

Oleg Vitkovski



Magic School of Kotolaz Cat

Book one: Summer Break



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*The book is recommended for independent reading for children from 12 years old or for reading with parents for children from 8 years old

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Magic School of Kotolaz Cat. Book one: Summer Break / Oleg Vitkovski, 2019. – 70 pages.

Magic School of Kotolaz Cat is a unique series of books for children. Each book consists of several kind and informative stories about two cheerful brothers Ivan and Den, and their unusual friend - the magic cat Kotolaz.

Heroes tell us about the structure of the Universe, the laws and principles of nature, promote a healthy lifestyle, and reveal the history of present and past civilizations. In these books the concept of human destiny and its importance is revealed in simple and understandable words for children. The cat-magician Kotolaz answers such difficult but important questions as “what is life and why is it given to us?”, “Why did each of us come to this world?”, “How to develop ourselves?”

The heroes of the stories will find many amusing adventures, funny stories and magical secrets. Even many adults do not know the key to these secrets!

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Dear reader!

The author and his team have put their heart and souls into writing this book to help you figure out who you are and what you are living for. After reading these stories, you will see the world differently. You will see the real world. You will understand how it works, discover the many rules of the universe and learn how to use this knowledge for your speedy development. In these stories, our heroes will uncover many magical secrets, will give smart answers to complicated puzzles, the solutions to which even adults don't know.

Let's change this world for the better **TOGETHER!**

Let's go! Our heroes await!

A decorative header featuring several paw prints of varying sizes scattered across the top left and center. On the right side, there is a detailed illustration of an open book with a pencil resting on it, also surrounded by paw prints.

The First Story

Introduction

Ivan was a little boy in the fourth grade. He was, because he had just finished the third grade and already considered himself to be in the fourth. Ivan thought to himself, “not much left to do, except wait until summer ends and I’ll be a year older.”

Ivan was a sporty and lively kid. His dark, often messy hair went well with his green eyes. His perseverance in achieving any goal and childish attention to small details were intervened in a fascinating way. His honesty sometimes amazed his parents. When guilty, he was not afraid to be punished and often confessed his mischiefs himself.

Ivan made new friends quite easily. One could even say that they sought Ivan out. If he came to an unfamiliar playground, within a few minutes there was a crowd of boys around Ivan, whom he had not previously known. All of them expressed willingness and desire to play with him. Ivan, as is often said, was an instigator and was already showing signs of leadership qualities. He needed new friends, a team, from which he could learn new things.

His brother, little Den was completely different. He was three years younger than Ivan and naturally, a head shorter. This fall he was going to become a first grader. Despite his restlessness, Den did not allow every boy to become his new friend and it was quite hard to gain his trust.

When talking about little Den, mom often mentioned that a comedian was growing up in the household. Indeed, the kid loved to fool around and parody someone, but his parodies were always meaningful: one could always guess who he had in mind.

Den was like a domestic kitten, who, with every opportunity would come up to mom and dad and help put them in a good mood with a single “I love you”. He spoke with such sincerity, which can only be displayed by a child.

Both boys were extremely curious. Dad was always greeted with a barrage of questions from his sons. Moreover, some of the questions were so adult-like that they often surprised Dad.

There was no secrecy between the boys. They got along very mischievously, but also as loving brothers. One could easily slap the

other one, but these were only silly gestures, intended for fun. In fact, none of the brothers had ever tried to hurt the other one.

Mom and Dad decided to send Ivan and Den off to the village, to spend the last month of summer holidays with their grandparents. This was a courageous decision on the parents' part, as this would be the first time the brothers would travel so far away, without their parents.

Grandma and grandpa were not old at all. Grandpa did not have a beard and grandma did not wear a headscarf. They were modern, kind and active middle-aged people who loved their children and grandchildren. They even knew what the Internet was and were able to send emails to their grandchildren and call them through different mobile apps.

In addition to all of this, grandma loved her garden and knitting. The grandchildren had a ton of clothes knitted by her. Grandpa loved to look after his bees, therefore there was always a lot of honey in the house. Grandpa was the kind of person you would call, "a man for all seasons". He could easily make furniture, fix the car and he built a huge greenhouse for grandma in the garden. This was not a flimsy greenhouse that could easily be blown away by the wind. Grandpa prided himself with quality work, which stood the test of time and looking at the greenhouse it was clear that no hurricane would ruin it.

The village Peer Creek was located not far from the village where the boys lived. One could get there by train in just a couple of hours. It was a picturesque place with a river and very beautiful oak trees on the opposite bank.

The boys did not really want to leave their beloved, comfortable home. Many questions were coming to mind, especially the main one – how would they survive for a month without a tablet and the Internet? The boys saw gloomy images of a boring future with a terrible daily routine for the entire summer month:



The boys prepared themselves for the worst, understanding that tomorrow would be no different from today.

So, the first morning in the village had come. Getting out from under the table, Ivan and Den were ready to embark on the important mission of the day: spending time aimlessly by the window after the heavy breakfast prepared by their restless grandmother, who could not imagine how one could survive 15

minutes without eating a single piece of pie? Active games were not even worth mentioning.

Suddenly, something went wrong.

The boys heard a terrible scream coming from the streets:

“Help! Heeeeeeeeeeeelp!”

Ivan and Den exchanged glances, as if wondering if they were hearing the same thing.

“Heeeeeeeeeeeelp!”

It seemed like they were hearing the same, so the boys jumped off the chairs, which did not even have enough time to get warm from being sat on and rushed to the streets. The boys thought that the screams were coming from the direction of the greenhouse, located in the garden. They ran up to the greenhouse but saw that no one was around.

Inside the greenhouse they found a black and white cat stuck in the thickets of cucumbers. He was so stuck, that he looked like a fat, furry caterpillar preparing to become a butterfly. For a second, Ivan even wondered if butterflies could grow a mustache. The sight was very funny. The boys helped the cat out of the cucumber cocoon, made sure that no one else was around and confidently started to walk towards the house. After taking a few steps they heard:

“Thank you!”

They boys stopped abruptly, exchanged a glance and froze. Who had just thanked them? They boys turned around, but there was no one besides the cat. The boys shrugged their shoulders and made a few more steps towards the house.

“Generally, polite people say: “No worries!” or “you are welcome!”,” the boys hear from behind.

The boys turned around one more time. At the same spot remained the same cat and no one else was anywhere to be seen. The cat got up on its hind legs, licked the last cucumber spines off with its tongue, shook off the sand, spread its whiskers with its paws and, bowing in an aristocratic manner, said with a human voice:

“Allow me to introduce myself: Kotolaz.”

The boys replied timidly:

“Ivan.”

“Den.”

They were not able to say anything else. The boys were numb from what was happening, gradually coming to the realization that the summer in the village was not going to be as boring as they thought.

Den, who was mischievous by nature, habitually made funny faces to his brother and mumbled:

“I told you that cats can speak. I saw it on YouTube.”

Ivan was trying to gesture something to the cat. Kotolaz, realizing how strange and unusual the situation was for the children, took matters into his own paws and initiated the conversation:

“I am a local. I know everyone here and everyone knows me. I live over there,” he said nodding towards an old rickety barn by the abandoned house. “In the summer it is good, only the roof leaks during the rain. In the winter, however, it is freezing. But one can manage to live there.”

In reality, the cat never used to complain, he just needed to keep the conversation going and introduce himself to the children.

Kotolaz had spent his whole life in the village. In fact, he was a very wise cat and it was hard for him to find suitable friends. He did not avoid contact with other cats, but they had own interests, which for some odd reason rarely coincided with his. He was quiet and reasonable, a kind of a cat-philosopher, one could say.

Other cats could not understand why Kotolaz would spend his night looking at the stars in the sky, enjoying the wind and the rain, despite the fact that it was cold and wet. They were not able to understand why Kotolaz did not catch any birds, instead listening to their bird songs. For these reasons, Kotolaz was a loner and had no one to share his emotions, feelings or observations with.

He had long tried to make friends with people, but, frankly, the cat was never able to succeed. Kotolaz was quite surprised himself, that someone finally understood his speech. And they were children! How had this not occurred to him before?

The cat, in fact, had already guessed why he was able to start speaking to humans and why of all people these boys understood him, but it's a story for another time.

“How did you manage to get stuck in the greenhouse?” Ivan asked the cat.

“I wanted to eat a cucumber,” replied the cat lowering his furry head, as if trying to justify his actions.

“Shouldn't you be catching and eating mice?” Den asked.

“Nonsense!” Kotolaz replied. “Why do people think that if you are a cat you must eat mice or steal sausages? Why do they think this applies to every cat? There are exceptions! Some cats are very unique and interesting.”

“Who are these cats?” Den asked, frowning his eyebrows with disbelief.

“Conscientious cats! this means wise cats, who think a lot and try not to take any steps which could lead to mistake!” Kotolaz stood on his hind legs again, crossing his front paws on his chest like an aristocrat. “I always think about the possible consequences of my actions.”



“Of course! Conscientious cats, which steal cucumbers from grandma’s greenhouse,” Ivan said ironically, adding: “Now I understand why grandma brought in chewed vegetables from the garden and complained that someone had ruined them.”

“How should I know if those are grandma’s, grandpa’s or your neighbor Mr. Tom’s cucumbers, or someone else’s? It is not written on them, is it now?” the cat said almost meowing the whole thing.

The three of them did not even realize how they started discussing the problem of the chewed cucumbers, forgetting how unusual it was, that the cat and the boys understood each other! The conversation with the cat was very natural, as if they had known each other all their lives. They communicated as if on the same wavelength, each of them understanding this intuitively. It was a strange meeting of old acquaintances.

Kotolaz had lived in the village since the day he was born. The cat was extremely curious. He was interested in literally everything. While other animals admired the view of the river, the little purring cat did not only admire it, but also studied why the river flows, where it ends and what happens at its bottom. A simple river gave rise to dozens of questions, the answers to which he eagerly wanted to find.

Besides the river he was interested in the stars, trees, the moon, the grass and many other things he saw around himself. One can only imagine the millions of questions this cat had in his head. To gain answers to the questions the mustached cat could stay up all night, patiently watching, waiting for clues. In search of the truth he could climb the tallest trees and go into the deepest holes.

“Ivan, I think Kotolaz is right. Indeed, it does not say on the cucumbers who they belong to,” Den said.

“Indeed,” the cat rejoiced, moving closer to the younger brother, having found the support he was looking for.

“I can tell you even more. Even if they are grandma’s cucumbers, I do protect them as my own. I do not eat mice, but I chase them out of the greenhouse regularly. That is why grandma always has a good harvest.”

“Yes, indeed,” Ivan agreed “then Kotolaz also has a right to eat these cucumbers!”

“Let us sign the cucumbers,” Den suggested “then it will be clear whose are whose and no one will be offended.”

“Great idea!” Kotolaz said, jumping up.

“But how will we sign them? A pencil will not work, and the marker will get erased” Ivan debated out loud.

“Nails!” Den cried “we will scratch the signs out with nails! I know where to get some! Follow me!”

The group ran towards the house.

“Look!” Den said, pointing to a bench made of a wide board and two stumps.

“If we tear the board off, we will be able to get the nails and sign the cucumbers! Grandma will be delighted when the traces of cat teeth on her cucumbers are gone!”

“What do you have against my teeth?” the cat frowned “they are white and straight. I do not eat kilograms of sweets as some do.”

“You’d better stop arguing and help me” Ivan said.

The cat and the boys pounced on the bench.

Half an hour later, tired but happy, they were examining the old nails in their hands. Having placed the board back on the stumps they all ran towards the greenhouse. Scratching on the cucumbers turned out to be quite interesting. As a matter of fact, this is exactly what their grandma found them doing.

The cat, being the first one to sense that something is wrong threw the nail away and quickly curled up in a ball, pretending to be a regular sleeping stray cat.

It was hard to explain to grandma that the children, together with the talking cat, were sincerely trying to help her. It was nice that grandma was not as strict as their parents and calmly listened to what she thought was another story invented by the kids. Otherwise the children would have found themselves in trouble. She loved her silly grandchildren and attentively, with a smile on her face, listened to the story of them meeting the talking cat.

It was getting dark. The first day in the village had come to an end. Straight letters (outlined by the student of the fourth grade Ivan) aligned in perfect rows on the cucumbers read “Grandma’s”. Curved doodles of the future first-grader Den read “Grendma’s”. At the very bottom hung the cucumbers with Kotolaz’s signature handwriting, made with his furry face.

The boys dined. In accordance with the previously approved plan, they tackled each other with pillows for a bit and went to bed. The crickets had already begun to chirp outside the window.

“It’s a pity that grandpa is coming home late today,” Ivan told Den “we would have played some kind of joke on him.”

“We will have time,” Den answered, yawning.

The boys fell asleep not knowing what magical adventures awaited them. They couldn’t have imagined that in fact, they did manage to “play a joke” on grandpa. Upon returning home grandpa decided to listen to the evening chirps of the crickets before entering the house and set down on the bench by the house... They guys were deep asleep and, of course, did not hear grandpa moan while grandmother applied ice to a bump, which was the result of a blow to the back of his head from the torn bench.

Somewhere in the old barn Kotolaz, who had taken the old nails with him was sleeping. “Building materials might come in handy to fix the leaking roof.” the cat reasoned philosophically.

Tomorrow a new day will come, and it certainly will not be the same as the previous one.

The top of the page is decorated with several paw prints of varying sizes and orientations, scattered across the top and right sides. On the right side, there is a detailed illustration of an open book with a quill pen resting on it. The book is open to a page with some faint, illegible text. The quill is positioned diagonally across the book. The entire page has a light, textured background that resembles wood grain.

The Second Story

The Cat Mage

On an early sunny morning Ivan and Den ran out to the street and headed towards the old barn to visit their new friend Kotolaz. The road to the barn took ten minutes and, in order not to waste any time, they boys decided to play football with a rusty tin can. All boys have a talent of creating toys or a piece of sports equipment out of any garbage.

Moving across the road and passing the tin can to each other, the boys approached the barn. After another accurate pass made by Den to Ivan, the latter hit the tin can so hard, that it soared high above the barn and landed on the roof, exactly where the cat was sitting, who was literally knocked down and, along with the can, landed into the thicket of brush. Soon came the sound of the moans and the discontent mewling. Shortly the battered Kotolaz appeared.

“Have you gone out of your minds?” the cat asked in a hoarse voice.

“Sorry, it was an accident” Den said, trying to justify what his brother and him had just done.

“Are you ok?” Ivan asked to the cat.

“Yes, it is good that the tin can hit a soft spot. Vital organs were not affected,” quietly replied the mustached cat.

“Well, you cats shouldn’t complain. Don’t you have 9 lives?” Ivan joked, having understood that Kotolaz was not offended.

“Nine, you say,” the cat squinted “but I have already had 724! That’s right!”

