V. Speys

Cleopatra

Novella

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Аннотация

A historical episode full of adventures from the childhood of Princess Cleopatra to the period of her flight with her deposed father, Pharaoh of Egypt, to Rome…

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Cleopatra novella

Chapter-1

Theo suddenly summoned Orth to him. When there was a challenge, which consisted of the persistent in the minds of Orth sounding melodies of the long-forgotten hymn of Lakia. The once prosperous state on Faeton, where Orth was the personal bodyguard of the president's adviser and sunk into oblivion with the disappeared planet of the solar system, Orth lay still in the bed of his apartment with instructions in hand, preparing to begin his duties in the Galactic Coalition of the Representation of the Solar System.

From the unexpected, Orth reached out his hand to a glass of unfinished whiskey and took two sips, feeling the moisture of the refreshing balm pass through the esophagus, and only then did he engage in telepathic communication with the Supreme.

– "Your supremacy, I'm all attention!" Said Orth mentally.

"Good morning, Captain, you are acting under my personal command, I warned General Garinov, so now I will personally put all the tasks to you, and it's clear to you to report to me on the progress of their implementation!"

"That's right, your supremacy!" Orth answered in a military way. In the tone of his answer, there was a note of complete

readiness to follow the orders of the Curator of the Solar System, the scientist Theo.

– “Now, get ready to come to my office to set up tasks!” – ordered the curator and disconnected. Orth rather by inertia, not realizing yet that there is no connection, replied:

– “There is!” – Then, I realized this, I smiled at this rise of confidence in my person. And with dignity, I began to gather for an audience with the Supreme Curator of the Solar System of the Coalition Union of the Highly Developed Civilizations of the Milky Way galaxy, where the civilization of the planet Earth was recently invited…

In full military ammunition of the guard, General Garinov’s detachment, he appeared before the Supreme Curator in his office, where he entered when the doors of the door opened silently. On the hairy floor covering of the study, his feet in black uniform boots were drowned in an ankle by the ankles into the gray flesh. Orth straightened up at attention and, as was customary with the military, minted:

“Captain Orth, the personal guard under the command of General Garinov, at your command, has arrived!”

– It’s free, Orth! – with a spark of a smile in his gray eyes, said good-natured Theo. – Come closer, – while the High Curator pointed to two comforth’sble leather chairs near the coffee table near the wall next to the fireplace, – sit down.

Orth did not take his eyes off the Supreme Curator and could not in any way solve the good-natured attitude towards him,

trying to understand what was going on with his person in general and in particular. But to unravel the intention of Theo that to look at the stone statue of Zeus the Thundered in the Museum of the Arts of Rome with the question, but what I forgot here, do not tell me? He had no choice but to go to the corner with white leather chairs. Looking at the place where the chairs were, he suddenly saw on one of them the face of a man of small stature of a frail physique. In the head of Orth's thought flashed: – "What is this boy doing in a red monastic tunic?" Coming closer, Orth saw an attentive looking gaze, far from youthful, black, like pitch, huge eyes that looked at him almost defiantly with some contemptuous gleam.

– "As a piece of unnecessary trash in the pile of garbage, this view of an underdeveloped boy." – Orth thought, not caring at all that his thoughts are freely read by Theo. And in unison with his thoughts, Theo suddenly telepathies: "Be courteous to His Eminence Kshatr, the mentor of the Monastic clan of Shiva Nataraja temple here in the Paradise Abode of our inner Earth surface, here in Eden, especially since you, from today, enter his He will teach you everything that you do not know yet, and what you need to study and apply in difficult situations when performing my tasks on the surface of the planet Earth. "Is that clear to you?"

Orth, with unconcealed contempt, examined this boy in the "order" of which he now acts. And in unison, Kshatr, said:

"Well, now, Mr. Orth, I have already been introduced by your

immediate supervisor, and my good friend, Curator Theo."

Orth's eyes widened in surprise, his swarthy face flushed with indignation, if not for the natural swarthiness, and the eagle's nose, only bent even more to the bottom, giving out an indignant embarrassment. Kshatr attentive eye did not escape the dislike of Orth's, this seasoned warrior and natural adventurer, whom he once had known in his homeland in Lakia. With this Kshatr turned his gaze to the coffee table and with a slow movement of his hand moved the box closer to him, opened it, and took out of it a thick cigar made from the leaves of the strongest grade of tobacco, cut off the end of the cigar with a special scissor into the ashtray and, Lit a cigarette. Having let out a fair club of a smoke, and looking through clubs of Orth in eyes, slowly continued:

"Come in, do not be embarrassed, Captain." And sit down, I need to get to know you more closely, learn more About everything to the smallest detail, what you know, what you own, how well you know and know how to write and speak different languages of peoples inhabiting the outer surface of the Earth. Well, different details of life and behavior in emergent unforeseen circumstances and very, very much.

