

Lea Kajkó

The Dream Adventurer

**A MORTAL RUSH BETWEEN HEAVEN
AND EARTH**

The book is not about the author but is a work of
fiction.

What and how much of it the reader considers real
is completely up to his or her free will.

I can hardly remember a thing.

I know that I am lying in bed, I can clearly feel that.

Then, out of the blue, the thought hits my mind, and I freak.

“Gosh! Did I do it?”

It didn't work, even that I have done everything?!”

My eyes burst open – but what am I saying – well, we could put it that way too!

Samuel was standing by the side of my bed, with a huge grin on his face and beside him there stood Augustus showing a mysterious expression.

There is nothing surprising in it though, I mean, in Samuel's grin. He always gives me that grin, even if I wrangle with him or whenever I do the exact opposite of what he tells me, just for the hell of it.

Augustus's presence took me by surprise, yet it was reassuring at the same time, because it means I am still here, on the other side!

I am dying to know if I still exist on the side over, too.

This is a little schizophrenic of a state to be in.

Nevertheless, His-radiance and His-wisdom's words hearten me.

I passed all the tests and fortunately, all of the heavenly and Earthly forces came to my help.

Wherever the heck am I then, and why on Earth am I lying in bed?

When did I lose contact with my physical body?

Seeing my perplexed expression, Samuel smiles at me reassuringly.

By the way, he is my guardian angel. We have belonged together for thousands of years now.

Even if the Creator had not assigned him to me as my escort and helper when I first arrived at this system, I would have chosen him myself, anyway. He is just as crazy as I am.

When he does not appear to me as a shining cloud of energy, he assumes the form of a blond, long-haired guy. Of course, he never forgets to show his wings, in case I'd think he is some kind of a rock star and fall in love with him...

Any time when I am on the rebound and trying to get over whoever I split up with, I kind of joke around with him and tell him that he should, for once, take on a human form, because with all the chemistry of the love energies going between us he would make the perfect guy for me.

Why, could there be a more idealistic partner than a being who watches over me, gives me his smart

advice only if I ask him to, who always has comforting words to say when I freak out, and for whom, at the same time, all doors open freely, even to places where no mortal is allowed to set foot in???

This is Samuel – I adore him, and that’s that.

I mean, I adore him generally speaking and sometimes I don’t. At times, he would give me no answers at all – this is what he says to me then – *It is only vaguely and indirectly that we are allowed to guide you! We're no more than shepherds!*

Sometimes, on the other hand he predicts things about the future – these are – *supposedly* – so called “warnings” – and these predictions usually get my spirit down.

Now, though, as I looked into his archly twinkling eyes, he has given it just back to me. I mean, my spirit and with it, my memories.

It all began when I entered the otherworldly settlement of the cannibals...

No, this is not how I will start, this way no one will understand why I went there on my own.

I will start by telling what had happened earlier.

Prior to my present Earthly incarnation I resolved to become a geneticist endowed with a certain amount of ESP skills.

I was able to carry through with this, more or less. I am an employee of a big-time research center, in the year of 2030.

I could project a great deal of mental energy down into my present body. As a result, I am quite famous for my innovations and for my scientific works that have many times proven systems of belief wrong.

Presently I am working with David and Daniel Bolton.

They are twins and wonderful people.

They are both over 70, yet they're still very active in their research.

They are brilliant, yet, are pretty much useless when it comes to the more "mundane" things, like communicating with the press and sponsors.

That is my job.

Why did I become their assistant and had given up independent work on my own, leaving behind the possibility of individual success?

There were two reasons for that.

For one, there was a mysterious bond of love energy that drew me to them. Second, they worked on a discovery that affected the whole humanity and I wanted to be a part of it all.

The bird flu decimated the population of the Earth in the past years.

Science has progressed to a level where it at least admits that sometimes there are unexplainable phenomena.

Humans are not so complacent anymore as they used to be, believing that they know all and they know it better.

People in the medical field have also realized that behind maniac behavior, alcoholism and drug addiction, in the majority of cases there lies a malicious supernatural entity.

Pharmaceutical treatments prove to be effective very rarely, thus they need to reach out to other, alternative therapies, involving anything ranging from magic to hypnosis, anything that could help.

Standing in their lab coats, now they use phrases like, *aura* and *spiritual energy* and *life-force*.

But unfortunately, a good dose of superiority complex, typical of “western” medicine, still can

be found here and there. Now, at least they don't regard mediums and seers as madmen anymore.

Now physicians themselves, take *natural medicine* and *bioenergetics* courses.

What a progress!

It was easier to create the first passenger moon-shuttle than to crack and open up their pigheaded minds!

Well, as for our work, we knew that the virus, causing the epidemic came from outer space.

Linking my *extrasensory* abilities to the research of the professors we were able to synthetically produce a kind of substance, which, if somehow administered into the human body, would make that person more resistant to the dark energies. What else, they can even genetically pass this resistance on to their children.

Now you can understand why our work was so important, right?

I hope our discovery will open the floodgates to curing other odd ailments, too.

We have completed everything and the tests were successful. All the material and data was placed in a vault with an elaborate security code.

Since the whole complex was in the ownership of the professors and they kept other work materials there also, they were the only ones who knew the code.

It is not like, they did not trust me, or anything, since they treated me as their daughter.

It's just that with all the hard work going on, they simply didn't have the time to initiate me into the admission rituals.

They just let me in, since they were able to work even 18 hours a day.

I admired their ability to work so much.

If anyone had tried to get into the vault by force, the materials would have been destroyed automatically.

And then, an unexpected tragedy happened.

When they were driving down a straight road at 80 km/h, they all of a sudden drifted into the other lane and hit an oak tree.

It is very hard to understand how it all happened.

There were trees only at every 50 meters, and yet, they could not avoid hitting one. There were no other cars around at that time, because it was their private driveway, and it was three in the morning.

The car was in tip-top condition since they bought the new sports car a week before.

I didn't really see why they needed such a luxurious car anyway, as it is a suburban area, and quite deserted at that.

There were very few built-up places and they hardly left this part of the town the past years.

The trip between their lab and their home could be covered within ten minutes at an average pace.

When the speed limit is 240 it is ridiculous that someone should have an accident at 80.

This whole accident is a mystery.

David died right there on the spot.

Daniel was very badly hurt and broke his body all over the place.

He was taken to the hospital unconscious. Unfortunately the doctors said that despite the technology of medical equipment and other modern treatments it was doubtful that he would ever recover.

He is our only hope that the work and research of so many people would not go to waste.

I tried all of the techniques; I even used my telepathic ability but the only information I got out communicating with his spirit was that his soul was far - far away, got distant from Earthly reality, and that I would not be able to get too much useful information this way.

I decided to go after them.

I did my math precisely to determine the exact dose of medicine which would help me get into the near-death state.

I trusted that Samuel wouldn't let me die before my time had come to depart from Earth for good.

Timing gave me the greatest problem.

I simply don't have a friend I can trust to arrive at the agreed time. Everyone is always late.

Yet if I count on them to arrive later, then they would probably come earlier that's for sure, and I wouldn't obtain the desired effect.

The only thing that could be done is, what I always do in any other difficult situation, which is to trust in Samuel completely.

He should help me, even in this crazy plan of mine.

Prayer – I started by meditating.

I told the Creator what my plan was, and why I wish to do it.

I love my life, I do not wish to throw it away, on the contrary, I would like to save the lives of many other people, and wish to save them from suffering.

I think that this solution is the only one that seems right. I prayed that He would help me find the spirit of Daniel.

I took a deep breath and I took the dose of medicine which I had prepared earlier.

I do not know what happened to my physical body after this, but to tell you the truth, I don't really care.

If I will get the chance to return, someone will tell me anyway.

All of a sudden, I find myself in front of Augustus. He appears in the form of a huge spirit glowing with a golden light.

This means that my plan has succeeded, after all. Augustus is not the big boss, but I take it as a great honor that he is the one who took my fate in his hands.

I am glad to see him, for it means that I was not regarded as one who has committed suicide.

Those who have ended their lives with their own hands find themselves in a world where they are left completely alone – seemingly at least, because their guardian angels watch over them there, too, but they are not allowed to interfere.

Their protégées chose this fate themselves, and they have to respect their choice, even if it is very difficult for them to see when he or she, whom

they love, is utterly dejected and is consumed by depression.

Well, this can be one manifestation of free will.

These souls back in their Earthly human form thought that if they throw away their lives, all of their problems will disappear.

On the contrary!

Suicide, in a sense, is a violent way of taking one's life, just as committing a murder.

No reward is given for it!

It is impossible to get rid of their problems by choosing to die because those who have committed suicide, live the last few hours of their lives, over and over again.

Their own self-destructive thoughts swirl around them, forming a thick haze. Therefore, the only thing that they can see is their own whining and the problems which made them choose to end their lives.

And so their reward is that barren and desolate world.

It quite often happens that if one loses a loved one, the bereaved one believes that if he commits suicide, they can be together again after death.

Having done the act, such a person doesn't understand where he or she has ended up and their

pain will be even greater, for not only did they not find their loved one, but they have also lost the chance to be with their living loved ones.

Suicidal tendencies are not a great thing!

What am I saying! This is what I have just done myself!

Yes, this is the honest truth.

I am aware of what is at stake here, that this deed of mine could even for centuries put me on a level that is very hard to get out of.

BUT I had to do it, even though, the chances of succeeding were slim.

Thank God – and it was up to Him indeed – that place is not where I ended up.

Augustus stood before me with a stern expression on his face.

He believes that what I have done is madness, but they all have gotten used to my *kamikaze* behavior during my past lives.

The Lord gave his permission, for me to go after Daniel's soul, but I have to travel through all the spheres of the other world.

I will get no help, and the purity of my soul is mine to keep.

Whether or not I will be able to keep the purity of my soul during my travel; that is the meaning of

the test I have to pass; whether or not the souls in these infernal places will be able to attract me to themselves.

How far can I keep myself from all of the new experiences and visions; if I am capable of witnessing these events without judging.

I am not allowed to make smart remarks or become too sentimental, for then I will be swamped into the reality of the world where I just happen to be at the time. If I am lucky, I will only lose time, and I do not even dare to think of what the worst case is.

