Keran. "I have to ask Zeta though, as a formality but I am certain it will be permitted. I put the list on your desk at sunrise."

"Excellent," interrupted Mekhtani. "I will copy yours."

"I was told, that everything you see here comes from Keta," started Guide. "We have hills, deserts, rivers and seas, all the vegetation and animals needed to take care of the cycle of nature. It is a reminder of a great planet that is being destroyed by its inhabitants. We have a lot of visitors just to enjoy the ambiance. We also have quite a lot of patients from Keta who come here to heal." Guide looked at the Magi. They were chatting quietly, exchanging memories while sipping the glass of icy bubbly. "Gentlemen, with your permission I am will shut myself down now. Enjoy yourselves!"

The Magi continued chatting quietly, laughing and giggling on old memories. Eventually, the drink slowed them down and after the second glass, they were nodding. Leela stepped over and gently reclined their seats and covered them. They only woke up when the vehicle turned on the driveway of the majestic building of the H planet Hospital. The two magi looked at it with awe. The crystal obelisk with the pyramid top contained

99 stories. They entered the building and the girls walked to the lift on the far right.

"This one only stops on the top floor," said Keran. "Many visitors come for the coffee and the cakes. We have the best cake in the Galaxy."

The door closed and they disappeared into the building.

### **34.**

"There is something else I do not understand, sir!" initiated a conversation Mabek.

"Wow, you are a fast learner. Only one?" asked the god smiling.

"I meant in this very moment," added Mabek.

"What is it, son?"

"There is this soul multiplying business. It is hard to imagine that I would suddenly break into five."

Hades could not stop smiling.

"And, and there is this mirroring yourself out, like you, how do you do it?"

"I thought the multiplication procedure was pretty neat. And logical," replied the god.

"It might be logical for you and I am sure it will be for me too when I understand the logic of it."

"Sure. Reasoning works in mysterious ways."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your mind has to be trained to reason and again, you need information on the subject. The more data you have the better your logic will be."

"That's true," added Mabek.

"So, let's see. First of all, you do not have to worry, you are not breaking into five in any given moment," started the lecture Hades.

"Excellent, one worry is over," replied Mabek.

"For you, to totally understand, I need to grab a beginning somewhere. I think I will go back to energies again. As we have already established earlier, everything is energy. Talking about earthlings, they are dense energy masses. Their particles are very close together and as in every case of an energy, there is a core to hold the structure together. However, multiplication cannot happen in human form, for the 3 bodies, although connected, live separate lives."

"I see," claimed Mabek.

"The purpose of the universe is to evolve and through evolution step upon a higher plane. A soul is an organic energy that is also fulfilling this purpose."

"I have so many questions," interrupted Mabek.

"Restrain yourself now."

"But sir, it is so confusing!" cried out Mabek in desperation.

"The constant motion provides the fuel for energies," continued Hades. "Without it the organic energy would change into non-organic form. In one Keta word, it would die. However nothing really dies. An energy never disappears only changes forms. Slowing down or not being able to multiply do not mean dead. This is a big problem on Keta. There are certain unwritten protocols about life and the structure of it. They have clouded the vision of almost everybody, who is intelligent enough to make a difference. As the result scientists stay within their comfort zone while conducting researches, and they often come up with truly non-relevant ideas. As an example: some time back I was on Keta visiting and I came across an article about the water drop. The question was why it stayed together and what made the splashing sound when it



dropped. A scientist, after timely research came up with the idea that there was an air bubble forming around the water. It is true but why did it take such a long time to understand it and why it wasn't logical at the beginning?"

"Now that you mention it! It is quite logical," added Mabek.

"Of course it is! However one needs certain knowledge in relevant fields to arrive there. Chemistry, physics and mathematics are the bases for every kind of research. Apart from that, you need a totally open mind. Even seers cannot see more than what they allow themselves. And boundaries within the thinking sphere ruin everything. Yes, it is a big problem on Keta that could cause the ruin of earthlings."

"Anyhow," continued the god. "Looking at it from the macrocosmic angle nothing is dead really, even plastic! It is only a very badly manipulated organic energy with an extremely dense and interwoven, solid structure to stand the tearing power of time. That is why it cannot recycle itself easily. However, its particles would still be pulled together by the centre of the mass, but would

never be able to multiply or reproduce without the fuel created by movements.”

