

**Vasilyok**

**Fairy Tale  
of the Magical  
World**

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# *Chapter 1:*

## A Girl Named Asya

There once was a girl named Asya. She didn't live in a time long ago — like in most fairy tales — but, rather, quite recently.

Her life was ordinary, not too special. But suddenly a real fairy tale started in her life! And it didn't happen like it usually does, when something wonderful happens but then everything goes back to the way it was. Instead, her whole life became filled with real magic! And, even to this day, her life has been like this!

But I will tell all about it.

Asya lived a normal life, like how most children live. Not good, not bad — but... average.

She lived in a big city, in a nice big apartment with her father and mother. And she studied in an elite preparatory school.

Outwardly, everything was in order: the wealth of their household was nothing beyond the ordinary, but, as the saying goes, they were “no worse off than others”.

However, there was a problem in Asya's life, which often caused her a lot of pain. Asya's father was always very strict with her: he very much wanted Asya to be the best in everything. And everything in Asya's life had to be as he thought it should be. And

**Asya even had to think the same way as he did, and always act according to how he considered proper.**

**He praised her very rarely, but criticized her often. And everything that he said to her was so harsh and tough, that Asya began to fear him. When her father was at home and was not busy with anything, she lived in constant tension and fear: worrying that she might do or say something wrong — by accident, and not on purpose — and that her father would “scold” her!**

**Once, Asya even complained to her friend from school about her fear — and her friend said to her: “Well, so what if he “scolds” you? After all, it’s not like he beats you! Listen to me: spit on his words and live calmly! He doesn’t withhold his money, instead, he buys outfits and gifts for you — which are so great that others die of jealousy! For the sake of such things — be patient! And offensive words of all sorts — they don’t matter!”**

**But for Asya, they did matter... If she could, she would throw out all of such gifts from her father, without hesitation, just for her dad to change and to be kind to her!**

**She once even asked her mother to talk to her dad:**

**“Mom, please, tell dad not to scold me so much! Whenever I am at home, I am always worrying that he might hit me right now for being mistaken in something or for suddenly getting a low mark in school, or for telling him something that he won’t like...”**

**“What’s the matter with you, my daughter?! What are you talking about?! Daddy loves you! He only wants what’s best for you, he only wants you to be the best in everything! He would never so much**

as lay a finger on you, he is so proud of you, telling everyone about you and how clever you are!”

“It would be better if he didn’t want me to be so perfect. For when I can’t be what he wants me to be, — he despises me so much! And he says such mean words to me that I cry the whole day long! With his words — he hits me even harder than if he were to beat me!”

... Her mother talked to her father about it. But he did not listen, and he did not understand the problems of his daughter. And her mother also didn’t understand... She loved her husband so much that she as if looked at everything through his eyes, seeing his opinions as correct, and forgetting about her own...

And Asya’s father was a very strong and proud person. Because of that, he never even tried to understand how he was felt and perceived by others. And he could not even imagine that he himself could be wrong in something.

A couple of days after that conversation with Asya’s mother, her father tried to praise his daughter, and not to ridicule her or criticize her mistakes. But then all of this was forgotten, and her life at home continued on as usual.

Except that Asya began to lose a lot of weight, and she started to become sick very often, almost continuously...

Her mother began to take her to physicians. They listened to Asya’s heart, took all sorts of tests, and prescribed pills and medicines...

But none of this helped Asya to feel better.

... By springtime, Asya had become quite weak. She was even hospitalized for examination, but no terrible disease was discovered.

When she was discharged from the hospital, the doctor told Asya's parents: "This is all very serious! I have seen cases like this more than once. In such cases, it's as if the life of the child is fading, and a diagnosis cannot be made. This is because medical studies cannot show the cause of the disease! And a year later, cancer or some other severe disease becomes obvious, and then the chances of healing the patient are much less. People begin to say that the doctors overlooked something... But I, however, see that the situation is bad, even though the instruments do not yet see it!

"You would do well to put her in a good health resort for the summer to live in the forest, in nature! Or to look for a good healer, who knows how to treat others with herbs!"

In that moment, they recalled about Asya's grandfather — the father of Asya's mother. After all, grandfather Basil lived in the forest. He had his own apiary there, and many people revered him as a very strong healer...

## *Chapter 2:* **Grandfather Basil**

Asya knew that somewhere she had a grandfather named Basil, but she really didn't remember him.

**She only recalled that she used to write letters to him with drawings, when she still hardly knew the alphabet. And that her mother used to talk to her about her grandfather. Back then, they received delicious honey, jams, and dried mushrooms in parcels from him. And, in every package, there was always a wonderful wood-carved toy for Asya. Usually, it was a bird-whistle that whistled almost like a real bird. And it was a different bird each time and the song was always a new one.**

**... But then, it was like everyone as if forgot about grandpa. Her father threw out all her bird-whistles: so that Asya would stop whistling at home. On that day, Asya was crying, and crying...**

**Some sort of disagreement had arisen between Asya's father and Basil. Asya's father was a categorical man: he never forgave the insults and seemed to cross out from his life those who disagreed with his opinions and were not willing to obey his will.**

**Then he forbade Asya's mother to communicate with her father. So, they began to live apart...**

**But now — Asya's parents recalled about grandfather Basil.**

**Later in the evening, Asya listened, through the wall of the room, to her parents discussing it:**

**“He even healed patients whom the doctors could not cure! What sanatorium could be better?! And besides, are there any other healers whom we know? Basil is Asya's grandfather! And he will definitely heal her!”**

**... Initially, Asya's father objected:**

**“I don't want to hear about him! He will start to educate Asya in his ways!”**

**“Yes, he will probably do this... But it’s better than having our girl die! Do you remember how he — when she was quite little — had healed her when she got sick and almost died? He will cure her now as well.”**

**“But your father will not want to communicate with me!”**

**“No, darling, it is you who’s mad at him! He never bears a grudge against anyone! Let’s go see him!”**

**... At first, Asya’s father greatly resented his wife’s disagreement with his opinion. But then he gave in. He, after all, was also worried for Asya and wanted her to recover.**

**... And so, all three of them drove by car to the village named Pokrovskoe <sup>1</sup>, near which Asya’s grandpa lived.**

**They drove for a very long time. At first, they drove on a big highway, but later, the roads became worse.**

**Asya’s father scolded the government and the road services. But later, they reached such a bumpy road with enormous puddles and without asphalt at all, that there was not even free time to complain about it: after all, by not paying enough attention, one could easily get stuck!**

**Later on, they stopped before a new series of deep and dirty puddles.**

**And next to them... there was a meadow covered in flowers that were yellow like little suns!**

**“Those are dandelions!” — Asya’s mother said.**

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<sup>1</sup> Pokrovskoe o Pokrovskoye (Russian: Покровское) is a village in Yarkovsky District, Tyumen Region, Russia. Wikipedia. TN.

**“But dandelions are white and should be fluffy!”  
— Asya’s father objected.**

**“Well yes, but that’s only when the seeds are ripe. Then — each seed will have a white parachute, so that the wind can carry each seed. And while they are not scattered, they together form a white ball.**

**“Right now, while the flowers are still in bloom — they are as yellow as the morning sun!” — Asya’s mother completed the explanation.**

**“May I collect a bouquet of them for grandpa?”  
— Asya asked.**

**“Yes, you may!” — her father replied.**

**And her mother looked as if she wanted to say something, — but said nothing.**

**Asya joyfully ran through the meadow and plucked flowers. In the end, she had a big and beautiful bouquet!**

**During this time, her father found a detour to pass the puddles.**

**Everyone got back in the car and drove off.**

**But now, the flowers in the hot spring sun in the car began to wither...**

**Asya decided to figure out: why did the heads droop and the stems become soft? She also noticed dark spots on her palms and fingers.**

**Her mother gave her a wet wipe to clean her hands, and said:**

**“It’s from the dandelion juice. It is white when you have just picked a flower, but later, it becomes dark.”**

**... Her father calmly explained:**

**“It’s like blood in man: it flows scarlet from the wound, but later — it blackens... And flowers — are the same way. The juice is like blood.**

**“Throw it away, don't get dirty! And your grandfather won't be happy with picked flowers!”**

**... Asya was silent for a long time, and then suddenly she began to cry so much that her father stopped the car and asked her:**

