

# On the Wings of Hope: Prose

Selected works

by

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4. The short inability to say anything meaningful the time you have just finished reading yet another portion of this legacy.
5. The reader laughing hysterically.
6. The reader unwillingly, but still due to actions of own spirit, gone sane/insane.
7. The reader, pissing/peeping/singing from joy.
8. The reader's sudden cry of happiness.
9. The reader becoming free of so many unnatural social rituals and prejudices, causing havoc in the hearts of yet enslaved by the system.
10. The reader's attempt to "spread the word" about how nasty-tasty this pile of papers is for you (and your home printer included).
11. The reader's attempt to find out current author's dislocation for the purpose of communicating with him "face to face".
12. The reader's decision to learn himself better through the creative process. The author would like to thank the reader in advance for his immense sense of humor, used in the process of consumption of aforementioned notice.

# Table of contents

<i>Angel</i> .....	- 6 -
<i>Homeless</i> .....	- 8 -
<i>Nameless One</i> .....	- 9 -
<i>Majority</i> .....	- 11 -
<i>Bookkeeping</i> .....	- 13 -
<i>Bureau</i> .....	- 19 -
<i>In the New World</i> .....	- 29 -
<i>Your choice, mankind!</i> .....	- 38 -
<i>Believer</i> .....	- 43 -
<i>PPP</i> .....	- 45 -
<i>Warrior of Odin</i> .....	- 50 -
<i>Wolf</i> .....	- 59 -
<i>Time</i> .....	- 63 -
<i>You are</i> .....	- 66 -
<i>Glamour</i> .....	- 68 -
<i>Wrath of war</i> .....	- 72 -
<i>Déjà vu</i> .....	- 75 -
<i>Diagnosis</i> .....	- 79 -
<i>Sacrifice</i> .....	- 83 -
<i>For the Patriarch!</i> .....	- 87 -
<i>Salary</i> .....	- 94 -
<i>Sign of the Way</i> .....	- 96 -
<i>And all diseases will be gone</i> .....	- 101 -
<i>Gamer</i> .....	- 106 -
<i>When a veil falls</i> .....	- 108 -
<i>Critic</i> .....	- 110 -
<i>Tough one</i> .....	- 111 -
<i>Legend of Divine Island</i> .....	- 113 -

<i>Master .....</i>	<i>- 118 -</i>
<i>God's Dream .....</i>	<i>- 123 -</i>
<i>World on the horizon .....</i>	<i>- 126 -</i>
<i>Monologue with a child .....</i>	<i>- 130 -</i>
<i>We are .....</i>	<i>- 132 -</i>
<i>Observer .....</i>	<i>- 134 -</i>
<i>Not them! .....</i>	<i>- 138 -</i>
<i>Unreality .....</i>	<i>- 140 -</i>
<i>Burthen .....</i>	<i>- 143 -</i>
<i>Of the non-existent princes.....</i>	<i>- 144 -</i>
<i>Education.....</i>	<i>- 146 -</i>
<i>Odyssey.....</i>	<i>- 149 -</i>
<i>One day you will awake .....</i>	<i>- 152 -</i>
<i>Justification.....</i>	<i>- 154 -</i>
<i>The memory of the millenniums .....</i>	<i>- 157 -</i>
<i>Girlfriends .....</i>	<i>- 161 -</i>
<i>Priest.....</i>	<i>- 166 -</i>
<i>Messenger on the planet Earth .....</i>	<i>- 171 -</i>
<i>Order: democratize!.....</i>	<i>- 178 -</i>
<i>Tale of the false saint.....</i>	<i>- 180 -</i>
<i>To forgive .....</i>	<i>- 184 -</i>
<i>Child.....</i>	<i>- 187 -</i>
<i>Fish and Lion .....</i>	<i>- 189 -</i>
<i>Free like a wind.....</i>	<i>- 192 -</i>
<i>Perfection.....</i>	<i>- 197 -</i>
<i>Octopus.....</i>	<i>- 207 -</i>
<i>Fear.....</i>	<i>- 210 -</i>
<i>Happiness .....</i>	<i>- 214 -</i>
<i>TV.....</i>	<i>- 215 -</i>
<i>Theory.....</i>	<i>- 217 -</i>

