

Divine Tales of Slavic Lands

**Written down by
Anna Zubkova, M.A.**

**Edited and translated from Russian by
Dr.Vladimir Antonov.**

**Corrector of English translation
Keenan Murphy.**

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**Now the ancient tales are told, returning the
Wisdom of the Origins to the Earth!**

**Listen to the truth about the real existence!
Heed the knowledge about God!**

**By golden streams of love
Will flow the magic words,
Events from celestial distance
Will come here for you!**

**The sun will smile to everyone
With its living golden smile!
And the fascinating calm light
Will embrace you tenderly!**

**A song like a sonorous stream
Will flow over the kind land!
And love will awaken the soul
By the shining of its rays!**

**Joy will sparkle in spiritual hearts!
Goodness will become the law!...
What must we do for it
To be real in our being?**

*Lada,
October 2009*

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Foreword

On the lands that were inhabited by peoples who are now referred to as Slavic, there was a special culture with a tradition of disseminating knowledge via tales. These were not lessons to be learned, but rather stories, in which there was information about rectitude and about the history of the Earth, about methods of the development of souls, and about God-the-Creator.

These tales were different. And they were retold differently — depending on the audience. On long winter evenings, they could be told to grandchildren by grandfathers or grandmothers. Or, when in villages, Magi would slowly tell stories about why and how people live, how to avoid illnesses and adversities, how to learn to live a happy and joyful life, and how to behave if difficulties and troubles occur. A lot of knowledge was described in those magical fairy tales! And those magical stories became reminders of how God commanded people to live on the Earth.

Those tales taught people to truly think, feel, and act. And it was not tedious! Both children and adults wanted to follow those examples of beauty and righteousness! Or, sometimes, one was ashamed to hear hints in those tales about one's own vices. And then people, who had been quarrelling with one another, would begin to seek reconciliation

among themselves. And they would look for how to rectify their misdeeds.

These tales no longer sound the same as they once did, because people have changed and the device of human life has also changed.

But Every One of Us Who will speak, will try to revive the most important things — to make this spiritual textbook narrative interesting, and memorable for a long time by every soul.

Now slowly, One after the Other, the Divine Teachers will tell tales. So — listen!

Lada

Tale about the Girl with Golden Braids

It happened a long time ago... In those days, people in Russia lived in little settlements containing just a few families each. They lived peacefully, quietly, and happily. Their life was one of love and harmony.

In one of those settlements, a girl was born. She was growing up, and year-by-year she was becoming more and more beautiful. Everyone was amazed by her beauty! And she was making her mom and dad happy!

While she was little, the world around her was little too. Her world was just her parents' house and garden, a clear river, a lake, a field nearby where wheat grew, and a faraway forest, where people went to pick mushrooms and berries.

And as she grew older, she became even more beautiful.

She was so friendly that people called her *Lada*, which in Russian means *harmonious*.

Everything was good in her! She was very kind and gentle, with perfect posture. And her smile was like a warm sunrise in the morning. Her eyes were so blue, that when people looked into them, they felt as if they immersed into a blue sky!

Her golden hair amazed everyone: very rich and bright. When she braided her hair, the rows became like ripe ears of corn — so fresh and bright! But when she loosened her braids, a golden shaft of light as if appeared on her shoulders that went from the top of her head to her feet; shining everywhere and on everything — like a glimmering golden waterfall!

But the greatest secret of her beauty, which was not apparent to everyone, was her loving heart and her caresses to everyone! It was as if golden sunlight was emanating from her spiritual heart — to every man, to every tree, to the flowers, to the grass, and to every living creature.

All living creatures were attracted to her and gravitated towards her by her warmth and caress. They all began feeling uplifted next to her! They all forgot about sadness and started being more kind and full of loving care!

The only thing that was missing... was that she did not have an intended husband...

* * *

One day, it so happened that their land was invaded by a foreign tribe. They came on fast horses...

This tribe had killed some people and took some others with them to be slaves in their own land...

These warriors also attacked the little village where Lada was living...

One of the outlanders grabbed the girl, threw her on the horse and galloped away faster than wind in a field...

He returned to their large tents and campfires. When the headman of the tribe saw the beautiful girl with golden braids, he yelled at the warriors and took her away. He decided to put her with the other captured people. He ordered the others to guard the girl: this beauty was definitely not for an ordinary warrior; he wanted to take her to the khan — to be one of the khan's concubines, and, for doing that, he supposed that he would get great reward and glory...

* * *

In sorrow, time goes by so slowly... But every sorrow has an end...

The warriors had gathered together the enslaved people from different lands and brought them into their country — a country filled with the heat of the day's sun and the gloomy darkness of nights, with its strange foreign rules and culture...

Each day, the warriors fed their captives just once.

One time, the girl with the golden braids saw an old man among the prisoners. She noticed that the old man was never given food. The warriors did not want to waste food on him, because they thought that the old man, in any case, was going to die shortly...

After she saw that, she approached the old man with a bow and gave him her day's portion:

"You should eat, grandfather!"

The old man took the food; he divided it in half, for himself and for her. Then he said:

"You have a kind heart, beautiful girl! But from all your sadness and sorrow, your inner glow is not as bright as it was before!"

"How can I not be sad, grandfather? Being captured against my will, I miss my homeland; I miss my mother and my father! I would run away like a wild deer, I would fly away like a gentle swan!..."

"Not everything, which seems like trouble to you, is actually so. From this trouble, good can come to you and to other people too!"

"How is it not trouble, if I have been captured against my will, far away from home, and they want to sell me into the khan's concubines?"

"You are thinking, Lada, that you have a bad fate, but, instead, it might be a wonderful blessing! Also, if you travel more, your fate might bring a path of love to other nations in other countries."

"How do you know my name, grandfather? How can you see past and future? Is it possible?"

"It's possible. I can see the past and future. Because the past is just a slight influence on the future! I know, too, how to make the future wonderful! I know the ways to make it be!"

"Teach me, grandfather!"

"Wizards and Magi roam different lands. And when they find a pure bright soul, they teach him or her all the great Knowledge in the world, so that such souls, too, can light up the Earth with their pure love"

and teach other souls about wisdom, pure love, kindness, and care for everything living on the Earth.

“Look: among all these distresses and evil captivity — we have found each other!... Here, the Great Wisdom has become apparent!

“Listen: everything that happens to a person, even something bad, — has been conceived by the Creator in favor of this human soul and the entire universe!”

“If you are a real magician and Magus, if you truly know and can do all that you say, grandfather, — why can’t you run away from here, why do you not free us all?”

“Freedom, Lada, consists not only in going wherever you want, or eating and relaxing whenever you wish!

“My freedom, my girl, is that I live, being connected with the whole world by my love!

“No one and nothing can stop me from loving!

“And no one can force me to do something that is not love!

“Because my love has the Power of God: it is — the Flow of God!

“Yes, I can, in no time, be in any place that I want. But I choose to be here to teach you my secrets. Because you really can learn them! And — through this — many people in the world will be helped by you! Because you will meet, cognize, and discover the Greatest Love, Whose name is God!

“People from different nations speaking in different languages — call God by different names, and it may seem that every nation has its own God. But it is not so! You hear here — among captives — speech in different languages, and if each one were to speak

about the same thing — the meaning, nevertheless, would be one. That's how One God, the Creator, is named in many ways by people of different nationalities.

“Listen always to the essence, catch on to the meaning which is embedded in the statements — and you will learn the language of any people much faster than if you were to learn only words!

“There are among a lot of people, prophets-sages, who felt by themselves-souls the One Universal Origin. Each one of them declared for their people the messages from God and His laws of life for people. Those great Souls — after the death of their bodies — now stay in the Mergence with the One Universal God. They continue to help people, directing and correcting their fates. And many people call them now also as Gods...”

“Tell me, grandfather, why is there so much evil around? Why do so many tears pour? Why is there so much grief and pain? And why do so many violent people triumph?”

“Evil is not a hindrance for good! Evil only strengthens good, making it wiser and stronger! One, who knows God, has the power and the wisdom to resist evil!

“You need to know more about calm and patience. When it seems that evil governs events in your life — remember about the Power and Wisdom of Universal God! And bear the patience, which allows one to save power and wait for the time when one can overcome evil with good!

“Do not worry much, seeing evil! It is — like arable land: when looking at the dark clods of earth in the spring, it is only a wise plowman who can see

ahead the gold of eared fields! You need to invest a lot of work and patience — to cultivate on a soil of life the fine shoots from good seeds and to get at last the good harvest!”

* * *

And the Magus began to teach the girl with golden braids every day:

“First, I’ll tell you, Lada, — how human happiness is built. It comes not from the outside — but from the inside!

“Love lives in your spiritual heart! Its light is like a ray of sunlight, which can transform everything around!

“Recall the beautiful sunrise — and feel in your heart, too, the sun! If you look forward from your sunny spiritual heart — you will feel your own ray of light. And then look backwards to the most subtle *depths* — and you will see there the Great Light of the Living Immense Power! This Light is called God!”

... Lada learned to feel this ray like a ray of the sun, warming others by love.

“Now, because you have learned to beam with the light from your good heart — let this light flow even through your hands and through your eyes! And let even your thoughts be lighted with it!

“And if you ever see that this light of yours has become weak, then immerse yourself-soul in the *depth* of the subtlest Light of the Primordial, from Whom all rays emanate — and fill yourself with the Love and Calm of God!

“Strive to cognize how infinitely huge that Primordial Light is! Learn to listen to how this Great

Light sounds, learn to understand what this Great Light wants from you...

“In the human body of each person, there are certain special places, through which the Great Light can flow. It is — like a flute on which shepherds play. Breath pours through the various holes in a pipe — and the music comes.

“In a human body, there are secret channels, cavities, and windows. When the Great Light flows through them — amazing music pours out! With this music, a song can be born! Or you can dance to it! And a lot of people will be able to feel this heart music! Through this — they will see the Light of God, and will feel the Love of God!

“Try to dance and sing like this Light sounds!”

... Lada tried — and the amazing beauty of the song came to life, everyone around admired, and even the guards forgot about everything. Lada danced — and all sorrows were forgotten! It was as if the rays of sun touched all the living — and everything around began to blossom, having been filled with joy and bliss! The River of Light, flowing with the singing streams, flowed over the land, embracing all beings and caressing everything with its gentle touches! The sound of Lada’s voice was connected with the Wisdom of God!

The Magus praised Lada and said:

“We will be separated shortly. But you will always hear wise advice in the Great Light: God’s help will be always with you!

“Now I’ll go to where you cannot follow me right now. But I will always be among Those, Who will be helping you!

“You have learned, listening by the spiritual heart, to understand the thoughts of God! And you will understand the words of all men in any language. And you will be able to speak every language. God will lead you. And you will sing to people His heart songs!”

*** * ***

And, in fact, the prisoners were separated.

They were brought to the slave market and were sold: the women separately, and the men separately. Like well-crafted products, fabrics or jewelry — people were exposed for sale...

And word about the amazing captive reached khan’s palace.

And a servant told the khan, the ruler of that country, about the golden-braided girl:

“Our lord, we have seen in the market the slave. She is so beautiful, like the morning sun! Her hair is like gold! It is said that she sings songs, tells tales, and dances — and that she has no equal on the whole Earth!”

The khan desired to seize the girl with golden braids. He paid for her with more gold than anyone had ever given before for a slave...

*** * ***

They brought the new slave-girl to the khan. And the truth was that she really was good: her hair was like pure gold, and her eyes were as azure as the sky!

The khan said to her:

“Show me how you can dance! Sing me your songs!

“I am now — your only lord! If you will serve me well — then you will know no lack: the best adornments and silk dresses — you will have them all!”

The khan was accustomed to speaking to people in such a manner. And she answered him in his language:

“I do not want golden ornaments, or silk dresses! Let me go, khan, home to my land!”

And she sang a song so beautifully that the khan listened spellbound and even tears in his eyes welled up!

He saw everything that Lada was singing about: spacious fields golden from the mature ears of corn, centuries old forests full of silence, calm and vast rivers, continuously carrying their water.

The lyrics of the song swept over like white-winged swans, flying over the expanse. And those words expressed the joy, love, and amazing freedom, where a soul can live freely and happily!

But instead of letting her go, the khan said:

“I will never let you go! You’re as beautiful as the morning sun! Your voice is like a golden river, it excites me more than wine! You will be mine!”

The khan entreated Lada — for her to love him. He presented expensive gifts: rings, bracelets, clothes, and incenses.

But she — spoke only about the freedom:

“A bird, born free, does not sing in a cage, even if the cage is made of gold! A bird, accustomed to freedom, — must spread its wings in the sky!

**“And the heart cannot be ordered to fall in love!
Let me go! When you want to use power to be loved
— you kill love! Love can only be free!”**

**“But I bought you! You belong to me! And I will
conquer you!”**

**“That is your evil will — that you allow yourself
to hold me as a captive! Renounce evil in yourself —
and only then will you cognize true love!”**

**“But I’m rich! There are a lot of gold and jewels
in my treasury! And many lands are subjected to me!
A lot of people obey me! And all this belongs to me
from my birth, on the right of my inheritance! My
people are predestined to work to increase my
wealth!”**

**“No! It is not that people are destined to raise
your earthly riches! Man is appointed to something
else! It is beautiful and perfect!**

**“Upon being born, every man is given quite a
different legacy! Each person has been given great
gifts from God: as a soul, man can become similar to
the Creator! And then — become One with Him!**

**“If you believe that wealth and the people be-
long to you — you are a bad ruler! Because every-
thing belongs only to the Creator!**

**“And if — by birth — you are standing at the
head of the country and people, then you must do
much good for them! A righteous ruler — belongs to
his people! He works to benefit — his country and his
people!”**

*** * ***

**... Time went on.
Once, Lada asked the khan:**

“You said that you will fulfill any of my desires. Fulfill one of my requests!”

“It will be executed, unless the request is to let you go home,” — the khan replied.

“Let me dance and sing once a week for all the people at the square.”

The khan agreed to fulfill the request of Lada, but with the condition that she be dressed for the local custom: so that no one sees her beautiful face and hair, so that her beauty belongs to only him alone. And she should always be accompanied by armed guards: so that she not be abducted. And she must promise that she will not run away.

Lada gave such a promise.

... There was in that town a special place — the town square. On it, there was a pure water source fenced in marble. And beautiful trees were growing all around.

That source belonged to all. Both the khan, and a simple traveler, and any resident — could drink clean water from the source. Kind hands in old days had made bowls of stone for the water, and planted the trees. And in the distance, there were flowing ponds, to which animals came to quench their thirst. There were also ponds for human bathing.

A lot of people always gathered there. Both travelers from distant countries, as well as the most different sorts of people — all came to drink the water, to sit in the shade of the trees, and to listen to the babbling stream and the rustle of leaves... Often there were fakirs and roving performers, musicians, and preachers.

Lada came once a week to sing and dance for the people there. Her love — filled all the space

around! And the words of her songs were kind and wise — about how evil may be eliminated, how to multiply goodness, how the light of a soul should be open, and about how the Creator's intentions for man on the Earth can be realized.

And everyone who heard — received the wise advice in her songs: the advice that he or she needed right then.

And the rumor of Lada went throughout the district. From distant places — people began to come to listen to her wonderful songs. Because she placed in her songs the wisdom of the Magus. And also — because she heard herself the wisdom in the sounds of the Singing Great Light.

People said that even the water-source has become healing — because of her songs! And many were healed of their ailments!

Or, perhaps, it was her songs that had transformed and healed those souls? Because everyone heard in them God's Commandment of love and kindness. And those, who implemented it in their lives, — cleansed and transformed themselves. And, therefore, diseases and troubles left their lives.

Lada came to the source each week and exclaimed:

“Let the Love of God flow — like the sunlight!

“Let It flow — like clean water!

