

An abstract watercolor painting featuring a complex interplay of colors including deep blues, earthy oranges, soft pinks, and muted greens. The composition is dominated by fluid, organic shapes and delicate, swirling lines that suggest movement and depth. The background is a light, neutral tone, allowing the vibrant colors to stand out. The overall effect is one of ethereal beauty and emotional resonance.

WHO ARE THEY,
BORN IN LOVE

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Аннотация

The book tells the story of an ageless and virtually immortal middle-aged man living on Earth in the distant future. Always considering himself young, he felt the first signs of aging.

To distinguish himself from his peers, searching for new creative sensations and stimuli, he began reading personal notes written on paper by ordinary people from the distant past, then still short-lived and mortal.

Reflecting on the notes, he began to ponder the purpose and meaning of life, the structure of their modern society, and to compare the lives, feelings, and impulses of their society with those of ancient people.

And society has achieved almost absolute perfection; all the problems that tormented ancient people have already been solved, all dreams and even myths have become reality. But some mysteries still remain. Why are all people unique and unrepeatable?

What happens after death? What is the meaning of life? **English edition of the novel. Translated by the author.

Serezha Kulecek

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Chapter 1. Morning

"For to every purpose there is a time and a decree;

*But great evil comes to man, that he does not know what will
happen;*

And how it will be—who can tell him?"

Ecclesiastes



Gregs woke up reluctantly, as he often does lately. There was some feeling of slight fatigue and he did not want as used before to cheerfully jump out of bed and plunge into the morning routine. Probably, after all, this is age-related. Before, it would never have occurred to him to blame age, he always felt young

and vigorous, he is only 118, what now considered "junior middle" age. Did he get that notorious psycho-crisis of "middle age"? The crisis which marks the transition to old age?

Ya, anyway it is necessary to get up and again to do this boring morning body diagnostics - the daily routine procedure that machines do to him. Once again you must surrender yourself into the hands of these "*pieces of iron*", so funny people called all machines before - piece of iron, hardware. Strange, but his holistic psychodiagnostics shows in recent times a noticeable increase in variability, creativity and stability of his mental functions. And this desirable effect Gregs associated with his latest hobby - retro reading.

Old paper notes, he found not so long ago in an antique-looking jewelry box, served him recently as inspiration for reflection and self-development. The notes were written on separate sheets of paper, either handwritten or typed. They were definitely written a very long time ago, before the onset of the Reformation of Accord era, somewhere in the ancient 20th or 21st century according to the old calendar. That is, somewhere around three hundred years before his birth.

It was not a diary and not a regular journal of notes – these scattered pieces of paper were the remaining grains of someone's life, his bright moments, insights and emotions,

important thoughts and reflections that came to him. At that time, people were quickly dying, not reaching the age of 80 ...

This antic box was not a "time capsule"- kind of special "Message to distant descendants" that some self-confident people in the past loved to hide in different caches. No, it was just a small jewelry box, and it was saved up to these days precisely because of its pleasantness, well, and nobody got read the papers inside it - from some moment in the past people just stopped reading all sorts of paper books and documents, everything that was printed on paper.



Well, now everyone simply hates reading as such, and especially reading printed on *paper*. Nowadays, only official documents, orders and strict sentences are printed on paper, and it is enough for all to communicate directly with images, video, voices, mental machines and mental records. Mental machines transmit thoughts and images from one person to another, can record their visions and fantasies, and then reproduce them at any time. So, books were replaced with some records - they could be reproduced directly in the mind of a person.

Gregs used to read old notes he found on his visual, which display images right in front of his eyes. Reading on the visual somehow reminded the ancient slow reading of books. The source language of the notes in this case did not matter - you can read on your visual in your usual language, the language as such has survived in everyday life...