I am left with the ability to open gates, I can freely move from one sphere to another, but I have to walk the whole way, and I cannot go immediately where Daniel's soul is at present.

A bombshell and joy at the same time.

This means that the Lord doesn't think of my idea as nonsense!

But the fact that I have to go through all of the spheres of each and every atmospheric circle...

I even shiver from the thought.

To tell you the truth, I have already been in all of them, thousands of times.

But only one at a time, when we went to heal one of our brothers who was lagged back lost in the storm of instincts in his Earthly life and after his

death his energy level permitted him an existence only at a lower level.

I wondered through these worlds with one or more angels, or a higher spirit – never on my own.

Now I have to go through all of them without an escort!

I was glad that Samuel yelled after me saying, *Don't forget that the Creator has bared you only as many tasks that you can handle!*

Now, this sentence is my biscuit baked in ashes in my sack – a Hungarian saying, which they use, when one goes on a long journey, and give them biscuits for luck on their way – something like “rabbit's foot”, but food.

I wonder if I can pull it off?

Let's see if I can do it!

My association with the biscuit is no coincidence.

Those who dwell at the three lower levels possess a certain kind of material body and the sense of hunger and thirst stays but at these levels, they find nothing to quench or pacify them with.

If someone was a smoker in his life, he would “die” just to have a whiff of tobacco smoke there.

And the alcoholics...

Unfortunately the inhabitants of this sphere can wander freely among the living.

Pubs, places of entertainment – especially those where alcohol consumption is high – are full of souls like these.

They can hardly wait to crawl into the body of one or the other person with lesser willpower and indulge in their passion again.

No wonder some say about others that they are good people, but when they drink, they are not themselves and break things around them.

That is exactly the way to put it!

If a body is poisoned with alcohol or drugs, then the soul of that person cannot tolerate the vibration and literally leans out of his or her body.

Well, these are the moments looked forward to by these lowly spirits, who jump into the body right at the moment it is left partly without the soul, and do things with it which the person whom the body belongs to will not even want to believe he has done all himself.

The more someone drinks, the more often he exposes him- or herself to the danger of being used in this way by others, by bodiless beings. As long as they try to cure alcoholism with drugs, there will be no way out for these wretched victims.

It is their soul which needs to be strengthened, and they need to be taught to enjoy life so that alcohol

will not be their only form of enjoyment.

Their willpower needs to be fortified, and they should be aided so that they will be able to find joy in nature, their fellow human beings, their work, and stop seeking the sensation of “feeling good” in substances.

Food, drinks, cigarettes, drugs – all of these things can only be enjoyed in a physical body.

If someone couldn't forsake the world of desire after death and stuck to their instincts, they end up in one of the lower spheres. It is for them that these infernal places have been created.

Let us just look at them one by one, since I have to go through all of them...

Let's begin.

First atmospheric circle, first sphere.

I knew that no matter what I see, I am not allowed to be touched by it emotionally, or to let any thoughts be provoked by it.

The people who end up in this first one of the lower worlds are those who performed all kinds of sexual perversions and mutilations.

There is an enormous desert storm raging here.

Their bodies, as I have already mentioned, still have a strong material nature, so those who inhabit this region sense pain as the wind burns the sand into their skin.

In my mortal life on Earth I quite liked horror movies, since spiritual messages could be gotten across in a way so that their creators could save themselves from different religious attacks...

I realized that if I turn off the volume and only watch, then all the scary parts leave me undisturbed, and only the pieces of information that are useful get through to me.

I hope I can use this technique here as well.

No matter how blood-thirsty the scenes are in this place, the high wind is deafening for me, too.

Mengele and his disciples fly by me with awkwardly twisted limbs pieced together in a makeshift way.

It seems that they are continuing their Earthly experiments, the dissection of bodies. But as I can see, at least now they do not do it on innocents but on themselves.

If a doctor arrives here who has led a similar life to theirs, they immediately pounce on him and keep up the job on the fresh meat.

I see some hooded figures fly by also.

Well, on Earth, these people were guilty of sexually harassing children and the Church absolved them of their sins, however, the Lord did not have mercy, and banished them to the lowest level.

I believe in the Creator and not in the clergy, so I do not give them any more thought.

I have to be careful not to let fear take a hold of me, not to let me lose my faith. If I got scared, I would lose my intuition, which is my only compass in this place.

I go on steadily and relatively soon I reach the first passageway.

1/2

In the second sphere the view has changed.

Damp, wet air, dead landscape.

There is neither flora nor fauna.

The souls placed here are those who killed others in a dual or sent thousands into the certain death as military commanders or leaders of states.

I can sense the curious crowd, but nevertheless I go on.

For a moment the face of Ceausescu seems to come out of the crowd, and to me it appears as if he were whispering – *pray for me!*

Now, this is not what I came here for, and it is forbidden for me to take pity.

If I am back in my life, I will see what I can do for him.

However, this is quite an interesting turn of events, the fact that he has come to realize he can get out of this hell any time and that he only needs to ask. He could get another chance, be reincarnated, prove himself, or, in his case instead of proving himself, he would get a chance to set things right and live a life of self-sacrifice.

Of course, a council would specify his exact fate, which would be full of trials and tribulations, and the free will of the individual could come into play only in a slight degree.

In the event, however, if he took these tribulations with humility, he could get to a higher level after his death.

Well, my dear dictator, good luck getting a better life, I have to go. It is not my duty now to help you, but I promise, if I wander the lower spheres as a healer again and you are still here, I will start with you.

I can already see the third gate.

To be honest with you, this is the place where I would have ended up if my deed had been qualified as a suicide. Fortunately, all I had to do was pass through.

It is depressing to see all the downcast and spiritless beings, but I try not to think of them much. I might seem heartless now, but I am aware of my present abilities. If I give them any attention in any way, I put my own mission at stake.

What I am left with is my faith in the Creator, that He knows best. He knows the necessity of these spheres and the inevitability of the tests.

It is as if I saw the shining figure of John Lennon by one of the souls sunken deep in apathy.

In my existence on Earth one of my favorite songs is *Imagine*, and I cannot complain about the power of my imagination, but this is way beyond... seeing one of my favorite performers here.

Of course, he is singing a very heart-wrenching song right now, too, but I shouldn't listen. LUCKILY, it turns out it is not for me.

It is through the fine vibration of music that John

tries to make the suffering soul forget his depressing memories and fears.

I see his cramped sorrow dissolve and his anguished features smooth out for the sound of this healing music.

Meanwhile, I notice that in the distance, Visockij is coming – he, too, for some consolation –, but he sees that these souls are already in good hands, so he heads towards the second sphere. He is taking some cleaner energy to the orthodox sphere, I suppose.

I give thanks that this is not where I ended up, which among others, is likely due to the fact that I am still alive.

Although, from the point of view of the other side, for people I am in a coma, but the time of my death has not come yet.

And there, I see the fourth gate.

As for the gates, I should mention how they operate exactly – at least for me.

Those who are kept prisoners by their own world cannot see the gates – they are invisible for them and are unconscious of their existence.

I was permitted to take on the kind of vibration with which I can pass between the different spheres.

The gates are telepathically controlled, but as I have said, only those who come from a higher level can use them this way.

You see a narrow plank coming down and you need to walk to outer space upon it.

There, the gate-plank of the next sphere can be opened. Unfortunately, the two planks do not meet...

You have to leap from one to the other, while around you there is the infinitely wide space, the deepest depth of darkness.

One is able to see the shining stars, the spacecrafts fly by, and at times, unknown E.T. shuttles as well. Since I do not have a physical body, this environment is quite natural for my soul.

Why do I have to be careful then, so that I wouldn't fall off?

It is very simple!

I could fall out of the system to which I am presently committed.

This is a good place, even though many people forget it after their INCARNATION and continuously want to leave it.

70 percent of the outer space is ruled by evil forces. They could immediately misguide and grab hold of a weaker soul. These powers are trying incessantly to take control of the Earth and often court the conceited, power-hungry *esoteric* people with their teachings.

Fortunately, as long as there are many of us who have pledged allegiance to the Creator and keep our vow, the *Big Boss* keeps His eyes on us, and does not let these forces take control of the Earth and the worlds embracing it.

He keeps us alert all the time by letting these forces camp out here and there, in the souls of some of our power-hungry fellow men and watches what we make of the situation.

People may think that the worlds in which I am wandering in right now are hell itself.

No way!

These places are only possibilities to become better persons – by human analogy, these are training camps for souls.

If a being – having such a low vibration as those who dwell in the places I walked through – somehow got out into outer space, a black hole would immediately suck them in.

Only from the fifth atmospheric circle can one linger about in outer space in total safety.

Originally, I am from a higher level, too, but still, I rather wouldn't risk doing it now, as I don't know where they would place me according to my deeds in my present Earthly life. For now, I just try to jump through the fourth door safely.

If I were a movie producer and would like to make a movie out of my adventures in the different levels, this would be my favorite scene.

This is the world of illusions. This is where thieves and liars are put, who have to face the fact of lies in every minute and in every situation.

If they reach for a beautiful flower – it perishes from them when they touch it.

They would like to sit down in the green grass, and it turns into a swamp.

If one would like to drink spring water, it turns into feces, once it has been touched.

And imagine how the souls living here look like!

It is quite a sight!

They have as many wrinkles on them as many times they have lied in their lives.

All of the lies they told have been tattooed into their wrinkles.

And as for the thieves, all of the things they have stolen – while they were still wandering the Earthly course of their lives – can be seen in their auras.

There are labyrinths all over the place.

Bogus ways, untrue directions.

My curiosity awoke the desire to find out how all those politicians look like who stole entire companies at the end of the communist era. How in the world can the imprints of those plants and factories fit in there!?

It is possible that the reason why I can't see them is that they are unable to bare all the weight, and they are sunken in themselves, wondering what they have done wrong, and why fate treats them so badly.

Of course, they do not take responsibility for their actions, not even here, the same way they didn't do so in their Earthly lives.

They were constantly pointing their fingers yet they were the ones who always skimmed the profits.

I have to be careful about the thoughts that come to my mind! I mustn't judge!

It would be pretty dangerous to get lost in the crooked corridors of the labyrinth!

While I was trying to be so smart, surely enough, I really got lost.

