

Igor Bondar

*Once upon
a time
in Heaven*

Stories

Book 3

Waves

Fifty-three-year-old Mike Brown sat on the high shore of the ocean and watched the waves that were shooting out the megatons of water methodically and inexorably onto the rocky shore. From time to time, a roar of the surf overtook the cries of the seagulls that were flying around and a cloud of spray often flew up very high.

The man took out his inseparable thermos filled with hot coffee from his bag, poured a fragrant drink into the lid and took a sip. Yes, many hours of his life were spent watching the surf on the shores of different oceans. At the same time, the years were inexorably passing by and the world around him was constantly changing but the ocean always remained unchanged. Perhaps, that was the reason why Mike loved to come to it.

Mike was firmly convinced that some things in life should never change or disappear. For example, true friendship, romanticism and dreams should never disappear. Joyful, lively and kind communication between people should not diminish. The desire of a person to look at the stars or at the surf from time to time should not disappear. All these things should never go away from people's lives. However, a significant part of that was already gone. Mike again poured some coffee into his lid.

The world had become completely different in recent decades: in some ways very pragmatic, semi-virtual and at times incredibly cold. All those desires that constantly accompanied

the boys of many previous generations - a thirst for discovery, sea travels, interesting adventures and so on, greatly lost their attractiveness among young people today.

The world today is constantly replenished with various bloggers, image-makers, promoters and heaven knows who else. Sometimes, Mike even had no idea about the purposes of professions with brand-new bizarre names. But he had a feeling that nobody definitely had time there for observing stars.

Mike finished his coffee, got up from the ground and brushed off his jeans. He looked at the ocean once again as it was his old and loyal friend. Having smiled, the man approached his car, got behind the wheel and drove slowly towards the city. To a place where a completely different world was waiting for him.

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Angel Alen looked at his earthly ward with love. He perfectly understood everything that was happening in Mike's soul. He felt very sorry for many people in today's world who, as before, simply were followed their hearts. He knew that they had kept the most important thing in life. There are not so many of them on the planet left and it was not joyful at all for them to see many of the things that were happening around.

The earthly world has indeed become completely different. Today, more and more often, people without a pure and kind heart wrote poetry, people without good moral principles created computer intelligence, people without inner harmony composed

music, people without honesty reported various news to the world. Of course, this was not the world that God wanted to see after many thousands of years. But, that was what it has become.

The angel also looked towards the ocean with pleasure. Then he flapped his wings and, having sighed, flew after his ward towards the city.

Flag and ficus

“The flag doesn't flutter, the wind doesn't blow, only my mind moves,” Jimmy was sitting on the hood of his car at the port, while drinking coffee and gazing at the flags on the masts of the ships that were shamelessly dangling in the wind.

For several months now, he had been trying to plunge into the depths of this magical phrase to stop thinking and expand his consciousness. He learned this method from a very deep and extremely popular book that his friends gave him. However, every time something blatantly threw Jimmy from the depths of this phrase to the surface – the flags continued to dangle in the wind as if nothing had happened.

“No, no, it just seems to me,” he continued as he was not going to give up, while trying to concentrate on the multi-colored canvases, “the movement of flags is just my illusion. The true reality is completely different and it is motionless now. I have to find it and dive into it.”

The angel Elice was sitting on the roof of the same car with his hands over the ears. Over the past few months, he had gotten sick and tired of listening to this nonsense coming from the head of his restless ward. On the other side of the port a couple of dozen wonderful large flags were beautifully blowing in the wind, but they did not please his beloved Jimmy for some reason.

“The flag does not flutter...,” the stubborn guy muttered to himself.

“Oh God!” the angel quietly echoed, while pressing his hands harder over the ears.

God, who was watching this whole event from time to time, rested his head on his hand, deep in thought. Well, it looks like it looked like it was time to help his poor angel a little.

“All right!” He said cheerfully and raised his hand.

At the same second, all the flags in the port froze. Jimmy, who was sitting on the hood, choked and dropped his coffee mug.

“I did it, I did it! Yes! Yes!” he shouted enthusiastically and began to dance as he jumped off the car. “The flags don't flutter, the flags don't flutter!”

Angel, Elice, looked suspiciously at the sky.

“Well, what else could I have done?” God spread His hands. “Maybe now he will find a more intellectual activity for the next few months...”

They both roared with laughter.

Meanwhile, happy Jimmy jumped into the car with joy and rushed home. He could not wait to turn the next page in the magic book.

“Thank you, Father!” the angel said warmly.

“You are always welcome, my dear,” God replied, smiling. “Okay, I've got to do one more thing. I have a wonderful guy over there who is trying to grow a ficus by the power of sight – he also read this in some esoteric book. I'll think about what I can do with him...”

Door

An angel and a devil sat on the opposite sides of the steps of the intensive care unit, inside a large hospital complex. The angel looked frequently at the door in silence, whereas the shaggy devil constantly twisted his long tail and periodically scratched himself. There was a large butterfly net on the floor next to the devil.

From time to time, orderlies rolled out a gurney with the body of another deceased patient through this door. However, in the whole hospital, only the angel and the devil could see the soul of a deceased person above each gurney, flying a little higher above its body and looking around in surprise.

Again, the door of the intensive care unit opened widely and another body was rolled out of it. The devil and the angel stood

up and looked attentively at a new soul that flew in the air above the body, while looking around in amazement.

“This one is definitely mine!” The devil rubbed his hands happily, clinging each other with his claws. “The lady was a rare case of vulgar and incredibly bad character. All of her thoughts were mostly about her appearance and she spent half of her life at beauty salons. She had a minimal percentage of good and kind deeds. Am I taking her?”

The angel attentively looked at the aura of the soul. In fact, a person’s entire life after death is clearly visible in his aura, as if in an open book. Therefore, the representatives of the light or dark world do not need a lot of time to obtain the complete information about a particular person.

“Did you just call me vulgar, huh?” The newly arrived soul suddenly spoke in a shrill voice. “If so, you will soon regret it a lot! No one dares to call me...”

The angel sighed and silently nodded his head. The devil happily took his butterfly net and with one skillful move caught the soul that continued to chatter.

“Let’s go, my chatterbox,” he muttered, while grinning “I have a great place for you.”

After that, the devil approached a black hole in the floor nearby and shook the soul into it. Then, he went back and sat down on the step again.

The next body was rolled out of the intensive care unit three hours later.

“Look, this is a financial speculator who bankrupted a lot of people in his life,” the devil spoke quickly, “incredibly greedy and hopelessly selfish. The number of good deeds in his lifetime is also minimal! Well, am I taking him?”

The angel looked at the aura of the new soul, sighed and nodded with his head again.

“Gentlemen, where am I exactly?” the soul asked in surprise, flying over the body.

