

Book 3. Violet field, Kukulcan.

The luxury and privilege of a Goddess is now within your reach. Let this unique and magnificent book create an ocean of feelings that will touch the deepest layers of your Spirit and Soul. Discover the treasure of your inner harmony, peace and power.

It is a precious gift of rare knowledge and experiences about the existence of a much BIGGER Eternal Spirit LIFE, outside the present one, which each of us is living right now.

This chapter will show another side of the same Spirit - a very unusual part of the Spirit, which we know as the High Priest from Chichen Itza, the Atlantis woman, Amelia the pilot, and the royal girl from Egypt. Yes, all of them have the same consciousness, thoughts and actions. It is one solid strong crystal. And this crystal will not be complete in your vision until you read this chapter and open one more granule of that Spirit-and-Soul crystal. It is good to know that another side of human nature exists and that you study some ultra human possibilities for yourself. The spirit world is full of amazing colors, lights, dynamics speed and magic things which does not exist in our world. BUT it could be very dangerous sometimes. All people will live in Spirit world between lives.

An Ancient Maya Priest come to you now through thousands of years and giving this knowledge what you can expect after your own death. Let's go now through the door, to the room where dreams are waiting for you. In these dreams the Spirit travels to another multidimensional world. Spirit contacted and met other spirits from our Galaxy and other parts of the Universe. Body looks and feels different in this other world. Instead of a body it was sometimes just one solid point or a pulsation of energy, with sparks of quantum and particles. Travel in Time? Teleportation? Meeting with Kukulcan-Quetzalcoatl. Who is he? From where GIANTS come on Earth? Who is Svadi and what is Hatra? Why people build pyramids? The Earth will be wiped out soon? Does we live in Past or in the Future?

So let's take the first ride.

### THE VIOLET FIELD, Parts

This chapter will show another side of the same Spirit – a very unusual part of the Spirit, which we know as the High Priest from Chichen Itza, the Atlantis woman, Amelia the pilot, and the royal girl from Egypt.

Yes, all of them have the same consciousness, thoughts and actions. It is one solid strong crystal. And this crystal will not be complete in your vision until you read this

chapter and open one more granule of that *Spirit-and-Soul* crystal.

The reason I was not sure I should write this chapter is because there are things which most people have never experienced in their lives and probably never will. And, as a result, they may not understand it at all. It may sound as another unknown language to them.

FIRST, it is good to know that this side of human nature exists and that you can open up to some ultra human possibilities for yourself.

Di Cherry told me that all of us would maybe experience this after death, when the Spirit travels and lives between two lives – the past one and the future one. I am glad that I have this rare gift to remember, sometimes in every detail, where I travel in my dreams and what I do, so that I can pass this knowledge on to people.

I know that Buddhist monks or other monks, who dedicate their lives to their spirit development, have this experience during their dreams on a routine basis. But they keep the experience as a deep, well-guarded secret. Maybe some spiritual schools also study this and have record of their progress in this field of knowledge. I just don't know and I was never interested in finding them. I am "eye to eye" with my dreams, and I never felt or had the urge that I needed anyone. I am complete.

The spirit world is full of amazing colors, lights, dynamics, and speed, which does not exist in our world. It is full of magic things, full of pleasure and joy and multidimensional occurrences, BUT it could also be very dangerous sometimes.

*People are born alone and die alone. ( more in the book to support you with this part... smile)*

In some instances, I feel a serious responsibility towards giving you this knowledge and prepare you a little for what you can expect after your own death.

I invite you to similar places; they look like those places where Alice in Wonderland had her adventures.

Okay, let's go now through the door, to the room where my dreams are waiting for you:

In these dreams the Spirit travels to another multidimensional world.

Spirit also contacted and met other spirits from our galaxy and other parts of the universe. My body looks and feels different in this other world. Instead of a body it was sometimes just one solid point or maybe like a pulsation of energy, with sparks of quantum and particles.

Honestly, I just don't have the words and I don't know how to describe it.

These kinds of dreams repeated themselves, continued and developed with the same subjects for many years, over and over again. They are very detailed dreams and they feel extremely real, each time I woke up from them.

### Warning!

This is another world where there are more than three dimensions. It is very difficult to describe, simply because nothing exists there that could compare to our world and our life! Also this dream was translated.

I still hope that even through these obstacles, my readers can smell, feel and experience – like Di Cherry usually loves to say – “What it is all about.”

I don't want people to think that I am crazy, so I asked a doctor to write something for me. Here is a “note from the doctor”:

*Julia did not belong in any mental institution. She is mentally healthy. Her outline point of view may be the result of a much higher IQ than normal and as a result there is a possibility for her to see the world a little bit differently than most people do.*

So let's take the first ride.

### Dream # 32

Via Gos Came Inspiration, April 25, 1998

Something was deep inside me; disturbing, kind of worrying me all day long. I felt as if I would have some special dream that night or something unusual would happen. After all, I didn't know, and until now, if I was sleeping, or if it was real. I remember all the time, that it was me.

It started with a terrible crashing sound. It was a horrifying thunder, as if the sky broke apart. It did not last for long. The sound could not last too long. But it was so enormous, incredibly loud; it seemed that I had never heard anything so loud, that my consciousness divided this sound in several parts. And I thought that I knew how to divide it and to play it on an instrument. It was a boiling, roaring sound. In order to describe the thunder during the storm..., it begins, then increases and should stop abruptly. And there were about four of such sounds, one after another. They started

approximately at the same time, the last one was the concluding one, the loudest, and then it would be just one thunder sound.

It seems to me, that I even sat in a bed. And then I saw myself, like it all happened on a computer screen. The dot is flying forward, as in a game, the airplane is flying, and there are contours of mountains, etc. I understood that I was that dot. On Earth we have gravity. But this was not a fall; it could be compared to a fall into a bottomless well. It seemed to me, that I saw the contours of rocks around me, but I was still falling. Such a depth, such a long distance... As soon as all this cracked, my consciousness rushed there, to the bottomless well, but I was not falling, it was not a downward movement.

