Divine Tales of Slavic Lands

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Now the ancient tales are told, returning to the Earth the Wisdom of Origins! Listen to the truth about the real existence! Heed the knowledge about God!

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

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

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

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

Lada,
October 2009
Contents

FOREWORD .................................................................................................................. 4

LADA ................................................................................................................................. 5
  Tale about the Girl with Golden Braids ................................................................. 5
  Tale of Ivan’s Wanderings in an Unknown Country .............................................. 24

VASILYOK ....................................................................................................................... 45
  Tale of the Golden Pine .......................................................................................... 45
  Tale of Marusya-Inventor ..................................................................................... 51

KURGAN-BASHI ........................................................................................................... 59
  Tale of Radosvet and His Host ............................................................................. 59

ASSYRIS .......................................................................................................................... 82
  Tale of Death and Fire Heart ................................................................................. 82
Foreword

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

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

Those tales taught people to truly think, feel, and act. And that was not tedious! Rather both children and adults wanted to follow the examples of beauty and righteousness! Or it was ashamed to hear in those tales hints about your own vices. And people in quarrels — began to seek reconciliation among
themselves. And they were looking for how to rectify their misdeeds.

Not so, as before, these tales now sound, because people have changed and the device of human life has changed.

But Every One of Us Who will say, will try to revive the main — to make the spiritual textbook narrative, interesting, memorable for a long time by every soul.

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

Lada

Tale about the Girl with Golden Braids

It happened long time ago... People in Russia lived then in little settlements containing just a few families each. They lived peacefully, quietly, and happily. In love and harmony those people existed.

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

While she was little, the world around her was little too: both the parents’ house and garden, a clear river, and lake, a field nearby where wheat grew, and far away forest, where people went to pick mushrooms and berries.

And as she grew older, more beautiful she became.
She was so friendly that people called her *Lada*, which in Russian means *harmonious*.

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

Her golden hair amazed everyone: very rich and bright. When she weaved her hair, it became like morning spice — fresh and shiny! But when she loosened her braids, it appeared as a golden shaft of light on her shoulders that went from the top of her head to the feet; shining everywhere, on everything — like a glimmering golden waterfall!

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

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

The only thing that missed… she did not have an intended husband...

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So it happened that their land had been invaded by a foreign tribe, they came on fast horses… This tribe had killed some people and took some others with them for slavery in their own land…
These warriors had attacked, too, the little village where Lada was living...

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

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

* * *

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

Warriors have gathered together enslaved people from different lands and brought them into their country — heat of the day’s sun and gloomy darkness of the nights, with its strange foreign rules and culture...

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

After she saw that, she approached the old man with a bow and gave him her day’s portion:
“You should eat, grandfather!”
The old man took the food; he divided it in half, for himself and for her. Then he said:

“You have a kind heart, beautiful girl! But from all the sadness and sorrow, your inner glow is not so bright anymore as before!”

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

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

“How is it not trouble, if I am captured against my will, far away from home, and they want to sell me into khan’s concubines?”

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

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

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

“Teach me, grandfather!”

“Wizards and Magi roam different lands. And when they find a pure bright soul, they teach him or her all the great Knowledge in the world, so such souls, too, can light up the Earth with their pure love and teach other souls about wisdom, pure love, kindness, and care for everything living on the Earth.”
“Look: among all these distresses and evil captivity — we have found each other!... Here the Great Wisdom has become apparent!

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

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

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

“My freedom, my girl, consists in what I live, being connected with the whole world by my love!

“No one and nothing can stop me to love!

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

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

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

“People from different nations speaking in different languages — call God by different names, and it may seem that every nation has its own God. But it is not so! You hear here — among captives — speech in different languages, and if each one will speak about the same — the meaning, nevertheless, is one.
That’s how One God, the Creator, is named in many ways by people of different nationalities.

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

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

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

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

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

“Do not worry much, seeing evil! This is — as arable land: if to look at the dark clods of earth in the spring, it is only a wise plowman who can see ahead the gold of eared fields! You need to invest a lot of work and patience — to cultivate on a soil of life the
fine shoots from good seeds and to get at last the good harvest!"

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Strive to cognize how infinitely huge that Primal Light is! Learn to listen to how this Great Light sounds, learn to understand what this Great Light wants from you..."
“In the human body of each, there are the special places, through which the Great Light can flow. It is — like a flute on which shepherds play. Breath pours through the various holes in a pipe — and the music comes.

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

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

... Lada tried — and the amazing beauty of the song has turned out, all around admired, even the guards forgot about everything. Lada danced — and all sorrows have been forgotten! Like the sun’s rays touched all the living — and all around has blossomed, having been filled with joy and bliss! River of Light, flowing with the singing streams, flowed over the land, all-embracing and caressing by Its gentle touches! The sound of Lada’s voice was connected with the Wisdom of God!

Magus praised Lada and said:

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

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

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

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

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

And the servant told khan, the ruler of that country, about the golden-braided girl:
“Our lord, we have seen in the market the slave. She is so beautiful, as the morning sun! Her hair — like gold! It is said that she sings songs, tells tales and is dancing — and has no equal on the whole Earth!”

Khan has desired to seize the girl of golden braids. He paid for her gold as no one ever gave for a slave...

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They have brought a new slave-girl to the khan. And the truth — she’s good: hair — like pure gold, eyes — as sky azure!

Khan said to her:
“Show me how you can dance! Sing me your songs!
“I am now — your only lord! If you will serve me well — then you will know no lack: the best adornments, silk dresses — all you will have!”
Khan became accustomed to speaking to her in such manner. And she answered him in his language:

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

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

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

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

But instead of letting her go, khan said:

“I will not ever let you go! You’re as beautiful as the morning sun! Your voice is like a golden river, it excites me more than wine! You will be mine!”

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

But she — spoke only about the freedom:

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

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

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

“That is your evil will — that you allow yourself to hold me as a captive! Renounce evil in yourself — and only then you could cognize true love!”
“But I’m rich! There are a lot of gold and jewels in my treasury! And many lands are subjected to me! A lot of people obey me! And all this belongs to me from my birth, on the right of my inheritance! My people are predestined to work to increase my wealth!”

“No! It is not that people are destined to raise your earthly riches! Appointment of man is other! It is beautiful and perfect!

“Quite another legacy every man has, having been born! Great gifts each have from God: man can become the soul similar to the Creator! And then — to become One with Him!

“If you believe that wealth and the people belong to you — you are the bad ruler! Because everything belongs only to the Creator!

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

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... Time went on.
Once Lada asked khan:
“You said that you will fulfill any of my desires. Fulfill one of my requests!”
“It will be executed, unless the request is to let you go home,” — khan replied.
“Let me once a week dance and sing for all people at the square.”
Khan agreed to fulfill the request of Lada, but with the condition that she be dressed for the local
custom: so that no one sees her beautiful face and hair, for her beauty belongs to only him alone. And she should always be accompanied by armed guards: so that she not be abducted. And she should promise that she will not run away.

Lada gave such promise.

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

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

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

Lada came once a week to sing and dance for people there. Her love — filled all the space around! And the words of her songs were kind and wise — about how evil may be eliminated, how to multiply goodness, how the light of a soul should be open, how the Creator’s intentions for man on the Earth can be realized.

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

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

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

Or, perhaps, those were her songs that trans-
formed and healed souls? Because everyone heard
in them God’s Commandment of love and kindness.
And those, who took it in their lives, — cleansed and
transformed themselves. And therefore diseases and
troubles left their lives.

Lada came to the source each week and ex-
claimed:

“Let the Love of God flow — like the sunlight!
“Let It flow — like clean water!
“If simply to open up ourselves to this Great
Light of God — then He will flow through our bodies
as the pure, transparent-golden and healing Stream!
Invite Him in souls and in every corner of our bodies!
“This Living Divine Light will heal and cleanse
both bodies and souls — if we are worthy to merge
by souls with this Divine Love!”

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

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

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

* * *

Khan wanted Lada’s love more and more…

And he has called together all the soothsayers, diviners, healers — to ask for their advice or means: how to win her love?

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

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

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

Lada said to khan:

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

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

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

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

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

... Then khan — to win the love of Lada — became... do a lot for the good of his subjects.
Listening to her songs on wise rulers, he, too, tried to do so — in order to please her...

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lada answered him:

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

* * *

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

Khan took the young man by the name Hazrat and asked:

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

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

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

“The mystery is very easy!” — Hazrat answered. — “When a man really loves, he does not want anything for himself, but he does good to someone he loves. That is the great mystery of love, which distinguishes it from evil passions and desires!
“Miserable are those who crave a strange love!
“Happy are those who bestow love!
“Let Lada go, if you really love her — not for
yourself, but for her sake!”
“You yourself have loved Lada and want by de-
ception to lead her away!
“Well, give me the promise that you will pay me
a ransom: I let her go, but you will be killed! And she
will not even know that you bought her freedom at
the cost of your life! Agree?”
“I agree,” — Hazrat said. — “But first, I have to
teach you a secret, revealing the heart love…”

* * *

And Hazrat has taught khan how to clean and
then raise the spiritual heart — and then to send love
out of it to all over the world, to everything living on
the Earth!
Khan listened to Hazrat, because Lada in her
songs was singing about the same, but he did not
want to heed this advice from her.
And the more flared up love in the heart of khan
— the easier it became to him. Like the severity has
fallen off, which was chilling him so long by gnawing
passion!
And he realized that he was freed from his
shackles. Calm and gentle love filled his heart.
Then khan realized the laws of love — and a
great happiness came over him! That, about which he
heard from Lada, he now has cognized through his
own experience! He felt great joy!
He called Lada and said:
“You are free! You can leave alone or with this young man — and sing your songs of love to all over the world!

Lada thanked khan and said:
“I see that you are now able to give away — but not to pull to yourself and to usurp!
“Be happy, khan! Now you will become a great leader! Because you have cognized the happiness of giving freedom and happiness to others! You are now able to wisely govern your country!”

Hazrat also thanked khan.
Khan dismissed them both.
Lada sang a farewell song to khan, filled with love and gratitude.
And khan, listening, felt with surprise and studied a happiness in himself: yes, how beautiful it was — to give happiness to others!

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

And khan watched the outgoings and was smiling happily...

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

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

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

“I have loved you at first sight, oh mighty! I asked Lada — and she taught me how to sing so that love in the song could sound so much... She knew about my love for you...”
“Sing more,” — khan asked her.
She began to sing — and the response of love began to burn in the heart of khan...
Soon this former slave became the wife of khan.
And much has changed in the life of the country for a long time.