Machines now understand the thoughts and desires of people, so no one talks to them. Everyone has personal understanding machine, tuned to the person – it is small, and always carried with the person. Using these understanding machines people can soundlessly communicate to each other, even being at a distance from each other. The effect is like a telepathy, but the main thing here is not to listen to others. Thanks to such similar to telepathic capabilities, there is always known to everyone at any time - whose ideas, design, style have the greatest number of likes and

who among the people is the Most Glorious.

There are also kin of mental machines that can record personal visions, dreams, illusions, along with the attendant emotional experiences, and then capable to reproduce them to other people as some special artifact – in case if someone wants to experience exactly this.

Of course, the reproduction of recorded mental experiences always occurs only approximately in those who perceive these artifacts... But the entire industry of fashions and samples of style is built on these reproductions, and finally this is the way to *the Caste of Glorious*. That was his big dream.



Gregs belonged to *the Educated Caste*, who were distinguished by their broad knowledge in various fields. In nothing particularly notorious and undistinguished, he decided for himself that by reading very old retro-notes on paper and thinking over them, he could find something unusual, to catch in himself that

special revelation and "enlightenment," and thus become famous, popular and finally enter the Caste of Glorious.

Perfectness. Yes, you can call it this era ... Everything that people only could dream of or imagine in the past, now realized in their daily lives. Miracles, fairy tales, myths, legends, traditions - everything! All this became a reality. How? By the method of consequent logical thinking. Everything that can be imagined or visualized, thus can be materialized or fulfilled. Everything that could be copied from the Mother Nature - they have already copied and learned to reproduce. They reproduce any objects and even "life itself from the dust," from nothing, only at their will and imagination.

Or you can call it Absolute. All previous human dreams and aspirations have reached their absolute incarnation. People have now become like the ancient mythical "demigods" - everything in their hands is moving and changing, mutating and transforming according to their will. They can easily see at a long distance, have a physical effect on the distance, to move super-fast in space wherever they want. Now they can reproduce everything: things, furnishings, smells - just if preserved the original's visual image and material samples from which they were made in the past.

They can reproduce both the inanimate and the living - imitating the work of living beings with the help of their constant connection with the brain-cloud, which absorbs everything and

can make practically "sentient" all living beings connected to it.

Eternity... Yes, it's true, people have become almost "eternal". Their health and maturity of the body are supported by different procedures that are performed by automatic machines according to the results of diagnosis or at the request of the patient himself. They are born perfect physically, thanks to the industrial approach to the birth of children, and they live almost without aging and certainly not dying from illnesses, as it was before, in the *Transformation Era*. The usual practice now is to clean up your DNA, that is, to search for and eliminate defects in your personal DNA to prolong life and health. But also it is becoming increasingly popular and practicing DNA modeling to create the simplest creatures or plants with given properties. This is how they produce "clean" food, and get programmed micro-biorobots - creatures that produce the necessary transformations and processing substances from one to the other.

Fear, the driving force behind many human discoveries and the emergence of remarkable ideas in the past - disappeared. What is driving now these super-perfect, powerful and almost immortal intelligent beings? Where are the limits for them? Yes, they can not turn back time, look directly into the past or change it, but they have almost no limits in the future - they can plan and foresee it, accelerate its arrival or simply wait for it when it comes. The time of life for this they have ahead. Well, they

also can not control the psychological properties of so physically perfect people and individuals which they produce. The actual, real future is not known to anyone ahead of time.

All people are always cheerful and happy - everyone has a constant injection of endorphins, there is no anxiety, depression or fear. But what is the meaning, purpose of their long, infinite life? To create or build what? The usual two percent of population is still trying to do something new, to discover something unknown to their knowledge or, on the contrary, to do mischief, minor troubles for the rest of society. And the overwhelming majority - just selfish, live for their own pleasure, enjoying all that is available in their long, safe life. The remaining small percentage are evasionists-escapists, they just don't care about everything and avoid all the generally accepted norms.