After talking with Kshatr and Curator Theo, Ort he ordered Theo, he left to report to General Garinov Alexey Alekseevich, and to say goodbye to his friends and colleagues: Dumar, Hilt, Krazimov Lennie, Sobinov Peter, Copernicus, Masha Zarudnaya and Anya Krazimova, Dina, Alesya, and the coach, Kecho, and

now the personal bodyguard Theo…

Of course, Orth's farewell to General Garinov's team grew into a banal booze, after which, under the "Earthly" morning, drunk Orth's, the hostel's robots for the employees of the Coalition of Representations of the various Star systems of the Milky Way galaxy were taken home to the apartment. A week later, having handed over his affairs to Garinov, Orth left for the Paradise Abode to His Eminence Kshatr his residence…

Chapter-2

On the shore of the ocean, that on the inner surface of the Earth under the yellow rays of the inner sun, is the continent of Agartha. The flying disk silently sank to the grassy lawn of a two-story mansion with a balcony on the roof of the entrance hall of the annex, which contained transparent walls to the right and left of the entrance door. At the entrance steps stood the owner himself in a red tunic, the free end of the tunic fastened to the right Shoulder, a sparkling brooch in the form of a six-pointed star with a huge round diamond in the middle.

Robot driver, after landing said:

"Captain, we're here." You can go out.

"Thank you, One hundred and twenty-one, you've done a good job." – Replied the captain, fitting a travel bag with personal things on his shoulder. Then he quickly ran down the sliding ladder to the soft grass of the lawn.

Kshatr, seeing the captain, made a gesture with his hand so that he would come closer to him.

Orth, with rapid steps, moved to the threshold of the house and, looking at his master, thought:

"The hairpin, like Theo, probably the launch of teleport station."

– Yes, it's you, Orth correctly understood, two pyramids entering one into one represent the outer and inner terrestrial

surfaces, this, as for the symbolism. And, as for the function of this symbolism, it looks, for example, so that it is worth clicking on the decoration, how instantly I will be on an unapproachable shelter on another planet. “It’s not serious, not that Kshatr jokingly said, instead of greeting. Orth, approaching this little man, stopped a meter from him and said, as Theo taught him: “Your Eminence has come to your complete disposal.” Orth, trying to greet him, tried to look away from the frail figure of His Eminence in order not to give out a treacherous grin that almost unconsciously appeared on his face with every word of greeting said.

Meanwhile, Kshatr carefully measured the slender high figure of Orth in the black uniform of the guard, from head to foot, with his penetrating look of searing and black eyes, then said: “Meet my adopted daughter Cleopatra.” You will have to work together for a long time. – Having said this, he invited the daughter to step on the step with the gesture of his right hand. Out of the gloomy shadow, a girl in a white tunic came out into the open door. Earlier Orth, for his turbulent past life, never met such a subtle feminine beauty as this girl who appeared, as if from nothing, had. Her huge green eyes, framed by long black eyelashes, shone with a friendly smile that betrayed a kind of gentle sense of shyness in her eyes. Orth, embarrassed, and with difficulty, squeezed out of himself: – Orth! – why then he stood at attention and nodded his head, as a sign of acquaintance. To which the girl, blurred in a charming smile, made a small

curtsy, replying:

"Cleopatra!" – Smiling, with open curiosity, she looked at him with a friendly look of her green eyes. Orth, to hide his embarrassment, said: "Pleased to meet you, Cleopatra."

Kshatr stood between them and looked from below upwards to Orth's face, then to Cleopatra, then said:

"Daughter, this is your future partner in our mission in the superficial terrestrial world." Of course, after his training here in Shambhala. "Having said this, Kshatr sdded," Now leave us. "I need to talk to the student. 'And turning to Orth, he added,' Follow me, young man."

Kshatr turned his back on Orth's and walked slowly into the house. If at that moment the teacher looked at the student, he would not have escaped the mocking look, backed up by a smile, with a scornful contempt in his face portrayed on Orth's' swarthy face. And yet, Orth did not dare to abandon his role as a pupil, since Theo's arsenal had plenty of means to remove the obstinate guard into the state of the memory crystal until new unforeseen circumstances that could arise in the future when the participation of this experienced militant officer would be required. This was well remembered by Orth and tried to prevent oversight and disobedience, so he followed without a murmur the frail calf of this boy with the capricious, as it seemed at that moment, adult manners of the wise teacher's experience. Finally, having followed the stairs to the second floor of the mansion, Kshatr opened the door of his office and, Passing the captain

forward, went in after him, pointing to a chair in front of a wide table at the opposite wall to the door, said:

"Sit down, young man." – Himself, going round the right table, sat opposite Orth at the table. Orth looked around him from his seat. On the walls of the room hung portraits, some people in ancient helmets of soldiers with quivers of arrows behind them and samurai swords behind their belts. Kshatr, catching Orth's curious looks, said:

– On the walls of my office, – tightening a strong cigar, which has already lit up, – you see the founders of the clan of the defenders of the temple of Shiva Nataraja in India, they were the true bearers of the secret knowledge of martial arts shadow warriors. Now I fulfill their mission, after me will be my chosen receiver, to whom I will transfer my art.