* * *

... Hazrat and Lada walked the land...
They went — and sang songs about life and love, awakening and transforming souls.
They have visited the place where Hazrat was born. And people told him there:
“You cannot marry a woman from the other nation, from other religion...”
Hazrat and Lada explained to them that their faiths are not different, that there is one God who created both the sun, and the stars, and the Earth, and everything that lives on it...
People listened to them and wondered...
Then they came to those lands, where Lada lived before. And people said there:
“How can you love a young man with a swarthy face?! And recall: people of his tribe attacked our land!...”
Lada answered them:
“Each man is not responsible for the actions of other people!
“And there is one God-the-Father, the Creator, — both for those who have dark skin, and those who have light skin!
“And for his or her actions — namely that individual is responsible before God!
“And realize that, in fact, there will be no enmity between people, if all people will comply with the laws of the Creator!”

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

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

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

Then there were the kids from them. Some of them had dark skin and golden curls. Others — light skin and dark hair. But all the souls were beautiful and full of light and love!

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

**Tale of Ivan’s Wanderings in an Unknown Country**

Long ago it was... But people somehow — not so much has changed since then...

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

One day such events happened with him... And what is true in it and what is a tale — it is for you to decide yourself...
Once Ivan went on a summer morning stroll in the forest: both to merge with the beauty of nature, and to communicate with God. And he took a basket to collect forest berries.

He had come in the forest to a large bright pine — of those trees, which are called *trees of power*. Such trees create around themselves energy fields, purifying the human body and soul — of those people who live righteously and therefore are able to perceive the Holy Souls, attuning with the Divine Which manifests Itself in the Creation.

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

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

And She said:

“..."Ivan! It is time for you — to begin helping also other people, as you helped before those who live in your village! Are you agreed?”

“Yes.”

Divine Woman hugged Ivan — and dissolved him in Herself. And She then carried him into the other land.

..."
Long or a short time he walked — he wanted to eat.

He saw — apple trees growing, bent down by the weight of the ripe fruits. He came up to the apple tree, plucked an apple. But he had just bitten off — here came a man running with a shovel, as if wanting to kill. He screamed:

“Why do you steal my apples?!”

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

“Where are you from; such a nerd to turn up? From the sky you had fallen, eh? Where have you seen that apples were free to all finders?! Once you steal an apple — you should clear it by working! Come to me in the farmhands! If not — I’ll send you on the court to the king!”

“Well, I will work it off!”

“That’s better!”

Ivan began to work. He did well any task! Everything in his hands as if was dancing! In the garden he works — all fruits are ripe! In the vegetable garden he works — everything grows and matures too!

Children of that man — have loved Ivan: they asked him about everything, and he — both gave them the answers, and taught to be smart, and told about love-kindness, and showed good examples.

"If I have gotten here,” — Ivan thought — “this means God-the-Father wanted it to be! I will cure people from greed! I will teach children kindness! And then — it, possibly, will be seen what happens: maybe I find a way to return to my home..."
But that man was cunning, he saw gain in his employee! He did not pay money. But Ivan — did not ask for anything. Only milk pot and a piece of bread — and he was well fed so.

A man thought-wondered: “He does not work for his interest... As if — a fool! But in what is his strength? — I do not understand!”

And Ivan said to him the word of the good and wise:

“Compassion — is not nonsense!
“Trickery — is not wisdom!
“Simplicity — is not poverty!
“Greed — is not wealth!
“You are here — and what do you live for?
“The worldly riches — cannot be taken with you into other worlds!
“What good of you will be memorized on the Earth? What good of you people will remember?
“What will you obtain from such a life — that is not taken away from you by the death of your body?
“What will you tell God-the-Father about the life you have lived?”
“And you, wise guy, why do you live?”
“I live to decorate every day, at least, a little, — by love and kindness!
“That is, namely so God commanded people to live in the world: co-create the good for others and do not take care of yourself!
“Let the done by me today be both simple and few, and even should no one know about it — I serve the good! As the sun that rises in the morning, I will shine by heart to all people and show love to all!”
"Here you are talking about love, but where is it — love? It cannot be seen! Gain and power rule over life! And is not love at all!" — a man told in response.
Ivan said to him:
"You harm yourself, as a worst enemy! You ruin your life! You love no one! And love cannot be cognized by one who lives only for himself!"
But a man argues:
"How to live so: do not love myself, love others, give away to others, do not think about myself? Here it would be — self-harming!
"If something is beneficial for someone — it means that another has disadvantage! If one has something, this means that another does not have it! Is it not?"
"Ugh! What country is here? Even in your minds, all thoughts are as if contrary! In untruth — all have lost!
"Well, judge for yourself:
"If the sun is shining over my house — then it shines above my neighbor’s house!
"If contagious disease has come into the house of my neighbor — then it is to my own trouble and sorrow. Because all of that trouble may prove ill, if the disease is not treated!
"And if love has risen above the house — it shines upon everything around!
"But it is the same, if hatred, greed, envy — like infectious diseases — one should not treat them — they damage all around!"

... Often, Ivan with a man talked about the meaning of life, were arguing about the heart goodness...
But Ivan saw that not for all — the words of wisdom are...
And he decided that time had come for him to go further.

* * *

But suddenly a widow-neighbor, living in poverty, came to that man. She asked him to give a sack of flour in debt. But a greedy man says:

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

The poor woman cried:

“How can I give you back so much?”

But Ivan said to the woman:

“Take me to the workers: I’ll help you! I have worked up already to this man for his apple. Now — I can work for you. You give him twice — and four times you will get from me!”

The man did not want to let go the employee. He speaks:

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

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

Then the kids of a man came running up, began to catch him by the caftan not allowing Ivan to depart:

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

But Ivan answered them:

“I go not into distant lands! Come and visit your neighbor and her kids! Bring gifts! I have taught you the kindness, and whoever does not forget my les-
sons — will not only talk about good in tales, but will do good in reality!”

Kids ran up to their father:
“Daddy, daddy, give away to a neighbor a sack of flour!”

The man thought a moment — and said:
“Okay, so, take it for free to feed your children!”
And it became in his heart so light and warm — as before it had never been...

Here Ivan smiled:
“Not in vain, means, I worked for you!”
And the widow did not believe her eyes and ears! She thanked, out of her depth with happiness!
And Ivan said:
“This joy is not happiness yet! It should be more!”

* * *

Ivan took the sack of flour, hoisted on his shoulder and went to the poor woman.
They came into the house. There — emptiness, sadness... Children thin and pale are lying on the cold stove, they wish to eat... Anguish-sorrow in the house — is hanging like smoke...

Ivan said to them:
“Enough of you lying on the stove and picking noses!
“From grief — ailments come! From melancholy — grief multiplies!
“But from love and joy — life becomes filled with happiness!
“With thoughts of light, with joy in your hearts — let your every day begin! By good deeds let every day go on! And with bright calm — let every day end!
“You, children, clean here everywhere, sweep the house! Soon we will have dinner!”

And he himself — went to milk the cow. And he called eldest girl with him.
He began to milk, gently began to talk to the cow. Nice it was to the cow!
And the girl patted the cow, rejoiced. She requested:
“Is it possible — I could milk?”
“Why not?”
And they milked so much! Four times over the usual!
Brought — and poured per a cup to everyone.
Then Ivan began to knead the dough — it, in his hands, was growing and rising! Kids marveled: “Is it possible — and we too?”...
Ivan, meanwhile, called the older boy into the yard. And they chopped wood.
Youngest kids began to wear and stack split wood...
Ivan lit up the stove, baked both breads, and bagels, and pretzels...
Children were happy, and the widow was surprised...
Hardly a week passed since, and the widow and her children have forgotten about poverty!
Then Ivan began to teach children to please their mother: radiate the light and love from hearts.
And he had taught all them work: the eldest daughter — to tend the cow and to bake bread, eldest son — to chop wood, to heat the oven, to walk in the
forest for mushrooms and salt them, younger children — washing and cleaning. And all — to help one another in all the good!

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

So strong friendship had come to the children!

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

* * *

So Ivan had gone on a journey, and he went further.

He observed how people live in the country. But people lived wrong and awkwardly…

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

... Ivan went so, went — and saw: a husband and wife who live in one house, but they do not get along with each other.

All that the husband did or even wanted to do — his wife in defiance would say... And everything that his wife would do — the husband was unhappy: and she saw not right, and prepared wrong, and said not needed... So they quarreled every day...
They lived as if together, but all was apart between them... Every day consisted in battles and quarrels over any trifle...

Ivan heard how the husband and wife quarreled — and knocked on their door, asking to drink water. The wife opened, yelling rudely:

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

Ivan responded to her:

“So give little water for me to drink: the way I still have is long-range... I’m walking from the forest, have ripe berries, would entertain you!”

Her husband, as heard about berries, was shouting to his wife:

“Enough water for you to not become poor! Let him go, drink water — and he will give us the berries!”

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

“Would you like kiddies in the house? The joy would add, a quarrel to turn down!”

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

Ivan said to them:

“What child would like to have such parents: to listen to their swearing? All kids — must be born and grow up in love! Love — does not argue against, does not object to! Love — transforms! Kind man is beautiful! And angry man is dangerous!”

“What are we to do? Teach: how can we not fight?” — the husband and wife asked.
“So this is — easily! My father with my mother taught me to:
— not want against someone else’s volition,
— never say unkind words,
— always forgive insults,
— do not remember insults from other people.
“And who remembers old evil — the enemy will be for good!
“So now I teach you the same. And to make it easier to you — my advice is simple: when you’d like to say to someone an angry word, fill the mouth with water — and be quiet until you feel love in the spiritual heart!
“Delicious is your water and health, you will be healed in a month! And if you will think about a future baby with tender heart love, so that you warm your dream as long as you remain silent, — then after a year you will have a miracle: you shall have a good child!”

So Ivan said, more berries left — and went on…
... How much water the husband and wife had drunk? — no one knew. Only they say that since then, they have finished quarrels.

And a year or two, kids have been born. And a saying in those regions had remained: “silent, as if filled the mouth with water!”. And why they say so — it was already forgotten…

* * *

Ivan went farther on the country... And he heard — a woman singing a beautiful yet sad song:
“Salty dews are on my gray eyes,
Blond plaits — as in white snow...
Where are you, my hubby?
How I overlooked my happy day?”

Ivan asked her:
“What is your song so sad? Why do you live lonely?”
“I live lonely in the whole world, because I am not needed to anyone... There is no husband, no children... How can I not be sad about such a fate, not be offended to live such a life?”
“Stop loving your infirmities! Stop crying over yourself!
“Help others — and they will help you!
“You’re — not old yet! And you’re singing beautifully! Take into your life an orphan-babe — and make it happy! Look: there is really an orphan-girl in your village, accept her into your life! You will live together in love and goodness — and your life will change, a new smile will appear in your fate!”