I don't remember how this movement ended. But there was a qualitative change. During all of my dreams there was only my mind – no body, no arms, nothing. There was nothing from reality, yet at the same time, everything was real, life-like. I said life-like, but actually it was on the edge of life and on the verge of death. After that night my self-perception changed dramatically. I lived at least two parallel lives. No questions. No doubts.<sup>1</sup>

I can only compare this with the army, when they have maneuvers, they shoot with blanks, but here it was real, not some maneuvers – huge dangers were lurking – you had to be on the alert all the time. It was like that. And yet there was nothing terrestrial – no fields, landscapes or rocks. The only thing I know about it – there were lumps of space, so to speak, they were different. It was happening in phases; each phase differed from the next by a time period of my staying there and by the tests that I had to pass.

I understood that I was not there for the first time, but many, many times already. It is a tension on the edge of your capacities, on the limit of limits. Once I heard a voice – it was not a human voice, but a female kind. Like a fairy. It was a round sound. I remember it, this voice. I remember her. She was a kind of owner of this space-lump. I got there and she said, "You forgot, you were here already." She guided me and I remembered how I should operate in this space, I remembered how to avoid these few dangerous traps.

At one moment, I jumped into something like... you see your chair, imagine, that it is circular, and there is a wall a half-meter high alongside the circle. So I sat there – although I did not have a body. There were several of us there. Someone, a male beside me said, although without words, but I understood, that it is necessary to compress quickly. There were such super-heavy elements around us; I had to twist somehow, to become a monolith. He said, "Now those crazies will come. They're like children, who will try to pull us apart..." Later, it started to shake, to pull us apart..., to try to rip us to pieces.

All this is hard to express. It was happening in fragments, space by space; each of them had its own pattern.

“Via Gos Came Inspiration.” This sentence was pronounced loudly during the last stage, it was a lasting, loud sound. Like a crashing sound with which all this began.

No idea what it means...

### Dream # 34

Big Creature of a Holy Religion, October 31, 1993

Today I fell asleep. The dream in its reality was very close to what has happened in Caracol. Not life, but very real. Sometimes it seemed that this reality is stronger, than real life. Distant reality – it is right. I was different; there was a different sense of self. I was very concentrated, like one strong crystal, or a monolith, with one and only goal in life. There is nothing besides that, nothing at all.

I haven't seen such concentration in life. In real life a person needs to eat, to drink, to redo something, etc. One depends on the real world, depends on sustaining oneself. I would call it our “friction of life”, inertia. It does not exist in space, where there is no gravity. And I had only one desire – I was walking and I knew that I should fly now – very far away, very, very far. Unbelievable, but it was my goal, the essence of my life. I was living by it all the time. The place, where I should fly – maybe some galaxies... I know exactly the place and now I feel it. There was a very, extremely important thing to do. In my dream, I remembered, what it was. But even in a dream it was impossible to describe – everything was hanging on very delicate feelings. The dream was attuned to this harmony... It would be like the astronauts walking to their spaceship, knowing, that they will get in and will fly with enormous speed to unimaginable distances.

And my goal – even if to speak about saving the whole humanity – would not be enough. Something global and serious... And I alone should do it. Just by myself, without other people or assistants. Only I can perform this task. And this desire is concentrated in me, and I am arriving to the moment when it will drag me there. My goal was very distant – I was from there, from far away – as if I knew from where – I could get there easily, to that distant place. But my goal was from there, I came from there to perform my task.

And, strangely – there was nothing in my dream that concerns our world, the Earth – no grass, no people, no buildings – only myself, my concentration and the path – like the white Milky way, I just see its direction, feel it. I must enter it and to find myself there. And suddenly there is some creature in front of me – a human being, a Spirit. It had no face. I just can compare the importance and responsibility with my concentration and appropriateness – like Saturn, nothing unnecessary. He appeared in front of me – straight, clear look, strict lips, if for a moment only I could compare *it*

with a human face.

I knew him, I knew him well. He said to me without words (telepathically) – as if asking, “Today you will not fly to that distant goal” (This injunction is not ruled by anything, it does not depend on anything, it is like today it is raining and tomorrow it will snow). He said that today I should participate in SOMETHING ELSE. It is like in a Milky Way there is a side branch, which has a real ending, and I need to help someone there. He expressed as a request. It is a short and direct injunction, it is my main goal, the task of my life – *will not disappear, it will stay forever*. He had shown me this other aim, for me to participate and to help.

I turned up in a place with some other people; we were like astronauts in the second film of “Aliens”, where they all lie down into some cells to fly this unbelievable distance. It was like an airplane turbine, white, frayed sides, the hole, the entrance. We entered into something white, shiny, huge, with soft edges. We entered, and then it felt odd. As if my body came out of me – the body, the heaviness, everything that has inertia, the weight was lifted – released. Only finest thin spacesuits, one over another remained – of incredible lightness. Perhaps only the soul stayed. Very, very light emptiness. They were transparent membranes, like medusa’s, I don’t remember how many – 5, 7, 10. I started to look at it – at what I was wearing. It was like a spaceship, the whitest, transparent, it could be compared with a fluorescent lamp but it should be the cleanest one. I thought *what a beautiful spacesuit I have! It shines like silver*. I knew one thing clearly – these few others and me – few human creatures (I can’t say “people”), selected among all people, as many as those who lived on the earth. They are a unity, a whole, sublime, light, holy..., not exactly a creature – one holy business, one religion, super-religion, superior. These few people... You know, the superior beings have something that unites them – some beings superior and sacred. The same was true in this instance. As if there was one superior creature, maybe a principal that had chosen us. And the selected ones – us – decided the future of the people in general. They are above people, as if an extraction of all people was performed, like something single and big over the earth, something great that unites all the people. They guide it, they know what to do with it, and have a sublime sacred goal. I don’t know what to compare it with. And today I could not do what I wanted. He said that today was a special day that we should come together for some session. I felt that these few people were in the same situation as I was – they were wearing hoods. We all got into such a dream, but I was not sleeping and I had control over my thoughts, I can’t understand it, they also weren’t sleeping either. We were in a kind of antibiosis, with one thought, or direction for the work we were to perform very clear in our “minds”. There was a feeling that this living religion became one creature, acquired qualities from most of the living creatures. It was thinking and acting independently.