Ivan and Den looked at the mustached wool ball with confusion.

“Haven’t I told you that I am a philosopher cat who knows many things and is interested in many things? What do you think I was doing on the roof before two unfortunate football players knocked me down from there?”

“Easy! You were counting crows.” Den replied.

“I’ll have you know that I was thinking up there!” the cat said proudly.

“About crows!” Den was not letting go.

“You are a crow yourself! I was looking at the tree, trying to figure out how it works” Kotolaz explained.

“And what have you found out?” Ivan asked.

“I found many things, which other cats look at but do not see. Humans also. You will soon figure out why you are able to understand me. But I cannot tell you everything at once, because you will refuse to believe me. I am a magical cat. One day, I will tell you my whole story.”

“Hey, magic cat, have you forgotten? You were stealing cucumbers yesterday! Do all magic cats do this?” the children burst out laughing.

“Laugh, laugh, I also don’t mind a bit of humor. I will tell you my story gradually and you will understand a great deal about who you really are. Does that sound good to you? But I really don’t want to impose if you aren’t interested,” the cat said, yawning.

The children were very much interested in the talking cat. Does anyone else in the world have such a friend? Would anyone believe them? Of course, they agreed.

“Go ahead Mr. Cat Mage! We are listening. What did you see in the trees?” Ivan said.

“I see a leaf growing on a branch. I see a branch growing on a bough. I see a bough growing out of the trunk of the tree. I know that there are many roots under the tree, which grow just like the branches, but they grow downwards. I dug the tree up and saw it for myself.”

“You are a visionary Kotolaz! You are a true magician! The only problem is, we see all of this too!” the boys laughed.

Kotolaz did not mind the ridicule. He was ready for it and understood that this was how things were supposed to be. He went on:

“You see, the leaf is green now, but it will be yellow in the fall.”

“Let me guess! By winter it will have fallen, and a new leaf will grow in the spring!” Den burst out laughing.

“Yes, that’s right,” the cat whispered.

“Where is the promised magic? Where is the flying carpet? Where is the magical tablecloth? Where are the seven-league boots?” the boys asked, smiling.

“Well, this is magic,” the cat answered “magic is an ability to see patterns in ordinary things, “likeness” in other words, and apply them to your own affairs. This is the only way you will understand that Ivan is not simply Ivan and Den is not simply Den. This is the only way you will understand that cats aren’t the only ones who have many lives and understand why things are the way they are.”



“I thought that magic was the whisperer grandmother living next door. It is said that she can read cards and predict whether Kotolaz will grow a fifth paw or not,” Ivan joked.

“She is wrong, and someday I will tell you why,” Kotolaz said squinting, like he knew what he was talking about.

“You have confused us completely,” the boys said.

“I will try to make my explanations as simple as possible. Imagine, that you are a leaf.”

“I call a maple leaf and let Ivan be an oak leaf,” Den laughed but immediately got a light kick from his older brother and calmed down.

“So,” the cat continued, looking at Den “if you are a leaf, how do you feel? Are you a leaf or a branch with a leaf on it? You see, a leaf grows out of a branch. Or maybe, you are the trunk with a branch and a leaf on it? Or are you the whole tree? Who are you?”

“Well, you told me to think like a leaf, right? So, I am a leaf!” Den said.

“Of course, a branch! Hmm, or a trunk? Or the tree?” Ivan was trying to guess, inquisitively looking at Kotolaz.

This puzzle made everyone laugh and the boys started to guess the correct answer until they gave up completely.

“Boys, stop arguing,” Kotolaz said and added “you are both right. All of the answers are correct.”

“How so?” the boys were surprised.

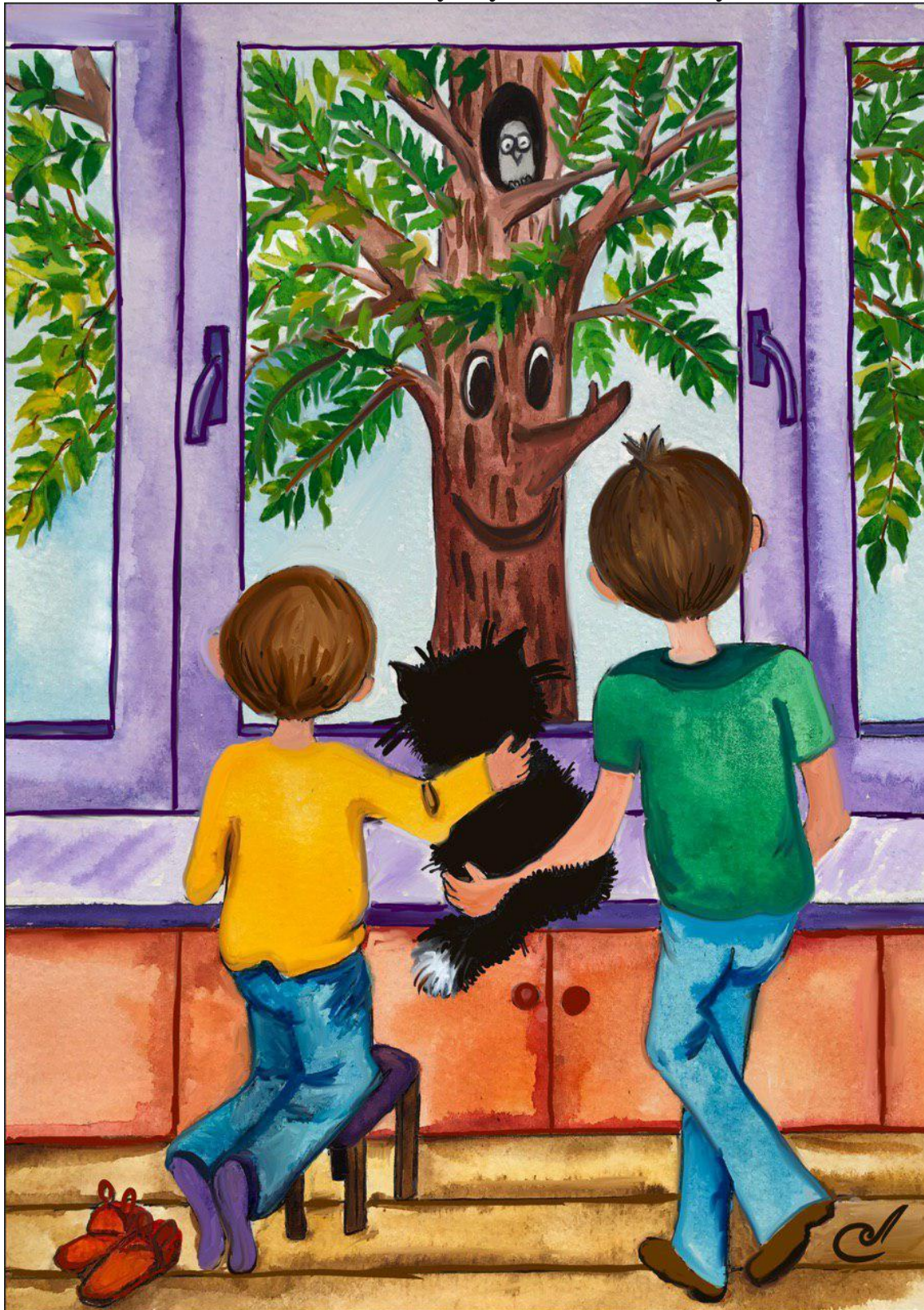
“That is the true magic! It is the ability to understand how everything works instead of reading cards and waiving a magic stick made from grandma’s knitting stick,” the cat smiled.

“So,” the cat continued “imagine that you are a leaf and think like a leaf. In the spring you were a bud and now you have blossomed: you have been born. The tree has been feeding you: it has been passing water and minerals through the trunk, then through the bough, then through a branch. You, the leaf, have been eating, admiring the sun, feeling the breeze, raindrops and the touch of a moth. You have been telling all of this to the branch, the branch has been telling it the trunk and the trunk, to the best of its abilities has been explaining the strange sensations to the whole tree. All of the other leaves have been doing the same thing. So, the tree grew bigger and wiser through the stories of leaves, branches and boughs, which helped transfer everything like electrical wires.”

“And what if the leaf turns out to be greedy or lazy? It eats everything the tree provides for it but does not want to share what it feels with the twigs and the branches?” Ivan asked.

“This is a very good question. To answer it, let’s first imagine that you are a branch or a bough,” Kotolaz offered “for example, you are a branch and with all your powers you try to provide the leaf with everything necessary for life, so it can help the whole tree understand how pleasant it is to be green and feel the sun. And, suddenly, the leaf refuses to do this. It starts to think: “why would I share something with others. I am my own boss. Let the tree send me food while I enjoy my own life and moreover, let me steal products from other leaves and block the sunlight for them.” The

fact of the matter is, no one loves lazy people. The tree stops sending water to this kind of leaf and they dry out immediately.”



The cat noticed a yellow, dry leaf under his feet and, lifting it up, continued:

“The leaf had a choice: to be friendly to everyone or to betray everyone. The tree must do so, because the bad behavior of the leaf

is contagious, like a disease. Other leaves can also repeat after the loafer, which would make the whole branch or the whole trunk suffer. The tree will stop providing water for all the leaves on that branch and the branch will simply become useless. Remember about the electric wires...”

The cat paused, turned and pointed his paw to the side:

“Do you see the abandoned house?”

The boys nodded their heads.

“Why would you pull an electric wire over there, if there is nothing inside? Or if there is someone there but they do not want to pay for electricity, they just want everything to be given to them, but they don’t wish to help others? It is better to wrap those wires up and stretch them to a place where hardworking people live. Let them have light and heat. I hope this is clear.”

“And now imagine that you are the tree,” the cat said.

“I am a maple and Ivan is an oak,” Den blurted out and again received a light slap from his elder brother.

“You are a tree. You want to study the world around you. You let your roots grow different directions into the earth, you study the ground: you want to understand how it feels to be in the ground. You get water and minerals from it. You let branches and boughs grow towards the sky: you want to understand how it feels to be up in the sky, feel the warm sun, light, wind, rain and frost... For this you have invented the leaves. You have made them in a way that they are able to capture all the sensations and pass them on to you. You made the leaves in such a way that they are the “tools” for you and the tree, to develop, learn and grow wiser. Every living thing must develop. For example, Ivan will go to the fourth grade, because he has already finished three. Den is also developing and soon he will go to school. Everyone develops further to be smarter and know more. Do you see the “similarities?”” Kotolaz asked.

The guys nodded thoughtfully.

“So, the tree is constantly changing leaves. Now I will tell you one of the biggest secrets. There are some evil forces which do not want you to feel like a tree, a thick bough or a branch. They want you to think that you are just a leaf which will one day dry. They want you to behave like a lazy leaf. The unkind, cunning forces try to make it so that you don’t know that you are this very tree, just like you are the thick bough and the branch. You have already had many lives, but you don’t remember about them. Everything is arranged in such a way, that you need to remember these past lives. I can tell you more about these evil forces and protect you from them. My friends, remember, you will never dry out like a lazy sick leaf or a sick branch if you are curious and try to remember who you are. This is why we

met, and you managed to understand me. You will learn a lot of things from me.”

The guys sat on a mound not far from the old barn: it had an amazing view of the river and the forest on the other bank. They discussed for a long time, chewing the cucumbers. It was very interesting.

Suddenly, the sky darkened. A thunderstorm was approaching. The cat sighed, glancing at his barn with a leaky roof and informed the boys that it was time to hide from the rain to the best of their abilities.

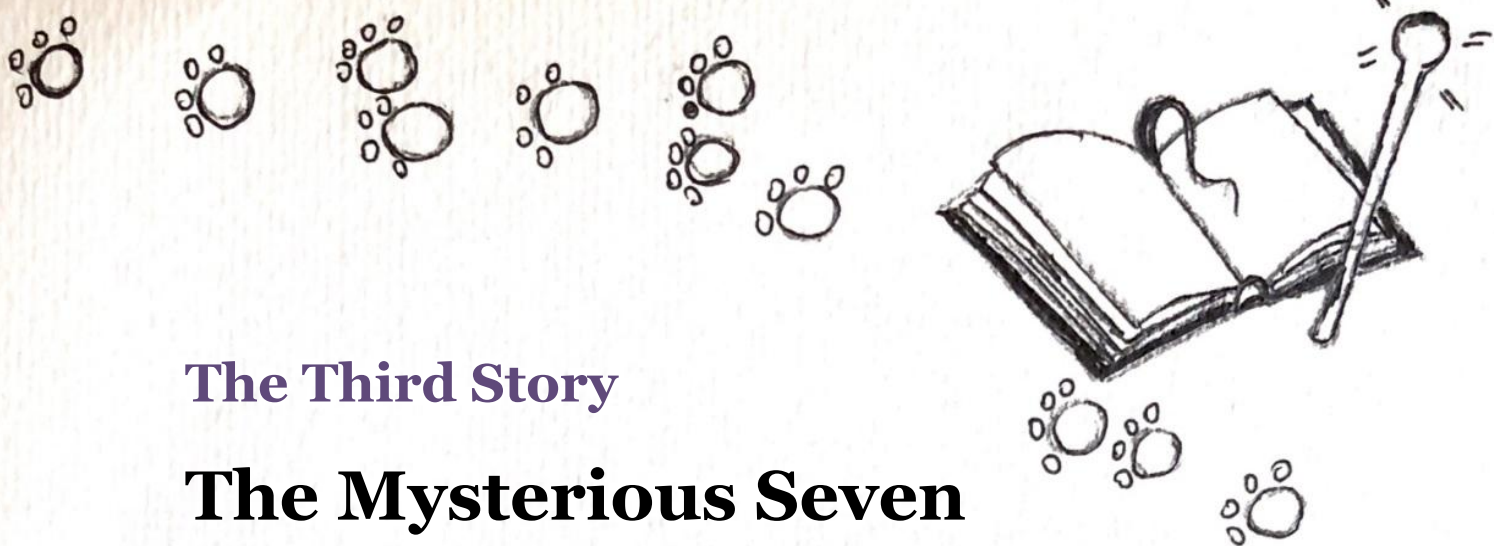
“Kotolaz, you are hardworking. You guard our cucumbers. You are kind. Come live with us in our home!” the boys offered, “today you will spend the night under the bed and tomorrow we will come up with a way to convince grandma and grandpa to let you stay with us.”

That is what they decided on and the cat was very pleased that, at least for one night, he wouldn't have to soak under the heavy rain.

