

Jack Mac Lase

Other Variant



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Intro

About 65 millions years ago a big asteroid speeded towards the Earth. Probability to hit the planet was very small but did not exclude possibility of impact. Dinosaurs had been dominating the Earth since 140 millions of years. They spread in all the environments, swam in water, run on lands and flew in air. Some of them became homeothermal and a few of them had a high intelligence quotient. Many species lived in packs and the older ones nurtured for the young ones.

If the asteroids hit the Earth it would have swept away dinosaurs' to a point of extinction from the face of the Earth. Luckily the cosmic rock only brushed through the high layers of the atmosphere, triggering the colored light effects and detoured into cosmic space. After the event no changes were experienced on the Earth, only a horde of hadrosaurs, which saw a mysterious glow in the sky, panicked and fled. After a few hours later the glow disappeared never to be seen again. Life of shagreens continued as usual.

The priest of the god Nanna

Evening was coming. The sun set and the days' warmth was replaced by a chilly cold.

The Sumerian high priest of the god Nanna went to the temple of E-kish-nu-gal to talk to the gods. His ruler planned an assault on Uruk town and wanted to know the gods' assumption towards his plans. The high priest knew the king since birth, and had a strong influence on his decision making. The king always took into account his advices.

Despite of that, the high priest was equally angered with the king's intentions and plans against Uruk. He was an enemy of superfluous bloodshed. The Sumerian custom to kill and torture prisoners-of-war engulfed him with disgust. As old as the high priest was, he loved to ride his chariot fast in the wilderness, spear throwing and bow shooting.

Evening came. Rael rode his chariot to the temple and on the way he passed the guards and entered into the shrine, where he was solely allowed in. Thereafter he started preparing for sacrifice to the gods; he then lit a holy fire,

"The night is cold," he thought, and began stroking his shaven head and put a few new logs into the fire.

From his chest he took out a divinatory emerald ball, a bag with magical herbs and a thurible. He then moved everything towards the holy fire. On a stone floor, he put a white table and emerald ball on it. He placed the thurible on the left side of the holy fire and poured in the herbs, and lit them. Thereafter, he spread a camel's hide and sat on it

across the divinatory emerald ball cross-feet, set his elbows on his knees with his palms facing the gods, staring at the emerald ball. The scent of the burning incense permeated the air in the temple. He sat and inhaled the thick white smoke and with every breath he took. He became increasingly intoxicated. The ball at first was hazy and then slowly cleared off.

He saw military expeditions unleashed on Ur, where all its best warriors perished suffering a horrendous defeat. Worse warriors were killed also but not as many as good ones because they were driven by common sense and escaped in good time. He also saw the beheading of Ur's king by Uruk's king and thereafter, due to local customs, impaled his head on his spear as he rose in triumphant.

Ur suffered total defeat and its subjects were all taken into captivity and then, due to Sumerians customs, they were all killed under Uruk's swords and axes. Soon after the vision began to fade slowly, a green glitter lit up in the emerald crystal. The vision had exhausted him so much that thereafter the high priest fell down unconsciously.

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Subsequently on the main bazaar of Ur, converged among stalls which sold dates and cabbages, a Writer of the king of Ur spoke with the spies of Uruk. Nobody paid any attention to them as all traders were busy packing their products and preparing to go home.

Uruk was ready to go for war and they were out to lure their enemies into a trap.

“Almost everything is set for the war,” said the Writer. “The king is ready to attack Uruk anytime. The only hindrance is Rael. He is an enemy with ill-judged military tactics. He always argued that bad peace is better than good war! He is against the attack on Uruk, and as everyone knows, he is able to influence the king easily. It’s tantamount to cancellation of the war. On the other hand, the high priest has the great faults; he is incorruptible.”

“In this case there is only one solution,” said a man who hid his face in the shadows. “If Rael will dissuade the king against the war, and I conclude from your words that it will be, he will be eliminated. No Rael - no problem. As far as I am aware the rest of the king’s advisors support the war.”

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Rael lay for some time completely loosened, his body was numb and after a while felt vibrations of the body. At first it was weak but with time it was increasing. The feeling intensified but it did not worry him. It was a familiar feeling to him. At that moment his astral body was separating from his physical body. He did not counteract to this. He wanted to move into Uruk palace and see what was going on there. Many times he used the method. He spied not only in neighboring countries but in courts of his king too. It was simply for curiosity but also as a preventive measure. He wanted to stay informed, thus being prepared. He liked to stay informed on what was happening around him, what and who plots and makes conspiracy. The high priest felt that he hovered although

his physical body lay inertly on the floor. A moment he hovered over it and he moved towards the wall's direction. He passed through it and drifted outside. He flew higher and higher towards Uruk and then went over the Holy Spring. He halted upon sighting an astonishing-huge hole in the water which he had never seen before.

"I've to check it," he thought. "Uruk is not a camel and it will go nowhere."

He moved closer to the hole and saw an endless tunnel in it. It was an unusual sight; nothing he had ever seen and this sent a cold shiver in his spine, making him even more curious and he had a sudden urge to discover what was on the other side.

"I am a spirit nothing could threaten me," he consoled himself. He then moved through the tunnel and within a very short time he was on the other end. He was surprised by what was; it was something he had never seen neither in real nor his dreams and visions.

It was already dark. A strange flora, buildings and other things, which he had never seen in his entire life, surrounded him. He heard weird-scary sounds coming from the buildings and his subconscious pulled him back to his physical body. He woke up breathing heavily and thought for a while about what he had just seen. This got him both scared and angry because he withdrew back. He decided to return back to the mysterious world again. A chilly atmosphere lingered in his room so he threw a piece of firewood in the fire, then wrapped himself with a blanket and lay supine on his bed, closed his eyes and after a while his spirit left his body. He shot through the tunnel in an instant. As soon as he appeared on the other side of the tunnel, unlike the first time, he

experienced a surprise welcoming. Around him flared up a bright light. He was unable to identify the source of the light even though it was already dark; it shone as bright as daylight. Within no time four creatures appeared surrounded him and they carried strange objects in their hands. Rael tried to withdraw back to his physical body but he felt a strange and unusual force had prevented him from retreating. He keenly looked at these creatures, and instantly noticed that they were faceless and instead of legs, they had four wheels on either side. The wheels were connected with a strange invisible tape. The things which he treated as hand and the objects held looked like a whole. He stood motionless and speechless as he waited for what was going to happen next.

“Strange creatures,” he wondered. He tried to reverse back to his physical body but an unknown force still bound him and preventing him from doing so.

From a nearby building five more creatures came out and moved towards him. They looked more similar to human beings and wore colored garments. From afar they looked similar to people, strictly speaking more like ten years’ children but at close range you could visibly see significant differences.

“What muzzles?” the high priest thought trying to divert tensions but this did not help him much. “If it isn’t for the fact that they are shrimps, probably I would die of a heart attack.”

Nervously he looked about.

“What are they up to?” echoed in his thoughts after a few seconds.

The creatures had big eyes with a yellowish glow, small-flat noses with big nostrils, small withdrawn lower jaws and a green skin like a crocodile. Rael also noticed they had three fingered palms.

“Why only three?” he thought quizzically.

With these discoveries it was evident that he had reached a point of no return, he got even more scared and nervous; some force had blocked his returning back to his physical body. He was stuck in a stationary position.

“I’m trapped,” Rael whispered to himself in disbelief and became more nervous. “I always thought that as a spirit I am elusive but I was wrong. Some monsters were able to trap me.”

The creatures came closer to the high priest and stared straight at him. Next they started to talk. He was dying of anticipation unable to understand their language, what were they saying or their intentions. He also tried to read their thoughts telepathically but he was unsuccessful. In his world Rael was a renowned master of telepathy but here his abilities were useless. It was obvious that something swirled through their minds but he was unable to comprehend exactly what. He tried to make this same trick over and over again with figures on wheels but his attempts were totally fruitless. He could not find any trace of their thoughts. They looked dead but they behaved like a live creatures. Rael was astonished but he had no time for further reflections. One of the tridactyl creatures ordered something to the other creatures on wheels and three of them went

away to nearest building. The fourth one immediately started to pull the high priest using a strange force, which he could not resist, in direction of a one huge building that was nearby, which resembled a big egg. Behind him followed five other creatures. Rael was brought into a room with lots of unfamiliar things which he had never seen or could tell their usages. Light cast from ceiling and walls. It was not important to Rael because as a spiritual creature he had no physical senses and he would see well in all conditions. He was set in the centre of the room. The creature on wheels went out of the room fast and nonetheless Rael was unable to even move an inch. He tried to establish telepathy contact with any of the five creatures, who bustled in the room. This time it was much worse than before. Apparently, the creatures had already prevented themselves against mind penetration trial by Rael.

“What smart guys?” the high priest thought. “They are prepared for everything.”

One of the creatures sat near a table close to the Rael’s position and began to move his hands on it, while another stood close to a wall where a screen had appeared. After it all of them grouped near an opposite wall, where they stood motionless and keenly looked at the screen on the wall. A small ball which was on the table began hovering around the room then halted over Rael’s head. On the opposite wall these creatures portrayed pictures. It seemed that the wall had vanished and behind it opened a big space being a scene of viewee events.

“Amazingly, everything seemed real, even better than reality!” the high priest was

delighted. “Oh, Nanna!!!..... I know this from somewhere. Oh yes!!!..... There are my life’s recollections.”

He saw things he had long forgotten about and dreams that were never fulfilled. He was reminded of his past both the good and bad. The events were not shown chronological but in his mind it was always a muddle.

Everything he saw was very expressive and at that moment he thought he was already dead. He had heard that after death people saw flashes of his whole life. But he never had thought that it could be in such an astonishing way.

“I’d imagined that life after death would be totally different,” Rael reflected, “and all my teachers were liars!”

A review of Rael’s life continued for a while, the creatures seemed to take a big interest with the projection. From time to time, they seemed to comment something to each other. At the end of the review they left the room while some pictures were still showing on the screen. Rael thought of his home imagining that he would have been lying comfortable in his cozy bed and around him his most beautiful slave-girls bustling around him. With great astonishment he noticed that his thoughts were being portrayed on the screen-wall exactly as he had imagined it. The picture then disappeared soon after Rael drew his attention to the screen and stopped his thoughts. On the screen there were only the wall and a part of the room that the priest could see. If only he understood how it worked he started imaging different things and all his thoughts appeared on the

screen. After a while one of the creatures came into the room and uttered something. Afterwards the screen surface disappeared and the invisible bonds that had tied Rael vanished. In the twinkling of an eye he drifted through the wall of the building and pulled into the tunnel with immense force. With apprehension he noticed that two creatures were waiting near an entrance to the tunnel. They were, like the high priest, in astral bodies. Rael passed near them and flew into the tunnel.

The creatures followed him, but never appeared on the other side. Rael came back to his physical body as quick as a lightning. When he opened his eyes, he saw his colleagues, priests and guards of the temple bending down staring at him.

“Rael...! What’s happened to you?” shouting priest Lef asked. “Are you alive?”

“You overdid the smoke pot,” he added maliciously when Rael was regaining consciousness.

“If it’s a joke, it was not funny,” Rael answered with a faint voice and a straight face, “I am alright.”

“Are you sure?” priest Saet asked doubtfully. “Look in the mirror. You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“Because I saw a ghost and even more ghosts,” consciously Rael answered.

“Since morning we have been trying to wake you up,” Lef continued. “You were totally cold and lifeless. We thought that you were already dead but Kaalan assured us that you had made an astral reconnaissance due to the king’s orders.”

“Thank you good friends,” Rael answered sneeringly. “If Kaalan was not here, you would have arranged for my funeral already.”

“You know, I’ve some suggestions,” Saet interrupted sarcastically.

“Here we are conversing while our king is waiting for your conclusions on what the gods think about the war,” Lef interrupted the discussion.

“I prefer not to inform him of what transpired. I had a ghastly vision,” Rael tried to rise up when he was talking. “Help me get up.”

Priests grabbed him by his hands and put him on his legs. They lead him to the door of the temple slowly. Suddenly Rael stopped.

“Good Lillu and Lilitu,” he was barely able to squeeze out pointing at an open door, where two new creatures in astral bodies stood.

“What Master, are you feeling well?” Kaalan, the commander of Ur army, asked with great concern. “I don’t see anything or anybody there.”

“Strain your astral senses,” recommended Rael. “These are spirits.”

“Are they Uruk spies?” Kaalans asked soberly.

“No, they are the creatures that had confined me in their world,” answered the high priest in a shaky voice.

“They are creatures from another world.”

“Probably, they followed you here,” Saet added with a puckish smile. “I think they took a fancy to you.”

“From the time when you became my assistant, you’re obviously been honing your wit,” Rael struck back.

“I cannot see anybody,” Kaalan said looking at the direction that Rael was pointing.

“But I am only a mere soldier.”

“You became nervous for your old age,” Lef said. “The spirits don’t look like demons from forth astral which could harm us. I scent telepathically they are not dangerous. Leave them alone. We have enough problems on Earth. Let’s go to our king.”

They all moved towards the doors. Rael opened his umbrella, walked out of the temple facing the sun. On a courtyard a carriage was waiting to take him to the king but he preferred his own chariot. He closed his umbrella and fastened it to his chariot board and got on the chariot. He whistled his favorite tune of dog Mayush which was consecrated for Guly goddess. The dog sprang up out of nowhere, as usual happy to meet his master. The dog wagged his tail and jumped into the chariot. They drove towards the king’s palace. Rael all the time saw creatures from another world. His dog looked in their direction, snarled and bared his fangs.

“Be calm,” Rael whispered as he stroked his hand behind dog’s ears. “I think they are not so bad.”

They rode near and nearer to the king’s palace which was glistened mysteriously by a wall-surfaces of ceramic bricks and encrustation of pieces of lapis lazuli and shells.

When they arrived Rael ordered Mayush to wait. The dog looked at the priest by his

faithful eyes and run to the garden to manage his affairs. The guests were taken before the king. On entering the room they bowed politely at the king, and he greeted them by beckoning his hand and showed them to their seats at the table in the centre of the room. The King clapped and the service appeared with bowls full of food and pitchers filled with wine. The scent of baked meat, fishes, dates wine and barley beer permeated the air. Rael with visible pleasure got breathes from sniffing the numerous mouth-watering aromas. Delicious food and good beverages were his favorite. He has never stuffed himself like a pig or got drunk. He was a gourmet.

“My dear Rael,” the king addressed the high priest, “could you drink a cup of date’s wine with barley beer with me?” And then he rose from the table and walked besides the king.

“Of course,” Rael answered, “a little mixed and not shaken, as usual.”

The feast had already started, female dancers moved gracefully among entertaining guests. People intermingled while they ate, drank and danced. After a brief conversation with Rael the King went on to enquire about Rael’s astral discoveries.

“Did you find out the gods views of our military expedition against Uruk?” the King whispered.

“I had a vision of the expedition where I saw a horrendous rout of our army, you will be killed also,” Rael answered whispering.

“Interesting!” told the king and fell into a reverie. “On the contrary, our astrologer told

the same only opposite. It means Uruk will be crushed and its king will be killed after the campaign.”

“I suggest trusting of my modest person,” Rael emphasized. “Without suggesting anything, your astrologer is an old bootlicker and tells you only what you want to hear.”

“You know,” the king wondered as he slips into a pensive mood, “he spoke about you in a similar way. Frankly speaking, he never said that you were a toady, Nanna forbid, but he suggested that you could be an Uruk spy and would try to advise me to against the expedition because Uruk is in a deep crisis and I could conquer it easily.”

“My lord,” Rael interrupted the conversation after a moment of reflections, “for the many years we’ve known each other and do you think that I can betray you? Besides, every prediction I’ve had, always came true.”

“Not always,” the king interrupted, “but in fact, many of your predictions were correct.”

Rael continued, “Your information about Uruk is not precise. The crisis ended a while back.”

“My spies in Uruk said something different,” the king chimed.

“We should watch them carefully. Maybe they have been depraved and corrupted by Uruks security service,” the high priest proceeded with his speech. “Do you know what they do there?”

The king looked at Rael quizzically.

“I’ve heard lately that they occupied high positions in Uruk administration; they were

paid humongous salaries and did not perform any duties. Is it not strange, is it?"

The king stared at Rael with big eyes while the priest was still speaking, "Probably their task was only to misinform you and your advisers. They are out to provoke an attack on Uruk for routing your army and catch Ur. The king of Uruk had ordered to make some surprises for your troops on Uruk's area. Because of it I strongly advise against the expedition."

"I've got various ideas floating around in my head," the king told after a moment of reflections. "Maybe the astrologer is a collaborator of Uruk? You can draw this conclusion from your worlds."

"The astrologer has no connection with Uruk," Rael assured the king. "He is simply stupid and is afraid of his position."

"How is it good luck that except the astrologer you are here my dear Rael," with a big grin the king concluded the conversation. "I am stopping preparation for the expedition."

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The Writer eavesdropped furtively to the conversation between Rael and the king. He decided to inform his principals from Uruk immediately that the expedition was cancelled. He was already going from the feast when Kaalan approached him.

"Why are you in hurry? Drink with me a cup of wine," he told.

"Excuse me, esteemed Kaalan," he dodged from the offer, "I've an awful stomachache.

I've to go to the toilet.”

The Writer winced of the pain and went away in haste. The feast continued. The high priest, as usual, did not forget about his dog. He chose appetizing morsels and took out to his dog. He walked across marble parquet filled with guests, criss-crossed among them and went away from the main room. When he was almost going out, he noticed that the Writer left the room in a hurry and vanished at the end of the main hall. The high priest went out of the palace to the garden where Mayush played. It was already dark. The high priest fed his dog looking at he ate with relish. Suddenly, he saw repeated flashes in one of the windows of the palace. Rael thought someone was trying to inform someone about something with the glimmering light from the west wing of the palace. He came back to the feast room quickly and alarmed Kaalan about it.

The commander immediately ordered two soldiers to search that part of the palace. The feast continued as nobody was aware of anything-suspicious happenings. After sometime one of the soldiers returned and reported of having had not seen or found anything to raise suspicion.

“Have you met someone in the hall?” Rael asked in curiosity.

“Only servants and the Writer, who was coming back to his room,” answered the asked soldier.

Rael pondered, drank a little of his favorite beer with wine. The feast had started to bore him.

“I am going home,” he thought.

He saluted the king and merry revelers. When he was going out looked at an incusted bench made from boxwood and discerned two known creatures, which looked at him. Mayush appeared soon after the high priest crossed the palace doorstep. The dog was waiting until his master went into the chariot and then jumped into it and sat behind his master.

When Rael was leaving the palace two chariots followed him secretly. The high priest noticed them and thought “I see that I am not the only one bored with the feast.”

After the feast, the hubbub of talks, fragrances and incense of smoke he felt ponderous and tired. He decided to go for a walk along a seacoast before coming back home. The cool breeze slapping on his face, through his hair brought a sigh of relief as he strolled barefooted along the coast. He liked to walk under full moon and meditate. When he was walked through a palm grove, he had a sudden feeling of anxiety and got a mild headache. He was familiar with these symptoms.

“A sandstorm is coming,” he thought in disappointment watching his excited dog playing in the water. “It’s a pity that we have to cut short our walk and be on our way back home.”

The high priest slowed down and made a u-turn back. He saw two chariots coming towards him and they were the same chariots he saw at the king’s palace that followed him. This caught his attention as he automatically thought the king had sent them. As

the chariots came closer the dog barked repeatedly like when he felt a distress. Soon after, a sudden swish of arrows pierced the air. One of them struck into the chariot near Rael's leg. The second one flashed inches over his head. He jumped into his chariot and lashed the horses and they ran off.

"They are too close," Rael thought frantically. "I cannot escape."

His dog fled through the thicket away from the chariots and out of harm's way. The high priest steered the chariot into an irrigation ditch. Assailants approached inexorably. Arrows swished near his ears, one hit his arm. Rael lost control and crashed directly into a ditch filled with water. In front of it, the high priest drew in the reins and horses maneuvered jumping with difficulty over the ditch. The chariot landed with a thud on the other side of the bank.

"It's a solid chariot!" it crossed his mind.

The high priest rushed ahead, turned his head and saw the chariots still chasing after him, like he did; they tried to maneuver the obstacle. The first tagger chariot luckily passed the channel but the second one rammed into the ditch. The sandstorm had already started; visibility was limited. The sand lashed Rael's face. The sky and land became totally dark suddenly; the Moon and stars were covered. The high priest couldn't see anything and was unable to breathe properly. He ran to the beach. His chariot dug into sand and came to a sudden stop. Rael was forced to rush out off the chariot and landed safely into a dune. Upon landing he felt a piercing pain on his arm;

he noticed blood oozing from his wound. Mayush ran towards his master. Rael sprang on his legs upon noticing the chariot that was still after him had lost control and two men who rode it fell near Rael. They were in shock after the crash and upon getting up Mayush sprung and clenched the throat of one of the men with his teeth. The second one took out a spear and swung his arm to stab the dog. Rael was unarmed and the only thing that was at his arms reach was his umbrella. He grabbed it and threw it towards the man who had a spear in his hand. The tip of the umbrella pierced the attacker eye sending him on his knees screaming shrilly. Blood gushed from his now deformed eye staining the sand red. Rael immediately jumped to him, reached for the spear that the assailant had dropped, and stabbed him on his chest with a perfect skill and watched with a stone-face as the man wriggled in pain violently on the sand and then slowly kicked taking his last breath. As the high priest stood staring at the dead bodies of the assailants; he recollected himself in his younger ages when, before he was ordained in the ministry of priesthood, he fought in king's military troop and his colleagues called him 'flash spear'; because he was a swift and fierce fighter, and unlike all the other troops he had attained great skills. Mayush choked the first man in a few seconds. Both of attackers' bloodstained bodies lay on the beach lifeless. The high priest un-harnessed the horses, which galloped in the thicket to trees direction and next he took shelter from the storm behind his chariot. Mayush sat near his legs and Rael stroked the dog's head.

"It is the end of the walk," Rael told to his dog. "When the storm ends we will go back

home.”

Rael and Mayush walked back home when the storm died down. On their arrival the high priest sent an envoy to inform the king on what had transpired.

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The next day Kaalan began the investigation on who tried to assassinate Rael.

From the feast time the high priest had not seen strange creatures from another world and he did not try to visit their world.

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Time went by. Rael have been sitting in one of the rooms in his house and staring at a new figurine of Nanna when two creatures appeared through the wall.

“Hello friend,” one of them said. “How is it going?”

The high priest looked at them with a slightly shaken and confused.

“Are you surprised to see us again?” the second one added.

“What do you want from me?” Rael asked.

He thought he had told it only in his mind but he was wrong. Soon after a slave girl came to his room and asked.

“My lord, did you call me?”

“Do you see something in the room?” Rael pointed two astral creatures.

“Yes! My lord, a bench!” she answered.

“And nothing else?” the high priest emphasized.

“Yes, a wall behind the bench.”

“Thank you.”

“Should I be seeing something else?” she asked with a little anxiety.

“No, thank you!” Rael answered. “You can go now.”

Soon after the slave girl, left the room, she started to put it around that there was something missing in the high priest head. She suggested that it was caused by the stressful events a few weeks ago.

The high priest looked at the creatures.

“You know,” one of them spoke. “The slave girl started to mock you making a fool of you.”

“It is nothing special,” Rael answered dissembling in calmness. “They wheeled away the time looking for sensation.” And next he added. “Moreover, what are you looking for in this world?”

In the answer Rael had heard, “And what have you been looking for in our world?”

“I like this stupid kind of dialog, like children in kindergarten,” the high priest tauntingly told to the spirits, “I accidentally landed there and of course, because of curiosity.”

“We are here because of the second reason. We don’t want to go through fire and water.

We are not fed up with life in our physical bodies,” one of the creatures answered. “You showed us a safe way to your world and we will visit you more often.”

“Excuse me, we haven’t been formally introduced ourselves,” the ghost added a short while later.

The speaking creature pointed on the second one, “Ler my coworker,” and pointed at himself, “I am Zal.”

“How are you able to speak in my language?” still shaken Rael asked. “A while ago, you all seemed not to understand my language. Among yourselves, you all spoke strange language using strange noise, but now you speak my language with no difficulties.”

“You think it was strange noises. We think totally different,” Zal exclaimed. “We know your language because we can decipher your thoughts. I am unable to explain in your words how we do it. Not because it is a great secret but the lack of proper words in your language.”

“Where are you from?” Rael asked.

“I suppose you already know,” Ler answered. “You lead us here. In our world, we researched that kind of places of power, like that place where we met. We observe many tunnels. That one we have been observing for two months.”

“Interesting,” Rael concluded and questioned, “if you have known about that tunnel and our world from a long time, why didn’t you try to visit our world earlier and why after I my trip?”

“The reason is very simple,” Ler answered. “The tunnel existed for a short time and we

wanted to test its stability. These tunnels opened and closed quite fast. Some researchers of our team disappeared from our world because it. We rarely found tunnels opening for a longer time than several hours. The tunnel which we used to come here is incredibly durable. We do not know why. Besides, for the longest time we were curious to find out what was on the other side, but we were unwilling to risk getting lost and your arrival explained a lot.”

“You were afraid that creatures, whose could wait for you on the other end of the tunnel and could capture you as you did to me,” Rael added.

“Of course, but not only because of it,” Ler continued.

“What more can happen to a spirit?” high priest asked in amazement. “Capturing a spirit is incredible. In my world nobody had the know-how.”

“You can totally annihilate a spirit,” Ler answered.

“It is impossible,” Rael said as a thin drop of perspiration trickled down from his forehead from fear and disbelief. He had to take a deep long breath to swallow what was said.

“The man with weak faith,” Ler told to Rael sarcastically. “We have been doing it for many millions years.”

Rael was taken back and agape his phiz with great surprise.

“It is only level of knowledge,” Ler continued. “You, people will sooner or later discover it when you reach certain technical levels.”

“Did you use it due to people in your world?” Rael asked

“In ancient times - yes, but very rarely, now - not,” she answered.

“In what situation?” Rael dwelled on the topic.

“In this way we liquidated habitual and hard-core criminals,” Zal said. “As you know, we as you, revive every some period in physical bodies. If someone murders or does hideous acts in every new incarnation, and does them on a large scale and no changes are seen on them; we annihilated his physical body and spirit totally.”

“But now?” Rael asked.

“Now we have other methods,” Zal continued. “We wipe out the rascal’s personality completely and introduce new one. In fact it is equivalent to capital punishment but our people embrace it more friendly and that person can be useful for others in next incarnations.”

“Only in such cases have you used it?” Rael continued questioned.

“Not only,” Zal continued, “our universe consists of materials and spirituals worlds and not only gentle creature lived there. Time and again, some demon come into our world and started to wreak havoc all over. It possesses our people and makes them do horrible things; we annihilate it in these cases. If someone decided to force his way into our world with such criminal intents and realizes them, he has to take into account that someone can annihilate him.”

Rael nervously strolled around the room and scraped his nose.

“But resume to the tunnels,” he changed diverted from the topic. “What would happen if I was there and the tunnel closes?”

“Your physical body would die,” Ler answered indifferently and moved a little closer to Rael. “You would go to our astral world and after a while, would reincarnate as one of us. Pardon, if you were good enough you would go to a higher spiritual world. But, knowing your memory I don’t think so. For sure, you would be as one of us.”

She started to laugh and looked at Zal who laughed too because of Rael’s facial expressions.

“How does it come?” Rael became worried. “I would not be a human being anymore? I would look like you?”

“You see,” this time Zal started to elaborate, “we are another variant of your world. Creatures who live in our world, it means we are, in spiritual development are on this same level like people who live here and like people reincarnate after a specified period of time. Until their lives they reach a certain level of excellence after which enables them to graduate to next level; to another spiritual world where they are required to improve again. Our sages claim, but it is not examined, that on a certain spiritual level creatures from different universes united fronts and differences among them disappeared and on the end they blend with overwhelming spirit of all universes.”

“It means,” Rael was exploring the subject in greater depths, “your researchers, who were lost in other variants of universes reincarnated as other creatures, which lived in

these universes.”

“It is the most probably,” Zal answered moving towards the window and pondered over something, “unless they were annihilated by creatures from those habitats. It would be impossible. We have no contact with them.”

They spoke long time and later the aliens came back to their universe.

*

The creatures came to Rael almost each day and they talked about their world. During these meetings they became friends. It was the first inter-universe friendship.

*

Rael was talking with the aliens when the maid-slave walked into the room with the news that soldiers came and have been waiting.

“Lead them here,” the high priest ordered.

Upon arriving the soldiers reported about catching Uruk’s spy, who was suspected to be connected with the attack on Rael’s life. Zal and Lef listened to the conversation the entire time. After the soldiers’ left the room Zal asked. “Are you planning to kill him? If yes, I’ve a brilliant idea. I would like to incarnate in his body and find out how people’s life is on a human beings perspective.”

“I think it will not be a problem,” Rael answered.

“So kill him,” Zal was emphasized, “Without destroying his body, of course.”

The high priest sent a servant with a message to stop the torturing of the spy until he

would come. He had a sly idea to use Zal to his aims. Rael together with the creatures started to establish details of his plan of the action. Zal and Ler taught him how to make an artificial respiration and cardiac massage. Thereafter, Rael went to the king to explain his strange plan. The puzzled king agreed to Rael's strange idea. Rael together with the creatures, who were invisible to everyone, went alongside the soldiers and torturers to the prisoner's cell in background of the dungeon. The man was chained and hung on the wall. The high priest stood across from the prisoner and looked at him with a piercing gaze. Rael started slowly and regular breathe. He concentrated on the spy's mind, and slowly understood his thoughts and character. Zal and Ler read the spy's mind too. In this way they found out that the traitor was the Writer. The prisoner was unlocked from the wall and taken to another room where a special torture chair was situated. Upon entering that room, the spy began to hurl himself vigorously as he knew what was going to happen to him in a few seconds. Four soldiers were unable to hold him down. After a few minutes, he tired up; the soldiers knocked him down and crushed him by their bodies. The spies' head stuck out from the soldiers' bodies and Kaalan came slowly to it, squatted down, put both his arms on the prisoners' neck and strangled him carefully without breaking his trachea. Zal immediately went into the spy's body. Rael made cardiac massage and while one of soldiers made artificial respiration as instructed by Rael. After a while, the body moved, started to breathe and after a moment it made few uncoordinated movements.

“Take him to the room upstairs,” Rael ordered.

After few hours Zal could speak and move his new body. He stood up, took a few steps.

Rael, who was there the entire time, was very pleased by the outcome of their plans.

“Finally, we can have a conversation as white people,” Zal told humoristic.

*

The Writer was captured soon after. The execution of the Writer was fast and without damaging his body. Thereafter, Ler decided to incarnate into his body after his death and possessed the Writer’s body.

*

Uruk was all going out for war. Preparation were completed, the army waited for orders to attack. Zal was sent to Uruk court. Nobody in Uruk was able to work out the truth. To them it was impossible to comprehend that in well known body was someone different. They trusted him and he became a good friend of the high commander of Uruk’s army. Thanks to Ler, who incarnated in the Writers’ body, it was possible to capture all spies connected with the Writer.

*

Night came as Rael was still working out a way to solve the conflict definitively. Zal appeared in his astral body.

“Hi,” he started talk, “the king of Uruk is planning to attack Ur in two weeks.”

“We don’t have a lot of time,” Rael said loudly. “We have to prevent it.”

“Well, but how?” Zal questioned.

“I’ve an idea,” Rael continued. “We will kill the high commander of Uruk’s army and Ler will incarnate in his body. Next we kill the king and I will possess his body and cancel the expedition.

“The idea is good, because it’s short,” Zal told it sarcastically. “How do you want to execute the plan?”

“Be at ease, don’t drive to dizzy,” Rael answered. “I’ve a general sketch of the plan of the action in my mind.”

“You should be a poet,” Zal commented it.

*

In Uruk court Zal waited for the perfect opportunity to kill the high commander. Ler in her astral body followed the commander. In one moment, she appeared to Zal and informed him that the commander was alone in a toilet. Zal dashed into the toilet fast and hit the commander by a straight right at his jaw. The knockdown blow deprived him conscious. The commander fell down on a floor. Then Zal pressed his neck arteries keeping his collar and killed him. Ler incarnated into the commander's dead body then Zeal made a cardiac massage and artificial respiration. A few minutes later Ler, as the commander, started breath. She already knew the principles of human body functioning so she got on her feet went out of the toilet after Zal.

*

After few hours Ler and Zal found out that the royal mistress was strolling alone through the palace garden. Ler in the commander's body moved towards her. The commander knew her for a long time. Upon seeing a friend she was glad because she fancied him a lot. She started converse. The commander was handsome and she liked him a lot so slowly led him to a secluded place in the park near a pond. Zal followed them secretly. Ler saw him and prepared to put next step of the secret plan into operation. When they were far enough she struck the woman by a right fist in the heart, killing her instantly. Zal incarnated into her body immediately and after a brief resuscitation he rose up and looked at his former body which lay in the bushes. Then Ler carried it on his shoulders and to a nearby pond. She then burdened it with stones and pushed it into the water. The surprised spirit of the woman was turning around to them trying to get back into her body when the 'death envoys' came and took her to the astral world. After a few minutes, Zal in the king's favorite body, strolled with Ler twittered together joyfully.

*

Night was coming. The king of Uruk called on his favorite to his bedroom and requested not to be disturbed until morning. Telepathically Zal sent a message to Rael about it.