In different occasions I was dreaming in colors, in *living* colors every time – once in a few months, or years. It was an event, and I remembered it – the whole period of life –

green-poisonous-emerald, rich blue, orange-peach, pink, bright raspberry, white and light-blurred blue. But it is improper to list them; they are beautiful and LIVING colors. And today – a great revelation – it was a living energetic creature. Her energy was spliced of fine rays of every creature, infinitely clear and sublime. It is made of all these colors. There was a feeling that there were no people below us – just a single cloud of all the people. They govern it; they want to affect it with this religion. And today we had to fly away from the Earth. This big capsule started to twist like a swirl, the tunnel appeared, we were flying through it, and there was a sensation of permanent twisting. We had to fly to such a place. They were doing something with us there.

I also remember that I was tall, high, maybe three meters, or more. I was wearing only white. We arrived to such a place, a very distant one, although while we were flying very far in this capsule, it seemed like a moment. But when we arrived and stopped, nobody was coming out, we were hanging – and the most important thing was happening there, something very global, crucial – and it took a long time. Something was happening to my spacesuits, or raincoats. As if I shed them off and became very light. And self-perception also changed; when I woke up later it was still going on. They were doing something to us, the sensation of lightness increased, the crystal – it was me. The longer it was going on, the stronger the feeling of lightness became.

*These dreams that you already read and this next one, belong to the same Spirit, which was in Amelia's body before – during my past life.*

*Amelia acquired this strength, concentration, and this enormous focused goal to fly all over the world from the deep roots and the experiences, which her Spirit accumulated during previous lives.*

### Dream # 35

#### Business in the Center of the Galaxy, July 16, 1991

I had something to do in the center of the Galaxy<sup>1</sup> – just don't laugh. I recalled being there. Our Earth is very far on the side. I understood that I go there quite often for business. You know, my body is very different – it is not soft, a tender-skin body like here on Earth. In fact, it is like a lightning. I am on Earth for some very pressing, but very short business. From there our Earth appears like a "rational" slime. Before, at university, when I was studying squirrels, I thought that they have a very complex system, an almost human body, but, in fact, this is all terribly primitive.... And now, I understand that you absolutely do not need to develop your physical body, you should only maintain it. And it is not frightening – to die – it is just to leave the Earth. They don't have senses there – it is a rudiment. They come to Earth to study, experience it.

1 Yes, an astrologer told me that this is possible, because my ASC in my astrology chart is connected with the Centre of the Galaxy! WOW! So I am flying there for some important reason, not just to have some fun...

Today is November 22, 2008, five months later, and I decided to write something here, because I just woke up, again, from an enormously powerful dream. I was flying with astonishing concentration and at an incredibly high speed to the same point in the Universe. The little doughnut-guide was near me again, talking very fast, as usual, in his metallic, computer-robot voice. Information, words were dropping one by one like a million of little beads out of *him*. I tried to write this down. At the end he told me, "You are the real 5th element to humans and this is an important point for the Earth's history. Get rid of all frictions, which take away your attention, for the next few years, from one goal: to make *"the way through smoother"*." Anyone has any idea what it means maybe? I feel very strong tension, almost pain in my "time-travel-belt" point right now. I thinking this days maybe secrets of Tesla technology which I had with my business partners will do the work? Right now we using it to create super seeds and powerful plants.

\*\*\*

It looks like I used this Black Hole for the travels in Space, when I was a Mayan Priest. "Mayan hieroglyphs describe it as a "Hole in the Sky", cosmic womb, or "black hole" through which there wizard-king entered other dimensions, accessed sacred knowledge, or toured across vast reaches of the cosmos. In September 2002 astronomers verified the existence of a massive black hole in the Center of the Milky Way, naming it "Sagittarius B." Jenkins writes about it: "If not a coincidence, the dark-rift itself might indeed be the surface signifier of deeper cosmic mysteries, ones that the Maya were well aware of." This black hole is "the cosmic womb from which new stars are born, and from which everything in our Galaxy, including human, came" (Daniel Pinchbeck, 2012 The return of Quetzalcoatl, 2006).

### Black hole found in Milky Way

By Pallab Ghosh

Science correspondent, BBC News

Tuesday, 9 December 2008

There is a giant black hole at the centre of our galaxy, a study has confirmed.

German astronomers tracked the movement of 28 stars circling the centre of the Milky Way, using the European Southern Observatory in Chile.

The black hole is four million times heavier than our Sun, according to the paper in The Astrophysical Journal.

Black holes are objects whose gravity is so great that nothing - including light - can escape them.

According to Dr Robert Massy, of the Royal Astronomical Society, the results suggest that galaxies form around giant black holes in the way that a pearl forms around grit.

'The black pearl'

Dr Massy said: "Although we think of black holes as somehow threatening, in the sense that if you get too close to one you are in trouble, they may have had a role in helping galaxies to form - not just our own, but all galaxies.

"They had a role in bringing matter together and if you had a high enough density of matter then you have the conditions in which stars could form.

"Thus the first generation of stars and galaxies could have come into existence".

The researchers from the Max-Planck Institute for Extraterrestrial Physics in Germany said the black hole was 27,000 light years, or 158 thousand, million, million miles from the Earth.

"Undoubtedly the most spectacular aspect of our 16-year study, is that it has delivered what is now considered to be the best empirical evidence that super-massive black holes do really exist," said Professor Reinhard Genzel, head of the research team.

"The stellar orbits in the galactic centre show that the central mass concentration of four million solar masses must be a black hole, beyond any reasonable doubt." The Milky Way was tracked from an observatory in Chile.

