

Eng. № 8.C. Homo Rationalis

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H_O_M_O_ R_A_T_I_O_N_A_L_I_S_

(SCIENCE FICTION)

2023 ***Chris MYRSKI, Sofia, Bulgaria ?1979 ...***

[As far as this is a whole book let us give an idea about the cover (if there are no better propositions).

In front: On a blue background, in the middle, hang, suspended on a rope, scales (pharmaceutical), in the left and heavier plate of which is put the Earth globe (with picture of the continents), and in the right one is seen only a stem of clover (in a pot) with four leaves, as symbol of happiness.

On the back: whatever, or even nothing.]

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PART THREE

THE STIMULATOR OF PETER MACGREEVES

A number of considerations made me to systematize my recollections of my continuous friend and partner Peter MacGreeves. I say "made me" because have not seen him already four years, yet he lives and prospers, for once in 3-4 months I receive messages from him. The information, in fact, is only *one bit*, i.e. "I am alive", but after all I don't need more than this. My main desire in writing of these pages is the wish to throw the right light on the life and activity of the "great Pete", as many justly call him. As his sole partner and close friend during the last ten years I know very good this really great man, worth not only his time, but also the future, which he often predicted correctly. Yet not once he has told me something before the moment when it became relevant, or before has come the right moment when I would have believed him.

So well, I know him for a long time, because we studied in the

same college, yet this time has nothing to do with his stimulator. He was quite tall and in his young years looked very lean, but over the years he became a bit rounded, so that now it is more proper to characterize him as slim. His eyes were brown, yet persistent and most often thoughtful, the hair — still pitch-black, the nose — regular, the manner of walking — always hurried. There will, though, hardly be found someone who has not seen him on a photo. I can add also that he has the habit to wrinkle his forehead, when his brain was occupied with something, and scratch often the nose, as if from there comes his inspiration for work. Among the other boys in the college he was distinguished with merry disposition and enormous industriousness. After this time, however, our ways diverged and I have known only that he entered the University and studied medicine, and two years later understood that he has moved to the mathematical faculty, and in the end finished either psychotronics, or neurobionics, or molecular electronics — here I can lie to you because I don't remember exactly, and he was not talkative when it was about him. And also, how am I to remember when in that time we were not together, and after I received my diploma of manager I worked all the time "at high speed" going to bed and awakening with stock exchange shares. For five years I succeeded to accumulate about 400 thousand, beginning nearly from zero, i.e. with 15 thousand and 242 dollars, five suites, and some useful contacts of my father. Later, when I jumped over the million, the things went even better.

And so, after we for about ten years have seen each other two or three times, and this always occasionally, imagine my surprise when one September day my secretary tells me that some Greeves wants to see me on personal business. And exactly then the stock market was so lively, like not once for the last several months, and there was work how much you want and even more. But there was nothing to be done, I begged him in, old friend, after all, and maybe he has left without a penny, thought I. I would have given him a thousand, yet not more, because, anyway, I wouldn't have thought to want it back. So he entered the room, but well dressed, well-fed, and cheerful as before. We shook hands, chatted a bit about old acquaintances, I invited him, naturally, for a visit, to introduce him to my wife on the next weekend, or when he wanted, as long as the stock exchange is closed, and already looked at my watch because the time, as you know, is not only fourth dimension but something more palpable. Now I recall that there was a rainfall then — I remembered this because have thought that when in such weather he has come dry, then this was either in an own car, or in a taxi, and, hence, his affairs were not so bad. So that my Pete sits entirely calm in the chair, casts thoughtful glances to the rain through the window, and asks me, as if in passing, could you imagine this, he asks me, whether I would like to become more kind, sensitive, and noble? And this when the

exchange was directly burning, can you believe this? But he waited not too long and went in an offensive:

— You see, Steve, I am scientist and humanist, maybe also idealist, yet I know that you are businessman, and when I take already 12 minutes of your time under this situation on the stock market, then this means that I have reasons. My question is not only about you personally but about the human in general. Hardly somebody will agree to be kinder to the others, because in this way he could easier be deceived, but everybody wants that *the others* were kinder to him. Well, I know one method to make money out of this, and quite big money even for you! As much for the while, try to find time to come to me on this address in the course of one week, in any time of the day. There is no need of notification, for I almost don't leave the house. Recall that I have never cheated you, so that this is in your own interest.