The woman was surprised and pleased:
“It is — your righteousness! Stop living for just myself, to wait for luck in the fate and to be sad about myself! I’ll take the orphan as a daughter!”
“You have decided right, beautiful!” — Ivan said. — “The person who helps others — will rise from all the troubles and diseases! Joy in such man will increase the power to awake! All the good that such man planned — will be realized, become true!”

* * *
Long or short, Ivan went, and wherever he was, good seeds germinated in the souls!
And where people love each other — peace and harmony and joy of God in their hearts remained and grew!

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

In the village — wailing and moans!...

Ivan saw as the girl with a guy make their good-byes, were shedding floods of tears.

The guy said:
“You will forget me during my ten year service in the army...”

And she answered him:
“I will not forget you, I will wait for you forever! Only come back!...”

Ivan said to guy:
“Do you want me instead of you to go into the army? I want to see: why is needed such an army, from which so much tears and sorrow are around?!”

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

“I’ll go.”
The young began to bow, thank Ivan.

* * *

So Ivan had become a soldier.
But only the heads were tortured with Ivan: he only asked questions, argues. But in the army it can-
not be! Back-talk in the army is not allowed, rather one just needed to perform commands!

They said to him:
“We will teach you the military science!”
But Ivan answered:
“I knew that there is a science, for example, how to plant a garden. There is a science, how to raise bread, how to build a house. But I did not know that there is a science, how to ruin people!”

Bosses worried: so it is up to riot! If one begins — then others would want to! The voivode ordered him to be arrested and sent to the court of the king: “He is insubordinate and a rebel, he does not want to march, he does not want to fight! He conducts dangerous discussions, leading to sedition!”

Ivan was arrested and taken to the king Mokey in court.

... They brought Ivan to the king.
And the king Mokey was formidable and bad-tempered. If something was wrong in his opinion — immediately he strove to execute: to one — put on a stake, to another — to cut the head.

That was why war in the kingdom never ended: the king Mokey could not be in peace with the neighbors! Quarreled — and let’s fight! People were dying, countries were poorer...

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

King rubbed his hands, wanting to hold court: he conceived to mock Ivan, to relish his fear, to be proud of his kingly power!
He began to terror Ivan with a cruel penalty and the terrible death. But saw that Ivan is not afraid... And he was curious as to why.
So he asked:
"Why are you, Ivan, not afraid of death?"
"I never transgressed in my life, always acted according to conscience! So why should I fear?
"And I know that the soul does not die: it is only the death of the body that is considered. Then the soul incarnates in a new body.
"If one lives not on one’s own initiative, but by the commands of God — then death does not frighten this person! God disposes my destiny! According to His plan all is done!"
"Well-well..." — Mokey wondered: he had not heard such talk before... — “Then answer me: why, Ivan-troublemaker, you do not want to fight in my army?”
“I do not want, sir, because I must first understand what are the war’s aims, for which I have to shoot at a man, depriving him of life? If there is no reason to — then kill me, but I will not shoot!”
“Penalty! Penalty must be! Because such cases cannot be! Even to think or talk in such a way must not be allowed! If everyone in the army would understand why war is — then war will not exist!”
“But why is it — bad?
“If people would understand why they should fight — then there could not be more reliable troops! If everyone in the army knows the meaning of what he participates in — then this army is invincible! Such an army cannot be bribed, these soldiers cannot be defeated!
“And wrongful wars — will not be!”
Mokey even turned purple in indignation:

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

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

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

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

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

“But is it really possible that one owns the wisdom, who keeps in captivity the Wise? Is it possible to grow wiser from this? What is the benefit from wisdom that is contained locked, but not applied in real life?

“The use may be from only that wisdom which is applied!

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

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

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

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

... Became thoughtful king Mokey about his life... And indeed: so many years fought and fought... How to find a bride in such a life? And the daughter of Dermidon-king Barbara is a good pair to king Mokey: not the best in temperament; grumpy, moderately haughty, not too clever, but is not bad...

And so suddenly wanted Mokey-king to become married!

He spoke to Ivan:

“Well-well! That’s the case! I thought I’ll put you on a stake! But you have become an ambassador...

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

* * *

And Ivan went to the king Dermidon.

He had come — and spoke to Dermidon:

“I, Ivan-ambassador from the king Mokey, have come. Mokey-king asks the hand of your daughter!”

Dermidon-king answered:

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

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

“No! Do not speak it!” — Dermidon shouted.

... But Barbara-Beauty, the daughter of Dermidon-king, heard the whole conversation.

Barbara was sitting up without a husband! For many years already, she wanted to marry, but a fiance still is not!... Either — Dermidon-king does not like the fiancé: poor, is not famous... Or — she herself does not like him: old, the face is not beautiful...

And during ten years of war so many had been killed!... And no one woos already...

She entered — and cried out loudly:

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

And so she began to howl such that king Dermidon understood: if not to marry her right now, then, for sure, calm living will never be...

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

“For example, she said: ‘Stop, Dermidon-king, eating dead bodies! Look: animals have so many troubles from you! And because of eating the dead flesh — both abdominal is boiling up in you, and your mind is closed from the light of truth, coarse and not prolific!’

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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The guard guided Ivan. And the king Dermidon, Barbara-princess, also the servants — went too. It was curious for all to see! They were afraid to miss the moment when Vasilisa would begin to distribute to all her wisdom!

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

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

Now they understood each other’s thoughts without words! They stood, they looked at each other — as if there was no one around!
The silence of lips did not hinder them hearing each other:

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

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

And the king Dermidon worries:

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

Vasilisa looked kindly and said to Ivan so, for all to hear:

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

“And I lived without sorrow in the prison, lived as if I’m free! I was hovering by the soul like a bird above the land and hugging everyone and everything with my heart love! I sang songs of love — and people’s hearts listened to these songs! Either beauty-girl hears my song — and sings it to her beloved! Or mother, sloping over the cradle, connects her and my affection, rocking a baby to sleep! Or the shepherd will hear my heart melody — and will play it on his pipe! Or birds in the autumn will sing like in spring! Or the breeze rustles birch’s leaves — in time with my song — and embrace a good man by the warm breath!

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

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

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

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

And Vasilisa replied to him:

“Yes, I agree.”

* * *

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

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

“Book of Wisdom”, which Vasilisa had written in prison, was many times copied and sent out to all corners of the two kingdoms.
Sometimes people read the book. And when they introduced in life the wise advice of Vasilisa-the-Wise — those kingdoms prospered.
... So helped Ivan and Vasilisa to establish life in those lands. And it was time for them to return home.

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They had come to Ivan’s house. The father and mother met them.
They said to Ivan:
“How long did you go to pick berries!”
Ivan bowed to them and apologized for his delay:
“Sorry, that it took so long to go for berries! But: I went for berries — and had found the perfect wife! Rejoice! Meet!”

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What happened next — cannot be told at once! About all their good joint achievements — it’s impossible to tell at one time!
Because this is the end of our tale.
And love is the crown for all good deeds!

Vasilyok

Tale of the Golden Pine

Our story begins with a seed.
Yes-yes! With a usual pine seed!
Have you ever seen such a seed? It is small, with one transparent golden wing. Many such seeds ripen in a mom-cone. Many cones grow every year on their mother-pine!

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

... So, once the wind had blown — our little seed flew, catching the airflow by its little wing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thank you!” — almost inaudibly whispered seed goodbye. — “How I am tired today! How I want to sleep!”
So seed slept, nestled by the soil, until a small root and sprout had appeared.
And then our pine was born in the light above the ground.
Have you ever seen newborn pines?
They are less than little blades. They have thin thread-like green stem. And at the top, several tiny soft and tender needles are sticking up.
Our pine had five of them!
It spread them gaily: “I was born! I am now — the pine!”
... As time went on, our pine grew. It was lucky: it was not washed away by rain, it received sufficient sunlight and heat, and moisture.
It seemed felt a lifetime: “I — really grow up!”.
After a few years, already the tree stood conspicuously on the bank of the river.
As time went on...
On the branches of the pine, birds began to sing. The pine gladly listened to their songs.
The wind often visited it, flying on this bank of the river.
In winter, the snow wrapped it up. In summer, a pleasant heat warmed its body and juices — to grow faster!
Yes, it wanted to become stronger and more — to caress by branches the blue sky with white clouds!
It grew up faster and faster every year, growing new fluffy branches. Soon its trunk became slender and strong, covered with orange-golden crust.
By the banks of the river, often resorted kids from a nearby village. Undressed, they jumped into the water and had fun, splashing, swimming...
Sometimes the pine also wanted, like them, having fun, laughing, to run on sand and flop into the river... But the pine did not know how to run... And it has learned to be happy for others, along with them. And when happy children’s voices and laughter filled the air above the river — the pine was happy too, sending them by each needle waves of happy love...

But once there was a story when the pine cognized that people are different...

... The older guys came on the shore. It was cold, and they decided to make a campfire... But they were too lazy to collect dry branches and fallen trunks... They decided to cut our pine and make a campfire of it...

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

The pine shook...

Suddenly a little boy, who often came here to the beach to swim, shaded the pine with his body: “Do not touch it, it is — living, it will hurt! If you want, I’ll carry for you dry branches! Look, how many dry branches are in this forest! And you can go along the beach and collect the ejected by flow and dried pieces of wood... I can collect it for you, if you want! Just do not hurt this pine!...”

Older boys laughed, pushed the younger so that he fell: “Don’t bother, Basil! Get out! Look at him: a tree will feel pain! You say like a little girl!”

But the boy Basil (the pine now knew the name of its little friend) rose from the ground and again overshadowed the pine: “Do not touch it! It is — alive!”

So much intrepidity was in his words that the older boys retreated.
To not show their defeat, they told Basil to bring firewood. And they were mocking him... Basil, not paying attention to the ridicule, was glad that he was able to save the pine... ... Time ran unnoticed. The pine grew, became stronger. Basil also grew. He often came to it on the shore. He sat with his back to its warm from sunlight trunk, and dreamed of something good. Or he just listened to the silence. And our pine faded with happiness at such moments and tried not to disturb him. It also listened to the clear silence. And the silence — it was surrounding both the pine, and Basil, and covered the sandy beach, and was inside the far forest... The water of the river gurgled softly in the silence, without disturbing it, but decorating it... The river carried its water somewhere far, far away — where never were either the pine, or Basil... But when they were immersed in the river's quiet and swam down with river's water, it seemed that distant lands and unknown worlds were here, near... And the soft golden Light of Someone infinitely Great and Good — became visible in the silence... ... As time went on... Basil now often came to the beach with the girl with golden braids. The girl, too, has grown and become slim and beautiful. The pine now knew that the name of the girl was Olga. Basil and Olga made appointments for themselves near our pine. And the pine saw how gradually flared big and true love.
The pine was not jealous. It loved them both and rejoiced together with them the beautiful miracle of love.

... Everything was good...