**“Asya, what's wrong? Don't you want to go to your grandpa? Did you get hurt by something?”**

**... Asya cried without stopping, her thin body trembled and shook while crying, she could not speak...**

**Then, she quietly whispered:**

**“I killed the flowers! ...”**

**... After some time she no longer cried, but became very downcast. She stopped rejoicing about the beauty of spring, and became silent...**

**When they arrived, she greeted her grandfather in a completely lifeless way, more like a shadow than a girl.**

**When her father and mother had finished greeting him and began to unpack, Asya went to her grandfather, and asked:**

**“Can you give me a shovel?”**

**“I can!” — her grandfather said with a gentle smile. — “But, what do you need a shovel for?”**

**“I need to bury the flowers... I killed them... I didn't know... I wanted to give you a present... But their blood became black... And they died...” — Asya forced out her words with difficulty and again began to cry.**

**Her grandfather hugged her very affectionately, patted her on the head, and kept her close to his body — until she calmed down and raised her wet eyes, expecting that now she will be reproached...**

**“Show me the flowers!” — grandpa asked.**

Asya unfolded her urban jacket, in which she wrapped — like a baby — the bouquet of dying dandelions.

“Let us think about it, Asya: we surely can do something beneficial with these flowers. What if we prepare a healing drink from them! And for this purpose, these flowers will be quite useful: they did not die in vain, and their lives will strengthen and help to continue the lives of people!

“And now, ask for their forgiveness in the magic language — to apologize for tearing them.”

“But, I don't know that language...”

“You do know it! Everyone knows and understands it: it is the language of love of the heart. Words are not needed for the soul to hear it! But people do not always speak it...”

“Do these words need to be spoken aloud?”

“You can say it aloud, or you can say it inwardly. It is the language of souls! One way or another it can be heard in the world where souls live.”

... Asya apologized to the flowers.

“And now we will prepare a useful drink from these dandelions. Many people specifically grow different plants in order to eat them. The bodies of fruits and herbs become the energy that gives us strength. And people can direct this power-energy to benefit themselves and others.

“It is in this way that lives are sustained. And not only of humans, but of many creatures on the Earth.”

... And so, Asya and her grandfather began to make some honey out of the flowers of the dandelions.

Then Basil explained to her that tomorrow morning he will again boil the filtered liquid, which they had already mixed with sugar. And that they will get a healing and tasty treat, similar to bee honey.

And he told her in detail that all bodies — both of plants, and animals, and people — die in due time. But souls are immortal and do not die. And so, it is not necessary to cry about dead bodies. But we have to learn how to live so as not to cause pain or other evils to any being in vain. And then, man can become a resident of a Magical World where everyone loves everyone, where everything is always good, where no one is sad and no one cries, and where everyone is always healthy and happy!

“Is there really such a World?” — Asya asked in bewilderment.

“Yes, there is. But, it isn’t visible to everyone. You can enter it and even learn to live there! There are people who even become real inhabitants of this Magical World!”

“Do you know how to do that?”

“Yes, granddaughter. I’ll teach you this!”

“Grandfather, can you sit with me for a while before I fall asleep? I’m afraid to sleep in a new place. I so often have nightmares... In the past, my mother used to read me bedtime stories. But then dad said that I was already big and that I shouldn’t listen to fairy tales anymore.”

“Fairy tales are for everyone: for big and for small! And many adults also read fairy tales — and this makes them better!

“Follow me, I’ll show you your room.”

Asya’s grandfather put her to sleep in a small room on the second floor, where one needed to climb

by a steep side ladder to get to it. Everything in this room was clean and beautiful: there were wooden walls and carved shelves. A nightstand made out of a polished stump seemed to have come from a fairy tale. There was also a table with legs made from fancy tree branches. And when Asya lay down, she could see the evening sky right through the window.

“There’s no need to be afraid here, granddaughter! This is a magical and good place! Here, there is always an open entrance to that wonderful World, which I began to tell you about. Here, everyone will guard and protect you: both I myself, and the trees, and the grass, and the flowers, and the stars, and the small river, and the lake! Later on — I’ll show you everything! I’ll show you how to enter the Magical World. I’ll teach you how to live there.”

... Then there was a quiet purr. A huge red cat appeared in the room.

“This is Purr! He’s here to meet you! Shall we invite him to come closer?” — grandfather asked.

“Yes!” — Asya answered spellbound...

... For a long time, Asya had begged her parents to buy a cat or a dog. But, in the end, they only let her have a fish in an aquarium. But it was not interesting for Asya.

... At first, the cat for some time looked and sniffed at the new inhabitant of their house, and then he began to purr as if singing a quiet lullaby. His blissful peace passed on to the girl. And she fell asleep before grandpa could even start telling her a story.

Grandpa said to Purr in the magic silent language — which is understood by birds, mammals, trees, and flowers — that he must protect Asya. And

then, Basil went down quietly to conduct a difficult conversation with Asya's parents in the language that people use when talking among themselves.

## *Chapter 3:* Amazing Life

The next morning, Asya's parents went home almost immediately after she woke up. Asya was then left alone with grandfather Basil.

Initially, everything at the new place seemed surprising to Asya! Like, for example, when her granddaddy at breakfast fed everyone: he gave out a fragrant bowl of porridge to Asya, then to the cat Purr, and then to the dog Buddy. Only after feeding everyone else first, did he put a meal for himself.

... After breakfast, they all together went to explore the surroundings.

Asya was filled with delight — everything was happening so unusually! Grandfather knew how to speak with everyone: both with large trees in the forest, and with the plants growing in the garden beds, and with birds, and water, and the breeze, and with the sun, and with his bees, and with the cat Purr, and the dog Buddy.

So, it turned out that everyone understood him — and answered him with grateful love. And each answered in its own language: birds — in bird language, the cat — in cat language, the dog — in dog

language, and plants — in a special kind of silent language.

Even water understood grandfather and replied to him. He smiled at the water in a spring or in a bucket — and the water smiled back at him! And his smile then began to as if live in every drop of water — and turned the water into healing water!

Asya very soon learned about the healing properties of this water from the neighbors of the nearest village, because they came for this water and to grandfather Basil in those cases when someone was ill. It was said that his water is more healing than many potions, if one drinks it with a smile like grandfather Basil's!

And grandfather was always smiling to the water! He could even tell it kind words! But not as a ritual: rather he lived like that — happily and caressing others! And everyone around him, tried to do the same as well!

And Asya also, without realizing it, began to learn this joy from her grandfather.

And around grandfather's house — everything was so beautiful that it was difficult to live there and not be happy!

Everything here was like an old magical fairy-tale, only it wasn't happening sometime long ago, but right now. For example, there was a bench on a hill near the house, where Grandfather and Asya now often sat on this bench and chatted comfortably. This bench was at a very beautiful place. From here, there was a wonderful view of the surrounding area: the meadows, the river, and the forest along the coast. The bench was cut out from the roots and trunk of a dried-up tree and it like something out of a fairy tale!

**Asya had seen a lot of expensive and beautiful chairs: her mother worked as a designer, and visited exhibitions of all sorts with Asya. But here — everything was filled with beauty in a different way! Here, for example, the pine had outlived its age, but the benefit of its trunk, remaining on the ground, turned out to be great! So grandfather explained.**

**And so, in all things, grandfather tried to make it so that all his deeds created practical benefits, beauty, kindness, and joy!**

**Once, Asya asked:**

**“Are you, grandpa, a forest wizard?”**

**“Everyone can be a little bit like a wizard. But most people do not know everything about this...”**

**“And, do you know everything about it?”**

**“No, not everything. But I learn more and more about it every day — because it is so interesting to me to live like this!**

**“How to live on the Earth? And why do we need to live? Have you thought about this?”**

**“No...”**

**“I’m not young anymore. And I’ve thought a lot about it: how to live in happiness-joy, and how to help others in this?**

**“So, gradually, I learned about the Magical World and began to search for doors and passages into it.**

**“If we could at least smile every morning to the sun, or to a rainy cloud, or to a breeze — then at least a little joy would be added to the world.**

**“After all, every person is also a particle of this world!**

**“Look again: if you only stand next to a tree and breathe, then this is also good. Because the tree in-**

hales what you exhale: you exhale carbon dioxide gas, and inhale oxygen, which is what the tree exhales! This is a great miracle! And it's the way that God planned everything! It turns out that we are connected with the whole plant kingdom — even with just our breath!

