

# THE END OF TIMES

Science fiction-realistic novel by Kiril Chukanov

Sofia, Bulgaria, 2016

Note: This variant of the book is translated from Bulgarian with the help of Google Translator and was edited roughly by the author. It needs professional editing.

Characters:

1. Peter Senior Hammer - a protagonist, 72, when he leaves his' (past) time
  2. George Hammer - his son, 74 years old in his (future) time
  3. Janet – George’s wife, 71 years old
  4. Claudia – the older daughter of Peter Sr, 82 years old in her' (future) time
  5. Peter Hammer Jr - son of George, 39 years old
  6. Paula - wife of Peter Jr, 30 years old
  7. Evelina - wife of Piter Senior, dead in the time (the future) of the narrative
  8. Claudia's granddaughters:  
Evelina, 19 years old  
Jessica, 17 years old
  9. Antonia (Tony) and Angelina (Lina) - twins of Peter Jr and Paula, 7 years old
  10. Paul - friend of Evelina, 22 years old
  11. Patrick - friend of Jessica, 21 years old
  12. David – doctor-surgeon, 38 years old
- Others.

***The talented hits a target,  
that no one else can hit.  
The genius hits a target  
that no one else can see.***

***Arthur Schopenhauer, German philosopher***

## **PREFACE**

The year is 2068. The Human Civilization had reached its own Everest. Nothing new, nothing undiscovered, nothing more perfect, was left to be discovered and harnessed by civilized people in our world. Our Civilization had reached full satisfaction of human reason and skill.

Our small planet is unique residence of animate matter (life) in the whole immense universe. This fact is determined by the basic symmetries governing our world/universe. Life on Earth is a *Universe of Animate Matter* and it can exist only in dialectic unity with the *Universe of Inanimate Matter*- the whole immense universe which we observe in our most powerful telescopes. Outside this coexistence there is no observation, no measurement, no comparison, there is no reality, there is no world at all! Life on Earth is the *Great Unique Observer of the World-Universe!!!*

Achieving its final triumph-apotheosis, Human Civilization – the superior form of life- lives some short period of satisfaction and pleasure – result of its highest stage in its evolution. Then, follows sharp fall down to the precipice of non-existence, to the end of the Human Civilization, of the Life, of the whole universe. Natural and human initiated disasters start to destroy everything created by the civilized human being during his long six-thousands years existence. And everything alive on the Earth.

The Superior Mind of the world/universe (God in religion) sends a prophet-messiah with task to save the seed of the Human Kind. God incorporates the soul of His messiah in the body of a young man – one of the leaders of the Mission of Salvation.

A lot of philosophical thoughts, a lot of incredible adventures, a lot of human dramas, love in time of plague, await the readers of this book – unusual in content and in style. A book revealed to the author by God!

The present book is a science-fiction based on real events which will happen pretty soon – some 50 years from now. The characters are invented, they have no real prototypes in our world.

It is very difficult for contemporary readers to understand and accept as a 'normal' fantasy such kind of books. Because their understandings about our world are shaped by accepted as final truth official scientific dogmas and philosophy. The average reader just cannot overcome these old-fashion scientific/philosophical barriers. The book in your hands that you have the chance to read looks too pessimistic at first glance. But whether you take as very pessimistic the idea of your own death? If you accept as real thing the end of your own life, why not to accept as real fact the end of the world in which we live? It is very logical to suppose that everything that has beginning must have an end too. It is logical to suppose also that 'something' that have as a beginning of its existence an event uncaused by some previous in time cause, this cause must be located in the time-frame of this 'something'. Hence, this 'something' is eternal, repeated infinite times in closed time-cycles. The time of existence of this 'something' cannot be straight line, it must be closed-loop (circle-manifold) contour which beginning and end coincide. The cause of existence of this 'quantum something' cannot be exterior, it is located inside of this closed loop. Such closed-loop in time object is our unique world-universe!!!

In contemporary officially accepted scientific theories the philosophy that determines the content, the structure, and the behavior of the world is replaced by mathematics. Mathematics is just theoretical tool for better and clearer presentation of the realities in the world in the mind of civilized human beings. Not substitute of these realities! As we know, mathematics can do everything which the scientist wants from it. Analysis of mathematical theoretical models is, in fact, analysis of these models, not analysis of the real world. A lot of lies are thought to the students in schools, huge money are wasted by governments and private investors to prove wrong ideas based just on mathematics.

If you have a patience to read this book to the end you'll learn – in literature form – what represents the real universe and how and when it will disappear.

## **PART ONE**

### **The beginning of the end**

In the coming night twilight, debilitated by heavy thoughts and the exhausting effect of diabetes, an elderly man was lying on the couch in his home. It was a man in his early seventy, with white hair – half bald, with clever, black eyes still unaffected by the devastating effects of the old age. There was no trace of wrinkles typical for his age at his large smooth forehead. A man looking at those eyes intuitively felt some immense spiritual power radiating from the depths of their brain. He was a deeply thinking man, understanding man, capable man. A person with enormous spiritual potentials. A man chosen by God.

The old man was distracted by the images displayed on the TV screen, was seldom sipping small doses of coffee from the cup placed by his wife on the glass table in front of the couch. His thoughts flowed somewhere between reality and imagination. The TV was making him sleep better than the slimming tablets he usually took before bedtime. Next to him on the couch was dozing his beloved cat Murka. The old man adored his calming nerves purr . The house was quiet, warm, cozy. His wife was busy with her never-ending homeworks. She was trying not to hinder him with excessive noise and questions. Peter was the name of this elderly man. At the age of 72, a retired

person who has passed through fire and water in his long working life, a world-famous scientist, inventor of a fuelless source of energy that has been judged to become a major source of energy for mankind. The global science of the world he had created was "dictated" to him by the Super-Mind of the Universe (God). This Theory of Everything was recognized by many people in the world, but it was still rejected by academic conservatives - the supporters of the old, outdated scientific dogmas. Peter Hammer was his name.

In the mind of the sleeping man, began to emerge, somewhere from the deeply located brain zones (the memory stores) confused scenes of his life interwoven with scenes drawn from the imagination of what we call subconscious. The brain was asleep, but the subconscious was working actively. It combined real life events with imaginative ones. Have you ever wondered what is this power (this factor) that creates and conducts people's dreams? Is there any such composer-conductor of dreams, or are they just a product of the blind chaos in the absence of the organizing action of the awake external consciousness? The subconscious of a sleeping normal person works as the awake mind/consciousness of the madman. Still, there is something reasonable in our dreams, something organizing, something like an 'external manager' who chooses what to show us from the quantum time in which the past, the present and the future have merged into one piece and are indistinguishable in their place on "the arrow of time". Some people claim to have dreamed things that happened to them much later in their lives. Or had visions of future events that came to pass later on. Does our subconscious penetrate somehow in the future, which is not yet revealed to us by the providence? This is quite possible, though this idea is furiously rejected by conservative scientists. They believe that the consequence can not precede the cause. That is, the past (the consequence) can not precede the cause that is in the future. Such a conservative solution to reality would be true if the second face of reality did not exist - its quantum common image. In this quantum image, everything is merged into an indivisible common entity in which there are no separate elements apart from each other. Under certain conditions, however, this quantum whole can be "unpacked" and "an individual object can leak from it with its own individual characteristics. For the case of time, that means 'fishing' an event from the future and transfer it to the present. This happens not at the will of the one who wishes it, however. This 'fishing' from the common (quantum) is statistic and does not depend on the desire and actions of the person in question. It is given to the person by an external conductor. In the consciousness or subconscious of a man such prophetic dreams or visions come upon the order of an 'external spiritual manager'. Every material object, and

non-material one (spiritual) too, represents unity of two opposites that coexist and "fight" with each other simultaneously. This is the so-called philosophical Principle of Unity and Struggle of Opposites. Such contradictory unity is "the unity and struggle of the individual and the common" existing in every object (material or spiritual) or in any event. The "individual" in human life is the events experienced personally by the man and arranged purposefully on the arrow of time one after another. This arrow of time is always directed from the past to the present and from the present to the future. In its very indefinite beginning is the birth, and at the very end is the death. The moments of birth and death are "indefinite", "blurred" in time, because these extreme moments in man's life human beings do not feel (actually perceive) them because their consciousness is simply absent at these moments.

In the *common* the place of the events is indefinite on the arrow of time. These events have merged with each other, melted into a quantum time, a continuum in which no individual parts exist.

Our external consciousness (when awake) reflects the world of individual objects and events, while our subconscious (working when we sleep) reflects both. The *common* in the subconscious is not arranged in the right direction from the past to the future. The subconscious of a man can "pull" events from the *common* of the whole human race and present them in the dreams in a very confused way in time. If the casual images and events from the ocean of the *common* mix with the fantasy games of the dreamer's own consciousness, then the picture of the dreams will be complete: a chaotic meal of personal experiences with the addition of foreign experiences and a very, very fancy inventions of the working brain.

Some of dreams are prophetic. In their dreams, some gifted people can see events not only from their own lives but also from the lives of other living people, and also from the lives of all human beings belonging to the whole human civilization. Such people are especially valuable to mankind.

The great scientists, people of art, inventors, politicians, are not the sole creators of their great master pieces and careers. Mozart did not compose his divine music, he recorded in notes what the musical muse whispered to him from outside. The great scientific theories and technological discoveries that have changed the cardinal course of human civilization are the work of this 'external factor'.

Peter knew all that, he was understanding how the great masterpieces of human talent and thought were born. He himself was endowed with the rare quality of contact with this 'external factor'. He was sleeping now, nervously twisting himself on the couch, black thoughts and nightmares were alternating

in his subconscious. But let's get into this one, in principle impenetrable for an external observer, an individual world of real-life events, events borrowed from the *common* and the fantasies of the subconscious.

Peter was dreaming that he was on the banks of a river, turbulent and deep, the dark waters of which reflected the last red rays of the setting sun. Something sinister, oppressing the soul, he felt in this twilight that enveloped the surrounding landscape with its ever-darker, blood-lined cloak. Pieter's subconscious intuitively felt that the sinister calmness and order of the surrounding world would soon erupt and give way to a crazy chaos. "Mother, dear Lord, what is awaiting us," the sleeping man moaned? Suddenly, as a vision emerged from the thickening darkness, in the Peter's gaze materialized a boat with a lonely passenger in it. The boatman stood in the middle of the boat, holding a long rod sunk in the middle of the turbulent river. A lantern was hung on a short pole at the front of the boat, illuminating a small sphere of space around it. The boatman's face was not clearly visible, a black cloak covered his skinny body, his long hair fluttering in all directions of the compass under the influence of the raising wind. For a moment, the boatman stopped working with his long rod and stared down at the Peter's shore. The later realized that the boatman had noticed him and waved friendly with hand. The boatman understood the gesture and pointed the boat in direction of the trunk on which Peter was sitting. The old man was sitting without moving, without talking, his eyes watching the boatman's movements uneasily.

"What is this weird man. Is he a criminal with bad intentions? Or simply a lonely person looking for a company in this gloomy, desperately lonely world," Peter thought.

After taking his boat off the shore, far enough from the lush waters of the river, the unknown boatman approached Peter and sat down on the other end of the trunk without asking permission from the host. The boatman looked at Peter carefully, and said in a muffled, hoarse voice:

"Good evening, sir, I hope I did not interfere with your privacy in this wilderness."

"Please, please, feel at home", Peter answered politely, though the presence of the uninvited guest was worrying him.

"I am the boatman who carries the souls of the dead sinners to the Hell,"

said the boatman after a moment of silence. He continued after a short pause:

“My name is well-known, Charon. And the river opposite us is the river Stix, which leads to the Hell. I came for you.”

“I do not want to the Hell, I'm not a sinner. There is some mistake.”

“There is no mistake. And you have no other better choice. If you stay here you will die of hunger. In the Hell you'll survive. They are waiting for you there. You need them”, said Charon, without any explanation.

Peter prevailed over his initial numbness, and scrutinized the terrible guest. What he saw terrified him. It seemed that the devil himself was seated next to him. As he had seen him in the paintings of the great renaissance artists. There was a silhouette of an extremely slender body, almost skeleton beneath the black cloak of the boatman. The hair on his head resembled the writhing snakes of legendary Gorgona Medusa. In the twilight, his eyes were burning like the eyes of an angry Siamese cat. The fingers of his hands were unusually long and ended with nails of a predatory bird.

“Are you scared of my appearance?”, shouted Charon with a slightly savage voice.

“Am I afraid? There is no such thing, I have seen even more terrible things than you. But I confess - I'm puzzled by your appearance. Are you either a ghost or a real living creature?”

“I'm not devil for what you're obviously taking me. Though I serve the Hell. I'm not a ghost from the shadow world either. I'm completely real creature, I'm made of skin and bones, like you, people, like to express yourself. I'm more like a demon in flesh’, finished the explanation of his own personality Charon.

“Dante? I've always thought this was a fictional story. Or do I dream now?”

“You do not dream, you'll soon see that. Dante, in his time, was invited in the same way to visit and see the Hell. Only Lucifer, the supreme boss of the Hell, knows why. Maybe to show to the living souls who are candidates for the



Hell, what do sinners expect after their souls leave their earthly bodies? Nobody explains anything to me. I'm only serving."

The boatman got up from the trunk, and impatiently urged Peter:

"It's time, I have a plan to do. Watch how many dead souls had gathered there on the shore for transportation."

"I have nothing against to take other souls in the boat," Peter said generously.

"No, no, you are a special delivery."

On the way to the boat, Charon unexpectedly stroked Peter's thigh with his bony hand.

"Is this demon a gay?", Peter thought.

It seemed as if Charon had guessed Peter's thoughts, and he said:

"I punched you to understand that you are real man and not dreaming. In their dreams people do not feel pain, even though if they realize it as happening. People also do not feel pain from stroking by a ghost."

Peter scratched his half-bald head and said:

"I do not know what to think anymore. Everything is so unusual, so confused. But please do not stroke me anymore. Your fingers are like pliers."

"OK", answered in pure English the demon-boatman.

The two sat in the boat and Charon drove the rod in the black waters of the turbulent river. He took the boat in the middle of the river and provided it to itself. "To the reason and strength of the water element", as he said.

It was dark like in a horn. The only bright spot in this black hell above the raging waters was the spotlight created by the small lantern. Charon's face was not visible. Only his squeaking voice was heard, which occasionally ejected

some demon's course. Peter was not asking questions, he just waited humbly for something to happen, something that would take him out of this nightmare that he thought his present state is. But the nightmare dream was getting even more obscene. The wind had become a hurricane, the speed of the water flow greatly increased, the boat bounced up and down like a ball on a shaken trampoline.

Suddenly, without warning, Charon directed the boat to the left bank of the river. There, hidden from the sight of the passengers in the boat, there was a deviation from the main river. On the shore there were two signs: "Straight ahead - to the Hell of the Sinners", "To the left - to the Hell of the Great Tribulation". Charon pointed the boat toward the canal leading to the hell of the great tribulation. The two of them were silent, Peter did not ask Charon why he had chosen the river leading to the hell of the great tribulation, it was clear to him why.

"The river will soon enter a tunnel passing through the mountain. It's kind of a step water slide that's in your water attractions. There will be tremendous shaking, hold tight on the sides of the boat", warned Charon. After minute he added:

"The exit from the tunnel is an entrance to the future where you go. There is the dividing line between the present and the future". And he continued after short pause:

"The exit from the mountain is an entrance to the 'Wonderland'. This is the world of the future in which your children and grandchildren live. A future world that will soon become a hell. My role as guide-boatman ends at the end of the tunnel. Then I leave you alone in the hands of the providence."

Charon mumbled something else unintelligibly for Peter and disappeared after a dozen minutes suddenly - as he had appeared two hours ago.

Suddenly the black darkness surrounding the world disappeared, and a dazzling bright light, blinding, burning eyes, exploded like explosion of an atomic bomb. Moments later, the blinding light dimmed, and around Peter's vision a new world appeared, which looked like anything but hell. Charon had brought him to the paradise instead. But a paradise that, according to the devil-boatman, would very soon become hell.

Peter looked around - he was alone in the boat. The river was flowing into a lake that was about a kilometer away from the place where he had

leapt from the 'other' world. There was no tunnel nearby, no mountain, miles away from the boat.

"Strangely, how did I get here? Where is the mountain separating the world of my present and the world of future? Complete mystery! Where the hell did Charon disappear? Was he real or a ghost? "

Peter had ceased to be astonished at the unusual events he had experienced and continued to experience after seeing Charon a few hours ago.

The river in which his boat was unmanageable floating was not big in this place - about twenty meters in width and no more than two meters deep in the middle. It was lazily dragging her crystal-clear waters into its bed, rolling like a giant snake between the low green hills of the area. Mild gusts of the breeze brought almost subtle to Peter's flair scent of damp land, of spring wild flowers, which he could not determine what they were, on jasmine, on green freshly cut grass. The hills were mostly covered with grass, on some spots of which there were small islands of yellow and blue wild flowers.

"Spring is now, as it was on our land, in our time," Peter thought sadly.

"Nature is very beautiful early spring because it is revived for a new life. So are the people - they are tender and beautiful while they are young. The old ones like me are ugly, worn and nasty because they go to the winter of their lives."

In the distance, downstream, there was visible the outline of the shores of the lake where the river was flowing. The sun, which hung low above the horizon, reflected its rays from the mirror surface of the lake. This surface flashed in places for a short time, as a diamond shone with bright light. Peter skillfully maintained the boat in the thalvaga of the river, where the flow of water was the fastest.

"Where the hell did that goddamn servant Charon bring me?" – angrily he shouted to himself.

After about half an hour of winding between the hilly banks of the river, the boat came out into the waters of the lake. Peter docked the boat on the shore and tied it to the log of a dead tree that stood lonely on the sandy beach. On the shore, Pieter felt light, energetic. His legs did not hurt him as he had

been in his 'time' lately, he wanted to run, to fool, to jump like a young goat. This fact astonished him a great deal, he stopped and looked closely at his body. Peter was amazed to find that his stomach had disappeared and in its place he could see flat as the bottom of a pan white stomach. The hairs on his whole body were black and not gray as they were before his journey into the future. He poked his face - it was his, his nose small and a little crooked as it was, the ears tight against his head as he knew them. But what was different from before was the unusual smoothness on his face and the luscious soft hair that closely covered every square inch of his head.

"Is this me or not? If not older, at least I should be the same as I was before crossing the line separating my time from this future time. There is no logic in this confused world. If at all this is a real world, not a dream or some mystification sent out to me. Devilishness somehow. "

Peter checked all pockets of his clothes, but nothing like a mirror he found.

"If I was a woman, I would definitely have a mirror with me. But we, the men, are not at all practicable and prudent", Peter thought with annoyance.

He looked at the water surface of the lake and struck his forehead:

"Instead of that, we are more creative than the female tribe."

He leaned toward the water surface, and there he saw his blurry, shaking like the leaves of aspen, current image.

"I look considerably younger - this is the good news. The bad news is that I'm not sure it's me. Has Charon not put my soul in a young body? "

Not being able to prove or disprove his identity on place, Peter decided to go to the nearby town that he noticed from the boat.

"If I'm a local, they could know me there?"

The outskirts of the village seemed blurry, moving like a mirage bathed by the rays of the bright sun, and these rays were deformed through the morning haze hanging over the town. Peter could not judge the distance to the town and whether it was located on or near the shore of the lake.

"Maybe I see a mirage?", thought Peter, but since there was no other alternative explanation, he decided to move towards the 'mirage'. His walking was very easy, he even jumped and kicked from time to time, as the little children did hold by the hands of their rather low-energetic grandmothers. It was strange that he did not feel hungry. He remembered very well that he had eaten the previous day at his home for the last time. He had not really had a dinner.

"The lack of hunger is another proof that I am not real," thought Peter. "But, damn it, I'd love to have a cup of espresso, and a fresh croissant to it. And this fact no longer resembles the behavior of a ghost. " He did not care anymore what he was, as he was unable to solve that mystery, anyway.

"People in the town will decide what I am and who I'm," concluded Peter, and walked briskly toward the town. He walked in the direction of the town, as it seemed to him, but in reality he seemed to be moving away of it, and not approaching it. Just as this is what self-respecting mirages do.

"Do I'm really going to the reflection of the town in the lake, instead of its true location?", Peter reflected, and turned to the left from the previous direction. This time the town seemed to be approaching. The outlines of the buildings were not pinned down to the ground, as they were in real life, instead they were rocking, dancing, bending like waves of flags during a parade, illuminated in different rainbow colors by the rays of morning's bright sun. Reflected from the flat glass facades of the buildings, light rays were broken through the prism of the heated air and changed their legal from the physics direction. The images of the buildings arrived at Peter's eyes, greatly changed in their place in the real space. Optical effect. Something like a mirage.

Peter had turned left to the sandy gravel beach and was now walking on a green lawn. The last one was dotted in some places with small islets of yellow dandelions. These beautiful wild flowers, which homeowners regarded as weeds in his time, were destroyed merceclly by them with chemicals. Here, these 'harmful weeds' looked like a gift of God. Planted by the wind on random places, they were like golden coins freely displaced by one's generous hand.

"Nature worthy of the brush of a great impressionist painter! And, what the hell did I destroy these beautiful natural creatures in my yard? ", angrily thought Peter.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, from the dazzling, shimmering diaper that hid Peter's vision to the town, the outline of a small round structure, lonely standing on the green lawn, materialized.

"Probably an arbour ", Peter thought, and walked over to it. Such arbours he had not seen. It was not a simple wooden arbour with a roughly rigid table and a semi-circular wooden bench around the table – typical for the forest and park arbours of his time. The strange arbour was made of pipes, plates, and connecting them elements. The material from which these elements were made reminded him of plexiglas or possibly some modern light metal. The plates and the tubes changed their colors and the intensity of the light which they were emitting. All of this was not chaotic, but seemed to be in line with some musical work. The rhythms and harmony of lights and colors, which only the sophisticated perception of a skilled man could feel and appreciate. Peter was such a man. He hesitated for a moment and forgot what he had been going for. Such futuristic structures Peter had seen years ago at the Pompidou Center in Paris.

"Harmony in the apparent chaos of building elements, changing lights, colors and music! Do all contemporaries understand that? A strange arbour built in an even more strange place", Peter said aloud.

Suddenly, the lights and the colors disappeared, and with them the image of the arbour was gone, only a vague outline, a skeleton like an apparition was left. From this arbour-apparition came out two completely real people - a man and a woman judging by their figures. These were real living human beings, not a three dimensional hologram, people in living flesh and bones. They were dressed very strangely, as if they were popping out of a screen showing a futuristic movie.

"Why am I surprised? I am in the future now. People from the future can not dress like us - Neanderthals from the beginning of the twentieth century. "

In pure English, the youngsters from the future greeted Peter:

"Good morning, mister. How are you?"

Astonished Peter replied:

"I'm fine, thanks. How are you?"

Youngsters smiled and, without answering Peter's question, headed to the shore of the lake. Peter looked after them as they walked away in the morning haze, waved to them with hand angrily, and headed for the town.

"Since the language had not changed much, it is logical to think that I had not gone far ahead in time. Thanks God for that, the future scares me."

Peter entered the town invited by no one, and expected by no one. Though different from what could be seen in a small American town of his time, the progress in building materials and architecture was not so much advanced by the look of this American town from the 'near future'. Along with modern buildings made up of shining and luminous facades, many buildings were built in the 'good old days' - buildings of brick, wood and stone - could be seen. The churches were the same but well maintained and many of them were restored as they were at the time of their construction.

Driven by the pleasant smell of freshly milled ground coffee and freshly baked muffins, Peter entered a restaurant that reminded him of his favorite café - at least from outside – and attracted by the smells that came from within. Inside, however, the things had changed greatly: strange luminous tables, even more strange rotating and adjustable chairs, coffee machines that performed the bartender's oral orders, alcohol and soft drinks vending machines. Bakery products and pastries were not served by waiters but climbed out from pipes mounted on the sides of the tables. The service of coffee and drinks, however, was preserved manual. This was probably done to preserve the friendly contact between customers and the beautiful half-naked waitresses.

"Coffee without a nice, beautiful waitress to serve it to you is like drinking coffee without sugar. And something more", but what was that "something more" Peter could not formulate at this moment. Coffee was served to Peter with a great deal of elegance and with no less flirtation by a beautiful young waitress. The coffee was excellent. Peter drank it with pleasure, and consumed it with an aromatic croissant just made out of the oven. As he was eating, his gaze wandered through the half-naked waitresses' bodies. For a moment his gaze stood at the dark triangle he could see between the legs of a waitress idle at the moment. Peter blushed as he realized that the girl knew where his eyes were pointed. The girl, however, did not blush. She was accustomed to the "groping" sexual glances of the customers. The waitress

settled in a position more comfortable to observe by Peter and shout him a stunning, very promising smile.

Peter remembered the words of an unmarried colleague-young girl from the scientific research institute where he worked many years ago. This young lady justified her light behavior with an example of life: "You have to go to cemeteries more often. There you can see many graves of young people, including children. And then, you will understand that life is something very fragile, something that can break at any moment. You go out into the street, and a drunk driver drives you down and kill, or you get a cancer and you die in painful aches in a few months. The conclusion is: Live your life the way you like it, and do not worry about some stupid morality invented by priests. "

Peter was ashamed of himself and turned his gaze away from the waitress's intimate parts. He requested the bill. Suddenly he realized frightened that he did not have modern money or credit cards on him. Peter trembled with fear as he thought he might be arrested as a simple ruffian. He called out his waitress and said guiltily to her:

"I apologize very much, but I did not check if I had any money with me before I went to your place. Can I give you my phone number and my social security nubber? I will gladly return to pay my bill."

The waitress was surprised at such an explanation, but she recovered quickly from this surprise and grasped the palm of Peter's right hand. She bind it to a glowing red square in the center of the table. After a few seconds she said:

"That's it, the bill is paid."

The limb, that stuck in Peter's throat instantly disappeared, his uneasiness was replaced by violent joy. He stared at his palm and wondered:

"How much money has been deposited in this old paw? It is interesting to know who loaded it and why? "

It was clear to Peter that many new things must be learned in this new world if he had to live long in it. Years ago, when he emigrated with his wife to America, they did not even know how to pay their bills for electricity, gas, water, and all the other things in this new world. But they learned with time, as they learned also English. Here, at least, there was no need to study English.



"First, what I have to figure out is who I am and where is my house. If it still exists, of course ", Peter thought.

" One moment, please", he said to his waitress, "can you borrow me for a moment your mirror?"

The waitress silently pointed to a door to the left of the bar. Behind this door it turned out to be the restroom of the restaurant. Without wasting time to learn about the progress reached in the public toilets, Peter immediately turned to the sink, over which was mounted something that apparently served to reflect the faces of the customers. It was not the simple flat mirror that served humanity for thousands of years, but something that did not appear to have a reflective glass surface. Still, this invisible thing reflected the objects in front of it. But it mirrored them as real, three-dimensional images. Peter walked cautiously to this miraculous mirror and looked cowardly at himself. A man stood in front of him, as if he had just leaped out somewhere behind the invisible mirror. This man was his three-dimensional holographic copy, but turned at hundred and eighty degrees around - the left and the right had exchanged their places. Peter reached for this mirror, and the man from the mirror, as expected, did the same. Their hands touched somewhere in the space, but Peter did not feel any material contact, as in ordinary old mirrors. He felt like touching the fingers of a ghost. Then Peter showed out his tongue, the copy-man did the same in response.

"It's me, but not what I was in my time." Peter's three-dimensional holographic image was of a young man no older than forty years. The facial features of his reversed image were very familiar to Peter.

"I've seen this man somewhere. I thing that's me but in my youth? "

The young man's clothes were the same as Peter had noticed them in the boat. They were like those in which the visitors of the bar-café were wearing. These clothes were very comfortable, he almost did not feel them, they were sewn from some elastic fabric that was adjusting to the body shapes, whether it was at rest or moving. Peter later found out that in these clothes there was installed mini-climate system that enhanced comfortable body conditions. With nothing else to discover in his new body, Perre turned his back on his reverced image and left the bar.

"Where to go now?", asked himself Peter. "I have to ask a local resident where I am and what date is today."

Unfortunately there was no living soul in the square in front of the café-restaurant, except for a dozen doves, who were focussed on something invisible to the human eye on the stone slabs. A hundred paces from him rose majestically, somehow alienated from other modern buildings, a Christian temple - probably the local cathedral. The architecture of the temple was typically Byzantine. The central dome of the temple was gilded, and now it looked like a second sun, that like the moon shone with reflected light. But this light was rivaling in power with the light of the natural heavenly luminary – the sun. A tall bell tower supplemented the elegant appearance of the old building.

"If the church is open, there will be surely in it worshipers or certainly priests. I'll ask them what I want to ask ", Peter decided. Unfortunately, the temple was closed and a sign was hung on its main entrance: "The museum is open every Friday, Saturday and Sunday from 10:00 am to 6:00 pm in the evening. Free entrance. "

Peter was just wondering what a move he would take when he heard a low, squeaky voice coming from behind him:

"God will punish the unbelieving politicians who had closed the Christian temples and turned them into museums or warehouses."

Peter swung at right angle and saw a short, hunched, very old woman who had leaned against one of the walls on the cathedral and supported herself by curved cane. The old woman caught Peter's curious gaze and assuming him as compassionate person, continued to chatter:

"The worshipers were expelled from the temples and they were filled with exhibits humiliating the true religion given to us by the Son of God Jesus Christ. The old woman stumbled with her cane and spit on the stone slabs of the square. She crossed herself several times and continued:

"They forgot God, they chased him out of the temples. But he will punish them, so as it is written in the gospel. Watch those steaming mountains - there will soon erupt volcanoes and destroy the unbelievers with fire and brimstone. The Judgement Day predicted by Jesus Christ is at hand."

Peter caught a moment of brief silence that the talkative old woman took to recover her breath and asked:

“Grandma, what is this town? I am a stranger here, friends brought me in the middle of the square - probably a joke - and they left me.”

The old woman looked suspiciously at him and replied:

“It’s Orem. Are you a criminal escaped from the local prison?”

“No, honest man, retired. Just my friends made a joke with me. To check out how I get oriented.”

This explanation looked foolish to the old woman, she turned her back to Peter and started to go quickly in the opposite direction. Leaving his only informant at hand, Peter caught her and asked very politely:

“Grandma, what day is today, what year?”

“Are you crazy or the sun overheated your brains? Tuesday is today, and the year is 2068. I do not remember what date is today.”

Having received the necessary information, Peter left the frightened old woman in peace, and sat down on the nearby bench to rest and gather his thoughts.

"So Charon had dragged me half a century ahead in the future. By my calculations in the year when the end of the world will happen. That's why he told me he brought me to the hell. His last words were: "Welcome to the hell of the future, my friend. "

"Is this a hell? It looks not like hell, I rather came from the hell, which the super rich snobs had created for us, the ordinary people. "

Peter was tired. He was thinking deeply, the warm sun was warming his naked head. He fell asleep. A voice and a pat on his shoulder woke him up. Peter jumped off the bench and in a frightened voice shouted:

“Who are you, where am I?”

The man responded kindly to him:

"I'm a local policeman, and I thought you were sick and maybe faint. You were raving in dreams and waving your hands. Do you need help?"

Realizing the situation, Peter replied:

"No, no, I'm fine, I do not need any help."

He smiled guiltily at the policeman and added:

"By the way, I need help. You are the person who will best help me. Informs.

The policeman, for his part, smiled broadly and kindly replied:

"My duties include not only neutralizing ruffians and criminals, but also helping people in need. So long as this aid does not harm other citizens and is within the law."

"It does not harm, I assure you. And it is not related to breaking the law."

"And what is it?"

"Looks like I'm in amnesia, or someone hit my head. I do not remember who I am and why I've been here in this town.

"That's not hard to figure out. Give your hand if you like."

The policeman took Peter's right hand and pressed it against a gray plate hanging on his belt. The image of the person who looked at him from the mirror in the bar was displayed on the screen of the policeman's smartphone. The image said: "I am Peter Hammer, born on May 5, 2029, in Utah." And so on. Now Peter knew everything about the man whose body had taken his soul. It was odd that the name of the young man was the same as his - Peter Hammer. More strange was that they were very much like - when he was the same age, of course.

"If you wish, I can make a written record of what you heard about yourself, sir", said the policeman.

"Yes, please, make a record, I could forget something."

The cop made a written record for Peter and said good-bye. He also gave him his business card:

“Maybe you’ll need it?” he said.

Peter stayed alone and thought about what to do next. He already knew what body he was using as a bearer of his soul, he knew the address where Peter Hammer was living, his work, parents, wife, children, and other important things about him. Old Peter suspected that Peter Hammer Jr was his grandson. He had not seen his grandson, since he was born after he went on this journey to the future.

"They had respected me, then. Thanks to them. He is my grandson and he had scratched my skin. We are twin brothers, perhaps more than twins", Peter Sr. thought. From now on we will call him with this name.

"If I'm not mistaken, and if there is no other reasonable explanation, it seems that I'm cloned from my grandson's body. And my soul has settled in this body."

Peter Sr scratched his cloned head and asked himself the logical question:

"Devilish work. Why does Charon, or any other devil, needed this masquerade? Apparently, devils have also something in mind when they are doing some important devilish work. They do it for a purpose, not just to make dirty to a decent man, just by malice. They have also some purposes in life".

For now this devilish purpose slipped away from his logic. Peter Sr had to look for his heirs to know, perhaps, the purpose of this plot. PeterSr looked for a taxi, but such was not visible in the area of his vision. He did not even know what modern taxi looked like. In order to clarify this problem, Peter headed back to his café. He walked into it and, without any explanations, asked the bartender:

“Please, can you explain to me how to get to this address as soon as possible? It's hard for me to be oriented in your city.”

The bartender, already accustomed to the strangeness of this customer, answered politely:

"One moment please."

About ten minutes later in the front of the café landed a small aircraft, which was presented to Peter as "your taxi."

Already flying in the airtaxi, Peter felt frightened how he would pay for his fare. But soon he reassured himself and said to himself: "I'll pay the way I paid in the cafe, with my grandson's credit card. But I have to warn my grandson about unforeseen costs and restrain myself from doing other expenses. "

The airtaxi had little resemblance to the helicopters of his time. The biggest difference was that there were no rotating propellers on the taxi. Another mystery to come to know. Peter Sr was an energy specialist, and that was a matter of great concern to him.

"How are these propellerless and wingless metal ducks flying? I suppose the source of energy is the quantum energy, but how does it is transformed into kinetic energy of flying? Perhaps the rocket principle? "

Peter sat comfortably in the chair behind the taxi driver. Without warming of the quantum engine, the aircub ran straight up into the heavens without noise, and no shock. It seemed to Peter that the initial acceleration of the cab was too great for the comfort of his capricious stomach. He barely vomited. But he stayed silent, he did not want to annoy the pilot yet his life was now in the hands of that man. Later he realized that taxi drivers were obliged to offer special pills to the passengers against vomiting. His pilot had failed to do so.

Having climb the required altitude for safe flight - height permitted by air traffic controllers - the airtaxi changed at ninety degrees the flight direction. It flew parallel to the ground.

Peter looked curiously at the inside of the cab. There was a large screen in front of the pilot, which was projecting the surrounding three-dimensional space, and on which where displayed texts and numbers giving flight information. The pilot occasionally pressed some points on the screen, probably to give orders for changes in the flight program. There were no steering mechanisms or handles for manual control . Sensors took care of the safety of the flight. The cockpit was isolated from the passenger compartment - for pilot' safety. There was space for four people in the passenger compartment, the luggage compartment was at the back of the cab. In front of the passengers there was a dashboard, the upper part of which was a three-dimensional holographic screen, and the lower part was designed to serve the

passengers - buttons, lights and inscriptions below them. At the bottom of the dashboard there were openings, from which were coming out the orders - food and drinks.

As if he guessed the Peter's thoughts, the pilot called in the internal audio system:

"You can serve yourself, sir, we have a wide choice of drinks and snacks."

Peter was neither hungry nor thirsty, but he decided to test how the automatic taxi bar works. He ordered a cold beer from a brand unknown to him. The beer reminded him of the bitter taste of Heineken. Peter stared at the holographic screen that was showing the terrain beneath the taxi, writing data of the flight and the climate in the environment.

"Just like an overseas liner. It is interesting how much will cost me this luxury trip? Is my paw loaded with enough money to pay for it? ", Peter thought worriedly. But he relaxed as he remembered to where he was flying. "They will pay, they are my children after all."

During the flight, Peter did not see any terrestrial vehicles, nor any major roads, highways, road facilities that spurred the rather intense traffic in his time. The transport was removed to the heavens, and possibly underground. A significant part of the earth's surface was free from roads and was given to the industry, agriculture, housing, entertainment, and wildlife. The population of the earth had grown considerably and there was no room for unnecessary land-based road communications which in Peter's time took large areas. Three-dimensional traffic created safer conditions for the growing number of vehicles, the probability of collisions in the three-dimensional space was much smaller than in the two-dimensional space of the earth's surface. This also provided a much larger volume of transported goods and people. The streets in the cities were preserved mostly for pedestrian traffic. It is really stupid to go to the nearby café with your private airborne car and wonder where to park it. Or walk your pet in the air, where he trembles with fear. The streets and squares divided the houses, shops, cultural and industrial buildings from one another and created buffer zones between the property of the people and the companies. The atmosphere over the cities was pure as distilled water. Aircrafts used quantum free energy, the production and use of which did not release any harmful gases or other harmful secondary wastes. People, however, were two-dimensional living beings. They were born, were living, multiplied, and died on the two-dimensional surface of the earth. The surface

of the earth gave them certainty, confidence; in the air and in the cosmos they did not feel in their "plate". Because of this, people preferred to move mainly on the streets and squares, not fly like birds and flies over them. The three-dimensional world of the earth's atmosphere served only to quickly move people and loads from one place to another, but not for a permanent life. Peter rehearsed in his mind how to behave and what to talk at his first meeting in the future with his son, grandson whom he had never seen, with their wives and little grand-children.

"Will be better maybe to warn them that I'm coming? No, better not. Let it be a pleasant surprise for them. "

The surprise would be really great, but if that will be nice surprise, Peter was not sure. Meet the resurrected father and grandfather! A shock for everyone in the family!

"We'll be in front of the house in five minutes", announced the pilot.

The airtaxi landed in the same way as it took off – with no shock, and no noise. After Peter Sr paid for the trip with his right paw, the airtaxi immediately flew into the heavens. Peter Sr stayed alone in front of his grandson's house. His heart was beating like the heart of lizard, his body was petrified, his brains refused to think logically. Peter's eyes, however, were doing their right job - they were looking at the three-meter high stone fence surrounding the courtyard, the massive metal gate embedded steadily in it, the climbing plants creeping between the joints of the gray well-rounded fence stones, the wooden horizontal girders dividing the fence along the height and reinforcing its stability and improving its architectural beauty. Behind the stone fence were visible the upper floors of the house and its red tiled roof. The building had a complex architecture, but it was moderately complex. Excessive rupture of the facade and what lay behind it created only disharmony of this facade and inconvenience for inhabitants of the house. Peter Sr was understanding very well that because he was a specialist in this field. And because he was understanding more than any other human being of the earth the harmony of the world.

"Beautiful planes fly better," the constructors of airplanes say.

The smart combination of convex and concave elements of the building, tailored to the comfort of its inhabitants, the spatial ratio of these elements,



the right choice of colors, the presence of small towers in protruding parts of the building, the complex roof covered with red ceramic tiles,..., everything this created appearance of a small French castle built during the Middle Ages and restored by a skillful contemporary architect. This architect had selected modern materials, doors, windows, lamps on the façade, chimneys - which served only for ventilation of the building and for architectural purposes - , and other architectural tricks. All these modern things did not kill the impression of a medieval French castle.

Slowly Peter was recovering from initial stiffness.

"Good for my grandson, he understands the everlasting beauty of nature transferred into architecture. But he is a little bit fascinated also by the modern ugly architectural solutions. The old wine is tastier than the new one. The old, traditional architecture has been created for centuries, it had abandoned the ugly and non-functional elements, it was aging centuries in the minds and hearts of the people, and finally it was accepted as a final contemporary model-form of architecture. The old traditional materials remain as basic in construction and architecture: stone, wood, ceramics. The old architectural elements also: doors, windows, balconies, division in different levels (floors), roofs, rectangular shapes mainly. New building materials and architectural solutions must complement the old ones rather than completely depress them. Such a complete denial of the old would lead to the death of the eternal harmony of the world reflected in the architecture of the buildings. This should also apply to the architecture of industrial buildings and facilities. Unfortunately this harmony of the world has long since been forgotten in the architecture of industrial buildings.

Peter Sr remembered the modern facades made of luminous and singing panels and tubes that could change their color as chameleons or change or reject some of their elements like lizards. These ugly novelties in architecture were not liked by Peter Sr - they were in contradiction with his aesthetic taste. And, which is very important, the facades of the houses must be in harmony with the environment and national traditions in the country.

"I can not accept as normal thing the construction of a glass pyramid at the entrance of the Louvre or a Chinese pagoda adjacent to a Christian medieval cathedral. As we can not expect a working mechanism if we combine apples and gears in one mechanism ", Peter was reasoning, expecting at any moment someone in the house to notice and invite him inside.

To convince himself about existing harmony between the house's architecture and the environment, Peter Sr turned his back to the house and stared at the nearby and distant site. Far from his observation point, over the invisible horizon merging the circular land with the celestial sphere, the majestic outlines of the Rocky Mountains emerged. Their high rocky peaks and the hills protected from direct sunshine were still covered with snow. The snow peaks were like mirrors reflecting the sun's rays, rays reflected by countless small and large snow-covered mirrors, sloping to the horizon, moving in different directions of space. Natural prisms - fog or water vapors over some lakes or rivers - split some of these reflected rays and decorate them in a variety of rainbow colors. This faerie of colors, changing and dancing in chaotic patterns in the sky, was reminiscent of the natural beauty of the polar auroras. Below, on the steep slopes of the mountain, the line dividing the zones of alive and non-alive nature was clearly visible. Above that line were the rocks, below - the forests. Quantum laws of nature had defined the area of existence of life, not as wrongly thought by conventional scientists - the influence of climatic conditions. The level of the World Ocean is this two-dimensional closed curved surface on which the Supreme Intelligence of the Universe (God, as religious people call Him) resides. God regulates and stabilizes the life of this surface, give and take few miles up and down. God is the intelligent quantum nucleus of life. Everything else living on the earth - bacteria, algae, unicellular, multicellular, trees, flowers, reptiles, mammals, ... are the protoplasm of the giant cell of life from which the nucleus draws its food and energy. The Intelligent Nucleus - God - is invisible to the sensory organs of the innumerable individual sub-elements of life, as they occupy different dimensions of space. But as humans and individual material objects in the universe feel gravity - a manifestation of the deformation of the common quantum image of the universe - , the individual inanimate material objects and all living beings on earth feel the stabilizing patronizing influence of God (He inhabits the orthogonal dimension of space – the two-dimensional closed quantum space). Leaving the area of the residence of God for a longer time, living creatures degenerate biologically and mentally, and die very quickly afterwards. These ideas were explained by Peter Sr in his books.