I start to panic, but I am back to normal in no time. My doubts and fears made my energies spin backwards.

I start humming a pioneer song which is a well-known soundtrack of an old movie.

There had to be something in these marches, it makes my spirit rise again.

They get your Mars energies going. I march to the beat until I reach the fifth gate.

Now, here comes the jump again.

Oh, how I hate to do this!

Travelling on a train, I was always scared, too, when I had to pass from one coach to the other and saw the tracks below me.

And besides, I am agoraphobic!

Not here, though.

To be phobic, you need a physical body. And this time I'll pass if I may.

Unfortunately, my mind is ticking again right now, and what is worse, I am thinking about my fears.

The thought that I give too much time to I fill with energy, and turns into reality.

Ok!

I love heights, and love being dizzy. Now I can say that I am one crazy-dizzy chick.

Deep breath – that is, at these moments I usually take a deep breath of air, but don't ask me what it was I took a deep breath of right now, because I don't have the slightest idea – so I jumped.

Even here, from outside I can hear the devastating hurricane which is raging in this sphere.

The atmosphere is so dense in here, like I was covered with slimy cobweb.

Anarchists are placed here, those who always protested against something or somebody. In this place, their spiritual blindness is literally realized – they are actually blind.

They are constantly cursing and lashing at each other and the world. At times I hear some slogans from the back, even “*Go Fradi*” I think (Fradi – Hungarian soccer team – translator).

Well, well.

The world has less and less tyrants, dictators these days and no one needs mercenary armies anymore, so such raging souls continue the fight as football fans lost in their own passions.

Nothing is sacred for them.

The reason of their loyalty to their team is only an excuse so they can hate the other teams.

I am forbidden to even be amazed. Time is running. The grains of sand roll down in the hour-glass in my imagination.

And by the way, I have no sense of any other time anyway.

I am at the sixth door.

1/6

The landscape is changing and I am now in the empire of snow and ice.

The tale about the Ice Queen is very much ‘true to life’ since this is how her empire must look like.

The scenery is of the energies of a cold, heartless and selfish person.

Here, you find all of the people who were, like the Ice Queen, selfish, used everyone for their selfish needs, and were unable to make love flow. The coldness of their soul made the landscape around them cold and barren.

There are towers and houses, all made of ice.

I can see swings and a lake, but all are frozen.

And my breath – of course, if I had any breath here – would immediately freeze, too.

Even my eyelashes and eyebrows got frosty.

I have to move quick so that I wouldn't freeze and get stuck here.

There is one good thing about all this ice, I can get to the gate faster by sliding.

In the stage I am in, I can't break my bone anyway.

This is why it is not a problem if I fall flat on my face here and there.

I wouldn't be a Katarina Witt here, either.

Still, I do make it to gate number 7 finally.

I think this is the roughest sphere of them all.

The home of the animal-men.

Some religions teach that if you eat an animal, you can become that animal in your next incarnation.

You can tell that man made up this stupidity, and made it up to arouse fear.

According to Augustus, and he should know, humans never incarnate in animal bodies!

Although, it is true that the soul can use an animal to send signs to those who are still alive. However, it doesn't mean that the soul actually becomes identical with that animal.

Sometimes, angels use people to convey messages, but this doesn't mean that they become people.

Looking around here, I am glad that none of the people I know ended up here.

Those who live here are ruled by their animalistic instincts. They pacify their hunger by biting big chunks out of each other.

They cannot die, for they are already dead.

There are many snarling, misshapen figures bleeding from several wounds running around me.

Fortunately, my vibration is a lot higher than theirs, and therefore they see me as a translucent being. They growl at me just as when a dog sees a spirit...



I find the exit.

Here, I have to wait for the implement which will help me get to the next level.

I have to wait until I am sucked into the next atmospheric circle, so it seems I have lost the ability to automatically pass between the different levels.

I hope this is only temporary.

I wish it would come already. It is very inconvenient to stand around here, in the middle of nowhere.

I can already see it coming, and it sucks me in as a big wide mouth.

Wow! Birth must be something like this!

The place is tight, and I hardly have any air, but I guess I will end up someplace.

2/ 1-7

Hallelujah!

Behold the second atmospheric circle – the spheres of religious fanatics.

This is the place where all those come to whose lives were all about religious rituals.

Hiding behind Holy Scriptures they forgot to live their lives, and even worse, they forced others to do the same.

They forced others to follow and observe their crazy and fanatic ideas and made them follow rules that are against normal life and common sense.

It is true of them, too, that they didn't respect God nor did they have any respect towards humankind.

They didn't accept the teachings of other religions.

The principle of live and let live stood way far from what they have done...

It wasn't the Creator they have believed in; all they had faith in, were dogmas.

I will not go into details, I move quickly.

Brown cowls, black robes, orange prayer shawls, white shrouds...

Ornamental feathers and head-dresses.

Mask-like painted faces.

Arms raised toward the sky, hands folded to prayer. Foreheads touching the ground.

Rituals and ceremonial songs sung.

Uncountable flags and relics all over the place.

I see scalps stuck on sticks and totem-poles made of skulls.

Smoking incenses.

In the sphere of Christianity, a missionary holding a Bible in his hand managed to stand before me.

He began quoting from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians about love.

Unfortunately, this time I couldn't keep my mouth shut!!

I asked him: "Do you think you are worthy to utter these words?"

Did you actually live love?

Did you love and respect your wife who took care of you?

Did you love your children to such an extent that you let their personalities unfold, or did you force your own image on them?

Did you love and respect those who had a notion of the Creator which is different from yours?

Did you love the boy next door who knew not that he did wrong and stole from your sweet fruits.

And do you love me enough to let me go my way so that I could fulfill my mission?

He looked at me astonished.

I could tell that what I had said didn't really sink in, but what he did notice was that he was dealing with a heathen.

He yelled for help, and he saw a prospective convert in me who needed to be saved right away, but I managed to go on.

I sat down on the plank for a while.

I dangled my feet in the great emptiness and started thinking about the fact how mediums can be trapped if they commit themselves to one religion.

Let's suppose... if our medium is an American Indian, and believes in Manitou, then this faith connects him or her with the soul of a deceased person who actually wanders the eternal hunting fields and might just be riding along with the Great White Spirit.

To be honest, I never understood why the spiritual leader of redskins is white...

In that place they don't sense other worlds only their own, so their story told to the medium is authentic, since they are speaking about the place where they are.

More specifically, they can give an account only of the very otherworld where their soul actually abides. They have no idea whatsoever that there are other spheres, and what is more, other, even higher levels, too, where life-forms differ very much from theirs.

If a Christian person who blindly believes in his faith turns to the other world for help, then he as well will be answered by a dweller of the second atmospheric level's Christian sphere.

Needless to say that everyone in this sphere is worthy of the title SAINT.

Only saints live in this place –

To me, they seem to be a bit hypocritical, but I am not allowed to judge, otherwise, I will identify with them and that would be a catastrophe for the world.

Prayers, rituals, holy hymns all over.

The information the medium will get from this place only reflects an otherworld which his or her religious brethren created according to their own expectations.

They have their Faith, they have got their brethren – yet, they don't have the slightest clue about Unity!

They might also be half-witted!

God, please help me, I don't want to judge.

I must think of it as a simple fact that some people rationalize heinous crimes with saint words – examples are the Inquisition and the Twin Towers in New York.

These tests are also necessary for the human race.

Where is that gate already?!

Time goes by very differently here.

I have no idea how long I have been here according to the Earthly standards.

It seemed no longer than an hour to me, but due to all of my reasoning, I can't even guess for how much time I got stuck in the present.

Here comes the great vacuum and whoosh... I am on the third level in no time.

3/1-2

I have arrived at a beautiful land of the first sphere. The plants are lush and lusty, and the birds are singing.

I get frightened by the sight, as I can't imagine, how I will get through it.

This thought generates the projection of my fear and it seems that the plants even grow a little.

I chase these thoughts far away from every part of my mind, and I immediately find the right path.

I see many-many pensive people, deeply engrossed in some kind of research or the study of some animal.

By the way! It is typical of all of the levels that their living space resembles their psyche and the world of their thoughts and ideas.

In the first level low instincts dominated those who lived there and their habitat, the environment they lived in was shaped according to that.

For the dwellers of the second level – who were the religious fanatics – the rituals were the most important things in life, which they couldn't live without.

Beside their relics, there was nothing there, nothing that would have reminded me of humans and humaneness.

This third level is a little bit more pleasant, at least the first two spheres.

The scientists who denied the existence of God ended up in this first sphere, while the philosophers who denied the existence of God because they found it illogical, ended up in the second.

It is typical for both places that their dwellers do not communicate with one another.

They don't even have time for that, they are too preoccupied with delighting in and celebrating their own grand theories.

I often met such people on Earth. They say that they don't need anybody's advice and that they can develop themselves...

Well, most of these people, work largely on polishing and shining their own egos.

But to develop spiritually and in soul, recognizing our own faults is indispensable.

To do this, another person is needed, someone who holds the crooked mirror and makes sure that we do look into it, and not just pass it by.

To accept, or at least, to listen to the advice of another person humility is essential.

Unfortunately, the occupants of this sphere don't have the slightest idea about the concept of humility, let alone possess the ability to be humble – neither here, nor in their Earthly existence.

3/3

I continue my way to the sphere of the big-timers. The people put here lived a luxurious and profligate life and belonged to the upper ten thousand on Earth.

Barons, earls, princes, oil magnates, owners of hotel chains and media stars who only indulged in eating, drinking and orgies.

They lived out of the work of others.

They didn't even lift a muscle unless it was in their interest to do so.

Didn't believe in any religion or in God.

They looked down on religions and placed themselves – I quote – above all these follies.

From a certain point of view, it is true and

understandable, since the level they are at is indeed above the religious spheres.

Unfortunately however, this doesn't mean that the purity of their soul is all that high.

They couldn't get out of sansara yet.

Well!

There is another thing which drives me nuts on Earth.

Some people preach, even more, claim that they have a sure method of cleaning your karma and that they can cut the chain of rebirth.

I am quite stunned from these words...

What do they mean that we do not have to return to this planet anymore?!?