“Or, we drink water and eat plants — and from this our bodies gain strength, grow, and get healthy!

“Here, drink this water and see tomorrow: how much strength will be in you! It will be two times more!”

“Grandfather, is that why you don't live in the city? Because these trees are magical and the water is beautiful? Mom said that you were invited to live with us in the city, but you didn't want to.”

“Here, Asya, is my place on the Earth. Here, the entrance into the Magical World is easily visible. And here, I can show other people, who need it, the entrance to this Magical World and talk about how to improve health.”

“What kind of World is it, grandpa? Why don't other people know about it, but you do?”

“Many people have heard about that World or guessed a little. In that World, many beautiful fairy tales are born, and songs are heard, and music, and pictures are visible. And all this is made visible and audible by talented people — who are already in this world! They call the contacts with that World — inspiration.

“But it is not only artists, musicians, or poets who enter that World for a short time. Anyone can enter that World, if he or she has no anger, fear, and longing — and learns to live with love to everyone and to everything!”

**“How do you know that you’re actually in that World, since you say that it is invisible? How can it be that some people see it and others don’t?”**

**Grandfather brought Asya to a small puddle:**

**“What do you see right now?”**

**“A dirty puddle, and a possibility to slip...”**

**“And what else?”**

**“I don’t know...”**

**... Grandpa took Asya by the shoulders and slightly moved her from side to side.**

**A sunray touched the surface of the water. The reflection of the shining sun could be seen in the puddle. And sparks of little suns danced around the edges. Even the sky in the puddle was blue, when Asya looked at it like how grandfather looked at it!**

**Asya said admiringly:**

**“Wow! This is a real miracle! I get it now! It’s possible to see in a puddle only mud — or the reflection of the sun! It depends on how we look at it!”**

**“That’s right! Good job, Asya!”**

**“And so it is — in everything! It is only in the beginning that the Magical World is unseen. But when you learn to live in it and see everything like this — then this former world will seem illusory to you!**

**“The Magical World — is seen through the eyes of the heart!”**

**“What are the eyes of the heart? Are those eyes right here?” — Asya pointed to her chest. — “But you don’t have any eyes there, and you say that you see?”**

**“Yes, Asya, I see!”**

**... Grandpa took her hands and put them on his chest. And pressed on them with his palms.**

**“Listen to my heart! Listen with your hands!  
And with the soul — listen!”**

**... And it seemed to Asya that everything around also hears how the heart of her grandfather Basil beats. And as if both the birds, and flowers, and trees — also hear it...**

**And then the cat Purr and the dog Buddy came and clung to the feet of grandfather and Asya...**

**It seemed to Asya that the heart of her grandfather Basil is huge and enormous! And that all living beings are inside his heart...**

**And it was so quiet-quiet, nice and peaceful...**

**Afterwards, grandfather said:**

**“A soul — knows how to love, and to see, and to hear... But people have forgotten about these skills.**

**“There is the heart of the soul — the spiritual heart. It can be tremendous and tender! From it — the light of love flows! With rays or hands, coming from such a heart, you can stroke and hug everyone!**

**“Try to feel that you have a little sun in your chest!”**

**... Asya tried — and she started to feel so good! And she wanted to embrace everyone!**

**And now Asya, too, began to try to live so, to make friends with all around, and to love all!**

**For example, she embraced a tree with tenderness — and breathed deeply and calmly. And the tree admitted Asya’s breath into itself, and Asya inhaled the air, which was filled with oxygen by the tree.**

**Asya liked it so much that she tried to become related to each tree.**

**She even told grandpa:**

**“I read in a book about a little boy named Mowgli, he told the wild beasts: ‘We are of one blood: you and I!’ And they became friends. And I now became friends with trees!**

**“I become like a slender and tall birch when I’m hugging the birch tree! I can even feel my leaves rustling in the breeze!**

**“Or I become like a pine — strong and smooth. In the trunk — power is flowing! And in my body — it does too. And I feel the branches of the crown, and the roots!**

**“All the trees are different: every tree has its own character!”**

**... And, like this, life became very interesting for Asya!**

## ***Chapter 4:*** **The Lake**

**Soon grandfather Basil said to Asya:**

**“Follow me, I’ll show you our lake! We’ll swim there! The water is already warm: this year, spring came early!”**

**“But I can’t swim...” — Asya embarrassedly said.**

**“Well, so that’s what we have to do then: learn to swim!”**

**... Grandfather called Buddy and Purr — and they all together went to the lake.**

... Buddy, a shaggy young dog, was very happy about Asya — the new resident of their house.

He jumped around her with joy and wagged his tail, asking Asya to play.

“Do you want to race with Buddy to the lake? He wants to!” — grandfather asked.

Asya wanted to as well. They cheerfully ran ahead, occasionally stopping to take a breath and wait for her leisurely-walking grandfather and the cat Purr.

In the past, Buddy had tried to play and run a race with Purr, but the calm cat quickly tired of such fun. And he found a quiet place somewhere on a high branch of a tree.

But now — Buddy had Asya for games!

They could frolic and play together — and it gave them both unspeakable joy!

Now every morning, Asya ran with Buddy to the lake. They now had such a fun morning ritual.

... And at the lake, grandfather Basil taught Asya how to swim.

At first, Asya was afraid...

She tensed and shrank with fear — and her body began to sink into the water as soon as grandfather removed his supporting hands.

Then grandpa suggested:

“Asya, try to get more air into your lungs — and lie face down on the water.”

... It became interesting... And Asya forgot to be afraid.

And when she stood up to fill her lungs with air, grandfather said to her:

**“Did you notice that the water itself holds your body if you have filled your lungs with air and are not afraid?”**

**“If you do not shrink with fear and do not exhale air from your lungs, then you can easily float on the surface of the water! But if you’re afraid and shrink with fear — the body sinks.”**

**... Then they continued to talk about it:**

**“The same thing also often happens in everyday life: if you are afraid — everything does not turn out well, and if you are not afraid — then you can feel that God supports you and carries you on His Hands, and that you only have to row to float to where you need!”**

**“I sometimes fear my father,” — Asya confessed. — “I know that he loves me, but I’m still afraid of doing something wrong. When he’s angry, he makes me ‘heavy’ — and I ‘drown in fear’...”**

**“No, Asya: he is not the one who is doing it, but it is you yourself who does it with your fear...”**

**“Now you have learned not to be afraid in the water. And, in the same way, we will very soon conquer all your fears! They will no longer have a place in your life!”**

**... Asya learned to swim and dive in just a few days!**

**Then one day, she asked:**

**“Grandfather, what if I suddenly start to be afraid again, when dad comes? And then, when I get home, I won’t be able to be brave and live happily, like I do when I’m here with you?”**

**“Is this something that you are afraid of now?”**

**“I do not know. But what if things go back to how they were?”**

**“This depends only on you, Asya!”**

**... And then grandfather gave Asya a puppet doll. It was a girl with funny linen pigtails and rope hands and legs, with wooden palms and shoes. By moving the cross handle, one could easily direct the movements, and the doll could then very deftly walk and dance...**

**Asya quickly got used to the controls — and the doll began to obey her.**

**And grandfather said:**

**“Look: if you loosen all the ropes, it will only be a bunch of impotent pieces of wood and rags. But if you direct the doll, it will then dance or walk the way you want.**

**“In the same way, man-the-soul can manage his or her body and emotions.**

**“For this, it is necessary to not just pull oneself by ropes, but to climb into your spiritual heart and never stop living in it, even if it seems that everything around is going wrong.”**

**... And Asya now studied this new joyful life. The unseen Magical World was becoming more and more apparent. And even sometimes, it seemed to Asya that the rays of the sun in the morning mist would open the door-entrance to the Magical World. Or that a rainbow over an expanse after the rain was a bridge to there!**

**... Two weeks later, on the weekend, Asya’s parents came and could not be happier with such a healthy and happy daughter of theirs!**

# *Chapter 5:*

## **Victor, the Unfriendly Boy**

Asya, grandfather Basil, Buddy, and Purr always came back very happy after their usual daily visit to the lake.

