

SIBLINGS

And they work together

Zsa Zsa Tudos



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PROLOGUE

The generally acceptable 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 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

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is to create houses for oncoming souls.

The digestive system is the most elaborate chemical plant we know. As every protection, the magnetic field of the planet serves as an obstacle also, and the pure macrocosmic cannot penetrate it. Therefore, earthlings need other resources for 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 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 on pleasing this multifunctional mass of

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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 the time.

“The Light embraces you
unconditionally and
disappears in you if you let
it”

(AKIA-Path-Finder11)

1

THE CENTRAL SOUL NUMBER

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 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 in 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 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 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 what was first, the egg or the hen sounds very silly now. Naturally the egg, for creation can only come from balance, the

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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

MAROUKHA

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. 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 6th star of the constellation's visible part, the Plough - and the Advanced Robot Developing Centre on Alioth - the 5th - 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 grandiose 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. 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 headache to the god and his

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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 12th 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

HADES HELPING

“**T**his 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 of 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 big 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 grinned 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 Ketean. 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?”

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“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

ZOLTAN'S ENCOUNTER

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 of 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 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 to 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. 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 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 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 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

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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 to 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

MABEK IS FROZEN

“**W**ould 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 Ketean 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: h16atakiaphilosophy.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 then 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 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.”

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“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, at 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 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 Keta 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?”

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“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 view point 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 burden 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 achieving it. These unique

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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

ZETA VISITING TOREOS

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

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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 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?”

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“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 to 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.

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“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 into 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 light workers.”

“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 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 frank incense 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

ZETA HEALS LES

Les and his family has 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 faithful husband.

Zeta and Les 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 Les 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 Les.

“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 Les 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 Les.

“The first sign of development should show within two weeks.”

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“All right,” agreed Les. “Now I tell you 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 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.

Les 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 second opinion. Or third, in your case. Somebody independent.”

“We will. Thank you very much.”

“See you guys next week.”

After the last session Les went through quite a lot of abuse from the medical profession. At 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 Les to

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give him some time to look at them a bit longer. When he returned, he looked at Christie and Les 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 Les. 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 Les became students and later light-workers of AKIA.

8

IN HUNATA STAR GATE

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 of a tribal ritual when, before initiation and inauguration all MAN-to-become goes through tests,”

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collected her thoughts Linaha. “And I remember it to be very dangerous!” added with 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 about 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

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good in 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.”

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“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 akiaphilosophy**. 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?”

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“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

“**T**he 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

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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!"

ZSA ZSA TUDOS

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."

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“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?”

Z S A Z S A T U D O S

“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 you 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?”

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“Well, whatever I know I learnt from Zeta.”

“I see. Is she checking upon 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 Magyarorszag. It is widely known as Hungary. Zoom further and we arrive to Budapest, to the 6th 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!”

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“There are 156 star gates 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 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

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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 few programs."

10

HADES' ROBOTS

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

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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 in 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 light workers. 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

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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 light workers 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 learnt all about codes, how to find and read them, how to change them if 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

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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 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 provide 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

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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, that 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 ON THE FUTURE OF MEGHREZ

Zeta walked in and turned to the ceramic clock on the wall. It showed 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

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in the corner of the mouth. “The work has to be continued. I think time has arrived to open a couple of lesser channels to train 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 the 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

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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 currants 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

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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

CONVERSATION ON ENERGIES

“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

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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

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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 other’s 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

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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.

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13

ENTITIES, ROBOTS AND PAST LIVES

“I have a few lines jotted down about our subject today. The suggestions were made yesterday at 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 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.

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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 3rd 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

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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 Les.

“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 3rd 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 vast amount of questions on the road of 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

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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 crossed 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."

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“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 a 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

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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 comic 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 learnt 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

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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 of the important issues of world have not change. 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 the 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

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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, the 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

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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

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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 fairsing 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 nature. 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? World would be very boring and unchanged."

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"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

ARYSTON AND ZEUS

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 on the sky. It feels a

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bit lonely without the round smiling face looking at us from above. On Keta today is 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

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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

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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 to 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

ZETA VISITS MEGHREZ

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 details there was a wafer thin animal skin

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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 4th 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.

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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 belong to a different solar system and follow 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 headache 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

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focus she called her faithful spirit guides. “Now I need all the help I can get,” she thought. A cold shiver run 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 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

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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?” asked the guides 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

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dashboard of merkabas. Each of these switches were 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 want 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 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 MABEK IS DISMISSED

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!”

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“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.”

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“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 to 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.

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

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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 can take you back or get you out of this situation.”

“You are right, of course. I should make my ways 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

WORKING FOR KETA

The Orion star formation is the most prominent on 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

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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 1st Sun Age. Each of these pyramids were 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 earthlings carry 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 every day 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

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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 solution to the ailing situation on Keta.

The belt of the Great Hunter was made up by the 15th, 16th and the 17th 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 28th 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 fall back upon the individual as advancement. This is the Light way of thinking and living. The Dark following would be when the

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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

ZETA AND ANDRAS

The apartment looked nice and tidy. She wanted to accomplish 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 to 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 in 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

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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 to 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 13th 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 have known her since my university time. Actually since the time I arrived to 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

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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!”