But once, on a hot and muggy summer day, Olga bathed in the river. But the blue-black storm-clouds had formed in the sky from all sides. The lightning flashed, rolls of thunder got closer.

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

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

The pine worried and tried to wave its branches in the wind. It was trying to warn Olga: “The thunder-storm comes, the lightning will strike!”

At this time, Basil had run ashore: “Olga! What are you doing?! Now the storm begins! Let’s run home quickly!”

While Olga got ashore and dressed, already rain started. And lightning strikes and thunder were getting closer, closer..., quite near... Such a severe thunderstorm in our pine’s century has never been...

The pine suddenly felt that the lightning can currently strike those whom it loved so much. It straightened up its branches — and they caught deadly flame! Basil threw himself on the sand, covering Olga. The crown of the pine blazed up...
“How I would like to be born as man — to love like these people...” — the pine had time to think, until the flame engulfed it whole...

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

* * *

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

In the family of Basil and Olga the daughter was born.

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

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

Tale of Marusya-Inventor

Once there was a girl named Marusya. On the surface, she was usual, nothing special or conspicuous, quiet.

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

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

Many — for her kindness — laughed over her: “Don’t pick a flower in vain, don’t crush the bug, and don’t step on the ant…”

... Once this story happened to her.

The girls walked and went to the meadow. And there — the beauty, expanse, fragrant flowers, butterflies and bees fly!

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ding-ding, let us fly in the blue of the sky!
“Ding-ding, banish the evil in myself!
“Be kind: in this — the essence of life!
“Ding-ding, let it be a joyful day!
“It is just necessary to be able to listen to the silence — and then, in this silence, a song of bluebells and any other flower will be heard!”

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

But Marusya was not hurt.

* * *

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

“You are already of marriageable age, soon will be time to get you married! But you are behaving like a little girl: care about nothing!”

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

* * *

In those days, there were in their place holiday-celebrations. They gathered the young from the neighboring villages — and fun: organized contests of all sorts, weaving wreaths of flowers, put them on their heads... At these festivals, often girls and boys met their mates.

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

“Let’s better become flowers ourselves! Choose any flower’s name — and be this flower!”
And then the fun continued with inventing and guessing names.

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

Egor asked Marusya:
“How would you call me: by what flower name? Which becomes me do you think?”
“I think, you look like the edelweiss flower. It grows high up in the mountains, like a silver asterisk. There, above the clouds, on inaccessible cliffs, suddenly in the spring, such ‘stars’ blossom. As if they are — guests who wanted to live a bit on the Earth and have chosen each a hill, from which for them are well visible other stars in the sky... It is said that all, who are in love, are like this flower. But maybe I’m wrong... Lovers, too, make mistakes,” — Marusya said so, looking into the eyes of Egor, and then lowered her lashes and blushed...

* * *

After the holiday, many dispersed in pairs. Marusya and Egor also went hand in hand. Egor asked:
“What do you want most in life now? What are you dreaming about?”
... Frankly, Egor waited from her the wanting to kiss... He had already kissed other girls...
But Marusya said:
“I want to be a Magus! I can already do miracles a bit. But people do not always notice them.
“I also want to learn how to help people become kinder.

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

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

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

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

“Oh, look: the swans! Swans fly! Two: male and female...

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

“Well... you say... You are a fairly-eccentric and restless inventor!”

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

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

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

“And how will you be at the wedding feast: will you eat a roast swan?” — Egor made a joke.

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

“And chicken?”

“And I will not eat a chicken too! I never eat any birds or mammals, nor caught fish!”
“So, they tell the truth about you... And I thought, they make up... And what to eat then?”

“Mushrooms and berries, garden vegetables, cereals, bread, every greens — is it not food?”

“But you pity each sprout and flower!”

“It’s a pity — if to pick in vain.

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

“Strange how you talk! How can you live — so? Do not shoot birds, do not step on an ant, do not pick flowers in vain...”

“So I live,” — Marusya lowered her lashes...

“Who will marry you, a weirdo?”

“You...”

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

“And I am not anyone. I already have chosen one you...”

* * *

Then boys and girls began to call all together on the new fun of the festive...

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

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

At first, it was like a joke contest. Then — the fight grew angrier.

Egor — had surpassed all others! He was recognized the most powerful!
... Then they began to choose the most beautiful girl.

Egor, flushed by struggle and proud of victory, began to try fixing his eyes on Marusya. But he saw: she stepped aside, did not wish to dance for the title of most beautiful...

... He turned to the joy, where he was called by other guys, waved by a hand to them — and went to catch up to Marusya...

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

"No, I as it is known, will not be elected. But many others will not be elected too. Only one will be elected.

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

"I would make another competition: who is more kind?"

"Here you exactly would win!"

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

"A lot of different situations can be when kindness is needed!

"Sometimes just a smile or a kind word can save man from the big woe, for example, by returning the hope...

"But sometimes — and the great military feat carries in itself not only good.

"Here you are: during your competition, you were the first and most powerful of the guys. But one of them has swollen eye. And Roman limps: so his leg is injured. And Fedor — he harbors malice that he had not won...
“Is this game well?”
“To obey you — all must be like coward sheep…”
“Do not say... The good can be both courageous and strong.
“But the courageous and strong only — not often are kind…”

* * *

Meanwhile, among the most beautiful girls, Anfisa was elected and called the beauty queen.
And Anfisa ordered:
“Now, the one who is the most daring — will be chosen! Come all to the river bank, to the precipice! Who will jump into the river from it — I kiss him!”

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

And other girls after Anfisa echoed: “And we will kiss, too, those who are daring, those who will not be afraid to jump!”

Here Marusya could not stand it:
“What is clever here — to be brave so? Do not come close to the edge! The slough with the whirlpool are here, and the stream is rapid! The cold water! What silly dispute have you started?!”

But she was answered by both boys and girls:
“Go away, coward! Not you, but the queen of beauty appointed this contest! This challenge is for the brave men!”
... Departed Marusya from wranglers, is looking for Egor, is waiting, that he would support her, because no one would call him a coward...

But Egor said nothing...

... With the older children, one small boy had tagged along. He came up to the very edge of the cliff — to view from the ledge: where here is scary to jump?

The edge of the cliff had collapsed — and the boy had fallen into the river from a height.

At the same moment, Marusya jumped after him. Egor jumped after...

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

* * *

After that case, Egor noticed a new, unknown to him before sensation: he understood how important is Marusya to him! Now he was worried about her, he wanted to be her friend and protector... He understood that there was no one for him more dear than this kind and brave girl.

Kurgan-Bashi

Tale of Radosvet and His Host

There lived in a large community a boy. His name was Radosvet. But joy and light were not much in his life...
His father was killed, saving people of the community, when Radosvet was still very young. His mother was not married a second time, therefore they lived in poverty.

Horses were the greatest asset of the community. Almost from birth, life was on horses, all the affairs of the community were associated with them: horses were grown, herded, rounded, sold, on horseback was guardianship of the borders of lands — both their own, and of neighboring tribes, who paid in gold in recent past.

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

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

In those songs and legends, it was said that in the ancient times there was respect for the elderly, caring for widows and orphans, love in families, and agreement between families. The entire community was like one family — friendly, loving, strong unity of all — both men and women, both young and old. And then the great patronage was for Free Riders from God.
Radosvet was soon to be ten years. But there was no one who could give him a horse...

Once Radosvet heard how his mother came to woo one of the richest neighbors. He began to speak: 
“If you will agree to marry me — I give the horse to your son!”

Mother replied:
“Why do you need to have a wife who does not love you?
“By the way, in the old days, because my husband saved people of the community, the community could give a horse to his son from the communal herd... But now — all is just bought and sold...
“But love — cannot be bought!”
“Think, Liubava! With me — everything could be all right!” — he said and left.

Radosvet heard that conversation and went to his mother:
“Tell me, mother, why is there no respect in our community for those traditions of which the songs sang and the tales told? Discords are between people... It’s though as the community we are living together — but each one strives for oneself...”

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

“Mother, I’ll make life as in the songs and tales! This depends on the people: how they live their lives themselves — such life is created around!”

“Yes, my boy, your father said the same... And now — here’s what happens: even nobody will give a horse...
“You know, Nestor offered me marriage, and he will give you the horse...”
“The marriage of love, not out of necessity comes! Do you love Nestor?
“If I even go to the workers — that is not forever!
“Do not be afraid for me: I will have a horse, surely will have! And if you marry Nestor, it comes out — we together will find ourselves in slavery!”
“You are talking like an adult!”
“So I really am already an adult: a week later adult life begins!”

* * *

There was in the community’s herd, one young horse, who could not be handled. He did not obey, did not heed any man! Whenever he was hit — he did not want to go under a saddle! He was nicknamed because of this “Villain”.

And the elders of the community decided: “Why feed this wonder horse, if he does not want to work for people — neither with cart nor under saddle? We need to kill him: at least the meat and hide will be worthwhile!”

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

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

Radosvet asked his mother:
“How can it be to kill such a horse? How can it be to eat then his body? How can such men be the Free Riders, if they do so?”

And his mother said sadly:

“We cannot answer for other people!...

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

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

* * *

And Radosvet decided to save the horse.

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

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

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

And then — he ran... In the moonlight seemed to be above the silver shining grass, the flight, not gallop, of the fine horse — Free Wind!

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

He went to the sacred place. The outline of the mound already appeared in the distance.

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

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

Here it is — the gift of the Gods of the mound!
A boy with a beating heart went closer and recognized the horse: he was Free Wind!
The horse, too, recognized his liberator. He came up and put his head trustingly on Radosvet’s shoulder, rubbed his soft lips on the cheek.

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

Free Wind agreed.

And then Radosvet ventured — and leapt on his back. The horse did not resist the little rider. He accepted the leadership of the man-friend named Radosvet!

Radosvet thought that he needed to go to the mound — and the horse went there getting the idea of the rider!

“Faster!” — Radosvet asked mentally and stronger clenched by knees the horse’s sides. Free Wind ran.

“And even more quickly — can it be?!” — and the horse ran quickly, flying over the sea of fog, lit up with the rising sun!

That was a galloping! Radosvet never experienced anything like this! The horse and the boy merged together! Joy! Freedom! Love! How you are beautiful, our beloved Earth!...

... And here is the mound...

* * *

They stopped in front of the mound, protruding from the mist. It was illumined by the morning sun, and at the bottom there were moist shades.

Radosvet dismounted. The boy and the horse stood in silence in front of the sanctuary of the kin of Free Riders.
Here it is — the mound, where were buried the Greatest of the kin of Free Riders, Who knew God and talk with God. Here many subsequent generations of people worshiped Them and prayed asking for good luck and health, crop, or victory in battles...

But only... in recent years people did not see successes in response to the requests to the Gods, life in the community had become unkind...