However, it should be noted that Purr usually preferred not to swim in the lake, but to sit contemplatively on the shore while the other three swam. In order not to think that he was muddy, he carefully licked and combed his fur, and, returning home, felt no less pure than if he had joyously swam a lot with his friends.

Summer was in full swing, and the weather was beautiful! The forest path, illuminated by the sun's rays pouring through the leaves of the trees, seemed fabulously beautiful!

Buddy always ran ahead and sometimes came back to tell with a joyful bark: "The smells here are so delightful! What an amazing summer this is!", or "A hare ran by here this morning!" or "Look how beautiful the flowers and butterflies are here!"

Purr walked slowly, at a distance: sometimes in front, sometimes behind. He purred occasionally with thoughts: "Why is this Buddy so noisy with his joy?! There is so much grace around! And, with such enthusiastic barking, one cannot notice this bliss! It would be better for him to listen to the silence more often!"

Asya was surprised to realize that she now understood both Buddy and Purr!

She told grandpa:

**“I think that I, too, am sometimes able to understand the magical language! And that I can even see a little bit of the Magical World!**

**“Now, for example, I walk — and become like a solar ball with a smile inside and with hands! And I — like the sun — can shine and caress with the soul, which now is larger in size than my body! You had previously told me about that — and, back then, I just believed you. But now it turns out that it really is so! Does this mean that I am one of those who are already in the Magical World?”**

**“Of course! Whenever a person loves sincerely and unselfishly — he or she touches by the soul the Magical World! And then he or she develops the skill to see that world — better and better!**

**“By the way, I have an important question for you today. Some people would like to bring a boy to me so that I can treat him. And he will probably need to stay with us for a while. Without your help, it will be very difficult for me to cure him. Will you agree to help me?”**

**“Of course! But I do not know how to treat others...”**

**“The heart love — always heals, though not everyone knows about it. So, do you agree?”**

**“Yes!”**

**“That’s great!**

**“This boy can’t walk after a car accident. He’s in a wheelchair. So you and Buddy have a job to do before he arrives: to even out the paths around the house and on the way to the lake. Can you handle it?”**

**... Asya and Buddy worked on this task for two days. They smoothed out the lumps and filled up the**

pits. Everything went well! Buddy worked very diligently and quickly with his paws, and Asya — with a shovel. Purr showed the places that needed to be evened out, and then evaluated the work, saying: “Meow! Very-very good! Puuuurrr!”

Asya now was always happy when she was able to correctly understand what was said by Purr or Buddy!

The house was also prepared for the arrival of the boy, whose name was Victor.. They prepared both a room and many other things that grandfather Basil had thought of.

Asya’s grandpa often received guests so that they could be healed. He steamed some of them in his bathhouse, others were given healing herbal decoctions and honey, and he also spoke with them about what they needed to change in themselves, and how to live in order to be healthy. But none of these visitors stayed long. And Asya usually did not play a big role in this. She could lay the table, or bring honey and herbs from grandpa’s stocks, but not much more than this. And now Asya felt like a real assistant!

... But when Victor arrived with his tutor, everything... somehow did not turn out exactly as Asya had expected.

Asya did not like Victor...

He was sitting in a super-modern motor-powered wheelchair, playing some games on his expensive smartphone and didn’t pay attention to anyone. He only muttered “Hello” indifferently, and then didn’t even look up.

The tutor, accompanying him, told grandpa Basil that after the accident, Victor had long been in a

coma, and that when he returned to self-awareness — he could not walk. No doctors, even abroad, have found a way to cure him. There are no visible injuries to the legs and spine, but no procedures helped.

The tutor handed grandfather Basil a thick file with Victor's medical history.

He was going to stay to take care of the boy, but grandpa Basil said that they could manage without him.

And so, the man left Victor after he had carried his things and made sure that everything for the boy is well provided.

Asya thought that at a time when all of this was happening — the Magical World seemed to hide itself from view for a while.

When the car with the tutor left, it was as if everything suddenly became better: the space of light and joy almost went back to how it was. Only around Victor — there was like a gray islet: as if a murky shadow surrounded him from all sides. In this “island”, the laws of the Magical World did not act, and the life obeyed the usual rules of everyday bleak life...

Purr, passing by, even tried not to cross the border of that “island” and only walked past its edge.

Asya called Purr back to introduce him to Victor. Purr reluctantly jumped onto Victor's lap, but the boy shook the cat with disgust and continued to play his game on the phone.

Buddy happily wanted to rush to get acquainted. He wagged his tail with all his strength, jumped up, but Victor... asked to “remove this dog”...

Grandfather Basil seemed not to notice Victor's unfriendly attitude towards everyone. He began to

show and talk about what is located in the house and around, and what things Victor can use and how to use them. Victor hardly listened to him.

When they had finished showing the house to Victor, grandfather Basil suddenly asked:

“Do you, Victor, want to walk and run?”

“So what if I want to or don’t want to? Why do you care? Well, treat me, if you need to... My parents will pay you a lot of money if I suddenly can start stumbling around on crutches! But I’m sick of it all!”

“Victor, the fact is that you are healthy, only you somewhat forgot about this after that accident. I’ll help you to recall it, if you, of course, want this.”

“I’m healthy?! Are you out of your mind?”

Out of indignation, Victor even gave a nasty look to grandfather Basil.

“They left me here with a crazy old man! And what: should I now endure all this?!”

“The phone is in your hands. Call — but then everything will always be like it is now...”

... Victor thought about it a bit:

“Okay, try it! Heal me! Nothing has ever been as bad as ‘it is now’!”

... Later, Victor was brought to his room to rest, and Asya was left alone with grandfather Basil, he said:

“Victor is very upset right now... Sometimes, this can happen to people...”

“When a person thinks only about his or her own sorrows and illnesses, then all these sorrows and illnesses intensify. Victor, in order to distract himself from reality and to not think about anything bad, is trying to play all kinds of different video-

games... Or he spills his bad mood onto others... And he has accumulated a very-very bad mood!...

“You can help him — if you both become friends.

“Man is arranged in such a way that what he or she thinks about a lot, and to where he or she directs the attention of the soul to — there, his or her strength flows. But one needs to send one’s attention into only good things. But it will not be easy...”

... The next day, Asya began to try to establish some common ground with Victor. She asked:

“What game are you playing on your phone?”

“Can’t you see?”

“I see, but I do not know what it is called. My dad forbade me to play any of such videogames...”

“He completely banned you?”

“Completely...”

“And what? Do you actually obey this?”

“Yes...”

“Well... You... I don’t even know what to say!... You’re a dinosaur! It seems that this is the perfect place for you and your crazy grandfather!”

“Please don’t talk bad about grandpa! Otherwise, I will not even see your little sun in a puddle!”

“What did you just say? What sun can be in a puddle?”

“Just an ordinary one, which is reflected... I will explain it to you later...”

“Do not think that I am completely unmodern! I can use a computer! And I’m not that bad at it either!”

“If there was a normal Internet here, then I would teach you to play many games. I have a cool iPad! It would not be so boring. But the connection

here is very bad. If you want to, I'll show you those games that I've downloaded, but I'm already tired of them..."

"But there are many other interesting things here!"

"It may be interesting here for people like you and your grandfather! But, for clever people?"

"You live in a different time period! Now — with the Internet — a person can do anything, even in a wheelchair! Did you hear about Stephen Hawking?"

"I heard a little. Grandfather said that Stephen Hawking dreamed up a lot of things..."

"He was completely paralyzed. He even spoke only with the help of a computer... But he became famous all over the world!"

"Well, he is not so famous because he was sick. But because of the fact that he wanted to know everything about the universe..."

"Victor, is it true that you really do not want to even try to recover?"

"Why falsely indulge oneself with hopes? During the last few years — after each treatment — it only got worse! I was treated in Germany. And in Israel — I also was treated. So what? Do you think that your grandfather — I will try not to express myself roughly — can do it better? What? Is he some kind of wizard?!..."

"I think he can! When I was in the hospital, I realized that I really wanted to recover..."

"You? In the hospital?"