<i>Here and There .....</i>	<i>- 219 -</i>
<i>Lesson of war .....</i>	<i>- 221 -</i>
<i>Teacher .....</i>	<i>- 224 -</i>
<i>Fantasy.....</i>	<i>- 226 -</i>
<i>Tail .....</i>	<i>- 235 -</i>
<i>Chronicles of Mogoth: The Called .....</i>	<i>- 237 -</i>
<i>Miracle.....</i>	<i>- 258 -</i>
<i>Trick .....</i>	<i>- 260 -</i>
<i>Whisper.....</i>	<i>- 265 -</i>
<i>I, robot .....</i>	<i>- 267 -</i>
<i>I feel .....</i>	<i>- 270 -</i>
<i>Clear Words .....</i>	<i>- 272 -</i>

# Angel

“Greeting, people!” Angel smiled.

“And who might you be, we wonder?” they muttered.

“I am a son of God,” answered Angel. “I have come to aid you.”

“We didn't call for you!” they have bitten.

“Of that, I know,” replied Angel. “That's why I have come to you.”

“Because you weren't expected?” men burst out laughing.

“No, because you would never call for me yourself.”

“The stub is clear, the day is ended,” they have been mocking. “We are living pretty well even without ones like you!”

“Oh, that I see,” Angel has sighted. “Have already collected stones to banish us, have you?”

“What was that?” a shout came from a crowd.

“Throw away your stones from the bosoms,” said Angel. “Better, if on the road.”

“Well, you know,” people have choked. “What if they will still be of some use to us?”

“Going to throw them in the sky, are you?” Angel smiled. “Or have you forgotten of the gravitation invisible?”

“We have forgotten nothing! Of all the natural laws we are aware of, taming it!”

“To tame one, you have to love one. We are responsible for the ones whom we tame.”

“How very smart of you, oh our star-descended one!”

“For what reason have you brought knives together with you? Are you going to cut yourselves in distemper, I wonder?”

“Nay, we have no need to cut ourselves, oh damned one! Intended for the enemy of ours this weapon is.”

“How are you expecting to distinguish friends from foes, if anger blinds minds of yours so often?”

“Have no worry of that, we'll sort it all somehow with no aid from your side! We have lived much and we have known much.”

“Who is that one, standing among you with a backpack that has hunched his back? Why haven't you tried to facilitate the burden of his, idly standing?”

“Oh, ye are a stupid one, indeed! A stock of stones for the ones like you we have gathered in that backpack, so that they were always, well, at hand.”

“Do facilitate the burden of your brother.”

“We are going to throw that stones at ye then, foolish one!”

“Try it, if minds of yours thirst for no other.”

“Tally-ho, brothers! Have no mercy!”

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“And where is the fulfillment of your desires, throwing ones? Or haven't you been warned of the gravitation invisible?”

“Oh, how terribly painful it is! Save us, ignorant ones, from those stones, flying back to us! Accelerating are those stones returning and feet of ours have stuck seriously like in a bog, and no longer can we move forward! Rescue us for we thirst for living intolerably nevertheless! Save us, we beg of you!”

“Lend your hands to each other and let last ones from you take my hands, if out of bogs you are daring to get out. Carry you on my wings I will, believed ones. Hold each other tight for now to be saved!”

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“Why have you saved us, oh Angel, sent from the heavens?”

“Whether you feel better with no stones in your possessions, I wonder?”

“We didn't ask you for favors! Homes of ours are destroyed, clothes of ours are smeared in the dirt – and whether by your favor, we wonder?”

“Whether it was not you who have plunged yourselves straight into a swamp? What are you carrying in bosoms once again?”

“Because we have dirtied ourselves in that smelly mug, then you shall be washed in it as well! Like us, you will become from now on from the inside out!”

“Have you no fear to turn black from the dirt of yours, I wonder?”

“Tally-ho, oh brothers! Have no mercy!”