The most spectacular aspect of our 16-year study, is that it has delivered what is now considered to be the best empirical evidence that super massive black holes do exist

Professor Reinhard Genzel  
Head of the research team

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/science/nature/7774287.stm>

### Dream # 43

#### The Belt Buckle. The Law of Time, March 16, 1992

I tried to change time – forward or backwards. If I pulled time in front of me, I stood in place, but moved time as if on a slide-rule. I don't remember the process. It was always connected with the belt – I was doing something with it.

The buckle was like white fog, like my smoky stone. I don't remember the belt clearly. If there is such a belt, then there should be a buckle. One, which is also me, my second self, had shown me such things, explained to me and taught me, and I knew that it was I. She was speaking with a resounding voice into my ear. The lower part of my body is a "galactic disk" – a very thick, humming disk, but it is a thousand times denser, concentrated energy than what I described in previous dreams, and it can rotate, like a weight at the gym. The upper part of my body – on the contrary – was extremely light and almost weightless. This part can rotate relative to the upper one. The second part – the upper one – is a transparent, radiating light, nothing specific can be seen – everything is "blinking".

\*\*\*

In 1899, in Arizona, workers digging the ground for the construction of a future hotel, found an ancient burial made from rose-marble blocks, which connected to each other so precisely that it looks like one solid piece. Inside this “mausoleum” there was an Egyptian-type of sarcophagus made of a strange blue colored substance, in the shape of a human figure. The painting on top of the sarcophagus was that of a giant man, which was lying down. He was absolutely naked, and wore only a big, wide belt. He had sandals on his feet and a crown in the form of an Egyptian miter. Inside the sarcophagus there were only ashes. All the items found and the ashes proved the ancient source of this, because over time the skull is the last to be destroyed.

Well, maybe he had a belt to travel through the Universe after death? The same as I used in my dream.

\*\*\*

### TIME STOP. ( part from the dream)

The movement ended. Time stopped. And I understood: in order to go on moving, the movement would start... If only I could find something in this area... I had to find some configuration which was there in this space, to catch it, to grasp it with my hands, to figure out an order, recreate a tuning. And it does exist, in fact, it can be compared with an aquarium filled with jelly, transparent, and inside it there is a stepped, linear figure, which is not distinguishable externally, but it is there. I need to catch this amorphous item, to sense it, and after that, I need to recreate it, to feel it with my hands, my mind, and my senses, to come to know its form. At the same time it is moving and in constant change.

And when I find it and visualize it, get into a mutual contact; learn its form and movement, only then the situation will be resolved.

Something will happen to me and I will be able to break through this wall in space, but not only in space, and in time also – because time stopped and does not move into eternity, maybe that is why their gas and food did not run out. And when the breakthrough will take place, the stupor will end. The new life will start, the life energy will appear, people will be able to move forward and we will go farther. There will be transfiguration. At the beginning, I captured the situation with my mind and later I turned off.

\*\*\*

### Dream # 46

The Earth curled up, February 12, 1992

I saw the Earth, large, huge. I felt its enormity; it was occupying all of my scope of vision as if from the cosmos. The Earth started to curl up inside itself. It was happening very quickly. It is hard to describe with words, but it was easy to watch. Initially, there was a cutting in the Earth in one place and the peel started to roll inside, like two rolls of paper, rolling in opposite direction from each other. It rolled in and disappeared. I did not see it anymore. The line of the cutting was drawn across the Atlantic Ocean, between Europe and America, diagonally. Before rolling up, the Earth turned into a blue colloid sphere, as thick as condensed air, and when the sides were rolling inside it, you could see one layer through the other one. When the Earth was rolling inside itself, it looked like a bright-red, burning ball.

I saw a few dreams like this regarding the Earth. Another dream was on February 5, 1988.

According to that dream, the Earth will be “broken”. It will have cracked at first, after which it will be wiped out. It will be year 1695.

As you can see in my dreams I know the time when events will happen and the exact year when they will occur. But these dates are given according to some other calendar system than the one we use right now. Maybe someone knows and will tell me?

For example according to the Zoroastrian (Fasli) calendar, we currently live in year 1369. So we have about 326 years, here on Earth, to prepare to move to some new home on another planet. It is possible that this calendar is the ancient Zoroastrian, because I see the Persian Goddess very often in these dreams.

By the way, I feel really uneasy. It is weird to calculate such a global thing as when our mother Earth will be wiped out...  $1695 - 1369 = 326$  years from now.

It is a very, very sad, enormously heavy feeling.

\*\*\*\*

Today, three weeks after I wrote this, my friend gave me a magazine and there I saw a short article: “Hawking says we must go into space”. So I decided to add it right now, before my book went to the publisher, to calm my readers down.

I will type only a short part of it:

*"...Stephen Hawking says we must go into space....We are not likely to be able to stay on Earth much longer. The possibility that our planet will be wiped out, Hawking believe is quite significant. The good news is, if we can avoid killing ourselves for another century we should have the necessary space settlements in place to launch our descendants into the universe"* (reference: Atlantis Rising, magazine, number 59, page 13; "Hawking says we must go to space").

He continues:

*In 20 years he thinks we can have a base on Moon and within another 20 years a settlement on Mars. To find any place else "as nice as Earth", we will have to go to another star system.*

Sadly, I think this is the best option, because in previous dreams, I also saw a problem coming with the sun...

Sixteen years after I had this dream, Mr. S. Hawking supports what I saw. It is nice to know that we have some extra time and that my channels are open to receive information so clearly.

But I wish it will never, ever happened with our beautiful, amazing planet Earth and it will be just one of the my weird dream.

PS:

Predictions about our future can move forward and happen earlier than we expected, because of the time experiments on the planet and because the creation of time wormholes continues. At first, *The Philadelphia Experiment*, then *The Montauk Project*, and now this *super-collider* under Switzerland, which can create a black hole ... and maybe swallow our Earth, the way I saw it happening in that dream.