*

Rael went into his bedroom and ordered to guard to watch it carefully and not to allow

anybody or let anyone to come near his room. He lay on his bed and relaxed his body. He felt his legs, hands, torso and lastly his head went up. He tore from his physical body which left Ur and he flew to Uruk.

*

Zal went into the king's bedroom, which greeted him affectionately, took his hand, and led him to a table with full of assorted fruits and different kinds of wine.

“What would you like my dear?” the king asked embracing Zal fondly.

In this moment Zal struck the king by his elbow in his solar plexus. The king ran short of breath, fell down on the floor and died. Rael was waiting for it under the ceiling.

Within no time he went into the king's body which lay dead on the floor and Zal restored the body to life.

*

Next day it was a council of war where the king, priests and high officers of Uruk's army participated. Rael as the king canceled the military expedition, which shocked and dumbfounded everybody up on hearing the news. The behavior of king aroused suspicion in the high priest Hrap. After the council he asked the king, “Would you like to drink something my lord? I ordered servants to bring something to drink.”

“Wine with beer, a little mixed, not shaken,” Rael answered without thinking.

By these statements, it heightened even more suspicions of Hrap. He was sure that he knew a person who drinks this strange blend of beverages but he could put a finger on

just who.

*

In the evening in his room he took out from his cupboard his magical requisites, lit herbs in a censer and started to call a demon who served him. In an incense smoke, in the beginning a hazily outlined and later sharply the figure of the demon appeared.

“Why do you call me?” the demon asked.

“Tell me what happened to our king,” Hrap asked. “He behaves strangely.”

“He is not your king,” the demon answered. “It is your colleague Rael. He killed your king and went into his body.”

Hrap’s face turned to grey in disbelief.

“Frankly speaking, Rael didn’t kill the king,” the demon added. “But someone else did it. It doesn’t matter now because Rael is in that body.”

“Oh! The sneaky son of Ur! He wants to rule Uruk,” Hrap shouted, turning to the demon asked him. “What can we do? Without any conclusive evidence I cannot accuse the king of being an impostor and not the king.”

“You have to kill Rael’s body; if it dies the king’s body dies too. Rael transfers vital energy from his physical body to the king’s one.”

“Who can kill him?” frightened Hrap asked.

“Me, I am a professional for sure,” the demon told with self-confidence.

“It’s great!” Hrap was happy. “Kill him!”

As fast as a lightning the demon went to Ur. He found the place where Rael's body lay. A guard stood in front of the room's door. The demon possessed the guard's mind and took over his body; went into the room now as the guard, came closer to Rael's bed and took out a sword. Simultaneously, Mayush who was rooting around in the garden stopped, he lifted his head and started to sniff around. He turned back and ran to the palace as fast as possible. Something had ordered him to run to his masters' room as fast as he could. Upon arriving, he jumped in through a window and saw the soldier with the sword over his master's body. Mayush without thinking, sprung like a tiger, threw himself at the assailant, clenched his throat with his teeth and brought down the aggressor on the floor. The guard wheezed and thrashed about on the floor but was unable to break free from the deadly jaws of Mayush and died a few seconds later. The demon left the dead guard's body. Because of the commotion several people went into the room.

*

Rael had a feeling of anxiety. He went to the king's bedroom, ordered not to be disturbed and lay on the bed. He relaxed his muscles, left the king's body and went back to Ur. In the room, where his physical body lay, he saw several people bending down over the body of the dead guard and the demon which was then slithering out of the room through the wall. Immediately, he drew back to his physical body.

*

The high priest woke-up and opened his eyes.

“Dear Rael, you are only alive because of your dog!” Saet shouted jittery. “I do not know what happened with the soldier. He was the one of the most trusted and loyal person.”

“I know what happened,” Rael answered keeping a cool head. “I will prevent these accidents in the future.”

*

The demon came back to his master.

“I was unsuccessful,” he was starting to speak, “Rael had a strong guard. I couldn’t force it. He saw me when he was coming back to his physical body. From now he’ll be more cautious.”

“You’re a bungler!” Hrap shouted furiously, “You exposed me. I’ll send you to the deepest abyss of hell!”

Hrap concentrated and started to recite incantations. Behind the demon a dark tunnel opened. When it began swallowing him up, he shouted with his last breath, “Mercy my lud! Mercy.....”

“No mercy for bungler!” the vindictive high priest called after the wretch.

The demon was plunged into the abyss within no time. The tunnel closed. Hrap looked forward.

“Who his job botches, the live world never watches,” Hrap mumbled and laughed to

himself. "I invented the quite good distich, eh? I should write poems."

An impotent fury came back again. Impulsively Hrap started to pick his nose and murmured something to himself, "In our time everybody screw up his job, even demons. You have to oversee everybody's work. If not they botch everything."

He nervously strolled back and forth around his room and thought about his joyless situation. He stopped for a moment and thought, "Well, I removed the demon but what about me?"

Nervously he rubbed his sweaty hands. He felt how his left eyelid was batting, he hated it.

"Only without panic," he whispered, "I am a real professional. Rael has great power but I hope after vanishing of the demon he cannot detect or link him to me. I'll collaborate with him. What more can I do?"

The following days Hrap started to make gentle efforts to achieve Rael's favor as high priest of Ur and as the king of Uruk. After many months he succeeded in his quest. He not only won Rael's favors but his dog Mayush too.

*

Two weeks after the killing the real the king of Uruk, Rael experienced bigger and bigger problems with the regeneration of the died king's body, which was going to bad when he came back to his own body. Because he has been losing a lot of life energy for regeneration of the body, he was forced to leave that body occasionally. In Ur he

ordered for a copper box to be prepared and transported to Uruk. He picked several people who acted as his confidants in Uruk court, who dug up a chamber in the basement under his bedroom. They constructed a special channel through which a stream of cold water from an artesian spring was flown through the basement. The copper box was situated in the stream where it was left for cooling the king's body. Rael would leave the king's body there, when he returned back to his physical body. Because the king's body was preserved well it did not up to spoil so fast. When Rael was in Ur his confidants guarded the door his king's room in Uruk.

*

Rael as the king of Uruk ruled for several years. He led an alliance between Ur and Uruk. For many years he met strangers from other alternative worlds. They enlightened him with great knowledge due to astronomy, technology, mathematics and other sciences which had to be found by many generations of people. Because of this, Rael won the fame of being the wisest person in his country and contributed in numerous technological boost of his country. Unfortunately, after his death a greater part of the knowledge was buried in the grave.

Scientific congress

For thousands years opening and closing tunnels connected the two worlds. Dinosauroids went into people's world in different regions of Earth. They went to Egypt, Greece, Rome, both Americas and Asia.

*

In the dinosauroids' world, in one of cities, scientific congress had been going on. The congress was about parallel worlds and contact methods between the worlds.

“And now professor Cert will give a speech,” a chairman announced the lecturer.

The professor mounted on the rostrum.

“Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen,” he started his speech. “I would like to preview briefly current results of researches and elaborate some hypothesis due to parallel worlds. As we know, since several thousands of years we have had contacts with parallel worlds because of our astral bodies. We were able to discover fourteen space-times.”

A wall behind professor's back turned into a holography screen which showed illustrations of events.

“In two discovered space-times an equivalent of our solar system does not exist at all,”

Cert added and behind his back it was presented a sky with stars. “This doesn't mean

that they are not attractive for research. It could be in other planetary systems where life exists.”

The holographic screen showed pictures were the researchers had visited other worlds in their astral bodies. Physical and astral bodies are connected by an astral bond. All the pictures that the researches saw were immediately transmitted from astral body to their physical body by an astral rope. A special device, directly from the astral rope, read and recorded what astral senses of researches registered.

“In one of space-time we did not find any matter,” professor Cert spoke and the screen showed blank space. “In other three spaces planetary systems, similar to ours, existed but the Earth and other planets were death deserts.”

The holography screen showed the Earth and its neighboring planets as they were seen by astral eyes of researchers. Professor continued, “In the rest number of space-times some traces of organic life were found. Some of the small creatures from a group of mammals which in our universe are small and mainly nocturnal animals, evolved into intelligent creatures.”

On the screen the people were shown.

“Until now we are still unable to transfer any solid materials to other space-times intentionally. Seven accidents of transfer occurred because of unknown reasons when our researchers moved with their physical bodies to other space-times were none of them survived.”

Listeners watched on the screen drastically scenes of the researchers' fatal demises which were seen by their colleagues who were then in their astral bodies in those universes. Some of the victims, after their physical body's death, managed to return to the laboratories and transferred their memories.

"And it is called 'real sacrifice for science'," told someone of the auditors.

"Don't break professor Cert, please," the chairman hushed him.

"The first one of them," Cert was relating. "Had moved to the universe where a planetary system, similar to our system, didn't exist. In a vacuum the internal pressure of his body immediately tore his body into shreds. The second one died on Earth where only anaerobes lived. He suffocated because a lack of oxygen. Four researchers; no one knew why, moved to Earth where people lived. One of them drowned because he landed in a middle of a sea, two of them died because they were infected by mysterious unknown diseases and the last one was killed by people."

Cert paused for a moment because the listeners had to cool down after that what they had just seen on the holographic screen and then he proceeded, "After the lengthy introduction I would like to turn to more technical things. Channels that connected parallel universes unexpectedly appeared and vanished because of unexplainable reasons. Sometimes, we found signs that showed opening or closing of the tunnels. The tunnels were probably energy fluctuations of space-time but, we couldn't work out a reliable theory. Analogical channels, which connect parts of our Earth and our

space-time, were discovered a long time ago on the Earth and in cosmic space also. Our entire universe is permeated by these channels. It is well known that astral bodies which are moving through our universe create these kinds of channels, which disappear just after astral journeys. Sometimes some of them did not vanish entirely creating something like a trace of journey-tracks. Channels have different dimensions and cross sections. The biggest number is circle cross section but it was found ellipse, square and rectangle. However, there were not found triangular cross sections and polygons different from mentioned above. In experiments about astral creature's materialization and astral apports, it means dematerialization of things in one place and materialization it in another place, based on skills possessed by some of our co-brothers it was noticed a decrease of temperature of the environment, weakening the vital energy of mediums and sometimes the power consumption from electric energy sources.”

The professor paused.

“Some conclusions?” he asked and paused again but answered him only silence from auditory.

“Energy is necessary for materialization of objects. It is an obvious conclusion of course.

But, if we look at the formula $E = mc^2$, means that energy is equal to mass multiplied by some coefficients which could not be a constant in general, and transform it in simply way we get the formula $m = E/c^2$, what it means that conversion of the mass into the energy and vice versa is possible. If we assume that the channels are wave-guides, it is

possible to convert matter into wave energy in one side of the channel and then transferring it to opposite end and then materialize the object back. First trials about creation of artificial channels for small distances were successful. First prototypes were built of devices which could de-materialize objects in the beginning of artificially created channel and materialize it at the end of the channel.”

Behind of the professor’s back the holographic screen showed illustrations of these trials.

“It’s a pity that our attempts of sending objects were feeble. But, we have succeeded in dematerialization and materialization of iron mono-crystals. Before and after the transfer the mono-crystal remained identical as what is visible behind me.”

Professor paused again and smiled a little and then continued, “Experiments with simple inorganic compounds were negative. Final results of materialization were totally different from the initial state, dematerialized object. So now, we can only dream about the transfer of more complex compounds. ”

He paused briefly and continued. “That is all what I would like to tell you. Thank you for patience and attention.”

After professor Cert lecture, the chairman took the floor. “And now we are starting discussions. Some questions for the speaker?”

The stormy discussion started. Professor Cert was showered with questions, participants expressed their opinions etc. Of course, they determined nothing as usual it happens

during meeting of great minds.

Cert among people

It was summer night. In a forest clearing Satanists gathered to recite devil's prayer in honor of Lucifer. Everybody wanted to call him to the Earth. Hiding in bushes were princes' knights who observed them keenly from a distance. They were ordered to arrest all the worshipers including Lucifer. After the bishop's persuasion the prince sent his people to liquidate the hotbed, which due to the bishop's source of information, were wide-spreads in that region. The ceremony was in progress. The physical energy concentration among participants reached its apogee.

*

The same night in dinozauroid's world devices indicted strange increase of activities of the astral tunnel. This alarmed scientist headed by professor Cert, who came close to the entrance of the tunnel. The professor incautiously stood at the entrance of the astral tunnel and in plain view of his coworkers he started dissolve into thin air.

*

A sudden wave of cold came; the participants of the ceremony had lost their power. In the centre of the circle created by devil worshippers a dreadful creature started to materialize.

"It's disgusting," one of warriors covered by bushes whispered. "It is good that he is a

shrimp.”

“Hush!” the commander hissed through his teeth.

An appearance of the ghoulish apparition did not frighten the Satanists. In their narcotic visions they had seen more hideous creatures. They were sure that their prayers have been answered and Lucifer came personally to his faithful servants. Professor Cert, because he had just materialized on the glade, was astounded and frightened. Indeed for long time he had dreamt of traveling to other universes in his physical body and to make researchers on an alternative Earth but, when it happened he realized that dreams and real life were not one and the same.

“Great Lucifer, Our lord!” he heard. “Welcome!”

Cert knew this language well. His colleagues deciphered it long ago.

“What did you do?” he asked calmly. “How can I get back home?”

Having had said this, he swore loudly that he had fixed the confessors who were convinced that they dealt with a devilish individual. In that moment, the prince’s knights jumped out from concealment. They caught all devil worshippers by throwing nets and bound them. The action ran very efficiently. It was visibly a very good experience of prince’s warriors. They were real professionals. The professor had no time for reflections. He lay crushed under the bodies of three soldiers who with the great skill cramped his hands and legs. At that instant, Cert disliked people from Earth; his welcome was very unpleasant. He was thrown in a cart. Satanists’ hands were bound in

the back. Soldiers put loops on their necks and connected them to one rope which was then attached to the horse saddle. The commander got on the horse and the convoy, created a chain of human beings, moved towards the castle.

*

Prince Roland was notified about their successful action and immediately came to see the monster which was captured by his soldiers. He jumped out of his bed, shouldered his dressing gown and ran down to the throne room. Many people were already there, among others: the court leech who was also the astrologer and the bishop.

“Lead the Satan,” the prince ordered as he sat comfortably in his throne.

The orders were carried out in a flash. Cert was brought in the room and thrown on a floor still bound.

“Could you untie my legs?” asked Cert. “I cannot stand up. I can get rheumatism if I lie on the cold floor.” And in his thoughts he questioned. “They must hate tourists for sure.”

Everybody looked at the prince.

“Well,” Roland unwillingly ordered. “Untie his legs.”

“My lord,” the bishop protested. “It could be the devil’s trick.”

“I am taking the risk,” the prince retorted. “Carry out the order!”

The warriors untied Cert and lifted him up.

“I feel uncomfortable with hands bound on my back and the noose tied on my neck.”

Cert delved deeper into the problem.

The prince shook his head in a little irritation:

“Bind his hands on his front,” Roland ordered. “The shrimp cannot be dangerous.”

“If I were you I would be careful,” the bishop interjected. “You never know what the devil can do.”

“Carry out the order!” Roland told.

The soldiers changed the bounds efficiently cramping Cert’s hand on his wrists in the front:

“Where are you from?” the prince asked Cert.

“It is difficult to explain,” the professor started to talk. “I come from another world.”

“From hell, of course,” the bishop shrieked out.

“You can call that place however you want,” Cert agreed and continued. “But, I suppose the definition ‘Hell’ fits this place better. Madcap people, the castle looks like a prison, a pigsty and hell-hole. You have never washed or cleaned yourselves. The stench and dirt of the place and its people are awful chokes me.”

“My lord, he is insulting us!” the knight Harold, who was the commander of the troops who caught the Satanists, shouted angrily. “Can I strike him with the flat of my sword?”

The prince pondered over something for a while, looked out, lifted his index finger of left hand and said, “It is a good idea. But, wait for a while my dear Harold,” and turning towards Cert he added, “I am listening.”

Cert introduced himself and using words which were clearly understood by all the listeners, he described the dinosauroids world. When he finished Harold interjected with a suggestion, "He lies like brownish grey bitch! In my own eyes I witnessed how he appeared on the glade after Satanists' recited prayers. He is Satan! We have to kill him!" And Harold would be glad to do it immediately. Cert disliked the turn of the situation.

"I agree with you. Let's burn him at the stake," the bishop supported Harold. He reached to his pocket, grubbed there and took out a crucifix. Next he stretched out his now shaky hand with the crucifix towards Cert and shouted, "Apage Satanes."

These words were a big surprise to Cert, who could not speak Latin.

"And what should I do now?" he asked awshaped. "Should I be afraid of the circus performer figurine and disappear, or what?"

Cert spread his arms helplessly, "I want to vanish from your world but I can't."

"He is mocking Christ," the outraged bishop bellowed.

"All of us!" Harold yelled and run up to Cert trying to hit him on the head.

The professor ducked the punch and Harold's right hand flew over his head. In a flash Cert caught Harold's right arm by his tied hands and violently pulled him. Harold tried to keep balance and took one step forward by right leg. Cert blocked the leg when it was mid-air by his left foot. Harold made a striking flight, landed on hard stone floor on his back and hit his head. The sound of the impact echoed around the castle.

"Amazing!" the prince whispered shaking his head with in disbelief. "Such a shrimp

and he made Harold to fly like a bird. I am impressed with his fighting skills.”

“Jesus Christ!” Harold was groaning holding his now swollen and paining head. “There are devil’s tricks. We have to kill him!”

“Kill him,” Harold was supported by yawper the bishop and the leech.

“Alright!” the prince agreed with them. “But give him a chance. I suppose Harold should demand satisfaction.” Prince Roland paused for a moment and continued. “Dear Harold, challenge the monster to a duel.”

“With pleasure,” Harold said as he removed his gauntlet.

Next he took off his gauntlet and threw down near Cert’s legs. Cert for paused for a moment then hesitantly picked up the gauntlet as a sign of acceptance of the duel.

“In order,” Roland announced. “The duel will take place tomorrow at noon in the castles’ courtyard.”

“High noon,” Cert thought.

“Cert, choose your preferred weapon,” the prince turned to the professor.

The professor was terrified the outcome of events. Tomorrow at noon he has to die from a hand of a strapping fellow. He was unable to utter any word as the feeling and the thought of the duel was overwhelming him.

“Cert, what is happening?” Roland questioned him.

“I cannot ride horse-back,” the professor whispered in a weak, shivery tone.

“No problem, the duel will be on foot.” Roland concluded.

Eventually the professor recovered cold blood and asked bravely, “Probably you have not a plasma thrower?”

“What...?” Roland stared in confusion.

“It was a joke,” Cert added jokingly. “Your weapons are too heavy for me.”

“Is he trying to wriggling out of the duel?” Harold interrupted the conversation.

“Well-well, give me a wooden cudgel of this length,” Cert with bonded hands showed the suitable height over the floor. “And fit a ferrule on the cane. He can use any weapon he wants.”

“Let smith prepare the cudgel,” Roland ordered. “And now we will retire for the night.”

Lock Cert in the tower in a separate cell.

The princes’ orders were carried out. The professor lay on a bundle of musty straw. He was unable to sleep as he was stressed, nervous of everything that had happened, the duel the following day, discomfort of the bed and an awful stench that lingered in the air.

Unexpectedly, his coworkers appeared through walls of the cell in their astral bodies.

“Hello boss, how are you?” Werna called as he sat on the cell’s floor. “We were unable to find you.”

“I see that you are not in the best situation,” Zorn added.

“Not the best it is too less said,” Cert whined. “I am in tragic situation. Tomorrow, rather today I’ve to duel for life-and-death against some bruiser. I’ve never fought before. And I never been in any military or paramilitary organization. With police I only

had contact when they gave me a ticket for wrong parking of my magneto flight. The strapping fellow will for sure smash me with ease.”

The news about the duel frightened Werna and Zorn.

“Oh shit!” Zorn added swearing. “It was nice to know you.”

Cert stared, his mind diverted for a while as he stared at co workers after their annoying utterances:

“It’s not funny,” Cert answered sarcastically.

“Dear professor, for sure you will win,” Werna consoled Cert. “All of us trained self-defense. You should think positively. In difficult situations, you always emphasized that the most important thing is positive thinking.”

“I see that your sense of humor is increasing by the minute,” Cert continued. “No wonder, I’ve to fight and not you. And about my advice, it is much easier to advise someone and something different doing it yourself.”

“Boss, you win for sure,” Zorn emphasized. “Try to catch some sleep and relax. Now we are vanishing and morning before the duel we will come again.”

“Hmm....., easier, said than done,” Cert concluded and said it repeatedly.

Companions disappeared. After some minutes the professor fell in deep asleep.

*

The following morning before noon, two soldiers brought water and food. Cert drank water, and sniffed the food before eating it. He thought that probably he will not poison

himself because what carnivorous mammals ate could be harmful to him. He started eat slowly and chewed the food carefully to calm his rumbling stomach. As he was just about to swallow the next mouthful, his friends came in their astral bodies.

“Hello boss,” one of them said. “Don’t look around because they will think you are mad. We are with you all the way.”

After the meal the soldiers led Cert to the castle’s courtyard. He was astounded with what he saw. Except the hundreds of people who were sitting in the arcaded galleries and partly in the courtyard, he noticed dinosauroids in their astral bodies, maybe two hundreds or more. They sat on rooftops, courtyard, and galleries some of them hovered in the air. Also amongst them was his family, friends, journalists and others.

“They have made this an Olympic,” Cert thought sneeringly.

One of women sitting on the galleries with horror in her eyes shot up suddenly and shouted, “Christ my Lord, devils surround us. They are everywhere!”

The sight of the devilish creatures overwhelmed her that after uttering these words she fainted. Several people who were close went to her and tried to revive her. Others looked around but they noticed nothing special, except Cert.

Cert was presented with several armors but all of them were big and their construction did not match his physique. Dinosauroids came to Cert to encourage and console him and tried to give him tactical advices. He listened to them but pretended and showed no signs that he could hear or see someone else apart from people. Cert took to his hand the

cudgel which he was given and waved it a little. It was an excellent fit to his hands. He did some gymnastic exercises for warm up. Opposite to him Knight Harold came in a light armor, with a sword and a shield in hands. They stood eyeball to eyeball and glared at each other with great fury; they could almost taste each others breathe. Cert felt telepathically that Harold would show no mercy. Harold would definitely kill him. Comparing the two fighter size difference, apart of the spectators hurled malicious jokes and annoying laughers at Harold and this made him bristle with rage even more. Trumpets were blown symbolizing the prince's entrance. Prince Roland and his wife Shchesnodara, Slavic princess, walked along the arcaded gallery and occupied the place of honor. The prince's herald briefly introduced, explained reason of the duel, its participants and rules of fight. When he finished the prince brow furrowed as sign of the start of the duel. Harold moved towards Cert, who was filled with panic and scared, but in an instance his fear turned into fierce courage. That time Cert concentrated only on the fight. The crowd of dinosauroids froze with tension. The arcade was filled with a mood of both ecstatic and unnerving feeling. Knight Harold stroked with his sword. Cert moved with swift agility dodged the blow of the sword that swung inches away over his head. Harold attacked again and again but, Cert by agile manoeuvres enabled to avoid Harold's blows. He ducked and with each second his sword cut air over Cert's head. Dinosaurs with great tensions observed the duel, but the spectators took advantage; they laughed and mocked at Harold each time he missed striking Cert. With

time Harold forgot to be cautious. He chased Cert waving sword around over and over again off his nuts. When he attacked again making a step forward with his right leg, Cert dodged the blow squatting on his left leg, took a spin with the right leg tripping Harold's right leg off the ground. The knight fell flat like a log, dropping his sword from his hand. The audience was totally quiet you could hear whistling of the air. As Harold was about to stand up, still on his fours Cert's hit his head as hard as he could with his cudgel. The helmet he wore saved his life but was knocked off from his head after the hit. He staggered a bit, the strike made him feel dizzy but he still continued with the duel. When he was reaching out for his sword again; Cert hit his bare head crushing his nose black and blue, and gouged his left eye out with his cudgel. A fountain of blood spurted around. Harold's brain started to drip out from his eye socket. The man twitched in convulsions for a moment. Cert stood with the cudgel ready to finish him off. He could not believe the sweet smell success. A hush of deathly silence reigned among people. But dinosauroids were crazy from happiness. They flew up to Cert and congratulated him. Of course, he gave them the go-by. The entire time he kept stoic calmness.

"Kill the beast!" the bishop shouted from his place.

"Kill him!" the crowd roared loudly cheering at him.

"Silence!" the prince shouted. "I will be the one to decide what will happen to the creature."

And turning to the guard he ordered, "Take Cert to the tower and remove Harold's body." And after a few second he added, "And make an order here."

The guard seized the dinosauroid and led him to a cell in the tower. People slowly left the courtyard and galleries; murmuring and discussing the duel.

"It is good," the prince, had bad blood with Harold and had no opportunity to eliminate his, was thinking. "Cert was unaware that he did for me a great favor by killing Harold."

The prince could not bear the swollen with pride knight, who had very high ambitions.

Roland knew that Harold dreamed of replacing him in the 'prince's throne' or maybe he had something on his sleeves. But, now that Harold is died Ronald will never discover about his true intentions. Maybe it was better for him. Herald hatched numerous plots against the prince. He almost poisoned Roland a couple of years ago. The Prince was aware un-loyalty and malicious schemes but lacked incontrovertible proof against his allegations. But without any concrete proof even the prince was paralyzed in taking action against the Knight considering the position that Harold had. Cert made good job for Roland.

*

There was a seething crowd of dinosauroids in Cert's cell. They congratulated him the for victory in the duel, spoke about trials of the transfer of material objects between space-times, assured him that there was only minor problems of short time when travels in physical bodies between space-times would be possible and he would be able to

return home. Cert was an outstanding practitioner in science and did not believe in these assurances. He knew that in science time was going differently than in other fields of life. One day in science was equivalent to about five years in reality. He realized that he would die earlier because of old age than they could make successful experiments.

Until evening he spent the day talking with friends when a guard came:

“Come with us,” one of warriors ordered. “The prince wants to see you.”

Warriors took him out from the tower and escorted him to the prince’s room, which sat at a big round-table with some elite knights and discussed. The table was laden with all sorts of foods and drinks.

“Welcome!” The Prince rose and turned to the prisoner. “Sit with at the table and share a meal with us.”

“Thank you!” Cert said as he was sitting near the knights.

Cert took a chunk of meat. Long time he sniffed and watched it. The Knights started to laugh under their breaths.

“You are afraid that I can poison you?” the prince laughed. “Look at me. I am eating a piece of meat from the same bowl that you took.

“It is not that I fear being poisoned,” Cert was explaining. “I come from a different world and things that are good for you maybe fatal to me. I have already tasted some of your food in the cell and I am still alive and well. But, this food is totally different from the food I was given in the tower.”

“Of course,” Roland was still laughing. “Prisoners get much worse food than this one. I think if you are alive after eating that food then this will be harmless for you also.

Cert bit off the piece meat.

“Hmm.....! It is excellent,” he praised.

“You know, Cert,” Roland started to speak. “I am very interested in your system of fight. Could you show me some of your martial tricks?”

“Of course, no problem,” Cert answered with a mouthful of meat. “Say when.”

“After supper,” the prince decided.

“Well, no problem,” Cert agreed. “Let your warriors bring several palliasses. We have to protect ourselves against contusions.”

Roland gave orders and immediately the floor of the room was covered with palliasses.

They ate and talked in length, and dinner was coming to the end.

“Could you show us a couple moves of your martial art?” Roland asked Cert.

“With a bellyful I am not the best in physical condition,” Cert told. “But I will try. Who will be my partner?”

“Ralf,” Roland pointed at one of his warriors.

Ralf was a bit unwilling, a little pale but carried out the order. He approached the palliasses and the show started. He threw a right hook blow in Cert’s face. Cert tilted his head dodging against the strike and with a cat’s nimbleness came to Ralf by step of his left foot, his left hand caught Ralf’s belt on his back and simultaneously flicked the

warrior up by his hips. When the soldier was falling down Cert grabbed his left hand by his right hand and turned his torso. Ralf fell down on his back on the palliase. Cert pulled Ralf's left hand up and turned him on his side. Next Cert crossed him by his left leg and right knee-kneeling down on Ralf's head and put on a lever on the elbow joint of Ralf's left hand. All the action lasted seconds.

"Amazing!" Roland shouted excitedly. "Show me more!"

The professor demonstrated for them more throws, levers, strangles, kicks and blows. He also demonstrated fights with sticks and belts. After the show Roland was bewildered and thunderstruck

"Amazing," he repeated, "can you be able to teach me and my soldiers the tricks?"

"Of course, but under one condition," Cert agreed.

"What condition?" Roland curiously asked.

"You will not kill me in future," Cert said quizzically.

"What are you talking about?" the prince answered by a question. "I've no intentions to kill you. In the beginning I had planned to make you my mascot in my court. But now I see that you are very indispensable person to me. I am nominating you as an official military adviser."

"Thank you!" Cert humbly started to speak. "What would have happened if the musclemans Harold had killed me today?"

"In this case," after a short break Roland answered with a cunning smile. "I've good

furriers. They would skin, dry and preserve your skin, prepare your skeleton and make a stuffed mascot from you.”

“Nice perspective,” Cert told.

The knights in the room roared in laughter’s.

“Seriously speaking,” Roland continued, “I was sure that you will win. My money was on you.”

And turning to the guard he ordered, “Prepare his room and a guard for him. Nothing bad should happen to him. Vouch for his life and good health with your heads.”

*

Cert carried out his task to perfection. In one of rooms in the court basement was turned into a training room where soldier were trained in self-defense everyday. Cert headed all matters about conditions and power over them. An instructor of swordsmanship felt insecure of a competitor from another world and pulled the finger out of his work. Knights with high positions at first were hostile towards Cert and were unwilling to participate in the trainings. But Roland ordered them to take part or else be thrown out of the team. Roland also participated in the trainings. Cert’s influence on Roland’s court increased gradually. Ladies-in-waiting fancied Cert’s company. He was not handsome, on the contrary, he was revolting but he spun an interesting tales about everything, showered jokes and was an optimist. Many men envied him. The prince took into account his advices because his level of hygiene improved in the duchy,

people were healthier, crops harvest increased and the welfare of the whole duchy grew.

He reformed the administration and modernized the castle. Because Cert's directives and innovations to boil drinking water, introduction of vaccinations; many epidemics never reappeared in the duchy while the same diseases were wreaking havoc in the neighboring duchies. Cert persuaded Roland to release the Satanists. By then, they were already several months in imprisonment and nobody knew what action should be taken against them; they were fed and guarded after which was staining the finances of the duchy. Cert was the real scientist and did away with his scientific researches. Because he was the pet of duke's couple he was able to access to all sources of knowledge in the duchy. Craftsmen produced objects he designed and desired. He built a microscope and a telescope; which were used for observations. He attempted to find out about medicine and the structure of the humans' body, but he felt a distinct reluctance from the leech. He also experienced hostility from the bishop too. More forthcoming were the witches. They provided him with valuable information concerning plants and their influence on both people and animals. Cert was interested in all living organisms on Earth. On the other hand, he could not contact with a wider circle of people because some of the have and could try to assassinate him. All his findings and data were written down on cowhides. He went to dinosauroid's world and sent the information to computers by special devices for recording memories of astral bodies. His family and coworkers visited him daily. The bishop and the leech looked askance at Cert's successes because

they knew that they were losing their positions in the court. They wanted to eliminate Cert. One day when Cert was ill-fated they hoped that it was a lethal disease. They supposed that it was their lucky day. The next day, to the joy of both of them, Cert became much worse than the previous day. He had a high fever.

The prince came into Cert's room and asked, "What is going on with you? I'll order the leech to cure you."

"No, not the butcher," Cert shouted in a weak voice. "He will kill me. He dislikes me and wishes death on me."

"I can find another doctor for you," Roland offered.

"No!" Cert opposed. "Methods of treatment appropriate for people your people could kill me. I suppose even local witches cannot cure me although we are in good terms. If my body immune system fails me then nothing will help me. I hope that the high fever, what I have now, kills the cause of the disease."

They talked in length. After the prince was left Cert ordered the guards not to allow anybody to disturb him? In his astral body he moved to his universe where his astral body, which was an exact copy of his physical body, was medically tested.

"The reason of your disease is unknown; he had different varieties of bacteria," doctor Hraze concluded. "I can charge you with bio-energy from our bio-energy generator. It builds up and restores your immune system of your body."

Doctor Hraze switched on the generator. Cert felt unfamiliar sensations as energy was

gradually increasing in his body. The therapy lasted several minutes. Farewell! Doctor Hraze told. “Come back tomorrow for your therapeutic appointment.”

“Is the people’s bio-energy good for us?” Cert asked.

“I think so,” the doctor answered. “Why are you asking?”

“I think that tomorrow’s visit here is unnecessary,” Cert told from under the ceiling.

“Do you think of making experiments with people’s bio-energy?” doctor Hraze asked in amazement.

“I chose plumb guy,” Cert answered. “He got in my bad books and is as fit as a fiddle.

He will not feel indifference if I drain out a little life energy.”

“Be careful with these experiments,” the doctor warned him.

“Nothing bad will happen.” Cert assured him, “You have methods to extract harmful energy from me, so if something goes wrong I will come to you.”

“Admittedly I’ve methods,” the doctor added. “But why take the risk?”

“Anything for science,” ironically Cert answered. “So I am returning back to people.”

“See you!”

