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The snaking question

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It's time for good fairytales about love

Dedicated to my Dad,
who became the Light in my Heart.

We have only one life. I care. Do you?

*Life's not about waiting for the storm to pass... it's
about learning to dance in the rain.*

VivianGreen

— I'm going to run away anyway!!!

I know myself: I'm as stubborn as... my father.

He's the one standing in front of me right now. Or rather, in front of a huge tree, behind which I had hid from him.

And how did it grow so big, I ask? It took my breath away: I am behind it, and I cannot be seen. And I can't see anything at all (and this is me looking up), except this woody splendor stretching and even reaching, I'm sure, up to the troposphere. I looked around: look at that! How beautiful that is! All around, there is the same splendor of trees, starting from the entrance of my house and growing till the next house: three meters wide trunk of a tree! I've always known that this place behind my house was sacred! The strongest! And perhaps those evil forces who knew it too, had "ennobled" it with a trashcan... And now it's gone. Where did they put it? Have they figured out that the place is sacred? Finally! I'm thrilled. It doesn't even smell like

asphalt – all the brightest representatives of flora have filled the area. Light comes from that Holy Place, as if someone is shining a searchlight from under the ground. But you can feel that: this light is... alive. I've never seen anything like this. For the first time, life turned this way for me. But... I've always known this place was sacred! I'm not that stupid after all. And these trees... Thick trunks, bubbling with sap, buzzing with life... And I feel every tree and its life with my heart. I'm behind a tree that emits enormous power... Oh, by the way! I hid behind it from my father! Yes, yes! I'm stubborn! I'll run away!

And... I'm also threatening my father with... with a gun or something? Am I stupid? But I'm still threatening him... I found the gun right here, by the tree... And I didn't just find it: one wink and the gun was on the ground! As if I wished for it – and here you are, dear child: a little iron with bullets, take it and be happy, use it, do not be shy!

...It's his fault! Planned something so dreadful! He locked me in the house. I could hardly break the door down. It was as if no one had opened that door in two hundred years! But somehow these people, including me, went out of the house! So it's not like they've been hanging in the house forever! It's heavy, it's rabid, it won't budge! I woke up and the door was locked, a dastardly thing... My father was asleep, and I slowly, lightly pushed it, but it wouldn't give in. So I gave it a big bang! And my father woke up! And I was rushing down through that door, to civilization, to the asphalt, to the police! He locked me up with the door nobody could open for two hundred years... I wish I could catch my breath...

— No one has opened it in two hundred years indeed! — Someone behind the tree is babbling... Oh, you caught up with me! Shut up!

In fact: you locked me up!!! I'll get away from you! Do you have something against it?

Dad cautiously looked out from behind a huge tree. There's a whole forest of some giants here, every tree could hide a regiment, not like my dad. He's slender, all stretched out, I mean, fit, head held high, his eyes are shining, his face is relaxed, despite my efforts to scare him with death shooting iron. I waved my gun — well, I'm crazy, at my dad — with bullets... I was out of my mind, I think. I shoved the gun behind my waist, which made my dad's luminous eyes round, probably worried about the safety of my little body, which he is a father of. I was kind of scared, too: what else could I do... I pulled out my gun. I was horrified by it. I threw the gun away, ordered it to disappear at a moment's notice. And in some incomprehensible way it did: as if it disappeared into thin air. I blinked a little: I wondered how the material could be trained like that! Well, okay, we'll think about it later, but now:

— I'll go away! I'm running away! Tired! Go away! — I kept throwing stupid words at my dad. At the word “goes away!” I probably blinked again, because...

...Lying heel-to-heel with someone. He's warm. My heels feel good. But whose heels are they? No idea. Logic suggests that they are clearly not mine, I have two of my own, and both are with me. Warming themselves.

I open my eyes. I'm on the bed. Not at home, after all I escaped from my father. The stubborn daughter. But who's

next to me? Oh, my friend, we study together. Had been studying all night long and fell asleep right there: me – with notes under my ear, her – with a book so thick, wider than her head. I hope that when people are asleep, a lot of the knowledge from those books does not get into their heads, because my friend wouldn't get very pretty from that knowledge... Although... I have no idea what we have been studying at our university, I forgot it somehow. In my head for some reason I have only one memory: how I looked up, leaning against the tree... And there are trees that had no ends, touching the clouds – so huge... How I shouted at my father. And dad looks so young and healthy – I remembered this again now: out of the corner of my eye when I was running away from him, I looked at him and noticed that... Why did I attack him like that? What has he done to me? I don't even remember... I remember that I yelled at him so bad that the trees were shaking, humming in a discontent-threatening way...

I looked around. There's the bed. The walls are soft yellow. Between the bed and the walls is a solid flowerbed. Roses grow there. Grow beautifully. The earth is just under my nose: all loose and alive. You can feel how the rose roots are pulling everything useful from the soil, turning this useful into beautiful. And these plants can modify themselves, grow, and create flowers... Just stem to stem, dense, even, but full of thorns, what a beauty!

What do you mean roses in the house? How could they grow them there? I don't understand... But they're beautiful...