If the Creator has invested so much energy and trust into a person making it possible for him or her to develop, then why would anyone not want them to come back and help others???

This is quite selfish.

I have been existing for millions of years, and I have seen a couple things.

I chased after enlightenment myself, and travelled through a couple solar systems.

During my development I reached a level where I glowed together with one of the suns.

So what?

After a couple thousands of years even that becomes boring!!!

Even though, at this moment I don't remember everything, I am quite certain that this planet, which I have committed myself to, is one of the most entertaining places in the universe!

True, there are galaxies where the technology is a lot more developed, but the emotions are a lot shallower, and those who live there are too rational and too identical to one another.

Where those who believe blindly in the working off and cleansing of the karma are mistaken is that the residents of the first three atmospheric circles have to wait for a permission to be reborn, and, as I have already mentioned, they have to pass numerous tests during their lives on Earth.

Well, this is the tread wheel we should get out from at last and do everything we can in order to get rid of all of the qualities that cause us to get to or stay in lower levels.

We should indeed get rid of this karma.

And once they have attained to a higher world, they can incarnate to places where they want to and when they want to. They could either go to other planets or even return to Earth in order to help the ones they love in their development!

Ooops!

I have lost my way again.

It seems that the world of the philosophers have influenced my thoughts, and the reason why I am forced to think so much right now may be because I didn't want to stop and take the time to deal with them.

Well, I am still here in the sphere of the big-timers.

I got stuck here! I must have lost a couple of days!

It flatters my own ego sometimes, too, you know to see the folly of others reassure my own genius.

Ha-ha-ha!!

This place is very depressing.

It is like silence before the storm.

One of the characteristics of this sphere is the fata morgana phenomenon.

All of the luxury which the inhabitants of this place possessed in their Earthly lives are projected out by virtue of their desires, yet they are never able to touch any of them, because as they walk towards those things these latter get farther and farther away.

They must experience how far the poor were from their, the wealthy's luxurious way of living on Earth.

Leaving their wealth behind they could only bring the mirage of their former treasures with themselves. However, this kind of wealth is of no use to them anymore, for luxury is out of reach from now on.

I am already on my way to the fourth sphere when I see that a bunch of angels arrive to one of the people who are sunken in themselves.

Possibly, one of his living relatives is taking a lot of time on praying for his savior.

Prayers always send along a rescue-team of angels, but most people are too silly to believe this.

So, it never occurs to them to ask for help like this.

But angels never go where they are not asked to.

I would love to see what they are going to do with this sad-faced man but my time is running out... running out? According to what? Never mind, this isn't important right now.

The fourth sphere is waiting for me which is the home of those journalists, lawyers and politicians who held themselves superior to others.

In order to prove this, they didn't hesitate to resort even to dirty methods.

They violated both human and divine laws.

They could not be held back even by the members of their own family or their own loved ones.

Career above all!

Oh, oh!

This hurt.

I am a workaholic, too!

I have to stop thinking!!

No thinking!! No thinking!!

Or, am I thinking even when I'm thinking about, how I'm not supposed to be thinking??

The gate appears.

Okay... this means that I wasn't really thinking when I thought I was thinking??!!! I just simply wasn't thinking. At least I think so.

Dear God!

Please tell me I will not be sent back among the philosophers!! I believe in You!

Behold the sphere of those who broke their vows and promises!

This place is full of so called spiritual grandmasters, who are called this way, only by themselves and who broke their promises made to God. They had begged for special powers and arrived to Earth to heal and teach, but instead, they manipulated people.

They chained people to themselves energetically, so that they would become dependent on their healing and on their advice.

They pushed everyone around, poked their nose into everything. Gave advice to everyone everywhere, even when not asked.

Jesus – who, by the way, is working in one of the far-away corners of the universe now – made this statement once:

“Beware of Satan, he himself can heal, too.

Do not raise those to the pedestal, whose duty is to serve others.”

Good healers are always modest and nameless.

Healers favored today by the media, have nothing to do with helping humanity. They are only in it

for the power, that is their only motivation for dealing with spirituality...

I kind of like Jesus, at times he hits the nail right on the head.

I am a little bit angry with him though, because he hasn't had Judas rehabilitated on Earth yet, but I hope, one day, he will have time to come around to it.

About those who see the future; with their prognostications, many of them made their clients go crazy; they kept misusing the gullibility of people because they enjoyed the power they had over them.

Often, working for dark powers, they slandered some real mediums publicly, to prevent the medium from revealing their mischief.

A guy with long black hair and long nails points at me, saying – *Hey you!*

Love is banging on your door, open it at last!!!

This is an unasked-for prophecy.

At least this one isn't vicious.

When I have time, I will light a candle for him, too, so its light will illuminate his soul.

I hesitate before the next door, then I finally step through it.



This time, I see a different kind of sac that carries the souls to Earth ready to be reborn.

I startle for a minute.

I died after all, and due to my back-stair influence, I can reborn already?

This fear has even made my legs quiver.

I lost my balance on the narrow plank and I started falling.

I fell straight into a huge tank full of slimy, sticky, pungent-smelling energy.

I landed in the tank where the contaminated energy is stored until it is cleaned.

This energy is taken off of patients by their healers on Earth and this is where it accumulates.

Hey!

It's about time you started the cleaning before I completely sink into it!

I try to hold on with all my strength, I saw the air, but no use, the grunge draws me down anyway.

Will I be the first one to drown without a physical body, in my own clumsiness?

I lose my consciousness and get wrapped into darkness.

The next part I have already talked about.

Augustus and Samuel stand beside me.

They are making me smell a rose.

This ritual is very familiar.

I have made my companions smell this special blue rose, too.

The blue rose symbolizes the Creator in any form of expression, even in photos and embroideries.

Now I recognize the place. In the seventh sphere, those souls come who are already allowed to leave the lowest three.

They have passed all of the hard tests and with the scent of the rose they inhale the breath of God, which symbolizes that the person is willing to become one with the will of God.

There are no big promises made, no hype.

Everyone knows that smelling a rose signifies fitting in the whole.

But what is happening?

What about me?

Augustus tells me that when I sunk in that muck, my physical body gave up for a couple minutes.

Luckily, a young man arrived just in time and with his love, he gave strength to me, and with his prayers he sent for the angel rescue team.

What young man???

I was so busy with the research that it's been ages since I last went out.

Even when my girlfriend gave me a session with a fortune teller as a birthday present, I was only willing to see her if she came to my home.

The fortune-teller said I would be a mother within less than a year of time...

I almost choked from laughing hearing this nonsense.

I kept grumbling loudly for days about what she said.

Having a baby at 40!!

Besides, where am I supposed to find a guy who would father that child and... by all means, help me raise the child?

After all, it is not like I can order one on the Internet.

I have looked after it!

You can meet people on the net, but there is no guarantee that I will find a proper father right away.

I would have to test him considering his manliness and reliability.

Well, I have no time and no energy to waste on queer guys.

I didn't dare laugh at Augustus though.

He indeed knows everything much better than I do. He says that I passed through the sixth sphere while I was unconscious.

Those people go there who committed suicide under obsession.

Well, this part is true about me, too.

What I have done was obsessed in a way, and because I really was dead for two minutes, I was taken automatically into this sphere.

It's a very pleasant place, somewhat like a sanatorium.

Charming creatures working hard to take care of those who need it. Pleasant, calm background music and the air full of the sweet scent of flowers.

This is where they heal the tired souls who finally got rid of their possessors.



You have passed the test, says Augustus. Although you yielded to a few temptations when you started to make your energies flow backward with your feelings, thoughts and fears, but fortunately you always made corrections in time. Samuel watched your every step and let me know when you got in trouble at the end.

*Now you can freely travel between the levels.
I hope you will see me in this form again only when
your Earthly life comes to an end.
I trust that it will be very far from now, and that
you will handle successfully your future challenges
as well.
Believe me, your loved ones will be watched over
by a crowd of guardians and you won't have to
resort to such madness anymore.
You can call me any time during your dream, and I
will appear for you or will send someone else in my
name. Do not forget that we will never leave you
alone.*

Then he winked at me.

Did he wink at me???

I never thought that the strict spiritual leader could have a good sense of humor – then he glided off.

This is the way they get around, they can be wherever they want to be in just one moment. This is a time-saving and economical method.

I could also do it, and from now, I can do it again.

No matter, I ask Samuel for us to go through all of the other spheres anyway, maybe I will find some familiar faces on the way.

The worlds that I have wandered so far, all were the size of a continent, since millions of souls live in each of them. But for me, my imagination showed them to be as large as a huge square at most, so that I could move faster.

The worlds that I will be entering from now on, all have a very pleasant vibration. Full of kind, harmonious souls, always smiling. If only, even for a moment, I will see someone familiar.

In the meantime, my body has got to a much finer vibration.

The less material someone is, the higher the vibration gets. This way they become either translucent or completely invisible, even for those who see with their third eye.

This is why people can't see the angels, spiritual guides or even the dead with their physical eyes.

Only those

who are able to raise their own vibration out of the material limits are able to see them.

Angels have a frequency which is a lot higher than people's, and what is more, they are present in many time zones at the same time, which is why even seers are able to see them for some flashes only.

They never incarnate in a human form.

True, they can assume the human form if they want to, but not in order to live a full life in that body, but only because in certain dangerous situations, they can warn their protégées more easily in a human form.

We often spend our days in the company of different spiritual beings, who are all around us, waiting to be asked for help, and we humans haven't the slightest idea that they are there.

We mutter that no one answers our prayers, and in the meantime, help is right in front of us.

Angels, if they do not happen to be assigned to someone as guardians, stay in the sixth atmospheric circle, in a sphere corresponding to their interests.

I hope, I do not have to go that far this time, and that I will find the answer to my question earlier.

I have to pass through a device, which reminds me of one of the detector-gates at airports. It increases my vibration and this way, I will be able to see the others and they will be able to see me.

Samuel is a bit excited.

I can feel that he wants to tell me something, but he finally changes his mind, and shows me the direction we have to go in with turning his head.

We are gliding on now, since my body has become as etherized as Samuel's.

4/1

Firstly, we peak into the sphere where those souls are whose duty will be to serve others on Earth.

Usually, they will work as nurses or social workers.