“If we simply open ourselves up to this Great Light of God — then He will flow through our bodies as a pure, transparent-golden and healing Stream! Invite Him into ourselves-souls and into every corner of our bodies!

“This Living Divine Light will heal and cleanse both bodies and souls — if we are worthy to merge by souls with this Divine Love!”

And she began to dance. Everything around plunged into the Streams of the Living, All-Washing, Cleansing, Healing Light!

Then she sang of heart love for all beings — and in many souls, listening to her, love was ignited, which wanted to be given away to each creature on the Earth!

... When people left the square, Lada’s songs continued to sound in them and teach them kindness and love — in words, in actions, and in thoughts. It was as if she prompted souls to a new way of life: to respect for each other’s life, and to master caress, calm, goodness, and giving light to all others who live around.

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The khan wanted Lada’s love more and more...

And he called together all the soothsayers, diviners, and healers — to ask for their advice or methods on how to win her love?

And they began giving him different offers. Some — offered to give her beautiful ornaments. Others — offered to bewitch her or to use potions. Others — invented crafty tricks...

But all this bad advice did not help the khan to win the love of Lada.

But those of the guests, who were wise — they talked with Lada and multiplied thus their wisdom.

Lada said to the khan:

“See: you bring to me potions — and I see that you do not love me, but only want to own me!

“You give me gems — and I see the slaves who extracted them in hard labor in the underground mines!

“You give me gold jewelry — and I see soldiers killed and maimed in battles, where wealth was obtained, I hear the groans of the victims who were robbed and humiliated, I see their tears!

“You treat me with delicious meals — and I see hungry children in poor homes of your kingdom!

“Not glad am I for your gifts! I do not want to accept them!”

... Then the khan — to win the love of Lada — began... do a lot for the good of his subjects.

Listening to her songs on wise rulers, he, too, tried to do so — in order to please her...

He was doing more and more good, but still did he not agree to let her go free...

*** * ***

Once, when Lada was dancing and singing near the source, a young man happened to be among the travelers. He was a dervish from the Brotherhood of Pure Souls. He went around the world preaching the good, and was looking for a spiritual connection with the Divine Sun, which shines from the most subtle *depths*, giving life to all beings.

He saw the Great Light, Which was merged with Lada when she danced, saw the Great Sun he was looking for: It shone so brightly in her and sent streams and beams when she sang!

He pulled out his sitar — and played in tune with her singing and dancing... The two souls began to sound in such harmony that all around stood still, listening to the sounds of the Divine...

Lada threw the veil off — and light streamed down with her golden hair, her eyes shined with clear light!

And when Lada finished singing, the young man approached her with a bow and said:

“Come with me, wonderful! The whole world needs to hear your songs! Because the Comprehensive Love lives in you! And souls hear — through you — the Voice of God!”

Lada answered him:

“Oh you with eyes like the night sky, in which shines the light of all the stars! I would like to go with you over all the land! But I am a slave of the khan and am not free to leave. These are — the guards who watch me. And even if I run away — then they will be killed for they did not deter me. And other soldiers will be looking for me night and day... Find a means to set me free!”

* * *

Then the young man went to the khan among the healers and diviners, who tried to help the khan win the love of Lada.

The khan called upon the young man, by the name of Hazrat, and asked:

“You are young. Do you know the love yourself — to teach others how to win the love of a beautiful maiden?”

“Yes, I am young,” — said Hazrat. — “But I’ve spent my life in the understanding of the nature of love. And I have cognized its great secret. That’s what I wanted to tell you.”

“I tested all the remedies that I was offered, but they did not help me. I am sick! I have become the prisoner of my passion! I have become a prisoner of my own... a slave — and I cannot get rid of these shackles! Even if I kill her — I will not be free from this captivity, because I did not get the desired reciprocity... Or even if I kill myself — that passion will follow me into another world... And what is this mystery that will deliver me from this torment?!”

“The mystery is very easy!” — Hazrat answered. — “When a man really loves, he does not want anything for himself, but he does good to the one whom he loves. That is the great mystery of love, which distinguishes it from evil passions and desires!

“Miserable are those who crave a strange love!

“Happy are those who bestow love!

“Let Lada go, if you really love her — not for yourself, but for her sake!”

“You yourself love Lada and want by deception to lead her away!

“Well, give me the promise that you will pay me a ransom: I will let her go, but you will be killed! And she will not even know that you bought her freedom at the cost of your life! Do you agree?”

“I agree,” — Hazrat said. — “But first, I have to teach you a secret, revealing the heart love...”

* * *

And Hazrat taught the khan how to clean and then grow the spiritual heart — and then how to send love out of it to all over the world, to everything living on the Earth!

The khan listened to Hazrat, because Lada in her songs was singing about the same thing, but he did not want to heed this advice from her.

And the more love flared up in the heart of the khan — the easier it became to him. It was as if his severity had fallen off, which was chilling him for so long by gnawing passion!

And he realized that he was freed from his shackles. Calm and gentle love filled his heart.

Then khan realized the laws of love — and a great happiness came over him! That, about which he heard from Lada, he was now cognizing through his own experience! He felt great joy!

He called Lada and said:

“You are free! You can leave alone or with this young man — and sing your songs of love to all over the world!”

Lada thanked the khan and said:

“I see that you are now able to give away — without taking for yourself and usurping!

“Be happy, khan! For now, you will become a great leader! Because you have cognized the happiness of giving freedom and happiness to others! You are now able to govern your country wisely!”

Hazrat also thanked the khan.

The khan dismissed them both.

Lada sang a farewell song to the khan, filling him with love and gratitude.

And the khan, listening, was surprised and studied a happiness in himself: yes, how beautiful it was — to give happiness to others!

All the courtiers were perplexed by the deed of the khan and thought that the young man had bewitched him with his magic.

And the khan watched them go and was smiling happily...

Suddenly, he felt a gentle touch of another soul. But — only Lada was able to send love at a distance by her spiritual light!

It turned out, one of his slaves quietly approached. She began to sing a song about her love for him.

“You sing as only Lada could sing! How is this possible?”

“I have loved you from first sight, oh mighty one! I asked Lada — and she taught me how to sing so that love in the song could sound so much... She knew about my love for you...”

“Sing more,” — the khan asked her.

She began to sing — and the response of love began to burn in the heart of the khan...

Soon this former slave became the wife of the khan.

And much changed in the life of the country for a long time.

* * *

... Hazrat and Lada walked the land...

They went — and sang songs about life and love, awakening and transforming souls.

They visited the place where Hazrat was born. And people told him there:

“You cannot marry a woman from another nation, from another religion...”

Hazrat and Lada explained to them that their faiths are not different, that there is one God who created both the sun, and the stars, and the Earth, and everything that lives on it...

People listened to them and wondered...

Then they went to those lands, where Lada had lived before. And people said there:

“How can you love a young man with a swarthy face?! And recall: people of his tribe attacked our land!...”

Lada answered them:

“Each man is not responsible for the actions of other people!

“And there is one God-the-Father, the Creator, — both for those who have dark skin, and for those who have light skin!

“And for his or her actions — it is namely the individual who is responsible before God!

“And realize that, in fact, there will be no enmity between people, if all people will comply with the laws of the Creator!”

... They were walking the land and singing beautiful songs.

And in many nations people long afterwards remembered those songs and sang them. Souls — learned to love!...

... They found a place where they built a home and planted a garden.

Then kids were born from them. Some of them had dark skin and golden curls. Others — light skin

and dark hair. But all the souls were beautiful and full of light and love!

... A rumor was spreading — and people came to learn from Hazrat and Lada. And there were no boundaries for love and kindness between people in those lands! People began to live by the Words of God, every soul now felt the Living God — the Single Creator and Father for all people!

Tale of Ivan's Wanderings in an Unknown Country

It all happened a long time ago... But, for some reason, people still have not changed so much since then...

... Once upon a time, there was a man named Ivan. He had two parents: a father and a mother. And he knew God-the-Father. He also loved and honored Mother Earth.

One day, these events happened to him... And what is true in it and what is a tale — it is for you to decide yourself...

* * *

Once, Ivan went on a summer morning stroll in the forest: both to merge with the beauty of nature, and to communicate with God. And he took a basket to collect forest berries.

He had come in the forest to a large bright pine. It was one of those trees, which are called *trees of power*. Such trees create energy fields around themselves, purifying the human body and soul — of

those people who live righteously and are therefore able to perceive the Holy Spirits, by attuning with the Divine, Which manifests Itself in the Creation.

Ivan leaned on the trunk of the pine — to be saturated with the Holy Subtlety and Purity.

And suddenly he saw a Divine Soul — a beautiful Woman, consisting of the Divine Light and coming from God-the-Father.

And She said:

“Ivan! It is time for you — to also begin helping other people, like how you previously helped those who live in your village! Do you agree?”

“Yes.”

The Divine Woman hugged Ivan — and dissolved him in Herself. And She then carried him to another land.

* * *

Ivan woke up in another country under another *tree of power*. His basket was lying next to him. Ivan got up and picked up the basket. He looked around, surprised — and went to survey this country, unknown to him, where he found himself.

He had been walking for a very long time, and he wanted to eat.

He saw some apple trees growing, which were bent down by the weight of the ripe fruits. He came up to the apple tree, and plucked an apple. But he had not taken more than a bite — when here came a man running with a shovel, looking as if he was wanting to kill him. He screamed:

“Why do you steal my apples?!”

“I’m sorry, my good man, I did not know that this is your apple! I thought that it belonged to the apple tree, and that the apple tree wanted to please the weary traveler with its apple!”

“Do you think you’re some kind of wise guy? Where in the world did you come from? What? Did you fall from the sky? Where have you seen that apples are free to all passerby?! Once you steal an apple — you should pay it back by working! Come work for me as a farmhand! If not, I’ll send you to the court of the king!”

“Well then, I will work it off!”

“That’s better!”

Ivan began to work. He performed any task with great skill! Everything in his hands was as if dancing! In the garden, he would work — and all fruits would become ripe! In the vegetable garden, he would work — and everything would grow and mature there too!

The children of that man — loved Ivan: they asked him about everything, and he — not only just gave them the answers, but he also taught them to be smart, and told them about love-kindness, and showed them good examples.

“If I have been sent here,” — Ivan thought — “this means that God-the-Father wanted it to be so! I will cure people from greed! I will teach children kindness! And then, perhaps, I will know what to do next: maybe I will find a way to return to my home...”

But that man was cunning, he saw how valuable his employee was! He did not pay him money. But Ivan — did not ask for anything. All he needed was a pot of milk and a piece of bread — and, in this way, he was well fed.

The man thought and wondered: “He does not work for his own interest... It’s as if — he’s a fool! But wherein lies his strength? I do not understand!”

And Ivan said to him words of wisdom and goodness:

“Compassion — is not nonsense!

“Trickery — is not wisdom!

“Simplicity — is not poverty!

“Greed — is not wealth!

“You are here — and what do you live for?

“Worldly riches — cannot be taken with you into other worlds!

“What good of yours will be remembered on the Earth? What good of yours will people remember?

“From such a life, what will you obtain — that will not be taken away from you by the death of your body?

“What will you tell God-the-Father about the life you have lived?”

“And you, wise guy, why do you live?”

“I live to decorate every day, at least a little, — with love and kindness!

“After all, God commanded people to live in the world in the following way: co-create the good for others and do not take care of only yourself!

“Let what is done by me today be both simple and small, and even if no one will know about it — I will still serve the good! Like the sun that rises in the morning, I will shine by my heart to all people and show love to all!”

“Here you are talking about love, but where is this “love”? It cannot be seen! Gain and power rule over life! And is not love at all!” — the man said in response.

Ivan said to him:

“You are harming yourself, as if you were your own worst enemy! You ruin your life! You love no one! And love cannot be cognized by the one who lives only for oneself!”

But the man argued:

“How could I even live like that: not loving myself, loving others, giving away to others, not thinking about myself? Here it would be — self-detrimental!

“If something is beneficial for someone — it means that it is not beneficial for someone else! If someone has something, this means that someone else does not have it! Is it not?”

“Ugh! What kind of country is this? Even in your minds, all your thoughts have been as if turned upside down! Living in untruth — all have become lost!

“Well, judge for yourself:

“If the sun is shining over my house — then it also shines above my neighbor’s house!

“If a contagious disease has come into the house of my neighbor — then it, too, is my own trouble and sorrow. For that trouble may make everyone ill, if the disease is not treated!

“And if love has risen above the house — then it shines upon everything around!

“But the same thing happens with hatred, greed, and envy. Like infectious diseases — if one does not treat them — they will cause harm to all around!”

... Often, Ivan talked with the man about the meaning of life, and argued with him about the goodness of the heart...

But Ivan saw that the words of wisdom — were not accepted by the man...

And he decided that the time had come for him to go further.

* * *

But suddenly, a widow-neighbor, living in poverty, came to that man. She asked him to loan her a sack of flour. But the greedy man said:

“You will give me back with interest — two times more than what you now take from me!”

The poor woman cried:

“How can I give you back so much?”

But Ivan said to the woman:

“Take me in as a worker: I’ll help you! I have already repaid this man for his apple. Now — I can work for you. You can give him double — and I will give you four times as much!”

The man did not want to let his employee go. He said:

“Do not go to her! She has four children who sit on benches and always want to eat! She will neither give you bread, nor pour milk!”

“I have repaid you for your apple! So, I am free to go wherever I want!” — Ivan answered him.

Then the kids of the man came running up, and held onto him by the bottom of his caftan, not allowing Ivan to depart:

“Stay! We will be sad without you! Who will tell us stories? Who will show us joy? Who will teach us cleverness?”

But Ivan answered them:

“I do not go into distant lands! Come and visit your neighbor and her kids! Bring gifts! I have taught you kindness, and whoever does not forget my les-

sons — will not only talk about good in tales, but will do good in reality!”

The kids ran up to their father:

“Daddy, daddy, give away a sack of flour to our neighbor!”

The man thought for a moment, and said:

“Okay, fine, take it for free to feed your children!”

And, all of the sudden, everything became so light and warm in his heart — as never before...

And then Ivan smiled:

“So, this means that I did not just work for you in vain!”

And the widow did not believe her eyes and ears! She thanked him from the bottom of her heart with happiness!

And Ivan said:

“This joy is not happiness yet! It should be even greater!”

* * *

Ivan took the sack of flour, hoisted it onto his shoulder, and went with the poor woman.

They went into the house. There was — emptiness and sadness there... Thin and pale children were lying on the cold stove, wishing for something to eat... Anguish and sorrow clouded up the house like smoke...

Ivan said to them:

“No more lying on the stove picking your noses!

“From grief — ailments come! From melancholy — grief multiplies!

“But from love and joy — life becomes filled with happiness!

“With thoughts of light, and with joy in your hearts — let every day of your life begin! Let every day be filled with good deeds! And with bright calm — let every day end!

“You, children, clean up everything, sweep the house! We will be having dinner soon!”

And he himself — went to milk the cow. And he called upon the eldest girl to help him.

He began to milk and gently talk to the cow. He was nice to the cow!

And the girl patted the cow and rejoiced. She asked:

“May I — milk the cow too?”

“Why not?”

And they milked so much! Four times more than the usual!

They brought it back — and poured a cup for everyone.

Then Ivan began to knead the dough — and it began to grow and rise in his hands! The kids marveled: “Can we also — try?”...

Ivan, meanwhile, called the eldest boy into the yard. And they chopped some wood.

The younger kids began to carry and stack the split wood...

Ivan lit up the stove, and baked breads, bagels, and pretzels...

The children were happy, and the widow was surprised...

Hardly a week had passed, and the widow and her children had already forgotten about poverty!

Then Ivan began to teach the children to please their mother, by radiating light and love from their hearts.

And he taught all of them how to work: the eldest daughter — how to tend the cow and to bake bread, the eldest son — how to chop wood, how to heat the oven, how to walk in the forest to gather mushrooms and how to salt them, the younger children — how to wash and clean. And he taught all of them — how to help one another in everything good!