At this time Cleopatra came silently into the office with a tray in her hand, on which stood two cups of strong coffee and a vase with truffle candies. She put the tray on the edge of the table with the words: "Dad, I thought that your conversation would be more productive with a cup of good and fragrant coffee.

"Thank you, daughter." Kshatr continued, "take it, young man, do not hesitate to treat." – And he took coffee himself, pushing the tray closer to Orth.

When the door closed behind the woman, Kshatr began to say: "Theo called me and asked me to engage in adjustments to the historical processes of human development, helping to avoid the erroneous ways in which it can go, developing weapons of murder

that will eventually lead to self-destruction of mankind. If people's suicides on the Earth cannot be avoided, then at least they must be removed by all possible means. Theo is very concerned about the historical processes that took place in his time on the Faeton. And in our time, when the civilization of the descendants of man from the planet Faeton, now Zelman, is accepted into the family of developed civilizations of the Milky Way galaxy, imposes a special responsibility on his supremacy of Theo, as the Curator of the Representation of the Solar System Civilization. To do this, he invited me to study the personal files of employees from the team of General Alexei Garinov. I really liked the qualities and service records of the major, the foreman of the detachment of security, Dumar, under his direct command were with him and you are the captain.

"So, did your Eminence prevent you from inviting me instead of me?"

– My daughter Onesie. – Kshatr, took a deep breath, and Orth raised his black eyebrows up in surprise, thinking: – "I wonder how many daughters you have?" This puny, early, older boy?"

"Well, I'll skip your remark; let's say I did not hear anything, reading your thoughts?"

– I, like any curious person, could have such an idea. – Orth was justified, knowing that Kshatr freely reads any of his thoughts, but nevertheless made a mistake.

– And, as for my age, I will answer that at the origins of the origin of the art of fighting methods "Wushu", monks of the

Buddhist monastery of Shaolin, I took a direct part.

"So you, the teacher, were the founder of the monastery?" Are you the same Indian Buddhist monk called Bhadra?

– No, it was my student, whom I sent to central China at the request of Emperor Xiao Wong-di. In the temple of Shiva Nataraja, Bhadra was a monk, and he taught me the art of self-defense without weapons, and in 495 Bhadra left India for China.

Kshatr age did not make much of an impression on Orth's, but he did not fail to remind the teacher of his age: – Your Eminence, and how much do you think I am?

– Well, you look, Mr. Orth at twenty-five, according to the earthly calendar, like a young man from people from the outer surface of the planet. But in fact, if we take that part Time, how much your nature was in the crystal, from which you could make a diamond of purest water…

"Well, I hope that the mention of my true age will not figure in our affairs." – interrupted the teacher Orth, to which Kshatr, releasing a large club of cigar smoke, spoke, with an undisguised share of sarcasm:

– I told you, Orth, that the best student, in my opinion, would be Dumar, but, my daughter Onishia, whom I introduced to you, Cleopatra, and with whom you will work in the future, why she chose you. So I have to teach you the skills of survival in any conditions, besides, at the same time keep the defense, sometimes from the enemy many times superior to you, and all your skills. And in these unpredictable situations I will give

you knowledge how to win. Well, that's my introduction in sort. Tomorrow, in more detail, I will set out the program for you, then I will specify the time and details. On the second floor there is your room along the corridor. Come on I'll show you. – Kshatr rose from his chair, and, extinguishing a cigar in an ashtray, came out from behind the table.

The room that was intended for the student was opposite the teacher's office, and when they went inside, Orth immediately determined that the room was no different from the hotel room he saw in hotels on the surface. The same layout, the bed, the table by the window, the bathroom, the wardrobe, the only advantage was that the window of the room looked out on the ever flowering garden, and the glass door that adjoined the window led to a spacious balcony that occupied the entire roof of the hallway of the two-story mansion. Here, on the outskirts of Shambhala in the province of Paradise, the Kshatr clan was sheltered from extraneous spy eyes from the governments of the superficial countries of the world. And Kshatr received orders for the execution of particularly difficult and impracticable tasks at the first sight by the secret services of the warring countries, through numerous intermediaries. Having studied this or that difficult work, he skillfully bargained, bargained large sums, for which he undertook to execute on time at the appointed time, which he himself calculated and determined. Customers, as a rule, agreed with his terms, and paid an advance, the remaining amount he received after the execution. It happened that some

influential leaders hoped that their hired performer would be able to settle for an advance. Such a customer Kshatr was personally without disguise, since such a customer saw him for the first and last time, therefore in the relevant circles the service of Kshatr was known as the most reliable. In other words, over the last thousand earth years, there were no other assignments that the Kshatr clan could not fulfill.

