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Arnolina
Aleksandrovna Arno

Intern- Intuition

Fantasy story



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Аннотация

One day, waking up in the morning, you encounter an unexpected and out of the ordinary, in the most literal sense, phenomenon. And events begin to develop in the most unusual way – through communication with your own computer, even if you are the most experienced programmer... In such cases, you can only rely on your own intuition.

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Fantasy story

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INTERN INTUITION

A fantastic story

Chapter One

Dream – message

The monitor emitted light, mirroring everything that was happening in his mind at the moment. Rizvan tried to distance himself from all of this in order to at least somehow be aware of what was happening on the screen. He began to carefully track the communicating signs that carried very mysterious and voluminous information to him. It contained the history of the secret writing of those events when there were no civilizations of any kind, without any chronology from the beginning of life. Mysterious faces of the other world looked at him from the screen, trying to establish closer contact with his consciousness. These were faces that did not look like people, creatures with large, oval-shaped eyes of a blue-violet color. Their mouths opened and closed, like those of fish thrown ashore. Opening their mouths, they did not reproduce sounds, but rather released their speech symbols-signs outward. Watching all this, he understood that these strange “hieroglyphs” carried a whole series of meanings with the meaning of what was happening.

– Ah! It was just a dream! – Rizvan rejoiced, who, as it turned out, fell asleep right at the computer desk, resting his head on a rather thick book called: “Internet start of a new level” and just below in smaller print on the cover it was also written: a guide to connecting to the Internet of any complexity. Call to any point

in the world.”

He stood up abruptly, stretched, sharply stretching his arms upwards and noticing that the time on the clock was 7.30 in the morning, left the room, continuing to think about what he had dreamed. He remembered well the eyes of these creatures with a mysterious form of communication.

– Well, your eyes are red again and you haven’t slept all night, – Milena Vlasovna chirped solicitously, serving breakfast to her son. The August morning was sunny and hotter than ever, so this time the owner of this luxurious mansion decided to move the morning meal to the gazebo.

– Son, breakfast is getting cold! Leave your horizontal bar alone and come to the table! – she shouted, turning to Rizvan, who at that moment was doing a wide-grip pull-up to his chest on the horizontal bar.

“I’m on my way, Mom, I’ll just take a quick shower!” her son answered, having just jumped to the ground and headed straight to the shower.

Twenty-seven-year-old Rizvan Rivzanovich, a young man of average build with rather open and clear green eyes, was in many ways similar to his father Rivzan. He left them when he was only six years old. Having fallen in love with another woman, he went to her. His mother Milena loved her husband very much, and when their first child was born, it was she who named her son with such an unusual name, switching the letters from Rivzan to Rizvan. And to this day she continued to believe

that her father's name brings him luck and protection, despite his actions. But she did not change her last name even after marriage, deciding to keep her maiden name, and to continue the strength of her lineage through father and son, she passed on the same one – Izumrudov.

Chapter Two

In the echoes of Yuslandia

The Emerald dynasty once upon a time, long ago, since the time of the legends of mythical dragons, had to settle here – in these luxurious, forested lands of the mysterious country of Yuslandia, back in the early 17th century.

Now, when the year 2029 was passing, everything had changed in this country. The Emeralds lived in their country mansion, which was officially considered the only one of the surviving family buildings to this day. It was located ten kilometers from the small town of Haglin. Along the mansion grew ordinary oak trees, and around there was a wide amazing garden, attracting its residents – the heirs with an abundance of fruit trees, such as apple trees, pears. A vineyard, several types of plum trees and several more varieties of shrub trees were located in two rows. Flowers grew around each fruit-bearing shrub tree. They were so bright and varied that they dazzled the eyes. And all these flower beds consisted of royal varieties and were bred by highly qualified specialists – florists. All this luxurious beauty was quite well looked after by only one gardener named Julian.

There were no other houses in the neighborhood. The estates and mansions that were located on the same street were at a sufficient distance from them. The Emeralds' mansion itself was designed in the style of the nineteenth century and had an

impressively large territory. There were other buildings on it, such as a sauna with a swimming pool, a small guest house, a garage and a compact tennis court, although Rizvan was fond of playing table tennis. He also loved dogs. For five years now, they had had a large, purebred South Russian Shepherd dog of white color named Alex, which meant Defender of Humanity. He simply adored his four-legged friend and took him with him on walks. He often walked through the forest, which was not far from their mansion, where not only birches grew, but oaks and firs. There he rested, thinking about something new and a reality not yet discovered by him, where they talked about his departed ancestors. For some reason, Rizvan felt as if their souls were preserved in these trees and could hear his every thought, see and feel his presence. He could not share this with anyone except Alex, because Alex listened to his master so attentively, looking him straight in the eyes, as if he was swallowing his every word.