"Yes, they thought that I might have had cancer, but the doctors did not tell me about it. And here — grandfather has changed a lot in me. He as if recon-

figured everything inside of me. And I am healthy now!”

... Victor’s super-modern wheelchair allowed him very quickly ride to places by himself. And Victor could even very quickly ride to places with it by himself. Or — with the help of Asya or grandfather Basil.

Therefore, in the following days, it was possible to visit the lake and bathe there. Grandfather began to teach Victor how to swim.

He also invented many special procedures and special gymnastics for Victor.

But so far everything was not too successful... The gray cloud, isolating Victor from the Magical World, did not dissipate.

## *Chapter 6:* **Love and Dislike**

Victor and Asya gradually began to talk about many things. Asya even dared to tell a little about the magical language, despite Victor’s ridicule.

Once, when Victor watched Purr’s expressive behavior and purring, he asked Asya:

“What did that cat say about me now? He just turned and moved away, with his tail fluffed up, like a peacock. Can you translate what he has purred?”

“I can. He said: ‘This boy loves only himself. That’s why he can’t be happy!’.”

“How do you know that?”

**“It’s easy! You need to feel your companion with heart love! And then it even is not necessary to say the words: after all, you can feel another soul with you-the-soul!”**

**“How can that be?”**

**“Words are just like clothes for thoughts and emotions. But we can understand so much more without them!”**

**“So, what? Do you — with your magical language — always understand me?”**

**“No, not always. You think differently than I do. That’s why it’s so hard for me to understand you. And you do not want to learn to speak the magical language!”**

**“This is all just your imagination!”**

**“But what if it’s actually true?”**

**“Plants understand when they are affectionately spoken to — and they grow better because of this! Animals — also understand! Even the water understands! I saw a scientific film, which showed some different patterns that were obtained when kind words were said to the water — or when evil words with the appropriate emotions were said. When such words, as: ‘I love you!’, ‘thank you!’ were said, some delightfully beautiful crystal patterns were created in the frozen water. And if someone said: ‘I hate you!’, ‘I’ll kill you!’ — then even the structure of the ice crystals became ugly!**

**“In the same way, when grandpa speaks to the water: it becomes healing and can improve one’s health.”**

**“Yes, it’s like those fairy tales about ‘living water’ and ‘dead water’... And what other nonsense do**

you believe in? For example, tell me: what do you think of me? Be honest!”

“Even though you sometimes laugh at me, it seems to me that, when you speak, you think differently than what you say. And that what you actually feel inside yourself — is quite different!

“You often want to hurt me, but that’s because you yourself feel hurt.”

“Nothing hurts! My feet don’t hurt! And nothing hurts at all!” — Victor exploded indignantly.

“I’m not talking about your feet... I’m talking about something else...

“I understand how painful it is for a person, if no one likes him or her at all. And then such a person may also not want to love others...”

“All you talk about is love, love, love! But love doesn’t even really exist! It is just a pretense which is beneficial to people for one reason or another! Right now, my parents benefit from being together. When they’re in front of everyone, they act as if they are ‘in love’ and they pretend that they are a ‘beautiful couple’! And they also even pretend that they love me too! They are in the Maldives right now, taking a break from the ‘hard feelings’. And I think that if they actually had a little bit of faith that your grandfather could cure me, then they would have stayed in a shed here — in this wilderness in Pokrovka — and prayed to God every day!...”

“Are they believers in God?”

“No, like everyone else, they believe just for show... They paid some money so that, instead of them, someone else prays for many days about my health... They feel ashamed to even stand near a wheelchair! The tutor walks with me and takes me to

doctors! And brought me here to you!... But everything is for money, everything is for show!

“And love? Where is this love? It is nowhere to be seen!

“Is your grandfather going to love me? I’m a stranger to him! He doesn’t even like me...”

“I also did not like you at first, to be honest. But grandpa — he is different! He is not like everyone else! He knows a lot about God and about the Magical World!”

“About what Magical World?”

“I’ll tell you later. You don’t believe me. Or rather — you do not want to believe.”

“No, tell me about it now! Otherwise, in the future, I won’t tell anything secret to you!

“By the way, what God does your grandfather believe in? They say that all the healers believe differently. Your grandfather — of what faith is he?”

“I do not know. I think that he believes in true God, and even knows Him! He explained to me that many people think that the Arabs have one God, the Russians — another, the Jews — another as well, and the Indians — too. But, in fact, there is only one God for the whole world! And some people say that their God is called *Allah*, others call Him *God-the-Father*, and some even say that He is some kind of Great Energy-Force in the universe, but they don’t use the word *God*: in order not to look religious. Even scientists have started to look for ‘God’s particles’. They also started to guess that God — exists!

“However, devices cannot see God and the Magical World... And people who hate other people for having ‘false beliefs’ — they also cannot see the Magical World!”

**“Again, you’re talking about some kind of fairy tale! What is this Magical World?”**

**“Well, it’s like a special country, it’s not visible to everyone. One part of it — the closest to our world — is sometimes called *paradise*. But this is not the whole Magical World!”**

**“And who created this Magical World of yours?”**

**“Who? God, of course! In the same way, He created all the worlds: both visible and invisible, and you and me!”**

**“You and me? That’s amusing! My mom and dad gave birth to me, just like your parents gave birth — to you! Isn’t it?”**

**“Right. But God created the Laws by which everything develops! From a seed of a pine — a new pine grows up, from a birch seed — a birch, from cats — kittens are born! Everything on the Earth is born and develops in a certain way. And, through this, everyone can improve oneself!”**

**“But why did God make the Magical World invisible?”**

**“That World is Magical. It, in fact, is both visible and perceptible, but not for everyone. One needs to learn how! I’m just getting started.**

**“The Magical World is separated from any evil due to its properties. It is as if protected, even without any sign of a safeguard. It is hidden from all the villains in the best way! Therefore, evil people, no matter how much they want to, will never be able to get into that World.**

**“All the other laws of God are also like this: they, too, act wisely! You just need to learn to understand them! That’s what grandpa says.**

**“The Magical World reveals Its entrances to those who learn to be kind and affectionate, joyful and caring! This *World of Good and Light* can be called the *Country of God*. Or — you can call It *the Divine World*.**

**“But people invented so many things about paradise and Heaven that grandpa calls It in his own way: just a *Magical World*. Or, perhaps, he came up with it just for me: so that it would be more interesting to me.**

**“Oh! My grandfather is calling me to help in the garden, I need to go!”**

**... Victor was left alone. It never occurred to him to help grandpa Basil and Asya with at least some of the household chores. He was used to everything being done only *for him*...**

**He already wanted to forget about Asya’s stories about the Magical World, but then Purr came. He settled on the opposite bench, wrapped himself with his fluffy tail, and began to stare at Victor with his surprisingly rational view.**

**“Do you, cat, also think that this Magical World really exists?”**

**... Purr condescendingly looked at Victor and confidently purred the statement:**

**“Mrrrow!”**

**“Why are you looking at me like I’m a fool?! Where is the justice in this World of yours? You have all four legs, and I have only two legs — and they do not move... Can you even understand me?”**

**... Purr sympathized. He even jumped off the bench and, shining with his fur, which had been warmed by the sun, walked, like a red fluffy sun on soft paws, to Victor. He crossed the border of the**

gray island of ill-will, which surrounded Victor, and jumped onto his knees...

Victor did not push away the cat, like he had done during their first acquaintance, but stroked and began to scratch his neck...

Purr began purring. And gradually his purring began to dissipate the grey shadow around Victor's body.

Victor even dozed off for a while. In a dream, he saw himself running next to Asya. But it was not surprising because of the fact that he could not run in reality, but because there was no hurry, and then a happy-happy state came to him, which had never before been experienced by him.

When Asya came to invite Victor to have dinner, he suddenly said:

“Today, I also found myself in the Magical World — thanks to Purr!”

## *Chapter 7:* **On Purity and Joy — Within and Without**

Victor gradually changed due to living with grandfather Basil, Asya, Buddy, and Purr, though he himself did not notice it.

Grandpa Basil was very surprising to Victor. He did not look like an “ordinary grandfather”: he looked

very young and, if it were not for the beard, it would have been difficult to call him a grandfather.

