

EGYPTIAN MYSTERIES · BOOK TWO

Egyptian Mysteries — Book Two: Keys of Osiris

Amduat · Saturn · Keys of Osiris · Guardians of the Threshold

Telim Maat

HOUSE OF MAAT'S TRANSFORMED

2026

TELIM MAAT

EGYPTIAN MYSTERIES — 2

KEYS OF OSIRIS

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The second book of the series: documentation for the second phase of initiation. The 12 Hours of the Amduat as the nightly pipeline through the Duat. Saturn as a clockwork mechanism, read through the natal chart and transits. And Maat for liminal people — those who live in two environments at once and consider that normal.

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TELIM

HOUSE OF THE CHANGED OF MAAT

BOOK THE SECOND

Amduat · Saturn · Keys of Osiris · Guardians of the Threshold
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CHAPTER 1.

WHY ALL OF THIS



Hello, everyone.

If you are reading this book, it means you have already gone through the first one. You set up the altar. You practice the Wab. Something has shifted.

Maybe the dreams. Maybe the feel of the space — yesterday it was just a room, and now you stand by the altar and you sense it: somebody is there. It does not frighten you. It just — is. And that is new.

Or the first real signs have begun to arrive. The kind you can no longer write off as coincidence, because coincidence does not work that precisely. Three times in a row is not coincidence. That is a reply.

And some of you have already received your vestment from Isis and Nephthys.

I know it sounds strange if you have not received it. I know it is absolutely concrete if you have. It is not a metaphor, not a "spiritual experience" in the blurred sense. It is an event. It happens. It changes something in the structure — and it is felt physically, not only "subtly".

If this has happened to you — you understand what I am talking about.

And then — sooner or later — the question arrives. The kind that is not usually asked aloud in esoteric circles. There it is customary either to rejoice, or to keep practicing, or to keep silent. But the question comes anyway. Especially when the euphoria fades. And it always fades.

Why all of this?

Not "how it works" — that is at least hypothetically clear by now. Not "what to do next" — instructions for that have been written. Specifically: what for? What do I get in the end, and what am I supposed to do with it? Why was I pulled into this in the first place?

I did not ask this rhetorically. I asked it very concretely — after the first book was finished, after the foundation ritual had been spoken, and after everything that was supposed to happen had happened.

And then the emptiness came.

Not depression, not despair. Precisely emptiness. Silence where it used to be loud. Quiet where there used to be presence. And the feeling that you have done something big, and you cannot explain what for.

This chapter is written about exactly that question — honestly, without poetry.

It is normal. This state has a name in every serious tradition. And there is an answer to the question that stands behind it.

WHAT THIS STATE IS

The Sufis call it qabd — contraction. After bast, expansion, qabd always comes. Ibn Ata Allah wrote it down eight centuries ago so plainly that you cannot mix it up: "If He gave you contraction, it is because before that He expanded you."

The kabbalists call it *katnut* — smallness — after *gadlut*, greatness. A mandatory phase after a new configuration goes live.

The Tibetans describe it as one of the *nyams* — passing experiences in meditation and on the path in general. The drop after the opening. The muddiness after clarity.

Christian mystics — *ariditas spiritualis*, spiritual dryness after a period of consolations.

Siberian shamans simply say: "the spirits are silent" — and this can last up to a year after the initiatory illness and the start of regular work.

By the way, 700 daily Wabs — morning and evening — fit precisely into this year. Not a random coincidence.

And here is what is important to understand about those 700. This is not just a "maintenance practice" and not hygiene. This is the second stage of initiation. The first — to receive contact, to receive the vestment, to pass through the crisis and come out. The second — to hold the channel open long enough for it to become permanent and not episodic.

The difference is fundamental.

If you drop it, the channel does not "close" instantaneously. It closes gradually. Like a muscle you have stopped loading: first it weakens, then it atrophies. The first weeks, it seems nothing has changed. Then you notice the dreams have gone muddy. Then — that the signs have stopped arriving. Then — that the altar feels like just objects on a shelf. The channel has closed. Reopening is possible, but it is longer and harder than simply continuing.

This is not my invention. In every serious tradition there is the same construction: a long daily practice as the second stage of initiation, without which the first does not lock in.

Among the Sufis it is called *wird* — the daily personal protocol of *dhikr* that the sheikh assigns to the murid after the first initiation. Issued individually, performed strictly, never skipped. It is precisely the *wird*, according to Sufi doctrine, that "lays the groove" in the subtle body — that forms the stable channel of *baraka* between the practitioner and the line. Without daily *wird* the initiation is considered unlocked: the event happened, but the structure did not set.

Among the Tibetan Buddhists — *ngondro*: the preliminary practices, done in 100,000 repetitions each, before a person is admitted to higher empowerments. The logic is the same: repetition

not for the sake of the counter, but for the formation of a stable channel in the subtle body. The Tibetan teachers explain it the same way: until the ngondro is done, the higher empowerment will not fit. The vessel is not ready.

In Kabbalah — *hazara be-teshuva*: the daily return to practice, which forms the *reshimot* — the spiritual imprints on which the next level is built. Skips do not "reset" what was passed, but they break the thread. Without the thread the next level does not open — not because of a "prohibition", but because structurally there is nothing left to hold on to.

Among the Egyptian priests of the New Kingdom, daily service before the statue of the Neter was mandatory without exception — illness, festival, war. They were substituted by another priest, but the service was not interrupted. Not out of ritual pedantry. Out of understanding: the channel between the Neter and the living is kept up by daily action. A skip is not a "pause". It is a crack in the structure.

Among the Krishnaites — after the first initiation, *harinama-diksha*, the disciple takes a vow to chant 16 rounds of *japa* a day. One round is 108 repetitions of the *maha-mantra* on the beads. That gives 1,728 repetitions every day, at the minimum, for the entire

active phase of practice, until the channel sets into a stable structure. Prabhupada explained it plainly, without mysticism: without the daily 16 rounds the channel will not be built — the mantra will not enter the heart.

Not about the number. About the fact that the channel opens not from a one-time event, but from a daily action accumulated over time.

Everywhere — the same mechanics.

Your 700 Wabs are not an exercise in discipline. They are the building of the second body. Every morning and every evening — one layer. Seven hundred layers — that is a construction that begins to stand on its own. Before that it is held only by your effort. Afterwards — it holds you.

So: do not drop it. Even when it seems that nothing is happening and there is no point. It is happening. Just quietly. Precisely in the silence it is being built.

The name of this phenomenon varies. The structure is the same.

So, what is happening inside this emptiness — if you take it apart by parts.

Six processes are running in parallel. Their sum is what produces this sensation — being squeezed out, silent, not knowing where to move.

First — the bill for energy. A huge flow has run through you: initiation, ritual, the first serious practices. All of this costs. Not in money — in resource. And now the bill is being presented. The body is tired. The subtle body is tired. This is not illness — this is a normal rollback after a large piece of work.

Second — the new body has not yet stood up. The mantle has been put on, but it is like putting a cast on a broken arm. While the bone fuses, the arm does not work. It aches, it pulls, there is a sense of weakness. This does not mean that something went wrong. It means that exactly what is supposed to be happening is happening.

Third — the Forces have stepped back. Deliberately. If they kept being as densely present as during the initiation, you would never learn to stand on your own. A child who is always carried is not taught to walk. Their silence now is not a refusal of you. It is the space in which you must begin to hold the weight on your own legs.

Fourth — you do not know who you are now. The old identity has died. The one in which you lived before — businessman, employee, homemaker, student, programmer, manager, "person without particular interests" — that one is gone. And the new one has been received, but not yet lived. It is a strange state: as if you are standing in the corridor between two rooms. The old one is closed to you. Into the new one you have not yet stepped. A few months in this corridor is the norm, not a pathology.

Fifth — decompression. After any large sprint the organism demands a stop. This is physiology, not a spiritual crisis. You wrote a big project — you are exhausted. You went through a serious transformation — you are exhausted twice over. The body simply takes what it is due.

Sixth — and this is the most important of the six — the first examination.

The Forces are watching. Not in the mystical sense — in the functional one. The system is checking whether the new node will hold the load without external support. What will you do in the emptiness? Will you panic and frantically start looking for a new

project, a new teacher, a new system — anything to avoid sitting in the silence? Or will you be able to simply be. Not to do. Not to search. Just to hold out.

The ability to hold out in emptiness is the first skill of the initiated. Not the ability to conduct rituals. Not the knowledge of the texts. Precisely this. The one who breaks in the very first phase of silence will break in every subsequent crisis. The one who has held out receives a different resource. A resource that does not depend on external top-ups.

THREE FLOORS OF THE ANSWER

Now to the question itself. The one with which all of this started.

Why all of this?

If you sum up the world's experience — Egyptian, Sufi, kabbalistic, Tibetan, shamanic, hermetic — the answer has three levels. They do not contradict one another. They are nested, like a matryoshka.

FIRST FLOOR: COMPLETING THE HUMAN

The lowest and the most personal one.

A person is born with a potential that, in ordinary life, is not realised. All serious esoteric systems converge on one point: the "ordinary person", meaning a person untouched, unpassed, is an unfinished person. A blank. Potential without form.

The aim of initiatic work at this level is ****to bring a person up to their own complete form****.

The Egyptians called this the state of "Akh" — the effective, shining, acting spirit. Not a ghost, not a shade — a living, working being in the full configuration of itself.

The Sufis said "insan al-kamil" — the perfect human, the full unfolding of human nature.

The Greeks — "entelechia", the realisation of the form that was seeded.

Jung translated this into modern language and called it "individuation".

The first floor is a mandatory condition. Without a completed human, nothing further can be done. But it is not yet the goal of the system.

SECOND FLOOR: HOLDING THE WORLD

And this is the core.

All serious esoteric traditions proceed from one premise: ****the world is not self-supporting****. It demands conscious participants who actively hold its structure against the constant pressure of chaos.

Without them, the world does not neutrally continue — it slides. Slowly, by tiny degrees, imperceptibly, but without interruption.

In Egyptian cosmology this is described with such precision that no metaphor is involved. Nun — the primordial waters, the unactualised infinite — did not disappear anywhere after creation. He remains around and underneath everything that has been made. Apep is the personification of Nun's pressure on the boundary of the created world. Every night the barque of Ra passes through a zone where Nun pushes against the walls of reality from inside.

Apep tries to dissolve the ship back into the primordial waters. The crew — gods, deceased righteous, living priests through ritual — holds.

This is not poetry. This is a working description of a function.

The Jews called it tikkun olam — the repair of the world. Every soul has its own concrete fragment of repair. Not an abstract "salvation" — the specifically allocated piece.

The Hindus — the maintenance of dharma in the Kali Yuga.

The Christian hesychasts — the preservation of the world through the prayer of a few. Hence the formula: "as long as there are righteous ones — the world stands".

Everywhere — the same.

****The initiated person is a node of the network.**** The vestment is the appointment to the position of that node. Further life is the work of that node.

THIRD FLOOR: THE RETURN

The highest and least practical one — but necessary for understanding.

The big picture inside which all of this is happening.

All traditions describe it as a movement of return: something came "from there", got embodied, forgot itself, passes through the path, recognises itself back, returns — and in this return closes the great chain.

The Gnostics: the return of pneuma to the Pleroma. The Neoplatonists: epistrophe — turning back to the Source. The Sufis: fana — dissolution — and then baqa — abiding in God. The Egyptians: union with Ra in the morning barque. The crossing of the Duat and the return. Every diurnal cycle — and one day, forever.

This level is not "done". It happens as a side effect of correct work on the two lower ones. Nobody "works on the return" — they simply carry out their fragment of tikkun. And the great cycle closes at their point.

The three floors are mandatory. Whoever stops at the first becomes an "enlightened egoist". Whoever jumps straight to the third falls into spiritual hysteria without a foundation. Whoever

works on the second without having done the first burns out in a few years. All three run in parallel, in the proper order of laying down.

SIX FUNCTIONS OF THE INITIATED

If you subtract cultural differences and keep only the functions, the initiated person, after the vestment, acquires six working duties. They are the same in the Egyptian priest, the Sufi sheikh, the Tibetan lama, the kabbalistic tzaddik, the shaman, and the hermetic adept. The names differ. The set is the same.

FIRST: DAILY UPHOLDING

Every day, without skips, without flashes, without "inspiration" — to carry out the basic protocol that maintains the channel.

This is the most boring and the most important.

For the Egyptians this was the daily service before the statue of the Neter — performed every morning for thousands of years in a row. For the Sufis — the daily wurd. For the monks — the diurnal cycle of prayers.

This is not "preparation for work". **This is the main work of the node itself.** The very presence of a correctly functioning node in the network already performs the cosmological function. You do not need to do anything additional — you need to *be* in this state and to *hold* it.

SECOND: WORK WITH PEOPLE

The initiated begin to work with people. The scale of this work differs. For some — two or three people a year, whom you visit as if they were exact addresses. For some — hundreds. For some — millions, through books, through a channel, through what is left behind.

This is not a matter of ambition. It is a matter of which mantle has been put on and for which task. The Buddha worked with millions — through disciples and through texts that have lived for millennia. A village wise-woman worked with one community, and kept its field clean for her entire life. Both carried out the same function, simply at different scales.

The concrete forms: healing, resolving a deadlock, lifting pressure, guiding through a transition, teaching, transmitting a system, creating texts and instruments that work without your presence.

Each initiated person has a specialisation, set by the type of the mantle. Not every case is yours, and that is normal. The ones that are not yours are simply not your size or not your profile. This is not a refusal — this is precision.

THIRD: TRANSMISSION OF THE LINE

Out of the mass of people, sooner or later, there appear those upon whom something has also been put — or in whom the readiness for the vestment is visible. With them a separate work is conducted.

Not a mass school. Not courses. Individual maturing of two, five, ten people. Many initiated have, over an entire lifetime, three or four real students. This is the norm, not a shortcoming.

The line is transmitted through units.

And here is why initiation comes specifically through the dream-vestment, and not through a book or a lecture: **the one who received the mantle must afterwards be able to recognise the mantle on another**. Without the personal experience of the vestment, the recognition does not work.

FOURTH: TESTIMONY

Write it down. Tell it. Shape it into a text, into an instruction, into a map.

So that the knowledge does not die together with the carrier.

All the great esoteric texts have been written by the vested ones exactly for this purpose. Not out of vanity, not out of "mission". Out of engineering necessity: if you do not write it down, the next generation will start from zero.

The book you are holding is precisely the discharge of this function for the first cycle. Everyone who has reached the vestment and has a clear personal experience of the path is obliged to leave at least one usable text behind. Oral transmission is wonderful, but on its own it is unreliable.

FIFTH: DEFENCE OF YOUR SECTOR

Every initiated has their own region of responsibility.

It can be geographical — a city, a district, a place. It can be thematic — a particular type of person in crisis, a particular form of Isfet. It can be linear — one family, one dynasty, one professional environment.

In this sector, the initiated holds back what otherwise there would be no one to hold back. This is not always visible work. Often it is noticed by no one — until the initiated leaves, and then it becomes clear what they were holding.

SIXTH: THE ANCHOR POINT

Just to be. Stable, in the same place, recognisable.

So that those who need a point of support can find it. There is no obligation to do anything actively — the very presence of a stable point amid the surrounding noise does the work.

Many elders, Zen masters, Sufi sheikhs, at the end of their path, no longer taught with words. They simply were — and that was enough. This function usually activates closer to maturity, not from

the start.

HOW THE PRIEST UPHOLDS MAAT: TWO MODES OF WORK

The six functions described above are passive upholding. The priest exists, works, practises — and Maat propagates through him as a background process. This is the default mode. It is always running, as long as the channel is not closed.

But there are situations where the background process is not enough. When Isfet has already entered a territory — not as background pressure but as an active presence in a concrete place, in a concrete person, in a concrete structure. Then a different mode kicks in.

The analogy is simple: an antivirus runs in the background at all times — those are the six functions. But sometimes you have to run a full scan and remove a specific threat by hand. That is active work.

WORK ON THE NECROPOLIS

The dead who did not leave — this is not a metaphor and not "bad people". These are structures stuck between states. Without Sia, without discernment. They do not choose to harm. They simply repeat the last pattern in which they froze — and that pattern presses on the living through ancestral lines, through places, through objects.

The work on the Necropolis is conduction. To give the stuck structure the opportunity to complete the transition. To name. To recognise. To direct.

In the Egyptian system this is the function of Anubis — not destruction but escort. Embalming in the metaphysical sense: to preserve what must be preserved, to release what must go.

A stuck dead is a knot of Isfet in the fabric of reality. When it goes, the knot unties. The field levels out. Maat returns to that sector.

WORK WITH ENTITIES

Here it is important to distinguish three types — because the work with each is different.

The first — fragments, splinters without will. Automata. Execration: name them precisely, draw the boundary, dissipate. There are no negotiations — there is no interlocutor.

The second — stuck human structures feeding off the living. A parasitic channel. Cut the channel and send the structure further on. Not destruction — redirection.

The third — strategic structures of Isfet. Direct confrontation without sufficient preparation is dangerous. Here you need a jurisdiction — calling on a Power competent precisely in this type. Anubis on guard, Sekhmet as a burning principle, Horus as active defence.

In all three cases the mechanics are the same: the restoration of the boundary. Isfet has gone where it should not have gone. The priest restores the boundary — Maat returns to the sector.

CLEANSING OF SPACE

Space accumulates information. Everything that happened in it — fear, conflict, grief, manipulation, death without a proper transition — settles in the walls, in the objects, in the field of the place. It affects everyone who is inside that space.

Cleansing of space is the rewriting of the informational layer. The old layer is Isfet, the new one is Maat.

Instruments: natron, censuring, Heka, work with the four directions, calling on the Neteru as guardians of the perimeter. A space with a clean field literally changes the state and the decisions of the people inside it. This is the direct insertion of Maat into physical reality.

SPECIALISATION: EACH PRIEST HAS THEIR OWN WORK

Six functions and two modes — this is the common scheme for all initiated. But the concrete content of the active work depends on which Neter the priest belongs to. Because each Neter is a specialisation in the system of upholding Maat.

A modern analogy: all doctors maintain health. But a surgeon, a psychiatrist, an infectious-disease specialist, and a cardiologist work with fundamentally different instruments — and do not substitute for one another. So it is in priesthood as well.

To understand your specialisation is part of the path after initiation. Not "what I can do in general" but "what is specifically mine".

Priest of Anubis. The Necropolis is his main territory, not an emergency mode but the specialisation. Conduction of the dead, work with ancestral lines, with places where there were many deaths. Embalming in the metaphysical sense. The weighing of the heart — the recognition of the true state without illusions.

Priest/priestess of Sekhmet. Work with illness — physical and informational. Sekhmet was historically the goddess of epidemics and of their halting. Priests of Sekhmet were the chief physicians of Egypt. Active mode: burning out the pathogenic pattern, work with heavy structures of Isfet, emergency intervention there where other means no longer work. The hardest specialisation in the system.