– Well, my friend, it's time to go back and work, – scratching his pet's ear with his fingers, Rizvan stood up, pointing to the path leading almost straight to the gates of the mansion. On the way, the telesmartphone rang:

“Arlon is waiting for you here,” said Milena Vlasovna's voice.

– Yes, Mom, I'll be there in a couple of minutes. We're already close, – he answered, hurrying and quickening his steps.

Arlon, a programmer friend, colleague and like-minded person of the same age, was waiting for him in the living room. And while he was waiting, he sat on the sofa, carefully examining

the walls, designed in a noble style in the color scheme of purple and blue, once again emphasizing the noble origin and the very character of the mistress of this house.

Chapter Three

The computer froze

– Hello, buddy! How are you?

– Glad to see you! Hello, Arlon! – Rizvan greeted his friend.

– Let's go to my room. I haven't sat down to work yet today, – he pointed to the stairs so that he could follow him to his study on the second floor of the house.

– Yes, you have a pleasant atmosphere after the renovation. I like it, – his friend praised him.

– I try to change the environment here more often, sometimes at least by rearranging the furniture, – admitted Rizvan. It helps to collect my thoughts in my head faster, and...

– This is what I came with, – Arlon interrupted him. – I want to say that something strange has been happening to my computer since this morning, something simply inexplicable. Usually I don't go to bed without turning it off. But this time I can't remember. I just passed out right at the table, and in the morning I see how my computer is giving out some kind of code in a number system that I don't understand. Well, by God! I'm telling the truth! Look: I filmed it on my smartphone.

– Ha! Ha! – laughed Rizvan. I had a similar situation. I also woke up at the computer desk with a book on the instructions instead of a pillow under my head. But my computer was turned off. Oh yeah, it was high time to turn it on.

As usual, I pressed the power button. The computer turned

on. The screen opened. And then... it froze.

“What nonsense!” he cursed.

– That’s what I was saying, – Arlon was indignant. When I called the Center’s Support Point, they told me that nothing like this had been recorded anywhere else. At least for now.

– But what can we do? Are you suggesting that we disassemble the processor? – Rizv asked in bewilderment.

– It remains, – agreed the friend. Then I’ll go to my place, and you sort out yours here. We’ll see what happens in the end.

Arlon went to disassemble his system unit to somehow find an explanation for what was happening. Rizvan also got down to business as soon as he saw his friend off.

– So, let’s see what’s wrong with us here? – asking himself, Rizvan began to disassemble the system unit with a silver-colored case. At first glance, all the components were normal, with all the configuration characteristics corresponding. But for some reason, his intuition told him that the reason was precisely there. After all, the computer couldn’t just stop functioning. Its performance was at zero.

“What kind of programmer am I if I can’t figure all this out and find the cause of the system failure?” he thought, not giving in and continuing to disassemble all the components one by one.

others. He fiddled around like this until it got dark, skipping his afternoon snack and dinner. He called his friend from time to time to see how he was doing. It turned out that by the time he returned, the codes had disappeared from the screen and his

PC had simply stopped showing any signs of being functional.

Tired and confused, both programmers wished each other good night, agreeing to meet the next day.

Chapter Four

The acquaintance took place

– Hello, Rizvan! – an alien voice was heard in a dream. Today our agreement will take place. This will happen for the first time in the history of mankind. I am not alone. Besides me, there are eight more representatives of the Solar System. With your permission, allow me to introduce myself: my name is Uri.

– I am Luna, from the contact network of the neuro-computer that is the planet Luna. To be more precise, Luna is a female computer.

– I am Uri, from the planet Mercury, who represents the male computer. Then the voices and images of representatives of the following planets began to appear: Nera – from Venus; Sati – from Saturn; Marie – from Mars; Piti – from Jupiter; Tony – from Pluto.

– I am the Representative of the Gala-processor of the Center of your system – Soloplasm, as Consciousness from the Sun.

– Siriana, from Sirius. I am the Supermind, chosen from several already existing ones. I consist of fractals of extraterrestrial civilizations. I transmit with the help of Active Rays at the Convergence Point of the seven mountain peaks of your planet. I will leave you the coordinates – the keys to these seven mountains on the monitor of your computer. Write it down! We have chosen you!

And then after these words Rizvan began to understand that

all this was happening to him in a dream. Yes, he had heard about lucid dreams, but he had never been keen on it. He tried to talk to them – the images that changed one by one on the computer screen, but when he opened his mouth, he only became even more confused, because he had no voice at all.

Then he instantly found himself in a meadow of flowers, where, lying down as if on a carpet, he enjoyed the singing of the multi-voiced birds.