“I will tell you, Mr. Greed, now I will tell you it in detail.” The devil grinned and, taken the net, caught the soul.

“What are you doing?!” The soul started to resent from inside the net. “I am a famous financier and I will complain!”

“Excellent! I'll send you right to the world of complaints.” The devil grinned and emptied the net into the black hole again. “To the world of eternal complaints ...”

Later that afternoon, the orderlies took the third body out of the intensive care. With a single glance at him, the devil fidgeted happily.

“Well, this one is definitely mine! An Internet bot – writes any lie on any topic for money.” He twirled his tail in the air ornately. “Not a life, but endless lie. He will do anything for a decent sum of money.”

The new soul which was previously been looking around in surprise, suddenly froze with attention.

“Do you have anything to offer me, gentlemen?” he said quietly. “Please note that none of my previous customers were dissatisfied with anything. The level of my natural charm allows me to convey the most incorrect information very convincingly...”

“Ugh, to be honest, even I can't stand these,” the devil winced with disgust, “well, am I taking him?”

The angel nodded with his head again and the devil reached for the butterfly net.

During that night, two more bodies were carried out from the intensive care unit. And again, the devil caught both souls with a net and sent them to his world.

The angel continued sitting on the steps, looking hopefully at the door.

Stars

Why does God show people the starry sky above their heads?

Let's return the boring comments of the materialists about this matter to them. For materialists, everything in the world has a scientific explanation, practical significance, mechanisms of development and functioning. Romanticism, dreams and even love are often perceived by them as a strange sound in an incomprehensible language.

As for God, He is definitely a romantic! He is also the creator of our beautiful planet, with its irrationally beautiful seas, mountains and forests. In the seas, there are thousands of varieties of fish of all shapes and colors, instead of five practical commercial species of fish. Thousands of species of birds fly in the sky instead of two or three; thousands of species of various animals live in forests instead of several. So there is not even a hint of rationality and practicality on earth.

This is the same in the sky. The endless starry sky is a window to the outside for every romantic soul, a non-disconnectable night “TV channel” from God. Of course, the stars can be cleverly counted, given names, ranked among different constellations - the materialists have found something to do here as well. Or, you can just admire them and reflect upon many things, while looking at them.

Stars have one amazing property: they can fascinate a person and even speak to his soul. They dissolve all our vain thoughts and tune in to a completely different wave. Maybe to the one, in which God himself speaks.

Stars are the Creator's gift to all romantics. An eternal reminder to them that the real world is much wider, more incomprehensible, more amazing than what we see. And it is always alive.

Romantics can do a lot of things with stars. For example, they can make wishes by looking at falling comets. They can give their loved ones all the stars in the sky. God does not mind and is even glad about it. They can also just lay on the ground

with outstretched arms, dissolving into an unknown and beautiful shimmering world.

The Problem

In Heaven, the meeting with God started right on schedule. Several of the most respected snow-white angels sat at a long table, at the head of which was the Father.

"So, my dear ones," God said, "it's been exactly a year since the biggest problem appeared on Earth over the last half-century. Let's see what people have learned during this time. Tell me about the current situation please."

The first angel stood up.

"My Father and my brothers. To date, we deal with three most popular versions that people have come to about the problem. According to the first version, the problem was invented by a secret world government, in order to achieve some of its goals. The second version states that the problem appeared naturally. And finally, the third version which is also quite popular – there's actually no problem at all."

"What do you mean, no problem at all?" God asked in surprise.

"Well," the angel shrugged, "some people, despite everything that happens around them, stubbornly continue to insist that there is actually no problem in the world, and all this is fiction."

"I see," the Father sighed quietly. "Is there a version on Earth that this is a punishment from Heaven, by any chance? The punishment for forgetting God, being mired in lies and sins, breaking the commandments. And now, with such views, they've already gotten to parenting."

"Unfortunately, there are almost none of such opinions at the very top, Father," the second angel stood up. "For the whole year, only the president of a small country and several dozen politicians who are not of the highest level once said that this is God's punishment. Well, this was also said by some priests of various Christian churches around the world. There is much more understanding among believers. However, their views do not reach the top level. The information companies of the earth do not like to talk about God..."

"I see," the Father sighed sadly. "Has anyone repented of their sins on earth as a result of our punishment?"

"Yes, Father," the third angel stood up, "and there are not so few of them. But no one knows about it, except them and us."

The Father smiled.

"Well, here's good news. And what do people want most today?"

"They want this problem to be over as soon as possible, so that they can get back to their normal life – well, restaurants, travel, shopping..."

"Do they still want to go to Heaven after death?" God asked quietly.

"There aren't many of them anymore, Father," another snow-white angel stood up with a downcast look. "Today, people hardly look beyond their earthly life. Unlike before..."

"I see," God said softly.

"Our Father, what are we going to do next?" another angel stood up. "Shall we keep this problem on earth, or shall we come up with something else?"

"Let's think together, my dear ones," God replied. "Who has any thoughts about how else we can wake up our people today?"

There was silence around the table.

Aftertaste

Tony was sitting silently in his favorite chair. Some time ago he finished watching a movie. That movie was actually released ten years ago, but the man saw it today for the first time. It was a good old movie, with an excellent cast, about the life of a book publisher.

The film contained great jokes, many moments of warm and beautiful human relations, and numerous thoughts on eternal and ageless values on our planet. Anthony had turned off the TV a long time ago, but for some reason, he still did not want to talk or think about anything. What he was now experiencing was more like an aftertaste that is sometimes left after a glass of excellent wine, a cup of aromatic coffee or from looking at the beautiful and boundless ocean.

Finally, the man got up from his chair and walked out onto the terrace of his house. It was a beautiful, almost windless evening. The sun disc was slowly and beautifully floating across the sky towards the horizon and this was pretty consonant with Tony's mood. The man went down from the porch and slowly walked along a narrow path to the seashore. Soon, he was slowly walking along the edge of the calm sea, thinking and sometimes looking at interesting shells on the sand.

For some reason, he could not get the plot of the recently-seen movie out of his head. How rapidly the world around has changed! Just some ten years ago, people on earth were still mass-publishing and reading interesting books, looking for beautiful and profound authors and thinking about the meaning of life, the sources of happiness, and the main values of the world. Until quite recently, humanity basically lived by its primordial, natural and time-tested interests, desires and way of life.

However today, the same world was completely different. Now on earth, in the public space, everyone wrote who was not too lazy to do it. And they, in fact, in our time decided what was

valuable to people nowadays. God, the great sages of the planet and the real heroes of mankind were almost forgotten today. Or, even worse, they were “reinterpreted” by a new generation and removed from their history.

