

Title: The Ten “C” of Cleaning

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"Absolute nonsense" — that's the highest level of trust of a fifth-level clearance, that can be in clearing the mind.

This is the high end, never confuse it with a happy end, because that's a whole different story.

Let's begin our Happening-Quest.

Step One: Read the full text of Saint Mark (uncensored). Only then you will begin to understand a little about the one, who wrestled with God himself — everyone knows his name, even those constantly cleaning around, seeking both inner and outer purity.

Step Two: Read "the Great Pursuit" by Tom Sharpe, to grasp just how much cleaning up remains in literature.

Step Three: Answer your own truth, from levels one to five, about the real purpose of the contest.

Step Four: Finish reading "Tidying Up", following progressive, reverse, and random circles with no beginning or end.

Step Five: Where it seems like the end, but isn't even the start of the end — answer the knock, for otherwise, you'll never be a winner.

Step Six: Evaluate how clean you've tidied up — to avoid shame.

Step Seven: The Master will judge you.

Step Eight: It will seem like you understand something about Wolf Kings and Dog Cardinals.

Step Nine: You'll start to grasp how to become and always be a Gentleman.

Step Ten: You'll never ever change your Lady for any other woman.

Step Eleven: You'll receive my message from our great-grandfather.

Step Twelve: Read Saint Mark again and repeat steps 1-12 until someone responds to your word - password: "Hallelujah. Amen."

Step Thirteen: Based on your understanding and faith, the result of the contest will be revealed to you.

So, read this once again, and again, and again, until you hear "+", when my Morse code tapping finally ends.

Ready?

Go! Go!! Go!!!

The Ten "C" of Cleaning:

1. Context

“When you choose between shame and defeat, you must never choose both,” Grey Wolf said in the Black Dog's ear at the Boryspil airport before the flight, after which they never made anything pure and simple together again.

“There are many called and just a few, so few of us who are chosen to keep the place clean,” replied the Black Dog.

He held his gaze in his friend's eyes for a few seconds, as if saying: “You owe me nothing, just take care of my most precious possession - my three children.”

Their mother in the Viking paradise of Valhalla was already waiting for him, her faithful Dog, and the children still have to grow up.

The Wolf always understood the Dog without words, just by looking into his eyes.

To confirm understanding, you just need to nod slightly, and in the audio message, after a series of signs, add another touch known only to them and between them, which no one else will know about, because the Wolf is left alone with their mission to bring people of pure minds a Better Solution.

2. Content

Standing in the bathroom in front of the mirror, I stick my tongue out in different ways, experimenting with my mental states in between my sessions with clients, supervision sessions for colleagues, and teaching students.

As a child, I loved doing a lot of yoga cleanses, but when I became a doctor, I discovered Zen and suddenly experienced a true purification - the radiance of a pure mind, which led me to the practice of psychotherapy.

3. Consciousness

“Stick out and show me your tongue” - I would hear from my mother every morning as a child.

“Clean it - take a teaspoon and a mirror” - I heard her say when I saw a gray-white-yellow coating on my tongue.

“Are your hands clean?!” she would say when I tried to grab something on the run or jump at the table on the fly.

“You're not going to school today - you need to clear your mind,” my mother would say as she took my temperature, touching my hot and sweaty forehead with her lips.

“Purify yourself by sweating and peeing - drink more of my herbal tea” - this was when I was coughing and she had grown and harvested the herbs needed for healing beforehand.

“Don't search for easy money - it's not always clean” - this was when I was short on money and looking for a way to earn for another dream.

“Seek purity between people, like your great-grandfather Marko” - this was when I studied the Bible and searched for the path to God, traveling to different churches and monasteries, meeting different spiritual mentors with dissidents who had not been caught and thrown into prison or a hospital with punitive psychiatry or compulsory psychotherapy.

Sometimes, after “brainwashing” with electroshock, a person's memory became forever clear and the identified patient stopped complaining about anything, looking for his/her Better Life.

“You have been given a lot, so you will be asked for a lot, do not have too much, do not care too much about yourself and never forsake, always hold on to God” - this is when recognition came to me along with good money.

My mother - literally everything I grew up with - always made everything clean, as clean as all our things, to give to people even more in need than we were.

I realized this when my mother's body lay dried up like a mummy in her poor yard and we saw her off in her coffin.

At that moment, when the entire church choir from that unknown to me poor church, together with their priest, my mother's confessor, started singing.

But it was so unexpectedly piercingly high and clear that I burst into tears and my body trembled like a child.

4. Communication

My elder relative, who had survived the Holodomor as a child, at the cost of my great-grandfather's death from starvation, stood next to me.

He hugged me and said in my ear: “See how clear her forehead is?”

Forty days later, my mother's friend, who had always been by her side throughout her difficult life, told me her dream: “I saw her in the radiance of heavenly purity and realized that she was already there praying to God for us.”

I worry about the cleanliness of the park inherited from a long-closed psychiatric hospital that looks like a prison in the photos, always carrying a lot of dog shit bags with me, and I am very excited to hear the question, as if I were my mother: “Excuse me, have you got any extra bag?”

When I grieve, I see and hear us in those memorial mirrors - installations of our cheerful humor.

When with a childish smile we would say to each other: “Show me your tongue! Is it clean, your tongue is so long?”

My mother died blind, just like her mother, and maybe it will happen to me.

But it's not blindness that I'm afraid of when in the middle of the night I moan softly from insane pain.

I am afraid that I will not have enough of my mother's vision of light in the world of today's black mirrors, where the Black Dog is no longer visible.

5. Connections

She is my Lady who loves cleaning up after me, as well as after everyone else.

In fact, she loves cleaning up everything and everywhere around the world, full of suffering from dirt.

6. Carefulness

What would be left after us:

Nuts.

Nutshells.

She planted them because she loves not only me, but mice and squirrels as well.

You should howl instead of crying, so there are no tear marks on the parquet.

But I never cry for her, I have never cried and I will never cry for her, because I don't know how.

I can wail day and night for her, for myself, for all those who are suffering, who are being tortured or killed, who are vomiting blood or bleeding after being wounded, or who are losing their minds after being contused or having someone killed beside them.

When, after the bomb drop that causes an earthquake, all that remains is a pit-a grave with no corpses in it.

To identify who was there, it is necessary to collect the remains of biological materials and perform DNA analysis.

7. Crazyness

My Lady will kneel in front of me until I recover and jump off the sofa by myself.

She will clean me and all the stuff around from my terrible dirt for a long time but no Gentlemen - Wolves and Ladies will ever be able to save the world from the filth that war brings with it, which fireworks look like to me, so I go crazy and howl for help from everyone who cares about cleanliness: Lions, Elephants, Donkeys, Eagles, and Unicorns.

Unfortunately, only the Lady, the Gentleman and we - the wolves, from which the Vikings' ancestors descended came to my call to clean up - were actually concerned about the cleaning.

What a pity that there are fewer and fewer of us among you, I know this very well when I howl at the New Moon in the sky, calling out to my pack at night.

8. Confession

The last request in the message of the Wolf: “When all of us - close relatives of the Vikings, on the island ‘B’ with the mainland ‘X’ are already over, and you - our distant relatives across the ocean ‘A’ do not come to help us on day ‘D-2’, I humbly ask you - ‘clean up after us’.

He banged on the wall of his basement with a stone until it was flooded: - -. -..

9. Conclusion

That's why there is a happening of cleaning, because the Devil is in the details.

10. Celebration

Congratulations!

Have a Happiest Day in your life!