**27th November 1959**

 This morning I was awakened. The refuse dump in which I usually sleep, started moving with vertiginous speed. To my surprise I had found myself in a garbage truck. I forgot about weekly collection of rubbish in the local neighborhood. After about a quarter of chaotic ride, sight of landfill site met my eyes. I already knew this space because sometime, there took place carnivals and picnics for homeless people. I had taken the opportunity and I started looking for valuable items that could be exchanged for money. After abundant hour of searching I found car radio, lighter, almost unused shoes which I immediately have dressed and gold-plated pendant. I was extremely happy. When I was heading for the exit with smile on my face, my attention was caught by bottle of unknown to me before drink. Inside the bottle was a convoluted piece of old paper. I took it out carefully from the bottle and unrolled it. I couldn't believe my eyes, I kept in my hands the recipe for drink of ancient wisdom. Legend has it, that Emanuel - sage, hermit, spiritual guide for all the homeless, created this decoction for the "Chosen", who with its power could save the world from all misery. The brew can drink only a man without a roof over his head, however, if it will be person with bad heart the consequences will be terrible. I put the recipe to the coat pocket and I come back to my neighborhood.

**29th November 1959**

 I have read carefully the entire sheet of paper that I found. To brew the drink of ancient wisdom is required fruit that grows annually on a mountain in Tibet, named Changtse. Fortunately, I talked with my old friend who has a transport company and he let me hide on the back of a truck going towards Tibet. To express my gratitude, I have given him my new gold-plated pendant. I couldn't miss such a opportunity. I'm leaving town tomorrow.

**30th November 1959**

 After an hour of the preparations to ride I have found myself in the back of truck trailer. The travel is expected for two days. The lorry is carrying fruits like watermelons, apples, oranges and pears. Definitely, I will not die of starvation. I took a flashlight, ball pen and crossword to not be bored. Now, I can merely wait for the end of my little excursion.

**2nd December 1959**

 I said goodbye to the carrier and headed straight to the nearest village for some eat and things that could be useful. After selling the car radio, I exchanged the money in currency exchange office to local cash. In the stationary small shop I have acquired protein bars, milk powder, some water and ice axe. It's amazing how low prices are here! When I had left the shop I saw a very hairy man who was heading in my direction. He came to me and presented yourself. He described himself as Hedgehog-man and I was not surprised because he was similar to this animal, although he didn't want to confess his real name. It turned out that he is also homeless like me, then I got the idea. I asked the Hedgehog-man if he know Emanuel's legend and if he would be my guide. At first he didn't want to believe me but I have showed him the recipe for drink of ancient wisdom and he was struck dumb. He agreed to take me to the top of the mountain. Probably, without his help I could never find myself on this peak. He seemed to be nice person. After an hour of the conversation we appointed the time and place of the tomorrow's meeting, then my new friend walked away. There was much time to the evening so I decided to go for a walk. I have never seen in my life before such as beautiful landscape as there is. View of the mountain ranges is breathtaking. After a hike I had found a quiet corner where I decided to spent the night.

**3rd December 1959**

 I got up at dawn and was moving toward the agreed meeting place. The Hedgehog-man was already there. We immediately hit the trail, there was no time to waste. The way was dangerous, there were a lot of bifurcations and winding paths but my friend knew where to go. He said that he's living here since birth and knows these mountains like his own mother. The pathway despite its difficulties had its charm. The view of course was amazing, everywhere around me were lush green trees, high cliffs and singing birds. I was feeling gusty wind on my face all the time. I ran out of proteins bars. After two hours of walking and climbing, say nothing of layovers, we reached the top of the Changtse. From this place you could see literally everything, it seems like world has no end. This view can not be described. We have started seeking purpose of our journey and then we got a bad surprise. At this summit was no trees or shrubs! The Hedgehog-man doubted me and my discovery but I was sure that the recipe is authentic because Emanuel's signature was on it and it's unmistakable true. I sat down on a stone to think for a moment. I saw small leaf on the ground and I finally realized that the fruit can grow under the ground. I carefully dug it and washed. It turned out that it was not the fruit we're looking for. For the next hour we have dug whole land around and finally found proper fruit. It looked like a orange coconut with red stripes. My friend said that he is tired and he need some rest so he went somewhere. I took up for the preparation of brew. Firstly, it was necessary to take the fruit and cut his upper but it was not effortless because its peel was very tough. To do this I used the ice axe that I have bought. Secondly, I had to remove the pulp and seeds from the inside and separate them. Next move was to boil milk for fifteen minutes so I lit a bonfire. According to the recipe, it was essential to burn seeds to powder and add this new-created ingredient at the end to the final form of drink. The seeds required an hour of being in the fire to become dust. It is good that the Hedgehog-man took a small pots with yourself. To the first pot I poured milk powder and crystal water then I mixed it for two minutes with a stick. To the another pot I squeezed juice from flesh of fruit. When the milk was already boiled I had to pour it into empty fruit and keep it there for a moment. To my surprise, the milk changed colour to orange in the blink of an eye. The last step was to pour the juice into the milk and wait for the seed powder. When I was doing it the Hedgehog-man has arrived. He walked over and asked how I'm doing so I replied that I have almost finished the drink of ancient wisdom and then I felt his fist on my face. I was pretty nearly to fell on the ground. At that time I realized that he is a bad man and he want to use power of drink to ruin the world. I have given several blows to his face and stomach, but I was not able to continue fighting. He was too strong, from the mouth of him was going a foam, he probably ate some wild berries. In an instant he has pulled out the knife and put it into my stomach. I have fallen on the stones and grabbed the wound from which flowed blood and he came to me and took the recipe for the drink. The Hedgehog-man picked up the drink, thinking that it is ready, and drained it. The beverage was lacking of the powder from seeds. The Last ounce of strength I got up and snatched the recipe from his hand and then I threw it to the fire, at the same time he started to laugh because he thought that he already has ancient force. He was coming in my direction to finish me off. I had no strength to move, I was losing consciousness. The only thing I remember is declining Hedgehog-man with an arrow in his head.

**8th December 1959**

 I woke up in a hospital bed and next to me was standing the shop assistant from the local small shop. He was a muscular man with blue eyes and long dark hair. I was surprised. He told me everything about what happened. It turned out that he was following us all the time because he knew the Hedgehog-man before. He was local shuffler, liar and robber. He also told me that he brought me here almost dead. Thank God I came out unscathed from this oppression after five days of treatment in hospital. I wrote the recipe for a drink of ancient wisdom from memory, put it in a bottle and threw in the trash. In this way I enrolled in Emanuel's legend, giving a warning to the next finder to be careful whom to trust.