“That would be fine to talk with God as the Great Free Riders were able to!” — Radosvet thought. — “Or maybe God is not interested in our prayers and worship? Or maybe in another manner it is necessary to talk with Him?”

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

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

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

The boy bowed to Magus touching the ground by the hand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Here is your assignment:
“Learn to be the calm of lake.
“Learn to stop the wind.
“Learn to keep on your hands the Earth and the Fire of the Great Sun.”
“How to learn this?”
“Ask from the lake, from the wind, and from God."
“As long as you try to execute it, you will learn to feel the help of God and His presence. Perhaps you even hear His advice. When you’re ready, come back here, I’ll wait for you.”

“Do You live here?”

“No.”

“How will You know when I understand and perform Your tasks?”

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

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

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

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... The day of full age of Radosvet had come. His mother could not find a place of anxiety: her son was not for already several days.

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

In the streets of the village, Radosvet rode on Free Wind. Without reins and stirrups, the horse submitted to his young rider. Surprised residents poured into the street and made way, letting ride young Radosvet, who rode quietly and happily, presenting all with the kind smile!
... The elders listened anxiously to the boy who conquered the horse and returned with a message from the Magus... And where to find that Great Free Rider, Who had come to the Earth? And what will happen to them, the elders, if that unknown and powerful leader became the head of the kin?

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Radosvet did not forget about the tasks of Magus.

But how to perform it: how to learn to listen to the lake and become its peace?

... Radosvet had come to the shore of the lake in the quiet morning at dawn. He sat on the shore and began to try to talk to the lake.

But the lake was silent...

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

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

So one can understand both humans and other creatures.

One can understand both smile, and touch, and sight. But also — any emotion, and thought.

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

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

Radosvet again sat down on the bank and listened to the silence of the lake.
He admired the beauty of the mirror-like water surface, which reflected the sky with light white clouds a little colored with pinkish rays rising sun.

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

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

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

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

Amazing peace embraced and filled Radosvet!

And then Radosvet heard the Voice of God:

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

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

“Now learn to stop the wind!”

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But how to learn to stop the wind?

Radosvet always loved the wind. Loved — when its light gusts were touching his face, and when he himself raced on horseback through the air.
And then Radosvet decided that, for starters, he could try to catch the wind.

He called his horse.
Wind — immediately had flew.
And now — they raced with the wind!
Wind was flying over the steppe caressing grass, which danced in its touches, like waves of the sea.

Joy — overfilled the heart of Radosvet!
The horse of Radosvet also felt great joy of racing!

Rider and horse flew — with the wind — on the expanse of the steppe!
The wind as if presented them huge transparent wings! And it was not already galloping but flight! They were flying together with the sunlight penetrating clear morning’s air! Waves of grass swaying under them!...

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

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

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

And then the understanding had come that he can stop this flight, retaining its vastness and transparent subtlety. And at the same time, these wind, grass, open spaces — all is now... in me...

And he heard the Voice of God:
“You have solved the second task: understood what it means ‘to stop the wind’.
Now learn to keep on your hands the Earth and the Fire of Great Sun.

* * *

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

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

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

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

... There was one boy in the village. His name was Miroslav. From birth, he was skinny and weak, frail and awkward. All laughed over him, and everyone could offend him. In the struggle — it was the same: any boy claimed the upper hand over him.

But Miroslav did not hold grudge to anyone. Sometimes he only raised his long lashes, looked surprising by his big and beautiful as of a girl eyes:
“Why are you trying to hurt me?” — and smiled to the offender sweetly.

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

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

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

But Radosvet delighted — and accepted him in the host!

And they became best friends.

... Miroslav had changed over short time: the body became from clumsy — slim and flexible. And there had developed the unusual strength in his voice. He learned also to ride on horseback, to use sword and other weapons.

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

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

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

The Earth, he thought, will not fall... And the sun shines by itself, going up in the morning and setting in the evening... And unlikely there is a need to intervene in this order of things, created by God.

And how wise and great should be that one who will keep the Earth?...

And it is doubtful that more sun should be lit...
At that time, the ambassadors from foreign caesar had come to the elders of the community. They, both people and horses, were dressed in outlandish armor.

They came not in peace. They demanded payment of huge tribute — in gold, horses, beautiful girls, young men for the army of caesar.

They spoke, that their ruler possesses the great power, that he had subdued many countries, that his army is huge.

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

The ambassadors left.

The elders had been frightened! They gathered the whole community, and people long thought what to do. Some said that they should obey and pay tribute. Other families which had young boys and beautiful girls, which were required by caesar, — they said that they should not obey...

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

Then the elders recalled the prediction of Magus. And they told Radosvet to go to the mound — to Magus to ask where to find the new Great Free Rider Who will rescue them.
Radosvet departed.
But he remembered that he did not solve the third task of Magus, and he was not so sure about the meeting...
He tried to talk with God, asking Him what to do.
But God did not answer...
But when approached Radosvet to the mound, Magus was already waiting for him.
Radosvet told Him about the invasion of foreigners that threatened the kin. He said that the kin of Free Riders needed help. “We need the wise leader, who was foretold by You. He should be the leader of strength and kindness, who would unite people to stop infighting and would be able to protect all from the foreign invaders.”
Radosvet told that he is ready to go even to the end of the land to find that new Great Free Rider and persuade Him to lead the people.
Magus smiled faintly and said:
“Your request is heard by God. And the help is already sent to your kin! Already is born in your nation this Messenger of Heaven. He will bring freedom and prosperity to many people for many years!”
“Tell me: how to find Him?”
“He is — very close! His name is Radosvet! Why are you so pale?”
“It is not easy to accept: I have come for help — and found that the aid is hidden namely in myself!”
... Radosvet knew about himself that he had both love, and power... And that he is ready to help people overcome their troubles... But... so suddenly...
“I feel neither great and wise ruler, nor the great warrior or the Messenger of God. I barely learned to sometimes hear God’s advice... This is all that I can...”

“It is good that you do not consider yourself worthy. If one thinks oneself as a prophet before he became a prophet, it would not allow to happen what must be. Even the greats ruin themselves by vanity and pride! It happens because in the sense of self is lost the Almighty Will, the executor of Which must be that man.

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

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

“To begin with, how to distinguish coming through you from God — and manifestations of personal self, the nature of which is, in particular, the personal desires of man?

“From this, to what extent you will be able to understand and implement this, — the future of your friends, your people, your country or even the whole Earth depends!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Now — you know Me, the Father of all things!
“I have shown you Myself as the Source of Power that will always be at Your disposal when You are One with Me.
“Through the Heart of the Earth — the passage opens to the Force of My Almighty!
“This Power can fill Your body and act through it.
“You are now able to use the Flow of My Power for building acts of helping the needy and of protecting the good.
“But never transgress My Will by Your personal desire to help, because not always the external help is useful!
“My Strength — it is the Open Source. But It may be cognized by only that man who has a kind heart, does not have impure thoughts, always knows My Will and follows My Will, not his or her wantings.
“My Strength exceeds the strength of any weapon. All the energies in the universe are submitted to Me!

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

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

“I’ll be in You and with You!

“My Love will be Your Love!

“My Strength will be Your Strength!

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

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Radosvet wished to thank Magus for the wise lessons, but... did not see anyone around.
And then Radosvet went back.
Love for God, for people, for our planet, the determination to save His people from foreign oppression — overwhelmed Him!
He asked God to show Him always what He should do.

... Radosvet had returned. There was with Him and in Him — the Divine Strength and Love, the Great Divine Sun was shining in Him.
He told His friends about what He had learned:

“Magus told Me, that God has ordained Me to the role of the One Who will save our kin... I do not know if it’s true... But we have no other way out. And to wait for more help — is from nowhere. Perhaps, the particles of Great Divine Force are embodied in each of us. And if you help Me — then we can do it!”
Miroslav sang an ancient song of Great Free Riders. Friends echoed his clear voice.

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

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

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

⋆ ⋆ ⋆

The army of caesar had approached the land of Free Riders.
They stopped and saw in amazement the small host that went to meet them.
One of the group separated. He was approaching.
The leader of the army of caesar thought: “Of course, he is going to surrender and to discuss the conditions under which their land will become part of the empire of caesar. They will not be able to resist my great army! It makes no sense to battle!”

Radosvet had approached.
The leader looked with interest at the “barbarian”, who, it could be seen, was not feared.
Radosvet offered the army of caesar to give up, as the strength is not on the side of caesar. The leader laughed! He appreciated the humor and courage!

But Radosvet did not jest:
"If you want to avoid defeat and stay alive — go back voluntarily, otherwise you will die or flee!"

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

... On a small hill in the middle of harvested field, the Radosvet squad was located.

A huge army of caesar, closed their ranks, was waiting for the command to attack.

“What can a handful of riders do? The outcome of the battle is foregone,” — the leader of the army of caesar was perplexed.

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

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

The wall of fire was approaching — and panic swept the army. Flame was moving above the ground, there was nothing to burn, but the fire was getting higher and furious! The New Great Riders carried this wall of fire in front of them as a huge shield and raced faster and faster...

Hardened in battle warriors of caesar fled, broken by horror of incomprehensible delusion... Even after crossing the river, they did not stop there...
Only after a while, the leader was able to restore order among his warriors. But it was not even thinking about how to go back and try again to engage in battle.

... The leader has sent the report to Caesar that the “barbarians” of these lands know the special magic secrets, and that it would be wrong to go in war to these lands, if we do not want to destroy the army.

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

* * *

The calm and peace fell to the land.
Radosvet and his warriors returned home.
And the great glory of the host of Radosvet for many years lived in all the nearby lands. That was the glory of the New Great Free Riders, Who knew God, Who were able to keep the Earth in hands and to shine by hearts like the Sun!

Many people from different lands had come to learn how to be the same warriors who know the Laws of God, by which people could both transform themselves, and build a beautiful life on the Earth!
Assyris

Tale of Death and Fire Heart

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

Do not rush to say that it makes no sense
For Us to know tales of past…
No: everything remains the same as before…
But in Depth — He shines!

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

Who has cognized Him — by spiritual heart —
Opens the Path to Him for others!
By wise Knowledge and Great Love
That One lights to all who dare to strive!

Once there was a girl Alyonushka. While her parents were alive, they all lived happily and joyfully. But it so happened that her parents had died — and Alyonushka became an orphan.

A distant relative took her into her house — large, rich. It was not for Alyonushka well there. She lived in the house as a housemaid. Reproaches were the only reward for her labor.
That relative was very greedy! She made of her home — the hotel. And Alyonushka had not even her room. She slept in the storeroom, which was next to the kitchen.