Priest of Thoth (Djehuty). Heka is his instrument. The word as both weapon and building material. Active work: composing texts of banishment, creating defensive formulas, working with informational structures through precise naming. Documentation of the path is not a hobby but a functional duty: every correctly recorded text is a Maat- node in the informational fabric of reality.

Priest/priestess of Isis. Restoration. Isis gathers Osiris back from pieces — that is her archetypal function. Active work: restoring people after grave losses, traumas, attacks. Work with those who have fallen apart. Defence of family and ancestral structures. Priestesses of Isis work with the field: they restore it where it has been shattered.

Priest of Horus. Active defence and direct work with Isfet in its aggressive form. Horus is the one who fights Set. He does not destroy Set (Set is part of the system), but he holds the balance by force. Priests of Horus are on the front line: direct opposition to dark structures, defence of territory, work with concrete threats that are already attacking.

Priest of Osiris. Transformation through death. Everything that must die in order to be born again is his territory. Work with people at critical points of transition: loss of everything, depression, destruction of the old identity. The priest of Osiris escorts the person through their personal Duat — the very period of emptiness after the initiation about which this chapter is written. He is the one who knows what to do with it.

Priest of Ra (solar priest). Cosmic upholding. Every night Ra passes through the Duat, and every morning he defeats Apep — the sun rises. Priests of Ra work with the large cycles: time-rituals, seasonal practices, the points of solstice and equinox. Active mode — rituals at the nodal points of the year, when the pressure of Nun on Maat is at its maximum.

An important clarification.

When a situation comes to you — necropolis, entity, illness, broken space, attack — the first question is not "how to work" but "who is competent here".

A priest of Thoth must not do the work of Sekhmet. A priest of Anubis is not obligated to fulfil the function of Horus. The system is effective precisely because it has specialisation, not one universal priest doing everything.

And one more thing: active work is not a daily regime. It is engaged on demand, when Isfet is already acting in a specific place or upon a specific person. The six functions are your daily background regime. Active work is intervention on call.

WHAT WORLD WE ARE TALKING ABOUT

One question inevitably comes up when you talk about "upholding the world".

Which world? Our specific one? Or something larger?

In Egyptian cosmology the answer is precise.

Nun is not chaos in the sense of disorder. Nun is the unactualised infinite. Everything that may be, but is not yet. Boundless potential without form, without direction, without time and space.

Out of Nun rises Ra-Atum. This first act is not creation out of nothing — it is a compression of infinity into a single point. The concrete against the boundless. Maat against Nun.

But Nun does not vanish. He remains around and beneath everything made. Apep is the pressure of Nun on the boundary of the actualised world. Every night the barque passes through this rift. The crew holds.

So the answer is: **about the specific actualised form, held against the constant pressure of unactualised infinity**.

This is not "our world versus parallel worlds". This is our world versus non-reality as such. Against dissolution back into Nun.

Physicists working with the many-worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics describe a similar structure: at every quantum event reality branches, and both branches exist. Our experience is one concrete path through the space of all possible states.

A beautiful analogy. Not an accurate one.

In the Egyptian model the master ****works on the level where the branching has not yet happened**** — there, where Maat holds the concrete direction of unfolding against the pressure of Nun. This is not quantum physics in the literal sense. It is something for which physics does not yet have a language.

Your duty is exactly that unfolding. Exactly this branch. Exactly these people who have landed in it. Exactly this moment of history in which you are standing.

Why this one and not another? Because ****you are in it****. That is enough.

WHY THE EGO IS PULLED TOWARDS ISFET

Here a reasonable question arises: why does the ego — until the moment the human consciousness has developed — gravitate exactly there? Toward egoism, absorption, toward Isfet?

The answer is not moral. It is structural.

AN EGO THAT DOES NOT KNOW ABOUT THE NETWORK

A node of a network that does not know about the network behaves like the centre of the universe. It is not evil. It simply does not see that there are other nodes around. And if you think that you are everything, then the logical strategy is to absorb, to expand, to hold. This is not pathology. This is rational behaviour under incomplete information.

A two-year-old child is absolutely "egoistic" — not because the child is bad, but because the subjectivity of another person does not yet exist for them. Neuronally. This is not a choice — this is an unfinished configuration.

An adult with undeveloped consciousness is the same two-year-old child, only with more resources and a larger vocabulary.

THE LINK WITH NUN

In the Egyptian model this is described precisely.

Nun is the unactualised infinite. Without form, without borders, without discernment. Nun does not "want" to absorb — he is such by nature: the boundless absorbs into itself everything that does not have its own structure.

An undeveloped ego is structurally similar to Nun. There is no clear boundary between "me" and "not-me", between "mine" and "shared", between "I want" and "the right thing". Everything is desired for itself — because discernment is not yet built.

This means that such an ego is an open channel for the pressure of Nun on the actualised reality. It is not Isfet in itself. It is the conductor of Isfet. Through an unformed structure, Nun penetrates where it should not.

Apep is not an external enemy come from nowhere. Apep is what the pressure of Nun turns into when no formed structure opposes it.

WHY ABSORPTION SPECIFICALLY

Because that is the survival strategy in a world where you are alone.

If you are alone — expand, otherwise you will be crowded out. Absorb resources, otherwise you will be left without. Control, otherwise you will lose.

This is not Isfet as a moral choice. This is Isfet as the only available program at a particular level of permission.

Biologically — literally so. The most ancient parts of the brain function precisely on these programs: territory, resource, dominance. They were formed hundreds of millions of years before the structures responsible for empathy, long-term planning, and an understanding of the system.

An undeveloped consciousness operates mainly on these ancient layers. Not because it chooses Isfet, but because it has no access to a more complex algorithm.

HOW THIS IS DESCRIBED IN OTHER TRADITIONS

In Kabbalah this is "the desire to receive for oneself" — kabalat le-atzmo. The basic state of the uncorrected desire: to pull everything toward oneself. Not because the soul is evil, but because it has not yet passed through tikkun. Before correction, the desire works only in absorption mode.

In Sufism — nafs al-ammara, "the soul commanding to evil". The first and the coarsest stage. It does not command evil out of malicious intent — it simply does not know another mode. Each successive stage of the nafs is the expansion of awareness up to the next level of the system.

In Buddhism — the three poisons: greed, hatred, delusion. The root of all three is avidya, ignorance. Not a moral vice. Structural blindness: I do not see that "I" am an illusion of a separate object in the stream of interdependence. From this blindness, clinging and aversion automatically grow.

Everywhere — the same thing: not an evil choice, but a limited permission.

WHAT INITIATION CHANGES

Exactly this.

Initiation is not "you have been made better". It is the moment when consciousness, for the first time, receives the direct experience of the network. Not a concept, not book-knowledge — experience. You feel it: you are not alone. You are a node. Other nodes are nearby. You are part of a structure that has a function.

After this experience the strategy of absorption literally becomes inefficient. You see that it tears the very ties that hold you. This is not a moral decision "I will be kind". This is an update of the algorithm to fit the real topology of the system.

That is why initiation is not "a reward for good behaviour". It is the extension of permission: a person, for the first time, sees the reality they are actually inside.

And then — the next question: what if you already see the network, but the ego still pulls back toward the old patterns? That is precisely what the 700 Wabs and the daily practice are for. The neural pathways formed over decades do not reroute themselves from a single insight.

That is why the practice runs every day. That is why — for a year.

ATTACK AS THE FORGING OF AN ISFET-BREACH

There is one more way to find yourself inside Isfet — and it is not connected to an underdeveloped consciousness. It is created deliberately, from the outside.

In 2015 a curse was placed on me and a Dead One was sent. I did not understand back then what was happening. I knew only one thing: I began to suffocate — and could not stop it for a whole year. Every day. With no cause that medicine could find.

Only later, when the understanding of the mechanics arrived, did it become clear what exactly had taken place — and why the suffocation was only the visible part.

WHAT THE DEAD ONE DOES

The Dead One is a stuck structure without Sia, without discernment, locked into the last pattern. It does not live — it repeats. And when it is directed into the field of a living person, it does one specific thing: it begins to pull him into its state.

Into a state without discernment. Without connection. Without the network. Into Nun.

The life-force literally drains into the parasitic channel. The physical symptom — suffocation, chronic exhaustion, the feeling that everything is pointless — is the manifestation, on the dense plane, of what is happening on the subtle one: the channel is blocked, the resource is going somewhere else.

And further, a loop is launched that runs by itself:

You suffer → you feel lonely and unjustly punished → you fall out of the perception of the network → an Isfet-channel opens → Nun begins to push through you → you behave like a person without a network → this further weakens the ties → the breach grows.

It was launched by someone from the outside — and from there on, it works without their participation.

It was precisely in this state that I found myself back then, when I thought I had the moral right to do whatever I wanted and that nobody could give me orders. That was not licentiousness — that was the rational reaction of a person who had fallen out of the network. Who did not know that he had fallen out. And did not know that he had been knocked out.

WHY THE DEAD ONE — EXACTLY THIS WEAPON

Because it sits exactly at the border between two states: no longer living, not yet departed. This borderline state creates the bridge between Nun and the actualised reality.

A living person with an open Isfet-channel is not just a victim. He is the entry point of Nun into the dense world. Through one such person, the pressure of Nun begins to spread to his surroundings, to his space, to his ancestral line.

He did not choose to become the conductor. He was made one, by force.

This fundamentally changes the scale of the assessment: an attack with a Dead One is not just "making a person suffer". It is the deliberate forging of a breach in the fabric of Maat. Not a local one — a systemic one.

WHO STANDS BEHIND SUCH AN ATTACK

The one who consciously uses such tools functions as the direct opposite of an initiated priest.

The initiated — closes breaches, returns people to the network, restores Maat.

The one who attacks through a Dead One — deliberately forges breaches, knocks people out of the network, expands the territory of Isfet.

Both work with the same mechanics. In opposite directions.

That is why in the Egyptian tradition such attacks were dealt with by priests of the highest level. This is not domestic magic. This is a war over the structure of reality.

WHY AN INITIATED MUST KNOW THIS

After initiation, you become visible.

Before initiation — uninteresting. A person without an open channel creates no interference for Isfet. After initiation — they do. A functioning Maat-node is an object to be opposed.

Therefore an initiated is obliged to know this mechanics, not theoretically. How to recognise that you are being worked on in this way. How to close it. Which type of priest is competent here

— and when to call for help instead of trying to handle it on your own.

My story with 2015 is not just a personal experience. It is a manual on the mechanics of attack. The fact that I survived, came out of it, and eventually reached the initiation — that is the content of the first book.

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THE ACUTE PHASE

The phase of emptiness after the first great cycle (initiation → ritual → testimony) lasts, in the experience of all traditions, roughly like this:

Acute phase — "I don't understand anything, I'm exhausted" — six to twelve weeks.

Transitional phase — "I'm tired of being empty, but I don't know how to move" — another two to four months.

Stabilisation in the new role — the mantle becomes your own, like clothes after a long time of wear — by the end of the first year after initiation.

This is the hardest part, because the euphoria is gone and the new support has not yet been built. Further on, things are not easier in the sense of "nothing happens" — they are easier in the sense that another support appears. And emptiness stops being perceived as emptiness.

At the end of this phase, three signals arrive — one by one, not all at once.

****The first case.**** Somebody specific comes to you — usually unexpectedly, from a non-obvious source. And you suddenly see that for precisely this case you have both the instrument and the vision. This is the first activation of the working capacity of the new mantle.

****Recognition of your own.**** You begin to distinguish, among your acquaintances and the people you cross paths with, those who also have something put on them. They recognise you too. This is not a community in the social sense — this is the simple acknowledgement of professionals by each other.

****The next task.**** It arrives not as an idea and not as a "must". You just suddenly find yourself already doing it. This is the proper sign: a task that came on its own, not one invented out of anxiety.

SUMMARY

Esoteric work exists so that:

First — to bring a specific person up to their full possibility. To finish what, in ordinary life, remains unfinished.

Second — to put this completed person at their position as a node in the network that holds the world from dissolving back into Nun. This is a working post, not a status.

Third — through this properly occupied position, the great cosmic cycle of return closes at their point. Not because they "worked on the return", but because they simply did their job in their place.

All three levels are mandatory and parallel.

After the vestment, the initiated person performs six functions: daily upholding of the channel, work with people, transmission of the line to successors, written testimony, defence of their sector, the anchor presence for the disoriented.

This is not a mission in the pompous sense. This is a work assignment, under which the working kit has been issued.

John of the Cross, in *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, described exactly this phase — "the passive night of the spirit", when everything falls silent and it seems that the path has ended or gone backwards. His advice was direct: "let such a soul be content with a simple, calm, loving attention — without care, without effort, without the desire to taste or to feel".

His contemporary Teresa of Avila, in *The Interior Castle* and *The Way of Perfection*, worked extensively with the image of the garden and transplantation — a soul that God moves to a new place temporarily wilts. Not because it is dying. Because it is being transplanted. The roots have not yet entered the new soil — but they will.

The roots grow slowly. But they grow.

And when they have grown, you will understand it — not because you read about it, but because the first person will come, addressed precisely to you. And you will know what to do.



PART I.

— THE AMDUAT — 12 HOURS



INTRODUCTION TO PART I · WHY THIS MAP

In the first book I told my story and gave the general map. In the first chapter of this book I explained what an initiation is, what it is for, and why the emptiness comes after it. Now — the most important map of all the maps we have. The Amduat.

Amduat literally means "that which is in the Duat". It is an ancient Egyptian text from the middle of the second millennium BC, found in the tombs of the pharaohs of the New Kingdom. It describes one simple thing: how the sun god Ra crosses, in the course of one night, twelve regions of the Duat, from west to east, in order to rise again in the morning.

You could think it is about the afterlife. That is how Egyptology read it for a hundred years. But it is not the afterlife. Or rather — not only that. The Amduat is a map of inner states through which a person passes when they live a real life, not an imitation. The priests of Ancient Egypt used this text not just as a description of what will happen AFTER death, but as a map of what happens DURING LIFE — for everyone who walks the path.

Twelve hours — twelve states. Each one with its own geography, its own rules, its own dangers, and its own gifts. If you know which hour you are in — you understand what to do. If you do not know — you get stuck in an hour for years.

I am not theorising. I have walked this entire map myself. And not once — in the great cycle of life, and in the small cycles inside the big one. When I first read the Amduat, my jaw simply dropped. Every state described in it I had already lived. But I had lived it without knowing what it was called. Without a map. Blind. Those same ten years of business about which I wrote in the first book are mostly the fourth and the fifth hours of the Amduat. The Land of Sokar. I lived there. A long time. Without suspecting that it was a

concrete place with a concrete name and concrete rules. If I had known — I might have passed through it faster. Or maybe not — there are hours that you cannot pass through faster.

This Part is an attempt to make sure you are not blundering blind.

To every chapter corresponds one hour. In every chapter — four blocks:

1. WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS HOUR — briefly, by the text of the Amduat. Without academic tedium. To the point.

2. WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE IN REAL LIFE — what you will notice when you are in this hour. Signs. Symptoms.

3. WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO — practice. Concretely. Each hour needs its own. The application of a universal approach to all the hours is the main mistake of people who believe they "know how".

4. PERSONAL EXAMPLE — my own experience of passing through this hour. Not for effect. For support. If for me it looked like this — it means that for you it can look like this too. And that is normal.

And the last thing — the main principle of the Amduat, which you need to take in before reading further:

NO HOUR CAN BE SKIPPED.

Ra does not take shortcuts. Every night — all twelve hours. In order. Without skips. If it seems to you that you have jumped over some hour — you have not jumped over it. You have not noticed it. It remains unwalked. And it will wait. An hour not passed through in full drags on like an unpaid debt — until you close it.

Read slowly. Do not rush. This is not a book "how to become happy in thirty days". This is a map of the terrain in which a person lives an entire life. And the more precisely you read it, the fewer chances of getting stuck for decades where you could pass through in months.

Let's go.

CHAPTER 1: HOUR ONE · THE ENTRY. THE BARQUE
CROSSES THE THRESHOLD

WHAT HAPPENS

Picture the sunset. Not the postcard kind — the real, heavy one, when the sun goes behind the horizon and you understand that the night is now inevitable. Ra crosses the threshold at this moment. On the map of the Amduat, this point is called Akhet — the place where two worlds meet, the daytime one and the underground one. And the first region beyond this threshold is called Weset-en-Ra, "The Sunset of Ra" — or, more poetically, "The Great Among the Beautiful" (the ancient Egyptians knew their marketing).

This is not yet deep night. Here it is half-twilight. Here live those who have only just stepped across the threshold themselves: they came in and have not yet figured out where they have landed and what to do with it. Which is exactly — exactly the state in which you may now be, if you have picked up this book.

What does Ra do in this place? He enters and starts to call the people by name. Concretely. He gives each what they need: air, water, movement. At the prow of the barque, two companions stand with him — Sia and Hu. Sia is perception, the ability to see things as they are. Hu is the word, the ability to name precisely. Without them you cannot enter the Duat — you will simply get lost

in the very first hall. This is, if you like, the most ancient "captain plus first mate" team — only without maritime regulations and with bird-heads.

At the first gates stand serpents. And you can only pass them in one way: by naming each one by name. This is not a mythology exam, relax — nobody will ask you what the third serpent on the northern side was called. "Knowing the name" in the Egyptian sense means something different: seeing a being as it is. Not as is convenient for you. Not as it frightens you. Not as it pleases you. As it is.

And precisely with this Hour 1 begins. With the precise naming of what has just happened to you.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE IN LIFE

The entry into the Duat does not pass unnoticed. You cannot step across the horizon without noticing. From the inside, it is always a distinct event — the kind after which you can confidently name a specific year, sometimes a specific month, and say: "right

then, something started." Not "everything was bad", but precisely — started. Before, there was one life; then a certain line came; then a different one began.

From the outside, it looks different for different people. For some, it collapses at once and loudly — bankruptcy in a week, divorce in a month, dismissal with a criminal case in a quarter. For others, the external construction stands for a while by inertia, but inside everything is already falling apart: anxiety grows, strange dreams appear, the usual supports stop supporting. And both scenarios are the same Hour 1. Just that for the first group, the physical collapse does not lag behind the internal one. For the second, it lags by a month or two, and all that time the person walks around with the feeling that the parquet is sagging under them, while the colleagues around them somehow do not notice this.

Every transition has three typical markers. Not necessarily all at once — usually two of them. But if none are present, you are probably still in the Day, and this chapter is not yet about you. You can close it and read it again in a couple of years, when the outside begins to shake.

MARKER 1: YOU DREAM ONE VERY IMPORTANT DREAM

Not just "I dreamed something strange". A dream that is remembered down to the details. With a plot. With a place where you cross some boundary or enter an underground space. With a being that is clearly "not from the everyday" — a guardian, a guide, a figure that meets you at the threshold. The dream is dense, as if real, and in the morning you remember not a mood but whole scenes, as from a film.