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“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. Divorced 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 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

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favor!”

“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.”

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“We can talk about it. I am going to the 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 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

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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 makes 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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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groaning sound put an end to the amazing liaison.

19

MEKHTANI WANTS TO HAVE FUN

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

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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

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windows and doors were placed to fit in and bring the most favourable impact to 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 is 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 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 were covered with sheets of crystal similarly to the original.

In Zeta's hospital the crystal top itself was the top story of the edifice accommodating the cafeteria, restaurant, bath and

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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

LINAHA COOKS

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, all of them equipped with a nametag and code. The colours were selected according to their frequency, gradually reaching the highest bearable.

His walk took him 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

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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”, he pondered.

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 past the kitchen by where herbs grew on the window ledge. However the effect 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

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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. Without looking at Mabek, it continued the seemingly monotonous movement of picking and piling something into an invisible container.

“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?”

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“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 a 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?”

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“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.

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Keta doesn't allow us to feed on the energies coming from the macrocosm."

"Oh, yes! Now I remember!" exclaimed Linaha.
"That is why you need the body!"

"Yes, for that, and to produce small physical bodies", added Mabek with a pleasure in his eyes.

21

GABI AND ESZTER

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,

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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."

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“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.

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“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

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the conversation.

They returned to the enjoyment of the outing.

A month later they learnt that with the help of her little sister, Eszter received her diploma.

22

MABEK'S LESSON

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 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.

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“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 a 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.”

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“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.”

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"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 to 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

MABERK NEEDS A WOMAN

“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.”

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“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

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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 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

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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

THE TRUTH ABOUT ANDRAS

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“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 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?”

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“The law is with her.”

“What law?”

“The 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 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

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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

CONVERSATION ON EARTHLY EXISTENCE

“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 I 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

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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 responsibilities 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 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.

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“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

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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 wonder 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.”

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“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

ZETA IN THE NEWSROOM

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 on 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 29½ 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

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Kronos's soul. He is the 8th 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 event and the News Receiving Station of Camorana. These channels are built by entities to provide 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 to 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 forced to enter one by one and their data was read by invisible sensors built into

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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 1st 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 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 were 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 here hand the message was sent.

Her Shamanic robe of gave her good protection and invisibility for most creatures, nevertheless easing up was out of question. Spies were everywhere now, aiming on 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 to the seventh pathway when the message came through from Kronos. "Meet you in Seventh." "Well I can

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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 to 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 news room. 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

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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 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 soul 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,

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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

MEKHTANI AND TARINGO

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 7th was the end of the princess' 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.

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However it is not a matter of consideration but connection.

Taringo was the 7th 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 4th Magus.

“Yes we do have everything we need for the operation,” answered the 7th 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!?”

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“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 4th 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 5th 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 anything I have seen before! Wow! I hope it is not overly difficult to drive.”

“Greetings great Magi,” bowed Ishigo in front of them.

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“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 spacecraft 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.”

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“That’s all right. I asked Zeta to help in. 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 on the fruits and vegetables Ishigo left for them, accompanied with sweet memories and a lot of laughter.

28

ZETA FIGURES OUT

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

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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 $\frac{1}{4}$ 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

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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 specifically requested it. 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

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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! The Haya Sophia! 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 than 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”

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“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 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 site 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?”

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“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 5th Sun Age, on Earth that is,” started the brainstorming Zeta. “Therefore we need to look at the changes arrived with the end of the 5th 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

ZETA VISITS ZOLI

“**T**oday is the big day! We are going to talk about sex with Hades!” exclaimed Mabek excited! “Only talk with him of course! 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 real 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 appears even. There is no sign of a step. Than what is there? And what if I approach the sign from

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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.

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“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

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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."

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“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 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

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you are working your but 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 the 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 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 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

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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 wants 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.

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“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. Lucky I had good salary in the army because I left good half of it with here. On 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. Few minutes later the gate opened and closed behind him.

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30

COSMIC INFLUENCES

Nearing the end of the 5th Sun Age on the 28th of December 2012 all eyes in Kabutoreos galaxy was 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 prophesies came to light predicting the end to the world. From the Keta 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.

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These lost particles were scattered in the galaxy, trying to make some sense of the happenings and looking for a place to hook into. 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 4th Magus took on the work with the help of his great friend Taringo, the 7th magus. Zeta, a first generation soul living on Earth, looks after the earthly aspect of the operation and communicates with the underground civilisations. Her highly trained students do the healing and the channeling work between the two cosms.

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HADES AND MABEK TALK SEX

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 to 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.”

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“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 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 the 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 on 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.

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“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?”

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“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 learnt yet. So, do you understand sex yet?”

“I am far away from understanding it but I have 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.

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THE TOOLS OF HUMANITY

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“I am certain 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

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has 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 key word, 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 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

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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 happens 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 kind of stories about being near to God and as the result they can go to

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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

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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. The 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 dears 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

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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 MAGI ARRIVE AT H PLANET

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

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waited 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 in 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 numbers of 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.