I looked at the roses forgetting about my heels. But they're still there! They're warming me!

Already overheated I pull my heels off. I see two men sleeping in the other bed. One of them was so long, that's why he reached my heels. One's twenty. The other one's also around that age. And my friend just turned twenty. I wonder why I'm thirty–six. Interesting...

— We're up, aren't we? It's 4:30.

I couldn't understand who said that. I just heard it in my head. I guess I was not even awake yet. Only my eyes and heels were awake.

But then I got the most important information in that sentence. It's 4:30. And we have an exam at...

Nightmare!!!

Will we make it?!!

How did we fall asleep so stupidly in the middle of the night? You lazy bastards!

I rushed off in my pajamas:

— Now I'll just run home and change. Oh, by the way, is my house far away? And to the university! And... By the way, is it far? But don't worry, we'll make it. I'll pick you up in my car.

...Everyone was staring at me – A car???

— Yes! – I was in a hurry, I was already running, I was already breathing heavily, although I had not yet made a single step from the bed and from the roses. – Come on, guys, she, my car, it's small, old, but somehow four people will fit in it, do not be afraid!

...Puzzled looks, confused faces... What's the matter with them, eh? How come?

...And why am I thirty–six?

...And where do I go for studies, and where do I even go?

...And then I accidentally, purely by accident, blinked my eyes. And I ended up at the university. Honestly: I just blinked my eyes and I was at the university. This has never happened to me! Even if it happened that was only a couple of times. But isn't it magic, right? I'm a wizard, I guess.

At least a Feyra.

My professor is right in front of me:

— Are you ready?

— I've been ready for a long time, but... I feel like I've been stung in the head today. Please excuse my appearance, — then I remembered that I was in pajamas. Oh, mommy-daddy, I'm in my pajamas... In front of my professor... At the university... That's so sad — so sad...

The professor did not laugh at me: after all, what a wise man, if I were him, I would have laughed at me, and even took a video on my phone, to make everything worse. He only gave me a sympathetic nudge in the back towards the elevator:

— You better, my dear, go get some fresh air, I already know very well what's in your head, all your skills and knowledge. Science of Life is still for you to study and study, you are only on the first page.

Nice smile for my pajamas is with me inside — and no mockery. Come on, what's the big deal: no one has seen pajamas before. Every person, every day. Maybe it's the new fashion to walk down the street in one's pajamas. I shall introduce the new fashion, and let our folk know it!

I was carefully pushed into the elevator. I admired him, as he quickly crossed me out of the professor's life. The professor looked at me with concern, but his eyes were kind and caring — it's good to have people like that in your life

teaching you. The elevator door closed in front of me. There were five of us, if you count me as a person.

I nestled into the corner and leaned against the wall. My sadness came over me. And I was standing there thinking how unfair this world is... I hear nothing but disgusting news... Nothing about the trees...

...Everyone's staring at me.

— Don't you dare think that!!!

A girl about ten years old tightly pressed against me. She's standing there, with her eyes open wide and she's shaking. Pretty, bright, blue eyes, just heavenly blue. But she's shaking. Why are you shaking, baby? Stop being afraid!

I leaned over her, all excited:

— Oh, you must be claustrophobic.

I sincerely sympathize with her: such a crowd in a cramped elevator, completely uncomfortable... But I'm a grown-up; I'll somehow endure it, what's left there – to get to the ground, there to my car, but her... For children in general, time seems to pass much slower, those two minutes in the elevator for her are like half a second for me... Oh, by the way, why is it like that? Why does time seem to pass by slower and longer in childhood, but after twenty it runs like a horse from wolves? Poor horses, always running from some voracious wolves... Again I hovered in contemplation of this awful process...

And in the meantime the same girl:

— Don't you dare think badly!!! Do not pollute this world with dirty thoughts!!!

The others were silent, but I could clearly see that their thoughts were running down the same path as the claustrophobic girl.

I'm shocked: are they all in my head... hearing?! Are they psychics? I'm shocked!!! I'm against it!!!

The girl, seeing what was happening to me, understood. And, distracting me, she showed me where to look.

And I... saw.

The elevator... It wasn't going down towards the ground. It was parallel to the ground. It was parallel. And very, very high. Above the ground. Above the clouds. Above the mountains.

And then it hit me.

Those doors in my apartment were really boarded up.

No one, no one had ever used doors in this world to walk on Mother Earth. That's why my father was so shocked, stepping on the ground to talk some sense into me... Him! On it! He doesn't walk on it!

Just! Like! All! People!

...And they certainly don't drive on it, on Mother Earth, in cars...

I was looking down from the highest height on which the elevator glided easily. Watching. Surprised. Shocked. Delighted. Struck. Accepting. And I understood that I was terrified of heights. But I knew that the height is necessary to embrace the planet – all of it. Or at least one of its beautiful convex parts.