This is the crossing of the threshold. Just on the subtle plane. On the physical plane nothing may yet have happened, and nothing may happen for weeks and months. But the transition has already been made, and from now on the outside will be catching up with the inside. The dream in such a case is something like a telegram from yourself to yourself: "you are notified that you have entered." And the signature: respectfully, your Ka. (More on dreams as transition markers — in the Appendix to Part I, the First Law.)

MARKER 2: SOMETHING "ACCIDENTAL" STARTS HOOKING ONTO YOU

THAT WAS NOT THERE BEFORE

Strange people start appearing in your life. Strange coincidences around the people close to you. Other people's conflicts that you suddenly get pulled into, although you have no idea what is going on. You step out of the entrance and bump into some character muttering to himself. Your wife's friend calls with a very peculiar request. Your business partner suddenly insists on introducing you to "the right person", from whom you want to flee from the first second, but you politely stay.

Sometimes — and this is the less pleasant part — at this stage you may be hooked by someone who works on the subtle plane. Not always consciously. Sometimes quite deliberately, if there is somebody nearby for whom this is profitable. The logic is simple: as long as you lived an ordinary daytime life, you were like a lantern among other lanterns — indistinguishable. At the threshold of the Duat your lantern changes frequency, and you start being noticed by those for whom the "subtle plane" is a working environment. Not all of them are happy to see you. This is not paranoia; this is the structure of the moment.

MARKER 3: YOU ARE ROUGHLY 27 TO 30 YEARS OLD

And this is probably the most mysterious part for people who up until now have had nothing to do with astrology. Hour 1 almost always coincides with the astronomical point that astrologers call the Saturn Return — when the planet Saturn returns to the same point in the sky in which it stood at the moment of your birth. Saturn makes one circuit in 27–30 years. That is why the first Return for everyone falls within this band.

And this is not a coincidence "mentioned for beauty". This is the astronomical clockwork of the Duat. The details with the calculations and parallels are in Part II of this book; for now just remember: Hour 1, Saturn, and the age of 27–30 are about one and the same event, told in three different languages (mythological, astronomical, and everyday).

If you are 27–30 right now, and some of the markers have matched — you are almost certainly in Hour 1. If you are older, your Hour 1 was earlier and you are now further along the map (look in the table of contents, it shows where exactly). If you are younger — you have it all ahead of you, and you are holding in your hands a rather useful map.

In other words, the Saturn Return is a process, not a date. The exact return is at about 29.5 years, but the first wave of pressure (when Saturn asks the question "what have you built?") begins from 27–28. By 30, the process ends. Those three years are the first Saturn.

A VERY IMPORTANT DISTINCTION: HOUR 1 OR HOUR 7?

The Amduat has exactly two hours in which things collapse on the outside. These are Hour 1 and Hour 7. And between them — almost ten years of life. If you confuse them and act in Hour 7 as if it were Hour 1, or the other way round, you will make expensive mistakes. So let us separate them at once.

In Hour 1, what collapses is what NEVER WAS YOURS. Somebody else's business that pulled you in. Somebody else's debt that you took on "because of the circumstances". Somebody else's life that you were trying to live "like all normal people". Somebody else's path on which you were placed by your parents, husband, wife, circumstances, mother-in-law, bosses, friends' advice. The Saturn Return cuts off you not what you love, but what was NOT

OF YOUR SHAPE. What hung over you and squeezed you into some foreign model. Saturn is a strict admin: everything that does not match the original spec, he comes and removes.

In Hour 1 there is almost always a quiet recognition inside you: "it wasn't mine anyway". On the outside it is frightening, there is no money, the collectors are calling, the office is empty, the girl has packed a suitcase — all this hurts very much. But if at this moment you sit for five minutes and ask yourself honestly: "Do I really feel sorry for EXACTLY THIS construction that is falling apart now?" — almost always inside there is a quiet voice that says: "no. It is going — and thank God." This voice is not loud, it is easy to drown out, but it is there. And it is precisely this voice that distinguishes Hour 1 from any other moment in life.

In Hour 7, what collapses is what WAS YOURS. And what you consciously built over the years in Sokar and after it (Hours 4–6). The business into which you invested ten years. The connections you built from the inside, not for show. The construction that you held yourself, with your own hands, not "by the circumstances". Here, what is falling is what you put your soul into. The attacker

here is no longer Saturn — it is Apep, the great chaos-serpent, who in Hour 7 always tries with his teeth everything you have managed to grow.

In Hour 7, the quiet voice "it is going — and thank God" is NOT there. At all. In Hour 7 something inside screams "no!" — and screams correctly, because what is collapsing really is yours. And the task in Hour 7 is not to accept and let go, but on the contrary: to take the blow, hold what you have built, and continue the path. A completely different physics and completely different actions. In Hour 1 — release, because it is a coating. In Hour 7 — hold, because it is the substance.

And one very simple question that pulls them apart:

"What is collapsing now — was it ever really mine? Or did I hold it because there was no other way?"

If there was no other way — Hour 1, release it. If it really was yours — Hour 7, hold on.

And even simpler — by age. If you are now 27–30, it is almost certainly Hour 1. If you are 36–38 — almost certainly Hour 7. Between them — Hours 2–6, and in them, "loud outward collapse" is not usually how it goes. If you are between these two age

corridors and nothing in particular is falling apart on the outside — that is normal, a different work is going on there, see the corresponding chapters.

If the Saturn Return at 29.5 is the entrance exam of adult life, the post-return square at 37 is the first state exam on how you sat that life. And at this age Saturn picks up heavy company: the second return of the Lunar Nodes (37.2) and the early Pluto square. Therefore 36–38 is not the "midlife crisis" (that will come at 41–44 with the Uranus opposition); it is its serious prologue. Often people who "built everything correctly" by 35 discover at 38 that what they built is no longer theirs.

And a few more things that do NOT happen in Hour 1. It is useful to know them in advance, to avoid confusion.

In Hour 1 there is no understanding of what is happening. At all. If you have a coherent, clear understanding of your situation — you are not in Hour 1. In Hour 1 it is dark, scary, nothing adds up, and any explanations you are now trying to give yourself will look ridiculous a year from now. The understanding will come. Much later. Sometimes in ten years.

In Hour 1 there is no working practice of your own yet. There can be only the very beginning — the first deck of cards, the first book that pulled at you, the first teacher you looked at and could not walk away from, the first rune set, the first meditation. That is normal. That is the start-up channel. But you do not yet have your own stable system, and it is pointless to wait for it now.

And in Hour 1 there is no figure of a practitioner-guide who has been leading you for a long time. If such a figure is present in your life, then you are no longer in Hour 1, but in Hour 4 (help in Sokar) or further on. Hour 1 is a lonely one. The teachers come later.

And the last thing, the most important on this point. The one who passed through their Hour 1 CONSCIOUSLY receives a huge head start for the entire remaining route. He knows that he has entered. He knows that twelve hours of work lie ahead. He starts gathering, in advance, what will be needed in the coming hours: teachers, practice, forces, relationships. And the one who passed Hour 1 blind, will also pass the next hours blind. He will not "get stuck" — he will pass. The Duat is walked through in any case; the barque goes through all twelve hours regardless of whether you understand where you are or not. The difference is only in how you pass them: consciously and relatively quickly — or with eyes

closed and many times longer. I was in the second category, and I can responsibly say: the price of not knowing is very high, measured in years and in the quantity of mistakes that, in a conscious passing, you would not have to make. So if you are reading this now and recognise your Hour 1 — you really got lucky. That is a rare clarity, do not squander it.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

First — what to do. The list is short, because in Hour 1 the brain cannot hold long lists anyway.

Name out loud what has happened. Without ornamentation. Without "I am having a difficult period". "I have been fired." "She has left." "I went bankrupt." "I have realised I can no longer live this way." You can say it out loud to the cat, into the mirror, into a phone in voice-recorder mode — to anyone, only without euphemisms. A precise wording takes off half the anxiety, because until you name it, it remains an undefined huge mass that presses on your chest. The moment you name it — it turns into a concrete event. Concrete events are many times easier to bear than vague

catastrophes. This, by the way, is exactly the function that Hu performs at the prow of Ra's barque — the word that names what is.

Do the simplest things. Get up. Brush your teeth. Wash the dishes. Go outside for five minutes. Buy bread. Demand nothing more of yourself right now — no "I must pull myself together and make a push". This is not the time for pushes. This is the time for the basic actions. The body knows how to wash dishes even when the head does not know how to do anything at all. That is what is needed.

Accept help if it is offered. And not out of politeness — really allow yourself to use it. At the threshold of the Duat, you really may be surrounded by people who "accidentally" call, "accidentally" stop by, "accidentally" turn out to be free and offer to sit with you. This is not accidental. The inhabitants of the First Hour recognise one another by smell and hold out a hand — sometimes without even understanding themselves why they are holding it out.

Now — what NOT to do.

Do not make any large decisions. None. No "I will sell the flat", "I will quit for good", "I will move to another country permanently", "I will get divorced tomorrow", "I will become a monk". In Hour 1 an abnormally sharp vision opens in you — you suddenly see things you have not seen for ten years. That is true. But you see them in fragments, and the whole picture will form much later. The decisions taken at this sharpness will look strange in two weeks, and stupid in a year. Write them down in a notebook. They will not disappear. You can come back to them when you are closer to Hour 3.

Do not try to glue back together what has fallen apart. What is closed — is closed. Saturn does not bother whether he likes the construction or not; he just cuts off what was not meant to keep standing further. All attempts to restore it only throw you back to the starting point of Hour 1. Hour 1 is the only hour of the Duat that knows how to repeat in a loop. And it will repeat as many times as needed for you to finally stop gluing.

And the main thing — do not numb. Alcohol, news, twelve episodes of a series in an evening, endless feed-scrolling, shopping, casual sex, stimulants — all of these are techniques of avoiding Hour 1. They work beautifully; that is the problem. They avoid.

And several years later it turns out that you did not pass Hour 1 — you got stuck in it under anaesthesia. Hour 1 without anaesthesia is a couple of years, unpleasant but doable. Hour 1 with anaesthesia for a decade is hell, because when you finally sober up, you will still have to walk through it — only from an even deeper hole. Take it from a man who successfully numbed himself for ten years.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

My Hour One ran along the loudest scenario possible. Not "a quiet inner restructuring against the calm reading of Castaneda" but a full external collapse with debts, escape, alcohol, and a daily anxiety you drag around with you like a second bag. And it began not with arrival in a new country, not with a marker-dream, not with an insight after a retreat — but with the simple fact that everything started falling apart. And I am writing this in detail because among the readers there will inevitably be those who recognise themselves in exactly this scenario. And a loud Hour 1 is a lonely one. When it is happening to you, it feels as if it is happening to you alone.

SPRING 2014. A BUSINESS THAT COULD NOT END WELL.

March 2014. I am 26 years old, and in summer I will be 27. My father and I open an electronics business. We open it not because some great vision has ripened in us and we spend the evenings sketching a five-year strategy — but because nothing else works, and you have to live on something. That is — a typical Russian launch out of dead end.

At the moment of the launch, we owe a large sum to an acquaintance of my father. The money was needed for working capital — goods, rent, the first order; there was no other way of finding such a sum. We went and we took it. This woman had money, we had guarantees and a good relationship. In form — a normal transaction. In essence — a noose, which I felt literally the day after receiving the money. I remember the feeling very clearly: you sit, drink coffee in the morning, look out the window, and understand that you will not be coming back to your own life. Not until this debt is closed.

From this moment on, my life turned into one continuous pit, and the whole next year I tried to climb out of this pit by various means, mostly the ones that did not work. The debt did not

decrease, the business did not accelerate, the nerves did not hold, and every evening ended with me trying to numb all of this with something. Guess what.

To the debt, alcohol very quickly stuck on. This, by the way, is the most common scenario in a loud Hour 1 — alcohol comes not as entertainment but as medication for anxiety. The medication works for about an hour and a half. After that — the medication runs out, and the anxiety grows larger, because now the morning payment is added to it. I went into this cycle consciously, understanding that I would feel bad in the morning — but the alternative of "lying down to sleep with the anxiety" was no longer mine. That is, the choice was no longer really there.

Anxiety is, generally, a separate genre in Hour 1. It is not like anxiety from ordinary life, where you worry about a specific meeting or tomorrow's exam. This is anxiety without an object. It is simply there, in the background, twenty-four hours a day. Every morning began with the same feeling — that I was not coping. Every evening — with an attempt to switch this feeling off. Between morning and evening I managed to go somewhere, sell something, call somebody, and mostly make everything worse.

And all this I then called the word "period". Just "I am having a hard period right now, I have to tough it out". I was sure that when the debt closed and the business got on its feet — everything would go back to normal, and it would be like before. I did not understand that "like before" was no longer possible, because there is no "before" and no "norm" any more. It was not a "period". It was a TURN. Saturn was coming onto the final straight to my natal point and was cutting off precisely what was not supposed to remain. And almost nothing was supposed to remain: the business with my father was not mine in form (I am by nature not a trader and not an entrepreneur under duress); the debt was the direct consequence of this business; the anxiety was the signal that I was living someone else's life; the alcohol was the anaesthetic against this signal. A whole coherent system that Saturn saw and calmly began to disassemble into spare parts.

I did not know this at the time, of course. Saturn in my head was a planet with rings and an interesting opposition in August.

THE FIRST PRACTICE: RUNES

And here is what is characteristic of Hour 1 — precisely then, in the very abyss of 2014–2015, my first practice appeared. I started working with runes. Not "consciously", not "on a teacher's advice", not "I read a clever book and decided to study them seriously" — I was just drawn to them, without explanation. I bought a Scandinavian futhark, started doing layouts, started writing something down in a notebook. I understood very poorly what I was doing. But I did it every day. I drew bindrunes — experimented, made offerings to the Northern Gods.

Now I understand why this happened precisely then. At the threshold of the Duat, the perception of the subtle plane comes on in a person for the first time. Until that moment they lived entirely in the daytime world, where everything either is or is not; now — through the ordinary events something starts to shine through, and the ordinary instruments cannot work with this "something". Then the person instinctively reaches for the first instrument that turns up nearby. For me it was runes. For somebody else it is tarot. For somebody — meditation. For somebody — an accidentally bought book on Tibetan Buddhism, after which television no longer works. The form is different, the function is one: the first channel into the subtle plane. The first attempt to influence the situation from within, because outside there is nothing left to influence with.

This first practice in Hour 1 you MUST NOT drop, even if it seems strange to you, naive, or "not real". This is your channel. It will later unfold into a system. For now, just do not throw it out.

A DIGRESSION: IN HOUR 1 I DID NOT HAVE A CURSE ON
ME

Here I need to clear up one confusion at once, otherwise the reader who is familiar with the first book and with my memoir-texts will reasonably ask: "Wait, but what about the Dead One and the curse that the Isfet-practitioner placed on you?" That story is real, I have described it in many places and will describe it again. But it is NOT from Hour 1.

The Dead One was placed on me later. On the return from India to Russia, in late 2015 — early 2016, when the debt was still unpaid. Precisely from this moment the daily suffocation began — the very one that then dragged on for a year and a half, until L. took it off in 2017. And this suffocation is technically a marker not of Hour 1 but of the ENTRY INTO HOUR 4. Into Sokar. When we talk about Hour 4, I will tell the whole story with the Dead One in

detail, how it was placed, how it was taken off, and why the placement worked precisely at that point. For now just remember: in Hour 1 I had no curse on me.

In Hour 1 I had a purely earthly collapse: a business out of dead end, debt, alcohol, anxiety, the feeling "I am not coping". And that's it. No strikes from the subtle plane arrived in this phase. And there is a very simple explanation for this: I was at that time "invisible" to those who work on the subtle plane. I was covered by the density of the ordinary daytime life — from the outside I looked like thousands of other guys with debts and alcohol, and to an Isfet-practitioner I was indistinguishable. I became visible later, after Thailand and especially after India, when I became cleaner and finer — and at exactly that moment I returned to Russia, where one person had a direct material motive toward me (the unpaid debt). It was then that I was found.

I am going through this in such detail for one reason. Because around the question of a curse in Hour 1 two false optics revolve, and both of them prevent people from passing through this hour normally.

The first optic: "a loud Hour 1 must necessarily have a curse placed on it". No. Most loud Hours 1 have none at all. Hour 1 unfolds perfectly well through purely earthly causes: business, debts, loss of work, divorce, the death of someone close, illness, an accident, bankruptcy. That is fully enough for Saturn to cut off what is to be cut off. No witch is needed for this. And if in your Hour 1 the soul aches, the head buzzes, and life is falling apart — it does not mean that something has been "placed on" you. It means that you are in Hour 1.

The second optic is the direct opposite: "since there was no curse in Hour 1, then no occult work against me ever took place". Also not so. With me there was. But it came later, on the entry into Sokar, as a hook precisely through the unpaid debt. These were two different points on the route — do not confuse them. When in this book you meet the word "Isfet-strike" applied to my story — it is always about Sokar, not about Hour 1.

Even so. If in your Hour 1 there is a physical marker that medicine cannot explain — chronic suffocation, pressure on the chest, heaviness in the body, insomnia without a cause — and at the same time, in your surroundings, there is someone who really might have a motive toward you (debt, grievance, long-standing

competition, a closed-down joint project, an old conflict), do not just write it off to stress. Go to a practitioner who sees the subtle plane and ask for a check. I had nothing to check during my own Hour 1, but I have since seen several people who "treated their nerves" for three to five years until somebody finally told them they had a placement — and it came off at once. Better to check once and confirm there is no curse than to fight for years with a "stress" that is actually somebody else's work on the subtle plane.

And another thing — separately, for completeness. The loud, bodily entry into Hour 1 is essentially the same thing that, in the Siberian shamanic tradition, is called the "shamanic sickness" (described in detail by Mircea Eliade in his *Shamanism*, 1951). The future shaman is literally broken before the initiation: his health is destroyed, his ordinary occupations stop, he is knocked out of life. And until he accepts the call, the illness does not leave. He accepts — it leaves. What interests me in this parallel is not "how beautifully it all comes together across different peoples" but the principle itself: the body is the first floor on which the transition gets fixed. Not the head. Not the intellect. Not the mood. The body. And what exactly happens to the body at this moment —

psychosomatics of stress, the consequences of alcohol, or a targeted strike from the outside — is a second-order question, solved not by reflection over a book but by a check through someone who sees.

THE TRAP OF SUFFERING. OR HOW I OPENED THE DOOR
INTO SOKAR FOR

MYSELF

Now — the main thing I want to convey from my Hour 1. Not as an esoteric observation but as a practical warning, for which I personally paid with years of my life. If out of this whole chapter you remember only this — I will already consider that I did not write it in vain.