*25.12.2011*

# Homeless

Once upon a time, the rich merchant, who was coming back to his hometown with a wagon train after successful trading met a homeless wanderer, who was sitting by the fire.

Having noticed the merchant, the weary traveler welcomed him and invited to share with him his small daily meal.

The merchant burst out laughing, saying:

“What can you possibly offer me, Homeless?”

“I can offer you the very same what the God offers all of us.”

“You most probably speak of omnipotence? It seems to me that your mind, traveler, left you completely!”

“I am speaking of the place under the sun.”

The merchant started laughing even more.

“By the end of this day, I will return to my rich house where a nourishing dinner, a charming wife and a soft bed are waiting for me. And what are you waiting for? I see that you are poor and worthless. Where will you go when the darkness of night comes for you? You have neither a home nor a future, ragamuffin.”

“I am so very rich,” humbly smiled the Homeless. “I have the whole world awaiting me, and no matter where I decide to direct my steps – I bear the whole world inside me. When I fall asleep under the open sky, stars descend from it and speak with me. When a thirst torments me, rain starts falling down from the heavens and with each of its drop I feel more lively. Animals of the night avoid me because they know that I won’t harm them even for the sake of entertainment.”

“You must be totally out of your mind,” uttered the merchant, preparing to continue his journey. “I haven’t yet met with madmen of your kind. I will tell my relatives about this meeting and together we will laugh at your nonsense. Today before nightfall I will already manage to come back home – and where will you return at the end of your life’s journey?”

The Homeless did not grant him an answer.

*26.12.2017*



# Nameless One

“Yes, doc? What have you?”

“The Newcomer. Our guys have picked him up from a doss house.”

“Humiliated and offended one, or so to say?”

“Sort of. Was wandering around, singing songs. Was still whispering some nonsense under his nose, while was carried here – perhaps, believed, that we haven't heard all that, – nay, heard, all his bullshit we've heard! Well-well, where will we place him, huh? He's still hot – cause recently caught, or so to speak.”

“And what exactly was this nonsense about? Something about the Doomsday yet again, I take it? We've tons of these homebrew Nostradamus's nowadays in our wards already.”

“Well... not exactly... or so I hope. You know, doc, I didn't listen very attentively to all his rubbish – wanna still remain healthy, you know. But, nevertheless, I've heard something interesting.”

“Boofhead – cloven-hoofed! Go ahead, drag it all out, this plain truth!”

“Well... in general... first of all, he was saying that he's been living here for a very long time already.”

“You mean, in that flophouse house of his?”

“Not at all, that's the very point! He's been living on the Earth for a long time! That he's, ostensibly, almost immortal, sort of. That he's come to all of us once again, cause he has been called.”

“Called? By whom, I wonder? Whether it was this sick imagination of his, hmmm?”

“Don't know, he didn't tell. Well, then, he has been called, yes, and not alone, but together with others – well, sort of his brothers, or something of that kind. Called ones, so I take it. That they all have come to help us awaken, cause the time is already upon us.”

“The time, you say? What's time is that? Whether it's not the half of twelfth on our clock already, ha-ha!”

“No way, sort of intended time, predicted.”

“And what's that – to wake up? I take it that we both are not sleeping, or have I stopped understanding something in this our lives anymore, hmmm?”

“Who's the hell knows! He also mentioned, that we are sleeping with still opened eyes, and that, well... those ones will have a harsh time when that very time comes. That time will not wait for those not ready to awaken.”

“Curious!”

“Furious! Hell, doc, listen further what he was telling! He also told, that he has remembered himself, or someone has aided him to remember. That previously he was fighting with a sword in fights just, and today has changed iron blade with an invisible blade of the word, able to strike the darkness of human hearts even more precisely. That he's been collecting pearls of last paths, scattered in world's dust and forgotten, one by one... told something about the déjà vu. He also told that he was searching for his family... true, real family of those similar in spirit. That he's awakened partially and desires to finally open still half-closed eyes. That he is a man of many names and still he has none at the same time. That he was born, died and forgot, born, died and forgot time and again.”