After gazing enough longtime at the surrounding landscape, Peter Sr turned his back to face the house again. He was petrified by surprise for the second time.

"Oh, oh, am I dreaming or seeing an apparition! Where's my grandson's house? "

Instead of the castle-house, in front of which the pilot had landed the aircab, a new house was there - Chinese.

"Whether he brought me to China, this devilish server Charon? He mocks the old man, this bastard. "

The facade of the new house resembled the facades of the Buddhist temples that Peter had seen in China during his two-year stay there. The roof of the house was covered with glossy green tiles, its corners bent upwards like a Mexican sombrero, columns with spiraling artificial lianas around them, multicolored plates on the façade with golden Chinese inscriptions. Still not looked well at the façade of the Chinese house, Peter Sr was awarded a new vision - the Buddhist house vanished as a ghost, and a new ghosthouse appeared in its place. It was a rococo-style house with numerous architectural elements on its complicated façade.

"It seems I'm dreaming, damn it. It is not possible for such a solid house to disappear like smoke and in its place to grow another perfect house with all its details. This can only happen in dreams or in computers. It is disturbing that I perceive things as very real, my senses feel real. I often ask myself whether I do not dream, and that sleeping person never does. "

Peter decided to make sure he sees real things in front of him. He ran a hand on the rough wall of the fence, but pulled his hand away like a sting. He felt a heavy electric shock, but not so strong as to kill him.

"Thank you for your grandfather's friendly welcome", Peter Sr said ironically, looking at a device attached to the upper horizontal beam of the gate's frame that he had taken as videocamera.

A new thought lit his brains: "The policeman's apparatus identified me as Peter Hammer Jr, my grandson. My grandson is now, most likely, inside the house, and with him his household. They see in front of the house an absolute copy of the owner, a suspicious impostor who apparently wants to enter their house. Besides, his grandson may already have realized that someone penetrated and took money from his bank account. This could happen only with the help of grandson's paw. What would these people think, what would their reaction be? Eventually the Peter Sr's patience was exhausted, and he shouted out loudly:

“Anybody in the house? I'm your grandfather Peter. From the past.”

A new his stupidity - the long-dead grandfather has declared that he had risen from death and had come to visit them.

The door opened, and behind it, Peter Sr saw a charming young woman smiling with a wide open mouth, showing two rows of perfectly symmetrical white teeth. She was wearing modern dresses, but modestly - without displaying the intimate parts of her body, as the waitresses did at the bar. The young woman invited him with a gesture to enter the yard. She kept smiling, but she did not speak. Peter followed her back to the house, which had once again accepted its original look of a medieval French castle. An elegant fast elevator climbed them upstairs. With a silent gesture of the hand, the woman invited him to a large room, obviously reception room for guests. The interior of the room had nothing in common with the Middle Ages. The furnishings were modern in style, similar to those in the cafeteria. The young, silent lady whom Peter Sr. identified as a servant, with a clear smile, made him realize that the true owners would soon emerge. And she left the reception room.

As he was waiting for the owners to appear, Peter Sr sat in an armchair and looked around the room more precisely. He looked with curiosity at the table in front of him - there was a panel with buttons, lights and inscriptions mounted on it. There were also two round holes. "Just like in the bar," thought Peter. He pressed a button without reading what was written below. The button responded with a clear female voice:

“Do you want coffee, sir? What would it be? Snack? Juice? Order by voice, please, whatever you want.”

Peter was shocked by this unexpected suggestion, and murmured with half a voice:

“Thanks, for now I do not want anything.”

A pleasant female voice, but not the one who had offered him breakfast, called from somewhere:

“ Good day, sir. I'm glad to welcome you to our home. My husband is getting a shower right now. If you like, wait a minute, please.”

Peter Sr. replied kindly:

“No problem, ma’m.”

He was astonished to see that the wall decoration had changed - the walls showed now a hologram of the area around the house. His attention was attached to the scenery projected on the walls, when a young man entered the room and after a faint cough, said:

“Good day, sir. My wife informed me of your visit. Can I know who I have the honor of talking to?”

Peter was startled to hear the voice echoing his own voice, but a little clearer than his own voice. Not waiting for his grandfather's answer, Peter Jr continued:

“It's strange that we are very much alike. When my wife Paula saw you on the TV screen standing in front of the courtyard gate, she thought that I have a twin brother about whom I did not mention to her for some reason.”

Peter Sr was overwhelmed by the excitement that had occurred to him when he met his grandson, and replied timidly:

“We are not twins with you. But we are close relatives. I am your grandfather Peter - you are baptized in honor of me. This is true, incredible it may seem to you. I'm still not sure I do not dream, however. I think my strange presence here is just a destiny, a necessity, a mission I still do not know about. Whatever this higher power, God or Satan, who sent me to you in your time, it is for some very important purpose I guess. Important for everything existing on earth, good or bad. I had seen in my life visions of the future that have come to happen later. This vision, however, is too far in the future, in which I have no right to live. I believe I have been sent out by the Providence, whatever it is, in the future to learn about some tragic events that will happen there and describe them in my books. I am a well-known and trusted scientist in my time, millions of people read my books. It is possible that the purpose of this strange visit in the future is to describe these tragic events and thus to prepare the people of the future for their easier overcoming. Or maybe for another purpose: to participate in an mission as a counselor to rescue the human kind. That, the latter, seems to me more likely.

The grandson was listening to him very carefully, tensely. He answered as he carefully selected his words:

“I know many things about my late-grandfather. And all intelligent people around the world know about him. He is the inventor of quantum free energy, which is today a major source of energy for our civilization. I have also read his work on the structure of the universe and its scientific predictions of the end of the world. Not all people believe, however, that the end of the world is so close. Intuitively I believe you, although your story seems very crazy to me. My father had mentioned that he had seen visions like yours. Then I was skeptical about these visions. But he is alive, and you should not be here in our time. I will call him and ask for advice about you. And for now, feel at home. Get some rest before lunch.”

Tired of so many emotions, Peter Sr nodded his head and settled in the armchair more comfortably. Let his son clarify his status, he decided. Half asleep, lulled by the quite pleasant music coming from somewhere of the walls. Peter Sr was already sleeping when somebody pushed him slightly over his shoulder and in a low voice said:

“A small breakfast is served in front of you, sir. Wake up, please.”

In front of him stood the young maid-woman who had met him in the yard. There was a knock at the door, and without a response, the grandson entered the reception room. He motioned the maid to withdraw.

“I talked to my father a while ago. Unlike me, he did not accept your mysterious appearance as an irrational event. He was very excited. He said that he expected you. I do not know what to think. You can have your breakfast, and while you are eating I'll explain what's happening recently in the world. The time of apocalyptic events, about which I had read in the books of grandpa Peter, is already started. I do not know what you saw in one day in our world, but lately there have been things that the hair of the most courageous people is going up. The earth is already trembling under our feet, we do not feel safe ourselves anymore in our modern housing settings. Something very scary happens, something we are no longer able to control. Our modern means of protection against natural disasters prove to be powerless to protect us from the fury of the angry nature.”

“What's going on?”

“Old volcanoes are getting very active and new ones are starting to

erupt. Earthquakes everywhere and every day. Devastating droughts and floods ruin crops. Scientists explain this phenomenon with the destructive activity of people over the environment in order to extract more and more resources from it to feed the heavily increased population of the earth and to meet the needs of our modern civilization with more metals, minerals, wood, others. With its industrial activity, the civilized man drastically changes the climate on our planet. And she, the wounded motherland, avenges the man with severe natural disasters. Between man and nature there is already a war eye for an eye, a struggle for life and death. Nature had ceased to be a good-hearted mother for the humans, it becomes a cruel stepmother, even a murderer. But these are not just the natural disasters that threaten the stability and life on the earth. Natural disasters are accompanied by human-induced disasters - large-scale thefts, severe accidents in businesses and infrastructure, transport accidents, murders. These human-induced disasters have always existed, but now they are growing in number and amplitude with each passing year. If we add here the growing microbial war against the man and the biology that feeds him, it becomes clear that the end of mankind is close."

Long silence fell. The grandson quenched the "environment" from the walls of the room and restored the normal home appearance of the walls. Peter Sr recovered from the painful impression that left his grandson's words and said:

"When I left my time in 2016, you were not yet born. I was 72 years old, your father was only 24 years old. Now he is my age. A little older. When can I see him?"

"It can be done tomorrow. He also told me he is eager to see you. Dad believes this is you. They live with mom about a dozen miles from here. He loves you very much, grandpa, honors your memory. For him you are a leading star in his life, an example of imitation."

The grandson had gone unnoticed to "you" and "grandfather."

"He's starting to believe me," Peter Sr thought happily.

The two under the impulse coming from the inside rose and hugged warmly. The "merging" between grandfather and grandson was accomplished. The genes had wirelessly transmitted the information to their subconscious that they were related souls. Words and explanations were superfluous.

“Excuse me for my ignorance, but I have a question that in your time can be considered as trivial.”

His grandson motioned him to continue.

“How do you change the appearance of the facades of your house at such a short time?”

“Quite simple. This is my main business, by the way. I'm an electrical engineer, and my business is to make holograms of facades and the electrical systems that carry them out. At the touch of a button, the hologram of the desired facade climbs in front of the real façade and visually erases it. At first, when you land in front of the gate of the yard, you saw the true facade of our house. My wife had decided to surprise you, or to joke with you, so, she had demonstrated to you other, fake, images of the house.”

“I see. Something hit me, a strong current probably when I decided to touch the fence by hand.”

“It has nothing to do with the hologram. A high-voltage protection is built around the fence that is not lethal to humans, but it scares them when they decide to penetrate the house uninvited. This is mostly to make scare to the potential thieves. There are almost no thieves in our time, however. But wild uninvited animals hang around the house sometimes - we live in nature as you noticed maybe. Once they realized that the fence is biting, they never comeback to the fence anymore. In other words, it's our electronic dog ", Peter Jr gaily laughed.

Grandfather Peter moved closer to his grandson and looked straight into his eyes. He said:

“I do not know what my mission is in your time, but what I would first like to know is why and how I had been put in your cloned body. Who is this clever demon who had done this complicated procedure?”

“I know as much as you do. Nothing. Well, my father knows more, he's a little spiritualist. Tomorrow you will meet him in his home.”

The two of them secluded themselves at both ends of the couch, thinking about the incredible events that had happened that day. Peter Jr was sniffing something that resembled an electronic cigarette and was puffing gray symmetrical smoke sachets in front of him. As he gathered enough his thoughts, he asked:



“How does it happens that some people, very capable, are finishing their lives without leaving to the next generations nothing useful. And you, the ordinary engineer, made discoveries that fundamentally altered the course of evolution of the human civilization. These are two epochal discoveries: Quantum Free Energy and General Theory of the World. Hardly to believe that these ingenious discoveries were born in the head of their inventor - you, in this case. I think there was some interference from outside – from God probably.”

“You rightly believe that, my grandson”, -said Peter Senior, sighed, and continued: “Yes, the great discoveries in science, technology, art, and other areas of human activity, are gifts of God. He is paving the way for unknown to date politicians and military people to become great leaders and generals. The great masterpieces of human genius come to life not at any time in history, but at certain moments in the evolution of human civilization. No sooner, no later. The ingenious ideas and discoveries have long been unnoticed and not understood by contemporaries, for they are blind to them. Rarely, a real genius - prophet in a certain area - is understood and recognized as a genius during his lifetime. If he is recognized as such, it is 99% probable that this person is not a genius, or he is a genius of inferior class. It takes time to “swallow” great discoveries, to remove the grain from the chaff, to see emerging from the mist the silhouette of the unknown until now genius scientific discovery that will change the old-fashioned concepts and to impose new scientific dogmas”.

Peter's eyes were burning like wind-flared coals. This was a subject he had been discussing many times with his colleagues and friends, most of whom were unbelievers. Those well-educated and smart people did not take seriously his claims about God's chosen geniuses. They thought that any well-trained scientist or engineer could become a genius if he accidentally drops on a great idea or some unknown natural phenomenon. They called this phenomenon "the effect of somebody" without understanding its essence. They also did not understand why he, Peter, was unable to build an industrial quantum generator for business before the right time had come, and built it much later, when the right time had come.

Peter Sr decided to change the subject of discussion and asked:

“And where is your grandmother Evelina buried, my dear wife?”

“Grandmother Evelina is buried in Bulgaria - it was her desire. You are buried there too - in the same grave, but much earlier than that. This is one of your many graves, grandpa. They are more than hundred in number.”

“How come a hundred? Do you mean that my dead body was cut into a hundred pieces and each of them was buried in a different tomb? Who ordered that?”

“This is your wish written in your poem. Do you want me to cite it by memory?”

“Go ahead.”

“*When I die, burn my body and buried it in a hundred graves*” . And so on. A very heartbreaking poem. The grandson looked up at his grandfather, who barely held back his tears. He sighed and continued:

“Your uncremated heart is buried in your grave at the cemetery of Bojana, and in a glass urn is preserved your uncremated brains dipped into a preserving solution. This urn is exposed in a museum. The rest of your body is cremated and your ashes are distributed to a hundred urns that are buried in different countries around the world. That's it. I'm sorry I upset you.”

After a short pause through which Peter Sr wiped his wet tears, he said:

“I would like, I would love, to visit the grave of my wife Evelina. Will you help me?”

“Of course, grandpa. With my father we will organize a trip to Sofia, Bulgaria. As soon as possible.”

The two men again sank into sad thoughts. They did not feel when the door of the room opened and a young attractive woman came in.

“Good afternoon”, she said with a pleasant voice

Peter turned in direction of this voice and saw a charming female creature no more than 30 years old. With a lovely smile the young woman addressed the guest:

“Nice to meet you, grandpa. I'm Peter's wife. My name is Paula.”

And she handed her little tender hand gracefully to Peter Sr. He kissed her hand as were doing the men in the good old days. The young lady blushed

slightly, unaccustomed with such fashionable cavalry manners. She inadvertently pulled back her hand.

“I've heard and read so much about you, grandpa. You are a legend in our time. My husband mocks me about it, but I believe in spiritualism – summoning dead souls with the help of magical spells in crystal spheres of pure quartz glass. I believe that the souls of our dead relatives often visit us, invisible and immune from our material sense organs. But they can be invoked in reality, become visible, answer questions, only by people endowed with particular talents. I do not know how that happens, but there are so many examples of the appearance of spirits of dead people. You are a good example of that.”

“Paula, grandpa is real, he is not a spirit that had come out of a crystal sphere. You can touch him and you'll understand that he is an alive person.”

Peter Sr did not like that his daughter-in-law considered him as a spirit summoned by a skillful spiritualist, but he did not protest because he could not find another logical explanation for his sudden appearance in the future where he supposed to be not belong. And he did not want to contradict the lovely woman. Peter Sr had an important mission to do in the time of his descendants and should not come into conflict with their perceptions. He might be driven out of their house if he is overdoing with his pretensions of a soul occupying the illegally the cloned body of his grandson.

“You don't mention my son George, his wife, my daughter Claudia, my grandchildren, and the great grandchildren I probably have. I'm interested in everything concerning my family”, - Peter Sr said with confidence.

“We'll tell you everything, grandpa. But first let's have a lunch.”

“I agree. Although a ghost, but my intestines are screaming like a pot of bean on a strong fire. They are complaining that for twenty hours I did not give them anything essential for processing. Something material to reassure their hungry spirits”, - Peter Sr smiled.

Paula issued an oral order to the service robots which were invisible for the people in the living room, and the interior of the room changed unrecognizably. A larger and more massive table than the previous one, new chairs, new wall paintings and other new ornaments appeared before the Peter

Sr's gaze. He gasped with astonishment.

"How does this happens? Just like in a circus."

"Automation, which performs verbal orders given to it by a familiar voice. If you give such an order, the service robots will ignore it", Peter Jr. explained.

Paula gave other verbal orders to the robots. Suddenly invisible robot asked Peter Sr:

"Would the gentleman tell me what kind of food he wants to be served? We serve modern food, but if the gentleman gives more detailed explanations, then we could prepare food that people from your epoque were consuming."

"Oh, oh, I'm an easy case. Burgers, french fries, and beer to them would be perfect for me."

"This will not make problem for us". - the invisible robot-waiter answered. "Within ten minutes your order will be ready."

Ten minutes later, young woman-maid stepped into the living room with a large tray in her hands. Peter was astonished, he was expecting a fat robot, such as in star wars, to roll to the table and serve the lunch. Or, the jars and drinks coming out from some invisible openings on the table. But the table was a simple table without buttons and lights on it and without openings. And the maid was young and attractive real woman. Peter Jr understood the wonder of his grandfather, winked to him, hidden from his wife's gaze, and said:

"Robots do not have round buttocks. Customers do not like to be served by a rusty cold machines."

"You're not very original", his wife angrily said. "That's true, by the way. Robots are soulless, they do not understand jokes, they do not respond to the sexual looks of the stupid men. Beautiful waitresses-girls in the bars are the human factor that no machine can replace. But as it is known, waitresses want to be paid for this human factor. Actually, our maid Mimi is a very serious girl, she has a boyfriend - our technician who maintains the house."

"I understand, these geisha-waitresses are not prostitutes, but they are a lure for men who love to loosen themselves after boredom at working place and at home," said Peter Sr.

Paula swallowed up this rough morsel without saying a word. Confused by his untactful comment, Peter Sr decided to change the subject of the conversation:

"It's interesting to know how the food is prepared and what the kitchen is, serviced by robots."

Peter Jr. gave the explanations:

"I and my technician had made this kitchen of the robot-cooks in our house. Machines and automation. Robots are available on the market. We just incorporated in them new programs for our use and our voices. Before the food is used, it passes through precise checks for the presence of harmful substances, including dangerous bacteria and viruses." After short pause he continued:

"You probably do not know yet, but the fight against the dangerous viruses and bacteria in our time is so stiff that it has become a war of life and death for the human kind. And for everything alive on the earth, of course. The time of peaceful cohabitation and tantalizing skirmishes between the *big living* and the *micro-living* is already in history. Dangerous micro-organisms have mutated to such an extent that to struggle them successfully is becoming more and more difficult, often impossible. The only way to fight this scourge is to avoid direct contact with them. To not allow them to our body. It is not easy and pleasant to close people in their homes, to isolate them from the dangers of the surrounding world, however. One of the consequences of the war of nature against the man is the greatly reduced immune protection of the human organism against the new micro-killers. And that makes even more difficult for a man to fight with these new microscopic killers. Too many babies are born with diabetes. Genetic engineering is no longer helping. Many people now do not believe in the near end of life and the universe as a whole, as it was foretold by you more than half a century ago. And thanks God they do not believe. If they believe you such a global panic will happen that no governmental measures will help to silence the panicked people, many of whom will put an end to their lives. People are afraid not so much for their own

lives as for the lives of their children and grandchildren. They want their genes to pass through to their offspring, not to go to the grave with them”.

“That's right”, Peter Sr said sadly.

“And you, grandpa, do you believe that the end of everything will happen so soon?”

“ Do I believe? Of course, that's why I'm here – among the last human generation on earth. That's what “they” know too - those who sent me to you. God and Satan can not exist without us, the people. By keeping us, they keep themselves alive. That's why God and Satan have united their efforts now for ours and their salvation.”

“But you wrote the end is inevitable.”

“The end of the cycle of the universe is inevitable, but not the end of everything real. Nothing and nobody created this world, hence nothing and nobody can destroy it. Our world/universe is uncreated and indestructible. The soul of a man also is not created and cannot be destroyed. The universe exists in cycles lasting 4.4 billion years each. Our unique universe is born (appears) in a ready appearance in the "Indefinite Beginning" and dies in "Indefinite End" in a ready appearance. And again, resurrected for a new life from the ashes of its death like the legendary Phoenix bird, the universe begins new cycle, which in all its details, in its finest details even though, is absolutely the same like other cycles. Because there is no “before” and no “after” out of the time of existing of our unique universe. We, the individual civilized people, are the intelligent nucleus of Life in the world of individual living things. Without us the whole universe can not exist. Some civilized men must be necessarily presented in the “indefinite beginning” in order to give reason and meaning to Life and to the universe. The “indefinite start/beginning” is not a fixed point on the closed line of absolute time (the “time arrow”). What the civilized men feel and see around themselves as fossils of life long gone from the face of the earth is, in fact, a “ghost time”. The soul of a man never dies because it had never been created. We, the civilized people, are mortal in a given cycle of the universe, and eternal at the same time, because these cycles are repeated forever, in the same form, in the same details. We know ourselves as humans, not as human embryos or atoms and molecules of decayed human flesh. Our souls eternally roam the closed line of our personal closed quantum time. We are forever seen as living people, somewhere between our birth and our death.”

In the afternoon, Peter Jr and Paula brought their grandfather to one of

his hundred graves. The urn with some of his ashes was hung in one of the walls of the local cathedral. On the wall, nearby the urn, there was stuffed a marble plaque with the inscription: "Here lay Peter, the last great prophet of God."

Peter wept a little on his own grave - one of his hundred. He lay down bouquet of red roses in the metal basket mounted beneath the memorial plaque.

People say that general Franco, the fascist dictator of Spain, has wept bitter tears when he watched a rehearsal of his own burial in a newly built luxury memorial tomb located close to the tombs of the Spanish kings – in the monastery El Escorial.

The next day, Peter Sr, Peter Jr, and Paula, headed for George's home, the son of Peter Sr. There, people were already warned of the advent of the "prodigal," risen from the dead, legendary father and grandfather. George, weeping in tears, was waiting for his resurrected father at the gate of his villa. His wife Janet and twin-granddaughters Tony and Lina, children of his grandson Peter, stood behind him, in tears too.

Father and son stood for a long time strained by excitement and did not have the strength to embrace each other. Their legs trembled due to great excitement, clums stuck in their throats. Janet pushed her husband forward. This make her husband back to his feelings.

"Are you alive dad? Are you spirit or a living person? I believe that you are alive, real. I saw your coming to our time in one of my visions. Welcome to our home and our time, father."

Peter Sr finally gathered his forces and embraced his beloved son. He said:

"When I went on this journey in time, you were only 24 years old. You was unmarried, I knew Janet - then your girlfriend. Now I see you as old man, retired, with son and grandchildren. Big leap in time is this."

Peter Sr embraced and kissed his daughter-in-law Janet, and then his two twins-granddaughters - the seven-year-old Antonia and Angelina. After this very emotional

encounter, George led the relatives into the backyard of his villa. There, in the shade of dense vine, a solemn table was arranged in honor of the dear guest from the past. To Peter Sr was given a seat at the head of the table - where he liked in his time to sit when his whole family was gathering at lunch or dinner. He said:

“So it was the same in our good old days: me and your mother Evelina at the head of the table, opposite each to other, and you, my kids, between us. Your sister Claudia is not with us now. Where is she, is she still alive?”

“She's alive, dad. She called me yesterday that she will come soon to our house to see you. She will be accompanied by her two granddaughters Evelina and Jessica. She had not come to our house for a long time. Her husband died two years ago, and her only daughter, the mother of her granddaughters, is in obscurity. She became a drug addict and left her home with her husband - a drug addict too - many years ago. My sister raised their children. From the conversation with her, I realized she is skeptical about you. She thinks you're an alien.”

The solemn lunch was in full speed, everyone was talking, nobody was listening to anyone. They had been drunk by George's home-made wine and by the joy of an unexpected encounter with the relict parent. The young children were pounding under the table and pulling on their great-grandfather's legs - they could not imagine how such a young man terribly alike to their dad could be their great-grandfather. And he caressed them on their fluffy heads, and his heart was filled with such joy as he had not experienced since the time when his kids were young, and he hugged and kissed them.

"An old man like me can get a heart attack of so many emotions", old Peter thought. But he remembered at once: "There is no danger of a heart attack. I forgot that my very excited soul is now living in my grandson's cloned healthy body. Just do not get drunk and start talking nonsense, as my wife Evelina warned me when we took part in such celebrations. Unfortunately, she is not here to protect me from the temptations of the devil. "

Peter Sr politely was refusing offered to him sweet drinks and desserts. George noticed that and said:

“I remember, you had diabetes in old age. But now you have a new non-diabetic body. Relax, have a meals and drinks from everything you like on the table. Soon, we'll have a non-alcoholic time.”



“What do you mean?”

“What I saw in my dream-vision was a journey to the end of the world. And beyond.”\

“Your dream is prophetic, son. You are also God's elect. I am glad to have an associate and partner in your face. It will be easier and safer for me with you in the Mission of Salvation. As I see people around still accept me as a ghost from the past.”

They did not talk about it anymore. Peter Sr was looking at the many dishes served on the table. Most of them were unknown for him. He tested them cautiously in small portions, and if they tasted good he consumed them in normal quantity. His young body was hungry, it wanted food to produce energy.

“I offer a toast for my late mother Evelina. She would be so glad to see us already grown old and with her grandchildren around. And daddy with us”, - raised his glass George. He wiped his tears and added:

“A lot of time since her death passed, dad. Our pain about her is fading away with each year and mom becomes a ghost in our memory. Not so sharp like before, but still haunting our souls.

“How about me?” -jealously asked Peter Sr.

“The same. Difference is that you live through your books and great discoveries in the souls of all people on the earth. You’ll never die.”

Peter Sr sighed deeply and said:

“My beloved wife, your loving mother, George, was alive and healthy when I left my time for your future world. It is a pity that God did not send her with me on this journey for the salvation of mankind. It would be so useful to all of us. Let’s drink for her, for my Eva, the original mother of our family.”

Everyone got to their feet, children came out from under the table, they all took glasses and drank for her memory and eternal peace.

Peter Sr was so happy to be with his family. There was no longer any sense of being a ghost among living people. He was alive among alive people - he was

completely convinced in that. Everything seemed very real, it was not possible for these cheerful sensual people to be just imagination of his consciousness. Even though Charlie, the dog, who was hanging around Peter, waiting to get some morcel from the table, looked very real, growling and tearing when someone was trying to jerk the bone out of his mouth.

Peter looked around, the attention to his personality already settled. A beautiful mongrel was perched on the opposite bush, looking stupidly at the feasting people. The bird was chased away by a cat who leaped up from somewhere.

"This is our cat Murka", - presented the cat George. "He is a skilfull hunter. No mouse has a courage to cross his path in the house, but he attacks birds too, often much larger than him. We are unable to rub in his stupid cat's head that birds are useful animals. Soo little of them had survived lately. It is strange that the flying creatures - bees, flies, birds, and others - first experience the onset of the great tribulation on our planet. They are massively dying lately."

The family celebration was over. Janet started picking up the dishes and cleaning the table. Her young daughter-in-law Paula helped her.

"I see that the patriarchy had survived in their time. Women continue to serve men", Peter thought.

George turned to his father:

"I'm an old man, dad. I have a habit to rest two-three hours in the afternoon. How about you?"

"I had the same habit in my time too, but now my old soul inhabits a young body, and this body does not want to sleep afternoon. You go resting, and I will look around."

George's villa was a three-storey house, with architecture reminiscent of ancient Spanish style.

"I had seen such houses in southern Spain - Seville, Cordova," Peter Sr thought. Glazed ceramic tiles framed the doors and windows, the facade was white - whitewashed. The roof was covered with red wavy ceramic tiles. Here and there were wailing snakes of creeping plants that

were reaching to the roof. There were wooden trays on the window sills with many beautiful live flowers. And nothing superfluous, nothing luminous, nothing singing, nothing changing, there was on the facade. Just as beautiful as a fairy tale.

"Well, my boy, you have a good taste. Beautiful is always simple, symmetrical, harmonious. And the choice of style is obviously influenced by Janet in whose veins is flowing Mexican blood", Peter thought.

Much of the vast courtyard was covered by well-grown grass, no weeds, and no bald patches on it. Massive stone wall was enclosing the courtyard. On the perimeter of the fence were installed video cameras for external and internal surveillance. On the inside of the fence were planted shrubs - mainly roses and jasmine. The combination of the smells of these two royal shrubs reminded the smell of an expensive perfume. The western fence of the yard was a high retaining wall separating the flat courtyard from the ascending slope of the mountain. From the joints of the rectangular stone blocks, from which the wall was built, stalks of winding plants, grass, ferns, moss were coming out. A thin stream of water flowed through this four-meter-high stone wall, which dampened a moisture to the rooted plants. It looked like a waterfall whose water source was almost dry. About three feet from the wall there were two wooden benches. Peter sat down on one of them facing the waterfall. He listened - the water was quietly drifting through the leaves of the plants that sucked from it invigorating moisture.

" Peaceful place for retired people," Peter uttered aloud.

After he was satisfied with this heavenly sight, Peter Sr turned his back to the waterfall and faced the western façade of the house. Except for a narrow window on each floor and a solid metal door on the ground floor, there were no other openings and ornaments on this spartan simple façade.

"Very, very strange, such beautiful facades with many windows decorated with colorful glazed tiles and flowers, beautiful doors and balconies, and such an ugly facade - cinderella compared to them. Why this inconvenience? "

While looking for an explanation of this architectural mystery, a dull voice of an elderly man called up from the upper floors:

“Welcome to the entrance of my technical hermitage, dad. I’ll come down immediately to open the metal gate.”

After a while, the metal gate opened with a creak, and Peter Sr saw the still sleeping face of his son. Confused Peter Sr hurried to explain:

“Excuse me, my son, that I woke you up, and without your permission I allowed myself to look around the yard and this strange façade of the house.”

“Ah, no problem. There is nothing to excuse. You are my father and not anyone. Anyway, I’ve planed as a next point in the program today to introduce you to my personal lab which is located behind this metal door. This door was not used for years, it is for extraordinary occasions. I use internal secret entries to the lab. Here, in this laboratory, if it is written in the book of destiny, you and me must create the machine of salvation of the human kind. But for that later. Now get in.”

Peter walked into the room cautiously, with slow footsteps. George walked sideways from him. The room was far more extensive than Peter Sr had imagined from outside. The lab was not part of the house, it was a separate building linked to the house. When Peter Sr was looking at George's villa, he had paid attention to the yard mostly, and had not noticed that the southern façade of the villa was too long for a house and there were no windows in its south-western part.

In the southwestern corner of the lab, there was an elevator that, as George explained, was used for his personal move into the lab building, including a connection to secret corridors leading to the house.

“ Does Janet has access to the lab?”, Peter Sr asked.

“No”, - George said bluntly, giving no explanation.

“And your son Peter?”

“No either, but he will have soon access to it. You also. Actually, you

already have it. The three of us will be a team-leader that is going to be very important in this project – project for salvation of the human kind.”

Peter Sr did not ask what exactly they were supposed to do, and went on to look at the lab. At the far end of the lab there was a metal platform measuring about 10 x 12 meters.

“An assembly stand”, - George said as he watched his father. And continued after a small pause:

“The platform can be lifted up, almost up to the bridge crane and lowered down into the lower laboratory room. It can be rotated around its axis. If the product is massive, it is moved to the lower floor and then hooks to another horizontally moving platform, which on rails transports massive elements through an underground tunnel to the outside shaft –located outside the fence. In this shaft lift raises elements to the ground level. From there, they are loaded in truck. The materials for the workshop are also inserted into the lab through the same shaft. Outside, the shaft is well masked. For an external observer, it is practically invisible.”

Peter continued his view of the lab without asking questions. The laboratory had a twenty-ton bridge crane that rolled on rails fixed on two metal beams, which in turn rest on metal pillars firmly attached to the solid floor of the laboratory-workshop. This crane covered almost the whole area of the laboratory. Near the walls, along the perimeter of the laboratory, metalworking machines were installed: lathes, milling machines, stationary drills, mechanical cutters, grinding machines, and many others. They were all robotic. There were countless hand tools hang on the walls, accurately arranged in type and size. They looked different than those Peter knew, but they were much more elegant and probably more functional than those from Peter Sr's time. George noted:

“As you can see, not all robotic machines can replace manual labor. As they say in Bulgaria: *a hand to touch, an eye to see*. That sentence I heard from you, by the way.”

At the time when Peter Sr left his time, his son had begun his own small business - he was producing parts for a great machine-building company.

“George, what have you been doing all these years, I mean in the time I'm not yet familiar with?”

“With a lot of labor and deprivation I managed to expand my business and started making ready-made machines. I was experimenting, creating a new type of machines on new principles unknown in practice, using quantum energy to power these machines, you were helping me with advice, we protected our intelligent properties with patents that brought us a lot of money. We became very rich. And very famous, especially you. But you were very old, left the business and soon died. I went on alone.”

“You mentioned that we have worked together since I have returned from this journey to the future. If this trip was a reality, of course. Did I mention about this trip?”

“Not much. You remembered this time spent in the future, but you avoided talking about it. Perhaps you thought it was just a dream or a vision. Or you were afraid people to take you as crazy. Only with me did you sometimes share what you experienced during the great tribulation that preceded the end of the world. Honestly, then, I did not believe in this terrible story about the end of the world.”

“And how happened that now you believe in these “crazy” events, even more than I do.”

“I had my way to understanding this terrible time. I was reading your books, I started to understand and believe in your ideas, I watched the world we live in. Our civilization had reached its apogee, development stagnation, people's and governments' moral degraded every day, people's health worsened more and more, the war with life-threatening microorganisms was lost, drugs and doctors had become helpless, natural and human-initiated disasters with unprecedented rage had undermined the stability of the civilization. All this stuff completely convinced me that you were right by predicting the end of civilization and the whole universe somewhere in 2068. Besides, you were telling me, albeit very briefly, about your prophetic trip (dream?) in the future. You called it ‘prophetic dream’, not reality.”

“How does you believe that I'm a living man, not a ghost who uses your son's body?”

“That's another story. Like yours. As God sent a message to the virgin Mary and to her old husband Joseph that she would bring forth the Son of God, so God, I am convinced that it was He, sent me a few visions and messages-revelations to suggest to me you will return to earth as a messiah - the savior of the human race. And it is a destiny that you and me will bring some of the perishing human tribe out of the dying universe, through the horrors of the last great tribulation in the history of the earth, and I, not you, will enter the new universe that will replace the old one, immediately after the end of the world. The seed of the civilized man will find there a fertile soil for living and evolution. And everything will start anew. And it will follow the same scenario as it has always been so far. And as always it will be. The universe is perishable and eternal at the same time. It exists in cycles which never started and never will end!”

“Impressive, very impressive! It was so inspired to me also. How God had done so that he had settled my soul in the cloned body of your son, my grandson, is His secret. As the Bible says: "The ways of the Lord are unknown. Here, however, there is also the finger of the Anti-God - Satan Lucifer. The Superior Devil helps in this project too. He is interested in the transition of the civilized man from the old world to the new one. Without people on the earth Lucifer will lose his business too”, Peter Sr laughed.

“ I forgot to tell you that in one of my visions, I saw a ship equipped with everything needed to save a small group of people - the members of our chosen family - during the time of the terrible great tribulation. A new Noah Ark for Salvation from the Great Death. The design of this salvation ship called SURVVIVOR (in my vision) is sealed in my consciousness. We have to build it in this lab: you, me, and my son Peter. Without any unnecessary talking about it. In secret.”

“And do you have the money for such a expensive project?”

“I think I have.”

“ I cannot imagine how such a large ship can be built and exported out of such a small laboratory”, Peter Sr observed.

“In this lab we will build smaller sections of the ship, while the assembly of the whole ship will be executed in one of my company's workshops, which I have already prepared as CEO.”

“And about the secrecy?”

George waved his hand:

“Don,t worry, the workshop will only be at our disposal. It is already prepared and equipped for us.

Peter gasped with admiration:

“What an expeditiousness! What an perseverance! God knows His job – he had chosen you - the most capable man on earth to fulfill His great plan.

“ And you, first of all.”

Peter Sr was interested in everything. He tried to run some of these unknown for him metalworking machines, learned how to work with the modern, unfamiliar to him, sophisticated hand tools. His son watched him aside without interfering with instructions and advices.

“Now, show me, if you please, the lower underground floor of the workshop”, asked Peter Sr.

George's personal elevator dropped them downstairs. In addition to the transport platform for moving large elements out of the building, there were a number of racks and boxes for storing materials and equipment needed to manufacture parts and machine assemblies on the lower level. In other words: it was an warehouse.



Suddenly a screen shone on the wall, and Janet's holographic face kindly invited them to afternoon coffee. They went through a complicated maze of corridors, elevators and automatic doors that only George's voice could open. Finally, they found themselves in a large living room furnished in old style. Comfortable leather sofas and armchairs, paintings of renaissance painters, of French impresionists, of talented contemporary painters decorated the brightly painted walls of the living room. Soft light changing harmoniously in intensity and color came from lamps mounted on the floor on the perimeter of the living room, illuminating walls, and giving them a mysterious look. Two massive wooden tables with ornaments cut on them, similar style chairs covered with soft silk seating. It was obvious that the owners of this house adhered to the old, established through the ages, fashion of interior. Peter Sr was pleased, he liked the interior of the house. It seemed that George guessed intuitively the approval of his father, and said:

“We like and stick, with a few exceptions, of course, to the traditions of old times, when the interiors of the houses were composed not by electronic and computer engineers, but by real alive artists - interior designers.”

Janet approved her husband's opinion:

“Coffee is a coffee, whether it is brewed in a pot or in sophisticated programmed coffee machine. The taste is important, not how the coffee is done. These modern robots-cooks and robots-waiters remind me of an old movie of Charlie Chaplin. Damaged robot can sometimes become dangerous to the person it serves. You can not be at hundred percent sure that the cook robot will not misinterpret a recipe and put you in the meals some dangerous for the health garbage.”

A little bit later Janet retired and they both remained alone. George suddenly blurted:

“For your information, I have already started the project. I was expecting you to appear at any moment, in that I was absolutely certain.”

“ Don’t you think it's selfish from our side to save only our family and leave other people to a certain doom?”

“ Do you see another way? My resources are limited. We cannot build up a huge Noah Ark that could take aboard all United States citizens and with them representatives of all kinds of animals and plants. Apparently God had made his choice already - choosing our family to bring the torch of human civilization into the new world. The survival of the human seed is in stake, father. What selfishness can you be concerned about?”

He paused for a moment to catch his breath and continued:

“ Salvation is a work of the drowning person. The drowning person, who understands that he is drowning and who is able to save himself without outside help. That is us, our family. And maybe another families, who will believe us and invest good money in the construction of another several ships SURVIVOR, will participate in the mission of salvation. I'm already working on this issue.”

“I suppose these are wealthy people. And the poor – let’s dogs eat them. God had never been just to the poor, no matter what the Christian church preaches. Equality, brotherhood, justice – just chattering of the priests and communists.”

“You're wrong, dad. God is rational, He strictly implements his Master Plan in the nature. You wrote it in your books. This plan is not God’s invention. This is a plan of no one, and no one can change or cancel it. In this plan, there is no place for compassion and mercy for the poor, the miserable, the sick. There is no room for compassion and mercy on whoever it is. Although the evolution of Life, and Human Civilization in particular, goes towards improving quality of the species living things, relationships of production, and public morality, it never complies with the needs and desires of individuals. Evolution works in general, in gross. If necessary, it crushes the individuals as a beetle is crashed under the boot of the stronger, larger man.”

George had read a lot, understood everything his father had written in his fundamental work about the structure and behavior of the world. How not to be proud of such a son? But Peter Sr preferred to keep silent. He asked:

“Your son Peter's involvement in the project would be very useful for the success of the mission of salvation. He's a good electrical engineer, I understand. What do you think about that?”

“I think he must take part in the mission. I'll call him to come down right now. We have a lot to discuss.”

After five minutes Peter Jr. announced himself:

“ I'm here, at your disposal.”

“I had already introduced my son Peter to the goals of the mission, dad. We already discussed with him what preparations we need to do before to start the construction of the modern Noah Ark. And, which is very important, he believes now in the God's great plan for salvation of the human kind and that our family is chosen to be the bearer of human seed in the new cycle of the universe. The three of us will work side by side, united by the noble idea of salvation of the human race. Being close relatives only helps.” For a moment he paused and looked at his father and his son. He said with a smile:

“It's a little difficult to me, however, to distinguish you from one another. You are perfectly identical in body and I do not see the smallest feature in your faces, figure, even though in your voices that distinguishes you from each other. We may get into a confusing situations on the oboard of SURVIYVOR. At least you have to dress differently and sew an emblem on your clothes with your name. And it can be that Paula and my great-grandkids may confuse you. I'll tell you a real case of life, it looks like a joke indeed. I've heard that story from your mom Evelina's mother – my mother-in-law. The story as I remember it is like that: My mother-in-law's mother, an old woman of advanced age and a little bit out of mind, had asked her daughter Eve: "Eve, I've forgot something, are you my mommy or I'm your mommy?" Let's me not do something like that - to ask either of you two: Peter, are you my dad or I am your dad? Confusion will be even greater if Paula gets confused”.

The three of them decided that the grandfather and the grandson would have different hairstyle and dressing differently: grandfather like in the old age fashion, while grandson in contemporary fashion.

“Now let me introduce you to the current situation in the world. My son told me that he had already briefed you on this, but listen to my opinion too.” George sighed heavily, sipped from a glass of red sparkling liquid, and went on:

“This situation is characterized by phenomena that precedes the beginning of the end of human civilization and the whole universe. Natural and human initiated disasters are destroying what had been created by man for thousands of years. Greedily, ruthless exploitation of natural resources leads to irreversible climate change. The climate of the earth becomes inappropriate for sustainable life in all its manifestations. Old viruses and bacteria that the medicine had been overcome long time ago, emerged from like nowhere, mutated in an accelerated rhythm, and are taking tens of millions of casualties a year. There had also appeared new killer micro-organisms causing illnesses with which medicine is unable to fight. Insignificant injuries lead to infections that bring into the grave young and old. Airplanes fall like ducks shot by a mysterious invisible hunter, illogically, for unknown reasons. But who is this cruel, invisible, invincible by the highly developed modern civilization, Devil Murphy who had clearly set himself the goal of fully destroying the human race that had existed for six millennia on earth already? If, for example, a rock is judged to fall on the road below it, it will be necessarily there a car that is crushed and the passengers in it are killed. The modern invisible Papa Murphy seeks to realize the worst of all possible options, both in natural and man-made disasters. Apparently this is not Papa Murphy - the founder of the supply chain of uncooked pizzas. Is this Satan himself? Or God, to whom people pray for salvation? But you said that both God and Satan are equally interested in the survival of the human race. Then who or what is this mass killer of the human kind? I know what is this supreme power that stay above God and Satan. This is the Quantum Wave of Life. You wrote about it in your books.

People see that something very terrible is happening to their world, but they are especially afraid for their children and grandchildren. The majority of people on this planet think that this phenomenon is temporary. Because they don't want to be this tragic way. They hope that the peaceful, happy times will come back to this land again. Since they cannot explain these tragic phenomena with the help of conventional academic science, many people turn for consolation and help to the old religions that had disappeared from the public view many decades ago. Temples, which had long been turned into museums or warehouses, begun to open doors for the newly created worshipers. The priest's profession became very deficient recently.

Some clever heads begin to understand that neither the conventional scientists nor the priests will give them an answer to what is happening with the world and can it be saved. These people turn more and more to the only correct

science of the world – your General Quantum Theory. They accept it as the only true global theory, however difficult it may be to accept the fact that human civilization is mortally injured and that its end is inevitable, and this end is very close.