And the neighbor kids started to come to visit and bring gifts.

In this way, a strong friendship began to form amongst the children!

Ivan knew: he had sown good seeds here — for many years ahead! For many years from now, good sprouts will grow! These children will grow into adulthood — with good hearts and skillful hands! Consequently, they will live a life of goodness and beauty — for other people around!

* * *

And so, it became time for Ivan to say goodbye, and he traveled further.

He observed how people live in the country. But people were living wrongly and awkwardly...

Ivan stayed in one house, then in another — and, everywhere he went, he gave good advice on how to live, and how to light love in the house. Sometimes people only learned to smile to each other — and were only just beginning to look with good to the world!

... Ivan carried on in this way, and, one day, he passed by a house and saw a husband and wife who lived in one house, but did not get along with each other.

Anything that the husband did or even wanted to do — his wife in defiance would reject... And anything that his wife would do — the husband would be unhappy about and say: she did not see it correctly, and she prepared it wrong, and that it was unnecessary... Like this, they quarreled every day...

They lived as if together, but everything was apart between them... Every day consisted in battles and quarrels over any trifle...

Ivan heard how the husband and wife quarreled — and knocked on their door, asking to drink some water.

The wife opened the door, yelling rudely:

“Go away, beggar! We do not have anything extra!”

Ivan responded to her:

“Even just a little water for me to drink would be appreciated: I still have a long way left to go... I have just come back from the forest, and I have some ripe berries, they would please you!”

Her husband, after hearing about the berries, began shouting at his wife:

“You have enough water to not become poor! Let him drink some water — and he will give us the berries!”

Ivan sat down on the bench. He poured the berries into bowls for the hosts. He took the scoop with water, and took a sip. And he said:

“Would you like to have little kids in the house? This would bring joy to your lives, and you would not fight anymore!”

“Yes, we wanted this for a long time, but...” — said the husband and wife — and they began to blame and scold each other...

Ivan said to them:

“What child would like to have such parents: to listen to their quarrels? All kids — must be born and grow up in love! Love cannot exist among arguments and objections! Love — transforms! A kind person is beautiful! And an angry person is dangerous!”

“What are we to do? Teach us: how can we not fight?” — the husband and wife asked.

“Well, this is easy! My father and my mother taught me to:

— not want something against someone else’s volition,

— never say unkind words,

— always forgive insults,

— do not remember insults from other people.

“And the one who remembers old evil — becomes the enemy of good!

“So now I teach you the same things. And to make it easier for you — my advice is simple: when you’d like to say an angry word to someone, fill your mouth with water — and be quiet until you feel love in the spiritual heart!

“Your water is delicious and healthy, you will be healed in a month! And if you will think about a future baby with tender heart love— then after a year you will have a miracle: you shall have a good child!”

And so, Ivan said all of this, and, with some berries left, he went on...

... How much water did the husband and wife drink? — no one knew. Only they say that since then, they have finished their quarrels.

And after a year or two, kids were born by them. And a saying in those regions remained: “be silent, as if your mouth were filled water!”. And why they say so — it has already been forgotten...

* * *

Ivan travelled further into the country... And he heard — a woman singing a beautiful yet sad song:

“Salty drops of dew are on my gray eyes,
My blond braids are now white like snow...
Where are you, my dear husband to be?
How had I missed my happy day?”

Ivan asked her:

“Why is your song so sad? Why do you live so lonely?”

“I live lonely in this world, because I am not needed by anyone... I have no husband, or children... How can I not be sad about such a fate, how can I not be hurt to live such a life?”

“Stop loving your infirmities! Stop crying over yourself!

“Help others — and they will help you!

“You’re — not old yet! And you’re singing beautifully! Take into your life an orphaned baby — and make it happy! Look: there really is an orphan-girl in your village, accept her into your life! You will live together in love and goodness — and your life will change, and a new smile will appear in your fate!”

The woman was surprised and pleased:

“What a great truth that is: to stop living for just myself, to stop waiting for luck in my fate, and to stop being sad about myself! I’ll take the orphan as a daughter!”

“You have decided correctly, you beautiful one!” — Ivan said. — “The person who helps others — will rise from all troubles and diseases! The joy in such a person will increase, and his power will awaken! All the good that such a person has planned — will be realized, and will become true!”

* * *

Whether Ivan travelled a long distance or a short distance, wherever he was, good seeds germinated in souls!

And wherever people learned to love each other — peace and harmony and the joy of God in their hearts remained and grew!

... He came to another village — where recruitments into the royal army were happening. Soldiers needed to serve ten years in the army of the king. And not many men came back alive, because their king, Mokey, was always ready to fight and always found a reason for war...

In the village, wailing and moans were heard!...

Ivan saw a girl and a guy who were saying their goodbyes, with floods of tears pouring from their eyes.

The guy said:

“You will forget me during my ten-year service in the army...”

And she answered him:

**“I will not forget you, I will wait for you forever!
Only come back!...”**

Ivan said to the guy:

“Do you want me to go into the army instead of you? I want to see: why such an army is needed, and for what reason so much tears and sorrow are around!”

“Will you really go yourself, voluntarily, — instead of me having to serve?!”

“I’ll go.”

The young guy bowed, and thanked Ivan.

*** * ***

So, Ivan had become a soldier.

But it was only the commanders’ minds that were tortured by Ivan: he only asked questions, and argued. But in the army, this cannot happen! Back-talk in the army is not allowed, rather one just needs to perform commands!

They said to him:

“We will teach you the military science!”

But Ivan answered:

“I knew that there is a science, for example, on how to plant a garden. There is a science, on how to raise bread, on how to build a house. But I did not know that there is a science, on how to ruin people!”

The bosses worried: this will turn into a riot! If one begins to behave like this — then others will also want to! The voivode ordered him to be arrested and sent him to the court of the king: “He is insubordinate and a rebel, he does not want to march, he does not want to fight! He conducts dangerous discussions, leading to sedition!”

Ivan was arrested and taken to King Mokey in court.

... They brought Ivan to the king.

And King Mokey was formidable and bad-tempered. If something was wrong in his opinion — he immediately strove to execute that person: one person — would get put on a stake, another — would get his head cut off.

That was why war in the kingdom never ended: the king, Mokey, could not be in peace with his neighbors! Any quarrel would lead to a fight! People were dying, and the countries were becoming poorer...

And the king had pleasure only when there was someone against whom to wage war, to judge, or to execute.

The king rubbed his hands, wanting to hold court: he wanted to mock Ivan, to relish in his fear, and to be proud of his kingly power!

He began to terrorize Ivan with a cruel penalty and a terrible death. But saw that Ivan is not afraid... And he was curious as to why.

So he asked:

“Why are you, Ivan, not afraid of death?”

“I never transgressed in my life, I have always acted according to my conscience! So why should I be afraid?”

“And I know that the soul does not die: it is only the death of the body that occurs. Then the soul incarnates in a new body.

“If one lives not by one’s own initiative, but by the commands of God — then death does not frighten such a person! God controls my destiny! According to His plan all is done!”

“Well-well...” — Mokey wondered: he had not heard such talk before... — “Then answer me: why, Ivan-troublemaker, do you not want to fight in my army?”

“I do not want to, sir, because I must first understand: what are the goals of the war, for which I have to shoot at people, depriving them of life? If there is no reason to — then kill me, but I will not shoot!”

“A punishment! You must be given a punishment! Because such cases cannot be permitted! Even to think or talk in such a way must not be allowed! If everyone in the army would understand the reasons for a war — then war will not exist!”

“But why is that — bad?”

“If people would understand why they should fight — then there could not be more reliable troops! If everyone in the army knows the meaning of what he participates in — then this army is invincible! Such an army cannot be bribed, these soldiers cannot be defeated!

“And wrongful wars — will not be!”

Mokey even turned purple in indignation:

“But how is it possible — to not fight?! It is clear from antiquity: if something is not shared by people, then — they must battle! And whoever is stronger — he will own it!”

“But it is possible to solve problems in peace, and share in goodness!

“Maybe you need to decide otherwise: who needs it more — he owns it!?”

“Why are you now at war? What did you not share with the King Dermidon?”

“He has searched distant lands and captured Vasilisa-the-Wise! And he keeps her in his prison! And I heard that the person who owns wisdom — can dominate over any power! I will conquer Vasilisa from him — and will be the owner of all the kingdoms and lands! No one will be stronger than me!”

“But is it really possible for someone to own wisdom, by keeping a Wise One in captivity? Is it possible to grow wiser from this? What is the benefit of wisdom that is kept locked, and not applied in real life?”

“Only that wisdom which is applied, can be useful!”

“But wisdom can be born and grown — only from the goodness of the heart!”

“And only with the spiritual love — is wisdom mastered!”

“Would you like for me to become your ambassador to King Dermidon? I will reconcile you with him and marry you with his daughter. And Vasilisa-the-Wise will be released from prison — and all people will learn from her wisdom! In your kingdoms, peace will co-exist, and you will arrange a wedding feast in both your kingdoms! You will understand, King Mokey, how wonderful it is to live without war!”

“And are you bored to live so many years without a wife?”

... King Mokey began to think about his life... And indeed: for so many years he fought and fought... But how to find a bride in such a life? And the daughter of King Dermidon, Barbara, would be a good pair for King Mokey: not the best in temperament; grumpy, moderately haughty, not too clever, but not bad...

And so, suddenly, King Mokey wanted to become married!

He spoke to Ivan:

“Well-well! So that’s how it shall be! I had thought that I would impale you on a stake! But now you have become an ambassador...”

“Well, so be it, go! Only, do not come back without Princess Barbara!”

* * *

And Ivan went to King Dermidon.

He arrived — and spoke to Dermidon:

“I, Ivan the Ambassador, have come from King Mokey. King Mokey asks for the hand of your daughter in marriage!”

King Dermidon answered:

“For ten years, Mokey wanted only to fight! And why now does he decide to parley? Well, I don’t want to! I know him: he has decided to capture me by cunning! He wants to take Vasilisa-the-Wise away from me! He wants to own both kingdoms! That is why we are at war! And no agreements between us are possible!”

“I have come to reconcile you, to stop the feud between the realms, to carry out kinship and peace between you! And, with regards to Vasilisa-the-Wise, I have come to liberate her. Arrange the wedding — and make peace!”

“No! Do not say that!” — Dermidon shouted.

... But the beautiful Barbara, the daughter of King Dermidon, heard the whole conversation.

Barbara was still without a husband! For many years already, she wanted to marry, but she still did

not have a suitor!... Either — King Dermidon did not like the suitor: because he was poor, or not famous... Or, she herself did not like him: because he was too old, or his face was not beautiful...

And during ten years of war, so many had been killed!... And because of this nobody had proposed to her yet...

She entered — and cried out loudly:

“And why am I not asked, father?! Make peace! I want to get married!”

She began to howl so much that King Dermidon understood: if he does not marry her right now, then, for sure, he will never have a calm life...

“Well,” — he said — “I will give my daughter in marriage! But I will not give up Vasilisa-the-Wise until all her wisdom has become mine! This stubborn girl does not want to obey me, she does not want to share her wisdom with me! She gives me strange tips, and laughs at me!...

“For example, she said: ‘Stop eating dead bodies, King Dermidon! Look: animals suffer so much because of you! And because of eating the dead flesh — your abdomen is boiling up inside of you, and your mind is closed from the light of truth, it is coarse and not prolific!’

“Or she says: ‘Do not accumulate wealth for yourself! There is no use in such riches: it will be lost in vain! A good sovereign — is rich by the wealth and prosperity of his country! He is glad to defend the contentment and peace of his people! He rules with the help of goodness, and not violence! He uses his power only to stop the outrage and anger of certain people!’”

“Let me King Dermidon, talk with Vasilisa! I’ll do this so that she will disclose all her wisdom: everyone will take as much as he or she wants and can accommodate!

“There is no benefit in the wisdom that is contained under lock and key and is not applied in life!

“But one needs to learn wisdom for a long time! Everyone needs to work here much!

“To learn to be wise — one should illuminate one’s own thoughts with love!

“Wisdom is a property of the soul, which has great heart love!”

... And, unexpectedly, Dermidon agreed and ordered to take Ivan to the dungeon, where Vasilisa-the-Wise was being held.

*** * ***

The guard guided Ivan. King Dermidon, Princess Barbara, and the servants — went as well. It was something that everyone wanted to see! They were afraid to miss the moment when Vasilisa would begin to distribute her wisdom to all!

The locks were unbolted, the doors to the dungeon were opened.

Ivan and Vasilisa saw each other. And they united by souls in love!

Now they understood each other’s thoughts without words! They stood and looked at each other — as if there was no one else around!

The silence of their lips did not hinder them from hearing each other:

“I waited for you! I waited for you to come for me!”

“I’m sorry that I took so long! I felt that there was a reason for me to come here. But if I knew about you — then I would have hurried more...”

And King Dermidon began to worry:

“Why are you silent? What is it? Do you hide the wisdom from us?”

Vasilisa looked kindly and said to Ivan so that all could hear:

“Don’t be sad that you met up with me after so long a time! You have done a lot of good deeds on your way! And because of this, I love you even more!

“And I lived without sorrow in the prison, I lived as if I were free! I was hovering by the soul like a bird above the land and hugging everyone and everything with my heart love! I sang songs of love — and people’s hearts listened to these songs! Either a beautiful girl would hear my song — and sing it to her beloved! Or a mother, sloping over a cradle, would connect her affection and my affection, while rocking a baby to sleep! Or a shepherd would hear my heart melody — and play it on his pipe! Or birds in autumn would sing like in spring! Or a breeze would rustle the leaves of a birch tree — in rhythm with my song — and embrace a good one with its warm breath!

“And by the body, I was not lazy! Here, in prison, I did not pass time in vain: I have written a book for people. The book outlines what I know about why people are born on the Earth, why they have to learn kindness, how to create happiness, how to control and manage one’s own emotions, how to connect one’s own life with the Divine Commandments, and how to fulfill life’s meaning... And I have also recorded advice for rulers — so that people’s prosperity in the kingdoms might increase.

“If all people were obedient to the Laws of God, if they were kind to their neighbors — then, perhaps, life would begin to change, so that all could live more beautifully!”

And then Ivan spoke like that too, so that both Dermidon, and Barbara, and the servants, and the guards could hear:

“Come with me, Vasilisa-the-Beautiful, to my house! Be my friend, companion, and faithful wife! And the book, which you have written in prison, in which all wisdom is stored, — let all people read it! And when they learn the wisdom — there will be no conflicts, nor strife between people!”

And Vasilisa replied to him:

“Yes, I agree.”

*** * ***

King Dermidon agreed to the wedding of his daughter. And between the kingdoms — peace was established.

King Mokey married Barbara. And he now was at war sometimes only with his wife. However, Barbara did not allow him to take precedence over her.

The “Book of Wisdom”, which Vasilisa had written in prison, was many times copied and sent out to all corners of the two kingdoms.

Sometimes people read the book. And where they introduced in life the wise advice of Vasilisa-the-Wise — kingdoms prospered.

... In this way, Ivan and Vasilisa helped to establish the life in those lands. And it was time for them to return home.

* * *

They went to Ivan's house, and his father and mother met them.

They said to Ivan:

"You were picking berries for a very long time!"

Ivan bowed to them and apologized for his delay:

"Sorry that it took so long to gather berries! But: I went for berries — and found the perfect wife! Rejoice! Meet her!"

* * *

What happened next — cannot be told at once! About all their good joint achievements — it's impossible to tell at one time!

Because this is the end of our tale.

And love is the crown for all good deeds!

Vasilyok

Tale of the Golden Pine

Our story begins with a seed.

Yes-yes! With an ordinary pine seed!

Have you ever seen such a seed? It is small, with one transparent golden wing. Many of such seeds ripen in a mother-cone. Many cones grow every year on their mother-pine!

