

CREPES WITH CLOUDBERRIES



Several decades had passed since the triumphant destruction of the interventionist Ebr's¹ Control System. Tremendous changes have taken place on our planet, which were described in great detail back in 2009. However, this year, the winter in the Canadian Circle of Life was unusually mild. There was no snow at all for many years, and instead it was drizzling infrequently, yet sometimes that drizzle would turn into a violent thunderstorm with dazzling lightning and almost theatrical thunder rumbling above in the sky. Nature languidly waited for a signal to awaken its Beauty, and from the time of the change of the systemic authority in April 2011, this long-awaited signal now was coming from the Native Earth Control System². Since the fall of the leaves, the half-sleeping trees and shrubs seemed to be slumbering briefly, with swollen buds ready to open at the first signs of spring. Some trees had fully adapted to the changed conditions, and no longer dropped their leaves, but rather, the leaves rolled up into a sort of hibernation tube until the warmer days returned. The air was saturated with the smell of fresh leaves, mushrooms and nuts, and rare puddles modestly gleamed on the pavement, under which the moisture-saturated earth was awakened by the mighty forces of Nature: here and

¹ Ebr – parasitic civilization of interventionists.

² Native Earth Control System – the Life Support System designed to support all life on Earth. It's complex structures include Control Systems, Communication Systems, Power Supply Systems, Control Complexes, Coordination Systems, Synchronization and Precise Time System, Life Colliders, Objects (UFOs), pyramids including pyramids with floating geometry, and more.

there the first leaves of Veles³ eternal companions, dandelions, and coltsfoot, peeked dignifiedly from the cracks...

I was standing at the terminal, waiting for the intercontinental flyer⁴ - I was invited to another conference on the adaptation of koala bears to new habitats. Over the past 20 years almost all of the eucalyptus trees on the territory of what was formerly Australia died, and the koala bears were threatened with starvation, but a group of scientists from Siberian PhytoLab decided to try to save the koala by correcting the eco-system. The first experiments began even before the dying out of the trees, and they had shown unprecedented results. And while the last representatives of predators such as polar, brown, black, and grizzly bears became extinct about 15 years ago, koala and panda bears had a good chance of integration due to their vegetarian diet and non-aggressive lifestyle. These harmless and cute furry animals had long been in need of bio-correction, which I began to specialize in about 30 years ago, under the guidance of the prominent scientists of the time.



Over the years I had accumulated a lot of experience and an understanding of the Laws of Nature. There was no shortage of work, specialists were in short supply, and so I constantly received similar invitations from all the Circles of Life⁵. My calendar, as well as the calendar of my beloved, was always booked for several months in advance. And so coincidentally, after the conference on the adaptation of koala bears, I was to fly my flyer home, which was in our very first Circle of Life, in what was formerly Russia. Rarely had we both been able to successfully squeeze synchronized trips home into our schedules

³ Veles -a.k.a. Volos, is a major god of earth, waters, livestock, and the underworld in Slavic paganism.

⁴ Flyer – a single-sit vimana/fire chariot designed to travel within planetary systems and beyond.

⁵ The Circle of Life (a.k.a Life-support zone) is a geographic area on Earth where life support is provided by the Native Control System, i.e. the process of controlling the workings of living organism (body), brain (soul, essence), and human mind. The area is subject to a change in the shape of the space of dispersion of new radiation base frequencies, which form the territory of guaranteed life support.

over the past few years, and so these trips were also dear to me because my friends were always waiting for me there. My best friend Vivienne, when she learned that I would be arriving in a few hours, told me in confidence that Marcel was preparing something absolutely marvelous for me, and was keeping the dish a closely guarded secret, locked in his magical Kitchen. At these words my mouth watered like Pavlov's dog - I was anticipating several delicious possibilities – perhaps fried potatoes with fresh chanterelles, collected in the forest this morning, or a salad of salted *Lactarius resimus* mushrooms with crispy garlic, or a casserole of rhubarb.... Ah, it was almost impossible to predict what Marcel would come up with, and there was no reason to! Marcel treated his culinary abilities as a gift for - others, because it was for them - us - he invented incredible new food combinations, which turned out to be very handy a decade ago, when, although expected, but nevertheless somewhat suddenly, wheat and other cereals stopped growing altogether. Marcel must have bought up enough flour to feed a whole garrison, but there came a moment when he had to wonder what he was going to use instead of flour to make his version of the famous Tarte Trophezienne...