“It will be no easy life for the passengers of the new Noah Ark. They, the last survivors of the earth, isolated from the living environment in which they were born and lived until now, will suffer hell of suffering - physical and moral. Will they endure these trials before the moment of the transition to the new world? I think the supreme bosses of our universe will do their best to make it happen. Another alternative does not exist in our closed-time world. By no means the universe can avoid its tragic end.”

“You're right, dad. We will endure. So it is predicted to become.”

“Our universe is unique, there are no other parallel universes. Because the absolute time begins and closes on it. And beyond the time of the universe nothing real can exist. The universe of inanimate things exists because there is an *Alive Observer* in it - the life on the planet Earth. And the Earth's *Alive Observer* is the only one in the whole universe - this is determined by the fundamental symmetries in the world. We cannot imagine a world with many alive observers in it. Every *alive observer* will determine the inanimate world in one's own way, in absolute disagreement with other alive observers. Therefore, the parameters of this imaginable world cannot be stable, nailed. A world of constantly changing, floating global constants and parameter dimensions can not exist!

The inanimate and animate natures are two universes, one in another, two sides of one whole, two opposites that complement each other and deny each other. They are determined by one another and can not exist separately. In its indefinite beginning, the inanimate universe appears in a ready-made form - atoms, sand granules, rocks, planets, stars, galaxies, galactic clusters - as we see it now. The animate universe appears in the indefinite beginning in its most primitive form - unicellular prokaryotic bacteria and unicellular blue-green algae. After the Beginning, the inanimate universe does not change its quality, while the animate universe evolves in quality, perfecting its forms according to the requirements of the great Quantum Wave of the Evolution of Life. At the end of the cycle, both universes die at the same time.

The inanimate universe is a quantum object, and as such has its own quantum constraints: geometric dimensions, total energy, total impulse, total mass, time of existence, ..., quantum world constants. The animate universe is also a quantum system with its own quantum constraints. The spatial dimension of the man (his height) and the elements of his body, lifespan, weight, and other parameters and qualities are the ones we observe and they cannot be different. They are determined by global symmetries and quantum ratios of proportionality. The quantas of animate nature are not designed by something or somebody. They cannot be changed, they are eternal. With no chemicals, no medical tricks, or other means, the length of human life can be increased, for example.

The universe has a divine design, but God is not its designer. This design is eternal and immutable. Because in the closed "space-time world" the cause of its existence is within it. Unfortunately, individual people see and perceive only individual non-quantum image of the world, they think and accept the world in non-quantum way, their questions and their answers are non-quantum. Such are all conventional theories now about our world/universe. Including official academic cosmology and biology, which are still supported by the majority of university scientists.

In every cycle of the universe we are the same with all our details. In this eternal reincarnation in the new cycle of the universe consists our immortality. We always, forever, find ourselves inside our personal quantum time somewhere between the indefinite beginning of our lives - the birth - and the indefinite end - the death. For some people, the circle-time of life closes too early. These people do not live to reach normal old age. But are those people unfortunatate? I think not, because they do not experience the inconveniences and sufferings of the old age. In their personal quantum circle, they are eternally young, eternally exist. These early mortals do not feel the time between death and reincarnation (birth), because this time is zero for them, does not exist. They feel themselves only as a living people."

"Dad, in a world where everything is subject to quantum laws, world by nothing and by nobody designed and built, world that nothing or nobody can destroy, is God necessary"? Interrupted his father, George.

"Not unnecessary, of course. Quantum laws of nature are the constitution of the world, God is the supreme commander/manager of this

world. Something like CEO of the company "World". Or president of the world, eternal and not chosen by anyone. Something like an absolute irreplaceable dictator of the world. God is the highest level of intelligence in the universe. God is a spirit of the highest quality. Our human souls are spirits of a lower quality level - they are elementary bricks in the world of spirits. *Spirit* is higher qualitative level in the pyramid of *Reality*. Matter is lower level. God stands (occupy) on the very top of the pyramid of spirits (minds). On every new level in this pyramid the *spirit* acquires new quality. God's Spirit is different in quality from our human spirits (souls), with an immeasurably greater potentials for impact on the world (both – inanimate and animate) . God's Unique Spirit can not be multiplied in many little gods because this highest spirit - or "supreme reason", or "supreme soul" - is at the last highest stage in the qualitative evolution of Reality. The quantum transition from the Spirit of God - obligatory for all forms of *Reality* in our inexhaustible closed world - to the next structural level of *Reality* can be only to the lowest form of this *Reality* - the "reason" (intellect) of the proton and its symmetrical partner - the electron. The Spirit of God is embedded in all forms of *Reality*. Therefore, God can influence them if necessary.

"This your philosophy I've read already in your books, grandpa. Let's talk about other things", interrupted his grandfather Peter Jr.

George was very angry at his unruly son:

"Peter, if you interrupt your grandfather once more, I will sneak you in such a slap as I did not hurt you from your teenage years when I knew you were drinking alcohol and smoking grass. I'm sorry to tell you that".

"Sorry, dad, I understand. You're right, probably I would do the same in such circumstances. Grandfather, if you please, continue your lecture about God."

But the grandfather had already lost interest in this theme. He decided to change the subject.

"I apologize, too, this explanation took a very long time. The people in the room usually fall asleep at such lectures".

He wiped his wet forehead with a napkin and went on:

“We are here to discuss the SURVIVER project. So let us first clarify the meaning of the *salvation project*. Your father, Peter, understands it very well, maybe better than I do. When he was young man, even in his teen years, he asked me to explain my fundamental theory of the world. And the meaning of life in this unique world. This theory was given to me by God through revelation. I took it as something coming from outside, not born in my own consciousness. Intuitively, rather than logically, I felt, I understood, that this extra-brains transmitter of such extremely important information about mankind was God Himself. God who was denied by official science and was thrown out of scientific textbooks longtime ago.

God is three-dimensional spirit, He exists in three images. Like baryons, which three images are the three quarks. Two of God’s images are quantum spirits and exist in His two-dimensional quantum world, and His third image are His individual manifestations in our world. These individual “little gods” are human beings. The founders of the Christian religion (fourth century A.D.) had understood this essence and had called the three images of the unified God: God-Father, Holy Spirit, and God-Son. The Holy Trinity!”

Peter Sr had noticed with the edge of his eye that his grandson had begun again restlessly turn in his chair. "I overdon again," thought Peter Sr. He took a few sips of water and continued:

“I know that I was again talking too much, but since everything important in this world comes from God, especially this project, I consider it necessary to clarify the essence of God and His participation in this project of salvation. For each project, it is important to know who is behind it and who supports it. Imagine holding in your hands a smooth metal sphere, absolutely homogeneous, without any scratches or other bulges or dents on its surface. Sphere - perfect mirror. Imagine that this is a two-dimensional object without space beneath its ideal surface. If you imagine this, you hold a quantum mirror in your hands. From the surface of this ideal quantum mirror are emitted outward thermal rays because this mirror’s temperature is higher than the absolute zero. Imagine now that this absolutely homogeneous quantum mirror is God Himself - a two-dimensional quantum continuum. As a heated object - spiritually, of course – this quantum object radiates spiritual rays outward its surface which penetrate into the surrounding three-dimensional space of our world - the world of individual living creatures. These individual spiritual beams are the individual images of God in our world. These are the souls of ordinary



civilized people. When a person dies, his soul is projected back to this two-dimensional quantum surface - the soul of God. The two-dimensional Soul of God is the paradise of the individual human souls - from where they go to the world of individual things, and to where they return back when died. In this paradise, human souls lose their personal identity. They melt into one entity, becoming a continuum called God. God is projected in our three-dimensional space as an ordinary man. This projection-human soul, however, is not as reasonable as God Himself. This individual spiritual object is of much inferior quality of the philosophical category *Reality*, in this case the human mind-spirit. The human soul does not have the enormous potentials of God. Holy Spirit is the soul of God, the individual human souls united in two-dimensional continuum are His flesh - God the Father. In some people – chosen by God -His projection into our world can be especially powerful spiritually. These are people like "super nova" stars in the cosmos. Or "super nova quasars" people. The presence of God in such people is very strong. These people are the elect of God, His spiritual prophets. They can be scientists whose discoveries change in cardinal way quality of our civilization, painters, sculptures, political leaders, military leaders,... At the nodes of the Quantum Wave of Life, the quality of life and human civilization are changing in a cardinal fashion. It is in these moments that the "super nova" stars burst among men - great prophets or messiahs are born. This had happened also now - just before the end of the world. The star of the last messiah in the history of mankind had emerged. This great messiah will lead a small part of mankind into the new cycle of the universe.

"And this last messiah is you, dad," said George excitedly.

"And you and my grandson Peter are his assistants," Peter Sr said. He continued after a short pause:

"I was sent here by God (or by Lucifer?), a real man or a spirit. My soul was incorporated for some reason in the cloned body of my grandson Peter with the goal to be that great prophet who will take a part of the little human tribe from dying universe and bring it to the boundary of promised land - the new world -universe. The very entry into the promised land, however, will happen without me. A new prophet-chief will lead you into the new world. This will be my son George."

“And where on the line of time in the new world-universe will this small tribe of civilized people land?”

“This will happen about six thousand years before the end of the cycle of this new / old universe”, Peter Sr answered grimly.

“And before that landing what was there? I mean, when we were not there”, Peter Jr asked seriously.

“As I have already mentioned, the indefinite beginning is not a fixed point on the closed line of time. It is like a blurry painting of an impressionist artist that is not a detailed, photographic copy of *Reality*, but is an expression of some sensual impressions of the artist from the impact of this reality. Definitive, in details, is only the time-quantum of the existence of a given species of living beings, and in particular the quantum time of existence of human civilization. The dominant type of a given quantum period of life is in this time determinant specie. In the indefinite beginning of the universe, the ‘binocular’ of the ‘living observer’ is not focused well, whereas in the quantum-time of existence of this living observer the binoculars are very well-focused. That means that the indefinite beginning of each quantum period of life can be at any point in this blurred area of time. And because the greatest quantum time in the universe is 4.4 billion years, the indefinite beginning for each quantum period of life is limited by this maximum time. Was there a civilized man roaming the earth 4 billion years ago? Hardly. The probability of such an event is practically zero. While the probability of having a civilized person in the last six thousand years is a hundred percents. And just before these six thousand years, this probability is close to hundred percents. It is not possible to fix the beginning of human civilization precisely. This notable event happened about six thousand years ago in the fertile lands around the Nile River. This is the place and time of your landing in the new world.”

Peter Sr stopped talking for two minutes. He surveyed how his two listeners responded - they did not look bored. He continued:

“The speed of evolution of the ‘*alive observer*’ (Life on Earth) accelerates towards the end of the universe in geometric progression. At the end of the universe all quantum periods of life arrive at the same time - at the same time

point. But the probability of finding a dinosaur at this indefinite end is zero. Their kingdom, when they were the dominant species animals, had passed longtime ago - about 65 million years ago. After the quantum time of their dominance had passed they entered their blurred indefinite end and disappeared from the face of the earth. Still, it is possible, very unlikely, that a small colony of degenerate their representatives live somewhere in an isolated place on the planet.

At the end of the evolution of life all members of the living world will disappear: viruses, bacteria, jellyfish, coral, bougainvillea, algae, fish, lizards, snakes, grasses, flowers, mammals and all the people on earth. And together with the living world of the earth - the only one in the whole universe - the inanimate universe will disappear too because the animate and inanimate universes are the two elements of one whole, they determine each other and cannot exist separately. The alive observer disappears and the object of his observation - the inanimate universe – disappears too. That's it.”

“Amen to that,” said the grandson with relief.

“Tomorrow morning we start working on the construction of the ship of salvation SURVIVOR ONE,” George cut off.

“One last question, grandpa. Can I?”

“O.K., tell me your question.”

“ What would happen to the new cycle of the universe - after its present end - if we, apparently the only candidates for "flying" to the new world, abandon the salvation project, or simply are unable to make it, or we cannot survive during the "flight"?

“Such a thing absolutely cannot happen! There will happen what had always been and will always happens - our small expedition will be able to land in the indefinite beginning of the universe . God Himself is responsible for that. He never fails. Everything in this world is predestined, outlined. Neither we, nor the inanimate nature have the right of "free will" - a free choice. The right of free choice is a fiction of philosophers. There is no such an animal in our closed everlasting world. In our world, the cause for its existence lyies inside it, not outside it.

The grandson nodded gratefully and left the room. George turned to his father:

“Janet will show you the room where you'll live during the building of the ship SURVIVOR ONE and preparing for the expedition. We have prepared it to your taste, as we knew it from the good old days. What's new in it is the presence of a service robotic table. You can give orders for meals and drinks. To communicate with me - press red button on the service table. From tomorrow, as we have already agreed, we are starting to work on the project. Start of workday - 10 a.m. First few days, we'll devote ourselves to discussions on the survival strategy in the context of catastrophic global disasters, and on the ship design. You are number one in these discussions. When we'll start the technical part of the project (construction of the ship) you can take small vacation. Then me and my son become main specialists in the project - we are engineers with good practical experience. Besides, I am the chief project manager. And the investor. Now, good night. Until tomorrow, dad.”

Peter Sr was badly sleeping this night. Nightmares struck him. In these nightmarish dreams old events, he had already experienced, were interwoven with new ones, strangled from his subconscious, plus a lot of fantasies of his dreaming, restless brain. A dreadful moment in the dream awakened him from time to time, he was getting out of the bed all over covered with cold sweat, shivering with fictional fear. He was drinking water, which the never-sleeping robot waiter always tried to keep at his side, went again to rest, and tried to induce his brain to send him pleasant dreams. But the brain knew its own - the subconscious mind of the sleeping brain continued to serve nightmares.

When the first rays of sunlight penetrated through the slits of the blinds, Pete Sr was on his feet. In the bathroom he made the necessary hygienic procedures. In a large, normal mirror, Peter Sr looked at his new body. "Apollo in body, Alain Delon in person. Lucky is my grandson's wife " , Peter Sr thought with satisfaction.

As was agreed the day before, exactly at 10 a.m. Peter Sr and George were in the living room.

“My son Peter cannot be present today. He is engaged in his work, which provides him means of existence. And we do not really need him today either. Peter said he would take his annual vacation to participate fully in the project. I prepared a plan for the design, construction and financing of the SURVIVOR ONE project. I have another suggestion: My daughter-in-law Paula has a university degree in "Interior and Industrial Design". She has also a three-year

internship in our company where I was the CEO. I told her that we would attract her into the project as a specialist. She agreed with great pleasure. Her twins will be watched by their grandmother Janet. They are accustomed to her. If you agree, then I will call her to attend this first meeting.”

Peter Sr nodded approvingly. Five minutes later, Paula appeared in the living room. George had prepared a plan for the project, something like business plan. He had made a preliminary simplified ship design, estimates of materials, equipment, timetable for the execution of the project, and everything else what specialists needed. He looked at the computer in front of him and said:

“First of all, I had prepared a power point ( computer presentation) - so how do I see the project from my point of view. We will discuss it now, and if you have remarks and additions, we will discuss them too. One head is fine, but four heads are much better. Ultimately we must have a generally accepted consensus on the project.

Major figures in the project are Peter Sr, George, Peter Jr, and Paula - a ship designer. Dad, I am, as you know, mechanical engineer with almost fifty years of experience in the specialty, including CEO of our company. You, dad, are the main figure - scientific consultant, and energy specialist, not to mention that you are the mission's chief prophet – messiah. Peter Jr is an electrical engineer with a very good experience in electronics and computer assurance. Paula is a good industrial designer, albeit with little experience. As you can see, we have everything in the family. But this is a tough project, workers with different specialties are needed, of course, and, a lot of money.”

“Every major project must have a head, chief manager. It is imperative that we have one, otherwise we risk to run in endless disputes and controversies, and in inaction as a result of that, which may be fatal for the launch of the mission. The mission must be ready to start before catastrophic disasters had occurred in the area of the ship's construction, or at least at the very beginning of these disasters, when they are not yet dangerous to the ship and the passengers. My opinion is that, you George, must be the chief ship manager and its future captain. For many reasons: first, you are the host here and the owner of the lab-workshop where many of the elements of the ship will be built; secondly, you are the project's main investor; thirdly, you are the initiator of the project; Fourthly, you, George, are a connecting link between Hammer's four generations.”

“We do not need a superiors, we are all equal in this mission. What kind of superior can I be , if we are close relatives!”, protested George.

“Okay then, not a chief manager, but the SURVIVOR’s captain. A ship must have a captain. Do you agree? ”, Peter Sr asked.

“I agree”, George answered uncertainly. He run large holographic screen. In fact, it was a volume in the middle of the room, in which was shown a three-dimensional schematic model of the SURVIVOR. Against the blue sky, it was written:

**Project SURVIVOR**

Participants:

George Hammer - captain, mechanical engineer

Peter Sr Hammer - prophet of the Mission of Salvation and Chief

Scientific Adviser

Peter Jr Hammer - Electrical Engineer

Paulla Hammer – Project Designer

There were shown photos of natural and human-induced disasters that hit our planet in the last five years. It was pointed out that their frequency and amplitude had grown significantly compared with their "normal" state. It was clear that nature was fierce against every living thing on the planet. The internal enemies of the human race were also stinging - human malignant microorganisms were rapidly mutated and the medics were no longer able to fight the new mutants. Increasingly, fetuses or children with compromised immune system were born. Developed countries's governments have been making unrealistic plans for the salvation of mankind. These plans, as a rule, were not financially and technically secured. No one believed them, they themselves did not believe. Governments of developed countries – mostly USA - were increasingly looking to the planets of the Solar System as a rescue place for moving people from the inhospitable planet Earth. But evacuating so many people to New America's promised land and providing them with everything they need for a stable life was a matter unthinkable even for the Americans. This is not the Apollo project. Here the problem was not only technical and financial. The problem was basic, in principle. High-ranking senior politicians

from Washington, advised by conventional scientists, did not believe in Peter Sr's theory of the existence of a zone of life on the surface of the planet Earth and its proximity (take or give few kilometers upward and inward from that surface). Life for a short time and a short distance from this area was still possible, but for the purpose of massive and permanent resettlement to another planet it was impossible. Beyond the limits of our planet, the cosmos was absolutely hostile to every manifestation of life.

Civilian structures of civilization ceased to function one after other. Political and industrial leaders lost interest in managing society and industry. No one wanted to command and save a ship doomed to apparent sinking. Even the captains. Education and health systems were still functioning, but poorly, incompletely. Medical workers simply served for salaries. Apathy covered large part of the population on earth.

For now, love for children still keeps active the spirit of the people. But for how longtime? There would be a moment of non-return to the good old days. Then the affection and love for close relatives would wither. Only the egoism of the individual man would remain - for his own survival. Humans going to become beasts.

Unusual measures to combat natural disasters and a new strategy for the survival of at least part of humanity were needed. Fight not for the individual, but a struggle for survival of the "civilized mankind".

There were footages explaining Peter Sr's global theory. And especially his understanding about the universe's cyclicity and univere's inevitable end. And an inevitable beginning that will follow its death. "The king is dead, live the king." Bird Phoenix rises from the ashes of its burning - death.

George, very skillfully and with great understanding, presented his father's ideas about the appearance of life in the "indetermined beginning" of the universe. From there, in the blurred, indetermined (by the *living observer*) "indefinit beginning" of the cycle of the universe, where the past, the present, and the future events intertwine with each other, merging into a continuum, appear the inanimate and the animate forms of *Reality*. From this "indefinite beginning" of the human race, which length of existence is about six thousand years (measured from the end of the universe and backwards along the arrow of time), the "seed" of the civilized man will appear. This "seed" is us - the survivors of the SURVIVOR ships.

The underground hermetic shelters that were built in the twentieth century for survival in the event of nuclear war between the great powers of the planet would not help humanity survive. People in them would be baked and melted by the quantum energy coming from the sun. This energy will melt the whole planet earth.

There was also analysis of the dangers that humanity will face during the "great tribulation" that preceded the end of the world. Namely:

- Ubiquitous destruction of the living environment and human-built infrastructure as a result of catastrophic natural disasters.
- Human-related disasters: Terrorism (based on religious, national, or simply fear, or hatred towards the rich). Accelerating climate change as a result of the merciless exploitation of natural resources and uncontrollable pollution of soil, air, water. Loss of public responsibility. As more destruction grows, more and more people will lose their sources of food. The system of supplying the population with vital products for survival will be severely hit and very soon completely liquidated. There will be robberies of shops, food stores, dwellings of rich people, people in the streets. Cities will become a dangerous place to live. Bleaked bands of hungry people will rob and kill richer citizens who had fortified their families in their fortress houses. The riches of more property will cease to be God's mercy, it will become their curse. The police, if at all, at that time, will not be able to deal with the crowds of people who had fled, desperate to limit, people "without anything". Policemen themselves could organize gangs for robbery. Local and central governments will collapse. They will become redundant.
- People's mentality and morality will be changed dramatically. Lost hope for survival a large number of people will resort to suicide, even murder of their own families. Another large part of the population will simply be mad. Those who had lost their minds will become dangerous not only for themselves but also for the others. People will lose sense of collective responsibility and safety. They will become as animals - attacked by beasts- of a great herd that does not care about the fate of a single animal. People will increasingly concentrate their efforts on protecting their own personality and their family, not on the survival of the city or the country they live in. Only a group of people united by the idea



of collective self-defense have a chance to survive in the complicated conditions of the great tribulation. At least temporarily, longer.

The last part of the presentation was devoted to the equipment and safety features of the SURVIVOR ship. Just as George imagined them. He turned off the holographic screen and turned to the two in the living room:

“Well, how was it? Did you understand the idea of saving the "seed" of the human race and its transfer to the indefinite beginning of the new / old cycle of the universe?”

Peter Sr gave his opinion first:

“Oh, very well, perfect! I could not do it better than you. Now what should be done next?”

George ignored this remark and question and said:

“If there are no other comments or remarks, then coffee and a little rest. Or, because the time had gone too far, just lunch. After lunch a sleep for the older of us”, George pointed at his chest. He smiled and called on her wife on internal audio system:

“Honey, we just finished our first session. We need a light aperitif before lunch. How do you think about it?”

Very soon the aperitif was served by the robot-waiter. Janet had instructed the robot cook about the tastes of the three participants in the session. During the aperitif the participants continued discussions. Soon, the lunch was served. All members of the family, including small twins, attended the lunch. Except Peter Jr. At George's suggestion they decided to continue the session the next day at ten o'clock in the morning. He felt very tired.

The next day, the conspirators in the secret project SURVIVOR gathered again in the living room at ten o'clock in the morning. Peter Jr first took the floor:

“I apologize very much for not being able to attend the first session. My colleagues called me urgently to come to the company. In our time we,

engineers-designers usually work from home. The excellent modern communications allow us to exchange information with our colleagues directly from our workrooms equipped in our homes. This saves money for office workers, wins time from traveling to the company, and other benefits to work from home”, Peter Jr laughed.

“And how about employee's discipline and responsibility for the interests of the company?”

“ You mean whether employees abuse the trust of the company?”

“Exactly.”

“I do not know how it was at your time, but the modern employee is very conscious, disciplined. If he is not, then his bosses understand that pretty soon and release him, fire him. Our contribution to the business success of the company is judged by what we produce, not how long time we stay in the office in the company and are chattering with our colleagues. Either drink coffee, or picking our noses.

“Logically”, Peter Sr agreed.

“Workers and managers work in the company, of course. You understand that it is not easy to send metal details on-line. Engineers-designers are present at the tests of the machines they have designed. This is happens in the company's workshops.”

The four participants in the session sat in the specially prepared armchairs for them. To these armchairs were attached robotized service-tables and something like a laptops.

“Today, I propose to specify the objectives and parameters of the SURVIVOR ship. Once we know exactly what we want from it, we'll put this data into the computer-constructor. These data will be brought into the computer by the three alive constructors: me, my son, and my daughter-in-law. That's what we do usually in our time. This super-fast and ultra-smart computer will spell its decision quickly enough - maybe in two hours. Then we will look at the ship's design in the three-dimensional space. We will rotate it in space and look at each side of the ship, in every detail, including the inside of the ship. A three-dimensional computer animation will also be shown - operation of

different ship's systems. After removing the weaknesses in the project and adding new, missed initial requirements to the construction and the functions of the ship, we will issue an order to the computerized constructor to prepare the final project. Finally, we will make a virtual ship test in "working conditions". The ship will be populated with virtual passengers and will be allowed to move and work in a virtual environment hostile to life. Several very dangerous situations will be staged for the survival of the ship and the passengers in it. If a gaffe is found in this virtual test, the computerized engineer must re-make the project.

I have in mind what new materials we'll use, new specialized equipment, new design solutions. So until a stable version of the ship is delivered to the passengers for stable, safe, and comfortable living conditions during months of external cruel siege.

Under the conditions of total destruction of the foundations of our civilization, the SURVIVOR ship must be equipped with a sufficiently reliable system of communication with the surrounding still active world. We should not rely on the global cosmic connection through the artificial communications satellites on earth.

SURVIVOR ship must have sufficient spare parts for repair, repair workshops, food and water storage facilities.

Quantum free energy is the ship's main source of energy. It is a fuelless, absolutely clean, unlimited in power and energy generation, energy source. But everything can happen, so I suggest we must have a small stock of conventional fuel on the ship.

To move the ship from a place already dangerous to stay to another safe place, the ship must be equipped with quantum-powered rocket boosters. Their work need a compressed air stream produced by a powerful compressor. The quantum energy compressor works on the principle of destroying space by the periodically occurring and disappearing ball lightning in the quantum generator's chamber. The efficiency, here called over-unity, is one hundred times or more.

For gathering environmental intelligence, it is necessary to build unmanned drones. For hunting and fishing, collecting the gifts of nature, for external transport operations, and for rescue operations, it is necessary to have airborne small crafts.

I think it is absolutely imperative that the ship be equipped with laser weapons for defense. Gangs of frightened gone wild people can be expected to roam in the vicinity of the landing ship.

The ship must be able to take off and land, to navigate, on water mirrors also: lakes, rivers, seas. The ship must be fitted with water propellers.

That's all. Now let the three engineers put their data into the computer-  
constructor. And you, dad, can rest in this time. I suggest you walk or hang  
around with your very energetic great-granddaughters Tony and Lina. When  
we are ready with the first design we'll call you to come down. It is most likely  
to be ready for the first virtual test of SURVIVOR tomorrow morning.

Peter Sr left the living room and set out to communicate with his daughter-in-  
law Janet and his great-granddaughters Tony and Lina. Nobody called him from  
the working-living room that day.

The next session began with a demonstration of the three-dimensional  
holographic image of the first version of the ship. SURVIVOR ONE consists of  
several main compartments-floors that can be sealed, isolated from each other  
in case of serious accidents. The living quarters may even be catapulted into  
the surrounding area. The lowest floor-section is reserved for the ship's  
propulsion system - here are the quantum engines of the rocket boosters. In  
the same section is installed standard 100 kilowatt quantum generator to  
provide the ship with all the energy it needs in steady state: electricity, hot  
water, hot water steam. Above it is the storehouse, the repair workshop and  
the robotic kitchen. In the middle of the ship is located its largest section - that  
of the living quarters. It consists of a spacious living room equipped with many  
sofas and armchairs, three-dimensional TV screens, service tables in front of  
each couch, a long service table with sixteen chairs around it, a children's  
corner, a billiard room, and a smoking room. On the perimeter of the  
residential area are situated seven bedrooms-cabins each equipped with a  
bathroom including a sink, toilet and shower. Above the living quarters is the  
ship's control section. One third of this section is used for a botanical garden. In  
another one third is the medical cabinet-lab. And in the uppermost section of  
the ship is located the garage of the manually operated small aircrafts and the  
drones. Here is also the weapons store.

The ship stands on six telescopic legs when it is parked on the land. They are  
pulled back in flight.

All sections are interconnected with lifts. To enter and exit the ship at each  
level-section there are airtight doors.

The water tank and the compressed air containers are installed in the ship's  
protective jacket. The outer casing of the ship is made from heat-resistant light  
metal alloy. Between the two sides of the outer jacket, springs are mounted to  
provide elasticity and stability to the ship in the event of its being caught by  
landslides caused by earthquakes.

Missile boosters can raise the ship to a height of no more than two kilometers,  
and in a horizontal flight to move it up to a distance of no more than 800

kilometers. The reason for such a limited flight is the overheating of the quantum engines. They need cooling and possible repairs. These are the world's first engines of this type and the lack of time to improve them is the reason for such limited radius of flying.”

To the ship's description, after long pause for the rest of his mouth, George added:

“Materials used for the outer casing are very light and very resistant to high temperatures and mechanical stresses. As seen on the three-dimensional screen, dampers are installed between the walls of the double shell of the "egg" to ensure the ship against violent external forces and avoid unwanted vibrations inside the ship. Electrical part of the ship was developed by Peter Jr. I'm not going to comment on it, my son and the computer engineer know their job well. I just want to point out that the ship is equipped with many different sensors for external monitoring: temperature, light, pressure, for gases, and many others. They are connected to the computer-analysist. This computer will decide when to give a red signal for extreme danger and immediate take-off. Paula had done excellent design work. We will have a reliable, reasonably and efficiently arranged ship, very convenient to operate and live in it. That's it, I'm done.”

For the view of the ship's three-dimensional design, presented as a three-dimensional holographic animation with virtual passengers in it, were invited the members of the whole family.

“How many are the passengers in SURVIVOR ONE?” - asked Peter Sr first question.

“Our whole family: you, me, Peter Jr, Janet, Paula, twins Tony and Lina, Claudia with her two granddaughters Evelina and Jessica. Ten people in total. Cabins will be allocated as follows: one for you, one for Claudia, one for me and Janet, one for Peter Jr and Paula, one for Evelina and Jessica and one for Tony and Lina. Six cabins will be used by our family. One cabin remains a backup. Cabins-bedrooms can be rebuilt and refurnished according to the wishes of their occupants. I forgot to say there will be another cabin in the section below living quarters – next to the robotic kitchen.

“I guess for the robot cooks?”, Janet commented ironically.

"It's a secret for now", George told her.

"You're so stealthy, George, and you do not let me in your home lab."

George merely shrugged his shoulders and continued the explanations:

"The size and low weight of the ship, more accurately to say its bulk weight, allow it to float like a cork stopper on the surface of the water. In the event of a mud or rock slides, SURVIVOR ship will be able to get out of his way using powerful jacks and powerful rocket boosters.

I think I added everything that the first computer presentation missed. The computer engineer is a smart, fast-acting machine that strictly follows the instructions given to it by alive engineers. The alive person raises intelligence in its electronic brain, but this brain can not become aware of itself as independent personality and cannot thought like human. Electronics no matter how sophisticated is NEVER will become thinking alive human."

"Yes, the man is a man. He has consciousness that thinks, feels, creates. This even the smartest machine cannot do it. Because of that, computers do not suffer or fall into depression in difficult situations like us", Paula said.

"Machine is what I wish to be: no eat, no pain, no jealousy," Janet added.

"And will be there pets, and other animals in the ship's botanical garden?" Little Lina asked.

"We had not decided yet," her grandfather George answered.

"Then decide it. I want Charlie and Murka with us", Lina insisted.

SURVIVOR's construction would have been made mainly from ready-made items that could be delivered either commercially or directly by the manufacturing companies. It was not necessary, for example, to build new quantum generator for the ship's energy needs, except for powerful rocket boosters, of course. There was a great variety of different quantum energy generators available on the market. This is also applied to other machine-tools, sensors, devices. It was the computer designer's job to pick them up from the numerous catalogs on-line, order them, and find them the right place in the construction of the ship.

Two days later, the ship's final design was ready, taking into account the latest remarks and instructions from the entire Hammer family. Everyone gathered again in the big living room where the final design of the ship was demonstrated, including computer animation of the lives of passengers in working conditions, i.o. when the great tribulation had already arrived outside.

“There's something we did not mention in the project”, Peter Jr said.

“And what is it?”, asked his grandfather.

“The human factor”, said the grandson laconically.

“You better explain what you mean as a ‘human factor’ in this case”, George asked.

“We have two things to consider: first, the psychological compatibility of people with different, though closely related relatives, who had been confined for a long time in the small space of the ship and watching the terrible images of total destruction of the environment. Second, none of us had been trained to provide serious medical help to a sick or injured passenger in an emergency case. An inflammation of the appendicitis may lead to the grave anyone of us. And this is a simple operation for a surgeon. One dead among us can lead to a collapse of the psychological climate in our closed capsule.”

“Yes, these are serious reasons for anxiety. But they have nothing to do with the ship's construction”, George replied.

“The conclusion is that all members of the crew of the ship, except for the little kids-twins, must undergo serious medical and psychological training before the flight. And, it is desirable to hire a medical doctor-surgeon. Serious person, with sufficient practical experience, unmarried. We can announce a contest”, Peter Sr proposed.

After solving the "human factor," they all departed to their places in the house.

The next day, a further test of the SURVIVOR ship virtual model was conducted in "working conditions" involving the "Human Factor". It turned out that this factor may turn out to be even more dangerous in some situations

than the external dangers and the failures of the ship's management and equipment. A passenger who suffers a deep depression can creep all other people into the ship and make them inactive in cases of serious situations. Do not give God someone die, especially a child. Or suicide.

Unlike the space flights, where hardy, trained cosmonauts are selected, psychologically compatible with their colleagues in the spacecraft, the SURVIVOR crew consisted of family members, untrained, old and young, young children, never living in extreme conditions, and great stress.

SURVIVOR virtual technical tests showed excellent results. The four project leaders decided to start work immediately on the construction of the ship. George said he has financial possibilities to cover all shipbuilding costs. But these were just estimates, and, as the experience of major projects, mainly cosmic, showed, the final spending was several times greater than originally thought. George, however, had foreseen this opportunity. Rich financiers - mostly his friends - agreed to put in the project as much as necessary to build the machine of the century. These people had initially agreed to help George build a single ship, but the more recent natural disasters have convince them that they should not risk their own families too. What were the money when death completely depreciated their value. Death is stronger than money, money could not be redeemed by her children's lives.

After last meeting with these investors, George told his family:

“They decided, at last, after the initial hesitation, to take part in the Mission of Salvation as equal partners and passengers. They also want to build five more SURVIVOR's copies. The salvation armada will consist of six ships. On every ship - one family plus a surgeon. I told them that, technically and psychologically, it would not be desirable for the crews of the individual ships to exceed twenty people. They said it is O.K. with them. Some very old grandmas could be left dry. From them, anyway, no human seed can be extracted. We all agree that the chances of survival of the "seed" of the human race are greatly increased if the "salvation armada" consists of six ships instead of one. In difficult situations, the ships will help each other, and in the event of a ship being destroyed, its surviving passengers can be picked up by healthy ships.”

“George, it's not good to thalk about old women such way”, Janet reproached him. “Would you leave your 82-year old sister dry, out of the



expedition? We, you and me, are not very young people too.”, added she.

“Even though we're shattered by time, we are very useful to the mission. And for my sister, Claudia, there will always be a place for her on the ship. There is no ‘one or two’ on this issue. She is my sister and daughter of our prophet.

The passengers of the additional ships were from wealthy families. Peter Sr felt a sense of conscience. "It is a pity for the poor people, but they have always been scapegoats in a society where money is a god and a master," Peter Sr thought with anger.

The most busy with the construction of the six SURVIVOR ships was engineer George Hammer, the chief engineer and manager of the project. His first deputy was his son Peter Jr Hammer. Peter Sr could have been temporarily on leave.

As the construction and dimensions of the SURVIVOR ships proved to be inadequate for George's limited in size industrial home workshop, all investors agreed to build the six ships in the heavy-machinery factory's workshops belonging to one of the investors. This investor-partner decided to keep on hold the production of some orders at risk of losing his reputation as reliable businessman. For him now the life of his family had become the first priority. In addition to the parts made in George's workshop and in the workshops of other partners, many parts would have been produced with the number one priority in specialized businesses that could be relied upon. "Priority number one" means generous pay for these parts.

Two days after the last meeting of the participants in the "expedition of salvation", the Hammer family - without George and his son Peter Jr- left for Bulgaria by airplane. To the airplane equipped with quantum energy engines it took only four hours to cover the distance of nearly nine thousand kilometres between Salt Lake City and Sofia. Sofia was the city where Peter Sr was born and raised. After graduating from technical college in his hometown, Peter Sr had gone to Russia where he graduated as an engineer-technologist. This specialty gave him practical knowledge in the production of materials, good knowledge in chemistry, mechanics, and electrical engineering. Later Peter Sr defended his PhD dissertation on thermodynamics. Then followed years of work at various positions in the industry, in the research, and in the teaching sector. Parallel to this "money-making activity for his family," Peter Sr was actively working on learning the fundamental knowledge of the world that God had revealed to him. This "absorption of the divine revelation" consisted of:

self-learning to understand the essence of these divine scientific revelations, experimenting, writing articles and books, building experimental quantum generators. And a lot of resistance from the conventional "righteous" scientists that governments and business believed by inertia, despite the many experimental facts that were in contradiction with these old scientific dogmas. The aircraft was landing vertically, as the jet of compressed air from the rocket boosters gradually reduced the speed to zero at the touch of the ground. The runway was a circular concrete site about a hundred yards in diameter. It was located about a kilometer from the central building of the airport. The airport buildings were of modern architecture like the one Peter Sr had seen in America. Land-based shuttle transported them to the reception building of the airport. Peter Sr, in a heartbeat of excitement, watched the city's silhouettes flowing through the light mist covering the valley. Thousands of years ago in this valley his home city started its existence as civilized town. Immediately behind the city were visible the mountains surrounding the valley that had sheltered the capital city of the Bulgarians. This ancient city, more ancient even than Rome – the "Mother of the Cities", had been sweetening many generations of people from different nationalities, such as the ancient Thracians, Romans, Slavs, Proto-Bulgarians, Illyrians, Turks, and many other nation-invaders. And all these nations had left their seed in the genome of modern Bulgarians. Under the modern city, there were several layers of ruins of ancient settlements of ancient peoples that had long disappeared in the past. City above other city - this was Sofia. "Growing but not aging" – say Bulgarians about their capital city.

There was still snow on the high peaks of the mountains surrounding the valley.

"Late spring is now," thought Peter. "I remember the green forests and meadows covered with fresh grass and numerous wild mountain flowers: snowdrops, primrose, crocuses, yolks, and other flowers whose names Peter Sr had forgotten. What a beauty, what a bliss for eyes and flair are these wild, unplanted by human hand and non-courted wild flowers -fairies. This divine beauty can even be felt by uneducated and foolish men. Because it penetrates man's subconscious and falls under the judgment of the general aesthetic sense of the man. And the subconscious returns this judgment to the external consciousness that conveys to the man: it is beautiful, wonderful, keeps it from destruction. The fool did not need any special training to understand the divine beauty of the wild nature. He feels that intuitively.

And the swift mountain streams that carry, as wild frightened horses on their back, their frothy, crystal-clear waters born from the melting snow and passed through the natural filters of the mountain! They were galloping down the

steep slopes of the mountain, merging into larger herds - streams and rivers -, and finally tired, tamed, are leaving the mountain and heading toward the valley occupied by the buildings and the city facilities. Here their idyll ends. There they are directed into concrete pipes - tunnels, where they are mixed with the sewers of the city's slops, and mildly cleaned in special facilities and mixed with chemicals, they go to the north in open canals, where they are poured into the main wash canal of Europe - the Danube River. And this river-canal pours them into the ultimate cesspool of Europe - the Black Sea. There they settle down to the bottom of the sea, decomposed, leaving poisonous gases. In this grave of European junk, neither fish, nor shrimp, nor crabs could live. Only fifty meters from the surface of the sea is the area of "living water" fit for life. In the Black Sea, the cycle of pure European waters born in the mountains ends. Just as the Phoenix bird revives for a new life from the ashes of its burning, the pure water rises to a new life with the help of the sun's rays that return them purified in the mountains. In the form of rains and snow.

The civilized man from the age of industrialization has grown up over nature, he had exploited mercilessly its natural resources, and she – mother Nature - had suffered this abus for hundreds of years. But nature's patience was already on the way out. Nature replied to this outpouring of her with blows under the belt - where it hurts the most. With earthquakes and volcanoes.

And the air? This breathtaking, oxygen-rich, fragrant, fresh, clean mountain air! In China, people breath smog instead of fresh air, they buy breathing balloons filled with fresh mountain air from the Alps. And we, the Bulgarians, in the mountains have it in tons, 'with shovels to ring it, in sacks to fill it.'

Peter Sr left his thoughts and memories behind and returned to reality: checking documents, luggage, rent aircar. They headed for a previously booked hotel in Peter's hometown. He owned a house in this neighborhood which he had renovated after his retirement in America.

"Is it still preserved? Maybe my heirs have sold it? I forgot to ask George about that. Who needs this old prehistoric house-dinosaur" Peter thought.

From the height at which the aircar was flying, Peter was admiring his hometown, heavily altered although, unknown to him - the man of a past epoch.

The black veil of the approaching night was covering the buildings, squares and streets of the multi-million-citizen city. Through that veil they began to glitter like stars in the sky (turned upside down) lights of the city, and the image of the city gradually was melting in the darkness of the night.

After quarter hour of calm flight over the city, the aircar landed on the roof of the hotel. They registered and scattered around their rooms. Peter Sr's team decided it was very tired and gave up dinner at the restaurant. Instead they ordered dinner in the rooms.

Peter Sr had other plans for the evening. He took quick shower, ate the food served by the robot-waiter, changed his clothes, and left the hotel. He was walking on foot to the place where his Sofia house was once. Peter Sr had rarely been visiting Bulgaria. The last time he visited his house was five years ago. Certainly, Peter was excited, his heart beating like a drum hit with a heavy bat. It was difficult for him to orient himself in the heavily modified look of the streets and buildings in the neighborhood. The streets were covered with material that was neither asphalt nor concrete, nor stone or ceramics.

Something else - soft, but not so soft to sink the legs in it, slightly springy as a rigid tire, not slippery. It was convenient and enjoyable to walk on such a floor, walking on it does not cause pain in the joints of the elderly. "A type of therapeutic covering construction material," Pieter thought.

As the night progressed, the air was getting colder, a gentle breeze was blowing from the west, increasing its pressure with every passing minute. Peter Sr was still wandering the streets and could not find the way to his house. From the courtyard of every house he passed, a dog barked. "It is interesting to know whether these are real dogs or barking robots," Peter thought. After a long rush, he found the short, steep street at the end of which was his house. The street he left on his last visit was a shattered, unspoiled dirt road typical of rural streets from the middle of the twentieth century. Now this street was unrecognizable. It was two meters extended from each side and consisted of three lanes: two lanes-escalators moving in opposite directions and in the middle lane for pedestrians and dogs. Peter stepped on the right escalator and it pulled up automatically. "Like in a mall," Peter thought. The street was very well lit, the facades of most of the houses had a modern design. The escalator stopped abruptly at the end of the street and Peter Sr was spitted unceremoniously, but not roughly, on a site covered with the same elastic material as the streets in the neighborhood. After balancing his body vertically, Peter Sr looked around. In front of him stood four-story building built of bricks and stones. Although restored, with a modified façade, Peter Sr recognized in it "his house."