But that wasn't the most important thing. With his whole behavior and relationships with the surrounding creatures, grandfather Basil transformed the space: bees, birds, and small mammals obeyed him. Forest dwellers approached him without fear. Squirrels, for example, could jump on his shoulders, birds could sit on his palms, even hares were not afraid, if noisy Buddy was not nearby.

Grandfather Basil was never angry with Victor's harsh words, and spoke to him very calmly and sweetly, as if Victor was to him the dearest person.

Peace and a kind of special inner strength passed down from grandfather Basil to the surrounding space.

Asya once told Victor that her grandfather is able to use the Force of the Magical World. Victor did not attach any importance to these words. But he began to notice the unusual soft and confident strength of this man.

... And now, thanks to Purr, Victor had seen the Magical World! And that meant that everything else in Asya's stories could be true. And a hope began to arise in him that grandfather Basil could cure him.

... All the food seemed especially tasty for Victor on this day. He even told grandfather Basil about it. And he did not just mutter an ordinary "thank you", to avoid being considered rude. But he thanked him very genuinely!

Suddenly, grandfather Basil suggested:

"Victor, do you want to wash the dishes after our meal today?"

... Victor was confused. He wanted, as he usually did, to say some unpleasant phrase, like: "It's not my duty: I'm the patient! And, besides, — you need to buy a dishwasher!".

But — for some reason — he did not say anything like that...

Grandfather Basil continued to speak as if Victor had happily agreed to wash the plates, spoons, and pot:

"This is very important for a person: to learn to make everything, which is both outside oneself and within oneself, clean! In this case, if one does not wash the dishes, the leftovers will dry up. And then, if one starts using a plate or spoon, for example, which was not washed in time, one can get some poisoning. Likewise, if one keeps inside of oneself all sorts of angry emotions and bad dark thoughts — they, just like the remnants of spoiled food, can stick inside the soul and harm one's well-being and health.

"But if one tries to always keep everything clean, then life becomes very interesting! If you want to, Victor, I can show you much on this topic!"

Victor even washed the dishes with pleasure. He admired the cleanliness of the plates, and this — quite unexpectedly — brought him joy and satisfaction!

... From that day on, everything began to change in Victor for the better and with increasing speed.

Daily body trainings on special exercise machines, invented by grandfather Basil, and the exercises in the lake — also gave their results. Victor still couldn't walk, but his stronger muscles already allowed him, in many respects, to manage his body

without assistance. And therefore, he felt less feeble, sick and miserable.

... When he first started living in the house of grandfather Basil, Victor refused to get up early and didn't allow them to wake him up.

But today, Victor woke himself up when dawn was just beginning.

Feeling that he was needed by Victor, Buddy looked into the room.

He was very cleverly able to open all the doors in the house, pressing a paw on the door handles. But previously, he would not go into Victor's room.

But today, he shoved his smiling shaggy face through the slightly opened door and asked with all his facial expression:

“Can I come in?”

“Come in!” — Victor whispered enthusiastically.

Buddy happily followed the invitation.

Victor dressed. Then they went together to the garden.

There — everything was immersed in the soft morning mist!

Then the rays of the rising sun began to shine!

Birds were singing!

The space around the house of grandfather Basil was so saturated with the aroma of the Magical World that birds always wanted to sing, and not only in the spring and early summer. And they filled the surrounding space with their wonderful musical creations — the music of meadows, gardens and forests!

Victor listened. Before, he did not pay attention to such natural sounds, often saying to himself: “someone is screaming there in the bushes”... But now — everything inside thrilled with this new previ-

ously unknown feeling of belonging to this gentle natural harmony!

Asya came out from the home.

She danced happily among the trees of the garden in the morning sun, not noticing that she was being watched by four attentive eyes.

Then Buddy could not restrain himself — and rushed to say “Hello!”. He jumped around Asya, spreading joy in the space!

Asya saw Victor and was very surprised:

“Are you awake? So early?”

“Yeah, I couldn’t sleep... And what kind of silly dance was that?” — Victor tried to hide his still fragile joy behind his usual coldness. But he was not very good at hiding it right now...

“I start every morning like this! My grandfather taught me to celebrate the sun! It rises — and wakes up the happiness of all beings!

“And you, too, can let this joy, light, and purity into yourself!

“And then — give joy from your spiritual heart both to birds, and trees, and little mammals, and not only to those whom we see around us now!

“The light of love can be sent over huge distances! And due to this, the whole day becomes good! Do you want to try?”

“There you go again!” — Victor muttered, but once again it was not said as angrily as usual. He even wanted, like Asya, to begin rejoicing and being glad, but he forced himself again “to put on a mask” of the usual coldness of an unfortunate patient.

Grandfather Basil came out of the garden and offered:

**“Because the two of you today are such ‘early birds’, then water the patches while I prepare breakfast!”**

**Victor began to pump water, and Asya watered the plants with a hose.**

**Streams of water twinkled in the sunlight and turned into shining splashes and mist!**

**Then they changed places: Victor watered, and Asya worked with the pump.**

**Grandfather Basil praised them for their work.**

**They all gathered for breakfast.**

**... And after the meal and a short rest, grandfather Basil suggested to Victor and Asya:**

**“Do you remember how you today watered the garden, and the water ran through the hose under the pressure?**

**“And now let’s try to imagine that the same hoses, carrying light, can be combined with our hands or feet, and that there is a pump in our chests. And we can ‘inhale’ air-light through one hand or foot, and ‘exhale’ it through the other. Then — the opposite way. Or: ‘inhale’ through one hand — and ‘exhale’ through the leg or the head. You can think up many of such combinations! That’s how you can wash the body inside and heal it!**

**“This, Victor, will help you! Try it!”**

**... Later, they all went to the lake.**

**On this day, Victor managed to stand in the water of the lake, plunging up to his collarbones. The water hugged his body from all sides, and supported it. He felt himself standing on his own two feet without help! Yes, the water was not letting him fall, but, nevertheless, his legs were already beginning to work and obey!**

They stayed at the lake for a long time, baking potatoes in a campfire, which were brought with them from home. And Asya with Buddy had found some early mushrooms in the forest: several orange-cap boletuses, yellow boletuses and brown mushrooms. And now on thin stripped twigs-skewers, which were made by grandfather Basil from branches that had been broken by the wind, they began to fry these mushrooms over the fire with a little sprinkle of salt.

The lunch was very blissful!

Then they sat around the campfire on the shore.

Victor, who was very tired from the efforts of this day, even slept a little, lying by the fire. And then, he woke up — filled with peace and strength!

Everything inside him and around him — as if by magic — has changed. Why? Because he started to change himself!

## *Chapter 8:* What Power Can Be

Every day now, Victor felt more and more healthy and strong! All the exercises began to turn out better and better for him!

And, most importantly, the Magical World began to open its doors in front of him more and more often: after all, the entrances there are open when they are lighted up in the human heart — like suns — with love and joy!

Once, at breakfast, Victor asked grandfather Basil:

“Why do you never eat meat? Many say that the strength of a person comes from meat. The doctors ‘buzzed my ears’ about this, saying: ‘To get better, you need to eat meat!’. But you, on the contrary, do not feed us meat at all. But my strength has increased a lot over this time, and my health too!”

“Strength, dear Victor, is different.

“What do most people, who have not thought deeply about it, mean by *human power*? Namely, muscles that are powerfully enlarged and fists that are strong... They consider a person who can beat better with his or her arms and legs to be better than others... But this is only the strength of the muscles which have been trained. And such a force is often used not for good and to protect the weak — but it can also be unjustly used: for evil deeds and for violence...

“On the other hand, sometimes the willpower in a person is huge, which can allow this person, for example, to survive in terrible conditions. And such a force can even be in a fragile body.

“And there is also courage and strength that can allow a person to save other people by sacrificing oneself. This is not just will and courage, but the power of love that has been added to them! And may such a force be much greater than bodily strength!

“Great is the power of love and tenderness: the power of good!

“If you’ll think about it yourself, you will recall many examples that you have heard about more than once.”