In the hotel, travelers could spend the night, have dinner, supper — on the road to the capital town or back from it. From morning till evening, Alyonushka worked tirelessly. She both washed, and cleaned, and stoked the furnace, and carried water, and prepared food, and weaving, and embroidered. All-around, Alyonushka was a skillful worker! But only rarely she received appreciation, rarely heard a good word, and it was only from guests. But the housewife did not compliment Alyonushka. She only scolded her. Whatever Alyonushka did — everything was not enough for her! “I have taken in an orphan — and there is neither use of her, nor thanks!” — she constantly nagged.

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

But she wanted to have at least something bright in her life. But nothing happened.

Only at dawn, she had some little joyful time walking to the river for water, washed and met the rising sun.

The sun was smiling to Alyonushka! And Alyonushka was smiling to the sun too!

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

When it was to Alyonushka particularly sad and difficult, she recalled how joyfully the sun smiles,
how it caresses by its rays all creatures — and it became easier.

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

And Alyonushka called:

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

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

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

* * *

Soon the royal messenger came to their village and announced that the prince is sick with an unknown disease, and one who will find the cure of that disease — gets gold, silver, precious gems as much as can carry.

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

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

It was evident that he was a noble man, yet did not show his nobility and wealth. He behaved calmly and politely.
He paid the hostess with gold. And he paid so that she was not herself untouched from pleasure and began trying to please.

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

* * *

Alyonushka brought dinner to the guest and was about to go. But the traveler suddenly turned pale, had staggered, and, bearing one hand on the table, barely sat down on a chair.

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

"Do you feel bad? Maybe call a doctor?"

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

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

Young traveler said:

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

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

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

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

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

“Before now — death, for example, in battle seemed to me heroic and did not force me to think about the meaning of life. I did not feel the reality of death, but saw only exploits and fame. But I did not even have that, for which there would be no pity to die!

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

“I almost have lived my life — and did not do anything important, necessary!

“Have I even brought joy to someone, have I, at least, made someone happy? After all, no!
“It pains me to think about the lost time of life! And it is terrible to think of death! But I cannot even think about it! You think maybe that I’m just a coward... But I am oppressed by not only the fear of the unknown beyond the threshold of death, but the senselessness of my life!

“I did not want to spend the rest of days in bed — in slow dying before a crowd of doctors and my pitying parents! I did not want to see sad faces! I did not want to be a subject of earning — for doctors of all kinds! And I have left.

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

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

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

“Well, you’re right, I’ll try!

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

“Please do not give up! Suppose that at least one good deed will light up my life!”

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

“I’ve learned along the way to differentiate people. And if I stayed to live, I would not seek a bride better than you. And as for those who will give you advice on how to rule — that will be no problem: they will run up from all sides... And only a loving heart will be able to identify: who is sincere and honest, and who is only looking for benefit!”

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

“What’s your name, my darling?”

“Alyonushka. For a princess — the name is not appropriate...” — Alyonushka filled cheeks with gentle blush, she lowered her lashes.

“Well! And I’m — the prince Elisey!

* * *

The ceremony of marriage was held next morning in the temple of this town. Only a wedding feast was not. And the guests were not too.
Before they said goodbye forever, Elisey and Alyonushka were alone. They sat side by side. Alyonushka said:
“I will wait for you, Elisey! I believe that you, for sure, will find answers to your questions! And you — definitely, will get well!
“I have loved you! I heard that a girl should not say such words first, but I’m afraid that, if I do not say this, you yourself cannot guess. And now you know — and my love will be with you!”
“I also have loved you, Alyonushka! This is — the greatest happiness in my life!”
“Can I go with you now?” — flushing with new hope, asked Alyonushka.
“No, honey, you do not have to go with me! In front of me — death is waiting, and about you — a long and happy life is waiting! I really want you to be happy, and so let it be!
“And yet — you can do a lot of good for all the people in this country! You can do what I did not have time! You will do it both for me and for yourself! And then you will meet a decent young man, love him and become his wife.”

... Alyonushka shook her head, wiping tears.
They sat for a long time embraced...
And then the prince went in one direction and Alyonushka, in a beautiful carriage, which was hired for her by Elisey, — to another.

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Prince Elisey went on his way to find answers to his questions about the meaning of life and of death.
Previously, he was trying to flee from death out of fear of it. But due to this — it was as if death was chasing after him and overtook him everywhere. He always thought of death, though he tried to forget about it... But all around was constantly reminded of the inevitability of this terrible end. And his questions about the meaning of life remained unanswered...

Now the prince decided to... no longer be running, but, seemed, to move towards his fear: “If death comes anyway and very soon — I should live the rest of life so that it would make at least some sense! And — not to be ashamed in front of Alyonushka for the way I finished my life!”

And the prince began to look for a dignified death.

He rushed to save a drowning or entered the house in flames to carry off a child. The fate increasingly provided him the opportunity to do the good — and death each time was retreating, as if taking as a ransom the willingness of prince to die for others.

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

Now he was trying to help everyone he met on the way, including in cases where there was risk for his life.

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

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

... As time went on. Severe bouts of illness happened to him more and more frequently. Forces in the body stayed less and less.

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

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

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Then one day, in one city, he saw the preparations for an execution: "Here again, the death — and for this man it comes right now!"

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

"What he is executed for?" — the prince asked custody.

"He worships a different God and is preaching false doctrine. There cannot be multiple faiths, or kingdom will crumble to pieces!"

"Why they want you to be executed?" — he asked the sentenced. — "Are you guilty — or the slander and libel of foes brought you here?"
“I told people about One God and of the common Laws of Existence of the entire universe — the Laws of Love and Goodness! I do not see guilt in it!”

“And I do not see any reason to deprive you of life! I am ready to die instead of you!”

... Prince realized that now, if he would name himself and order to release the young man — he will not be believed: the executioner and the guards only will be angry, looking at his worn-out clothes and haggard face.

The prince turned to the executioner:

“This man is innocent, I am ready to die instead of him! Let him go!”

The executioner laughed from this unprecedented situation and said:

“It is impossible, tramp! But, if you had money, his life could be redeemed. Try to find here someone who agrees to help this person. You have full five minutes!

“And you,” — the executioner turned to the sentenced — “pray to your ‘One God’, because after a few minutes you will not be able to do it!”

... “And it is — the laws of my country!” — Elisey was horrified once again. — “If the offender is rich, he is not afraid of justice, but if he is poor, then the righteous judgment does not exist for him...”

The prince already for a long time had no money. He had only a gold medallion with monogram. He believed that this would allow to identify his body — and his family will be able to know about his death.

The prince took off the medallion:

“Enough?”

Executioner eagerly held out his hand.

“First, let this man go!”
... The executioner removed the shackles from the sentenced. The young man, still hardly believing what had happened, came down the stairs of a wooden platform on which he was to be executed.

The crowd, gathering to witness the execution, began to disperse in disappointment.

"I wonder, why people are willing to look at death, to the suffering of others — how to entertain?!" — thought the prince.

* * *

The saved young man came up to the prince and thanked him:

"I have not met anyone who so easily could be willing to give his life for the first comer!"

"My merit is not as great as you think. But my fault, it turns out, is a lot more than I thought!

"My life — costs almost nothing: I am sick and soon to die."

"Yeah, you look really like not matter... Come with me!" — the saved pronounced.

They went into the forest, away from the town.

"Not expensive, is the price of my life!" — young man was funny. — "Just a little gold trinket!"

"I had nothing else... I'm sorry..." — the prince replied.

"I was not laughing about that!"

"Tell me, where do you lead me?"

"I should repay you good for good! You have saved my life — I must save yours!"

"That you cannot... Let's take some rest!" — the prince smiled without a trace of sadness.
“Be patient: a little is left! I am not a healer and teacher. But One to Whom I take you — He can everything!”

... It started to rain. The prince several times slipped and fell, and when he was unable to get up — the young man carried him on his back...

* * *

In the forest, people gathered at the clearing. They came here in spite of the rain. They were waiting for Master and tried to light a campfire.

He Whom they called the Master or the Shepherd, spoke with one person slightly apart.

Rain died down, when the young man with Elisey approached.

But the fire still did not flare.

The prince took out from a linen bag, in which now were all his belongings, the letters he wrote to Alyonushka, and offered them — for people to start a fire, dry off and warm up. He wrote those letters almost every day, they were many. “Well, at least these people, who came to listen to Master, will be warm!” — he thought.

But at that moment, Master came, stretched out his hand — and the flame flared up.

The campfire burned evenly and strongly. Master took off his cloak, spread next fire, put the letters back in Elisey’s bag, made from it a convenient head of the bed for Elisey. Then he helped to put the prince on this bed next to the fire.

Master began to speak with people.

... Prince Elisey knew that he was dying.
Sometimes it seemed to him that he was already dead. He saw his body lying by the fire, people sitting side by side, Master speaking to them. He was a little surprised that he continued to clearly hear everything and could see everything — as if through a light golden mist.

Then people gradually began to disperse to their homes, taking in the hearts peace, love, and a new understanding of how they should live. Each had learned from the conversation something that was necessary and significant from the simple and wise words of Master.

The prince had imprinted most vividly just what he longed to hear: “Man does not live only once on the Earth in the material body. Only body dies. The souls continue to live. After leaving the body, the soul rests, and then again it comes back to the Earth, being born in a new body. And the soul has the opportunity to continue to improve. The meaning of life on the Earth consists in the improvement, perfecting. But one does not remember one’s past lives, so as not to be crushed by a load of mistakes and sins, or not to become proud of achievements and feats of the past. Only a very few are allowed by God to remember who they were. Those are who have already become mature and wise souls.”

Master also explained much about the One God, about how to help people to live, on the principles by which the perfection of the soul is attained...

Everything in the outlook of Elisey now had been established in its place. He felt now how he would like to go on living in this body!

He addressed a question to God: “How can I not forget all the most important I’ve learned already at
the threshold of death? How to remember it — to be able to live and help others in this?”

But there was no answer…

Campfire was burning brightly in the night, sometimes bright sparks, like golden stars, flew into the sky showering transparent depth of the night.

The young man, who was saved by the prince, came to Master:

“This man today saved me from death — and so I brought him here. Can You heal him?”

“You did well! I’ll take care of him, do not worry! But in future be cautious in your sermon of Love and Goodness!

“It is impossible to make people smarter or nicer by persuasion and appeals! There is only one way to do this: by realization of the Teachings by their own lives! And then — people, who really need it, will reach for you.”

... The young man went home, comprehending how to make everything heard the foundation of his life.

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The prince died, knowing that his time is now. He was now just watching what will happen next. He did not know: is it a dream, reality, or death has occurred already?...

It seemed to him that his body was immersed in a flame of huge Fire. And he saw that this Fire had Hands, which were extended into his body, and they withdrew black as coal traces of the disease.

The feeling of lightness and weightlessness increased.
Later on him, the Face was inclined, consisting of Light.