When the seeds are mature, the mother-cone lifts its scales, and then these seeds fly around for new pines to be born and to grow.

... So, one day, the wind blew — and our little seed flew, catching the airflow with its little wing.

“How beautiful and great is the world!” — the seed thought. — “How light and spacious! And I — can fly!”

“No, it is I that can fly,” — said the wind which carried the seed. — “I am carrying you! You have only one wing, so you yourself cannot fly like a bird or a butterfly.”

“Thank you!” — the seed responded. — “I am very grateful to you! I like to fly!”

“But this is not your destiny — to fly. You must sprout; you can become a wonderful pine! Choose a place where you would like to become a pine tree! And when you grow up, I will fly to visit you and play in your branches, so that you do not get bored.”

“Here! I like this high sandy bank of the river! Here, when I grow up, I will see the whole Earth!”

“Well, maybe not the whole Earth! The Earth — it is much more than you can see! But that place is really good,” — the wind agreed.

And, with these words, the wind gently lowered its seed into a small pit on the favored site and, creating a light vortex, sprinkled it with soil.

“Thank you!...” — the seed almost inaudibly whispered goodbye. — “Oh, how tired I am today! Oh, how much I want to sleep!...”

So, the seed slept, nestled by the soil, until a small root and sprout had appeared.

And then our pine was born in the light above the ground.

Have you ever seen newborn pines?

They are not much more than little blades. They have a thin thread-like green stem. And at the top, there are several tiny soft and tender needles sticking up.

Our pine had five of them!

It spread them joyously, saying: "I was born! I am now — a pine!"

... As time went on, our pine grew. It was lucky: it was not washed away by rain, and it received sufficient sunlight, heat, and moisture.

It could feel the flow of life inside of itself: "Wow! I am really growing up!"

After a few years, the tree could already stand conspicuously on the bank of the river.

Time went on...

Birds began to sing on the branches of the pine. The pine gladly listened to their songs.

The wind often visited it, when flying on this bank of the river.

In winter, the snow wrapped it up. In summer, a pleasant heat warmed its body and juices — to help it grow faster!

Yes, it wanted to become stronger and, even more so, it wanted — to caress with its branches the blue sky with white clouds!

It grew up faster and faster every year, growing new fluffy branches. Soon its trunk became slender and strong, covered with orange-golden bark.

By the banks of the river, kids often came to play from a nearby village. They would undress and jump into the water and have fun, splashing and swimming...

Sometimes the pine also wanted, like them, to have fun, laugh, run on the sand, and flop into the river... But the pine did not know how to run... So, it learned to be happy for others, along with them. And when happy children's voices and laughter filled the air above the river — the pine was happy too, sending them waves of happy love with each of its needles...

But one day, an event happened that made the pine realize that not all people are the same...

... Some older boys came to the shore. It was cold, and they decided to make a campfire... But they were too lazy to collect dry branches and fallen tree trunks... So, they decided to cut our pine and make a campfire out of it...

"It is quite large and resinous, it will burn bright!" — said one of them.

The pine trembled...

Suddenly, a little boy, who often came here to the beach to swim, shielded the pine with his body: "Do not touch it, it is — living, it will feel pain! If you want, I'll gather dry branches for you! Look how many dry branches are in this forest! And you can go along the beach and collect pieces of driftwood... I can collect it for you, if you want! Just do not hurt this pine!..."

The older boys laughed, and pushed him so that he fell: "Don't bother us, Vasilyok! Get out! Look at him: a tree will feel pain! You talk like a little girl!"

But the boy named Vasilyok (the pine now knew the name of its little friend) rose from the ground and again shielded the pine: "Do not touch it! It is — alive!"

So much strength and courage was in his words that the older boys retreated.

To not show their defeat, they told Vasilyok to bring them firewood. And they continued to mock him...

Vasilyok, not paying attention to the ridicule, was glad that he was able to save the pine...

... Time ran by unnoticed. The pine grew and became stronger. Vasilyok also grew. He often came to it on the shore. He would sit with his back touching its warm from sunlight trunk, and dream of something good.

Or he would just listen to the silence.

And our pine would melt with happiness at such moments and try not to disturb him.

It would also listen to the transparent silence.

And the silence — would surround both the pine, and Vasilyok, and would cover the sandy beach, and was inside the distant forest...

The water of the river would gurgle softly in the silence, without disturbing it, but decorating it...

The river would carry its water somewhere far, far away — where there was neither the pine, nor Vasilyok... But when they were immersed in the river's quietness and swam down with the river's water, it would seem that the distant lands and unknown worlds were here, nearby...

And the soft golden Light of Someone infinitely Great and Good — would become visible in the silence...

... Time went on...

Vasilyok now often came to the beach with a girl with golden braids. The girl, too, had grown and be-

come slim and beautiful. The pine now knew that the name of the girl was Olga.

Vasilyok and Olga made dates for themselves near our pine. And the pine saw how big and true love gradually flared within them.

The pine was not jealous. It loved them both and rejoiced together with them over the beautiful miracle of love.

... Everything was good...

However, once, on a hot and sultry summer day, Olga bathed in the river. But blue-black storm-clouds began to form in the sky on all sides. Lightning was flashing, and rolls of thunder were getting closer.

The pine worried... It always felt uneasy when flares occurred between the sky and earth, and when thunder shook the area around. But here Olga had decided to go for a swim!...

The pine had never left its seat above the river. But it had seen more than once, how lightning during heavy storms struck into the water, and one time even saw how lightning struck a lone tree on the other side of the river, and how the tree caught fire...

The pine worried and tried to wave its branches in the wind. It was trying to warn Olga: "The thunderstorm is coming, lightning will strike!"

By this time, Vasilyok had already run ashore: "Olga! What are you doing?! The storm is starting! Let's run home quickly!"

While Olga was dressing on the shore, the rain began to start. And the lightning strikes and thunder were getting closer and closer... There had never before been such a severe thunderstorm in the hundred years of our pine's life...

The pine suddenly felt that the lightning could now strike those whom it loved so much. It straightened up its branches — and they caught the deadly flame! Vasilyok threw himself on the sand, covering Olga. The crown of the pine blazed up...

“Oh how I would like to be born in a human body — to love like these people...” — the pine had time to think, before the flame engulfed it whole...

It plunged into the Light — the Light of that Infinitely Great and Good One...

* * *

Later Vasilyok and Olga got married. On the spot where our pine was growing, which had saved them from the lightning, they planted a new pine. The new tree was now already green, and it was stretching up to the sun.

In the family of Vasilyok and Olga, a daughter was born.

But that is for another story: a story not about the pine, but about a girl with amber-golden eyes, who was a bit similar to our pine, and a little bit — to Olga, and a little bit — to Vasilyok. And, of course, it is also a story about love.

After all, it is love that unites souls and leads them to the Perfection!

Tale of Marusya, the Inventor

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Marusya. On the surface, she was ordinary, not too special or conspicuous, and quiet.

But — she smiled sweetly to all. And her gaze was kind and warm — because it manifested the light of a loving heart.

She was kind and friendly — not only to the people that lived nearby, but to all beings: to grass and flowers, to birds and mammals, and even to insects.

Many mocked her because of her kindness, teasing her for saying: “Don’t pick a flower in vain, don’t crush a bug, and don’t step on an ant...”

... One time, this story happened to her.

Some other girls and her walked to a meadow. And there was so much beauty there, an expanse, fragrant flowers, and butterflies and bees that were flying!

And the girls decided to tell fortunes on chamomiles: to find out which of them is loved by different boys? They began to pick flowers and tear off their petals, saying: “Peter loves me — he loves me not, he loves me — he loves me not. Ivan loves me — he loves me not, he loves me — he loves me not.”

But Marusya tried to dissuade them:

“Look: each flower loves everything and everyone around! It gives away its beauty!

“Instead of ruining them for fun, it would be better to learn to love as they do: like these flowers love!

“And will one of these boys love you, if you offend the flowers like this?

“Here, these flowers, they are like little suns, giving us their tenderness! Look at them: they open up their hands-petals to all directions, and all of them are saying to each of us: ‘I love you!’

“Or — these bluebells! Hear how they sing their song:

**“Ding-ding, let us fly in the blue of the sky!
“Ding-ding, banish the evil in yourself!
“Be kind: for this — is the essence of life!
“Ding-ding, let it be a joyful day!**

“It is just necessary to be able to listen to the silence — and then, in this silence, the song of the bluebells and of any other flower will be heard!”

“You’re a restless inventor, Marusya!” — the girls laughed.

But Marusya was not hurt by these words.

*** * ***

As time went on, Marusya grew. But people still sometimes made fun of her purity and kindness:

“You are already of marriageable age, soon it will be time for you to get married! But you behave like a little girl: caring only about nonsense!”

Marusya, though she was embarrassed at times, sometimes replied with wisdom. She could say something so that everything around became fun! And sometimes — she replied in such a way that people began to think: “Why do we live?”, “How to discern: what is good — and what is bad?”...

*** * ***

In those days, festival-celebrations were often held in those lands. Young people from neighboring villages would gather and have fun: all sorts of competitions were organized, and they would weave

wreaths of flowers and place them on their heads... At these festivals, girls and boys often met their future mates.

Once, at such a festival, the young boys and girls wanted to start uprooting flowers — to make wreaths. But Marusya suddenly suggested:

“It would be better if we became flowers ourselves! Choose any flower’s name — and be this flower!”

And then the fun continued with inventing and guessing names.

... There was a guy who was liked by many girls. In everything, he was the best. He was both brave, clever, skillful, strong, and beautiful. His name was Egor. And he was liked by Marusya too.

Egor asked Marusya:

“How would you call me: by what flower name? Which is most like me, what do you think?”

“I think you look like the edelweiss flower. It grows high up in the mountains, like a silver star. There, above the clouds, on inaccessible cliffs, such ‘stars’ blossom suddenly in the spring. As if they are — guests who wanted to live on the Earth for a little bit and who have each chosen a hill, from which they can easily see the other stars in the sky... It is said that all, who are in love, are like this flower. But maybe I’m wrong... Lovers, too, make mistakes,” — Marusya said this, looking into the eyes of Egor, and then lowered her lashes and blushed...

* * *

After the festival, many dispersed in pairs. Marusya and Egor also went hand in hand.

Egor asked:

“What do you want most in life now? What are you dreaming about?”

... Frankly, Egor was hoping that she would want to kiss... He had already kissed other girls...

But Marusya said:

“I want to be a Magus! I can already do miracles a bit. But people do not always notice them.

“I also want to learn how to help people become kinder.

“What do you think God waits for in people in general? And what does He want from every human being?”

“Maybe God wants us to become better: wiser, kinder, and stronger... What do you think?” — Egor was slightly taken aback, not expecting such a turn of the conversation.

“I think that God, as the Creator, that is, our common Supreme Parent, wants His children to become like Him, well, at least a little, a little bit...

“And God — what is He? He is large, even huge, wise, kind, and all-powerful. And — just...

“Oh, look: the swans! The swans are flying! Two of them: a male and a female...

“Would you like to fly with your girlfriend like them above the land?”

“Don’t be silly! You are a fairly-eccentric and restless inventor!”

“And people shoot at them... Would you shoot swans on the hunt?”

“No, I would not! I have pleasure in watching swans in the sky, and hearing their songs...”

“That’s good...” — Marusya said. — “I would also like to love like them: to be together for the whole life...”

“And what would you do at the wedding feast: would you eat a roast swan?” — Egor made a joke.

“I will not, no way!” — Marusya seriously answered.

“And chicken?”

“And I will not eat a chicken either! I never eat any birds or mammals, nor caught fish!”

“So, they tell the truth about you... And I thought, they were making everything up... And what should we eat then?”

“Mushrooms and berries, garden vegetables, cereals, bread, and all kinds of greens — is this not food?”

“But you pity each sprout and flower!”

“It’s a pity — if we pick them in vain.

“But when the ears are ripe — then they do give their seeds to the soil for new shoots, and they give seeds also to people who have nurtured those ears.”

“You talk so strangely! How can you live — like that? Not shooting birds, not stepping on an ant, and not picking flowers in vain...”

“That’s how I live,” — Marusya lowered her lashes...

“Who will marry you, a weirdo?”

“You...”

“That’s your fantasy! To marry me — every girl would be glad! And I can choose anyone!”

“But I am not just anyone. I have already chosen you...”

* * *

Then the boys and girls again began to call upon each other to hold a new festival, and have fun...

This time they invented to choose a guy who is the strongest, and the girl who is the most beautiful.

At first, the boys began to fight: the losers — were eliminated, and the winners were to compete with each other more.

In the beginning, it was nothing more than a joke contest. But then — the fight grew angrier.

Egor — had surpassed all the others! He was recognized as the most powerful!

... Then they began to choose the most beautiful girl.

Egor, flushed by the struggle and proud of the victory, tried to fix his eyes on Marusya. But he saw that she had stepped aside, and did not wish to dance for the title of most beautiful...

... He turned and looked around at the fun, where he was being called to join the other guys, but, instead, he waved his hand to them — and went to catch up to Marusya...

“Why are you running away? Are you afraid that you will not be elected the most beautiful?”

“No, I already know that I will not be elected. But many others will not be elected too. Only one will be elected.

“But every girl has her own special beauty, for which the guy could fall in love with her...”

“I would rather have a different competition: who is more kind?”

“In this, you would most definitely win!”

“But no, I’m wrong: such a contest would not work. Here, there cannot be a winner: no one will be able to choose among the acts of kindness: which is — the best.

“There are a lot of different situations in which kindness is needed!

“Sometimes, just a smile or a kind word can save man from a big sorrow, for example, by bringing back hope...

“But sometimes, even a great military feat can have qualities that are not good.

“Here you are: during your competition, you were the best and most powerful of the guys. But one of them has a swollen eye now. And Roman limps: his leg is very injured. And Fedor — he harbors malice that he had not won...

“Is it good to have such a game?”

“If people obeyed you, they would all be like cowardly sheep...”

“Do not say that... For good can be both courageous and strong.

“But the courageous and strong, however, are not often kind...”

*** * ***

Meanwhile, among the most beautiful girls, Anfisa was elected and named the beauty queen.

And Anfisa ordered:

“Now, the one who is the most daring — will be chosen! Let’s all go to the river bank, to the precipice! Whoever will jump into the river from it — I will kiss!”

... The river, which flowed in these places, had a harsh current, and was wide. And where Anfisa suggested to jump — there was a dangerous bend and whirlpool... And the precipice in that place was high, continually being washed away by the river, and the edge of it could collapse under one's feet at any moment...

And the other girls echoed after Anfisa, saying: "And we will also kiss those who are daring, those who will not be afraid to jump!"

But Marusya could not stand it:

"What is clever here? Where is the bravery in this? Do not come close to the edge! There is a channel with a whirlpool here, and the stream is rapid! The water is cold! What silly dispute have you started?!"

But she was answered by both boys and girls:

"Go away, coward! It was not you, but the queen of beauty who appointed this contest! This challenge is for brave men!"

... Marusya departed from the people who were arguing with her, and began looking for Egor, hoping that he would support her, because no one would call him a coward...

But Egor said nothing...

... With the older children, one small boy had tagged along. He came up to the very edge of the cliff — to see from the ledge: where would it be least scary to jump from?

But the edge of the cliff collapsed — and the boy fell into the river from a great height.

At the same moment, Marusya jumped after him. Egor also jumped as well...

... Marusya and Egor pulled the frightened boy to the shore, and took him home.

* * *

After that case, Egor noticed a new sensation, which he had never noticed in himself before: he understood how important Marusya now was to him! Now he was worried about her, he wanted to be her friend and protector... He understood that there was no one who was more dear to him than this kind and brave girl.

Kurgan-Bashi

Tale of Radosvet and His Host

There once was a boy who lived in a large community. His name was Radosvet. But there was not much joy and light in his life...