This was all, he left me his business card and went through the door. Now look at him, thought I, knows about the stock exchange and it looks as if he does not lie. Probably offers me a partnership. Well, I could risk about 50 thousand, because he always looked to me capable boy. Yet I have nearly missed the term, because the matters rolled so, that I had no time not only to eat like people, but also to sleep properly, and about my wife I forgot entirely. For three days I have not returned home earlier than midnight and good, that in the end remembered, and went to him on the fourth day. I recall that it was about 10 in the evening, yet he as if awaited me, despite the late hour.

— Come in, my friend. I will at once make coffee, as garnish for the brandy, because it will be necessary to reflect for a pair of hours.

We clinked glasses, drank by two doses from the enlivening beverage plus coffee, and he led me to the other room. There was some big cupboard, a lampshade next to it, and two chairs — one at the window, and the other under the lampshade. He installed himself in one of the chairs, by the window, and I in the other, with my back to the cupboard.

— It is a bit stuffy, I will ventilate — said Pete, switched on some fan at my back, and opened the window. So I thought then, that this was a fan, because I heard humming, but it blew, in fact, from the window, not from the cupboard.

— Well, how are your affairs on the stock market, my friend? — asked he. — How many small fishes did you swallow today, or have already forgotten?

You can believe me if you want, but if somebody has told me, that such innocent question can upset me up to such extent, I would have laughed at his face, yet then my eyes filled with tears. Like in a movie I saw myself as enormous shark and heard how crunched the bones of the fishes that I swallowed, and as if I ware sated, yet

I chewed new and new ones, even quite young fishes, and around myself was such suffering, such suffering — I can't describe it! Then I emerged at once to the surface and felt that now I am some big monster, like in the horror films, and trampled all around me, and there were again screams, horrifying things, and a sea of blood. I was so disgusted with myself, because understood that I alone was the cause for these sufferings, knew that it was so each one day, and wanted to make something nice in order to help the people around. Then directly the picture changed: all were happy and pleased, when only I looked at them, because now I was the good sorcerer and helped to everybody. After this the images faded, I still gave by something to whom I can, but less and less, and understood that so it was right, and nobody was angry at me any more, and I was again the old Stephen Collins, and against me sat Pete smiling and explained me that he has not intended to offend me. I guessed that he has managed somehow to grasp what I have thought, and wondered how I was able to reason, not like a school boy, but like a first-grader? As if I will change our world, more so because I am not at all discontented and even like it, and the more money I had the more I liked it. Well, I was a bit abashed, but it turned out that these days I have overstrained myself and needed to have some rest, thought I, but Pete gave me the glass, led me to the other room and began to explain me something. I became angry in the beginning, that he conducts such experiments with me, but gradually convinced myself that he was right, for otherwise, of course, I would not have believed him.

— You see, Steve, — continued he — it was necessary to impact on you a little, but there is nothing frightening, because I have experimented many times with me. It is true that I did not expect that you will become so excited, but it is even better so. This is my Backward Stimulator and it is why I have invited you here. Naturally, this cupboard is only a prototype, big and uneconomical and with radius of action only 60 cm, so that it was necessary for you to sit directly under the emitter, yet the facts are obvious. It works, in what you have convinced yourself.

— If you call this work — throw I, but I have already mastered myself.

— Excuse me, but you have not yet grasped everything what have felt, so that let me explain you some things. Not the principle of action, for this is quite complicated matter, but for you is important the effect. I have named it "Backward Operating Sensual Stimulator", abbreviated to BOSS. I will not indulge in deep philosophical reflections, although the hour is late, everything is quiet, and it is time to conduct serious talks about the purpose of life before the dying fire of cracking in the fireplace logs, or lain for millions of years in the depths of Mother Earth carbonized representatives of prehistoric