"It's my beloved old house," Peter Sr almost cried. He had last renovated it in 2011. Now the year was 2068.

Peter stood a little in the courtyard, sighed, and climbed up the stone staircase leading to a flat concrete site in front of the house. Dog, real or robot, did not call.

"Now what? Should I knock on the outer door and present myself as a former owner of the house, or, not to say my real name, and to act as an ordinary visitor seeking an acquaintance? "

But the inhabitants of his house saved him the explanations. They knew who was standing in front of the house. They were already told. The outer door of the ground floor opened and a dense male voice called:

"Good evening, Mr. Hammer. We were informed of your possible visit this evening. Your daughter-in-law called me half an hour ago. Be welcome to your old home, which has now been transformed into the Peter Hammer Museum. The house was ransomed from your heirs 12 years ago by the local municipality."

The man came out to light, and Peter Sr saw a man of his age - in his old days - who was smiling with a broad benevolent smile. With a gesture of his right hand, the host invited Peter Sr to the house. Peter Sr noticed that the interior of the house was quite altered by what he had left it more than half a century ago. It was no longer a house to live. It was a museum.

"Your house was turned into a memorial museum. In a museum for you, for your genius, Mr. Peter. You are the pride of not only our small nation, but also the pride of the whole world. My name is Stefan Sharankov and I am the curator-manager of this museum. Here lives, and helps me, my older brother Stoyan. He's a widower, I'm an old bachelor. Now, would you be honored to accept our invitation for a modest, improvised dinner?"

"With a great pleasure, though I'm not hungry, I ate at the hotel. Thanks for the kind invitation."

The manager took him to a small kitchen, where his brother Stoyan was waiting for them. He arranged the table with the "improvised" dinner. They made their acquaintance and squeezed their hands. The dinner was not so improvised:

there was a roast lamb, a 'shopska' salad from his time, a Bulgarian sheep cheese, a lute, a Bulgarian cheese, a carp on the grill, a Bulgarian sparkling beer.

"It does not look like a fast-food dinner", Peter laughed.

"By the way, your son George called me the day before you arrived in Bulgaria, so we decided with my brother to prepare ourselves for any possible case."

The tasty, cold beer accompanied meal, opened the tongues of the three. They sang old city songs that were not yet forgotten by the older Bulgarians. It turned out that Stephen had met Peter Sr in one of his visits to his birthplace. Peter Sr was then invited to a lecture at the local school where the adolescent named Stefcho Sharan was studying.

"The carp is baked on grill, but it is a pity that you, Mr. Peter, do not eat fish," Stoyan exclaimed.

"Call me Peter, please. „Mr. Peter" sounds very formal."

"Peter, I am your great admirer, my brother too. I have a university degree in computer science. Now we are retired with my brother, so, we run this museum," said Stefan. "And for quantum free energy, whose only discoverer and tamer are you, I just have no words. There were many dishonest attempts to attribute this brilliant discovery to plagiarists from "our countries and our circles of interest," but they blew like bursting balloons. Because there is an Internet, and the Internet is honest and omnipotent. This great discovery overturned the world. Today, the whole economy of the world is based on this energy. It is the blood of economy, it is the salvation for our already exhausted civilization. Deeply I bow before you, Peter. The two brothers bowed to Peter and kissed his hand. Peter was stifled with tears. To pass the lump stuck in his throat, Peter swallowed the beer and said:

"Stephan, Stoyan, forget that. Since from God had come all this, I am only the executor of His will. Such great discoveries can not be born in the heads of ordinary people, no matter how clever they may be."

Peter tore a piece of toast meat from the lamb's leg and ate it with great pleasure.

"I've always considered the well-baked lambskin for the most delicious meal in the world. Particularly in combination with cold beer. Pity that the skin is not much in the total amount of lamb meat", Peter said, licking his oily fingers. "And I imagined that I had a good dinner at the hotel. With these delicacies, which only in Bulgaria can be served, one is getting hunger like a wolf only by looking at them and smelling them."

"We're glad you liked our culinary art, Peter."

"For your information, I am here to visit my birthplace village that I visited last time more than half a century ago. And what a great emotional experience for me is to visit the grave of my beloved wife, Evelina. In this picturesque village, situated at the foot of the beautiful Vitosha Mountain, I had first seen the light of the world, for the first time I had breathed the pure fresh air of the mountain, here I learned to read and write, here I loved the first girl in my life, my parents and my beloved wife are buried here. From Arabs in Algeria, I had heard that where a person tasted for the first time in his life the taste of the soil, he is drawn for life to this place as a powerful magnet. The native land!"

Peter was very excited, and his companions were very excited too. There were trickles of hot tears streaming down the cheeks of the three, which they did not try to hide or erase. Stefan first recovered. He said:

"We prepared a room for you for tonight, Peter. It's too late to come back to the hotel. I called your relatives, they agree. Tomorrow on the fresh head we will show you the house and other interesting places for you in the neighborhood. We agreed with your relatives to meet at the local cemetery after tomorrow at three o'clock in the afternoon. Do you agree with this plan?"

"Yes, of course", answered Peter Sr.

"Another thing that I may not be allowed to tell you now. But I am dizzy because I drank too much beer tonight, so, I will tell you straight. Your daughter-in-law said that your daughter and her two granddaughters will also come to the cemetery tomorrow. They arrive in Sofia tomorrow morning."

Peter was pleasantly surprised. He had not seen his daughter as an old woman, and his great-grandchildren had never seen. They were born after his death. "A lot of emotions tomorrow," Peter thought, feeling a faint vertigo. The hosts

noticed Peter's discomfort and led him to the bedroom. They gave him medicine for a heart, put down his clothes, put on his pajamas, and put him on the bed. Once in the bed, Peter felt asleep immediately. The hosts switched off the lights and left him alone. They did not believe that the young body of their honorary guest would cause him trouble at night. But Peter's sleep was restless. He was twisting on the bed like a lamb roasted on a rotating rod, a nightmare after a nightmare were visiting his unconscious subconscious. Peter woke up often afraid of a terrible nightmare, walked to the toilet, needlessly, simply spraying his hot forehead with cold water. But the nightmares just went back, pounding it like vultures, sensing the ultimate fatigue of the lonely traveler who had fallen into the savannah. Finally, the invisible conductor of his dreams had mercy on him and sent him a calm, moody dream. This dream lasted long until the morning. Peter did not forget it even after he got out of his bed. The dream was roughly like that:

*"Peter was invited to participate as an expert in the quantum photon bomb test built on his idea. The Superbomb was a giant artificial ball-lightning that exploded with a very strong current - billions of amps - exploding like a supernova star and generated a very dense stream of high energy photons with energy like that of high-energy cosmic rays. These rays ionized and heated the air to hundreds of millions of degrees. This super-hot wind - plasma burned out and evaporated everything fluid and solid on its way. The explosion of the photon bomb decomposed, in atoms and nuclei, soil and stones, facilities and buildings, humans and animals ... on a very large radius from the epicenter of the blast. At power it equaled millions of conventional nuclear bombs. The Superbomb was hidden in a heavily reinforced cylindrical concrete bunker shaft thirty meters thick and a thickness of the cover one hundred and twenty feet. Peter had warned the military that it was impossible to calculate exactly the energy of the blast. Energy calculations were in a very wide range between minimum and maximum values. What energy will the superbomb generate in its blast, and God himself did not know. But the politicians and the military were crazy heads ready to take enormous risks when it came to the military and political superiority of the nation over the rest of the world. The highly falsified military calculations made it clear that high-ranking security specialists, military and high-ranking politicians can be protected in an underground bunker located 30 kilometers from the epicenter of the blast.*

*Alas, calculations of military specialists proved to be far less than the real force of the blast. Such a monstrous blast on the earth had not happened, possibly from its very existence as a solid body. In such extreme conditions (hundreds of*



millions of degrees and millions of atmospheres pressure on the surrounding environment), even nuclear fusion of some atomic nuclei was possible. None of the observers understood it. The sinful souls of the observers were instantly divided with their bodies turned into hot plasma and were already knocking on the gates of the Hell in the hope that their sins were not so terrible for the reception standards of the underworld of sinners. Even the inhabitants of Hell were shocked by this Super Sin. The chief devil, Lucifer, could turn away from these super- sinners who dared to blast superbomb that could endanger the very existence of the planet Earth, on the pretext that they did not meet Hell's reception requirements. Lucifer, however, had pity on these super-freak souls and decided to accept them on heavy conditions. He knew that if he let them roam uncontrolled on the infinite expanse of the universe, they could make even bigger disaster than the super-bomb blast. They could have built, for example, a much more powerful quantum photoic bomb than the one that had just been detonated and exploding the whole universe including Heaven and Hell in it. After distributing the newcomers super-sinners to their super hot tar calderons prepared for them, Lucifer invited Peter – the chief super-sinner - to his palace. He wanted to get acquainted with this super-stinker that had invented a weapon capable of destroying the whole universe. "This bastard is a bigger devil than me," thought Lucifer.

The Palace of Lucifer was something that is hard to imagine in your worst nightmares. Even Dante's poetry genius, or the brushes of such giants of Renaissance art as Michelangelo and Botticelli – Hell specialists - are unable to describe even roughly the devil's palace. The facade of the palace was a tall, half-demolished rock, on its uneven rough surface showing countless holes of irregular shape and size. Some fire-holes sprang out melted purple red lava. And all of this was accompanied by incredible rumors resembling gunshot waves or thunderstorms. On the rock facade of the palace there was a stone spiral road linking the individual horizontal rows of holes - caves. The top row of caves served for entrances to the palace. Through them were entering and coming out tailed devilish servants and any kind of devilish noblemen. Among the visitors of the palace could be seen all kinds of hellish monsters: giant scorpion-shaped monsters, fiery multi-headed dragons, octopus like monsters with fiery red eyes and fluorescent blue-and-white tentacles. Peter was in a state of great shock at the sight of this gang of devilsish monsters. But he could not refuse the higher invitation from the devilish palace. The air around the palace and in it was smelling of tar, sulfur, erupting volcanoes, burnt animal flesh, and many other sharp smells that normal human flair could not endure for even a minute. Exposed to this disgusting stink, one could get a "stinking shock" and fall into a

coma. Or to die in the place due to excessive brain functioning as a result of the massive intolerable information coming from his visual and flair senses.

Tailed devilish nobleman invited the 'chief bomber of all time' in a carriage pulled by six fiery dragons. The carriage took Peter to the throne hall. Lucifer welcomed him coldly, but with emphatic respect. Such a visitor to Hell does not come every day, even for a thousand years. Without any polite preface and explanation, Lucifer stepped directly to the purpose of this high-rise visit:

"Maybe you do not know the fact, dear mister Peter, that God Savaot is my first cousin?" Peter shook his head. Lucifer continued:

"It is hardly known, of course, in the world of the living. You imagine us as fierce enemies, but, in fact, we are close relatives and friends with God Savaot. We hide our kinship and friendship from the living people in order to not be considered by them corrupted leaders of the 'World of Beyond'. We, with my cousin God Savaot, had gladly relieved when learned about your departure from the kingdom of the living. We were already worried that you could create a more powerful quantum superbomb and blow up both the living and the 'World of Beyond' (Paradise and Hell). The 'kingdom of living' is also under our mutual family control, but God Savaot has appropriated, completely illegitimate, unilateral control over it. I endure this iniquity because I am so overwhelmed with solving the countless problems of the devils and sinners. God Savaot has no particular problems with gentle obedient angels. Besides, I know that some of the alive people are bigger devils than my professional devils. I do not want another hedgehog in my diabolic pants. But I got into the fairy tales that have nothing to do with your visit. It was just information to know how high things are in the 'World of Beyond'. So, from now on, you are a legitimate citizen of the Hell and my subordinate. Such a famous bomber should not be left out of work. I assign you some urgent tasks to solve, namely: First, in the Hell, tar is the only energy source. But its stocks are at an end, and, as you have already sensed, he stinks terribly when it is burned. You are the inventor of a non-fossil fuelles energy source. I ask you to change tar with this new, effective, nonstinking source of energy. I give you unlimited rights to stay in the Hell and work on the project. I will order all the devilish monsters in the Hell to fulfill your wishes unreservedly. Secondly, after applying in practics quantum energy in my kingdom, I will send you on a trip to Paradise. Cousin God Savaot also wants replacement of traditional fuel in Heaven - the mead (honey) - with new fuelless energy source. He says the stocks of honey are quite exhausted over time. Paradise is crowded with

*honest sinless souls, and they want to eat - honey is the only their food. In short, the situation there is critical too. And now at work. You are free. Apropos, I forgot to tell you that my devils informed me that here somewhere in the Hell, your ex-father-in-law Gennady hangs aimlessly. Failed soul, drunkard. He is on probation in the Hell and is not obliged to boil in a tar cauldron. It is enough for him to "delight" in the torment of the great sinners and to draw conclusions for himself. His sin is not big - the production and distribution of self-made whiskey by which he was poisoning and corrupting honest living people on earth. He, too, here in the Hell, is trying to brew a whiskey from tar. It's not that bad, I tried it. I had no such useful inventors in the Hell for a long time. Now you are two, and relatives. Take him as your assistant.*

*Peter gathered his courage and asked the boss of Hell:*

*"Mister Lucifer, can I ask you two or three questions that I'm interested as a specialist of the universe for a long time?"*

*Lucifer frowned, his tail beating nervously on the stone slabs of the floor, but he recovered and said:*

*"Usually, I do not answer questions asked by citizen of Hell. And they do not dare ask me questions because they know my damn temperament. But you are a special citizen of Hell, to whom I have just given unlimited rights. What are the questions?"*

*"While there is a constant increase in the population of Hell, how do you deal with the expansion of living areas in the Hell? The area of the Hell seems to be not very large. Apparently there will be no free sites for settling in the Hell."*

*"At the very creation of the world our common grandfather Creator knew the time-length of the cycle of the universe. Accordingly His estimates, He had determined the necessary areas for Heaven and Hell up to the end of the world. With my cousin, God Savaot, we believe in these calculations. That's the point."*

*"Second question, your devilish greatness". Lucifer scratched at the horns, which began to itchy him from many tales, but he waved away with his hairy paw.*

*"My question is how do you recruit new employees for the growing need of guards for the cauldron with boiling tar?"*

*"The new guards are recruited from the contingent of the sinners. Of those who are most diligent in harassing their neighbors by boiler. They can apply for "zero category" devils. Then they can raise their category if they do a lot of torture work on their sinners."*

*"In my country, Bulgaria circulates a joke that the cauldron of Bulgarian sinners does not need guards. If one of the sinners raises his head out of the tar cauldron, the others sinners pull him back down."*

*"I heard that. Bulgarian sinners are good candidates for devil-guards."*

*"Third question: As we know, souls are eternal, uncreated. Then, where did the souls of the living people from the Upper World come from?"*

*"Very good question. These souls are taken mainly from the Heaven (Paradise). The soul of the newborn is pure, unblemished by sins. In Paradise, such souls a lot - with a shovel to rinse them."*

*"With time, however, souls contaminated by severe sins fall into Hell. It turns out that the population of Paradise is decreasing and the population of the Hell is growing."*

*"This is not quite the case. Beside the Hell and the Paradise, there is also Abaddon (Gehenna)- it is in my submission and on my territory. In the Abaddon repentant sinful souls (with no grave sins) undergo a special course of purification, and after exam they go to the Paradise. I endeavor not to overfill the Hell with unnecessary sinners. Sometimes my cousin is angry that I'm sending poorly purified souls to him, but I also keep my interests."*

*"Fourth, last question. Where do the souls of dead animals go? If they have souls at all."*

*"Animals have no souls like those of civilized people. Animals and plants are something like a living protoplasm in the cell of life, in which the civilized man is its intelligent nucleus. You, Peter, know better that. I've read your books, actually. And we, damn devils, are interested in science too."*

*After the meeting with His Devilish Holiness Lucifer the Great, Peter went back to the boiling tar area. He decided first to orient himself in the situation. He called to himself a high ranked devil who obeyed him immediately. Apparently Lucifer had already circulated an ordinance to all devils to obey unconditionally the Principal Sinner's orders. From this devil Peter learned a lot of things about the structure and activities in the Hell. By the way, he learned that the Great Tar Geyser, that supplied the Hell with tar for thousands of years, could no longer cover the growing needs of this valuable raw material. Many of the tar cauldrons stayed idle for hours, and this was detrimental to the moral of the sinners and their guards. More and more idle tar cauldrons could be seen, whose inhabitants and guards played cards around them. At one of his tours in the Hell Peter met the drunken soul of his father-in-law Gennady. He was in the company of devil guards of an idle cauldron. They were drinking whiskey made of tar intended for fuel to the cauldron. The dead souls-sinners of the no-boiling cauldron climbed out of the cold tar and sat grinning at the top of the cauldron with their legs cocked out. They were telling jokes from the Upper World and smoking opium made by a special fraction of tar erupting from another geyser. Genaddy had mastered this production as well. The fire under the tar cauldron had been gone for a long time. Guardians of tar cauldrons were exchanging tar for self-made tar whiskey. Peter pushed the shoulder of his father-in-law, and he, with a blurred gaze, looked at him for a long time, but did not recognize him. Peter told him that he is seeing the soul of his beloved son-in-law, inventor of the superbomb. Finally the father-in-law figured out who this new sinner is.*

*“My dear son, nice to see you here in the Hell. I expected you to come here after I knew from my friends devils what you did in the Upper World. They talked that you are not allowed to the Hell for committing such terrible sin, but our king Lucifer decided otherwise. I am also a celebrity here. I'm very honored and respected by devils. I make them brandy (wiskey) and opium from tar”, pat proudly on the breast the father-in-law.*

*“I've been looking for you for a few days. Lucifer personally ordered me to take you for a assistant. According to his ordenance, all the devils in Hell, you including, must fulfill my commandments. So collect your peronal things and go with me.”*

*“And what exactly had the boss Lucifer suggested to you?”*

*"I've got to replace tar as the primary and only fuel of the Hell with quantum pure energy. Huge economic effect! The tar is no longer sufficient, tar sources work with a greatly reduced capacity, and the needs in tar are increasing. We will purify the atmosphere of the Hell from the poisonous gases emitted during the burning of tar. These terrible gases are poisoning the souls not only of the sinners, but also the souls of the more enduring devils."*

*"Damn the devils! And what about my tar business? I just started production of new tar brandy according new recipe invented recently by me, I thought devils to drunk it, and that's it – no more business!", Gennadi shouted out indignantly.*

*"Do not worry about your tar business, you dam foul. It will grow even more when the price of tar drops dramatically as a result of stopping its use as fuel. Lucifer Himself praised your wiskey. He already test it. He says the drunken devils are happy and they do not think any more to rebel." Peter saw the complacent expression of his father-in-law'soul and continued enthusiastically:*

*"The saved money from tar will go for modernization of the Hell. It is not modernized since Lucifer's father time. You can see that in the paitnings of the great renaissance paintners Michalangelo and Boticheli. Have you been ever in the Sistin chapel in Vatican?"*

*"Are you crazy? You know very well that I'm not religios person. During my life on the Earth I had visited pubs, bars, automats for alcohol, but never churches."*

*"Anyway, tomorrow we start working on the project. I gave word to Lucifer. He is our supreme boss, nobody can ignore with impunity his ordenances."*

*"And suppose I refuse? I'm fine here, my business is excellent. I am happy with it."*

*"If you refuse, you'll boil in the hottest pitch in the company of the worst sinners."*

*"For your information, I have a special status in the Hell. I am here to purify my slightly sinful soul. I do not obliged to boil in a tar cauldron."*

*"This special your status had been canceled personally by my new friend Lucifer. If you do not believe, ask your friends devils." The devils around watched the conversation between the two relatives and shook their horny heads affirmatively. Genadi sighed and said:*

*"Well then, I have no other way out. At poisonous snake one does not kick. Did the boss had commissioned you to make a quantum super bomb? Are we going to blaze the Paradise?"*

*"Fool. Lucifer does not want to blow up the Paradise, so that all the angelic souls head for a shelter in Hell. Here is so crowded, anyway. It is also very dangerous to mix righteous souls with such awful souls as you and your devil friends. There will be social confrontations between angelic souls and devils and sinners. And riots. Such riots even Lucifer cannot handle."*

*As he lifted up the drunken soul to his father-in-law, Peter patted him friendlyly on his back and said:*

*"As I said, tomorrow we start working on the project. You will live with me in our modern cave-apartment, which has air conditioning system. In a neighboring cave, the devils had equipped modern lab-shop for us."*

*The next day the two relative souls began working on the creation of a prototype of quantum generator adapted to produce enough energy to keep tar in cauldrons at the required boiling temperature. The father-in-law although heavy drunkard, was a very good technician. In the project, beside the two, another dozen devils and sinners took part. Very soon the prototype was built and successfully tested. After thousands of years of stagnation, the only energy source of the Hell – the tar - was replaced by free quantum energy, clean, fuelless, inexhaustible, inexpensive. Lucifer bloomed with joy. He declared Peter and Gennadi as "Hell's heroes." Personally hung on their hairy breasts the highest honors of Hell: The Medal of the Devil's Tail. After the public award ceremony, Lucifer invited the two newly-decorated heroes to a solemn dinner in his palace. Peter, with satisfaction, noticed that the pitch-smelling candles in the palace had been replaced by ecological clean, quantum energy lamps. The cooling system in the palace was also replaced by quantum energy coolers.*

*"Unprecedented progress for Hell," thought the happy bomber.*

*Again, unceremoniously, Lucifer outlined his new plans for the practical application of quantum energy in the World of Souls:*

*"Yesterday, I spoke on the phone with my cousin God Savaot. By telling him what we did in Hell, He almost choked by envy. He complained that the illumination of Paradise is very weak. The number of illuminating lamps in the Heaven grows exponentially, as the number of new righteous souls grows in the same progression, but the power of the electric generators is the same. Electricity generation depends on the stocks of honey, and they are almost exhausted. My cousin says that the angels are bumping into the poorly illuminated sky and falling on the clouds like pears shaken down by strong wind. He asked me to send you at trip to Paradise to resolve this very serious problem. In short: get your stuff ready, and tomorrow we launch you and your father-in-law in direction of Paradise. And be smart, gentle, and obedient - I do not want you to show bad behavior and poorly done work in the Paradise. That's will be shame for me first of all.*

*At noon heavenly time the two sinners popped up in front of the gates of the Paradise. They looked at their appearance - Lucifer had mastered them like real devils, probably for more authority. St. Peter scrutinized their mission documents, and, in any case, called on the video device his boss, God Savaot. The latter was very pleased that the "energy specialists" from Hell had already arrived and ordered immediate their release into the territory of Paradise. St. Peter, like any old pedant, decided to disguise the newcomers into a paradise-like appearance. After being "angelized," guests from the Hell passed a special instruction for proper heavenly behavior. Thus the angelized devils-specialists were presented to God Savaot in his heavenly palace. The highest range angel of the world welcomed them and explained the essence of their work. Peter took advantage of the rare opportunity to extract information from the ruler of the Heaven. He asked him a question:*

*"Your Highest Grace, would you explain to me what your Trinity is about? Is it now in Heaven the soul of your son, Jesus Christ?"*

*"Jesus Christ is the name given to me by Christians. This is my second "I," transplanted into the souls of all living people on earth. This second "I" is like broken into billions of pieces mirror, each of which reflects my only image. I am in every piece of mirror - the Unique Superior Mind of the universe. In some of the living people on earth I'm presented to a greater extent than in others,*



*normal people. Jesus Christ was such a man. After him will come another prophet more powerful than him. This will be the last messiah-prophet before the end of the world. Is clear enough?"*

*"I think so. And how is the question of your third self, the Holy Spirit?"*

*"The Holy Spirit, my third self, finds itself dissolved in all the cells of space, It hovers all over the world, It is invisible even to the angels. Because He is a continual mind, not an individual object occupying a certain place in space."*

*"I understood, Your Highest Grace. And so I thought. I wrote it in my books."*

*A soft, fluffy cloud for a home, and a large, well-equipped cloud for a lab, were provided to the energy inventors of the Hell. Despite his reputation as a "super sinner," Peter was a very honest conscious soul. That could not be said, however, of the "slightly sinful soul" of his father-in-law Gennady. Most of the work on the project Peter was doing on his own. The lazy father-in-law took advantage of his free time and decided to return to his old trecherous habits in such a good place as Heaven. His bad behavior, however, did not go unnoticed by God Savaot. One day He called to Peter and told him:*

*"Peter, we're keeping a close watch on your job. It is very important to us. My spying angels report to me every day. I am very pleased with your work. But your father-in-law is causing me a lot of headaches. I have been told that he does not perform his duties of an electrician, but is engaged in an activity that is absolutely forbidden in Paradise. This awful drunkard has begun to produce home-made whiskey from the honey, which flows abundantly in every corner of the Paradise. Honey is a food and pleasure for the angels, not a source of sin. My pusillanimous angels have succumbed to sin and have begun to drink this whiskey generously offered for free to them by your devilish father-in-law. Some of my angels even help him in making this devilish drink. Such angelic sinners, instead of flying and singing religious hymns, are drinking all day long and are rolling like pigs to their unclean clouds. Some of them have learned to swear like hooligans and thus upset the nerves of innocent righteous angels. That's how it cannot go any further, your father-in-law is about to turn half of the Paradise into Hell. We, in Heaven, do not use violent methods to eradicate evil because there was no evil in Heaven. Until now. But as for your father-in-law, we will be forced to use violence.*

*Peter was shocked. Busy in his work on the project, he had not noticed the abominations of his father-in-law.*

*"I'll talk to my father-in-law. If needed, I'll call Lucifer to take him back to the Hell", promised Peter with utmost respect to God Savaot.*

*Peter severely spoke with his father-in-law and threatened him with harsh measures by Lucifer.*

*"You're stopping the production and distribution of your dirty whiskey tomorrow. If not, you know what's waiting for you. Temporarily God Savaot will isolate you in a distant cloud-prison, where you will only sit on honey and in limited quantities".*

*The father-in-law was scared a lot. He had no wings like the angels to escape from the distant cloud-prison, with a devil's tail is impossible to fly. He had to make up for the punishment.*

*Peter worked on the project alone. Unlike the devils, the angels don't have hands, with wings one cannot screw a bolt. They are not good for assistants. One day, Peter decided to visit his rebellious father-in-law. He had in his disposal a celestial carriage pulled by six winged pegasas. When he arrived at the cloud-prison where the father-in-law matured his sentence, Peter found him really "maturing his sentence." He was lying and snoring, and the vibrations of this hellish snoring could destroy the fragile walls of the cloud-prison. Peter drew the tail of his sleeping father-in-law and said in a loud voice:*

*"Get up. You have a guest."*

*Father-in-law did not move. This time Peter pulled his tail as if he wanted to pick it off from his devil's bulk. The father-in-law woke up and pulled his tail from Peter's hands.*

*"You want to castrate me? Without tail devils will not allow me back to the Hell. What are you doing here?"*

*"I came to see how you spend your time as prisoner. And, to offer you a stroll in the Paradise. I have in my disposal flying carriage."*

*"That's not bad, I assume. Where are you going to walk me?"*

*"I have an idea to visit the souls of our ex wives angels. I took their coordinates. It's not far from here."*

*First they visited the soul of Peter's mother-in-law now angel. She was not surprised, nor she was glad, to see in front of her the tailed soul of her ex husband-drunkard. She said dryly:*

*"I always knew that your place after death is the Hell. Such a callous drunkard and a liar like you do not deserve a place in Paradise. Well, why did you come with my ex-son-in-law, now devil like you, in my angel sanctuary? Another odd 'quantum trick'? I learned about the exploits of my beloved son-in-law", said the mother-in-law and spat in Gennady's tail. The outraged ex-husband, now devil, spat back in the wings of his angry ex wife-angel, and said:*

*"F..k you, you're it is not so pleasant to look at you with these hanging wings and a fat feather-covered ass. He led me here, this was his stupid idea", Gennady pointing Peter.*

*The deathly offended soul of the ex-wife choked with rage and stood like a stuffed goose in front of her ex husband-devil being not able to speak the slightest sound. Peter drew his father-in-law to his tail, and said:*

*"There's nothing more to talk with this senil angel. Let's go".*

*Next to visit was the angel's soul of Peter's ex-wife, Gennady's daughter.*

*"Does it make sense to waste our time with my daughter's soul? After the "hospitable" reception of her mother, do you expect a better reception from her daughter? They are here all with weathering brains because of long boredom and inactivity."*

*" I want to try, maybe she is not so senil as your ex-wife angel and will give us an welcome reception?"*

*"Bla- bla."*

*After about two hours flying in the cloudless sky, the carriage whirled into a small white cloud. The heavenly angel-hostler showed a small tiny little house with his wing, and said to Peter:*

*"This is the house of your ex-wife, now an angel."*

*Peter was terribly excited, his tail nervously was turning around, his horns hurt with excitement. He knocked on the outer door of the cloud- house. No one opened. He knocked again, this time stronger, nothing again. He pushed the fragile door and walked straight into the angel's bedroom. The houses here were one-room. In the bedroom on a feather bed made of special cloud fabric lay the soul of his ex-wife now an angel."*

*"Angel, a real angel! Angel was on the earth, angel is in the heavens", admired his wife Peter.*

*After a while his ex wife opened her blue angelic eyes and said in a soft, pleasant voice:*

*"Who are you? You smell so bad. Why do you have horns and tail? Are you a devil? Maybe I dream?"*

*"Did not you recognize me, my angel? I am your ex-husband Peter, whose soul was mistakenly sent to the Hell", with his eyes filled with tears Peter said and grabbed her tender angelic hand.*

*"If you really are the soul of my beloved husband Peter, be welcome to my heavenly home. You really look like him, but your tail and horns disturb me. And that terrible smell! Do you bathe in the Hell?"*

*Peter delicately avoided answering this inconvenient question. He said:*

*"I'm not alone, your father Gennady accompanies me. He is outside. He's also a devil. Shall I call him?"*

*"I do not know, it will be hard for me to bear the terrible smell of another devil, even if that devil is my earthly father. Mom always said he would end up in the Hell."*

*"How do you spend your time in the Heaven, my treasure? Are you not bored without me?"*

*"How? Nothing special. I sleep twenty hours a day, then fix my fluffy bed,*

*drink honey, flying for two hours in the heaven, and going back to my bed. We, angels, are with atrophied feelings, we feel neither suffering to others nor affection, envy, hatred, or love. We are sexless beings, we have no sexual desire.”*

*“Before we came here, we visited your mother-angel. She did not seem to be devoid of mental feelings typical for the living people.”*

*“This is because my mother's soul had not yet been cleansed of all her earthly sins. Sins go in paralell with bad feelings. There is no strictly defined boundary between sins worthy of Hell and small sins that do not require punishment in this institution of violence. Rather, this dividing line between evil and permissible evil is a blurry area. Some sinners with dubious sins are sneaking into Paradise. That is my mother's soul.”*

*“And what is the meaning of your angelic life lacking feelings?”*

*“The point is that we must clean our souls fully during our time in the Paradise. Unbridled feelings lead to sins. When the time comes, in the new cycle of the universe, God Savaot incorporates our clean, like white sheet of paper, soul into the body of a newborn baby. And there our soul begins its earthly life in a mortal body, with human feelings. And it depends on our souls whether we will become sinful souls - clients of the Hell, or with acceptable sins - angels in the Paradise.”*

*“Does that mean that the souls of the angels are cleansed from earthly memories over time and their consciousness is completely emptied of all thoughts? Even forgetting who they are, forgetting their names.”*

*“That's what happenins. Then their souls are ready to be moved into the bodies of the living people”.*

*“Will we both meet in the new cycle of the universe?”*

*“Of course, our souls will still be in the same living bodies. It had always been, and will always be.”*

*His angelic ex wife closed her eyes. She was exhausted. The audience was over. Peter was very sorry for his ex-wife, now an angel. He kissed her on the rosy*

*cheek. He did not feel touching something tangible. He left the heavenly cottage very saddened, tears in his eyes.*

*"Well, I told you, the pear does not fall further than the tree it grew out of. Did you was driven away?", ironically asked father-in-law.*

*Peter slapped and kicked him with his hoof in his devil's ass.*

*"What do you understand of philosophy, devil freak?"*

*"I understand the philosophy of alcohol. It brings me income and makes me happy. And you can stuck yours useless philosophy in your ass where is its right place," Gennady said angrily.*

Here Peter's dream broke and he found himself facing the museum curator.

"Good morning, Peter. We already started with my brother to worry about you. It is too late, and you do not leave your room."

"I apologize, I had long and very interesting dream. I just woke up. Give me ten minutes, please, to get ready."

"Breakfast is served in the kitchen. We are waiting for you."

The agenda today was dedicated to visiting places of interest for Peter in the capital city Sofia. Moreover, many local people, who had come to know the arrival of their famous fellow citizen, were eager to see him risen from death and talk to him. Stefan informed Peter that the museum bus has a modern airconditioning system, and is this year's model."

After the breakfast, which was in national style, Peter and Stefan visited places that were of interest to Peter. But not so much the new buildings with modern architecture interested Peter, he was interested to see the places emotionally related to his youth. They first visited Mountain Vitosha - a long time ago declared national park. The trees there seemed to him three times higher than at the time when he was wandering like a lonely young man in the mountain. This was really like that because they were left alone – local people do not cut them for their personal use, as it was in his time when they served as fuel to heat houses. Protected by the mountain status of national park and

the abundance of rainfall over the past two decades, the trees had been able to reach giant sizes. Mountain Vitosha was protected also from the devastating action of greedy industrialists and merchants. It had kept the purity of its crystal cold springs, the original beauty of the rivers, the waterfalls, the rocks, the legendary stone river was not "adorned" with bridges and garlands of color changing lights, the wild mountain flowers smelled as they smelled thousands of years ago, air continued to ingest the tourists with oxygen and the odor coming from the flowers and the resin of the coniferous trees. In the turbulent mountain streams there were still trout, happy birds still were chirping in the trees.

"Let God, keep for a long time this natural beauty still untouched by the scythe of death," Peter thought. But he knew it would not be long.

At the foot of the mountain, hidden by giant sequoia unknown from whose hand planted, surrounded from all sides by stones of ruined tombs of people who lived more than a thousand years ago, a small adob church was huddled. It consisted of three parts, the oldest of which was from the time of King Boris the Baptist. It was a family chapel of the local boyars. The middle part of the church, added sometimes in the beginning of thirteenth century, was the birthplace of the European Renaissance. On the western inner wall of the "middle church," an unknown master-paintner had painted frescoes in which the old scholastic fashion of painting was replaced by something new, revolutionary, unseen until now in the practice of church and palace painting. The first of European Renaissance in painting swallow-bird had taken off in Italy a century later. But this indisputable fact was ignored by Western European painting historians. So it was with him, Peter. The Western expensive propaganda machine had long tried to ignore his fundamental scientific and technological discoveries. In this land blessed by God had begun the Renaissance of painting, on the same land God had brought down the new knowledge of the world - in Peter's mind - which changed the world-view and technological qualities of the human civilization. Here was lightened up the star of the last great prophet of God.

Peter's contemporaries, his Bulgarian friends, classmates, his first love, were now lying in their graves long forgotten even by their children and grandchildren. They had been flying like meteors in the heavens of time, and had left no lasting marks for the next generations. People only remembered their heroes.

"Everything of Peter's youth was gone like waters of a river that go through the time. What seemed to us to be important in the time of our life is now forgotten or it seems to us to be insignificant. Still, there are things and people who always remain "essential" over time. These are discoveries and achievements of particular importance to human civilization, these are people to whom God had revealed fundamental knowledges and talents. It is the same with the great political leaders and generals", Peter thought as he was examining the famous frescoes in the little church.

Because of the very advanced time, Stefan and Peter had decided to shorten the schedule of visits in the capital. They delayed the meetings with different people for later. Stefan informed them by phone. Underground subways, buses, trams, land taxis had remained in the past. In their place a huge fleet of airborne transportation crafts appeared. Only loads were transported underground in super-fast trains moving into tunnels in which they were pushed forward by artificially created hurricanes - one of the many practical applications of quantum free energy. Trains were moving in the underground tunnels as they were pushed by explosions in a cannon. But two to three times faster than the projectiles in conventional cannons using chemical explosives. These high-speed trains were banned from transporting people. Land freeways and main roads were plowed into agriculture fields. Terrestrial surface transport was dead. Only in the settlements there were still streets that served for a walk or a visit to the nearby café. Air transport was very well arranged and secure. Even the smallest aircraft was equipped with automation and computer control of the flight. All aircrafts flying currently in the sky were obliged to be connected to a central safety system. Air collisions were a great rarity. Quantum free energy had made the gas stations unnecessary. Quantum energy was free (no fuel) and absolutely clean. The use of the three-dimensional space of the atmosphere has made it possible to increase transport traffic many times. There were no congestions of aircrafts in the space. The aircrafts landed on the roofs of the buildings and did not interfere with pedestrians and dogs in the streets. Contemporary people also liked to meet friends outside home for coffee or a glass of beer. And to chat. And to go watch football matches. These old human habits passed through the time of no harm. Unchanged was also the love between people. The restaurants were not gone, they were only upgraded. The malls were long ago closed - people were shopping online. Computers responsible for supplying



families with products and all other commodities knew what their living masters needed. They were running on-line catalogs for things that satisfied the tastes and wishes of family members, paid on-line, and tried not to exceed the family's financial limits. The smart computers even managed to bargain, bluffing, they knew how to protect financial interests of their masters. And this without wanting food and without getting paid. Each business block or apartment building had - on the rooftop - a landing site for aircrafts.

Free of the many headaches and time involved in organizing and working to solve the tasks of their daily lives, the majority of people became relaxed, inactive, dull, lazy. Like the patricians before the fall of the Western Roman Empire. The progress of human civilization had reached its zenith, its Everest. Nothing better, nothing more efficient could be invented. Scientific progress had run out of its limit. Living people had transferred many of their functions to the smart machines and computers. Few were people who understand the mechanism of work of complex machines and computers. Even fewer were those who thought creatively about their perfection. People were in apathy - they did not care about anything, nothing stimulated them, nothing could activate them. Machines had become smarter and more conscious than humans. Human civilization was dying after it had reached its greatest flourishment and material security.

Peter saw this moral and creative decline of the people of the future where he had been mysterious sent.

"Are these absolutely satisfied modern-day people who have lost all the qualities that have helped the primitive people become the masters of nature, worth saving from extinction? All mighty empires had died in their zenith. After the zenith follows a short time of enjoyment of accomplished perfection, stagnation, degeneration, weakening of forces and desires, steep fall downward, and ... death. Alas, such is the logic of Life. "

Peter thought with great sadness about the fate of his great-grandchildren.

"Are they guilty of being born in a world that perishes? It is worth, however, fighting for them, for their future in the new universe? There they will begin their lives from zero, from the very foundation of the pyramid of human civilization. And what are the other children of their generation to blame? Is it fair that only his grandchildren and great-grandchildren be saved? It's not fair, of course. It is pity that billions of people will die, and a handful of people remain. Is there another solution for the survival of the civilized man

and his transfer to the new universe? I know there is not. End justifies the means. So God had decided that. And no more stupid questions."

The next day, Peter Sr's group gathered at the local cemetery. Peter Jr saw his daughter already very old. He tried to hug her, but she stepped back and handed him only a hand. "She does not believe I am real," Peter thought sadly. Unlike their grandmother, his granddaughters Evelina and Jessica showed great affection for their grandfather Peter Sr. They embraced him, kissed him, tears were shed. The cemetery was there where Peter knew it before. The difference was only in the way of the burial of the deceased: bodies of dead people were not buried in pits six feet deep, but cremated, and then the urns with ashes were placed in niches in a monument common for the family – an obelisk. Under each burial niche there was a stone slab with the picture, the name and other details of the deceased. Around the obelisk there was a landscaped garden with benches for alive visiting relatives. The graveyard was accurately arranged, and the visitor's movement was on lanes surrounded by evergreen cypress trees mixed with flowering shrubs. Peter's group first visited the grave of his parents. The old monument was replaced by a new black granite, in which, besides the pictures and the names of his parents, the text of his father's favorite song was carved: "Oh, tell me, white little cloud where you've been, what you saw. . "

Janet whispered to her father-in-law's ear:

"This monument and the inscription on it you made it. Remember?"

Peter did not know this fact for he had flown to the future a few years earlier. He poured the grave with water and wine, laid flowers. Then they headed to Peter Sr wife's grave. She had died in America, but her pre-death desire was to be buried in her husband's grave. Peter Sr for first time learned that his remains were buried in this grave. Surprise! Beautiful white marble obelisk with two niches containing urns with the ashes of Peter and his wife. Below the niche of Peter's urn, a text was printed in black letters:

***"When I die burn my body,***

***and in a hundred places my ashes bury.***

***At each grave, write words:***

***Here lies Peter - the great prophet of God. "***

"I had forgotten this my poem," Peter said excitedly to his relatives.

"You may have forgotten it, but people in the world had not forgotten it. After your death, ashes from your cremated body had been dispatched in many countries around the world. Your ashes in urns are buried in a hundred and more places around the world", Paula said.

Peter shed some tears, turning his back to his relatives. He was no longer able to contain the inner feelings he felt. It was a purely human excitement, devoid of the pride of its own majesty, the feeling of a man who sees his own grave. They say that general Franco, the fascist dictator of Spain, has wept bitter tears, watching a rehearsal of his own burial in a specially built memorial tomb located not far from El Escurial, the monastery-palace where the Spanish kings were buried. This man who had lamented his own death with hot tears, had killed thousands of innocent people. Peter Sr did not cry about himself, he wept for his wife buried here, for the confused time that sent him to his own grave, and for those billions of people who were about to die in terrible torments in the coming great tribulation and for whom there would be no normal graves and relatives to lament them.

Peter Sr laid huge bouquet of roses on the grave, on the urn with his wife's ashes. "Rest in peace, my dear wife, we will be all with you again in life." Peter Sr gave way to his children. He turned his back at 180 degrees and was thinking about the mystery of life:

"It turns out I'm alive and I'm not alive at the same time. Like the Schrodinger quantum cat. In the normal world of individual objects such a thing is impossible to happens. In quantum condition, however, this is possible. There the past, the present and the future are merged into one quantum entity. Gifted by nature people (prophets, clairvoyants, fortune-tellers ) can penetrate the *common quantum* time of mankind and "extract" from there information about events to which they were not living witnesses or events that are not yet happened in the present time. Only the soul can penetrate the past and the future, for the material mortal body this travel in the time is forbidden. That means that I am only a soul here, and my body is alien, rented only for time. The soul is eternal, it is neither created nor can be destroyed. It is active only when it is in a body designated for it. One particular soul - one particular body, it is a law of nature. A particular soul is active, alive, only once in the cycle of the universe. At the birth of a man, soul opens itself for a reasonable life, and in the physical death of the material body it closes itself

waiting for the next cycle of the universe. And so on to infinity. Rebirth of the soul in another human body, even in that of animals as Buddhists believe, is impossible. It happens some times that the brain is dead and the body continues to function as a biological object. This is done by artificial systems: artificial heart, artificial lungs, artificial kidneys, and so on. It operates temporarily until the systems are shut down, even earlier. The soul had left the dead brain and no longer controls the functions of the biological body. One dies with the death of the brain. Brain is an organ of mysterious contact between the soul and the biological body. From here, the soul, which is a spirit, not matter, guides and controls the biological body. It's not physics, it's not chemistry, it's not electricity. The interaction between spiritual reality (soul) and biological animate matter (body) is the great mystery of life. In my case, Peter Sr thought, my soul twice occupied two different human bodies during the same cycle of the universe. Breach of the laws of nature!? Why had God allowed such a violation? Apparently He haven't another "legitimate" choice at hand. It is impossible for Him to resurrect me from the "dead" and to force my soul into my long dead body. And He chose the smallest violation of the laws - he put my soul into the cloned young grandson's body, which is genetically similar to my body. God needed a young, energetic man-prophet to transfer His chosen human seed to a young strong human body living in time of the great tribulation that preceded the end of the world. To this artificially composed young man God gave very important task – to be messiah and guide-leader who will help last group alive human beings to enter the new world/universe.”