The boys couldn't sleep for a very long time, marveling at the fact that under this ugly fur coat someone wise was hiding, someone who knew the answers to every question. “The cat does not go to school; he does not have a diploma or even an honorary certificate for finishing the first grade. How does he know all of this? There are many scientists and teachers and even they don't know how the world works. How does a country cat know? Why does the cat not share this knowledge he knows? After all, it would help everyone. Oh yes, he does not have a certificate. Who would listen to him? Maybe we could draw a certificate for him, so he can be heard? No. He is, after all just a cat. Who would listen to a cat? If only people had the patience and at least started listening to dear Kotolaz!”

The boys slept soundly, realizing how strong of a protector was sleeping under their bed. Kotolaz, making sure that the boys were asleep got out from under the bed, quietly opened the door and slipped into the yard. The thunderstorm had finished. Stars had appeared in the sky and Kotolaz sat down on the bench fixed by grandpa, he then took up his favorite task, of peacefully watching the stars.

Den and Ivan still did not know that this was the first conversation with the wise cat which would help them understand who they are, what they were born for and what lies ahead for them.



The Third Story

The Mysterious Seven

The first week in the village was coming to an end. Seven days were enough for the boys to understand that the village and the lack of internet is not the worst thing that can happen to a child during the summer holidays. Curiosity pushed the mischievous boys towards new adventures and experiments.

This time the young researchers had found the entrance to the attic. Here it was, the doorway to boys' heaven! There you can find everything you need to create new games and crafts. The boys immediately understood; who, if not the cat would be the best guide of the attic! Kotolaz had been secretly living under the children's bed for several days, had been avoiding grandma and grandpa. All three of them were carrying out a plan on how to get Kotolaz to stay at the house and get the permission from the family elders.

So, armed with flashlights the boys together with the cat set out for an expedition of the attic. The three of them climbed up the stairs and Kotolaz opened the bolted door. It was dark ahead.

"Don't you worry, cats see in the dark," Kotolaz said proudly and bravely went first. The boys followed the cat.

"Hmmm – yes! How many mysterious things," Den whispered.

There were boxes laying around, a sewing machine, an old iron, some clothes, shoes, furniture, tools. Ivan turned the flashlight to the corner and screamed:

"A-a-a-a! There is someone over there!"

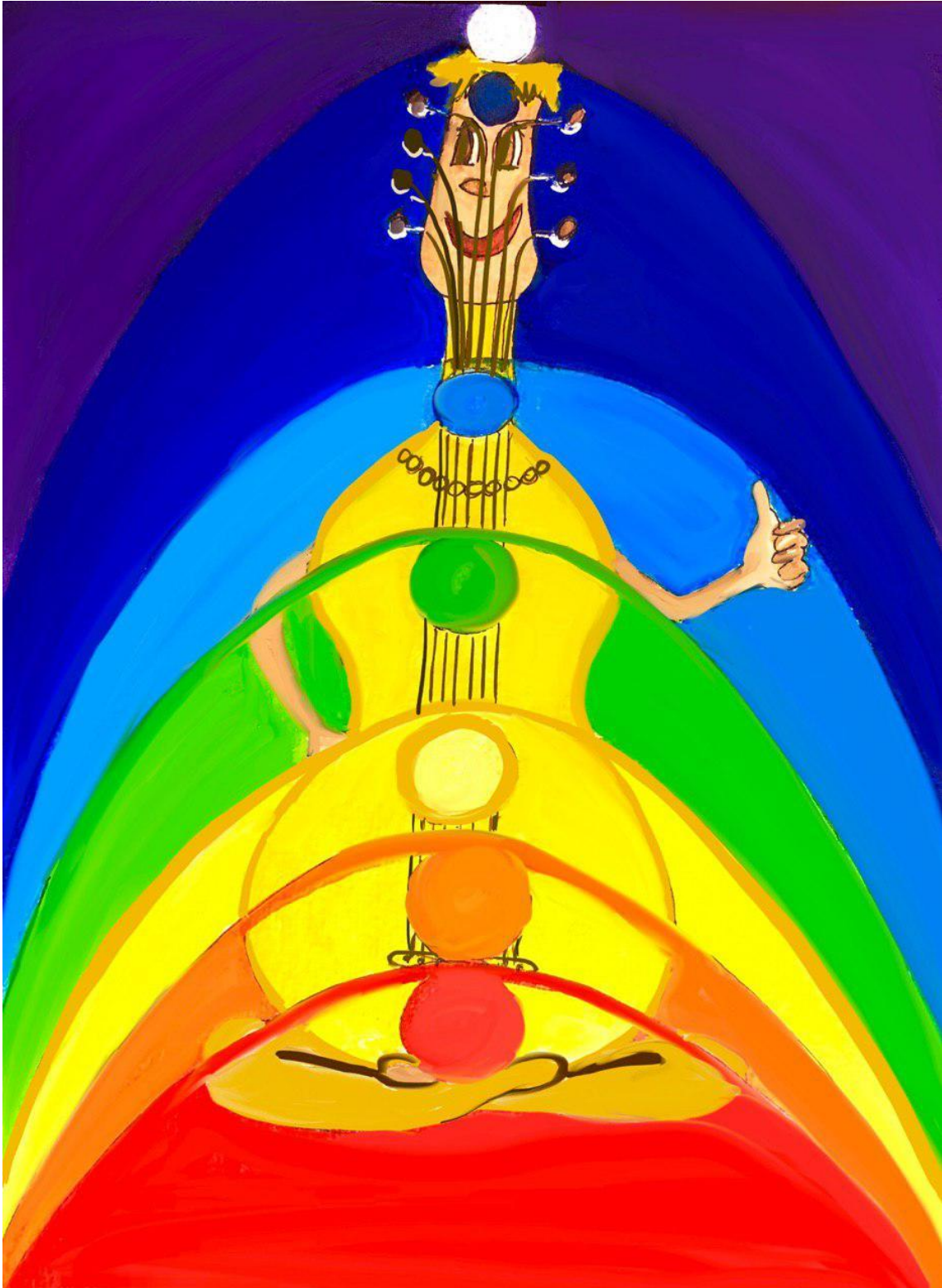
Den threw the old iron into the corner where the strange figure stood. The cat jumped, stumbled and fell to the feet of the unknown monster. The monster fell onto the cat. Frightened, Kotolaz began mewling. Everything went quiet.

The boys directed the flashlight to the most sinister place and saw that there was a scarecrow on the floor, one that is usually put in the gardens to scare away the birds eager to peck the harvest.

"Oh, it is just a scarecrow," Den said.

Suddenly the bewildered face of the cat appeared from the straw.

"No, it is not just a scarecrow. It is a mewling scarecrow," Ivan laughed.



Everyone laughed at how easily a simple straw doll frightened them. Next to the fallen monster the boys discovered an incredible find: a seven-string guitar. Holding the trophy in their hands, the trio decided to go back to the room and study the musical instrument there.

It was an old wooden guitar that someone had once forgotten at the grandparent's house. They did not play the instrument themselves, so they put it in the attic.

Ivan strongly blew on the guitar and all the dust flew onto Kotolaz, who was passing by. The cat had never experienced such a severe attack of repeated sneezing. Having sneezed a bunch, tired Kotolaz lay down to rest in his spot, under the bed.

Den, taking advantage of the moment grabbed the guitar and began strumming through the strings. To put it bluntly, the sound of the old guitar turned out to be ear-crushing and Kotolaz, whose fur had risen from the sound immediately understood that his rest was canceled.

"Den, not only do you not know how to play, but you also really cannot hear that the guitar is out of tune? Stop it!" the cat begged.

"Out of tune? Who would do such a thing? Why is the guitar out of tune?" the little boy wondered.

"Out of tune is what people say when the strings have sagged and cannot produce the smooth frequency of music. Look!" the cat took the guitar and pulled the string. The string hummed much louder and it already resembled some kind of a musical sound.

"How interesting," Ivan said and added "if the guitar is out of tune what can be done to tune it?"

"One needs a specialist here. Or you must learn how to do it. In other words, you can learn to be a specialist and tune the guitar." the cat said.

"But I won't be able to become a specialist in one day, will I?" Ivan wondered.

"Of course, not," Kotolaz answered.

"What about me?" Den asked with hope in his eyes.

"No guys. It's not as easy as you think. It's a lot of hard work. To become a specialist in any field, you must have a lot of knowledge about this subject. You must become an expert, who not only knows how to do it, but can also do it well."

The boys hung their heads and the cat, noticing this, said:

"Why do old guitars get "out of tune"? Want me to tell you more magical secrets?" the cat whispered slyly.

The boys startled, became alert and nodded their heads.

"All right. Did you notice one more magical "similarity" that the guitar is out of tune and so are you? Does the word mood tell you anything? Don't you think that there is something off, but not only when the guitar is upset but when you are upset as well?"

"Are you suggesting that we have strings which are hanging loose?" Den asked, carefully examining Ivan.

“You have almost guessed, Den! They are not strings. They are hidden points inside you which also vibrate, making sounds, so to speak. And if they are tuned and vibrate correctly, beautiful music plays inside of a person, which cannot be heard by ears. This music makes you healthy, fun, cheerful, clever and even rich! Such points are called “chakras”. Some magicians give them a more scientific name “energy centers.”

“I like the word “energy-center,” the future fourth grader Ivan said.

“And I like the word “chakra,” Den said.

“So, if one of the chakras,” the cat said, but having met Ivan’s disapproving glance, corrected himself “well, that is, the energy centers breaks and starts working at a different frequency, emitting the wrong kind of music, we start getting sick and being in a bad mood.”

“Do the chakras have names?” Den asked.

“Of course! There are many chakras. But there are the seven main chakras. The first one is at the level of your soft spot and is called Muladhara. With its music, it makes sure that you have no fears and aren’t afraid of the scarecrows in the dark. The second one (just below the navel) is called Svadhishthana. It gives you your life energy and the power to invent something, to find yourself. The third chakra is Manipura. It is located just below the chest. It helps you to be the leader, to rally friends around you. The fourth one, Anahata, is located in the chest. It helps you to love the world, all the people and not get angry in vain. The fifth one, Vishuddha, is located in your throat and makes your speech beautiful, so you can communicate your ideas and thoughts to other people well. The sixth one, Ajna, is the chakra of the mind and magic, located right in the forehead. The seventh one, Sahasrara, is at the top of the head. This chakra gives us the strength and energy to live and develop.

Kotolaz took a breath and carefully looked at the guys. He made sure that the boys understood everything and continued:

“Remember how we studied the tree. It is Sahasrara which helps us realize how it must feel to be a leaf. Or the “higher self” of the leaf: the branch. Or the “higher self” of the branch, the trunk. Or the “higher self” of the trunk: the whole tree. The seventh chakra helps us to feel like everything around us, merge with nature, with the village, with the city...”

“Why are people sick so often? Are they all out of tune?” Ivan asked.

“Absolutely correct, Ivan. People themselves aren’t out of tune, their chakras are, but not many people understand this. People have never felt fully healthy and do not realize what kind of possibilities

they have. When everyone around has “cracks” in their energy centers and their health, people start to think that it is normal. But this is not normal, it’s abnormal. When people fix themselves, they will be surprised at what they can do. They will only have read about these abilities in books and think it to be magic.” the cat answered.

Kotolaz pondered a moment and then said:

“I have another task for you. Try to understand the “similarities”. Answer three simple questions: how many musical notes are there? How many colors are there in a rainbow? And how many chakras do you have?”

“Seven,” the boys answered in one voice.

“That’s right! So, each chakra has its own peculiarity, its own wave. Sometimes you may read in books that chakras are painted with colors. But this is done simply to distinguish them in the pictures. After all, the artist has no other way of showing that the chakras are different. That is why he paints them with different colors. By the way, which color will you get if you combine all the colors of the rainbow?” the cat asked.

“White,” the schoolboy Ivan said.

“Correct, Ivan. When you mix all of the colors together you will get pure white. The same goes for the energy centers: the chakras. If we tune them correctly and turn all of them on together, we will get a very bright white color inside us. People who manage to do this are called enlightened. These people immediately start to understand how the world works and know the answers to every question.”

“How can we help all the people in the world to tune their chakras?” Den wondered.

“In order to tune other peoples’ chakras, you must first make sure your own chakras are tuned. Only a fine-tuned person can help others with their incorrectly working chakras.” the cat answered.

“Can you tune Den and me?” Ivan asked.

“I promise to help you with this. Some things I can do by myself and I will also introduce you to the real master of chakra adjustments,” Kotolaz answered solemnly.



“Well, since we do not have the energy center tuner with us at the moment, maybe we can tune the guitar? Our neighbor, Mr. Tom plays the guitar very well,” Ivan remembered “should we ask him for help? We will not become specialists today, but I really want to play on a tuned guitar.”

Mr. Tom tuned the guitar and even showed the boys how to play a few cords. He promised to teach the children how to play the guitar,

how to tune it without anyone's help and even to tune it for other children, if they ask.

By the end of the day the trio still had one important, unsolved question: how to introduce Kotolaz to grandma and persuade her to let the cat stay in the house.

Den had a very interesting idea and he asked Kotolaz:

"Hey, mustached friend, can you catch a couple of mice and bring them to us in a glass jar?"

"Are you serious? What do you need mice for?" their purring friend asked, surprised.

The boys whispered to each other and Ivan, with a sly expression on his face, said:

"Just bring them to us, we will explain everything to you later."

Kotolaz, of course, was as magnificent in catching mice as he was at contemplating about the stars. A mere half an hour later the jar with mice stood on the bench outside the house and the trio were discussing their clever plan.

Ivan spoke first:

"Den, hide behind the corner of the house and wait for my signal. As soon as grandma shows up, I will start whistling and you will release the mice from the jar. Then Kotolaz will jump out of nowhere and scatter all the mice. Grandma's heart will melt, and we will ask her to keep the cat.

"Anahata, my dear Muladhara," Den muttered to himself.

"Den!" Ivan shouted "are you listening to me? What are you doing over there?"

"Yes, yes Ivan, I heard you," Den defended himself "it's just that Kotolaz brought exactly seven mice and I have decided to give them names. Do you see the one with the short tail? That is Svadhishthana. Or is it? I think it's Anahata... How am I supposed to remember who is who if they keep running around?"

All three burst out laughing!

Kotolaz noticed grandma approaching from a distance and commanded:

"Everyone! Take position!"

Everything would have gone smoothly had grandpa not appeared behind Den's back.

"What's going on here?" grandpa asked in a surprised, loud voice to Den, who was hiding around the corner of the house with a jar of mice in his hands.



All is lost! The plan has been revealed! Ivan and Den, holding their mice in their hands, came close to grandpa. The surprised grandmother came up to them soon.

“You see,” Ivan began “we met an incredible, kind cat who is homeless and we wanted to help him.”

“It is cold and wet on the roof of the old barn, where he has to live,” Den continued.

“I see,” grandpa burst out laughing “well, go ahead. Introduce your friend to us.”

Den pulled Kotolaz who was resisting from under the bench, and who was pressing his ears from the fright of the unknown.