“Bye!”

Cert incarnated back to his body. He swallowed something and then dozed off. When deep night came and everybody in the castle was asleep, except the watch guards, Cert left his physical body, moved through the walls of rooms, and halls and eventually entered into bishops’ room. Cert saw Reverend, who was sleeping like little piglet. Cert

moved closer to him and began to suck the vital energy from the bishop. Reverend shifted position ones in his sleep, afterwards twice and at last began to thrash about and shouted in his sleep. He woke up and sat on his bed; he though it was a bad dream. Cert stopped sucking energy from the priest and hid in a dark in a corner in Reverends room. In this moment the night guards rushed in with torches into the bishop's room.

“What happened, Reverend?”

“Nothing,” the bishop answered. “I had a dream that the monster from hell; Cert sucked blood from me. Always I emphasized to fry the reptile at the stake.”

“From where did he get the impression that I was a reptile,” Cert thought jokingly. “Is he a prophet or someone else? Probably, I underestimate his skills. Morning I've to excuse him.”

Guards were searching every inch of the bishop's room and one of the soldiers also went to Cert's room. They finished and the commander of the guards reported “Everything is in order. Nobody is here except you, Reverend and us of course. Cert is sleeping in his room. Good night.”

“Go with God!” the bishop answered.

Guards went out of the room. Cert was waiting until the bishop fell asleep and again began to suck energy. The bishop woke-up with a loud shout again. And in an instance, the night guards again rushed into his room. The situation reiterated during the night. The next morning Cert woke up feeling relaxed and was visibly much better but the

bishop felt awful and everything symptoms indicated that he suffered from the same disease that Cert had. The treatment of bishop's illness was carried out by the leech. The leech administered remedies; such as blood-suckers and gave herbal mixtures. After the treatment bishop felt much worse but he had strong organism which fought with the disease after two weeks and he got well.

The war

After several years the Roland's duchy became very wealthy. The astrologer, the bishop and several knights with high position hatched plots against Cert, in which they to tried to lure Princess Shchesnodara into collaborating with them in their quest to assassinate the Professor. They thought that she was naive and would easily agree to a proposition of collaboration with them in their plots. They were wrong. She assimilated into siding with the conspirators. When she recognized the details of their plots, she defaulted and informed her husband about their plans. Roland imprisoned the traitors but the bishop and the leech later managed to escape from the jail.

*

The affluence of Roland's duchy stung neighbors' eyes. The king heard rumors about Roland and his pact with the devil that Roland allowed Satanists and witches in all his affairs and ceremonial activities, and in his castle he had a devil that will assisted him in the quest to take power over all the kingdoms. The bishop and the leech excelled in the spreading of these malicious gossips. Sometime later after the Princes' intense instigations the king decided to organize a military expedition against Prince Roland. As Roland was sending envoys to the king again and again but it did not protect his duchy. Princes wanted to sack Roland's rich grounds. The king was mainly interested in

bolstering his finances too. Princes were furious with Roland because peasants escaped to Roland's duchy. They had better living conditions and had an easy life. For the princes' it was affair of honor and survival. Without peasants there was nobody to labor in their lands.

*

Prince Roland turned to Cert, "You should invent something Cert, because they will wipe us out."

"I made some preparation in this matter," Cert told. "I've analyzed wars and battles which took place in your world and mine. I familiarized myself with their strategy of fighting and their kinds of weaponry."

And taking out from his bookcase some parchment scrolls Cert continued, "Here I've prepared plans of some kinds of weaponry."

"Oh, I see you described it in Latin language," Roland, who knew the language a little, noticed it. "If my memory serves me right a few months ago you were unable to speak Latin."

"I was forced to learn it because, as I suppose, it is widely used in the entire continent in scientific dissertations, except part of Byzantium."

"You are right," Roland confirmed. "Here nobody could hardly read or write. I suppose you will have to supervise construction of the weapons personally. I doubt like for example; a smith could not understand anything from the sketches."

“I suppose, you are right,” Cert told. “After the war we will have to take into account issues on education of your lieges.”

Cert tackled the preparing defense of the duchy. He ordered the collection of great amounts of saltpetre, charcoal, sulphur, and in addition resins and tar. From these ingredients there were able to produce gun powder and fire substances. Resin was used to make plasticity. Cert extracted phosphorus from bones of dead or slaughtered animals and he also attempted create explosive materials. He ordered smiths to make strange pipes some with flaps and others without. They were inexperienced in making these kinds of things so at first it was very hard. Cert expected it. Apart from it, he also made experiments with balloons with hot air and some kind of parachutes. The entire duchy made preparations for the war. And under the advices of Cert, Roland’s people produced a new kind of catapult with sling and moved counter balance which could hurl boulders very far. Admittedly, in China and Byzantine Empire made similar devices but without movable contra balance and not in a huge scale. Cert built a kind of great bow called ballista known in ancient Rome Empire but he introduced some additional innovations. Cert ordered the preparations of special polished, flat copper shields with dimensions of an adult man. In some distance from the castle Cert ordered the building of several walls and made experiments with great trumpets supplied from smith’s bellows.

*

Summer came. Armies from neighboring duchies and a part of the royal army stormed into the territory of Roland's duchy. While some of the invaders thrashed, mutilated, slaughtered, murdered the defeated enemies and innocent civilians, others took this opportunity to rob everything on sights and they also defiled women and children which was an inseparable, traditional custom of all battles and wars days.

*

Cert with several trusted people were in the fields far from the castle where they were testing new kind of missiles when the prince came with his retinue.

"What new are you grooming now, Cert?" Roland greeted his best adviser.

"Look there," Cert pointing at some strange device approached the rail on the cart. On the rail was a missile. Roland saw it for the first time in his life. It was a pipe with a conical front and at its back side it had three small wings. From the end of the pipe protruded a cord.

"Where am I to hit?" Cert asked Ronald and gave him homemade binoculars.

"Do you suppose that it will fly a long distance and binoculars are necessary?" the prince asked.

"Do you underestimate me?" Cert answered quizzically. "I am not only thinking but, I am sure."

Roland looked around with the binoculars.

"Can you see the lonely white rock over the river?" Roland pointed something in a great

distance. "Break it."

The rock was on a border of visibility. Cert adjusted his binoculars.

"Everybody should move away," lighting the cord Cert ordered escaped and hid behind a rock.

A few seconds later a big fire burst from the end of the pipe and the missile flew towards the rocks. A second after peasants saw a dazzling flash and followed by a horrible thud. A cloud of smoke and dust covered the air and landscape for a few minutes. When the dust settled the rock was no more. The entire time Roland watched through binoculars in disbelief. After explosion he said, "The missile did not hit the targeted rock exactly but, the intentional result was accomplished. The rock is totally demolished."

The prince looked on another device and asked, "What is the purpose of that pipe?"

Cert came to the weapon and elaborated, "This is the short-range weapon. You can capture castles by it, batter behind mountains, walls and other local obstacles. I can show you how it works."

Cert picked up the missile with a big head from the ground. In the back side of the missile it was a pipe with fins. Cert threw it into the big pipe leading the head of the missile up. Fire belched from bottom part of the big pipe and the missile flew out at a high speed and exploded in long distance.

"In the bottom part of the missile was explosive materials," Cert continued further with

his explanations. “And at the bottom part of the pipe is a pin. When missile landed and the pin hits a surface, explosive materials in it explodes again and sending the missile even far away.”

“Excellent device,” Roland said excitedly. “Teach my warriors how use it.”

“Of course,” Cert confirmed.

“Actually I came to inform you that we have to set off to Claire right now. From the North the united armies of the king and Princes Phillip and Joachim are heading there. On the South prince Leo captured Champolion castle and slaughter my people.”

“I heard about this,” Cert answered and continued. “I’ve another idea. I will go with your people to Claire and you remain here. If you were killed or taken captive, it would be a total calamity. If you stay here you will manage the defense of duchy throughout.”

“I cannot do that,” Roland said. “My honor and pride cannot allow me.”

“Give up on it. Honor and pride, hide it in your pocket,” Cert argued. “At this moment the future of your duchy is hanging by a thread. If you are dead you will be of useless and of no help your duchy and people. Send troops under Raymond and I will accompany him offering my help and advice. And we can now return to the castle?”

Roland was not convinced.

*

The whole night Shchesnodara tried to persuade Roland of advantage of Cert’s advice. She wept repeatedly as the issue overwhelmed her emotionally that she fainted; her

husband was offended when she tried to end her life by jumping out of the window.

“If you do will proceed with your plans of going to recapture the castle of Claire, I am jumping down right now,” Shchesnodara was standing near an open window, sill trying to blackmail her husband.

“Jump,” Roland told as he lay on their bed. He turned on his left side and added. “Go right ahead. It is a ground floor.”

Finally, he turned on his right side facing the wall, covered his face and tried sleep.

*

The following day, Roland accepted his wife’s pleas just for some peace and quiet. He stayed in the castle and sent about fifty warriors to Claire under Raymond, and hundred and fifty peasants as helpers. Cert accompanied them. They took along a lot of martial devices invented by the professor. After two days of the march they arrived in Claire. People lived in shivery; dreading being attacked by their neighboring enemies. From all directions inhabitants converged in the castle to seek refuge. Some of them were bribed by the king or princes caused turmoil in the castle and were lured to surrender the castle to the enemy. The arrival of Raymond’s troop encouraged defenders of the castle. Newcomers were welcomed by the now serving commander of the castle knight Jean with a troop of knights.

“On the Prince Roland’s orders, I am now the acting commander of the castle,” for welcome Raymond announced to the assembled company and turned to Jean asked,

“Describe to me the situation on the ground.”

“Not good, not good at all,” Jean answered in dismay. “Hostile armies are a day-away from us. We captured the leader of their reconnaissance. Our people mutter in corners. They are insecure of the effectiveness of our defense.

“Ah....! People of weak faith,” Raymond added. “Throw all displeased and those who cause ripples in the dungeon. Then I will arouse a spirit of fight.”

Jean invited the newcomers for a lavish meal. In this situation, for obvious reason Cert took off his helmet. Everybody in the table got petrified and amazed only Raymond and his group was calm.

“Why are do you gawp at Cert?” Raymond asked Jean’s people. “He is the best adviser of Prince Roland, his name is Cert. His mother had an accident when she was pregnant and because it he looks a bit different from us. But his mind is better than a hundred sages.”

“It is true that our Prince signed a pact with the Satan,” one of Jean’s knights said.

The words amused Raymond who was still speaking, “It is sheer propaganda of our enemies. Cert is simply a normal but a little different, it means he is ‘uniquely normal’.

If someone regards him as a devil or servant of the dark side, we will send you to the dungeon and maybe give the executioner something to do. Is it clear?”

“Of course, yes! He is exactly like we are,” immediately Jean agreed with Raymond and hushaby added, “but a little different.”

Raymond looked at him searchingly. Jean grinned foolishly and fluttered his eyebrows.

His words were incredibly convincing. Everybody undoubtedly agreed with him. A prospect of close meeting with hangman dissipated all doubts of Jean's soldiers.

"You have amazing talent for persuasion," Cert said ironically. "How did you acquire it?"

"It is an inborn talent," in light Raymond answered him. "But I did a bit of polishing."

"You spoke about some secret agent," Cert turned to Jean.

"Yes," Jean confirmed. "Yesterday we found and attacked one of reconnaissance troops of Phillip. We killed a large number of them and some of the troops escaped but we managed to capture their commander."

"Did he confess anything?" Raymond was intrigued.

"Not yet. He only confirmed the obvious fact that tomorrow they will advance their army on the area. The torturer has been working on him but the commander did not confess anything. The torturer is going through deep frustrations because he has two apprentices, and wants to show off his craftsmanship and teaches the boys something.

What a tough guy had come up."

"After the meal I would like to see the hero," Cert told.

"Of course, no problem," Jean agreed and continued. "We will isolate him from other prisoners and keep him in the tower."

After the feast Jean, Cert and Raymond went to the cell of the prisoner. When they were

near the door to the cell, Cert looked through a small hole in the door and beheld the prisoner who was banging his head onto a wall and repeated. "If I cannot recall the plan of the action and names of secret agents in this castle they will kill me here."

Cert turned to presents and told, "He will never tell us anything. Kill him now or leave him alone. What stupid people Phillip has. If he has more this kind for commanders we will win easily."

"Maybe he knew that we were coming and started acting stupid?" Raymond suggested.

"I doubt that," Cert laughed mischievously. "Disarming frankness was radiating from his face."

*

Next day Phillip and Joachim's armies came near Champolion and pitched camp in some distance from castle's walls. It was a hot-dry day and the sky was clear. Defenders went on the frontier embankment near the castle and watched actions of invaders. Cert in his shiny armor, totally camouflaged against people recognition that he was not human, went together with Raymond on defense wall.

"Raymond, you know," he started talking. "Now it's a perfect time to fry Prince Phillip and his people.

"How are going to that?" Raymond asked looking towards Phillip's camp. "They are so far."

"Very easy," Cert answered with a cunning smile, "order to issue to the people on the

embankment the special metal sheets which ones were prepared before. We will use them as mirrors. Command all people to stay on the position to send sunbeams to the target which you will point using your mirror.”

Raymond ordered and within no time all of the mirror plates were distributed. People stood along the castle walls waiting for further orders.

“I see Joachim on the front of his tent,” Cert said watching through his binoculars. “The bastard is taking a sunbath while his troops are about to attack us.”

Uttering these words Cert gave the binocular to Raymond.

“What a ruddy-faced he became,” Cert continued. “He looked pale when he was in Roland’s castle. I see the war is good for him.”

Raymond looked through the binoculars and directed the reflected light towards Joachim. Other people did the same in unison. In a flash Joachim stood up, ran fat trying to looking for shelter to hide, he ran several meters and tripped, and fell on the ground unconscious. Immediately his soldiers came and carried him to his tent.

“Oh...! Yes, I see that war is good for him,” Raymond said laughing sarcastically. “But sunbath is harmful for him. He should avoid the Sun.”

Raymond redirected the light to Joachim’s tent. After a few seconds smoke was seen coming from his tent, and thereafter a fire lit. Joachim’s warriors dragged his master out of the fierce flames. Phillip ordered his camp to be moved further away from Claire’s castle. During regrouping of invaders’ army defenders of Claire burnt other enemies’

tents, to the joy of those entire present rout. Enemies retreated on a long distance away from Claire and pitched camp deep in the forest; to be protected by the trees and shrubs against light attack of Claire defenders.

“It was a real devilish trick,” Raymond said to Cert. “I am starting to believe that you really came from hell.”

“I don’t want to disappoint you with my hell power,” Cert answered with a demure face.

“But I don’t invent the tricks. Probably you are unaware that thousand years ago a certain guy called Archimedes burnt Rome ships during defense of his hometown Syracuse. He was more successful because Syracuse is more on the South than Claire and the sun was hottest there. If you’ll be lucky in the next days, the Sun would be as strong as today we fry our enemy army but if they’ll be cloud cover the mirror shields will be useless. Of course we can strike the invaders in their head with the mirror plates or shield ourselves from their blows, arrows or stones in a cloudy day but for that we’ve other devices.”

The story; except for Raymond was listened by a few warriors.

*

After the incident both sides started to prepare for battle. Joachim and Philip’s people cut wood for making catapults, ballistas, rams and other siege engines, and devices appropriate for in this kind of situation. They produced arrows, spears, sharpened swords and battle axes.

On the opposite side of the front Cert supervised the production of explosive materials from collected ingredients before the siege. Explosive and fire substances were assembled in arrows and missiles for catapults and ballistas. Rockets and other weaponry brought from Roland's castle were prepared for usage.

Local people, who did not take refuge in the castle but concealed in the forest, were glad of the battle. Battles were an excellent opportunity to bolster their finances by stealing valuable articles from the dead and severely wounded warriors.

*

In his free time Raymond's trusted knight Adalbert drew landscapes of the castle and surroundings. He was keen with details. It puzzled Cert that Adalbert painted points which were crucial for military action. Cert paid attention on him, but Raymond trusted his subordinate and knew about his passion of painting. A lot of paintings and pictures made by Adalbert decorated the walls of his rooms in his castle.

*

Evening Cert decided to spy on their enemies' camp. He locked his room, lay on his bed and moved away from his physical body. He moved to their enemies' camp. Soldiers hung around the camp talking; some of them sat near campfires and discussed the day's events. Cert looked where guards stood, then moved closer to Joachim's tent through the canvas walls. Joachim lay on a simple bed unconscious. On his body there were fresh burns. There were three other persons in the tent but they sat quest gazing at their

prince. Cert flew out of the tent and went to next one. In this tent there was a council of war with Phillip as the chairman.

“It is the devil’s trick with that arson attack,” Phillip retorted angrily.

“Prince Joachim looks like a burned fried boar,” one of knights straight faced.

“Maybe the story about Roland’s devil is true?” another butted into the conversation.

“Let’s debate how we can conquer the castle,” third one decided.

“Let’s wait,” Philip said. “In a few minutes one of our best secret agents will come.

Since years he has been one of the most entrusted confidants of Raymond’s people. He will inform us about the situation in our enemies the castle.”

“Interesting,” Cert questioned himself. “Who is the guy? I will wait to see him.”

Knights discussed about the attack for a long time when guards led a person dressed in black-hooded clothes.

“It is knight Adalbert, right hand man of Raymond.” Cert was not astounded. He suspected Adalbert of being a spy.

Adalbert reported about situation in the castle and defense preparations. He explained that the sun-weapon was worthless during cloudy days. He talked of another weapons collected in the castle and showed them sketches of the fortress inside. Fortunately, for defenders of the castle, the knights could not understand the danger of the new weapons. It was the first time they saw something like that. Adalbert talked over strategic details, took his gold payment and returned to the castle. Cert followed him slowly on his way

back and found the way in which Adalbert sneaked out from the castle. He found a rope which was hanging from the top of the wall. Thereafter he drew back to his physical body, woke up immediately, went to find Raymond and together with three guards rushed to the beginning of the rope, where they expected to meet the traitor. They lay on the floor and waited in the darkness. After some time someone climbed on the rope and over the castles' wall. When he was on the roof trying to pull up the rope; Raymond and the three guards they emerged from the darkness.

“Good evening Adalbert,” Raymond welcomed him ironically. “Could it be that you suffer from insomnia and our leech recommended you walk in forest before sleep?”

“But my lord,” pale Adalbert talked gibberish frightfully. “I did a bit of spying for you. I looked around near our enemies' camp and find out about it.”

“I think you were totally successful,” appearing from the darkness Cert acknowledged.

“You informed something totally different to the high command of our enemies.”

“Oh! Raymond,” Adalbert turned stammering. “I was spying to find out what our enemies were planning against us.”

“You cannot persuade me,” Cert continued. “So, you went out and about and found a pouch of gold collecting berries in the forest.”

“Real devil,” Adalbert said thoughtfully.

“Yes, I am,” Cert answered reading his thoughts.

Adalbert was astounded.

“Search him,” Raymond ordered to the guards.

Adalbert tried to explain something but the guards searched him recklessly in all his clothing and pockets, and they found the pouch with gold.

“But, but...!” Adalbert tried to beg for mercy the now agitated prince.

“Throw him to the dungeon,” Raymond ordered as he walked away. “And wake up the torturer.”

Raymond added spitefully, “I think Adalbert would like to tell us something but he is afraid to let it go of that.”

“Please don’t, Raymond,” Adalbert shouted as he was being dragged away by the guards. “I’ll tell you everything you need to know.”

Adalbert was taken in the torture chambers. In a short time after the torturer came in lead by two apprentices. Assistants, under chiefs’ watch, prepared equipment. When Adalbert them, he became pale like linen and immediately confessed everything and confirmed his supposed contacts with Prince Phillip. In a minute he readily answered all the questions in details to Raymond and Cert. After a detailed description of his conversation with Prince Phillip and his companions; Cert was convinced about Adalbert truthfulness. The torturer and his helpers were jobless that night. The torturer was unable to sleep again. First prisoner was stupid, second one a wimp. It depressed him. He loved his job but rarely had an opportunity to exhibit his true craftsmanship. He had two interns and it was an additional reason of his frustration. He wanted to

demonstrate to them practically everything that he had theoretically lectured on. As a good didactics he knew that action speaks louder than words; theory is theory but words never replaced demonstrations. He wanted to make practical exercises for the boys. He appreciated the fact that training makes him a master. Unfortunately, Adalbert did not give him an opportunity to show his expertise. A certain possibility of the training existed with the first prisoner but when he was about to finish with the introduction to an interrogation Raymond and Cert came in and briefed them on the situation very fast. Raymond seeing the sadness of the torturer, came close to him patted his shoulder and wishing him consolation told, "You see my friend, only the sound of your name softens the biggest tough guys, prisoners confess everything without any questions."

The words consoled the torturer a little and he felt indispensable again. But it helped only for a short time. The torturer like every artist was delicate like green house plant. Failures left permanent scars in his psyche.

"I suppose nothing will happen until the end of sunny weather," Raymond completed his interrogations. "For sure they are terrified with the mirrors."

Adalbert was escorted to the tower. Raymond, Cert and the others returned to their rooms and went to sleep. The torturer was unable to sleep because he meditated of his failures. But he was not only person who could not sleep that night. In his cell Adalbert did not sleep either on his pallet. He wondered restlessly around his cell and meditated about his now unclear edgy situation. On sunrise he made the ultimate decision. He took

off his shirt, twisted it up into a rope, made a loop and he tied one end to a grating in a window. He stood on his bed, put his head into the noose-loop, clamped it on his neck and jumped. Morning the guard who was bringing him breakfast found him died.

“I guess a human inventor has no borders,” Raymond cynically acknowledged the news about traitor’s death. “What unexpected application of a shirt.”

The news drove the torturer into deep depression. An opportunity to make his job bypassed him again.

*

The next two weeks they experienced a heat wave without any cloudy cover in the sky. Cert rarely went out of the castle. The heat wave did not harm him as he was already used to it in his world but he disliked wearing an armor which he used to disguise himself from people out of the inner circle who would be afraid him. After the heat wave downpours came. Afterwards, rain stopped but thick dark clouds still covered the sky. As soon as the soil dried, invaders attacked from forest using siege towers, rams, catapults, ballistas which was aimed towards the castle. Behind them, a crowd of attacking warriors with ladders and ropes was streaming from the forest in full speed. Defenders had earlier on prepared explosive material, rockets, mortars and other martial equipment taken from their storehouse. Catapults and ballistas with traditional ammunition stood on the ground embankments around the castle throughout the battle. On Cert’s order rocket launchers were placed across from the oncoming siege towers.

Cert aimed the first rocket and launched it. The missile flew in the direction of the tower, then passed over it and exploded far away in the forest.

“You missed, boss,” one of soldiers commented.

“Thank you for information. I overlooked it,” Cert added ironically. “Give me another missile. I’ll correct it.”

The soldiers carried out the order. Cert aimed again and lit a fuse. This time the shot was right on target. The tower was reduced to matchwood. Soldiers who were on the tower were thrown in the air and made many spectacular acrobatic manoeuvres. Triumphant shouts roared around embankments. This attack sowed the seeds of anxiety in the assailant’s minds.

“Excellent boss!” a soldier standing near Cert shouted.

In spite of continuous shellfire from catapults and ballistas, which hurled stones and explosive bombs, first attackers with ladders came to defensive walls. Defenders started shoot from mortars. The mortar fire was fatal for attackers. Exploding missiles wreaked gruesome havoc. In the air there were seen flying badly mutilated bloody-blurred hands, legs, heads and other big or small parts of human bodies. The blood gushed out around creating small streams and puddles. Cert launched several rockets which totally destroyed all siege towers. Nonetheless, assailants proceeded with the attacks but without primary verve. They were able to move successfully near walls several rams, ballistas and catapults but they were all destroyed by missiles from the castle they could

used it on against them. Attackers threw missiles which burning slowly liberated acrid smoke. The offensive was broken, but several attackers were able to reach the top of defense walls of the castle. A hand-combat with knives, swords and fists started. Raymond's warriors had swords made from materials and with shapes designed by Cert. Two of the attackers turned towards Raymond. Raymond had a long-lean sword; he jumped closer to the nearest assailant and slashed one of them with all that he had. The attacker shielded himself from Raymond's blow by his sword. But, Raymond's sword cut his sword into two and simultaneously slashed through the assailant's neck and his head fell down on the ground. Frozen face showed utter amazement. Raymond was amazed with the effectiveness of Cert's swords but he had no time for reflections. The second attacker came closer to him and swung his arm to hit Raymond. Raymond dodged the blow and slashed off his hand with the sword from the rest of body. Raymond's sword cut through the aggressor's armor like butter. Blood gushed out of the attacker's hand and sputtered all over Raymond's armor and also on the floor. The assailant screamed in pain. Thereafter, Raymond swung his bloody sword at the assailant beheaded him instantly. Another attacker was killed by Raymond's warrior and afterwards Joachim and Phillip's troops retreat without second thoughts. They escaped to their camp.

"It would be good to finish the game of siege," Cert turned to Raymond. "Order your soldiers to bring three of the biggest of our rockets on the settlement outside castle walls

and prepare a balloon for me.”

Raymond ordered his people and rocket launchers were brought to the settlement outside of castle walls. On the castle courtyard a fire was lit. Hot air from the campfire filled the balloon. When the balloon was ready to fly, Cert went into the balloon's basket. Hawsers were released and balloon flew higher and higher as the long rope was fastened. Cert using binoculars watched at the enemies' camp and next shouted through a tube instructing how the rockets were to be set up. The balloon fell down several times on the courtyard because hot air cooled down making the longer balloon flight impossible. But he never gave up; every time the balloon fell down, the air was heated and Cert started again. When the rockets were set up correctly Cert ordered the rockets to be fired. The rockets fell in the enemies' camp like a bolt from the blue and killed an enormous number of enemies' soldiers on the spot. All tents were blown up, burnt and reduced into ashes. Soldiers were killed and small number of them survived. At the sight of it, everybody who was well enough and who could, of course, moved to escape with his tail between his legs. People in the castle observed the rout from bulwarks. Next a small group of warriors went out from the castle for a reconnaissance. They reached the enemies' camp. They saw only the remains of badly burnt and mutilated corpses lying all over the camp grounds. The warriors were astonished with the damage their weapons had done. They came back and reported about victory. Raymond sent an envoy to Prince Roland with the good news. On the battlefield a crowd of people went

to remove corpses, injured soldiers and plunder anything on sight. Escaping through the forest Joachim and Phillip's soldiers were concerned, killed and plundered by people who hid there from invaders.

*

Evening Cert sat in his room. That day dinosauroids also visited him. They had heard news about the battle.

"Hi Cert, today we saw your feats. You could work as a butcher," Kulg told ironically.

"You must have an inborn talent to do it. It is a pity that slaughterhouses don't exist anymore since millions years in our world and we only clone tissues appropriate for consumption. For sure you could find a job in a slaughterhouse without any questions asked and you will be able to make ends meet. Now you only waste time in science."

"I knew my scientific career was a colossal mistake," Cert answered sarcastically. "On the end I discovered that thing what I am perfect in and what I like to do. But my science career is not in vain because I am among people and I can realize my ambitions.

I don't know if I'll ever return and work as a scientist."

"Are you going to conquer territories the entire planet?" Lima questioned jokingly.

"I haven't thought about it yet," Cert answered with a cunning smile. "But if I stay here longer, I'll do it because it is deadly boring without war."

"Seriously speaking," Klug turned to Cert. "You can broaden our knowledge about people's anatomy, making autopsy and observing the wounded. You have a lot of

research materials now. And as I can predict from the developed situation, you will have plenty of it.

“Changing the topic, people can be funny,” Cert told. “Both sides of the conflict believe in this same God, who demands love to all people, even ones enemies. The people put God in difficult situation during battles because both sides of a conflict pray to Him for victory and priests from both sides spur soldiers to fight claiming that God is on their side. Today, God might have been wondering during the battle whom to help. But, by good luck, we had better equipment and his state of dilemma was automatically solved.

“Regarding to love,” Klug interrupted. “God orders people to love their enemies. Poets and novelists in their works tell that love hurts, even kills and today we had clear proof of their statements.”

*

Luis, the eldest son of the king, from his childhood dreamt about knightly glory. He dreamt of great battles where he defeated enemies easily, led armies, always being victorious, of course. His imaginations were fueled by stories of old warriors, who were unable to fight because their age, talking about the long gone good-old times, when they were young and routed enemies. They told him fairy-tales how they used only noble methods of battle conquered several times stronger and insidious opponents. They showed themselves as unblemished knights, who bore all hardship and complained about today’s youth of being demoralized who counted for an easy life, deprived of

ideals and did not want to suffer any sacrifices for feudal lord. This kind of stories is well known by the youth of all ages and the entire world. But, none of young people lose any sleep over it. But, Luis was different. He treated the stories seriously and thought that old warriors were real examples of every virtue. He has never thought why, in spite of having an excellent warrior corp, his country had under gone through severe defeats many years ago. Upon seeing such an appreciative listener, old knights surpassed in originating more and more new and remarkable stories. Luis wanted to be as good as they were in their stories and everyday he spent a lot of time for swordsmanship and other martial arts trainings. He loved hunting because it was substitute of war to him. He could demonstrate his art of horse riding and bow shooting. One day his dreams were fulfilled. His father with his vassals decided to teach Prince Roland a lesson, which in their thoughts, revolted against the King. Luis had got a command of one of the troops. He was happy because of it. He could not wait for battle. In his dreaming-eyes, Luis saw how he conquered Roland's army, caught the Prince, tied a noose on his neck, strapped the rope to his saddle and then pulled him to King's castle.

*

After conquering Claire, Roland collected the main force of warriors and went for a meeting with Raymond. At the day of the march Roland did a weapon show. After it he stood in front of his army and gave marching orders. That moment his wife ran up to

him. For farewell Shchesnodara gave Roland some advices, “Listen Cert, dress warm and eat healthy food, must not over exert yourself, because you know that is harmful for you.”

After these words she presented to him a bag with warm clothes and another small bag with Roland’s favorite cheese dumplings. All the Knights near Roland supposedly accidentally closed their beavers but in nonetheless it was heard the muffle stifled giggles.

*

Raymond’s troops went on their way from Claire soon after dawn. After two days of marching, followed a meeting with Roland’s army uniting-fronts and went against the Kings army. After one day Roland’s advance guard found a camp of the King and his vassals. Seeing it he discovered that the local people had already prepared to watch the upcoming battle. Something like that was very rare there. They would recite the stories about it to their grandchildren. Admittedly, King’s army had looted their houses but they were happy because after the battle they would recover their losses, earned more by robbing the dead and injured warriors. Village people were preparing provisions for the next day.

*

From the pale dawn both armies were preparing for the battle. Local people were also on the post. They besieged local hills to have a better view of the battle. They lay

baskets of food, drunk and comfortably sat down around the future battle field. More worldly-wise people discussed about course and results of the future battle. These people to whom the world was ending in their village borders and they were the crushing majority, raptly listened to worldly-wises and absorbing every word.

*

Cert with a group of enlisted peasants wanted occupy better position on the hill top and had to chase away very displeased spectators. They unwillingly moved on the far end of the hill but cursed Cert behind his back.

“We should collect charges for the show,” Cert told to one of his subordinates.

Cert’s troop placed seven mortars, prepared bows, arrows with explosive heads and polished metal sheets. Using binoculars, Cert watched what was happening on the opposite side. When the sun was high and it became warmer, the king in his heavy armor rode his horse in front of his army. Cert took one metal sheet and said to the peasants, “Guys, take these sheets and direct reflections towards the king.”

Cert drove reflection on the king and his entire troop did the same in unison. After a few seconds the king was burnt badly with the light reflections and fell down from his horse unconscious. Warriors immediately took him from the battlefield. Cert with his people systematically fried their enemies’ knights.

*

Luis saw how the knights were falling down under light flashes and ordered his warriors

to attack on 'fleshing hill'. Soldiers moved at a gallop towards the hill. Shortly the main king's force in haste headed in towards Roland's army. The steamy battle started. Luis ran faster and faster. The hill was closer and closer. Every moment someone from Luis' army fell down from his horse hit by light reflections. When Luis and his troop were close enough, Cert ordered his people to start mortar fire. Explosions of mortar missiles wreaked havoc in Luis' group, but he still speeded forward. He came close enough that his enemies started to escape. While still running, Luis drew his sword.

*

"Leave your sheets and take up bows," Cert ordered his people.

"They kill us, runaway!" a one of Cert's peasants shouted and started escape.

Others took off as soon as Luis came even closer.

"Stop, come back!" Cert shouted but this fell on deaf ears.

Cert took a bow and arrow, and shot the back of a ringleader. The arrow stuck deep between his shoulder blades and exploded. The peasant's torso was totally reaped apart.

Blood splashed around as he wriggled in pain. The peasant fell face first and died.

People stopped and looked at Cert. The professor took off his helmet and showed his real face. Peasants froze in horror.

"I am Satan!" Cert shouted. "Anyone who dares to escapes will be in hell with me today."

The words, convincing appearance of Cert and the thought of escaping going to hell

infused a spirit of fight in the peasants' hearts. They all ran back took bows and arrows and started shoot. A hail of arrows flooded on the assailants. Arrows pierced through their armored plates with ease, but nevertheless several enemy warriors managed to come closer to Cert's troops. One of them was a stones throw from the professor. He swung his sword to hit Cert. Cert kept a cool head and shot an arrow at the knights' chest. The arrow-head went through the armor and punctured aorta. A stream of blood spouted at Cert and all over the ground.