Almost every person on earth today had a page on some social network where he evaluated others, broadcasted something, showed and told others about his achievements, his everyday life and his holidays. By looking at the current way of life, one could even assume that the former world, which existed for many millennia on our planet, never existed at all.

Tony tried to find a word that could describe everything that was happening around him but did not succeed. The closest meaning, in his opinion, was the word "anthill". In the anthill, each ant also stubbornly crawls somewhere, selflessly drags something, does everything with complete dedication and spares no effort. However, there was one significant difference: in the anthill, all the ants worked for the common good. In contrast, there was a completely different kind of anthill on Earth – everyone mainly thought about themselves there. Moreover, in the human "anthill" new groups of ants who did not like other ants constantly appeared; they criticized other ants and at times did not miss the opportunity to even bite them.

The man kept walking slowly along the seashore. There were hardly any waves that evening, and the clear water quietly rustled on the beach sand. Only seagulls occasionally broke this unusually calm whisper of the sea with their squawking.

For some reason, Anthony still could not come around. How could the world change so much in just ten years? After all, ten

years is only three and a half thousand days! And what will happen to people in another three thousand days, if these changes continue in the same direction and at the same speed? Tony did not want really to answer that question - even fantasies to that direction were unpleasant to him.

One thing he knew for sure – he would be very bored in that future world. After all, it seems that anything so dear to him on this Earth will become much less. This will happen because *such things* don't just come out of nowhere – they should be taught and learned from childhood, they should be loved and cherished. One should breathe *it*, rejoice in *it* and carefully keep *it* in one's heart. And one should pass *it* to one's children with great hope and faith, while looking into their eyes.

* * *

Angel Lan was looking at his not-the-most-cheerful earthly ward from Heaven, sighing.

“Well, my dear, your Tony looks pretty sad, huh?” he suddenly heard a familiar voice from above.

The angel looked up happily.

“Hello, Father! Yeah, it seems so,” Lan shrugged, “but I can understand him. It hasn't been too fun for him on Earth in recent years.”

“What's true is true,” Father replied with a sigh. “I feel like you don't mind chatting a little with your ward again to support him, right?”

“That would be great, Father!” the angel exclaimed joyfully.

“And what image on Earth will you use this time? His peer or someone older?”

“I'd rather be an old man this time,” Lan laughed, “today he needs someone solid and respectable that he will listen to.”

“All right,” God smiled. “Go and support Tony, my dear, tell him what he needs to hear right now.”

“Thank you, Father, I will!” the angel said and then immediately disappeared into thin air.

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Anthony noticed a figure ahead, sitting on the sand by the sea. As he approached, he saw a grey-haired elderly man, who was staring somewhere towards the sea horizon. Without looking, the man near the water picked up sand with one hand from time to time and then slowly poured it back. At first, Tony was going to walk past quietly as he did not want to bother this man, but his politeness won in the end.

“Good evening!” he said in a low voice, continuing to walk.

“Good evening to you, too,” Anthony suddenly heard a pleasant, deep voice in response. “As long as there are good people on earth, the evenings here will be good as well.”

Such unusual words even made the man stop. The phrase that this elderly man has just uttered was somewhat consonant with his thoughts today. Already with genuine interest, Anthony looked at the man sitting by the sea again.

“You just uttered an interesting phrase,” said Tony. “It is not often that you hear something like this, especially lately.”

The old man turned his head and looked at Anthony. He looked like he was about eighty years old. A neat gray beard framed the old man’s face and two lively, attentive eyes glittered under gray eyebrows.

“The phrase is quite simple and quite logical. Well, and the ‘thought’ itself has nothing to do with whether such things are being spoken about today or not, right?” The elderly man got up rather cheerfully from the sand, shook sand off his hand, and extended it to Tony. “Let me introduce myself. I am Angelo Lan, temporarily a tourist.”

“Nice to meet you, Angelo,” he replied with a smile to the handshake. “And I’m Anthony Monroe, a local.”

“Nice to meet you, too,” the angel smiled broadly. “And why did my answer amuse you so much, Anthony? Tell me, if it’s not a secret.”

“No secrets here,” Tony shrugged. “I just watched a film that was made ten years ago and was surprised by how quickly the world around us has changed in recent years ...”

Anthony briefly told his new friend about the plot of the film, as well as some of his thoughts.

“Oh, I see,” Angelo smiled at the end of his story. “Well, then everything is clear.”

At that moment, the red solar disk touched the horizon, and both interlocutors involuntarily focused their attention to this bewitching sight for a while.

“Anthony, are you a believer?” the angel looked at Tony again with curiosity, after the sun finally disappeared behind the horizon. “I just need to know this in order to continue speaking with you in the same language.”

Of course, he knew the answer but he had to ask that question.

“Hmm ... I don't even know what to answer you. I don't go to church, if that's what you mean. But at the same time - yes, I believe that God exists in some form.” Tony replied.

“I understand. By the way, I have never been to church on Earth as well, but I consider myself a believer,” Angelo smiled.

Anthony nodded his head in understanding.

“About what is happening on earth now, of course, you are right in many respects,” the angel spread his arms to the sides. “Without a doubt, rapid technological progress, a strong

information load on people, various problems in the world - all this and many other things in fact exacerbates and accelerates some processes in a person.”

“I agree,” Tony nodded. “But for some reason, all this aggravation and acceleration is not generally directed for the better. At least what I have seen in the world lately is not particularly pleasing to the eye.”

“Do you want love, honesty, morality to always win on earth?” Angelo laughed cheerfully. “You're an optimist! Believe me, God really wants this as well. However, the last decision is always up to the people. Tell me Anthony, where did all these wonderful qualities completely triumph at least once in the history of mankind on earth? Well, or let me ask it in another way: in what part of the world did God's commandments become the main law for all people? And the answer here is: nowhere. The reality, unfortunately, is that the majority of people on earth choose lies, anger, sin and other passions in their lives more often.”

“You are undoubtedly right, Angelo, but it's all sad,” Tony sighed. “But if God exists, why does He tolerate this?”

“Some things are not easy to understand right away sometimes, but believe me, from the point of view of the Lord there is a meaning in everything that happens on earth”, the angel smiled mysteriously. “By the way, will you trust the one who has not yet proven his loyalty and reliability to you or the one who actually resisted in the midst of many seductions and temptations and did not disappoint you? So, maybe difficulties are sometimes needed to test people?”

“Do you mean to say that God tests people in this way today?” Tony looked up with interest at his interlocutor.