Grandpa took the cat into his arms.

“Well grandma, should we take a new tenant?” he asked.

“Why wouldn’t we take him in? We have been thinking about it for a long time. There will be more fun in the house and in addition, the cat will chase the mice away and purr under our noses” grandma laughed.

“Boys,” grandpa turned to his grandchildren “you have very kind hearts. Your grandmother and I are very proud of you.”

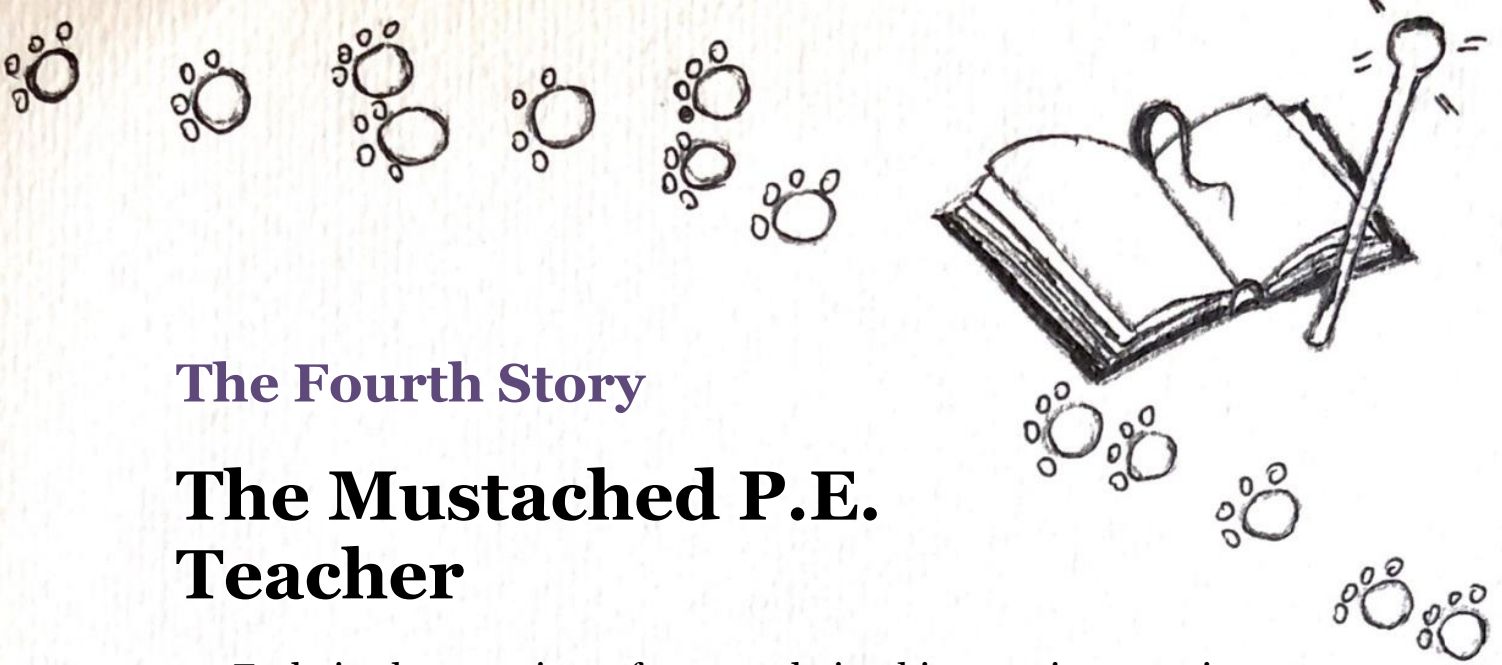
Ivan and Den took the mice closer to the forest and released them.

“They will not reach our cucumbers and tomatoes from here,” Den reasoned like a true house owner.

From that evening on, Kotolaz slept on the stove, on a soft shawl that grandma had once knitted. From the window, near the stove, opened a magnificent view of the starry night sky.

“How good it is, to be alive after all,” Kotolaz thought, laying on the stove, contemplating the stars.

Before bedtime the boys decided that one day, they would become specialists and they would be able to tune the guitar themselves, and anyone else asks for their help.



The Fourth Story

The Mustached P.E. Teacher

Early in the morning, after completing his morning exercises as usual, Kotolaz decided to go for a run. He was in an incredible mood. The cat thought it was a good idea to take the boys with him, to get them used to physical exercises. The mustached ball of fur pulled the boys' blankets off, jumped on Ivan, then jumped on Den and began saying:

"It's morning! Get up, couch potatoes! We have big plans for today!"

"Noooo!" Den moaned with his eyes closed, moving his hands around, trying to find the missing blanket.

"Leave us alone, mustache!" Ivan started to whine "we did not bring you to live with us so that you wouldn't let us live!"

"Get up, you little lazy boys!" the cat wouldn't let go.

And, as you know, if you really want something and you strive to achieve it, it will definitely work out in the end. The most important thing is not to give up and you will reach the result.

Ten minutes later the two very sleepy boys stood near the washstand. The cat had brought them toothbrushes. The boys took the toothbrushes in their hands but were not in a rush to brush their teeth. It felt like they had fallen asleep again, standing on their feet. The time called for desperate measures. The cat picked up the garden hose and unscrewed the cap. The splashes of cold water covered the sleepy boys, who with heart-pounding screams rushed off in different directions.

"The deed is done," the cat grinned.

Having recovered, the boys chased the cat. The kitty's secret plan had worked. The boys were running, and this was their morning exercise.

Usually, Kotolaz liked to jog along the forest path. "Toe-heel, toe-heel," the cat would calculate the landing of each foot and curiously turn his head around watching the morning forest and its inhabitants. The cat was familiar with all the inhabitants of the

forest, who often greeted him along his jogging path, doing their usual morning activities.

Today the forest dwellers were astonished to see Kotolaz running away from two screaming boys, holding a club and a large wrench in their hands. But the cat knew what he was doing, and he had assumed that the boys would soon run out of steam and stop. That is exactly what happened. As a result, Kotolaz switched to walking and the boys, who were out of breath were supporting each other and, leaning on a club were still trying to somehow threaten the cat. Finally, the boys collapsed onto a big stump. They were thirsty.

“Would you like some water? Maybe I can spray some from the hose again,” the cat joked “I knew that you would be out of breath quickly.”

“How did you know?” Ivan asked “We started to run so fast. We were supposed to catch you.”

“The thing is, you have been running incorrectly.”

“What do you mean incorrectly?” the boys were surprised “is there such a thing as running incorrectly?”

“Of course. There are many different ways to run. Come here, let me show you something. How do you step your foot when you run? What do you land on?”

The boys started to run and answer the cat interrupting each other.

“The heal.”

“No, the toes.”

“The whole foot.”

“You see!” the cat said “now try to run on the spot. How does your foot land?”

The boys ran on the spot and noticed that the most comfortable way was to land on the toes first and then on the heel.

“That’s more like it!” Kotolaz said “when you run “toe-heal” you don’t get tired and you can run for a very, very long time. That is how athletes run marathons. A marathon is 42 kilometers and 195 meters! That is called endurance running. There is also another type of running: speed running. It is used when you need to run a short distance quickly. That’s when the foot should land on the heel. This way is more convenient for a person to accelerate. But when you were chasing me, you should have switched between both running styles. When you got tired you should have used the endurance, “toe-heel” style and when catching up with me you should have started from the heal. This way you would have been able to catch me and “beat” me with a stick.”

“Wow,” Ivan said “turns out running is a whole science!”

“Exactly,” Kotolaz said “but it is not difficult, and everything becomes crystal clear when you start running. It is also very important to learn how to breath correctly, adapting to the run. Then your side will not hurt anymore.”

“Exactly!” Den muttered “that’s exactly why I stopped! My side began to hurt.”

“Knowing how to run and breath correctly you can become champions. The most important thing is more training,” the cat concluded “and your P.E. teachers will not be able to believe their eyes.”

“Can we do an endurance training together, now?” Ivan wondered.

“No problem,” the cat jumped up “running is one of my favorite things to do. Let’s go! Remember, first land on your toes and then barely touch the ground with your heel!”



The trio lightly jogged through the forest. Turns out, running was not so hard after all, if you ran correctly. Very soon the boys ended up at the river, where they decided to rest.

They approached the flat, sandy shore. Kotolaz remembered one interesting thing he used to do in his childhood. He suggested to find flat pebbles and throw them parallel to the surface of the water.

Whoever can get their pebble to jump up and touch the water surface the most wins.

The boys trained in throwing the pebbles with their right and left hands and the cat smirked again: the boys, not knowing, were exercising their arms and shoulders.

Nearby lay a huge boulder, to which Den approached and said:

“I would like to be so big and strong to be able to pick this huge stone up!”

The cat became thoughtful, hesitated and suddenly said in a serious tone:

“You have already been that big and strong.”

The boys stopped throwing pebbles and came up to the cat sitting on the boulder.

“What do you mean Den was that big and strong? What about me?” Ivan asked.

“You Ivan, were a giant. It’s just that back then you were not Den and Ivan. You had different names. And you were not ordinary people, you were Atlantis. These are giant people who know how to build huge buildings: the pyramids, for example. They made incredible spaceships and if they wanted to, they could even read each-other’s thoughts. They were the real mages. Mages are people who study themselves, everything around, the planets, the universe and look for “similarities”. Do not confuse them with the old whisperer woman who lives next door,” the cat laughed “that has nothing to do with magic.”

The cat went on:

“But you do not remember those old timers and in order to remember them you need to do physical exercises, eat properly and learn how to tune into yourselves. Do you remember us talking about the chakras?”

“Hmmm... about the energy centers?” Ivan specified.

“No, about the chakras!” Den argued.

“Quiet, calm down guys. Those are the same things. So, when you set up your energy-center chakras to work correctly, do daily physical exercises and jog, eat properly you will remember a lot of magical exercises which will help you understand who you were in past lives.”

“What do you mean by eating properly?” Den asked “is there a wrong way to eat? I eat properly, using a spoon and a fork.”

“That’s not what I am talking about, Den. Haven’t you noticed that I don’t eat any meat, mice or birds? I eat cucumbers and herbs. I feel amazing.”

“A herbivorous cat,” Den laughed.

“Yes, it is true,” Kotolaz smiled “but it helped me remember who I am and who I was in the past reincarnations.”

“Have you gone crazy from running too much, cat? What past reincarnations?” Ivan was serious “we were not told anything about this in school.”

“Unfortunately, Ivan, they will never tell you. You see, there are only a few people who were able to remember themselves. Teachers are ordinary people like everyone. Not everyone has the strength and endurance to reach their goals.”

The boys began slowly walking towards the house.

“Do you want to say that our teachers are stupid?” Den asked.

“By all means, no, dear Den! You have wonderful teachers and they are doing an excellent job: they know how to teach you. But, alas, they are usually not interested in anything but their work. They do not do physical exercises and they don’t know that they have chakras, which are collectively called the “energy system”. They, just like modern scientists, don’t believe in things which are not tangible and this, however, is weird. Do you guys use phones and tablets?” the cat asked the boys.

The boys’ hearts jumped from these words and they began using their fingers, poking the imaginary tablets, as if loading their favorite games. The children sighed and Ivan said.

“Of course, we use them. Well, we used to use them until mom and dad took them away and sent us off to the village.”

“I did not have the time to pass the last level before leaving,” Den sighed again, his lower lip trembling from resentment.

The boys entered the house and made themselves comfortable on the couch. The cat went on:

“So, Ivan if you call Den, how can you hear each-other? How do words run from one telephone to another?”

“That’s easy,” Ivan reported “there are invisible waves transmitting the signal. We were told about this.”

“That’s right,” the cat said “they are invisible, but they exist. There are some waves which our scientist still cannot measure with technology. That’s why scientist say that if we cannot see them, they do not exist. But they do, do you get it? There are many of them and they are all different. Here is another question. What kind of radio do you like to listen to?”

The cat pulled a radio from the stove.

“I love the radio station “children’s songs”,” Den said.

“I love the radio station “Know-it-all FM”,” Ivan reported.

“Alright,” the cat squinted “let us turn it on and listen to the “Children’s songs” channel. It exists after all, doesn’t it?”

The receiver started to play children’s music.

“Of course, it exists,” Den shouted “my favorite songs are there.”

“And if we turn to the “Know-it-all” channel, will the channel “children’s songs” still exist?” the cat asked slyly, switching the stations.

“Why are we switching from my station to Ivan’s?” Den objected.

“Wait, we are just doing it as an experiment,” the elder brother reassured the child and turning to the cat answered “I guess it won’t exist, will it? All I can hear now is my favorite radio station.”

“Let us take another radio from the attic and turn Den’s favorite radio station “children’s songs” on,” Kotolaz offered, “what will we hear then?”

“Both radios will work on different stations,” Ivan nodded his head in the affirmative and reasoned “so both channels always exist, the question is are we tuned into them or not?”

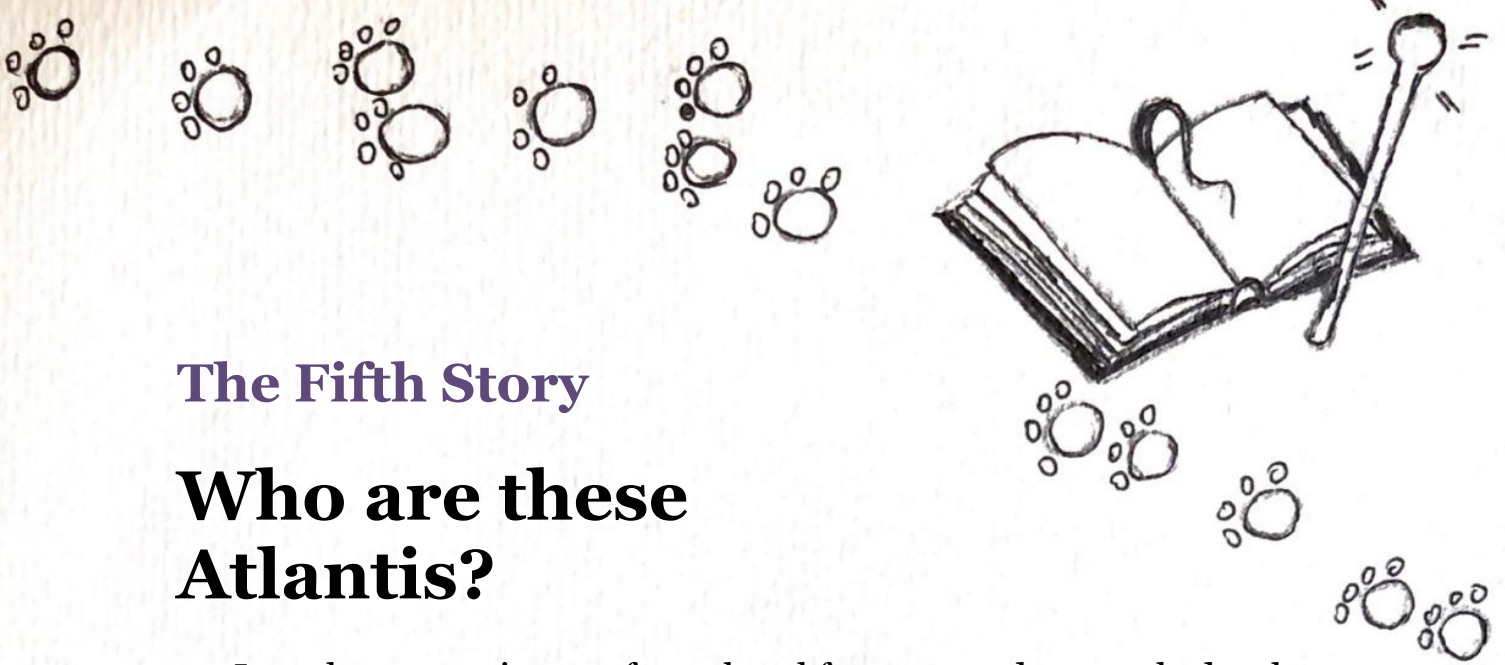
“Exactly, Ivan!” Kotolaz exclaimed “there are so many different channels and energies around us which we cannot measure and discover, because we don’t know how to do it yet. We just don’t have such “radio-receivers”. But when you were Atlantis you knew how to do it.”