Elisey asked:
“Who are You? God?”
“It is better to say: I am the Part of Its Universal Omnipotence, Love, and Wisdom. Such, as I am, — a lot. And We are called the Sons and Daughters of God.”

“Why are You like a man?”
“So — it is more convenient to talk. But We can use a different manner!” — He said and turned to looking as vast and shining, like the sunshine, Light!

“Am I already dead?”
“You are not the body but the soul! You just left the body. But you will come back to it if you want: you now have learned a lot well.”

“Yes, I would like not to forget all that I have learned, and to do what I could do, if I am returned to the body.”

“Good! When life in the body finds the true meaning, God can bestow the healing! Here — I give you the new heart!”

... The Fire Hands took a particle of Flame, created and put into the chest of prince the new heart.

Life flowed into the body. Fire flow filled the blood vessels and this blew new life into every corner of the body. The states of happiness and immense love for all and everything — covered Elisey!

Love had united the soul with the Light in One! Elisey could never imagine that there could be such happiness!

* * *
When the prince woke up — the rising sun shone.

He still was not sure what happened that night with him — but he was alive!

Above him, Master carefully bent. He was like that Man-God from the night events. Bodily, He was tall, broad-shouldered, with brown hair which, in soft waves, was falling down to His shoulders, amazing blue eyes shone with a gentle warmth and light. In appearance, He could be given thirty years or so. But something unusual was in His eyes and in the movements of the body, as if He was here by only a small Part of Himself. A special peace surrounded Him and hugged both the prince and the space around.

“I dreamed that I was dead and then revived,” — Elisey said, and he was surprised at how his voice sounded.

“Drink this!” — Master offered a cup to Elisey. The infusion of aromatic herbs and honey blew heat throughout the body.

“Who are You?”

“I am the Shepherd. However, My herd scattered all over the Earth, and I now go through the world and gather back those who are willing to listen to Me.”

“I dreamed that You cured me? But can one be cured of death?”

“When life in the body makes sense, God can bestow healing!” — the Teacher repeated the words from the prince’s dream. — “You are healthy, but a little more time you’ll have to stay here with Me to learn to live in a new way and actually obtain the Fire Heart!”
“Such a Heart, full with Divine Love, Wisdom, and Power, one cannot get as just a gift from one to another, even if this other is God! It must be developed by the man himself or herself!
“Now, get up! You need to wash!”
To his surprise, Elisey was able to easily get to his feet unaided.
The Teacher and the prince came to the spring, which filled the huge deep bowl in the rock with bluish transparent and clear water. From this cup, loudly babbling brook began.
“Swim here. The water in this spring is clean and always cold. It’s good!”
... Elisey plunged with head several times. First — gasped for air of cold water, but then... He, seemed, was born again: a tenderness and purity, strength, and joy filled him! Like spring streams flowed within the body! Never before, even when he was quite well, he felt so much energy and joy in the soul and the body!
As they returned to the fire, Master, as if in passing, said:
“A lot of people, to get rid of severe illnesses, could use the help of such a simple remedy — bathing in ice water. But it must be done without coercion and without fear. Due to just a few such dipping — energies of diseases leave the body.
“But no lasting healing is possible without previewing transformation of the soul. If a person continues a vicious life, the disease returns back.”
... While they had breakfast by the fire, Master spoke again:
“I guess that you want to hurry now to your favorite Alyonushka. But before you go home, you
would do well to learn a lot more — to actually start helping other people! Do you want this?"

“Do You know everything about me?”

“I know what I need. Are you willing to stay with Me and learn?”

“Yes, I want to learn! I understand that the prolongation of life in this body has been given me for this purpose.”

... So Elisey stayed with the Master.

* * *

Now let’s see what happened to Alyonushka during this time.

When she arrived at the palace, the guards would not even admit her past the doorstep until she showed the ring and the letter of the prince.

The king and queen met her unkind.

“Our son got married?! Without our knowledge?!” — the queen sighed.

“That cannot be! She is an impostor who wants to lay claim to the throne!” — the king indignated.

“But no: it is — Elisey’s handwriting and print!” — the queen handed a letter to the king, having read it.

... Alyonushka quietly stood on the sidelines, waiting for this storm of emotions.

Then the king and queen softened and began to ask her about Elisey.

Alyonushka told everything she knew.

So she stayed in the palace.

... As time went on. Alyonushka, by her kindness, soon became a favorite not only of the king and queen, but of all the courtiers.
But only Alyonushka was not happy with her new life. She could not accustom herself to live without work! But all the work in the palace was done by servants. King wrote decrees, listened the ministers. Queen was sad of Elisey and gave guidance to servants.

And how to execute Elisey’s instructions: to establish better and kinder life in the kingdom — she did not know.

Once Alyonushka got down early in the morning to wash the floors everywhere, but only awkwardness had resulted from it. She could not carry out even half of the work: the palace was great! And here the servants woke up and alarmed. Maids — in tears: “What is it: we work bad?! The queen now will drive us, eh?!...”

The king and queen edified Alyonushka:
“It is not your place — to wash floors! You are the princess! You have to become a queen!”

Then Alyonushka says:
“What should be my role?”

... The queen could not tell Alyonushka that her role was to rest and choose finery, to enjoy life in the palace. The queen could not say such to Alyonushka, because she saw: it is not important, is not needed to Alyonushka!

The king, too, became thoughtful.

And Alyonushka here tells him:
“Since I need to be a queen, then teach me — how do you govern the whole kingdom!”

... From this day the king began to inform Alyonushka about affairs of the state.

And Alyonushka, too, told much to the king. She always saw the unfair! And she so told the king that
he began to listen to her advice carefully. Many good deeds were performed by the new royal decrees.

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That time, Elisey began to learn the science of how to acquire the Fire Heart, loving all and possessing the great strength. And — how to help people living on the Earth.

Every morning, from dawn, his studies began and came to an end only in the evening. But the evenings were not wasted. Wise conversations of the Teacher with His students filled them. Problems and difficulties of many people, who came to the Teacher for advice, and how He answered — it was also learning the art of cognizing souls — large and small, good and not good.

Once Elisey asked the Teacher:
“How to name God, Whom You serve?”
“There are many directions of religion and belief, a lot of names, but God is one! He is the Creator of all the universe! He is everywhere, though not visible through the eyes of the body. But He is plain for vision of loving soul!
“God is here and in every moment! He is not somewhere far — but near to you, around you, and within you. But He can be cognized by only a loving spiritual heart.
“He holds your life in His Hands. He offered to you now the best conditions for your further development! You are now able to quickly master the Straight Path: from human life — to the life Divine!
“Creative Power of God is at the other side of the door, which you can start to open now.
“Love and kindness of the soul are the main conditions for this! You and God now will create together a new reality for your fate, your life. All around will come to life, will be lighted from that Sun, which is lighted by the lover of God in his or her spiritual heart!

“Look now at the rising sun! The Light of God, Which healed your body, — It looks similar to sunlight.

“In the space inside the chest, where you feel the emotion of love, the spiritual heart can be found. It begins its development — from here.

“The warm and shining state of a soul, which is called love, is already awakened in you. This is due to the meeting with your Alyonushka.

“God is Love! He alone — is the Greatest Soul that loves everyone and everything!

“You should learn about His Love, Which is infinitely greater than the love of a man to even the most wonderful woman!

“You should also cognize His Power and Wisdom, Which are superior to any power in any kingdom!

“You must learn to be God and still remain Man!

“This task is feasible for the developed human being. But very few people on the Earth are now thinking about it! But it is namely in this — the purpose of life for many incarnate human souls!

“Yes, the Creator has established in people an opportunity to improve the consciousness and ascend to the cognition of God, up to the Union with Him in One!
“... Let’s start from small. If you now look forward by the spiritual heart, your love will be able to embrace all the things that you look at.

“Feel your sight from the spiritual heart — as the sight of the soul! You can start to feel your face in the chest: eyes, lips, blink with eyelashes, move your lips. Say by the soul your wish to all beings: ‘Let be in all you — love and peace!’

“A look of loving soul — is not indifferent: it caresses with every touch all the living, but does not gaze indifferently, like bodily eyes can do!”

... Elisey began to study it.

Every day he caressed all creatures by love, flowing from the spiritual heart. He quickly realized that distance is not important: you can caress by the soul-love also those who are now very far away.

Soon his heart was burning with love constantly — like the Sun.

Then Master said to him:

“The fact is that what you have already cognized — it’s enough for man to be happy and to give heart warmth to some other people. But to help a lot in the country, to build the new life in it, to establish love on the whole the Earth — you need to become much bigger and stronger!

“Only man, granting love to others, acquires the Bliss!

“Becoming the Great Love — man plunges into the Divine Bliss! Because God is Love!

“Do you want to continue studying?”

“Yes!”

“Then you have to grow by the soul, that is, to become much more!”

... And the prince remained with Master.
Though he wanted to return to Alyonushka and make her happy too, he knew that God wanted more from him.

He began to learn how to do the spiritual heart — huge, accommodating all people not only in his kingdom, but on the entire Earth. And — how to help people spiritually.

The Teacher said to him:

"Just as you have learned to look forward from your heart, — you can learn to look back: in the depths, where the Divine Light comes from.

"You can then dive into the Light, hugging by the hands of the soul — the Love of God.

"And then — being One with God — hug by the Light all around!"

... Elisey — initially for a short time — had succeeded in entering the Flow of Divine Light, Which, like an endless river, flowed gently over the land. Prince's body was on the ground, and the soul — had merged with the Divine Light! The Light flowed by the Flow of Tenderness over the expanse, Its Bliss and Caring embraced all the living. Elisey tried to embrace by himself, too, — all this, as far as he could.

"The Holy Spirit takes care about everything on the Earth!" — the Teacher explained. — "This River of Light consists of many Great Souls Who — in the mutual Mergers — like the solar wind, are moving above the land. They — are united in this Flow.

"One — by the soul — can also join in this Stream of Light and dissolve oneself in Mergence with It.

"You — become yourself this Living Light! For this to happen — the great love-care for all beings should fill your heart!"
... Elisey had understood that he must help all those people living in trouble and affliction, whom he met on his way. And — not only those, whom he had seen, but so many others whom he did not know, who are trying to find a way out from under the yoke of grief and sadness, sickness, and suffering, as well as from the enslavement by greed and power...

He poured his love into the Love of the Holy Spirit! He flew by the soul in a Flood of Light-Love, with Which he had connected!

He had forgotten that somewhere is His material body.

Divine Light flowed above the land and caressed — by a lot of gentle transparent Hands — grass and flowers, trees, animals, people... Every person in this Light was seen through, each could be hugged or taken on the Palm, be considered as the soul...

In this Flow — there was the Divine World, Which was right here on the Earth!

