

## Mirror of Reality

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**It is impossible to imagine,  
what we do not know[1].**



People have always dreamed of having at least some supernatural abilities. One dreamed of becoming invisible, another wanted to have the gift of foresight, and still another wanted to run faster than everyone else or be able to teleport. Depending on the level of development of the mind, people dreamed of using these abilities in all spheres of life either in the name of Humanity, i.e., according to the principle of public consciousness at the level of "Manifestation of God," or in the name of their own ambitions, i.e., according to the parasitic principle of "Benevolence," justifying the need for violence in all spheres of human existence. And, not so long ago, when the concept of "money" was fraudulently introduced into circulation, most people have constantly and acutely needed it. Although even more often people needed love, not money, often realizing this too late, or even never at all. There are no tasks in the world whose solution has stopped due to lack of money. Everyone is sitting for lack of ideas[2].

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A man, walking on his Path, necessarily undergoes the experience of negativity in its various forms: deceit, betrayal, reproaches, encroachments, etc. This is necessary for the one walking along the Path to acquire stability, without which there is nothing to do in the "high dimensions". It is preparation, the gradual gaining of roots as one of the ways not to go crazy with high vibrations. After all, even if your grandmother gave you a Stradivarius violin, you still have to learn to play it yourself. The experience of negativity allows one to identify one's weaknesses and qualitatively change them. Therefore, evil for one can turn out to be good for another, and one who has no such experience can easily be broken. All major global transformations require an equally large-scale change in thinking, and a change of elites. Since the change of systemic power in April 2011, no one has prepared a new elite, and the political class of brain genotype 461, which is passing into oblivion, could not pass on anything but cynicism, boorishness, ignorance and cruelty "by inheritance".



Children of Russian elite of the first quarter of 21st century were not "new noblemen", but psycho-social cripples, grown in super-high material prosperity combined with their low mental level, and therefore unable to keep the positions taken by their fathers and mothers. As a consequence, the collapse of the entire political system, created by this elite since the 1990s, soon occurred. It was inevitable, and only a matter of time[3]. But the collapse was expected, and – manageable...

Following the power, property has always changed its owners, but for the new elite, who passed the Mental School of Nikolai Levashov and the Bathhouse of Alexander Khatybov, and replaced 461 genotypes of the Brain, all sorts of Rolls Royces, authentic Titian canvases, yachts and diamonds, and the skunk egg were absolutely of no value. Their true treasures were intangible assets: they were interested only in knowledge and abilities developed in the process of acquiring knowledge. The new "service nobility" was ascetic – these people grew up in the era of consumption, when shop windows and online shops were packed with all kinds of goods for every taste, and it was consumption that they most hated. Nevertheless, being the elite after the change of the political picture of the world, representatives of the new elite lived in the palaces of the oligarchs. Palaces abandoned by their former owners, and left not even a shadow after their annihilation. Representatives of the new elite ate on silver – at that time, the physical and bacterial worlds woke up, and silver has antibacterial properties. Representatives of the new elite made unpopular decisions and demanded their unfailing execution – because mercy and forgiveness are not synonymous. Representatives of the new elite had access to the latest technologies of telecommunications, movement, wellness, and the device of being – because they were the First. LeFay had the ability to control many so-called fairy-tale things in the old days: she sent a Ball of Ephemeral somewhere, then programmed a Flying Ship that did not look like a ship at all. She took an effective part in the destinies of her compatriots, because she knew very well what it was like to feel the nullification of everything that people knew, could understand, owned, had...[4].



emerging Zones of Guaranteed Life Support.

Only a few decades later, herds of bison grazed in their millions on the vast North American prairies, liberated from the captivity of technocratic civilization. Numerous herds of deer, both Canadian and Siberian, grazed the much more abundant pastures. Fish farming in lakes was also revived. All this was necessary to feed the surviving population. But man does not live by bread alone! Absorbed from Vivien's mind and experience,[5] Le Fey created a new and beautiful reality for people in the

That evening, she was flipping through pictures of movie frames and historical events of the Stalin era, studying the processes of transformation of the personality of former homeless people from the level of marginal inadequacy to the level of an ascetic and builder of a new society. The character of the Teacher in the film "A ticket to life" (directed by N. Eck 1931), in addition to the willingness to use violence, had a single educational tool: "not education, rather, forced, but joyful and creative work." [6] Life in the name of a bright tomorrow was the motto of the Soviet people in the 30s of the twentieth century, and in just less than two decades - from 1924 to 1941 – the country made a grand leap from post-war devastation and famine to an era when every working person felt like the master of his country.



However, in the second quarter of the 21st century, Russia changed again, and this New Russia needed new forms of art, cultivating in the younger generations a pride in their country and people and endowed young people with new stereotypes and behaviors. To create in the perception of people optimistic images of the world, which they, like in the thirties of the twentieth century, had to first build and then live in it, a different reality, other values and ideals must be transmitted everywhere. It was this reality, created by Vivienne in her Purple World, that LeFay carefully brought to the world of people. In the minds of people driven to poverty and hopelessness of a hopeless existence, it was necessary to re-create and carefully cultivate a world of prosperity, general welfare and well-being in which everyone from birth is entitled to self-realization, and in which Man is the highest value. Everything on Earth must be created only for the sake of Man and for the sake of Mankind!