Peter looked at her daughter Claudia. She had clung to the niche with her mother's urn, and she was crying inconsolable.

"They loved so much the two," Peter Sr thought. He turned his head again and continued to reflect on the mystery of the human soul. "We, humans, are individual things in the Universe of Life. We perceive with the help of our material sensory organs only the world of individual things - animate and inanimate. The world of the *common, quantum*, is invisible for us. Our thinking is non-quantum in nature, the questions and the answers to them are non-quantum too. But this quantum "invisible" for us world is real, existing. It ought to be tangible in some way for our material senses. Otherwise it could not exist at all. People say, "We do not see the forest behind the trees." The invisible two-dimensional quantum image of the inanimate universe is perceived in the world of individual things as gravitation effect and the so-called "relict background radiation" of the universe. And how about the things in the Universe of Life? Our soul is something intangible. It does not smell, no taste,

we do not see it, we do not hear it, we cannot feel it by touch. Because the soul is a *reality* of another nature - a spiritual form of *Reality*. The soul also obeys the general philosophical principles of nature. Soul also has two images: individual and quantum. Its individual image is the whole arsenal of memories, habits, skills, knowledge, images and thoughts recorded on its material "hardware disk" (the brain). This is its "self", which distinguishes it from the other individual "selves". The quantum image of the soul is a whole, indivisible in parts, without an inner structure. Individual soul is isolated from other individual souls, no other soul can penetrate its quantum barrier and understand what is going on inside. When a person dies, his soul leaves his material body and merges, dissolves, into the continuum of the human souls. This continuum is the soul of God. The soul of God is a new, more advanced quality of spirit (reason), it is unique in the universe, it possesses incredible potentials to influence all living and non-living things in our unique world.

Artificial Intelligence (soul) can not be created artificially. The baby is born with an infilled soul, uncharted with images, experiences, knowledge, own experience. The newborn baby is only a biological object at his/her birth and he/she remains such for longtime. But the impact of the environment around him loads his empty soul, and the baby becomes a full human being. The beginning of a man (birth) is indefinite, his memory is not yet filled at this time. People do not remember the first two or three years of their lives. Some of the features of the soul, however, are inherited - they do not come from their own experience. They exist from the very existence of the soul - this is soul's "zero background". This happens because there is no absolute 'nothingness' in our quantum world. "

## **PART TWO**

### **The Great Tribulation**

Peter Sr's group returned to America. Claudia and her two granddaughters Evelina and Jessica had expressed a desire to join the "mission of salvation." They all stayed in George's house. The construction of the six SURVIVOR ships was steaming, construction of the ships was going ahead of the initially adopted schedule. Some modifications had been made to the structure of the ships, providing better mechanical strength of the hull and better sound and thermal insulation of the living quarters. Greater attention was paid to the comfort of passengers in the event of intense external shocks. High-quality materials were used, as well as newly developed materials, which are still largely unused in practice, with particularly valuable properties in view of the extremely difficult conditions of the surrounding media. Investors did not save money, they realized that very soon their big money would turn into simple unnecessary figures stuck in the banks' computers. Priority number one for them was the survival of their own families. They were in a hurry to get their place in the armada, fearing to miss the "last ship" to the "island of salvation." In the construction of the armada were attracted expensive paid workers and specialists. SURVIVOR ships would be one of the world's wonders of technique. George briefed his father on the course of work.

"Dad, I did not want to disturb you unnecessarily during your trip to Bulgaria. I know that this visit to your birthplace and the mother's grave was very emotional for you. But now you're here and we need you. You are the chief ideologist and counselor of the "mission of salvation." We're expecting an estimate of what's done on the ships, and extra stuff that we probably overlooked."

George explained the reasons for the modification of the original ship design. All that was done for the sake of maximum security for the passengers. All elements were tested outside the ships, and then incorporated into the body of the latter. Engineers tried to ensure maximum reliability for systems that would work in extreme conditions. Numerous light, thermal, pressure, express chemical analyzers, sensors were used to monitor the changes in the environment of the ships and to correct operation of the equipment. Ship operations are duplicated. Powerful computers receive continuous data from the sensors and give guidance on the mechanisms for the correct operation of the systems. Emergency situations have been dealt and how to fight them.

"This is the technical part of the project", George finished."  
He drank a glass of cold colored drink and continued:

“And now about the ‘human factor’. As you recall, we had already discussed this factor before your trip to Bulgaria. The new investors-partners consider this factor as very serious for the success of the mission. And they are right, no matter how smart and reliable are machines and computers, they can not save the man from himself. The first concern of the mission is to rescue the passengers, the machinery afterwards. Investors hired a group of experienced psychologists and doctors to train the ship's passengers before launching the mission. I personally believe that it is not possible for a briefly trained medical practitioner to deal with some specific health problems. For example, an operation of inflamed appendicitis. This surgery is a routine work for a trained surgeon. I do not know that such operations are done by robots. We need to attract ship surgeons. One on a ship. The human organism and the soul can not be treated by machines.

“Yeah, you're right. We do not have much time available before the start. The information from around the world show a rapid deterioration in external conditions. We do not know yet when we will not be able to continue building ship safely. The great tribulation is already knocking on the door. Passengers of all ships must be promptly informed and begin medical and psychological training. Specialists must get used to the machinery of the ships. We also need some training with you”, said Peter Sr.

They switched on the holographic TV. George gingerly selected the channels that showed pictures of natural disasters. There were huge cracks open in the rocks of Niagara Falls. The "Horseshoe" could break into a few big pieces of rocks at any moment and bury under it the oldest power plant in the world. The cruise ship tours were canceled. The bridge over the St. Lawrence Canal linking Canada with the United States was closed for cars and pedestrians. From the Little Niagara a few giant pieces of rock had broken off, which had rolled to the middle of the river-canal. Another American TV channel showed the ruined wall of the Hoover Dam as a result of an earthquake that was far off the Richter's scale. The out-of-control water of Lake Mead was flowing freely for hours, and it had swept all obstacles on its way, causing flooding around the riverbed of Colorado River. This flood was of biblical scale, a true Great Flood. Other TV channels were showing catastrophic disasters from other parts of the planet: floods, earthquakes, volcanoes, landslides, tsunamis flooding the coastal areas of the world's oceans. Over the last ten days, the frequency and amplitude of the destructive forces above everything created by man had taken unprecedented proportions. Automation, electronics, smart computers,

refused to work for unknown external reasons, and to prevent severe accidents in businesses and infrastructure. Nature had been abused by the man and had suffered severe wounds in the past two or three centuries. Civilized man had pronounced himself to be an absolute ruler of the planet.

"They call us at lunch in the big living room", George said.

There were already almost all members of his descendants, including his two daughters-in-law. A wide variety of drinks and snacks were served at a long table.

"Do they realize what they are celebrating? Feast in time of plague! The end of civilization, of life, of the universe! Is the close death of everything are they celebrating? Only extreme egoists can celebrate on such a tragic occasion. No, they celebrate their unique chance, given to them by God, to be the only survivors among the billions of people - victims of this last holocaust of the Civilization."

On the floor in the center of the living room was placed a model of the SURVIVOR ONE. The scale was 1:20. In every respect, the model was a perfect copy of its fellow-original. In all its details, materials and colors. The controller, now in the hands of George, could open and display the internal sections of the ship. To make the solemn lunch more natural, more human, the hosts George and Janet hired live waiters - young girls and boys dressed in traditional Bulgarian costumes.

"That's my idea", proudly said grandma Claudia, who once, in her youth, won a beauty contest dressed in such a Bulgarian national costume. "I bought the costumes in Sofia. I bought two suits for my granddaughters-teenagers and two little suits for my brother's granddaughters. Watch these divine beauties in these costumes. They are like wood nymphs."

"The 'wood nymphs' Evelina and Jessica stiffened at the praises of her grandmother, which were not so often coming out of her severe for praises mouth. They blushed like fresh ripe tomatoes and lost a gift of speech. To disperse tension at the moment of confusion, Jessica nipped her sister on her thigh. The last immediately slapped her sister, everything this accompanied by shouts resembling the screams of two wounded panthers. If the psychologists of the "mission of salvation" had seen them at that moment, they would in no way recommend them as nonconflict crew members. Luckily, the family



scandal was quickly quenched by uncle Peter jr sitting next to them. He shook them apart and plugged their mouths with both hands. After this 'insignificant' incident, the celebration continued its normal course. George included in the program of celebration Bulgarian song - recorded on the gold plate that had been flying aboard the spacecraft Voyager for nearly a century to nearby stars. The sounds of a Bulgarian Rhodope song were heard, the rhythms of which reminded the divine harmony of the Great Cosmos.

"I had listened to this melody in the ethnographic museum in Sofia", said Jessica proudly – the tamed granny Claudia's younger granddaughter.

Peter Sr's little great-grandchildren, the twins Tony and Lina, were running and screaming like baby goats among the people and the furniture in the large living room. They were so excited about the events surrounding them that their mother had to give them tranquilizers. The elders were no less excited, but they tried to respect the decency of this solemn Hammer family reunion. After the demonstration of the model, Janet invited all attending relatives to sit around the big table for the solemn family lunch. To the doyen of the family Peter Sr was given big chair at the head of the table. This chair resembled a throne of a monarch.

Peter Sr barely stood on his throne. He saw the lights in the living room flashing fast - quickly, and began to change their colors by a pre-set harmonic program. The cosmic music was replaced by Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Peter Sr realized that the rhythm of the lights and the intensity of their colors coincided with the rhythms of the legendary marriage march. He laughed and said:

"Who are we going to marry now? Me? I do not want to marry, though I'm a widower and a young man in your time."

"We marry you for the young lady "Mission of Salvation", grandpa, cheerfully winking at his grandfather Peter Jr.

"Why, I agree to marry that lady. I'm proposing toast for the bride and the groom and for the guests of this family party - the passengers of the SURVIVOR ship", Peter Sr said in a solemn tone, picking up the glass of red wine courteously handed to him by a young, sympathetic waitress. All future participants in the mission of salvation lifted their glasses and shouted out in full voice:

"For the groom and the bride! Bitter!"

“Whom to kiss? Where's my bride?”

“Kiss the SURVIVOR model, it's the bride”, George told him.

Peter Sr stroked the glossy metallic nape of the model and kissed the hull several times in different places.

At that time, Evelina and Jessica were sitting with their uncle Peter Jr on a couch at the bottom of the living room away from the "Swedish table" with drinks and appetizers on it. They ignored the toasts.

“What's so ridiculous Peter Jr is telling them to make them squeal so loudly as if they are frying in a very hot pan? That they are smart, I agree. They inherited my genes. But they're a little nasty sometimes and do not respect others”, grandma Claudia excused them. And she added:

“The majority of people do not believe in the theories of the great tribulation and the end of the world. They believe that the current time of destabilization of the earth's climate and the accompanying natural disasters is a temporary phenomenon until things get normal again. Once this ominous time passes, people will live their lives again as before.”

“How do your granddaughters think about that?”, asked grimly Peter Sr.

“They do not think like me. They are educated in the new fashion school. Their parents left them when they were young children and me and my late husband raised them. Mainly me. For your information: the parents of Evelina and Jessica are alcoholics and drug addicts. Fallen people. I have not heard anything about them for a long time”, the grandmother sighed.

After the solemn dinner, future SURVIVOR ONE passengers continued exploring the ship. They asked many questions, they wanted to know details. George first introduced them in detail to the outer "shell" of SURVIVOR ONE. The outer profile of the ship resembled an egg of a giant dinosaur living on a giant planet where the size of all animals was proportional to the size of the planet. George described the construction of the double shell, what materials it was made, and what its protective properties are. In order to lighten the shell as much as possible but not at the expense of its strength, composite materials with low volume density are used, but with incredible strength. The shell was required to bear high temperatures and pressures without significant loss of

strength. For elastic casing, in case of rock or ice clogging, strong springs were fitted between the two shell walls. In addition to elasticity, these springs significantly reduced the vibrations in the living section. George showed three-dimensional animations of the living quarters. The ship was not equipped with external windows for the security of the shell. The outer world around the ship and far from it was shown on holographic TVs. In the event of serious accidents, the compartments are isolated from each other. Passengers were obliged to remain in the living section in such situations, and in an extremely difficult situation this section could be disengaged from the ship and be catapulted into a safe direction.

Four rocket boosters allowed the vessel to move vertically and horizontally. Fuelless quantum generators are powering missile boosters and other energy consumers of the ship. In the event of a jamming in the cracks of the terrain formed as a result of a strong earthquake, the boosters are working on "full steam," allowing the ship to slip away from the strong embrace of the rocks that hit it or collapsed under earth masses. Powerful jacks help boosters. Unfortunately, the time was short and this did not allow specialists to develop, build and test reliable, long-life rocket boosters. One of the outstanding technical problems was the efficient cooling of ball-lightning chambers. The temperature of the latter reached millions of degrees, and this created designers' problems choosing high temperature resistant materials and quickly cooling the heart of the quantum generators. To escape from the ship such large amounts of "waste heat" in the environment, which was itself heavily overheated in terms of its normal state, was a very difficult task. As it is said in Bulgaria: "The fast doggy bitch gives birth to blind puppies." Apart from the quantum generator cooling problem, there were other "blind-born", untreated, unimpaired, elements and systems. Seeing what's happening with the world lately, workers and professional specialists had lost motivation to work over the ship. High salaries no longer helped. Rich investors-partners were hiding the real purpose of this iron giant. But among workers, rumors were already circulating that it would serve as a new Noah Ark to save the lives of the families of very rich snobs. The high wages given generously by the management of the shipbuilding companies could serve as good savings for workers and the provision of "sunny days" for their families in a long-term perspective. But would such a "long-term perspective" occur? They began to doubt that. And they started to desertify and rebel. It is unlikely that the shipwreck person sailing on a board to give up his board to a boardless shipwreck person. Rich financiers-partners were frightened by the "popular rebellion" and decided to maximize the speed of shipbuilding with the rest of

their loyal employees. In other words, they shuffled the end of the project. The SURVIVOR ships came out of the docks unfinished, raw, unskilled.

SURVIVOR ships were equipped with the most advanced surveillance and communication systems. With full shutdown of the global satellite communications system, which could be expected with certainty, the ships were able to communicate with each other and with the pilots of the small aircrafts sent to provide intelligence or provide fresh food from the surrounding area.

While all ship's energy needs were provided by quantum free energy generators, the ships were also loaded with a small fuel supply. The use of conventional chemical fuel could be required when all quantum generators fail or when passengers leave the damaged ships for good.

“This was a brief description of the construction and functions of nearly finished ships SURVIVIR”, George concluded.

Tony and Lina jumped from the couch as if they'd been released from punishment in their locked room. For their children's brains, the complex report of their grandfather George was a real test of endurance.

“From tomorrow begin the courses of psychological, medical and technical training of the crews of the ships. The presence is obligatory for all passengers of all six ships, including children. The courses will take place at the premises of Maxwell Industries Incorporated, the company of one of our investors. Course participants will be living in a hotel near the training area. The hotel's restaurant will serve food as it will be used on ships during the “Mission of Salvation”. This food is condensed and very caloric. Vitaminic. You'll like it, I'm sure.”

The next day the courses began with the presence of all passengers of the SURVIVOR armada. The same day a medical staff contest was held: one surgeon-doctor and one nurse on a ship. Surgeons were required not to be older than 50 years, not to be tied to families and have at least 15 years of experience in surgery. To the surprise of the organizers, hundreds of people wishing to serve in the “Mission of Salvation” appeared at the contest. The rumors about SURVIVOR ships had spread all over the world like a blast of a nuclear bomb, despite the fact that the media was totally denied the slightest information. The governments of the countries were also silent as they were afraid that the message of the rescue mission of the super-rich people could

have led to uncontrollable panic and rioting of the "plebeians" against the power of "rich patricians."

By mutual, undiscussed consent, the jury chose six medium-old surgeons between 35 and 50 years of age. They all spoke perfectly English. These doctors also had good experience in general medicine. Nurses were also elected, some of them already working for the families of the investors. SURVIVOR ONE's doctor was a young man at the age of 38, a 182-cm-high, blue-eyed blonde, a former athlete, a cheerful young man. SURVIVOR ONE had a nurse now - that was Janet, who was a licensed nurse, retired five years ago.

After the contest, the medics took part in the preparatory courses as participants and medical instructors. Passengers of all ships were trained in the same room, lived in the same hotel, fed in the same restaurant. Irrespective of the age and financial status. This brought them together, morally equalizing their social situation, educating them about the sense of collective responsibility. One for everyone, all for one - was the key to survival in the harsh conditions of "flight" to the new world. The selfishness of the strangers had and been replaced by brotherly cooperation and mutual respect. Psychiatrists had emphasized this winning strategy in the courses. Though love flirting and close ties were banned during the courses, gentle feelings emerged between some couples. It is known that for love there are no insurmountable barriers.

There was no competition between the participants in the courses, there was no desire to show themselves better than the others. A place in the "mission of salvation" was provided already to all of them, there were no cash prizes and medals for handing out. Everyone understood that the success of the mission depends not so much on the individual's qualities but on the qualities of the whole united team. Everyone was aware of their personal responsibility in the team. A drop of tar in the honey pot could make all the honey unusable. If such a "bitter drop of tar" appeared during the mission, it had to be isolated in time and must be purified from the bitterness, and then returned to the honeycomb. There was no question of throwing this "parasitic drop" out of the ship. Because the "drop of tar" was a man, a beloved close relative.

Soon enough, the six ships of the armada were ready for "flight." The final tests were not perfect, but there was no time to improve defected (not many) details. Specialists did not pay attention to the small deficiencies. "We will remove them during the flight," the commanders decided. Luckily, the Murphy's Law did not show its worst side. As if papa Murphy was asleep during the tests. They did not know that God himself was behind this law. God

was this mysterious papa Murphy, who manifested his bad side when it was necessary to carry out His own plans. Now God protected them. All six ships were allowed to fly.

Two days after the general tests, crew training courses were completed. Now the main question was about the time of the launch of the armada in direction of the "island of salvation". Leaders of the armada have doubted whether to wait for a strong deterioration in local conditions or to start while there is still room for a safe start. Another issue to solve was where to be the launch site. After long speculation, the leaders of the six ships chose as a starting point a rocky flat area located twenty miles south of the city. The final date of the start was not known yet, but it was obvious that it was not far. The captains of the six ships declared "orange alert" - one degree inferior to the "red alert", when the ships have to take off no later than half an hour after. The ships were transported and fortified on the starting site. There they stepped on their six legs, ready for flight. A temporary camp near the ships was built for passengers.

The skeleton of the Rocky Mountains in the area of the site was a solid sienite rock that could be rocked and cracked dangerously only by a very powerful earthquake or a nearby erupting volcano. This was the way the ship's passengers were deceiving themselves.

"It is possible to wait for a strong deterioration in local conditions for weeks. But it is possible that another apocalyptic factor, which now does not come to mind, will drive us out of this site much earlier", Peter Sr said. He looked around at his listeners from SURVIVOR ONE and added:

"It's not to exclude possibility of assaulting our camp by some mad, desperate fugitives from cities. We have to be alert all the time, day and night. Nobody, for any reason, should leave the camp. With the rest of the world we had finally separated. There is no return to the dying world. We are alone."

In anticipation of a recent "red alert," the captains of the ships ordered the passengers to load their personal belongings on the ships and who wish can stay there permanently. Grandma Claudia did so. Her granddaughters, however, did not want to leave the "merry" temporary camp. In the open camp there were sympathetic cavalymen with whom they could have a secret flirts, a lot of music, dancing. Passengers engaged in technical maintenance were obliged to stay on the ships and to prepare ships for flight. In the ships specialists engaged with management, technical operations, and repairs,

continued their training. A special training computer program created for them virtual scenes of dangerous situations and taught them how to deal with them. The little children remained out of control of their mothers. They were gathering the meager flowers growing on the stony meadow, playing their favor games "hide and seek", and "blind grandmother". Kids were living their lives in the way the little inhabitants of the planet understood it. They were living with the moment and did not bother their brains with thoughts about the future.

Evelina and Jessica were out of control of her strict grandmother, but they knew the boundaries of innocent flirting well.

The elders had their own worries. Most of them imaginary. Paula was busy arranging her twins in the new environment of the ship. She sometimes crossed the path with the young surgeon and tried to be very polite to him. Peter Jr was watching jealously for these casual encounters, and the worm of jealousy began to nibble his highly aroused consciousness. He imagined incredible situations in which his young wife succumbed to the charm of the handsome young doctor. "The eyes of the jealous are big", people say.

"And what if the young handsome doctor starts flirting with my young attractive wife? How do I have to react in such a situation? To drive him out of the ship before the start? No, no, we cannot live without doctor on board. If my wife really loves me, and I still believe in it, she will not succumb to the tempting doctor." The last thought calmed Peter Jr slightly, and he took back up his duties as an electrician.

At last, the waited with fear "red alert" was announced. The remaining outside passengers immediately took their seats in the ships. The outside doors locked automatically and people were completely isolated from the outside world. What was the cause of the "red alert" nobody knew and did not feel. Fifteen minutes after its announcement, the "red alert" was canceled. The computer analyst of SURVIVOR ONE, that was the chief computer of the armada, had been tricked into accepting a signal of ultimate danger from a communications company. The satellite reported the appearance of a monstrous hurricane raging above the western coast of the United States. The hurricane's eye was just about a hundred and twenty miles from the shore. This super-monster was caused by a sharp increase in the temperature of ocean water over an area where a series of underwater volcanoes erupted simultaneously. The TV channels showed pictures of terrifying images made from the space. The superhurricane "Lucifer", as the meteorologists called it, with a diameter of 650 miles and a wind speed of 220 miles per hour, was

moving toward the west coast of the United States at a speed of 45 mph. Only about three hours later the eye of the devilish hurricane would hit California north of San Francisco. The whirlwind of the super-hurricane had already landed there, sweeping everything in its way.

George gathered SURVIVOR ONE's passengers in the living section to explain the false alarm situation.

“As you already know, the "red alert" had been canceled. Error on the onboard master computer. But it will soon be declared a real one. A hurricane monster is set to the east. It may not come to us, though it's only about 700 miles from here. As it is known, normal, self-respecting hurricanes extinguish (lose their energy) very soon after they land on the continent. I hope this is the case with this hurricane. But be on the alert.”

Looking from the cosmos, the super-hurricane looked like a giant black spider with numerous shaggy legs that chaotically moved in all directions of the compass. “Lucifer” had caught up in its arms a huge mass of ash from the volcanoes below it, and had sucked millions of tons of ocean water. A huge tsunami followed it. Such a mega-hurricane had not raged on the earth since its very indefinite beginning of existence. A new Great Flood expected the miserable land of California. And maybe beyond California? Only few hours later this blessed land of high-tech industry and eternal spring would become a muddy desert. Modern electronics and rocket building plants, residential buildings, hotels, infrastructure, giant sequoias born thousands of years ago, animals and humans, would be very soon milled and mixed in a muddy mess in the giant mega-hurricane concrete mixer. In fact, they were already milled, not waiting for the giant cyclop to look at them from above. Was this mega-hurricane strong enough to cross Sierra Nevada Mountain and land its heavy fist on the lands east of the mountain? Nobody could say for sure. The Californians were already dead.

The SURVIVOR armada was not yet ready for a big jump to a safer place. The people of the armada had to have enough time to look around and find a shelter for their first landing. Unmanned drones-scouts were sent to explore the nearby area for a suitable shelter where they would survive the hurricane if it ever reached those lengths, of course. After the survey of the area, the computer-analyst suggested that the next stop of the armada should be at the foot of rock cliffs oriented eastward. These natural rock sheds would protect the ships from blows in the back - from the west. After George agreed with the other captains of the site of the next port of the armada, the six ships climbed



into the air. This was the first flight test of the SURVIVOR ships. It went smoothly. Missile boosters did not mislead the passengers. At the foot of the cliffs, a river flowed through a small canyon in the rocky body of the mountain. It was wide enough to accommodate all six ships of the armada. The ships dropped their telescopic legs and strengthened firmly on the rocky bottom of the canyon: three on one river bank, three on the other. Everyone thought they were in a safe shelter. Illusion of believers, rather illusion of those who wanted to believe in something that was not very certain. Just as cancer patients believe that death could be avoided even in the last days of their lives.

After recovering from the initial scare, SURVIVOR ONE's passengers gathered in the ship's living section, where they ate a little and exchanged impressions. Their disturbing looks were directed at holographic TVs. And they showed uncomfortable pictures. Not only was California struck by the monster hurricane "Lucifer". From the desert peninsula of California to the south, to the green coasts of British Columbia to the north, the lands between the ocean and the Rocky Mountains were already under water. Nothing created by man, and the man himself, had survived. It was pointless to send rescue teams from within North America. There was nothing to save. These lands and the people there had become 'past', a history. There was not even left an alive bug there, life disappeared from these territories completely. These unfortunate lands were now covered by a multimeter layer of mud containing not only seawater, but also the remains of everything that was alive until recently. The TV channels also showed many other places around the world, where the enraged forces of nature were already eating the healthy body of human civilization. The attention of the passengers was naturally directed mainly to the "Lucifer" super-hurricane.

"Our time is coming," Peter Sr thought sadly. He looked at the silent, frightened passengers, his gaze longing for his daughter Claudia. She had been seated on a small couch, far from the other people in the living section, away from the TV screens. As if the dramatic events in the world do not interest her. With her hands, she was making strange movements. "Does she imagines she was conducting an invisible orchestra, or was she driving imaginable sucking flies from her body? Flies in the ship - absurd. Did not my old daughter become crazy because of too much fear?", thought Peter Sr and approached her. Asked:

"How are you Claudia?"

Claudia stopped conducting with her hands and turned to face her father. There was a strong smell of alcohol coming from her. Irritated she said:

“What a stupid question? I do not want to talk to anyone in this ship - a coffin, even more so with such a stupid ghost as you. Or an alien that illegally uses the body of my nephew Peter. Now get away from my eyes.”

Peter Sr was offended. He relaxed a little and avoiding sharp words said:

“I may be a terrestrial ghost, but I'm not an alien. I'm not a dumb ghost and I'm not an alcoholic like you.” He turned his back and walked away quickly.

Peter Sr asked his son:

“George, do we have any alcohol on the ship? Your sister is drunk.”

“We did not get any liquor on the ship. Perhaps she had imported alcohol with her personal belongings that we did not check. After her husband's death, she started to drink alcohol uncontrollably. That's what her granddaughters told me. They are trying to limit her in this new vice, but for now unsuccessfully.”

The Mega-Hurricane was approaching the Rocky Mountains. Its forces were weakened, but the monster still had enough strength to make the mountains and plains beyond them a dead desert. Huge flocks of frightened birds - precursors to the demons of death – were flowing like waters of a huge heavenly river eastward seeking refuge in some still untouched areas in North America. Beneath them, down the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, followed by fearsome wild animals. The super-hurricane was approaching the hidden camp of the ships SURVIVOR. The wind waxed with every passing minute, started to rain, the leaves and branches pulled from the trunks of the trees turned into a frantic dance around the ships of the armada. And that was just the beginning, the front of the coming hell. The hell arrived with its full satanic shine only two hours after its front. Around the ships darkened, the day passed into a black night. Invisible monsters thrust the hulls of ships steadfastly into the rocky terrain. They seemed to have decided to tear them apart. Out of the microphones that were installed outside the ships, terrible sounds were coming, as if a whole bunch of devils, thousands of howling hyenas anticipating the recent death of their great victims, witches, spirits of dead people, gathered around the ships and fought one another to scare more, the trembling passengers of the ships with their horrible cries, screaming,

clapping, groaning, hitting the hulls. Outside the ships was more than hell. Hell, which even the pen of the most talented of writers could not describe in its full nuances and effects on humans. The great poet Dante Alighieri – specialist of Hell - could not even put on words the terrible cacophony of sounds and mechanical effects coming from outside the ships. Nor were the brushes of the great Renaissance artists Michelangelo and Botticelli, who had already painted pictures of the Hell.

Thousands of tons of muddy water, mixed with the remains of trees and animals, poured into the ships. In less than an hour the ships were completely covered with muddy water. The videocameras no longer could see anything. Peter Jr turned off the external microphones. In the soundproofed living quarters of SURVEYOR ONE stayed complete silence. Silence more sinister than the sounds of the outside hell.

George calmed the passengers:

“Despite the terrible mechanical stress on the ships, they are healthy and ready for next flight. The same is reported by the captains of other ships. We'll wait a little longer, and if there's no improvement in the outdoor environment, we'll fire the rocket boosters. I think it is dangerous for the ships to stay for a long time in this muddy trap, from which any unpleasant surprises could be expected.

Claudia interrupted:

“What unpleasant surprises do you mean?”

“Many things can happen. For example, collapsing earth masses or rocks on the ship. Is that enough trouble for us, Claudia?”

“Worse than I thought”, replied his sister.

George was often looking at the electronic dashboard showing data from the computer-analysist. Beside digits indicating the state of the external environment, there was still no "red alert" signal. Apparently, the computer analysist judged that the time for safely leave the rock shelter had not yet come. George swore obscene “f..n dull computer" without realizing that the eyes and ears of all the passengers were attached to him. Right a way he apologized to everyone for his obscene burst.

They did not have to take off without a red alert signal, however. The level of muddy water encompassing the ships began to drop rapidly, and the strength of the wind diminished considerably. The invisible shrill devils and witches had disappeared. The muddy waters thrown by the super-hurricane over the Rocky Mountains drained rapidly down the eastern slopes of the mountain where they would cause an unprecedented flood down to the plains. The light cast out of the darkness that enveloped the armada. The SURVOVOR ships have been honored with their first serious clash with the terrible elements of mother Nature. The super-hurricane had passed without causing them serious damage.

"I swore it in vain - the computer was smarter than me", George confessed. And he added after drinking glass of water:

"It was not known what would happen to the ships if we were out in the heat of the super-hurricane. Worse if we were left in the monster's paws, but it would have been much worse if we had tried to get out of those paws while they were holding us in captivity."

The tall rock overhanging like umbrella the canyon in this place had protected them from the west from where the super-hurricane had come. The last remnants of the monster hurricane had descended to the plains when George announced a "retrait." People did not have the strength to rejoice.

"Poor people down there in the plains! Perhaps our town was swept away by the still strong hurricane. Our poor friends", said Paula weeping her eyes.

"We behaved selfishly by hiding in our ships protected from natural disasters, leaving people at the mercy of wild nature", Janet commented.

"And did we have the opportunity to save all those people from our town? This is work of governments, and they are idle. We warned people about the overwhelming danger, but who believed us? They thought we are crazy, they thought everything would be the same like before after this time of tribulation is over, as it always was before. I personally do not feel any remorse of my conscience. Just pity for these unfortunate people. God stands behind the "Mission of Salvation". We are his chosen ones. And let's put a point on that", George said convincingly. He changed the subject:

"Are you hungry? We have not eaten since yesterday."

People felt hungry right now. Their hunger was strengthened by the great stress they had experienced. To the main robot-cook was ordered to prepare and serve lunch as fast as possible.

The spirit of all the passengers stepped up a few degrees on papa Murphy's scale. He was on their side, realizing the better options for them. The children who were kept silent in their cabin courted by mama Paula and sometimes by grandma Janet were glad to see the elevated mood of the adults. They were running again around the living hall, laughing with ringing voices, scrambling with their dolls, creeping on the floor. Children's innocent joy during the destruction of the world!

Grandma Claudia calmed her spirit with a few sips of whiskey from her flat bottle, which never dried up. She approached her father and said:

“Forgive me, father, I'm a stupid drunken ghost, not you. Now I understand what awaits us and why you are here with us. Pity my mom is not here. We loved and understood with her very well!”

“Mama's ghost was drinking tea in the kitchen when my soul, without asking for permission from me, went on its way to your time, and your ghost at that time was on a journey to South America to watch Macho Piccho. Your ghost apologized to mom's ghost on the phone for its unannounced trip to South America. Your ghost then did not taste a drop of alcohol among other good things in its behavior, and it was very polite to everyone. Your ghost was a golden ghost at that time.”

“With the time ghosts are changing too, father. Natural law!”

After lunch, adults headed for their cabins. They were exhausted to the limit. Children were already asleep on the floor. The ship was left in the hands of robots and computers.

George woke up first. He ordered coffee, dense, without sugar. The excessive use of soft drinks and his tense lifestyle had led him to diabetes six years ago. This old disease still struck the human race, and a cure for it was not discovered yet. After ten minutes, his father joined him. He poured coffee without sugar too. He also suffered from diabetes in old age.

“Why are you drinking coffee without sugar? Your new body has no diabetes.”

“Old habit. I’m wean to use sugar.”

At first they sipped their coffee slowly and quietly, and then began to discuss the first big mischief of the armada.

“Even without the computer-analysist advices, the logical solution for us is to move north-east, where for now there had not yet been catastrophic disasters. Still working TV channels show that volcanoes have begun to erupt in the plains. At any moment, Yellowstone can blow up like a giant steam boiler and burn out all living creatures hundreds of miles away. We must keep away from this gigantic potential killer. The plains to the east of the Rocky Mountains are also not safe. They are already partially covered by the muddy waters of the remnants of the super hurricane “Lucifer.” The general direction of our trip should be Greenland. The northeastern parts of Canada are rich in game: wild cattle, forest bison, deer, bears. Not to mention the hundreds of millions of wild ducks and geeses. Numerous lakes and rivers are filled with valuable fish. Our ally will also be the northern cold. The soil, the waters, and the air are heavily warming by the growing flow of quantum heat "generously" given to us by the sun.”

“You are right, son. In addition to wildlife hunting, we must also collect edible plants. We need vitamins. We can also grow fast-growing vegetables in temporary gardens or greenhouses in the places of temporary residence. What do you suggest for the next stop of the armada?”

“We have to send scouting drones to the north and east. You know we cannot make long flyghts. First we must look at the local area then we will decide what to do.”

“Reasonably. We must urgently call for advice from the captains. Every ship is for now like an independent republic. The armada of salvation is a union of independent states-ships united by the common goal of survival. But this goal can only be achieved with a combined efforts. We still need some "loose" union of ships. Otherwise - anarchy.”

“That's right. If the other captains will agree.”

George contacted captains of other ships and invited them aboard of SURVIVOR ONE. A Council of Captains was founded on George's proposal. President of the Council will be every captain on a rotating principle. The final decision on moving the armada from one place to another one will be taken by the interim president of the Council. There was a suggestion that he be called "admiral". Captains adopted something like a constitution of the "loose union of the six republics - ships." Basic item in this constitution was that ships should help their damaged mate ship and, if necessary, shelter its crew. As the first "admiral of the armada" was elected George. His power as admiral finishes at the next stop of the armada.

The captains, without any special comments, followed the broadcastings of the active TV stations. They showed eerie pictures of monstrous destruction in the southern and central regions of the United States. The coastal lands of the states around the Gulf of Mexico also. California no longer existed, it was part of the Pacific Ocean. The southern states viewed from space were something like the Grand Canyon that has been magnified hundreds of times. The latter had been lost in this gigantic disarray. Rivers had changed their old beds, new rivers had formed. The eastern coast of the United States from Florida to New York was completely destroyed and submerged by huge tsunamis. Large and small towns on the east coast were washed by giant tsunami into the ocean or thrown away as landfills. All Florida was underwater. The federal government and its executive bodies were evacuated on time in the inside parts of the country but had lost control over the critical situation that made most of the country. "The salvation of the drowning people was granted to the drowning people themselves." The US government was de facto self-discharged. People struggled to survive by relying only on their own strength. The US president was no longer shown on television, no one knew if he was alive or dead. Or he simply had no one available citizen to lie, encourage and comfort. The system of trade and supply was out of order all over the country. The companies were left by the workers and their managers. Gangs of bloody hungry men attacked and robbed homes, food stores, and shops. Gold products and jewels no longer interested anyone. The money had lost its value - they had become unnecessary paperwork. Finally, the social equality that workers dreamed so much became a fact. The rich and the poor are equal to her majesty Death. Nothing could pass through an inheritance to own children. In their chic palaces, the super-rich snobs felt more unprotected than the bumps in their cardboard boxes.

The northern states of the United States and Canada were still unaffected

by natural disasters. By mutual consent of captains the SURVIVOR armada moved about 300 miles north to a meadow lying on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The ships stood firmly on their six legs on the solid base of the meadow. The ships were arranged in a circle. In the middle of the circle was built a temporary camp covered with a tent - shapito. Like a very spacious circus. A protective high-voltage fence was built around the camp, which was secured from the inside. To lift the spirit of the passengers captains decided to organize a great gala dinner with music and dancing. They took out tables and chairs, barbecues, field kitchens, refrigerators, products, and everything else needed to organize a royal dinner outdoors and without robots-chefs. It was a celebration of gratitude. The evening was cool, the shapito heated with quantum heaters scattered evenly under its dome. Powerful lamps illuminated the camp with a soft light. While the women and some men volunteered to cook the improvised dinner, the men and the youngsters started crazy joyful party. The beer was allowed, the whiskey and the wine were under a formal ban that all passengers collectively ignored. For the captains, a cozy corner was enclosed at the end of the shapito. When the cooks were ready with dinner, captains had gone from beer to stronger beverages. Teenagers were not lagging behind them. Huge holographic TVs showed merriments from the good old times. The audio devices boomed in full steam. Here and there, couples or groups of youngsters danced joyfully. They forgot the horror of the superhurricane 'Lucifer.'

"Feast in the time of plague", Peter Sr thought sadly.

There were no speeches, no greetings. Everybody enjoyed this gala-evening as they were understanding and liked it. Children enjoyed the feast at their own, their moms were given up control over them. The people were cheerful, drinking unlimited by the captains, dancing, shouting, hugging, kissing. After the short training sessions, the people of the six ships were happy to see their new friends again. Isolated from the rest of the vanishing civilized world, people intuitively were attracted each to other, looking for the common that linked them. This attraction of people each to other had its analogue in the inanimate nature - the gravitational mutual attraction of the material bodies. Sympathies arose between some young couples, that gradually turned into gentle feelings and love. The memories of the former hearty friends faded, the "formers" were left behind in the past world, to which there was no return.

Fuss, songs, music, laughter came out of the shapito. What did the natives around think about this crazy party at the middle of destruction of the world?



An alien party has arrived to colonize the earth after human civilization will disappear as a result of an organized by them armagedon?

While reveling at the captain's table, the leaders of the armada adopted some decisions/rules:

- Organize a temporary children's playground under the dome of the shapito. A SURVIVOR FIVE's medical nurse and a young woman (former teacher) from SURVIVOR SIX were designated as teachers. Their consent was taken in advance.
  - Organize a temporary Field Medical Center under the Shapito Dome. All doctors and nurses to participate. They alternate in shifts. Make a schedule for their shifts.
  - Children from 8 to 14 years of age are under the care of their parents. They are not allowed to use independently (as pilots) aircrafts.
  - Teenagers from 14 to 18 years of age can piloting aircrafts, but only in the presence of older pilots.
  - Piloted aircrafts should not fly more than 30 miles away from the camp. Except for unmanned drones and reconnaissance aircrafts managed by experienced pilots.
  - Food for passengers can also be prepared outdoors under the shapito dom by volunteer chefs. It is desirable to use fresh food: fish, fruits, vegetables- supplied by volunteer hunters and gatherers of wild fruits and edible plants.
  - It is allowed to slaughter and process the meat of domestic animals - cows, sheep, pigs, birds - roaming unattended in the vicinity.
  - All male passengers from 18 to 55 years of age must be on duty to guard the camp.
  - All passengers are obliged to return to the camp until 8:00 in the evening.
  - Evenings parties for young and old can be organized every night under the shapito dome. Drink beer on public place is permitted.
- Following are the signatures of all captains.

The above rules were printed in many examplairs and hung in the ships and in prominent places under the shrapito dome. The Rules of Procedure did not specify how to punish its offenders. This was given to the conscience of the captains whose subordinates were their close relatives.

All pasengers were trying to dull, with revelry and alcohol their fear after surviving the horrors of the superhurricane. They were perfectly aware that even more terrible trials were coming. The Great Tribulation had hung out over their heads like a damecole sword. The merry days and evening socials were

only a short delay given by the providence to their doomed souls. The only hope for them was the belief in the prophecies of their prophet Peter Sr. He was their guide to the new world.

Who had come this night to sleep on the ships no one knew. Teenagers had cheered up to the morning. Grandma Claudia's granddaughters had found sympathies among the teenagers of the other ships.

The next day, with the permission of the captains, young boys and girls went hunting and fishing outside the camp. At their disposal were manned small aircrafts. With them decided to go Evelina and Jessica.

After having breakfast and drinking coffee in the shapito canteen, the two sisters headed for the garage of the aircrafts parked in the upper section of SURVIVOR ONE. Evelina was at age allowing her to fly as a pilot and she felt herself like the head of the little expedition. Sisters invited to accompany them Evelina's new boyfriend Paul, who was only three years older than his new girlfriend. Jessica chose to be alone.

“I have to warn you that the automatics of the aircraft is tuned so that it does not allow longer flights than 30 miles”, Evelina said.

“Everybody knows that. It is written in the Rules of Mission”, Jessica replied irritated. She was jealous of her sister that she was entitled to be a legal pilot.

“Where are we flying?”, asked Paul.

“Walk around. To improve our shaken health and psyche after the superhurricane. And if we have chance to hit a wild pig or a deer.”

“Can I also drive the aircraft?” Paul asked.

“You can, you have the right age. But I have to warn you that the aircraft is mine and I'm the boss here”, Evelina said proudly.

“Oh, oh, a boss, how come you decided that? Do not give yourself that much importance. The aircraft is owned by our ship SURVIVOR ONE, it's not your personal property”, Jessica snapped.

“Girls, girls, stop fighting for shit. Rejoice your young life and the moment, we do not know what's ahead of us”, Paul scolded them.

“You are right, Paul. Let us think not only about the bright side of this trip, but also about the dangers we can encounter on the ground. We are no longer living in the peaceful times when we were going to climb the canyons and the paths of the Rocky Mountains. We may encounter gangs of bad people”, Jessica gave her opinion.

“The chief pilot took care about everything in this journey. I've taken apart food and laser weapons. We also have knives. We'll shoot meat if necessary. These are the instructions of the captains.”