When the outside collapses and the inside is frightened, a certain movement very quickly arises inside the person. It sounds something like this:

"I feel bad right now. I am suffering. I have debts. My head aches from the hangover. I have no strength. My life in general is hard. Which means — it is ALLOWED for me."

To cheat a little. To step over a line that one had not crossed before. To act harshly with those with whom one had been gentle. To deceive a little. To not really reckon with others. After all, I am suffering. It really is hard for me. I am not doing this for fun — I am surviving.

And this movement I call suffering-as-indulgence. And it is the most dangerous trap of all of Hour 1. More dangerous than alcohol. More dangerous than debts. More dangerous than depression. Because alcohol and debts eventually pass. But the indulgence of suffering — if you accept it — opens in a person a small door through which ten years of life will then pass.

I spent years inside this trap. I had a clear inner formulation, which I voiced to myself almost daily: "I have debts, I have a sinking business with my father, I have a headache every morning, I have anxiety every evening — therefore I have the moral right to do what I am doing." And when, later, the placed Dead One and the daily suffocation were added to this, the formula only intensified: "now I also have a curse — now I AM ALLOWED EVERYTHING." With this formula I justified the grey zone I afterwards walked into, the harshness in relationships, and the specific actions which I now disassemble in Heka as the mistakes

of the last ten years. The logic then seemed iron. From inside it sounded very convincing. If you are suffering — you are in a special position. The ordinary rules do not apply to you.

So — hold on tight. This logic is WRONG. Completely wrong. And it is precisely the door through which a person exits Hour 1 not into a normal Hour 2, but straight into a deep, trap-Sokar in which he then sits for ten, twelve, fifteen years.

The mechanism is very simple, and I understood it, unfortunately, only after the mechanism had worked on me in full force.

Maat is the principle of weighing, it is the scales. The scales do not care in what mood you were when you put a weight on the pan. They will weigh the weight. And the heaviness of your life at the moment when you laid this weight is of no interest to them. Every action of yours is weighed independently of the context. An action done "out of the indulgence of suffering" lies down on the Ib exactly like any other action against Maat — without discounts. And when in Hour 7 or Hour 8 these weights begin to be lifted off the scale, you will be surprised: "but I was suffering then, is that not taken into account?" It is not taken into account. I know,

because at the moment of the confession (Part III, Chapter Eight) I understood for the first time in my life how exactly this works. And was very unpleasantly surprised.

A simple rule works here, easy to remember: if in some concrete decision you catch yourself on the thought "well, I feel bad right now, so this is fine", — stop. This is a marker. This is the slip into the indulgence. And at that moment one must stop and reassemble the decision WITHOUT the excuse of suffering. Ask yourself directly: "would this decision be normal if everything was fine in my life right now?" If the answer is "no" — then it is not in line with Maat now either. The heaviness of life does not turn it into a pass.

To hold this in Hour 1 is incredibly hard. Inside, everything is screaming "I deserve concessions!" And it is understandable — really hard, really painful. Nobody is arguing. But it is precisely those who in Hour 1 managed NOT to give themselves concessions who pass through Sokar quickly. And those who in Hour 1 allowed themselves "just a little" — then get stuck in Sokar for a decade. I am from the second category. That is why I write with very great insistence.

THE DREAM

And against the background of all this — the debts, alcohol, anxiety, runes in a notebook — I had a dream. Winter–spring 2015. One of those rare dreams that you remember for decades, because they are remembered not as a dream but as a real event.

I was in the air. Not "flew in a dream", but exactly was in the air — light, without a body, able to move anywhere. I now understand that this was a state of Ba, the bird-soul, in its pure form. (The ancient Egyptians drew Ba exactly that way — a bird with a human head, who has the freedom of movement.) I flew up to some kind of entrance. It was precisely an entrance — an arch, an opening, leading downward into an underground space. At this entrance stood a guardian. At the time, immediately after waking, I described it for myself in one word: "vampire". A chthonic being. Stood calmly. The eyes burned red.

And the guardian looked at me. And smiled. Not menacingly — in a welcoming way, as if I was expected there. And made something like an inviting gesture.

And I attacked him. Without thinking. A pure reflex kicked in: "red eyes, an underground place — danger, strike first." And at the same moment I was kicked out of the dream, I woke in a cold sweat at four or five in the morning, lying in the same pose in which I had fallen asleep, without strength to move.

In the morning I remembered everything down to the details. I sat and wrote it down in a notebook. What it was I did not understand. There was just a feeling that I must not forget it. That is how I marked it: "strange dream, do not throw out." Wrote it down and went on with my business — I had a debt and a binge then, dreams were not the priority.

Now, at the distance of eleven years, I understand what happened that night. It was not a "strange nightmare" and not the first miss. It was my first entry into the Duat. By all formal signs, the entry took place. It just passed subjectively wild and unconscious, and I long after that considered that I had "failed at the door". In fact — no.

The logic here is simple. If I had not entered Hour 1 then, no Hour 2 would have come — I would have kept walking in the circle of Hour 1 for years, until the threshold was crossed. And Hour 2 came to me literally within several weeks, in the form of

leaving for Thailand: the barque came off the threshold and entered the fertile waters of Wernes. Exactly as it should happen after the entry into Hour 1. This is the objective confirmation that the entry took place. Not "despite the dream", but PRECISELY through this dream. I had no other marker-dreams in that period; this was the only one.

And the details of the dream — if you look at them again without the reflex "I failed" — say the same. The guardian did not bare his teeth, did not hiss, did not attack. He smiled and made an inviting gesture. This is the behaviour not of a "rejecting" guardian but of a receiving one: "come in". My Ba had already flown up to the arch, had seen the underground space, the guardian, and the opening itself. That is — up to this moment the threshold was already crossed. And "I was kicked out of the dream" is not the guardian banishing me — I myself reflexively struck a blow, and the Ba, which did not know how to be in the Duat and fight at the same time, flew outside. This is similar not to "ejection" but to how a person who has dived into water for the first time floats back up after a second — they are not "rejected by the water", they simply do not yet know how to be in it.

So the precise wording is this: Ba flew inside, contact with the underground world was made, the guardian accepted. What I perceived in the moment as "attack and banishment" was the subjective reaction of inexperienced consciousness to an encounter with the unfamiliar. I did not know what to do with the smile of a being with red eyes in an underground place, and I did what I knew how to do: I struck. This blow did not close the door — it just pushed my Ba outside prematurely, like water from the lungs. The door remained open. Hour 2 came on schedule.

What I really did "fail" was not the entry itself, but the consciousness of the entry. I did not understand what had happened; I did not recognise the guardian as a guardian; I did not linger at the door to see where it led. I just ran through this phase with my eyes shut. So everything that came after — Wernes, Sokar, Apep, the exit — I also walked with my eyes shut, and paid for it in years. The door opened, I passed through it; but I passed blind. And in this is a concrete lesson for those who are at this place now: if you have a marker-dream, linger. Write it down. Look at it. Do not rush to the conclusion "I failed" or "I entered beautifully". The very fact that you got to the door and saw the guardian means the entry has already taken place. Further on, it is only a question of how much consciousness you carry through the next hours.

I had no later return to this same door — because, structurally, you do not need to enter the door of Hour 1 twice. The next conscious entries (from 2025) were already into other doors, on other levels of the Duat — these were the doors of Hours 9–10, which open closer to the exit, when a person walks through the whole cycle consciously a second time. But that is another story, and its place is in the corresponding chapters.

And one more important detail — separately, for those whose marker-dreams are happening now. A marker-dream in Hour 1 is almost never a beautiful enlightened dream in which "I proudly stepped onto the path to fanfares". More often the opposite: it is a dream in which you got scared, recoiled, attacked, woke in a cold sweat, and could not come to yourself for three hours. And precisely THAT kind of dream is the entry. The door was shown to you. The guardian was shown to you. Your Ba ended up across from the opening. That is already enough — the threshold is crossed. How you reacted in the moment only affects the consciousness of the further path, not the fact of the transition itself.

THE DECISION TO LEAVE

After that dream — literally in the coming weeks — my girlfriend and I made the decision to leave for Thailand. Not "have a little rest on the beach for a month". But precisely to leave, for half a year or more, in one move. To live in Russia in that situation had become impossible: the debt was pressing, the nerves were giving way, alcohol was not helping, and every morning began with the fact that I did not know what to do with myself that day. There had to be some way out. We chose this one.

In the moment, it looked like pure flight, and exactly that was how it was discussed in our circle. "A serious person does not do that." "You have debts, how can you go away?" "What did you forget there?" And all in that spirit. Looking back now, I understand that this was the exactly correct movement. The marker-dream had happened, the transition on the subtle plane had been made; the physical body had to be moved to a place where it was possible to gather strength before the next blow. This is the natural transition Hour 1 → Hour 2: the barque comes off the threshold and enters the fertile waters of Wernes — the place where you can eat, drink, catch your breath, and prepare for the further road. Thailand turned out to be my Wernes. Details — in the next chapter.

SATURN WAS RUNNING ON SCHEDULE THE WHOLE TIME

And one more detail, which I only found out years later. When I finally sat down and laid out my story in the coordinates of astrology, the chart came out perfectly even.

In March 2014, when my father and I opened the business, I was 26. By the time the acquaintance with the debt arrived and the problems started, I was 27. The dream with the vampire came to me at 27. We left for Thailand when I was 28. The exact conjunction of Saturn with my natal point in Sagittarius fell on the summer of 2015 — that is, exactly in the middle of this process.

I knew at that time not a single word about Saturn, about the Return, about astrological cycles. I thought it was "just how my circumstances came together". And in fact each of these events — opening the business, the debt, the alcohol, the anxiety, the runes, the dream, the departure — was a different facet of one astronomical event that was unfolding over my head at that time. Saturn entered his point and did his work. Loudly, fragilely, through catastrophe — because I resisted him strongly, not knowing what exactly he was doing.

This is to the question that Saturn does not ask anything. And does not explain anything. He comes, does the work, and leaves. I learnt that he had come only after the fact. The details on Saturn as the clockwork of the Duat are in Part II of this Book. If astrology now seems nonsense to you — that's fine, read on to Part II and then look at what is there in the facts.

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What I did RIGHT in Hour 1:

— I wrote down the dream. Did not throw it out of memory, did not drown it in alcohol, did not dismiss it as a "strange nightmare". I wrote it down — and it was preserved for me. This is one of the most important things you can do in Hour 1. A written-down dream does not get lost. You can come back to it years later and finally understand what was said in it.

— I started the first practice. With runes. Crude, without a teacher, without understanding why — but I returned to them every day. That was my first channel into the subtle plane. Now my practice is different, but it was precisely then that I learnt to see at all that the world has a layer that is not visible to the eye.

— I made the decision to leave. Despite the debts, despite the nerves, despite the advice of "normal people" who explained to me that this is not how it is done. The decision turned out to be right — it coincided with the natural transition Hour 1 → Hour 2. I knew nothing of this at the time, of course, I acted on intuition; but in Hour 1, intuition works much better than reason, and one must listen to it, even when it says things that look unreasonable in an Excel spreadsheet.

What I did WRONG in Hour 1:

— Numbed the anxiety with alcohol. This is a very typical mistake of a loud Hour 1: when the outside collapses and the inside is frightened, the hand reaches for the simplest method of anaesthesia. Alcohol then did not "help" me, as I imagined — it was actually lengthening Hour 1 and eating up the forces I needed to pass further on. And what is most important — regular intoxication in Hour 1 makes Ka murky and Ba unfocused. Through this very murkiness, later, at the entry into Sokar, the hook for the Dead One passed. Had I not drunk in Hour 1 the way I drank, the curse on me later might not have stuck, or would have stuck much more thinly. It is like a broken protective film: every

time I broke it with a bottle, I was making myself more vulnerable to the next blow. I was not even thinking about this at the time — but the price came later.

— Did not go to a practitioner who could have read the situation. I myself had no placement at the time, there was nothing to take off; but if somebody nearby had known how to look at the subtle plane, he would have simply shown me the architecture of the moment. He would have said: "you are now in Saturn Return, business with your father is not yours, leaving Russia is the right move, and the alcohol must be urgently rolled back, otherwise at the next turn a curse will sit on you through the debt". I would, of course, not have believed him at the time. But at least I would have heard. And maybe, several months later, the words would have come together with reality, and I would have started acting otherwise. As it was, I made every step blind, with a two- or three-fold overpayment in strength and time. A loud Hour 1 especially demands that you reach as early as possible someone who sees the subtle plane. Not necessarily to "take something off". Just to understand what is happening to you now.

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If you are now 28–30, and at least some of the listed signs have matched — there was a dream with a figure at the threshold, strange intrusions started from the outside, the first practice rolled up by itself, and on the outside there began to fall apart what you had long quietly known inside as "not mine" — there is nothing to congratulate you with, of course, but we state the fact: you are in Hour 1.

What to do right now. Six points, no more.

First. Write down the dream, if there was one. With all the details you remember. With the date. Set up a separate file or notebook for this. In a year or two you will return to it and be stunned at how precise the dream was. An unwritten dream in Hour 1 is lost within a week, and after that you cannot get it back.

Second. If strange intrusions have appeared in your life — and especially if nearby there is a specific person who really may have a motive toward you (debt, grievance, competition, an old conflict) and who is connected to the subtle plane — do not sit still. Find a practitioner you trust and ask for a check. At the threshold of the Duat, intrusions work indecently effectively, and the earlier they are taken off, the fewer years you will lose fighting something that could be closed in one session. I had nothing to check in my own

Hour 1, but those who DO — three to five years of treating "the nerves" instead of one visit to a practitioner — is a very expensive decision.

Third. Do not try to save what is collapsing. I know that at this moment one very much wants to throw oneself into gluing — to call, to explain, to bring back, to negotiate, to drag the falling business another six months in the hope that "we will surely crawl out". Saturn cuts not because you screwed up somewhere; he cuts because this construction was not meant to stand further on. All attempts to hold it merely prolong the agony. Let it go. Closed is closed.

Fourth. If a first practice has started up — do not drop it. Even if it seems strange to you, not real, not worthy of your intellect, etc. This is your first channel. Out of it your system will later grow. I once started with childish rune layouts in a notebook; now I run Heka. Something has to start from something. Do not throw out the beginning.

Fifth. Do not numb. Alcohol, news, series, scrolling, casual sex, shopping, stimulants — I repeat this separately, because this is the only point on which I personally botched my Hour 1 in its entirety. Especially dangerous is alcohol, because it is the most frequent

reaction to a loud entry into the Duat, and precisely it most reliably turns Hour 1 from two years into a decade. I am not saying "never drink". I am saying — in Hour 1 do not numb PRECISELY the anxiety. Or at least, not every evening.

Sixth. Prepare for Hour 2. After the leap across the horizon the barque enters fertile waters. You will probably have a phase in which life becomes easier, air appears, resources appear, hope appears. That is normal and right — Hour 2 exists exactly so that you can catch your breath. But it is deceptively easy, and at the end of it the guardians will certainly appear. About that — in the next chapter.

And the last thing. Hour 1 is the only point in the whole twelve-hour cycle in which one can consciously prepare for everything else. All the other hours you will already be walking and working; whereas now, in Hour 1, you still have a pause in which you can look around. If you have recognised your Hour 1 — you have in your hands what I did not have in 2014–2015. Do not squander it.

MEANINGFULNESS IS NOT PREDETERMINATION

And let me close this chapter with one distinction without which everything said above can be read into the most dangerous trap of the whole path. I call it "the dome of retrospective wisdom", and I know how it is built, because a couple of years ago I myself carefully slid into it and then climbed back out of it on Heka.

When you look back at your Hour 1 — in five or ten years — you will almost inevitably feel a very pleasant feeling. "Everything in it was needed, after all". Every link is logical. Every mistake worked towards the next step. Without the debt there would have been no Thailand. Without Thailand — no programming. Without programming — no grey zone. Without the grey zone — no exit through the Wedjat. Without the exit through the Wedjat — no this book. The chain folds into one coherent line, in which every link is in its place.

This feeling is real. Not self-suggestion, not invention, not a therapeutic vignette. It really does arise, because in hindsight any structure that has passed really is rethought as part of the path. This is the normal work of integration, and one must not chase it away. Without it you cannot live — without it a person wages war on their biography for the rest of their life.

But from this feeling it is very easy to make a WRONG conclusion. The conclusion sounds something like this: "so everything was predetermined. So I did not choose. So everything was needed — both the good and the bad. So my mistakes, by and large, were not really mistakes — there was a big scenario that led me, and I just played my role."

This is the dome. And into this trap fall almost all who begin to work with the map of the Duat retrospectively. I myself fell into it — about five times. It is a very aesthetic position, very beautiful, one wants to be in it. And it is, essentially, the same suffering-as-indulgence, only aesthetically re-dressed. Before, it was: "I am allowed because I was suffering." Now: "I am allowed because that was needed." The second formula is more beautiful. It works exactly the same.

So we hold the distinction. Strictly.

There is MEANINGFULNESS. Any past can be made sense of as part of the path. This is always true. From today's point it is visible: yes, all the links worked, and they really did bring me here. This is integration, it is needed.

And there is PREDETERMINATION. That — does not exist. At every point of Hour 1 I had choices, and I made them. The business with my father was my choice. Not "fate forced me", but I agreed to go into another's affair in order to live somehow. The alcohol was my choice. Not "the circumstances made me drink", but I chose every evening to uncork a bottle, instead of living the anxiety dry. The grey zone afterwards was my choice. Not "Saturn led me there", but I went there myself and stayed there for ten years myself. The trip to the Isfet-practitioner for the services of guarding entities in exchange for a deal — was my choice. And so on, by every link.

Hour 1 in my life was INEVITABLE — that is true. The barque was going to the horizon because it was going to the transformation. The structure was prescribed. That cannot be sidestepped. But HOW exactly my Hour 1 was filled with concrete events, which exact forms entered into it, was entirely my decisions. Maat did not "set up" the business with my father and the debt for me. Maat afterwards WEIGHED these decisions. These are completely different operations.

If you want a formula for the fridge — here it is:

— The structure of Hour 1 is inevitable. — The specific content of Hour 1 is my decisions. — Decisions taken "any old how" become debts for the next hours. — Decisions taken precisely help you to pass through faster. — In hindsight, all of this looks like a meaningful picture. — Meaningfulness in hindsight does not cancel the responsibility for the decisions made in the moment.

And why distinguish this at all? You could just say "it was needed" and go on enjoying life.

Because without this distinction, the retrospective becomes anaesthesia. A person walks through Hour 1, walks through Sokar, survives the battle with Apep, lives through Hour 8, and somewhere at Hours 9–10 their understanding kicks in: "so this is it — the path, everything was correct". And here is the critical point. If at this point you say "everything was needed, I was just walking my own map", all the mistakes accumulated over the years go underneath this beautiful dome, and the person exits the Duat with an unpaid debt. From the outside, he has become wiser. From the point of view of Maat — he has remained in debt. The Ib gets heavier still. And this debt, sooner or later, will return in the next cycle — because the Duat moves in waves, and the second wave of

Sokar for such a person will be far denser than the first. (Which, in particular, we will talk about in detail in Part III, in the chapter on Heka.)