To create a new image of a New Russia, new ideas, technologies, and creators were needed, and our glorious and most luminous Russia has always been rich in them. In just a little over 10 years, starting from 2023 – the last year of the First Transition Period - the latest Russian technologies of bio-regeneration, wellness, rejuvenation, and countless technologies in all spheres of life have jumped far into the future. So far away that no country in the world, or even a community of the most developed countries at the moment, is able to achieve such a level of progress - EVER.

In the meantime, large-scale work was unfolding in Russia, because it was necessary to turn the whole ideologically flawed art industry, previously entirely aimed at corrupting the souls and minds of human children, on its head. The stages of the development of information are the stages of the development of people's lives with all the corresponding phased embodiments of their existence [7].

Instead of consumerism, it was necessary to open up opportunities for people to demonstrate exemplary character traits such as diligence, enthusiasm, will to win, honesty, reliability, etc..

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Marcel looked at the monitor with excitement – he did not like to fly, but it was unrealistic to get from France to Russia by train or car at that time, since many roads and highways were either partially destroyed or littered with windbreaks and other debris of a civilization going into oblivion and Marcel, having received confirmation of a request to move to Russia, couldn't wait a day longer. Therefore, in order to quickly take a deep breath of the magical air of the Motherland, Marcel brushed aside all the objections of his instinct of self-preservation, and set off with a brisk step and light in the direction of the ruins of the former airport. After the next earthquake, and the subsequent flooding and hurricane, the military still cleared the runway pretty quickly, poured a temporary surface and kept everything in working order. Periodically, they opened a window for landing or take-off of civilian aircraft and other aircraft, and Marcel



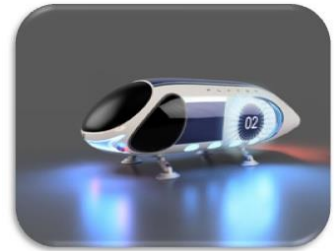
was going to get on one of them. These were mostly old aircraft models of the 70s of the twentieth century, which operated in rapidly changing conditions much more reliably than the super-liners of the early twenty-first century, which often either simply flared up like a match during flight, burning to the ground, or fell apart during takeoff, killing everyone on board. But the lucky owners of the confirmation of their move to the Life Support Zone reached its border by all available means, where, after passing certain formalities, under the envious shouts of the motley crowd eager to penetrate the Zone, they boarded the aircraft to move to the place of their new location. Often, it was not flowers, but stones and filthy curses that flew from the crowd towards the lucky ones.

On what principle these new aerocrafts worked was unknown outside the Life Support Zones - the Russians no longer allowed information to leak out about their new technology or anything else going on in the territories under their control. The aerocrafts looked different - some were in the shape of a torus, others more like a balloon, others like a container or a loaf of bread or a cigar or a dumpling. Some had portholes, others did not. The colors were different - silver, black, gold. There were also other colors, but Marcel did not go into detail about what the different shapes and colors of aerocrafts meant yet - the voice of nostalgia was becoming more and more evident, and it was important for the future owner of La Patrie to get to the place as soon as possible, and then we would see.

Ticket prices in France, and all over the world, were incredibly high, but not so much because of the insane cost of fuel, but because of rampant inflation and the exorbitant greed of airline and airport owners who had lost their minds.

The super-new Russian aerocrafts used completely different principles of operation and did not need the old jet fuel or aviation gasoline at all. And on Russian domestic flights no tickets were required at all, because all public transportation, as well as many other services and functions, were completely free of charge for citizens. But Arnel would find out about this a little later.

Finally, all the turmoil was behind him, and Marcel, thrilled to the core, could breathe freely - his transport had descended from heaven to earth unharmed! The aerocraft, aptly nicknamed "dumpling" by the people, buzzed softly, hovered over the cobblestone landing pad, turning its nose to the terrace with a translucent coating, and easily lowered all four legs onto the gravel. The world-famous chef excitedly looked out from behind the backs of other passengers – he was impatient to see Russia as soon as possible. In the airport building, he went down the moving ramp to the lobby, where a suitcase with a bright white-yellow-black flag on a glossy label was waiting for him, for better visibility, pasted right in the middle of the top cover. There was a stack of books neatly next to it, carefully tied up with a moisture-proof film. This was all his property at that time – the rest remained buried under the rubble of the first flood of the Cote d'Azur. Marcel, smiling, picked up his rather light suitcase and books, and with a brisk step hurried towards the exit from the terminal, carefully looking around. He absorbed sounds, colors, and smells like a sponge, and with happy eyes and a wide smile he greeted everyone he met - he was home!