“Wow! That is something we never think of! Now, as we talk I arrived at the conclusion that earthlings are very ignorant.”

“Yes, they are. It is very interesting to see how they deteriorated over time. But it will be the topic of another conversation,” finished the sentence Hades.

“Good, good, good. I want to learn,” said Mabek eagerly.

“Getting back to the multiplying procedure,” continued Hades. “A soul arrives at the situation when the knowledge it collected becomes unbearable to carry alone. Like the water drop. It fills the bubble until the weight makes it drop and start a new individual life. In this life there are choices to make, tasks to fulfil and as the result the water drop will end up as part of the whole through changing forms on the in the process.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that the drop will be wiped off, in this case it goes back to the water circulation of the household; it could dry off, then becomes the part of the air around,

and so on. Never dies but blends into different chemical substances and slightly altering them.”

“Yes, now it is getting clearer, definitely,” announced Mabek.

“Everything works the same way. The data of an energy mass changes through interrelations.”

“So how does it work with a soul?”

“As we established, Keta is a school. The hardest one of that in the Universe. Therefore whatever happens with the soul, the result will be some kind of enlightenment. Exceptional learning could end in fast multiplying after earthly existence. It depends on the data carried down and the amount added.”

“What is this data you talk about? Zeta mentions it too but I do not fully understand,” interrupted Mabek.

“We call it data because it is the summary of the energy. Just like a chip you use on Earth. However the data of an energy paints the real picture, while the chip is a man-made structure that contains only man-selected particles useless for real living or for the Universe. We also call it knowledge, for it mirrors the evolutionary state of the energy apart from the place of origin, tasks,

contracts, past, present and future; thoughts, deeds, ideas and health issues.”

“Oh yes, that is how we read and heal energies.”

“Yes. That’s right,” nodded the god.

“What happens when a soul multiplies?” continued the questioning Mabek.

“Then it becomes 5 identical organic energy mass with the copied data and all start a new life, carrying the same soul number. Actually, they continue the life that was achieved at the time of multiplying. From that moment on, all five would deposit their acquired information and experience into the central soul bank. For souls, it is the only way to reproduce so to say.”

“What about you? How does the first soul generation multiply?”

“We don’t. We have the possibility of having 7 clones when the task gets a bit heavy or help is needed. Also, we cannot stop learning either.”

“So all seven of you carry the same soul number and contribute to your centre soul bank.”

“Yes, all of us are equal. You can speak to any of us, we have the same knowledge. Apart from the one down

on Keta. Some first generation souls do not know anything about their origin or duty.”

“This is interesting. Let us continue,” urged Mabek.

“No son, it will come at another time. I think you learned something again. Now let’s have lunch!”

“Good idea,” agreed Mabek and they left the room.

## **35.**

Zeta slowly walked towards the pyramid-shaped central building where the emergency meeting of the Alfa & Omega Council was held. There was only one item on the agenda: the deterioration of Keta and to save it from Earthlings.

Earth is a ripe planet, the eldest in Haudi solar system. It had been ushered over from a far galaxy at the time of need in order to offer home for many fascinating types of organic energies. The natural evolutionary development of plants and animals created a harmonious cycle of nature and Keta became a self-sufficient, living organism. However, it could not totally fit in. Earth is denser, therefore heavier, than her

associates and that caused a slowing down in motion. The plan was to open a school where souls in physical body had the opportunity to blend into the cycle of nature there, to sample feelings and go through experiences, hence evolve faster. In the same time this motion would have helped the planet to lighten up and become the harmonious part of Haudi.

The time was marked as the beginning of the 1<sup>st</sup> Sun Age and that of the life of earthlings.

In the beginning all went well. The Knowledge they brought over helped humanity to find a place in the already complete cycle. The first upheaval presented itself in the time of Jupiter when The Great Deluge marked the end of the 1<sup>st</sup> Sun Age. Toreos, it was renamed Atlantis later, was ripped apart forcing its inhabitants to migrate. A group of Magi who still remembered the Knowledge and the purpose of being here left Atlantis and started the journey towards the centre of the dry land, the Plateau of Rossetau in Khem, where the 3 Great Pyramids and The Sphinx were waiting to trigger their memories further. They took the path of the Mediterranean, leaving valuable marks of their journey on both sides of the sea. With the help of

Imhotep – alias the 1<sup>st</sup> generation Mekai, Saqqara was built as the centre of The Knowledge. Imhotep understood that earthlings couldn't afford to lose The Knowledge, consequently, he constructed it into this magnificent piece of architecture. The key to the Universe and The Knowledge is still there in the step pyramid, the columns and the walls.