And there was a lot to admire. Here and there, small islands of high-rise buildings. Brown, the color of trees, they rose up to the sky. And how high they are here – you figure it out for yourself: troposphere, yeah. The glass between the

brown thick walls was enormous and varied – its shimmering colors of the rainbow colored everything around it. People live there. All these high–rises blended in perfectly with the landscape. I wouldn't have known they were houses if it hadn't been for the rainbow–colored glass, being a great part of nature. Over there, behind the mountain, is another island. Between the houses and those islands of houses there were no connections in the form of roads or at least paths. Trees and grass are everywhere. The houses are united only in the upper floors either by glass passages of iridescent colors, or elevators, also glass ones: to make sure that you are not bored and to admire the beauty of nature around you. Not a bad idea, I can tell you!

Of course it is hardly glass, it is fragile and cannot withstand vibration and pressure, and it cracks, like... glass. Probably it is another material, but I am ignorant of them so this transparent shimmering beauty, which holds all constructions and lets everybody see everything around it, I will call it glass. Well, that's the kind of mediocrity I am.

I looked around: and such islands with high–rise houses are few, mostly...

Oh, my God, what a beauty!!!

It turns out that I live in the mountains, steep, but with lots of trails and plateaus. And on every bump, on every pebble of these mountains there are animals jumping, running around!

I almost fell out of the elevator: yes, it turns out, a huge set of them there! I looked closely: here's the surprise – they are all friends with each other! And we've been told all our lives that they have – a struggle for survival! Have they lied? Well, they lied, didn't they?

There is a fox with a beautiful fluffy tail licking a swallow. It doesn't eat it, it licks it. The swallow pressed against the warm barrel of the fox, closed its eyes, lolling, putting its neck up. It's delicate and tender, and the fox is delighted – it was trusted, what a joy. There's a cat on the bear's back, massaging his neck with soft paws, the bear purrs with pleasure. And the cat is purring! Even I can hear it. Specialists in vibrations, beautiful cats. There's a deer purring like a cat: decided to rub its fluffy horns on the elephant, the elephant graciously allowed it, helping with its trunk. The elephant didn't stop there and started stretching like a cat: it stretched out its front paws and put its trunk on the ground; the Deer finally reached its head and continued rubbing its horns. There's fish of all sizes and colors frolicking in the water: some of them just swim at otters, jump over them and – again roll backwards, you see, they are playing catch... Wow, I can see farther than a telescope could ever dream of...

Well, and yet? What about the struggle for existence that we've been propagated all our lives?

That's why people should fight for a place under the sun, since they come from the same nature: look at nature – make conclusions, fight!

But no, look: they jump, run after each other, studying each other carefully; they are friends to the fullest!

And then I got it that people had simply given them a PLACE for their lives. Not occupied with themselves, their roads, factories, steamships, houses... Just gave them a place to live... And they live. Not fighting. They just live.

I swiveled my head around as if my vertebrae had been borrowed. In circles, in circles, in circles. Interesting.

Curious. Funny. Amazing. Amazing. Beautiful. Fluffy. Huge. Fragile. Gentle. Caring. And everywhere, on every square nanometer and the same square kilometer I saw animals. A lot of them, unbelievably many for my perception, but, as it turned out, not a lot for living all together on the planet, very friendly animals. Everyone got in. No one fell out into the stratosphere because they didn't fit on the planet. Yep. Struggle. For space. On the planet. Everyone. Fit. Believe me.

I looked around to take in all that beauty forever with my eyes. The mountains breathe with silence. The trees whisper to each other. Intertwining branches, stroking and embracing each other, even standing hundreds of meters away from each other. Friends. There's the gorge: two mountains good-naturedly parted, respecting the water, yielding to the insistence of water. And a riverbed was created, and a mountain stream is running there now, and a whole motley herd gathered around it – to drink clean and radiant water: here you have a tiger, a jaguar, an antelope, and a family of elephants... And I even saw a mammoth...

...Stop!!! Where do mammoths come from?

...Where do tigers even come from in my latitude?
Elephants?

Well, I would still accept elephants, which my eyes – currently telescopes – took in both left and right hemispheres for comprehension. Well, okay, tigers and all sorts of little bitty things like kitties and lizards. But mammoths... Mammoths! After all, no way, or rather, in a logically thinking brain, which I have considered mine to be, you can't fit all this...

Where am I?!!

Me – again in a panic!

Everybody in this glass elevator, in which I telescoped the planet and the most modern drone, hissed at me:

— Don't think badly!

But they didn't get mad. They didn't try to show me that they were smart and I was stupid. There was no contempt for my crude stupidity. No. They were all one thing: the desire to help both me and their planet by stopping not me, no. The stupidity in me. I was accepted in my entirety. With all of my raw stupidity and strange depressive thoughts, using which I chewed holes in me like a squirrel.

The girl, who hadn't grown up at all during our time in the elevator, which confirms my theory that babies grow sooo slowly, put her arms around my head and came up with nothing better to do than to sing me a lullaby. Somehow it reminded me more of a Feyta tale – so amazing that I was beginning to calm down, and some amazing force of joy began to grow in my soul independently of me, and I even forgot about the mammoth, and then...

A dragon flew over my head... a dragon.

D-R-A-G-O-N.

And that's when I burst:

— How dare you read my mind!!!