If, on the other hand, the distinction is made — the person exits the Duat differently. He simultaneously accepts his history as meaningful (without that you cannot live) AND acknowledges every mistake of his as a mistake (without that you cannot grow). Two truths. They coexist. They do not contradict each other. Both are needed.

This is the grown-up position before Maat. Not self-flagellation, not self-justification, but the calm holding of two layers at the same time: the structure was; inside the structure the decisions were made by me; the structure is inevitable, the decisions are not; and for the decisions I am answerable.

It is precisely from this distinction that real work with the Ib starts — the work that, many hours later, will give you Heka, confession, and the possibility of taking the accumulated load off the Ib. Without this distinction Heka does not even start up. There is nothing for it to name. If "everything was needed", then there is nothing to name, nothing to confess, nothing to release, the Ib remains heavy, and the person thinks he is light. This is the most

frequent reason why a person walks through the Duat and exits it carrying a load. Not because they did not work. But because at some point they explained everything to themselves very beautifully.

So the practical conclusion at the end of Hour 1.

When, years from now, you start to build the map of your own Duat (and you will start to build it — otherwise you would not be reading this Part), be sure to hold these two layers SEPARATELY.

LAYER 1: "What happened, and how did it work in the bigger pattern?" Here — meaningfulness, integration, gratitude, acceptance of your biography. This is needed.

LAYER 2: "What did I choose, and which of my choices were not in line with Maat?" Here — precise naming, honesty, the willingness to bear responsibility for concrete actions. This is also needed.

Both layers. Without the first — a constant war with the biography. Without the second — a constant accumulation of invisible debt. Only together do they give an even position from which one can work further.

And a tiny practical thing at the end. When you catch yourself on the thought "everything that happened to me was needed", be sure to complete it with the second part: "And inside that there was a series of my own decisions, for which I am answerable." This addition does not devalue the first. It just does not let the first become an indulgence.

Maat accepts both phrases. The second one without the first — She does not accept. And the first one without the second — also not accepted.



CHAPTER 2: HOUR TWO · THE WATERS. THE FIRST CURRENT CARRIES YOU

WHAT HAPPENS

The barque comes off the threshold and, for the first time in the whole night, touches water. Before it lies a great underground Nile. In the Amduat, this region is called Wernes, "the hidden waters".

The banks are fertile. On them grows wheat seven times taller than a man (that is not my poetic interpretation — it is literally written in the texts; the ancient Egyptians did not like to skimp when describing the underworld). On the banks stand the gods of grain. Here there is food. Here there is a stockpile. Here you can catch your breath, eat, gather strength. The waters are dark, but living.

This is where the territory of Osiris begins. But Osiris himself is not yet here — only his first forms, sleeping, waiting, relaxed. Ra passes them on his barque, and the mere fact of his passing lights them up. This is the first mutual recognition between light and darkness. They are not yet one. But they already know about one another, and each side will well remember this moment by the time of the meeting in Hour 6, when they finally unite.

Sia and Hu still stand at the prow of the barque (you remember them from the first chapter). And in Hour 2 their work becomes practical, not ceremonial. Because in the underground waters of Wernes there live beings that know how to quietly take your memory away from you. Not aggressively, not head-on — but gently, like fog. They creep up, take a little piece at a time, and the person gradually begins to forget WHY he came in here and WHAT had just happened to him before. If they take the memory

in full — he stays in Hour 2 forever, floating along the warm waters and having a fine time for the rest of his life, sincerely forgetting that he was on his way somewhere.

And precisely so this does not happen, Hu works at the prow of the barque — the word, the ability to name. Every morning in Hour 2 you must be able to repeat to yourself WHO you are, WHERE you have just come out from, and WHERE you are going. Not solemnly. Just internally — to name. And this is the only defence against the beings that take memory.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE IN LIFE

The sharp shock of Hour 1 fades. Not at once — slowly, over the course of several weeks — but it fades. And at some moment you suddenly notice that you have NOT DIED. That the world has not disappeared. That you are standing in the kitchen in the morning with a cup of coffee, something is going on around you, days are passing, there is something to get on with. It is a very strange sensation after Hour 1 — because in Hour 1 you were

almost certain you would not make it through, and now, when it has turned out that you have, you must retune back to the thought "life continues".

Here, for the first time, there appears what I call "the flow". You do not create it — it goes through you on its own. A random acquaintance whom you have not contacted in ages suddenly writes of his own accord with a job offer. An idea comes that you had no strength for before. A person appears who is willing to help. Money appears that you were not expecting. Something is maturing inside — some understanding that does not yet fit into words, but which is distinctly there. If in Hour 1 you were like someone just washed up on shore after a shipwreck — in Hour 2 someone invisible hands you a mug of hot tea, and you sit, drink, begin to look around.

And in parallel — almost at once — a completely different sensation rises from underneath. The pressure to act. For me it was quite physical. I used to repeat to my girlfriend literally this phrase: "Uranus is burning me. I cannot not-do-something." Not "I want to do something", not "I have to do something", but literally BURNING — as if a motor was running inside that demanded the pedal be turned right now. This is the characteristic Uranian burn of

Hour 2. The astronomy is simple: in the years of my Hour 2 (2014–2018), Uranus was standing in Aries at the final stretch of his seven-year passage through that sign — and Aries together with Uranus in it do not at all like sitting still. Uranus in Aries pushes you into action and unpredictable movement. If in Hour 2 you catch the same in yourself — look where Uranus is now and what aspects he is making in your chart. The source of the pressure is most likely from there.

Here is an important distinction that I learnt only after the fact, and learnt very expensively. **Uranus in Hour 2 pushes you to act in general. He does not push you to build a BIG project.** These are different things, and they are governed by different hours. Hour 2 is the time of small, doable, concrete actions. Small steps. Small orders. Small skills. Small tools that will come in handy later. A big project, a big construction, a big "I-will-now-amaze-everyone" — that is Hour 4, and its place is in Sokar, not in Wernes. If in Hour 2 you give in to the pressure of Uranus and try to immediately build something huge and defining, you will essentially skim through Hour 2 without accumulating skill and tools, and in Sokar you will then have nothing to work with. For me this boundary later worked very precisely: in Thailand I did small projects (programming, small online shops), and the big

grey-zone construction formed itself ALREADY AFTER the return to Russia, by the end of 2015. And that was right. Had I tried to build "the big thing" in Thailand, I would have got stuck in it, would not have cleansed in Hour 3 (India), and would have entered Sokar unprepared. The guardians (the police in May 2015) came, among other reasons, precisely so that this would not happen.

Signs that you are in the Second Hour:

— A feeling that "something is maturing, but I do not know what". Work is going on inside, but you cannot show it to others or even comprehend it yourself. You just feel — something is being prepared. Sometimes it is like the stillness before a thunderstorm, sometimes like a kettle slowly coming to the boil.

— A drop in sharpness. If Hour 1 was like a bright lamp in your face, Hour 2 is like dim light with a lamp through a curtain. Less painful. But also less clear. Much blurs, much sinks into the water.

— Random resources. Not where you were looking for them. Coming from where you did not expect. Money from an old acquaintance. Lodging through tenth hands. Help from a person you have seen once in your life. These are the fields of Wernes working as designed: here there is something to feed on, the food is served by itself, the guests are not counted.

— An attack on memory. This is probably the most insidious sign of Hour 2, because it disguises itself as "common sense". Thoughts appear: "Maybe it wasn't really all that bad? Maybe I exaggerated back then? Maybe I can go back and try again — now that I have grown up, I would set everything up differently." This is not you thinking. This is the work of those very beings, the memory-takers, about which I wrote at the beginning of the chapter. Their voice is always soft and reasonable — never furious. Do not believe them. If you have woken up — you have woken up. Do not lull yourself back to sleep.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

First — what to do.

Take the flow. This is the main rule of Hour 2. If something is going on its own — take it. Do not assess "is this worthy of me", "is this it", "is this my level". Hour 2 is the stage of FEEDING, not the stage of choosing. Eat. Gather strength. You will choose in Hour 3, and rather harshly; but right now — take everything that life serves. If at this moment you switch on the discerning mode,

the flow gets offended, turns away, and goes to whoever takes without questions. Life has a short memory for those who refuse free food.

Write everything down. All the scraps. All the strange thoughts. All the dreams. All the meetings that seemed accidental but for some reason stayed in mind. This is not literature, not a diary, not even a memoir — it is RAW MATERIAL. A map you do not yet know how to read. In half a year you will return to these notes and be amazed at how much of what you, in passing, jotted down, will turn out to be accurate. You just do not yet have the instrument in Hour 2 to interpret it. And later, when the instrument appears, the notes will come in very handy.

Keep the memory of Hour 1. This is the counter-action against those very beings who in Wernes eat up the memories. Write down plainly, without editing, what happened in your Hour 1. By what words you used to name it then. Why you went. What you saw in the marker-dream (if there was one). Reread it once a month. If the memory begins to erase itself, you will have anchor points to which you can return and check whether it really was "not so bad", or whether it is Wernes whispering to you now.

Now — what NOT to do.

Do not force. Hour 2 is the time when everything grows by itself. If you take a spade and every morning dig up the bulb to see whether it has sprouted, it will stop sprouting. This rule works with your processes in exactly the same way. Do not dig up. Ripen.

Do not go back to those who whisper "let's just forget, it was all fine, why are you being like this". These are not allies. These are voices in the form of people, working in the interests of THAT SYSTEM out of which you fell in Hour 1. They are not at all concerned with how you feel; they are concerned that the old construction be restored. So they will be endlessly convincing. But you can now tell them apart — by that very formula "maybe it wasn't really all that bad".

And do not confuse the flow with permissiveness. This is a very frequent mistake of Hour 2: "it came by itself — so it is mine." No. A lot comes by itself — both what is needed and what is completely not needed. Take what lies along your direction. Let the rest pass through — especially if it is pretty and comes easy. In Hour 2 life turns sideways very easily, because the boundaries of the flow are blurred; and afterwards, in Hour 4, you have to spend several years working off this easy detour.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

My Hour Two came right after the entry-dream — from January to May 2015. The setting — Thailand.

Context at the start. By the end of 2014 I had a sinking business with my father, a growing debt, alcohol in the background of the evenings, anxiety twenty-four hours a day, and complete incomprehension of what to do. Living on in Russia became impossible. And my girlfriend and I made a decision which, in our circle, was discussed as pure flight: we sold what could be sold, gathered what could be gathered, bought one-way tickets, and flew off.

A small but important footnote for those who have read my memoir- texts: at this phase I did NOT yet have the placed Dead One and the chronic suffocation. They will come later, on the return from India to Russia, and they will be a marker not of Hour 2 but of the entry into Sokar (Hour 4). I described this in detail in Hour 1 in the insert "In Hour 1 I had no curse placed on me"; I will not go over it here again, I just put a tick: by January 2015 I was still clean of any directed work.

I remember the arrival in Bangkok clearly. You step out of the airport, and warm, humid air hits you in the face, with the smells of an Asian street floating in it (petrol, something fried, something spicy, something completely indefinable). Noise, motorbikes, horns, tuk-tuks, broken English, fast Thai. And the first thing I felt was — silence inside. Not around, of course; around was a zoo. But precisely inside, in the chest. The anxiety that in Moscow had been twenty-four hours a day, here suddenly loosened its grip. I almost looked around in disbelief — why has the pressure stopped? The debts hadn't gone anywhere. But the pressure had. This is exactly the coming out onto the waters of Wernes: what in Hour 1 had been devouring you from inside, in Hour 2 continues to exist, but no longer lies on your chest.

In the first weeks it just became easier. I can't pick another word. Sea. Sun. Warm air. Cheap food — you can eat three meals a day on five dollars. Life became possible. The debts remained somewhere out there, in the West, at the sunset; while we ended up in the underground waters of Wernes, where there is something to feed on, and the gods of grain stand around the banks serving breakfast, lunch, and dinner without questions and without counting.

I did not, of course, understand this in these terms back then. I thought as follows: "we did the right thing leaving; we broke free". The word "broke free" is, in general, the key illusion of Hour 2. It seems as if you broke OUT of the Duat. In fact you did not break out — you simply moved into its next hour. In Hour 2 it is nice, in Wernes it is warm, around is abundance, and that is precisely its function: to give a person, after Hour 1, food and breath, before the dry desert of Sokar comes pressing down ahead.

What I did in Thailand — now, looking back, I see that almost all of it was exactly what one is supposed to do in Hour 2. Not because I was so clever, but because I had no strength for anything more complicated. Sometimes that is useful — when you have no strength, you do exactly what intuition prompts, and that accidentally turns out to coincide with the right thing.

Took the flow. What came — I took. Cheap lodging in some Thai house for very little money; random acquaintances who for some reason offered help; random possibilities to earn on the side. I did not sit and assess "does this match my level". I had no level at the time — I had a debt and a wish to eat.

Did small concrete projects. And this is, perhaps, the most important thing I managed to do in Thailand. Because precisely there I succeeded, for the first time, in sitting down and properly learning programming. Before that, I knew it at the level "I can do something, I can put something together". And in Thailand I suddenly had free time, the absence of the Moscow rush — and I went deep. Databases. Architecture. How services interact with one another. I registered on programmers' forums, started offering services, started taking orders. Small ones at first, for ridiculous money. Then proper ones. In parallel I launched a couple of small online shops which brought in modest but regular income. None of these projects exists today — and nor were they meant to. Their function was not to become the business of my life; their function was to make me PORE OVER CODE. To fix in my head how complex technical things are built. A year later this skill became the foundation of the big grey- zone construction I built in Sokar. If I had not done those small projects in Thailand — I would simply have had nothing to build that big construction with later on. Hour 2 accumulates the instrument. Hour 4 uses it for work. These are very different jobs, and they cannot be mixed up.

We lived, by the way, very tellingly: we earned exactly as much as we spent; we spent exactly as much as it took to live well and eat well. Saved nothing. And, what is especially interesting, precisely in this evenness the fuss disappeared. When you have no goal "accumulate a million by year-end", but only a goal "live out this week normally and maybe learn a new framework", the head becomes quiet. I think it is exactly this inner quiet that is the most important product of Hour 2. Not the money, not the skill, not the rest — but the quiet in the head, in which something can finally be heard. When the bustle stops, normal thoughts start arriving. And much of what I did afterwards was based on thoughts that first came to me in precisely this Thai quiet.

Wrote. From the old habit since Hour 1. Morning pages, notes, observations. Not literature — raw material. I had no idea then that I was writing down the map of my own Duat. Many years later I will come back to these notes, and they will turn out to be very useful.

And tried to build nothing grand on the spot. In Thailand I lived in weeks. Not "in a year", not "in five years", but "this week, and a bit of next". This was not laziness and not irresponsibility; it was the ability to live in short stretches, which in Hour 2 is the main

skill. The big plan for a big IT- business in the grey zone took shape later, already after the return to Russia, by the end of 2015. And that was right: there was no place for such a plan in Thailand. Its place was in Russia, in Sokar, where all the necessary conditions are prepared for it (dense structure, grey zone, technical problems with no shortcut).

And in parallel — the trap that is mandatory in Hour 2: the voices that whispered "maybe it wasn't really all that bad? Maybe I can go back? Moscow, well in principle nothing terrible, you've grown up now, you'll set things up differently this time". I did not learn to tell them apart at once. Sometimes I fell for them. Then I spent a day or two on fruitless attempts to "go back" — I called somebody, weighed something up, calculated, wrote to someone with an offer "let's restore things", and then received an answer that put me back in my place. Every time after that, I had to tell myself: you have entered, there is no road back, the beings of Wernes must not be listened to, do not trade Hour 2 for the illusions of Hour 0.

And one more important detail that needs to be mentioned here, because without it the personal example will be incomplete. Hour 2 is not only the waters of abundance and the accumulation of skill. It has a second layer: it is **the hour of cleansing the person from

what stuck on in Hour 1**, before Sokar comes pressing ahead. And here geography matters. Thailand turned out to be an almost ideal point for this task — there is a very dense Buddhist egregore there, and one of its properties is to shield a person from subtle influences of the negative type. By the mere fact of your presence in Thailand, a certain protective density appears overhead, and what could have stuck on in Russia does not stick on in Thailand. It worked on me in the very first weeks — there was one fairly unpleasant night-time episode with an attempted attack by a subtle being (the one I call a "demon" in this book), and the attempt was repelled by the local egregore without my active participation — I did not yet know how to work with such things, but the territory itself already did. What is important here is precisely the function: **Hour 2 zeroes out the tails of Hour 1, so that you enter Sokar clean**. If in Hour 2 you had a relocation to a country with a strong tradition (any tradition, not necessarily Buddhist) — that was not accidental. It is part of the architecture of the hour.

In May 2015 my Hour Two ended. And it ended literally in one day — that is how it happens when the term has run out and the guardians come to collect.

That day there was a knock on our door. Thailand police. Interpol. FBI. A large company, papers in hand. They were looking, as turned out a few hours later, for someone else — our random acquaintance, on whom we had accidentally signed as witnesses in some everyday episode. We were detained, taken away, held for several hours, then sorted out and released. They had no claims against us personally. But staying on in Thailand had become impossible. For several reasons at once: the visa status was now in question, and the psychological state after such an episode would not let us "quietly live as before", and it was clear that we had ceased to be invisible here.

In the moment it looked like a catastrophe. "We had just settled down, set life up, I learned programming, the shops were running — and again everything is collapsing." I remember well that for a week after this I went around with the same feeling: "again".

Now, looking back, I see something quite different. It was not a catastrophe. They were guardians. The guardians of the Boundary between Hour Two and Hour Three. Their function is simple: to push you out of abundance into cleansing. Not to destroy, but to TRANSFER. The time of my Hour 2 had run out; the accumulation was done; the Uranian burning had begun to push me toward

something bigger than small projects — and this had already become dangerous. Had the guardians not come, I would have sat in Thailand another half-year to a year, would have managed to launch something prematurely big there, would have missed the window of cleansing in Hour 3 — and I would have entered Sokar raw, unprepared, which in my already difficult situation would have been a catastrophe many times larger than a night in a police station. The guardians came precisely for this — so that the catastrophe would be one-off and pinpoint, not stretched out over years.

A month later we were in India. A month of bathings in the Ganges, vegan food, yoga — that is, Hour 3, the cleansing. About that — in the next chapter.

If you are now in Hour 2 — a few practical things.

Do not try to lengthen it, and do not try to shorten it. Hour 2 has its own term — usually from several months to a year-and-a-half. And you cannot "get stuck" in it by willpower: when the term comes to its end, the guardians come and transfer you onward, whether you like it or not. This is not a question of your discipline and not your zone of responsibility — it is the architecture of the Duat. Therefore it makes no sense, right now, to worry "have I

relaxed too much, is it time to push?" It is not time. Relax, feed, accumulate the skill — the guardians know the schedule better than you.