You can surely say that you have to be born for these professions.

Only those can cope in these jobs who feel that it is their calling in life to take care of others.

These professions are very hard and not so appreciated by the authorities. You need plenty of humility and you also need to flow a lot of love-energy.

Well, this is where they are prepared to make sure that they will be able to care, feed, change diapers, tie sore wounds, console and give faith.

This is where they gather, and possibly make friends in advance, so that later, too, on Earth they

can support each other as colleagues. It is also here that they wait for the right moment to be reborn.

I see many smiling faces, I hope once they are faced with the difficulties they will still stay optimistic.

4/2

We cross over into the second sphere.

This is my favorite spot.

It's like a big call center and TV station in one.

From here, you can observe any person on gadgets similar to monitors we use on Earth.

If someone finished their life on Earth, but is still curious about what is going on with the ones left behind, this is where he or she can get news about them.

This is the place where messages to our dead loved ones arrive, and this is where they receive them when they happen to pass by.

The reason that our prayers are answered a bit late sometimes is that those who we address our prayer to have business in a completely different sphere. Souls need to return here when they want to communicate with people on Earth.

An immediate on-line connection can be made.

Of course, they can communicate with the spirit of the person only when the body and consciousness of whoever they communicate with is “turned off”.

When we hear someone say that they had a nice dream about a deceased, and they had a good talk with them, like they were still alive, this is the place the connection came from.

The truth is, it is not as if they were still alive, they are actually alive, only in a different form.

Apart from our dreams, this is where our prayers come to.

This is where our prayers are classified, investigated whether or not they are legitimate, if they can be granted or not, and this is where the angels are assigned on answering our prayers.

The fact that people are usually not aware of what they are actually asking the Creator causes quite a chaos.

It often happens that the angels go through a lot of trouble to grant some extreme wish, and when it is finally realized, the person who had asked for it doesn't appreciate it, or worse, forgets even to say thanks for it.

Angels need our love. They, too, have feelings. Fortunately they are very understanding and forgive us everything.

We need to give credit to those who work in this sphere for synchronizing everything to make life a lot more entertaining on Earth.

These events usually happen to people whose heart chakras are more developed.

For example, we get a call from the person we have wanted to talk to, we receive the present we've been longing for, or our friends have the same wish as we do.

A parking spot gets empty, just at the right time, when we arrive at our destination.

The fourth atmospheric circle can work in harmony with people who have open heart chakras.

This is where our intuitions, our impulses come from, and our dreams, too, are controlled from this place.

We glide over to the third sphere.

Beautiful beings surround us. Residents of this place glow in brilliant colors. There is peace and harmony everywhere.

The radiance of their souls has come to attention on Earth as well, and no matter the profession they chose, their colorful personalities made them famous and well-known.

Once they have won fame and recognition in a certain field, they were able to become the envoys of peace between nations who are at war with each other.

There are souls who became famous as actors on our planet, ones who gained fame in sports, and there are other very special fates as well, like that of John Paul II, who achieved the same as a religious leader.

I can hardly think of any other person on Earth who has done so much good for the peace of humanity and at the same time has restricted personal freedom so much.

His task was making peace between the different nations, though.

The gays, ones who agree with abortion, couples living together should fight for their rights themselves.

He could have come back to this 4/3 level automatically, but instead, he asked for a rebirth on the very day of his funeral.

He was conceived as an unwed couple's child who were on St. Peter's Square at the time of his funeral. He was set to undertake a life of a homosexual, become very famous and die young of AIDS.

This is how he paid his debt.

He took the leap in his new life, the leap he dared not to take as a pope.

They would have excused him for not standing up for the people who are "different", because if he could have listened to his heart, that is exactly what he would have done. But to be who he was, he had to accept the dogmas of the Church he represented.

It is just that his conscience kept bothering him, and this is why he took on this second life where he became a famous sportsman. In that life, too, he was loved and respected by many for his exceptional qualities and also for his humanity and kindness.

Many bewept his departure.

I can see that he is very much satisfied now.
He is getting ready for missionary work on the second level. Oh, oh!
I would like to see in which form of his he will appear there.

He could achieve a lot in his form of the Holy Father, but I know how enterprising he is, so I bet he will arrive in a form that is the closest to his modesty, a simple country teacher.

Audrey Hepburn, Ronald Reagan are here, too, but this is also where Nobel is from, although he can hardly wait to get back to human life.

Someone familiar is approaching me right now.

I am a little bit confused because in one moment I see the face of a Greek philosopher and in another, that of Princess Diana... Seeing my confusion she laughs.

Don't you know me, she asks – we have already met in both forms. It is true that you know my last life only from the papers, but in the ancient times we had a couple of appearances together on Earth. I do not want to confuse you by talking about the past but I have heard about your mission, and I just wanted to let you know that I am rooting for your success! – she said, and she was off.

I go on to the fourth sphere with good feelings inside of me.

I'm full of anticipation, because the people you find here bring new discoveries, new technical tools to Earth.

To me, the whole place seems like home, or a big laboratory.

Test tubes, measuring equipment, magnifiers, microscopes and thousands of gadgets which are unknown to me.

This is the land of plenty for prospective genetic scientists, chemists and biologists.

It was possible to incarnate from here in the ancient times also, but they only took as much knowledge with them as the stage of development and people's thinking were able to accept at the time.

Even brain research existed already in antiquity, but they could not talk about it yet.

One of the teams is working on reprogramming the 21st chromosome.

This is the critical chromosome that causes Mongoloid Idiotism.

I think that it's pretty "idiotic" to call these souls this way who take on to be the carriers of such special love energies which the physical body, due to its lower vibration level, is able to tolerate only with such a deformity.

This challenge is taken on usually by souls who do not have any special karmic missions, and simply take love where there is a lack of attention or acceptance of one another.

They are adventurous souls. If people are reluctant to give in, they simply demand love for themselves.

I hope I will find Daniel and David here, too. I mean, among the brain-researchers.

Unfortunately, Samuel cools me off quickly, saying that I should not get my hopes up too high, because the two gentlemen have already progressed to higher levels.

I am a little bit confused.

As I have mentioned, I have wandered and tested all of the levels and spheres before, but now, all this is only a big black mass, since it is the reality of my present life which my consciousness is busy with, and so I cannot recall the old one. I do not have time for that, either, and I don't need all of

that information for carrying out my mission anyway.

4/5

We are in the fifth sphere.

Midwives are running around, of course looking like angels, not like warty farmer women.

When they are asked to, they help with insemination, and a joyful painless birth.

They have quite a hard job.

To understand the way, a soul chooses the proper family, you have to imagine that each family has its own musical composition.

Let's say the father is the percussion – after all, it is the man of the house who dictates the tempo;

the mother the guitar – as she needs to be treated as tenderly as the strings of a guitar, and plucking on the strings violently will break them, just as a woman's nerve can snap in a second.

Let the child be the piano.

In order for the conception to happen, all three of them need to play the same tune.

Let me put it this way, they all need to strike the same cord.

Some play together easily right away, but there are others who need to “practice” for years to get tuned to each other.

It often happens that some couples may be trying for years, and some, spring a new life during an etude.

It is very easy to play a light little tune, but a symphony? It takes time.

Unfortunately there are couples who are unable to play music together, so no souls are able to join them.

Certain children, however, write the tunes themselves, and guide their prospective parents towards each other through fine threads.

This is when a one-night stand results in a pregnancy and usually these partners don’t even understand how they could come together in the first place.

A transcription into the language of colors is made out of all this.

Brilliant potpourris of colors reflect the vibration of each being.

They transform the musical scale into the scale of color.

This is why angels like to communicate through colors and musical notes.

Words could be misleading, colors, melodies, on the other hand, can convey precise and complex pieces of information.

The most colorful light-show is created when people make love.

Recognizing the healing effect of colors and by using the appropriate combination of colors, even infertility or sexual problems could be healed.

I know this... here!

I mean, I know it here, but when I go back I will forget it all, because this is not my field of expertise right now.

What a pity.

For the next time I incarnate, I will probably take on this, too, the healing of sexual problems with colors.

I still hope, though, that when I get back to my present life, I will find a healer who will pass on this knowledge to the people already now.

This sphere is quite big.

Among others, those reside here who heal the inhabitants of the lowest three spheres with light-effects.

Recognizing that it is possible to change, it is like being reborn for them.

The experts of magnetic, electric and odic energies supervise the work.

I see Edison as he is busy calculating something.

He says he knows where he will be reborn the next time.

He is getting ready to go to a planet, where he can discover the light bulb again.

He made a bet with Einstein that instead of 7000 experiments, he will be successful after 5000!

“Why” – he asks, looking at me – “Eiffel has built the same tower on the seventh planet already. For me, this is only the fifth planet where I will bring light into the homes of those who live there.”

I wish him luck and give my blessings and I go on towards the sixth sphere with Samuel by my side.

This is the sphere of peace and quiet.

In this place, those mediums, physicians, healers and teachers abide who were the true envoys of God.

They were humiliated on many occasions on Earth, they were ridiculed and their livelihood destroyed.

They passed all of the tests, trusting in the Creator with undiminished faith, and despite all of the pain they have suffered, they went on doing their work, helping other people.

When their mission on Earth comes to an end, this is where they return to, so that their soul could rest after the tribulations. When the rest is over, they could either start their work anew by healing the souls of the lower spheres, or put on a human spacesuit again and return to Earth or to other planets.

I see the figure of Judas approaching.

I greet him with great joy.

It has always bothered me that they make him appear as a negative person in certain writings, yet he only volunteered to help Jesus fulfill his mission.

Just as the series Dallas couldn't have run without Jockey Ewing, the same goes for Jesus. He couldn't have managed without Judas.

By the way, after this particular incident Judas has already incarnated a couple times, but only in incognito.

He loves to appear in the form of rock stars.

This Marilyn Manson guy has always been suspicious to me. I have always suspected that he is a secret agent of God, with a mission to provoke people's ability to accept and tolerate, and with an undertaking to expose the hypocrites.

I do not see Manson here at the moment, but the grin on Judas's face, says a lot to me.

No more thinking, I glide off.

We are in the seventh sphere.

There is quite a commotion here. I hear excited conversations and debates. This is the sphere of grand plans.