“Perhaps. The conclusion is up to you. I don't know if you have ever heard the story of the prophet Elijah who lived on earth almost three thousand years ago, but I will briefly tell you something about it,” Angelo paused for a while and then continued. “There were also big problems with faith among the people then and many inhabitants of the state of Israel worshiped false gods at that time. Prophet Elijah was very worried about this, and he told God that all people had forgotten him. However, God, who saw the hearts of people well, replied that seven thousand men and women continued to be faithful to Him. This means that even in the most difficult times of human history, many people did not abandon the light. Simply, believers do not shout about their faith, and therefore, they are not very noticeable. Trust me Anthony, there are also many kind, calm and moral people now. In the midst of the growing darkness and sin in the world, they cling to light and truth even more firmly and therefore they are all very dear to the Lord.”

“Very interesting story,” Tony finally smiled. “Thank you, Angelo, for it. Indeed, there is something to think about...”

Anthony looked at the elderly man and found himself thinking that for some reason, he believed him. In general, this was not very typical of him. Tony was not gullible. But that evening, he felt an unusual lightness inside and a great desire to trust this tourist.

* * *

While they were talking, it got completely dark. Soon, the street lamps along the waterfront and the windows of the coastal houses came on. This light was enough to illuminate the beach. The elderly man looked around.

“Well, dear Anthony, I think it's time for me to go home. Thank you very much for spending so much time with me,” he said with a smile.

“Oh, please don't say that, Angelo!” Tony waved his hands. “I believe it is me who should be thanking you. This conversation was a real pleasure for me! And it's very important to me. That's why I stopped next to you after I heard just a single interesting word. If you don't mind, I'll take a little walk with you, since I'm going your way.”

The angel nodded with a smile and they slowly walked along the water's edge.

“Maybe, you could visit my home?” Anthony suggested, “I live in a house right next to the beach. We can have a cup of tea or something stronger.”

“Thank you very much, Anthony,” the angel smiled back, “maybe next time. I promised to be back early today. However, I'll be happy to walk with you to the turn to your house. And on the way, we can talk about some interesting things.”

“That would be great!” Tony nodded with enthusiasm. “You know, Angelo, I like the faith in your words. Sometimes it

seems that you know what you are talking about very well. Though, of course, it can't be true, you know..."

"Well, it depends... Faith can have different levels: disbelief, faith with a doubt, trusting in facts, knowledge, vision. There are doubts only at the initial levels. But, if a person keeps the commandments and sincerely strives to know God, then He opens up to him, and all his doubts disappear," the angel smiled.

"Opens up?" Tony asked curiously.

"Well, you don't doubt that it's evening now, that it's warm, that you see me and that you are walking along the seashore," Angelo laughed. "That's how the believers at a certain level no longer doubt that God exists."

"What an unusual comparison," Anthony said thoughtfully, and then returned to the previous subject. "I always feel sad when I see what is happening to the world. I just can't help it."

"Do you want good to always win?" the angel looked at Tony cheerfully. "Don't worry, good is already a winner, and long ago. Beyond the earthly world, there is nothing but good. Evil is found only on Earth. However, the Earth is very, very small in relation to the whole world. It's like a small school in a huge and beautiful city."

"I wish I could believe that," Anthony laughed. "With such a vision, it would be much easier for me to live..."

"Well, you'll definitely believe it one day," Angelo smiled back. "You see, Anthony, a person's concern over anything in

this world completely disappears when his earthly life, which is not that long, comes to an end. And then he sees reality.”

“Will absolutely everyone see this reality?” Tony asked with interest.

“Yes, but their feelings will be different,” the angel replied. “Someone will be happy to finally come to the eternal home. But someone else will be horrified to realize that he lost everything. After all, in that reality it only matters whether a person on earth was kind, honest and moral, or not. Nothing else.”

“Oh, I wish I could believe that too,” Tony said dreamily, “but for now...”

“The environment tends to fill a person,” the angel replied with a philosophical smile. “The higher and more beautiful the environment is, the clearer and higher thoughts are born and developed there. Find and read the books wherein you can see all this, Anthony. There are plenty of them.”

* * *

While they were talking, they came to the path that Anthony had taken down to the water not so long ago.

“Well, I'm going this way,” Tony stopped. “Goodbye, Angelo! Once again, thank you so much for such a wonderful conversation.”

“Thank you too, Anthony,” the old man said with a smile. “I was glad to talk to you. I'm sure that one day, we'll meet again.”

At that moment, Anthony suddenly felt that his new acquaintance did not just formally say this phrase, but actually thought so. They shook hands, and then Tony walked through the trees along a familiar path, while the elderly man continued walking along the seashore.

After taking a couple of dozen steps, however, Anthony suddenly stopped. A sudden uneasiness rose up in his chest.

“Hmm, I'm not sure that this old man can make it home,” he thought, “he must be eighty, it's dark here and he's from out of town. I'd better go and walk him home and then come back.”

Tony turned around and quickly walked back to the beach. Imagine his surprise when he saw no one on the beach. The man looked around for a few minutes, trying to find his former companion.

The light from the street lamps and windows of the coastal houses illuminated this stretch of the beach well, and Anthony had only just left for a few seconds. But the fact remained that the beach was completely empty, and his new acquaintance seemed to have vanished into thin air...

* * *

Dream

George had a terrible nightmare that night. It was as if he was born again, but this time, in 2021. In that dream, the man clearly watched himself from the side. He was a small child lying in a crib, smiling and rapidly moving his arms and legs. His relatives were standing around his crib: parents, uncles and aunts, older brothers and sisters, and some other people. All of them were cheerfully giving him different phones, smartphones, tablets and other mobile electronics with its brightly glowing screens. Love and happiness could be seen on the faces of the caring relatives.

The man was awakened by his own scream of horror in a cold sweat. The reality gradually began to return to him and after a while, he looked around. His books were placed on the shelves along one of the walls of the room as usual and his favorite films and music CDs were still on a large shelf in the corner. George breathed out a sigh of relief and his pulse began to return to normal.

“Eh, such a strange dream,” he finally said in an undertone and even smiled.

After that, George threw the covers aside and walked briskly to the bathroom. On the way there he habitually pressed a button on his old friend, a coffee machine. When the man returned to the room in a long robe five minutes later, his drink was already smoking appetizingly on an iron stand, while producing the smell of coziness and philosophy.

George took the mug and with it went out to the veranda of his forest house. There, he sat down in a chair, took a sip and looked around. His two old friends – parrots - were sitting on the veranda railing as usual and gazing affably at the owner of the house. The man at first was going to tell them about his nightmare but then he decided to take pity on the poor birds. He took another sip of the fragrant drink, inhaled the forest air deeply and leaned back in his armchair, relaxed.

Involuntarily, George returned to the thoughts about his recent dream. He wondered why this dream scared him so much? After all, there was nothing particularly scary or dangerous in it. Perhaps, it was worth thinking about.