Use the window for its purpose. Hour 2 is the time for small, concrete, doable projects and for the accumulation of the instrument. If you do not do this work in it, the guardians will still transfer you at the proper moment, but you will enter Hour 3 without the accumulated skill, and in the following hours there will be nothing to work with. Right now you have a fairly rare combination: it has already let go (Hour 1 is over), it has not yet come down (Sokar has not started). This is not a window for rest for the sake of rest. This is a window for light, concrete, skill-based work.

Write everything down. Dreams. Ideas. Strange coincidences. The names of people who turned up by chance. This is the map.

When the guardians come — do not resist. Do what is required of you (pay the fine, answer the questions, move where needed, end the contract, sell the flat), and follow them. They are transferring you into Hour 3 — into where the water washes off what, in Hour

2, has imperceptibly stuck on. Resistance here is pointless: the guardians will transfer you in any case, it will just be more expensive.

And — a separate, important note on the form in which the guardians come. They are not necessarily the police, the army, or a state agency: that is the most recognisable but by no means the only form. The guardian can be the tax office. A lawyer with a specific paper. A former partner, a former wife or husband suddenly demanding a conversation. An illness — yours or of someone close — that requires decisions and a relocation. A car accident. An eviction notice. The end of a visa. A refusal to renew a document. A failure in which what held the scheme up collapses (the account was blocked, the accesses lost, the system shut down). A sudden dismissal or, on the contrary, a sudden offer to which one must answer "yes or no" in a matter of days. A neighbour-conflict that cannot be sidestepped. A debt that those whom you owe have suddenly remembered. Sometimes — a dream repeating three nights in a row with the same motif "you must leave".

The form is always unpredictable. It cannot be guessed. The function is one — to push you out of Hour 2 into Hour 3. The guardians are recognised not by form but by two signs: (1) their

coming is sudden, you did not call them; (2) after meeting them, to remain where you were, physically or functionally, is impossible — something has shut.

In more detail — in the Appendix to this Part, the Second Law.

CHAPTER 3: HOUR THREE · THE SEPARATION. THE MASKS COME OFF

WHAT HAPPENS

The barque comes out of the fertile waters of Wernes and enters a region which, in the Amduat, is called Khenet-Nahu — "She who hides the hours". It sounds mysterious; in fact, these are the closed chambers of Osiris. Invisible from the outside. Deeper than Wernes. Darker. If in Hour 2 the waters were warm, murky, and feeding, here they become different: cold, dark, clean, cleansing. These are no longer the waters of abundance. These are the waters of Osiris.

And here, for the first time in the Duat, SORTING begins. Not a trial (the trial is later, in the Hall of Two Truths, when the Ib is weighed on the scales against the feather of Maat); but precisely a sorting, by water. What in a person was false, a coating, a role, a mask, somebody else's form — separates and remains here, in Khenet-Nahu. What was authentic continues on the path. The method is simple, without arguments and legal procedures: the water washes it off. Not a punishment. Just hydrodynamics.

Those who did not pass this sorting remain in Hour 3 forever. Their Ba stops, they are visible but do not move. From the outside they look like living people; internally they no longer move. This is not a rare situation — it is, probably, the most frequent situation of all that I have ever met. I personally know people who are already past fifty, and they still stand in Hour 3, holding on to roles that fell out of them already at thirty. From the outside, things seem fine for them. From the inside — twenty years of immobility.

And one more thing — separately, because many will recognise it. The waters of Osiris in the Duat and the waters of the Ganges in India are functionally the same river. Not "similar", not "parallel", but literally the same function, formalised in two traditions. Osiris in Egypt — the god of the Nile, the lord of the waters, who

cleanses the dead and the living. Ganga in India — a river-goddess of the same type, and the Hindus go into her every morning to wash off what stops them from going further. They have been doing this for thousands of years; the ritual is alive among them, not reconstructed. And this is precisely the practice of Hour 3, preserved in one of the world's traditions in fully working form. If you should ever find yourself at the Ganges — go in. You do not have to explain anything to anyone; the water already knows what to do.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE IN LIFE

Hour 3 is the phase in which uncomfortable questions begin to sound inside. Not from others, not from a therapist, not from a book — from yourself. And what is especially unpleasant: they do not go away. The more energetically you mute them, the more insistently they return. The next day, the next week, at three in the morning in bed, in a traffic jam, in the queue at the till. And each time louder.

The most recognisable sensation of Hour 3 is "I do not know who I am WITHOUT...". Without this work. Without these relationships. Without this status. Without this circle of friends. Without this country. Without this lifestyle. Without these habits. From the outside the person looks as usual, but inside something strange is happening: you notice that much of what was "you" was in fact roles, labels, nicknames, signs on doors. And now the signs have begun to fall off, and underneath them — empty space. It is a very lost state. That is normal. This is the beginning of the sorting: the separation of "I" from "the roles of I".

Then — sudden incomprehension of WHY you are doing what you do. Before, it all worked automatically: you got up, went, did, got, spent. Now the automaticity begins to glitch. You catch yourself in the middle of the day with the thought: "Why am I doing this at all?" And you cannot give a clear answer. Before, "as one is supposed to" worked. Now "as one is supposed to" does not work. And "as one should oneself" — you do not yet know. This is the hole between two "supposed-to"s, and in it one is very uncomfortable.

Then comes disgust. At one's own falseness. Not somebody else's — this is, by the way, important: it is not others who suddenly become false, it is you who begin to see YOURSELF as false. You hear your voice on a recording and understand that you are not speaking in your own voice. You notice how you behave in a particular company — and catch the thought: "Why am I like that? I am not like that." You see your smile in the mirror and think "that is not my smile, that is some service-smile". It is a very unpleasant stage. But it is, essentially, the first honest look at oneself, and without it one cannot go further.

And separately — the old interests stop bringing joy. A hobby to which you gave ten years. The books you used to reread once a year. The music you lived under at twenty. The series that kept you company in the evenings. All of this is suddenly — empty. Not "it has become bad"; precisely EMPTY, like a room from which the furniture has been removed. This is not happening because you have bad taste or because you have got old. It is happening because these things were about the "you" that no longer exists. They worked for the previous version of your personality. That version closed in Hour 1, and now its favourite objects lose their sound on their own.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

First — what to do.

Allow what is falling off to fall off. Do not cling. If you are bored with a person with whom things used to be interesting — it means that what held you in him was what is already dead in you. That is not the person's fault. He has not become worse. You were both simply meeting on one floor before, and now you have moved to another, and meeting where you used to meet is no longer physically possible. Without offence. Without explanations. Without scenes. Simply — you see each other less.

Ask yourself a hundred times a day one very short question: "Is this me right now, or is this a role?" Every decision, every action, every smile, every "yes", every "I have to". "Am I smiling now because I really feel good, or because in this company one is supposed to smile?" "Am I agreeing to go because it interests me, or because refusing is awkward?" The more often you ask, the louder the answer. At first the answers will be blurred ("well, probably both, in a way"), then — clearer and clearer. By the end of Hour 3 you will learn to hear the answer almost instantly. This, by the way, is a very useful skill for the rest of your life.

Distinguish the real from the habitual. These are not the same. The habitual is what you have done for many years without thinking. The real is what resonates from inside. Sometimes they coincide; more often, they do not. The greater part of the life of most people consists of "the habitual, which they take for the real". Hour 3 takes off exactly this layer.

Now — what not to do.

Do not explain to those around you what is happening to you. This is a very strong temptation in Hour 3 — to find someone to "tell everything to", to explain oneself, in order to be understood. Let me free you of this illusion at once: most will NOT understand. And not because they are dumb, but because they have no language for it. That is not their fault. And those few who will understand will understand without explanations; with them two phrases will be enough, and they will nod. With the rest, talk about the weather, about films, about work. The inner work of Hour 3 does not require witnesses. It generally goes best in silence.

Do not rush to build a new identity. This is the most frequent and the most beautiful trap of Hour 3. The old labels have fallen off, underneath is empty space — and the person at once runs to stick on new ones. "I am no longer a businessman, I am now a

spiritual seeker." "I am no longer a corporate worker, I am now a numerologist." "I am no longer a wife, I am now a free woman." All these new labels are of exactly the same kind as the old ones. They are not real. They are just fresh stickers. Hour 3 teaches one precisely to do WITHOUT labels — at least for a while. This is very hard, because labels help to answer the question "who am I" without work; but in Hour 3 it is precisely necessary to let the question "who am I" stay open. The answer will come later. Do not rush it.

Do not hold by force what is leaving. "I promised", "I owe it", "how can they without me", "but I lived with him for twenty years". If it really is yours — it will come back when needed. If it is going — it means it is not yours. Clinging lengthens Hour 3 into infinity. I told you above about the people who have been in Hour 3 for twenty years — all of them are holding on to statuses, posts, relationships, formats that fell out of them twenty years ago. From the outside it looks "reliable", from the inside — twenty years of immobility.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

After we were pushed out of Thailand in May 2015, we ended up in India. A month. That was my Hour Three — exact, concrete, by the dates, and in one of the most correct settings one could have chosen. Though, of course, it was not we who were choosing.

I was not thinking, at that time, about either the Duat or the Hours. In my head there was exactly one thing: "we have to wait it out; let the police story in Thailand settle down, let everything calm down; then we will find somewhere to go back to and somehow live on". On the level of consciousness — no esotericism and no initiation. A pause. Sit it out. I would have been deeply surprised if anyone in that month had told me that according to the canon I was passing through the programme of Hour 3 of the Amduat. I would have got indignant, then shrugged my shoulders and gone on drinking chai with spices.

But on the level of what we REALLY did every day in India — it was the full and exact programme of Hour 3. Without my knowledge. Without my consent. With local guides who pass this ritual on from generation to generation for the past five thousand years. I just went along with what was offered, and it turned out to

be exactly what was needed. Sometimes that is useful — when you have no theories, you just do, and it works out better than if you had tried to control it.

THE GANGES, EVERY MORNING

Every morning we went out to the Ganges. This has to be described, because for people who have not been to India, the word "ablution" sounds very solemn, while in fact it is a domestic operation done by thousands of people simultaneously every morning along the whole bank, without any pathos. Morning. Mist over the water. The smell of incense. The chime of little bells from neighbouring temples. The locals stand up to their ankles, up to their knees, up to their waist — each as they please. Some plunge with their head and come out wet as children. Some stand motionless with their hands raised. Some pour water from cupped palms over their head. Nobody explains anything to anybody, and nobody judges anybody.

The local who showed us how it is done did not speak English, and I did not speak Hindi. He just showed with his hands: first the legs, then the face, then the body, then bow the head. After that —

each on their own. I did not know then that the Ganga is functionally the same river as the Nile, and that I had just received instructions which thousands of years ago the priests of Ancient Egypt received at the edge of the Nile before initiation. I just did what was shown. Every morning. For a month.

And here is what I understood eleven years later, when I sat down and put this picture together. Something was being WASHED OFF me every morning. I did not feel it then — there was no "wow", no mysticism. After the Ganges, things were simply clearer in the head during the day. By the end of the week — calmer in the chest. By the end of the month — a light body and quiet thoughts. What exactly was being washed off, I could not have formulated then; now I can. The anxiety of Hour 1, with which I had been flooded in Moscow, was being washed off. The alcoholic murkiness that had soaked into me there was being washed off. The feeling "I am not coping" was being washed off. The debt-fear that had been the background of life for a year and a half was being washed off. The Ka was becoming cleaner. Piece by piece, layer by layer, day by day.

And this, perhaps, is the main thing one needs to say about those bathings. A few months after India, on the return to Russia, the placed curse — the Dead One — would sit on me. The very one I will tell you about in detail in Hour 4. And this Dead One was, by its force, quite capable of driving me mad or of bringing me to suicide — it is not from the light category. But it did not do that. It lay on me heavily, for a year and a half, and was taken off. And when now I ask myself the honest question: "why did it not devour me, given that physically it could?" — my only answer is this. It landed on a body in which the Ka was ALREADY WASHED. By the Ganges. By the vegan food. By the yoga. On a body that had come to the moment of the blow cleaner than it had been a year before. Had there been no Indian ablutions between Moscow 2014 and Sokar 2016 — the Dead One would have landed on a raw body and most probably would have finished the job. The Ganges was not "a pleasant episode of the trip". The Ganges was a shield, under which Sokar turned out to be passable.

VEGAN FOOD

In parallel with the ablutions — the food became almost entirely plant-based. Again without any conscious decision on my part. At our hotel they gave us thali (a tray with vegetables, rice, lentils, flatbreads); in the district where we lived, meat was simply not part of everyday life; on the streets — fruit, dal, chapati, vegetables. We ate what was given. In the evenings — sometimes chai with milk and spices. No chicken. No beef (that is not even a question in India). No pork. And — no alcohol, because in that environment alcohol was simply out of place.

In the terms of Hour 3 this is the cutting of the chains through which somebody else's Isfet-pain enters the body. I did not formulate this then; I just ate what was on the plate. But the effect was very noticeable. The viscosity went. The heaviness went. That familiar morning "leaden body" went. I did not even know I had a leaden body — until it became light. Then I thought: "so, it turns out, one can live without this".

YOGA

And sometimes we went to yoga. Not every day — just by wish, when one felt like it. It was ordinary Indian yoga in an ordinary neighbourhood hall — not a "trendy class", not a "yoga retreat for five thousand dollars", but the kind to which locals go in

the morning before work and pensioners after breakfast. The teacher did not explain much; he showed asanas, corrected, let you do them. Breathing. Stretching. Balances. Shavasana at the end. Then — chai.

I perceived it then as "good for the body, relaxing". Full stop. Nothing more. At that stage I did not even know that the word "yoga" literally means "union". And yet Hour 3 is exactly the moment when Ra finally recognises Osiris, and in the underground waters the first union of light and depth begins. That is, every time I came to the hall I was performing the ritual exercise of the exact meaning of this hour, without even knowing its name. Coincidences like that happen in life; but in Hour 3 their quantity begins to exceed what is allowable for the word "coincidence".

Put it all together. The morning Ganges every day. Vegan food during the day. Yoga — when wanted. No alcohol. No noise. No debts close by. A month in a row. With local guides who pass this ritual on for thousands of years.

This was my programme of Hour 3. By the full canon. Without my knowledge and consent. I would have got indignant at that moment if anyone had told me I was in an initiation. But I was.

And what is most interesting — who brought me there. I was brought there by the GUARDIANS. The police in Thailand in May. Had they not come, I would have stayed in Thailand another half-year or so, would have eaten Thai food (which has a lot of meat), would have drunk beer in the evenings (in Thailand beer is easy and everywhere), would have sat at the computer programming, would have been gathering strength — and all of this would have been right for Hour 2, but wrong for Hour 3. My window of Hour 3 would simply not have opened. I would have entered Sokar raw. And the Dead One, which was waiting for me in Moscow a few months later, would have landed on a raw body and not on a washed one.

The guardians knew what they were doing. I cursed them then with a foul word. Now I understand: they saved me.

What I did right in Hour 3 — I allowed myself to be led. I did not resist. When the local showed how to enter the Ganges — I entered and did. When at the hotel they brought a meatless thali — I ate the thali. When the yoga teacher showed an asana — I did the asana. I did not demand "explain to me why this" and "prove it works". I just did as shown. And precisely this is the right way to

pass through Hour 3: not through the intellect, but through the body. The body understands water, food, and movement better than the head. And at this stage it is the body that should be trusted.

What I did not do wrong — I did not try to shorten Hour 3. Did not rush. Did not say "well, a month, that's enough, let's get on with something IMPORTANT". I just walked day after day in the same rhythm. The impulse to return to Russia came on its own, toward the end of 2015. That was the right window: Hour 3 had already done its work, and in Moscow the entry into Sokar was already being prepared. I did not know that, but I responded exactly on schedule.

If you are now in Hour 3 — a few practical things.

Find water. Any. If there is a river nearby — a river. If a sea — the sea. If nothing — a swimming pool. If absolutely nothing — the shower. Enter it every day with one short inner intention: "let what is not mine be washed off". No magic, no ritual setting, no candles. Just enter and hold the intention. Water knows how to work with this intention — that is what it is functionally for.

Cleanse the body through food. At least temporarily. Meat — later, if you wish; not needed now. Now — light, simple, plant-based, without alcohol. A month or two of such a diet in Hour 3 gives the body as much resource as you will need in Sokar.

Find a practice of union. Not necessarily yoga — it can be qigong, breathing practices, bodywork of any kind. The main thing is that it pulls the body together into one whole and takes off the accumulated woodenness. Hour 3 is about reassembly, and through the body that works faster than through the head.

Do not rush to leave. Hour 3 is short — usually several months. But over these months a work is done that in the following hours will already be impossible. The window is concrete, do not miss it.

And the last thing. Know that after Hour 3 comes Sokar. Long, dense, heavy, going on for years. And the better you cleanse yourself now — the less traumatic it will turn out to be. To pass Sokar with a washed body and with a dirty body — these are very different years. I know both variants. With a washed body — better.



CHAPTER 4: HOUR FOUR · THE LAND OF SOKAR. SAND INSTEAD OF WATER

WHAT HAPPENS

Something changes. And it changes abruptly. A moment ago the barque was moving along the cleansing waters of Osiris, everything was cool, dark, in order; and now — no water at all. The banks are gone. Beneath the barque — sand. Dry, dead, endless sand. There is little air in this place too; what is here is hot and does not nourish. This is the territory of Sokar. The god Sokar is not "a god of death" in the banal sense; he is the god of the dead STATE. The state of immobility. The state of darkness without light. A very special zone of Egyptian cosmology, about which no museum guide will ever talk to you with enthusiasm.

The barque of Ra cannot sail over sand. And here something happens to it which, if I had read it as a child in the Amduat, I would probably have believed only by the age of thirty: the barque CHANGES ITS FORM. It turns into the body of a serpent, so as to slide. The team of gods walks beside it and tows it. Slowly.

Heavily. Without illusions about speed. And at the very centre of this desert dominion, in an egg-shaped sarcophagus, lies Sokar himself — motionless. Not sleeping. Not dead. He is literally a state BETWEEN states. The ancient Egyptians knew how to describe things for which there are no words at all in the modern language; "Sokar" is one of those words.