flora. — such was he, Pete, when was in a good humor often fell in some lyrical ecstasy. — No matter that I have not a fireplace in my flat, but it is present invisibly in our conversation and warms our souls, together with the tipped up glasses of brandy. Well, anyway, you know good that life is full of contradictions and human nature, too. This is as old as the world, yet it is true. For example, each one of us wants to help in some way to the other people, but if he can be sure that with this he will not inflict some harm to himself, right? So my stimulator dampens, in some way, the survival instinct and one feels quite palpable discomfort from the sufferings, which he causes to the others with his actions, but this is not everything. It works reversely, i.e. you alone feel what you want to do to the others, and this amplified and picturesque, so that you want to help to everybody, neglecting even the so called "common sense". Of course, everything depends on the power of emission — in fact, you have felt this good. Because of this I called it backward sensual stimulator, though it could have been named also "Amplifier of the Conscience", yet I think that the latter name would have hardly pleased the customers, while in this "boss" there is something from the very God, don't you think so?

— You see, Pete, I am tired and don't understand why you need all this. — confessed I to him. — My experiences were not the most pleasant, and I know quite well that nobody will want to have something from which he will suffer, unless he does not apply it to somebody else, yet in that case exist far more reliable means.

— Yes and no, Steve. I don't state that this is heavenly pleasure or a panacea for all sufferings. More than this, it is contraindicated for some professions. You just imagine a physician, who only casting a glance at the syringe begins to cry and to make himself injections! In this way he will help with nothing to the patient, and will also inflict harm to himself. Generally, my stimulator is useful for psychic relaxation under non-working conditions, or for creating of background emotions. For example, the quite common wife will become under its influence beyond any recognition. She will be the ideal wife, my dear, because will not only love her husband, but will *feel* her love. This is what backward emotional relation means! But when one must take quick decisions the stimulator will only delay the actions and they may even turn to be wrong. Yet my BOSS has almost no post-operative effects. Soon after its switching out one begins to judge again as before. Naturally, the recollections and experiences remain, but nothing else. Maybe only after longer, systematic, and very powerful exposure to it can be got some stable psychic modification, but this is not unwanted for the society as a whole. Well, I think that in broad outlines I have explained it to you.

Really, I have begun to understand little by little. There will be buyers, I was already sure about this. There are in USA more than

100 million families; let only each tenth of them (and with good advertising they might become more) buy such appliance — this gives 10 million pieces. If we gain only by hundred dollars from a piece this makes a whole milliard. Even if it is five times less, the game is again worth trying, thought I. Long ago I saw how strongly I have underestimated then my calculations, yet everything looked directly fantastic.

— Pete, I think that I already comprehend this and that — voiced I. — Maybe you have also a detailed plan. How you see this "mass stimulation"?

— Surely I have a plan. This cupboard in that room is a prototype and costs me approximately 60 thousand plus seven years of hard work. Not a little, but these are development expenses. After all, I have bought a heap of things that later turned to be unnecessary, and I had also to live somehow and used quite different literature. I think that in this form a second copy will come to circa 10 thousand.

— Isn't this quite a lot, Pete? Who will give as much?

— Wait a little, Steve, you will understand now. At the moment the things are in such state that for about one to one and a half years, I think, I will be able to expand its scope significantly. You see, it is pretty early to speak about decreasing of its size and about mass production. This will happen, probably, after 4-5 years. Initially I will do exactly the opposite thing — will build Big BOSS, what will be easier and will be possible to develop small series of 20-30 up to hundred apparatuses yearly. For the first pair of years this will suffice. It is necessary to reach scope of action of about 50 meters in radius. I think that such stimulators will cost me not more than 50 thousands per piece. Then will enter into effect the program "Cathedral". Steve, I an atheist, but I don't see why not to help the Church, if it will also help me (to gather the initial capital, I mean). I am sure that they will give me about half a million, at least for the first Big BOSS. This will not be too expensive for the Church, because it has means. And then this, *really*, will make the people better, at least for some short time, while they are in the temple. For such real proof of its power not a single religion has ever dreamed, and this also without sermons — your conscience will alone preach to you! Naturally, in order that this happens I will need premises for the business, salaries for a ten of workers for the first two years, materials for at least 10 big stimulators, and maybe also other expenses. Here I come to your help. I have less than thousand of dollars, i.e. zero. I need approximately one million, hence from you, if you don't mind.