His father was killed, saving people of the community, when Radosvet was still very young. And his mother chose not to marry a second time, therefore they lived in poverty.

Horses were the greatest asset of the community. Almost from birth, life was lived on horses, and all the affairs of the community were associated with them: horses were raised, herded, tamed, and sold. And, on horseback, they protected the borders of lands — both their own, and of neighboring tribes, who had recently paid for this with gold.

When a boy reached the age of ten years old — and this age was considered the transition to adult life — he was called to receive a gift from his parents — his own horse! Those who could not afford to have horses due to poverty became the servants of rich commoners to earn one.

Radosvet's mother sometimes sang the ancient songs of their people to him. And it was conveyed in those songs, how in former times there were no enmity and self-interest between people, there were no malice, greed and envy. The horses were friends to people, not their servants. And there was a brotherhood of Free Riders who would guard all the neighborhoods from harm. And they would do this not for gold, but to take care of the people who lived on their native land.

In those songs and legends, it was said that in ancient times there was respect for the elderly, care for widows and orphans, love in families, and agreement between them. The entire community was like one family — friendly, loving, and filled with a sense of unity — of both men and women, young and old. And there was a great patronage from God for the Free Riders.

* * *

Radosvet was almost ten years old. But there was no one who could give him a horse...

Once, Radosvet heard how one of the richest neighbors came to woo his mother. He began to speak:

“If you will agree to marry me — I will give your son a horse!”

His mother replied:

“Why do you need to have a wife who does not love you?”

“By the way, in the old days, since my husband saved people of the community, the community would have given a horse to his son from the communal herd... But now — everything is just bought and sold...”

“But love — cannot be bought!”

“Think, Liubava! With me — everything could be all right!” — he said and left.

Radosvet heard that conversation and went to his mother:

“Tell me, mother, why is there no respect in our community for those traditions of which the songs sing and the tales tell? Discords are between people... It’s as if as a community we are living together — but each one strives just for oneself...”

“Yes, life today is different from the songs and tales...”

“Mother, I’ll make life the same as it was in the songs and tales! This depends on the people: the life around them is created by the way in which they themselves live their lives!”

“Yes, my boy, your father said the same thing... And now — look what has happened: nobody will even give you a horse...”

“You know, Nestor offered to marry me, and he will give you a horse for this...”

“A marriage cannot be filled with love if it only comes out of necessity! Do you love Nestor?”

“Even if I have to go work — it will not be forever!”

“Do not be afraid for me: I will have a horse, surely I will have one! But if you marry Nestor, then it will turn out — that we both will find ourselves in slavery!”

“You are talking like an adult!”

“Well, I really am already an adult: after all, there is only one more week until adult life begins!”

*** * ***

There was in the community’s herd, one young horse, who could not be tamed. He did not obey and did not heed any man! No matter how many times he was hit — he still did not want to be saddled! Because of this, he was nicknamed “Villain”.

And the elders of the community decided: “Why feed this good-for-nothing horse, if he does not want to work for people — neither with cart nor under saddle? We need to kill him: at least the meat and hide will be worthwhile!”

Such a bitter time had come in the community that some people began to eat meat of animals. And it was not from hunger or poverty, but for the sake of delicacy!

Although, there were still those who observed the ancient customs and did not eat the flesh of killed animals.

Radosvet asked his mother:

“How is it even possible for someone to want to kill such a horse? How is it even possible to want to then eat his body? How can such men be called Free Riders, if they do such things?”

And his mother said sadly:

“We cannot answer for other people!...”

“I taught you what was commanded by God: ‘Do not kill and do not eat the flesh of those who have been murdered!’. Both your father and your grandparents lived so.

But now — for many people — the Commandments of God and our ancient customs are not a decree...”

*** * ***

And Radosvet decided to save the horse.

He rose in the middle of the night, went to the paddock, where the horse, prepared for slaughter, stood apart from the others. Radosvet removed the poles closing the passage, and said to the horse:

“Run! Run away from here! You are not a villain, you are Free Wind! Be free!”

The horse understood the boy. He came up and touched the hand of Radosvet with his warm lips, thanking him.

And then — he ran... In the moonlight, it seemed that the beautiful horse was flying above the silver shining grass — and not just galloping along it. It was the flight of the fine horse, named — Free Wind!

“Good luck, my friend!” — Radosvet whispered.

*** * ***

Radosvet was summoned to the community’s council of elders. As punishment, he was to be expelled from the community for three days, and to go alone to the mound-mountain: to ask God for forgiveness for his wrongdoing...

In those days, it was accepted by people of the community to go to the mound and then worship God and their ancestors — the Great Free Riders, Who had been buried in the mound. People believed that the Great Free Riders of their kin, buried there, had also become Gods and were now able to protect the people, to save them from harm and to forgive their sins...

... Radosvet departed.

He did not consider himself guilty. But he could not disobey the order of the oldest members of the community: because then he would be forever banished from the community.

He walked all day. Then, at night, warmed himself with a small campfire. And just before dawn he was again on the road.

He went to the sacred place. The outline of the mound could already be seen in the distance.

People now were afraid to come here alone. But Radosvet did not feel fear. On the contrary, he was glad that it might be possible to see or even feel Those Great Ones, about Whom people make up legends and tales, — the wise, good, and powerful Leaders of their kin... Maybe he could ask Them to help their community. And, maybe, he could also ask about a horse, which would be a true friend...

Then Radosvet stood amazed... He saw a lake in the early morning fog and a beautiful horse that drank water.

Here it is — the gift of the Gods of the mound!

With a beating heart, the boy went closer and recognized the horse: he was Free Wind!

The horse, too, recognized his liberator. He came up and put his head trustingly on Radosvet's shoulder, and rubbed his soft lips on his cheek.

"Are you — my horse? Do you agree to be my friend?" — Radosvet asked. He stroked the horse's beautiful and strong neck.

Free Wind agreed.

And then, deciding to do something daring, Radosvet leapt onto his back. The horse did not resist the little rider. He accepted the leadership of the man-friend named Radosvet!

Radosvet thought that he needed to go to the mound — and the horse started going there, as if reading the rider's mind!

"Faster!" — Radosvet asked mentally while more strongly clenching the horse's sides with his knees. Free Wind ran.

"And even faster — is it possible?!" — and the horse ran even more quickly, flying over the sea of fog, lit up with the rising sun!

And now they were even galloping! Radosvet had never experienced anything like this! The horse and the boy merged together! Joy! Freedom! Love! Wow, you are so beautiful, our beloved Earth!...

... And so, they made it to the mound...

* * *

They stopped in front of the mound, protruding from the mist. The top was illumined by the morning sun, while the bottom still laid in moist shadows.

Radosvet dismounted. The boy and the horse stood in silence in front of the sanctuary of the kin of Free Riders.

Here it is — the mound, the burial site of the Greatest of the kin of Free Riders, Who knew God and spoke with God. Here, many subsequent generations of people worshiped Them and prayed asking for good luck and health, a good harvest, or victory in battles...

But... in recent years, people no longer saw successful responses to their requests to the Gods, for life in the community had become unkind...

“It would be so great to be able to talk with God as the Great Free Riders were able to!” — Radosvet thought. — “Or maybe God is not interested in our prayers and worship? Or maybe it is necessary to talk with Him in a different way?”

When Radosvet first thought about the Great Free Riders, Who knew God, he could never imagine Them on Their knees beseeching God for success, or burning sacrifices in order to get success in Their deeds...

Suddenly, an old man, a Magus, went to meet the boy.

Radosvet heard about Magi — Keepers of the Divine Wisdom — but thought that Their time had passed as well, together with the Great Free Riders.

The boy bowed to the Magus, touching the ground with his hand.

“What did you come to ask?” — the Magus asked.

“I was sent to apologize for the fact that I released a horse to freedom...”

“It seems that the horse is not offended at you for your act!” — the Magus smiled. — “He agreed to be your horse!”

“Yes, I would like to thank God for it! I also would like to ask Him: how to make the life in our community better? But I do not know how to talk to God. Can You teach me?”

“You think well, and want to be kind. I’ll teach you.

“So, listen! God is everywhere. He is always present here and everywhere. He is omnipresent! He hears your every thought and word, and sees your every action. He knows all that you want to say to Him, in the same moment that you think about it.

“But in order to hear and understand God’s answers — you still need to learn a lot.

“See: this meeting with Me is one of the responses of God to you!

“You can learn to see God and understand His Will. But remember: first, in order to change something in the life of people in the community, — you have to start with the transformation of yourself. And then, everything around will also begin to transform!

“God, the Creator of this world, is the wisest and strongest Love! Therefore, in order to feel God, you must also learn to be wise and strong Love!

“I’ll give you three tasks. To complete them, you should always be full of love for God and His whole Creation.

“Here is your assignment:

“Learn to be the calm of the lake.

“Learn to stop the wind.

“Learn to keep the Earth and the Fire of the Great Sun — on your hands.”

“How to learn this?”

“Ask from the lake, from the wind, and from God.

“By trying to complete it, you will learn to feel the help of God and His presence. Perhaps you might even hear His advice. When you’re ready, come back here, I’ll wait for you.”

“Do You live here?”

“No.”

“How then will You know when I have understood and performed Your tasks?”

“Just as today God brought Me here to talk with you — I will know the time of our next meeting, when you are ready for it.

“In the meantime, tell the elders of the community My words: ‘A great war could destroy all the people from the kin of the Free Riders and many other kins, if people will not fulfill the Will of God, and live by His Laws. And also, the new Great Free Rider, Who has come to the Earth, must become the head of your kin.’”

Radosvet bowed to the Magus, jumped on the back of Free Wind, and returned.

*** * ***

... The day of full age of Radosvet had come. His mother could not contain her anxiety: her son had already been gone for several days.

And then she heard shouts: “Look! Look! Radosvet won Villain!”

In the streets of the village, Radosvet rode on Free Wind. Even without reins and stirrups, the horse submitted to his young rider. Surprised residents poured into the street and made way, letting young Radosvet ride by, who rode quietly and happily, favoring everyone with a kind smile!

... The elders listened anxiously to the boy who had conquered the horse and returned with a message from the Magus... And where to find that Great Free Rider, Who had come to the Earth? And what will happen to them, the elders, if that unknown and powerful leader became the head of the kin?

* * *

Radosvet did not forget about the tasks of the Magus.

But how to perform them: how to learn to listen to the lake and become its calm?

... One quiet morning at dawn, Radosvet went to the shore of the lake. He sat on the shore and began to try to talk to the lake.

But the lake was silent...

Then Radosvet also stopped thinking and listened to the silence of the lake...

He already knew that it is possible to understand — without the help of words.

Like this, one can understand both humans and other creatures.

One can understand both a smile, a touch, and a look. And also — any emotion, and thought.

And Radosvet smiled in the silence — by the soul — to the lake. Then the lake — also smiled to Radosvet by its delicate beauty.

Radosvet undressed and went into the water. The lake caressed him with the gentle swaying of the clear water.

Radosvet again sat down on the bank and listened to the silence of the lake.

He admired the beauty of the mirror-like water surface, which reflected the sky with light white clouds that were a little colored with the pinkish rays of the rising sun.

The sky was as if both above and below...

Clouds floated slowly both in the sky, and in the reflection in the water...

It seemed that the sun was rising both in the sky, and under the surface of the lake... Only the double stripe of light mist separated the sunrise in the sky — and its reflection in the lake...

Love — both to the lake, and to the sky, and to the sun, and to everything that exists both on and outside the Earth — covered Radosvet, and filled the entire space around! Above, below, and on all sides — there was now only Love! It was in the silence of the clear lake, and in the silence of the hills, and in the air touching the reeds near the shore, which almost inaudibly rustled their silent song of love, dropping dew into the lake!

Amazing peace embraced and filled Radosvet!

And then Radosvet heard the Voice of God:

“You have understood the mystery of the lake’s calm! Silence, filled with love of the spiritual heart, opens the doors to Me!

“From now on, always, when you are immersed in such silence, — you can hear Me!

“Now learn to stop the wind!”

* * *

But how to learn to stop the wind?

Radosvet always loved the wind. He loved — when its light gusts were touching his face, and when he himself raced on horseback through the air.

And then Radosvet decided that, for starters, he could try to *catch up* with the wind.

He called his horse.

The wind — immediately began to blow.

And now — they raced with the wind!

The wind was flying over the steppe caressing the grass, which danced in its touches, like waves of the sea.

Joy — overfilled the heart of Radosvet!

The horse of Radosvet also felt the great joy of racing!

The rider and horse flew — with the wind — over the expanse of the steppe!

The wind as if presented them with huge transparent wings! And then they were no longer just galloping, but flying! They were flying together with the sunlight that was penetrating the clear morning's air! Waves of grass swayed under them!...

Radosvet tried to feel how great is the wind, how far its wings stretched — front and back, left and right, top and bottom...

And suddenly he realized that he had *caught up* with the wind: he felt like a free soul, free and large — like the wind!

He felt that he could now, like the wind, also fly over the expanse of the steppe, filled with the morning sunlight, and — embrace all beings with his great love!

And then, the understanding came to him that he *could stop this flight*, retaining its vastness and transparent subtlety. And at the same time, the wind,

the grass, and the open spaces — all of them are now... *in me*...

And he heard the Voice of God:

“You have solved the second task: you understood what it means ‘to stop the wind’.

“Now learn to keep the Earth and the Fire of the Great Sun — on your hands.”

* * *

As time went on, Radosvet grew. He now had many friends: because Radosvet was now a very special young man — full of peace and spreading love around from his heart.

Radosvet taught his friends what he had learned from the Magus, and the things that he had learned while doing those tasks. And they all learned the art of galloping and military combat — to help protect their land from the terrible war, predicted by the Magus.

So, a new army of brave and good boys gathered around Radosvet. They learned, among other things, to fight with swords — both right and left handed, as their ancestors could. They learned to fight, defeating enemies with the strength of the soul. And having won — not to kill opponents, but, rather, only to disarm them and send them home.

And from other kins, the bravest and strongest young men came to be warriors of Radosvet too.

... There was a boy in the village whose name was Miroslav. From birth, he was skinny and weak, frail and awkward. Everyone laughed at him, and anyone could offend him. In a fight — the result was al-

ways the same: any boy claimed the upper hand over him.

But Miroslav did not hold a grudge against anyone. Sometimes, he only raised his long lashes, looked at them surprisingly with his big and beautiful almost girl-like eyes, as if saying: “Why are you trying to hurt me?” — and smiled to the offender sweetly.

The only thing Miroslav knew, — was how to sing old songs and how to compose new ones. And if he started singing — everyone listened with pleasure!

Radosvet loved to hear Miroslav’s songs. And he stood up for him whenever someone tried to hurt him.

... When Miroslav came to Radosvet to ask for induction into the host — many laughed at him.

But Radosvet was delighted — and accepted him into the host!

And they became best friends.

... In just a short time, Miroslav had changed: his body went from clumsy — to slim and flexible. And an unusual strength developed in his voice. He also learned to ride on horseback, and to use a sword and other weapons.

He also was awakening souls by the ancient songs of good and freedom, and he himself composed songs of love and beauty, about God and human life in Him.

... Like this, the warriors led by Radosvet lived, studying the art of the combination of love and power.

... But Radosvet could not solve the mystery of the third task of the Magus.

The Earth, he thought, will not fall... And the sun shines by itself, going up in the morning and setting in the evening... And there is probably no need to intervene in this order of things, created by God.

And how wise and great should be that one, who would hold the Earth on his hands?...

And it is doubtful that another sun should be lit...

* * *

At that time, the ambassadors from a foreign caesar had come to the elders of the community. They, both people and horses, were dressed in outlandish armor.

They did not come in peace. They demanded payment of huge tribute — in gold, horses, beautiful girls, and young men for the caesar's army.

They said that their ruler possesses great power, that he has subdued many countries, and that his army is huge.