The rehearsal room of great things.

Here, anything can be created just by thinking of it.

This is where architects test the things that they are going to build later on, on Earth, but here they use a much lighter material.

They can later realize all the things in the much more material environment.

The prospective engineers create all kinds of odd devices and machines so that they could find the most optimal and appropriate form which can work most efficiently on Earth.

It is not uncommon that, if someone incarnates on Earth from here – which is a higher place –, when he gets sunk into his physical being, he forgets where he has come from, and denies the Creator.

When this happens, it means that all of the careful preparation was in vain, his fellows left behind in heaven cannot help him further on, and that his work cannot serve development.

He will go through many failures until, he comes to his senses and opens his heart and learns to ask for the help of angels again.

In case he is unable to do this and he does not realize what he did wrong, he won't be able to return here.

There is a huge crowd in this sphere.

Just like on Earth, the latest car models attract most of the beings.

We can try everything here that we want to create later on Earth.

This is the sphere of the future.

This is where a pre-planned conflict can be practiced as well.

It could be that one of our Earthly tests is that we have to practice forgiveness.

The best way to do this, is to discuss in advance with one of our close relatives what to insult us with, what things tick us off, so that later we could have a chance to practice forgiveness.

It completely depends on us how much time we have to spend in such a situation. We have to stay in a situation like this only until we realize that, as it is true always for everything, it is we ourselves who have planned the hostile situations, too, for

ourselves. Therefore, the sooner we accept this, the sooner we will get over it.

This is where the expression Déjà vu comes from – this is why we say to ourselves at times, “seems like I’ve seen this somewhere before.”

We really have experienced the same situations before.

This is why we need these tests. So we could deal with certain situations in a perfect way, like when we had higher vibrations. This needs to be repeated in an environment where our common sense and good judgment is influenced by certain systems of belief, and where our emotions are dominated by desires and instincts. The reason for all this is to see whether or not we will be able to be just as generous and tolerant with each other in an environment made so difficult.

We can practice all this even throughout a whole lifetime. Never failing doesn’t mean glory! Glory is getting up each and every time you fall, and trying to succeed, over and over again.

As I have said before, we choose the partners who we will quarrel with. Furthermore, we are the ones who ask the person to be mean with us, when the time comes.

We can get to higher levels only by successfully passing the tests. This way, after our death we will feel gratitude possibly towards our arch enemy, since he or she helped us the most to learn about ourselves, and we have become tolerant, accepting and patient due to them.

These are the main characteristics of the inhabitants of higher spheres.

I am happy that I got the chance to see this place again, but I have to get going so I motion to Samuel.

We glide into the fifth atmospheric circle.

The first sphere.

As a matter of fact there isn't really a great difference between the previous sphere and this one, only that the work done here is more specific.

To give you an example, they are looking, for instance, at how it would be possible to create a device with which people could receive the voices of their deceased loved ones at a special frequency, or they could converse with their guardian angels, for that matter. This way, those responsible for larger groups of people could even ask for the advice of archangels.

This would be a great relief for mediums.

This part of the job has been carried out by them so far. They have always been the true priests of God. But people have always appreciated wondrous technical achievements much more than the fact that someone may have unusual capabilities which cannot be possessed just by any man.

The physical bodies of mediums are very delicate. That's the only way it is possible for them to register the fine frequency, at which angels communicate. For this reason, they also get hurt

physically easily. Changing between different frequencies is very hard on the physique.

People do not realize this at all! They expect the mediums to be at their service 24 hours a day 7 days a week.

With these devices – on which development is done in this sphere – everyone could say hello to people in afterlife – but only if he or she has learned what humility and respect is, and is also able to share love energies and make them flow.

Here, work is also done on vehicles which enable people to safely have interplanetary travel.

We would only like to make it next door... for now!

We fly on.

Behold the second sphere.

Home of the explorers of continents.

This is where you find Columbus and the explorers of the Polar Regions.

Their task on Earth was to show humanity in which direction they could still expand.

Until now, I believed that there are no more gray spots to explore and that the satellites can see it all!

It has turned out that I was wrong.

According to the inhabitants of this place, there is a new continent emerging in the Atlantic Ocean and there are yet uncharted territories in Africa, where no man has set foot yet.

Just to mention an example, deep in the desert, there is a tribe, waiting to be explored whose members are still the followers of Osiris and Isis. Their skin is white as snow and haven't the slightest clue as to what is happening in the world.

I asked how it is that the see-all, know-all satellites wandering the sky haven't caught them on camera yet?! The answer was that the area is protected by a special, spherical energy-shield which is not sensed

by the instruments and only monotonous sand-fields appear on the monitors.

5/3

The abode of astronomers and scientists – Galileo, Tycho de Brahe, Copernicus. There are many familiar faces here.

They greet me and ask how the receiving of the energies of the new planets is going for me. There is quite a great chaos in the world of astrologers, isn't there?

I think – says one of them – it must be very hard for someone who has studied the system for years to admit that the old kind of astrological analyses do not apply to the newborn. Indeed, as the universe is expanding, so do the possibilities and the range of human consciousness increase for people, too. As it happens inside, it takes place outside as well. The change can be perceived at all levels.

Do not worry, there is another fifty years to go and the whole thing settles again.

Ha-ha! Well, I think this isn't the place where I should wait to see it come, so I head to the fourth sphere.

5/4

We have arrived to the sphere of composers.

This is a very exciting place for me.

I can hardly wait for someone to tell me why there aren't any female composers?

At least, in terms of classical music.

Why was this form of genius only given to men?

Beethoven's coming and before I could ask the question, he starts speaking.

How is Robert? – he asks, *are the heirs on their way already?*

I look at Samuel, but he only shrugs his shoulder.

Oh, you have not gotten that far yet? – says Beethoven and looks at me curiously. *You know, it's very hard to tell how far along you have gotten in realization.*

You know, when you've incarnated, you planned only what you want to do for people, and to realize

your personal happiness wasn't a part of your agenda.

I helped Robert plan your future together.

You were about 14 years old when he went after you. By now, if all worked out as planned, he should be a famous singer and actor.

He must have started to look for you, his heart is sending the calling signals out into the ether.

I've seen his dreams and I can hear his prayers.

He can't wait to have his own family.

How come you don't know about him? All devices show that he has been near you for at least a year now.

Hasn't your heart signaled you yet, my Dear?

It's out of the question that when you look into his eyes you can't feel the connection, the emotions of the past. You have belonged to each other already for thousands of years, even if you both have tried your Earthly life with a different partner from time to time.

Don't you remember?

In his previous life, he was an extremely famous Afro- American guitar player in the rock-and-roll genre, but he got out early – a drug overdose put an end to his successful life. He wanted to be

called back from Earth because all the fame had got to his head and he felt guilty about hurting you so often, causing so much pain.

He wasn't able to appreciate your love, and he was constantly humiliating and cheating on you, and even physically abusing you. This is why he was called back so that he wouldn't make things worse.

When he left you stranded, you were expecting a baby. Yet, his death was necessary because, at that point, the good he had brought about with his music still exceeded all that he wasn't able to manage in his private life and therefore he still had the chance to return to this level.

Of course, for a perfect purification, he had no other choice but to accept a couple of lives full of hardships and tribulation, all ending in early deaths.

In order to purify his soul, at the time when you were just preparing for incarnation, he was a seven year old boy with leukemia who was brutally beaten and at the end, killed by his father.

He was sad that you didn't wait for him, that you two didn't have a chance to plan your lives together.

He had to wait many years until he found the right couple whose DNAs could ensure the proper

physical body for him – this is why he is 14 years late.

He wants to make up for all that he did to you before.

He will help you with everything and there will be no other woman for him this time around.

He chose an environment full of temptation so that he could prove to you that he is with you because he wants to be with you, and not because there is no one else.

He wants to show that even the famous, cheered pretty-boy can be a great and exemplary head of his family.

And as you know men die sooner, and the fact that he is younger than you means that he will probably not leave you behind in old age, and that you do not have to experience losing him again.

I was amazed!

I even forgot what I wanted to ask him.

There is denial somewhere, deep within me, though.

Come on! A celebrity!

And to top it off, someone who likes fooling around with other women?! This is what my partner should be like...

They can't be serious about this!
Couldn't we overwrite this program, or maybe
revoke it?
Anyway, there are priorities and I want to find
Daniel and his brother.
True that I wanted to ask Mozart, what he thought
about how many people understood the message of
the Magic Flute, but something tells me I will do
fine without this information now.
As for this piece, by the way, people might not
understand it with their minds, but their souls
resonate to the music and somewhere deep inside
they hear a voice saying, everything happens by
the will of God; this music brings back faith.

I see from the corner of my eye that Lennon has
returned.
He shows the peace sign with his fingers to those
who are waiting.
So his mission has succeeded.
That melancholic soul whom he was singing to at a
lower level probably has come to his senses and is
now being treated at 3/7.
I hurry and fleet on, like the wind.

We are already in the fifth sphere.

This is the residence of the litterateurs who have lit the candle with their works making everyday miracles glow and who sang about the beauty of the world, opening up people's closed chakras with their touching stories. With their writings they showed how colorful God is, thus transmitting God himself to people.

Shakespeare, Schiller, Dante, Gogol, Milton, Attila Jozsef, Imre Madach...

They incarnated in the twenty - twenty first century as well, as film producers.

Quite a bunch.

Dante became famous again with his science fiction movies at the end of the twentieth century, by the name of George something, if I remember correctly.

Unfortunately, I often have trouble with names.

I know what the person does, I know his work, but the name, I have trouble with.

Wise men say that this is because I knew that person in one of his previous lives and in my memories he carries that name.

Well, Dante is Dante.

It doesn't matter what his name is here on Earth, he always manages to create some kind of "*La divina commedia*."

I would have questions to ask them, too, but this time we only greet each other with a nod.

All of a sudden I have the sense that I am missing something.

It shows again how much focused Samuel is on me with all his cells, he immediately points to the distance.

Suddenly, like when the camera zooms on to something,

a far corner is right in front of me.

The sight fills me with warmth and surprise at the same time.

I see two familiar figures who are very kind to my heart. They are bending over a chessboard-like thing.

Instead of chess figures, there are carved imitations of literary figures on the board, and you can tell that this game can be played by many.