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“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 begin to slide towards them and stopped about two steps away. The party ascended and one by one found a comfortable place to sit down.

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“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 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 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

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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 turn into 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 in the building.

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34

THE PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSE

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“**T**here 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 have 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

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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

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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 bases to 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 to the conclusion that earthlings are very ignorant."

"Yes, they are. It is very interesting to see how they deteriorated over the 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 to the situation when the knowledge

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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

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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 your learnt something again. Now let’s have lunch!”

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“Good idea,” agreed Mabek and they left the room.

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DISCUSSION ON KETA

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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 type 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 1st Sun Age and that of the life of earthlings.

At 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 1st 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

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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 1st 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 to 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 have 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. Learnt to use the body for healing nature and the Self, communicating with the macrocosm, manipulating energy fields in order to stay within, and arrived to 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

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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 understanding. 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 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

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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 mile 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 at 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.”

“To bad,” said Uranus. “It worries me. Pity they don’t care. I heard there are all kind 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.”

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“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 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.

THE STORY CONTINUES...

A b o u t t h e A u t h o r

Zsa Zsa Tudos is an esoteric knowledge expert, bestselling author, international speaker, TV-show host, educator and philosopher.

She is the founder of AKIA philosophy, the registered trademark of her teachings.

Zsa Zsa creates digital Premium Courses on life's most important aspects, such as human interactions, family interrelations, conscious romantic togetherness, finding the

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path, understanding the self, the mystical tools of earthlings and the matrix of the universe. Her live lectures dig deep in human existence.

She is the founder and co-host of the AS ABOVE SO BELOW live debate show that airs weekly.

www.zsazsatudos.com

A c k n o w l e d g m e n t s

First and utmost, I'd like to thank my devoted students for helping me to chisel my theories and put them into practice. Also, for teaching me the shortcomings of the mind, the cradle of fear, attachments and behaviour patterns of earthlings. Without them I would be lost in the jungle of hopes and illusions, where many of the educators on the spiritual and esoteric field choose to hide.

I also am grateful for life in every form presented to me. It is an amazing journey with all the fascinating earthlings handling their challenges, making their choices, laughing and crying on the edge of learning that happiness is a philosophy and not a momentary joy, while awakening to the fact that we are all equal and interrelated.

AKIA philosophy

AKIA philosophy is the intellectual property of Zsa Zsa Tudos.
AKIA is an acronym of ATIRU KETA INTAARA AMANGO, loosely translated Earth's consciousness in Atlantis.

AKIA philosophy is the study of the unseen soul and cosmic knowledge. It is the philosophy that sets you free. The essence of AKIA is to recognise and remove the man-made gap-fillers from everything that is touched by humanity thus to allow the perfect flow of energies between events, thoughts and deeds.

According to **AKIA Philosophy®** everything and everybody is energy in the sense of physics. These energies are either organic - meaning living - or non-organic - meaning not capable of multiplying or any other form of reproduction. These energies have every feature of the energy known in physics. They have speed, frequency, sound, smell, taste, consistency, colour and polarity. All these energies exist in

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interrelation that produces the motion of life.

The spirituality of mankind started to vanish as The Knowledge was fading. By ignoring the interrelation of energies earthlings were faced with a mass of new and frustratingly unsolvable questions that made life insecure and doubtful. The mad search for answers was launched. According to **AKIA** one cannot and need not understand everything. That is the profound understanding of this philosophy.

Through the milestones, **AKIA** proves, that one is the whole and the whole is the one, meaning that everything leads back to one source, the Creator Force, the First Knowledge that was able to multiply by division. Following this sense, a soul is a knowledge that is able to multiply by division.

AKIA says that one can only understand oneself through the Universe. Also says that everything is always in motion and constantly changing. This interrelation of energies warns us that we are responsible not only for ourselves, but everybody and everything for everybody and everything affects us, our state of mind, our way of thinking, health and behaviour pattern.

AKIA is the registered trademark of her teachings.

Zsa Zsa Tudos has created numerous evergreen digital courses, covering the most important aspects of life.

All her teachings have pure foundations and look upon the world from the metaphysical point of view. She understands that the surface doesn't need justification only

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the root to be discovered and strengthened.

She believes that every human being carries the Knowledge of the universe. However, keywords are needed to open the folders in the subconscious and let new information out.

Apart from the digital downloadables Zsa Zsa teaches 4-5 live-lecture courses, each starting after a relevant summit she organises.

Works of the author

ZSA ZSA TUDOS
5 SECRETS OF THE MATRIX
True Core of Self-Development

THE 4TH WAY
Teaching the Gnostic Wisdom of AKIA
Philosophy

HEAVENLY NOURISHMENT
Conscious Eating in 7 Steps

CONSCIOUS TOGETHERNESS
A Love Affair

DANCING WITH THE DESERTWOLF
Life My Eternal Love

EMOTION THE MACHINERY OF LIFE
The Missing Factors of Happy Relationships

THE FIVE MINUTES MAN AND THE GIRL WHO
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