Well, in fact, I wonder even now, has not the stimulator shown some effect on me that evening, for I agreed after all. In fact after two days, but the decision I have taken already then. Surely I objected, was indignant about the sum, and so on, but Pete has considered everything.

— Steve, I don't insist. I think you understand that I have at least about dozen variants, — continued he — but I prefer you before some unknown banker, church, or general. In any case think for three days. It is not excluded that also half of million will be enough, but initially somewhere about 200 - 300 thousands, and the left — within one year. We divide by half, regardless of the fact that my initial capital is only the first variant and I myself.

I have nearly left him when he added:

— And something more, Steve. Some special protection from my stimulator is not necessary — it just has definite range of impact and the produced by it field practically does not penetrate through walls. Still, I have one stipulation: never and under no circumstances I will develop direct stimulator, or reversed of the reversed, or how you call it, that will dampen the conscience, or enhance the survival instinct and aggressiveness outside the allowed limits. This is now everything and, of course, absolute secrecy! I will wait your decision.

So ended this memorable for me autumn day.

After a week we founded officially our enterprise. We hired one small estate and several technicians and Pete began his work over his Big BOSS. On this stage we saw each other approximately once in a week — more often was not necessary, — so that I continued my games on the stock market with varying success. I remember that was highly impressed by the way how Pete conducted the rough experiments for working of the apparatus with cats. Yes, with cats and mice. You can't imagine what affection and tenderness felt these not big predators to their, otherwise natural, prey, when they fall in the sphere of activity of the device, and this under condition that they were kept a day or two hungry, what was directly unnatural. But interesting for me was that the stimulator has effect also on other mammals. I recall that once asked my friend about the principle of work and he explained me something about some waves and fields, yet I understood not much of all this.

There existed some narrow range of frequency, which had to be maintained, otherwise the device simply did not work, if one does not count the slight headache, and because of this the most precise operation later, when the mass production began, was the adjustment. Yet I grasped that with varying of the frequency in broad limits was not possible to obtain the opposite effect, of which Peter was so afraid. The created field entered in resonance with some "lambda" waves of the white matter of the brain and in this way was affected human consciousness, where the device dampened the survival instinct, amplifying multiple times its opposite. In order to make direct stimulator of the survival instinct was necessary to go down to a lower "animalistic" level in the subconsciousness and find some other waves, what was something principally new. Then he estimated the time for such discovery at about 20-25 years, but

there already passed about ten, and also many institutes work now in this area, so that maybe there are some results, naturally kept in secret. Under influence of such field one would live absolutely for himself, ignoring the others. This would have destroyed any society and, naturally, nobody would want to have such source of anarchy, but if this will be applied to other state the effect will be terrifying. Exactly because of this Pete was afraid that some general could like a similar idea, although for its effective application an enormous power will be necessary. The prognoses of my friend, however, have always turned correct, and maybe this is the reason why he now hides somewhere, but where exactly even I don't know.

About eight months Pete worked really tirelessly, yet succeeded to create big stimulator with radius of activity from 30 to 60 meters, according to the wish. The negotiations with the first church were finished only in two weeks, where at this time we already had official patent for the appliance. Then we expanded our enterprise to 24 workers. If one does not count the patent, in which were not exactly described the specific details, all was kept in total secrecy. The church, naturally, kept silence, because, as my friend said, it for this reason existed for such long time, because it knew how to collect, keep, and use a given information. What happened in the first several weeks, when nearly simultaneously, after minor repair, began to work several big catholic cathedrals, you all know. If there was church market then the shares of this religion would have jumped at least twice, but this was only temporary peak, because Pete have not thought to help only the Catholics. We made contracts with the Protestants, and the Adventists, the Eastern Orthodox Church, the Muslims, with three Buddhist sects, and also with many others. After approximately an year the boom passed, but till this time I have long ago returned back my million and the company brought us in sum about 37 million dollars. We sold the stimulators for 600 to 800 thousands and even for one million and two hundred thousands, depending on the power.