There are four people sitting around the table.

I'm amused by the fact that Faludy has kept his Earthly image, and so as always, he is sitting around in slippers without socks but of course has

a fancy suit-jacket on. Vis-à-vis to him sits Joseph Heller – I don't know why but he is wearing an Oriental Caftan and has a look of an Indian maharaja. He sits there with a pensive face. On his right, sits Spielberg drumming with his fingers on the table, and across from him, Kerouac with a dreamy face.

Villon stands over Kisfaludy – he would like to kibitz for the elderly gentleman.

Uncle George snaps at him – *“I call the shots now, this is my time and not yours.”*

What a bunch of people!

They caused many hard minutes for prejudiced people with their works of strong belief-system destructing effect. Their oeuvre must have been appreciated by the Creator if they are in this sphere.

I am very pleased having seen them as well.

Now I can continue my journey.

The 6th sphere.

The sphere of geniuses.

I hope I will find David and Daniel here, for those stay here, who have reached high achievements in several fields.

Daniel often painted besides his research work.

He immortalized the gondolas of Venice in wondrous pictures as well as the peaks of the Alps, and the brazen rocks of the Grand Canyon as the sparking light of the sun glitters on them.

Daniel loved to depict the play of light and shadow in his paintings.

He always pointed out that one couldn't exist without the other.

With this opinion, too, he wanted to make unity more understandable.

David wrote poems.

I've always wondered how he could write so authentically about the emotions of a man in love since, as far as I know he had never been married.

Oh, my dear, – he said once – platonic love is which gives wings to the imagination and makes your emotions break into song.

It surprised me, how much romance and emotion floods from their work.

Both of them played various instruments and often they brought them even to the lab – either the violin, or the flute. What is more, there was a guitar as well called simply the lab guitar, for its strings were tuned according to the lab's climate, and were made of a special material which they themselves had developed.

Supposedly, with this they wanted to help street musicians who play no matter whether it is rainy and cold, or bright and dry. Using these, they wouldn't have to keep tuning the strings all the time.

They did sports – swimming, horseback riding. Ever since their childhood, they have always been up to something.

So, they were polyhistorians to the core.

I can see Michelangelo and Rembrandt, but Daniel and David are not here.

I ask one of the angels and I learn that their souls are already in the 7th sphere.

We get up, and whoosh on.

This sphere is inhabited by those who take on missionary work in other planetary systems or by souls who come from other galaxies, yearn to go to Earth and are therefore prepared here.

Quite often, there are huge differences in thinking and customs alike.

Preparation is very important for those who want to incarnate to Earth for the first time.

This is how it happens sometimes, that we get the feeling that one of our fellow human beings is not really a human.

The truth is, you feel it right.

It is said that every 50th person that takes on a human body on Earth, came from another system, only they have erased their memories first.

Of course, some memory imprints remain on the level of their instincts, so no wonder that some make up hair-raising things when they come to Earth.

People yearn to meet with aliens, while it is possible that even their own mother-in-law herself

might be one, coming here perhaps with the task to test people's limit of tolerance.

Often in autistic people, too, lies an envoy of a distant civilization who only wants to play the role of an observer, and wants no part whatsoever in the bungling and stumbling of the human kind; they simply want to be present.

This sphere is a little bit scary, one can feel the breath of the infinite space.

I see the shining figure of Steve Hawking skipping toward me, waving with enthusiasm.

He is full of energy, full of liveliness.

This is not how I remember him from Earth!

His body was crippled by the dense energy of Earth.

For his fine vibration the energy of the planet was very depressing.

Even though he was forced into a wheelchair and lived a life full of pain, his genius made him a famous astronomer.

By the way, it is very rare that someone would want to incarnate to Earth from this level, because their spiritual energy, the very high frequency beaming from them can be hardly tolerated by the human body.

As for Hawking, I do not know anyone else besides

him who would be able to approach a black hole, or even more, go into it, without being sucked in.

Are you looking for Daniel and David – he asked. Unfortunately, they have already left to an outer planet of the Nurius solar system, the Althea, so they could fill themselves with more information.

The reason why they needed to be called back so quickly was that there was a fast-shuttle leaving there and they didn't want to miss it. They left you a message at 4/2! Didn't Samuel tell you?!

No! Samuel didn't tell me!

Why didn't you tell me, Samuel?

Why?—asked Samuel –Did you ask?

You know very well –he said—I can only tell you what you ask about!

I was waiting for the question, but you never asked!

How stupid can I get??!

Again, I thought that I know everything much better...

Are you trying to tell me that Daniel died, too?

Samuel nodded, adding, – *On the same day that you were taken to the hospital.*

So the whole thing was in vain?

Since one would need a physical body to cry, I just cast down my head sadly.

Steve patiently waited until I was able to pay attention to his words again.

He looked deep into my eyes and said, *The boys asked me to give you this message if I can. This message has not been taken to the guardian of your dreams yet. I wanted to give it to him so that he would start transmitting it to you, but now that you are here, I might as well tell it to you personally.*

They said they hope that they could meet you again in your present life on Earth.

They will come back to you if you agree.

I think they suggested that they would like to be your children and by Earthly standards this could even be possible in a couple of months.

They would like to live a full life at where they are going now, too. At that planet, life-forms are a lot more diverse – in fact, there don't even exist more than the ones you can find there – and that gives an opportunity for diverse DNA variations. This is what they would like to study.

Fortunately, due to the bend of time, it takes five years there what takes one day here.

This is why it is possible that by the time of their conception, which is due in a couple of days, they will be back, equipped with all of the new

knowledge which they will use when they incarnate again.

What now?

Who is next, and with what?

I do not have the strength to think this over. My mind is ready to explode and all I want to know right now is what is going on now on Earth, where my body is and whether I can return or not.

I depart very impolitely – I hope Steve will forgive me that I didn't even thank him for giving me the message and that I didn't even say goodbye.

I'm still a little bit dizzy from all of the new information.

I fly over to the sphere Steve mentioned.

Of course, Samuel continues to be at my tail, even though I am a bit sore at him at the moment.

I know that he was right as always, and, as always, I was a fool, but I am not ready to admit it out loud yet.

I will pray it off...



I am back to level 4/2 in a split of a second.
This time I will not forget to ask questions.

I stop a jovial looking angel and ask him to be so kind and show me the guardian of my dreams.

He points to a distant corner where I see a bundle of weird looking gadgets, weirder than anything I have ever seen.

I also see a humanoid figure tensely studying the monitor.

I touch his shoulder.

To my surprise, again, I see a familiar face.

Alfonse!

What are you doing here?

Isn't it enough that you appear in my dreams all the time, now I have to deal with you here, too?

He lapses into a smile.

I took on your dreams, he says.

They are damn exciting!

Several of your soul mates have presently assumed bodies in other solar systems, but you have agreed that through the waves of dreams you will keep in touch with one another.

These gadgets here are to balance the discrepancies in time and to form distant vibrations into images.

It is very exciting to see what you are doing.

At times, I have to pass messages on to you. This is when you dream about me.

Do you remember?

We have done this before!

When, in my very last life I lived the mundane life of a Hungarian-Slovakian writer, until I was hit by a car.

Then I was in a coma for a couple of months.

Do you remember how often I visited you back then? Only then, you were not aware of your abilities yet, and you did not understand what I wanted from you.

I see that you have just tried out what it is like to leave your physical body while you are still alive and the hour of your death has not come yet.

I hope you will be able to return, not like me.

It is true that your and my issue is a little bit different.

It was very hard for me to see my lover's and mother's tears falling on my arms and not feeling anything.

I just stood there, helplessly and looked at my crushed body in which the life functions worked already only barely. It felt like shit not to be able to signal to my loved ones and tell them that I was not in the bed but standing behind them.

Because I did not die yet, no one came for me from above, either.

*Of course, in part this was my fault.
You know, we have a free will even at the moment
of our death.
If you ask for it, they will come for you. If you
don't, they will not.
It is as simple as that.
Of course, my dear ones were praying for me to
come back to life and not for someone to help me
die.
And it did not occur to me, either.
Good thing, at least I could visit you!
It is not like you were of much help, but at least
you heard me.
Then, finally, my candle burned down.
The angels around you took pity on me, spoke to
the ones above and asked them to send someone
for me.
Now I am stuck here.
As I have mentioned, I consider it very entertaining
that I can watch over your dreams.
By the way, you have an urgent message here.
I was transmitting it to you continuously but
without your soul, your physical body cannot do
much with it.
If you want, I can play it for you right now.
I look at him feeling a bit stupid!*

According to my memories, when this guy was still alive, he wasn't so talkative.

True, once we agreed that we will write an erotic short story together with a friend of ours named Zsolt. Our plan was to take turns writing each line but finally we didn't get around to do it.

As I have said, words came out of his pen and not out of his mouth.

Why is he saying all this crap for?

Looks like this is what my dreams brought out of him.

I have to admit that now I find him a lot more entertaining than back then.

Unfortunately, I do not have the time to observe what other changes his personality has gone through, I want to hear Daniel.

Alfonse gently touches a couple of buttons – *they are sensorial*, he says meaningfully.

He gets up and moves away a little with Samuel.

I am deeply grateful for their consideration. All of a sudden, Daniel's smiley face appears on the screen.

He tells me that all of the information has been left with a simple lawyer in a tiny country on a distant continent.

The lawyer was instructed to send all of the documents to their nephew if he does not hear from them for more than six weeks. Their nephew, by the way, lives in my neighborhood.

He asked me not to grieve over their death since their departure was necessary.

They say thanks for all of the years we've spent together, I was like a daughter to them.

The only thing they regret is that they were not able to introduce me to the young gentleman, who is the son of David's platonic love.

The man lost his parents at an early age.

David, despite the fact that they were not related to each other by blood, treated him as if he was the child of one of his close relatives.

Unfortunately, they could not introduce him to me, since the young Robert became a celebrated movie star and they were too busy to keep in touch.

Daniel expressed his hope that if once I get to meet him, I will find him likable.