And if during the allotted term, he does not receive the tribute, then he will come with a huge army. And he will take whatever he wants. If the Free Riders will not submit to him voluntarily — he will erase them from the face of the Earth. And these lands and wealth — will all be his, and not just that part of it which he now demands as tribute...

The ambassadors left.

The elders were frightened! They gathered the whole community, and the people then thought for a long time about what to do. Some said that they should obey and pay the tribute. Other families which had young boys and beautiful girls, which were re-

quired by the caesar, — said that they should not obey...

And Radosvet said that the kin of the Free Riders should not submit to the caesar.

Then the elders recalled the prediction of the Magus. And they told Radosvet to go to the mound — to the Magus, to ask where to find the new Great Free Rider Who will rescue them.

* * *

Radosvet departed.

But he remembered that he did not solve the third task of the Magus, and he was not so sure that the meeting would happen...

He tried to talk with God, asking Him what to do. But God did not answer...

But when Radosvet approached the mound, the Magus was already waiting for him.

Radosvet told Him about the invasion of the foreigners that threatened the kin. He said that the kin of the Free Riders needed help. “We need the wise leader, who was foretold by You. He should be a leader of strength and kindness, who will unite people to stop infighting and will be able to protect everyone from the foreign invaders.”

Radosvet said that he is ready to go even to the ends of the earth to find that new Great Free Rider and persuade Him to lead the people.

The Magus smiled faintly and said:

“Your request has been heard by God. And help has already been sent to your kin! This Messenger of Heaven has already been born in your nation. He will

bring freedom and prosperity to many people for many years!”

“Tell me: how to find Him?”

“He is — very close! His name is Radosvet! Why are you so pale?”

“It is not easy to accept: I have come for help — and found that the aid is hidden namely in myself!”

... Radosvet knew about himself that he had both love, and power... And that he was ready to help people overcome their troubles... But... so suddenly...

“I do not feel like a great and wise ruler, nor do I feel like a great warrior or a Messenger of God. I still have barely even learned to sometimes hear God’s advice... This is all that I can do...”

“It is good that you do not consider yourself worthy. If one considers oneself a prophet before becoming a prophet, then, what must happen, would not be allowed to happen. Even the great ones ruin themselves by vanity and pride! It happens because the Almighty Will, Which must be carried out by that man, becomes lost in the sense of self.

“The Great Power and Omnipotence of God are open only to those who, having forgotten about themselves, serve the Creator.

“I’ll help you a bit. I’ll teach you how to realize the Divine in yourself.

“To begin with, how to distinguish between what comes through you from God — and what are just manifestations of the personal self, which, by their nature, are just the personal desires of the man?

“The future of your friends, your people, your country, or even the whole Earth, depends on the ex-

tent to which you are able to understand and implement this!”

... And the Magus taught Radosvet how to attain the Mergence with the Divine Love, Divine Wisdom, and Divine Power.

Radosvet then felt great love for God — and the Great Power of Love hugged him! So, he had cognized how the human soul merges with the Love of God!

Then He felt that He — as a soul — became so huge, much larger than our planet, and consisting of the Purest and Subtlest Living Light. He tried to take the Earth on the Hands of the Soul, which were issuing from the Spiritual Heart of the Soul. And He felt then His responsibility for every creature living on the Earth.

Then He plunged into the immense *depth*, filled by the most delicate and subtle Divine Fire, like the Sun, but of a size superior to anything imaginable.

“I am the Fire of Love, coming from the *original depth* and creating life. Now You have cognized Me as the Great Sun — in Your Spiritual Heart!” — the Words of God sounded.

By doing this, Radosvet realized that it was He Himself Who had become the Great Spiritual Heart and the Great Sun. And He heard further:

“Now — You know Me, the Father of all things!

“I have shown You Myself as the Source of Power that will always be at Your disposal when You are *One* with Me.

“Through the Heart of the Earth — the passage opens to the Force of Me, the Almighty!

“This Power can fill Your body and act through it.

“From now on, you will be able to use the Flow of My Power to carry out acts of creation, to help the needy, and to protect all that is good.

“But never transgress My Will by Your personal desire to help, because external help is not always useful!

“My Strength is an Open Source. But It may be cognized only by that man who has a kind heart, who does not have impure thoughts, and who always knows My Will and follows My Will, and not his or her own desires.

“My Strength exceeds the strength of any weapon. All the energies in the universe are submitted to Me!

“But My Power can be used only by one who is Divinely pure in his or her thoughts, and, in particular, does not want anything for himself or herself!

“Go — and teach Your friends too! Then Your army will be invincible!

“I’ll be in You and with You!

“My Love will be Your Love!

“My Strength will be Your Strength!

“My Love and Power will also grow in each of Your friends!”

*** * ***

Radosvet wished to thank the Magus for the wise lessons, but... did not see anyone around.

And then Radosvet went back.

Love for God, for people, for our planet, and the determination to save His people from foreign oppression — overfilled Him!

He asked God to show Him always what He should do.

... Radosvet returned. There was with Him and in Him — the Divine Strength and Love, and the Great Divine Sun was shining in Him.

He told His friends about what He had learned:

“The Magus told Me, that God has ordained Me to the role of the One Who will save our kin... I do not know if it’s true... But we have no other way out. And there is no sense in waiting for more help, for there is nowhere else that it can come from. Perhaps, particles of the Great Divine Force are embodied in each of us. And if you help Me — then we can do it!”

Miroslav sang an ancient song of the Great Free Riders. Friends echoed his clear voice.

Everyone stood around a large campfire and sang, feeling their unity in love and courage. In the center of the circle, a fire was burning, and it seemed that from it — the Divine Fire flared in the hearts of these brave warriors!

... Later, the host of Radosvet stood, like a shield, on the border of the protected areas.

Radosvet taught His friends:

“If in a confrontation at least one nation is free from hatred and fear — it is invincible! We have already won this battle even before it started! And now, all that is left to do, is to be able to explain it to our enemies: so that without shedding blood in vain, they retreat back into their land and no longer try to conquer us — the Free Riders!”

* * *

The caesar's army approached the land of the Free Riders.

They stopped and saw in amazement the small host that went to meet them.

One of the members of the group separated from the others and began to approach.

The leader of the caesar's army thought: "Of course, he is going to surrender and to discuss the conditions under which their land will become part of the caesar's empire. They will not be able to resist my great army! It makes no sense to battle!"

Radosvet approached.

The leader looked with interest at the "barbarian", who, it could be seen, was not afraid.

Radosvet offered the caesar's army to give up, since the strength was not on the side of the caesar.

The leader laughed! He appreciated the humor and courage!

But Radosvet was not joking:

"If you want to avoid defeat and stay alive — go back voluntarily, otherwise you will die or flee!"

Swords and spears were raised against the daring one, but the leader of the troops ordered to release Radosvet.

... Radosvet's host stood on a small hill in the middle of a harvested field.

The caesar's huge army closed their ranks, and awaited the command to attack.

"What can a handful of riders do? The outcome of the battle has already been decided," — the leader of the caesar's army was perplexed.

At this point... Miroslav began to sing. The ancient song flew over the field and reached the caesar's troops.

Then Miroslav lit a torch and rode along the row of ricks of straw, burning them. A wall of fire began to rise. A gust of strong wind — and fire, rising above the ground yet not touching it, moved towards the caesar's army.

The wall of fire was approaching — and panic swept over the army. The flame was moving above the ground, it was not even burning anything, but still the fire was getting higher and more furious! The New Great Riders carried this wall of fire in front of them as a huge shield and raced faster and faster...

The caesar's battle-hardened warriors fled, broken by horror of incomprehensible delusion... Even after crossing the river, they did not stop there...

Only after a while, was the leader able to restore order among his warriors. But none of them were even thinking about how to go back and try again to engage in battle.

... The leader sent a report to the caesar that the "barbarians" of these lands know the special magic secrets, and that it would be wrong to go to war against these lands, unless they wanted to destroy their own army.

So, the land of the Free Riders and the lands of many other Slavic kins remained free.

* * *

Calm and peace fell to the land.

Radosvet and his warriors returned home.

And the great glory of the host of Radosvet for many years lived in all the nearby lands. That was the glory of the New Great Free Riders, Who knew God,

and Who were able to keep the Earth in their hands
and to shine by hearts like the Sun!

Many people from different lands came to learn
how to be like these warriors who knew the Laws of
God, by which people could both transform them-
selves and build a beautiful life on the Earth!

Assyris

Tale of Death and the Fire Heart

Listen to the tale! I will not hide anything!
And solemnly, in silence,
I will tell you the mysteries of God
And of the life of people on the Earth!

Do not rush to say that it makes no sense
For us to know tales of the past...
No: everything remains the same as before...
Deep in the *Depths* — He shines!

He is God! He is the One Universal!
He is the Light! He is Love!
And whoever has cognized Him —
In His Light is born anew!

The one who has cognized Him —
by the spiritual heart —
Opens the Path to Him for others!
By wise Knowledge and Great Love

That One shines to all who dare to strive!

There once was a girl named Alyonushka. While her parents were alive, they all lived happily and joyfully. But, one day, it so happened that her parents died — and Alyonushka became an orphan.

A distant relative took her into her house — which was both large and rich. But things did not go well for Alyonushka there. She had to live in the house as a housemaid, and reproaches were the only reward for her labor.

That relative was very greedy! She turned her home into — a hotel. And Alyonushka did not even her own room. She slept in the storeroom, which was next to the kitchen.

In the hotel, travelers could spend the night, have lunch, and have dinner — while on the road to the capital town or back from it. From morning till evening, Alyonushka worked tirelessly. She washed, cleaned, stoked the furnace, carried water, prepared food, weaved, and embroidered. In all things, Alyonushka was a skillful worker! But only rarely did she receive appreciation, only rarely did she hear a good word, and it was only from guests. But the housewife did not compliment Alyonushka. She only scolded her. No matter what Alyonushka did — it was not enough for her! She would constantly nag, saying: “I have taken in an orphan — and there is neither use of her, nor thanks!”

But Alyonushka — was kind and affectionate with everyone, she did not take offense to the offensive words, and she was not angry at the injustice.

She only wanted to have at least something positive in her life. But nothing happened.

It was only at dawn that she had some little joyful time, when she walked to the river for water, washed, and met the rising sun.

In such moments, the sun would smile to Alyonushka! And Alyonushka would smile to the sun too!

Alyonushka would think that, perhaps, somewhere there is a happy, joyful, free life. But how to find this life?

When times were particularly sad and difficult for Alyonushka, she would recall how joyfully the sun smiles, and how it caresses by its rays all creatures — and then things would get easier.

One day at dawn, Alyonushka thought that the sunny light shined brighter than usual, as if there was Someone Invisible next to her.

And Alyonushka called:

“Where are You, beautiful Gods? How can I bring the dawn into my life? How can I understand all that I do not know? How can I learn to live in happiness and in the Light?”

... And Alyonushka felt that the Light around shined brighter. And she thought that her words had been heard.

But the days went by one after the other, and nothing happened, and nothing changed. And Alyonushka forgot about that moment.

* * *

Soon, a royal messenger came to their village and announced that the prince is sick with an unknown disease, and that the one who will find the

cure of that disease — will get as much gold, silver, and precious gems as that one can carry.

Alyonushka heard about that and felt sad for the prince, thinking: “I thought that troubles exist only among the poor, but it turns out that even the royal house is not exempt from misfortune.”

And then it happened that a young traveler stopped for the night in their house.

It was evident that he was a noble man, yet he did not show his nobility and wealth. He behaved calmly and politely.

He paid the hostess with gold. And he paid so much, that she was not herself untouched from pleasure, and began trying to please.

But the young traveler went up to his room and asked them to serve him a dinner and to not disturb him.

* * *

Alyonushka brought dinner to the guest and was about to go.

But the traveler suddenly turned pale, staggered, and, bearing one hand on the table, painfully sat down into a chair.

Alyonushka ran up, fearing for the guest, and helped him to lie down on the bed.

“Do you feel unwell? Should I call a doctor?”

“No. Do not worry! Do not call a doctor, I have seen many of them! Another one will not change anything. I’m going to die soon, but not right now, I still have a little time left. You cannot help me, and no one can! Go... No, wait a bit, just sit with me, if you can.”

... Alyonushka sat by the bedside and began to listen to him as closely and carefully as she could. And yet — hugged him with kindness, warmth, and heart love.

The young traveler said:

“You do not know me, I do not know you, we will never see each other again — and so I can talk to you freely and tell you everything that has been a weight on the soul.

“You are still so young that you probably will not be able to understand me. But, perhaps, due to your purity, it will be easy for me to talk to you. I can even tell you that I am trying to hide from myself: the thoughts of which I want to run and run. But it is impossible to run...

“I am the king’s son. I lived for many years without worries and even did not think about why I live. I ate on gold gourmet plates, my ears were charmed by the best singers and musicians, and I was attended and catered to.

“But death knocked on my door... The best doctors told me that I will live no more than two or three months. And now — the senselessness of my whole life has opened up before me!

“It seems to me that death came to me before its time. I’m still young! Yet I have no time left to even do something good! I have not even understood why I live — and now my end is so near! I do not want to die!...

“Before now — death, for example, in battle seemed heroic to me and it did not force me to think about the meaning of life. I did not feel the reality of death, but saw only exploits and fame. But now, I do

not even have those things, for which there would have been no pity to die!

“I thought that a prince should be willing to die for his country. But I did not know my people, and I have not learned to love my country! Only now, traveling incognito, do I see the troubles and problems of the people of my kingdom! If I were still alive and began to rule, I, perhaps, would be able to help so many! But I do not have time!

“My life is almost over — and I did not do anything important or necessary!

“Have I even brought joy to someone, have I, at least, made someone happy? It turns out that, no, I have not!

“It pains me to think about all the time that was wasted in my life! And it is terrible to think of death! But I cannot even think about it! Perhaps you think that I’m just a coward... But I am oppressed by not only the fear of the unknown beyond the threshold of death, but by the senselessness of my life!

“I did not want to spend the rest of my days in bed — dying slowly before a crowd of doctors and my pitying parents! I did not want to see sad faces! I did not want to be a source of income — for doctors of all kinds! And so, I left.

“I have very little time, but I should have enough time to find the answers to the questions: ‘Why do I live?’, ‘Why do people live?’, and ‘Why does death end everything?’”

... Alyonushka listened to the prince quietly, carefully, and as no one had even listened to him before. She took his hand, as if trying to ease the suffering. Her tenderness, kindness, and peace as if warmed the heart of the prince.

“Why do you speak as if death has already occurred? After all, you are alive and, therefore, you can understand and do a lot more! You can still help, for example, a lot of people!”

“Well, you’re right, I’ll try!

“Here is what I have devised: take this ring. I had to give it to my bride-beloved. I suppose, I will not be able to help a lot, but, at least, I can help you! This is — a sign, according to which the king and queen will take you as my wife and the heiress to the throne. They will not reject my last will. You, eventually, will inherit the power of the kingdom and will provide comfort to my parents in their retirement years! For — I see it — you have a good heart! You will be a good queen! You do know first-hand the hardships of people’s life! Tomorrow morning, we will be married in the temple, according to the custom of our country, so that no one will be able to challenge your rights. I will write a letter to my parents — and they will welcome you! Then, when you meet someone whom you love and who will love you — you will marry and make him the legitimate ruler. You both, for sure, will be happy and will be able to do a lot of good!

“Please do not refuse! Allow at least one good deed to light up my life!”

“To rule the country, one needs wisdom and strength, not only a good heart! How can you trust all of it — to me?”

“I’ve learned along the way how to differentiate people. And if I could live longer, I would not seek a bride better than you. And as for those who will give you advice on how to rule — that will not be a problem: they will run up from all sides... And only a lov-

ing heart will be able to identify: who is sincere and honest, and who is only looking for benefit!”

“You have not even asked me my name! Is it possible to deal with such cases so quickly?!”

“What’s your name, my darling?”