Today, a few days later, I found something else to add here:

M. Nostradamus and Ranio Nero both independent from each other, predicted that

humans will move to space, because it will be impossible to continue living on Earth in future. People will build cities, which are similar to a chain of huge balls, beads – it looks like a jewelry necklace.

*It will happen in year 2200.* Wow! I am close with my prediction. If what I predict, that Earth will be wiped out in 326 years, we had better move out ahead of time. It is best not to wait another century as Stephen Hawking advises us.

### Dream # 38

#### A Man of the Forest – His Name, December 13, 1991

I could not fall asleep. I was looking at my watch, as if I had an appointment. The previous time the watch showed 012:30. The nap lasted only one hour – when I opened my eyes it was 01:30 (13!) – one hour, or 58 minutes.

When I woke up, I understood, that my dream had been repeated twice. A half hour each, or it was a recording in my mind and it played twice. Everything that was happening and was there, despite the fact that I dreamed it twice, was like a fog slipping out of your hands. It is really hard to translate it into words.

I was on the Earth; maybe I was in a parallel life, in the world which is very close, but not the Earth – best to name it a *separated reality*. I was in some space (we say apartment, but it is a rough definition). There was a Guide, who spoke, his voice resounded during my entire dream. And also there was my great-grandmother, whom I never saw before – nice, small and incredibly wise.

It is like that on Earth – people live, each one in his own way, and then they come together, something unites them, this convention. If I flew there, then it would have been “because it is not from our life,” said the magicians. But in this life I don’t do it like that. I do something, and also I live somewhere. It looked like a seminar - there were separate essences, it was like a report about how to live and what you do. I was saying this and made a conclusion, the others did it too – although it was just my report perhaps.

Those (the others) were several, I don’t know how many. What was happening with them, I cannot describe, and even understand. These creatures differed enormously. There was one – I think she was female – the Ying Chinese symbol. To be near her you should have been careful – I don’t know how the others protected themselves. She aroused interest, but at the same time she was deadly dangerous. I was like seaweed in water, but like a chameleon changing my qualities, but faster than it – or appeared and disappeared, or produced rays – it was a kind of pulsation, I don’t know what kind. It was dangerous for everybody. Everyone was also pulsating, but it was of another, different nature. People have a body, face, breast, back. And there was a

creature, which was at my back – something behind my back, light, fibers, energy – had to be situated perpendicularly to the other dangerous creature. Something was behind my back, if it stood straight – it should be hanging over it. Something of mine was being placed over him. But maybe it is necessary for him to understand my words – and I have an object from my body, which I can hang over his head. It is hard to explain . . . I am just trying.

At the beginning, it seemed that there was an attuning to each other going on..., and something else, which I don't remember. Maybe there was the third one, everyone was telling something. And afterwards there was the fourth one. When I was talking; maybe I delivered information without words. When I finished, I heard the voice of my grandmother (I just heard her, but did not see her). She knew that it was valuable for them, but I did not understand – she told them this and that. But it was not from our life. This reminds me of something like *Jabberwocky* in Lewis Carroll. I understood, they understood. But here I cannot understand at all. In *Jabberwocky* there is a substantive and adjective. But here there were neither of them. It was an event from my other life. The others were listening and were correcting at the same time. While I was telling my story, they were absorbing it, one perceived it as green, the other like an action, the third one flicked out something, and after that they started to exchange, each one perceived the fine facet that only he could understand. And after that they produced a synthesis. All this was in the other sphere of life – not life itself. Later another fragment arrived, when the human conversation started (before it was soundless, the humming Guide was translating) and I transcended to human rank. It was as if I consisted of many stairs. I reached them on the top stair, the same as theirs. On the first one I was attuned, and then a stair below, when we were doing something together. Later, one step below again – when I was telling my story. It can be said, that stairs are material. When I was telling a story, it was almost human; there was an action, energy, matter. On the last step, there was a human being. I disintegrated into several creatures, and later – into myself-human. And on the last step, the voice of the interpreter appeared, it was a translation into human language. I even thought that this Spirit dictated to my friend's psyche – he fitted by rank, position – he understood me.

I remember what they said in the end – they said it two times, and when the dream repeated – again two times. Four times altogether. They pronounced with a loud voice, (the interpreter said it, because they could not speak) for me to remember, “THE MAN OF THE FOREST ... HIS NAME...” – with a thunderous voice, loud, fearful, the loudest in the world, as if a mountain began to speak. It was said loudly, solidly, strongly, like an elephant's walk. I don't remember what it was for. I cannot know in my human condition what we were talking about, and I don't know, what is happening with this “Man of the Forest”. I already opened my eyes, when it was pronounced for the last time. They woke me up in order for me to remember for sure. When I opened my eyes it was: 1:30, December 13. 13 and 13.<sup>1</sup>

## Dream # 39

### The Drilling From Belgium Bothers Me, October 16, 1992

I was talking about myself. Here I am, and there is the other one, who is talking about this one: I have a clear channel of communication. But clear is an inappropriate word. Clear means that when it was un-clear, they washed it and it became clear. Here it is not so. There should be no dirt at all. It is crystal clear. As when you say, "I have it crystal clear," but something is interfering with your hearing. This drilling, this interference, in my dreams comes from Belgium, from Europe. In a sense, it is not a war, but they are trying to interfere with my dreams.

And about me, she started her talk with the words, "She is eternal."

\*\*\*\*

Nostradamus, in his prediction "Centurii", he tells that he sees, in Belgium, some centre of ancient magic... Well, it looks like this centre still exists or, when I am in my dreams; I am crossing the same path with them.

1 13, interesting! It is an important number for the Priest and a lucky one for me in this life. It showed once 3 times on the license plates of the 3 cars arriving one by one, when my brand new friend, Istvan, was near – remember?

## Dream # 55

### The Violet Field or the Stalker

short version for you here, full version in the book, enjoy!

and PLEASE be carefull Don't lost in Violet field! ... smile

You can test here what kind of fun Amelias Spirit having time to time!

Today, it was real, palpable, on the brink of every imaginable danger. I do not remember all of the details and oddities now.