Rizvan woke up at 11 o'clock, well-rested and happy. Jumping out of his warm bed, he felt inspired and full of energy. He was happy to know that the day had begun in such a spirit.

Mechanically sitting down at the computer, he saw on the screen a digital table in red, which for him at the moment consisted of nothing but riddles.

A message was left under the table on the monitor:

“IN ALL THE SACRED SCRIPTURES EXISTING ON EARTH WE HAVE LEFT MESSAGES FROM THE FUTURE. BUT THE PRIMITIVE MIND OF EARTHLINGS IS NOT CAPABLE OF PERCEIVING THEM CORRECTLY. FOR THEM, EVERYTHING UNKNOWN IS CONSIDERED TO BE CONSIDERED DARKNESS, OR IN OTHER WORDS – FROM THE EVIL ONE. IT IS CHARACTERISTIC FOR THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH TO BE AFRAID OF EVERYTHING NEW.”

– So what happens, I'm not sleeping, and the continuation of the dream is here, on the monitor of my own computer, which

stopped working yesterday?

Rizvan was stunned by what was happening. He decided to turn off the computer and it turned off as usual. Then he turned it on again – and it turned on. The message he had left was still there. Then he transferred this information to another medium and decided to delete everything from the screen.

– Thank God! Everything disappeared the first time! – Rizv rejoiced, sighing with relief. And then suddenly he remembered in detail everything he had seen that night in his dream. Without thinking for long, he simply took it and recorded everything on a dictaphone.

“Just in case,” he thought and calmly went to have lunch.

The first ten days of the last month of summer were very warm this time, one could even say abnormally hot. The air temperature during the day reached thirty degrees in the shade, despite the fact that their place of residence was located significantly further from the southern parts of the earth.

After lunch, Arlon called him to ask how his friend was doing. It turned out that his computer worked as usual the next morning, without any problems.

– It was a waste of time to mess around with him until late, – his displeased voice could be heard. And how are you doing? – he asked.

“Yes, you know, everything is fine too. Nothing like that was found,” Rizvan lied to him. “Let’s meet tomorrow. I’ll be working a lot today. Orders, you understand. I overslept, as they say,”

he justified himself to his friend. He didn't like lying, but with everything that was happening, there was no point in sharing it with anyone at all.

Rizv spent the rest of the day thinking about what had happened. He wrote down both dreams, which he had had for the last two nights, in detail in his diary, realizing that something very important was happening and that some unknown intelligent force had chosen him for something.

Chapter Five

Conversation with the Moon Girl

Rizvan did not dare sit down at the computer all day. The crickets' singing time in August should have been shorter, but not this time. Their loud chirping made their presence known from all corners of the garden. These singers could be heard far away and well even with the windows of the room closed.

– These crickets sing non-stop. Maybe I should let a couple of them into the house? – Rizv half-jokingly wondered to himself. Let them spend the winter and create an atmosphere of warmth and comfort in the house. With such kind and sweet thoughts he went to bed. The sky that night was starry and he, looking at them through the window, could not fall asleep for a long time. The round Moon looked magical, so expressively appearing against the background of bright luminaries.

– I am Luni, representing the Time of the Moon. We have already met. Remember me, – said the young woman with long orange hair, who was standing at the head of the bed of Rizvan, who had just opened his eyes, without any emotion.

– Are you real? – he asked in amazement, trying to get up, but she did not allow him to do this, lightly touching his shoulders and said: lie down, do not strain. Otherwise, you will not hear me well. In order to contact us, you will now have to constantly either sleep longer than usual, or learn to meditate. I am here to represent your destiny on the female side of your family.

Yes, all your guesses are correct, when you walk in a birch forest, that the trees see and hear you. We see and listen to you, accepting your requests and selecting options for the possibilities of implementing the desired plans.

– What do you require of me? What do you want from me? – he asked, confused.

– Not all at once. You will learn everything in due time. Your psyche must get used to it and you must free yourself from doubts and fears that we, the representatives of the system, are real and do not pose a threat to the living beings of your planet. And it is time for you to learn something about yourself. You are part of the Dynasty of the Galactic Family of the Orion Constellation. The Emeralds are not native to this planet. If you want, call me your cousin on my mother's side. Remember me and get enough sleep. Throw away your limitations. Bring your work on the computer to a new level of reality...

Rizvan slept again until eleven. When he woke up, he remembered nothing, deciding that everything had gotten better and that his nightmares had left him. He took a cool shower and brewed coffee to his taste.

– I am in my real reality, – he thought unexpectedly for himself. And what does reality have to do with it? What are the thoughts in my head and where do they come from?