"It is — not your imagination!" — Elisey heard Master’s words.

Then the Teacher continued:

"The World of Light, Love, Subtlety, Purity — does really exist and is cognizable! Incarnate people could live in It, enjoying the harmony, if they respect the principles of peace, tender love-giving, love-service!

"The key to this World — the heart love. And it is quite simple to teach many people to live so!

"The key of the heart love then will open the doors to the next steps of perfecting — up to the Abode of the Primordial!"

... Elisey again plunged into the Flow of Divine Light-Love! Even He tried to touch Alyonushka by
this Light: “I do not know, darling, do you feel Me? But please: wait for Me! I should learn the Great Laws of God for the life of people! When I perceive them, then I come back to you, My Dawn!”

Elisey felt that Alyonushka sensed His Love, but did not see Him, she decided that she only dreamed about her favorite...

The Teacher explained:
“For an embodied soul to feel and hear at distance another soul — one needs to learn to listen to and watch by the soul. And Alyonushka is not able to do it yet. Do not worry: her love is so pure and tender that soon she will be able to master it!”

* * *

And Alyonushka also did not forget about Elisey and his mandate: to help people in the kingdom. She was thinking how to fulfill it.

For a time, while there was not any news about prince Elisey, the king gradually got used to requesting Alyonushka’s advice before taking decisions and publishing decrees. There came much good and order in the kingdom from this.

Even very good decrees cannot make evil people — good; dishonest — honest! Scoundrels and cheaters are always a lot! They are looking for how any good initiative can be inverted to benefit only for themselves! And how to monitor everyone?

Alyonushka began to think about it: “Where evil comes from? How to fight against it?”

She began to recall how her father and mother taught her the kindness of heart. Alyonushka decided that it is necessary, first of all, to teach children the
love, honesty, and care for others. Then they will rise as good people — and there will be less evil on the Earth!

But how to teach? How to enter every home, how to teach every child good lessons? Because there are so many kids... It’s not enough for this only a decree of the king!

And recalled Alyonushka those ancient tales of good, love, truth, just and wise God — that her mother told her in childhood. In each tale everything was so interesting that Alyonushka sat quietly and listened with bated breath... And all always ends well in them...

... But Elisey — did not return, and no news came from him...

She believed that he will definitely be back — alive, healthy!...

Alyonushka alienated gloomy thoughts:
“I’m waiting for him, I love him, he’ll be back! And I promised him to watch his kingdom until he is not... So I must figure out how to do it well!”

Alyonushka decisively took a pen and paper and started to write those tales and stories which she remembered, and she composed herself those she did not recall fully. “If to read them to all kiddies — then it will become lessons of kindness, which may be entered into each house!”

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One day, the king felt bad and began thinking about the near death... And he decided that before death — he should see his successor! He decided
that it was time to find a fiancé for Alyonushka. And he figured out how to do it.

He spoke about it to Alyonushka. And she refused:

“I am a married woman, and no widow, nor a fiancée! No one saw Elisey dead! And, therefore, he is alive! I do not believe that he has died! I will wait for him! If it needs to be, I myself will try to manage the kingdom!”

And the king said to her:

“No your will is here but mine! The princess has also another problem that cannot be performed without a husband! That problem is — to give birth to an heir! If there will be no successor — unrest and war begins! Not only on your desires it all depends!

“And so that you do not choose an unworthy man, I want to see him before my death!

“I’ll call the noble guests from all over the kingdom! And — from the other kingdoms! We’ll have a ball! And so that no one knows who is the princess and begins to pronounce flattering speech before you — all will be in masks! Then you converse with everyone. And then all remove the masks. Then you will choose from them who is better for you by face and speeches! And do not argue! I’m here until the king!

“So you think, I do not hurt? Do you think I have forgotten my son? No! But my concern is for the kingdom!”

... Alyonushka sighed but said nothing... She went, thinking what to do, how to be?! “What am I to do, my beloved? I feel, that you — alive! But, perhaps, it is the soul without a body — alive? Maybe
Long or short, the prince had mastered much. But all this cannot be said by ordinary words! And all that the soul can cognize — cannot be enclosed into the tale!

Elisey had learned to speak with God, to hear God’s advice in the heart. Mergence with the Divine Light — it has become customary for Him. Elisey also learned how to become the spiritual heart bigger and bigger for it to contain both the fields, and mountains, and rivers, and all people living on the Earth...

Elisey studied also how, becoming the Flow of the Divine Light, to clean both His own body and the bodies of other people.

He was shown by His Teacher how to merge with the Light within the Earth.

His Hands of soul, Hands of the Spiritual Heart, — had strengthened. And it had become easy to keep the space as on a huge tray — on His Palms, consisting of the Divine Light.

Now He felt — like a Bogatyr from ancient legends — with the radiant transparent body similar to a great mountain.

As if His own heart — He now felt the heart of the Earth — loving and consisting of the Divine Fire!

He understood, what is said in tales and fairy tales about the Earth as Mother, and God — the Father for all!

More, Elisey watched how Master healed different illnesses.
Elisey now answered questions of coming people, talking and doing what He knew.

Over time, Master had shown Him how to become One with the namely Creating Fire of God.

And then he had realized the role of the Fire Heart, about which God talked to Him. The Particle of the Divine Fire, having been raised from the Depths, now was living in the Spiritual Heart of Elisey.

From the Depths, He now looked at everything in the world. And the meaning, of what was happening, God revealed to Him.

Master once said:

“'You have cognized the Creator. You felt how He is infinite, how infinitely powerful is His Power!

“Anyone, entering His Abode, merges with Him into One!

“Man, Who has become One with Him, can live in the Abode of the Creator and carry His Light to people for explaining His Laws.

“All human beings are children of God. But they had forgotten about it!

“And yet, they are able to cognize it, improving themselves.

“Those, Who have achieved the Perfection, infuse by souls in the Creator! Exactly for this, they were sent to the Earth! It is in this — the meaning, the purpose of human lives in the material world!

“One, Who had cognized God in oneself, that is, in the developed spiritual heart, — such One comes to cognition of God in all the universe! And such One is able to do much for the benefit of people, being merged with the Divine Power!

“Well! I have taught you everything that was supposed to be taught now!”
... Master shone by bright white Light. He stretched out His Hands of Soul — and connected with the Divine Light-Fire in One. His material body disappeared in a flash of blinding Light.

Elisey tried to do the same, but only entered by the soul into the Divine Fire; the body stayed in the world of matter.

Master reappeared again next to Elisey:

"Now You may not be able to penetrate into the world of Fire together with the body. But you should know that it is — possible. And look for how to implement it! After all, the perfecting has no bounds!

"But now, your task is to serve many people with that knowledge, which is already yours. This is the main purpose which you remain to live in this body for.

"You conquered death once — and therefore you can learn about how to transform the body to the extent that death will not touch ever!

"But it’s enough to have the immortality of the soul in Oneness with the Divine Light. This is what you have already cognized and what should not be lost ever!"

"Is it possible to lose it?"

"Yes. Many, who were returning to live in the material world after the Great Training, gradually forgot the Purity of the Source of Life in the universe. But namely It is the Ultimate Goal of cognition for everyone! They were immersed in the pleasure of the use of their power and authority. And in narcissism and self-aggrandizement — the contact with God becomes lost!

"If it happens that the knowledge of the meaning of our existence disappears in the scale of entire
countries, then the spiritual gives place to the material life of people.

“So begins a gradual decline in each such country. In this case, the rulers are surrounded by luxury, but people are enslaved and exist in poverty. Then natural disasters or wars begin, leading the country to ruin.

“So the Laws of God do not allow the violence and hatred to triumph long. This could happen to your country too.

“But now — everything can be changed for the better!

“You have to help to see the Light very many good souls, to teach many people the Laws of Goodness.

“Alyonushka will help you. And you — help her, teaching her what You now know.

“You need to hurry. Your father wants to give her in marriage.

“Here’s your horse. Because yet you cannot move your body instantly to any place — the horse will help you.”

... The Teacher gave to Elisey the bridle of the beautiful white horse — and He again disappeared in a flash of Divine Light.

Elisey called out:

“Master!”

“Yes, I’m here! I will be everywhere and always with You and will help You! But it is time You act! Ride, do not delay!”

... Elisey jumped on the horse and ran like the wind.
Elisey drove up to the palace. There was music in full, guests wearing masks walked through the halls, ate delicious food, were conversing about nothing.

How Elisey had got out of the habit of such a life! How stupid, absurd seemed to him now such a behavior!

During the time, spent with Master, he was accustomed to the fact that his life is not measured by external events, but by stages of spiritual cognition!

Although... it is not so long ago He lived such way, and could not imagine it otherwise!...

In order not to be recognized until the time, Elisey, too, put on a mask, then entered the ballroom of the palace.

"Is it necessary for Alyonushka? It cannot be!" — He thought.

Elisey stood by the window and began to look out for Alyonushka. He easily had found her.

She felt His look, looked at him, came and stood next:

"Why do you not dance?"
"I do not like this ball."
"Me — too..."
"And yet — I’m married and am not looking for a bride. I love her, My darling and My wife!"

"I am also married and do not want another man, besides the one whom I love with all my heart. But..." — Alyonushka stopped talking, not to disclose, because she was strictly forbidden to impersonate.
But for Elisey, enough was said. He took off His mask.
Alyonushka also disclosed her face. Instead of a thin, haggard by disease prince, whom she had seen the last time, before her now was changed, the shining with Light Elisey! Tears of happiness flowed from her eyes.
No one paid attention in the bustle of the ball — to two beloved who have finally found each other!
“Why did You not come for so long?”
“I’m sorry, darling, I had to not only recover, but also learn a lot! Let’s come from here, I’ll tell you everything!”

* * *

What to say in conclusion, dear readers and listeners?
Of course, Elisey taught Alyonushka everything He had learned Himself!
Of course, He had cured His father!
Of course, He then changed very much in the country!
He proclaimed — for all to hear — the truth about God, the Divine Laws of Goodness, Love, Harmony, Justice!
Orders, established by Elisey, were in accordance with the Divine Laws. And then those Laws began to control people’s lives. And evil — brought immediately the punishment on itself.
Then Elisey and Alyonushka went to many other countries, and told people what they themselves have cognized.
And even then Elisey and Alyonushka acquired kids — a son and a daughter!
And, of course, everyone was happy!

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This is a happy end of our tale!
Only now guess, my dear: what was the reason to tell this story to you?
Maybe, when the last page of the tale is closed, — something wonderful will begin to happen to you?
And maybe now you know, what you need to start doing for this?
And one, who begins to follow the Path of Love and Kindness, soon will hear God’s advice and get the obvious help from God!
Well, now — it’s the end of our tale...
Or, maybe it is — just the beginning for you?