There is an odd Zone. It can be compared, in modern language, to virtual reality, an unusual one. Nobody would put on special glasses to visit it, though.

I simply step out – and I am at the beginning of the road, and I start walking. I know this road, I am aware that there are three levels of complexity on this path.

The first one is the Fore-Zone, and then there is the Zone itself. Inside this Zone there is a remote site representing the purpose and the meaning of the whole Zone. In my mind, the name of this site sounded like the “Violet Field”. It was a sensation of incredible danger, of distant definite end, of unbelievable difficulty of reaching this end, and, at the same time, there was a sense of attraction to the Zone. For instance, a person lives this present life and then transcends not into a different person, but into the same being at a different level. It’s impossible even to compare this to a caterpillar’s transformation into a butterfly. It is entirely different – a mutation, a transfiguration, a sensation of violets growing very dense, extremely dangerous, blossoming on the edge between life and death. However, since there was no life in this dream, it was on the edge of something larger than death. \*\*\*\*

People were flowing in this direction, constantly – one by one, two by two, and groups of them. I saw them walking the first stretch – only the first. Nobody returned from there. It’s rare when somebody comes back. They lose their minds there, they lose their self, and they lose their identity. They dissolve into nothingness. The Thing devours them. I can tell from experience – I have never seen anybody coming back. I have seen only those coming towards me – nobody returning. I know that they stay there, dissolve, the Thing annihilates or destroys them. It would be ridiculous to say that the Thing “eats” them; the Thing is too grand for this, too ingenious, beautiful, and people are only tiny insects compared to its “magnificence”.

I felt that this was real, that it existed on our planet. Perhaps it is our astral world, where individuals with extraordinary psychic abilities could enter. This reality sucks them in; it is made for this purpose. They enter it in their meditations perhaps.... Afterwards, they cannot live in our reality as people, as persons. One should have a very strong core, stronger than all of these enticements. A certain entity – intelligent, energetic, of divine power – has created the Thing. There are lures and temptations everywhere. They hold a person there. Everything is based on unusual matters that can entice a person away, so they would forget their essence, forget that they are human beings, and forget their structure. Everything is arranged to infatuate a person, to make them lose themselves, then the Thing swallows them up. For example they say – “he’s going mad.” He doesn’t remember himself, as if his mind or brain has been pulled out.

This road looks like a forest road – it’s smooth, trees on one side, sunshine seeping through. Cars never drive along this road. There are two footpaths: one is ascending, the other descending.

One should climb up and up, all the time; walk with effort on these paths. It is smooth, but one has to make an effort to travel these paths. The central, even road, perhaps, just divides ascending and descending footpaths. This is the first section of the road.

When you approach the Zone's entrance, there are guards standing in a row stretching to the horizon. These men in uniform look like military-men, they all look alike. They are dressed in something austere, black perhaps. They make up a fence preventing people from wandering outside the paths. I have approached them many times; three times I have entered and walked out. When I saw ascending people, I snickered to myself: "they will notice the guards now and will think that it's real." I knew for sure, that all this was unreal – this being created everything.

People are trapped from the very beginning. Those guards are a border between states.

I have no idea why nobody else knows this fact. The Thing created everything in the Zone – all these oddities and extravagances within it. In fact, it doesn't exist. That is, it does exist, but the Thing controls and constantly changes it. It is evolving and moving. I have an approximate map of its location, in my mind; I know how to reach the *Violet Field*. It is a large stretch of land with a piece of seashore inhabited by weird creatures. But the sea is without depth and continuum.

I remember all of the details and nuances of this Thing in the morning and during the night – when I have the dream.

After that – the Bald Hill. You could meet lots of people there. They attained an incongruous size somehow. I knew one creature (it can be called a woman, I think), maybe I have met "her" briefly once. I know that I have entered the Zone many times and have addressed her, but this woman wouldn't hear me, wouldn't recognize me; I hadn't had any opportunity to help her. This time I saw her again for a fleeting moment. Now and then I could see something in her eyes, as if she had recognized me, but she was not sure from where. All her memory – of her previous life, of me, of herself – had disappeared; she didn't remember that we are all human beings. This time, when I was passing by these weird creatures from the sea, I spotted this woman on the Bald Hill. It is always windy on the Hill; a whirlwind is always swooping over the top of it. \*\*\*\*

She wouldn't recognize me, wouldn't grasp my presence. Her glance was wandering helplessly, unfocused, noticing only those chimerical creatures around her. I could see her consciousness in the shape of a medusa, which doesn't have anything solid in it, everything had been dissolved. I started throwing sand into this consciousness; to help these dispersed molecules regain a reverse memory and to restore, to rebuild its lost, inner fragile structure, into something remotely resembling the previous one – to shape it into a tree with branches, to create the inner star which unites the jellyfish-like brain's outgrowths, to create a skeleton from it.

When all this was organized, then she started to see and perceive me. She had such a perception of me – it happens with religious fanatics – she did not respect me. They respected and worshipped only this essence that created this wonderland. She was still fanatically faithful to it. But at this moment she could feel herself as a separate being, like a grain. The separation had happened already, although minimal, from this terrible creature. I pulled her out in such a condition, with great difficulty, and left her alone.

Somehow the ones, who lost their minds, were very heavy. It felt as I was pulling a long train, a machine weighing tons. While they are in the Zone, they become laden with an indescribable burden. It is not clear how these heavy creatures could swirl on such a small piece of land. They fly up and down with their wing. They do not slide on the ground; therefore, they have more space, in all directions. They are moving in the streams. It is strange, and hard to watch. This Thing is pulling them around; they do not belong to themselves.

I had my own goal. My goal always is to get through all the unusual and strange things that come across my path and not to lose my way, to feel intuitively this Violet Field, to come to it.