"The boy had good heart," Cert thought ironically.

The knight fell dead from his horse. On sight what had happened, the rest of enemies fled like little girls as fast as their feet could carry them.

*

Luis was a few steps from the now unveiled monster which had aimed a bow at him. On his last effort to exalt his name; he swung his sword to split its head open and immediately he felt paralyzing pain and heard a rumble. For a moment he was unaware of what had happened but after a few seconds he stood up near his battered body. However, he did not take much interest with it, as his main focus was to kill the beast. The monster was several feet away from him and seemed not to see him. Luis tried to reach out and take a sword which lay close by to the corpse but his palms went through the steel. He looked at his hand but he saw no visible injuries. He was surprised but had no time for reflections.

“I’ll kill the shrimp bare-handed,” Luis thought as he ran and jumped at the monster.

*

Cert flinched. He felt like a spirit had passed through him.

*

Luis went through the enemy in a flash and landed in front of the monster. He tried to cover himself from being stepped on by the monster. And behind him he heard repeated laughter. He turned towards where the laughter came from and saw two other similar monsters that resembled the one he had just attacked.

“Hey guy! What are you doing?” with a laugh one of the monsters turned to him. “You are already died”

“What...?” Luis was greatly surprised. “How could it be? I can see you? I’m talking to you? Who are you?”

“We are spirits too, friends of that guy whom you attacked,” the second monster answered, pointing at a group of people told. “Try to talk with those people. For sure, then you’ll find out.”

“Of course, they are busy fighting,” Luis remarked.

“OK! Look at the corpses whose swords you tried to take.”

Luis looked at the corpses one after another and one of the monsters pointed at one; he was frozen.

“You see,” the monster was speaking. “This is your dead body.”

Luis looked in disbelief as he ran his hands through and through over his battered dead body. This got him a bit emotional upon the crushing realization that he was truly dead.

“You are right,” Luis stammered as he acknowledged it. “It’s me, but it had to be different. For all those the gruesome training, sacrifices and battles that I went through, the time I took in preparing and I got killed in first minutes of my first battle.” Luis started to sob his heart out. “How is it possible? I had to be a hero but I didn’t have enough time to prove myself before my death. How did the old warriors that courageously managed remain a live? And now out live me.”

“Some of them told the true heroic stories; events that took place in the battle fields or how they treacherously killed enemies. While the bigger numbers only told fictitious stories and imaginative stories but in the real sense they fled with their tail between their legs from battles,” the first spirits explained. They told you a load of rubbish. Those who bravely took part in battles, usually finishes like you. Your old friends became braver and braver after battles. At times, you could even hear the self righteous ones how they solely defeated all armies.”

“Look, you still cannot believe that you are dead,” the second creature said as he pointed a group of people who fought and their dead bodies lay on the ground. “They too cannot agree with death.”

Simultaneously, near Luis a tunnel began to open from which flashed pleasant white light. He felt some strange force was pulling him into the tunnel.

“Go there! Luis,” one of the spirits told him. “Your God is calling you.”

Luis slowly moved into the tunnel and vanished from the battlefield.

*

The main force of the king’s army was attacking Roland’s army. Prince Roland has not been participating in the battle. Due to Cert’s advice, he sat behind the scenes observing the battlefield and commanding from a hill. When the invaders units moved closer the mortar fire behind Roland’s cavalry decimated enemies. Shouts of people combined with neighing of horses. The aftermath was a rain of blown up parts of peoples and horses’ bodies parts flew in the air. In one moment the mortars stopped to fire and Roland’s riders moved in and started to fight. Two armies clashed among themselves. Thereafter, Roland’s infantry moved to attack. It was already late afternoon when the scales favored Roland side. Routed king’s troops escaped in panic leaving their injured calling for help and dead in the battlefield. Roland did not want to chase after them because the condition of his army was not much better than the King’s. Many of Roland’s knights died. If Roland did not take into consideration Cert’s advice probably he would also be dead together with his knights. Roland’s army began a retreat from the battlefield. A small group of Roland’s people were left behind to help the injured and bury the dead.

*

From local hills people who watched the battle started to stream down slowly in masses.

They were intending to rob the injured and dead knights. Moreover, to their advantage many of the dead knights were rich.

Raymond regained consciousness. Blood and his intestines were spilling out of his belly. The pain was excruciating. Raymond looked around and saw some people who hung around corpses. With a weak voice he called out for help. They came to him and started to tear off his clothes and taking away all his valuables. Laughing they praised loudly his affluence.

“You vultures,” Raymond lip-synched as he tried to reach to take out his dagger from his belt.

With his last breath Raymond managed to stick the dagger into the leg of the closest thief. The thief shouted and fell down on the ground. Upon seeing what transpired, the second one grabbed an axe on the ground from a dead warrior and hacked Raymond’s head splitting it open.

It was the end of the road for Raymond, the most loyal knights and a faithful friend of Roland. His spirit left his mutilated body and was swallowed in the mystery tunnel followed the spirit of Luis.

*

Roland was deeply affected by Raymond’s death. After returning to his castle, he spent most of his time alone in the chapel and was deep in thought. The prince was in a deep depression so Cert was in charge of Roland’s duchy. He sent emissaries to vassals,

looking for allies for the battles. Cert's intentions were to recover Champolion castle.

Around Roland's castle a forest of tents immersed and grew slowly. Roland's faithful knights and their armies were flocking from the entire duchy for their lord's help. A large number of them participated in the decisive battle with the king's army, thereafter they returned to their prospective to their dominions.

Cert did not neglect experiments and research work. He tested big trumpets supplied with air from smith's bellows and a special type of parachutes which could be used for people's transport. After some time, his attempts were successful and Cert showed Roland the new type of military equipment.

"Look Roland," Cert pointed strange pipes to the prince. They are extraordinary devices.

With the trumpets you can demolish castles.

"Yes," Roland said excitedly. "Since long, I was interested on what it was. How can they demolish castles by shooting nothing?"

"Probably, you know in the Holy Bible?" Cert asked and continued. "In the old testament the Joshua book?"

"Priests told me something but I am not an expert in it," Roland answered trying to hide his ignorance.

"In the sixth six," the professor continued with his speech. "It is a fragment describing the capturing of Jericho. There it was written 'And when they will blast the ram's horns protractedly and you will hear the sound of trumpets, let all the people raise a war cry'.

Then the wall of the town will break down and people will enter into the town, everybody straight forward'. It is in 'the Holy Bible'."

"Frankly speaking it isn't similar to ram's horns," Roland concluded and sat on a chair which was obsequiously brought by one of Roland's servants.

"I am not sure also if Jericho came down because of a common earth quake, but it doesn't matter. It was an idea of some kind of weapon," Cert said it and beckoned assistants, who very fast set a second pipe near a piece of wall and started blow the bellows.

"And?" the surprised prince asked and commented. "I hear nothing-nothing happens like in poems of our famous bard. I think you did something wrongly."

"Easy-easy, you are not busy," Cert told jokingly. "You hear nothing different because human beings cannot hear these minute sounds. Look at the wall."

Cert pointed at the wall. The wall was vibrating a little. With time the amplitude of vibrations increasing gradually and on the end the wall began to crumble fell into small pieces.

"And," Cert asked triumphantly.

"Impossible," Roland answered with big eyes. "Using it we can drive Leon's people out of Champolion without lifting a finger."

"I think we want to recover the castle but not demolish it," Cert protested. "I've a better idea for it."

Cert uttered something to his assistants and one of them attached a parachute, rope and four of others caught second end of the rope and all five moved slowly, walked and next ran. The parachute soared over the assistant head and started to lift him up. The rest of assistants ran forward. When the aeronaut flew high enough, he unattached the rope and free glided. Two strings enabled him to steer. He flew around.

“Revelation!” the prince shouted looking at the aeronaut.

“We will teach fifty of your best people to fly with the parachutes,” Cert elucidated his idea of attack on Champolion. “During night they will fly over Champolions’ walls and open gates for our warriors.”

“Bravo! Brilliant idea,” Roland thoughtfully added.

*

How they thought, they did. Preparations for an attack on Champolion had started. Cert with his assistants taught fifty soldiers to fly on parachutes for several days. Cert had lectures and exercises for the soldiers about new tactic, defense, and techniques of fighting, building and using of new kinds of weapons.

Knight Hugo treated the lectures with contempt. He did not attend the lectures because he was a supporter of the previous methods of fighting and he regarded the participation in the lectures as a waste of time. He spent time on improving his swordsmanship and entertainments in the town’s taverns.

After weeks of preparations, Roland’s army moved towards Champolion and in five

days they pitch camp near the castle. The garrison of the castle immediately sent an envoy to Prince Leon with information about the situation. Prince Leon started to hasten the relief of the castle. In the mean time, when Roland's people pitch up tents, Hugo with several of his people went for reconnaissance near the castle. When he was near the castle's wall numerous troops from Leon's warriors suddenly emerged from their hideouts. After brief confrontation and fighting Hugo's group were beaten and their commander was captured by his enemies. Only Hugo's squire miraculously managed to escape death and returned to Roland's camp where he gave detailed account of the incident.

"What can we do?" Prince Roland told and shrugged off. "The earliest we can attack is tomorrow and rescue Hugo. I hope Hugo will not confess until tomorrow."

*

Hugo was taken to the castle and led into the torture chamber. The commander of the castle garrison asked, "When will they attack, what is their tactic of attack? What kinds of new weapons do they have, how do they work and what are the results of using them?"

"Can I answer all the questions together?" Hugo asked the commander.

"Of course, if you can," the commander agreed.

"I don't know." Hugo told.

"You answered all the questions," the commander told. "But, your answer didn't

describe in details the questions I asked you about. I think I've to jog your memory.

Torturer, do your duties.”

The torturer made his job with great enthusiasm. He tried different kinds of torture techniques, not only European. When he was younger, after his torturer's study, he practiced in China, India and Islamic country. He dreamed of being the great master in his job. He traveled around the World and learnt new techniques of tortures. He was one of the best experts in the World in his profession. But in Hugo's case results of his attempts were feeble. Hugo was shouting, groaning but the entire time he did not confess anything.

The following day the commander spoke with the torturer reproachfully about the lack results of his work. The tortured retorted for it, “Please look at my equipment which I've to use for my work. It is old and worn out.”

The torturer moved to his box chest with tools of torture, took out some kind of poker and continued, “Look the branding-iron is totally burned.”

Next he removed pairs of tongs for plucking out nails and told, “The tongs are completely loose. I cannot use it to pluck out any nails. The whip is frayed. How can I get good results using these kinds of instruments? Beside it, I've no access to the torturer's professional literature. I've no contacts with other specialists from my profession. But, I've heard that in Byzantine Empire there are organized special congresses due to in my domain and there are libraries with professional manuscripts

and shops with specialist equipment.”

“Stop talking,” the commander told irritated. “If you want you can get good results in these conditions. The real master doesn’t require any or special equipment to get good results. You want to tell me that your paid peanuts.”

*

It was midnight. Fifty of the selected soldiers attached parachutes. They were dressed in light armors with light swords and shields, armed with bows and arrows with explosive heads. Ground service moved with ropes and lifted them up. On reaching a particular height they unfastened the ropes and glided quietly towards the castle. Simultaneously, the main force of Roland’s army was coming on the grounds towards the Champolion walls.

*

“Look something is flying there,” a watch guard told to his colleagues and pointed at some objects over the forest.

“Birds,”

“Dragons,”

“No, they are Roland’s warriors, alarm!”

One of the guards blasted a buffalo horn. Half dressed warriors with swords in their hands came running out from their rooms and outside to prepare for war.

“What’s happening?” they asked each other in confusion.

“Alarm, we are being attacked,” guards shouted.

Firstly Roland’s warriors were landing on roofs, walls and courtyards one after the other.

They unfastened parachutes very fast upon landing, and ran to gates to and opened them.

Six warriors went into the main gate but they were stopped by the superior strength of

the enemy. The fight started. Roland’s fighters were hacking a path through the

opponents when archers shot them by arrows. Roland’s knights who were already on

the roofs shot to the archers using arrows with explosive heads. It stopped the archer’s

attack. Other groups of Roland’s warriors after a brief fighting opened the side gate.

Attackers went into the castle. Then someone from Roland’s people threw a smoke

grenade. Smoke covered the area near the main gate and simultaneously a group of

Roland’s warriors opened the gate with ease.

Because of fast offensive which took the enemy by surprise and better weaponry

Roland’s troops had a military advantage over defenders of the castle, they opened all

gates and the castle was filled with Roland’s soldiers. They were able to penetrate to all

rooms of the castle. Fights took place everywhere in the castles. Warriors fought with

swords, knives and even hand-to-hand combat. Arrows with explosive heads caused

havoc among opponents of Roland. Before dawn Champolion was captured by Roland’s

troops.

*

The attack was successful because Hugo did not spill the beans to the tortures. When

the battle was stopped, the search for the brave knight started. A group of warriors with Hugo's squire found the maltreated knight in the main dungeon of the castle. They went there and the squire came close to his heroic master. When Hugo saw him with weak voice told him, "Learn my dear squire, learn. I haven't learnt, I ignored Cert's lectures and they almost killed me here because of it."

*

After two days near Champolion castle Leon with his army came. He stopped in a castle near the border but in the next duchy. Roland wanted to conquer the enemy with the wink of an eye. The great trumpets were placed near the castle. Behind the trumpets they put up mortars and rocket launchers. Roland gave a signal for attack. The trumpets started play. Nobody heard any sound and nothing was happening so the defenders stood on walls of castle and roared in laughter. After a long time, rocks under the castle started vibrate. Soon after, the walls of the castle started to crumble. On one end, the rock under the castle collapsed. Mortars and rockets were in this case unnecessary. It seemed that nobody survived. The castle was now a mountain of rubbles. Some time after, they noticed movements under the rubble some people started to dig up themselves out. They surrendered immediately. Roland ordered to search through the rubble and dig the injured. During the action the Prince Leon was dug out from stones. He was hanging on a stringing. He was taken to Champolion.

*

After two weeks, Prince Leon was had recovered completely and made peace with Roland. After that, Roland and Leon's troops started retreat to their dominions.

During their way back Roland approached Cert, "Do you know what I am thinking about?"

"No!" Cert answered but he had already read Roland's thoughts by that time, of course.

"With this army and weapon I conquer all the kingdoms. Do you think the crown suits me?"

Cert recalled a conversation with Linna and Klug about conquest of the world. He supposed that Roland would like to realize his ambitions with his assistance. But Cert, did not want to directly participate in the undertaking and answered to the prince, "Maybe it suits you or maybe not. Theoretically, you can capture the power in the kingdom using your army, but I would like to emphasize on some details. First and foremost; the number of your soldier is half the number before war. Of course, the King has fewer warriors also but attacking them is risky. Secondly; reserves of our ammunition are very small and you have to replenish them. Third; peasants, instead of plough, sowing and collecting crops, would have to be recruited in the army. Villagers are plundered. Our food reserves are not enough. I suppose if we will fight next year, there will be inevitable starvation in your duchy. Fourth; you will be a King governing a country destroyed by civil war and will not become richer. Is that what you want? There will be hunger and epidemics. So it will be worse than now. Regarding power, nobody

is an absolute ruler because all rulers dependence on some pressure groups. If you introduce hard laws and terror you can be a victim of it. You will have to count businesses of army, princes, clergy etc. Others will only wait to take over your position. Regarding capturing the crown, it is a big competition in this domain. Many people want to be King. But, the King can only be one. I am not sure if it is worth to take the risk. Capturing the crown will be connected with a war and I hold a view that it is better bad peace than good war. Currently, you had good war and ...?"

"But, the king has not made peace with me yet," the prince remarked.

"I suppose he has no time for it," Cert answered. "He was hard burned. After it we hadn't heard any news about him."

*

When they returned home a king's envoy was waiting for them.

"I welcome you my lord," the envoy bowed down to Roland. "I'm coming with a peace offer."

"Nice," Roland answered. "But how will the conditions of peace be?"

"The young king would like to forget about the incident," the offer of peace was presented by the envoy. "The young king would like to make peace and retain an even better relationship as they had before the war. He gives you his friendship."

"Nice," Roland answered and immediately liven up. "Young King, what?"

"The king's father died during the battle battling again you because heat stroke," the

envoy answered. "And his brother was killed by your adviser."

"Cert is amazingly effective," Roland thought and said to the envoy. "I agree with the conditions. I see that you have something more to tell me."

"From northwest Slavs are coming," the envoy continued. "They push to the east like a thunderstorm. They ripped away many German duchies and armies to shreds and they are heading to our country. The King asks you, my lord, to help him and reinforce our army."

"I knew it," Roland sighed deeply. "Without any hidden agenda he would never made peace with us."

"My lord," the envoy told. "It is an extraordinary and inevitable situation. My King had planned to make a peace with you much earlier but princes urged him not to."

"Wait a moment," Roland told to the envoy. "I've to ask my adviser first."

The prince went to the professor's room.

"Listen," he told from the threshold. "I've to ask you about something. The king's envoy in the name of king asked me about reinforcements against Slavs who probably will attack our kingdom. Do you not think that it is a stratagem or they want to divide our army for easier capturing our duchy?"

"Of course that could be or not," Cert explained. "But Slavs are in our kingdom. They invaded it a few days ago. If we will wait they can capture our kingdom with your duchy too. They have great power and our army is not strong enough after that war. We

cannot defend ourselves without the king's army.”

“And what do you advice?” Roland asked.

“Send part of your army to help the king as a proof of your goodwill,” Cert advised. “As I know from my spiritual reconaissance, your duchy is safe now and you can do the gesture.”

Roland came back to the envoy and told, “Done, I will send my warriors immediately.”

And in his mind he thought, “How I can explain my behavior to Shchesnodara? I hope that people of the Vistula will not attack our kingdom.”

*

Because Roland's warriors and Cert's weapons Slavs were driven out from the kingdom.

Cert among Slavs

Years were passing. Since the memorable war nobody dared to double cross Roland. Life in his duchy went on calmly and affluently. From time to time, Roland supported king in his wars. Hubert, the youngest son of Roland admired Cert. Since his childhood he followed Cert almost everywhere. He was interested in everything that Cert did. He participated in Cert's experiments and liked physical trainings conducted by his mentor. Because of it Hubert was in excellent physical conditions. Cert taught him how to read thoughts and travel in an astral body. Prince Ronald ruled for many years, he had become really old and one fateful day he became seriously ill and everybody in his court knew that death could come anytime. Three elder sons of the prince started scrambling behind the scenes over the duchy succession after their fathers' death. On the contrary to them, Hubert the youngest son; did not care about throne and honors. His focus of attention was acquiring more and more knowledge. That year he turned eighteen years old.

When the prince got better he called Cert for a conversation. Cert entered to the prince's room and Roland who was resting in his bed said, "I've known you for more than thirty years. Don't you ever get old? You look the same as the first time we met."

"Our science solved problem of ageing," Cert told the prince. "In my world we only die

in particular cases; when someone requests it or in accidents. Biological ageing doesn't exist in my universe. I suppose that people can eliminate this ageing problem also and not by the killing persons who overrun a certain age. Organisms should not become old. Ageing is against nature. In our bodies, and probably yours, there are special substances produced by special organs and then they are transferred to the blood which in turn either makes an organism older and another younger. The production of such substances depends on the genetic materials in somebody's body cells. It contains all pieces of information about development of an entire organism from a single cell, which you observed time and again under the microscope. We are able to manipulate the genetic material which triggers production of those substances. Using this method we protect our organisms against ageing. We can also regenerate our destroyed organs like hands, heart etc. Because of it, we have young organs that work well all the time. And by this, in our universe everyone is in perfect condition; like for instance we do not have the blind, dumb or crippled. Probably, in the near future when we discover a technique to move to your universe in our physical bodies we will also be able to manipulate genetic materials of human beings. Maybe people will discover it without our help earlier."

"Could you work on it now?" with a spark of hope the prince asked.

"Unfortunately I cannot do it," Cert answered. "I am not an expert in that domain. Besides, I don't have proper instruments for making such complex experiments."

*

Foreboding the death of the prince would cause havoc in the duchy. Cert started to destroy his devices and scientific notes hidden in local caves.

*

One morning Roland was found dead in his bed. Everyone in the duchy was deeply sorrowed. After his funeral it raised open conflict between his sons about the throne. Only Hubert was not involved in the dispute. Shchesnodara was lost in deep mourning and rarely left her room in the castle. She could not come into terms with her husband's death and her sons' fights over the throne, and decided to enter into a convent. The oldest son of Roland, who achieved some advantage over others, locked Cert in a room in the castle and kept him in custody. In that way he wanted to guarantee himself an exclusiveness of Cert's service and advices. And if Cert refuses collaboration, the new prince had a simple recipe for it. A torturer was waiting for prince's orders. Hubert was treated as a harmless halfwit and was allowed to visit Cert whenever he desired. Cert persuaded Hubert to organize his escape. Hubert had already grown fond of Cert and he disliked how his brother treated the professor. One night they staged an escape and disappeared from the castle. The new prince ordered a quest for them. He was not concerned about his younger brother of course. If he was eaten by wolves, it would be even better, because that would mean a lesser number of claimants to the throne. But to him Cert was indispensable. Soldiers searched night and day, every inch of the surrounding of the castle leaving no stone unturned but their search was fruitless; up on

their search they only came across a few homeless and runaway bums who slept in the forest and fields.

*

When escapees were at a safe distance from the castle and prince's reach, Hubert asked Cert, "What are your plans now?"

"I have no plans yet," Cert answered. "I'll be forced to live in isolated places and continue with my researches. I've to avoid people because everybody is afraid me. People think that I am a devil and someone can try to kill me fearfully."

"I want to go with you," Hubert offered to go with his friend.

"You are human and should live with other people, not with a monster from another universe like me," Cert tried to discourage him. "Probably, after some time I'll move back to my world. Tests of matter transfer between our universes are advanced. Of course I could take you with me, but my world is totally strange and different for you. If you will live with me far away from other people you'll take some habits which will be abnormal from other people and when you return they will treat you like a mad man. Politely speaking, your old ages will be sad. The best thing for you would be finding work in the king's court. With your skills you can easily acquire high position."

"I've a better idea," Hubert said with a radiant smile as if he made a crucial discovery for the world. "Let's go to Slavs. Do you remember what my mother said about them? They knew nothing about Christianity, devils, angels etc. And they have a good

developed country. There we'll look for our fortune.”

For a long time Cert tried to persuade Hubert to apply for the work in the king's court but was unsuccessful. In fact, the idea with Slavs interested him. The only obstacle for Cert was to learn Slavs' language, which was totally different from the language used there. They decided to move to Vistula's country, which was Hubert's mother native home.

*

They traveled for many weeks towards the East. They passed by many towns. Along the way Hubert went into the centre of the towns and bought things that they required. Of course, Cert was always left behind in the forests to avoid being seen by the townies. In the last town Hubert was warned of a plague on the East. People advised Hubert not to travel towards East direction. Hubert returned to his friend in the forest and informed him about the deadly epidemic.

“What shall we do?” Hubert asked intently.

“Let's make reconnaissance in our astral bodies,” Cert suggested in deep concern.

“Well, let's do it,” Hubert received the idea enthusiastically.

They prepared a dish of the food that Hubert had brought and ate discussing what to do next. After the meal they lay in their blankets and left their physical bodies.

*

After the reconnaissance they lay awake for a long time and talked.

“I know the disease,” Cert spoke. “I know how we can cure it.”

“It is wonderful,” Hubert enthused about it. “Teach me how to cure it and lets us go to help those people.”

“It would be good in the beginning to prepare a vaccine for you and the healthy people,” Cert told and next added distressed, “But it is difficult without viruses and proper instruments.”

Cert explained to his friend the idea of therapy and then searched for herbs and minerals for preparing medicines.

*

Next day they moved to the ailing town. When they arrived to the town’s walls, Cert hid in the forest as usual and Hubert proceeded into the town to administer physical check up to people and cure sufferers. During the therapy Hubert brought along blood and saliva samples of the sick people which Cert used for making simple vaccines for his friend and the healthy people in the town. Cert did not require the vaccination. The virus was harmless to him. The therapy turned out to be a revelation. A few days after, the death rate decreased significantly and there was a visible improvement in the sick persons. After two weeks, the epidemic was eliminated completely. Residents of the town were grateful to Hubert for their survival and urged him to be a permanent resident of the town.

“Thank you very much!” the mayor of the town, heading the crowd of grateful people,

turned to Hubert. “You saved our lives. You can ask for whatever you want. If we only can, we fulfill your wishes.”

“Oh, don’t mention it,” disconcerted Hubert answered. “I want nothing from you. It was my duty to help you. And I did this without expecting anything in return.”

“Tell us, if you can,” the mayor continued. “Where did you learn how to cure the disease? No doctor was able to help us, apart from you.”

“I don’t deserve the credit,” Hubert answered modestly. “My friend has great knowledge and he invented the therapy and taught me how to cure it.”

“Where is he?” people asked in unison with great excitement.

“He is hiding in the forest near the town,” Hubert answered.

“Why didn’t he come with you?” the surprised mayor asked.

“People don’t always embrace him warmly, so he decided to stay in isolation,” Hubert told with great disappointment.

“What’s wrong with him?” one of the townies asked with great concern.

“He looks a little different from us,” Hubert started slowly to speak. “He was afraid if showed up here during the epidemic, people would have panicked and killed him thinking that he was a bad omen.”

All listeners were dumbfounded with surprise and started whispering amongst each other.

“Is it so bad?” the mayor asked.

“Maybe even worse,” Hubert answered.

“Invite him here, please,” the mayor said. “Our savior cannot live in the forest like wild animal.”

Hubert went out of the town and after a while he returned with Cert. He wore a hooded coat, everyone was eager to see their savior.

“Welcome to our humble town,” the mayor walked closer to Cert and stretched his hand for a hand shake.

“Thank you!” Cert replied then dropped his hood.

His appearance shocked the residents, but they received him with open arms. People from the town gave Hubert and Cert two huge houses in the heart of the town to live in.

*

Dozens years passed. In the mean time in Hubert’s native home; his brothers triggered war between themselves and their neighbors, and destroyed the duchy. Their neighbors had long waited for such an opportunity. They turned the brothers against each other by taking sides one after another at a particular time. They robbed the duchy as much as possible. Technical devices that were built in Cert’s projects were all destroyed. Cert’s work-force was dispersed or got killed. Few of them managed to escape in good time and found refuge in rich patrons’ houses. They were unable to reconstruct anything independently. Cert’s knowledge and efforts were lost in that country.

*

Hubert and Cert lived in excellent conditions in the town. They became famous leeches and designers of novel machines making life of the Towners easier. Hubert married a local townie woman and was a father of two children.

One day, after a visit in the dinosauroids' world, Cert announced to Hubert, "I've to part with you forever."

Hubert listened to it with mouth agape.

"I told you about attempts of transferring material things between our universes," Cert continued, "About transfer of animals and things from universe to universe using only one transmission device which can be located in my universe. A receiver in this universe is unnecessary and things materialize by themselves here using energy only from the environment. I've just been in my world and they've decided to make attempt with dinosauroids. My friends will visit the world in their physical bodies."

"Magnificent!" Hubert said as his eyes joyfully gleamed. "Why are you speaking about our separation?"

"I've to go to Vistula's country as we planned to settle down before. Do you remember?" Cert explained his decisions. "It was discovered a strong point of energy there. It will be very helpful for our materialization experiments. A town exists over the point but our experts suppose that people will be afraid the phenomenon connected with the experiments and that's why, they will not disturb us."

“What is the name of the town?” Hubert asked.

“It is town where a cult of ravens existed. Inhabitants called the town Krakow. In their language it means ‘town of ravens’.”

“I know about it. My mother was from there!” Hubert shouted excited. “I would like to accompany you there.”

“I cannot tell you that it is impossible because we struck together in hard times,” Cert told emphatically. “But I wouldn’t advise it. You have a wife and children, who as I suppose, would dislike the thought of relocating to a wild and strange country with a different language. Here you have a high position but there you’ll be nobody. Eventually, I suppose, I’ll finish my staying in the universe in near future. I hope to move to my home universe in a short time. I’ll visit you from time to time in my astral body and, if I could, in physical body.”

Hubert agreed with Cert because he had aged and was not a great dreamer like before.

On the next day, Cert bid good bye to Hubert, his family and the residents of the town and left heading east.

*

After three weeks of marching, when his dinosauroid friends assisted him in their astral bodies, Cert beheld a fortified town near a big river. Long time he had observed it. He walked around it passing through deep in the forest and bushes. He found an old damaged dugout which he used for crossing the river. On the opposite side of the river

he looked for a convenient place to build a shelter. He decided to build it on bogs far away from the town. He knew that people would be afraid to venture in this area, especially during the night and nobody would surprise him asleep. He found an old, great tree which roots together with a rock made some kind of cave. He decided to stay here for the night. He asked his dinosauroid friend, who assisted him that time in his astral body to send a small sleeping container from dinosauroid's world under the tree. The dinosauroid disappeared from human world and move to his universe. Cert felt hungry. He took his bow and arrow, went to a meadow near the river and hunted two quails. He looked on the quails and thought, "Modern, local version of dinosaur." He came back, gutted the birds and roasted them over an open fire. He ate them slowly long time and thought about his uncertain future. In the meantime, Cert felt well-known waft of cold and in the cave among tree's roots the container appeared. The cold came every time when he got something from his mother universe. After sunset, professor was so tired that he went to his shelter, laid on a bed in the container and immediately fell asleep. Summer night was warm. On sunrise he woke up early. He ate the rest of yesterdays' left-over of meat and fruits. Soon after, he started to construct a wooden cottage with a simple clay stove for heating and preparing meals. In this region it was relatively cold so he needed a heater. He built the cottage within several days. Simple tools like electric hammer, laser cutter, hydraulic crane and nails were sent from his universe using the novel technique of transferring materials. The entire time, he was in

contact with dinosauroids. After the completion of his new house, Cert focused in observing the town. He spotted a cave in a rock in the hills with the town on top. One night, he set off to check inside the caves. On a makeshift raft he set sail and crossed the river. Quietly, he moved from the raft to the river bank, moved to an entrance of the cave and then he climbed down into a hole in the rock. After entering the cavern, he lit a torch and checked around. Walking along a corridor, he marked the walls to be able to find his way back with ease. The cave was huge. Cert thought that it was an excellent place to build a dinosauroids' research base. After two hours of intense scrutiny of the cave, he returned to his cottage and in his astral body went to the dinosauroids' world. He informed the dinosauroids' about his observations and the idea to set up a scientific base. The idea unanimously was accepted.

*

For many weeks, nothing came forth. Cert collected research materials, learnt the local language, hunted, collected wild fruits from the forest and at times he got really bored.

One day, when Cert was lounging on a small glade brain storming about something, unexpectedly he heard two laughers. Some young people, who were clapping their hands, went out of the forest. Their smiles froze on sighting Cert. They stopped dead and staring at Cert.

“Why are you gaping open mouthed at me?” Cert asked. “Haven't you ever seen a

devil?”

“What is a devil?” after a few seconds the boy asked with a frightened voice.

“Sorry, I forgot that the religion hasn’t come here yet,” Cert smilingly said. “I withdraw the question.”

The two young people stood frozen looking at Cert with big eyes. Cert was looking at them with a roguish smile but did not move towards them. He was afraid that they can do something dangerous because the fear.

“What’s a religion?” the boy questioned Cert calmly.

“It is called Christianity,” Cert answered and moved one step closer to the couple.

“Christians believe that Satan exists, which means the devil, whose appearance is similar to mine.”

Cert continued, sadly dropped his head, “I don’t have anything to do with him. It’s not my fault that I was born with a resemblance to him. No one chooses his appearance before birth.”

He stopped, thought a little and added, “And even after birth also.”

Cert paused for a moment and next added, “It is my bad luck. I live in the forbidding wilds because people are afraid me and can try to hunt me.”

“Where do those Christians live?” the boy questioned Cert.

“In the west and south of the continent,” Cert answered.

“Where is that?” the boy questioned confusedly.

Cert pointed out the West by his left hand and started to explain, “Eh...?” He scratched his head in disbelief, “Behind the great forest.”

Cert understood that his interlocutor had problems with geography.

“Oh yes,” The girl interrupted the conversation. “From all the sides of the world, merchants come to us and often tell us stories about a mysterious person called Jesus Christ. He was a great magus and allegedly he rose from the dead.”

“People tell it,” Cert agreed with the girl. “But I don’t know about it for sure. It is known that after the death of a hero, people create myths about him and with time after his death the myths got even more amazing.”

“We have our Svarozyc; the god of sun and fire,” the boy told. “Apart from it, in our city we worship ravens. Our priests celebrate services in ravens’ worship. Behind the town our grandfathers built a mound where the birds are adored. In our language raven is Kruk and that’s why strangers call our town Krakow; the town of Ravens. They have problems with correct pronunciation of the word Kruk.”

“Don’t worry,” the girl interrupted. “We’ll take care of you. Our town people are friendly. They’ll accept you for sure. I think that Prince Krak would like to know you. He is a very good ruler.”

“Am I assured that he’d like to meet me,” Cert replied sneeringly. “I’ve had contract with many princes and rulers. I had my ups and downs with them. Maybe Krak is a very nice man but, I prefer not to know him. Here is alright. I don’t want to live in your

town. Excuse me and thank you, I know you have good intentions.”

They acquainted with his opinion and no longer offered him to move into the town.