So, Kshatr placing Orth in the room, said goodbye to him:

"If my daughter comes to you, for an evening conversation with you, do not be embarrassed." She studied with the famous geishas of Tokyo in Japan in the Middle Ages. She is very educated, knows many languages, is able to support the conversation and entertain with singing and dancing. You should get to know her as close as possible. And remember this is your first teacher, she will teach you a lot of things that you need to know for the fulfillment of the special complexity of assignments in the future on the surface of the earth in countries that sometimes are at odds with each other and in different historical epochs. Tomorrow I'll call for you at eleven o'clock in the morning to get acquainted with the training plan…

Chapter-3

Intrigued Orth, Kshatr message that he might be approached by Onishia-Cleopatra began to imagine various pictures of close acquaintance. But, the stubborn imagination, except for the bed scenes that the captain had, when he was in the royal palace of Lakia on Phaethon, had plenty, offered nothing in return. And finally agreeing with such a denouement of acquaintance, with this beautiful, to the crazy love at first sight, a girl, Orth began to prepare a meeting. Having disassembled He took out a bottle of cognac from his stocks, he found two glasses in the kitchen, put cognac and dishes on the table by the window. Then he opened the can of red caviar and changed into a home terry dressing gown to arrange the visitor, immediately closer to the bed. But the time passed, the dream had already lowered his eyelids, inviting the body of the captain, accustomed to military regulations. And without waiting, the visitor, draining a fair amount of cognac, Orth jumped into bed. The dream instantly fell on him, plunging Orth's into Morpheus' strong arms.

He did not hear when, to his bed, Cleopatra came up in a white tunic with noiseless steps. As a beautiful statue of the goddess of love frozen statue, she looked at the naked body of Orth's, only half covered with a coverlet. His trained body with swarthy and strong muscles muscular muscles was emphasized and complemented by a beautiful face profile. Cleopatra stood

near the sleeping athletic folded Orth's, admiring the male body, making sure that, having chosen him, from the monitored personal affairs of Garinov's team, she was not mistaken in the choice. That with such a man she would be comforts be, and confidently carry out the work entrusted to her by her father. After standing a little longer, she disappeared into the darkness of the bedroom.

And Orth's dreamed of Cleopatra. The dream, as a reality, led him through beautiful paintings of Love, and waking up in the morning, the captain realized that he had fallen in love, for the first time in his life, and as never before, and none of the many women who had passed through his fascinations and forgotten women's charms. He got out of bed, regretting that Cleopatra had not come. It was a little annoying to realize this, male pride was infringed upon. And only that he will see her now almost every day, brightened up the wounded feeling of dissatisfaction. With a poor spirit, he set to work on the morning men's toilet. Kshatr pearled exactly at eleven o'clock in the morning. Unceremoniously opened the door. He came in without knocking. He wore a dark green shirt and dark blue sort's that reached his knees. Thin, swarthy hands, like two dried-up sticks, protruded from the sort sleeves of a T-shirt, and thin legs peeked out of sort's. His face, wrinkled, broke into a friendly smile:

"Well, young man, let's begin."

"Your Eminence, can you, first of all, have a drink?" I have

cognac here, a truffle.

– It's too early to eat lunch. – With these words Kshatr took a bottle of cognac and went into the bathroom. A minute later he appeared from the bathroom with an empty bottle, put it on the table, with the words:

"From now on, you do not know what's in the world, on this, and of course, on that one for you, alcohol." Do you understand? The categorical tone of the teacher plunged Orth's into fury. At these moments, the captain was ready to kick this feeble puny old man from his room, collect things and ask Theo to imprison him in a memory crystal before the new operations that have arisen. The imperious tone of the teacher, plunged Orth's into a state of shock. The captain is not used to being treated like this. For a minute he stared blankly at Kshatr, then slowly got up from his seat and reached out to the teacher's head to grab him by the hair, black as pitch. The teacher made a weak movement with his left hand. An unknown force pressed Orth's to a chair, it became difficult to breathe. Large drops of sweat protruded on his forehead, a terry robe, in which the captain was, stuck to his back.

– This is the first lesson. Kshatr began to explain calmly. Possession of contactless combat techniques, so necessary for your future activities, the captain, must be mastered by you in perfection. The teacher looked attentively at the pupil's suffering face, and continued, "Relax, and listen." Next, I will teach you to control the temporal continuum, which means that

by changing the rotation speed of the spatial micro vortexes of your body, which are all around us and outside of us, you can freely walk not only along the water surface, but also through any material bodies, not Causing, neither to themselves, nor to them harm. Listening to the teacher, Orth did not perceive everything clearly, because from the influence of Kshatr gesture he started a headache and nausea came to his throat, besides all this he still could not move from the sensation of heaviness that pressed against his shoulders and chest. Kshatr understood this, got up from his chair, went to the captain, and lightly struck his back in the region of the spine, instantaneously took off the effect of gravity. Orth, under the strain of the whole body, jumped up from his chair, straightened up. The teacher quietly went to his place.