The ability to learn and comprehend knowledge is a genetic predisposition, now built in to everyone, and so everyone can easily get education. But not curiosity. Only a few want and continue to explore the still unknown Nature around people - these are people from *the Curious Caste*.



What are the worries of the demigods? Feasts and own glory ...

Searching for new sensations that give rise to new ideas and imaginations which can be later somehow materialized. Because now they can easily duplicate samples and even multiply them – doing something similar to the legendary "multiplying of loaves", or transforming ordinary water into wine.

Where is the source of further development? And what will be the next goal of their society

and their own existence? What is left for them to dream about? What achievements? Only to dream that new ideas and dreams will never stop appearing in their minds?...

Tension - it always gives an impetus to creativity and

movement forward, development. This impossibility to satisfy a dream or passion. Many problems, conflicts, as well as dreams, are now generally contrived, Gregs believed. They are artificial and imposed on people so that these controlled conflicts create tension and continue to play their role as a "development engine."

For breakfast, Gregs had the usual food, he chose today a version of synthetic food made from a universal mixture, in accordance with his wishes and, of course, the recommendations of his morning diagnosis check. In general, the usual combination of a liquid mixture and "something to chew" for the teeth. Cooking now – it is just "kneading" in the machine and that's it.

And Time. The essence of Time is its constant movement ... It can not be stopped or turned back, backward... But sometimes it is so desirable to look into the past or the future - this immersion always gives the strongest contrast to everyday sensations and gives a lot of food for thought. The contrast - that is what Gregs hoped for after he drawn into retro-reading.

This is a real chance to stand out, praised steepness of the unusual antiquity. Having immersed in different "antiquity", retro quirks, he began to read any rubbish on the screen of his visual after his usual evening "narcosis." Until he happened to discover something, he really touched and interested. These were

those strange notes on paper sheets from the antic box. That guy was about twenty years old when he started writing his short notes. What do they lack: short poems, notes about music, the hypothesis of the "creation" of man on Earth, about a special "human soul", about the meaning of life, *raison d'etre*. Gregs puzzled the poems found there and those incomprehensible to him feelings experienced by the author of the notes.

At first, he thought - what could be so exciting in music at all? Now everyone is continuously surrounded by a melodic sound background or the chosen style of musical fragments created by the machines. In music for a long time already everything is written and played, the right mix-composition will be picked up and performed by a music-automate device - individually for you, considering your current state, mood or fad, and of course taking into account the Jem-mix chosen by you.

And then he reads:

< Oh God, how beautiful music sometimes is! What made it beautiful - love? ...

Feelings - how badly they are expressed in words, how difficult it is to do even for simple feelings. But is it not in the simple feelings that something deep, the most intimate, eternal is hidden?! Subtlety of feelings is an extraordinary, divine gift. It's rare, but not that big.

Subtlety is happiness and suffering. But rather happiness. Now it is clear to me.

Feelings are most fully expressed by love, in love. And they are also born of love.

Love – that is happiness!... It gives rise to many feelings, and not only beautiful ones.

Whoever did not love - will never be touched by the blue sky of feelings, and the smell of the stormy sea will only pinch his nostrils...

*Love is like the infant sun: it first dazzles, and then colors with azure the springtime that came. And that springtime already not just excites you, but **shocks** you. This is the beginning of everything and the eternal continuation.*

** * **

Silly people - they are striving to comprehend love by mind!

*Reason is needed not for this - it only helps love, does not rule, no, love does not need it, because **love - that is life**. The mind can also help to express, at least somehow, love.*

It is music, painting, poetry, words.

** * **

When you ask: Do I love? - this is not love yet.

*When love comes, there are no more questions left - the new **life of your soul** is so overwhelming that it is no longer necessary*

to repeat the word "Love" too often and suffer doubts. Love feeds the mind so much that it can make mind immense, but above all, love nourishes the soul.

Meaning of life is in soul. Love is the illumination of your soul, but when two souls merge with dissonance into extraordinary harmony, then the deepest chords of

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