And here is one more very important point about the Land of Sokar. The path through it is SECRET. In one of the texts it is said outright: "neither the gods of the sky nor the gods of the earth see him." That is, even the gods do not look in there. Nobody witnesses. Nobody knows what you are doing inside there. Nobody carries greetings on to anybody. And — what is even more unpleasant — you yourself also do not know what exactly you are doing and where you are going. From above it is not visible, from the inside it is not visible, from the side portholes it is not visible. This is Sokar — the place in which you are on no one's map, and to the entire external world you, in a functional sense, do not exist, although physically you walk, talk, eat, and pay your bills.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE IN LIFE

This is the very phase in which I spent seven years of my life — from 2016 to 2023, while the IT-business in the grey zone of the Internet kept going. Counted together with Hours 2–3 (Thailand and India 2015) and the short start at the very end of 2015, the entire "business period" of my biography stretched to ten years. But precisely Sokar, the fourth hour, is the seven years of the labyrinth in the grey zone, dense and dark. I wrote a great deal about this in the first book, but back then I wrote without a name for the place. Now I know. The Land of Sokar. The fourth hour of the Amduat. And its description matches exactly how I lived there.

SIGNS THAT YOU ARE IN HOUR 4

THE USUAL METHODS STOP WORKING. This is not "hard". It is literally: the methods that used to give a result now give nothing at all. You double the effort — zero effect. You change the strategy — you run into the same wall from the other side. You call for help — nobody can help. The most unpleasant thing about this sign is that at first it looks like "I am having a bad patch", and it seems you just need to try a little bit more and you will break through. You will not break through. In Sokar, the old keys do not fit the old locks because the locks themselves are no

longer there. The walls are solid. The keys are useless in principle. And the understanding of this comes much later — sometimes after years.

DEPRESSION. Not "sadness" and not "low spirits". A CLINICAL shutdown. This is a difference which a person who has not been inside it cannot feel; and the one who has been there recognises it instantly. Not "I am sad today", but "I cannot get out of bed". Not "everything is bad", but "everything is — nothing". The colours fade. Food becomes tasteless (literally — you put it in your mouth, chew, swallow, without feeling the taste). The faces of people look like cardboard. Voices arrive with a delay, as if the sound lags behind the image. And all this is not a mood, but a functional state. What changes is not your assessment of the world, but the world itself.

And with all of this — with a clinical shutdown inside, with daily suffocation from the Dead One, with cardboard faces and tasteless food — I got up every morning and went to build my business in Sokar. Not because it was easy. Not because I was strong. But because to refuse, to lie down and stop building, would have meant total death. Both the physical kind (there was a debt that had to be closed, there were obligations that held me) and

some other kind, deeper, for which I had no name back then. I clung to my business as if to life itself. Literally — this WAS my life in Sokar, its sole load-bearing structure. And this formula — "inside is the clinic, outside I get up every morning and pull" — is, perhaps, the most precise characterisation of how Sokar is really lived from the inside. Not lying in bed crying. Not "dropped everything and left". Precisely this: every day, get up and pull, because otherwise — it's the end.

Here it is important to say one thing which, unfortunately, I understood much after the fact. The alternation of clinical depression and anxiety that starts in Sokar lasts, in many of those walking the path, all the way up to Hour 11. That is, for years after Sokar itself. This does not mean that Sokar lasts all these years; it means that the background set by Sokar does not go away instantly with the transition into the next hour. In Hour 6 it quietens; in Hour 7, when Apep starts his attack, it sharpens again; in Hour 8 it goes into remission, because after the Trial it becomes easier; in Hours 9–10 it rises again; and only in Hour 11, when in the pits there burns up what was holding you, does the background finally let go. This is the normal dynamic of a walker, not a diagnosis in the ordinary clinical sense. But it is experienced precisely as the clinic,

and it is important to know this in advance, so that later, in Hour 7 or 8, you do not write it all off as "something is wrong with my head" and do not, because of it, climb into yet another pit.

TIME STRETCHES. A day lasts like a week. A week — like a month. The calendar starts to lie: you look at the date, you do not believe it. Inside — full STOP, and every movement comes by the centimetre. This, by the way, is also described in the Amduat: the barque moves over the sand more slowly than over water, and this is not the mood of the text, but a fundamental property of the terrain.

NOBODY ON THE OUTSIDE SEES HOW BAD IT IS FOR YOU. And this is, perhaps, one of the most insulting peculiarities of Hour 4. You go to work, meet people, talk on the phone, answer messages, sometimes even joke. From the outside — an ordinary person, who is asked "how are things" and who answers "fine, and you?" And inside — a dead desert, in which nothing grows and nothing smells of anything. This is not hypocrisy, this is not "putting on a mask". It is a structural property of Hour 4: the light of Ra is absorbed by the darkness in this region, and from the outside the person continues to "shine" as usual, because the social form runs by inertia — but on the inside there is no longer anything

to shine with. And this is a desynchronisation which a person cannot get used to even after years. The longer it lasts, the more the feeling "I am not here" takes root — outside, a function; inside, an empty space. This is not a pathology. This is Sokar.

THE FEELING OF BEING DRAGGED. It is not you who walks, not you who chooses, not you who keeps the course — you are being CARRIED. The close ones pull in one direction, work in another, obligations in a third, circumstances in a fourth, loans in a fifth. For each of these "wheres", you have no voice. There is almost no will. Some decisions get made, but not by you — reflexively, in order to hold out one more day. This, again, is a direct reflection of what happens to the barque in the Amduat: in Sokar it does not sail by itself, the guide-gods DRAG it. And in life you also almost always feel this pull on your back — something is dragging you, and where exactly, you cannot understand.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

First — what to do.

Change the form of movement. And this is not a metaphor, this is a literal instruction from the Amduat: the barque turns into a serpent. If your habitual way of moving through life is energetic, head-on, by force, by "I must" — it does not work in Sokar. At all. Every attempt to push harder goes into the sand and leaves you even more exhausted. Here something else works: slow, crawling, by the centimetre, quiet. If today you can get up — get up. If you can take a walk — take a walk. If you can drink water — drink water. If you can breathe for five minutes by the window — breathe. This is not "a little". In Sokar, this is a lot. This is the form of movement in which Sokar is passed.

Find four basic supports and hold them, no matter what happens. They are the same for everyone; the content of each is your own.

— The body. Minimal physical activity every day. Not "the gym three times a week", but literally — walk, bend, stretch. The body in Sokar gets wooden first; it must be kept in movement, otherwise it starts working against you.

— Connection with the line. A journal, morning notes, a practice, any holding habit — even a small one. Something you do every day and that reminds you that you are not just a function

attached to the work.

— One living person nearby. Not a friend for revelations and not a therapist. Just a person with whom you can eat, sit in silence, take a walk. Sometimes — call and say nothing, just listen to somebody else's voice for ten minutes. Complete loneliness in Sokar is dangerous; one person is enough.

— A basic practice. Any regular one: meditation, prayer, the morning ritual, regular physical exercise. Not for "the achievement of enlightenment", but so that each day at one point you return to yourself. An anchor.

These four columns hold you up when everything else is collapsing. With me in Sokar they all gradually came together (the last one — the basic practice — came already much later, through work with Lina, of which more in the following chapters). Without them I would not have survived there.

Accept that the passing is SLOW. In Sokar things do not go quickly. If someone next to you promises to "pull you out of the depression in two weeks", or to "close the dark patch in a month", or to "help you change your life by the end of the quarter", that

person either does not understand what hour you are in, or understands and is consciously lying. Sokar takes as long as it takes. You cannot shift it by an external schedule.

Now — what not to do.

Do not try to force the exit. All those "pull yourself together", "take yourself in hand", "just start doing something", "do not mope, go out into the sunshine" — these are correct pieces of advice, but not for Hour 4. In Sokar they work exactly the other way around. Every such effort is violence over an already crushed person, and from this violence Sokar becomes another centimetre deeper. If in Sokar you "pull yourself together" by will, you will then get stuck in that very will. Sokar is passed not by the assembly of will, but by the holding of the four supports.

Do not make any large decisions. Any large decision taken in Sokar will almost certainly turn out to be wrong. You now see the world through the filter "everything is empty, everything is meaningless, nothing matters any more". In this filter "sell the flat", "leave your family", "quit, go to Tibet", "close the business and open a candle shop" all look logical, sometimes even noble. Do not

do it. Write down the idea, set it aside, wait for the barque to crawl out of the sand, and reconsider. By then ninety per cent of the "decisions" made in Sokar will look strange.

Do not numb with pills what cannot be numbed. Here I want to be careful, because the issue is not simple. I am not against antidepressants in principle — they have saved many from the worst, and for some without them Sokar would have ended in suicide. But it is important to understand the function: they do not CURE Sokar. They give you the possibility of passing through Sokar without killing yourself on the way. They are a crutch, and a good crutch; but they are not the exit. The exit is in the passing through. If, behind the crutch, you forget about the path itself — you risk getting stuck in Sokar forever, in chemical stability, without the pain of the fourth hour, but also without exit into the twelfth. This is a special, quiet way of losing your life — but it is real. So pills — yes, if without them you really cannot at all; but with a clear aim of "holding on so as to pass", not "closing the question forever".

Do not believe those who say that you "are not understood because you are exaggerating" or that "others have it worse, look at the people in Africa". These people should not be in your life at this

moment. Sokar does not yield to rational arguments. The one who tries to TALK YOU OUT of your state is not an ally, even if he sincerely does not understand this. An ally in Sokar is the one who silently sits next to you, makes tea, and does not try to fix anything. The less he talks, the better.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

Seven years. From 2016 to 2023. That is exactly how long my Sokar lasted. An IT-business in the grey zone of the Internet. A labyrinth. Sand. A dead zone without witnesses. I wrote a lot about this in the first book — without a name for the place and without a structural understanding of what this is at all. Now I will tell it again, with the name. The Land of Sokar. Hour Four of the Amduat. And what is especially unpleasant — as in the canon, those seven years of my life largely overlapped with the period during which, from the outside, everyone thought everything was going well for me.

Let me start in order, by years.

END OF 2015 — BEGINNING OF 2016: THE ENTRY INTO

SOKAR AND THE

PLACING OF THE DEAD ONE

We returned from India to Russia toward the end of 2015. After three months of the Ganges, vegan food, and yoga — into the winter of Moscow, into our old flat, into our old contacts, into our old debts. The debt to my father's acquaintance had not been paid through the whole of 2015 — moreover, additional tension had been added to it, because during the trip we had spent everything we had managed to gather before leaving. That is, I returned not "rested before a new push", but "rested straight into the pit" in which I had already been awaited for a year.

And precisely at this moment — at the point of return, on the still-unpaid debt, in winter-time Moscow, in stress — the curse was placed on me. The Dead One.

I wrote in detail about the Dead One itself in the first book; here I will say something short and important. My father's acquaintance, to whom we owed and through whose hook the whole thing had been dragging on, turned to an Isfet-practitioner. She set the Dead One. This was not "an offended woman muttering behind your back" (under this wording any curse is usually hidden — and

because of that, many in Sokar afterwards for years do not understand what is happening to them); this was a concrete technical work by a concrete operator of the subtle plane, using my debt situation as a hook. The Dead One, unlike the random demon that had latched on to me back in Moscow in 2014 during the alcohol, is a directed strike. It has an author, a client, a goal, and a technique of installation.

This work activated instantly. From the moment of the placing, my daily suffocation began. Without visible cause. I walk down the street — there is no air. I sit at the computer — there is no air. I lie at night — there is no air. The doctors found nothing, the tests were normal, the ECG normal, everything in order, and yet breathing was impossible. This lasted until 2017, when L. took the curse off — about that in a moment.

What is important to understand about the mechanics. The Dead One did not "open" my entry into Sokar in itself. Sokar was already going on — I had already returned to Russia, had already by the end of 2015 begun feeling out the IT-business in the grey zone (about that also in a moment), had already entered the long, heavy structural turn of my whole life. The Dead One became not the entry, but the MARKER and the LOCK of this entry. It fixed

the transition in the body (through the suffocation) and blocked the quick way back out (you cannot jump out of Sokar with a curse on you by will alone; even if you very much want to, the body physically will not allow it).

And this, by the way, is the classic way in which Hour 4 locks shut for some people. At the threshold of Sokar, when the person could in principle still turn aside, a directed strike lands on them, and this strike turns "could have turned aside" into "will have to walk to the end". In my case the strike was the curse. For other people the same function is performed by a major illness, a bankruptcy with criminal charges, the birth of a seriously ill child, the death of someone close, a divorce with the loss of everything, a one-way emigration. The external form varies, the function is one: to lock the walker into Sokar so that they cannot jump out earlier than their term. To the walker this, of course, in the moment looks like a catastrophe. From the position of the structure — it is the marker of the entry.

In parallel with the placing of the Dead One, I started the IT-business in the grey zone of the Internet. At that point I had not yet formulated the words "grey zone" for myself. I just saw a market, saw clients, saw a way to earn, saw in Russia people who did the

technical part I needed. I went to them, agreed terms, started. And this business will exist for seven and a half years — right up to the exit from Sokar.

Now, looking back, I see very clearly: this was the entry into Sokar by CONTENT. And the Dead One was the entry into Sokar by BODY. Two layers of one event: the body becomes "sick", the business becomes "grey". Both are the function of the entry into Hour 4. Each on its own, I could somehow have wriggled out of. Together they sewed me into Sokar for a long time.

The waters of Wernes and Osiris were behind me now. From this moment the barque stopped sailing — they began to drag it. I did not at once notice that there was no longer water beneath the keel. I understood it only about a year later.

2016–2017: THE FIRST SIGNS OF SOKAR

The business grew. The money kept getting larger. From the outside it looked like success — especially to those who remembered me in 2014, at the moment when everything had

collapsed on us. "Ah, Telim's affairs have gone uphill. Well done. Got back on his feet." Inside, at this same time, things were starting to get heavier, and they got heavier every month.

I suffocated every day. The Dead One sat on me, and I just lived with it. Did not understand what to do with this. Wrote it off to "nerves", "tiredness", "I need a rest". I rested — it did not get better. I went to the doctor — he found nothing. I came back to the work. Nothing brought joy. I was earning money — and did not understand what for. It came into the account, I spent it, spent a lot, meaninglessly, getting no pleasure. That is, formally life had become better; by sensation, every day began and ended with the same heaviness.

In 2017 I came to L. That was the meeting with the one whom I now, in the categories of this book, call "a dweller of Sokar" — a person who has herself spent many years in Hour 4 and therefore knows how to help others in Hour 4 not to die. L. looked at me and said at once: a Dead One is on you, I will take it off. Send me a T-shirt you have worn recently, for the binding. I sent it. She took it off.

Immediately after the removal, an unexpected thing happened on the physical level: I finally found a competent manual therapist who looked at my back and said: "your ribs are pinched, two vertebrae are out of place, that is why you breathe as if through a straw". He set them right. Breathing became easy — for the first time in more than a year and a half. This, by the way, is a very typical scheme of the removal of a serious curse: the subtle plane is taken off, and in parallel something concrete happens on the physical plane that puts the body in order. Not "magic and zero medicine", but "removal plus a medical procedure that can NOW help, and before the removal could not have helped".

Besides taking off the Dead One, L. made me an amulet and put guarding entities on the business. That allowed me to hold on further — for more years, all the way to the exit in 2023.

At the time I thought L. had "pulled me out of the trouble". Now, from a distance, I understand: she did not pull me out. She helped me HOLD ON inside Sokar. These are very different things. Hour 4 is not shortened by someone else's help. Hour 4 takes as long as it takes. Someone else's help is needed not to pass through

it faster, but to keep from killing yourself along the way. Without L.'s help I would simply not have survived Sokar physically — one cannot breathe with a Dead One indefinitely.

2018–2019: THE LABYRINTH

These were the densest years of the labyrinth. The grey zone was working, the clients were coming, the business was growing, but every movement was disproportionately complicated. Legally — workarounds and expensive lawyers. Technically — workarounds and a constant struggle for the stability of the infrastructure. Financially — workarounds and grey schemes, in which every payment had to be thought through fifteen times. Every action demanded three times more effort than by logic it should have. And this is Sokar: the barque is not sailing, it is being dragged, there is movement, but it is over sand, and the dry sand eats up half of every effort.

In November 2019, a major event happened. I sold the business on the darknet. And at exactly the same moment the police came to me. They were not looking for me — they were looking for my

client, and they needed my help. I helped them as much as I could. I gave what I had. I explained what I knew.

I was very frightened at the time. The reaction was classic: thoughts that now everything was going to collapse, that I would be jailed, that everything would be taken away. On the level of the structure, this was the meeting with the GUARDIANS OF THE INNER DOOR OF SOKAR (in more detail in the Appendix to Part I, the Second Law). They came not to destroy, they came to escort. Out of Hour 4 (the outer labyrinth of the grey zone) into Hour 5 (the deep cave of Sokar, silence, work at the bottom). Without these guardians, I would not have come out of the labyrinth into the cave — I would have got stuck in the outer circle of the grey zone for more years still.

Helping the police back in 2019, I did three things at once, without understanding that I was doing them.

1. Took off myself the legal ownership of the business. Formally.

2. Put a concrete weight of Maat on my future pan. That worked later in Hour 8, at the Trial, several years on.

3. Opened the door into a deeper part of Sokar — into where the labyrinth is no longer outer, but inner.

In the moment, I repeat, this looked frightening. Now I understand: it was one of the most functional episodes of my whole biography in Sokar. The guardians knew what they had come for. They transferred me.

THE MAIN TRAP OF MY SOKAR

And now — about the main trap, which explains why my Sokar stretched for seven years and not three or four. Without it, neither the duration nor my behaviour in these years can be understood.

From 2016 to 2023 — these were, paradoxically, the most SUCCESSFUL years of my business. As it seemed to me at the time. And, in fact, as it looked from the outside. The money kept getting larger, the clients kept getting more, the scheme worked, I learned to do everything that was needed to keep an IT-business in the grey zone of the Internet running: taxes, lawyers, technical solutions, marketing, retention of key people. From the outside it

looked like "a man has made something of himself, lives well, there is something to look at". Inside — slowly, centimetre by centimetre, Sokar dragged on.

If I describe it honestly. Inside it was CONSTANTLY heavy. Depression and anxiety in the background, no days off. Apart from money I no longer saw anything; I had no other interests; no friends, no hobbies, no reflections outside the work. I could be occupied only with this business — there was not enough attention for anything else. But the most unpleasant thing was not this. The most unpleasant thing was that, from the outside, EVERYONE thought I was ultra- successful. And what I had inside — no one was interested in. That was nobody's business. And that was not supposed to be anybody's business, by the rules of the game into which I had by then fully built myself in.

And this is the precise formula of Sokar: the surrounding people see success, you on the inside are in a labyrinth, and this desynchronisation works as an ADDITIONAL lock. Because from the outside nobody comes to pull you out — from the outside everything is fine as it is. Whose idea would it be to "pull out" a

person who, by all objective measures, is in order? Nobody's. And you remain in the labyrinth alone, even more isolated from the world than if you had visible problems.

And — most importantly — that is precisely why I did NOT WANT to leave this labyrinth. And here I want to underline, because this is often missed. The main trap of the Land of Sokar consists not in the fact that Sokar is painful. By pain, Sokar in fact PUSHES OUT, and the painful sections of Sokar are passed faster. The main trap of Sokar consists in the fact that, from the outside, it often disguises itself as "finally everything has worked out for me". As success. As "the man got on his feet". As "we have finally got everything right". So the walker in Sokar clings not to the pain (from pain he would have fled long ago), but to the external form in which this pain is packaged. He starts holding the form, because to refuse it would mean to admit that the years invested in its building have to be let go. And nobody likes letting years go.