About this time we signed some contracts also with large corporations for equipping of whole factory workshops with such devices. There was used predominantly the peripheral and weakest field, in result of what instead of one big emitter we placed sometimes up to twenty smaller, but dispersed evenly in the premises. This gave about ten percent increase of labour productivity of the workers, because was strengthened their sense of responsibility before the management of the concern, but in this respect was necessary to work pretty carefully, in order not to increase the number of accidents due to excessive fervour, so that we soon closed this activity. More than this, probably, was not possible to get, because by a bit stronger impact people became up to such extent emotionally loaded that simply could not more work. Yet the companies were satisfied,

because on many places where such devices were installed became possible to avoid a series of emerging strikes.

During this second year of our collaboration Pete succeeded to finish in broad outlines the work on miniaturization of the devices, and after some more months, in the third year, we have ready mass stimulator, which was patented in different variants. Then we expanded significantly our enterprise and the workers grow up to 300 persons, no matter that various elements we got ready from other companies. We had also about 20 engineers, 5-6 physicians, and a decent number of guards. Around us already swept all kind of rumours, have begun to appear competitors, but we had the patent and worked at full speed. Our company became widely known and with mere copying of the details another producer could not succeed to compete with us, where for making of something more different, yet with similar effect, were necessary years, for the reason that the major theoretical part was not published.

Soon we have warehoused about 100 thousand exemplars of the first mass family stimulator — you all have seen it: not a big box with good design and weighing about three kilograms, where the emitter was in form of ordinary night lampion, and the scope of action was from two to four meters, i.e. quite enough for a bedroom. At the fourth year we released them on the market at a price of 1.950 dollars, while they costed us only 350. In this year our production increased several more times, reached its maximum in the fifth year, and continued so somewhere to the middle of the seventh, when we produced already 4-5 types family stimulators. You know that thanks to them for two years was noted nearly two-fold reduction of divorces. I still keep the award of American Women's Committee, with which we with Pete were in entirely ceremonial way declared its honorable members.

At this time the competitors have begun strongly to push us and as far as the assets of the company have exceeded the milliard, with nearly half a milliard profit only for the fifth year, then we at last agreed and sold patents to some companies at total value of more than three milliard dollars. At this time we still made by a hundred pieces Big BOSSes in an year, chiefly for the churches abroad. Once, somewhere in the middle of the sixth year, we went with Pete out of town. Then he worked only by 5-6 hours daily, while I already from the second year devoted myself entirely to the company, doing alone all business operations, naturally, under instructions of my friend. And so, after we left the car, we went for some walk and after half an hour he said:

— I think this is enough. Steve, you feel that our company grew rich, as it should have happened, yet you know that there is nothing everlasting, especially in the sphere of business. We must ensure for us strong rear for our capital and, of course, not only in American

banks. Do not neglect any country. After two years we will cease our activity. Continue with the contracts for selling of patents, because they are at the moment most profitable (we have succeeded to sell till that time only some not very important parts). Search channels for ensuring of foreign citizenship in some neutral country, passports, visas. I think that now nobody listens to us: maybe I will be forced to make myself plastic surgery. It is possible that I will change also my name, or will use other names. And the most important — don't hurry! If necessary double and triple the variants. In my opinion a pair of millions will suffice for this purpose, because everything will be illegal. Do not forget that on us are spying not only competitive enterprises but foreign countries, too, as well also security bodies.

— But, Pete, are you not exaggerating a little? After all we have at least 10 times more buyers in America. And abroad? I think that this is a bit prematurely.

— You are maybe right, but this is for the moment. Where I speak about a period of two-three years ahead. And also, if you repent the million, then take it from my part. I don't insist to use these variants if there will be no need, yet I am feeling that I will be forced to hide after some time. There can arise new perspectives in scientific regard, maybe the developments will turn to be dangerous for the people — nothing is known, so that I will need a place where I will be able to work undisturbed and unrestricted by anybody. In the end, my dear, why I need the money if not to use it like I personally want?

— Well, my friend, If you think so, I will do everything what you want. — answered I and we headed back to the car.