– Orth sit down and listen, what should I teach you more…

Again, as at the first meeting, Cleopatra entered the room with a tray in her hand.

– Dad, I made tea with cakes, it will help you in conversation.

"By the way, Onishia, put a cup next to the captain and a cake."

– Good. – And coming closer to Orth, Cleopatra whispered in his ear, – You, Orth, the very charm. You will be my best of the best partners. – Having said this, she fluttered out of the room with an empty tray.

From these words and from the unusually delicious tea, nausea and a sense of his powerlessness before this puny little man, has sunk into oblivion. The refined beauty of the girl, magically

acted on Orth's, giving him strength, and a hundred times more, when suddenly the girl became his heroine of romantic dreams. And even her stepfather is now not so infuriated Orth's with his contemptuous superiority, as before, literally a minute ago, and the feeling of irritability against Kshatr disappeared altogether.

Orth shifted in his chair, settling himself more conveniently, and prepared to listen more attentively to the teacher. Meanwhile Kshatr continued:

– All these skills have one thing in common, this is the ability to adjust themselves to these skills, stimulating the protective functions of the body in critical situations. And the most effective way, the most necessary key for this, is meditation.

By meditating, you adjust your body to the perception of one or another energy, opening the necessary centers for unimpeded energy saturation of your spatial micro-vortices' from the rotation speeds, which, this or that action that you want to accomplish depends. This accumulated energy reserve in the process of meditation helps you at your desire to change the rotation speed of micro vortices, which leads to the dissolution of obstacles on your way to the goal. Thus, you successfully overcome this or that obstacle, freely pass through this obstacle. Here is an example. You walk through the closed door freely without problems, as if it is not in your way. I will teach you how to meditate. While we have an introductory course.

"Your Eminence, does it turn out that these miracles are available to a man?" Orth asked with some distrust.

“I’m afraid that’s enough for today.” Tomorrow expect me exactly at the same time. – These words were already spoken by an invisible teacher. He, like a ghost, melted before the astonished captain’s eyes. Orth even rubbed his eyes with surprise. But, pulling himself together, he stopped wondering. Kshatr brought and left on the table notebooks with handwritten texts on the methods of focused meditation. Orth found three Indian Sanskrit scratched with fine handwriting, with sketches of meditation techniques and methods of application, depending on the circumstances, threatening the bearer of secret knowledge for use with the purpose of protecting the enemy from the art of self-defense without weapons. Orth, having scanned several notebooks, full of sketches, began to read the manuscripts, still not quite realizing that he was free to read the ancient Indian text as his own writing, which once existed on his native planet Faeton…

Chapter-4

Reading of handwritten texts carried away Orth's, and far after midnight, according to the calculation of the daily time taken in the Paradise Abode, his eyes began to close from sleep. He with an effort broke away from reading the texts, opening before him wonderful opportunities A human body under the control of some energy accumulated in meditations, that lost the sense of time. And after the evening procedures in the bathroom, literally fell, falling asleep on his way to bed…

Again, like last time, Cleopatra appeared in the bedroom. She sat on the edge of the bed, staring at the sleeping captain, from behind, as he fell asleep on the sheets facing the pillow.

– Oh my love! She whispered. – I, called by my father, teach you in a dream the languages of peoples living on the surface continents of the planet. But, you amazed me with your magical attraction and I fell in love. This obsession is not peculiar to me, the school of temptation, held by the geishas of Japan, in the best elite houses in Tokyo.

Onishia gently touched Orth's strong back, and ran her palm along the spine to the waist. Then, in a circular movement counterclockwise, she began to drive with the palm of her right hand, describing the circles on Orth's back. The girl's movements accelerated, while decreasing in diameter. And, when her hand stopped on the spine, between the blades of Orth, the girl began

to read the mantra, gradually increasing her voice from a barely audible whisper to an almost loud sound. Reading filled the room with a timbre that began to sound, echoing echoes from the walls of the room, and soon, the space itself turned into a consonant bell and began to vibrate to the rhythm set by the rhythm of reading. Orth in a dream suddenly turned to face the girl. She in the blink of an eye stopped reading, and melted like smoke, disappearing into space…

Orth opened the door of the room in the morning, admitting Kshatr his knock. At this visit the teacher decided to enter without using the method of entry through the closed door. And immediately asked, still sleepy Orth:

"Have you read my notes, what have I forgotten on your table?"

"I read late, I did not even get enough sleep."

– It is very good. My daughter said that you can freely speak and write in the sixteen languages of the countries of the outside world.

Orth raised his eyebrows to the top, extremely surprised at the strange question of the teacher.