It is a very complicated, very difficult task. I'll explain why. The qualities of Virgo are very important things in life. I looked at their plan from above. I was smiling to myself – I knew all the tricks of this “madam”, this very cunning creature. I knew that she was doing it for the benefit of better prepared persons like me. She changes all the time the inner disposition. She does not change everything, though; otherwise a person would begin to feel lurking danger and concentrate. She does it cleverly. I needed to go through a long *Furrowed Fields*. A person is walking, taking the usual route. He has been here many times. He does not notice the matters beside him, although they would attract anyone's attention, indeed. He knows that beyond the *Furrowed Fields* there is a glass – the White Palace, which I called, for all intents and purposes, the 'Laboratory'. At the entrance, there is always a woman dressed in white. What is behind the laboratory? There are different things; white Stairs, the Woods..., thousands of different things. He keeps this in mind, the plan, and everything in its place, just slightly changed. Yet his plan becomes worthless already, he goes by the wayside....

The Laboratory is made of light glass, as a glass palace, as the cosmic UFOs, as described by witnesses. At the Laboratory's entrance the woman, in white clothes, waits for you and then guides you inside. You should pass through a lot of labyrinths inside.

There is a room of rooms, room of rooms, in which there are various and frightening creatures – frightening by their unusual appearance, variety, attractiveness, fearful incomprehensibility. You don't know what they are, it is impossible to understand it with your mind. They are frightful because they always stop you. They always attract

attention. I always stop in front of each of them, and this contact between us is like a struggle between them and me, to overcome them or at least to stay equal. To bear their influence, it takes three to five minutes – to pass this test. You cannot circumvent this building, and you cannot avoid these creatures.

Two of them caught hold of me strongly and *absorbed* my condition. They brought an indescribable horror into my soul. I knew, that I was dreaming, that it was a created reality, so I decided to imagine this road full of these soldiers, to stop my journey, and not to allow myself to wake up right away. First, I had simply to come out, and wake up after that. It was important. I don't remember how many times it happened prior to this one particular episode. Yet, I remember how many times I reached this clearing, perhaps I never came near it. I made a decision, that now I should get out of here immediately.

At that moment, this line of soldiers and this road appeared clearly, in my mind's eye – before my eyes. Maybe, I don't know, maybe I had not come to it, maybe time after time I went farther and farther inward, getting used to these substances, trying to get through them farther and farther – it seems like it. Since I passed the Bald Hill easily, the sea, the fields with blueberries, I knew their dangers, specificities, what exactly is dangerous about them. For the first time there were these two essences, I had a really good look at them and I survived their contact.

They were in one room, on the right and on the left of me. I was allowed to enter the laboratory and this woman brought me in (usually she was only at the entrance, and I thought, *this is something new*). Maybe there are a few of them, they all look alike and not one of them is authentic. How talented, a genius is the one, who invented them! It is beyond any rational thinking. You can't absorb it with your mind, with your senses, with your intuition ...

They looked alike as if from one family. They did not have anything, which could be referred to as fear, on Earth. Usually you can recognize your enemy by its features – when it is a vampire, or predator, they have fangs, tentacles, poisonous saliva – everything that attacks you and ruins your body. They had nothing that ruins your physical body. I don't remember my body, by the way. You could accept with your mind that they were in two *aquariums*. They certainly were in a watery substance. Let's assume that these aquariums were suspended in the air – as large as a room – such an aquarium, and every one in it was filling it almost to the rim. They were about three meters high, but their power, strength seemed not to match, they were even stronger, more powerful.

Then there was a form of salutation, when golden rays – millions of golden rays – came out of a spherical point. There were a million rays, it looked like a jelly-fish. But if the salute was golden when it shot above water, it dissolved into a fog of stripes, as black smoke going through water, as streams of ink from a squid, but they did not disappear, they remained in suspension in the water. But up there, on top, the spherical point had merged into a myriad of these stripes – unmovable billions of

stripes. There were not any movement there, no sound, no color practically, no sense of physical density – was it hard or soft – no parameters by which to describe it. Between them there was a difference in colors, the other one was darker and denser. I was horrified by the second one.

There was a difference in what they were sending to me – what defines the meaning of their existence. It was like a struggle, torture at the verge of my ... strength, I cannot say nerves, since nerves exist only in real life.

I stood in front of one of them at first, then in front of the other. I approached her, to face her, very closely. There was no other way. It was a conscious move, she felt me very strongly, everything I represent. That is why her knowledge about me makes her stronger and gives her an opportunity to affect me selectively – in those areas, where I feel her. She affected me even more – she concentrated and put pressure on me.

There was a constant flow, which comes from her to me. It comes but does not approach, because it came in pulsation. And here – it is like a field, constant field, it pulls you. I was not frightened of the fact that it pulls me, like the others, I entered and approached to a certain distance from which she could affect me, but to be in her field was a hard test. There was no fear – they all are unknown, incomprehensible, so to speak – it is the first stage, where the water is....

There are just strange forms and it attracts people. Here the forms are unimportant, and they capture you deeper, they penetrate, test you, and evaluate your human structure. Maybe something, which is beyond intuition? I don't know what this feeling is, what kind of sensation a human can experience. But to be in this field felt like unconscious fear, horror. You are in this condition and do not know what it may bring you. This condition is unbearable; it is on the verge of ... of all capacities. The only sensation I remember of me, was that my solar plexus was attacked; there was pain, severe pain. There was a very strong physical tension after strengthening my loins and shielding my being. I felt as if I had used all of my energy – I was spent – and decided to return. But later – it was so strange – I came to another room and went to sleep again.

There were two of them – the initiators that led me there, they knew – and a third one who just tagged along. I looked carefully at this small person (people appear pathetic there, insignificant – not because of their size, but because of their inability to cope) and it seemed that it was a girl I know ...