* * *

Angel Dream, who was responsible for making dreams in Heaven, smiled warmly when he saw his good friend, angel Glos, land nearby.

“Hi, matey,” he said cheerfully as his friend folded his wings behind his back. “Well, did my sleep option suit you? Did it help your ward to understand something new about himself or his life?”

“It suited me perfectly, thank you!” His friend nodded happily. “My George reacted to it so vividly that he made me very happy. Even I didn't expect it, to be honest. He is still reflecting on this dream and his thoughts are mostly correct. So everything is great.”

“That’s great, I am very happy for you and your earthly friend!” Dream smiled but then sighed with a little sadness. “It's

sad that now I don't hear such good news too often. Your ward has done well, he is clearly old school. Unfortunately, there are not so many of them left now”.

“That’s probably why George sometimes calls himself a dinosaur,” Glos answered him and both angels smiled.

“Even more so, he needs help with everything,” said angel Dream. “Okay friend, give me his dream, I'll put it in its place.”

Angel Glos handed him a small speckled cloud that his friend recently made for him. That cloud consisted of three balls of different color and size. In terms of density, these balls were somewhat vaguely reminiscent of cotton wool but they were airier and ductile. The dream master separated the balls from each other and went deep inside the workshop. There were a couple dozen large clouds of various colors hanging along the walls. Above them were inscriptions that read: "funny dreams", "sad dreams", "romantic dreams", "philosophical dreams" and so on. Angel Dream attached balls to clouds of the same colors.

“You have an interesting job,” Glos said, watching him. “You need to very subtly choose a range of emotions in order to evoke the right thoughts in a person afterwards.”

“Yeah, my friend, this job is very interesting indeed,” the creator of dreams smiled. “It’s also extremely useful. After all, we angels, help people become better. It's no secret that dreams are an aspect of life which people can reflect upon for a very long time. They can make the right conclusions and approach the right thoughts, if the dream contributes to this”.

“This morning, my George is a prime example of this,” angel Glos nodded cheerfully.

“It means that this time we have succeeded in something”, his friend smiled. “But we shouldn't show those special dreams too often, otherwise the effect will not be as good.”

“I agree,” angel Glos nodded. “Okay, my friend, I am flying back to earth. Want to see how my ward is doing.”

“Good luck!” Dream waved at him and then returned to completing new orders.

* * *

After reflecting for an hour, the man understood the reason for his reaction to the dream. After all, he was born and grew up at a time when people on earth still carefully preserved the cultural heritage of mankind and studied it. George knew history quite well; he was familiar with many outstanding thinkers of the past – from ancient to later – to one degree or another.

The man was also familiar with the major philosophies and religions of the planet. They all contained a lot of interesting and useful things, but the closest to him was Christianity. There, emphasis was put on spiritual purity, on good deeds, honesty, reliability, morality. All this was very close to his character and beliefs. On top of that, Christianity spoke of eternal life for all good, honest and moral people. George, who saw in this the high justice and tremendous evolutionary meaning, thought about this approximately as follows: if there is a God and Paradise, then it is very correct.

The man read a large number of books throughout his life written by wonderful and talented authors. Many of them have survived the centuries and, at the same time, have not lost their relevance at all. What was not surprising as well – real wisdom, talent, true beauty – never get old.

George valued his faith, knowledge, convictions, worldview. For him they were the most important thing in a person. All of this was his essence and foundation, in some way; they filled his life with meaning and content. It was not the outer shell but specifically his inner world that made George to be George and the man knew that for sure. So, he could not even imagine how it was possible to live on this Earth without a deep and beautiful inner world.

However, the modern young generation was already different. Yes, they could do on a computer screen with their toes and with closed eyes more than George could do with both hands. They knew quite well how to live today; that is how to buy something on the Internet, communicate via social networks, create blogs, navigate Google maps, find the data you need, and much, much more. However, this generation almost did not know the history of mankind, which it was a part of; it was almost not interested in its philosophy, culture, religion. They were not filled with that great timeless wisdom that people of all times collected bit by bit.

Of course, it was not the youth who was to blame for that, but the adults who created such new rules of life for it and identified new goals in it. But the fact remained the fact – today, the consumer society was growing on the earth, which

practically had no roots. It looked like grass against the background of trees. In his dream, George was afraid that in today's world, he simply could not physically become what he became, to find the inner world that he had now.

Yes, dear!

Samuel Jason waited as the engines of his 24-foot boat called “Yes, dear!” to warm up a little, then he untied the mooring line from the cleat on board located close to his helm. Then, he shook the rope with a deft movement and it flew off the mooring cleat located on the pier. After that, his boat became free and was ready to sail.

The skipper moved the bow thruster joystick slightly to the side, and the bow of the boat began to move away from the dock. After waiting for this distance to become significant, the man turned on the smallest move. Having moved from the pier smoothly, vessel “Yes, dear!” headed towards the exit from the port.

Sam did not come up with such an unusual name for his boat by himself. He once saw it on one of the catamarans anchored nearby. When he saw it, the man laughed for a long time at such a funny ship name. From the skipper's point of view, the phrase “yes, dear” was the ideal answer to any woman's statement. It invariably relieved any tension but, at the same time, did not

particularly commit to anything. This phrase was like a broad-spectrum antidote from the various and, sometimes, very illogical behavior of wives and other close ladies. Well, Sam, who had been married for many years and was raising two daughters at the time, knew a lot about this behavior from his own experience.

Therefore, the man immediately used that name for the new boat he acquired a couple of years ago. And, to be honest, he has never regretted this. Men always laughed merrily when they read it, and women took the name quite favorably and, what is most amusing, very seriously. This last fact invariably brought the captain a fresh portion of good mood.

As usual, a pair of pelicans accompanied the white boat with their beaks as it entered the channel. The captain put on the gas and the boat “Yes, dear!”, raising its nose for a while, then it ran merrily along the smooth surface of the water. Sam set the ship's speed to 20 knots per hour. This was the most economical mode for this vessel. In addition, the boat's not too high speed allowed its skipper to calmly admire the various beauties of nature overboard, reflect upon or remember something. And the captain did have something to remember, indeed.

* * *

“Dad, mom! Last night, a real angel flew with me across the sky!” Little Sammy ran happily into the living room and hugged his mother by the legs.

“Of course, my dear,” his mother stroked her beloved dreamer on the head and smiled. “And what did he show you in the sky?”

“Probably some huge, pink flying elephants,” the dad entered the conversation, smiling broadly. “I bet they could hardly move between the stars. In a dream, my dear, you can see many unusual things!”

The little boy shook his head negatively.

“No, dad, I was flying for real and a big, kind white angel flew me across the sky,” he said.

“Of course, son,” the father stood next to the boy and stroked him on the head, “all the angels are actually white and very kind. Grandma often told you about them. Therefore, now they come to you in dreams sometimes.”