No one was paying anymore serious attention to their ‘chief pilot.’ After a short pause, Evelina said:

“I forgot to tell you that I also took signaling missiles – five for everybody of us. We have a radio transmitter, unconnected with the global satellite communication system, on board the of the aircraft. Uncle Peter Jr said that the global system of communication is no longer working. The satellites had fallen on earth or burned out. And, as you know, on your hands you have electronic bracelets giving signals by which the ship can determine your location very accurately. They are unsettled by the satellites. As you can see, we are ready for any surprises in the area.”

“Beside those unexpected by us and those handed to us by papa Murphy”, Jessica said with irony in her voice.

“And now the last surprise before taking off. I spoke to grandfather George and he told me that if we wish we could use two aircrafts instead of one. His condition is Paul to drive the cargo aircraft, and me and Jessica can drive the second one - three-seats smaller aircraft. He said it was not bad to return with fresh meat”, Evelina said.

“Wonderful idea! I like that! But why did not you tell us from the beginning? We were fighting in vain”, Jessica said happily.

“To be more interesting I guess”, her sister replied.

The three hunters flew to the north, where they saw dense forests and meadows in between. They kept visible safe distance between both aircrafts. They decided the two sisters' aircraft to lead the small armada. In the midst of

the sea of trees water mirrors of small and medium-sized lakes flashed here and there. Dense black clouds of the previous day broke into small gray clouds in the gaps of which the sun rays shone. They brightened in pink and bright yellow tones the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Nothing in this beautiful scenery reminded that only a few hundred miles to the south had passed devastating superhurricane 'Lucifer'. It seemed as if nature had been tame, tired of the mischief it had inflicted on herself and to its exploiter and rapist - the civilized man. The nature of man is such that he is delighted and enjoys the short time of peace and welfare given to him favorably by the providence. Ignoring future destruction and his own death, the modern man still hoped for mercy from nature that he had been hurt and robbed for centuries without mercy.

The three teenagers were happy, typical state for young people when they were waiting for something nice in the near future, ignoring the sinister reality of the world they lived in. They looked the sky for signs of life. Nowhere, however, birds could be seen. Whether they had all flown to the north driven by inner intuition, fleeing from future devastating disasters that would soon erupt on these lands, or they had already died because of some serious violation of their conditions of stable life. Nearly two hundred years ago, the North American postal dove, who in tens of millions of exemplars had dominated the forests of North America, had disappeared suddenly, quite inexplicably.

"Wild animals may have followed them. As the rats leave the ship that is doomed to sink, the wild animals feel intuitively the near destruction of the environment they inhabit and leave it in panic. We, humans, are deprived of this premonition, we rely only on our own senses and reason. Poor animals, they compensate the lack of developed reason with a strong premonition and instinct for self-preservation. Sometimes intuition turns out to be more reliable than the reason", thought Paul.

Evelina called Paul on the phone her intention to land on a meadow with a small lake at one end. They had already approached the boundary of the allowed distance from the camp. The two aircrafts landed on the gravel-sandy shores of the lake. Water in the lake was pure as the lily of the valley, and cold. Like crystal lens, the pure water enlarged the multicolored pebbles scattered on the sandy bottom of the lake. The shores repeated the bottom, but the pebbles there seemed smaller and not so beautiful. And no living soul around. No fish, no bugs, no insects, no butterflies. They were mysteriously

disappeared from this doomed land because of some natural force that was not yet deadly for larger mammals.

“Look, there's a flock of sheep. There, at the far end of the meadow, near the forest”, Jessica said, watching the area with binoculars.

“It seems that only these stupid animals do not feel with their atrophied instincts what horrors they could expect in the near future. They have lost their natural instinct for self-preservation during thousands of years when they served as meat and wool for their masters - the humans”, Paul commented.

“ If you are a sheep, what would you do in such a situation? Wherever you go, you remain a sheep - food for man and beasts”, Jessica spoke out her opinion.

“Enough to demonstrate your f-n wisdom. It is more important for us to find shepherds, they are a potential danger to us in this confused world. If there are none, according to the Rules we can use the meat of those doomed wooly animals”, Evelina said.

Very carefully, with forward-facing laser guns, the three of them headed for the flock of sheep. They often stopped to look around and listen. Most likely, it was the danger of stalking them from the woods - the shepherds might have been waiting for them in ambush. It was impossible that shepherds didn't see and hear them at the noisy landing of the aircrafts. But nothing happened - there was no ambush. The poor animals had huddled together in an intuitive fear and had forgotten their basic duty to grazing grass and pile up pounds of meat and wool for their masters. Not far from the flock, they found a small wooden cabin hidden in the trees, only a dozen paces in the woods. Paul signaled the girls with a finger stuck to his mouth, and with his other hand he gave a clear sign that he intended to look around the cabin alone. Cautiously Paul approached the cabin and peered into one of the windows. There was no one inside. Then he knocked on the outer door and, after no one called the next two minutes, he pushed the door gently. It was not locked. He signaled with hand the girls to follow him in. The sight of the cabin showed that two shepherds lived there until recently - there were two wooden beds with unworked bedding and two sets of dishes on a roughly made wooden table. Residues of fresh food were still in the dishes. For some reason, the shepherds had quickly finished their breakfast.

A small quantum generator provided the energy needs for their modest housing. The big fridge was packed with products. Spare furniture, almost spartan lifestyle. But with eating a lot. Inside, the cabin consisted of a kitchen - living room and two small bedrooms.

“It's interesting what happened to the shepherds? What made them afraid that they had left the hut in a hurry,” Evelina asked.

“It's hard to say. They may have frightened by us and hid in the woods. In these sinister times, every man in the mountain could be a criminal, crazy, a thief seeking food and shelter.”

“It is. We have to be alert every minute. Shepherds can also be armed.”

They were hungry, the lunch time was approaching.

“The loot by right belongs to the winners. We are the winners. Defeated shepherds-cowards have voluntarily left the field”, Jessica said.

“There was no battle, actually. Everything here is still their property. Unless we find that they are all dead or have left their ranch forever”, her sister replied.

“I think that we could take advantage of the hospitality of shepherds and eat from their abundant food supplies. Our lunch is as if the flea bit them”, Paul suggested.

The intrusive hospitality required caution. It was quite possible that the "vengeful" shepherds had infected the food before leaving their cabin. Paul brought his instruments of analyzing the food that the doctor had given them in the ship. The fast analysis of food and drinks showed that the shepherds were not so vengeful. The three teenagers ate and drank coffee from the coffee maker with freshly brewed coffee. Tired of emotion and satisfying their natural needs, the three of them relaxed and forgot all caution. They stood in the chairs putting their tired heads on the table. They were not asleep completely, they dozed. Worrying thoughts swirled in their brains.

Evelina first called:

“Do you think that under the conditions we are now, it will be illegal or

just immoral if we kill a few of these frightened woolies and supply our ship with fresh meat? I think we have a moral right to do that. In our devastating world, the law of inviolability of private property is no longer valid. Ownership of the things is a right to the one who needs them and who first took them. Yes, this is the law of the jungle, but we now live in a jungle and so will be in the future.”

“I agree. Forget any constraints imposed on us by the prosperous, peaceful human society and the false morality propagated by the rich and the priests. Let's be beasts fighting for our own survival in this difficult and very dangerous jungle”, said Jessica.

“Jessica, I don't agree with you. We are civilized people, even living now in the conditions of the jungle. It is natural to fight for our own survival but with civilized methods. Governments are no longer in place, no one has the laws to enforce, but human morality must remain the same like before. What founders of the human civilized race we'll be in the new world if we behave like savages?”, said Paul.

“Paul, you're a smart boy, I noticed that at the preparatory courses right away,” Evelina said with a smile.

Paul blushed, but he paused.

They rested for an hour and headed for the the forest for scouting. No trace of the shepherds found it. They decided that shepherds had left their ranch forever.

“We can take with us the carcasses of five or six sheep. There is no more room for more sheep carcasses in our aircrafts”, Evelina said.

With paralyzing weapons they dropped six of the sheep to the ground, then slaughtered and scraped them with their knives. The other living sheep watched indifferently the execution of their sisters.

“Why not kill more sheep?” Jessica asked.

“Where are we going to put them? On our head?” Evelina snapped.

“Not everything in the sheep is edible. We'll take the tasty morsels, while

the skins, the tails, the hooves and the guts will leave to the wolves and coyotes", Jessica replied.

"Good for you, Jessica. How did I not think of that? ", Evelina squeezed Jessica's shoulder.

"Grandma has always said that I'm smart like her. For you, I have not heard to say that."

"Insolent bitch!", her sister cut her off.

They killed another five animals. The tasty meat morsels were put in plastic sacks and loaded into Paul's cargo aircraft. But the clever granddaughters of grandma Claudia and their clever friend Paul didn't play their game to the end. The game had not yet ended when the teenagers were ready for a back flight. It happened in the history of the great wars, when the winners lost battle or war when they won it. Napoleon won the battle at Borodino, but his clever opponent Fieldmarshal Kutuzov seduced him to invade the second capital of Russia – Moscow. Napoleon considered Moscow's conquest as a final victory over Russia. In Moscow, Napoleon's half-million-strong army melted more than half as a result of illness, cold, diversionary attacks by Russian patriots. After French soldiers spend the very cold winter in Moscow trap, the "Great Army" was forced to leave Moscow and turn its back to Russia. Russia won the war against the Napoleon great army after not winning a single battle against it. On a much smaller scale, the three "winners" of SURVIVOR ONE risked losing their little war against their invisible enemy. Due to improper assessment of the situation. So it was.

As they were dealing with the cut of the meat and the loading plastic sacks with meat in the aircrafts, they didn't see that two bearded men came out of the woods with laser guns directed toward them. With ugly voices they shouted:

"Do not move, do not get close to your weapons. Put the knives on the ground and get close to that big tree."

The young poachers were caught at the crime scene. Jessica tried to explain:

"We apologize very much for what happened. We thought you left the sheep flock forever. Or something bad happened to you. We can give you our laser rifles in exchange of the sheep meat, or something which is of interest for you. We'll call our ship to bring that stuff."



“Do not touch your phones. Your rifles are our legitimate trophy. Now, go quickly to the tree”, commanded one of the bearded shepherds.

They tied the three youngsters to the tree and took their weapons and means of communication.

“You did not expect us, did you? You thought us dull, cowardly shepherds. We watched you before you landed on the shore of the lake. In this troubled time it is not known who is a friend, who is an enemy. There are gangs of starving people from cities around. They come here on foot or like you with aircrafts. Everybody wants meat. For free. They are all very aggressive. They can kill you for a sheep's buttock or for a piece of bread. We are forced to shoot them when needed to protect our lives. Who are you? What are you doing here?”

“We just decided to take a walk in the vicinity of the camp, where our flying ships are temporarily staying. And we decided that we could get fresh meat from this unprofitable – as we thought it - sheep flock. Believe me, we did not intend to take it illegally”, Evelina explained.

“There are no laws in America anymore. The only law in force now is the law of jungle. In the old days the thieves of horses have been hanged on the nearest tree from the point of capture. Without judicial investigation. So it is now. But we are not in a hurry for execution of this just sentence. We have heard about your ships of salvation. You, the rich, are great egoists. You only think of how to save your own skins, you do not care about the fate of the ordinary people who have made you rich with their labor. That's how it was always.”

“If you do so with us, you must know that very soon all the power of our armada will fall upon you and from you, and from your ranch, will be not left even memory. In the the ship they know exactly where we are now”, tried to threaten them Jessica.

“Dear young girl, do not be so naive. The sentenced to death person is not afraid of changing the way of his execution. Gibbet or electric chair – what a difference? He can only bargain for his freedom. So we will do with my companion. We are condemned to a sure death. Soon on this ranch too will come the great tribulation. We know that. We have only two choices: terrible

death here or salvation on your ship. Your life is a guarantor of our lives. If your ship's relatives do not agree to accept us as passengers, we will, without remorse of our conscience, apply the laws of the Wild West by hanging you as thieves on the nearest tree. So explain it to your relatives in the ship."

One of the shepherds untied Jessica's hands and handed her the radio transmitter handset.

"Now get in touch with your ship and tell them our proposal. Tell them they have only one night available - until tomorrow morning. And not to appear here before that night has elapsed."

Jessica took the handset with fear-shaken hands and contacted her uncle George. She explained, somewhat unrelated, the situation in which they were fell and what their abductors had suggested for their release.

"Jessica", George said, "calm down, my child, everything would be OK. Tell the bandits that we have to discuss their proposal and that we are most likely to accept it. In any case, we'll save you."

"They said they are accepting your proposal, and that they would come for us tomorrow morning. There will be no tricks", Jessica lied a little.

"Excellent. Now let's go to our cabin. We'll have a barbecue and we'll have fun all night. We'll have a great time."

The bandit shepherds loosened the three youngsters' legs and brought them to two horses, which were camouflaged nearby in the woods. To Paul, who rode alone, shepherds gave a sack of meat. When they arrived in front of the cabin, the hijackers untied their victims' hands and made them clear that they would not have forgiveness if they tried to escape. Laser guns and knives were taken away. Under the supervision of the shepherds and with their help they lit a fire in front of the cabin. They toasted meat on a turner. From the hut they carried sheepskins and put them on the grass. Alcohol and other appetizers were abundant. Alcohol loosened the tongues of the young girls and lifted their mood. As aborigines from some tropical island, they were raging around the fire performing wild dances and screaming like excited parrots.

"I was not been so happy for a long time now. In the ship is so boring. If

my ex-boyfriend Jimmy could see me from somewhere, he'd probably think I'd been scared of so much fear in recent days, so, I'm getting crazy. And granny, what would she think", Evelina said.

"She'll think she's been ruining her nerves for our education in vain", Jessica replied.

Paul said jealously:

"Do you still love him? Do you still think of him, Eve?"

"Nobody loves the dead. And he's already dead. Poor Jimmy! The living aspire to the living, and to the dead people have only respect and nostalgia", Evelina replied, wiping out several tears flowing through her red cheeks.

Her answer calmed the jealous Paul. He turned to Jessica with a similar question:

"And you, Jessica, do you have anyone to long for in the world we left forever?"

Jessica thought a little before answering:

"You mean a boy I've been in love with? A lot of guys rotated around me, and I liked some of them. But I was a high school student then and I did not have time to fall in love for long and ever. No, I did not have a boyfriend intimate. And with grandmother around?!"

Around midnight the three teenagers and the shepherds guarding them came to the cabin. The drunken shepherds had relaxed the guard, and the young men were very tired and drunk to think about escaping. The girls were offered the two beds in the two bedrooms of the hut. Paul and the shepherds lay on sheepskins on the floor in the living room. Very soon everyone was in deep sleep. All but Paul. He pretended to drink to dull the suspicion of shepherds for escaping and to find a way to turn things in favor of the abductees. He got up silently and headed for the room where Evelina slept. He was about to warn her about escape he had planned. But when he saw her half-naked in the semidark, he decided to lie down beside her. He forgot about planned escape. Paul began to undress impatiently and take off little things from Evelina's body. His arms touched the gentle places on her body. His

excited hormone blurred his mind, pushing him to unruly actions. He was already pushing his hormone between the legs of the unsuspecting sleeping girl when she woke up and realized that someone wanted to forcibly take her virginity. Outwardly, Evelina seemed to be free from the popular moral behavior of a girl of her age, but in fact, she knew very well the limits to which she could accept the sexual desires of her cavaliers. She felt something firmly trying to enter the hairy holy hole of her persona, she jumped like a panther from the bed and thrust her nails in the face of the assailant. Then, when she knew who the rapist was, she slapped him such a slap as he had not been through all his life so far:

“Get out of me, you bastard! Go away before I’ll strangle you”, Evelina screamed in full voice, pushing him to the floor.

Shocked by such unexpected admission, the potential rapist said shamefully:

“I'm sorry, I thought it was by mutual consent. I thought you were not sleeping.”

Evelina jumped off the bed and slapped another slap on his face.

“The next time you’ll know what will happen to you when you remove the pants of a sleeping honest girl. Idiot, would I have given you a reason to rape me - to push your sex where it does not belong? ” Then she kicked him out of the room.

Everyone in the cabin was already on their feet. Jessica went to her sister's room and began to comfort her:

“Who could expect such a disgusting action from this kind of very shy man who blushes only by accidentally touching you? Calm down, nothing bad happened. We know how to protect ourselves from the lust of these male animals.”

Shepherds silently watched the scene of discord between arrested teenagers and smiled under their mustaches. The unfortunate tempter hastily gathered his clothes and left the cabin. He went to the shore of the lake and sprayed cold water over his hot face.

“I'm a pig, idiot, how can I look these two nice girls from now on? Did the devil force me into this nasty act?”

He struck the pebbled shore of the lake with his forehead and struck his fists on his head. After settling down, Paul went back to the cabin and sat down on the trunk in front of the quenching fire.

At this time, people on the SURVIVOR ship were in a state of disquiet.

“We know the coordinates of the ranch. But if we attack hijackers at the night, we risk being unable to free our children alive and healthy. It is wise to wait until the morning and tell the kidnapers on the spot that we have accepted their offer and we come to get everyone on board. And then we'll think about what to do with the shepherds-kidnapers”, George suggested.

In vain they were trying to get in touch with the ranch. None of shepherds or teenagers answered.

“The atmosphere is heavily polluted by the ashes of many volcano eruptions. It's probably too radioactive. Electromagnetic waves from satellites and terrestrial transmitters can not penetrate such an impenetrable for them media. In such media electromagnetic waves degenerate and become unreadable for electronic receivers. In no way we can contact them. We must wait until the morning”, Peter Jr said.

“I propose tomorrow to send a cargo aircraft with laser and paralyzing weapons on board. Who will participate in this rescue operation?”

After a brief discussion, they decided to send Peter Jr and the doctor-surgeon as rescuers.

The sun was far above the horizon when Evelina woke up. She looked around, remembering the midnight sex scandal with Paul. With disgust she watched the dirty sheets she had slept on.

“Uh, how bad I've been sleeping tonight. I must have been drunk so much to agree to sleep in this pigpen’, thought the girl.

She was alone in the room. She quickly dressed and fixed her hair. She went to the living room, but nobody was there. Jessica was not in her room either.

“Where did these people go?”

Evelina walked out and saw Paul sitting on a log with his hands covering his head.

"Is he experiencing his last night's nasty behavior?" She thought. Greeted him coldly:

“Good morning. Where are the others?”

The midnight seducer turned to face Evelina. There were traces of tears on his face. "He's suffering", she thought with satisfaction.

“The shepherds went to the rest of the herd, and Jessica went to wash herself on the lake”, Paul replied grimly.

Evelina headed for the lake to make her morning hygiene too. Jessica was not there.

"Where can my sister go? I do not see her around, and there's no traces on the beach", she thought.

She glanced carefully at the shores of the lake on the side of the ranch, summoned her sister's name a few times, but did not get an answer. She went back to the cabin and told Paul:

“Jessica's gone. She was not on the shore of the lake, no traces either. I called her in full voice, she did not answer.”

“I'm absolutely sure she went in that direction. She warned me not to come because she was going to bathe half-naked.”

“I understand her very well - in the presence of such a sexual maniac like you and those dirty, sex-hungry shepherds, it is very risky for a girl to bath naked on the lake.”

“I'm not what you think. It was quite unexpected for me too. I do not drink alcohol and never forced a girl.”

“ Anyway. Your behavior will be discussed on the ship. In the presence of grandma Claudia. Now we have to find Jessica. I do not like these dirty shepherds.”

The two entered the cabin. Jessica was not in her room. She was neither in the horse barn nor the instrument pantry. They decided to look around the neighborhood with the sisters' aircraft. For some reason the shepherds had not look for the aircrafts. As they removed the camouflage cover of the small aircraft, Paul and Evelina felt the ground tremble at their feet.

“An earthquake”, Evelina cried out frightened. “My poor sister, we can not just leave her in the hands of these villains because of a little earthquake.”

“In no way. We will look for her until we find her. Get up quickly in the aircraft. You're piloting.”

They forgot about the midnight Incident. Jessica's saving was the first concern for them.

And what happened to Jessica? It was already dawning when she wanted to make pee. The shepherds slept deeply on their sheepskins. Jessica was about to pee around the cottage, but there she saw Paul. She lied:

“I'm going to the lake to have a bath. Do not be foul to come after me, because I will bathe half-naked. You know what awaits you after the night's incident if you break your word.”

“I know”, sadly answered the unfortunate seducer.

And Jessica headed for the lake. At least Paul thought like that, and he continued to suffer, both hands covering his head. Jessica, however, had the intention to make pee as quickly as possible. She squatted against the wall of the cabin on the side of the barn. As she was peeping and watched the stars climb one after another in the sky hemisphere, Jessica heard a faint noise of steps approaching her. She jumped like a frightened rabbit. Her first reaction was to cover her shameful place with her

hands, then she decided otherwise and pulled up her pants quickly. Silhouett of a dark figure materialized on the background of the meadow, poorly illuminated by the early dawn. Jessica was paralyzed, her vocal cords refusing to make the slightest sound, her legs were like cotton. That was what the attacker was counting on - a reaction-paralysis for a few seconds. Without a word, the assailant blocked Jessica's mouth with his huge, smelly paw, and with his other hand he hold her around her ass. He lifted her from the ground and carried her on his shoulder to the grove, keeping her mouth shut. There was his shepherd's partner with two saddled horses waiting for them. The smaller shepherd whispered something to his partner and went back to the cabin where he hung a sheet of paper on the barn's door. He returned immediately to the woods. The bigger shepherd threw Jessica in the saddle in front of the small shepherd. He plugged her mouth with a dirty rag. Then the two shepherds and their victim went away from the cabin inside the woods. Jessica recovered from the initial fright and stiffness, but could not do anything to free herself. She was not building illusions about what would soon happen to her: first they will rape her, and then she did not know what was going to happen. The smaller of the shepherds on whose horse she was riding began to touch her tits and her rounded buttock. She tolerated this nasty assault on her virginity, for if she resisted the rape would come sooner. There was still hope to avoid it.

Paul and Evelina, in their panic, had not noticed the little piece of paper stuck with a nail at the barn's door. After returning from the scouting of the locality with the aircraft, and finding nothing, they looked again the cabin and the annexes to it. This time more thoroughly. They saw the paper sheet. It was written in awry handwriting:

"We are neither thieves nor murderers. But if we are forced by circumstances, we can become such. That depends on you. We've captured Jessica and will hold her as a hostage here and on the ship until we have faith in your honest intent to observe our agreement. We are men living longtime without a female carress. We like Jessica and we could play a bit with her. That will not hurt her much. Women sooner or later lose their virginity. If she's still a virgin, of course. If she is not, she does not lose much. It is more important to be alive than virgin. We are already living under the laws of the jungle, nothing can stop us, nothing can scare us. Because we are doomed to die soon. Do not try to find us, the forest is big, we can shoot you if you fool us. Soon your rescuers will arrive. When they arrive, give us a missile signal. We will soon appear in front of the cabin. With pointed gun to the girl's head. "



Paul and Evelina had nothing to do except wait for the rescuers to arrive. Jessica's honor must be sacrificed in order to save her life. And their own skins too.

“It is pointless to look for Jessica in woods. I do not think they'll rape her if they want a good reception on the ship. We also live by the laws of the jungle. We could liquidate them at the earliest opportunity without any remorse of our consciences”, Paul said.

“It's easy to say when your sister is not raped. You are not better than them. This was already proven by you last night.”

Paul kept silent and turned his head back from Evelina's face. In half an hour they saw the rescue aircraft sit on the lawn near the cabin. Paul and Evelina welcomed them and explained the situation. Immediately they fired signaling missiles. Shepherds were seated on the ground and were preparing to support themselves with breakfast when they saw the signal missiles. They had not raped the girl yet. The bigger of the shepherds said:

“I did not touch the girl. They will not execute me on the ship. You, however, were groping her all the way, and there would surely be some severe punishment for you. For me, my own life is more important than to fuck an capricious urban signorina. I advise you not to rape her.”

The smaller shepherd swallowed his tongue by fear, though in the letter to the two young teenagers he had written by his own hand that they were not afraid of anything. He said:

“They'll punish me if you confirm that I've been molested the young lady. For your reference, I did not grope her, I just was fitting her more comfortably in the saddle.”

“It is important what the young lady will say, not me and you.”

The two had lost their appetite and ridden frightened back to the cabin. They untied Jessica's hands and mouth and moved her to the horse of the bigger shepherd. The latter did not dare to touch her even by accident.

They arrived in the meadow in front of the cabin, and with guns pointed at Jessica' head they went to the unarmed rescuers. Shepherds said:

“We have complied with the conditions you had accepted. Now is your turn to do the same. As for the threat of raping the girl, it was only a bluff from our side. With this threat, we only wanted to strengthen our positions. To scare you that we are capable of everything. You can ask Jessica whether we raped her.”

Everybody's eyes went to Jessica. She paused for a few seconds and replied:

“They did not rape me. They were scared of raw vengeance.”

Evelina embraced her sister and whispered in her ear:

“We both remained clean, thanks God. Let this be our secret to the people of the armada.”

“Let's go, the ground beneath our feet began to shake like a boat in a stormy sea”, Peter Jr called them.

The kidnapers wished to fly on the cargo aircraft. The pilots were not armed. The passengers from SURVIVOR ONE ship were eagerly awaiting for their relatives. Evelina immediately fell into her grandmother's arms. "Arrested" Jessica walked along with the shepherds to the bottom of the ship where to the three was given an arrestant cabin. Jessica's first job was to take a shower. A little room with a non-locked door to the shepherd's open premises was made as intimate cell for the girl. The arrestant cabin was under continuous surveillance of several videocameras, one of which was connected around the clock with the watchful eye of the computer-analysist. A few days passed, and the shepherds did not show intentions of disobedience. They played cards on their beds, watched TV, and pretended not to notice their young roommate.

Claudia spent most of her day in Jessica's cell. Jessica was distracted by her, but she was more annoyed by her grandma. George and the other passengers also visited the girl-prisoner.

Peter Sr expressed an idea to free Jessica if they promise to the shepherds that they will strictly follow the conditions of the agreement. Unexpectedly the shepherds accepted Peter Sr's proposal. They were tired of the day-long presence of the arrogant talkative grandmother in their cell. Jessica, for her

part, did not make mention of the sexual attempts of one of the shepherds. Finally there was peace in the ship. Temporary for now.

It was clear to everyone in the ship that beyond the boundaries of the camp they were being menaced not only by the natural disasters, but also by gangs of desperate and hungry people who had escaped from the cities to find relief in the mountains. Cities had become a real paradise of lawlessness and crime. Local governments had been self-discharged, and those who had been obliged to promote legitimacy had become violators of this law. Desperate criminals were looting warehouses and grocery stores. Supply of food for cities was terminated. The rest of the people in the cities were surviving on the food-stuff that had been hidden by them in secret closets. The laws of the jungle were increasingly taking precedence over civilized laws. There were surviving for longer time only the stronger, the more aggressive and the more criminal. Had come total hunger for the honest citizens. They died like flies in a desert. Birds, cats, dogs, and other pets were all eaten. The cases of man-eating were increased.

Captains tightened discipline. No more fun flights were allowed outside the camp. An exception was made only for scouting aircrafts and for experienced hunters accompanied by security guards. The sheep's meat was distributed equally between the six ships. Armada lived on the principles of the commun: all for one - one for all. The scouting drones no longer detected traces of wild or domestic animals. There were no people wandering in the mountain. Birds and fish had disappeared mysteriously out of nature. The days in the camp were routine, slack, colorless. People lost interest in banquets and public entertainment. Everyone with a dreadful fear awaited for the next blow of the "terrible unknown". Children continued to attend classes, but without much desire. Many adults already felt that learning children was meaningless. The young men still met and flirted, some of them even fell in love. Parents did not interfere with the teenagers' private lives, and social barriers were gone. Does it matter whether a girl or a young man is from rich or poor family, as wealth has already ceased to play a role in the relationships between people in the dying world? In the armada, almost everyone was rich. But their riches were left in the world that they had left forever. On an ordinary day, George decided to send two aircrafts to hunt for some fresh food - be it an animal, sorrel, mushrooms, blueberries or other mountain wild fruits. Evelina and Paul, already reconciled, were flying in one of the aircrafts, and in the other aircraft was piloted by Jessica and the ship's surgeon David. The other men of the ship were busy with technical checks. Pilots-

hunters were banned from all sorts of contacts with wandering men in the mountain.

Paul and Evelina stood on a meadow surrounded by tall coniferous trees on all sides. At one end of the meadow there were scattered, almost uniform, large, rounded boulders.

“They look like a herd of hippopotamuses just out of the water to plow a grass in the meadow. And what do they look like to you?”, asked Evelina.

“ To me they look like herd of buffalos lying on the meadow and rechewing the grass that they already ate it”, Paul replied mockingly.

Evelina decided to shine with wit in face of her wise partner:

“These huge boulders have been long rolled by unknown water element to polish them in such way, and for an unknown reason they ‘decided’ to stay in this absolutely not interesting topographic area. Perhaps they were terribly tired of the long rolling and rubbing with their neighboring boulders. Will they ever move from here?”

“This may very soon happen, and this" unknown cause"will be either strong earthquake, volcanic eruption, or catastrophic flood. Everything has a cause in our world.”

“Is there a cause for the emergence and existence of the universe?”

“There is no external cause for the existence of the universe, because the space and time of the universe are closed contours and there is nothing real outside these closed contours-manifolds. This primordial cause is not created by nobody or by nothing, it cannot be destroyed or changed.”

“And what is this eternal primordial cause?”, Evelina asked.

“These are the quantum nature of the world, the world symmetries, the necessary conditions for life on our planet, especially for civilized man. Animate nature is one of the two essential opposite elements of the *Reality*, while human civilization is its intelligent nucleus. I know that from your grandfather's books.”

Evelina climbed to one of the boulders and shouted:

“This boulder is very warm. Like in sauna.” She layed on its flat top surface. “From here I do not want to move next few hours, I want to warm my young unworn yet bones.”

Paul climbed to another boulder. They enjoyed for a while the warmth of the boulders. Then they explored the cause of this strange phenomenon. Around the boulders did not grow grass. About a meter away from boulders there was grass, but it was yellowed as if it was scorched by hot water. Farther away from the warm boulders area, the grass was normal, green. Paul noticed small jets of steam coming out from the foundations of some boulders.

“There must be hot mineral water under these boulders”, Paul said.

The two of them toured the hot zone. About fifty paces into the woods they came out into a small meadow completely covered with boulders. These boulders were actually dipped into a small pond which surface was steaming. In some places water was bubbling like water in a kettle placed on a hot stove. At the bottom of the natural mineral pool there were springs of hot mineral water and steam. Something like underwater geysers. The two of them checked temperature of the water with their hands in a relatively calm place.

“Pleasantly tolerant. Perhaps about ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit”, Evelina said and jumped into the water.

Paul took off his pants and his shirt and followed her into the water.

“I'm crazy about hot water in a pool or in the warm Caribbean sea”, Evelina exclaimed.

Evelina entered the calm waters of the pool and began undressing. She was throwing her clothes one after another on the surrounding boulders. Apparently her clothes prevented her from feeling complete mineral happiness. Or were there other thoughts in her head? Evelina was on the fifth sky of happiness. She had forgotten the mission to which they had been sent. To reach the seventh sky of happiness she was lacking the shared love with Paul. Recently, they had become very close together, spending hours together on her ship, or on Paul's ship. Paul never allowed himself any inappropriate

actions to abuse the girl he had loved with all his soul. Evelina highly appreciated his gentle behavior. She was also in love with Paul. Now she was given the opportunity to prove her love in action. Evelina was fully naked. No shame and no restraint. She said to herself:

"Today or never. Let's this day be the first day in my sexual life."

Paul did not suspect what precious gift Evelina was preparing for him.

"What are you waiting for? Hot water loves naked people."

Paul was frightened like a rabbit chased by a fox because of this unexpected development of things. He hesitated, he was uncomfortable to show himself naked in front of the girl he dreamed of possessing her. His legs trembled with excitement, his hormone shrank like a walnut. Evelina understood, turned her back, and dove into the warm water. From the water she invited him again:

"Paul, take off your underwear, get into the water, please. Do not be ashamed of me."

Evelina turned her back and gave him the opportunity to undress without looking at him. Paul undressed and dove into the water. He approached his naked beloved girl by hiding his naked hormone under the water. Evelina decided to open her cards:

"Paul, I'd like to admit to you something, something that is very intimate to me. You know grandmother Claudia had educated us in a strict old-fashioned morality. I had not slept with a man yet, although I had many opportunities for that. I'm a virgin. I waited to meet a man whom I would love with my whole soul and to trust him fully. At first I liked you, but your attempt to rape me in the shepherds' cabin disappointed me, pushed me away from you. It turned out to be temporary. After this case, I realized that it was ridiculous your mistake caused by the forced alcohol and the stress in our present situation. In the next few days, you proved to me that you were not such a vile rapist as it showed me when you were pushing your sex member between my legs. Later, on the ship, you proved me that you love me sincerely and that you respect the woman and the human person in me. Paul, my friends-girls from the school had long been sleeping with men, often with men that they met for the first time. I'm not such a bitch. If you love me, only if you really love me, not just for sex, I do

not see any serious obstacle not to become intimate friends. I am ready for this. Today.”

Paul was listening excitedly to the confession of his beloved girl. His face was red like boiled crab, but not from the warm water in the pool, but from teenage worry in front of the beloved girl, who was about to give herself to him right away. He did not know what to do, his arms and legs trembling with excitement, his male dignity hanging hopelessly. Much different he had imagined the first "wedding night" with his beloved Eve. In his dreams he loved her passionately, insatiably. Now, as she offered herself, he was powerless to accept this invaluable gift. Now his organ of sex was helpless to satisfy sexual desires of his beloved girl. The thought of not behaving as capable sexually male made him even more powerless physically. He wanted to escape from the pool, climb the boulder next to him, and cut this treacherous outburst of his body with sharp stone. He thought with a bitter irony: "Stinker, avenge me to keep him in the dark for a long time, and I not use it for its main purpose."

But Evelina was a woman. Even without her own experience in sex, she was very well aware of Paul's condition. She had heard from friends-girls that young men with no experience in sex could not do that at the first opportunity. But this is only the first time. If woman is smart and wants the inexperienced man, she must be very tactical with him and be careful what she is telling him before first sex. If she tells him directly that he is unfit to make love with women, then he is lost forever for her. If she is patient with him, embrace him gently, gives him the opportunity to excite himself, he becomes as stallion at the next sexual encounters.

“Paul, I understand you. During our meetings alone, I felt the pressure of your member when it touched me trough your pants. There were white spots on your pants. Jessica was joking me on this occasion. You want me too much. I have no doubt about that. But it is not necessarily to be done today. Come to me, hug me, kiss me.”

Paul relaxed by her words approached closely to her. He embraced her with his arms wrapped around her back, kissing her on the pink cheekbones and the sweet mouth that had spread and showed a string of white symmetrical teeth. His mouth and hands were falling down. Evelina's tits were firm, leaning forward, with pink buttons. He kissed them and sucked passionately, excited more and more. And she thought: "What a passionate lover is that my Paul. Despite the fact that he is so inexperienced in the lovemaking."

Paul's hands dropped further down to the protruding hemispheres of her buttock. "My God, what a smooth, gentle, tight-fitting buttocks has Evelina. I would not pluck my hands from it for years." After he was satisfied, Paul's hands moved to the front of her smooth belly. He was caressing it with great pleasure. But below the abdomen there was something that men were getting crazy and willing to deny everything that was sweet and valuable in their lives to possess it. Paul's hand felt something overgrown with silky hairs - that was the Eve's hill and triangle. This hairy triangle covered the most precious and most desired place for a man in a woman. Female triangle overgrown with fine hairs was sometimes called "Bermuda Triangle". As mysterious and wanted to visit as was its older namesake. How many men had sacrificed their lives to see and penetrate the hidden hole in the triangle of Egyptian queen Cleopatra? Paul rushed to the naked hairy triangle until his fingers touched something soft, damp, terribly attractive, from which his hormone began to rise as fast rising dough. Evelina felt that moment, she unfolded her legs and helped Paul get his hardened already hormone into the most wanted by men black hole in the universe. Paul groaned with pleasure. The two of them began to move their bodies rhythmically, setting the hard visitor ever better into the treasury cave. Inside this cave there were different zones, the touch to which Evelina enjoyed supreme pleasure. They were stranger to her sensations, never tested by her until now. At one point, Paul experienced what was the pinnacle of all the pleasures. Erection, orgasm. Eva had an orgasm shortly before. Gradually the stiff visitor calmed down and receded quite a bit, leaving the treasury cave. Eve did not keep him inside anymore. Thus the greatest mystery of life was accomplished. The welding between the two lovers was made.

"And God created the woman", Paul murmured aloud.

Eva kissed him tenderly on the mouth. They were still embracing and kissing, and they did not feel at first that the bottom of the pool began to tremble and water flooded the boulder .

"Paul, something's happening", shouted frightened Eva.

The earth around was already seriously shaking, boulders shuddered as if they were knocked by invisible giants. The two lovers hand in hand ran to the nearest end of the mineral pool. On the way, Paul stumbled and fell to the very foot of a highly shaking boulder. He tried to get up, but something terrible happened. Boulder came out of balance and fell upon Paul's body. He instinctively tried to stop the rock falling over him, but it was stronger than his



weak human hands. The rock pressed Paul to the bottom of the pool but did not crush him. Neighboring stones had stopped the falling rock inches from Paul's chest. His legs, however, were pressed tight against the bottom of the pool. Eva came to help, shaken and scared to death. But what could a weak girl do against tons of rock. She tried in vain to get him out of the rock. Paul was turning his body left to right, and that did not help him. The boulder was pressed against his shoulders, only his head stood out. Eva comformed what to do and put a stone under Paul's head to avoid him drowning. Paul felt like he was sentenced to death. Death after the greatest happiness in his life, death in terrible torment. Since childhood Paul suffered from claustrophobia. He could not withstand his prison under the stone, mainly mentally. He could become mad from animal fear in the enclosed expanse under the stone without any chance of getting out of there. To brush away his fear, Paul was crying, roaring, wailing. Evelina suffered no less than him. She had just found the man of her life and would have lost it under that idiotic stone. She realized something and said to Paul:

“Paul, honey, I have a little idea how to help you. Please, be patient for while. I’m going to the aircraft and will return pretty soon.”

Five minutes later Eva returned with a small purse in her hand.

“Paul, I want to make a somniferous injection. About five hours you will sleep. It is important that you do not feel fear of the confined space. Meanwhile, I'll contact Jessica and the doctor, who have to be somewhere around. The three of us will find a way to get you out of the rock. Do you agree to an injection?”

“I agree”, moaned paralyzed by fear Paul.

Soon Paul fell asleep. Eva headed for the aircraft and tried to contact her sister. But strangely, nobody answered. "Is there anything wrong with them too?" There was no connection with the ship, too - the global satellite communications system was out of order, and their cell phones acted shortly. Evelina went back to Paul again. He was still asleep. She caressed his hair, kissed him, sheded tears, but was helpless to help him. She was praying God to die before Paul. She remembered the old story of Romeo and Juliet. "I will not take poison but will shoot myself with a laser gun. It does not hurt much", she decided.

It had been more than four hours since Paul was asleep. Evelina kept thinking how to save Paul. Suddenly she hit her forehead:

"I'm so unconceivable stupid girl? If my sister Jessica was on my place she could conform what to do right away. I have to leave Paul here sleeping, of course, and fly for help to the ship. I'll make Paul another injection before he wakes up. What if he turns around and drowns? Or he dies from overdose of this medicine? Horror! I'll make him half an injection, he's healthy and he is strong like horse. But do I have another alternative?"

Eve injected half a dose of the somniferous medicine into Paul's veins, strengthened the position of his head with two heavy stones, and immediately turned to the aircraft. Just out of the pool, Eva heard voices of people approaching the pool from the side of the forest.

"What if they're bandits and they kill Paul? I have to stay with Paul and convince them not to kill him."

Five men, in a very desperate appearance, came to the meadow near the place where Paul was lying under the rock. They approached the young couple and one of them asked:

"What happened? Why is this man lying under the rock? Is he alive?"

All in tears Eva explained what had happened. The men were discussing quietly among themselves a little, and two of them went to the woods. After a while, they returned with two round dry logs and the five caught up for work. The men, though very exhausted by hunger, pushed hard, and with the help of the round logs they managed to raise the rock only two inches upwards. But it was enough to get the sleeping Paul out of the rock. Eva brought two blankets from the aircraft and wrapped Paul's body with them.

"Guys, you saved the life of the man that I love best in the world. He is my fiance. How can I thank you for that?"

The men looked at each other silently. Again the same man replied:

"No thanks are needed, girl. We did what any honest man would do. We are considering ourselves as still honest people, who have not lost their

human qualities even in this difficult time. We would not, however, refuse a little food if you have.”

Eva jumped out of joy and ran to the aircraft. She came back with a big bag of food. Eva had taken all the food she had found in the storehouse of the aircraft. The men took the sack, thanked the girl, said goodbye, and headed back to the woods. Eva waited for Paul to wake up. When awoke he did not believe to his eyes - he hugged, kissed his beloved Eve, jumped with joy. It was the happiest, and the heaviest, day in his life. One day equal to whole life in importance.

When the young couple returned to the ship there was a bustle there. Two hours ago, Jessica and David had returned. They reported having lost contact with Evelina and Paul's aircraft. They didn't know what's going with other aircraft.

“That's what I knew from the beginning of this stupid trip for meat; I thought something bad would happen to my granddaughters. The mom's spirit warned me of that last night. Those driveller men once again sent my granddaughters to such a dangerous mission. There seems to be no better men hunters than my granddauthers in the armada. These men have to wear diapers, not men's pants”, grandmother Claudia was chattering and added a few more degrees to the fire of the bustle.

Just minutes after Jessica's aircraft landed on a natural rock platform, a large piece of rock from the cliff overhanging the platform had been torn apart, and it had fallen two meters from their craft. Flying pieces from the crushed rock hit and seriously damaged their craft. The connection with Evelina's aircraft was interrupted due to the accident. There was no connection with the ship either. The situation was critical.

“I'll review the state of the aircraft and try to fix it if possible. I once served in the navy and there I got some knowledge in mechanics. Besides, I repair my personal aircraft. I hope there are tools inside the aircraft”, doctor said.

“I know where they are. I'll help you with whatever I can”, Jessica replied happily.

They also found spare parts in the toolbox. Doctor had been working for more

than half a day. They stopped for half an hour, drinking coffee and eating a sandwich. At one point, Jessica noticed a small herd of deer.

“Shell I shoot them?”, she asked the doctor.

“Let them live”, doctor replied laconically.

The repair continued. They repaired the engine and it started working. There was no time to repair the hull.

“It is important that the aircraft brings us alive and healthy to the ship. Fixing the body of the aircraft seems to be a secondary work. Get on board and go”, said the doctor-mechanic.