“Atlantis... What a strange word. Kotolaz, tell about the Atlantis!” the boys screamed in earnest.

“I promise to tell you many interesting things. Just have patience,” Kotolaz asked and sighed to himself “after all, I am a magical cat and I was the favorite cat of two genius Mages during the Atlantis. I remember everything...”

The boys, however, couldn’t have heard the last words of the wise cat as they were already engaged in a pillow fight!

“Hm-yes... If only these pillow soldiers knew who they were and who they really are,” the cat remembered the boys from Atlantis. There they were powerful Mages. That is why, somewhere in the depth of their consciousness remained the ability to understand him, Kotolaz. Everyone else heard him as an ordinary, mewing cat. “I hope a time will come when the boys understand everything and remember me,” the mustached creature sighed sadly, skillfully dodging a pillow flying by, which the boys’ beloved grandmother had diligently embroidered with patterns...



The Fifth Story

Who are these Atlantis?

In the morning, after breakfast, grandma asked the grandchildren to help collect cucumbers and tomatoes from the greenhouse. The boys took the baskets and headed to the garden. Kotolaz was stretching on the grass, right near the greenhouse and slowly chewing on a straw.

“Kotolaz, let’s go collect the harvest together” the boys called him.

“Well, why not help you” Kotolaz said stretching lazily and followed the boys.

Ivan and Den stepped into the greenhouse and immediately saw several chewed cucumbers.

“What kind of a hunter are you?” Ivan looked at the cat reproachingly “you have mice running around all over the place, but you are sleeping.”

“Exactly,” Den said “you are not chasing these bad mice at all.”

The cat laughed and said:

“I can only partially agree with you. Yes, apparently, I did not notice, and some mice snuck into the greenhouse. But I cannot agree that the mice are bad because they chewed on the cucumbers.” the cat reasoned.

“Well, that’s interesting news. So, you think mice are good? What’s wrong with you, Kotolaz? Are you a cat, or what? How can there be good mice in a cat’s point of view?” Den made fun of the mustached creature.

“Well, are the mice to blame for the fact that they are hungry? Don’t you remember, I also did not know that the greenhouse had an owner. Despite of the fact that you told me about this, I doubt that we will be able to communicate it to the mice. Try it yourselves! They are not magical, and they will have no idea what you are saying. They are nobody’s cucumbers, and anyone can take them. That is how they think. And they cannot think otherwise, because they don’t know how to,” the cat argued “this means they did not steal anything but simply took cucumbers which belonged to no one.”

“Do you mean to say that the mice aren’t bad?” Den became thoughtful.

“Let’s figure this out. If I chase the mice, how do you think they see me?” the cat asked.

“They think you are a bad cat!” Ivan reacted.

“And how do you see me?” squinted the cat slyly.

“You are a good cat in our eyes, of course, you are our friend” Den answered.

“And if Mr. Tom’s dog chases after me and tries to bite me, will it be a good dog or a bad one for me?” Kotolaz asked slyly.

“A bad one,” Ivan answered at once.

“Then why do you and Den often play with this bad dog? Aren’t you my friends?” the mustached cat asked, as if trying to trick the children.

“Because Mr. Tom’s dog is a good dog and it is fun to play with it,” Den explained himself.

The boys glanced at each-other and realized that they were completely lost. The cat burst out laughing.

“Do you know why you are lost, and your answers don’t coincide anymore?” the cat asked.

“We don’t. Please tell us!” the boys pleaded “everything seemed too simple and it turned out to be not simple at all.”

“In fact, everything is very simple. Each of us is used to speaking about and evaluating others in the way that benefits our own selves. Behind all of this lies a quality called “selfishness”. Have you ever heard of the word “selfish”?”

“Yes, mom sometimes calls dad that word,” Ivan grimaced “she calls him that, when she wants him to do things the way she wants them to be done, but he doesn’t. She wants him to change and do things the way she wants them done. He, on the other hand, doesn’t want to change and doesn’t want her to want him to want to change. Oh, it seems like I am lost again...”

“Wants... doesn’t want... wants... doesn’t want,” Den mumbled, trying to understand what his elder brother had just said.

The cat continued:

“In fact, we all need to learn to understand other people. We need to be able to put ourselves in their shoes. Only then can we judge if they are good or bad.”

“Den, why are you staring at the huge cucumber?” Ivan asked “grab it and put it in the basket!”

“I was just thinking that if I were a mouse, I would have bitten this very juicy cucumber. I would have been thinking it belongs to no one and I would go for it, but these silly mice have bitten small cucumbers.” Den said.

Everyone laughed at the fact that Den started to think like a mouse.

“We have some kind of a device inside us, which is called consciousness. If you listen to your consciousness you can always understand if your actions are correct or not.” the cat went on.

“If I were the neighbor’s dog, Jacquez, I would at first think why would I want to chase you?” Ivan tried to reason.

Den focused and said:

“Yesterday, for example, Mr. Tom came to grandpa and asked him to lend some money for cigarettes, but grandpa didn’t. He told Mr. Tom that smoking is bad for his health. Turns out, grandpa was correct not to give him any money. But Mr. Tom, most likely, got offended and thought that our grandpa is bad and greedy. But grandpa just wanted what’s best!”

Everyone fell silent and a bit sad.

“Kotolaz, you promised to tell us about the Atlantis. Were the Atlantis good or bad?”



The cat became thoughtful. This was a very difficult question, but the cat had decided to try and answer it.

“At first everyone lived harmoniously, inventing different devices and energies. Everyone worked to make the world a better place,

everyone understood one another,” the cat said and suddenly fell silent and sad “but then... then the irreparable happened.”

A tear rolled down his cheek. This is the first time the guys saw tears in the eyes of ever cheerful Kotolaz. The boys were confused.

“What happened, dear mustached friend, tell us!” the boys began to beg.

“Invention is the very thing that brought an end to us, when we... I mean you were Atlantis. The Atlantis invented a machine, but they did not suspect that one of the Mages would trick them and would help the machine quickly learn by itself and share the knowledge and power only with him. As a result, the Mage conquered and enslaved almost all the inhabitants and Mages of Atlantis, many of whom died in fighting this machine, trying to stop it. This machine was called “the system”.”

The children caught Kotolaz’s every word holding their breath. He went on emotionally telling the story:

“That war destroyed everything on earth and the Atlantis gradually disappeared. The higher forces, which I will tell you more about in the future defeated the traitor Mage and the super-machine, but the Atlantis themselves were killed in the war. Then the higher forces invented humans. Those who used to live in the bodies of huge Atlantis are simply humans who do not even remember that they were once strong. But it turned out that the machine was not fully broken. When the higher forces left, they hoped that the remaining Mages would finish the system off. Everyone believed that the system was broken to the point that it would no longer be able to survive. But the system hid, was able to fix itself and again began doing its evil deeds, becoming stronger and stronger. The Mages didn’t manage to stop the system.”

“What is happening to the evil super-machine now?” Den asked quietly.

The cat was silent for a while and then replied sadly:

“It still exists. It is here. It is everywhere. It is invisible, but it works. It is the reason why humans cannot remember themselves. It doesn’t allow people to remember who they were in the past. It loves when people don’t understand, what is going on. This is the only way the evil super-machine can live. If every human on earth starts thinking that they need to be healthy, starts doing physical exercises, tune their chakras, start eating only healthy food: fruits and vegetables, understand that they shouldn’t drink alcohol or smoke cigarettes the super-machine will break and humans will remember who they really are. The super-machine is very much afraid of this and always gets in the way of humans thinking about themselves.”

“How can we have a look at this super-machine?” Ivan asked Kotolaz.

“You cannot look at it or touch it. It is as invisible like the telephone connection waves, like a computer program or like Wi-Fi, the internet. Remember we have discussed this?” the cat asked and continued without waiting for a reply “You can only be aware of the super-machine, understand how it works and where the results of its work are visible. You can learn how to be aware of it using “similarities”. You need to understand what it wants and try not to let it achieve its goal. This is exactly how the real magicians of Atlantis, who now live in the bodies of humans confront the super-machine. Only by example can they show other people how to live correctly and honestly in order to break the super-machine, which wants to control everything.”

“Is it harder than studying in the last grade of school?” Ivan asked.

“It is a thousand times harder than studying anywhere at all,” Kotolaz answered “only the smartest, bravest and the strongest of us, who will understand how the evil super-machine work will be able to move forward.”

The cat looked at the guys, his eyes full of hope. He said:

“You can also help the other Mages but you must remember yourselves and set an example to other children.”

“Kotolaz, how can we recognize the Mages, who need our help? Are they huge? Can they shoot lightning or move mountains, like in cartoons?” Den wondered.

“No, the Mages look the same as other humans. They have two hands and two feet, they have jobs and drive cars. At first, all the Mages were also ordinary people, but when they started growing up, they would remember very strange things which seemed like fantasies to other people. The older these children got, the more interested they became in the rules of nature, look for “similarities”. Then the Mages, who already remembered themselves and their past lives realized that a scientist lives inside of every child and they need help to remember themselves as quick as possible.” (After all, scientists were called Mages in Atlantis).

Kotolaz, obviously wise due to his experiences, continued, his eyes gleaming:

“Mages have inquiring minds and as soon as they find these patterns, they start to remember themselves, their past lives very quickly. The Mages start to tune their energy centers, clean them and very soon regain all the knowledge they had in their past lives. They don't usually tell this to people who did not remember yet, because regular aunts and uncles cannot understand Mages. People

don't remember their past lives. The evil invisible super-machine has made sure of it. Mages are considered strange and are often judged, because they allegedly believe in some fairy-tales. Mages try to help all the inhabitants of earth to remember who they were when they were born in the bodies of Atlantis.

"And how can we help the Mages?" Den asked.

"Den, to be honest, it is very simple. When you change the evil, the super-machines become weaker and you are already helping the Mages. This is exactly what they ask of people: to change themselves, to remember. But the evil super-machine is trying to distract people from remembering themselves in every possible way; it comes up with silly TV series and shows on the television, harmful products, alcoholic drinks, which grown-ups love, all sorts of useless activities."

"We are ready to help the Mages, Kotolaz!" Ivan shouted, "tomorrow at 7 a.m. let's all go jogging!"

"I have an idea," Den said slyly, "let's feed the meatballs which grandma makes for us to Jacques!"

"Great idea Den! We will eat apples, pears and plums instead!" Ivan supported his younger brother.

"C-u-c-u-m-b-e-r-s!" Kotolaz shouted and burst out laughing "but let's not share this with grandma yet, she might get offended. She might think you don't like the way she cooks. But this is truly not the case. Some day we will definitely teach grandma, how to eat correctly, but everything has its own time."

"Let us not waste even one minute and start helping the Mages immediately!" Ivan announced "Mr. Tom smokes, which means that the evil super-machine is holding him captive and not letting him go."

"The evil super-machine is eating his energy!" Den whispered, sounding like he knew exactly what he was talking about.

The cat nodded in approval.

"Let's go to Mr. Tom and explain everything to him" Ivan offered,

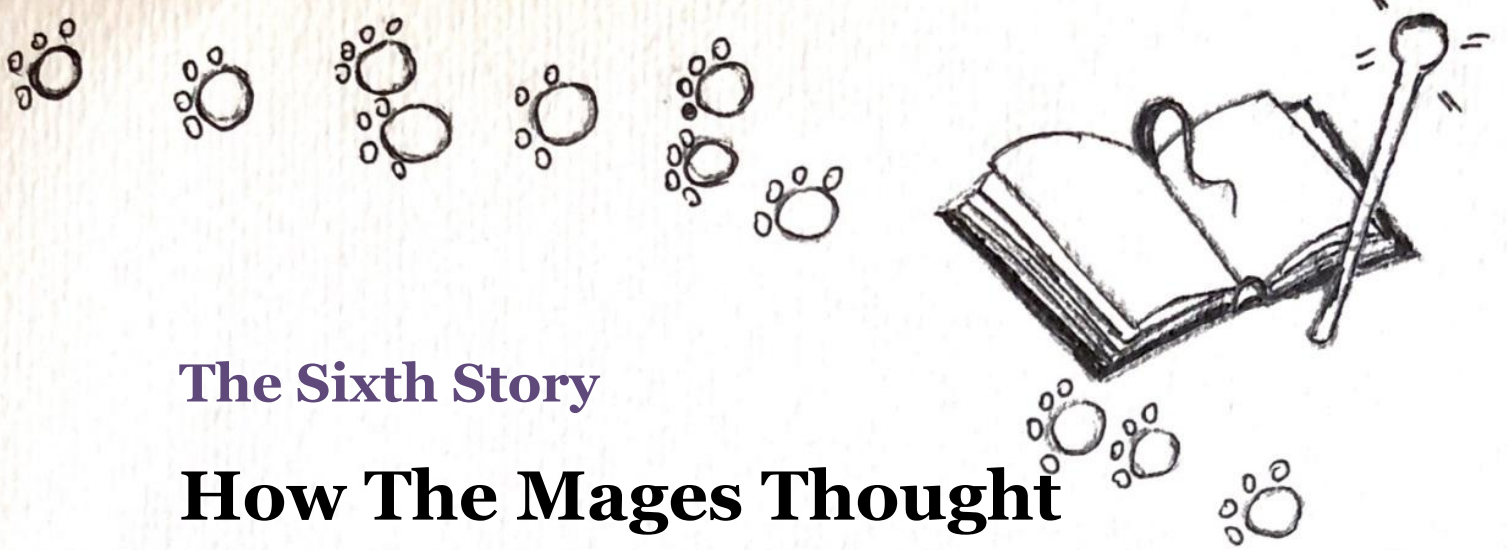
"Mr. Tom will not believe us, if we tell him about the super-machine. He does not see it. And to understand, that the machine exists, you have to be a Mage" Kotolaz announced.