The girl is holding my head, probably afraid it will split open with a watermelon, shakes it and says into my ears without moving her lips:

— We all, you hear we all can... as you say... read minds! What's so surprising, huh? It's the God's way, it's the way it's always been done! We're all one! Indivisible! And dependent on each other! And the continuation of each other! I am you, you are me, we are trees, you are a planet and a

water molecule... You are not atoms flying within you at great distances from each other! You are the energy that gives those atoms life and power to fly! So don't think badly! Don't think badly!!!

But I... Oh, bummer, I couldn't stop thinking, as they said, badly!!! Especially after I found out that I was both a whole planet and a water molecule!

Yes, I was thinking badly!!!

Or rather, I was just thinking, thinking whatever popped into my head right there: whatever thought came into my head, that's what I was thinking! How did I know that my thoughts were bad? Bad thoughts? I wasn't taught to think! I wasn't taught to think good or bad thoughts! I was taught to be silent! To be silent and nod to people who someone said were smart! And what's going on in my head is my own business, which no one ever cared about! So I thought to myself all sorts of things! And most of that was put in my head with hints: obsessive advertising, shifting my opinion on television to what someone wanted, but not me, a song on the radio about how she loved him, but for him she was nothing... All of this is five minutes of my life that was many days! And all that my brain thought about and held tightly to itself, because all this information my head was fed for something and it has to understand what for! So I think, I think, and what is there left to do? All those who are obsessively prescribed to me are jostling around in my head, except for me alone and my personal life. Here we go.

My thoughts are like grasshoppers: bouncing from one end of my universe to the other, from some not even from my past to some not my present and to someone else's future. My thoughts, unformed, catching up with each other and

being replaced by the next unformed, ragged following thoughts! And... Is that probably why my head was filled with all this madness, all these yottabytes of information per second, so that I just CANNOT THINK ABOUT SOMETHING MINE? So that I can't concentrate on my thoughts, so that I can't realize that everybody around me is taking lives from all of us and who exactly around me is harming my animals, my planet?

And it's true! It would never have occurred to a woman to cut down a forest – a man without even a single thought signs a document authorizing him to make a desert in place of the forest! A woman wouldn't produce weapons – men gather in gold-trimmed halls and sign permits to kill another country! Men, ay, are you crazy???

So that's why I'm so resentful of my dad! That's where it all comes from! His constant preoccupation – with what, I ask you? With ideas like those? You're smart, aren't you? You'd better think of a way to make everything green and alive! And what are you thinking about? What are you inventing? Where's the result? You're busy all day long; you've turned me off and excluded me from your life! And I am, here I am, alive, not green, but whatever I am!

And then... The elevator stops. Suddenly dives to the ground. It's really falling. The state of free fall does not suit me at all. All of me, whole and ethereal, remained there, under the heavens, and my body had already fallen, separating me and my body with unbearable pain. The elevator stops abruptly at the very ground. We all fall out of it through the sharply opened doors. I can see that many elevators have stopped, not only ours. And all the people were thrown out of them. It is so strange, but systematic in

the elevators, that they throw women to one side, and men to the other. On huge boulders of stone. And then...

Then a tornado swoops down on the men. Unexpected in such a benign atmosphere. Sharp and violent. Justly killing. And begins to smash them, these men. The anti-clockwise whirlwind, swirling up to the heavens in a thin stream, dangerous and fast, draws only the men powerfully and expertly, wraps them higher and higher, without touching the crowd of gawking ducks standing next to the tornado, without pulling the majestically spreading tree branches into the depths of the whirlwind. Not even a leaf, not even a feather. Such a selective and deadly stream of death.

I hid behind the boulders. I try, out of habit, to find a phone to call for help.

...Phone? In this world? People who unfold my thoughts in my brain like notes on papyrus? Have no phones... That's why I can't find one.

And I realize that it's all me. It's all me. With my bad thoughts. About my father. I caused a tornado. On men.

It turns out that there are places where you are punished – right there, on the spot. Not “later,” not “God will punish you for this,” not “if you die, you’ll be punished,” not “do whatever you want – there is no God,” but – here and now! I resented my dad – all the dads are now flying in a counterclockwise air flow, the tornado is taking them far, far away from the female population, so that no one will ever hurt women again! Dad, what did you tell me that made me so angry? Maybe it wasn't your fault at all, but mine? Maybe it was the environment around us that dictated you do this to me. Maybe you didn't want my life at all, but I came along,

and you were forced to exist with me, having a lot of your own plans for your personal life, and I ruined those plans for you? And you had to divert your thoughts to me? And why did you have a baby – because everyone else did? I don't know, dad! I don't want your pain, dad! I realized only now: I was the one who was superfluous in your life, I was the one who took away your time, allotted to you personally, to yourself personally, I was the one who didn't let you develop and reveal yourself fully. Maybe later, when you would have wanted to, I would have come along. Or someone else, because you has always wanted a son, not a daughter. But you would have revealed your star by then, and it would have shone brightly, sincerely, clearly, strongly. I wish I had let you reveal your star. I'm sorry.