They continued with the conversation. Cert discovered that the boy was an apprenticed potter and the girl was bread-seller in the town. Cert was interested in everything about the town and its environs. They gladly explained to him everything. They talked until evening. When sunset came they bid fare well to each other and arranged to meet the following day.

*

From that time they met frequently, got more acquainted, Cert learnt everything what he could from the young couple and he taught them some of the important things. Of course, in the town the young couple proudly talked about their new found-friend. On the beginning, because fear of being laughed at, they spoke in secrecy and only to close people. In short time the news about the strange creature living close by spread throughout the town and came to Prince Krak. He called the couple to his court. Guards escorted them to Krak’s throne.

“Tell me everything you know about your stranger friend,” Krak ordered.

The young couple was afraid of the prince and spilled the beans about Cert. When they had finished Krak concluded, “He can be a dangerous character. Probably, that is the same creature who merchants from the West tell terrifying stories about. He is an immortal and as an adviser of one of the western princes he wrecked havoc around. He

killed a king of one western country and his son in a battle.”

Krak turned to his guards, “You have to arrest him at ones, bring him to the castle and lock in the tower.”

“No our lord, please no,” the youths said pleadingly. “We promised him help.”

“Don’t make jokes about me,” Krak told sternly. “He doesn’t need anybody’s help.

He’ll survive excellently. If only a fraction of the tales about him told by the merchants is true, he can solely kill all the citizens of our city in the wink of an eye. We’ll need help if he is plotting something against us. I order you to find him and bring him to me.”

“Dead or alive,” Krak added.

He looked at his soldiers and told in his mind, “Better alive, maybe we can learn something interesting from him. I don’t believe in the merchants’ stories, but if there is a drop of truth he’ll be very helpful in my castle.”

The Prince’s troops went out to capture Cert but after sunset they returned back empty-handed. The quests for Cert lasted many days without desirable results. During the search, the prince’s troops caught several robbers, but they were not their main objective for the quest. Cert realized right away that he was being hunted and he hid deep in the forest’s marsh. After two weeks of unsuccessful searching, the Prince called-off the big quest. Everyday he sent a small number of troops. He offered a ransom to anyone who informed his of Cert’s whereabouts.

*

The day came, when the first transfer of dinosauroids to the world of people was attempted. It was a nice, sunny morning. Since sunrise Cert hid in the thick brushwood and had been observing the area around the cave in the rock under the town. The river separated him from the town. He was not alone there. Several observers in their astral bodies accompanied him. They talked with Cert while observed the area on the opposite side of the river. Time was going. The Sun was high over the forest. In the town, at that time was a normal busy day. Suddenly, the temperature decreased and become chilly. A strong wind ran over land. On the sky sudden grey clouds sprang up and thickened very fast, the land became dark. Rain started. Within no time, the pouring rain turned into a hail storm. Simultaneously, near the entrance of the cave an object started materializing. Luckily, people had run for shelter from the hailstorms and none of them saw what was happening. Only a few, who wanted to witness the strange phenomena, froze in horror. At the bottom of the hill the great monster appeared.

“It is our multifunctional defensive robot,” one of dinosauroids which assisted Cert was explaining to him the purpose of the monster. “It will protect the vehicle with dinosauroid’s crew. Nobody knows what will happen if the people get crazy ideas.”

“I know,” Cert told. “On the world is full of evil, caution is advisable.”

“Nice couplet,” the interlocutor approved Cert smiled sneeringly.

The rain was already through. It then started to become warmer and warmer.

“It is nice that the Sun is back,” Cert said. “I am freezing a bit.”

“Don’t get excited just yet,” the interlocutor extinguished Cert’s joy. “In a few minutes it will get much colder than before. The vehicle with live crew definitely consumes more energy from the environment.”

The robot moved around near the hill and observed around with its built-in cameras on its long arm. It walked on fours because on mountainous terrain walking vehicles use much less energy than others for example tracked or wheeled. The machine could also fly.

From the towns embankments masses of people observed the strange monster which appeared at the foot of the hill. Time went by. Temperature decreased again. It became extremely cold. The sky was covered by grey clouds again. Strong winds were blowing from all directions into the Wawel hill, what dumbfounded the inhabitants. Tornados blew away things from the ground. People were even more astonished when the strong rain started then slowly converted into snow and the river was covering by ice. Near the robot, appeared a vehicle which immediately flew into the cave. After few minutes, the machine also went into the cave. All the strange phenomena disappeared after it. The sun was shining again and the cloud cover was no more. Snow and ice was melting fast. People stood dumbstruck with great astonishment and their teeth were chattering from the cold.

Cert jumped around and waved hands violently to warm his body.

“Shit, shit, shit, so cold,” he cursed repeatedly.

One of dinosauroids who observed the action in his astral body told, "Let's go to see Zyg and Moa after their travel."

Dinosauroids went away. Cert was left alone. He thought how he could relocate to the cave imperceptibly to the people who observed, in their opinion from a safe distance, the cave. Cert could not invisibly cross the river. If he tries, the most probably he would be captured by the people.

Suddenly the robot went out of the cave. People were fleeing left, right and centre, and shouting at the top of their voices, "Dragon! Dragon! Save yourselves."

"Good advice," Cert whispered to himself with grin on his face.

The machine went to the river and took flight over the ground. Flew over water and landed near Cert's hiding place. Cert walked closer to it and climbed on its back where six empty seats were, he settled comfortably and the robot walked back towards the cave direction. From a safe distance people observed everything unfolding. The robot flew over the river, landed smoothly in front of the cave and entered inside. When they were in the cave, Cert alighted and, Moa and Zyg welcomed him, "Hi Cert, how are you?"

Zyg started talk, "Long time we saw each other."

"In physical bodies, of course," Moa added.

"Hello!" Cert replied. "Thank you for the robot. Without it I couldn't reach the cave alive. The people, who lingered around the cave, would have clubbed me to death for

sure. Since a few months, the inhabitants have been organizing regular hunts for me.”

“Did you fall into disfavor with them or it is their hobby that they practice in free time?”

Moa asked jokingly.

“I suppose it is their hobby,” Cert answered. “They are boring. I came into contact with only two people from the town and I did not harm them. I suppose it is because of my appearance. I’ll not embark in anatomical details, but I tell you in secret our species is a little different from people, if you could not notice it. Some don’t like it.”

“Disgusting racists even specieslists,” Zyg said ironically.

“Do you know,” Moa interrupted. “People call our robot a dragon. I like it. Let’s call it Dragon.”

“Everything for you,” with derisive politeness told Zyg. “Let it be Dragon.”

Next they started to organize the base. Moa and Zyg came with a device for sending material objects between universes and a mini-electric power plant. Because of it they could send things from this world to dinosauroids world without triggering any dramatic phenomena which had happened a few hours before. After work they ate their meal.

First time in dozens of years Cert had eaten food from the dinosauroid’s world.

“Wonderful!” he told after tasting the food.

“If I remember well, you’ve never been fond of it in our world,” Moa remarked cuttingly.

“Don’t be so meticulous,” Cert protested. “The taste is changing every several years.

And the food here became odious for me.”

*

At the same time, in the castle at the town royal council was in process. During the sitting, the Prince and elders of the town tried to come up with a reason of the previously phenomenon.

“It was because of the monster from the forest, which we have been looking for in a long time,” one of the elders told.

“The beast came to him and listened like a faithful dog,” the second one added.

“Well, we know the reason,” Prince Krak dismissed them. “But what should we do next?”

“Difficult question,” another adviser told. “The answer is very hard.”

“It is clear that the answer is hard,” Krak added angrily. “If it would be easy, I mustn’t call you here. I pay you for solving difficult problems. Easy problems I solve by myself.”

“On the beginning, I advise you to make reconnaissance near the cave by a group of warriors,” an elder who was speechless until now, proposed. “After their returning and report we will think about the next plan.”

“Golden idea,” other advisers concluded.

“I thought about it,” Krak told. “And I’ve already sent a group of warriors down to the cave. You don’t have any constructive ideas?”

*

During time when Moa, Zyg and Cert chatted serenely, sensors situated on the entrance of cave indicated approaching people. Their brain waves did not indicate that they were coming in peace.

“We have guests,” Zyg found that obvious fact.

“I think they want to establish order,” Cert added.

Moa walked to a monitor and observed it keenly. She then told, “The brain wave analyzer indicates that they want to kill the dragon.”

“If they want to kill our Dragon then they are unlucky,” Cert said jokingly. “The dragon is not alive. They can only destroy it. But I doubt it.”

“The guys will be disappointed,” Zyg added. “Maybe, real dragons prowl in the area where they live.”

“In the continent people talk a lot about dragons,” Cert told. “You can think that hordes of dragons fly or run around the entire planet.”

“I’ve an idea,” Cert concluded. “Let’s capture the plucky fellows and send them to the headquarters into our world. It is an excellent material for researches.”

Rest of dinosauroids picked up the idea and sent messages to the headquarters about their plans. The headquarters immediately started to prepare for reception of the parcel.

*

In front of the cave warriors burnt torches and entered into the tunnel very cautiously.

Suddenly in torchlight ahead they saw the monster. Dragon stood motionless and its camera was directed at the intruders. The fear made their hair stand on ends and they went weak at the knees.

“Kill him,” the commander ordered.

Warriors tightened bowstrings and shot arrows which reflected from robot’s armor and fell down on the ground. The dragon stood motionless. The situation embarrassed them a lot.

“Its witchcraft,” one of warriors whispered.

“Retreat to the exit!” The commander ordered.

Soldiers, in haste and with great relief, carried the order. While they were starting move to the exit of the cave, from the darkness Cert rose and shouted, “Stop...!”

People stopped instantly except two warriors, who did not really take into heart Cert’s shout and bolted from the cave. The commander with his troop stood and looked at Cert who was standing alongside the machine. Only the commander kept his cool and shot an arrow at Cert. In that moment the robot reacted. Hot plasma was spurted from a robot’s thrower and burnt the arrow. Immediately a laser beam, shot from a gun attached near the cameras on the machine’s head, killed the commander.

“Come back!” Cert ordered to withdrawing soldiers.

The order was carried out. The warriors were so terrified that without any resistance they were sent to the headquarters.

*

Two warriors, who had managed to escape, returned to the castle. They reported blood-chilling story about the action in the cave. Prince Krak thought that his troops were imprisoned in the cave and next day he sent a much larger troop to rescue the prisoners. Cert and his friends armed themselves with electric shockers brought from the headquarters waited for the warriors. The electric shockers were positioned along a hallway near the cave's entrance. The warrior came to the entrance. A moment they conferred with their commander and then four soldiers stood near entrance and the rest of them slipped slowly into the cave creeping along the walls one after another. Suddenly from ceiling numerous flashes of light hit the soldiers. They were paralyzed and fell down on the floor like logs. The rest of the warriors went into the cave and tried to help their subordinates, but they also got paralyzed by electric lightning. The dragon collected bodies and people were sent to headquarters.

*

Cert did not want return home yet. He decided to stay with Zyg and Moa and to help them in the cognition of secrets of the world of people. Zyg and Moa were very happy because Cert had a practical experience living in peoples' world.

*

“Nobody has visited us since two weeks. What happened?” Zyg fell into a reverie.

“The headquarters presses us to send them huge number of research materials,” Moa

told worriedly. “Dragon can only bring one big animal or plant on one-off basis but they demand dozens of items from us. Regarding to people, the headquarters accuses us sending only men and no women. They also need women.”

“What can we do, only men have been coming to this area, and it is rarely?” Cert asked rhetorically, broke off for a moment to draw breath and continued. “Women have never come here. Only one time our Dragon caught one woman, some grandma, because she escaped too slowly. Of course, we can send our robot to the town to destroy it and from the ruins it will select women, but I presume that it would be not the best way to deal with our dilemma. It would be good only for one time.”

“That is true,” Moa told emphatically. “Having had destroyed the town and thereafter we would not only have a shortage of women but men too.”

“Maybe we can force inhabitants to give us women?” Zyg pondered on his idea.

“Excellent idea but how can we execute it?” Moa asked rhetorically because she didn’t expect any answer.

“I’ve simple idea,” Cert jumped joyfully.

Moa looked on him questioningly in amazement.

“We will demand for example on weekly basis: plants and young women,” Cert expounded his idea and waved his hands excitedly.

“A virgin,” Zyg added to Cert’s disquisition. “They call young women by this name. I’ve heard that dragons usually like to eat virgins. If we don’t demand for virgins, the

inhabitants will think that our dragon is mad or perverted and they might not take us seriously.”

“Ok, let it be a virgin,” Cert agreed because, as well as Zyg, he did not understand the full meaning of the word.

Everything was done the way it had been planned. The robot went out of the cave and using its loud speakers situated in its trunk, roared mightily. Inhabitants collected on the town wall with trepidation and curiosity. When masses of inhabitants were collected the dragon roared again and spewed out a ball of fire from its plasma thrower. The plasma melted down a huge rock.

“I want Krak and his advisers,” Cert commanded using the Dragon’s loud speakers.

“Otherwise I’ll burn the town to the ground!”

Seeing that it was a matter of life and death a group of people quickly ran to Krak’s castle to inform him about it. In a few minutes later Krak with his advisers appeared on the town walls and peeped out of stone’s wall.

“What do you want?” Krak asked.

“Nothing special, only bits and bobs,” Dragons answered with its loud speakers. “For tomorrow I demand five horses, nine sheep, ten cows and one virgin. If I don’t have it before dawn, I’ll burn down the town and kill all inhabitants.”

After uttering these words the machine returned to the cave. The whole town was dismayed after what had happened. Animals could be delivered easily. But there were

problems with virgins. The first was an ethical problem: could be fellow citizen sacrificed to the monster for devour. And the second one, more practical: virgins always were in a trace number and those girls and women who were virgins, after dragon's words lost virginity; for safety reasons, of course. Unintentionally, the dragon made nice surprise to some guys and ugly women. After long discussion the Prince's council settled that a young girl offered to the dragon would be chosen by a draw. The elders hoped that the monster could not distinguish a virgin from non-virgin because it was great shortage of virgins in the town and they had no idea where from to get a real virgin. Just before sending the town crier to main market of the town to announce the decision to people, a very old woman went to the meeting room. Her appearance could horrify even the bravest warrior.

"I am a virgin," she announced.

"I am not surprised at all," one of adviser whispered to his neighbor and they both started to giggled quietly.

"You can throw me to the monster for devour," she added.

"What heroism and sacrifice for our town!" Krak told and it was a load off his mind.

Krak stood up, walked to the woman, hugged her and told, "Thank you for your sacrifice for our community."

And in his mind he added, "Thank you Sviatovid that this kind of women we have on our ground also."

The council unanimously and with a sigh of relief agreed to the woman's offer.

*

In the pale dawn, in front of the cave there were animals and the virgin who walked with a stagger. Dragon crawled out from his cavern. Of course, it could run like a gazelle but Cert recognized that crawling would be more impressive for inhabitants of the town. On the walls of the town Krak, elders and townies collected to observe the course of events. The robot passed animals and came to the virgin. Cameras situated on the robot's head transmitted images to the cave where Cert and his friends observed holographic pictures.

"Why is she shaking on her feet?" Moa asked curiously. "In general, she behaves strange. She is singing."

"Probably she is drunk or smoked pot," Zyg answered. "Otherwise she wouldn't accept to come here willingly. Let's zoom in."

On a holographic monitor dinosauroids saw a figure of the old woman in all her glory.

"She looks more similar to us than to them," Zyg remarked.

"It is an old biddy!" Cert shouted. "A woman like her, but more similar to people, has already been caught by Dragon and sent to the headquarters. Nobody knows how they came by that woman?"

"What a disastrous thing," Zyg was distressed. "The headquarters wants young women."

“Easy, I’ll talk with Krak,” Cert told to companions, caught a microphone and via Dragon’s loud speakers shouted, “Do you take the piss out of me?!”

Inhabitants were frozen of horror. Nobody moved or even breathe.

“Yesterday I told you to give me young woman,” Cert continued using the robot’s loud speakers. “And you are presenting to me some old bag now.”

“Nothing of the kind,” Krak protested coolly. “You should specify precisely what you want. You told only about a virgin, not a young woman, so you have the realest virgin. You can check her.”

“Yes, I am the realest virgin,” the old woman interrupted in the conversation. “No man has ever touched me. You can check.”

“It is no surprise to me that she is a virgin,” Cert whispered to himself.

“What a disastrous misunderstanding,” Zyg told to his friends. “And that’s all because we cannot speak their language fluently. We cannot distinguish the language subtleties. But at least, we picked up the some trail. Second time we will not be fooled by various tricksters like Krak and his team.”

“Let’s take her and then we’ll ask her about details,” Cert decided, he took the microphone and turned to Krak by robot’s loud speakers. “Well, I’ll take her. I cannot go against my word. I said that I needed a virgin so you have given me a virgin.”

The machine escorted the woman into the cave and then animals. Inhabitants of the town heaved a sigh of relief. Animals were immediately transferring to the headquarters

and the woman stood motionless in a corner of a room. With her mouth and eyes opened as much as possible she observed cows and other animals dissolving into thin air .

“What? Are you surprised?” Zyg asked ironically.

The woman did not answer, only stood motionless as a salt pillar in Sodom. After some minutes she cooled down enough to speak.

“Am I dead?” she asked quietly.

“No, you are still alive and probably, you’ll not die in near future,” Cert turned to the woman gently. “Our doctors will not allow you to die early.”

“But I don’t want live,” she told quietly. “My entire life was awful. People always laughed and picked on me because of my appearances. No man ever looked at me. I want to die.”

“If you want to die, so it’s your bad day for it,” Zyg interrupted. “We didn’t catch you for killing. You will live long time with us. But don’t worry. In that place where you’ll go there are only men. You’ll be the only woman.”

“But none will look at me,” with tears in her eyes the woman told.

“You should think positively,” Moa tried to console her. “If you want, our doctors will change your appearance and you’ll be a beautiful woman.”

And next she embarrassed added, “But they need to know how a beautiful woman looks like.”

They conversed for a long time and then sent the woman to the dinosauroids’ world.

*

After analyzing the old woman's memory and memories of other people, scientists and doctors made her plastic surgery using a method of cells cloning in some parts of her body, and inducing apoptosis (programmed death of cells) in other parts. The outcome was impressive; doctors were excited because it was their first experiment with live human cells made in a living human body and it was successful. The woman became young and stunningly beautiful.

*

Cert with his friends explored the planet. Everyday they flew on their robot and investigated flora and fauna. On the other hand, a lot of small robots were sent reaching all points of Earth. The machines moved from place to place making holographic movies showing the life on the planet. After some months the headquarters arrived to a conclusion that Cert's group should order new animals and a young girl from the town. That time Dragon precisely defined what it wanted.

The following day the animals and virgin-girl, dazed by drugs, stood in front of the cave. The robot took them into the cave without any problems. Animals were sent to the headquarters immediately but the girl was taken to a medical room for more analysis.

When she regained consciousness and, saw dinosauroids and robots in a bright light, she was shocked and went into hysterics. It was necessary to send her to the headquarters immediately.

*

All over the globe, news spread like wild fires that a dragon lived in pagan country, terrorized inhabitants and ate virgins. From all direction of Europe knights streamed in to fight with the infamous monster. Shopkeepers, owners of taverns and inns were very happy as their income increased immensely because foreign guests. They prayed to Svarozyc protect the monster for it was a blessing to them. Each day with anxieties they all observed it taking flights. They were afraid that the dragon could not return.

*

One day, when the Dragon with its crew was coming back to the cave, a magnate with his retinue went to the town.

“What is that?” Zyg asked pointing at the going group of people.

“It is a rich knight with his retinue,” Cert explained. “I saw similar groups in the West.”

After a few seconds he added. “Probably, some eminent knight will try to destroy our robot and kick us out from our cave.”

“Don’t worry our Dragon will handle him,” Moa told. “We can knacker him now.”

“I think it will be better to catch him together with his retinue when he will attack us,”

Cert suggested, “I’ll inform the headquarters about it and ask about sleeping draught for these mammals. A hypnotic device would be the best. Because of it people would come to us without any problem.”

“If I am not wrong,” Zyg continued talking. “The device is still under construction. So

we cannot get it this time.”

When they returned back to the base, Zyg demanded from the headquarters sleeping gas thrower which could be mounted on Dragon. The order was executed fast and the thrower was in the cave after half an hour. Automats installed it on Dragon.

*

Next day, in front of the cave the knight enclosed in an armor suite with a lance in his hand was sitting on his steed and waiting for the dragon. His horse had some kind of armor also. In a distance away from him, his retinue waited and observed the situation. The knight waved around his lance and shouted something at the top of his voice, trying to lure the beast from its hiding place.

Dinosauroids observed everything on holographic screen in their base.

“What is the meaning of what the guy uttered?” Zyg asked.

“I know that language,” Cert answered. “For many years I lived in the country where the language was used. It is nothing to translation. It’s only rubbish. It seems that now is a perfect opportunity to grant his wishes of fighting with the Dragon. Let’s send him our robot.”

The machine slowly crawled out from the cave’s hall and stood opposite to the adventurer. The robot was programmed to control the fight by itself obeying general directives given by dinosauroids. The knight moved to attack. He bent on his saddle and aimed his lancet at the monster’s trunk. The strong strike on the robot’s armor plate

changed his weapon into matchwood. The surprised knight looked on the rest of his lance in his hand. But he had not time for a long contemplation. He turned back his horse, threw the rest of his lance away, took out his sword and attacked the beast again. When he ran near the monster, he cut it by his sword mightily but simultaneously an electrical impulse deprived him and his steed consciousness. Both of them fell down numb on the ground near the cave's entrance and made several turns stunning somersaults. People collected on the town's walls gave a roar of disappointment. Only traders were excited because thinking about new, rich clients who assuredly would come there in the near future. On the robot's armor there was no trace of the fight. Servants moved to help their master, but a gas, thrown by the machine's gas thrower, made them fall unconscious on the grass. Dragon then dragged everybody one by one into his cave. They were instantly transferred to dinozauroids universe.

*

Two days later, another eminent knight dared to conquer the beast. Of course, he suffered his predecessor's fate.

*

From all directions of the world brave knights came to the town. They would like to square up to the dragon. All of them finished their adventures in dinozauroids' world. Besides fighters, a crowd of inquisitive on-lookers were coming to the city. They would like to see the beast to tell stories about the monster in their towns. In the Krak's town a

number of taverns, inns, shops, stalls and others kinds of businesses were put up with a growth in a numbers of tourists. Craftsmen made figurines of the dragon and sold them to strangers from far away. The 'Dragon Vodka' was distilled, 'Dragon beer' was brewed and shoes from 'dragon's hide' were made. These products were transported and sold in far countries. Because of dinosauroid's base under Wawel hill, Krak's town started to develop on unprecedented scale. Many poor farmers came to the town in search of 'greener pastures'. The town grew rampantly and became the local metropolis. Frequent fights with knights were a rich source of men for dinosauroids' scientists. But the entire time there was a big problem in acquiring women. The headquarters pressed the base under Wawel hill to send more number of female. Cert decided that Dragon had to increase a frequency of demands of women. New Dragon's orders were fulfilled by inhabitants of the town. They expected this situation and were prepared for it. Sources of the girls were raids of criminal gangs called 'virgins hunters' around outskirts of Krak's duchy and neighboring duchies. From one raid the group brought several dozens of girls. Officially it was illegal trade, but Krak closed his eyes to it, because he could not sacrifice girls from his town. Victims were unknown for anybody. Also poor peasants sold their daughters. Krak's people did not ask about an origin of the 'goods', only paid fixed tariffs. With time the prices depreciated because more and more people were involved in these practices. The emergence of new kinds of wars called 'virgin wars' took place amongst gangs of hunters relating to areas of influence and elimination

of weaker rivals from the market. More and more young women were brought to the base under Wawel Hill. Hysterics were sent to dinosauroids' headquarters immediately. Calm girls, at their own choice, were allowed to stay in the base for several days and assisted the scientists in getting to know their areas of origin. They flew on the Dragon with dinosauroids to their homelands and, taught about life and customs. None of them wanted to come back to their native homes. Sometimes dinosauroids allowed girls to meet their families and friends but they treated girls as dead, regarded them as vampires and tried to kill by aspen pegs. Dinosaurs were at times forced to defend girls against their families.

*

Cert in his astral body, often visited his friend Hubert. His son Kai, dreamt about a big name in combat, went into service to king's army. He was a renowned brave knight in many battles. Because the king's protection, the duchy which belonged to Kai's grandfather Roland was returned to him. The duchy was led in to ruins by his father's elder brothers and eventually neighboring princes were able to capture it. For his outstanding merits for the kingdom the king awarded him with new lands. In contrast to his son, Hubert led a quiet life in the town which was saved by Cert against epidemic. He was interested in neither power nor privileges. His great name as an excellent doctor and constructor reached far places. Even emissaries from Byzantine Empire came to him for advices. He was an excellent teacher for his successors. He was excited with the

turn out that gave him satisfaction. Hubert's daughter wanted to follow in her father's footsteps and she was his diligent student. Because Hubert and his students, the town gradually became a centre of science.

*

Kai was called for a conversation with the king. If only he crossed the threshold of the chamber council the king asked him. "I hope you have heard that for some time our knights have been going to East to fight with some monster. They would like to become famous warriors but until now none of them had returned. None of their retinues came back also. I don't know what happened, did the beast kill everyone or they found other lords? Maybe wild people murdered them there? You are my best knight and friend. I would like to send you to the Vistula's country to explain the mystery. If I keep losing my knights in this way, within a short time I'll have no knights left in my army."

"Your wish is my command, my lord," Kai answered as he bowed his head at the king.

"Tomorrow I am going to that country."

"I am glad that you agreed to the expedition," The delighted king told. "I've faith in that you'll not fail me for sure. I've one request to you, not an order. If there will be a real monster, don't fight with it. I need alive knights not dead heroes."

*

The following day at dawn, Kai with his retinue went to the East. A crowd of people collected to bid farewell to them. Everybody believed that they would return alive soon.

*

One day, a very cute girl called Yovita was brought to the cave. Unlike the others, she was not afraid of the strange beings. She was intelligent and talkative. The entire group of dinosauroids liked her. In the headquarters there were enough women so dinosauroids decided to keep her longer in the base in Wawel hill. She was very willing to collaboration. With great pleasure she showed researchers her homeland and gave them lots of pieces of information about it. She liked to fly on Dragon. It was her passion. Because dinosauroids' technique she was able to visit new places which she had never seen or ever imagined before. She loved travels to other places like America, Asia and Africa. Moving there on Dragon was a piece of cake. Before being captured by virgin hunters she has never left her home village. Seemingly bad luck that she was kidnapped by 'virgin hunters' turned in to good luck and she could realize her dreams.

In breaks of research work the robot fought with knights, all the fights were recorded in a computer's memory. Knights changed their tactics and weaponry but result was always the same. Unconsciously knights and their retinues were sent to the headquarters. Fights collected great crowds of supporters from all corners of the world. Bets were taken. On the beginning, bets were made due to the winner but later only due to the time span after which the dragon won. Sometimes, some sucker betted on knights but always it was a big mistake. The gambling was a big source of money for Krak's town.

*

One the evening, when the dinosauroids' team together with Yovita were returning on the Dragon to their cave they saw new knight with his retinue going towards the cave.

“It seems that there will be a new fight?” Yovita noticed joyfully.

“It is good,” told Zyg, “we must prepare a new delivery to our universe.”

They ended their conversation because the robot was landing near the cave. It landed softly on grass and went into the cave.

*

The next morning, sensors alarmed the staff of the base about a person who was approaching to the cave. All the team stood near a wall which metamorphosed into holographic screen and transmitted situation outside the hill. Micro-cameras were hidden everywhere around and into the town, so that the dinosauroids' group was aware of almost everything that happened around. In that time, the team observed on the screen a man who was walking towards the cave's entrance. He had no weapons and armor. Only a gorget covered a part of his chest.

“Handsome guy,” Yovita found authoritatively. “What does he want? Not fighting for sure.”

“Maybe he wants to talk,” Moa supposed. “But with who? I don't think so he thinks the Dragon knows his language.”

“Our dragon, very often spoke in local language,” Zyg interrupted. “Maybe the knight

knows that language or thinks that Dragon is a polyglot.”

Cert did not say anything only observed the man with great concentration and on the end said, “I know him. It is Kai, son of Hubert, an excellent knight. You don’t want to fool with him. He knows many tricks. He really can stir things up here if he came to fight.”

“He is pretty good,” Yovita tried to change the topic. “When you catch him after the fight you’ll send him to the headquarters immediately, isn’t it?”

When she told it, she was clearly out of sorts.

“Easy!” Cert relaxed. “I think there’ll not be any fight and he’ll come to us as meek as a lamb. He is expecting to meet me here.”

Cert’s intuition was correct. Kai stopped in front of the entrance to the cave and shouted,

“Cert, are you there? It’s me, Kai. Can you hear me?”

“Yes, I hear you,” Cert answered and went out to rendezvous with him.

They hugged each other tightly in welcoming. Cert turned to the cave, pointed the entrance by his right hand and told, “Come in, you are welcomed.”

Kai’s people, who witnessed it, told among themselves, “Our lord, like his grandpa, made a pact with devils.”

Kai walked through a hall in which automatic lights went on. They moved to the main room of the base, where Cert introduced members of his team. Kai was surprised because of Yovita’s presence. Not only because of Yovita. He looked around with wide

opened eyes with great amazement. Everything he saw exceeded his most daring expectations. He supposed that Cert's surrounding looked totally different from everything he knew but could not imagine those objects that he had just seen.

"She is one of the victims offered to the Dragon for sacrifice," Moa shook him from the infatuation.

"Have you taken breakfast?" Cert asked.

"Not yet, I wasn't sure if you prowled here," Kai told. "It could have happened that a real monster lived here and could attack me. Wounds in the stomach after meal are very dangerous. Besides, I would have been able to escape faster with an empty stomach."

Yovita giggled, because her personal translator translated Kai's words, but she controlled herself and kept an inscrutable expression.

"So, welcome for breakfast," Zyg offered.

Everybody moved to the dining room, sat at the table which was already set by automats for a meal. Kai was still looking around with a wide opened mouth.

"Amazing," Kai was still surprised. "What you taught me years ago was shocking but what I see here"

He paused speaking for a moment and added, "I'm speechless."

"It is not strange for me," wittily Zyg started to speak, "Simply in your language there are no proper words to explain what you see here."

"That's not what I meant," Kai didn't catch the point of the joke. "I only want to tell that

everything is as strange as impossible to exist in reality.

“We understand you very well,” Cert explained to Kai. “Zyg has a special sense of humor. How did you know that you could find me here?”

“Uncanny stories are going around the world about the town and a dragon,” Kai told.

“Many knights, as I know, came here to kill the dragon and cover themselves in glory.

Nobody came back. Not only knights, but even anybody from their retinues returned.

Merchants recited blood-freezing stories about fights with the beast. My king offered

me a mission for explaining the mystery. I agreed on it, because I supposed that you and

your compatriots were here. And merchants’ stories, gently speaking, were exaggerated.

I thought that I could visit you because I miss you greatly. Only in the last resort I

would admit that it was a real monster.”

“Thank you!” Cert told to Kai and offered. “If you want to see the monster, it is in the next room.”

“Why not,” Kai stood up, walked through the door and looked at the machine.

“What happened to the knights who fought with the robot?” Kai asked with great

concern. “I don’t think that the machine killed them.”

“Of course not,” Zyg answered quickly and switched on a holographic screen on a wall

which showed a live of the people in dinosauroids’ world.

“As you can see the knights live there with women, who were given to the Dragon as

victims, in a special research centre,” Zyg continued with explanations. “For protection

against shock we prepared for them conditions of living similar to life here. They cannot work. Everything is made by automats. As you see on the screen, people there cannot distinguish robots and human beings.”

“Where are the automats?” Kai asked. “I only see people.”

“More than half of them there are robots,” Zyg carried on the story. “They are observed by our scientists throughout and we make some experiments with them. Of course, the experiments are harmless and making very discreetly.”

“Very interesting,” Kai told. “They look happy.”

“As you supposed right,” Zyg was still talking. “Checking their minds we discovered that in our centre they are happier than on Earth. Even people who were powerful and wealthy feel well, better there than on Earth.”

“Maybe you would like to join us?” Moa offered. “You are experienced in research, Cert was your teacher.”

“I was curious to know what you want from me,” Kai told. “You want to recruit me and the pictures, that you showed me, were some kind of propaganda.”

“It was not propaganda,” Cert interrupted. “We showed you only the facts.”

“It’s clear enough to me,” Kai insisted. “You must have brain-washed them and now they think that they are really happy. My father told me about these tricks.”

“Of course,” Cert continued, “we corrected their minds a little but only the ones who missed their families and friends. How do you call troubadours songs about you and

compliments of people which you are paid everyday? Every time you listen that you are irreplaceable. Is it not trickery which changes your minds? Do you believe that it is true what these people tell about you to you? I am sure that the same people speak something different about you in another place. I don't want to disappoint you but your country will not collapse if you disappear. They'll find another sucker who'll risk his life for them."

"But, I have to report to my king about the expedition," Kai defended himself.

"It can be done by someone else," Moa added her view. "If you were killed by natives, what'll your king do? He would die because lack of knowledge about the town? Water in rivers would boil?"

"I don't know what I should do," Kai answered evasively. "I've to think about it."