“An amnesia, huh?”

“He finally said in the end, that the world will change very soon... greatly change. That many of us will not have enough time to realize all that... they will – but too late... All filth will emerge on a surface and become visible in the dimmed light... That we should love each other, appreciate life, keep faith... you know, I've ceased to listen from that point.”

“And you were right! No reason to listen to cranky ones at all! To remain healthy ones, we all need to...”

“Drop the guns! Doc, you haven't heard the last part of this story! He, well, approached me finally – when we were dragging him here in the car... approached easily so, sat down, looked into my eyes... Doc, you should have seen this mixture of grief and at the same time some internal joy, the tranquility of sorts, I cannot simply put it in words – I have nearly sunk in his eyes during that instance! And then he started looking into my eyes for longer and I... I give you a word! – it was like goosebumps running all over my back – as though he has started reading my soul like an opened book, do you understand? That sort of sensation it was, no other! And then he just began to speak of all my life, both of a fate and a lot – of what torments me and why I've become who I am at present and that even if I am a small man, I still can have a good role indented to me... he's told it all! I even couldn't say anything during that very instant from amazement – was looking into this eyes of his with a mouth wide open, like the insolent loony!”

“Well, you, colleague, just listen to all those loonies for quite a time and, perhaps, even the saliva will start dropping from that mouth of yours! All right, that's enough already. Place him in the sixth ward along with the second Napoleon. That's the fitting place for him – and a fitting time.”

“A fitting time... yes, a fitting... time.”

“Well, did he at least have his documents on him? What should I write down in our papers about him?”

“You know, doc, the strangest thing is...” and the speaker has sadly looked at his mentor, “he had no documents... and he himself asked us to call him – the Nameless One...”

*01.11.2010*

# Majority

Step. And again. And again. In such minutes every moment becomes the eternity.

Ten steps to scaffold top. Nine. Eight. Seven.

Yes, he is both the criminal and the traitor. Yes, he would repeat the same again.

Where does the moment ends and the eternity begins? Six. Five. Four.

Where does the life of one ends, so that others can live on? Three.

No one can escape its destiny and hide from it, nowhere. Two.

And in the moment of own death it's only possible to accept it with gratitude. One.

To die and to live in the eternity. The top.

He is a traitor for one and a hero for another. And there are no intermediate stages. How much does a human's life cost and who will dare to measure it? Who will judge of the unknown destiny of which he has not the slightest idea? Who will extol you as the hero and overthrow in a chasm of damnations later? Who will make this all only because he can do no other?

The Majority.

Yes, he is the murderer – and the savior simultaneously. Angel and a demon in one person.

The life of one for the lives of many. And no other choice is possible here.

And that is why he is the criminal.

The life of the president of the home country, who has almost plunged the world into a nuclear apocalypse – it's not that much for the world to live on.

And that is why he is the hero.

The former faithful companion and the right hand, who once realized what the left hand is going to make. The one chosen the most radical way to stop the ongoing madness – for no other measures were capable to help.

And that is why he is the traitor.

The killers of killers – angels of punishment? Executioners of executioners? Criminals? No one will give him the right answer.

The military court – and the simple majority of votes deciding his destiny. Forty-nine against fifty-one.

And that is why he dies today. The Majority decided so.

Life and death... death and life. And there are no intermediate stages.

But not for the Majority.

The Top.

Here they are – below and before him. All the Consulate. One hundred of human judges. Criminals and heroes. Killers of killers. Surprisingly small and ridiculous from this Top.

Does the life end to give a way to the Eternity or death is simply her continuation? The moment has finally come to learn this.

A rope around a neck – not the most honorable of deaths. But heroes have no right to choose – as well as killers.

The sun blinding the eye... above, above... so small from this top...

A blow – and soil leaves from under feet. Let it be so. So the Majority decided. A flash of light before dimming eyes. Only an instant.

Just a single instant.

And – the Eternity.