The tornado that had thrown someone's dad far, far away from their children and wives, landed the men neatly on the boulders. Not on the ground. That's how sacred it is around here. I was sitting on a rock, shaking and counting other people's dads flying around a second ago, wondering if they had all landed. All of them, in fact. Otherwise, if some normal dad, through my weird grudge, gets in the wrong place, I'll be gnawing at myself, gnawing for another dad. What kind of person I am... I'll close my eyes so I don't see myself...

I was led somewhere with my eyes closed. I opened my eyes and wondered where they were taking me. They'll probably put me in jail: I've caused so much trouble for all these dads...

The glass elevators came down lower to us who had fallen into the boulders, and picked up all—everyone who had fallen out of them. It was embarrassing, wasn't it, you

glasses? You shouldn't throw people around. We're worth something, too. Oh, how many thoughts there are in that head of mine? I'm shocked, I need to stop the flow of this endless chatter under my skull, and otherwise I'll kill someone else and myself as well... If you want to think, think right. If you don't know how, you have to learn. Or don't think at all, but contemplate. Just look at what's around you, absorb it with your eyes – maybe that salad of beautiful sights will make beautiful thoughts.

And I began to look around, doing my bidding. Everything around me was green and green and green. Emerald. I could, of course, say a hundred more words for “green,” but there was no way, no word, no letter, that would convey the beauty of everything around me. Billions of species of plants – and each has its own vibrant shade of green. Billions of species of plants – and each has its own unique succulent fragrance, its own form of thin, transparent, fluffy, rounded, elongated, leaves and stems reaching out to the sun in delight. It is very strong. Very proud. Very dignified. I stand alone in the midst of all this beauty on a boulder and realize to my horror that I am capable of naming at most ten plants around me. I don't know the rest. Why do have such a high level of intelligence if you don't know the basics of the world? If you don't know the basic laws of the world? And even if you do know them, but you don't follow them? Obviously, I'm smart. But. I'm probably stupid.

I got a little – just a few seconds – rest from the unexpected tornado and suspended the constant pounding of thoughts in my head. I am a catastrophe, real, uninterrupted! In this world I am as explosive as anyone: I'm going to either break it up, or scare it so that it hides in his shell like a snail!

My thoughts alone have caused such a stirring of space here that they nearly crushed a bunch of people. That is, it is implied here from the beginning that any man thinks right, and all displeasure he has should be redeemed in a second with a reckoning! How lucky these people are that there are no elaborate tricksters, dodgy deceivers, depressed cowards, infantile lazybones, vengeful maniacs, resentful malcontents hanging out on destructive thoughts, inventing maniacal massacres and torture methods among them! Otherwise, everything would be flying around...

For some reason, as a child, I often dreamed of this: subject A had offended me. He hurt me badly. And I'm sitting there, going over the insults in my head and thinking: what if you had been hit in the head by a nuclear shell, you bastard! And I wish your whole family could be destroyed up to the seventh tribe... And the universe was like, "Okay, ma'am! You got it!" And bang him, including all of humanity, with a nuclear missile... Probably, with the gibberish in our heads we have what we are capable of and how much damage we can do with our seemingly righteous desires to the surrounding people and the space around us. Otherwise we cram ourselves with our righteous cries in five seconds. Who told us that we are the right ones? Have we been taught to think and act correctly, so that we then have every right to punish those around us for our misfortunes? Can we take responsibility for our own actions, or have we only been taught to infantilize ourselves by blaming everyone around us, but not ourselves? The honesty of this world is not to our liking. It responds very quickly.

Seems to be possible to stop the delusional thoughts a little, but it opened me up to a new reality that I wasn't

prepared for at all. My heart was ticking, ticking at an accelerated pace. It was racing so fast that all I could hear was its steady hum, not its pounding. I suddenly noticed that everything around here was just coming at me. Everything is happening really fast. In me. For me. For everyone else, everything is quiet, they're relaxed. They are looking around with their eyes, and the world is winding up in their eyes: unhurriedly, brightly, clearly. But here I am on a kind of accelerated film, rewinding so fast for myself that I have no time to look at anything, no time to guess what's next, and no time to notice the beauty that surrounds me. It's like I'm accelerated, and I can't slow down on my own.

And – right away! – the answer. In that head that rolled other people's thoughts like balls: bam–bam–bam! Without those bam–bam–bams there's an answer, my own answer, not imposed by anyone, to my own question! It woorrkkkksssss!!!

It occurred to me: this is the way it's always been with us! And we always have the best, most worthy moments of our lives – as if on fast-forward. Seconds of happiness rush by as if we were not worthy of them. And try to get into the grief! What a horror it is there: every minute stretches into years. Sometimes hundred years pass from morning to evening. A hundred!!! I've been timing it!!! On purpose!!! How come? How does this time, such a constant that there is nothing more constant as it is, how does it know when to squeeze and unclench us like this? Actually, that's not fair, time, I'll tell you.

Okay, I'm not saying anything about honesty! I sat up and looked around: everything around me was tense, stretched like a bowstring, ready to release an arrow. It was

just impossible to know where it would go. The last time I'd been barking at a man, at a completely tangible object, but here I was barking at time.