"Easy-easy don't be in a hurry, we have time," Cert told him. "Nobody will force you but think about it. If you want to return home, help yourself. But it will be a pity if your talents and intelligence will be wasted only for wars. But deep down in your heart, we both know you are researcher."

"But very deep in my heart," Kai answered. "You've come out with a long speech that I almost cried. You speak like my father."

"We are best friends with your father," with a teasing smile Cert told. "What did you expect of me?"

In the entire conversation, Yovita was quiet because they spoke in a language unknown

to her. Her personal translator was broken, because on beginning of Kai's visit she was so impressed and sat on it. Cert and the rest of the team knew the language well. On the beginning she sat calmly and only smiled but later started to fidget in her seat trying to attract attention.

"Oh, I see that the beautiful lady is bored," Kai turned to her.

"She cannot understand you," Cert told him. "She speaks a different language and something happened with her personal translator. I'll translate your words. I think she wants to join in our conversation."

"What would you like to know about our new mate?" Cert asked Yovita.

"I have a lot of questions," with a charming smile she answered. "Where is he from, what does he do and is he married?"

Cert patiently translated everything because he did not have a spare automatic translator for Kai and Yovita. Yovita was clearly overjoyed when she heard that Kai was single. It was the most interesting for her.

They talked for a long time. While outside of the cave a service of Kai waited impatiently for their master with great concern. In one moment the faithful squire took Kai's target and sword, and cautiously went into the cave.

"Hey, someone is coming here," Moa noticed looking on a holographic view of surrounding.

In one second the alarm started.

“It is my loyal squire,” Kai explained. “He wants to check what happened to me. He has been with me through thick and thin. I ordered him not come here. Apparently, he thought that I needed help.”

“Let’s test his courage,” Zyg suggested. “Let’s send Dragon to the hall. I bet that he’ll escape immediately.”

“I am sure not,” Kai answered a little piqued by the malicious remark. “He will not return without me. He would rather die than escape.”

“Well, do we bet?” Zyg repeated his offer.

“Yes, I do,” Kai confirmed it. “My squire will come to me paying no heed to the danger.”

The bet was officially taken and Dragon went to the hall. The squire came warily to the entrance of the cave upon hearing some sounds he stopped.

“And?” Zyg asked defiantly.

“Easy!” Kai told, “He is not retreating yet.”

“I think he’ll return back to the rest of your retinue,” Zyg said maliciously, but against Zyg’s words the young man was going into the cave.

“He is looking for me, after all,” Kai was thrilled with it. “I knew. He never leaves me,”

“We’ll see what happens after his meeting with the Dragon,” Zyg was persistent.

The young man walked carefully inside the dark cave. Slowly he reached to the place where the robot lay. When he came close to it, the machine moved its head violently and

immediately rose up. The squire froze, slowly moved to the wall nestling against it and waited.

“You see,” Kai exalted the bravery and loyalty of his squire. “He kept a stiff upper lip. Plucky chap! He is waiting for the Dragons reaction.”

“Ok, let’s give him an opportunity for further action,” Zyg told and switch off the robot.

The Dragon lay on the ground. The young man was relieved, walked around the monster looking at it carefully and went straight ahead. He was relieved and proceeded further into the cave. He reached at the end of the hall. He was undecided whether or not to continue ahead or return back when suddenly the wall beside him opened and a bright light hit him. He covered his face as the bright light stung his eyes and fell down because he was afraid of a blow and next jumped to the wall. When he had cooled down after shock and his eyesight was used to the light, he saw his master sitting at a table in the company of aliens.

“My lord, you are alive!” he shouted joyfully.

“As can you see,” Kai answered having a broad smile. “Please, join us.”

“My lord, who are the demons?” the squire asked in amazement.

“Yovita is a woman, as you have already noticed,” Kai told jokingly. “Cert is my friend from my childhood and the rest there are his coworkers.”

Kai introduced his squire to everybody. The young man sat at a vacant seat at the table and they proceed with their conversation.

In some moment Kai concluded, "I am staying with you. The soldiering is enough for me. For a long time I only participated in wars, maimed and killed others in the name of the king. It is the end of it. I want with you get to know mysteries of the world."

"What about me?" the squire asked shyly. "Maybe I can join you? After loosing my lord I have no purpose in life."

"If only it is your problem," Kai told, "Don't worry. You'll have the last mission. Go and tell people in the town over us," Kai pointed a ceiling and continued, "And our king, that the dragon guards an entrance to a wonderful world, where there is no diseases or death. People live happily there and are well off. Tell that I cheated the dragon and went to that world."

"Do you think, my lord that people will fall for the trick?" the squire asked.

"I think so," Kai told. "And I'll give you all lands which I was awarded by the king after our victory over Saracens. Through and through, you were loyal and deserve a reward. The lands that I'll inherited from my grandpa Roland I'll give to my sister. My father lives in his dreams and he can very easy lose them by giving to people and probably to those, who are not worthy of it, but are simply cheats. But my sister has an iron hand and you don't want to fool around with her. I'll make proper documents about it."

"I cannot agree to it, my lord," the squire protested. "I want to go with you."

"It's my last order to you," Kai told unceremoniously. "I appreciate your devotion and

because of it, I order you to take care of my possessions.”

Kai made proper documents and sealed them with his ring. Just in case he made several extra copies of it, because he knew that sometimes strange things happen to these kinds of documents. For example they can disappear in ‘mysterious’ circumstances. On the end, he gave the documents to his most loyal servant and bid him farewell. The squire went out from the cave in great disbelief of what he had seen and heard there. He could not believe that it was real. When he came out to the day’s light, for a short time he thought that it was hallucination caused by a toxic gas in the cave. But a rustle of parchment carried in his bosom dissipated his doubts. When he wandered out of the cave for a long distance other of Kai’s servants, who were hiding in the near bushes and trees, surrounded him.

“What about our lord?” they all asked with great concern. “Have you found him?”

“As you can see your lord is excellent,” he answered and then continued. “Because now I am your lord. I’ve all the appropriate documents signed by Prince Kai showing that he has given me power over you.”

“It is a joke,” one of servant told.

“No,” the former squire and current master protested to be shown one of the copies of documents made by Kai.

“What about Prince Kai?” people asked.

“He is in good health and happy,” the new lord answered. “When I spoke to him, he was

to move to a happy land where there were no diseases, death or ageing. Where, there are plenty of goods. And it isn't an imaginary heaven where you go after death. It's a real world where you can go like to a tavern. If only one gets killed or cheats the dragon which guards the entrance of the cave. And because of it, there were only a few who could go there. Our lord was one of the few. Admittedly, he didn't kill the dragon but he cheated it."

The news spread around the vicinity like a thunderstorm. The former squire and current lord bid farewell to the inhabitants of the town on Wawel hill. Next full of optimism and had faith in future with his retinue he moved to his country.

Kai and Yovita, because their wish, were sent to the dinosauroids' world for acquiring knowledge about the different universe and civilization. There they were taught by dinosauroids.

*

The news about the land of happiness spread in all parts of the world. Knights from all Europe and Asia came with a view of killing the dragon and moving to the wonderful land. The income of dwellers of the town increased. Inhabitants of the town were pleased because they had well paying jobs, businesses and they became very wealthy. They were grateful to a fortune for the dragon. For increasing the stake prince Krak rashly offered half of his duchy and hand of his adolescent daughters to anyone who will kill the dragon. He was sure that nobody could do it. This decision admittedly

increased the number of people who wanted to fight and kill the dragon, but in short time it could backfire horribly on the sovereign. Since a long time Moravians, southern neighbors of Vistulas, had been plotting against their northern neighbors and planned to conquer their country. From time to time, they attacked their northern neighbors but always got a hiding. Currently, in the aftermath of the last war with the Vistulas, they were licking their wounds. After Krak's declaration they saw their chance for a bloody revenge.

*

Young Ziemko, who was in apprenticeship as a shoemaker in a workshop of old Vit, did not take the job in his stride. Generally he was a happy-go-lucky guy. The old shoemaker kept him as an apprentice, because he was old and lonely. Youths in that area were not eager to learn the profession. Most of them looked for better paying jobs and easier professions like trade or owning businesses like taverns, shops, inns or organizing guided tours around the town and its surroundings for foreign tourists. But for it, the knowledge of foreign languages was necessary. Those young people, who disliked learning, were brave, greedy for quick wealth and did not have any scruples, joined different criminal gangs like the 'virgin hunters', carts and horse thieves, dealers of dazing herbs. Less sharp-witted but disciplined ones chose warrior service in Krak's troops. Ziemko disliked learning, discipline and warrior service. On the end, he was afraid to join one of gangs. He had no scruples but he was yellow-belly. So he

apprenticed to a shoemaker. He liked to visit taverns where, during beer or wine drinking, recited stories about how excellent and smart he was. He liked to impress women. He was an easy mannered, easy-goer, dressed fashionably and always loaded with money. It lured attractive girls. And not only attractive, but Ziemko preferred the first one. When he dated a girl, behind bosses back, borrowed shoes which rich burgesses left for repair. Often he cheated and robbed his boss. People, seeing how Ziemko was resourceful, spoke admiringly, “O skubany!!!” This in Slavs language means ‘sly bastard’. And because of it, he had the nickname ‘Skuba’.

Old Vit endured it because he thought that the boy would become mature and wiser. But after a serious theft he could not tolerate it anymore and kicked Ziemko out. He kept a civil tongue in his head and did not report Ziemko to the authorities for the theft allegations. But Ziemko took it as a great slander and wrong. How the doddering old fool had the audacity to throw him away and preach down to him. Horror of horrors! Ziemko had no idea what he should do that time so he went to the tavern. Drinking beer, surrounded by his similarly buddies, could forget about his cares. After coming to the bar and ordering five jugs of his favorite ‘Dragon beer’ Ziemko started to complain about his former boss. He almost made a king of demons from him when the conversation diverted to general topics like economical and political problems. People in the tavern complained for the inefficiency of Krak and his administration, weakness of warrior troops.

“I could have killed the dragon a long time ago,” one of interlocutors boasted. “I’ve an excellent plan how to do it. I am surprised that Krak and his advisers haven’t thought of it yet.”

Of course, nobody questioned the self proclaimed hero why he did not introduce the idea in life by himself personally in spite of the high price was founded by Krak, but everybody unanimously agreed that Krak and his advisers were a bunch of morons. They complained about the economical inequality.

“Look, for example Swavko, in principle he does nothing,” someone from the group of raconteurs spoke loudly. “One or two times per month he travels to German land, buys something, sells goods to our hucksters and sets himself well in life. By all means, the last time he bought two villages, two days running horse away from our town. And we work up a good sweat from dawn to dusk and nothing.”

“During winter it is better, the days are shorter,” someone said jokingly but nobody paid attention to it.

“We should eliminate the disproportions,” the previous continued.

Everybody agreed that Swavko should be stripped-off his wealth because he did not deserve it and that wealth should be distributed to more deserving people it meant; to people in the tavern. But nobody noticed that Swavko toiled up for it for dozens of years. He had never come in any tavern because of lack of time and it was a needless waste precious time and money. He saved his money and invested it. He learnt German

language instead of reveling with buddies. But this trifles escaped unnoticed by people in the tavern. A lot of examples of, in the Tavernier's minds, unjust prosperity of some people from the town were adduced in the tavern. Of course, Ziemko shone in the society. He spoke of what he would do if he was in Krak's position. It meant that he would throw away all scroungers from the council of elders of the duchy, strip off wealth from rich and give it to the poor people, especially the ones in the tavern at that time, take lands from the magnates and distribute it to peasants. Of course, Ziemko did not think that peasants would become magnates and magnates turned to peasants, richer would become poor and poor to rich. So in the future it would be necessary to repeat the operation over and over until everybody would be poor and without any land or property. But that time nobody thought about it. On the end, Ziemko offered abolition of taxes. Because the speech of Ziemko his buddies became euphoric. In the tavern were secret agents of Moravians' prince, who observed the mood in Krak's duchy. They carefully listened to the heated conversations. They were impressed by Ziemko. He could be an excellent secret collaborator. They spilled wine and beer on, provoking more fiery addresses. In midnight the revolution mood overtook critical level and the tavern regulars went out to the street. With Ziemko leadership, they marched to the centre of the town shouting, "Off with Krak ruler, awful bungler!"

"We want well-paid job, not Prince Krak slob!"

"Ziemko, be our prince!"

“Take off wealth from rich men, give it to poor men.”

Inhabitants burnt torches in their houses and peeped through the windows to see what was happening. Prince's troop carried out its task and thrashing the demonstrators' backsides with sticks chased them to their homes. At their homes, their wives waited for them with wooden spoons, rolling pins and other house equipment in their hands. After returning the revolutionaries got a hiding from their wives so great, that the blows of Krak's warriors they mentioned like a delicate massage. It was a black night for revolutionaries finished with a total defeat.

*

Ziemko, walked along a small side street aimlessly. He did not know what he should do.

He could not return to the shoemaker Vit.

“Maybe I could visit my parents now?” he thought. “I hope they would take me in.”

He was heartened by the idea. Suddenly strange people, who stood him beer and wine in the tavern, barred him way.

“Where are you going?” one of them questioned Ziemko.

“I am going to visit my parents.” Ziemko answered.

He was a little scared by the unexpected appearance of the strangers.

“We have a better offer for you,” the stranger continued. “We would like to offer you a job. And if you have no place to sleep we can pay a room for you in an inn.”

“What?” Ziemko amazed greatly. “Did I hear you clearly?”

His alcoholic mental block disappeared immediately. He looked at the strangers with mouth agape.

“You are an excellent candidate for our mission to be fulfilled in the duchy,” the stranger continued talking. “We observed you in the tavern. You are the best candidate who we found. We are offering you a permanent position and huge salary.”

“Amazing,” with dissembling calmness Ziemko spoke. “The first time in my life an employer tells me that I am good for a job and even the best candidate. What’s my job description?”

“In principle, you will do the same things that you did in the tavern,” the stranger answered emphatically. “You will drink beer and wine, and raise issues like you did in the tavern. It’s a piece of cake for you and you’ll even get huge payments for it.”

“An interesting offer,” Ziemko was excited about the job in his heart, but outside he pretended that he was still pondering over it.

“Alright, I agree,” he declared after dozens seconds.

“I knew that you couldn’t decline my proposal,” the stranger told with pleasure. “Let’s go back to the tavern. We must drink to that.”

*

Next day Ziemko was slowly initiated into arcane of his new job. He was invited by his new protectors to Wiślica. In the town he led a new manifestation. Thereafter, he visited several towns inciting inhabitants to mutiny. He liked his job. It was nice and easy for

him. He was a free lancer, he really did what he liked; sponsors were ready and willing to cover all his travels and any expenses he incurred in the quest. He started to live in luxury. After a trial period his protectors decided that he was a qualified candidate for the mission. He was taken to Great Moravian country. He was taught how to address crowds of people using proper gesticulation and facial expression. He was indoctrinated there. Using special methods Moravians instilled him blind obedience to management of the secret service of Great Moravian country. It was done discreetly that Ziemko was unaware of his recruitment in the loyal servant of his new homeland and protectors. He was ready to die for them. He was also prepared for the most important and ultimate challenge; killing the Wawel dragon. The high commander expected that after killing of the dragon, Krak would have to divide his duchy in two parts. One of them, with Krak's daughter, would belong to their man and it would be easy to include it to the Great Moravian country. In the second part, a revolution would be incited and Vistula's exhausted after civil war and would easily surrender it to Moravians. For the aim of annihilation the dragon Moravians imported as far as Byzantium experts of 'Greek fire'. The most intelligent people in the country thought what a stratagem to be used to destroy the beast. In that time Ziemko, with a selected group of fighters both male and female, were intensively trained in martial arts by instructors brought from all direction of the world. Ziemko liked Chinese martial arts a lot. He trained hard under the tutelage of masters and made great progress. He was amazed that he could train so hard and

really liked it. After months of intensive work, the method of destruction of the dragon was found. It was decided that Ziemko would be sent to his native land with a group of the best ten selected warriors of both sexes. At set date Ziemko went on a journey to Vistula's country. His companions were disguised as merchants, pilgrims and peasants.

*

Moravians' spies made reconnaissance which a part of his duchy. Krak was inclined to reward the dragon's vanquisher and afterwards Ziemko started to agitate against Krak in the second part of the duchy. He called on citizens of Krak's duchy to overthrow their prince and his proxies in towns, reaping wealth off from rich people and distributing all of it to the poor, equalization the rights of men and women, widespread education and health care, equalization of rights of children and adults. In towns outlying from metropolis he shouted on markets and in taverns that the dragon did not exist and it was thought out by the elders of Wawel hill for increasing taxes and enlargement a control of Krak's people over people of the duchy. According to Ziemko, the advisers of Krak wrote 'Protocols of the elders of Wawel' where it was described the plan of turning free people of Krak's duchy into slaves by frightening people with the dragon, increasing taxes, the number of warriors and secret agents because of the dragon, giving loans for compulsory courses about defense against dragons and weaponry against dragons. After it, common people could not pay all financial obligations, had to be slaves of Krak and the elders and their families. Ziemko told everybody what they

wanted to hear. Some of the demands maybe were right but it was impossible to carry them into operation in a short time. People's brains reeled at the wealth of Ziemko's demands and stories. The demands lead to quarrels, even in families and among close friends, broke current social order, were reasons for mass protests of peasants and poor burgesses. The so-called intellectuals came from wealthy class, bored by calm and affluent life, followed up Ziemko's ideas, identified with poor who fought for their lows and supported them by money and deeds. Bards created songs which rose peasants to the fight.

*

The news about a dangerous agitator reached Krak very fast. He was alarmed and ordered to arrest Ziemko.

*

On a protest rally in Kozia Broda town, a crowd of people listening Ziemko were surrounded by a troop of warriors.

"Fall out!" a commander of warriors shouted.

"Stop," Ziemko called. "Are you listening to the servant of the tyrant? Away with him!"

The commander gave a signal to the warriors and they started to beat the canaille by wooden sticks.

"Out!" Ziemko shouted to the warriors but nobody listened him.

People escaped having not the slightest intention of losing health or even a life for hazy aims. Only Ziemko, his people and the greatest idealists were left on the square. The warriors moved on them. The idealists surrendered quickly when things got heated up. The warriors had no problems with them but as usual later; they would recite stories to their families and friends of how they heroically opposed against Krak's regime. The real problem for the warriors was Ziemko and his companions. Jokes were finished. Three warriors run towards Ziemko to arrest him, but unexpectedly he kicked one of them in his head depriving him of consciousness. The warrior fell down on the ground. The second warrior drew his sword out, but before he took a swing, Ziemko swung his fist and hit the soldier on his chin. The warrior fell down unconscious. Ziemko's repeated kicks kayoed the third warrior. In the meantime, Ziemko's companions massacred rest of the military troop. In the midst of the heated fighting some warriors managed to escape. One of the fleeing warriors threw a spear at Ziemko but before it hit Ziemko's chest, a woman from Ziemko's group jumped high and cut the spear by a sword which she took from one of whacked warriors. The broken spear fell down on the ground near Ziemko.

"Thank you!" Ziemko shouted.

"Your welcome," she answered.

Bowmen went on the streets and started to shoot at rabble-rousers. Attacked people caught sticks and shields dropped by warriors, and protected themselves against a hail

of arrows. Amazed archers saw that none of their arrows reached its intended target because all arrows were effectively reflected by sticks and shields. Archers continued the shooting. The Ziemko's team had to withdraw from the town.

*

After the event Ziemko decided to relocate to the capital city to fight with the dragon. Further agitation on the province was senseless. Probably in all towns of the duchy warriors hunted for him.

*

After nearing Krak's town, Ziemko's team divided and in couples or single went into the town. Ziemko stopped in one of the inns where regular customers recognized him immediately.

"Welcome Skuba, long time we haven't see you!" one of them called.

"Hello Skuba, I see, you are faring well," a second one chimed in looking at Ziemko's clothes.

"Welcome my friends," Ziemko told with a sham joy. "I prosper not bad of course. I am inviting all of you for a feast this evening."

"Hurrah! Long live Ziemko," all of the customers shouted.

After it, Ziemko went to his room, unpacked his luggage, took a bath and slept. Evening he met his old buddies on the feast. As usual, he told fictitious story, how he acquired his fortune, which he was willing to give to the poor people, of course. His buddies

filled him in about all that went on when he was away; he brought up political and economical topics. Finally, he informed them the reason for returning was to kill the dragon because he discovered foolproof method. He told that it was about time for it. Ziemko's buddies became euphoric. Of course Ziemko's troop also came to the feast, the entire time kept a watchful eye over their boss just in case something bad happens to him. He was wanted by all secret and open agents of Krak. Fortunately, nothing happened.

Next day, the news that Skuba would kill the dragon spread around the town and its surroundings. People, who derived profits from the presence of the dragon under the Wawel hill and supposed who was Ziemko in reality, were scared out of their wits. They were sure that the secret agent of Moravians did not make wild promises and his principals excellent prepared him for that task. They tried to torpedo Ziemko's efforts but without success because pressure from the hoi polloi was too strong. Trials of Ziemko's corrupt were of no avail. It was impossible simply to arrest or kill him, because it would bring great protests and riots, which could lead to a revolution and the collapse of current elite. Krak and his advisers, rich burgesses, merchants, owners of taverns and inns, gangsters and many others had great problem with Ziemko. If he kills the dragon they lose the big source of their income. Unfortunately, all their trials to hold back Ziemko failed.

*

The headquarters demanded several animals, plants and woman again. They needed women for genetic research and human cloning. Dinosauroids had almost definitively decoded humans' genetic code and they were building an artificial human womb. It was entirely new for them because dinosauroids did not have wombs.

The machine Dragon crawled out of its cave and ordered the inhabitants of the town what they had to deliver. Next day, in front of the cave were ewes, rams, two cows, three goats, all sorts of fruits, vegetables and young woman. Dragon started to carry the animals into the depths of the cave. On a holographic screen researchers investigated the action. With a feeling of apprehension Cert observed sheep. One of rams aroused his suspicion because the entire time it was frozen in its tracks when Dragon's cameras saw it. Cert came out from the main room and stood near exit of the cave, and observed the ram with his own eyes. After a few minutes, Moa joined Cert and they both observed the operation. When the machine came for the ram, it seemed that something had moved in bushes near the animal. The robot bent down over the ram and that time the ram exploded. The explosion made the machine to lose balance and fell down. Dragon stood up immediately, started run around and threw plasma from its plasma thrower and shot laser beams all over the place. Ziemko ran out from suspect bushes, caught the girl, shouldered her and escaped as fast as he could towards the town.

“O skubany! Tricky bastard,” Cert shouted in Vistulas' language. “He blew up our Dragon!”

Even a dinosauroid confirmed that Ziemko's nickname Skuba was not accidental.

The cave was surrounded by fire. Everything was burned down to ashes. Moa and Cert escaped into the depths of the cave. The robot was raging outside.

"We have to annihilate it," Zyg decided. "It's main computer has been destroyed. It can kill all of us here."

Dragon was going into Vistula River when a small missile flew out from the cave and hit the trunk of the machine. The great explosion tore the robot apart. An ecstasy of happiness overcame the inhabitants of the town but not all of them. Those, who were awake to the dragon's death was the end of their businesses and town's good economy, became gloomy. Until the last moment they believed that Ziemko would fail in killing the dragon but tough luck, as Ziemko said as he did. Probably, first time in his life he kept his word. He was a hero. The daring action of saving the girl won over new followers. A crowd surrounded Ziemko. Everybody was impressed and congratulated him of the excellent action. People carried him on their shoulders and chanted, "Skuba, our prince."

On the end, clearly dissatisfied Krak came to the dragon's vanquisher, congratulated and assured him he would fulfill his promise of a reward; of his daughter and half of his duchy. The wedding ceremony was established the next day and after wedding party the newly weds would go to their new duchy. Of course, Ziemko seized an opportunity and spoke to the crowd promising people tax cancellation in his duchy, equalization of the

rights of men and women, widespread education and health care which would be free for everyone, equal rights for children and adults. Of course, he did not think how he would keep his word, but he planned as fast as possible to connect his duchy with the Great Moravian country.

*

“We’ve decided to liquidate the base,” dinosauroids’ researchers under Wawel listened to the announcement from a loud speaker. “You fulfilled your mission beyond our expectations. Your further stay here is dangerous.”

“Precisely,” Zyg agreed. “As soon as the ground in front of the cave cools down, a crowd of inquisitive onlookers will definitely come here.”

After these words automats started to liquidate the base. After several hours everything was transferred to the dinosauroids world and no trace of dinosauroids’ base was left.

*

After a grand wedding ceremony Ziemko with his wife prepared to move to their duchy.

The daughter of Krak disliked her new husband but the will of her father was like holy gospel, she had to marry Ziemko. During meetings with people Ziemko promised easy divorces in his duchy, so she kept his word and thought about using that opportunity.

Prince Krak disliked his new son in law, wanted to prevent his duchy from being divided and stifle revolution feelings here. Because of it he planned to eliminate Ziemko. Krak had another underlying problem. In the meantime Moravians caught

Krak's super-spy in their country. He was indispensable to Krak, so he thought to trade Ziemko for the secret agent. He planned to catch Ziemko in a forest far away from his town.

During farewell he offered Ziemko, "Let me give you an escort consisting of ten my best warriors."

"No, thank you," Ziemko answered declining his fishy offer. He had already been informed about capturing Vistulas' spy in Moravian country so he continued. "Let me select my guard from the people who came to bid me farewell."

Ziemko sorted the people who would guard him. 'With a strange twist of fate' he chose just ten people from the crowd who were in his secret guard from the beginning of his activity in Vistula's country. Advisers of Krak concluded that the ten people were secret agents of Moravians who wreaked havoc on KoZIA Broda and defeated a lot of warriors.

Ziemko went out from Krak's town. In the castle on the Wawel hill there were feverish preparations to retrieve Krak's daughter and capturing Ziemko. Two Krak's people were trailing the young couple's retinue. In the meantime, forty warriors prepared poisoned arrows and knives for the action. The operation was planned down to the last detail.

Thereafter, the troops were trailing the newly weds' tracks. After several hours of fast riding following traces left by two soldiers who were sent earlier, warriors found fresh tracks of the retinue. It meant that the troop of Ziemko was very near. When night fell, Krak's warriors crept near the camp of the young couple. They just had been poised for

an attack when suddenly, arrows hit several soldiers unexpectedly. The Ziemko guard stayed awake because they expected an attack of Krak's people. Krak's warriors were lured into a trap. A fight broke out. Fighters from Moravia on the beginning gained an advantage over Krak's warriors. They were better trained and killed Krak's warriors like flies but after several minutes the poisoned knives and arrows turned the scales to favor Krak's peoples. Accidental grazes by poisoned weapons were fatal for enemies. All of Moravians warriors were dead but unfortunately they had already killed twenty one of Vistula's warriors before their deaths. Krak's soldiers zoomed into the camp but Ziemko and his wife were nowhere to be seen. They chased after Ziemko. In some distance from the camp Ziemko was found. When he saw was cornered, he stopped his mount, drew out his dagger. In desperate attempts he grabbed Krak's daughter and touched the blade of his knife on her neck.

"Freeze, don't move!" Ziemko shouted. "If any of you makes a silly move, I'll slit her throat!"

Krak's soldiers stopped. They stood helplessly did not know, what they should do next.

They looked at Ziemko, he looked back at them. It was totally quiet.

On the end the commander of Krak's troop told, "Well, what are you waiting for? Cut her neck! One second later, I'll cut your throat! It would be better if you surrender now.

Nobody will harm or kill you then."

The deep silence fell again. Everybody waited impatiently. Again Ziemko and the

warrior stared at each other in silence. Suddenly, from nowhere a whistle cut air and an arrow stuck Ziemko's head. The arrow's head stuck under Ziemko's occiput and pierced through his forehead. Blood trickled all over his face and armor. Ziemko fell down like a log from his steed. Krak's daughter was paralyzed from fear. She sat on the horse and looked motionless at the corpse of her deceased husband.

From the bushes two warriors came out. There were soldiers who investigated Ziemko from the beginning.

"Good job guys," the commander praised them. And next he added with sadness, "It's a pity that Ziemko is dead. Who will be traded for our spy caught by the Moravians?"

*

After the troops returned to the town, Krak publicly declared that Ziemko was killed by highwaymen and his wife was miraculously saved. Dividing of the duchy was obviated and revolution upheaval was quelled by warriors using wooden sticks. Everything was restored back to its original condition before the dragon.

That news irritated the prince of Moravians. A lot of preparations, invested money and nothing happened like in Polans' theatre play, which was known to be boring despite the efforts made and huge investments. Moravians were unsuccessful. In retaliation the prince ordered to kill all of Vistulas' spies who were in captivity in Moravian country.

Since the killing of the dragon Krak's town was gradually collapsing economically. Of course, many merchants still came there but in a lesser number as before. Many people

lost their jobs and their source of lively-hood was no more. People who supported Ziemko regretted it.

*

After seventy years, staying amongst people Cert returned to his universe. Upon returning, he was welcomed as a great hero. Moa and Zyg were welcomed with an equal acclaim. They had the highest state decorations. Mass media went on at length about pioneering activity in trans-universal travels. It paid them huge sums of money for the interviews. For Cert's diary, publishing houses paid great sums of money. The three became very famous and obscenely rich. Nonetheless, they remembered about their friends Yovita and Kai who were preparing to return to the human universe. In the meantime, dinosauroids built several bases on the Earth. For years on end, Cert moved in his astral body to peoples' universe to visit Hubert and his family.

The hunt

Year after year went by. Dinosauroids developed their activity in people's world. They built a lot of bases in different parts of the Earth. The bases were built in unreachable places, which prevented against rubbernecked people. The material of researches increased yearly. People were captured and educated how to make researches in their world on behalf of the dinosauroids. When they came back to Earth after the education, they worked for dinosauroids and they were not aware of that.

After Cert's adventures, keeping people at home became trendy in the dinosauroids' world. Private companies tried to break state monopoly for inter-universes travels and created an apparatus for these kinds of journeys. Before final success of private companies, the human genetic code was broken totally and it was possible to produce people on a large scale with traits which customers needed. Many companies bought licenses for it and offered a wide range of models. With time, when scientists were discovering new worlds and beings living there, the interest in the people's world was decreasing. A technique of transmission of all senses directly into the brain developed exuberantly. Because of it common dinosauroids were uninterested in travels to other worlds in their actual, material bodies. Dinosauroids were disinterested in any travels

because of the special kind of TV. It was logical. Why they had to risk; for example, loss of luggage during travel, if they could experience everything at the comfort of their homes as they would during journeys. Robots collected data about other universes. The data was then used in computer techniques of virtual reality, which gave unlimited choices and illusions of journeys to other universes. It opened new possibilities in creation of novel kinds of travel agencies which offered virtual holidays in other universes. Many of common citizens enjoyed using it for relaxation. Show business offered interactive travels and dinosauroids not only felt by all their senses; including smell and taste, what was happening in another universes but because of a special computer programs they could interact with the surrounding. They could travel as researchers, explorers, hunters or warriors undertaking the most incredible and dangerous ventures in other universes. They even could get injured or killed in their adventures but after all they would still be alive and in good conditions. This kind of favorite pastimes became very popular among dinosauroids and, producers of specialist computer programs and auxiliary devices to outdo new ideas.

However, there was a person who believed that organizing real journeys to other universes could get clients and bring fortune. Uwehen, because he was the person in question, was convinced that a lot of snobbish rich dinosauroids would not hesitate to spend big sums of money to experience something new, dangerous, what they could tell stories about in their society and dazzled there. Of course, Uwehen was wealthy; he

owned a great company, but he thought it was a great idea that would multiply his earnings. He collected a group of scientists and technicians who earlier worked for the state in experiments connected with transferring things between universes. He had no problem to complete the team. In all universes scientists earn peanuts in comparison to other professions. Uwehen offered humongous salaries and unlimited funds for research. In a few months state monopoly of inter-universes travels was broken. When devices were ready the great promotion campaign began. The first interested persons started to come forward. On the beginning, Uwehen offered only sightseeing tours, because he got a concession only for it. Anyway, business flourished gradually. After sometime, the government permitted him to hunt but in very limited range. It however increased the company's turnover. Hunters visited different worlds for trophy-hunt. From time to time, they visited people's world.

*

Grok was a snobbish rich dinosauroid. He inherited his fortune from his parents, who decided to relocate to spirit world. His main hobbies were spending his fortune and living a life of idle pleasures. Virtual travels were boring for him and he decided to hunt in real life. He used Uwehen's services several times and hunted on different planets. That time he decided to visit people's world and wanted to hunt several human beings, because he heard they were demanding opponents. He also liked to take risks. He ordered for a special flying vehicle for hunting. The day of the strat came. Grok's

vehicle vanished from dinosaurs' world and materialized in people's world over North Pole. Grok drove his vehicle southwards to Europe. He flew over Finland and Baltic Sea. When he was over Soviet Union, he detoured towards Poland. He flew slowly looking for a suitable place for landing and hunting. Suddenly, a strong explosion shook his vehicle. It was an anti-aircraft missile shot by the Soviet navy base in Kaliningrad. The main computer of his flying vehicle was badly damaged. The engine stopped and Grok's vehicle was going down to crash at a high speed on the ground. It flew out of Soviet Union and came to Poland. Near the Bay of Gdansk Grok managed to eject luckily. His vehicle crashed into the bay near Gdynia harbor. Grok landed safely on the beach in his ejector-seat. Within no time he was surrounded by military and police troops who caught him immediately. He was captured very easily because he was unarmed. All his weapons were left in the vehicle and he was totally defenseless. He was transported to a military hospital in Gdynia, where he was undergone numerous examinations.

