

Long time ago, there were different types of thinking creatures. The special types of these broken animals with broken minds and instincts. People called them: elves. But now, scientists won't tell you anything about it. The truth is sometimes too hard to make it visible. But the truth has got one feature – it always goes to the first plan.

I'm the one of the Unexpected, and I'm the one who has to tell you the truth. Nobody believes me. I'm writing, because I hope, that somebody will read it. And they will trust the Light.

There are no elves now. Every elf on the Earth has been killed by destroying politics of men. Of kings and presidents, parliaments and emperors. The strongest has won. But real winners will win, cause there are the Unexpected – people, whose blood isn't clear; people, whose blood is polluted by dramatic genes, born in sins and shame. The unwanted children, living in separation. Nobody knows; maybe your grandparent has also betrayed his rhodium and tradition?

You think, you know everything. But you don't know everything. Exactly, you know nothing. You say, that planets have exploded, the others say that strange old man has built everything with mud. The other ones will say that the Earth is flat and people are in the middle of everything. But – that's the point.

The elfic truth about it was beautiful. Seriously, you don't really know what has really happened. Elves knew... But I know it. I know because... I've seen it. I saw it when I was twelve.

I had been adopted. My mom had found me on the stairs one day. Now, I'm celebrating this day as my birthday. I really miss her. That's a pity, she died.

I have been living as a normal child, and my friends weren't bullying me, because of my adoption. I was happy after all.

But one day it changed. I had a dream. In this dream I saw my mom in a wrecked car, burning in fire. I saw the police and the firemen. I remember the words, they said. I saw this macabre two times. And I will never forget it. The first time ended in bed of my parents, between them. The second was worse – I saw it alive.

I went to the therapists and psychologists many times, but everybody thought that I'm crazy. That I'm mad. So, I decided to act as if I didn't mind past and I was living... normally. But deep in my mind I knew, that it was true. That I was... different. That I was strange.

Years later, I had a second dream. The Light has enlighten me. You say – the God, you say – the Force, you say – the Universe. But the real truth is the Light.

THE BEGINNING

Some people think, that at the beginning there was nothing. But this is a huge mistake. But in its size, it's also small mistake – because they are too small, to say how big it is.

At first, there was Darkness. Only Darkness. It was spreading and stretching its arms further and further. I didn't really know if it had or hadn't the end.

The Darkness was Astés, and Astés was Darkness. He hadn't got body; the whole Universe was his body. Everything, whatever existed, was inside Him and Him. But Astés was greedy and he wasn't glad about that. And, although He had it all, He was still taking the bigger parts of Nothing.

At some point His body broke. It shrunk with pain in one moment. The clean Dark was so concentrated that he got darker – darker than tar, darker than night; darker than air when you close all doors and turn off the light.

From His wound, the Light issued. It spilled, like sore blood, like unwanted child. The Light was shining like all stars at once. The Dark was smaller; He curled up with pain, when He saw the power of Light. The Light was replacing Dark and it was the biggest pain He gave to His Father. He was like parasite, sucking life with no mercy. Astés was frightened. This is the reason why after the night there is always the day – because the Dark is frightened.

Naalár, the Light, was growing up and decreasing, changing shapes by and by. Astés couldn't stand it. He ran after him in an orb of night. Every step the Naalár made, the star or comet appeared. They were spinning around, exploding and sticking together. The same principle concerns the rocks, appearing from the Astés's feet. The Universe was a place of Chaos and Vastness.

The war of the Light and the Dark lasts for ever, they're penetrating everybody and everyone. In all of us there is the element of Evil and the element of Good. We can't change it; every man has got a better and worse side of him. But we can change one thing – we can choose who wins. We live between the Light and the Dark. In the Shadow.

But the time when one of them wins will come. I saw it. I don't know who will win. But I know that the End is close. The Deenaa is close.

The Earth is made of Dark, Astés. At first, it was cold and dead, Kalláó. But the sin of the Dark had given the birth to the Light, Life.

Including Naalár the Earth has shined with the Light. It has been filled with flora and fauna, and the dead planet has created everything that has the Life inside. So, now we are the children of Astésé Naalaré, of the Dark and the Light.

The Dark has been stopped by the Light, but Astés didn't leave His heritage. He placed the water on the Earth; the water that in its vastness reminds the Dark. It gives the Life and the Dead and when it falls from the sky it gives Disaster and Harvest.

THE SHADOW

The Shadow originates from the Light, not from the Dark. Because the Dark kills the Shadow and He eats him like the beast. While the Light gives him the life back and make him breath again.

You feel afraid when you see the Shadow, because he's similar to the Daark. Astés wants to make you feel afraid. Don't be afraid. The Shadow is just the dark Light. He can be life-sustaining too.

But don't be deceived. When you walk in the Shadow, you can fall into the Dark. The Dark doesn't want your happiness. He doesn't know Good, because He is the pure Evil. But He is insidious. He will

help you and make you happy. But when you see for yourself, you'll see the depth bottom of the humanity. The Dark will swallow you. The biggest Dark, that the Light can't break it.

Okay- you will ask –, we know how the earth arose, but where the humans came from? This is other history. History of the shadow.

The Light has become the loving father of everything. He came to planets and He was placing animals and plants there; He has also made air and whatever you have to live.

The Earth was simple at the beginning. From west to east it was full of food and every animal was living in peace. Lions ate fruit and tigers ate grass. Naalár made also the greatest type of creature. Humanoids. Not humans, not elves – humanoids. Everybody was the same. They were spending days on playing games, making love, magic and art. They were happy.

But one day, the magic rain fell from the sky. The Earth broke into pieces that ebbed and gone far far away. The water filled every gap and nicks; it was raining about three years.

The Humanoids were living with the Light and they were happy, but they were also despaired. They thought that He had gone and He forgot about them. But He didn't. It was the day of the Dark's winning.

There came the elves, people, dwarves and more types of the Humanoids. So many years have passed and now we are different. But remember that we are also always the same.

Humanoids invented different religions, but only elves remember our beginnings. Now, we are addicted to water and fire – deadly things from the Dark, but it doesn't really matter. Remember to be the good guy and don't burn with hate to them. We are all brothers and sisters. We live in the Shadow.

Do you believe in Destiny? I believe. And I think that you are not reading this by accident. Please, don't read it as a fantasy book. It's definitely not a fantasy book. It's a history book.

I'm the one who knows the truth. But maybe you also belong to the Unexpected? Just trust unbelievable things and soon you will be the one who knows it too.

I'm tired of listening things like – You are stupid,! Don't be silly and childish! The magic is only the child's tale.

This is the reason why I'm writing this. I hope, that somebody will translate this story to million languages in order to make at least one person in this world have faith in...

The Truth...

The Destiny...

The Light...

The Elves...

Oh, there is one more thing.

If you are sure that you're right, don't make it visible. Don't tell people who don't want to listen to you about it.

Say it to the sheet of paper and make it alive. Maybe there is "the second" you on this planet and he knows that you're right?

Just don't be frightened !

Make the Light win !