You can't grab it by the pants and wade through the seas and oceans of air...

A hundred years – in one day... Yes. It is difficult when fate plunges you into grief so much that you, having already, as it would seem, pierced the bottom of this grief with your head, realize that grief, and in fact it is, unfortunately, infinite... And what comes next again is an abyss. And you fly into the depths of that grief, into a new, black, viscous, horrible, cruel one. And somehow, always, always in centuries like this, you are alone. Why is it that everyone who used to surround you in such an orderly flock, in the days when you have strength and opportunity, all of them always vanish dashing into the centuries of grief? And you crawl into those long centuries, cutting through the thick layers of days and years, so that this day can just go away. It's just finally over. And you, whose soul was like this beautiful world with its amazing views, you roll up this beautiful soul of yours like a snail. Will you ever come out? Who knows. It's been too long. Millennia have passed.

How many worlds have curled up as snails. And how many souls are inside the snails.

I felt someone purring beside me. I rejoiced: it was my Feya coming to me, my favorite Persian cat, my beige miracle! I reached my hand up to where it was purring and hugged my fluffy gentle creature.

...But!

Fluffy!!!

Gentle!!!

Purring!!!

I stood up abruptly.

What was in my hands was not fluffy and gentle at all. Yes, it was purring, but not even close, not even a little one, it did not look like my favorite Persian! Because IT was bald! And slippery!

And It was purring, trustfully snuggled up to me!

Bald! Slippery!

I yelled as hard as I could. Well, that's as much as I could. What if someone doesn't hear me?

IT... flew up. But it kept purring.

Melanie, the same girl from the elevator, who had taken me in as the not-so-smartest person on this planet, also stood up sharply from my wild squeal, pressed her hand to my mouth to close the fountain, and whispered:

— Calm down, are you imagining things?

I poked my finger at the bald, slippery, volatile thing in horror:

— Yes, I was only imagining it!

— Ah, it's my Feya!

Tears gushed from my eyes. I yanked Melanie's hand away to get more air, and screamed again:

— It wasn't true! I thought I saw my Feya! You know, MY Feya! My darling, my Persian darling, my sunny darling... By the way, where is she? — And I realized for the first time in a few hours (days? years? millennia? It all goes so fast for me here...) that my kitty isn't there. NO! And I yelled again:

— Where are you? Where is my Feya?

The slippery creature with wings on its webbing flew toward me again and began to pick a spot on me to land.

— Ah, I see! You were calling for the Feya — and here she is, — and Melanie began to turn her palm so that the slippery thing would land on that palm. And it landed.

— I was calling for my Feya, — I continued to whine, already realizing the hopelessness of my efforts, having finally woken up from my cries and the memories of my Feya.

— But you're not in your room, so another Feya flew in. Mine. — Melanie buried her nose in her slippery thing, clearly enjoying herself. I heard the kind of powerful purring that my Feya didn't have, either.

Did you know that all animals can purr? Vibrate? Why do you think that is for? I already know.

The Feya purred, causing Melanie's palm to vibrate. The girl pressed her nose against Feya's, closed her eyes and smiled at her miracle. Feya tilted her head toward Melanie, closed her eyes too, and her palm vibrated even more. I forgot to breathe because everything around me began to vibrate. Aha, there it was the knowledge! I knew what resonance was, and for the first time in my life, I could use that knowledge! Everything around Melanie and the Feya resonated. The vibration of the Feya grew stronger, and the

air around her vibrated. Everything fluttered with a gentle bluish glow that came in waves from the palm of her hand. The waves intensified, intensified more, and I began to see in the bright blue-lit air flashes of sparkles that could probably be planets filled with love. Sparkles from the strokes of the waves grew, expanded, pulsed, gained strength and power, gradually dispersed from being filled with the energy of love, became autonomous, and started up their own personal sparkles. Surprisingly translucent figures of men and women began to appear around them. They looked at Melanie, who was not distracted, with rapt attention. The people in the vibrating air fully supported her, smiling quietly and becoming more and denser. And it was such a miracle that I decided to ask a question:

— How do you do that? – In a nasty, squeaky voice.

...Well, who... Well, who pulled my tongue... How intemperate I am, that even the most amazing performance, which I have ever been able to see, I could break...

Feya turned her head toward me and hissed. I rejoiced: well, yes, all Fairies hiss if anything is not according to their script... And I interrupted the process of producing new planets... Everyone would be unhappy, not just the clever Fairies. I decided not to waste time, since the process of production of planets went down and the figures, which had almost acquired the necessary density, just dissolved into thin air.

— What's that all about? – I stared at the bald wonder by the familiar name of Feya, who had just watched me create planets and materialize gods.

The bald one was funny. A belly is the size of my fist. And everything else was small: the head, the legs, even the

wings, so tiny that they looked like they had been taken from another animal, and apparently forcibly.

I approached it. It was sitting in Melanie's palm, waving its webbed wings, purring trustingly, happy to meet me.

— So you came, my Feya! And I missed you! I missed you so much! — Melanie rubbed her cheek in the slippery scales.