There passed not even two months after this conversation when were found the first listening devices. The next events are more or less known to the general public. We maintained strong rate of production until this was necessary, and during this time sold also sufficient number of patents, yet this was not bad because it brought us net profit and not at all small. Pete never agreed to build giant corporations. According to him information will always leak and our advantage was not so much in the scale of work, although our enterprise was pretty big, as in the operating speed.

Ah, I have almost forgotten that we made also several thousands of "Conscience" apparatuses ordered by the police. This was very easy for Pete: it was necessary only enhanced power on relatively small area. They are used by various recidivists. It is said that by prolonged non-stop exposure to these stimulators the criminal person could for a pair of weeks go even crazy in result of struggle with his own conscience, yet so far was not reached. In fact, you know, that they already speak about compulsory and overall prophylactic expose to the apparatus "Conscience" by 15 minutes once in three months, and there are even talks about each month. I doubt that will be possible to adopt such general law, but even now every accused,

already on the stage or inquiry, is left for half an hour "alone with his conscience" in specially equipped for the purpose rooms of each relatively big police department.

Surely one can not remember everything. And if I want to cite in a row only the honorary diplomas and prizes I will have to spend a whole day to rummage in my library to copy them (Pete has made me also head of our archive). Somewhere to the end of the seventh year of functioning of our company he informed me in written form (because we already avoided to speak anywhere about our business activity) that after half to at most one year we have to cease finally our work and close the company. Till this time we had by nearly 10 milliards of dollars for each of us, what was not at all bad for such not big period of time. According to idea of him we chose the Independence Day. Two weeks after this moment Pete went to somewhere and I finished everything else. I terminated the contracts for delivery of parts from foreign producers with one-month advance notice, freed after a month all our workers, having paid them by two month salaries and presenting them with one stimulator of latest model, sold the remaining in stock production with discount of 15%, sold out the equipment and the premises together with the ground on which they were built, distributed the recent income of about two milliard dollars between us both, after which the company "Pete BOSS Corporation" officially ended its existence. During this time I saw my friend two more times in order to give him report about the fulfilled things, as well also to tell him the ciphers of deposits and the banks where I have transferred the money, received from him some additional instructions on the method of communications, such that I could not know his whereabouts but he could find me if decided that this was necessary, and he disappeared from the horizon.

Then nearly simultaneously in scientific journals in various countries appeared his papers. It turned that he has maintained, after all, some contacts with his colleagues-scientists around the world, for was found that in many laboratories were made prototypes of similar stimulators. Our enterprise could have prevailed the market at most for three more months, so that Peter MacGreeves again proved to be right in his prognoses.

Naturally, I am not sure that will recognize him if will meet him, because he has probably changed his appearance and name. The old bank accounts, where his capitals were, are surely long ago closed and I do not know more about this, where is he now and how he lives, than any other common citizen. Sometimes when I am reflecting, and I have now quite much time for this, I am feeling extraordinary excitement at the thought that for the last four years I have possibly met him not once, but was not in position to recognize him, or he has watched me calmly from the side and kept his incognito. Then, maybe, he continues to better his humane stimulator. In any

case don't look for him at big resorts, because he has never liked human crowds, neither lavish luxury, in which he can now bathe from morning till night. And I don't believe that he is standing with his arms crossed, because he simply could not live without heavy mental strain. Like a sportsman is bound even after leaving his sporting career to exercise each day in order not to catch an infarct, so he could not leave his brain without the necessary for it food. And who knows will he not look for me again in some nice day for new business initiative, if some interesting idea comes into his head? I would be always glad if it happens so.

1980

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THE CLOVER

The adults just don't believe me and that's it, however much I have not explained the matter. There also my friends did not believe me in the beginning, but when they lay for some time on the meadow and when looked at it better, then their eyes became big as pancakes. Only that I will begin from the very beginning, so that everything becomes clear, and then who wants let him believe me. And will write this as a story, in order that, when some time passes and people learn the truth, to be able to show them who invents things and who not.