The bio-correction was successful, the bears were on their way to full adaptation, and my silver flyer, after an hour of flight, finally hovered over the familiar sidewalk, with beautiful butterflies circling above it. They were reflected in the hull of the flyer, shimmering in a seven-color rainbow in the rays of the rising light. I pressed the necessary "button" in my mind, and the door of the flyer swung open, and in the doorway, I saw two hands extended toward me: it was Arnel Keto, the husband of my best friend Vivienne. I fluttered into his strong arms, and he spun me around and gave me a ringing kiss on the cheek: - "My joy," he said softly, "you are back in our homeland at last." Then he looked at me questioningly, "You flew in alone?" I made sad eyes, raised my shoulders up comically, spread my palms apart, and sighed: "He is still at work, and I will be going to meet him in about four hours."

Then Vivienne ran up to us, and the three of us, embracing each other, had a moment of sharing a deep sense of admiration for the shining City of the ancestors, this

magnificent creation of Reason, which had spread its paternal arms before us. The ancient city was beautiful at any time of day, but I always loved to say hello to it in the early morning, when all its power was ready to permeate my structures at the first sound of my voice, filling me with that amazing wave of Joy that never faded in me.

What incredible bliss it is to come home! "So good to be here!" - I exhaled slowly into the space in front of me. The wave spilled over the city, and it echoed with an audible echo



only I could hear, multiplying the wave that carried information in the form of images, sounds, and smells. Vivienne glanced her sly and watchful eyes at me, taking note of my image, filled with the Power of

the Homeland, and soon she tugged at my hand: - "LeFay, dear, aren't you full yet? Let's go, or you'll burst, don't be so insatiable! Let's go quickly, we're late!" I reluctantly interrupted the stream of mesmerizing visions, and we slid toward the small group of people patiently waiting for us nearby...

The restaurant "La Patrie"⁶ thrived and flourished as it lived its peaceful gracious life. Over the past few years, a certain group of regulars gathered there, not only to enjoy the fine cuisine of the incredibly talented chef, but also to converse with like-minded people. Occasionally strangers would drop in for a drink, but most of them never returned to the restaurant because they were not able to endure its high frequency⁷ level, which was far beyond their limit of comfort.

Arnel and Vivienne were co-owners with Marcel of this incredibly cozy tavern, and for several years we had been coming to have breakfast or dinner with friends in this restaurant, which has become a kind of club of New Knowledge and communication with like-minded people in the Life Support zones. New books, speeches, technology, and ideas were discussed, new songs and poetry were sung, and exhibitions of paintings and inventions were displayed. Quite often the parties ended well past midnight, but as the

⁶ "Motherland"

⁷ Frequency characteristic of brain communication of a specific bio-object under conditions of normal correlations of basic life support parameters (type I). Type II - maximum frequency of metabolic processes.

axis of our earth shifted, white nights had spread throughout the former Great Tartary, and darkness never again enveloped the expanse of our rebuilt homeland. Even at midnight one could walk freely without any source of light. The old-timers, that is, those of us who were born under the Interventional Control System, of course remembered the pitch-black night, but these memories were gradually erased from our memory by the gentle waves of the New Light, now emanating not from the Sun, but from the very grids of the atmosphere⁸.

The restaurant's chef was Marcel Loitier, who was an old friend of Arnel's. They had met back in Cannes, when rescue work was being carried out there after the destruction of the Côte d'Azur. It was in the resorts of Cannes that Marcel had learned how to perfect his culinary masterpieces. He prepared the most delicious dishes not only in the entire city, but in all four Life Support zones, and maybe even in all six rayons⁹!