“Alyonushka. For a princess — the name is not appropriate...” — Alyonushka gently blushed, and then lowered her lashes.

“Well, now we know each other! And I’m — Prince Elisey!

* * *

The marriage ceremony was held the next morning in the temple of this town. Only, there was no wedding feast. And there were no guests either.

Before they said goodbye forever, Elisey and Alyonushka were alone. They sat side by side.

Alyonushka said:

“I will wait for you, Elisey! I believe that you, for sure, will find the answers to your questions! And that you — definitely, will get well!

“I have loved you! I heard that a girl should not say such words first, but I’m afraid that, if I do not say this, you yourself will not be able to guess. And now you know — and my love will be with you!”

“I also have loved you, Alyonushka! This is — the greatest happiness in my life!”

“Can I go with you now?” — Alyonushka asked, filled with new hope.

“No, honey, you do not have to go with me! In front of me — death is waiting, while in front of you — there is a long and happy life! I really want you to be happy, and so let it be!

“And, moreover — you can do a lot of good for all the people in this country! You can do what I did not have time to do! You will do it both for me and for yourself! And then you will meet a decent young man, love him, and become his wife.”

... Alyonushka shook her head, wiping away her tears.

They sat for a long time embracing each other...

And then the prince went in one direction and Alyonushka, in a beautiful carriage, which was hired for her by Elisey, — to another.

*** * ***

Prince Elisey went on his way to find answers to his questions about the meaning of life and death.

Previously, he was trying to flee from death out of fear of it. But due to this — it was as if death was chasing after him and overtaking him everywhere. He had always thought of death, even though he had tried to forget about it... But everything around him had constantly reminded him of the inevitability of this terrible end. And his questions about the meaning of life remained unanswered...

Now the prince decided... not to run anymore, but, to as if move towards his fear, saying: “Since death is coming anyway and very soon — I should live the rest of my life in a way that will make at least some sense! And — so as not to be ashamed in front of Alyonushka for the way I finished my life!”

And the prince began to look for a dignified death.

He rushed to save a drowning person or entered a burning house to rescue a child. Fate increasingly

provided him with opportunities to do good — and, in each instance, death retreated, as if taking as a ransom the willingness of the prince to die for others.

He used every opportunity to give his life to save others — and death over and over again, it seemed, yielded. Death no longer frightened Elisey as before. On the contrary, the memory of death gave him courage and strength! He now performed all his actions — as if they were the last in his life!

Now he was trying to help everyone whom he met on his way, including in cases where there was no risk to his life.

He even began to forget about his illness, rejoicing in the saved lives and happy smiles of those people who were grateful to him.

And yet, he very often recalled Alyonushka. In the evenings, he took a pen and paper and wrote letters to her. He told her of his love, of everything that happened to him, of what he saw and understood. But he did not send those letters...

... As time went on, severe bouts of illness happened to him more and more frequently. His body was becoming weaker and weaker.

The prince had long ago given away all the money that he had with him, to people in need. He spent his nights now on the bare ground, covered only by a cloak. He ate nuts, berries, and mushrooms, and only sometimes — what he was granted by the people whom he helped.

He became more like a tramp than a king's son.

* * *

Then one day, in one town, he saw the preparations for an execution: “Death is here again — and for this man it comes right now!” — he thought.

The prince looked at the person being sentenced. He was calm and did not seem afraid to die, even though he was young and his body was full of health and strength.

“What is he being executed for?” — the prince asked the guards.

“He worships a different God and preaches a false doctrine. There cannot be multiple faiths, or the kingdom will crumble to pieces!”

“Why do they want you to be executed?” — he asked the person being sentenced. — “Are you guilty — or did the slander and libel of foes bring you here?”

“I told people about One God and of the common Laws of Existence of the entire universe — the Laws of Love and Goodness! I do not see guilt in it!”

“And I do not see any reason to for you to be deprived of life! I am ready to die instead of you!”

... The prince realized that now, if he were to name himself and order to release the young man — he would not be believed: the executioner and the guards would only be angry, looking at his worn-out clothes and haggard face.

The prince turned to the executioner, and said:

“This man is innocent, I am ready to die instead of him! Let him go!”

The executioner laughed from this unprecedented situation and said:

“It is impossible, tramp! But, if you had money, his life could be redeemed. Try to find someone here

who agrees to help this person. You have a full five minutes!

“And you,” — the executioner turned to the person being sentenced — “pray to your ‘One God’, because after a few minutes you will not be able to do it!”

... “And these are — the laws of my country!” — Elisey was horrified once again. — “If the offender is rich, he is not afraid of justice, but if he is poor, then a righteous judgment does not exist for him...”

For a long time now, the prince did not have any money. He only had a gold medallion inscribed with a monogram. He believed that this would allow them to identify his body — so that his family would be able to know about his death.

The prince took off the medallion, and said:

“Is this enough?”

The executioner eagerly held out his hand.

“First, let this man go!”

... The executioner removed the shackles from the person being sentenced. The young man, still hardly believing what had happened, came down the stairs of the wooden platform on which he was to be executed.

The crowd, which had gathered to witness the execution, began to disperse in disappointment.

“I wonder why people are willing to look at death, to the suffering of others — for entertainment?!” — thought the prince.

* * *

The young man who had been saved came up to the prince and thanked him, saying:

“I have never met anyone who could so easily be willing to give his life for the first comer!”

“My merit is not as great as you think. But my fault, it turns out, is a lot more than I thought!

“My life — costs almost nothing: I am sick and soon to die.”

“Yes, you really do not look well... Come with me!” — the man who was saved pronounced.

They went into the forest, away from the town.

“Well, I guess that the price of my life is not too expensive!” — the young man joked. — “Just a little gold trinket!”

“I had nothing else... I'm sorry...” — the prince replied.

“I was not laughing about that!”

“Tell me, where are you leading me?”

“I should repay your good deed with a good deed of my own! You have saved my life — I must save yours!”

“That you cannot... Let's rest for a little while!” — the prince smiled without a trace of sadness.

“Be patient: we are almost there! I am not a healer or a teacher. But the One to Whom I take you — He can do anything!”

... It started to rain. The prince several times slipped and fell, and when he was unable to get up — the young man carried him on his back...

*** * ***

In the forest, people gathered at a clearing. They came here in spite of the rain. They were waiting for the Master and tried to light a campfire.

He Whom they called the Master or the Shepherd, spoke with one person who stood slightly apart.

The rain died down, when the young man with Elisey approached.

But the fire still did not flare up.

The prince took out from a linen bag, in which now were all his belongings, the letters that he wrote to Alyonushka, and offered them — so that those people could start a fire, dry off, and warm up. He wrote those letters almost every day, there were many of them. “Well, at least these people, who came to listen to the Master, will be warm!” — he thought.

But at that moment, the Master came, stretched out His hand — and the flame flared up.

The campfire burned evenly and strongly. The Master took off His cloak, spread it next to the fire, put the letters back in Elisey’s bag, and made a convenient pillow out of it for Elisey, placing it near the top of the cloak. Then He helped to put the prince on this bed next to the fire.

The Master began to speak with the people.

... Prince Elisey knew that he was dying.

Sometimes it seemed to him that he was already dead. He saw his body lying by the fire, and people sitting side by side, with the Master speaking to them. He was a little surprised that he continued to clearly hear everything and could see everything — as if through a light golden mist.

Then the people gradually began to disperse to their homes, taking in their hearts peace, love, and a new understanding of how they should live. Each of them had learned from the conversation something

that was necessary and significant from the simple and wise words of the Master.

The prince had imprinted most vividly just what he longed to hear: “Man does not live only once on the Earth in a material body. Only the body dies. Souls continue to live. After leaving the body, the soul rests, and then again it comes back to the Earth, being born in a new body. And the soul then has the opportunity to continue to improve. The meaning of life on the Earth consists in improvement, in perfecting oneself. But one does not remember one’s past lives, so as not to be crushed by a load of mistakes and sins, or not to become proud of achievements and feats of the past. Only a very few are allowed by God to remember who they were. They are those who have already become mature and wise souls.”

The Master also explained much about the One God, about how to help people to live, and about the principles by which the perfection of the soul is attained...

Everything in the outlook of Elisey had now been established in its place. He now felt that he would very much like to go on living in this body of his!

He addressed a question to God: “How can I not forget all of the most important things that I’ve already learned at the threshold of death? How to remember them — so that I can live and help others in this?”

But there was no answer...

The campfire was burning brightly in the night, sometimes bright sparks, like golden stars, flew into the sky, showering the transparent depth of the night.

The young man, who was saved by the prince, came to the Master, and said:

“This man saved me from death today — and so I brought him here. Can You heal him?”

“You did well! I’ll take care of him, do not worry! But, in the future, be cautious with your sermons of Love and Goodness!

“It is impossible to make people smarter or nicer by persuasion and appeals! There is only one way to do this: by realization of the Teachings in their own lives! And then — the people, who really need it, will reach out to you.”

... The young man went home, comprehending how to make everything heard the foundation of his life.

* * *

The prince died, knowing that his time had come. He was now just watching what will happen next. He did not know: is it a dream, reality, or has death occurred already?...

It seemed to him that his body was immersed in a flame of a huge Fire. And he saw that this Fire had Hands, which were extended into his body, and that they withdrew the black as coal traces of the disease.

A feeling of lightness and weightlessness increased.

Later on, a Face, consisting of Light, leaned over him.

Elisey asked:

“Who are You? God?”

“It is better to say: I am a Part of His Universal Omnipotence, Love, and Wisdom. There are Many

Who are like Me. And We are called the Sons and Daughters of God.”

“Why do You appear as a man?”

“So that — it is more convenient to talk. But We can use a different manner!” — He said and transformed His appearance into a vast and shining Light, which was similar to sunshine!

“Am I already dead?”

“You are not a body but a soul! You just left the body. But you can come back to it if you want: you now have correctly learned a lot.”

“Yes, I would like not to forget all that I have learned, and to do what I could do, if I am returned to the body.”

“Good! When life in the body finds the true meaning, God can bestow the healing! Here — I give you a new heart!”

... The Fire Hands took a particle of the Flame, and created a new heart out of it, which He then placed into the chest of the prince.

Life flowed into the body. A flow of Fire filled the blood vessels and this blew new life into every corner of the body. States of happiness and immense love for all and everything — covered Elisey!

Love united the soul with the Light in *One!* Elisey could never have imagined that there could be such happiness!

* * *

When the prince woke up — the rising sun was shining.

He still was not sure what had happened to him that night — but he was alive!

Above him, the Master carefully bent. He was like that Man-God from the night's events. Bodily, He was tall, broad-shouldered, with brown hair which, in soft waves, fell down to His shoulders, amazing blue eyes shined with a gentle warmth and light. In appearance, He looked to be about thirty years old or so. But something unusual was in His eyes and in the movements of His body, as if He was here by only a small Part of Himself. A special peace surrounded Him and hugged both the prince and the space around.

"I dreamed that I was dead and then revived," — Elisey said, and he was surprised at how his voice sounded.

"Drink this!" — the Master offered a cup to Elisey. The infusion of aromatic herbs and honey blew heat throughout his body.

"Who are You?"

"I am the Shepherd. However, My flock is scattered all over the Earth, and I now go through the world and gather back those who are willing to listen to Me."

"I dreamed that You cured me? But can one be cured of death?"

"When life in the body finds the true meaning, God can bestow the healing!" — the Teacher repeated the words from the prince's dream. — "You are healthy, but you'll have to stay with Me here for a little while longer in order to learn to live in a new way and to actually obtain the Fire Heart!

"Such a Heart, full of Divine Love, Wisdom, and Power, — one cannot just get as a gift from one to another, even if this other is God! It must be developed by man himself or herself!

“Now, get up! You need to wash!”

To his surprise, Elisey was able to easily get to his feet unaided.

The Teacher and the prince went to a spring, which filled a huge deep bowl in a rock with transparent and clear bluish water. From this bowl, a loud babbling brook began.

“Swim here. The water in this spring is clean and always cold. It’s good for you!”

... Elisey submerged himself completely several times. At first — he gasped for air because of the cold water, but then... he, it seemed, was born again: tenderness, purity, strength, and joy filled him! It was as if spring streams flowed within his body! Never before, even when he was quite well, did he feel so much energy and joy in the soul and the body!

As they returned to the fire, the Master, as if in passing, said:

“A lot of people, to get rid of severe illnesses, could use the help of such a simple remedy: bathing in ice water. But it must be done without coercion and without fear. Even with just a few of such plunges — the energies of diseases can leave the body.

“But no lasting healing is possible without a previous transformation of the soul. If a person continues to live a vicious life, the disease will come back.”

... While they had breakfast by the fire, the Master spoke again:

“I suppose that you want to hurry now to your beloved Alyonushka. But before you go home, you would do well to learn a lot more — to actually start helping other people! Do you want this?”

“Do You know everything about me?”

“I know what I need. Are you willing to stay with Me and learn?”

“Yes, I want to learn! I understand that the prolongation of life in this body has been given to me for this purpose.”

... So, Elisey stayed with the Master.

*** * ***

Now let's see what happened to Alyonushka during this time.

When she arrived at the palace, the guards would not even admit her past the doorstep until she showed the ring and the letter of the prince.

The king and queen met her unkindly.

“Our son got married?! Without our knowledge?!” — the queen sighed.

“That cannot be! She is an impostor who wants to lay claim to the throne!” — the king said indignantly.

“But no: it is — Elisey's handwriting and his seal!” — the queen handed the letter to the king, having read it.

... Alyonushka quietly stood on the side, waiting for this storm of emotions to pass.

Then the king and queen softened up and began to ask her about Elisey.

Alyonushka told them everything that she knew. So, she stayed in the palace.

... As time went on, Alyonushka, by her kindness, soon became a favorite not only of the king and queen, but of all the courtiers.

However, Alyonushka was not happy with her new life. She could not accustom herself to live with-

out working! But all the work in the palace was done by servants. The king wrote decrees, while the ministers listened. The queen was sad about Elisey and gave instructions to servants.

And how to execute Elisey's instructions: to establish a better and kinder life in the kingdom — she did not know.

Once, Alyonushka decided to wake up early in the morning and wash the floors everywhere, but only awkwardness resulted from it. She could not complete even half of the work: the palace was huge! And then the servants woke up and were alarmed. The maids — were in tears, saying: "What does this mean: do we not do a good job?! Is the queen going to drive us away?!..."

The king and queen edified Alyonushka, saying: "It is not your place — to wash floors! You are the princess! You have to become a queen!"

Then Alyonushka said:

"What should my role be?"

... The queen could not tell Alyonushka that her role was to relax, choose fancy outfits to wear, and enjoy life in the palace. The queen could not say such a thing to Alyonushka, because she saw: such things were not important to Alyonushka or needed by her!

The king, too, became thoughtful.

And Alyonushka then told him:

"Since I need to be a queen, then teach me — how do you govern the whole kingdom!"

... From that day on, the king began to inform Alyonushka about affairs of the state.

And Alyonushka, too, told much to the king. She could always see the unfairness of things! And she

would tell these things to the king in such a way that he began to carefully listen to her advice. Many good deeds were performed by the new royal decrees.

* * *

Meanwhile, Elisey began to learn the science of how to acquire the Fire Heart, which was all-loving and full of great strength. And he also began to learn how to help people living on the Earth.

Every morning, starting at dawn, his studies would begin, and they would come to an end only in the evening. But the evenings were not wasted. They were filled with wise conversations of the Teacher with His students. The problems and difficulties of many people, who came to the Teacher for advice, and how He answered them — were also a form of learning on the art of cognizing souls — both large and small, good and not good.

Once, Elisey asked the Teacher:

“What is the name of the God, Whom You serve?”

“There are many directions of religion and belief, and there is a lot of names, but there is only one God! He is the Creator of all the universe! He is everywhere, though not visible to the eyes of the body. But He is easily seen by a loving soul!