So well, the beginning was August 17th, 1965. It also the whole story is, in fact, only about the beginning, and when will come the outcome I can't tell you, yet nobody else can tell you this, I vouch for this. Only that I will not say to you that as soon as I woke up and immediately felt that there will happen something extraordinary in that day, as they often write in the books, because I will have to lie then to you and the pioneers should not lie (not that when they grew older then this will be allowed, yet some do it not even blinking an eye)*. So that the day was normal — hot and sunny, because was the time of summer holidays, and then every day is good, even if it rains cats and dogs. Well, I got up, washed myself, breakfasted, caught one not big pail, and — let's go to pick raspberries.

□[* The story was written in totalitarian years, so that a number of concepts have grown old, but I see no sense in editing it, because the ideas are still actual. The pioneers, for those who might not know this, were before the members of Komsomol, and are more or less equivalent (despite the heap of bad things that are now said about

them) to the boy-scouts.]

It must have been about 10 o'clock when I went out because it was already pretty hot. Hens were digging in the dirt of the court, birds were chirping, bees were humming, and the sun was scorching from above how it is normal in August. Romeo run a bit after me but soon was fatigued by this and returned to the village, while I continued for the Bear Ravine, as they call it here. In less than an hour (or maybe more) I filled the pail and continued to gulp alone. It was still good that my mother was not with me to scold me why I eat them unwashed and to explain me with whatnot bacilli and germs they are filled. For she's a doctor and knows only this to preach, and instead of to harden me she stuffs in me all kinds of medicine. Yet this isn't so bad because I don't take half of them, and later she writes apologetic notes for me not to go to school, because I am on home treatment. And it is still good that she has allowed me to go to the village, for otherwise there would have been nothing about what to write this story.

So I was speaking about the raspberries. I ate to my full and decided to return, but why have I to lag in this heat at noon, so that when I went to the meadow I left the pail in shade under a small oak tree, walked to the wellspring nearby, drank cold water and returned to the raspberries, in order to rest a little. I lay down in the dappled shade and closed the eyes for a bit — just to digest for a while the fruits in my belly. Well, OK, I don't deny that I fell asleep, yet this means nothing! Exactly for this reason the adults don't believe me — I was sleeping and have dreamed everything. And the meadow, say I to them? So this sometimes happens, and maybe it was such also before but I have not noticed this, and so on. Yet I am not to distract myself because here the most interesting begins.

I am sleeping. And at once feel that somebody looks at me. Nothing surprising — it happens with everybody. I look up and again close the eyelids. I rub myself the eyes, look again, pinch myself, give myself a couple of slaps, as have heard that it is usually done, and again look up — nothing, id est the same thing. There on the meadow is *something!* At about twenty meters distance from me is some kind of big machinery. How it could have flown not awakening me I don't know. It looks exactly like those flying saucers which are shown in animated cartoons: like a grain of lentil, only that with diameter of 7-8 meters. And around it are three persons. We-ell, not people, but those, how they called them — aliens. I again rubbed my eyes, stand up and approached them a little. Well, good, I know what you will say now: was I not afraid of them? Surely I was! Yet I thought a little and approached them. Because they, if wanted to do me something bad, they would have done it while I still slept, and when they haven't, then they wanted that I saw them. The more because

one of them obviously looked at me, no matter that he was in space suite. He looked at me, I felt this, though I did not know where his, or maybe her, eyes were. Looked quite strange: something like a big beetle, for he has six legs, but the top two were free and he stood on the lower four. At the front of the body he had some elevation from where came out the front legs, and on the top was his head, which anyway was not seen because of the space suit, which was shining and nontransparent, so that I don't know whether he had one eye, or they were three, or like by us, neither had he nose and mouth or not. Later my cousin Nasko explained me that these were centaurs, they existed in Greek mythology. Well, this might be so, but maybe I in my sleep have read this mythology, for to know what they have there and what have not? More so because these were probably ponies, being of height roughly 50-60 centimeters, and their legs were so short that they barely crawled on them.

So that the alien stood about 20 meters from me and looked at me. Touched something on his waist with his front legs and looked at me. After this I flew. Well, not exactly, not that I grew wings, and I also was not dreaming this, but I simply turn to be very high — at a kilometer height, or at ten, I don't know — and saw the whole village and several hills around and the nearby village. Then I began to land slowly until I stopped in about two meters from the ground, exactly where the flying saucer was, and saw myself sleeping under the tree. So I understood that they showed me some film about me and how they have found me. Only that this was not exactly like in a film because I saw my "being" and myself, and the sun shone from above. Was this a suggestion or something else — let the adults explain this, when they don't believe me.