Crepes with Cloudberries were my favorite breakfast, and the chef who knew very well the culinary tastes of his regulars, always managed to please everyone. Marcel, just as my mother used to be able to do, managed to make something special and unusually tasty every time, even from the most ordinary products. Those who gathered at the tavern, were a rather unusual group, who, for one reason or another, were lucky enough to be transitioning from the category of "people" into the category of "human beings"¹⁰. It should be added that the "SvetL" Technologies,¹¹ previously used for the recovery of mangled human souls and bodies, had already been replaced by more powerful ones by that time, but the Human Mind is always individual, and therefore it constantly needs an impulse for further development. Arnel and his



⁸ Atmosphere is a multilayer grid with each layer having its own lattice and frequency spectrum.

⁹ Six-rayons - the type of sixth-order superspaces. Formed by the convergence of six similar "rays" in one central zone. At the same time curvature zones of matrix space dimensionality arise around the center, in which metauniverses of fourteen matter forms are created, which, in their turn, merge and form a closed system of metauniverses that unites six rays into one general system - a six-beam.

¹⁰ "People" - having etheric and astral fine bodies; "Humans" – having mental fine bodies.

¹¹ Psi-technology by Nicolai Levashov: <https://www.lifegenerator.org/>

companions came up with the idea of creating a social club, and of offering individual and group healing sessions by Vivienne at the restaurant. In the last twenty years of our acquaintance, they had both become younger looking, and somehow more majestic, without ever letting others know of the tremendous efforts they had both made to become so calm and consciously walk their Paths of Knowledge. As one rather unusually insightful Person said, everyone has something they would rather keep to themselves, and, having learned to communicate in images, many of the old-timers quickly learned to understand each other perfectly from half a glance. Arnel and Vivienne were always the soul of any gathering. Everyone from children to elders were drawn to them, and I knew for certain that Nature herself guarded their every move and breath, because they had become so precious to the Native Control System¹². I was well aware of how busy they both were with their primary responsibilities, and in addition to that, with teaching and healing those who were destined to be integrated into the future of Midgard-Earth¹³. We loved our planet, all of it, and every living thing we had preserved through the Transition Periods¹⁴ was precious to us, and because of that, no matter what Circle of Life we flew into, we were always searching for new ways to help, to improve, and to make life better. The very idea of the development of Healing Sessions¹⁵ created more than 50 years ago by the outstanding Russian scientist Nicolai Levashov¹⁶, which had passed the test of time with proven results, was accepted with great joy by all regular clients of the cozy "La Patrie". Since the new Wellness Sessions had appeared in our majestic city, many people had come here from all of the other Life-Support Zones. I should mention that these Wellness Sessions were somewhat unusual, and here is why.

Most of all, Vivienne loved dancing the tango. Not the acrobatic nonsense, to which our last generation of "ebr-brain-genotypes"¹⁷ was accustomed through watching all kinds of international TV-vision competitions, but a real sensual tango, when both partners merge into one, and that is when the cleansing of the partner-patient structures

¹² Native Control System -Complex structures including Control Systems, Communication Systems, Power Supply Systems, Control Complexes, Coordination Systems, Synchronization and Precise Time Systems, Life Colliders, Objects (UFOs), and pyramids – including pyramids with floating geometry.

¹³ Midgard-Earth – planet Earth.

¹⁴ Transition Periods - Controlled changes in habitat conditions and the environment, implemented in three stages from 2011 through 2075.

¹⁵ Healing Sessions by Nicolai Levashov and RNTO <https://www.lifegenerator.org/healing-1>

¹⁶ Nicolai Levashov – Great Russian Physicist <https://www.lifegenerator.org/nvl>

¹⁷ Ebrogenotype - a humanoid biological individual obtained in the processes of living flesh cell control by two Programs: "Energy-information dialectics of brain genotypes development" and "Development of Energy-biogenesis of flesh cell" in different geographical conditions, i.e. in different controlled environment conditions.