Beside the excitement of the happy return of the missing hunters from first aircraft, the passengers of SURVIVOR ONE and the other ships were worried about the condition of the ground beneath them. Sensors had felt trembling under the ships’ feet, which was increasing with every passing minute. As if the sensors were attached to the rails on which a train was approaching. The computer analyst announced "orange alert". And the hunters from the second aircraft still did not return. Sirens were wailing angrily. The passengers were ordered to go back to their ships. Outside, there were only technicians who dismantled the shapito and took the things from the temporary camp.

All the passengers of the armada sighed with relief when they were informed from SURVIVOR ONE that the missing aircrafts had returned home, and the four hunters were alive and healthy. Captains were waiting for a "red alert" signal. The camp was dismantled and brought back to the ships, all passengers were in the ships. Quantum engines boomed. Without waiting for the red alert signal, the captains unanimously decided to lift an anchor from this unstable quivering land. The armada flew northeast, farther from the mountains. The scouting drones flew forward, searching for a suitable landing place. Due to the disrupted communication system, the drones' automatics was tuned so that they were flying forward on the assumed direction only fifty miles ahead, and returning to the ships for "reporting. Armada was already flying for more than three hours, and a safe landing location was not found yet. From above passengers were watching how the land was in convulsion, was cracking, collapsing into huge deep crevasses that formed the new face of the earth. At these entrances to the hell, the water of the surrounding rivers and lakes was pouring, and in the hot cauldrons of the underground kingdom it

boiled and erupted as thousands of geysers. Giant Yellowstone! The armada was approaching the flight limit. That was what the computer analyst and its electronic brain were working frantically analyzing the data of the drones and the possibilities for a safe landing, albeit for a short time. At last such a place was discovered - the surface of a large reservoir - a lake or a dam. The ships dived in a circle on the surface of the lake. The first water analysis in the lake showed that the water's temperature was 35 degrees Celsius on the surface, it was not contaminated by volcanic ash, there were no traces of life in it.

"Not bad. We can live without fresh fish and crabs in our menu", joked George.

He contacted the captains of the other ships and they jointly decided to build a floating camp in the circle outlined by the ships. The next morning people and machines joined their efforts in the construction of this floating camp. In the center of the circle a large floating platform was built, connected to the ships with hanging bridges. The camp was covered by some shabby canvas. It was like a circus on water. Water world! Under the circular dome, there were tables, chairs, temporary kitchens, barbecues, small playground, small stage, and small medical center. Everything was like before, but in smaller size. For that, they had a beach around the circus with plenty of bathing water. The new camp was particularly appealing to women and teenagers. They barely waited for the construction to end and dived into the warm waters of the lake.

"Caribbeans," Paula joked merrily.

Her little children were already swimming in the water with life-saving belts on them. On the platform under the dome, volunteer mothers organized a refreshment and ice cream station. Inventive teenagers organized a "tropical" bar-café with music and a small dance floor around it. From somewhere they dug artificial palms and set them around the bar. They called it 'Caribbean Nights Bar'.

The things calmed down, humans are everywhere humans. Even in the most difficult conditions they don't give up.

It turned out that they were not the only "tourists" of the Little Caribbeans. On the shore were visible landed aircrafts, stretched tents, fires burning here and there.

"Picnic, people are enjoying the calm shores of the lake", Claudia said.

“Joy of the convicted to death”, Janet replayed.

“Maybe it's a good idea to send our prisoners to them. In our ship, they cause problems and eat from our food. Let them also have fun with those cheerful people”, grandmother Claudia suggested.

Everyone around her listened, but no one said neither "no" nor "yes". They thought that the grandmother's idea was good, but they felt some sense of conscience if they left their prisoners to death. They were accustomed to them, they were already responsible for their destiny.

“We'll decide that later. For now, they remain with us”, captain George said.

Captains banned any contacts with the people from the tents. They did not know how people from tents will accept the privileged passengers from SURVIVOR armada, they did not know in what condition the psyche those people are. To avoid unwanted visits to their camp, captains decided to build an invisible electromagnetic wall around the circle where the armada ships were parked. The electrical strain on the outside of the wall was not deadly, but an unwanted visitor would have enough strong electric shock to give up further attempts to penetrate the camp. In addition, posters were hanged from outside the wall to warn of the presence of such an electrical barrier.

Attempts to visit their fortified camp were, anyway. After realized that they cannot penetrate into the camp, some picnickers were sailing with boats around the camp showing posters with the inscription: "We are hungry. Give us food, for God's sake. There are children with us." The captains decided to send them some food and survival kits. And also some sedative drugs and medicines needed to treat burns and other injuries. That was the only thing they could do for these condemned souls.

Further research on the lake showed that the water temperature was rising slightly - by 0.18 °C per day, the water was clean, very low radioactive (safe for human health), except for bacteria there was no other life in the lake.

The next day, SURVIVOR SIX reported that they had lowered a small three-seats submarine for detailed exploration of the lake. They reported at which frequency the pictures will be shown by the videorecorders mounted on the

submarine. All those who were interested in what was under the surface of the lake watched the transmission of the underwater video camera. These were mostly elderly passengers.

The largest depth - 32 meters - in the lake was measured in its central part. There were visible the ruins of a small town immersed during the overflow of the lake at its very beginning of artificial creation. The roofs of all buildings had collapsed under the weight of the 30-meter water column above them and the erosion of the water. It was miraculous that the bell tower of the protestant church at the central square of the town survived, it was almost undamaged. The submarine dropped at two meters from the bottom of the lake. It was covered with a thick layer of sludge mixed with pieces of destroyed building walls, household waste, and skeletons of small animals. A sad picture of past life! Pompey under water. In the center of the square were visible the vague shapes of a circular low stone structure. When the submarine approached this strange building, it became clear that it was a wide well (or pool) about two and a half meters in diameter. The height of his walls was about a meter and a half. It was not clear what the depth of the well was. It is very likely that this was a public well - a source of water for the local population. The wooden cover of the well had been rotten for a long time, only the rusty hinges on the stone wall had remained. This well, full of junk, was of no interest to the researchers. They wanted to get over it. But the camcorder at the last minute saw something interesting at the bottom. The "interesting thing" was a soft, nebulous glow, barely glimmering somewhere from the bottom of the well. Expert researchers have focused their camcorder better. In addition to the faint glow the videocamera could see now bubbling water vapor (most likely) coming up from the muddy bottom. Bubbles were rising upward at an incredibly high speed, as if they had been fired from a steam boiler under high pressure. Steam boiler heated by an underground energy source. The submarine expert commented: "Probably hot lava had pierced its way to the bottom of the well and is warming the water over it. This can not be a simple geyser which waters are heated deep beneath the surface of the earth. The camcorder dropped almost to the bottom of the well, and the dim-fiery glow turned to be a boiling lava visible through the muddy bottom.

"I think lava is the water heater in the lake. For now, the warming of the water is insignificant, but it may increase sharply in the coming weeks or even days. It is very possible that there are other hot spots at the bottom of the lake. It is not only possible for this heater alone to heat up so much water with the visible 0.18 °C per day. We will keep track of what's going on at the bottom,

and with a sharp increase in underwater volcanic activity - we will give a signal of alert", explained the expert from the submarine.

"There is no longer a near-strong place on the body of the earth. Something is eating it from inside. As a cancer, this lethal disease spreads over its body", Claudia commented.

"Yes, nature is avenging our greed and arrogance. One can not pollute the earth with chemicals, scratch it deeply, change the relief on its own surface, drain its riches, pollute the air and the waters for hundreds of years, and expect from it everlasting obedience and patience. Earth finally rebelled and wants to cut us off. It no longer believes in our nature conservation stories", Janet said.

The men were silent in their own thoughts.

"Pity, so nice beach. We were just doing great here and we must moving again somewhere north", Jessica said in regret. After wiping a tear she continued her thought:

"We, humans, are big egoists and pigs. This is how we have made the nature that it is impossible for it to purge itself. Or artificially by us. We obviously have gone through the point of non-return. That's what the smart people say. What do you expect from a privy full of shit? Clean up by itself? Or someone else to clean it up? How do you imagine that? It is better, of course, this full privy to be replaced with a new one. That's what will happen to us - we're going to the 'End'. And then for those of us who skip the 'End' and end up in the new world, there will be a new privy for filling with shut."

"Jessica, mind your words. Did I teach you to talk like that? After your abduction by the shepherds you had changed very much", her grandmother scolded her.

"You did not teach me that, grandma. Life had taught me. I may use incorrect words sometimes obscene, but I say the truth. Am I right, grandpa?" Peter Sr just waved his hand.

The civilized industrial man, the real destroyer of nature, had crossed the boundaries of returning to its normal state. He had mortally hurt the mother nature 's breasts from which he was eating hundreds of years. He had cut off the branch on which he sat. God had raised his hands from the man, no



longer helping him. He had left the industrial man alone to fight with the natural disasters. God no longer applied the so-called "anthropologic principle" that created security and comfort for man from the very beginning of his existence. Religious people, mainly Christians, believed that God was just a good force: love and compassion for each individual, forgiving and protecting his children. The real God, however, was not such. He is a good superior force in nature only when the living creations on earth comply with the requirements of the Great Quantum Wave of the Evolution of Life. When it is time to remove the old, outdated specimen of plant or animal, God becomes cruel, vengeful, ruthless. He removes mercilessly this type of specimen from the stage of life, and in its place He imposes the next progressive type in evolution. Material tools for fulfilling the sentence over the old type of life are mostly natural disasters and diseases. The civilized men's lifetime had come to an end. God was already working on his extermination. From loving father He was transformed in a cruel executioner of his children. Taras Bulba had said: "I gave you life, I will take your life."

The Great Tribulation is the material tool in the hands of God for destruction of the human race. The civilized man was the pinnacle of the pyramid of life, above this peak was only emptiness. The emptiness in life means non-existence, death. After death, resurrection of the animate and inanimate universes follows. Quantum life can not be created and can not be destroyed. After death starts beginning. In between there is nothing, there is no *reality*. After new beginning everything repeats itself in exactly the same scenario.

The inanimate universe exists as a reality only because it has *alive observer* to observe it, measure it, evaluate it, compare it, understand it. The Alive Observer of the universe is unique maximum quantum of life. This is determined by the basic symmetries and philosophy of the world. As a quantum object it is a two-dimensional, its only dwelling (residence) is the surface of the planet Earth. The life of the earth (the animate universe) and the inanimate universe are the two inseparable, mutually contradictory, elements of one whole – The REALITY! THE REAL WORLD!

After exploring the bottom of the well, the two submarine explorers surveyed other interesting places on the bottom of the lake. Mainly in the deeper places of the lake, they found other hot spots where lava had gone to the bottom. The Armada people were seriously worried.

“Not only at the bottom of this lake are such processes occurring, the lava is trying to come to the surface anywhere on the earth's surface”, Peter Sr said.

“Why does this happen, grandpa?” Asked one of twins girls. And the little ones shared the concerns of adults.

“It's hard to explain this in a few words, kids. Do not worry about us in the ships. We are chosen to survive. The sun - the most massive body in the solar system – is extremely active in our time. It begins to shift from its vast warmth to our planet mainly in a quantum way - not directly, not through radiation. In other words, it unloads from its excess heat to our planet. This had happened before too - proof are the melted rocks and the powerful tectonic processes that created mountains and seas. That's it. Did you understand me, sweet my kids?”

“We are still too small to understand all the talks of the adults. But we understand you, grandpa. How is it that you, a very famous scientist, and, as our daddy says other smart scientists do not understand your science, and we, little kids, understand you?” Little Lina asked.

“That's because I use simple words that everyone can understand. Some writers and journalists deliberately use words that are not used in everyday life, the sense of which they do not understand well too. This is done to show to the readers that they are so clever and erudite. With very complex words and sentences that they do not all understand well, these "wise men" want to intimidate readers and show them that they are much smarter. With many words, they say very few important things. Writer trick. Particular fakers in this respect are philosophers. That's why they pay them to write misunderstood things. Remember me: It does not matter what the words look like - simple as a scrawny gaunt hen, or as complex as a beautiful inflated peacock. It is important what they say. This is my principle in my scientific activity, children. Am I clear?”

“Clear as clean spring water”, Tony said wisely hugging her great-grandfather.

George changed the subject. He said:

“You know we landed on the lake under pressure - to cool down the quantum generators and make some repairs. Due to the short construction time of the ships and the choice of materials, the construction of the ships was not very good. This is especially true for quantum generators that are of a new type, never built and tested until now. We had to build something very powerful and very well protected in the very difficult conditions of the world.”

“Does that mean that quantum generators can break down and our mission fail?” Asked his brother Claudia.

“No, it does not mean. Ships have already proven to be very reliable in harsh conditions. I believe that they will not fail us further. If, God forbid, one of the ships will fail for some reason and cannot be repaired, then its passengers can move to another ship of the armada. All for one! For now we are "in covenant", though we don't know until when. In the vague future, we see the ruins of our destroyed world as foggy, but we are not there yet. There still exist in this world oases of stability. So enjoy what you have right now and do not bother thinking about what will happen tomorrow”, said Peter Sr.

“You are right, grandpa. Lina, Tony, Jessica, let's go to the beach.”

“The kids are right. Let's we go, too”, said Paula, and grasped her husband's hand. “Too much wise discussions for today. Come on, lazy man, go to the beach. I expect you to get me a ladies cocktail at the bar.”

Not long after youngsters, the older ones followed them.

The days went smoothly, the water was comfortable enough for bathing, the sky was clear. The scouting drones had found a new tranquil place to land the armada - 400 miles northeast. There was the territory of Canada. For now, passengers did not want to leave the Little Caribbeans and replace them with Canada's cold taiga. But nature did not ask them what they want and what they don't want. Twelve days after their landing on the lake, the outdoors deteriorated sharply. The water in the lake began to bubble vigorously, steam rising to the surface of the lake, the temperature of the water rising at 3.5 ° C per day. The beach looked like a steam bath. The submarine found that the lava had pierced the muddy bottom of the lake, and in many places on the bottom there were open mini-volcanoes, from which lava flowed constantly in the lake. It was time to lift sails. The next morning the armada headed for the lands of Canada.

They landed on a vast meadow, at one end of which was a medium-sized lake. They set up a camp on a flat grassy area half a kilometer from the lake. Fresh food stocks were almost over. The water analysis in the lake showed it was good for drinking. Its temperature was 22.1 ° C. A bit cool for bathing, however. Sorrel and wild garlic grew up in the meadow. Good news for cooks. But animals could not be seen. There was little surviving fish in the lake. Wild ducks and geeses, typical of Canada, had been somewhat disappeared. Are they dead? These were the first intelligence data from the surrounding area.

On the following day, boys and girls went hunting for large animals. Fishermen, including children, went fishing in the nearby lake. The drones had not found people wandering around the area. However, the fishermen had taken laser weapons with them. It was decided that the captains and some of the technicians should not leave the camp. They had enough work to do there.

Two cargo aircrafts took off from SURVIVOR ONE. The first one with four people on board: Jessica, doctor David, Patrick - friend of Jessica - and one of the prisoners shepherds. The shepherds were free during the day and helped with what George offered them. There was no desertion plans in their mind, on the contrary - they were afraid to be expelled from the ship. They could not become pirates either because they did not have a damn notion of managing this sophisticated ship SURVIVOR ONE. Peter Jr, Evelina, Paul and the second shepherd flew on the other cargo aircraft.

Hunters from the first cargo aircraft found wild game. At the end of a meadow, in the shadow under the trees, stood a few cows. Jessica saw them watching the area with binoculars. Binoculars, beside a visual image, could "see" the temperature image of the object. If it were not that temperature image, she would not have noticed the herd of cows huddled in the shade beneath the trees at the end of the meadow. They circled over the meadow, and when they did not see any traces of people or cowhands, the hunters landed in the meadow a hundred yards from the small herd of cows. Cows did not show any interest in the in the guests coming from the sky. They continued rechewing the grass that they ate before and waved happily their queues. The hunters hurriedly killed six cows, the other four run in the woods. They did not pursue them, but they started immediatelly to work on cows' carcasses. The physician offered himself as a chief skiner and butcher, Patrick and the shepherd helped him. For information - that was the bigger shepherd, who had not touched Jessica on her butt. Jessica could not stand the other. She guarded the group of butchers now. The three butchers did very well with meat processing. It was shredded and packed in plastic bags. As before - the skins,

hooves and guts were left to the coyotes. The heads of cows took with them. They loaded some of the refrigerators in the aircraft with fresh meat. There was room for at least for five more cows. But they decided it was wise to unload the beef of the ship and then George would decide what to do next. Hunters had just left the lawn when they received a message from the other aircraft. Peter Jr reported: "We are on the shore of a small river not far from you. We gathered a nice harvest of mushrooms and sorrel. We did not see animals. From here we see small cabin after the turn of the river. We only see its roof, smoke coming out of the chimney. We go to the cabin, we'll call you later. "

Jessica replied: "We killed six cows, we are going back to the ship."

The Peter Jr's group headed for the lonely cabin built on the river bank. They did not know what was waiting for them inside. Excessive caution, however, did not hinder. Two of them - Peter Jr and the shepherd – went to look the cabin from outside. Evelina and Paul guarded them hidden in the high grass. Like real Indian, Peter Jr crawled silently around the cabin and peered into the river-side window. It was dark inside, and nothing could be seen. He called the shepherd with a sign of his hand. Shepherd also moved crawlingly and looked at him questioningly. Peter Jr whispered in his ear:

"I did not see anyone inside. But where there is fire - there should be people. Logically?"

In turn, the shepherd whispered:

"Logically, but not quite. We also left the fire to burn in the fireplace, and went to the woods to lay ambush of your people. And we caught them."

Peter Jr was impatient by nature. Unlike Indians, who could have lurked for hours for their victims and attacked them when it was safe for them. That his quality had brought him many troubles in life. He knocked on the door, and when he did not get an answer within a minute, he pushed the door and walked inside. The shepherd followed him. The cabin consisted of a single room. There was a roughly made wooden table and three similar chairs around it, a small stove, a sink with a water tank over it. In the dark corner of the room they saw an old wicker couch on which lay an elderly man. It seemed as if he slept. Peter Jr pushed him, but he did not move. He checked his pulse - no pulse. The man had died. Next to the head of the dead man, they noticed a

piece of paper that read: "My name is Joe Johnson, 68 years old. I'm from the neighboring town. All my loved ones died of hunger or were killed by gangs in the neighborhood. And here they come also - to pick up vegetables from the gardens. Along the river there are vegetable gardens owned by people from the city. I am guardian and worker in these gardens. The fish in the river died. I'm alone. I do not see the point of living. If a good man finds my corpse, let bury me on the river bank. God will reward him for his good hearth. I have a little puppy, if he's still alive, please, take care of him. He is smart, sweet dog." Next to him, on the bed, they found a laser gun.

"Poor man", Peter Jr said and crossed himself. The shepherd did the same.

"He's already smelling", said the shepherd.

They called Evelina and Paul and decided to fulfill the last wish of the gardener. They buried the dead man in a shallow grave on the river bank. Then covered the gardener's grave with stones, so, hungry beasts would not unearth his body. Evelina layed wild flowers on the grave. On a wooden board, dangling over the head of the dead, she wrote: "Here layes Joe Johnson, honest man, pray for his soul."

After fulfilling their human duty, the four decided to take a look at the vegetable gardens. What was left after the raids of the bandits and the boars was heavily worn out. Still, they dug two sacks of potatoes and some other vegetables.

"On north and that will not be. It's better than nothing", Peter Jr said.

They took the small crop of vegetables to the cabin and looked what else they could take from it. The hunters of food did not feel themselves like marauders, they were just people living in extreme conditions struggling for their survival. Something like Robinson Crusoe. In the basement dug under the cabin they found several sacks of potatoes, onions, peppers, tomatoes. There was also a large barrel with homemade whiskey. All this stuff they took with them.

"Grandma will be very happy with the whiskey", Evelina said.

“If we show it to her”, said Uncle Peter.

The four of them went out and sat down on the grass in the shade of the cabin. They ate sandwiches and drank coffee. From somewhere a little puppy appeared - obviously he was the gardener's puppy. The dog was excited by something and was whining softly.

“He mourns the landlord's death”, said Paul.

The shepherd who had experience with these animals lured him, and the puppy obediently came to him. He took it on his lap and caressed him. The puppy licked the shepherd's hand and clearly indicated he was hungry. Evelina gave him a sandwich that he quickly swallowed. Evelina took it to her.

“You're our puppy now. What's your name, huh?”

Mockingly Paul said:

“Hey, he'll tell you his name right now. Charlie is his name. Right Charlie?” The dog waved his tail in agreement.

“He's Charlie since today.”

Hunters layed on the ground next to the cabin. It was so peaceful, so beautiful here. Beneath them the earth was warm, the late afternoon sun looked at them patronizingly, flickering them through purple colored clouds that passed like sails on the blue azure in the sky. In front of them flowed lazily silver-purple waters of the river. It was quiet, quiet. Tired of the long tense day and intoxicated by the charms of nature, the pickers of vegetables soon fell asleep. Charlie also was sleeping in the lap of his new sister. They did not care about their safety.

At one point, footsteps were heard on the sand-gravel bank of the river. Charlie felt them first, and started roaring. He leapt out of Evelina's arms and start barking in full voice. Everyone woke up, but it was too late. A few paces ahead of them stood six bearded men with laser guns pointed at them.

“Do not try to resist, we'll kill you for a moment”, cried one of the assailants. Add:

“Do not reach for your weapons, get up with your arms raised.”

The four captives fulfilled the orders. Bandits gathered their weapons and mobile video phones. Then they tied their hands and legs and pushed them to sit on the ground. It was pointless and dangerous to try to get rid of them.”

“Now I'll ask you few questions .Be careful what you will answer me. Whoever lied or hid something from us would be shot. I know very well who is lying to me. This is my natural gift.” The bearded gang leader warned.

The arrested ones "admitted" everything, the answers to the gang leader questions were fair.

The leader said:

“What you said is true. Now, be so good to wait for what we will decide to do with you.”

At this time, on the ship SURVIVOR ONE people had begun to worry about their collectors of fresh green food. Their video phones were not responding. Jessica said resolutely:

“There is nothing more to do here, we must go straight away. We know their coordinates, if,of course, they are still there, from where we got last signals from their bracelets. Our people are in trouble.”

“Go help them then”, George ordered.

Beside one cargo aircraft, they sent two scouting drones. These were small as wild ducks, gray in color, silent - it was hard for the naked eye to be seen against the background of the sky. Cargo aircraft was large and could be easily seen by the bandits. The crew of the cargo aircraft consisted of Jessica, doctor David, the big shepherd, and Paul. Everyone, including the shepherd, was armed with laser guns and paralyzing weapons.

After long discussion, bandits returned to the arrested people. Without unnecessary words, the gang leader announced their decision:

“We know who you are, we know everything about your ships, we



watched television before we became wandering bandits. We do not want ransom in money, they no longer have value. Tell your leaders that the only way to save your life is to take us to your ship. But not as ordinary passengers, but as occupants. We'll keep our weapons, and we will disarm you. You will do what we command you. We are six strong well-experienced men, you cannot handle us if you decide to rebel. This is the only one condition we agree. So call them away. Now we'll untie this girl's hands and let her call on the video-phone your ship's leaders. And decide quickly."

Evelina explained to George their situation. There was no way to give details about their location for the bandits were listening closely. It was not necessary ,actually, on the ship they knew about where they are now. After a dozen minutes, SURVIVOR ONE answered: "We accept your terms. We're sending a cargo aircraft to pick up everyone. We'll be not armed. "

About half an hour later, the SURVIVOR ONE cargo aircraft landed on the meadow in front of the cabin. All four crew members came out with their arms raised over their heads. The gun pistols of four bandits were aimed at them. The gang leader headed to them. With a very harsh voice he said:

"Do you accept the contract we offered to you?" Paula nodded. The bandit continued:

"First thing to do is move the second aircraft next to your aircraft. That would make one of the arrested pilots", he pointed Paul. "Then we'll tie your hands and we'll take you up with my people to the two aircrafts. Only pilots of the two aircrafts will be with loose hands. There will be one of my men with a gun pointed to the head of everyone of you. When we arrive to your ship, only the captain of the ship will meet us. A pistol pointed at his head. Once we get into the ship, we become masters of the situation. And without any dirty tricks. We will not hesitate to kill even a woman or a child. Is it understood?"

"It's understood. But I have a request to you", said Paula.

" Tell your question."

"Our people had gathered fresh food that we need on the ship. Especially with six extra throats like yours. My request is to take this food with us."

“No problem. Two of my men will guard the detainees. The other three will load the aircrafts, two of your men will help them. I will observe the loading. Women are not involved in the loading, but they have to be watched by our guards. Agree?”

“Agree.”

The gang leader had another idea at the last minute - he decided that it was a good idea to get more products with them. The gang had a secret food cache carved on the river bank. There was a boat there. They tied the arms and legs of the newcomers and pushed them to the other detainees. Three of the bandits were left to guard them, and the other three went for the products. Two hours later they returned with a boat and a raft loaded with food. Their stocks included flour, rice, sugar, salt, cheeses, potatoes, vegetables, smoked sausages, canned foods, coffee, alcohol. All of this food was robbed from warehouses and grocery stores.

“ You see what dowry we carry on your ship”, said the bearded leader with a pleased smile.

The arrested people did not care about bandit’s dowry - they simply ignored the words of the gang leader. Gangsters loosened the hands and legs of the doctor, Patrick and the big shepherd. The leader sent them, together with three of his people - armed with laser guns - to load the food on the crafts. The leader showed cavalry and loosed the two women as he had promised. But they had to stay, or sit, farther than the tied detainees and to be observed by the same guards. The leader politely talked to women. He had not seen a woman for several months, his corresponding hormones were now very excited. Ardenaline flowed in his brains. His eyes gleamed like a ragged cat. This dimmed his observability. In his mind, he imagined how he would have fun with these sweet ladies when they will become full masters of their shp. ‘Sweet ladies’ sensed this too, trying to force him away from his functions as a watchman and observer of loading. Jessica found an appropriate moment and gave a signal to the physician that they should now act on their release. The doctor nodded. The bandits did not suspect that in a secret closet of the cargo ship there had been two strong men hired from other ships of the armada. While the leader was having fun telling mademoiselles funny stories, and the other two guards were dozing like camels, important events took place. The two hired strong men stepped out of

the closet and hurriedly attacked the three bandits. They quickly dressed in the bandits' clothes and went out as imitating the work of loaders. This was not immediately noticed by the gang leader and the two guards. Jessica jumped like a panther and caught a pistol thrown to her by one of the fake bandits. Instantly she fired at the gang leader and killed him on the spot. The other two bandits recovered fast from the shock, but the so-called "reaction time" cost them lives. With two accurate gunshots from close distance, Jessica dropped them dead on the ground. The battle with bandits was won. Jessica was the hero of the day. People from armada took the three tied bandits-loaders from the grass and left them in front of the cabin. They decided not to kill them, nature would take care of it. They loaded all other products into the cargo aircrafts. Then the cargo aircrafts fled to the camp. Bandits watched sadly after the aircrafts and wondered about their stupidity.

On the ship SURVIVOR ONE hunters were greeted with cheers. The twins had prepared a small gymnastic-musical program under the guidance of their grandmother Janet. On piano they were accompanied by grandma Claudia. Jessica was proclaimed the "hero of the armada." The former shepherds-detainees were totally pardoned. By their wish, they continued to live in their prison cell, but it was no longer locked at night. They were already free citizens of the Republic SURVIVOR ONE, but with some limited constraints.

Several quiet days followed. The computer-analysist was silent. There were no dangerous changes in the environment. Aircrafts no longer flown out of the camp - captains thought they have enough fresh food. It was not worth to take risk of hunters and gatherers of natural green foods. Only scouting drones snagged the surrounding area and their radius of action was increased to 100 miles. Passengers could not catch signals of any television station outside. The world was dead. The connection with it was interrupted.

The youngsters were rejoicing again. They organized noisy parties every night under the dom of shapito, and went to bathe on the nearby lake. The road to the lake was strictly guarded by electronic guard dogs. The children were going to school, the grandmothers were gathering for coffee and gossips. Passengers preferred "natural" food prepared by live cooks in the temporary kitchen of the camp. Technicians thoroughly were checking the ship systems. Everyone was busy, nobody was bored. An "old" law of the armada was abolished - the ban on alcohol. It was obvious for everybody that everyone drinks in hiding. But the passengers "knew the measure," they were never drunk like pigs. The discipline and understanding between people in the

armada were great. The leaders of the armada remained the most concerned. They knew perfectly well that a storm followed a calm time. Storm that could surprise them in the middle of the night, a storm not seen until now by its peculiarities and strength, a storm that could take them to the hell if they were not prepared for it. The captains gathered at a meeting twice a day - during the day in the Captain's Cafe under the shapito and evening after dinner at one of the armada's ships. Peter Sr, a mission scientist, always attended these meetings. When a red alert signal will be given, captains had to be aware of the next stop of the armada. Without distant scouting it was impossible to find safe place for next landing. External information links were interrupted, the world of civilization was silent. The mortally wounded civilization licked its wounds and barely was breathing. If they decide to fly without reliable information they were taking serious risk being trapped and could not escape alive from this trap. The captains decided to send two scouting drones to the north-east up to the polar latitudes. There they expected to find a "cozy" place for the next camp.

The experience of the previous moves of the armada showed that the "smart" computers cannot be fully trusted. Modern computers are extremely fast machines, with the potential memory to harbor in their electronic brains the entire history of the universe, to analyze billions of variants of action. But they are machines without soul, without human intelligence, they are only computing machines that do what the human mind had given them. They do not have the intuition of a man - a gift given to him by God. They are not motivated to fight to life and death for their existence and to choose between logical and intuitive. No matter how many smart chips are packed in their electronic brains, they would never cross the barrier separating the non-living from living intelligence. Their electronic intelligence would never be transformed into a new *reality* - the mind of a living man. The mind of a man - his consciousness (soul) - cannot be made up with inanimate material elements, how complex they are and how many they are. For the soul of man is a spark of the soul of the living God.

Geniuses change the course of evolution of human civilization. They were endowed by God with many sparks of His mind. Geniuses are supernova stars of reason among the human tribe. They had intuition inaccessible for ordinary people. Geniuses can penetrate their own mind and the minds of other people in the future, and from there they can extract information about the cardinal changes in the quality of human civilization that happened after their 'present'. Such a genius was Peter Sr, a genius top quality. His intuition could make right

decision in the worst confused situations. Even the smartest computer could not do that, even if its millions of chips snapped around the clock day and night. The genius could achieve goals that neither the logic of the most talented scientist nor the speed of the fastest computers could foresee and achieve. The geniuses were small gods among the people.

God sent Peter Sr's soul to the last human generation on earth. He had chosen as the "seed" of the civilized man in the new cycle of the universe. God had violated only one of the laws of animate nature: "one soul - one body." He had placed Peter Sr's soul in the cloned body of his grandson. Only Peter Sr's genius soul knew how to bring the last people on earth out of the dying universe and pass them through the End to the Beginning of the New World.

Peter Sr was asked by the captains to give some clarification on the Mission of Salvation's strategy. Peter Sr scratched his head and began:

"We, the passengers of the SURVIVIR ships, are like autumn leaves blown by a strong wind and thrown into a turbulent river. These leaves do not know where the water flows, they do not control their own movement, they do not know what is ahead of them because they have only the basic sense of a leaf born and grown on the same mother-tree. The mother-tree had fed and protected them all their life, so, they did not gain their own experience of living outside. Left to their own in the stormy waters of the river, individual leaf is confused, it does not know what to do. The leaf wants to survive, but it does not know how. And here, in the stormy waters of the river appears a spirit that teaches the leaf what to do. This spirit is the *common* spirit of all twins-leaves on the tree. On its way down the river the leaf-spirit advises leaves how to avoid dangerous situations, what to do to survive up to the end of the river. This little spirit is sent to help some of leaves to survive and keep their genes for new life in another place. The little spirit is constantly receiving instructions from the Big Spirit while sailing on the turbulent river. That's it. Did you understand the meaning of this parabola?"

"Absolutely. You are the little God's spirit who occupied the Peter Jr's cloned body. In order to survive in the very hostile environment in which we live now, we need the leadership and support from the Super Mind of the Univerese – God (the Big Spirit). Now we understand that you are chosen by God to lead us, you carry a great part of His mind. So far, you had been regarded as an irrational event (unrealistic or inexplicable from the point of view of modern science): transferring a human soul from the past to the future

and settling it in a cloned biological body of a person of the future. Such an event is viewed as a religious fiction. Irrational events very rarely occur in the real world. And either we do not notice them or ignore them because we can not explain them from positions of accepted scientific dogmas. Until just a century ago, even less than a century, ball lightning was regarded by some serious scientists as an illusion of human vision and consciousness. Today it works in every quantum generator. Even though God was seen before as a fiction of religious charlatans. We now fully believe in the reality of the Super Mind of the Universe called 'God'. Only He can give us the right reference in this complex confused world. We believe that your soul is sent to us by God to protect us from fatal errors and lead us on the right path to the New World. We'll follow you, Peter. You are a true prophet of God."

These were words from the captain of SURVIVOR TWO. The meeting ended long after midnight, the captains went on their ships.

"The world is like a snake biting its tail. The beginning and the end of it coincide. The boundary between the old and the new world-universe is "blurry," indefinite. Some "seeds" of the human race can also inhabit the end and the beginning of the universe simultaneously. These are the elect of God. You are those elect!

Towards the End of the World people will rely, as usual, on their routine and logic when fighting natural disasters. But they will no longer help them like before. Approaching the End, the Horseman of the Apocalypse began to "wash out" the worn out, reaching its culmination of scientific and technological evolution human race. And no human power can stop it. After him the Horseman of Apocalypse leaves fear and despair. But this is his job - he has to clear the Augean stables from the old garbage and prepare them for other occupants.

People cannot simply leave the planet Earth and hide from destructive forces of the nature to another planet. On the moon or on Mars, for example. Life on earth is the only one (unique) in the whole universe, it is nailed forever to the earth's surface. This surface is also the the unique residence of God. In the cosmos, outside stabilizing influence of God, the forces of nature are particularly hostile to any form of life. This was proven by unsuccessful attempts of scientists to sow life on another heavenly body. A living being on another planet will quickly degenerate and perishe. This is not a matter of close distances from the Earth's surface - inhabited space stations - satellites in low

orbits (200 miles from Earth) where life can exist for not long time. Even in the higher parts of the planet, life becomes unwanted.

We, humans are particles of God. Namely, we are his individual copies in the world of individual things. God is a quantum continuum, He does not have particles that can be scattered like sparks in the surrounding world. His mind stands on the highest quality level in the pyramid of *Reality*. It is a superior quality of alive intelligence. Our inferior quality reasons (our human souls) do not possess its vast, powerful, omnipresent, qualities and potentials for influence on the animate and inanimate nature. Only God can fight successfully with the loose elements of the inanimate nature. Only He can limit or stop destructive march of the Apocalypse Horseman - the Satan Destroyer. If he wishes, of course. But He does not want to help humans at the End of the World. His plan given to him by the omnipotent Quantum Wave of Life obliges him to destroy this wicked world. Quantum Wave of Evolution of Life is above God. God is the executive president of the company "World", Quantum Wave of Evolution of Life is the constitution of the "World". God has His opposite – Satan. Both represent one whole, unity, entity. In this unity they live together and fight each other. But this unity is not frozen forever in time. There is a philosophical principle of negation of negation – principle of progress. This progress goes in direction of improving the moral and scientific and technological qualities of the Human Race. Slowly God takes over Satan.

Some people born to ordinary parents, have the qualities of "seeing" in the past and in the future, or doing things that are regarded as "miracles." Religions view these "miracles" performed by the idols of religion as real, while formal science considers them to be quackery, false. These are people telepaths, clairvoyants, people who can heal diseases through the influence of their souls, people who can move objects through the will of their thoughts, prophets. They are real people and their "miracles" are real, no matter what science says. These over-gifted people are like "nova-stars" in the realm of individual human beings. They possess more than other people of divine intelligence. But there are also "super nova-stars" among people - they are born once at thousand years. These are the great prophets of God! Was Jesus Christ such a great prophet? Judging by his doctrine of human morality and the glory that God had created about him among men, he was indeed such a great prophet. The fake dies quickly, the real is forever. But Jesus Christ is not the Son of God - one of the three reincarnations of the one God. This is a fiction created by Christian religion. Yet, viewed from another aspect, it can be said that Jesus Christ is a son of God, as he is an individual spark of the spirit of God

in the world of individual human souls. All people are God's children for the same reason. But with less divine substance than prophets.”

This little lecture Peter Sr delivered the next day to the passengers of SURVIVOR ONE. Minutes after the lecture, everyone in the living area was silent, like struck by a lightning that had paralyzed their tongues and brains. But the Truth came to their consciousness soon. Peter Sr continued:

“My daughter Claudia often calls me ghost or alien soul who occupied her nephew’s body. I also thought so in the beginning. But now I know - I’m a real person, not a ghost or alien spirit. I feel things that ghost cannot feel: physical pain, hunger, thirst, smell, I hear your voices, I see everything around me, I feel the taste of food, I love, I hate, I suffer spiritually. God had embedded my soul into a real human body - a cloned copy of my grandson Peter's body. Why He chose my grandson's body as the bearer of my soul is a complete mystery to me as well. It is a "miracle" that only God can do. But this is not essential in this case. What is important is that God has assigned me a very important mission - the salvation of the human race. And God has assigned you a very important mission as well - to sow the human seed in the New World.”

“And why did He choose me? I'm no longer good for seed”, Claudia said.

Everyone laughed at her ingenious words. Peter Sr responded smiling:

“Probably to make me angry and keep my spirits in alert. But it is more likely God chose you to take care of my great-granddaughters in the new world.

“The second is more likely,” replied grandmother Claudia.

“Now let's go back to the ground and discuss some upcoming tasks. I have a strong feeling that by the end of the day the ground beneath us will crack like a ripe watermelon dropped to the floor. Very strong underground shocks will shake the ground. There is a danger that the ships will be swallowed up in some of these deep cracks. George, please notify the captains of the other ships, and order to start immediately disassembling the outdoor camp and quantum engines to be ready for immediate take-off when a red alert signal is given.”

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the ground began to shake like a deck on a ship in a strong storm. The Armada took off immediately. Peter's shares as a



prophet jumped with thousands of percent. Everyone already saw in him a prophet of God. A Messiah.

They fled north, to the tundra of Canada. In these parts of Canada there are no trees, but there were many lakes, lots of swamps and lots of game.

“In the north, beyond the polar circle, there is plenty of ice and very cold water beneath it. The Northern Arctic Ocean is a huge storage of cold. Heat from Hell will hardly overcome this millennia of cold. That will take a long time. From this time on, we must take advantage of cold in order to get alive and healthy up to the time of the great transition from the universe's ‘indeterminet end’ to the ‘indetermined beginning’ of the new (same) universe. I know only about when this will happen, while God knows the exact time. You, the survivors of the great tribulation, will be the new Adam and Eve in the new world. We, actually, have Eve on our ship.” Peter Sr laughed and pointed to Eve.” There your souls will arrive clear of all the memories of this world. You will not know who you are and how you got there. But your habits and abilities will be preserved. There you will start human civilization from zero.”

The forces of the ships, however, had no strenght to reach the tundra of Canada. Armada landed on a large flat land ground. There were traces of open mining, abandoned machines, abandoned barracks. No living soul could be seen around. The site was naked, plowed, devoid of vegetation, but greener grass and berries grew in the nearby forest. In the western part of the site there was visible, shimmering in pink-red color, the slowly flowing watesr of a small crick. It was near sunset. The setting sun barely passed its weakened rays through the torn clouds. It was raining slightly. The gates of the ships opened and the passengers rushed outside. A man commented:

“Better mud than lava.”

The construction of the camp was delayed for the next day. Curious passengers decided to investigate the nearby area. In the woods they picked blueberries and mushrooms. Birds were not seen, game too. The locality was mainly marshy. People got back to the ships. The veil of the coming night was slowly covering the surrounding world, the stars began to shine one after another on the celestial vault as lanterns ignited by an invisible celestial lamplighter. There were no discussions tonight, dancing and music too. Passengers ate dinner and went back to their quarters. Evelina had gone to live with her boyfriend Paul. Grandma Claudia had resisted the ‘immoral’ decision of her older granddaughter at first, but she resigned when she was told that the young

couple decided to marry soon. To the other Armada passengers this event did not make any impression. There were no gossips.

The next morning all passengers, except children and old people, took part in the construction of the new outdoor camp. No one liked to spend all his time in the ships. People wanted air, they wanted space, they wanted fun. A pavement of artificial grass was mounted on the muddy site. It was pleasant to walk around, it was clean at least. Above the platform, they raised the tent of the new shapito. Everything else was as before: temporary kitchen, tables, chairs, bar, captains' corner, stage, playground, medical center, school. Passengers settled down as if they had decided to spend here all autumn and winter. The construction of the temporary camps dragged them away from the harsh reality and made them happy for a short time, protected from natural disasters. In the evening, the weary ones gave themselves to a turbulent mood. From experience they knew that this first night would be followed by other ones, at least a week ahead.

In the midst of the joy a big man with shaggy mustache stood up on the podium of the stage, pulling his mustache nervously. That was the captain of SURVIVOR FIVE. The captain was dressed in an expensive, well-groomed suit and in expensive black, shining like mirror, shoes. A snow-white shirt appeared beneath his unbuttoned gray jacket. The sixty-five year old captain was rich, fairly rich, more precisely. He liked to dress in the old fashion way typical for businessmen in the early twenty-first century. The new fashion disgusted him. The captain was one of the most generous investors of the Mission of Salvation project. And, he was Paul's father. With him on board SURVIVOR FIVE were his wife - a big-hearted blonde, whose age was hard to be understood, and she never told her age, his 28-year-old daughter from his first marriage, divorced, along with her 12 year son, his 22-year-old son Paul, his 20-year-old daughter, unmarried, his sister with her husband and their son Patrick (Jessica's boyfriend), surgeon and nurse working for the family last 12 years, at age 24, who maintained their luxury home. A total of twelve plus their new daughter-in-law Evelina. Thirteen!

The rich captain drove courage and began to speak with a trembling voice:

“Dear companions, two days ago we witnessed an extraordinary heroism manifested by one of our very young, still teenager companion from the ship SURVIVOR ONE.”

He paused for a few seconds and pointed at the hero. The hero-girl barely held back her tears, and covered her red face with both hands. Captain continued:

“This girl, with a risk for her life, managed to liquidate the gang leader and two of his bandits, saving the life of four our people. Including my son, Paul.” Stormy ovations. “We all understand that in our limited society, completely isolated from the rest of the world, there can be no privileged patricians - wealthy and poor plebeians. We are all equal here, we all equally bear the burden of survival of the Mission of Salvation. And the responsibility of it. I and my wife decided to make a modest gift to this girl - hero. This is a masterpiece of the great Italian painter Rafael. I'm not saying the price of this masterpiece that I bought few years ago from a famous museum. The cost of this painting today is not measured with dollars, but with artistic and historical value.”

The captain handed the picture to Jessica and kissed her cheek. Jessica was crying, her grandmother too. As she recovered, Jessica replied:

“This had not happened to me all my young life. Such a gift! Gift for princess. Thank you from all my heart and soul, dear people. Great art never loses its value, even at the end of the world. Unlike gold and money it is eternal, as eternal is the world in which we live.”