*08.02.2010*

# Bookkeeping

In this most significant for him day Artem Sergeyevich was, as they say, out of sorts. As a matter of fact, his spirit, which has grown extremely tired from a fifty-years life, was a flyer of sorts, soaring over a silently lying in a bed body, performing such sorts of air pirouettes, which would surely give a birth to envy in hearts of even the best of human stuntmen and acrobats. The body in its turn didn't show even the slightest signs of what is usually considered to be the only one given to a human life. And how hard did the spirit of Artem Sergeyevich try to bring it back to life! He even tried both slaps in a face and uppercuts – yet no to avail.

“What, did I really died?” the spirit, floating over a body, was thinking to himself. “Silently, touching and warning in advance no one, died in a dream? And for what's sake was all that, I would like to know? And where should I, as a matter of fact, go on now?”

Whatever you may say, but hard is the realization that you are still alive and standing nearby an already breathless corpse, and not every Artem Sergeyevich can easily bear with it. Having performed some more dozens of somersaults and finally convinced himself, that he is indeed a little bit off himself – at least habitual to himself – the spirit of Artem Sergeyevich silently sat down on the edge of a bed near his last vessel and got lost in thoughts.

“What did I live for – and for whose sake did I die? What was the meaning of this, so suddenly ended life, if it turned out all of a sudden that it was not the only one? What is life and why do we need death, eventually? Where have I got and what do I do now?” these and a great number of similar to these questions soared in a consciousness of incorporeal Artem Sergeyevich, and the lack of clear answers to them forced his spirit to become more and more out of sorts.

He was distracted from these sad afterlife reflections by someone's soft coughing behind his back. From a surprise, the spirit of Artem Sergeyevich made yet another somersault, turning towards a source of the sound. Directly in front of him a beautifully looking – perhaps even to a degree of how Artem Sergeyevich thought about himself some thirty corporal years ago – a young man with snow-white wings was standing.

“Ghm!” perplexedly said Artem Sergeyevich.

“And kind spirit to you as well!” the young man said in reply.

“Who are you, actually, and what's your name? And why do you creep towards me to silently?”

“You can call me as the Guide of the Other World”, the young winged man replied kindly. “I was sent here to help you to orient in these, so to say, unusual for your circumstances, and further to accompany you through all necessary instances.”

“Indeed! Circumstances are truly unusual,” agreed Artem Sergeyevich. “I have died, damn it! And I had thought that I would live forever! It's absolutely unusual!”

“In the highest, that is, in spiritual degree,” smiled the Guide. “Not every day we are given a privilege to die, isn’t it? Though some people began to consider that they have been dying since own birth... So, are you prepared to move further?”

“And where shall we go, I would like to know?” Artem Sergeyevich interrogatively raised his eyebrows. “Don’t I need to say a final goodbye to my relatives? I, by the way, had two children and a wife in this former world. It’s very unlikely that they will rejoice of hearing about my sudden death.”

“I am afraid, Artem Sergeyevich, that they won’t be able to see or hear you any longer. If only through dreams – but you will have to ask for a special permission in the Department of Dreams in that case, and at present times it’s seldom given to, so to speak, temporarily and untimely resting in peace ones. Therefore, we should move forward together, there is no other way. Especially when control periods for passing through necessary social instances are strictly limited. So, are you ready to go with me?”

“Well, if I have no other options left...” the spirit of Artem Sergeyevich made a helpless gesture with its translucent hands.

“You had a broadest free choice when you have lived in so habitual to your physical world, Artem Sergeyevich. And now we must accurately follow well-established procedures.”

Having that said, the Angel, who has called himself as the Guide, raised own covered with feathers hand, drawing a spiral in the air. With each newly made pass of his hands, this spiral was becoming brighter and more visible and finally turned into a gracefully looking sparkling tunnel.

“Transition between the worlds,” explained the Guide. “Some people see it by themselves when they leave own bodies. Let’s go,” he continued, having taken Artem Sergeyevich by hand.

Two figures – one of a casting golden light Angel and a gray-brown figure of Artem Sergeyevich’s spirit – bravely stepped into the tunnel. At first, something pinched in the eyes of Artem Sergeyevich, then started to sparkle, then sparkles began falling down, his head started spinning and from what he has seen somewhere inside these tunnel labyrinths he finally lost his consciousness...