Then Kshatr began to say:

Cleopatra came to see you yesterday and taught you this. "Kshatr said, forming a sentence of words in the seven leading languages of the developed countries of the outside world. Orth did not even value it, understanding the sentence as an ordinary speech, but his subconscious did not react properly and, yielding

to the question asked by Kshatr, consisting of words in different languages, so freely replied in multilingual words:

"Teacher, I do not understand anything." Yesterday I slept like a dead man and did not see or hear anyone.

– Yes, but you answer, me forming sentences from words in different languages.

Orth did not believe this ability, imparted to Onishia, and asked in embarrassment:

– It cannot be?!

"I'll prove it to you right now." – Kshatr took out of a black folder that brought with him two sheets of paper, commenting on his actions – Here are two sheets of paper. I put next to the table in front of you. You, Orth, take these two pens. – Kshatr put on each sheet of one ballpoint pen. And, continued: – One ballpoint pen, you take in the left hand. The other, the right. I will dictate the sentence to you, forming words from different languages. You write simultaneously with both the right and left hand the text consisting of words in those languages on which you hear this sentence.

Orth, froze in place without moving. He seemed confused. Orth before the arrival of Kshatr managed to put on pajamas from white light fabric, intending to go into her bathroom, but the teacher's phenomenon changed plans. And what Kshatr told him seemed to him to be a continuous invention. The confusion of Orth's prompted the teacher to add confidence to the student with the words: "We are not playing toys here, Captain." Sit

down at the table and go Listen to me, writing down, since I told you everything that I will dictate to you. Do you understand?! – The orderly tone of Kshatr, pacified the student's hesitations, and with an unconcealed cynical smile, Orth sat at the table in front of the scattered sheets of writing paper. When Kshatr was convinced of the full "combat" readiness of the student, he began to dictate dictates. After about ten minutes, he finished dictation and took two sheets of Orth's written in an even and neat handwriting, two sheets. The handwriting and the words on the sheets were identical, as if the student was writing for a carbon paper.

"Take a look, Orth. – The teacher said contentedly, – You wrote like this, as if a copy was taken from one of the sheets.

Orth, amazed at himself, said: "I'm sorry, teacher, but I still do not believe in the acquired skills, and read and write in so many languages at the same time."

"You, Captain, are poorly informed about the hidden potentialities of a person, which can only be awakened by secret knowledge." It is not possible to forget your abilities. You are almost ready to fulfill the tasks entrusted to you, under my responsibility, by His Rule of Theo. You have questions? Kshatr saw that Orth wanted to ask something else.

– Yes, Your Eminence.

"Wait, Orth, just call me, teacher." Now you deserve this right.

"Well, teacher, tell me, how did Cleopatra teach me how this art of knowledge of so many languages taught me?"

– Well, this is the second question. You, when you get to know this amazing girl closer, she will tell you everything. And today it's enough for classes. Tomorrow I will come again to you at the same time. Try to sleep properly. Today we finished early, you have a whole day ahead, take yourself, then-no. Yes, however, I will send a daughter to you; let him show you the neighborhood of our Paradise Abode. "Having said this, Kshatr began to dissolve in the air and disappeared like a fog from the morning summer dawn with the rising of the hot summer sun, from the outer surface of the earth…

Chapter-5

Orth could not yet realize that the reason for his new skills was Onishia. What exactly she instilled into him these super abilities of mastering perfection in 16 foreign languages, so much so that not only he did not take part in it, but also did not feel the impact on himself during the session. These abilities must still be learned to use and make the most of in that external world, for the successful fulfillment of a particular mission. And in this he must help the daughter of Kshatr, Onishia. Orth involuntarily glanced at the dial hanging on the wall, hours, but, promised by Kshatr, Onishia came to him for further studies, although the arrows approached two o'clock in the afternoon. The lunch break time will end in ten minutes, exactly at fourteen hours. At the door, someone rapped softly. Heart Orth's hammered in the chest, like a hammer on the anvil. He quickly jumped to his feet and on the move, moving in the direction of the door, pulled on his pajamas a terry robe of a snow-white color, opened the door. On the threshold stood a robot with a whole tray of a deliciously smelly lunch. The extremely disappointed captain, received from the robot tray, with the words:

– Give gratitude for lunch to the teacher, His Grace Kshatr and his daughter Onishia. – To which, the robot, nodded his head, replied: – I will convey your words of gratitude to His Eminence Paradise Abode of Kshatr. – Turned and went down the stairs

of the mansion to the dining room. So it was instituted here in the Paradise Abode, if by thirteen-fifty people in the dining room were not guests of the mansion of the school for the training of listeners, the team of robots carried lunches to the rooms where guests lived, or students.