She approached the captain's wife and kissed her on her two heavy powdered cheeks. After the award ceremony, the chorus of children sang songs in honor of the hero-girl and stepped down of the stage. The young children also received a collective gift - the puppy of the dead gardener - Charlie. The evening continued with a crazy party for the young!

The next day was sunny, very warm for these latitudes. Not far from the camp, they found artificial dam that was closing the free waterway behind it and formed a small artificial lake. The water in the pond was pleasant for bathing, probably warmed by the heavily elevated temperature of the ground beneath it. On the shore of the lake, they found a nice sandy beach that looked like it was made by the white settlers-miners. Everyone, young and old, rushed to this warm northern lake. On the beach there was installed a temporary walk-in kitchen. Here they all liked it, felt safe, for a week or two ahead.

Small group of Aborigines - local Indians - visited them on the sixth day of

their landing on the mining site. They had no bad intentions about white travelers. They might have come from pure curiosity. George accepted them in the SURVIVOR ONE living quarters. Beside George and his son Peter Jr, there were no other passengers on the ship. The sunny warm weather, the fine sand on the beach and the warm water in the lake attracted almost all population of the armada as a magnet. Even the grandmothers were on the beach. Two of the Indians spoke fluent English. They were from a small mountain tribe that lived in a small village consisting of twenty huts. Natives enjoyed mostly the gifts of nature: wild game hunting, wild ducks and geese, fishing, harvesting berries, mushrooms, edible wild plants. For thousands of years, they had not a feeding problem due to the abundance of wildlife and the lack of competition from other tribes. Nature had been able to feed a hundred times more natives. The whites, in turn, didn't bother them, for they were not interested in colonizing the cold northern lands of the aborigines. They were only attracted by the mineral resources of the North. In these lands, they found rich deposits of uranium, gold, silver and other precious metals. Whites brought a technique with which they had ruined large areas of the taiga leaving behind lunar landscapes of a land unfitted anymore for life. Big numbers of the wild animals had left these wounded, deforested lands of the mother nature's body. Indians complained that wild ducks and geese, fish in lakes and rivers had disappeared somehow mysteriously. More and more rarely were seen deers and elks, crows, wild cattle and forest buffaloes. Indians explained this massive extinction of the animal world with the fact that nature, sacred to them, was avenging for her wounds made by the white man who was holing, roaming, stealing her sacred body. Indians did not seek close contacts with the white men. Their primitive lifestyle satisfied them completely. Some young Indians hired themselves as simple workers in the open-air mines of the white. They worked for pennies for their white masters. With the earned money they bought whiskey and clothes from the white men's shops. Recently the white men had left the temporary settlement of the miners leaving all the equipment in place. The Indians did not know if they would come back.

It was odd that the Indians were not interested in the purpose of this mass visit to their desolate cold lands. Perhaps they thought these were new settlers seeking wealth in the North. Saying good-bye, George gave to the peace-loving Indians few bags of food and one gallon of whiskey, which they enjoyed much more than flour, sugar, and dried fruits.

One day George decided to have a goodwill visit to the Indians. He

wanted to know what their intentions were about the armada people. The drones discovered dozen small villages in the immediate vicinity. They loaded a cargo aircraft with gifts for Indians. In the aircraft were flying five volunteers, including Peter Sr and George. A quarter of a mile from the village they had intention to visit first, visitors saw underneath three Indians riding three skinny horses. They landed next to them. One Indian proved to be familiar - he was from the group of Indians who visited their camp some days ago. George briefly explained the purpose of this visit and showed the gifts prepared for them. The Indians showed visible satisfaction from this unexpected generous visit. They got off the horses and loaded them with the presents. Visitors decided not to frighten the children and the grandmothers in the village with the terrible appearance of the heavenly mechanical noisy demon, and left the aircraft on the place where they had landed. The villagers welcomed white visitors politely but coldly. They invited the guests to a large hut, which was their social center. Women served a very gentle and enjoyable game meat, rosemary soup seasoned with something whit flavor of wild garlic. Unlike the first meeting, this time the Indians showed curiosity about the goals of the white men's visit on their land. To be better understood by the Indians, George explained that the White God had advised them to head north in specially preserved quiet areas to spend the time of the great tribulation. As a mediator between God and the men of the armada, George pointed Peter Sr. The curious Indians looked and touched Peter Sr on all sides to make sure he had a normal human body, not seeing a bodiless spirit by their eyes. This finding little disturbed their belief in the divine nature of Peter Senior.

Indians, in turn, told about their customs and religious beliefs. They were part of a large tribe inhabiting a large area north of the civilized Canadian provinces. This part of northern Canada was inhabited by a branch of this large tribe. Local Indians were much more liberal and more open to the civilization of white people than other branches. They allowed economic contacts with the white people. Indians were not religious in the sense of the main monoteistic religions. They were superstitious. They believed in spirits inhabiting rocks, forests, lakes and rivers. These spirits were normally gentle with local people, they were looking at their business, and did not interfere without a serious cause in the lives of ordinary people. Now, however, the Indians were saying, the spirits were angry at the fact that the white people were destroying the places of their permanent residence and disrupting the balance of the natural powers whose guardians were the spirits. Mines of the white men were the greatest irritant for the spirits. For a long time they suffered the insults and wounds made to them by white men. And recently the spirits had finally

rebelled against the aggressive industrialization of the North. They had allied themselves with each other and began to destroy the vital and industrial environment of white invaders. But the local indigenous population suffered from it too. The spirits destroyed people's food resources. Ducks, geeses and fish were their first victims. The high temperatures of soil, water, and air killed first the smallest living things that were created by their spirits to live in cold conditions. The grass dried up and did not rise again. Finally, the land will be inhabited only by spirits who did not need food. And then, getting rid of the white people, the spirits would revive life on earth because there was no point in controlling a dead nature of rocks and sterile from life waters and air. Spirits needed a living opponent who understands and obeys their power. Without the resistance of their living opponent, the spirits could not appreciate their true power and enjoy this power. Without life on their bodies the spirits were like dogs without fleas.

The Indians' customs did not permit marriages of young people from the same village. Such a way they avoided incest of close relatives and degeneration of the nation. The endless expansions of the North were inhabited by a handful of natives. Whites rarely came here for hunting and fishing. White men were not a threat to the existence of the local population. The open mines did not interfere with the interests of Indians, on the contrary, they brought additional income. The white people did not aim to destroy the forest bison and the wild cattle, as they had done two centuries ago in the lands of the southern Indians. The north was enormous, cold, not tempting for the warm-hearted white colonizers. After receiving the information they needed, Indians and white visitors shrugged their hands and parted forever. Indians did not know what death they were expecting soon. The whites men did not warn them because it was meaningless.

Several quiet days of routine and ship repair followed: beach, games, dance and music evening, school for kids. Young and old became friends, gentle feelings grew up between young and old souls. Unmanned scouting drones were circling the surrounding area looking for large animals. The nights were unusually bright, brightened by the celestial northern auroras caused by the increased solar radiation. On the tenth day of their landing on the ruined mining site, however, the peace was over. Dense stream of fireballs poured from the sky. These were ball-lightnings. Even before the ships were attacked by these celestial fire demons. The electrostatic protection of the ships was safe to deal with them. That day,

however, the sky seemed to be crazy. People got home on the ships, the beach was deserted, all drones returned to the ships.

The external microphones transmitted the sinister cacophony of sounds in the environment. There were thunders, bangs, whistling, roar, howling, as if there was a war between the devils of hell and the real world monsters (witches, vampires, goblins, kikimoras, grandmothers Yaga).

“I have the feeling that the frightened devils shovel fire and brimstone from the hell’s tar cauldrons and throw it on our ships”, Claudia said.

“That's right, sister”, George said.

TV monitors showed images reminding giant fireworks on the Chinese New Year night in a multi-million-people Chinese city. Fire balls of various sizes and colors collided with a huge crash on the protective electrostatic dome stretched over the camp. There was some kind of malice in the crash of those fiery devils unable to penetrate their targeted victims under the protective dome. The large ball lightnings were broken down into smaller balls, and these into even smaller, and so on, to the size of millions of bright sparks that disappeared with a sinister bang. The electrostatic protective dome endures the frantic attack of the ball lightnings. No ball lightning blew it, no single segment of it was damaged. The ball lightning attack lasted about three hours. The ships did not suffer, but the unprotected environment was mortally injured. Destroyed. The trees were completely burnt. Where, until three hours, stayed their slender, yellow-green leafy stems of living trees, now were their carved, still smoking corpses-logs. Rushed by fear of unspeakable scale the last surviving wild animals run to the ponds seeking salvation from the fiery element of their pursuit. The instinct for self-preservation had not helped them this time. In this fiery hell, there were no ways of salvation. The animals needed fresh air, and there was no more of it anywhere around. The thick, hot, steamy smoke had penetrated into every pore of the space in the area of the burning hell, and killed all living creatures there. The image of the area resembled Hiroshima after atomic bombing by American pilots more than a century ago. Or image that passengers had seen in fantastic movies - a burnt world struck by a photonic bomb. The scouting drones showed that nothing alive had survived in this giant crematorium. The passengers of the armada watched with great concern and grief the images displayed by the videocameras of the drones - there were charred carcasses of large animals who had tried to reach the artificial lake in whose waters they

had hoped to find salvation. Passengers of SURVIVOR ONE were watching this fiery apocalypse silent as on funeral.

To the children adults saved the image of this world devastated by the fiery storm. They were locked up in their bedroom and played with the puppy Charlie. Their grandmother Janet was with them. Children did not yet know that there would be no more walks in the forest and gathering wild strawberries and blueberries, there would be no more bathing in the lake. The fun had ended for everyone. There was no more sense to stay here . Passengers turned off all TV monitors and sat down to dine. The dinner was more like a memorial party for a dead relative.

“I feel what you all probably are feeling now too - we have gathered at a memorial party of the world that died around us. At a memorial party in honour of our fallen Indians friends.” Peter Sr poured few drops of red wine from his glass in an empty plate. The others did the same.

After dinner, everyone sat down on the sofas and began discussing the ominous attack of ball lightnings. Children were listening with great attention to the conversations of the adults. From her grandmother's lap little Tony asked:

“Grandpa, why do these fiery balls so thunder when they hit our ships? What are they made of? Why is it that some ball lightning thunders and others do not?”

Peter Sr had long wanted to explain to adults what ball lightning is and how it is born. But explaining to adults the strange natural phenomenon is one thing, but explaining to little children the same thing so that they understand you is quite another thing. And adults also had to understand.

“I will explain. The ball lightning is like a balloon. It is filled with helium gas - because this gas is lighter than the air and the balloon rises upward if you do not hold it for the string. When the balloon bursts, the helium gas quickly goes out and it happens with a bang . Ball lightning, however, is empty - there is nothing inside it. There is no space to fill with gas or other material substance beneath its closed surface. It is like a point, but with external dimensions distinguished from zero. It may be as big as a man, and much larger. For example, in 1908, a fireball with a diameter of about 400 meters appeared over the Siberian taiga in the sky. Scientists thought it's a meteorite, but no traces of meteorite fragments were found in the vicinity. It was a giant ball lightning



formed in the highly diluted upper atmosphere of the earth as a result of strong solar radiation. The fireball had lasted for quite a long time - maybe ten minutes before it crashed with a huge bang in the Siberian taiga. A huge forest area had been completely destroyed. Ball lightning is formed as a result of very fast ionization at the same time of all decided to ionize particles of a given volume of air. Then these atomic nuclei, stripped of their electrons, cling to each other and become one whole - a continuum. This is the nucleus of ball lightning. This nucleus is very hot, and as I said, there is nothing inside it. In other words, it "eats" the space in the place of its appearance. Around this nucleus there is an electron shell composed of quantum electrons - billions, trillions in number. These electrons have no any energy, quantum electrons are arranged on quantum levels of different energy. Electrons closest to the nucleus possess monstrous energy. But this is potential energy. This energy can be transformed into kinetic energy, useful energy, if these electrons become carriers of electric current. When the lightning struck the metal shell of the ships, its electrical charges flow into the metal and it disappears with a bang or disintegrate into smaller lightnings. The ball lightning thunders as the space recovers and is filled with air. This is not an explosion, but an implosion. Both, the explosion and implosion, are accompanied by strong thunder. Small power ball lightning is not thundering when it disappears because the volume of space that is being restored is not great enough and its filling with air happens silently. That's all for now. Are you satisfied with my explanation, sweet kids?"

"They are satisfied, they are already asleep," answered their grandmother Janet instead.

The next day, the Council of Captains decided to move the armada far north. There was nothing to do in this burnt land. Scouting drones had discovered still-fitting for life islands uninhabited by living creatures. The armada headed toward such an island of temporary stability. The Island of Life was in the northern part of the Canadian Tundra. There were no cows, no game, no fish in the lakes. Only low shrubs, yellowed grass, moss, peat, marsh, had this godless land forgotten by God. But light was abundant, there were no nights. The sky was like a screen of a television where the stirring forces of nature showed a hellish concert of invisible devils against the background of incredibly beautiful celestial auroras and chaotic bangs. Passengers strengthened the ships on the unstable swampy surface and stretched a protective electrostatic dome above the ships and over the future outdoor camp. The surface of the earth was soft, vibrating like spring under the feet of the people. It was dangerous to walk on it, the walking people on it

risked being swallowed deep into this marshy mud-filled swamp. To prevent this happening, passengers built a stable platform beneath the shrouded dome. On this platform, there was a temporary kitchen, a bar and a dance floor for the young, a medical center, a children's playground, a stage, and an inflatable plastic pool. Life continued its rhythm on this northern swamp. The mosquitoes were also gone - there were no living bugs to suck people's blood. Although they had frozen and dried meat for at least half a year, captains decided that it was not a bad idea to hunt for fresh meat from any surviving large animal. In the tundra there were no cows. Hunters could find big game, but it was not known whether such game still exists - the northern elks did not tolerate the unbearably high temperature that had settled in their habitat. And the polar bears and seals lived even further north. Scouting drones discovered small herds of deer half alive. They killed them all, saving the torments of the fiery inquisition, which was soon to be expected.

Passengers were forbidden to leave the camp. The swamp around was dangerous for excursions on it, and it was not known when and where the next natural disaster would strike the earth. Evenings under the dome of Shapiro were remiss, fewer passengers were spending their time in the camp. Rarely mothers were taking their children to a fresh air and to bath in the inflatable pool, but they did not allow them to play freely and unobserved with their friends. In their free time, adults were drinking coffee, gathering for a glass of whiskey, playing cards, discussing. Since the ban on alcohol dropped, some ingenious passengers invented technology for fast production of beer and whiskey. The loving young couples were secluded in their rooms for long ignoring the rules of "good behavior". Grandmothers gossiped and muttered.

The water in the swamp had begun to bubble. Something was happening under its surface. The sky was covered with torn clouds that radiated some yellowish-pink radiance, not caused by sun's rays. Strange as it may be, the wind blows upward, not horizontally. The sun was blurred and shone much brighter than normal. Nature was changing very visibly and was emptied of life. Blight and desolation reigned over the earth.

Paula and Peter's twins were bored in front of the TVs, they were tired of their games, and of their grandmother Janet's tales too. They asked the shepherds to tell them something about the sheep's life. Like all the little children in the world, they were "zoologists" - animals were more interesting for them than the soulless machines and the dead stones. The shy former shepherds only waited for this - they were sick and tired to play cards. Shepherds had finally found someone on the ship interested in their shepherd craft. They began a long and confused narrative about their lives with sheep,

about mores of these gentle grazing animals, how much wool they gave in a year, and a whole host of other things. Shepherds were interrupting each other, inventing non-existent stories to make the narrative more interesting to the kids. And they listened to them as though they were telling tales of "Thousand and One Night".

Evelina and Jessica gathered each evening with their boyfriends Paul and Patrick on the SURVIVOR ONE ship or on the Paul and Patrick ship SURVIVOR FIVE. Tonight they were on the SURVIVOR ONE. The two young couples were happy to spend their evenings together. Jessica was not still living together with her boyfriend Patrick. Her grandmother had swallowed somehow the "illegitimate" cohabitation of Evelina and Paul, but she was sneaking like a broody-hen her younger granddaughter and did not allow her to repeat her sister's "mistake." Actually Jessica was not in a hurry to make such a mistake, too young to be tied to a man as his "legitimate" property. She placed her personal freedom higher than her love for Patrick. For now at least.

"What incredible changes had occurred in my life over the past few months", Jessica said. She looked at the reaction of her sister and the two young men, and continued:

"Before the expedition, I was stupid, irresponsible teenager thinking only how to satisfy my own selfish desires and whims. I didn't care much about the world around. Teachers and grandmother in vain tried to inspire interest in what is happening in society and my place and responsibility in it. Now I'm totally different, as if I turned at hundred and eighty degrees from what I was. I'm actively involved in the life of the armada, I was declared the hero of the armada, I love this fool next me."

She picked the fool on the thigh. And the "fool" blushed like boiled raccoon and blinked foolishly like any other fool of the world in such a complicated situation and dared not reply so as not to spoil the charm of the moment. Jessica continued:

"And more important, the providence had chosen me, as you as well, to continue the human race in the new world."

"Jessica, I would not want to underestimate your title "hero of our time", but the real hero of this expedition is our great-grandfather Peter. He is the prophet of the expedition, he is its brain. And the rest of us are like straw

accompanying this intelligent grain, like a envelope of protoplasm around this intelligent nucleus.”

“I totally agree with you, Eva”, her grandmother Claudia said. She was sitting on a couch ten meters from the two young couples.

“Do you really hear what we're talking about from your couch,” Jessica wondered.

“Do you not know that I have ears of elephant? My mom was the same as me. Unlike dad, who was deaf as a polecat.”

“I've noticed you're not very kind to grandpa Peter. I wonder why”, said Jessica angrily.

Grandma Claudia did not respond to this challenge, and again she was staring at the TV in front of her. There they showed movie of the time when she was a teenager.

The youngsters were drinking red wine that Paul had brought from their ship's cellar. The wine was much older than grandma Claudia and was very aromatic, unlike grandmother Claudia. The flow of time improves wine quality and worsens people's qualities. This is because a person ferments quickly and reaches its apogee, while the wine enclosed in a bottle needs much more time to do so. After time, it also becomes sour. Paul had brought a nice whiskey to the grandmother. He slipped into the pocket of her robe, without others to see that, a flat vial full of this brown-yellow liquid. The grandmother started to like him even more.

“What so interesting does Grandma is watching on TV, so, she cannot take her eyes away from the screne of the TV?” Evelina asked.

“Avatar, a three-dimensional movie shot in America more than half a century ago. Very popular at that time”, replied Patrick, who was particularly interested in movie art.

“I know that movie, I've seen its modern version”, Evelina said. “We are like them - a large spaceship perched on a hostile planet inhabited by long-legged tailed natives with catlike faces. And a couple in love - representatives of two different races. Like Jessica and Patrick, and like us with Paul, of course.”

Without commenting Evelina's words about the different races of lovers, youngsters moved to the floor next to the couch where grandma Claudia was sitting. They stared at the movie.

“The spacecraft people are thousands of years ahead in their evolution with regard to native primitive aborigines - cats. And obviously they want to colonize the planet of sensible cats. The question is: do the invaders have a moral, cosmic right to impose their well-developed lifestyle on the local wise cats and to confuse the course of their natural evolution?”, Patrick asked.

“Is there any such cosmic morality in the universe? And if there is, who imposes it upon the intelligent beings? As we know from the history, the right to possess and to wield had always been on the side of the stronger, the richer, the more developed. The Indians in our country were ruthlessly slaughtered by the white settlers, and their land was taken away by the law of the stronger, the more technologically advanced. What morality can be here? Whether this supreme cosmic moralist was sleeping at that time?”, Evelina commented.

“And yet there is a general cosmic morality - this is the morality of God. This is written in the Bible, it is also written in your grandfather's books”, Patrick said.

“Why then God not enforce this morality? Why do we observe people's indifference to the sick and the weak, why we don't resist the merciless robbery of the working people labor, why there were wars in which mostly innocent people died? Does God or Satan live in our souls?”

“The World Supreme Mind is a contradictory unity of two images: God - the good spirit and Satan - the bad spirit. God builds, Satan is destroying. Christians accept only God as the good, positive side of the Supreme Mind of the Universe. All negative, bad, vengeful actions are attributed to Satan – Anti-God. The Super Mind of the Universe has its own plan of performance - this is the Quantum Wave of Life. Nothing in this world is accidental, nothing is chaotic. Behind the visible chaos of events there is an organizing force - the Quantum Wave of Life Evolution. It is eternal and by no one created. This can be read in your grandfather Peter's books. Good, justice, and love are not the only priority of the Supreme Mind. An absolute priority of the Supreme Mind is the ultimate goal of this cosmic plan and the observance of the Quantum Wave

of Life Evolution that will lead the world to this ultimate goal. We, humans, are only puppets, pawns, in this cosmic plan. Individuals may deviate from the main direction of this plan, but they are soon brought back to this main line, as pendulums hung on the same axis.”

“Patrick, what about the purpose of our expedition? Where is our place in this expedition leading to the ultimate goal of the world? Think well before answering, please”, Jessica asked.

Paul poured wine in the glasses of the four and gave Patrick a little pause to consider the answer of this difficult question. As he was sipping his wine, Patrick was thinking how best to formulate his answer.

“This is an expedition of the doomed. Or, more precisely, sending a small group of people – representatives of the whole human race that is doomed to die at the end-time of the universe. These are people chosen by God, a group of lucky ones, tasked with surviving in the hell of the last great tribulation in the history of life on earth. There had been great tribulations before, but they had not destroyed the life of the earth, they only paved the way to the emergence of a new quality of life on earth – new species. As a result of a great tribulation, dinosaurs disappeared 65 million years ago, and in their place, the mammals have become the dominant species on the earth. Thus, the Neanderthal was destroyed, and, in his place, the biological ancestor of the modern man - the Cro-Magnon Man - became the dominant specie. So the prehistoric man has relinquished the palm of dominance over the living world of the civilized man. But each quantum period of life has its quantum duration of existence. So it is for the last period of life - that of the civilized man. The quantum laws of animate nature had given him only six thousand years. Now we live at the very end of this period. What follows after the end all we know – death of humans, death of life, death of the whole universe. But this is not the final death of the universe. This is death only of the current cycle of our closed universe. In this closed circle, the end means a new beginning. Revival of animate and inanimate nature. We, the individual civilized human beings, are the intelligent nucleus of the animate nature. This intelligent nucleus also has two images: the image of individual things - these are all people on earth, and a quantum single image - that is God. The life of the planet Earth is unique in the whole universe. This is defined by the basic laws of symmetry in the world. But the cell-life can not exist without an intelligent nucleus. And the nucleus can not exist without the protoplasm that feeds and protects it. This means that a real world exists only in the presence of a civilized

man in it. Everything else we see as a prehistory of life before the appearance of the civilized man (about six thousand years ago) is a ghost of time. This ghost is not unreal, however, it is not a product of our human consciousness. This ghost-time is the "indefinite beginning" of the period of existence of human civilization. The design of the universe, the values of its parameters, the values of the world constants, the material particles in it, are not creations of God. They are eternal, by nothing, and by no one alive, created. Our world is closed on itself, so, external cause, external designer and external creator do not exist. Without the "Living Observer" of the earth that "observes", "measures" and "explains" the real world, a determinet world can not exist. And the intelligent nucleus of the Living Observer is us, the civilized people. If we disappear from the face of the earth, the whole universe will disappear with us. If we are not in the indefinite beginning of the world, there will be no world. You now understand why God needs us. We are the seed from which the intelligent nucleus of Animate Nature will be revived. Our place is there - at the very beginning of the period of existence of the human civilization in the next cycle of the universe. "Next" is wrong word, since all the cycles of the universe are exactly the same, and none of them is neither the first, nor the next, nor the future. Out-of-cycle time does not exist. The Indefinite beginning of the world is located between Non- Being and the Being (the real world). It is real and unreal, at the same time. Something like micro-particle 'resonances' in the realm of elementary particles. Their appearance (birth) in the world of reality coincides with their death. "Indefinite Beginning" is a ghost of the unreal in the time of the real world. Just symmetry. And in this inndefinite ghost of the time appear first civilized people, the seed of the emerging human civilization. That seed will be us - the survivors of the armada".

"You have learned very well your lesson, Patrick", Jessica said with admiration.

"I've learned all this stuff from the books of your grandfather Peter", Patrick said modestly.

"What do you think will happen to the world if we cannot stay alive in this hell of the perishing world? Will there be a new universe?", asked Jessica.

"Such a scenario is impossible. God will not allow it. This scenario would violates the basic laws of the universe. All or part of us will survive to start the world again. That is the way it would be. The fact that we are talking now, that we exist, means that the universe always existed and will always

exist. In a closed model of the world that we have, another option is impossible. We have always been and will be, the seed from which the civilized human society had sprung up. When the survivors of the great tribulation from our armada find themselves in the indefinite beginning of the cycle of the universe, their task is to multiply, merge with the native primitive people, teach them all technological tricks they have mastered in our advanced technological world, to educate them in our human morality. Thus the primitive human flock will be gradually transformed into a society of civilized people. That is why we are chosen by God.”

“Patrick, God, I got a headache. Enough for today, please.”, Jessica said.

Paul, Evelina, and Patrick were about to go back to their SURVIVOR FIVE ship when the ship started rocking and dashing as if pushed by giant godzilas. There were already great thunders outside, videocameras showing lava eruptions on all sides of the camp. The world around resembled the paintings of the great renaissance painters describing the Last Judgement at the end of the world - fire and brimstone poured upon the bodies of sinners. Now they were the sinners but still protected in the steel enclosed shells of the ships. But the steel blocks could melt at some point and the hot lava coming out from many holes in the swamp could swallow the ships and send them to the hell.

SURVIVOR Five gave a signal of extreme danger. Just a moment later, SURVIVOR FIVE was swallowed in the crater of a small volcano erupting beneath it. The drone camera showed a little boiling pond of lava in the place where this miserable ship was parked a minute ago. Paul and Patrick were in a seizure. They had fallen to the floor and wailing madly. Behind them, like bees, their girlfriends buzzed. They caressed their hairs and tried to persuade them to drink sedatives. Grandma Claudia embraced and kissed Evelina and, in tears, chattered:

“ God, what could happen to you, my dear child. God saved you. I swear to God that I will take good care of your kids with Paul, only if I have the luck to live in the new world. Poor unfortunate boys, what came to their heads.”

George ordered immediate take-off, other captains did the same. Above the disaster site of SURVIVOR FIVE, they threw a wreath of fresh flowers picked up in the ship's botanical garden. Next stop was to be the Arctic - an ocean



covered by eternal snow and ice. Quantum engines needed an intermediate landing in southern Greenland for cooling. Ships did not stay there for more than a day, as the traces of the approaching demon of destruction were already visible here: the land was cracked, the snow had melted, the ocean's water was warm.

Evelina and Paul moved to the Jessica's room, Jessica settled down at her grandmother's room. The doctor took Patrick in his room. SURVIVOR ONE's men's population grew up with two more people.

A medical incident occurred during the day - a 58-year SURVIVOR TWO old passenger was in coma. The five doctors-surgeons gathered in the medical compartment of the ship. They found cracked appendicitis accompanied by severe infection. Surgeons operated immediately the man and saved his life.

Psychological state of many passengers had worsened considerably after the tragic death of SURVIVOR FIVE. Some of them were on the verge of madness. As the quantum engines waited for cooling, the two psychologists of the armada began examining the mentally disrupted people. In the afternoon they organized a small seminar for all those who wanted it. In the evening, the ships picked up anchors and headed northwest to the Canadian Arctic. They flew over many islands covered by snow and landed on an iceberg. They were looking for a cold base for ships and as far as possible from the hot body of the earth. The iceberg was almost rectangular in plan and stood about twenty meters above the water surface. Its upper surface was like an airplane runway, and its size of 250 meters (approx.) by 120 meters (approx.) was sufficient for comfortable positioning of the ships and normal size outdoor camp. For first time so long, passengers had a cold, hard surface under their feet. Illuminated around the clock by the bright sun and the northern auroras, the iceberg gleamed in a variety of rainbow colors and looked from the ocean like a giant diamond. Volunteers from SURVIVOR ONE went out to investigate the iceberg plateau. The giant ice block was melting - many streams were flowing along its surface and pouring its waters, merged into small waterfalls, into the surrounding ocean. On one of the steep slopes of the iceberg they found a cave standing about one meter from the top of the plateau. In this natural refuge, the volunteers-researchers discovered a big polar bear and two small puppies huddled in her. The bear had died, probably of hunger and exhaustion. The puppies were alive. Beside them there was a piece of a seal meat. Mother bear had given her last food to her kids. A grim picture of maternal love. Little bears

were watching the strange aliens with their frightened round eyes. Such animals they did not see in their short life.

“Pathetic scene of wild animal life!”, said Pitter Jr.

Bitter lumps formed in the throats of all people at the sight of this tragedy.

“Mother is mother, whether she is a human mother or an animal mother,” Peter Jr said, swallowing the lump stuck in his throat.

They took the puppies with them. Decided to adopt them. Investigation of the icebergs showed that there were no other animals on it, be white bears or seals. On the ship people welcomed the little bears with great joy. Especially children. Charlie was not happy with the new arrivals, however. He was jealous or just afraid of those fluffy white beasts. In order to keep the bears in the same environmental conditions they were accustomed from birth and genetically, SURVIVOR ONE passengers built a white hut, made of white porous plastic, similar to their native icy cave, that was "heat-insulated" from the outside with ice blocks. The internal temperature in the hut was automatically maintained at "comfortable" temperature - minus two degrees Celsius. The same night all kids from the armada were invited to the Zoo in SURVIVOR ONE. The hosts Tony and Lina were treating the guests with lemonade and sweets. They explained to their friends how the little puppies were found. In order to avoid envy between children, adults decided to move the zoo from a ship to a ship on a accepted schedule. At the end of the party, most of the children were asleep on the floor of SURVIVOR ONE ship.

The ships were temporarily "at covenant". The temperature of the ocean water was relatively low - plus 10 ° C and did not change significantly to higher values. The sky, illuminated continuously by bright auroras, also showed no signs of anxiety. Here and there exploded ball lightnings. They did not damage the ships. To protect themselves, however, from the occasional raids of these heavenly uninvited guests, captains ordered to build an electro-static protection shield covering the entire iceberg plateau. On the perimeter of the iceberg passengers built a railing to protect passengers from falling accidentally into the cold ocean waters. Under the dom of the temporary camp again was set up a picnic zone. The temperature of the air above the ice block was pleasant - 19-21 oC. The inflatable pool was re-installed under the dom, the temperature of the water in it was maintained at a pleasant 28 ° C - nice temperature for the human body. “Polar Caribbeans” teenagers called the

camp. Beside the pool, young people and children enjoyed winter sports as well. Some of the armada people were smart to take with them skis, blades, and other winter equipment. Before the flight all passengers knew that the general direction of movement of the armada was to the north, to the cold. Being north to be like on the north - skating and skiing.

Speed skating races were held. The winners among the boys and girls were announced as "Prince White Snow" and "Princess White Snow". In the evening, dressed as true princes, they started the dances of gala-celebrations. The following days there were organized hockey games, cross country skiing, many other winter entertainment. The people were glad, ignoring the fact that the life of almost the entire planet had already been destroyed, and that Mrs. Death will appear here too.

The ice block did not stand on place, it was drifting south at a speed of 4 meters per second. That meant 350 km per day. They sailed in direction of the hot south where death was certain. Peter Jr proposed to try to slow down or even change the direction of movement of the ice block. Powerful quantum turbines were mounted on the front of the glacier. The project was successful. Only after five hours of operation of the turbines the speed of the iceberg was reduced to almost zero - only 0.16 meters per second. Almost repose. They stopped turbines for resting and cooling. The next hour the speed of drifting to the south increased again. The flow of ocean water under the glacier was the engine driving the glacier to the south. After the turbines were cooled enough, they were switched on again. Using this "work - stopping the turbines for cooling" regime technicians managed to make the movement of their icy "ships carrier" in the direction of south almost zero.

Passengers-investors were not quite clear how this "adventure of salvation of the human race" would end. They had believed George and his father-prophet and had invested heavily in the construction of the "salvation ships." For them Peter Sr organized lecture on the SURVIVOR ONE. With the help of a "smart" computer, Peter Sr had composed computer power point as the clearest presentation of his lecture.

"Dear companions, I would first like to thank you for your trust in the goals of the "Mission of Salvation" and investing considerable sums in the construction of these new Noah Arks." Stormy applause. Peter Sr continued after drinking water from the cup placed before him:

“Allow me to present you a computer power point consisting of video holograms, computer animations, texts and pictures explaining and illustrating the Great Quantum Wave of Life Evolution, and how it determines the evolution of life, and in particular the life of the last human generation on our planet.”

Quite detailed and clear enough for such laymen businessmen Peter Sr explained the quintessence of this complex global quantum theory of the world, and why the world is bound to its inevitable end.

“We are chosen by God to bring the seed of the human race to the indefinite beginning of the new cycle of the universe. We have built strong and very well protected ships able to survive cruel natural disasters, guided and protected by the Spirit of God (the Holy Spirit), in the terrible conditions of the Great Tribulation and to cross the threshold dividing the dying world from the new world. This threshold is the "indefinite end of the universe" and "the unsettled yet beginning of the universe." They overlap each other and can not exist separately. Old Frenchmen said: "The king is dead, live the king". This happens at the same time, without a king the country can not exist for a moment. This threshold is the "point of non-return" to the old world. Having passed the "non-return point", the survivors of the "mission of salvation" will find themselves in an environment quite different from the one they were born and spent their lives up to now. They will be at the very beginning of the period of existence of human civilization - six thousand years before its end. Among primitive prehistoric people. This small group of civilized people will cross the threshold separating the two cycles of the universe –that’s you, friends, with your DNA, with your genes, with your habits and skills. But your souls will be cleaned out of all sorts of memories from the previous world, they will be like a clean white sheet of paper on which the data of your new life is not yet recorded. You’ll forget everything from your previous life in the old world, you’ll forgot your own names and the names of your close relatives and friends. There you will build a new religion with the sun as the supreme deity. This supreme god is most acceptable to these primitive people because it gives them both light and warmth - absolutely necessary for their lives. Faith in God is genetically embedded in the minds of people. Some ideologies and social systems had in vain tried to eradicate this faith from the men’s knowledge, even forcibly. They have failed. It is not possible to eradicate what is the embryo from which the soul is born and is itself the primary essence in the world.”

Some of the captains had the idea of organizing winter Olympics games. The participating countries were five - five SURVIVOR ships. Women sewed flags to each of the republic-ship, musical talents composed their hymns. The Olympics began with a small speech by the chairman of the Olympic Committee mister Jackson (who gave the idea of the games). An improvised orchestra played the hymns of the participating countries, and then the Olympics parade began. The flags of the teams were borne by the most deserving athletes. Jessica wore the SURVIVOR ONE flag. The twins Tony and Lina assisted her.

Only four disciplines were included in the Olympic games: fast skating, cross country race around the perimeter of the glacier, fast sliding (man pulling sled with a child onboard) , and mini-hockey. Men and women participated together. The contests were very tense and with lots of emotions from the audience. Grandma Claudia was shouting like crazy when Jessica was sliding shoulder to shoulder to the final with a youth skater from the SURVIVOR THREE Republic. Jessica beat her rival in centimeters. She received the first gold medal given to her by mister Jackson. Peter Jr (with little Lina on board ) finished second – just half a meter behind the winner. Silver medal. In cross country skiing winner became teenager from SURVIVOR SIX, Paul was third, Patrick fourth. In the mini hockey the finals reached the teams of SURVIVOR ONE and SURVIVOR THREE. The SURVIVOR ONE shepherds turned out to be good hockey players and punched a total of five pucks in the opponent's door. After a long game with long over-times, there was no final winner and mister Jackson stopped the game by announcing both teams as winners. Another gold medal for SURVIVOR ONE. In the evening the Winter Olympics Games were officially closed. The whole population of the armada took part in the carnival after the closing of the Olympics.

Two days after the Winter Olympics, the happy time on the glacier was over. In the night of the third day after the end of the Olympics, already asleep deeply, the armada people felt a great swing of the ships as if the glacier was hit by a powerful hurricane. They all jumped in fear from their beds and rushed into the living section. There the TV screens showed grotesque pictures transmitted from the external video cameras. The iceberg was shaking and booming, but not by a sea hurricane, but by some diabolical force coming from the depths of the ocean. As if the ice block was surrounded by the tentacles of a giant sea monster, an octopus that had decided to cut it into small pieces.

The night was clear, bright, the visibility excellent. With horror, the passengers of SURVIVOR ONE saw a large piece of the glacier split off, and with the SURVIVOR TWO and SURVIVOR SIX ships parked on it turned its upper surface upside down. The two ships were underwater. It was not that terrible because the ships were well sealed and could last a long time underwater. But under normal conditions, not in conditions of catastrophic external disasters. With the heavy blows of the crashing ice that exploded like bomb, the hulls of the two ships were heavily damaged, the sealing strongly disrupted. The catapulting of the residential areas became impossible. Everything happened so quickly that they failed to organize evacuation of the people from the ships seriously damaged. Only the ship SURVIVOR SIX had a small submarine used for research. It could accommodate no more than three elderly people including the pilot. The captain of the ship ordered the children of the ship to be evacuated first - they were four in number. The turbines of the two ships were crushed, unable to take off from underwater. Brave volunteers from the other three ships clothed suitcases and dived into the blasting waters of the ocean. It was already late - some underwater force had sucked the two crushed ships into the depths of the Northic Ocean by not letting their crews salvation. There was no chance for survival of the people in these broken, crushed ships-coffins. The "healthy" three ships were also under the threat of destruction. The ice continued to crash, the glacier-iceberg had fallen into a giant icebreaker that would see its bill for minutes. Passengers stopped the useless attempts to salvage the people of the already sunken deep-sea ships and went straight up. From a safe height the people of the three remaining ships of the armada dealt in honor of their fallen comrades. Everything what can shoot, rumble, and shine came in work. The floodlights of the three surviving ships were illuminating the surface of the ocean where an hour ago were parked SURVIVOR TWO and SURVIVOR SIX ships. Now in this place were drifting despondently the pieces of the broken iceberg. There was no sign of the dead ships. They were sucked to the last piece by the underwater monster and stood on the ocean floor.

Survived ships of the armada, with the last alive humans on earth on board, were flying north in direction of the north pole. Non of passengers knew if there was stable landing place. It seemed that the end of the world is very close. Only God knew when exactly the world will end. Peter Sr was no more part of the Mission of Salvation. His mission as leader-prophet of the Mission ended. Like the mission of the leader-prophet of the ancient Jews – Moses before entering the promised land of the Jews – Canaan.

The last living people on the earth did not reach the next stop of the armada.

What they saw last from the old world was a dazzling bright light that wrapped around everything. This light was the last light coming from the dead world. The end of everything from the past world. New start of everything in the new world.

God had brought the souls and bodies of the last people of the earth in the "world of beyond" - the indefinite beginning of the new cycle of the universe. They were 49 in number: 14 children (six boys and eight girls), 16 young people aged 16 to 35 (eight men and eight women), nine women over 35 and seven men over 35, two old women and one old man. Among them were the future Adam and Eve. From these "original seeds" the "civilized people" would grow. Evicted from the paradise of the previous cycle, the new Adam and Eve fell into the "open arms" of the prehistoric people over whose education they must work. The "open" arms were to a group of half-wild people who had surrounded them and were amazed at their unusual clothing and white skins. Minutes before, these savages had seen a blindingly white globe appear in the middle of the dusty square of their village, and when the light was distracting, they saw these strange human beings standing there.

"These are sacred men - children of the god Sun. We should not offend them and hurt them. We must honor them and obey them", the village leader said.

The "sacred people - children of the sun God" were no less startled and frightened by the locals. They did not know who they are and where they came from. They did not know even their names, they did not know who their companions are. They did not remember anything from before. But strange was that they understood the local language. God had put it in their memory.

The memory of a man is something like a computer hardware disc on which everything that our sensory organs and thoughts touch is recorded: events, images, sounds, smells, physical pains and sensations, feelings, thoughts. Everything that had passed through the head of a person, as some people say. This information about the world and about himself is recorded on this mysterious disk and stored somewhere in the brain cells as memories. These cells - repositories of memories - can be "unlocked" and from there to escape into their present old inhabitants more or less preserved. Time corrodes memories, as is the case with our material bodies. The hardware disks-memory of survivors from the "armada of salvation" were erased from everything accumulated in them, except for the skills to do some things, the habits, and

the ability to think creatively. They were mentally babies with powerful potentials. In addition to these qualities, God had recorded them in the soul (consciousness) native language of the natives. He had done so to speed up the process of the spiritual merger of the two social races.

Between the legs of the aliens were visible the heads of a little puppy and two white fluffy beasts that the natives had never seen. They snorted and groaned when one of the natives tried to establish physical contact with the children of the sun.

The aliens took a little heed and began to look at the surrounding nature. The village of natives consisted of primitive huts built of hedges and plastered with yellow clay outside. The roofs of huts were covered with palm leaves and dry cane. Scattered among the huts there were palm trees on which there were clusters of yellow-brown fruits. Behind the huts of the village was visible great river, whose waters were muddy. Nile?

Ten thousand kilometers from the dusty village square where the "children of the Sun God" had appeared, and six thousand years up in time, Peter Sr was laying in a cozy hospital room. He had suddenly fallen into a coma while laying on the couch in front of the TV in the living room of his home. It happened three months ago. The doctors' efforts to regain his consciousness were unsuccessful. But Peter was alive - his brain was working. There was no one in the hospital room right now. His wife Evelina, who was spending most of the day around him, was now out to settle some urgent family affairs. In his dream-vision, Peter had experienced the End of the World. Blinding white light had shocked him, and he woke up. He looked around, it seemed that he was in a hospital room. There was no one beside him. Peter thought:

"I have to be very sick as my body is decorated like a Christmas tree with so many sensors and rubber tubes. Monitors showed the pulse of his heart and other important features of his body. Peter noticed that his body was attached to a vital support system.

"Perhaps I am between life and death. But strangely, I do not feel any pain on my body. I just feel very exhausted", Peter thought.

A young, sympathetic nurse entered the room. At first she did not notice that Peter was watching her, she was busy with the apparatus. Peter looked at



her carefully: "What a nice buttock has this pretty nurse. My wife had such a round nice buttock in her youth too".

Peter expelled the compulsive sexual thoughts from his consciousness and asked aloud:

"Sister, why am I doing here? What happened to me?"

The sister was on the brink of falling into a coma by surprise. She recovered from this unexpected shock and answered:

"Ah, you finally woke up, some of the doctors thought you would never get out of the coma. I am very glad that they were wrong. And your poor wife will get a heart attack by knowing you are conscious. Now I'll call her on the phone."

This is how this unusual journey in the future - a dream or a reality - had ended for Peter. He understood very well that this was not an ordinary dream, but a vision-reality given to him by God. For a very important purpose for the mankind.

**END!**