The message cut off all of a sudden.
Looks like they really had to go in a hurry.
I was a little wrecked.
This means that the whole thing was completely
useless.
All I should have done, was close my eyes and
wait for the dreams.
So much for extra-sense abilities.
How many times have I dropped smart-assed
remarks on some desperate people, saying that if
they invest too much emotion into something, they
will lose control over it in the end.
Now it backfired into my face.
I don't know which emotions were the ones that
blurred my senses of judgment. Was it the fear of
losing Daniel and his brother or the fear that all of
our work would go to waste, I am unable to tell,
and then it did not matter anymore.
I felt quite stupid.
Alfonse comes to my side and tries to console me.
*You mustn't believe that your journey was in vain.
By the way, I wanted to let you know, that now that
you are here, you might as well make yourself
useful. There is someone at 3/7 who we just cannot
convince that she should forgive herself.*

She will probably listen to you. Samuel will lead you there.

When you're done, please go back into your physical body.

You are still needed down there!

Now he puts his arm on my shoulder.

Looks like this is our way of greeting each other.

We smile at each other and that is it.

I signal to Samuel that my trust in him is as yet unbroken, and that I was only horsing around a little bit when I acted like I was mad at him.

I asked him whether he had seen a human before, if not, well, I am here for one, and he should know that this is natural human behavior that we hold others responsible for our own stupidity.

Fortunately, despite my constant appeal, he is still an angel, and therefore he forgives my fallibility.

We go back to 3/7.

Now I witness a part of this sphere that was hidden from my eyes until now.

The weather is wonderful.

It is bright and sunny.

I am surprised that the same sun shines here that shines on Earth.

It is good to know that we share the same sun at least with those on the other side.

The landscape looks a bit rough despite the bright sunlight.

At the bottom of a bush I see a stooping figure.

I look at Samuel with curiosity.

As we get closer to him I am amazed to see that my grandmother sits there. She is crushed.

I do not understand the situation.

According to Samuel, no matter that she lived a special life, no matter the fact that she took all the insults from her husband, survived and lived through the war, raised four children under hard conditions, never hurt anyone and believed in God, she still ended up here.

It was she who banished herself to this place.

She says that she is not worthy of a higher level.

She is tormented by guilt because she could not love her husband with the whole of her heart and when he was on his deathbed, she did not pray for his healing, but for his death.

Let's just see what the deal is.

Alfonse could not die in peace because the prayers of his loved ones would not let him do so.

And my grandmother is tormenting herself because she was praying for the death of my grandfather. I don't get it... Don't they know that it is the Creator who judges whether our deeds are right or wrong?

I step up to my grandmother.

She looks at me with a distorted face and I can tell that she doesn't recognize me.

I think that the consoling words of the angels did not have any effect on her, which means I need to try something else.

I take a deep breath, in my mind I ask for her apology in advance, then I start yelling at her.

Who do you think you are?

How do you dare question the will of the Creator?

If he has forgiven you, how dare you go on whining here.

I knew you as an honest woman on Earth. Where is your pride now?

Take a look at down there!

All of your grandchildren are successful and honest people.

Who do you think they took after?

Probably your children.

And who do you think taught your children firmness of character.

By not being able to appreciate yourself, you belittle the Creator, too.

To my surprise, she started growing right before my eyes, that is to say, she started straightening up, until our eyes were in level with each other.

Thank you –she said—I think there is more faith in you than there is in the spiritual leaders.

You found the right words which yanked me out of apathy.

But tell me, how did you get here?

Your time has not come yet.

Samuel intervened.

He told her that there was no time for explanations at that moment, she would be able to look at everything in the monitor room, but if I didn't return in a second then there would be nothing for her to look at.

I quickly wave her good-bye.

My head is dizzy from all of the experience and it would be nice to rest a little.

I almost faint from the fatigue...

I still see the rose in Samuel's hand, but before I know it, everything gets dark...

My head slowly clears.

I can feel that I am lying in bed.

I wonder which one it is?

Is it over there or over here?

Suddenly fear hits me... !

Oh my God! I couldn't pull it off after all.

I remember faintly, but it seems I had a very eventful dream.

My eyes burst open.

Definitely, these are my eyes because they sting with pain.

I have to blink a couple of times to make the blur go away.

A smiley face bends over me.

Finally, it all came back!

I stare at her.

I know that I am looking at a human being in a nurse's uniform, although her face is very charming, almost angelic.

Your boyfriend will be here soon, I am sure that he will be very happy when he finds out that you have come back at last after being in a coma for four weeks.

What do you mean four weeks!?

And what is this thing about my boyfriend?

Seeing my questioning look the nurse assured me right away that it is normal to have memory problems after being in such a coma.

It was in the gossip magazines the other day that the famous actor, Bob Bluerose, visited her lover every day who was lying in a coma.

Now, for once, the papers were telling the truth, since she, the nurse, can also attest to the fact that the young man comes to me almost every day and holds my hand for hours and talks to me sweetly...

My thoughts whirl around like crazy – it seems like this state of mine has become permanent.

What Bob?

Whose what?

What if I came back to the wrong body???

I looked at my hands and they seemed familiar. I grabbed my breasts and the size seemed right but they seemed to have become a little infirmed.

My nurse called me by my name the first time.

I must be at the right place after all.

I hardly had any time to think at all of this, suddenly my girlfriend stormed into my room.

She was her usual stormy self.

The things that I could get out of her words were how bad she feels about not coming over on the day of my accident –?! – as we had previously

agreed; she told me that she was already about to leave when her mother-in-law rang her and told her that her favorite lap dog had to be taken to the vet because it ate the lip gloss along with the powder.

She sent an SMS saying that she was sorry that she could not make it, and as it was already getting late when she wrote it, I probably didn't read it.

Let's just stop here for a moment!

If Lisa did not come to me that particular day, then who on Earth saved me after all?

How did I get to the hospital?

I left my door unlocked as usual so anyone could have walked right in.

If Lisa did not arrive after I had taken all the medicine, *who was it that fate has reached for?*

I waited until my girlfriend took a breath while she was giving her report about what has happened while I slept...

I slept, all right!

Tell me, who was it then who brought me in? – I tried to look at her with a piercing glance, so that she would not ignore my question.

She mysteriously smiled at me, then she scolded me for not telling her about my liaison with the pretty boy next door.

He was the one who found me and took me to the hospital and has been visiting me ever since.

I am completely confused now.

I must be out of my mind.

I don't seem to understand why I have to bump into people everywhere that speak all kinds of rubbish and I am unable to sense what they are talking about.

Fortunately, the nurse came in and showed Lisa to the door, saying that I am still too feeble.

I was listening! She did not say I am feeble-minded, she simply said that I was too feeble!!

I fall fast asleep.

Not a sound to be heard, no sight to be seen anywhere, just the infinite darkness.

Yet, Augustus has promised me that he would answer my questions in my dreams.

True, he did not say right away.

How many nights do I have to sleep for that to happen? – the question hits me, but in the next second I am already falling to the depths.

I wake up to the voice of the nurse who softly lets me know that I have a new visitor.

A tall, dignified and beautiful young man with long blond hair is standing in the door. He is about 26.

He does not have wings, so he is not Samuel.

Who is he, then?

His eyes were glowing with an unbelievable shade of green.

He was both familiar and a stranger to me at the same time.

He asked me if he could sit down by my bed.

I nodded.

As he sat down, my eyes fell on his muscles bulging in his pants, but no matter, I rather closed my heavy eyelids to see if I could dream further.

He told me that he came down to me on that particular day to say he was sorry and invite me over to his party he planned for the following day on which they were going to celebrate his new movie.

He knows the people in the film business, they get out of control when they party and they cannot be stopped, so he wanted to apologize in advance to every neighbor for all the possible inconveniences and the racket that might be caused.

He says he knew how much I worked, but still, he wanted to invite me.

Two eccentric old gentlemen – who is he talking about, I wonder – who unfortunately have already passed away, had told him all kinds of nice things about me, and he was very curious to meet me.

He says that out on our balconies – which are separated by non see-through screens –, you can hear what is going on next door.

According to him, he often heard me as I was thinking out loud and he found my theories extraordinary.

He heard many interesting ideas of mine by which he was inspired to write a script about a truly special relationship.

He wants to know the rest of my ideas as well and he is sure that he will find them quite amazing also.

He hopes that I will let it all be filmed.

Having heard all this, a deep blush came to my face, because then he must have heard, too, when I was quarreling with Samuel about men being so impossible, not to mention arguing with myself about the fortune-teller's nonsense.

I was listening to this man with my eyes closed while I felt like I was being rocked in a cradle.

It took me by surprise when he suddenly grabbed my hand, but I could tell from his movements that this was not the first time that he did this.

Suddenly, I felt as if I got drunk from his touch.

I felt warmth all over and a curious trembling.

I think, I caught myself in the moment of falling hopelessly in love.

I looked into his shiny eyes which looked back right at me with incredible trust and a remarkably unique gentleness.

It was as if I saw the spark of the infinite love of the Creator in the light of his eyes.

Then I remembered how much I protested against the idea of having a partner who is much younger and a celebrated artist.

I closed my eyes and desperately started praying; Augustus! Please, do not take my words about this man seriously, and is it still true that this relationship is meant to be?

I would like to take back what I wanted to take back!

I heaved a very deep sigh.

Bob probably took this as an encouragement, because before I knew it, I felt something wet on my lips: a little kiss from his soft mouth.

I do not think that he did this for the first time.

I smiled at him and said, *This is the best way to realize that heaven is here on Earth.*

Then we kissed again...

I mean, on my part, for the first time consciously, but in other spaces and dimensions we have done this a million times already.

Oh, how long have I been looking for the right man that I can start a family with, and now, out of the blue, he comes along and finds me, and to top it off, he even saved my life.

My Lord!

You have truly worked miracles in my life! This is quite something!

I have always admired how colorful your creative ways are.

I truly thank Thee, that you have filled my miserable life with so many extraordinary turns and events and so many marvels!

I am ready now for David's and Daniel's return.

Bob lays his head on our folded hands and I hear him say softly,

I was so afraid that you would turn me down...

S.O.S.!

How can you smack a grinning guardian angel in the face?

Dreamt in Budapest
From 08/18 /2006 until 09/ 09/2006

This is your story and my story. This is our personal story, but possibly many other people's, too. I also think it likely that it may be the story of whole mankind.

Daniel