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“Scatty one you’ve got this time. He even didn’t manage to pass through circles on his own.”

“Few are capable of doing that now. Therefore, they send us more and more often for them, you know that well.”

“And I should guide a suicide spirit tomorrow, his term of near-earth tortures has just come to an end, and term for spiritual pain has just started.”

“That’s not a big deal. I was once given a mission to guide a couple, who for the sake of eternal love, as our opponents inspired them, jumped together into the industrial tank, filled with sulfuric acid. You’d better not see, how their souls looked like when their term of Transition has finally come...”

“Cranky ones.”

“Well, they are not the first, and surely not the last.”

“Looks like your ward got recovered at last. His consciousness resonates from a surprise on awakening, I can feel it even from here.”

“Yes, precisely. Guide him to estimators. Man, he will be surprised.”

“Well, till our next meeting in the sky, brothers.”

“So long.”

With these thoughts, by means of which he communicated with his colleagues from department and hierarchy, a young white-winged man went with a fast pace to Artem Sergeyevich, who was lying on a lawn’s grass of emerald color.

“It’s good to see that you have finally regained consciousness,” he answered with a smile to a spirit of Artem Sergeyevich, which was drowsily looking around. “I had to lull you somewhere in the middle of our journey, because due to the nature of your earth affairs the route, that we were obliged to take, as well as inhabitants of these other-worldly tracks were not the most pleasant ones,” he added quietly.

“I... what... where... oh!” barely managed to mutter our hero.

“You are in a special place now, on fields of restoration and healing. But we need to continue our journey because we are already somewhat out of a required time schedule. By the way, while you were resting, I have already managed to bring all necessary informational materials to the department of returned souls, including your family tree, data on your lifetime affairs, habits and hobbies, merits and demerits. Therefore, at present time we, my dear fellow traveler, need to proceed to estimators in bookkeeping department, and after that – vast waiting halls will wait for you for a whole million of earth years. As writers of your world said – ‘One million of years before doomsday’... or the end of darkness. It depends on your final score, calculated by estimators in the bookkeeping department.”

“What sort of... bookkeeping department? Is that a business of... sorts? Sales of tunnel attractions or souls?” muttered half-asleep Artem Sergeyevich.

“Oh, by no means,” the Guide burst out laughing, “no sales at all! Our accountants neither buy nor sell human souls, don’t you worry. They are engaged in the estimation of their quality because only qualitative souls will be taken into account. Well, and how qualitative is your soul by our standards, you will learn soon enough. I am, by the way, will be interested in knowing that as well,” the Guide smiled politely.

With these words being said, he took a soul of Artem Sergeyevich on his hands, made a jump from the ground and soared up into celestial heights.

“Good afternoon, Rael,” smiled the young white-winged girl in a celestial-blue dress. “Newcomer?”

“And in a first-person,” answered the Guide, lowering Artem Sergeyevich on a habitual to him soil, which had a shape of shining in bluish shade floor. “Registration department must have already sent you his data, check incoming messages. You calculate and estimate him now, and I will be waiting in a corridor, all right?”

“Certainly,” smiled the estimator, who obviously liked Rael. “So kind of you to carry him by yourself. People have become noticeably weaker recently. Unlike the times when the leader Jesus personally descended into their world...”

“By the way, I wanted to ask that a long ago, – does your program takes it into account? Well, weakening of human spirit?”

“It does,” Angelina smiled. “But that’s a minus, as you certainly understand.”

“I do...” Rael answered lingeringly. “Well, I am waiting in a corridor there. Come in, Artem Sergeyevich, take a sit.”

“Take a seat!” repeated the accountant and moved up a chair to Artem Sergeyevich, who unwillingly sat down. “So, let’s take a look...”

Within ten minutes the girl diligently typed something on the input device of her visor, and then uttered:

“It’s a real pity, Artem Sergeyevich, but it turns out that your balance score is negative. Minus one hundred fifty absolute points. And we, unfortunately, have no plans to take souls with negative balances on a balance of the new world.”