Grok knew excellently, that scientists were able to make so great pain to experimental animals, for humankind welfare of course, that the biggest degenerate—sadist could not imagine worse tortures in his the worst nightmares. In scientists opinion they made experiments with research material, not feeling creatures. Grok knew that he had no chance of escaping or surviving, so decided to abandon his physical body indefinitely. He was already dead when nurses started to undress him. His body was transported to

Soviet Union, where Soviet scientists made researchers with it. Of course, as it was tradition in Soviet Union, nobody knew results of researchers' work.

*

Klac heard a lot about hunting of strange creatures in parallel universes. He was very interested in it. His friend Yul had already participated in this kind of hunts and the entire time during friend meetings he proudly showed off his hunting trophies. Klac envied him. Many times he offered Yul to hunt together. Yul has never been in people's planet so they chose it.

"I've overheard that on the planet in Afghanistan - peoples country on the great continent Asia, it is a war zone," Yul told. "It is a perfect choice, because we can hunt for people and other animals and nobody will notice us."

"Wonderful!" Klac was happy.

They chose Afghanistan. Klac was excited; he learnt languages used in that country and additionally Russian language, because he had overheard that Russians had just occupied that country. Learning of foreign languages was very easy for dinosauroids because they had special devices, which enabled them to change connections and interactions between synapses in their brain neurons instantly and after a few seconds they could fluently speak any language, even humans' speech. Another software acquainted Klac with topography of the land and another one with the folk customs, etc. Klac approached the issue with great interest and commitment. It was funny for Yul, but

he did not disrupt his friend's enthusiasm.

*

The day of the journey came. Yul, Klac, a guide and pilot flew over Afghanistan searching for proper landing place for hunting. They spotted a small group of Russian troops guarding some warehouses. They decided to hunt on them that night.

*

When dusk came, Yul, Klac and the guide were dropped off near Russian warehouses.

The trio tiptoed slowly towards the unaware Russian troops. It was a dark night without the Moon but they were able to see everything using their night-vision devices. When they were near the Russian warehouse, unexpectedly they heard shout in Russian language, "Stoy! Kto eta?—Freeze! Who's there?"

They ignored the questions and continued creeping. Suddenly they heard shots and bullets whistled past their ears. Yul immediately turned and shot at a guard, who was running behind them, with his laser gun killing him instantly. Next numerous bullets whistled past their heads. Russians switched on reflectors. They shone like broad day light. A hail of missiles passed them incessantly. Some of bullets hit them but their bullet proof suits protected them excellently. The suits tightened in time and place of a bullet strike. After that strike the hunters did not have any cuts or bruises. In retaliation the hunters used laser guns. Invisible, infrared laser beams reached Russians. Several soldiers lay dead on the ground. The hunters proceeded forward. Suddenly a missile

from recoilless gun hit Klac on his head. An explosion broke his helmet which was hard enough to protect his life. He fell down unconscious. The blast of the explosion also threw Yul and the guide mid-air several meters away. Yul called the pilot for help. In the nick of time the spaceship landed nearby. Yul and the guide fled in panic toward the spaceship leaving Klac in hands of the Russians. Yul climbed in the ship stairwell and then he reached a hatch. When he was entering into the vehicle a grenade hit his back. Upon contact it exploded instantly and, despite of the miraculous suit, hardly injured him reaping off his hand. The vehicle shook after the explosion, which made the pilot to fall down on the floor and also ruined control devices inside the spaceship. Blood splashed around. Yul's hand fell down on the pilot's neck and, in last contraction, it clenched on his throat. The pilot writhed on the floor with Yul's hand which was strangling his throat tighter and tighter. He was injured from the fall caused by the explosion and did not have enough energy to tear off the hand from his throat. On the end, the pilot was able to set himself free and he hurled the hand away, jumped to the control panel and desperately tried to restart the vehicle. The guide smudgily by the explosion was standing up, when a helicopter flew over him and launched two rockets which destroyed the spaceship. The blast of explosions threw him further away in bushes. The helicopter landed and thereafter other helicopters flew and landed meters away from the spaceship. Russian soldiers piled out of them. From the space vehicle's wreckage, the injured pilot and Yul's corpse were taken out. The guide lay on the

ground in bushes and waited for a slight opportunity to escape. But he was unlucky. Russians found him with great ease, cornered him, captured and then took him to one of the helicopters. Klac lay between some bushes as he was regaining consciousness. He saw two Russian soldiers standing over him. He tried to reach for his laser gun, which was near his leg. He got it but he did not manage to lift up it from the ground. Russians were much faster than he was. Bullets from Russian machine guns deformed his head into a shapeless mass.

*

Klac was in his astral body and observed with surprise further course of action. He could not comprehend that he died so fast and stupidly. He looked at the Russians and at his deceased and deformed body. It made him sob. He knew that it was the end of his physical life. Unexpectedly behind his back a mysterious tunnel opened and ‘envoys of death’ came out of it.

“Welcome Klac,” one of them said.

“Where.....where from do you know me?” Klac asked amazedly in a stutter while he keenly looked at the creatures that were walking towards him. “I am not a human.”

“We know everybody,” the second one answered with a mysterious smile.

“What do you want from me?” Klac asked and heard quizzically answer. “Take you to the astral world.”

“But it would be an astral world for humans. If I go there I’ll be human in the next

incarnation,” Klac pondered over his future.

“You are totally right,” the envoy confirmed.

“And such individuals as me or Yul will hunt on me?” Klac asked rhetorically but one of envoys confirmed. “Definitely yes,”

“So I’ll have to decline your offer,” Klac told and escaped from envoys of the death as fast as possible abandoning them and not waiting for further conversation. Maybe it was impolite but completely well-founded.

*

After the grenade’s strike Yul left his physical body and in his astral body immediately transferred to dinosauroids’ world. He alarmed the policing service about the just concluded incident. The special service started preparations to evacuate their citizens out of people’s hands.

*

Russians took the spaceship with aliens to a research institute near Moscow. Soviet scientists performed an autopsy on Yul and Klac bodies in an isolated and, secret chamber in the institute. Next they started experiments with the pilot and guide. There undertook numerous medical tests. For example at that time there was hypothesis popular among scientists, that there was relation between an imagined pictures in the brain and pictures on retinas in the eyes, so the pilot and guide were put in a totally dark room. Miniature and very sensitive cameras were installed on their heads directed to

their eyes for observation of pictures on their retinas and, the eyelids were immobilized in 'open' position.

Experiments proceeded for many days when suddenly, in particular places of the institute space-time tunnels opened and running robots jumped out of them. Using electric shockers they paralyzed guard-soldiers, scientific staff and anyone in the vicinity. One group of robots found and took the now dissected bodies of Klac and Yul, put each one of them in separate metallic casing and escaped to some space-time tunnel.

In the meantime, a second group went to another experimental room where the pilot and guide stayed, unchained and took them to a space-time tunnel. Other robots were on guard and, when the main aim of the action was done, cleared any evidence. They all dashed back to the tunnels which closed immediately and disappeared. The action took place in limited area and many soldiers and scientists, who worked in other parts of the institute, were not aware of the strange event. Those people, who witnessed it, could not comprehend what had just happened. The event was further investigated for many years, but no conclusions were done.

*

Not only people were surprised with efficiency of the action, dinosauroids also. Usually, policing service were tardy and ineffective in dealing with cases, but upon discovering other universes it immaculately transformed. They formed a special group for interventions in other universes and protection against external attacks from other

worlds. The government invested heavily in the developing techniques in inter-universes movement and new kind of weapons. It took into account that in many universes aggressive civilizations could exist, which could travel to other universes and someday would try to attack dinosauroids' world. Since the first successful journey between universes, the military service was revived. After unification the entire planet military service was unnecessary. Dinosaurs had only policing service. That time it changed. The action in Russian institute was the first action of the new military service, so all events were transmitted by all dinosauroids' mass media. It was a great success of dinosauroids' military service and an excellent promotion for it. After the action many dinosauroids desired to be recruited in that service.

*

In the dinosauroids' world, whereby medicine of using bio-energy and inducing cells for intentional division, Yul's body was regenerated and his spirit came back into it. In short time Yul was in an excellent physical condition. Klac's body was regenerated also and frozen. It waited for his return.

*

Klac was still in humans' world. He escaped thousands kilometers from the place of the defeat. Of course, for a spirit it was not an outstanding feat.

*

It was on a Saturday evening. A group of students in a dormitory were dying of

boredom. They did not know what they could do with their free time. They did not want to learn, of course. It would be senseless waste of time for them. They did not feel like partying or drinking their favorite liquor vodka. It was amazing but they felt surfeit of alcohol. They sat on beds and looked at each other.

“It’s absolutely deadly,” yawning Alicja told. “Maybe someone should tell some interesting story?”

“In a Soviet journal ‘Sputnik’ it was written that the first people appeared in North East Africa and they were black. Thereafter, they colonized Europe. Soviet scientists explained further in that article why first colonizers of Europe were black and now white people dominate Europe,” Kazimierz started his story and broke off.

“Why?” Alicja was losing patience.

“As you know, Europeans original skin color changes from white on the North to a little brown on the South. Eyes color changes from blue on the North to dark brown on the South and their hair color changes from blond on the North to black on the South,” Kazimierz continued.

“And what of it?” blasé Alicja interrupted.

“So, Soviet scientists have the hypothesis explaining it,” Kazimierz kept on explaining.

“They consider that original Europeans were initially black because they came from Africa, but during winter it was a disadvantage as they were visible on snow and wolves could hunt them easily. It was more difficult to spot the person with the lighter skin on

snow so light skinned people survived. As you see, natural selection promoted lighter-skinned people in Europe. More black people were eaten by wolves and they became extinct in Europe. On the North, winters are longer and harder than in South Europe, so it was the reason why Scandinavians have white skin, blue eyes and blond hair but the South Europeans have more brown skin with brown eyes and black hair,” Kazimierz finished his story and laughed.

“Very funny,” with disapprovingly bored Alicja concluded Kazimierz’s story and looked at her shoes. After brief pause she continued her speech, “Can’t you invent something wiser?”

“It is very important information!” with contrariness Kazimierz answered and roared with laughter.

“And as the wiser information you can tell us that Uganda’s scientists discovered,” Krzysztof interfered in the discussion, “that in Africa there were white people originally but they were visible for lions during night and natural selection eliminated them.”

“It’s the great news!” Kazimierz snatched up the news and laughed again, “And maybe the lions are the reason that black people run faster than white one.”

“Ok, ok but what shall we do?” Lucyna asked and then suggested. “Maybe we can raise ghosts?”

Lucyna was quit experienced this area because she had participated in several séances. Her idea was accepted unanimously and on a middle of the room they put a square table

typical for dormitories' rooms. They prepared a special chart with written 'Yes', 'No', numbers and alphabet characters 'A to Z' in a semi-circle, and put it on the table. A small, white plate with black arrow, as an indicator, was placed on the chart. Seven people sat around the table, a candle was then lit and lamp was switched off. All participants stretched their palms, and placed them on the table with back up and thumbs were connected with thumbs and pinkies with pinkies making a complete circle. During a séances all people usually touched the plate, but in that case there were too many participants involved. Only Lucyna, who was the most experienced, brave and a self-acclaimed medium, was given the honors to solely touch the plate with her fingers.

The séance started.

"OK, who will be called?" sagaciously Krzysztof asked.

"The spirit of Chopin," posing to a highbrow Alicja decided.

"Maybe someone, who is nice," shyly Kazimierz asked.

"For example like who?" Alicja enquired.

"Ziutek Pyzik," Kazimierz answered with a wily smirk.

"Probably we can call him but now tell as who he was?" Lucyna self-appointed medium, interrupted.

"I don't know," Kazimierz answered, "but his name sounds nice."

"Silence, we'll now start séance," Krzysztof decided breaking the talk. "We are calling the spirit of Chopin."

There was total silence. Even buzzing of a fly was not heard. Every body concentrated on calling Chopin. Only various thoughts were going through Kazimierz's mind but it did not influence the course of the séance. Lucyna told in a raised voice,. "Fryderyk Chopin, come here!"

Nothing happened so she repeated, "Fryderyk Chopin, come here!"

No response again. She tried to call Chopin many times but the result was always the same?

"Something wrong," Kazimierz concluded the attempts. "Maybe we can try with someone else?"

"Let's try with Sigmund Freud," inspired Alicja suggested.

Everybody agreed and Lucyna shouted, "Sigmund Freud, come to us!"

As before, nothing happened.

"Sigmund Freud, come to us!" she repeated.

And again nothing happened.

"Probably Mr. Freud has no time for us," this state of affairs Kazimierz acknowledged jokingly. "Maybe too many people are calling him tonight."

"So we can call Ziutek Pyzik, your friend Kaziu," Alicja told ironically.

"OK, let's call any spirit," discouraged and bored Jan told.

"Ok, let's do it," everybody agreed with him.

Again, except Kazimierz, everybody concentrated as Lucyna called, "Any spirits come

to us!”

*

Klac roamed aimlessly and just as he was passing near a big building he felt a mysterious force pulled him to a window on the fifth floor. He came there and passed through a closed window into a room. There he saw a group of youths, who sat around a square table. He felt one of girls had an aura that strongly attracted him. He was happy because he found a possibility to experience life in human's body. He went into her. He felt strange. The body was properly long but organs were built totally different. But it was not a big problem for him. He decided to try the life. He tried to tell something to the other people in the room.

*

Krystyna sensitive and shy girl, sat quietly without movement. Suddenly she shook, her face assumed a demonic appearance and inhuman wheezing uttered from her throat.

*

“Something is wrong, her vocal organs are totally different to mine,” Klac thought when he heard an awful noise made by him and saw faces of other people.

*

Krystyna's friends were horrified in earnest when they saw her behavior.

“Krysiu, what happened?” scared Krzysztof asked and in an answer he heard wheezing utterance from girl's throat.

“A demon has possessed her,” Alicja concluded because she regarded herself as the greatest expert in magic and occult in that society.

“I’ll try to remove the demon from her body,” Lucyna told nervously and was carefully coming towards the girl.

“Move away,” she told to everyone present.

People went to an opposite wall of the room.

“Demon, I order you to leave the girl’s body, now!” she shouted in ecstasy.

Krystyna fell down on the floor and was thrashing on a carpet.

Krzysztof was trying to keep the girl and ordered astutely, “Remove the table and chairs.”

The order was carried out fast and all furniture was taken away except beds. Krystyna was thrashing about on the floor. Her friends stood helplessly and looked at her. Lucyna repeated her magic spell.

*

“What is the language they are using?” Klac thought. “It is similar to Russian language that I studied.”

Subsequently, the girl chanted over and over again as she was coming close to him, Klac felt the owner of the body was taking charge of her body and was rejecting Klac’s spirit.

“Easy, easy, it is not so simply to kick me out from the body,” telepathically he sent a

message to the opponents. "I want to stay here for sometime."

The battle had started which was using a lot of vital power of the physical body. By good luck, the girl who stood nearest to Klac emitted a lot of physical energy which he absorbed and used against the host of the body. After some time Klac over powered the host and her resistance was broken. Klac possessed the body totally. He tried to move the limbs of the body but he was unfamiliar with it and, the body was very weak after the fight. He made some clumsy movements and froze. He started to decode secrets of his new body.

*

Krystyna made some awkward movements and froze. Lucyna, who in the entire time concentrated on removing the demon, knelt near her exhausted.

"We won!" She told with satisfaction. "The demon escaped."

The rest of her friends were looking at Krystyna the entire time and they could not understand what had happened.

"Let's call for the rescue service," Boguslaw suggested.

"And what will we tell them? That apparently a demon had possessed our friend and we don't know what shall we do?" Kazimierz told. "They will surely take us to a loony bin without questions."

"OK, let's go to sleep now. All of us are very tired," Krzysztof decided. "It seems that Krystyna is well but a bit tired. Tomorrow we'll see how she'll be. If something will be

wrong, I'll take her to rescue service.”

Participants of the unlucky séance put Krystyna to a bed and went to their rooms. Krystyna's room-mates; Lucyna and Edyta stayed with her in their room. Lucyna went to her bed and slept immediately. The exorcism had really exhausted her. Edyta could not sleep a wink. She fidgeted in her bed and thought about the evening's events. After a long time finally she slept.

*

The entire night Klac was busy acquainting himself with his new body. He checked contents of the new brain, learnt the limbs movements and complicated facial expression. After it he possessed the nervous system and acquired technique of controlling other parts of his new body. Several times in the course of that night, the host tried to recapture control over her body but Klac using vital energy from Edyta, won the fights with great ease.

*

The next morning after waking up Edyta complained, “I am so weak. I had a nightmare that a monster sucked blood from me. I am barely alive today.”

Suddenly someone knocked the door and Krzysztof went into the room and then asked with a lot of concern, “How are you today Krysia?”

Klac, who was in and had already taken full control of Krystyna's body, literally did not understand him but telepathically felt the message, answered in Russian language,

“Everything is OK!”

Present people had big eyes and agape mouths.

“Since when have you spoken Russian? If my memory serves me right you performed poorly in Russian all the time since you started to learn Russian in primary school until now at the university,” Edyta said it as a joke but she was really perplexed.

But Krystyna was continuing in Russian, “I don’t know your language. I know many other languages but not that you’re using. Only Russian, what I know, is similar to your language.”

“She went mad or she is trying to be funny,” Krzysztof told seriously.

“Maybe some Russky had possessed her body. Now she has an excellent Russian accent,” Lucyna assessed.

Krystyna kept talking emphatically, “I am not Russian. You couldn’t understand where I am from.”

“Hela’s mother is a psychiatrist,” Krzysztof remembered. “I’ll take Krystyna to her. Maybe she can advise us something.”

Krzysztof run down to the first floor to a porter’s lodge and called Helena. He told her the problem and in spite of protests, he made an appointment with her mother. He came back to the room, took Krystyna and went with her on the street. On Sunday morning streets were empty. They went in silence along a street and turned towards the park.

When they were walking through the park, three punk rockers rose from a bench

situated in park's side-walk. They felt dehydrated after Saturday's carousal party and collected money for beer. One of them came to Krzysztof and started a conversation,

"You, sucker, give me a tenner for a bottle of beer?"

"Excuse me, but we have no time," Krzysztof told. "We are in a hurry."

The rest of the punk's buddies came and surrounded them.

"Strange," the punk pondered on. "You are the third couple, who we asked today and just like those suckers, you are in a hurry too. Today is Sunday, a day off. The day is destined for relaxing but all of you are so busy."

He broke, looked out and then continued, "OK, the finish of mislead. Give me your money and disappear."

Krzysztof was loosening the purse strings when another punk remarked scrutinizing girl,

"Damn... nice piece of ass. We could relax after the hard night."

"Good idea," the third punk chimed in and came towards Krystyna.

"Leave her alone!" Krzysztof shouted and tried to cover Krystyna by his body but out of the blue a blow to his jaw made him fall on a pavement.

"We don't like it, if someone disturbs us," the punk told and caught Krystyna.

Krzysztof stood up and tried to defend the girl but a strike of glass bottle on his head rendered him unconsciousness lying on the floor with a bad cut on his forehead.

"What a stressful situation?" Klac thought and unexpectedly head-butted the punk's nose so hard that a cracking noise was heard by the punk's buddies.

The punk slid down and blood trickled from his broken nose.

“Oh fuck!” he shouted. “Kill the damn whore!”

Klac was in great stress and partially lost control over the body. The face of Krystyna took a ghostly appearance. After the hard strike Klac felt a stinging pain in his forehead.

“Damn ass! He must have cracked my skull,” Klac cursed silently and look on other two punks who stood in silence with big eyes.

The punk jumped up and attacked again. With all-out he swung a right hook. Klac leaned backwards and took one step backwards. The punk’s fist brushed slightly on his face. Klac caught his hand mid-air by his right hand and pulled it strongly. The punk lost equilibrium and fell on Klac. In that same moment, Klac stroke punk’s jaw by his left fist. The blow was so strong and with great precision the punk lost consciousness.

The other two observed the course of events in a big shock. But their shock was not long lived. One of them suggested prudently, “Let’s beat it! The bitch can kill us!”

Not waiting they picked up their stuff and escaped. Klac felt an awful pain in his head and palm.

“Shchklanawa,” he swore like trooper in his dinosauroid`s language.

Next he came towards Krzysztof who lay on the ground unconscious. When Klac was reviving Krzysztof, the punk recovered consciousness too and escaped with his tail between his legs. Krzysztof could hardly stand up.

“Which way?” Klac asked in Russian.

“Straight now and I’ll tell you where we should turn next,” Krzysztof answered hardly standing on his feet. He felt an awful headache. Klac helping him to walk led them to Helena’s home. Upon their arrival the rescue service took Krzysztof to hospital. Helena’s mother could not speak Russian so she advised nothing but sent Klac to a specialist who spoke that language.

*

Krystyna’s friends led Klac to the psychiatrist recommended by Helena’s mother but he was helpless. The doctor was also unable to analyze what had happened and could not make diagnosis. It was the first time in his life to have ever come across such a case. He only prescribed sedative pills and advised them to take Krystyna to a hospital if the symptoms did not subside spontaneously.

After short time Klac learnt Polish language, the mystery language applied in that area, using Krystyna’s memory. Klac began to like life in the new body. As Krystyna he continued her studies in Jagiellonian University. Krystyna’s friends were happy because they thought that she went back to normalcy after the fatal séance. But dark clouds gathered over Klac’s head. For Christmas and New Year Krystyna had to return home to her family. So Klac in her body went there. Krystyna’s parents immediately noticed behavior change in their daughter. During Christmas Eve Krystyna’s aunt, an old maid who visited many disreputable psychotropic societies and, others similar to them recognized that Krystyna was possessed by a strange spirit and advised a meeting with a

dowser-exorcist. She recommended one of her friends.

*

After the New Year, on a beginning of January the dowser came to Krystyna's home. As soon as he set foot in that house, in a sonorous voice he announced, "I feel a lot of negative energies, a lot of negative green."

He took out two Spanish wands from his mystery bag, held them parallel to each other and began to circulate around the flat. In every several seconds his wands were crossing each other and he muttered something under his breath, "Terrible! The entire flat is irradiated negatively."

"You cannot live here," he announced.

"What can we do?" Krystyna's scared mother asked.

The dowser stopped for a moment, thought a little and offered, "I can install several protectors-radiators. I don't guarantee total removal of the radiation but conditions of life will increase for sure."

"What is a price of these protectors?" the Krystyna's mother asked.

"There are not cheap," the dowser answered. "But health is the most important."

"Will it help my daughter?" the mother still asked.

"Of course, yes!" The dowser answered. "Otherwise, I'll never do it."

Klac, who observed them from another room smiled in his mind, "Such a smart guy. He knows how money is made."

That time, Krystyna's father, who was silent all the time, interrupted in the conversation,

"What about my daughter, you should test her first?"

"Yes, but first I had to test the environment which she lives in," the dowser answered.

"Call your daughter, please."

"Krysiu, come here," mother called.

Klac went into the room. The dowser drew out a pendulum from his pocket and its string which he caught in his thumb, first and second fingers of his right hand. The pendulum started to whirl fast.

"A dangerous demon has possessed your daughter," he told with tension in his voice. "It came from the darkness abyss of the astral world."

The utterance of the words sent a shiver down Krystyna's parent's spines. They were extremely scared. They stood motionless. Next her father wiped sweat off his forehead and stammered out, "It means, where from?"

"It's a horrible place," the dowser answered with a straight face. "People, who are not initiated in occult, should not know too much."

"He talks crap like bruised turkey Saturday morning," Klac thought. "He is a real professional."

"So, what can we do?" her mother asked with a tremor in her voice.

"I've to perform the strongest exorcism ever existed," the dowser answered with vigor in his voice. "Leave us alone, please."

Her parents went out of the room and closed the door. The dowser began take out candles from his mystery bag, Holy Bible and other accessories necessary for the ritual.

“What is he up to now?” Klac thought looking at the dowser.

The ritual began. The dowser ignited candles and read parts of the Holy Bible and muttered some spells.

“How long will we sit here?” bored Klac asked the dowser.

The dowser did not reply and continued with his ceremony. After two hours, he opened the door to next room and announced to parents. “The demon was expelled!”

Klac did not want to correct it because he was afraid that the dowser would repeat the boring exorcism ritual and he would die of boredom. It was tiring for him. The dowser installed the protectors, was paid his dues and went home.

Parents were happy after it but not for a long time. Krystyna still behaved different from it as usual. After her aunt’s advices they looked for another dowser-exorcist. After a long search they found a specialist in that profession. She was an old woman who was in contact with the dinosauroids’ world. After a lengthy talk with the girl, it was evident who had possessed her body. She knew that dinosauroids had been looking for Klac and she had found him. During the first meeting she did not try to remove Klac from the body. She appointed for a next meeting. She knew the technique of astral journeys and used it often. After that meeting she left her physical body and went for an appointment with her dinosauroid’s friends. She went out of her house through a wall and flew

towards the East. In the blink of an eye she was in that place.

“Welcome Rozalia, how are you?” Gerp welcomed her. He was a commander of dinosauroids’ base in Himalaya.

“Hello my friends,” the exorcist answered. “I have a small problem. One of yours has possessed my client. You are looking for him so take him from my client. I don’t want to use the old method of expelling demons because after the exorcism he can move away somewhere and it will be difficult to find again.”

“We are looking for many guys similar to him. What is his name?” the commander asked.

“Klac”

“OK, I am checking the name in my computer,” the commander told and looked at the computer which read his thoughts and gave an answer directly to his brain. The commander turned to Rozalia and told, “Yes, he is. Klac was lost during a hunt. We have his body. If he returns he gets it back.”

“Could you visit me next Wednesday five o’clock?” Rozalia asked. “I’ll set up a meeting with Klac.”

“Of course,” the commander answered. “I’ll take his family and friends along with me.”

Rozalia said good bye to dinosauroids and came back to her body.

*

On that Wednesday the girl and her parents came to the exorcist. In their astral bodies

the dinosauroid's crew was there together with Klac's sister and his best friend Yul. If only Klac saw them he thought, "Oh shit, they came to take me back."

"Hello Klac," Yul told. "Nice to meet you, how are you? I thought that you were lost in human astral world after being killed by Russians. I saw human 'envoys of death' near you."

"You saw it and didn't help. Nice friend, thank you," Klac answered. "What happened to my physical body?"

"It is well! It was taken to our universe and repaired. Now it's frozen and waits for you."

"Must I come back with you?" Klac asked. "It is nice here."

"You have to," everybody confirmed.

"Ok, I have no choice as I see," he answered resignedly and left the girl's body.

The host of the body immediately took control over it. Her parents were glad that the real Krystyna was back. Dinosauroids went to Himalaya base and after a short meeting Klac, his sister and Yul returned to dinosauroids' universe.

*

After his coming back, Klac went to hospital where his body has been restored to life. It was in a better condition than before Klac's accident. After the operation Klac told.

"Contemporary medicine makes miracles."

*

The adventures of Klac, Yul, Grok and several more of unlucky hunters became famous in the dinosauroids' world. The numbers of hunts in human world were decreased. Despite of lowering prices, numerous promotions prices and a lot of adverts the number of clients was dropping down. Hunting in other worlds became more popular because it was easier and safer.

The underwater base

Pawel, a young scientist, was flying to scientific institute IVIC in Caracas to work there as part of the Polish-Venezuelan scientific collaboration. He was going for two months experiments. His airplane was just nearing Mexico Bay when a sudden explosion shook off the plane's fuselage. Air-pressure in the passenger compartment decreased instantly and people were suffocating. Panic spread through the crowd. The airplane came crashing down. The pilot who kept a cool head, managed to land softly on a sea's surface. But, his efforts were all in vain because water came into the airplane through a hole caused by the explosion in the bottom. The airplane was sinking fast. Horrified people ran around the deck screaming and trying to escape but it was all in vain. More and more water was quickly filling the airplane reaching the passengers and crew. Pawel was under water. Long time ago, he undertook diving classes in a scuba diving club and had not forgotten techniques which at this moment came in handy. Habits are hard to forget. He inhaled in his lungs and calmly looked for a hole where there was an air-bubble. After swimming several meters he found such a place. He stuck his head there and could breathe. The airplane sunk deeper and the water pressure increased diminishing air volume. Pawel was swallowing saliva which was relieving the ear-ache

caused by increasing air pressure. He knew that his efforts were senseless but life instincts were stronger. It was becoming colder and colder. His now wet clothes did not protect him against the chilly sea water. After several minutes water filled the hole. Pawel took his last breath and sadly waited for his death. Grasping his final straw he kept air in his lungs for several minutes which was his life record but inevitably exhaled it. Next he inhaled water into his lungs and surprisingly noticed that this sustained him and was still alive. He inhaled and exhaled water repeatedly and was alive still. "Impossible!" he thought. After several breathe he was assured that he will not die. It was cold so he looked for a blanket or warm clothes in the luggage compartment. It now dark and in the process of searching he hit his head on invisible things. He found some blankets and wrapped himself in them to decrease water circulation which had expelled heat from his body. He paused for a while as he had run out of ideas to come out the dilemma. He was waiting. He wondered why he was still alive. He had read about experiments with dogs that were plunged in a high pressure of Ringer's solution absorbed oxygen directly from that solution. He recalled an experiment from Primary School, on a particular biology lessons he put a piece of potato into a concentrated salt solution and next into distilled water. In the first case the potato became wrinkled and in next case it became swollen. The mention related to his current situation.

"Probably, on that depth the composition of the sea water is similar to bodily fluids," he thoughtfully wondered because in another way he couldn't be alive. "And osmosis

process doesn't occur. The partial pressure of dissolved oxygen was enough to sustain my life.”

He wasted time with similar contemplations. It gradually became colder and colder. He swam for a while to heat up his body and avoid getting hypothermia which is proven to be fatal. It was totally dark there so he could not see where he was going and kept hitting into things constantly. Upon his further searches, he found some soaked bread rolls and, since he was obviously hungry, he ate them. They tasted awful but had no choice for something better.

“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” he thought.

Thereafter, he swam a little without any aim but only to warm up his algid body. Suddenly, he saw lights behind the airplanes windows. He could not recognize the shapes, because under-water human eye sight is blurred. He was excited that a team of divers had found the airplane. He was happy. He came out of the wreckage and swam toward them. A vehicle came up to him and he was taken inside. He was in a small, bright chamber with air. He coughed up water from his lungs and started to breathe air. Because a little tightness in his ears he felt pressure decreasing systematically. Suddenly, in his head he heard a voice spoke in Polish language, “Don't be scared. We have to keep you here for several hours for protection against decompression sickness. Now you breathe by a special blend of gases. We are very deep in the water now.”

Pawel was amazed by the special kind of communication.

“Could methods of communication really have been so developed and I don’t know anything about it?” he thought.

“For the period you’ll be waiting in the chamber we’ll play you our favorite songs,” in Pawel’s head the voice repeated again then Pawel heard Disco Polo music.

“Where from they know the music?” Pawel thought. “It could be in a Polish expedition? But Poles hadn’t made these researches yet. In Poland such equipments don’t exist.”

The music played further. Pawel wasted time thinking. After decompression was complete a door opened automatically. He went out into a hall and proceeded into a big, bright room. In the centre of the room three creatures stood. Pawel stopped surprised and stressed.

“Welcome in our underwater base,” one of the creatures spoke to Pawel in Polish language.

“Where from do you know my language and how do you know that I am Pole?” Pawel asked amazedly.

“We have automatic translators,” the same creature answered. “By telepathy we can read and send thoughts. We can learn all languages in your world with ease because we have a special device, which enables us to learn languages with great ease. We learnt Polish because we like your Disco Polo music. We watch all programs in your TV transmitting such kind of music. But no offence, we dislike your movies. They are very boring. Nothing happens there.”

“Of course, also I agree with you that in Polish movies nothing ever happens,” Pawel answered and relaxed a little. Because of the news he forgot that he was in that amazed situation. As a real scientist, he was delving deep in that problem, “But how can you watch Polish programs? And who are you?”

“We can watch all TV programs from the entire world because our equipment that we have in our base. I’ll show you how it works. Pardon me? I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Zork.”

The creature further continued and pointing at his buddies he said, “And they are my lab-mates Esa and Dus.”

“Nice to meet you,” Pawel answered shyly because he reminded that he was in a strange situation. It seemed to him that he was dead and in another world or they were simply his pre-mortal hallucinations. But in spite of it, he introduced himself, “My name is Pawel Barski.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you too,” Zork answered courteously and proceeded showing him the base. “Here we watch TV from the entire world.”

“Polish TV, you are welcome,” Zork came to a control panel and switched on a Polish TV program. Next he changed to an international channel.

“Russian, American, Cuban and Chinese,” one by one Zork presented possibilities of the device.

Zork uttered something to the panel and it automatically switched to radio broadcast.

Pawel listened it for a moment and next radio stations changed one to another autogenously. Thereafter, Zork showed Pawel that inhabitants of the base could over-hear all telephone calls in the world which were currently made.

“And here we have internet connection,” with unconcealed pride Zork showed Pawel another control panel. “From here you can connect with any internet address as you want.”

Pawel looked at the keyboard. During he was looking at the characters on keys, they automatically changed from strange characters which he had never seen before to Latin characters. Pawel then typed the address of a website with news in Polish language which opened beyond expectation fast.