The boy sighed. He spent a little more time with his parents, and, having kissed them before going to sleep, he returned to his room. Sammy went to bed, but did not rush to close his eyes. After all, he knew for sure that a real white angel was not an invention at all. And he had no doubt that he would come to him soon.

And it happened. Soon, one of the walls in his room suddenly became very bright and a snow-white angel with a cheerful and kind face came out of it.

“Hi Sammy!” He said with a smile.

“Hello, kind angel!” The boy sat up in bed happily. “You turned out to be right. Today, I told my parents about our

meetings and flights, but they did not believe me. They think I'm making it up or I'm dreaming about it.”

The angel smiled.

“Well, I told you about that. But, don't you worry too much, it is not such an unusual thing that parents cannot easily believe in living angels,” he said. “Moreover, there may come a time when you yourself will not believe in what is happening now.”

“Me?! I will always, always remember this!” The boy even got out of bed. “But you will never leave me, right?”

“I will be by your side all your life,” the angel smiled, “regardless of whether you see me or not.”

The snow-white guest stepped to the bed and stretched his hands.

“Well, Sammy, are we flying today?” He asked.

“Yes!” The kid responded happily.

* * *

A pod of dolphins on the starboard side of the boat brought the captain back to reality from his childhood memories. He pulled on the speed control and the boat slowed down. For a couple of minutes in silence, Sam watched a dozen of dark, shiny, backs with fins swimming alongside his ship, diving from time to time. The skipper smiled broadly as he watched. He was very fond of dolphins and was always happy to meet them.

When the group of dolphins was out of sight, Sam picked up speed again. He needed to overcome a distance of one and a half hundred miles within a couple of days to get to the small island. Sailing to different islands was quite a usual occupation for the skipper. Whether with his family and by himself, he chose some new island in the ocean and then explored it during the next trip. Sometimes - and this was done mainly during his vacation - the captain carried out a more serious plan: he would put his boat “Yes, dear!” on a trailer and drove it far along the coast to reach more remote places and islands.

Sam's family, friends and colleagues thought he just enjoyed exploring new islands. Although the captain really loved both sea voyages and a variety of trips, the real reason for choosing such routes was completely different. However, the man could not tell anyone this reason, not even to the people closest to him. He could not do it since in this case, he would immediately be considered a fantasist at best, and insane at worst.

Nevertheless, the captain knew for sure that he was absolutely normal. More so, he had an excellent memory. It was just that Sam had one big secret since his childhood which was connected with some of the islands on this coast. That's why he always sailed only to new islands on his ship. And only to the ones on the banks of which there were large stones.

* * *

That night the angel took the boy to an island. The full moon shone in the sky, beautifully reflecting on the calm surface of the sea. Because of its light, everything around could be seen very well.

“It is so beautiful here, angel!” Sammy smiled, walking by hand with his snow-white friend along the water's edge.

“Yes, God made a lot of beautiful places in this world,” said the angel in response.

They wandered for a while, and the baby told the angel his latest news. After some time, the heavenly guest suddenly stopped, squatted down and looked carefully into the boy's eyes.

“You know, Sammy, today is the last time I come to you. More precisely, I will always be by your side in the future, but you will no longer be able to see me like you do now,” the angel said quietly.

“Why?” The kid could barely speak.

“These are the rules, my friend. The most unusual fairy-tales in this world are given in childhood to all those who are able to believe in them. But then a person must be willing to keep them in his heart, and carry them through life,” the angel answered him. “Tomorrow you will go to school, and this will be the beginning of your journey into adulthood. And after that, it will depend on you whether you keep our fairytale or not.”

Sammy tried to look calm, but a tear on his cheek revealed his feelings.

“I'll keep it, angel, but I will miss you very much,” he finally said.

“I will miss you, too,” his friend smiled. “Even though, I will always be able to see you. However, we will not be able to talk as we do now. But rules are rules, Sammy, and that is how it really should be. Do you believe me?”

The boy nodded his head.

“Do not forget me, my friend”, the snow-white heavenly guest placed his hands on the baby's shoulders and looked at him warmly. “People, unfortunately, often forget all the magic that happened to them. And this is very sad.”

“I won't forget,” Sammy said quietly but firmly, and then asked a question. “Angel, something unusual happens to many children in childhood?”

“Yes, my friend. Something happens to every child who is ready to believe in fairytales on this earth. God certainly allows all his children to touch the most important thing,” the angel smiled. “Well, and after that, they decide what to do with it themselves. Someone forgets about everything afterwards, another sometimes remembers, and someone else remembers his whole life and even takes steps in the right direction.”

“In the right direction?” Sammy asked. “And what is this direction?”

“The world where God and I live - is the main one. Also it is very kind and eternal,” the angel smiled broadly. “And people can get to it. Don't ask me now, how to do it. During your long

earthly life, you can easily find all the answers you need if you look for them. God gave people everything they need to know on earth. But the desire of people to come to us must come from themselves.”

“Angel, I will try to understand everything and I will never forget you,” Sammy said after a while.

“I really hope so, my dear,” his snow-white friend smiled in response.

After that, they just stood there for a while and were silent.

“Angel, can I ask you for something?” Sammy spoke up again.

“Ask,” the angel nodded, “if it is possible, then I will do it.”

“Please leave me some sign so that I never doubt that you were with me,” asked the kid.

The angel smiled and thought a little. Then he looked up to the sky.

“All right,” the heavenly guest finally answered and walked over to a large stone on the shore.

Having come from the side of the island, he began to draw something on the stone’s surface with his finger. Sammy watched in amazement as the angel's finger was plunging into solid rock, as if into sand. After a couple of minutes, the drawing was finished. The kid came closer and, in the light of the moon, he saw a beautiful outline of an angel carrying a child in his arms on the stone.

“Is this us?” Sammy asked with a laugh.

The angel nodded, smiling.

“This drawing will remain on this island,” he said. “If you really want to see it again, you will definitely find this island someday.”

* * *

A couple of hours before sunset, Sam entered a port on the way on the ship’s route to refuel and replenish water supplies there. Having done everything that was planned, he moved the boat to the guest pier located next to a small port restaurant. The captain had already been there about three years ago and he got a good impression of the local cuisine.

After a long sea passage, Sam got hungry and therefore decided to go there again. He went inside, chose a cozy table by the window and immediately placed an order. While he was waiting for dinner, Sam began to relaxedly watch the "forest" of white ship masts in the port, which at that moment were beautifully illuminated by the rays of the dying sun in the sky.

“Sam, buddy, I can't believe my eyes! How glad I am to see you!” Suddenly, the captain heard a joyful voice next to him.