“God is here and present in every moment! He is not somewhere far away — but near you, around you, and within you. But He can be cognized only by a loving spiritual heart.

“He holds your life in His Hands. He offered to you now the best conditions for your further devel-

opment! You are now able to quickly master the Straight Path: from human life — to the Divine life!

“The creative Power of God is at the other side of the door, which you can start to open now.

“Love and kindness of the soul are the main conditions for this! You and God now will create together a new reality for your fate, your life. Everything around you will come to life and will be lighted by that Sun, which a lover of God lights in his or her spiritual heart!

“Look now at the rising sun! The Light of God, Which healed your body, — looks similar to that sunlight.

“In the space inside your chest, where you feel the emotion of love, the spiritual heart can be found. It begins its development — from here.

“The warm and shining state of a soul, which is called love, is already awakened in you. This is due to the meeting with your Alyonushka.

“God is Love! He alone — is the Greatest Soul that loves everyone and everything!

“You should learn about His Love, Which is infinitely greater than the love of a man to even the most wonderful woman!

“You should also cognize His Power and Wisdom, Which are superior to any power in any kingdom!

“You must learn to be God and at the same time still remain Man!

“This task is feasible for a developed human being. But very few people on the Earth are currently thinking about it! But it is namely this — that is the purpose of life for many incarnate human souls!

“Yes, the Creator has established in people an opportunity to improve the consciousness and ascend to the cognition of God, up to the Union in *Oneness* with Him!

“... Let’s start with something small. If you now look forwards by the spiritual heart, your love will be able to embrace all the things that you look at.

“Feel your sight from the spiritual heart — as the sight of the soul! You can start to feel your face in the chest: eyes, lips, blink your eyelashes, move your lips. Say by the soul your wish to all beings: ‘May love and peace — be in all of you!’

“The look of a loving soul — is not indifferent: with every touch, it caresses all the living, but it does not gaze indifferently, like bodily eyes can do!”

... Elisey began to study it.

Every day he caressed all creatures by love, flowing from the spiritual heart. He quickly realized that distance is not important: one can caress by the soul-love also those who are now very far away.

Soon his heart was burning with love constantly — like the Sun.

Then the Master said to him:

“The fact is that what you have already cognized — is enough for man to be happy and to give heart warmth to some other people. But to help many in the country, to build a new life in it, and to establish love on the whole Earth — you need to become much bigger and stronger!

“Only that man, who grants love to others, acquires the Bliss!

“By becoming the Great Love — a person plunges into the Divine Bliss! Because God is Love!

“Do you want to continue studying?”

“Yes!”

“Then you have to grow by the soul, that is, to become much bigger!”

... And the prince remained with the Master.

Though he wanted to return to Alyonushka and make her happy too, he knew that God wanted more from him.

He began to learn how to make the spiritual heart — huge, encompassing all people, not only in his kingdom, but on the entire Earth. And — how to help people spiritually.

The Teacher said to him:

“Just as you have learned to look forwards from your heart, — you can learn to look backwards: to the depths, where the Divine Light comes from.

“You can then dive into the Light, hugging by the hands of the soul — the Love of God.

“And then — being One with God — hug by the Light everything around!”

... Elisey — even though initially only briefly — had succeeded in entering the Flow of Divine Light, Which, like an endless river, flowed gently over the land. The prince’s body was on the ground, and the soul — had merged with the Divine Light! The Light flowed by a Flow of Tenderness over the expanse, Its Bliss and Care embraced all the living. Elisey tried to embrace by himself, too, — all this, as far as he could.

“The Holy Spirit takes care of everything on the Earth!” — the Teacher explained. — “This River of Light consists of many Great Souls Who — in mutual Mergence — like solar wind, move above the land. They — are united in this Flow.

“One — by the soul — can also join into this Stream of Light and dissolve oneself in Mergence with It.

“Try to become this Living Light! For this to happen — great love-care for all beings should fill your heart!”

... Elisey understood that he must help all those people living in trouble and affliction, whom he met on his way. And — not only those, whom he had seen, but so many others whom he did not know, who are trying to find a way out from under the yoke of grief and sadness, sickness, and suffering, as well as from the enslavement by greed and power...

He poured his love into the Love of the Holy Spirit! He flew by the soul in a Flood of Light-Love, with Which he had connected!

He forgot that somewhere is His material body.

Divine Light flowed above the land and caressed — by a lot of gentle transparent Hands — grass, flowers, trees, animals, and people... Every being in this Light was seen through, each could be hugged or taken on the Palm, and be seen as a soul...

In this Flow — there was the Divine World, Which was right here on the Earth!

“It is — not your imagination!” — Elisey heard the Master’s words.

Then the Teacher continued:

“The World of Light, Love, Subtlety, and Purity — does really exist and is cognizable! Incarnate people could live in It, enjoying the harmony, if they respect the principles of peace, tender love-giving, and love-service!

“The key to this World is — the heart love. And it is quite simple to teach many people to live so!

“The key of the heart love will then open the doors to the next steps of perfecting — up to the Abode of the Primordial!”

... Elisey again plunged into the Flow of Divine Light-Love! He even tried to touch Alyonushka by this Light, saying: “I do not know if you can feel Me, My darling, but please: wait for Me! I need to learn the Great Laws of God for the life of people! When I perceive them, then I will come back to you, My Dawn!”

Elisey felt that Alyonushka sensed His Love, but did not see Him, and so she decided that she had only dreamed about her beloved...

The Teacher explained:

“For an embodied soul to feel and hear another soul at a distance — one needs to learn to listen and watch *by the soul*. And Alyonushka is not able to do it yet. Do not worry: her love is so pure and tender that soon she will be able to master it!”

*** * ***

And Alyonushka also did not forget about Elisey and his mandate: to help people in the kingdom. She was thinking about how to fulfill it.

During that time, while there was not any news about prince Elisey, the king gradually got used to requesting Alyonushka’s advice before making decisions and publishing decrees. Through this, much good and order came to the kingdom.

But even very good decrees cannot make evil people — good; or dishonest people — honest! There are always many scoundrels and cheaters, who look for how any good initiative can be inverted to benefit only themselves! And how to monitor everyone?

Alyonushka began to think about it, asking herself: “Where does evil come from? How to fight against it?”

She began to recall how her father and mother taught her the kindness of heart. Alyonushka decided that it is necessary, first of all, to teach children love, honesty, and care for others. Then they will grow up as good people — and there will be less evil on the Earth!

But how to teach them? How to enter every home to teach every child good lessons? After all, there are so many kids... Even a decree of the king will not be enough to accomplish this!

And then Alyonushka recalled those ancient tales about good, love, truth, justice, and wise God — that her mother told her in childhood. In each tale, everything was so interesting that Alyonushka sat quietly and listened with bated breath... And everything always ends well in them...

... But Elisey — had not returned, and no news had come from him...

She believed that he will definitely come back — alive, and healthy!...

Alyonushka tried to push away her gloomy thoughts, telling herself:

“I’m waiting for him, I love him, he’ll be back! And I promised him to watch over his kingdom while he is gone... So I must figure out how to do it well!”

Alyonushka decisively took a pen and paper and started to write those tales and stories which she remembered, and she herself composed those which she did not recall fully. “If such stories could be read to all kiddies — then they would become those les-

sons of kindness, which could enter into every house!”— she told herself.

* * *

One day, the king felt unwell and began thinking about his own approaching death... And he decided that before death — he should see his successor! He decided that it was time to find a fiancé for Alyonushka. And he figured out how to do it.

He spoke about it to Alyonushka. And she refused, saying:

“I am a married woman, and I am not a widow, nor a fiancée! No one saw Elisey dead! And, therefore, he is alive! I do not believe that he has died! I will wait for him! If it comes to it, I myself will try to manage the kingdom!”

And the king said to her:

“This is not your will here, but mine! The princess has also another problem that cannot be performed without a husband! That problem is — to give birth to an heir! If there will be no successor — unrest and war will begin! It is not just your desires which are stake here!

“And so that you do not choose an unworthy man, I want to see him before my death!

“I’ll call the noble guests from all over the kingdom! And — from the other kingdoms! We’ll have a ball! And so that no one knows who is the princess and begins to pronounce flattering speech before her — everyone will wear masks! Then you will converse with everyone. And then everyone will remove their masks. Then you will choose from them who is better

for you by face and by speech! And do not argue! I'm still the king!

“Do you think that I do not hurt? Do you think that I have forgotten my son? No! But my concern is for the kingdom!”

... Alyonushka sighed but said nothing... She walked away, thinking: “What shall I do?! What am I to do, my beloved? I feel, that you — are alive! But, perhaps, it is the soul without a body — that is alive? Maybe it's because when you think about me — I see your face, and feel close to you? Help me!”

* * *

To make a long story short, the prince had mastered much. But all this cannot be said by just using ordinary words! And all that the soul can cognize — cannot be enclosed into the tale!

Elisey learned to speak with God, to hear God's advice in the heart. Mergence with the Divine Light — become customary for Him. Elisey also learned how to become a bigger and bigger spiritual heart, capable of containing the fields, the mountains, the rivers, and all the people living on the Earth...

Elisey also studied how, by becoming the Flow of the Divine Light, to clean both His own body and the bodies of other people.

He was shown by His Teacher how to merge with the Light within the Earth.

His Hands of the Soul, the Hands of the Spiritual Heart, — had strengthened. And it had become easy to hold the space around Him as if on a huge tray — which was on His Palms, consisting of the Divine Light.

Now He felt — like a Bogatyr¹ from the ancient legends — with a radiant transparent body similar to a great mountain.

He now felt as if His own heart, which was loving and consisting of the Divine Fire, had become — the heart of the Earth!

He understood, what was said in the tales and fairy tales about the Earth being the Mother, and God — being the Father for all!

Additionally, Elisey watched how the Master healed different illnesses.

Elisey now answered the questions of the people who came to visit, saying and doing what He knew.

As time passed, the Master began to show Him how to become *One* with the Creating Fire of God.

And then He realized the role of the *Fire Heart*, about which God had spoken to Him. A Particle of the Divine Fire, having been raised from the *Depths*, now lived in the Spiritual Heart of Elisey.

From the *Depths*, He now looked at everything in the world. And the meaning, of what was happening, was revealed to Him by God.

The Master once said:

“You have cognized the Creator. You have felt how infinite He is, and how infinitely powerful is His Power!

“Anyone, entering His Abode, merges with Him into *One!*”

¹ A “bogatyr” is a Slavic warrior of immense strength, courage, and bravery, often told about in Slavic legends (note from the corrector).

“A Person, Who has become *One* with Him, can live in the Abode of the Creator and carry His Light to people for explaining His Laws.

“All human beings are children of God. But they have forgotten about this!

“And yet, they are able to cognize this, by improving themselves.

“Those, Who have achieved the Perfection, infuse by souls into the Creator! It is precisely for this that they were sent to the Earth! The meaning of human lives in the material world is found namely in this!

“One, Who has cognized God in Oneself, that is, in the developed spiritual heart, — cognizes God in the whole universe! And such a One is able to do much for the benefit of people, being merged with the Divine Power!

“Well! I have taught You everything that was supposed to be taught now!”

... The Master shined by bright white Light. He stretched out His Hands of the Soul — and connected with the Divine Light-Fire in *One*. And then His material body disappeared in a flash of blinding Light.

Elisey tried to do the same, but only entered by the soul into the Divine Fire; while the body stayed in the world of matter.

The Master reappeared again next to Elisey, and said:

“Right now, You may not be able to penetrate into the world of Fire together with the body. But You should know that it is — possible. And try to find a way to accomplish this! After all, the possibilities of perfecting oneself are limitless!

“But now, Your task is to serve many people with that knowledge, which is already Yours. This is the main purpose for which You remain to live in this body.

“You conquered death once — and therefore You can learn how to transform the body to such an extent that death will never touch it!

“But it’s enough to have accomplished the immortality of the soul in Oneness with the Divine Light. This is what You have already cognized and what should never be lost!”

“Is it possible to lose it?”

“Yes. Many, who returned to live in the material world after the Great Training, gradually forgot the Purity of the Source of Life in the universe, Which is the Ultimate Goal of cognition for everyone! They became immersed in the pleasure of the use of their power and authority. And — in narcissism and self-aggrandizement — the contact with God becomes lost!

“If the knowledge of the meaning of our existence disappears on the scale of entire countries, then the spiritual gives place to the material life of people.

“In this way, a gradual decline in each such country begins. In this case, the rulers are surrounded by luxury, while people are enslaved and exist in poverty. Then natural disasters or wars begin, leading the country to ruin.

“This happens because the Laws of God do not allow violence and hatred to triumph long. This could happen to Your country too.

“But now — everything can be changed for the better!

“You have to help very many good souls to see the Light, and to teach many people the Laws of Goodness.

“Alyonushka will help You. And You — should help her by teaching her what You now know.

“You need to hurry. Your father wants to give her in marriage.

“Here’s a horse for You. Because You cannot move Your body instantly to any place yet — the horse will help You.”

... The Teacher gave Elisey the bridle of a beautiful white horse — and He again disappeared in a flash of Divine Light.

Elisey called out:

“Master!”

“Yes, I’m here! I will be everywhere and always with You and will help You! But it is time for You to act! Ride, do not delay!”

... Elisey jumped on the horse and rode like the wind.

*** * ***

Elisey rode up to the palace. Music was playing there in full swing, and guests wearing masks walked through the halls, ate delicious food, and conversed about meaningless things.

How Elisey had got out of the habit of such a life! How stupid and absurd seemed such a behavior to Him now!

During the time spent with the Master, He was accustomed to the fact that His life is not measured by external events, but by stages of spiritual cognition!

Although... it was not so long ago that He had lived in such a way and could not have imagined it otherwise!...

In order not to be recognized until the right time, Elisey, too, put on a mask, then entered the ballroom of the palace.

“Is all this necessary for Alyonushka? It cannot be!” — He thought.

Elisey stood by the window and began to look for Alyonushka. He easily found her.

She felt His look, looked at Him, and then came and stood next to Him, and asked:

“Why do you not dance?”

“I do not like this ball.”

“Me — neither...”

“And, anyways, — I’m married and am not looking for a bride. I love her, My darling and My wife!”

“I am also married and do not want another man, besides the one whom I love with all my heart. But...” — Alyonushka stopped talking, not to disclose herself, because she was strictly forbidden not to give herself away.

But for Elisey, enough had been said. He took off His mask.

Alyonushka also disclosed her face. Instead of the thin, haggard by disease prince, whom she had seen the last time, a changed, shining with Light Elisey, now stood before her! Tears of happiness flowed from her eyes.

No one paid attention in the bustle of the ball — to the two beloveds who had finally found each other!

“Why did You not come for so long?”

“I’m sorry, darling, I had to not only recover, but to also learn a lot! Let’s leave this place, I’ll tell you everything!”

*** * ***

What to say in conclusion, dear readers and listeners?

Of course, Elisey taught Alyonushka everything He had learned Himself!

Of course, He cured His father!

Of course, He then changed very much in the country!

He proclaimed — for all to hear — the truth about God, and the Divine Laws of Goodness, Love, Harmony, and Justice!

The orders, established by Elisey, were in accordance with the Divine Laws. And then those Laws began to control people’s lives. And evil — immediately brought punishment onto itself.

Then Elisey and Alyonushka went to many other countries, and told people what they themselves had cognized.

And later, Elisey and Alyonushka had kids — a son and a daughter!

And, of course, everyone was happy!

*** * ***

This is the happy end of our tale!

Only now guess, My dear: what was the reason to tell this story to you?

Maybe, when the last page of the tale is closed, — something wonderful will begin to happen to you?

And maybe now you know what you need to start doing for this?

And the one, who begins to follow the Path of Love and Kindness, will soon hear God's advice and receive obvious help from God!

Well, now — it's the end of our tale...

Or, maybe, it is — just the beginning for you?