“What does it mean – negative? What kind of calculations are these? What sort of absolute points?! Madhouse of sorts!” Artem Sergeyevich’s spirit was indignant.

“You see, in calculations of quality of human souls we use absolute points of Light. Unlike the conventional financial points, which are being used in your physical world and have blinded so many souls of their adherents, we use the evolutionary measure that is not subject to time. Here, I will show you,” and with these words, the girl took a long printed-out sheet and gave it to Artem Sergeyevich. “Here, for example, your care for your family, – its worth was estimated to be equal to a hundred forty-five absolute points. It’s an average result because you have been very little engaged into education and upbringing of your children, having shifted these duties to your wife, and devoting the most part of your time to building a career. By the way, summed total results of your labor feats turned out to be equal to fifteen absolute points, – that’s a very small amount, because the social usefulness of your work, associated with the deception of people, wasn’t high at all, and in this job you didn’t show much diligence. And for the treason of your wife – performed twice, it worth noticing – you get minus forty-seven absolute points...”

“Wait a moment, wait a moment!” cried Artem Sergeyevich. “Why is it only fifteen points?! I am a Holy Father, believer, I turned people into your belief, led them to the Christ! What, have you decided to mock your loyal servants?!”



“Wait a moment, wait a moment!” laughed the accountant. “Why do you persist in calling yourself a saint? Saints by our criteria are those souls, whose balance exceeds ten thousand absolute points. And regarding the believer... you see, but due to those events, which have taken place many centuries after our Jesus arrival into your world, and your attitude towards him, we ceased to use that concept in our calculations. It was fair for the first Christians, but nowadays every idler is ready to beat breast and call himself a believer – and we don’t even speak of how many souls have been tortured, exhausted and corporally killed for the sake of that ‘belief’, and how many self-deceptions were made due to illusions of its presence.

Therefore, we no longer use your pseudo-belief in our calculations, we use the concept of ‘soul dignity’. Tell me, Artem Sergeyevich, is it worthy in your opinion to urge to kill gentiles?”

“I did no such things!” muttered our not-really-a-hero with rage.

“And how many times did you call your belief as the best ever existed, do you remember? And how did you publicly derided those, whom you called as atheists on your sermons, have you forgotten? And how proud you were of the power of your faith and your readiness to kill anyone to keep it strong, should I remind you? Why don’t you believe us now, when we are telling you about you? And your wish to a pedestrian, I quote – ‘Where the hell are you going? Rest in peace, walking creature!’ – which you have made exactly a day before parting with your body, when you were rushing inside your BMW through city streets and have nearly brought him down, costed you, for example, minus five absolute points. Here, you can check it all by yourself. Everything is measured correctly.”

“Why do prayers for souls of our parishioners have a negative value, aye?” Artem Sergeyevich continued to be angry while reading an estimation sheet, issued to him.

“Because you demanded from our Supreme Commander, whom you traditionally call as the God, to add a certain amount of absolute points of Light to these souls, which in most cases don’t deserve that at all – and you seek to get a reward for similar generosity by yourself in the form of those conventional financial points. This also concerns your prayers based on schedule instead of call of your soul – they are estimated to have a small, yet negative value.”

“Well, you know!” Artem Sergeyevich got furious, “you will condemn each and every one that way! Even saints!”

“No, saints are the best judges for themselves, even during their lifetime.”

“And what is there... five and a half thousands of absolute points?!” Artem Sergeyevich cried out from surprise, having seen with a corner of his eyes one of the lines in the estimation sheet of another soul, that was lying on a table.

“Rescue of a soul,” Angelina answered with a smile. “Absolutely sincere and real. Plus, five hundred absolute points for the rescue of a cat, whom this woman cured, having sold out a part of own hand-painted pictures for these purposes. Her art and creativity, which has inspired several other men to develop own talents, was estimated to be worth two and a half thousands of points. Our scales are extremely accurate, Artem Sergeyevich, have no doubt of it.”

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