When the chef stopped at the counter, he was dumbfounded to learn that all the drinks and snacks were free. He felt uncomfortable, so he decided to put a bill on the counter, which he thought was enough to pay for the large glass of honey kvass and a decent-sized pancake with red caviar he received. Looking for a proper place for the money, he suddenly noticed a large stack of Italian liras, Argentine pesos, Brazilian reals, forints, yen, pounds, francs, and other currencies from around the world. The papers, neatly spread out, apparently by the hands of their owners, lay beneath amber beads, heavy rings, and handmade silver bracelets, as well as other items of value outside the Life Support Zone. Marcel hesitated somewhat - other people, like him accustomed to paying for their own existence, could not simply take the food offered!

He decided to double the amount of his contribution, and then with a calm soul, softly murmuring "People die for metal", took a ruddy pancake with bright orange salmon caviar and a slice of fresh cucumber, blissfully drinking this delicious thing with cold kvass smelling of raisins and rye bread. But the acquaintance with the New World, unfamiliar to a man who grew up in spider conditions, was just beginning! Walking through the hall, Marcel stopped abruptly in front of huge patterned windows, behind which in the distance could be seen - the city.



He had seen many cities in his life, for as one of the best chefs in the world, he had been lucky enough to travel almost all over the world before he returned to France, the country he had grown up in[8]. But this city he now saw outside his window, and the whole surrounding space, was unlike anything he had ever seen before. Except in childhood on holiday cards...

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LeFay walked with measured steps along the wide balustrade of the castle, at the very end of which was a heavy wrought-iron door leading to the auditorium, in which several high-ranking masters of France had already gathered. Their robes of black velvet and oddly shaped headdresses of black silk gleamed dully in the rays of the bright morning light pouring unrestrainedly through the closed shutters of the windows. A white lace mantilla[9] fell over the fragile shoulders and back of a young woman, and a dress as black as that of the masters contrasted sharply with her snow-white skin, and was richly decorated with silver and silk embroidery with very unusual and intricate patterns. Today LeFay had to take an exam in front of the assembled masters, at the end of which she had to demonstrate her skills. She was calm, and looking forward to the demonstration with some impatience. When she reached the auditorium, the doors in front of her silently opened, and she entered the vaults of the ceiling inlaid with rich paintings and colored crystal. The walls of the room were upholstered with precious mahogany, and a long wooden table made of Moon Ebony, and purple amaranth chairs with high carved backs completed the interior decoration, in which there was absolutely nothing superfluous. LeFay's outfit could not have been more in keeping with the solemnity of the situation. She turned to face the audience, and froze in anticipation of questions. One of the masters, who was sitting at the head of the table, said: "Please, madam, let's get started" ...

At last the examination was completed, and, after a light lunch of cherry mousse dessert, three of the masters present were invited for a short walk along the balustrade to a room in another wing of the building, in which a demonstration of the examinee's skills was to be held. The room was divided into two parts - one in which the three invited masters sat in their robes, and the other part, separated by a transparent partition, looked more like a steam room in a Russian bath. It was humid, warm, and cozy. Bundles of herbs and hemp hung from the walls and ceiling of the steam room. In the middle was a large oak tub. On the scaffolding, just below a small window, was a broad bench, lined with oak and birch branches, and on it lay the body of a young, stout, and well-built man. LeFay, with her hair loose, sat beside him. She lightly rubbed his body with a sponge soaked in a hot herbal infusion, which was poured into a tub near the head of the man, softly chanting and muttering something. Plant leaves were floating in the tincture, and some of the leaves stuck to her skin. The man lying there seemed breathless - it was only a body, there was no life in it.



Continuing to bathe the lying body with the potion, LeFay leaned forward slightly, and the loose wet hair hid her face for a moment from the three masters watching the ritual. And at the same moment, the man lying there lifted his arms and lightly embraced the singing woman's body. She embraced his head and neck affectionately, wiping the leaves from his face with her hair. Then she rose to her feet and pulled the reclining man by the arm. He rose easily from the bench, unaware that he was under observation. LeFay gently put the fingers of her hand to his lips, and - to the soft applause behind the transparent partition - she slipped out of the steam room...

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[1] "The wonderful new world of Dr. Smirnov" <https://psyfactor.org/k25.htm#s5>

[2] F.D. Shkrudnev. [029-369 TRANSFORMATION — THE FIRST PATTERN](#)

[3] F.D. Shkrudnev. [026-369 LITMUS TEST](#)

[4] F.D. Shkrudnev ["028-369 CHESS BOARD"](#)

[5] See ["THRESHOLD"](#)

[6] Pukhachev, 2015

[7] F.D.Shkrudnev [014-369 AND AT EARLY TIMES WILL FLASH ASTERN](#)

[8] See ["Expediency: Cote d'Azur – goodbye"](#)

[9] A long silk or lace scarf-veil, which is usually worn over a high comb embedded in the hairstyle, and falls on the back and shoulders.