“Amazing,” Pawel marveled that the smart creatures had made strange and useful devices and next he added proactively, “Later I’ll check my e-mails here.”

“Ok, no problem,” Zork kept talking. “But that’s not all. We opened our website and offer people accounts for free in our server. Alongside e-mail boxes, we offer some space where people show their pictures, write their diaries, blogs and find new friends etc. In additional to that, people and companies can advertise their products or activities. They can open their e-shops here. We offer an e-fair for selling and buying all things and ideas. Every service we offer is for free so people use it in crowds. During registration people usually fill in their data. Of course, on occasions the data are false but there are more important their blogs, photos and connections with other people.

Very often people use the same passwords for numerous e-mail boxes, even for bank accounts and other crucial places in the internet. Because of it we are able to correct the falsified data, find their behavior, lifestyle and character. We can know what and where they transact using credit cards etc.”

“Smart technique,” Pawel congratulated them.

“But we didn’t invent the technique of total surveillance of citizens. Some people did it before us,” Zork told modestly. “We only adapted it for our aims.”

Zork interrupted the speech. Pawel was relieved. Everything he went through that day had made him tired and it was irrelevant whether he was dead or alive in a mysteriously world. He looked around, at the creatures and eventually asked, “OK, but who are you? I know your names but I don’t know where you came from? Are you aliens from another galaxy?”

“No,” Zork answered. “You’ll be surprised when I tell you.”

“Not at all,” Pawel told. “After my former experiences nothing is strange for me anymore.”

“We are from parallel universe,” Zork continued. “You cannot reach it by methods of traveling that you know. The universe doesn’t have any physical connections in your understanding.”

“I’ve read the theory of Hugh Everett about parallel universes,” Pawel interjected.

“Maybe it will be strange for you what I’ll tell you,” Zork continued. “But the guy had

contacted us.”

Zork further explained that he was a descendant of animals which became extinct sixty five millions years ago on Pawel’s Earth. He described his world and contacts with human world. He spoke about inter-universes journey techniques. Pawel listened to him attentively. What he read in science fiction books turned out to be true.

They came back to visit the base. They moved to a long hall. In that moment Pawel’s attention was riveted at an object. It was a creature which stood as an exhibit in a museum. Pawel pointed at it with his finger and questioned, “What is that?”

“Our mascot,” Zork answered. “He was an inhabitant of Kraton planet in your universe.

As you suppose, we are not only aliens, which ones have been exploring the Earth.

Many civilizations visited your planet in history. Some of them settled here, as we did.

They made medical and genetic researchers with animal and plants. The civilization, which was represented by the individual, tried to take us in hand but it was unsuccessful.

He, together with his comrades, attacked our base but awkwardly for them, he is in our gallery, not vice-versa. Others we have sent to our universe. He is as a keepsake here.”

“Is he still alive?” Pawel asked.

“No! But as you see he is preserved well,” with a puckish smile Zork answered.

Pawel looked at the creature from Kraton and broke out in a cold sweat because he started to be afraid about his future.

“What are you planning to do with me?” he asked.

“Nothing,” Zork answered. “If you get bored, we’ll send you anywhere you want.”

“Aren’t you afraid that upon my return I’ll spill out of your base and existence to the mass media, secret service, etc?” Pawel assured.

“Of course no,” Zork answered with a puckish smile. “Thousands years we have been persuading people that we’ve never existed. And we were successful in it. Nobody will believe you. You saw that we’re able and have enough possibilities to, for example, create artificial opinions of experts which will show that you’re indeed mad and everything you say is total bull shit.”

“You are right,” Pawel answered happily that his life was safe.

That moment Esa was calling them by waving her hands.

“Let’s go to her,” Zork moved towards Esa. “She wants to show us something.”

They quickly walked to next room and on the screen they saw CNN news. The news-caster reported about the airplane crashed in which Pawel was. On the end she said, “The reason of the crash is unknown. A special commission of inquiry will establish the reason. But, we do not rule out a possible terrorist attack of Islamists.”

“Of course it is known,” Dus told. “American navy had maneuvers and accidentally shot down the airplane. We intercepted their conversations and reports but they’ll never confirm it officially. Everything bad on this world is officially blamed on terrorists. Terrorism is an excellent explanation of all mistakes or intentional provocations. Because of it people agree to more strict control of their life by the government. The

war with terrorism is a pretext for powerful people to introduce dictatorship in their countries by small steps. By dint of smart mediumistic manipulation people will grant on dictatorship and permanent invigilation.”

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Next day, the crew of the base decided to explore airplane’s wreckage in person. After the crash they sent robots for a reconnaissance. Pawel had a little complex about his height. He was not tall but at that time it was by his good luck. He could go into the underwater vehicle designed for dinosauroids. He sat near a window and observed with great concentration the world behind it. When the expedition left the base, Pawel was amazed that the base looked bigger inside than outside. He asked his companions about it.

“It is manipulation with space-time,” Zork explained. “Locally we can deform space-time leading into an inflation or collapse. In that way we solve problems with population density and a limited area. In our world, even in a small area we can assure decent conditions of life for a lot of our citizens.”

“Amazing,” Pawel shouted excitedly.

“I think that the technique will be discovered here also,” Dus added. “Your technical level is quite high to do it.”

When they neared their intended destination, dinosauroids wore stiff diving suits which resembled knight’s armors then dived into water through a special water-air lock in the

bottom of the vehicle. The suits protected the creatures' against high pressure which was in deep depths of the water. Because of the suits a long preparation for diving was unnecessary and thereafter prolonged process of decompression was canceled. The air inside the suits was under atmospheric pressure. Unfortunately, Pawel did not find a suit that matched his physique therefore he was forced to stay in the vehicle. Lights of the vehicle illuminated the wreckage of the airplane. Dinosauroids swam into the wreckage. The way was illuminated by lights on their helmets. In the wreckage they saw and passed near dead bodies nibbled by marine animals which lived there. Suddenly, Dus saw the spirit of young girl who sat on a chair in the back of the wreckage. She was alarmed because of their visit. Dus came to her and telepathically started a conversation, "Hello, how are you? Don't be afraid of us."

The spirit didn't respond only looked at Dus. Zork and Esa also came there.

"It seems she cannot understand what happened to her," Esa told.

"Probably she had died before her death time came," she added after a few seconds.

"That could be a reason why envoys of death from astral didn't come for her," Dus supplemented Esa's speech. "It wasn't her time to die."

"Or in the astral world they've mess-up in their papers and forgot about her." jokingly

Zork interrupted.

"Without her they'd a lot of work here," Dus added. "They could overlook her."

Finally after several attempts, they were able to establish contact with the girl's spirit.

“I am Yrlanda Santos,” the spirit introduced. “I was coming home to Caracas when suddenly there was blast and the airplane crushed into water. I lost consciousness. When I regained consciousness, I was surrounded by a crowd of people, not only the ones who were in the plane with me. Soon after, all of them were swallowed up into a tunnel and I was left here. I am scared. I will die here.”

Dus, Esa and Zork looked at each other with amazement and came close to her.

“You are already dead,” Zork explained. “It seems that you were accidentally condemned to roaming on the Earth.”

“What?” the girl was amazed.

“But, don’t worry,” Esa consoled her. “We can help you. Our medicine is powerful.”

Dinosauroids looked around to find Yrlanda’s body. Their helmet’s lights raked interior space of the wreckage.

“It is there!” Esa pointed a piece of flesh already bitten by fishes here and there. Esa attached a small transmitter on it. Robots moved from the base to take the body.

“Yrlanda, come with us,” Zork told. “In our base we’ll revive your body and restore it even better than it was before accident.”

Yrlanda was so surprised that she could not understand these worlds, but followed dinosauroids to their vehicle.

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“Pawel, we have a guest,” Zork turned to the human sitting in the underwater vehicle

near a window.

“Where....?” Pawel was surprised. “I only see you.”

“Oh, you cannot see her. Humans usually haven’t the capability to see spirits,” Zork said and pointed a spot in air. “It’s the spirit of Yrlanda, who was one of the passengers of your flight. In our base we’ll revive her body. Automats are going there for it.”

Pawel opened his eyes with utter surprise.

“You don’t believe in our medicine?” Zork asked and his head cocked to one side playfully.

*

In the base using special dinosauroid’s devices, Pawel conversed with the spirit of Yrlanda. Since that time they have talked continuously for days. For a couple of days Pawel and the spirit observed in disbelief how the body of Yrlanda was being restored back to its conditions before the accident. The body was situated in a special container with mystery liquid. Automats controlled temperature and composition of the liquid.

Wounds on the body were healed fast and wastages were filled up.

“How do you alter a piece of meat to human being?” amazed Pawel asked Esa. “There were only dead cells in dead piece of meat. Now I see the living body.”

“Not only dead cells were in the body,” Esa answered. “Parts of them were still alive. Dead cells are revived using bio-energy. Of course, if they aren’t totally destroyed. The living cells are stimulated to division and forced to create proper tissues. Using

stimulation cell division and apoptosis, it means controlled death of cells we regenerate correct and fully functional tissues. In my world it is a standard technique. For example if someone's heart is in a bad condition or it is old, we force a part of the heart's cells to divide and a new heart grows. The cell apoptosis leads to the disappearance of the old one. Finally the individual attains a new and youthful heart. This method is also used to regeneration all other organs. We have techniques to decode the genetic code. Because of genetic manipulation we can build any organism from scratch. We can create organisms which have never existed in nature. We can create humans whose body will comprise of totally different materials from normal beings, for example the skin will be made from polyethylene because the body could synthesize it. We can design a much better brain cells in our computers and, then arrange sequence of nucleotides suitable for it and the bred specimen's brain, which has the genetic code, will think, for example, five times faster than a brain of normal people. We can design a totally different brain, which is much more effective and microprocessors can be connected to it. These properties will be handed down from one to another generation. If you want, we can make an additional hand, modify your vascular and nervous systems that you're third hand will also be skilful like the other two."

"No, thank you, I'm satisfied with what I have," Pawel answered. "Do you modify your species in that way?"

"At times yes, but in another meaning," Esa told.

“This means?” Pawel lifted eyebrows finding it interesting.

“We decided that our bodies are good enough,” Esa explained further. “We don’t need additional hands or legs. We don’t modify our brains because a progress in electronic we can make contact with our computers by telepathy and this way we can increase our knowledge and speed of thinking. Different kinds of knowledge are necessary for you only temporarily so there’s no need to burden your brain by these pieces of information. You can use them only when you need them. By the telepathic contact with computer’s memories you can increase possibilities of your brain practically unrestrictedly. Because of telepathy we have contacts with our computers everywhere and every time. On the other hand, we don’t need a special skin resistant from acidic substances, extreme temperatures or other environmental influences. In such situations we send our robots to do the tasks. But if there’s dire need of us to be present; we use special suits or visit in our astral bodies. Of course, sometimes we manipulate genetic code but only in cases where we find diseases in an embryo, in regeneration of our bodies and plastic surgery. You’ve to stretch your bodies, use a special diet and exercises or plastic surgery on your bodies for modification but we, by means of the stimulation of cell division and apoptosis, alter our height, weight or appearance.”

“That means that you are immortal,” Pawel was very surprised.

“You are almost right,” Esa confirmed it.

“So, how do you solve problems of congestion and lack of space for life?” Pawel

continued asking.

“One of a perfect example, what you saw in our base, is the manipulation of space-time.

That way we increase room for accommodation of all our citizens,” Esa continued

answering. “But it’s not the only way of living space creation. We also settle in Oceans,

build artificial islands and colonize other planets, and now other universes.”

“But in one time possibilities will be finished,” Pawel paused. “I don’t think that you

can extend space to infinity and probably the number of universes is endless. Have you

some other variants of development?”

“Not yet,” Esa continued. “The entire time we discover new universes and we haven’t

found yet any resistant of space for extending. Our worst dilemma is lack of energy. But,

if the available energy runs out, I hope that we would have already discovered new

sources of energy because of technological progress.”

“But, if your number increases so much that matter and energy will be inadequate for

your existence?” Pawel insisted.

“That time we’ll die,” Esa answered calmly. “We are not absolutely immortal. We can

die because of accidents, when none of one’s body cells survives. Some of us leave

physical bodies and move to astral world at their own free will.”

“Why?” Pawel questioned in amazement.

“Don’t wonder about it,” Esa continued. “Occultists and prophets from your world have

been telling about an afterlife.”

Esa stopped for a moment and then continued, "It could be that there is limited numbers of souls which can be incarnated in bodies. If our numbers are saturated, it could be that some day children will not be borne."

"Amazing, you took me by surprise," Pawel said. "I'm speechless; I don't know what I should ask next. I've to think over your worlds. Maybe later we'll continue with our discussion."

*

During that time when body of Yrlanda was regenerating Pawel decided to learn Spanish language.

"You had told me about the miracle method of learning foreign languages," he addressed Zork. "Can you explain that to me?"

"It is sensationally simple," Zork answered jokingly. "You repeat a word or phrase and you stick a needle in some point of your body. For example you say 'adios amigos' and you stick a needle in your left knee. Every time when you feel pain in your left knee the phrase 'Adios amigos' will automatically be recalled."

"Excellent method," Pawel confirmed it with irony. "Do you use it often? And now tell me seriously in a detailed manner about that method."

"Let's go," Zork said, "I'll show you a device which can teach any language you desire."

They walked into a room where the main computer was situated. Zork approached a

cupboard and took out a round cap.

“What is that?” Pawel asked, “A yarmulke?”

“It is our excellent device for learning languages,” Zork told it with pride and continued jokingly. “If you want, you can learn Yiddish too. I don’t mention of Hebrew, because it is as plain as a pikestaff that it is the most important language on your planet. Everybody knows that language. Even dinosauroids know that the most powerful people, who rule your world, speak that language.”

Pawel sat on a chair, took the cap and put on his head. After a few minutes he spoke Spanish fluently. After the success, he learnt other languages including Yiddish and Hebrew, just in case of course, because his father always advised him repeatedly ‘learn, learn different things just in case, because as the ancient Romanians were saying, just in case a nun has breasts’.

*

When Yrlanda’s body was completely restored and healthy her spirit returned into it.

When she walked out of the chamber where regeneration was proceeding, Pawel saw her first time at her loveliest. Blood went to his head, hands were shaking and his heart rumbled like machine gun. He looked at her with mouth agape and big eyes.

“She is so beautiful,” he thought. “I’ve never seen such a beautiful woman before.”

“Is there something wrong with me?” she asked him. “Why are you looking at me like at a ghost?”

Pawel answered nothing. Muddled thoughts roamed around his mind. He wanted to tell something but couldn't at that moment. He stood motionless as if hypnotized and looked at her with an absent-minded stare.

"What happened?" Yrlanda asked because it was the first time in her life that she made so great impression on a man, "I've to see myself in a mirror."

"Mirror," Zork told to a computer and opposite to girl a holographic picture of her appeared.

"Who is that?" the surprised girl asked going around the holographic picture. "What did you do with me?"

"If you don't like your new appearance we can give you back the former one," Zork told shyly.

"No, no!" she protested. "It's OK, Thank you!"

Pawel cooled down after first impression but still he did not know what to say.

"Maybe you would like to eat something," Pawel tried shyly to start a conversation.

"You've not eaten for a long time, so you must be hungry."

"No, thank you. I am not hungry," she answered.

"You are in post regeneration shock and on that account you don't feel hungry," Esa interjected. "But it'll be better for you to eat something now."

They moved to a dining room and sat at the table. Automats set the table accommodatingly. From a cupboard Zork took out a bottle. Pawel looked at him and

said with astonishment, “It is the Polish vodka made from the honey!”

“Of course yes”, Esa answered, “we like it a lot, seventy percent of alcohol. It protects us against the ionizing radiation when we go to cosmic space.”

“I know,” told Pawel, “the most dangerous result of the ionizing radiation is the radiolysis of water. Products of it there are free radicals which are caught by the alcohol.”

“You are hundred percent right,” Zork confirmed. He looked skittishly at Pawel and added, “Usually we order it by internet.”

They started to eat the delicious food. During eating Zork asked, “Would you like to take an underwater tour? Not so far away from here there is an old Spanish wreck.”

“Of course, yes,” Yrlanda and Pawel spoke simultaneously.

“We have a surprise for you,” Zork continued. “Especially for you we designed underwater suits. In two days they’ll be ready because now they are growing in a special regeneration container.”

Both of them were surprised and looked puzzled at Zork with gaped mouths.

“I see that you still underestimate the power of our technology,” Zork told.

“No, after what I saw here, I believe in everything,” Pawel protested. “Even if you tell me, that I’m black and can play basketball excellently.”

“I see that after Yrlanda’s recovery you became very witty,” Zork riposted. “What’s a wonderful transformation?”

Pawel became red and kept quiet.

“You’ve given him a piece of your mind that he won’t forget it in the near future.” Esa commented it addressing Zork.

Pawel became more red and bent over the table.

When they had finished eating, Zork stood up and told, “Let’s go. I’ll show you something.”

Everyone stood up and altogether turned to the door which disappeared. They pass through and behind them the door appeared again. Zork led them to a room where there was a basin with a transparent, thick liquid. In the liquid there were immersed three small, shapeless objects. Everyone looked at them and Yrlanda asked, “What is it?”

“There are your suits and bathyscaphe,” Zork explained.

“Don’t make jokes,” with smile Pawel told.

“A few minutes ago you told me that nothing would surprise you here,” Zork answered ironically.

“I lied!” Pawel told perversely.

“A man of small belief,” Zork continued. “Verily I told you that this is your diving equipment. Have you never heard about nanotechnology and genetic manipulations? Not so long time ago, Esa already explained it to you. Your equipment is growing like a corral reef. It consists of living cells. When the suit is ready the cells die and the skeleton is the useful construction. With our computers’ help we design proper genetic

code which contains pieces of information about the device to be produced.

Nano-robots arrange nucleotides in correct sequence and prepare genetic code which is introduced to cells, which divide and grow in pools like this one. The cells, grows in colonies, create different devices including robots and computers. In water there are dissolved all ingredients necessary for cells life and building devices. After carrying out the task, the cells die and decompose quickly. Only the designed device is left in the liquid.

“Was the base created in that way?” Pawel asked in great interest.

“Not quite,” Zork explained, “Cells of the base are still alive. We decided that the base would work better as a living organism.”

Pawel and Yrlanda raised eye-brows in surprise.

“It has only good points. It has something like a vascular and nervous systems.

Nutrients are absorbed directly from the sea and distributed around the entire organism.

If the base is damaged, it regenerates itself automatically. It warms itself and us too. It

has fluorescence cells which illuminate rooms and halls. And if we want to rearrange

the rooms, we force division and apoptosis of cells. Some walls disappear and other

ones come into being. Only benefits.”

“It sounds like a chapter of a horror movie,” Yrlanda told.

“Only for you,” Zork protested. “People of the Middle Ages could regard as horrible

things that you do, for example blood transfusion, organs transplant and flights in

airplanes or rockets. It's only depended on the technical level. In that way, as the base or suits, we create all our towns. On the beginning we prepare a virtual project. Using genetic techniques we make a genotype and then the information coded in DNA we introduce into cells. In special conditions we multiply the cells and create a grain. It is the grain of the town. The grain is then planted in established place and after some time, the entire town grows from the grain."

"Ok...ok," Pawel interrupted, "but, what about the door which disappeared when we passed trough?"

"Have you already heard that you were a stropny pedant?" Zork asked jokingly, "The door is a different story altogether. We got the effect because of electromagnetic fields manipulation over matter. You haven't discovered the effect yet so it is difficult to explain it".

"You don't know how it works and that's why you answered so mysteriously," Pawel told with a sneer.

"Dinosauroids know everything," Zork told with conviction and gave Yrlanda a wink.

"Of course, if a proper computer is nearby," Pawel added derisively.

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After two days the diving equipment was ready. Yrlanda and Pawel made underwater exploration. They saw corral reefs, plants, fishes and other marine animals. They observed the underwater worlds on small and big depths. They toured some sunken

wreckage. During one of the trips, in a short distance from a small island of great scenic beauty, Pawel fell ill. He was seized with a sudden anxiety and weakness. He thought that he would faint. His consciousness was limited. He felt exalted. The place seemed so familiar to him like he had been there some time in the past. He was scared at that moment.

“Let’s go away from here,” battling with his weakness Pawel asked Yrlanda.

“Why? It’s so beautiful here,” Yrlanda protested softly.

Pawel took a deep breath, relaxed and the bad feeling disappeared. He regained control of himself. In spite of the temporary weakness his interest could not allow him to return to the base.

“You’re right,” he told. “I don’t know what was happened, but now everything is OK. Let’s steer.”

The bathyscaphe moved to a small hill on the bottom of the sea. Automats indicated that there was an unknown object under the sand. Holographic X-ray pictures showed remains of a boat. Pawel sent robots for digging it up. After exposing the wreckage, machines found human bones and boxes full of valuables. Everything was loaded into the bathyscaphe. Next explorers returned to the base. The entire time dinosauroids investigated them and their health conditions. Of course, they put into account the brief moment when Pawel did not feel well. In spite of the fact, that Pawel felt good, they took him to the medical room and tested him carefully.

“It seems that there’s a phenomenon which you call ‘déjàvu’,” Dus found. “You could be here in fact.”

“How comes?” Pawel was surprised. “It’s my first time out of Europe.”

“It could be in a former incarnation,” Dus continued. “You went through a dramatic period here and its trace is in your current incarnation.”

“As I said, nothing here no longer surprises me,” Pawel told with dissembled flippancy. “You claim that souls incarnate every period of time. It means that in future I’ll incarnate in someone’s body. So I should collect a sum of money and deposit them in a bank for a high interest account with a password and when I’ll be born in future again I’ll have a comfortable life. But problem is: ‘how can I recall my password?’ I remember nothing from my past lives so I’ll remember nothing in my future life.”

“There are some methods,” Dus answered solemnly seeing that Pawel is trying to mock.

“Maybe, if I invented it now,” Pawel continued, trying to make a joke, “I invented it in the past. In my former incarnation I reasoned similar and I paid money to a bank a sum of money. After many years, because compound interest, I am rich man. But it is a problem because I cannot remember the bank in which I paid the money nor other important details.”

Pawel giggled, because he thought that it was a nice joke but nobody accompanied him, even Yrlanda. In her country magic occurred, in spite of the technical development, on a daily basis. Zork and Dus were dead serious.

“If you want to check who you were in the past, we can make you a regression séance, which recalls your memory from former incarnations,” Zork offered to Pawel.

Everybody looked at Pawel. He got confused and did not know what he should say. He totally lost self-assurance.

“It’s safe,” Esa assured him. “Don’t be afraid. Maybe you are a rich man in real but you are not aware of it.”

“Ok, where is the harm in it?” Pawel agreed and next added sarcastically. “As a scientist I’ve to sacrifice myself for science.”

“It was said wonderfully,” Zork told with a sneer. “I am impressed.”

Pawel was led to the next room. He lay down on a bed. An automat came to him and touched his right temple. Pawel heard a soft music in the middle of his head and dozed off immediately. The séance was started. In his dream Pawel saw flash-back of his life. He returned to his teens and then to his childhood. He saw his birth and returned to his former incarnation. He could not notice, what happened between incarnations. In his former incarnation he was a nineteenth century merchant, who sold Indians goods. He excellently knew culture and religions of India. He was fan of it. He did not have a family. He was unsure due to reincarnation but, just in case, before his death he paid money in one of banks of London. Pawel was reminded the account and condition, how he could withdraw the deposits. Pawel looked at his former life as a broken movie. He saw some parts of it in normal direction but every next part came from earlier period.

Next he switched to next incarnation before the merchant. And again he could not catch, what took place between the incarnations. In the next incarnation he was a Spanish sailor, who worked on a ship sailed to South America. One time, when he sailed from America to Spain in a galleon full of gold, pirates attacked his ship. It was cruel battle. Under the orders of one of officer, he and other sailors transshipped treasure to lifeboats. Corsairs almost captured the ship when several boats sailed from the galleon towards a small island. Pawel was in one of them. They sailed off not far away from the ship when a strayed cannon ball strikes his boat. In that way pirates tried to stop the boats. Pawel's boat sunk fast. Pawel swam, but in a few minutes he got really tired and drowned. Next Pawel moved to another incarnations. That time he was a peasant in medieval France, who met Cert, and before it - a slave in ancient Rome.

In the neighboring room dinosaurs with Yrlanda watched Pawel's visions on a holographic screen. When the séance was over, he woke up and could not believe what he had seen.

"It's easy to check," Zork said it entering to the room where Pawel was. "Our computer is establishing the found bone's identity testing characteristic traces. Each spirit leaves a characteristic brand in his physical body. In a few minutes we'll find out if and which bones belong to."

When Zork was finishing his speech the computer confirmed positive identification. Some of found bones belonged to Pawel. The computer made a reconstruction of his

appearance from before four hundreds years. In the centre of the room a holographic person stood.

“So sleazy fatty!” Yrlanda expressed her opinion about the view.

“I’ve to relax,” Pawel said heading to his room. “I’ve had too many sensations today.

That day Pawel was convinced beyond reasonable doubt about reincarnation. He wrote scrupulously the conditions of taking out the deposit.

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Several days after, Yrlanda and Pawel left their friendly hosts and returned to people’s world. Yrlanda came back to Venezuela and Pawel to Poland. They had great problems to prove that they were still alive. A bureaucracy had already declared them dead and it was of no relevance that their families recognized them. They spent several months trying to convince bureaucrats that they were still alive. On the end they were issued with documents and officially declared to be alive again. Of course, Pawel’s position at the university was already occupied by someone else and there was no chance to get back it. His flat was already sold and he had to live with his parents. Pawel tried to acquire a scientific position in another university. After several attempts he was able to work in a small university on the North of Poland. He started his job but the entire time he felt the urge to disclose his vast knowledge about dinosauroids and their infiltration of our world. He wrote an article about it and sent it to a scientific journal but it was rejected. One day in the internet he found a call for a scientific conference held in Los

Angeles due to the theory of Hugh Everett about parallel universes. He expected to meet there open minded people and saw a perfect opportunity to tell about dinosauroids. He had only two photos of the dinosauroids' base but he emphasized that it was sufficient proof for dinosauroid existence. Pawel submitted his participation in the conference, collected his own money and paid a fee for it. It was not cheap for him but the aim was worth it. The date of the conference drew nearer and nearer. Pawel had already prepared his speech and made all travel arrangements pertaining to his travel to the United States. Two days before the conference Pawel flew to USA.

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The conference proceeded. Numerous scientific theories were presented. The next speaker would be Pawel. He was very nervous before his speech. Eventually, he was invited to the floor. He walked quickly to the podium which seemed a mile away.

“Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen,” he started his speech enthusiastically, “I’d like to preview briefly some proofs due to parallel worlds. Due to classical quantum mechanics two or more possibilities can occur but only one happens and we observe only one of them but in the theory of parallel universes all possibilities happen but in parallel universes. Hugh Everett postulated that during the choice time new universes were created. I discovered that one of such a case occurred in history. In our universe 65 millions years ago an asteroid hit our planet which led to dinosaurs extinction but in parallel universe it missed the Earth and dinosaurs survived. The disintegration of

Gondvana - super continent on the southern hemisphere and continental plates drift led to the climatic changes that accelerated dinosaurs' development. During millions of years a small predator *Stenonychosaurus* evolved into intelligent dinosauroid. It moved from one point to another, like its progenitor, on two back limbs, had erected posture and it stood five feet high. It inherited colored seeing from progenitors. It had no tail, which was lost with erected posture process. Its eyes were in front of its head close to each other, which made possible stereoscope seeing. As other dinosaurs it did not have auricles but could hear sounds. Although it was viviparous, it did not have mammalian glands or reproductive organs. In its upper limbs he had three-fingered palms and in lower four-toed feet. The species mastered the production and usage of simple tools. And gradually learned to use fire, cultivate land and domesticate animals. With the run of millenniums hordes of dinosauroids evolved into bigger social groups. Settlements grew and transformed to towns and then to states. Dinosauroids waged wars, developed sciences and arts. Development of science was multifaceted. Besides sciences like biology, chemistry, physics and earth sciences they did not neglect spiritual knowledge; such as science and religion were unity. Dinosauroids knew that they not only consisted of the physical body, which can be investigated directly with physical senses, but also of the astral body possessing its senses. They were able to separate astral body from physical body, toured into far parts of the Universe and then return to their physical body. They also knew how thoughts influenced on matter and some of them made

spectacular achievements using thought's influence. Many thousands years, they knew the facts but were unable to explain it in theory and they lacked technical tools for making experiments. Medicine developed using all remedies, even the most strange and incredible ones, if they were effective. In this area dinosauroids had neither philosophical nor ideological inhibitions. Humanities or better dinosaurities were not disregarded and vigorously spread. Wars and progress in science generated technological development. Dinosauroids discovered different energy sources and methods of utilization.”

During Pawel's speech listeners laughed softly and part of them left the auditorium but Pawel continued with his speech, “After thousands of years of technical development and many political transformations, small states of dinosauroids transformed to one country, which eventually included the entire planet. Afterwards, dinosauroids began the colonization of the entire Solar systems. In the beginning they built Moon and Mars bases where they mined natural resources and produced semi-finished products for the Earth. Afterwards, intentional spreading of greenhouse gases into Martian atmosphere and, adding huge volumes of oxygen and nitrogen which were obtained as byproducts during Martian rocks processing. The Red Planet was transformed into a globe with excellent conditions for Earths' organisms. Even Venus embraced dinosauroids colonization. They lowered temperature of the planet, shielding her from the Sun with the cloud of the dust and stones. Dinosauroids transported small planetoids from

asteroids belt and crumbled them near Venus by thermonuclear bombs. Bacteria modified by genetic engineering, adapted Venusians atmosphere for Earth organisms by decomposition or binding harmful substances, emitting oxygen and nitrogen to the atmosphere. On the other planets, dinosauroids installed scientific bases or factories processed local natural resources. They reached other planetary systems. They also discovered methods of exploration other parallel universes and they infiltrate our planet. They also have built bases there.”

On the end Pawel showed his pictures from the underwater base. Peals of laughter rolled around the auditorium. Pawel listened malicious comments.

“The photo is from ‘Star trek’ or ‘Star Wars’?”

“Did you take it in Paramount Pictures or Universal Studio?”

“But what about the dinosauroids’ world your psychoanalyst tells?”

Pawel stormed out of that conference ashamedly discouraged.

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Pawel returned to Poland. The news about his conference appearance arrived to his university within no time. He was fired immediately. It was his ultimate defeat. He promised himself never speak about dinosauroids and work as scientist. Pawel on occasions visited his empty grave. It was made during his symbolic funeral when he was in the dinosauroids’ base. It was funny to him to see that his former life as a scientist was over and done with covered in the grave. He recollected that probably he

had a bank account in London. He found his notes about a procedure of withdrawing money from it. He organized money for a flight to London. He found the bank where in his former life he paid money. He withdrew the deposit. After more than hundred years it had become quite a large sum of money. He became a wealthy man after it. He got married with Yrlanda and turned to do what he liked the most: traveling and diving. He bought a ship adapted to diving expeditions and exploration depths. He searched wreckages, made movies and wrote books about underwater exploration. He increased his fortunes enormously by doing what he liked and whenever he wanted.

Sometimes he got reflections. These times he spoke to himself, "Because, I have money I live comfortably, I have a beautiful and loving wife, I am my own boss; I do what I want and when I want but still people insist that money never gives happiness."

Epilogue

During renovation one of Cracow's streets near Wawel Hill, in a ground layer dated back to the eighth century after Christ, it was found a piece of strange material. Archeologists came there and closed the area. After a long search they did not find any other piece compatible with the first one. In several Cracow's research institutions the piece was tested and then it was moved to Warsaw. Scientists also did not find anything there and could not establish its origin. On the end, American researchers demanded for it. The object was sent to American laboratories and after that nothing further was ever reported about it. Polish mass media informed widely about new theories of Polish scientist concerning the discovery of Wawel Hill. Scientists were restrained against making statements to the media but from the allegations it raised a great mess. One of them maintained that it was a cult thing, others that the daily used articles and gave examples of many things which part it must have been derived from. They did not agree where it was created. Some of them told that in Cracow, others in Byzantium, another in China, even in India.

Representatives of natural and engineering sciences: physicists, chemists, material scientists and others were not unanimous how it was made. Some of them told that it was impossible to produce such a material in the eighth century even in contemporarily

also, others insisted that it was possible to be made by early Vistulas, with great effort, but yes. Lack of other similar objects made of the same material was explained by low usefulness for medieval craft and problems with production. They suggested that with new archeological discoveries a number of these objects will perhaps increase. Of course, all these experts took big money for their hypothesis presented in journals or mass media.

Mass media was flooded with theories of dowsers, clairvoyants, ufo researchers, occultists and other representatives of this kind of knowledge about an origin and purpose of archaeological findings. It was maintained that there was a piece of flying saucer with aliens from another planets, the remains of high developed civilization which was there before ten thousands years, a keepsake of inhabitants of Atlantis etc. It was suggested that the object can heal, supported paranormal abilities etc.

Inhabitants of the area, where the objects were found reminded that the water in their houses was healthier and if you passed near the place, where it was found, complaints disappeared. Some of them had visions of the future when they concentrated near the archeological find.

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Of course in dinosauroids' world the trend of events due to Cracow's discovery was observed with curiosity because the findings were a part of defensive robot of the first mission in the human's world which the main hero was Cert.

An investigation of people due to the robot's element was the most funny reality show
in dinosauroids' mass media.

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