Then he greeted me. Only don't ask me how exactly he has done this, for he has done nothing, neither I heard some sound, yet I understood that he said "hello" to me. Surely I was surprised that he can speak in Bulgarian, but even before I opened my mouth to say him something he explained me that has just now learned the language from me. I think that I blushed then a little, because in Bulgarian language I had only "good", but he explained me that they studied not the words but their meaning. Frankly speaking I still don't understand how it is possible to grasp the meaning of a word not knowing how it is written or read, but he said to me that in this way it was much more easier and convenient. Be it as it may, but we understood each other quite well.

After some time I proposed him to lead him to the village, in order to meet with the Chairman of the village council, if he wants. I thought to lead him even to the town, because was very proud that I will translate to them, yet he rejected this. They had tried this several times, said he, but the people still had not understood them, and some even shoot at them or followed them with airplanes

and rockets. Not once they were forced to run away, and good that their engines were significantly faster, so that they were able easily to fly away and hide in some cloud. Here I experienced some discomfort because of the adults and I felt even offended somehow, yet he calmed me that this was a normal reaction by more primitive civilizations. For this reason they used mainly the tactics of individual and unofficial contacts and this chiefly with younger people like me, because the adults have not believed their eyes. Then I asked him, after all, how they will believe to such like me? So he explained me that they now for many years meet individually with people and we will soon become many — these who have seen them — and later, when many years pass and we grow up, then they may meet again with some of us, and in this way a contact will be made.

I reflected a bit about this and then offered him at least some raspberries. He understood me and took very carefully two of them with his left hand (or foreleg, if you like), only that put it in some small pocket around the waist. And his hand had only three fingers, but they as if were not natural, because later he withdrew one of them to the inside and it disappeared, so that he might have had even fifteen fingers, yet did not show them, or also not a single one, and these were only on the space suite — could one know this for sure?

We talked about this and that, and at once he said that it is time for him to leave, because they have seen not much away another boy and intend to fly to him, too. When he already entered in his "saucer" I begged him to leave me some proof that they have been here, in order that somebody could believe me, and he said that they have thought about this, so that if I search carefully around I will surely find something incredible and interesting, only that on the next day. Then he waved to me with a hand and asked me to withdraw a little back. I hid after the tree where recently took a nap, and at once the machine rose straight up, without me to be able to feel this, and even not ruffling at all the grass, and while I blinked in amazement it was already away.

Well, this is everything. I rubbed my eyes again but there was nothing around. I went near to the place where not long ago was the unknown machinery and carefully looked around but found nothing. A meadow like a meadow. OK, so be it, I decided to come here again on the next day, and with some of my friends, in order to see what can be there, but stuck a stick in the middle for to mark the place. Went back, and nearly forgot the raspberry, because my brain was so engaged with thoughts, and decided till the morning to say nothing to nobody.

On the next day I narrated the event to my friends and they began right away to laugh over me. Because of this I led them to the place with the raspberry and showed them the stick in the middle.

They sat there and continued to throw jokes at me how clever I am and king of the pranks, when could invent such a big fable. Frankly speaking I was not angry at them, because knew quite well that I have not dreamed, and the stick remained in the middle. I was not so little already for to be deceived, because two months before I began my twelfth year. I got up and went around the circle, which was lighter and more green than its surroundings, yet I noticed nothing extraordinary. Suddenly Peter cried out joyfully and raised hand above. All looked at him. He was shining happily clutching a stem of clover. Only then all looked closely and more carefully at the meadow and I can still not forgive myself that have not noticed this at once. So this was what the aliens have left — an ordinary clover! There, where has stood their flying saucer, in diameter of 25 of my steps, has made up its way fresh clover, and the other grass as if has become withered.

Though I have held something in secret from you and now I will tell you the whole truth: the clover was not quite ordinary. It was even quite *extraordinary*, because each stem with leaves had exactly four leaves! Do you understand? *Every* single leaf was four-leaved!

1985 ?

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