— It's not slippery at all! Try it! — Oh, I forgot, they read minds here, like the credits to a movie.

I held out my hand, expecting a bite for some reason.

Yes, yes, I was expecting a bite!

Melanie twitched as if struck by those thoughts of mine. Her eyes flickered as she searched for something to throw at me. It was a Feya. It flew to me, flashed before my eyes, chasing away my bad thoughts, bringing good ones... But... What happened is what happened, and my wonderful thoughts flew out of me like fledglings from the nest. I foolishly created them.

I was thrown back against the window. We were back in the apartment building, but not in the one where I had to study for an exam, and not in the one where I had first shouted at my dad, young and handsome, through our (as it turned out) most beautiful courtyard. There is a huge window, full-length, wall-to-wall, to admire the earth. And what I saw with my own eyes there... Oh, the horror... I've done it again... I've turned this place upside down... I've combined a good, normal planet with the mess my home planet's been turned into...

...A picture unfolded before my eyes. The forest — bright, lush, emerald. And there's a lizard, as emerald as the forest was, huge, ten meters tall, as powerful as the oak

growing above it. The lizard's babies – two of them – playing in the grass, it's still higher than them. The kids are having fun, they are bullying each other and their daddy the lizard. He was at first resistant to provocation, but then he got excited and began to jump, tail doing things I could not even dream of. I felt the grace of their native relations, of those lush plants, of that land that breathed with life – such a wonderful feeling grew in my soul that I wondered how my soul could feel it. But I felt it! And I really understood in each subsequent moment that me, the Fey, Melanie, the lizards, the lush vegetation, the Mother Earth – it was all one whole: interconnected, indivisible, and dependent on each other, on our thoughts, our words, on us!

Suddenly... In an invisible whirlwind, the reflections of my thoughts swept across the Earth, across Mother Earth. I felt that wild, foreign whirlwind: not with my body, no, not with my soul, but with the echo of my soul. And not just me – the whole world. And – the lizard.

Papa lizard thought briefly. Carefully, not to do any harm, he took his babies... into his jaws, big enough for a lizard mother to fit in. The children didn't rage – they fell asleep in the darkness of the mouth. The lizard began to look around cautiously.

And for good reason.

Where huge oaks grew, where burdocks were free to roam, suddenly there appeared... a road. It was as if someone had gnawed out the plants and made a crack in the ground. How did I know it was a road? I knew it, and that was it: it only looked that way. The gray impersonality, the endlessness of the asphalt, and the hopelessness of losing time on the road – that's what I felt from the sight of that

one. The lizard was stunned: never in his life had there been such a situation, when Mother Earth was deserted and one had to walk not on grassy grass, but on solid artificiality, which exuded unbelievably disgusting smells.

He put his paw gently down on the pavement. Then another.

...And then a bus.

Why a bus?

What is this nonsense?

Why would there be a bus in this world?

But it raced on, no matter what. They always have to, no matter what. And fast.

The lizard did not expect it. At first he decided to wrestle with the unseen beast: for some reason he thought it was a game. Here you have a stinky road, and here you have a huge gray beast. But then Papa remembered that he had children in his mouth. And decided not to play – later, everything later. He decided to run away. And running away, as you know, is necessary to do on the road: it is a tradition with the animals. And the lizard, like a madman, began to run along the road away from the bus.

But you know who is faster. The bus began to catch up with the lizard: it was obvious that it wanted to play very much. The bus driver, obviously not expecting himself that he and his box would end up in the middle of a forest with ten-meter lizards running around, was frightened at first. But the instinct of a hunter (yes, yes! That's what some individuals call the killing of innocent animals!) took over, and he began to twist the steering wheel so that the lizard... Well, I won't voice it; let all hunters get the same unexpected, but fair fate, according to their merits...

The lizard looked around with such horror that I felt uncomfortable. I could feel his heart jumping out of fear – so much so that he didn't understand what was going on and why all this was happening. It's not why, it's me, such a useless person, who has once again created an emergency situation in this perfect land, and again I'm ruining it by all ways I can. Here: I even moved a piece of the road with the bus from somewhere else. And me, too, I kill the lizard with my stupid thoughts, personally.

I looked back at Melanie with horror: help! Save! She was staring quietly into space: her eyes must have been showing her the same movie.

— Come on, do something! The lizard! Children! – I began to shake her. She pulled my hands away, looked at me point-blank:

— You're ruining Harmony with your thoughts right now. You calm down. You. You are the source of all the destruction. So calm down – you. Start with yourself. This is happening in you. Take care of yourself. Control yourself. You are the beginning and the end of everything in your life. Take responsibility for your actions. You.

It was seconds. I was calm. I was the one who created all the delusions in my life. Take responsibility for your own thoughts, your own words, your own actions. Learn to control yourself. You are the master of your life, your life and the lives of everyone around you depend on you.

I. Calmed down.

And – oh, miracle! – the bus with all its attributes in the form of the road, the driver and the gawking passengers was GONE! Disappeared into space! And the forest reappeared in place of the asphalt. It though probably never disappeared.