takes place. Arnel half-jokingly, half-seriously instructed each patient: "no pawing of the lovely lady of my heart!" and the beautiful Vivienne would begin the process of cleansing. To begin with, she lightly inhaled the air around the patient to smell the scents of their body. This action alone told her a lot about the person – where and in what way their structures are broken, and how to correct them. Then she would lightly touch the patient's shoulders, his palms, his chest, or his head with her fingers, and then the action itself would begin. Based on the information she received from this scan, she would choose a particular dance, music, and lighting, and together with the patient, she would immerse herself in the magical mystery of the dance program, at times painting intricate patterns in space¹⁸. The key was her virtuoso ability to apply a note Na¹⁹, already known to our world - which in her performance found a new incarnation.



Each dance was one of a kind, and there was no point in repeating it, for, as the Red Indians, enlightened by Universal ancient wisdom, used to say in the olden days, you can't step into the same river twice. With each movement of the dance something changed - forever, and so, step by step, turn by turn, an individual healing program of the human structures was woven like lace and tailored to each patient, as their readjustment to very different principles of interaction, with our ever greener with each summer, beautiful Earth and its native System of Control took place.

Arnel wouldn't be Arnel if he hadn't invented an additional effect to influence the structures of the restaurant's visitors. He was constantly looking for new ways to apply the Technology of Life²⁰. He wanted to reach as large an audience of friends as possible for every visit we made to the gathering place, and this is what came to his mind. Some time ago it was discovered that I had a rather pleasant voice, and I sometimes sang while working, because the voice can heal the living, and tune the non-living structures, giving

¹⁸ In all three dimensions - neutrino (higher), antineutrino, and proton, or ionic.

¹⁹ Na - note is involved in the control of UFOs and life support management through the spine, which is a musical series of chemical elements and is present in Ludwig van Beethoven's famous work "Moonlight Sonata"

²⁰ Psi-Technology by Nicolai Levashov <https://www.lifegenerator.org/shop-2>

them entirely new possibilities not available before. Therefore, in order to embrace everyone in the audience, Arnel suggested that I accompany Vivienne's dance with singing. "The cloudberry pancakes will have to wait," I thought, twisting a curl on my finger, but Arnel had already caught my thought, and, smiling broadly, asked cheerfully: "Are you hungry?" I nodded and blushed, but it was too late - he caught me in the act, sadly thinking about enjoying my crepes instead of serving others! With a glance at the orange cloudberry peeks coquettishly out of the folds of the crepe, and a furtive sigh for my breakfast, I got up and headed to the photon²¹ piano, kneading my fingers as I went.

The music and the voice, like partners in a dance, merged together, rising to the forbidding heights of ultrasound, and descending into the most hidden corners of the



infrasound, gradually rocking the individual "water" of the listeners. The music made some people smile, and others think, and stirred their imaginations, leaving no one indifferent! That's what the Na note did in our performance. It was the greatest gift for all of us to see our friends change for the better, and everything around them start to vibrate differently, and there would be no more energy-stagnant swamps in their souls, worn down by thousands of years of Intervention. And

for this alone it was worth sacrificing crepes with cloudberryes!

And so, another Wellness Session was over. Marcel carefully wrapped my breakfast in a box - he guessed that I only had a few minutes left before my flight. "I added two more crepes with cloudberryes in the box for you-know-who," he whispered conspiratorially, handing me the bundle. I smiled appreciatively and put my arms around his neck. Satisfied, Marcel kissed my hand and hurried to the kitchen to supervise the washing of mountains of dishes. My friends hurried to say goodbye to me - until we met

²¹ Photon piano - a musical instrument that works on new principles using electric field physics. In Systemic Physics, the Photon is the primordial particle of electrical matter with its static field, and it is indestructible and eternal because of its enormous density.

again. It was noisy and the foyer was packed full of people, and yet there was no crowding - Mankind was learning the Harmony of Life after all.

After hugging my friends and waving goodbye to everyone else, I slipped out of the lobby, mentally activated the flyer's generator, and, merging with the vehicle, soared into the turquoise cloudless sky - after 23 minutes of flight I would be home with my loved one who was waiting there for me...

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