Orth began to eat without much appetite. When the dinner was over, he went into the bathroom, brushed his teeth, then changed into a lightweight tracksuit and went on balcony. A charming picture of flowering opened up under the rays of the eternal inner sun. Orth, once a resident of the outer world of Phaethon, for a long time could not understand how this inner sun was arranged. And, one day, his curiosity prevailed over shyness, and he asked Theo how the inner sun is arranged, that it shines and does not burn with its rays, but gives healing rays to all living things here inside the earth. Theo explained to him then that this glow of reflected radiations of the inner surface of the earth concentrated in the central part, as a giant concave inner terrestrial surface. This energy dissipates, and in the central focus we see it in the form of a glow, which gives us light, as in the day. This is a clean and bright energy without the emission of harmful emissions, to which the surface of the earth is exposed from the external sun. Therefore, life in Eden and in the Paradise Abode of people reaches to the standards of the external world up to two and a half thousand years. People are not sick, the ecology of these places is very clean and the nature is rampant. Evergreen plants cover the continent of Agartha. The reservoirs of rivers

and lakes are clean, that you can drink this water, directly from rivers and lakes.

Leaning on the railing of the balcony, Orth admired the wonderful views of nature, opening to him from the height of the second floor. His thoughts were occupied by one, Onishia. He was still thinking, but how to address the girl when she comes, call her Cleopatra or Onishia. Then I decided for myself that I should follow the etiquette of acquaintances, accepted in the elite circles of the Faeton, and hence here among the people, to call the name by which the girl is introduced to him. So he decided, Captain, once the personal protection of the adviser to the President of the country Lakia on Phaethon. But the girl did not show his face. And, deeming it for her busy employment. And, Orth reassured his feelings on this, justifying Cleopatra for her long silence. The remaining time before the night's sleep, Orth spent reading books, uncorking a bottle of cognac, one of the three remaining ones, and hidden in a hiding place, which he had arranged in the bathroom under the bathroom. At eleven o'clock in the evening, weary, from reading, Orth, lay down in his bed to sleep. But, an experienced warrior who had been in various woes during his service, decided to wait for the moment when Cleopatra would come to his bedroom, like an invisible nymph in the night. Time passed, the dream did not go to him, driven off by the anticipation of catching the not-asked night visitor. It remains to wait…

Time passed, Cleopatra was not. Realizing that his room is

being watched around the clock, he pretended that he woke with difficulty, that would go to the toilet. Then he hurried to bed and again "fell asleep" with a sound sleep, in the hope that Cleopatra would believe and show up. But a real dream began to approach him, trying to lull his vigilance. And completely exhausted by this trial, Orth, indignant at the pointlessness of his idea, decided to sleep. But the rustling of clothes attracted attention, and the touch of the girl's cold hand against his chest instantly gave a signal to his hands, and he clasped Cleopatra with the iron grip of his hands in his embrace. The girl gave a swan's whining squeak of surprise, evaporating in his embrace, like a piece of ice in the hot lava of a volcano, turning into an empty space.

Orth, groped in the darkness of the room, the switch of the wall lamp. The bedroom was filled with the soft light of a wall-mounted night light attached to the headboard. From the night adventure his heart was beating, sleep, as he took off his hand. After sitting a little on the bed, he got up and went out into the hallway, where it was light at night, from the radiance of the never-coming inner sun of the Earth over the continent of Agartha. In some sorts, the captain took a seat at the table, where a bottle of French cognac Hennessey "XO" was undernourished. Orth with the usual movement took out the cork and poured himself a glass of cognac. Then, after chatting the drink with a slight movement of his hand, he took a sip and took a small sip. The fragrant, seasoned Hennessey, pleasant moisture refreshed tired members. He poured himself

into him with courage, and filled with a sense of confidence in his passion for the hunter for the elusive game. Orth, began to reflect on what prompted the girl to such actions in relation to him. After all, her stepfather Kshatr did not invent, when he said that he chose Orth's Cleopatra, for Some joint operation, there, in a superficial society. If so, then why did she not speak to him? I did not fail to sketch out the plan of classes, how and when, will give him lessons in the discovery of the above abilities of man. And why is this happening in secret, during his sleep? The captain poured himself another cognac. He took two sips. He put the glass with the unfinished drink on the table and went out into the sun-drenched balcony. The courtyard could be seen from the balcony. Everywhere the grass grew, among the solid green of its buds were multicolored blossoming flowers, saturated with spicy aromas all the space of the yard. Orth was surprised when he got to the Paradise Abode, how easily he breathed here. The invigorating smells seemed to penetrate every cell of the body and nature, giving strength and energy to the whole organism. This climate is very suitable for its stability and ecological purity for a young man. Reflecting so much on the surrounding nature, he suddenly saw Cleopatra walking along the grass beside a bush blooming with white flowers. The girl went around this bush, took a branch from a branch with flowers and with pleasure sniffed buds bloomed. Orth could not believe that he saw Cleopatra. His heart fluttered again in his chest. According to the established schedule here in the Paradise