"We will not tell him about the super-machine yet. We will just explain to him that smoking is bad and that's why grandpa didn't lend him any money. If we explain it that way, Mr. Tom will quit smoking for sure. But we understand that if Mr. Tom stops smoking the super-machine will become a tiny bit weaker. This is how we shall act from now on!" Ivan voiced his brilliant plan.

“Let’s go. But I won’t enter Mr. Tom’s yard myself, because bad Jacques is there... I mean good Jacques...” Kotolaz became confused himself and it made everyone laugh.

Mr. Tom listened to the boys, who explained why grandpa did not lend him any money for cigarettes and promised the kids that he would quit smoking. He gave the boys a basket of strawberries to pass onto grandma and a bag of sweet apples for grandpa. Mr. Tom was very surprised, when the boys refused to take chocolate candies. Only Ivan, Den and Kotolaz knew that saying no to the chocolate candies made them one step closer to defeating the evil super-machine.

All three of them headed home, chewing juicy sweet strawberries with a sense of the first victory. The young fighters were gaining strength for future victories in the aid of the Mages of Atlantis.



The Sixth Story

How The Mages Thought

The summer days went by fast, one after another. The boredom the kids had expected upon the arrival to their grandparents had never come. You can never get bored with a new friend like a magical cat. The cat had a goal: to help the children become mages. “Maybe not at once, maybe gradually, but it will happen,” Kotolaz was sure.

The boys were sitting at the dinner table together with the cat and eating grandma’s pancakes. Grandma knew how to make many types of pancakes: round, squared, thick, thin, yellow, white, with berries, with mushrooms; one wouldn’t be able to name all of them. The mustached creature ate one pancake and didn’t eat anything else. He sat and stared out of the window.

“Kotolaz, do you not like grandma’s pancakes?” Ivan asked.

“Where did you get that idea from? I like them very much,” the cat answered, “especially when they are made with berries and there are more berries than pancakes.”

“Why don’t you eat one more pancake then?” Ivan wondered.

“I am just not hungry anymore,” the cat explained.

“But pancakes are so delicious, why not eat more?” Ivan wondered.

“I could eat more, of course, but why would I? To burst? I am full and I feel when I need to stop, even if the food is delicious,” the cat said.

“Come on, everyone knows that if you eat more you will become stronger and have more energy,” Den entered the conversation.

“I assure you, that is a misconception,” the cat said, sounding very smart “how many pancakes have you eaten?”

“Seven!” Ivan said loudly.

“I ate six,” Den said sighing and reaching for another pancake, to catch up with Ivan.

“You have eaten so much that your bellies are about to burst. What do you want to do most of all right now?” the cat wondered.

“Well, nothing right now. Right now, I just want to lay down and do nothing” Ivan said, barely breathing.

“I personally would nap after such a dinner,” Den said, pushing the pancake with his hands into his mouth, where there was absolutely no space left.



“Where is your energy, which was supposed to appear after you had dinner?” the cat asked, looking at Den.

Den stopped chewing and froze. The cat went on:

“I ate one pancake and a plate of berries and now I am ready to play sports! My body wants to run, jump, go crazy. Your bodies want to lay down, because it is difficult for them. You have given them extra work: to digest the food which your bodies didn’t need. Think about what I am about to tell you. When you eat, it is very tasty and feels pleasant. But when you have finished there comes an unpleasant feeling of fullness and it is hard for you, you don’t want to do anything for a very long time. If you do sports, it happens the other way around. Try to find a magical “similarity”, only the other way around. It is hard for you to go jogging in the morning or do exercises, but if you overcome it, your day is full of energy. So, I want to ask you, where does the energy come from for you to enjoy, run around and jump?”

“Can it be that the energy comes from food?” astonished, Den asked with a pancake in his mouth.

“Only a small part of energy comes from food. Most of the energy comes from physical exercises, however strange it may sound. Even more comes from energetic practices, which are called me-di-tations,” the cat pronounced the last word slowly and clearly.

“Me-di-ta-tion,” Den mocked up the cat, still trying to chew his pancake.

“I have seen these strange people who just sit and don’t do anything. We are talking about them, aren’t we, Kotolaz? I would skip school and just stay at home, meditating on my bed all day,” now Ivan mocked the cat up.

“Alright. Let me try to explain to you how grandma’s phone gets energy,” the cat went on.

“What is there to explain? Everything is simple: you plug the charger into the socket and connect the wire to the telephone. Or, here, grandma also has a wireless phone charger,” Ivan raised the device above his head so everyone could see it.

“Exactly! Now think like the Mages of Atlantis and discover the “similarities” again! When we eat, we directly put the food into our mouth, into our organism. Just like that, the phone eats electricity, if we directly charge it using the wires. Does it sound familiar?”

Kotolaz looked at Den, who was swollen from having eaten too many pancakes and went on, smiling:

“Even the telephone can understand, that it does not need more energy than its battery can fit.”

“There is something to that,” Ivan said. Den lazily nodded his head.

“Pay attention now! We put grandma’s phone on the wireless charger. How does it charge now, if the wire is not connected to it?” the cat asked cunningly.

“Well, dad already explained to us that there is a field forming around the telephone which charges its battery,” Ivan answered.

“Exactly!” the cat agreed “the same goes for meditation. A person concentrates on one chakra and enters a field which gives him energy, heals, purifies and protects him. A person tunes into such vibrations of the field, which charges him and provides nourishments to the cells of the organism. There are different types of fields and one just has to learn how to work with them. Then you can charge, like the phone, without the wire. When you learn how to catch these fields, you will feel it very well, as if you were between two large magnets.”

The boys were astonished by the example, which the cat had chosen to explain such an incomprehensible thing as meditation. They already understood what “similarities” are very well. The

children asked the cat to teach them to find such “similarities”, in order to better understand who they are.

The boys went outside and eagerly started looking for objects to compare their “similarities”. The cat showed them an apple.

“A globe! It also has two holes,” Den shouted.

“Not a globe, the planet. And not two holes, but two poles, just like the apple,” Ivan corrected his small brother under Kotolaz’s approving gaze.

The cat pointed his paw towards a snail, which was crawling along the vine.

“The galaxy! It twists just like the snail’s house, I saw it in a game on the tablet,” Den said and showed his tongue to Ivan.

On the bench stood a jar of water, through which the sun shined, giving a multicolored glow.

“The rainbow!” Den shouted joyfully.

“Correct! Well done!” the cat praised the little boy.

Then Den laid his eyes on corn. He grabbed it and shouted:

“The corn is like the whisperer grandma, who lives next door. One-in-one! The same red, untidy hair!”

Everyone laughed. Kotolaz understood that the boys have learned their lesson and will always look for “similarities” and later understand, how to use them.

There were still a few hours until sunset and the cat decided not to lose any time.

“Mages can learn and work without any rest! Are you ready for the next lesson?” the cat asked.

In reality, Kotolaz needn’t have asked as everything seemed so interesting and strange to the children. They understood that no one else would tell them the things the cat told them. They were eager to become Mages as soon as possible.

The cat stretched and said:

“I have prepared another game-test for you. When we were outside, I left a chocolate candy on the table...”

As soon as the cat said the phrase, Ivan ran into the house, to the table. Den remained standing near the can. In a few seconds Ivan ran out of the house with the candy wrapper in his hands.

“You are a liar, Kotolaz ! You ate the candy yourself and left the wrapper. You didn’t even share!” Ivan got offended.

“Wait, there was a candy there! Someone ate it! Who left the house last?” the cat tried to remember and Ivan and Kotolaz simultaneously looked at Den.

“It just lay there, alone, so tasty. I couldn’t hold myself” Den said quietly.

“You call yourself a brother!” Ivan reproached him.

“Ivan, I didn’t mean to! I will never do this again!” Den asked for forgiveness.

“Alright, you are a baby after all, a bit taller than a meter” Ivan said and straightened his back under the approving gaze of the cat.

The cat continued:

“Well, let’s go on, this was a part of the lesson. This way it will be even easier for you to understand how Mages think. I have more candy for this lesson.”

The cat paused and then asked:

“What is strength in your opinion? What kind of people can be called strong?”

“It is a well know thing” Ivan started “weightlifters are strong. Look at what kind of heavy things they lift.”

“What are your weightlifters worth! People who do karate are stronger! A karate master will easily defeat weightlifters” Den argued.

The cat burst out laughing and announced:

“This is true. But there is strength which is bigger than the strength of a karate master and a weightlifter combined.”

“Come on, really? Is it a judo master? I would have never guessed,” Den opened his mouth with surprise.

The cat laughed again and said:

“No, Den. It is the strengths in each person, but no one knows how to use it because no one knows they have it inside of them.”

The cat gave Ivan the chocolate candy and asked:

“What are you going to do with it?”

“I will eat it. Den ate his candy. Is that not fair?” Ivan looked at the cat inquiringly.

“On the one hand, yes. On the other hand, you cannot eat it and develop the power of a Mage,” Kotolaz said mysteriously.

“How is that?” Ivan asked, confused.

Den blinked his eyes, not understanding at all, what was going on.

“You can say no to the tasty candy and obtain the power of a Mage, overcoming yourself. This is one of the main powers of Mages. Only developing this power will enable you to move onto the next level.”

“Just like in the game on my tablet,” Den continued to look for “similarities”.

“So Den ate the candy and I have to refuse it?” Ivan asked indignantly.

“No, you can eat the candy but then you will not become a Mage” the cat answered.

“What if I eat the candy today and start becoming a Mage tomorrow?”

Ivan offered a solution.

“Everything is possible, Ivan, but if you cannot do it now, I am afraid that you will postpone your decision to become a Mage to the day after tomorrow and this will continue endlessly!” Kotolaz explained.

Ivan understood that the cat is right. Ivan imagined the following day and realized that he would do the same thing as the day before.

“Kotolaz, I will be a Mage!” Ivan said and lowered the hand holding the candy.

“Amazing, Ivan, well done! Give the candy to Den and let him eat it” the sly cat said decisively.

Den almost jumped up from happiness. The boy’s hands were already reaching for the candy and were prepared to open the wrapper. He could almost feel the taste of the second candy in his mouth.

“What do you mean give it to Den? He already ate one” Ivan was outraged, his eyes were filled with tears from such injustice.

“Yes, he did. And he can eat another one if he wants? Haven’t you refused eating it already? Don’t you want to be a Mage?” The cat asked Ivan again.

“Yes, I want to. I am not going to eat this candy!” Ivan said decisively and wiped his tears “I will be a Mage!”

Den’s hands quickly dealt with the candy wrapper and the candy was almost at his mouth! Here it was, precious!

Suddenly the cat said:

“What about you, Den? Do you want to be a Mage?”

Den, not having expected such a trick swallowed his saliva. The candy was right at his lips, so tasty! What should he do? Swallow the candy quickly and then reply to Kotolaz? Or reply to Kotolaz and swallow the candy afterwards? Why is it this hard to make up his mind? The boy wished with all his might to be a Mage who ate candy.

Den froze for a second: “Ivan will be a Mage, but I will not?” he thought with great sadness.

“I will be a Mage too,” the boy announced and started to wrap the candy back up.

“Well done, boys! I am proud of your powers! You are much stronger than a weightlifter, karate master and a judo master combined! You have understood what real power is. The real power of a Mage is the power to be conscious. You need to have very strong will power to refuse the things you want most of all in the moment.

This is how a Mage makes a decision and changes himself, changing everyone around him for the better.”

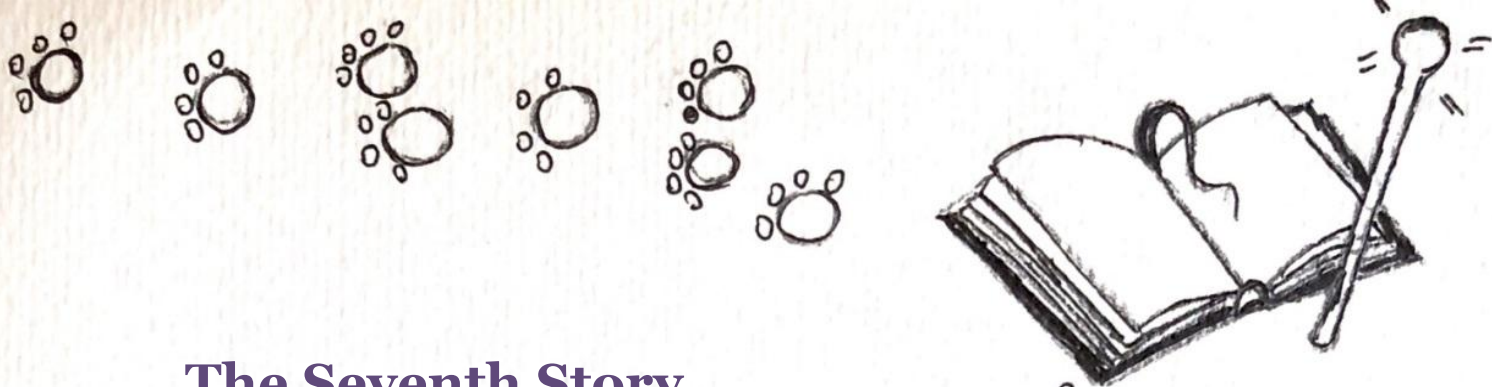
“Kotolaz,” Ivan called to the cat “you know you haven’t made the best example with the candy.”

“Why?” the cat was surprised.

“Because the candy is already harmful. It makes your teeth go bad. What if Den couldn’t have held himself and ate it? It is harmful for him. When we become Mages, we will show this lesson to other children using apples.”

“Would you listen to this?” Den mumbled “it is you, Ivan who might have not been able to hold himself. I knew for sure that I wouldn’t eat the candy!”

Everyone laughed. The cat was very pleased that he had managed to take the next step on the hard path of making the children into Mages. There will be many more interesting lessons ahead.



The Seventh Story

Blocks Aren't Just Construction Cubes

In the morning there was a strong thunderstorm and the sun finally came out in time for dinner. It became warm and light and the boys were able to go outside. The last raindrops were falling from the trees. A short, young Linden tree grew at the corner of the house and Ivan instantly had a plan for mischiefs, that is for playing a trick on Kotolaz.

“Den, call the mustachioed one and let him go to the linden tree,” Ivan asked his younger brother. We will play a trick on him now.