I remember ... I evaluated them – that they are unable to get anywhere, that they would not come back. But this one I knew and she seemed to recognize me. And what did I do? I returned. I entered into that Zone with them, walked them to the edge, showed them a little, and took them back. I had shown them – only from the side – what is there and how it is, and I marked, on somewhat of a plan, that there, on the right of me, diagonally, straight from my shoulder was the *Violet Field*. Perhaps when I entered, I always looked from above, immediately. I thought, "Oh my God, I was here

just now, but everything had changed already. The Furrowed fields, the Sea, the Bald Hill, the Cranberry Plantation (like in English parks – they cut labyrinths), the Laboratory, and there is a mass, a million of different things.” I just realized that these initial things, which existed from the beginning, had changed already. There are no fields anymore, or they are moved aside, and in their place, there is something inserted – the *clearing of solar prominences* (fiery gasses which interact with each other). It is like a mosaic, but there is, say, a hundred colors and variations, and here they are endless. You should always remember what was there before, what has changed, where it was before, to evaluate yourself, if something new appears, to evaluate this new thing and yourself, your capacities. You should do it, in order to define if you’ve pass three new zones, but ten of them you may be incapable to pass.

The plan, like a map, is retraced with everything in repeated renewal.

When I was coming back with that non-authentic girl, I saw from the corner of my eye, that those who had followed us did not come back. And I was holding her all the time. I photographed the first third of the route in my mind (I could not capture it as a whole) – and it had changed – very cunningly changed.

So to pass through it all, you need to remember your goal, to have a sense of the *Violet Field* and walk through it with your eyes closed. And once you got used to it, and you recognize something, everything is familiar. You walk and walk, and then suddenly, you will stray off course.

It always feels as if an undefined anxiety envelops you while you are in the Zone. Time changes all the time there – with the changes of mosaics it twists, it screws and with it the fields drop out, then they appear again. The principle of appearance and disappearance – they do it by changing time. Space and time is one substance, you cannot separate them. You are once in the past, then in the present, then in the future. You get from one thing to another with temporal changes. There are no future or past – it is just different times.

It is not linear, as on Earth, it is unintelligible to me and it is frightening, inexplicable. There are some lapses constantly – you walk straight, and then suddenly fall into another pit.

The sea is conditional. It is not something going far into infinity. It began conditionally and finished right away after coming to depth – instantly. There was a million of different things, creatures, expressions, movements. I can say only one thing – all this was soundless, and colorless. Maybe everything there was gray-white-black. There were not any shades of color. Some kind of an astral world, where there are no colors. The only things that had color were the violets. They were of a deep violet color. I remember it with my eyes. Then again, I don’t think that there were any flowers there. Perhaps it was some surface, substance, into which you enter, up to your ankles, and in which you stay, some energy-like thing ... but it is, I know for sure, situated on a flat surface. You should enter it as you would a field. Maybe it radiates energy upwards

and you stay in it like in the *aquarium*...

There were elements – like water, like wind, hurricane, and fire. There were time lapses. Everything was happening in some space, where some flows, unintelligible to your mind; were not linear, not in three-dimensional space, but more-dimensional. For instance, those lost souls on the Bald Hill, you could see by their movements, what sort of field was there, what kind of streams. Everybody was walking there – they were attracted to it, like someone is attracted to greed, greed to possess a treasure, they either knew or felt it, they were drawn to it. When at the beginning they walked this thorny path, they walked in all consciousness, something interested them, maybe they had a presentiment of the Violet Field, but they did not anticipate the hardships that were awaiting them. They were drawn as if by a magnet, like flies to honey... They wanted it very much. They all walked, driven by an impulse. They had only enough energy to come to the soldiers, but not enough for more.

My strength was in knowing, in feeling, that those ones were not soldiers, and the water was not water – that all of this was not real, not genuine, that it does not exist. The danger resides in something else.

## KUKULCAN, PARTS

### Dream # 56

Kukulcan (Human-Lizard), September 19, 1991.

The sky is the color of alexandrite, a violet gemstone.

Everything around is yellow – it is clay. This clay consists of polyhedrons, which are stuck together, like graphite, stratified.

The time of day..., there was no sun, but it was very light, similar to a white night in the North Pole. He had the same violet eyes as the sky, with orange, round pupils. He looked like a lizard – a man-lizard. He was half-sitting.

He is green – the scales of cactus petals, but not prickly. Near the temples, the scales are small, then they become bigger and bigger and grow into a beautiful crest on his head. It looks very neat and precise. He did not react to me, so to speak. I saw it on myself first, beginning with the neck, and then I looked at him from all sides. At the beginning, I felt as if his skin was on me, and I began to transform into *it*.

He was very quiet. There was a feeling of deep, unknown mystery, or wisdom, enveloping him, like an aura. The green emerald scales were covering his skin, which was glowing under them. Maybe the skin was bright orange. I think, yes, it was of a

glowing, orange color. He looked like a well-designed, very detailed piece of jewelry, but real, and alive at the same time, which made him even more priceless. We were near each other for some time. I don't recollect now what happened afterwards.

I woke up and looked at the clock near my bed. The day was 19.09.1991.

The memory of him stayed with me for maybe a month until I began to see him again and again. I saw him about 8 to 10 times during that year. He is a "really cool guy", adorable in his perfection. He is like a beautiful, rare toy with an electronic mechanism inside him. I describe him as having "electronic insides", perhaps because he seems so advanced and modern to me.

Now, 17 years later, suddenly this particular hairstyle, with a crest, is in fashion for boys. Every time I see a boy with such a hairstyle, it reminds me of my lizard friend. I then decided to draw him, to show you what I mean or to remind myself how he looked at the time I had that first dream of him.

When I was looking for a pencil, I came across some advertising pamphlet that said, "*The future is friendly.*" (TELUS © all rights reserved) This is good news, by the way!

While I was drawing him I began to think that it is possible that I like him because he is green, the color of plants and his scales are like cactus leaves, which gives him this rare human and plant look. My dream has come true! I always wished to be as close as possible to plants – and he is two-in-one, both plant and human at the same time. I wish I could be like him!

Well..., I sketched him very fast and here he is. I didn't draw the small scales on his face – you can add them with your imagination.

He has a human face, not a lizard or reptile kind of face. He has a small nose and lips ... and long narrow eyes.

When I began paying attention to this, I made an astonishing discovery! ( continued in the book... smile )