**“Yes, I recently read an article about a pilot who was able to land on the ground a badly broken and burning plane in which there were children. His body was burned so badly that his flight goggles melted onto his face, and almost only his bones remained of his legs... He managed to land the plane and made sure that all the children were alive... The doctors could not explain how he could do this, why his legs obeyed, and why he didn’t lose consciousness... Then he died... I even remember that his name was Alexander Mamkin.**

**“And I also read a lot of things about many different cases of healings! About when people, who were told that they would be disabled and bedridden for life, began to train — and fully recovered, like Valentines Dikul, for example. For some reason, some can recover, but others cannot...”**

**“Yes, it is so. There are soul possibilities that far exceed the strength of the body.**

**“People can — for a start — believe in themselves, in their own strengths, saying: ‘I — can!’ And this already multiplies one’s power because it unites the power of the soul and the power of the body.**

**“Or people can believe in God, believe in His Power — and then God’s Power can be added to the forces of both the body and soul!**

**“This is special. A person, who has felt the Magical World and Living God, begins to understand and learn about this!**

**“There is also the Great Divine Power of Love-Peace. In this Special Peace, all the various aspects of the Power of God can be hidden — until the right time. And, when necessary, they can be shown!**

**“The huge and kind power of the soul of a person, which has connected with the Divine Love, can have very different aspects. It is as if such a person-soul begins to paint a beautiful picture of the universe through his or her life! It is like a creator-artist who adds Light, Kindness, and Beauty to the world!**

**“It can be manifested in any work, and in creativity! This begins to be felt in the simplest things of everyday life when a person allows the Kindness of the Magical World to flow through oneself.**

**“And, the more love and wisdom in the soul, the brighter the laws of the Magical World are manifested through it! And — the easier it is for God to direct His Love into the world through such persons!**

**“And sometimes God can also allow a person, who is not good, to act for the time being. But God never adds His Strength to an evil power. It is important to remember that evil forces should not be feared and that it is right to accumulate namely good strength!**

**“... And now let us return to where we started the conversation, namely: about our food.**

**“Compassion, non-violence, causing no harm and pain to other beings — this is one of the ways of gaining the power of Good and Wisdom.**

**“Many people do not think at all about how, for example, sausages are obtained... They pet cats and dogs, are touched by chicks or furry animals like sables, minks, and raccoons. And then they boast about expensive mink or sable fur coats, and raccoon caps... Without hesitation, people enjoy a ‘chicken tabaka’ or a ‘steak with blood’... All of this exists as if in two completely different worlds for them ...**

**“Most people, for example, are not ready to turn their beloved four-legged pets into a delicious food... But the fact that other people kill animals for them is something that they consider normal and accept without hesitation...”**

**Then Asya joined the conversation:**

**“In China, for example, Chow Chow dogs are raised — and eaten later! Can you imagine? Could you imagine that Buddy or Purr could be killed and eaten?”**

**“No! Not even if I myself was dying of hunger!” — Victor confidently said.**

**“Yes, it seems so simple to understand this!” — Asya continued. — “But this understanding didn’t immediately reach me either. Grandpa explained all this to me when I first saw how here, in a village, a chicken was killed... Then, I even wanted to hate the person who did it! This scared, unhappy bird was just a sorry sight! It clucked in horror and ran away...”**

**“And then my grandfather told me about sausage, and he explained everything else as well...”**

**“But why didn’t you tell me about this before? I just accepted it as a fact that we don’t eat meat here and didn’t think more about it...”**

**... Grandfather Basil affectionately put his hand on Victor’s hand. With confidence, Basil did something special... And he said:**

**“I definitely wanted to tell you about it, but I was waiting for the right time. Imagine how angry you would have been with me if, during the first days of our acquaintance, ‘this crazy old man’ told you this?”**

**“Yes, I would have been very indignant! And I would even have felt humiliated by you for telling me this!...”**

**“I’m very ashamed now that I myself didn’t think about it when you showed us how to collect plants, and when you explained that we can mentally ask forgiveness from plants when we tear them off for food...”**

**“You understand everything well, Victor!**

**“But it is important to understand that this concerns more than just food...”**

**“In many aspects of life in the modern world, images of brute force are idolized. For example, how many ‘heroes’ are praised in films who kill left and right — and don’t think at all about the pain of their victims! And the audience admires them and also does not notice the disgusting violence... And many computer games are filled with cruelty... It’s as if it’s all just for fun, but a little person gets used to it from childhood and begins to believe that it’s okay and that ‘everyone does it!’...”**

**“What do you think about this? I told this to you and Asya... You will probably tell your other friends — and then there will be at least a little more good on the Earth!**

**“And it is important to understand that you need to tell it when the people are ready to hear you.**

**“And by your own example — you can always show kindness!”**

**\* \* \***

**After that conversation, Victor and Asya more than once discussed among themselves how to feel power correctly, how to boldly show kindness, and**

how not to be a coward. They also talked about how to strengthen one's own willpower...

One day, Victor said sadly:

"There is so little time left until the end of my stay here, but I still cannot walk..."

... Asya resolutely said:

"You will succeed! You can almost already! You're so close!

"It seems to me that sometimes you stop your efforts — earlier than necessary... You still have strength left — but you give up..."

"I used to have a lot of such thoughts, as 'I cannot!' and 'I am afraid!'. And even now, I still do... But now, I begin to notice it in myself when I sometimes indulge in my fears or other thoughts that are wrong... I used to submit to these fears and sadness feebly, and it really bothered me! But if I do not let sad thoughts and fears into myself over and over again, then they become weaker and weaker.

"This is not only about exercises, but for everything in life there is this rule: push the 'limit of the possible' a little harder every time. After all, grandfather says that, in fact, there is no such limit for the human soul..."

... Asya took Victor by both hands, and said:

"Believe that you can! You can do it — right now! Do you remember how the water in the lake held your body from all sides? And here, there is as if also a lake around your body — the lake of the Divine World! You now know that He exists! God holds your body! It is just like how the water in the lake holds your body! Only your head remains above the water, in this world! And, everywhere around, there is the Magical Power, Which supports you!

**“Well, try it!”**

**Asya said it so confidently that this confidence was passed on to Victor too!**

**Asya helped him to get up and stand up, and then, when she felt that Victor was no longer holding on to her, she released her hands.**

**Victor was able to stand by himself for just a minute, no more... But what a joy it was! It was a victory!**

**“Victor! You did it! You stood up, Victor!”**

**... Grandfather Basil, Buddy, and Purr stood in the doorway and looked joyfully at Victor and Asya!**

**The Magical World shone all around!**

## ***Chapter 9:*** **The Silence of the Magical World**

**In honor of this significant event, grandfather Basil proposed to arrange a holiday: an evening by the campfire, a night under the starry sky, and a morning sunrise at dawn! The weather was expected to be just wonderful — both warm and calm.**

**The water in the lake had already cooled down a little. But, after bathing, it was especially pleasant to warm up around the campfire and have dinner sandwiches with cheese warmed up on the fire and juicy tomatoes grown by their own efforts.**

It was so wonderful because you didn't have to rush into the house and you could enjoy the sunset and see how the golden, orange, and purple colors in the sky gradually changed into a deep blue... And how the first stars appeared...

Everyone liked the special *silence* that surrounded the campfire at dusk. Sparks flew up to the sky. The soft crackling of the fire only emphasized the magic of the *great silence* of the night. The starry sky seemed so close...

Even Buddy fell silent and blissfully stretched out on the ground, spreading his paws, ears, and tail.

\* \* \*

And then Purr also tried to tell his tale of *silence* and *bliss*. He settled on a small bump a little further from the campfire so that the smoke and sparks could not fall on his body. And the huge fluffy red cat — in the dark with the dancing lights of the campfire — looked fabulous!

His quiet purring resembled the whisper of sea waves touching the sand... With each measured purr, he told something beautiful about *silence* and *bliss*... He looked with his green eyes into the Magical World — and saw what he purred...

"I wish I knew what he was saying" — Victor said thoughtfully.

... Grandfather Basil with a smile looked at Asya:

"Well, will you try to translate from cat language to human language for us?"

... Asya agreed — and it turned out to be very interesting, although, to be honest, she did add a little from herself. Well, after all, folk tales are formed when they are retold by many-many people — each in their own way.

Asya retold this:

“Every inhabitant of the Magical World knows how to listen to the *silence*. Joy, strength, and beauty can hide in this *silence*... They conceal themselves in the *silence* in the same way as a leaf or flower hides itself in an unopened bud or like how the power of the waves conceals itself in this lake, which is now completely calm...