Abode, it was already four in the morning. Another night, but at this time in the middle of the summer there is a morning dawn on the surface of the earth, a harbinger of the sunrise and all the girls, at least the majority of them are still in bed enjoying the morning sleep. So thought Orth, not betraying any value to the fact that even from the diaper girl Kshatr was personally training the adopted daughter before her adulthood. Then Onishia was sent to the closed elite club of Tokyo to study the arts, which are owned by the geishas of Japan. As a result, before Orth, Cleopatra appeared as a trained and perfect shadow warrior, who possesses not only all sorts of arsenals of temptation, but also survival techniques, honed and perfected…

Orth from his place on the balcony from the height of the second floor watched the girl, more and more, admiring her beauty. Her smooth feminine gestures. Her grace and an excellent figure. Orth's was struck by her green eyes, huge and sensual, like the twinkle of a sun sparkled there when she smiled at him, at her first meeting. These eyes captivated the captain with his cleanliness and naive shy gaze. And Orth, again presented how the girl will smile at him when he calls from here from the height of the balcony. He wanted this passionately, he wanted to meet this amazing look again and admire them near. The captain was about to call out to the girl when he suddenly saw the tall and slender figure of a broad-shouldered, fair-haired guy with long hair that was heading toward Onishia. Orth was stunned by zealous emotions, struggling to cope with the surging

emotions, and only one calmed him, only a sense of hope, that the guy could not go to her. But Orth's hopes did not materialize. The guy went up to the girl and, oh, this cannot be true, she gave the blonde a friendly and cordial smile. The guy smiled back at her, approached, hugged Onishia and kissed her on the lips. And the girl wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing against his chest. Orth literally burned with zealous feelings, watching this scene greeting two lovers. He could no longer endure this scene, turned around and walked dejectedly into the room. Returning to the table, he poured the remnants of cognac into a glass and drank a drink in one motion. Then, he took an empty bottle and went into the bathroom with her. There, out of the cache, he took out a full bottle, and empty, put a full bottle in place. With Hennessey, "XO" returned to the table. There was a tray on the table with a lunch yesterday. He poured himself a full glass of cognac, drained it and drank an apple, which he took from a tray…

The teacher appeared at exactly the designated time, found Orth sleeping at the table. Orth's head was on her hands. Next to the pupil's head on the table was an empty bottle from under the cognac drunk. Kshatr looked at the sleeping disciple, and then went into the bedroom; looked around, then again approached Orth. Kshatr raised his hands to Up, pointing to the sleeping captain, then began to manipulate his hands. And following the gestures of his hands, the captain's sleeping figure suddenly jerked like a spoiled robot, straightened to its full height

and slowly began to move forward, copying the steps of Kshatr, who led his pupil into the bedroom. Approaching the bed Orth, without waking up, lay down in bed. Putting the pupil in bed, Kshatr, went up to the table and wrote something on a scrap of paper and left the room…

Chapter-6

Orth from the cognac drunk, was fast asleep. He dreamed of friends Hilt, Azon and Dumar, they were sitting in the bar of the capital of Lakia, a new city, which was built by the successor of the throne, the young President of Lakia, Tire. Near their table, beautiful girls were spinning. Friends vividly discussed the political events around their country, not paying attention to the priestesses of love. Suddenly their mobile phones began to sing in alarm. From this signal, Orth winced and opened his eyes. My head ached terribly. Consciousness returned with difficulty to him, and when glimpses of sobriety began to manifest, he suddenly was extremely surprised how he found himself in this strange bed. Then he remembered that the bed was his, and he was in the country Paradise Abode in the suburb of the capital of this country Shambhala in the school of the teacher of His Eminence Kshatr. Here he is trained to conduct operations on the outer surface of the Earth under the personal supervision of his Rule of the Curator Theo. Realizing where he is and why he is here, Orth is the first thing he decided, this will get rid of the headache. This could be solved by one single way to drink. He vigorously jumped from his bed and rushed into the bathroom. In the hiding-place there was no empty bottle or full bottles. Extremely dejected, the captain despondently left the bathroom with heavy thoughts about the teacher Kshatr. His

gaze was still not quite sober from the clouded gaze, he found on the table a bottle of cognac on the scribbled scrap of paper, Kshatr handwriting. Orth quickly rushed to the table. There was a little cognac in the bottle at the bottom. Orth greedily seized it and took a sip of cognac from the neck, and drank the rest of the drink with two sips. The moisture instantly took off the headache, nausea and vile sensation from its morning hangover state. His head cleared, and his eyes fell on a piece of paper covered in small handwriting. Orth looked at the piece with disgust. Then, without reading, crumpled in his hand and threw a lump at the door. The paper, crumpled into a ball, hit the exit door, bounced off and fell onto the parquet floor. Orth, stupidly staring at the white lump. Curiosity prevailed, and he decided to read what was there. Picking up the crumpled note, Orth turned it around, smoothed it down on the table, began to read. There, in several lines, the teacher informed: “Cleopatra met with her named brother, whom I, like her, brought up and trained, he came to rest after fulfilling his mission, living with his family in a separate mansion not far from my school. Tomorrow at the designated time, I hope you, Orth, will be in perfect order.”

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