Den ran into the house and grabbed the confused cat, who was basking in a warm and dry place near the stove.

“Ivan wants to show you something over there,” Den told the mustached creature.

“I don't want to go outside. It is still wet out,” the cat said, not pleased, barely stepping his dry fluffy paws on the wet path.

“Kotolaz, come here, look what I found!” Ivan said temptingly “come here, under the tree.”

The naïve cat got under the tree and Ivan shook the tree, running to the side. Thousands of raindrops fell from the tree on Kotolaz. A wet cat is a pitiful sight.

“Do you remember pouring water on us from the garden hose?” the boys laughed.

“Oh, so that's the way it's going to be!” the cat jumped up “I'll show you! Yes, I'm talking to you...”

“Yes, of course. We are shivering from fear! Try to catch us first!” the boys laughed and ran towards the forest.

The cat rushed to catch them but unexpectedly discovered that the boys are running correctly, the way he had taught them, and it is already impossible to catch them. On the one hand, he wanted to catch the boys to make them pay for their tricks but on the other hand he was very proud of his capable students. Having ran enough the boys and the cat made peace.

The rain made huge puddles near the forest, on the country road. What a joy for boys – puddles which come up higher than their

knees and are full of sticks and stones! How many interesting games can be invented! Having gotten dirty in the wet clay the boys got hungry and decided to go home.

In the kitchen Den immediately grabbed a pear, opened his mouth and was ready to bite a piece off. Kotolaz's voice stopped him:

“Den, what about washing your hands?”

“Come on Kotolaz! We were playing in the puddle. It has water in it. My hands are clean, see?” the little boy explained himself.

“You don't understand how many microbes and viruses are on your hands! Many of them are dangerous. Do you want to get sick?” the mustached creature wondered.

“What a bore you are, Kotolaz” Den got offended and followed Ivan to wash his hands.

Sitting down at the table the boys noticed pancakes, a huge vegetable salad, prepared by grandma and a vase full of fruit. The boys remembered that they shouldn't overeat. Kotolaz kept a strict eye on the boys and noticed how well the boys had learned their lessons.

“How delicious! What a great cook grandma is!” the cat said with admiration.

“Listen, Kotolaz, how does it get to be that grandma loves us? Well, she loves you too, of course. But in general, ... How do people love or don't love others?” Ivan asked.

“Well, I will try to explain. Do you remember me telling you about the chakras?” the cat asked.

The boys nodded.

Well, all our feeling and emotions are there – inside the energy system. Every chakra is responsible for its own feelings. Love, for example is programmed in Anahata. Your grandma's Anahata works correctly and that's why she loves us.

“Now I understand why the grandma living next door hates everyone. She doesn't have Anahata, correct?” Den wanted to make sure.

“Not exactly, Den. People cannot be missing one of the chakras. It is there. It just works incorrectly. That is why that grandma doesn't have love towards other people.”

“And she will never be able to love others?” Ivan asked, terrified.

Not at all. She just needs to fix her Anahata. On that chakra there is an invisible ball of energy formed called a “destructive program”. It is also called a “block”. So, this incorrect energy should be removed and then Anahata will work again, it will work properly” the cat explained “come here, I have to show you something.”

Kotolaz took grandma's phone and radio. He turned the radio on, and a beautiful melody started playing. The boys started to listen. At

that moment the cat dialed a random number, and someone started saying “hello” at the other line. The radio began to work with noise and the beautiful music was interrupted with hissing. Kotolaz hung up on the poor uncle saying “hello” on the other line and the beautiful melody continued to play. The cat said:

“Let’s imagine that the radio is Anahata and the telephone is the destructive program. Do you understand how it works now?” the cat asked.

“Yes! We must take out the telephone from that evil grandma’s Anahata and everything will work properly again!” Den screamed out.

Kotolaz rolled his eyes and covered his face with his paws.

“Don’t worry, Kotolaz, we understood everything. It’s just that Den cannot survive a second without joking” Ivan said and added “how can we remove those destructive programs? You cannot remove them by hand if there are invisible energies, can you?”



“You are right, Ivan. That is what master Mages exist for, to teach you how to meditate correctly for these energies to dissolve and the chakras... well, the energy centers to work properly. I will teach you,” the cat announced.

“Cat, where is the first energy center located on our body?” Ivan asked.

“On the Muladhara chakra,” Den strictly corrected his elder brother and added “that’s the one on your butt! Well, that is the chakra on which your father spans you if you took the lighter without permission and burned down all of mom’s magazines at the corner of the house. Ivan got his Muladhara kicked by both mom and dad.”

Den burst out laughing and the cat joined in with his laughter.

“Yes, the body and the energy system are arranged in such a way that Muladhara is on your butt, right where you feel the bone. That bone is called the coccyx bone. It’s where cats grow their tails from” Kotolaz smiled.

The cat proudly raised his tail and continued:

“The instinct of self-preservation is programmed onto this chakra. That is when you know for sure what is dangerous, and what isn’t dangerous. For example, you see a poisonous snake crawling your way and you understand that it would be better to get out of its way, because it’s dangerous. If you have found yourself on the attic, saw a scarecrow and got scared, however, it means that your Muladhara must out of tune.”

“I think I got it. We have a very brave boy in our class who crosses the street at the red light. Does it mean that his Muladhara works very well?”

“Quite the opposite, Ivan” the cat answered “that boy has his Muladhara broken, in the opposite direction, one can say. He cannot correctly understand what is dangerous and what is not. He can get hit by a car. I don’t see any courage in this.”

“What else is programmed on Muladhara?” Den asked.

“Well, for example,” the cat became thoughtful “you have come from the city to the village, but you feel yourselves at home. The same thing would happen if you went to another country” you feel comfortable everywhere.

“We really like to travel, but we haven’t been to many places yet” the boys sighed “mom and dad are always working.”

“We will definitely tell your parents that traveling is necessary, at least sometimes, wherever it works out. You shouldn’t be sitting at home. I will help you to persuade them,” Kotolaz said confidently.

The boys began smiling and Kotolaz went on:

“But there are not only feelings programed on the chakras, but diseases as well. If someone breaks their arms or legs often or has bad teeth it also means that they have to tune their Muladhara,” the cat explained.

“It’s a whole science, some kind of chakra-logy” the boys were surprised “when doctors heal people, do they also heal the charkas?”

“Unfortunately, these things are not taught in universities” the cat saddened “the evil super-machine System has gotten there too. It’s a pity, because there are plenty of good doctors there who would be even better if they agreed to understand how the energy system works. Can you imagine what would happen then? No one would get sick anymore. But the system doesn’t need healthy people, that’s the problem.”

The cat saddened.

“Dear mustached friend, what is on the second energy center?” asked Ivan, who wanted to learn everything fast, to start helping people.

“Svadhishthana! It is a bit below my naval!” Den explained, laughing loudly.

“All your habits are programmed on Svadhishthana. And if you have bad habits, it means that there is a “virus” in the energy system: a destructive program.”

“I understood. It’s like a computer,” Den caught a “similarity” “when a computer is infected by a virus, it stops working properly and we cannot use it as we should.”

“Exactly. Even habits like wanting sweets are there. Many grown-ups have a smoking habit and drinking alcohol programmed there. This is very bad. By the way, did you know that the energy system can “get dirty” just like your hands got dirty when you played with the clay in the puddle?” the cat announced “that’s why it’s better not to be friends with bad boys who torture animals, try smoking and drinking. These kinds of people pass viruses to you in the form of destructive programs.”

“I have always felt that we shouldn’t be friends with those kinds of boys. Isn’t that so, Den?” Ivan asked his little brother. Den wiped the clay off his nose and nodded his head.

“Your honesty is also programmed on your Svadhishthana. If someone is lying, that’s exactly where the problem is. Also, on the second energy center it is programmed what kind of girls you like or will like in the future.”

“What would I need those cry-babies for?” Den blurted out with disgust. Ivan kept quiet, remembering a girl from his class, who he liked.

“Cat let’s start with the third energy center,” Ivan asked.

“Introducing the chakra Manipura!” Den got into the role of a TV show host, “Manipura is located at the solar plexus. It is just below the chest, right in the middle! I saw it in a movie!”

Den brought up not the best example:

“In the movie, The Karate Kid, they would constantly hit each-other on the solar plexus.”

“Boys will be boys!” the cat thought with a smile on his face.

“Amazing,” Kotolaz agreed “on Manipura the ability to be leaders is programmed. When other children listen to you attentively and you are a leader to them, for example. Have you seen how many famous people there are on TV? These are people, whose Manipura works very well. Manipura helps them to be famous. It also helps have enough money in life. There are meditations, which help even with that.”

Den didn't even have the time to open his mouth, as the cat instantly understood what he wanted to say.

“Yes, Den, when the time comes, I will even teach you how to make money correctly. And also a very important quality has been programmed in Manipura: bringing any new business to an end,” the cat announced and smiled.

The cat squinted at Ivan's drawing, laying on the table. Ivan had long promised Kotolaz to draw his portrait, but the only things drawn on the paper were ears, eyes and the mustache.

“Alright, Kotolaz, I understood. I will finish it first thing tomorrow!” Ivan said, looking at the floor.

“Announce the fourth energy center, Den!” the cat smiled.

“We summon Anahata!” Den said in the intonation of a true anchor man, explaining “it is right in the middle of the chest.”

“We have already talked about Anahata and you understand that it is the chakra of love. It is a kind of grandma-chakra” the cat laughed and continued “we love everyone, we help everyone. If Anahata's program works correctly, we don't have any unpleasant feelings, even towards strangers. But if you feel ashamed to tell even your own mother that you love her, it means the destructive program is preventing Anahata from working correctly. If someone's heart hurts, it is a virus on Anahata's program.”

Den and Ivan exchanged glances.

“You know, Kotolaz, for some reason I always thought that boys must be strong and shouldn't show these kinds of girlish weaknesses including love” Ivan said.

“By the way, cat, we love you so much!” Den said and all three of them hugged.

“I love you very much too” Kotolaz said with tears of happiness in his eyes.

Den, as the class leader stood on the chair and announced:

“The fifth energy center is the chakra Vishuddha! It is located in the throat” he added looking at Ivan, who was helping him by gesturing.

“Correct!” the cat noted “on this chakra the way we speak and write is programmed. Our talents are here. Some people paint and

some people write poems. It is written here, what you are born for. When you remove all the distractive programs from Vishuddha you will understand what you can become and what you will succeed in, if you start doing it. It is called your destiny. On Vishuddha all your creative talents are hidden.”

“We have a teacher at school and when he explains something, he always gets confused and nothing is clear. Does he have a destructive program on his Vishuddha?” Ivan asked.

“Looks like it,” the cat said and added “most of the time you have to study the whole energy system to understand the problems. It really is a whole science.”

The cat looked at Den, who, standing on a chair took a pan lid in his left hand and a soup spoon in his right hand and announced in a loud voice:

“The sixth energy center! The chakra Ajna! Located on the forehead!” and hit the soup spoon on the pot lid so hard, that Ivan and the cat covered their ears.

“Ajna is just a part of a mechanism which is often called the “third eye”,” the cat announced “I will tell you about it separately, some other time. For now, I will just say that it is the center of your mind, where the program is written, enabling you to make the right decisions. It is programed in a way so you can easily study at school and remember everything quickly. And if this doesn’t happen, what is getting in the way?”

“A destructive program, a block, in other words” Den said.

The mustached creature nodded his head in approval.

“Have you heard of something called intuition?” the cat asked the boys.

“Of course. Mom always says this when she buys a lottery ticket! She says: “my intuition tells me that I should buy a lottery ticket today!” and she does. She has never won anything.” Ivan spread his hands.

“What does it tell you?” the cat asked the children.

“It is clear,” Den said, lifting his pointing finger up and mumbling “dad should be the one buying the lottery tickets!”

Everyone burst out laughing again.

“No, Den, this means that mom’s intuition is not working properly. There is a destructive program on Adja, which prevents it from working properly. But as we remember, being a well-to-do person and not living in poverty is coded on Manipura. That’s why you shouldn’t forget that the problem can be present on two chakras at the same time.” the cat taught the children “the destructive programs are very clingy; they always strive to stick everywhere and ruin the work of the energy centers.”

The boys listened attentively.

“I will tell you about another, very important energy center, which is connected to Ajna. It, just like Ajna, is a part of the “third eye” mechanism. Find the crown of the head with your fingers. That is the top of your head, where your hair starts to curl. Now go down a bit, towards the back of your head. This is called the second spring or the Wal chakra. This place is the antenna, which receives signals from our creators: the higher forces.”

Kotolaz continued:

“They will help us to solve all our questions. But there is a huge problem: this communication channel is corrupted. It has “rusted”, because people have forgotten how to use it. The evil super-machine System really doesn’t want you to know about this channel. It is afraid, that if you establish contact with those who are always ready to help you and who are much stronger than it is, it will be broken.”

Den ran to the kitchen sink and brought a sponge and the dishwashing liquid.

“Let us clear our telephones as soon as possible! I have many questions for the creators! I cannot pass the last level of the game on my tablet!” he screamed.

“Den, you will never change!” the cat laughed together with Ivan.

“If only everything was that simple” the cat smiled sadly “to clean this channel one must perform special meditations and then an invisible, powerful light energy will remove all the blocks. The communication will be fixed. We must definitely do this together. You will even feel this in your head. When you were in Atlantis, you were able to do this easily. Now you just need to remember everything you have forgotten and clean your telephones for communication with the creators, who cannot seem to get through to us.”



“So, Ivan, yesterday we were not trying to battle each-other like brothers often do, we were simply trying to turn on each-other’s telephones,” Den started laughing again.

“Den, announce the seventh energy center!” the cat said.

“Sahasrara!” Den said loudly “it can be found on the crown of the head!”

“Sahasrara is an energy wire, through which the higher powers send us the energy we need for life. This is where the evil super-machine System has clung with its enemies. They are the ones eating our energy” Kotolaz told the boys.

Den and Ivan clenched their fists and were ready to attack the System, if it only could have been seen. Den really wanted to beat it up well with the soup spoon.

“So, they just steal our energy?” Ivan was terrified.

“Yes, it is so. That’s why we don’t have enough of it. But we will talk about this the next time” the cat promised “and now I will tell you a bit about Sahasrara. When it works like the creators have intended it to, a person feels one with the others. He cannot harm anyone, because he feels that all the people are connected to each-other. Look at the five fingers on your hand. You see, they seem to all be separate, but they grow from the same palm. If you hurt your pointing finger, all your hand, all your body hurts. Do you understand this “similarity”?”

The boys nodded simultaneously.

“Here lays a library containing all the knowledge of the universe. If you clean your whole energy system, all the knowledge of the world will be revealed to you. You will be able to understand and know, how literally everything works ,” Kotolaz went on.