The man turned around and saw his old friend Michael, whom he had known since university. Mike also enjoyed traveling the seas, and besides, he was seriously fond of scuba diving.

“Mikey, what an unexpected and pleasant surprise, mate!” Sam got up from the table and happily hugged his friend. “I'm damn glad to see you too! How did you end up in these parts?”

“Well, my wife and I came here for a week to dive on local reefs. Do you remember my Janet?” Mike smiled broadly. “She is on the ship now and cannot tear herself away from her series. But, I have a persistent allergy to this endless television soap opera. That's why I came to the local restaurant to relax a bit. And, as it turned out, not in vain.”

Both friends laughed merrily.

“Well, everything is clear then”, Sam said with a smile. “Sit down, buddy, let's have dinner together. Our memories will also probably be enough for a whole TV series. There will be something to chat about.”

Laughing, Mike sat down in an empty chair and pressed the button to call a waiter. After that, Sam also briefly told his friend about his plans to travel to the island.

“Do you still like to sail to various new islands?” Mike smiled understandingly.

“Yes, I really like it, mate” his friend nodded cheerfully. “What do you want to see under water this time?”

“I hope to see manta rays, it is high season for them now” the diver replied. “We are diving on one underwater rock three hours away from here. At this time of the year, up to a couple of dozen individuals gather there sometimes. A very beautiful sight.”

“Sounds fabulous, I would not refuse to look at this one day,” Sam laughed, “but now, I only have time to get to the island and back. By the way, why don’t your children dive with you? It seems that your son is a diver and your daughter too as far as I remember.”

“It’s true, our kids are divers as well. And for many years my wife and I tried to awaken the love for the underwater world in them,” Mike answered and his face suddenly became a little sad. “However, it seems that our desires and hobbies are not always projected on the children.”

“Are they interested in something else?” his interlocutor asked.

“Ah, my friend, I don’t even know what to answer you,” the diver spread his arms to the sides. “This new generation is different. Almost all their life is now spent somewhere on the Internet and all the interests found there are far from our hobbies. Thank God that at least occasionally, it is still possible to pull them out to the sea.”

Sam, whose two daughters also spent too much time on the net, nodded in understanding.

“I completely agree with you, friend. I also see well that our way of life is not particularly close to them,” the captain sighed and then suddenly looked cheerfully at his interlocutor. “Do you remember, Mikey, how we and many of our friends were ready to sail to the end of the world to explore unknown places? Something changed in this life indeed, mate.”

“I remember, buddy,” Mike smiled warmly. “We have fulfilled our plans and still do it. I can't live through a couple of months without going on some new journey. Is it possible to compare all this with some kind of virtual life?”

“Well, since they are not running after us, my friend, it looks like it's possible,” Sam scratched his forehead philosophically. “After all, if someone needs something, he does it.”

“Hmm, logical,” Mike agreed with him. “But is it not boring for them to live like that? Give me a hundred more years to live and I will live those years the same way. Well, at most, I will try to dive in even more interesting places or get to less explored areas.”

The friends laughed merrily.

“Exactly! I agree with you completely, Mikey,” Sam replied. “How can alive whales that you see after a week of travelling through the seas, islands, adventures, and the whales that you find on the screen in a search engine in a couple of seconds be comparable? It is even scary to say but for many young people, these things seem to be the same...”

Mike shook his head in understanding.

“I never cease to be amazed at this, my friend,” he shrugged. “Do you remember how we loved to read about different sailors and travelers in our childhood? And, when sometimes we managed to chat with some real sailors, it was a celebration for us.”

Sam nodded with a smile.

“And now, I hardly tell any of the young people that I am a sailor and a diver. I just see that they are not particularly interested in this. And why say something if there is no interest?” Mike said and scratched his head thoughtfully. “How did this little screen manage to replace the great sea, fresh breeze, cries of seagulls, and much more from the beautiful and real world in their heads, with different virtual pictures? For me, this is the main question...”

“This is a big question for me as well. But unfortunately, everything is exactly like that, my friend”, Sam said and then suddenly smiled broadly. “Okay, buddy, enough talking about sad things for today. We have so many interesting things happening in our lives, let's talk about them.”

“Accepted!” Mike laughed. “I also think that on the occasion of our meeting we should order a bottle of good wine.”

* * *

In the morning, Sam untied the boat “Yes, dear” from the pier and moved to the exit from the port. He did not see his friend's boat at the other berths. It looked like Mike woke up earlier than him and had already gone to sea. The skipper smiled warmly, remembering their meeting yesterday. How great it is that there are such lively and interesting people on earth.

When the captain got to the ocean, he charted a direct course towards the island that he needed, and then, he picked up

cruising speed. The destination was about forty miles and Sam expected to be there by noon. The weather that morning was pleasing - a weak, favorable breeze was blowing and the waves were small and gentle. In general, the boat's movement on the ocean turned out to be quite comfortable this time.

Three hours later, a lonely island appeared on the horizon, and in another forty minutes, the boat "Yes, dear!" approached it closely. Before the skipper dropped the anchor, he decided to first sail around the entire island and inspect the coastline. Sam remembered quite clearly from his childhood memories that the stone, on which the angel was then painting, was located at the edge of the beach. However, he could not see the size of the beach itself that night, of course.

Therefore, during all of his trips to the islands, the man was only interested in those places that at least remotely suited his childhood memories. There were two such places on the island he was on today, and they were not too far apart.

Sam decided to drop the anchor closer to both places. When the skipper saw a patch of water of lighter color below, he realized that the bottom was sandy and pressed the anchor release button. After that, he sat at the bow of the boat for a while and drank a cup of aromatic coffee. Feeling a little more awake, Sam then untied the canoe at the stern of the ship and launched it into the water. Having put on a short wetsuit, the skipper picked up an oar, got into a plastic vessel and went to the area of the first beach.

Over the years, the skipper had even developed a certain principle for examining stones. After all, he had examined many

islands and beaches like this one during this time. Approaching the shore, he got off the canoe and pulled it out on the sand. Then, he walked towards three large rocks that stood at the end of the beach. The man walked around them in turn, examining the side facing the island especially carefully. However, he did not find any traces of drawings on these stones.

The captain shrugged his shoulders philosophically, and having gladly walked along the pleasantly-squeaking sand underfoot a little, he returned to the canoe. The man lowered it into the water, took up an oar and began to row towards the next place located about five hundred meters away. There was only one large stone, standing by the edge of that beach. Sam approached the shore in his small vessel, looked around the new area, and suddenly felt his heart beat faster. This used to happen to him before only because of intense excitement, but this time there was nothing to worry about.

“Strange,” the captain was sincerely surprised, “it seems like there have been so many of these islands in my life. Why would I suddenly worry now?”