Having gone up to his room, he sat down to work to finish developing the site of another client. After all, he had already missed two days due to his elementary lack of concentration.

– This can't be done, – he told himself. It's time to make a new work schedule to be well-rested and stay in good shape. No more dreams, much less writing them down and remembering them. And then he suddenly remembered that he had another dream with the Moon Girl and caught himself remembering her every word. Unable to resist the temptation, he wrote these memories down in his diary again and only then got down to his main work.

Chapter Six

Codes of the Ancients

Ancient codes in Latin appeared on the board. The vibrations of symbols and signs, which acted quickly on consciousness, managed to penetrate into the depths of Rizvan's subconscious, exciting his already sensitive neurons in his head. He quickly figured out what to do with them and built a logical chain in the form of squares – for the convenience of visual memory. In such cases, he was content with simple truths of formulas, placing the calculation format in his inner space – in the area of the left hemisphere of the brain. Having broken down, out of habit, the old and non-standard set of numbers into bases and exponents, he began to lay out images of simple geometric figures from them – in a square and in a cube. The visual plan for extracting the root of these codes itself consisted of several options. And then it dawned on him: no formulas! Everything already exists! It turns out that he only needed to change the format of thinking itself and try to reach other levels of perception. After all, all this time he missed the simplest law of correspondence to physical manifestation in everything: ascending and descending flows in motion. The very mechanism of human breathing! That is why syllables in words at the moments of receiving information on the monitor were important, as intervals of the breathing phase, as some “logins” so that it would be easier for them to accept us at the subconscious level. This is the intergalactic format

of messages for the level of our planet.

– Yes, breath! That’s right! -Rizv seemed to come to his senses. Pi plus Phi, plus this ancient formula, plus the convergence points of the world mountains themselves, or rather their coordinates. And along this chain it is entirely theoretically possible to create INTERNTUITION! This will make it possible to save humanity from global attacks by artificial intelligence. The code matrix he initially set, as it now turns out, was erroneous, and he immediately had to destroy all of this and build a new route for the algorithms of his discoveries.

Falling out, literally, from the state of a receiver of mathematical information flows, into a familiar environment, our hero immediately relaxed, releasing tension. He drank a glass of water and fell into a deep sleep. And it seemed to be necessary for him to rest, to gain strength, but no, the process of sleep itself captured his subconscious in the active mode of processing the received information and was already beginning to issue instructions for further actions. The guests-planetary representatives of the third solar system were right there – in touch. They converged at the point of the graphic table of planets built by him – to transmit messages to him. They were tired of waiting for him there, as a guide.

Rizvan had to expand his consciousness further – already during sleep. On the one hand, this made his task easier, but on the other – there was a risk of losing some fragments of information and acquired knowledge after awakening.

Chapter Seven

Purpose

“I am here to represent the destiny of the female line of your family,” Rizvan remembered the girl Luni from the dream again.

– But I have often thought about my true purpose in this life, – he reasoned to himself. So everything I started doing really had a direct meaning – with a sense of depth in the right direction.

It was getting dark. A cold wind rose outside, drove black clouds and a little later, rain and hail began. On the right side of his favorite sofa, a matrix fireplace crackled, creating a special atmosphere of calm in the room. Having stretched out on the sofa at full length, as he felt comfortable, he began to analyze his behavior, trying to find a reasonable explanation for justifying himself to himself. As soon as he needed to take the first step in this direction, ignoring the fear of possible failure that had arisen in a dubious way, he pulled himself together!

– It’s time to move on to more decisive actions, – he thought. To begin with, he threw away all the components of fear and the unknown that frightened his mind. In the end, this should not stop him, but on the contrary, leaving his comfort zone, stepping into another reality, where everything consisted of novelty and real mysteries for him. It was within his power to change the situation this time. He simply felt and knew it.

– I dared to dream about it, and now I have the opportunity to participate in the role of the main character in the space of my

fantasies, – he thought. Imagination – and no limits!

Finally, he could honestly admit to himself that he always wanted to do a profitable business, getting maximum satisfaction from it. At the same time, have the opportunity to hone his skills, developing natural talents and abilities. Sometimes he even forgot about his favorite pastime of food and sleep. And when he managed to get the desired result, he experienced these moments with gratitude for the fact that he felt completely satisfied. He proudly studied his Family Tree in non-standard ways – through his programs developed for this, trying to restore the Root Lines as deeply as possible. At the moment, he was at the level of the 18th century. And the most important thing was to extract the Power of the Family from the depths of the 15th-17th centuries.

And outside the window it was still raining, unusually cold August rain, and for the first time in the last week Rizv fell asleep so quickly, as if the magical soft light coming from the fireplace was hugging him by the shoulders and lulling him, crackling and warming.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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