"It is funny how people do not seem to care about it. They just dig and announce new burial grounds every now and then while feeling very proud of their achievements," mused Zeta. "I think Egypt has never had as many people as seemingly were laid to rest there."

The people of Khem put The Knowledge into practice, for it only became useful through experience. They arrived back to nature's cycle once again. Learned to use the body for healing nature and the Self, communicating with the macrocosm, manipulating energy fields in order to stay within, and arrived at the state of mind we call Happiness.

After a while migration started to populate the land and spread The Knowledge towards the Euphrates, Tigris, Yangtze and Ganges. Over the time The Knowledge was

diluted and distorted there and became the element of power games.

"How people cannot see it!" ran through Zeta's mind.

"Today's so called esoteric teachings are habitually associated with the Far-East only because they are coated to fit the limited understandings of earthlings. They talk about peace and love but the solid caste system is totally against that. They burn their own daughters and eliminate people of different understandings. They rape children and really do not care about nature at all."

"Hi sis!" Uranus interrupted her train of thoughts. "I haven't seen you forever. What's up?"

"Hi, nice to see you!" replied Zeta. "You know, just thinking about this situation."

"Yes, I can see your point. However, it is not that easy I guess. If you do not know what The Knowledge is and you do not know that you not having it, yes, it is difficult," continued Uranus.

"You are right," confirmed Zeta. "How do you explain The Knowledge?"



"It is tricky. If you don't know it, you cannot understand what it is. But if you know it, you do not need an explanation. Yes, the biggest catch on Keta."

"Some of my students are there," added Zeta. "It has taken nearly 20 years of learning though."

"Really? Wow! Congratulations darling! Good work! I thought it was impossible to get there!" said Uranus.

"As everything it is easy if you put your mind to it. You only need to set your mind on one thought: everything and everybody is equal. It doesn't matter who or what you eat, let it be a tale wiggling dog or a carrot. You take a life. Because you are set to eat organic energies. A carrot is not happier to be consumed than a dog. Also superior in intelligence. It understands the cycle of nature."

"Nevertheless vegetation doesn't make comprehensible noise. I mean for earthlings that is."

"Sometimes people come with their precision instrument and catch the crying signals of trees during a mass forest clearance. These energy waves are clearly picked up by trees thousands of miles away. Only earthlings cannot get it," continued Zeta.

"Sure. It is the case of the Wise and the Fool," said Uranus. "The Wise doesn't speak much because he understands that words do not have real meanings. However the Fool is proudly announcing to the world everything runs through his mind. So in the end people would take the Fool's side without giving it a thought because he is loud," put the example forward Uranus.

"Sure. And the Wise cannot even argue his case for it is not understood by the mess, so again, the Fool wins."

"So how is it on Keta? Is it really that bad?"

"Yes," replied Zeta. "It is. The power is in the hand of the ignorant. Since they do not understand nature they destroy it. They destroy everything as the matter of fact. Humanity within."

"Too bad," said Uranus. "It worries me. Pity they don't care. I heard there are all kinds of fast working semi-secret groups there."

"True, true," agreed Zeta. Unfortunately, they are all destroyers. On one hand, they worship the new god called Money but they use ancient rituals to manipulate everything possible."

"What do they want?"

"They want a new world order. They want total power on every organic energy."

"I see. And then, what would happen? When they get there, wouldn't it be the end of humanity?" asked Uranus.

"Yes it would. It would be the end of them too."

"Why do they do it then?"

"Because of, you know, ignorance," added Zeta to the conversation.

"Well, we are here. It was nice chatting with you sis," said Uranus. "See you later!"

"Sure, it was nice. Let us get in now! By the way, what do you think of this beautiful pyramid? I miss the old building," said Zeta and stepped into the big hall where the meeting was about to start. The door automatically closed behind her.

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