The man got off the canoe and pulled it out onto the smooth sand. Then, he slowly moved towards the lone rock at the end of the beach. Sam's heart continued to beat faster, which greatly surprised the captain.

“Maybe the coffee on the boat was too strong?” He made various assumptions, but deep down the man had already begun to expect something unusual from the new stone.

He approached it closely and began to walk around the stone as usual. However, after a couple of seconds the man froze. From the side of the island on the stone, there was a large and clear outline of an angel carrying a little man in his hands. Sam sat down on the sand.

“It means, all these memories were the reality of my life ...” the captain did not even notice how tears of joy began to flow down his cheeks. “It was not in vain that I have always believed in them for so many years.”

Sam stared at the familiar drawing with a childish and enthusiastic smile, and time seemed to have stopped for him. One day, a long time ago, he was in this very place with his angel.

“Thank you, my heavenly friend, for leaving this drawing for me back then,” the captain finally said quietly. “For many years I have never doubted you and our meeting. It became the most beautiful fairy tale in my life. And today, I saw confirmation of this... Thank you. ”

Sam was sitting by his stone for an hour or probably much more. A whole gamut of emotions changed in the captain during that time, and some of them were more beautiful than others. Now a quiet and unshakable knowledge of the existence of the beautiful world of his angel already lived in him – the world that he had heard so much about as a child from his heavenly friend. Today, it suddenly became very bright for the captain to be on Earth.

Finally, Sam got up from the sand. He walked over to the stone again and slowly ran his hand over the drawing.

“Thank you, my angel, for coming to me as a child and for telling me so many interesting things then,” the man said warmly and then added, “you told me that day that we would never see each other again in my earthly life. I understand, it is necessary. But to be honest, I would really like to see you one more time.”

Having said this, Sam sighed with a happy smile and then moved towards the canoe. However, after a few steps, something suddenly made the man stop and turn around. The captain was surprised to see that the large rock in the sand suddenly turn bright white. Just like the wall in his children's room many years ago. And, a few seconds later, his snow-white angel came out of the stone, with a wide smile on his face.

“Angel...” Sam could only pronounce.

“Yes, dear!” His old heavenly friend answered laughing

* * *

Human

Early in the morning, Clark Mitchell got out of his trailer, parked on the shore of the sea bay, and approached three spinning rods standing near the water. Having found no sign of fish at the other end of the fishing line, the man changed the bait on the hooks in turn and threw the tackle again. After that, Clark returned to the trailer, took his straw hat, his favorite thermos of coffee and went for a walk along the bay.

By this time, the large solar disk had only slightly risen above the sea horizon, and its reddish light warmly illuminated the green hilly coast. Several dozen snow-white gulls stood along the water's edge, minding their own business. As Clark approached them, they flew out to sea and then returned to the shore behind him.

The man was already well over sixty, but he was still strong in health and cheerful in spirit. In the past, Clark led a pretty healthy lifestyle, practiced swimming, fishing and spearfishing. He also liked to play table tennis and loved long walks in the fresh air. Maybe that is why he felt quite well now and almost did not complain about any physical problems.

The man bought his trailer about eight years ago, and immediately found that this vacation option was very convenient for short trips to the sea. His wife, Dorothy, valued homeliness and comfort more, and besides, she constantly needed a lot of time to care for the garden, communicate with friends, children and grandchildren. Therefore, she did not often accompany her

husband on trailer trips. Clark, of course, also did not hide from various household chores and meetings but he usually did not miss an opportunity to go to the sea coast for a couple of days in his mobile home, to be alone with nature and his thoughts. His well-equipped trailer allowed the man to feel comfort on the vacation. All the necessary equipment there was powered by a battery and two gas cylinders, and this was enough for several days.

* * *

On this morning, Clark was walking along the water's edge, reflecting upon a recent seemingly simple question from his granddaughter, Phoebe. A few days ago, she'd asked him: "Grandpa, what is a human?" The man replied with something generally accepted: a reasonable person, capable of analysis and imaginative thinking. However, now, walking on the sand and reflecting upon this question, Clark realized that, in fact, he had only touched a small top of a huge iceberg in his answer.

Of course, a human being was something much deeper and larger. One could even say that each person is essentially a separate world, because every person has their own history and their own connections. And all those connections also have their stories. "Any human on earth" certainly has their own views, traditions, elements of upbringing, education, traces of culture and nationality. To some extent, a human being is and have been part of many previous generations of which he came out, and which passed on to him their cultural code. Also, each person

necessarily has an imprint of his interests and hobbies—people tend to be filled with what they are interested in.

The desire of people to create their own families, in fact, was their attempt to create other worlds related to them. Clark even came up with a comparative thought about the planets and satellites around them. The further he thought about a person, the more and more large-scale and boundless they became for him. At the end of this process, the man was already smiling at the fact that he could not find a clear line beyond which there would definitely not be a person.

By this point of Clark's reflections, the flat sandy shoreline had ended, and he had come up against a rocky mountain that stretched far into the sea. In this part of the bay, there was almost no wind and the sun beautifully reflected on the flat sea surface. The man poured hot coffee into the lid of his thermos and took a few sips with pleasure. After admiring the beauties of the local landscape, he put the thermos on a stone, took off his T-shirt and entered the sea. The water temperature at this time of the year was quite suitable for swimming. Having gone into the water waist-deep, the man dived and swam near the bottom. Then, he surfaced and slowly continued swimming on the surface along a beautiful stone ridge.

* * *

At this time, God was watching Clark from above with a slightly thoughtful smile. The same God who once created man

on this earth and who alone knew absolutely everything about him. He knew about humans' goals, potential and opportunities.

Moreover, God did not hide this information from people. He initially told them that He created man in His own image and after His likeness. Later, He gave them the highest possible goal through the Son: "be perfect, therefore, as your heavenly Father is perfect." But, people do not often think about these words. And in vain, because in those words was a huge meaning. The words mean that the possibilities of a person could be limited only by his own unwillingness to grow and improve in this world. To grow on the basis of the commandments that God gave him.

Figuratively speaking, in terms of its potential, the human being was designed by God as a "rocket" capable of going into space. However, people, for the most part, learned to fly on it only to the store. Very often, earthly needs and petty desires so dominated them that they completely shut off the Sky and common sense, thereby shutting off their own tomorrow.

God looked at Clark again and smiled warmly. He was one of those of His children who was not very attached to everything earthly, and who honestly tried to figure everything out in this world.

"Strength and patience to you, Clark," God whispered with love.

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Another book from the "Once Upon a Time in Heaven" series, consisting of several stories. Using the fantasy genre, the author tries to look at some earthly events not just from the standpoint of the inhabitants of the earth, but from a slightly broader perspective.