The lizard looked around perplexedly, but instantly shook off fear and terror, opened his mouth wide, his cubs fell out and immediately began to play in the burdocks. He yawned again, drank water and lay down on the Sunny beach to drive all the vibes of fear and worry out of him. Snored. The movie was over.

...I breathed heavily.

— There I was... It's a disaster; – I've only started when Melanie jumped up and covered my mouth:

— I could have – blocked the channel through which in your soul your bad thoughts wander back and forth like a madman!

She looked at me meaningfully:

— Now you must realize that your thoughts are very important! Everything you think about gives an imprint in space! So think only good!

Thoughts are IMPORTANT. Words are IMPORTANT. Actions are IMPORTANT. I've heard it all a hundred million times. It was all blah, blah, blah, just clever phrases released into nowhere. But it was for my world that it became a punishment. Everything became irrelevant: because no words, no actions, and no thoughts made our lives. To us. For us. Didn't create our lives. Didn't change our lives. And we stopped believing in it all! Yes, we thought about something important, but it was impossible to put it into practice, too many obstacles made by some strange, destructive system that was destroying all of us. We said important words, but it became necessary to just say them, and there was nothing behind them – just a jumble of air that produced nothing, not to mention the creation of planets... We did, we really did, but nobody else paid attention to our actions, nobody needed

us with our clever books, beautiful paintings, powerful poems... Some strange people were chosen whose half-caricature paintings were priced as much as an entire country. Some strange people, whose under-books without a single thought necessary for mankind, became bestsellers. Some soulless people took charge of a country and ravaged it to nothing, completely oblivious to the cries of the dying people in that country. And the whole world, producing a bunch of very clever words, quietly watched the country being murdered, peering in between at wild dwarf sub-pictures for rabid millions and discussing empty sub-books with lots of empty words.

They devalued the THOUGHT – they imposed a bunch of useless – theirs. They devalued the WORD – they filled it with a bunch of clever, but going nowhere – their own. They have devalued ACTION – they have filled people’s lives with a lot of work that these people don’t need, but them. Who are you, who made our lives NOT OURS?

I sat down, pulled my braid (it turns out I have a great braid!), and asked:

— Tell me! Because I do not know what to think and how to say...

Melanie rejoiced:

— Well, you see, you just said it yourself! Look: first it is important to think correctly, then it is important to do correctly, but the most important thing is to speak correctly! Every word affects the fate of your soul for centuries. And on the fate of those around you, too. So with your tongue you create your future and the future of everything around you.

I started to realize that: I wasn’t getting much out of it. I guess I’m a little dumb.

I guess I'm a lot dumb.

— There you go again. You're doing it again! — Melanie looked at me frustrated, knowing that this was at least a dark forest for me.

— Why are you so smart at ten?

— So I knew all this from the beginning, — the girl was confused.— We all know. And you know, it's just... how should I put it... other information has clouded your mind and occupied the place where true knowledge should be. Here.

I started going through my head. What's in there? Oh, I know what clothes are fashionable now and what were fashionable ten years ago.

— I know that the soul is eternal and you have to turn it towards the LIGHT with your thoughts, your actions and your words, you have to be happy all the time, — Melanie parried my thoughts.

And, I also know what the weather was last summer and what the winter will be like.

— And I know how to ask the Sky to give rain at night and what each snowflake looks like. — Melanie laughed: it seemed to me that the thought of snowflakes kind of... tickled her, as it were.

I know every president and their wives by name!

— And I know how to behave properly with my parents, so that I can get their blessings every day! And how to bless them all the time! And to remember all my ancestors down to the divine spark that manifested the first life, and to communicate with each of them in my heart, — Melanie bowed simply into space, and then I felt such a wave of Love! It flooded me too, that Love of Melanie's parents, and

how she herself felt it... Space parted and Lives appeared to me. Lives of all Melanie's ancestors. All of them in an instant. All their quiet ways of life, all their soft words, all their caring emotions towards each other, to the planet, to the plants, to the animals around, were forever etched into my memory at the same time: everything was absorbed into me in an instant. How can it be? I know: you have to study for a long time and with tremendous effort, cramming is everything for us in learning. Exact science – this somehow lent itself to logic, although it was quite unclear how to use it in everyday life. But history always passed over my memory. We were taught the history of wars: who, when, in what numbers, and with what methods of killing attacked countries. We were also taught the stories of the lives of kings. How ordinary people lived – history was always silent about that. All the more so, the history of our personal family, our ancestors, was removed from the information given to us. No one knew them, our great-grandparents, even a hundred years ago; they were presented to us as some kind of uneducated primitive creatures. Although even if we look at our ancestors' houses with smart, correct layout and amazing design, the huge plots of land they had for gardens and orchards, and understand that this was their most correct, healthiest diet, then we can conclude that we are uneducated primitive creatures compared to our ancestors. But history has been remade, they have been lied to. Why? Our history has been rewritten. Misrepresented. Twisted. Full of lies and dead people behind our backs, it did not want to be crammed into our heads. Everything in the middle was screaming: It wasn't true. I pull away. But here... It's all in a jiffy. Because everything is true. And caring. And the good attitude in the