“Trees listen to this silence. They are able to listen so deeply that they themselves become filled with the peace and strength of the Magical World. This force rises in them from the roots and goes to even the smallest leaf on each branch!

“Birds can listen to this *silence*, but they cannot contain it for a long time — so they begin to sing to tell everyone how beautiful the *silence* is!

“And here we, cats, also know the *bliss of silence!*

“Such *bliss* comes when the *silence* dissolves you — and when you, too, become this *silence!*

“If you give the *silence* a little purr, then it responds — like an echo... Then the *gentle silence* vibrates from all sides...

“The *silence* as if strokes you from all sides gently...

The *silence* penetrates to the very center of you — and here you disappear in *bliss* and *peace!* And — you become all the *silence* of the Magical World...

This *silence* no longer purrs, but has become a perfect quiet SILENCE!”

Purr was silent and covered his eyes... Each of his red hairs shone with the bliss of the *silence*...

Grandfather Basil, Asya, Victor, and Buddy dissolved themselves in this *bliss* for a long time...

And then, when everyone had already settled down to rest on rugs and were covered by blankets, grandfather Basil suggested that they all fly in space, lying on the planet named Earth...

The starry sky was huge and so mysteriously hugged from all sides both Asya, and Victor, and Purr, and Buddy, and grandfather Basil, and the trees on the shore, and the lake...

And, in fact, the whole Earth from all sides was also surrounded by this endless starry *silence!*

And their bodies were tiny, like sparks of a fire... And they lay on the surface of the planet and flew on it in the vastness of the space. And all this magic was filled with the Bliss of the Divine Love and Beauty!

## *Chapter 10:* Arrival of Victor's Parents

Victor's parents were scheduled to arrive in a few days to take Victor to their home in the city.

Victor, grandfather Basil, and Asya decided that they would not inform them in advance that Victor could stand and even walk by himself. They wanted it to be a happy surprise!

**And now, this day had come.**

**A couple of hours before the expected dinner arrival of Victor’s mom and dad, grandfather Basil said:**

**“Our dear guests are late... Their car got stuck.”**

**And, turning promptly to Buddy and Purr, he continued:**

**“We ought to meet them!”**

**“We also want to meet them!” — Asya and Victor declared amicably.**

**“Well then, our four-legged friends, run ahead and show the road to our guests! But you, Victor and Asya, do not have to go so far. You can meet them closer!”**

**\* \* \***

**Leaving the car stuck in a puddle, Victor’s parents walked along the forest road. The navigator in their phone had already lost signal several times, but now the signal completely disappeared...**

**Tired of the unusual walk, Victor’s mother, upset, sat down on a stump at a fork in the road and took off her high-heeled shoes, which were making it very difficult to move successfully...**

**Then Buddy appeared from the forest and — in greeting — wagged his tail.**

**“Aah! A dog! It can attack us! Stick, grab a stick!” — in fright, Victor’s mother cried out to the father of Victor.**

**Buddy was very surprised at such a reaction. He smiled with all the cuteness of his face and wagged his tail with all his might.**

Then Purr caught up with him and stood beside him and even rubbed himself against his friend to show his peacefulness and goodwill.

“Oh! A cat!... It’s not afraid of the dog! Kitty kitty!”

... Purr condescendingly responded to such a primitive appeal and came closer.

He rubbed himself against Victor’s mother’s legs and said very confidently:

“Purrrrrrr!”

... Victor’s dad uttered:

“Do you remember? — Victor wrote to us that this healer has a cat and a dog in the house? Maybe these are them?”

“But how did they know to find us?”

“Well, we don’t have any GPS right now, only these... tailed ones. They are well-groomed and domesticated, so maybe they will take us to a dwelling... And maybe we can find some tractor to pull our car out of this mud!” — Victor’s dad said, trying to reason logically.

Buddy couldn’t restrain himself any longer, and, hoping that Purr’s diplomacy was successful, he ran to Victor’s mom and dad and began to get acquainted.

Victor’s parents followed their new guides.

Victor’s mother in a tight skirt and high heels kept falling behind and stumbling, feeling angry about what was happening:

“Wait for me, I cannot do it so fast!... Well, great, now my heel is broken!...”

... She burst into tears with frustration, like a young child...

Standing on the ground in torn tights, which were bought in Paris itself, and with a dirty and broken expensive shoe from one of the most famous fashion designers, she felt so unhappy!...

... Purr and Buddy decided it was time to intervene. Buddy gently took Victor's dad, who until then had continued to move forward without turning around, by the edge of his jacket and pulled him back to Victor's mother.

And Purr began to call upon all the familiar squirrels and birds.

Victor's mother heard how the birds began to fly from all sides. They sat down on the branches, preened — and began to sing!

Some squirrels settled nearby, a hedgehog appeared from behind a tree, and a bunny looked out a little cautiously from the bushes...

The sun was shining! And rays of light streamed through the foliage of the trees! The birds tried their best!

And then — it happened: Victor's mother suddenly saw this beautiful World around! She saw the beauty, and not the uncomfortable road under her feet and her broken heel. She wiped away her tears and... smiled!

And Victor's father also saw...

"Well, are you upset, my Cinderella, about your shoe?" — he said affectionately to his wife and took her in his arms.

"Now, I'll carry you 'to the hut', like when we met! Do you remember?"

... And for a while a passage was opened for them to the Magical World. They heard the music of

love and saw the light of love — because they recalled that once... they also knew how to love!

\* \* \*

Asya and Victor settled on a hill near the road, not far from Basil's house. Victor still tired quickly, and so they decided to wait for the guests here, and not to leave to meet them far from home.

Asya said:

"It is necessary to have time to show the Magical World to your parents! Well, at least a little bit! Grandfather says that for souls, who are not completely blinded and deaf, the beauty of nature can help! If at least a little love is revealed in the heart, then the Magical World becomes visible. Well, maybe only the closest part of this World becomes tangible. But people say when they feel this bliss that they are 'in paradise!'"

Grandfather said that in the Magical World there are deeper and more secret spaces where you can even speak with God! But you shouldn't tell everyone about it, otherwise people will stop understanding us...

... And then the children saw a wonderful picture. Buddy was walking along the road, Purr walked with dignity, and behind them — Victor's dad carried his wife in his arms.

"Wow!" — Victor could only say.

"It seems, Buddy and Purr coped with grandfather's task perfectly!" — Asya exclaimed.

And when Victor's parents saw Victor walking independently to them, their joy was without limit!

... And then everyone dined and shared their impressions of the wonders of the Magical World!

In the evening, grandfather Basil, with a tractor driver whom he knew, pulled the car out of the mud from where it stalled, and brought it to the house.

\* \* \*

In the morning, Victor said with joy:

“Now this wheelchair can be thrown away!”

... Grandfather Basil thoughtfully looked at him:

“Why throw it away?... It might come in handy for someone! It could make it possible for someone to move along the street. You could find that boy or that girl on the Internet who really needs such special equipment to walk and get to school. You could find this person by yourself and give it to them! After all, not everyone has the money necessary to buy such a modern and easy-to-use device!

“In this way, a ‘chain reaction of goodness’ can be started! After all, you now have many new things to share with others, including the knowledge about how your health improved!

Having received something as a gift, it is important for a person to further want to transfer that welfare and knowledge — to others! And then, a lot of good things can happen!”

Everyone listened to the stories of grandfather Basil about the Magical World and about how, by listening to the *silence* and admiring the *beauty*, it is very easy for a person to find an entrance to the Divine World.

**... Grandfather Basil finished the conversation like this:**

**“It is important to understand that the entrance to the Divine Magical World is always revealed precisely from within — by love that flares up in the spiritual heart.**

**“If the gentle radiance of love is not burning in one’s chest, one will not be able to see and feel the endless Magical World, no matter how beautiful and quiet it may be externally. But when love is both inside and outside — then the gates are easily opened.**

**“And even if something unfavorable occurs around oneself in the outside world, one can stay in unity — by one’s heart love — with the Divine World!**

**“A person is given a miracle: the magic ability to love! This is how a person learns to be a permanent resident of the Magical World!”**