“How to wash yourself clean from these destructive programs? In case of hands everything is clear: you take the soap and go to the sink,” Ivan started thinking out loud, then looked at Den, who was dirty as a piglet and, with disgust added “although it is better to throw some people right into the bathroom with their clothes on and throw detergent on them.”

“Ivan, the truth is, if you look at our energy systems, we are all dirty like Den. All of us need to be dipped in the bathtub. There is a special meditation practice, which cleanses us from all blocks and destructive systems. It is a kind of an invisible shower, but instead of water we are being sprinkled with clean and light energy. It washes all the blocks and destructive programs off and doesn’t let other dirt stick to you. It should be done daily, for at least 15 minutes.”

“Oh, It isn’t enough that we wash our hands, brush our teeth, we also have to do some kind of meditation practices for 15 minutes?” Ivan thought.

“Yes. This is the only way to become a mage. Your body and your energies must both be clean all the time.”

For a long time, the boys continued to ask the cat about different human qualities and which chakras they are located on. They were

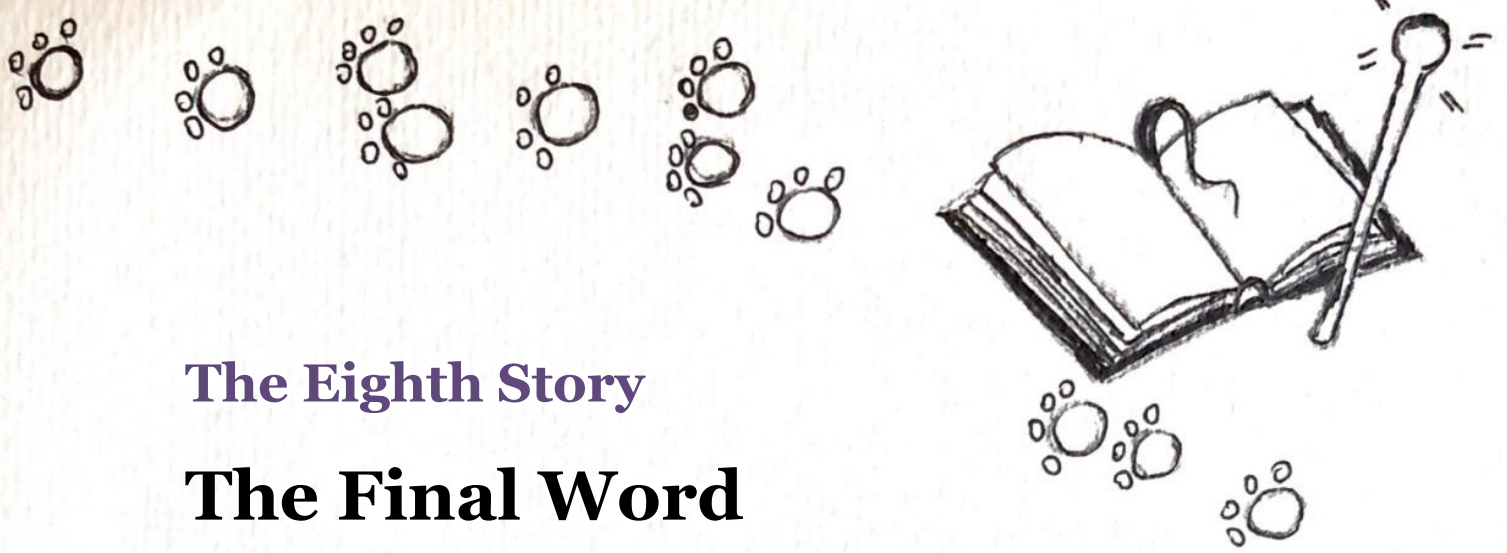
wondering where fear is and how to overcome it, where honesty is and where is the block which gets in your way of being truthful, where laziness is. Only the magical cat knew that this wasn't a game at all and continued to work hard to make mages out of the boys.

“That’s enough for today. It’s time to sleep,” the cat said slyly and climbed on the stove.

The cat fell asleep, but the boys continued to play the invented game of “similarities” in the dark for a long time. Finally, tired Ivan used his last powers to ask Den:

“What is... what is the steam similar too?” Ivan fell asleep, not having enough energy to wait for Den’s reply.

There couldn't have been an answer, anyways. Den had fallen asleep much earlier. The house of future Mages fell quiet.



The Eighth Story

The Final Word

The final evening of the boys' stay at the village has approached. In the morning dad will come and take the boys home.

The boys and the cat were sitting at the bench near the house.

"Kotolaz, maybe you will come with us?" Ivan asked.

"No, I will probably stay. But in the winter, on Christmas I would love to visit you," Kotolaz replied.

"Of course, come! We will miss you," Den sighed.

"And I will miss you too. But I need to continue learning spiritual mastery and a calm village is the best place for that," the cat replied.

"Am I the only one who has the feeling that we didn't have enough time for something?" Ivan asked.

"Yes, something worries me too," Den said "in general, I want ice-cream..."

"Why don't take several things off your wishlist, brother with broken Svadhishthana" Ivan laughed and infected the cat with his laugh.

"We will repair our energy-systems! I swear, Kotolaz! You haven't been teaching us in vain," Den said, looking into the cat's eyes "just teach us those meditation practices."

"We will cleanse ourselves and help others as well," Ivan supported his brother and suddenly asked the cat "Kotolaz, at least answer us, when we become mages will we be able to remove the destructive programs from the unfriendly grandma's Anahata and will she become kind?"

"I hope so" Den added "she has such nice peaches in her garden. Maybe she would treat us to some. We don't have peaches like that. The whole village doesn't have peaches like that."

"Without a doubt you will be able to," the cat reassured the boys "but it is very important, that you cannot do anything without her consent, even if you think you are doing what's better. She must understand her problem herself and then you will be able to help her. But unfortunately, that grandma has an even bigger problem."



The guys tensed in anticipation of the continuation.

The cat hesitated and blurted out:

“Yes, the time has come for important information. I will try to explain it to you. Do you remember that she is called the whisperer grandma? Do you know why?”

“Yes, of course,” Den answered “because she always whispers something under her breath...”

Ivan and the cat laughed, and Den felt embarrassed.

“Yes, that is one reason,” the cat answered the boy.

“Mr. Tom told me that she healed his hand with some kind of candles, stones and cards. His arm did not hurt for a long time,” Ivan announced.

“It is strange, but Mr. Tom said that his hand hurts again and he cannot play the guitar for a long time. The arm hurts even more than before” Den remembered their trip with the guitar to Mr. Tom’s house.

“It is so. The matter of the fact is that mages can teach people how to heal themselves, because they understand where you can take energies from and from where you cannot. Mages have their own powers which they use to help other people. Whisper-grandmas can only help for a short time, then you will feel even worse. The grandmas don’t have their own power and their own energy, they are taking it from the egregors, not even understanding it themselves!”

“From who?” the guys strained their ears.

“From the E-G-R-E-G-O-R-S!” the cat repeated loudly.

“What an unpleasant, growling word: “egr-rr-rego-rr-s”. The dog Jacquez growls like that, when he is angry” Den concluded “by the way, Mr. Tom gave him a French name, because he growls like a dissatisfied stammering Frenchman. What is that?”

“An egregor is a strong powerful car” the mustached creature pronounced “remember, you and I talked about the evil super-machine System, which was built by the Atlantics and then rebelled against its creators and not has almost all humans under its control? Well, egregors are its servants. To be more precise, the evil super-machine consists of these egregors. They are its mechanisms. Just like a motor, a battery, an alternator, wheels, steering wheel, transmission and so on. Everything together is the car. The evil super-machine is the same way. By the way, the machine is called System exactly because it consists of many egregors, which work very harmoniously and almost never fail.”

“And who is smarter: all the mages or the system?” Ivan asked.

“Unfortunately, the system is smarter. That’s why it hasn’t been defeated yet. This is why the mages are waiting for some help from the higher powers. The monster-machine does so, that people don’t even understand that it exists. It is very convenient for the machine to hide and mislead people, just to keep the people from knowing the truth. (The system loves to eat human energy). Those, who understand how the system works realize, that they must disconnect from it at once. The system, of course, doesn’t want this to happen. It continues to make new egregors, which connect to people, steal their energy and pass it on to the system – Kotolaz finished.”

“Sounds like a fantasy movie I saw on TV once,” Ivan started to recall.

“Nevertheless, it is the truth,” the cat sighed “the system wants you to think it doesn’t exist. Then it can live and eat your energy. Imagine a scenario in which some dishonest people come to grandma and grandpa’s house, connect wires and steal their electricity? They will steal so much that there won’t be enough left for grandma and grandpa. There will be not lights in the house, you won’t be able to charge your telephone and your tablets...”

Den and Ivan jumped up hearing the word “tablets”, but immediately remembered that there were no tablets and calmed down.

The cat went on:

“But after all, grandpa will have to pay for the electricity, even for the stolen part. If he doesn’t go out and find the wires, he will never realize what the problem is, will he? But if he found the wires the electricity would again be enough for the whole house and he wouldn’t have to pay a lot of money like he did, when the electricity was being stolen.”

The boys listened to Kotolaz attentively. It seemed like their mustached friend could speak without stopping. He always had new stories, new explanations, interesting words. The cat continued his story:

“Let us turn back to the whisperer-grandma. As a magical cat I understand that grandma takes energy from egregors. But egregors never give anything without taking something in return. If you take an apple from them, you have to give back two. If you don’t have them, you must take it from someone, but you cannot escape returning them to the egregors.”

“Greedy egregors,” Den mumbled and clenched his fists.

“This is just like the credit mom and dad took from the bank. They were given \$6,000 dollars and were told, that when they are giving the money back they must give \$12,000 dollars,” Ivan found a “similarity”.

“A great comparison, Ivan. That’s exactly how egregors work. If you can’t pay them back, they will take everything away from you or you must bring someone who can pay instead of you. They are clever thieves. This outrageous mess that humans have today could not have existed in Atlantis,” the cat sighed.

“Kotolaz, can we explain to that grandma that she is governed by egregors?” Ivan asked.

“I am sure she understands that something is going wrong. I think she would like to understand, but cannot, because she doesn’t

know about the egregors and the System,” the cat said, sighed a little and promised “I will think about this problem.”

“Dear mustached friend, how many egregors are there?” Den asked.

“Oh-oh, there are a lot! New egregors constantly appear and the System produces them, so they can connect to people and steal more and more energy.”

“Kotolaz, how can we defeat the system?” Ivan asked.

“Nobody knows this yet, Ivan but the Mages are working on it. Now you can only hide from the System and start changing yourself. When all people start to change themselves, start thinking correctly, eating correctly, do sports, keep their energy system clean, the system will start getting weaker, because the egregors and the System itself cannot connect to strong people. You remember what strength is, don't you?”

“Yes, of course,” Den said “we haven't eaten anymore candy.”

Kotolaz was pleased to realize that he was taking part in an important task: helping two little boys, two little men remember who they really are. He knew that in those two small bodies lived two great Mages from Atlantis, who long ago stood in opposing the system. Those souls came back to earth in the bodies of two fragile boys, to join other Mages and help them get out under the control of the System and start developing.

But now those powerful souls need support. Who can help them, if not Kotolaz? The cat knew that he will soon reunite with his young friends, teach them about real magic, which will give back all the abilities and knowledge to them, which is stored in them from times no one can remember and even earlier than Atlantis, which was destroyed in the war with the System.

The cat quietly jumped off the stove and darted out onto the street. It was warm. The boys had already fallen asleep and didn't see that next door, where the whisperer grandma lived, the lights were on all night. They couldn't have heard for how long the cat was speaking with the grandmother. They didn't even hear that the cat came back in the morning, tired, but happy, chewing on a juicy cucumber which the grandmother had treated him to.

Before the kids' departure the cat did what they wanted. He told the grandmother about the egregors and many more important things which will help the grandmother become a kind Mage, just like Den and Ivan. Kotolaz was happy that he would help the boys get rid of the feeling that they were leaving something unfinished.

An incredible surprise awaited the boys on the table: a huge basket of the biggest, sweetest, and the juiciest peaches in the village

with a note: “To the future Mages, from the kind grandmother, who lives next door...”



Afterword

Dear parents of young readers!

I appeal to you as the author of this book. The history of the creation of this book is simple and complicated at the same time. One day I realized how many “how?” and “why?” questions I get from my kids. Sometimes the questions were so mature, that I found it hard to quickly find a comprehensive answer that would be easily understood by children. Everything must be explained to children in the simplest way possible. It became obvious to me that many parents face the same problem. With the help of my children, I realized that every child asks similar questions to his or her parents. But in modern times even grown-ups have difficulty navigating through the plethora of existing information and making smart decisions. I came to the conclusion that by tackling the issue of educating my own children, I can help other parents do the same. It is with pleasure that I introduce, the first in a series of books I have written, and plan to continue writing.

I sincerely count on your honesty and ask you not to copy and/or distribute this book illegally, without the consent of the author.

A lot of time and effort has been spent to create, organize and develop unique information to bring to you and your children. Creativity is not the easiest process, but perhaps some people think otherwise.

The purpose of my work is to create an exceptionally high-quality tool that helps parents quickly and effectively convey information to children, contributing to their rapid development. I sincerely believe that a good quality book does not need annoying, paid advertisements. If a writer puts his heart and soul into his work, which is filled with sincere, positive intentions, the book will be recommended by readers to their friends and acquaintances. It is very important for me to understand if the book had turned out the way I have envisioned it. I look forward to your reviews and recommendations on social networks as this feedback will help me assess the demand for my products.

If you truly believe that the book has turned out well, I ask that you share our contact details with other people. Please use our Instagram [instagram.com/magic.kotolaz/](https://www.instagram.com/magic.kotolaz/), e-mail magic.kotolaz@gmail.com or on our website magickotolaz.com so that anyone can quickly learn how to obtain a copy of the book legally, without ruining anyone’s karma!

Thank you for listening and understanding!
Oleg Vitkovski ;)

Kid's YouTube Channel "Ivan and Den"

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Magic School of Kotolaz Cat



Magic School of Kotolaz Cat is a unique series of books for children. Each book consists of several kind and informative stories about two cheerful brothers Ivan and Den, and their unusual friend - the magic cat Kotolaz.

Heroes tell us about the structure of the Universe, the laws and principles of nature, promote a healthy lifestyle, and reveal the history of present and past civilizations. In these books the concept of human destiny and its importance is revealed in simple and understandable words for children. The cat-magician Kotolaz answers such difficult but important questions as “what is life and why is it given to us?”, “Why did each of us come to this world?”, “How to develop ourselves?”

The heroes of the stories will find many amusing adventures, funny stories and magical secrets. Even many adults do not know the key to these secrets!