This trap works differently for everyone. For one it is a business, like for me. For another, a position with a big salary and a glass office. For a third, a strong family with the right picture and three children in the right schools. For a fourth, the accumulated social weight ("everybody knows me", "I am one of us in this

circle"). The external form varies, the function is one: external success-ness keeps the person in Sokar longer than necessary. The more successful on the outside, the denser the labyrinth on the inside.

I did not understand this at the time. I thought exactly the way a person caught in this trap is supposed to think: "I have a good business, it must be cared for and developed, I am lucky that it exists, it would be silly to give it up now, after all it feeds us". In fact the business had been functionally dead for a year or two: no joy from it, no meaning in it, no taste, no growth either — but its form still stood, and I held it up. Precisely because of this my Sokar dragged on for seven years, not three or four. And precisely because of this, later, when Hour 7 came and Apep began to eat the business from the outside, it was so hard for me to let it go and so painful — by that moment I had grown into this external form so completely that it was perceived as part of the body, not as a piece of clothing.

If you are now in Sokar, and "everything is fine" on the outside — it does not mean that you are not in Sokar. It means that you are in its most dangerous configuration. The one out of which you do

not want to come. The one in which holding the form is paid for with years of life.

What I did right in Sokar. Did not try to force the exit. Accepted that the movement is slow. Held what I could hold. Breathed. Lived. Just kept going. Did not quit impulsively in one day, did not leave for Tibet, did not sell everything and go off to be a monk, did not break my life with a big emotional decision.

What I did wrong in Sokar. Sometimes I tried to "solve" Sokar by frontal push. Doubled the effort. Started new projects. Opened parallel directions. Every time — it did not work. Every time — the energy went into the sand. After the fifth or sixth such attempt I stopped. And — most importantly — I held on to the external form of the business for too long, because from the outside it looked like success. Had I agreed earlier that this form had to be let go, Sokar would have closed not in seven years but faster. Five years maybe, perhaps four. That is the most expensive lesson of Sokar personally for me.

What kept me through these years. The same four columns, which I did not call by these words then, but which I had in fact.

— The body. I did not drop physical activity. I moved. It turned out to be very important.

— Connection with the line. Notes. The journal. Morning reflections. Something was being written every day, something fixed down, something preserved. This later became the basis of the first book.

— One living person nearby. For all seven years this person for me was the same girlfriend. She did not change. I never remained completely alone in Sokar — and this, I now understand, was one of the main factors why Sokar did not devour me.

— A basic practice. This did not come at once — it came later, through work with Lina, as a conscious regular practice. But by the end of Sokar I already had it.

Without these four, I would not have survived in Sokar. I say this as one who spent seven years there and saw how others did not survive.

And the last thing, the shortest.

If you are now in Sokar — know: it DOES come out. Slowly. Through the sand. Without promises about timing. But it comes out. All who entered there and held the four columns — came out. Your job is not to try to force it and not to jump out before time. Sit. Walk as it walks. Hold the supports.

And one more thing. If GUARDIANS come (the police, the tax office, the court, any state structure, any external force that can "reach" you) — do not panic. If they look at you, talk to you, and pass by — that is a sign that you are being TRANSFERRED. Do what is required of you. Help them, if they ask for help. Tell the truth. And walk on. They have not come for you. They have come to transfer you from one stretch of the path to another. The guardians are not executioners, they are employees. They have their own work. Do not interfere with them doing it.



CHAPTER 5: HOUR FIVE · BENBEN. THE SPARK AT

THE VERY BOTTOM

WHAT HAPPENS

Hour Five is the deepest point of the Land of Sokar. The place you simply could not reach on foot by ordinary geography, because no road leads there — you can only descend to it, and you can only descend if you have passed all four previous markers. In the center of this point stands an oval tomb in the shape of an egg. Inside the tomb — the body of Sokar himself, in absolute stillness. Not "sleeping." Not "dead." Simply — in a stillness that cannot be described from outside.

And here one of the most astonishing things in all of the Amduat occurs. Ra cannot enter this tomb. He has no right to enter it physically. He passes ABOVE it. His light penetrates the tomb not directly, not through doors, but through a thin layer of earth above the egg — like through a membrane. Like sunlight pressing through a closed eyelid. Inside the egg it does not become bright, but it becomes not entirely dark. A fine difference, and all the work of Hour 5 lives in it.

And here too — the paradox on which, in essence, the whole of Egyptian cosmology rests. In the very center of maximum death lies the BENBEN — the primordial hill, the stone of Zep Tepi, the stone of the first creation. The very one on which, according to

tradition, everything began when something first rose from the waters of Nun. The stone of beginnings. And it lies — note this — IN THE VERY HEART of Sokar's tomb. Meaning: maximum death contains within itself the maximum potential for life. This is not a contradiction, not a paradox for rhetorical effect — it is literally one and the same point. The point at which death and the conception of the new coincide. The seed of a new beginning does not sprout somewhere outside of death, not "after it," not "as consolation" — but right in its heart. Ancient Egypt knew this five thousand years ago. Modern biology arrived at a similar formulation only around the twentieth century (a dying cell triggers regenerative processes in neighboring cells — the same principle at a different scale).

HOW IT LOOKS IN LIFE

Benben cannot be predicted. Cannot be summoned. Cannot be "tuned into" through a special practice. It happens on its own, at the lowest point of your Sokar, and it comes almost always from a place whose existence you never suspected. And most importantly:

Benben in Hour 5 rarely looks like something "significant." It is almost always small — so small that a person who doesn't know what to look for walks right past it.

Here is how Benben most often appears.

A sudden small SPARK. Not "the insight of a lifetime." Not "the solution to all problems." Not "now I know what I must do." Simply — a small thought. A small image. A small desire that wasn't there before. And not an idea of "dropping everything, selling the flat, and moving to Bali" (that, by the way, is the voice of Sokar, not Benben). But something like: "I'd like to learn to play guitar." "I want to try drawing. I've never tried." "I've always been drawn to Ancient Egypt, I should read something one day." Something of that order. Seemingly insignificant. But — REAL. And you recognize it by a special quiet note: there is no hysteria in it, no "must-must-must," no attempt to escape.

Right after the spark — a characteristic surprise. "Where did that come from?" Around you — the same grey canvas you've been living in for a long time. Nobody inspired you with anything, no new circumstances arrived. And yet the thought appeared. And not from above, not from outside (the way we're "inspired" by books or films), but from INSIDE. From some place inside you whose

existence you didn't know about. This is a very recognizable sensation, and whoever has experienced it confuses it with nothing else afterward.

Then — an unexpected moment of silence and clarity. Exactly one. Maybe on the subway. Maybe in a queue at the supermarket. Maybe at night in the kitchen, when you woke up for water. Five seconds. In those five seconds — something very quiet, but very CLEAR. It doesn't form into words. Doesn't fit into an insight. But the fact of its presence you will remember for years. Then ordinary heaviness again. But those five seconds remain as a notch.

And often, very often — a dream. One that stands out against the background of ordinary dreams the same way a lit match stands out in a dark room. Very vivid. Very memorable. With someone you've never seen. With a place you've never been. And you wake up not "after a nightmare," not "after an interesting dream," but with the feeling that you were just told something IMPORTANT — but you can't remember what exactly. This is the "light that penetrated through the membrane" from the canon. The dream in Hour 5 is the main channel through which Benben sends its signal.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

First — what to do.

NOTICE THE SPARK. This is, surprisingly, the main difficulty of Hour 5. Because in Sokar, consciousness is trained to seek the big — the big exit, the big light, the big solution. And Benben comes small. And it has no external special effects. So the first work in Hour 5 is literally TO DISCERN it. Write it down. Don't evaluate it ("this is nonsense" / "this is serious"). Don't try to understand immediately what it relates to. Just record the fact: a spark appeared. Here is its content. Today's date. Period. In a year you'll come back and look.

GIVE IT SPACE. Small. Ten minutes a day — for what appeared. If "I want to learn guitar" appeared — spend ten minutes a day stroking the strings, watching a video, reading about one chord. You don't need to immediately build your life around this spark, don't need to quit your job and enroll in a conservatory. You just need to let it breathe. Benben can manage ten minutes a day; it won't carry more right now, because you are still in Sokar, and you don't have the energy for more.

RESPECT ITS MODESTY. Benben in the Egyptian texts themselves is not a mountain and not a pyramid. It is a SMALL STONE. The primordial little hill that rose from the waters. Small.

Great turns in life almost always begin with small things; lives collapse from grandiose ones. Don't wait for a grandiose sign — it either never comes, or it turns out to be a trap. A small, quiet, inconspicuous sign is the most reliable.

Now — what not to do.

DON'T TRY TO BUILD EVERYTHING ON IT IMMEDIATELY. This is probably the most typical mistake of Hour 5. A person sat in darkness for years, a spark appeared, and they immediately pour all their remaining reserves of gunpowder into it: "That's it! This is my calling! I'm dropping the old and going into the new!" The spark suffocates. It doesn't have lungs yet for that amount of oxygen. It needs to first become a flame, then a fire, then a light. This process takes years. If you throw all the fuel at the spark on the first day — it will simply be buried. Let it grow at its own pace.

DON'T COMPARE WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S
"REVELATIONS."

Your Benben may look comical compared to what spiritual books describe: there you'll have "light so bright that I was blinded," "in one instant I understood everything," "a voice from

heaven told me go." And you'll have: "I want to try watercolor." If because of this you decide that your Benben is "not real" — you will lose it yourself. Your Benben is yours. And precisely because it is small and quiet, it is definitely real.

DON'T TELL EVERYONE. And especially — don't tell people who are alongside you in Sokar. They either won't understand, or they'll devalue it, or they'll start "helping" with advice that will smother the spark. And this is not their fault and not malicious intent. It's simply that in their Sokar it is impossible to see this spark, they don't have the corresponding vision. Guard it. It's still very small. You can tell one person who is not in Sokar and who knows how to be silent, if such a person exists. If there is no such person — keep it alone.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

Hour Five is the deepest part of my Sokar. 2020–2023. Three years in a cave. On the outside everything the same: the business that had moved into a selling phase; legal matters that never ended; depression and anxiety as a background, without days off; nothing brings joy, nothing is interesting either inside or outside. A deaf

time. As if you live for three years in a room without windows, and even the light from the lamp seems not real but like a picture from a television.

And in this room without windows my Benben happened to me. Not small, as it sometimes is for people. Very large and very literal. My Benben — the birth of my son.

THE POINT OF SOWING. NOVEMBER 2021.

In November 2021 I was planning to finally sell the IT business and exit the subject completely. The buyer I designate here as S. — it was a transfer to the most distant hands, and the deal was serious, in several stages, with long negotiations and long paperwork. Formally I was ceasing to be the owner. Legally — I was becoming clean. In essence — the connection to the old form remained, because the infrastructure that I had built over seven years continued to operate in the background without my active participation. And this, by the way, is exactly the cave of Sokar in all its precision: you are no longer in this — and simultaneously you are not yet free from it. Not alive and not dead. Not an owner and not a former owner. Between.

And literally the next day after signing the deal my wife told me I would become a father.

The next day. Even now, four and a half years later, I say this aloud — and it still sounds somehow unreal. The NEXT day. Not a week later, not a month later. The next day.

I didn't really notice this coincidence at the time. More precisely — I noted it at the edge of consciousness as "a strange coincidence, how about that," and immediately forgot. My head was occupied with other things — closing the deal, papers, current matters, yet another legal question. Now, of course, I understand: this was not a coincidence at all. This was exactly what is described in the Amduat in black and white, only in my case synchronized to within 24 hours. At the point where the old life finally leaves your hands (Sokar, the formal sale of the last link by which it held on) — at that very same point new life is being conceived. Not "instead" — in parallel. Benben in the heart of Sokar's tomb. The seed of a new beginning not somewhere outside and not "after." But right AT THE VERY BOTTOM. Day for day. Hour for hour.

JUNE 11, 2022. BIRTH.

My son was born on June 11, 2022. This was the summit of my Hour 5 — the materialized Benben. Not an image, not a dream, not an idea of "something to get into" — but a concrete, warm,

breathing, crying new human being, placed in my arms, whom I looked at and didn't understand how this was possible.

For a long time after the birth I continued to live in the same old mode — work, deals, problems. But something had changed inside, very quietly. Not "I now want to live for my son" and not "now I have a reason to get out of Sokar" — it was simpler and more bodily than that. Something tiny inside switched on, that hadn't been there before. Something very small, and also — very alive.

In the first weeks after the birth I sometimes got up at night for a feeding and just sat and looked at my son. I didn't think about business, I didn't plan, I didn't analyze. I just sat and looked. And in those moments — the same five seconds of clarity that I described in the theory section. They came right there, in the darkened room, next to the sleeping child. It was the light penetrating through the membrane.

And the next thing that ultimately pulled me out of Sokar grew precisely from this simple thing — that I went out toward Benben and didn't run from it.

WHAT I DID WRONG.

I didn't understand that this was my Benben. That is — I didn't see the structure. I saw simply "life goes on, sold the business, a son will be born." I didn't see that these were two manifestations of one event.

And — this is the main thing, and I paid dearly for it. I didn't understand that the arrival of Benben was for me a WINDOW for a final exit from the old life. Precisely then, in November 2021 — the first half of 2022, I had a real chance to exit the business COMPLETELY. Without debts. Without attachments. With a clean slate. The sale deal was closed, the infrastructure transferred, the child was already preparing to come into the world, I had a legitimate and humanly understandable reason for everyone around me to say: "Now I have a family, I'm closing the old page completely." The window for final release opened perfectly. Wide, clean, transparent.

I didn't do it.

I left myself, as it seemed to me then, "a connection just in case." The business was sold formally, but in fact part of the schemes continued to run through me. Debts that I could have closed immediately — I didn't close and left "for later, to have working capital." Contacts that needed to be severed — I left open,

because "just in case the child needs it." From the outside all of this looked very sensible. Inside it was exactly the opposite of what Benben required of me: an attempt to use the new life as a justification for holding onto the old. "I'm not keeping it for myself — I'm keeping it for my son." A very convenient formulation, and a very wrong one.

And that is precisely what I paid for afterward. Literally, with debts. Those same debts that I could have closed in 2021–2022 at the moment of a clean exit — by 2024–2025 had turned into personal obligations, to close which now requires ten times more effort than would have been needed then. If I had in the moment of Benben done what Benben required of me — let the old go completely — these debts would not exist now. Not "would be fewer." Would not exist AT ALL.

This is the hard law of Hour 5: Benben gives a window for a COMPLETE exit. Not partial. Not "little by little." Not "I'll keep a connection while the new gets on its feet." Complete. If at this moment you use the window — the old departs cleanly, leaving no tail. If you don't — it later returns to you not as a business, not as a

position, not as a habitual role, but as debt. As a burden. As something you're obliged to drag for years more after you've long since left it.

And the second thing I didn't understand at that moment. The main shift of that period was not in "simultaneously tidying up the old life." The main shift was very simple: to be next to this new person who had come into the world through me and my wife at exactly that time and from exactly that point. If I had understood then that this was Benben — I would have spent less of myself on attempts to hold onto the old and given myself more to simply sit beside my son, look at him, and not rush off for yet another "urgent call."

Now, when I look at my son — and he's almost four years old now — I see very clearly: he is that light that was penetrating the tomb through the thin layer of earth above the cave. A small Benben that over these years has become a large living human being, with his own character, his own words, his own moods. And my mistake then was not that I "didn't work hard enough for him." My mistake was the opposite: I didn't TRUST him enough. I didn't

believe that his arrival was sufficient to let the old go completely. I decided I still needed to "hedge" with the old. The hedge cost me years and debts.

And — despite this mistake of mine — Benben still did its work. Just longer and harder than it could have. Because this is also a property of Benben that is worth knowing. It is not a one-time window "act now or the train has left." It is — a seed planted. The seed will sprout regardless. It will just sprout quickly and easily if you watered it right away. If you didn't — slower, longer, through pain. But it will sprout.

When I saw that a small, lovely, healthy child had been born, one very simple and very powerful desire appeared in me: that HIS life should go well. Not mine. His. And that desire — precisely it, gradually, over two and a half years — became one of the main engines that ultimately pulled me out of the Land of Sokar. Perhaps the only main one.

I now understand clearly: without that light — I would probably not have gotten out of Sokar. Or I would have been getting out for ten more years. I could NOT have let go of the business for my own sake — for myself I would have found a hundred justifications why "hold on a bit longer, another year or

two, fix up one more scheme." But for him — I could. For him, at some point I started looking honestly at things I had been hiding from myself for years. For him I abandoned what was pulling me back. For him — ultimately — I allowed Hour 7 to happen and Hour 11 to burn what needed to be burned.

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IMPORTANT NOTE FOR THE READER.

Benben is NOT necessarily a child. For me it worked out that way. For you it may work out completely differently, and this is perfectly normal. For one person it will be a child (as for me). For another — a sudden and deep love for something they were previously completely indifferent to (Ancient Egypt, music, woodworking, horses, languages, martial arts), and this love in five years will become a calling. For a third — a small desire to learn something new, from which a work will grow in ten years. For a fourth — a meeting with a person who becomes a companion for decades to come. For a fifth — a move to a small house outside the city, where life will begin to assemble in a completely different way. The form of Benben is always individual.

But its function is always the same. Benben is the seed of the new, arising at the DEEPEST point of Sokar. And almost always it appears in a form about which the first reaction is: "not the right time," "not the right place," "not in this kind of situation." Because in Hour 5 you simply don't have the resource to add something new TO THE OLD life. Benben arrives exactly when you are no longer capable of "using" it the old way, of slotting it into an old scheme, of turning it into yet another career toy. And in this is its protection. From you. From your habit of immediately fitting everything new into the old configuration.

And one more pattern I have seen from my own experience. Benben is often synchronized with the moment of finally letting the old go. For me this synchronization was literal, day for day: sold the old — the next day heard about the new. For other people this may be stretched over weeks or months, but the connection is the same: the old leaves — the new arrives, at the same point of Sokar. This is not magic. This is the structure of Hour 5 itself: its egg is arranged exactly this way — in one point death and conception.

And — the most important thing, and what I paid years and debts for: the moment of Benben is simultaneously a WINDOW FOR A COMPLETE EXIT from the old configuration. Not partial.

Not "little by little, while the new gets on its feet." Complete — without debts, without leftover connections, without "infrastructure just in case." If you use the window in that moment — the old goes cleanly, without a tail. If you don't — it comes back later, but no longer in its original form (business, position, relationship, way of life), but in the form of a burden you will drag for years. Often — literally in the form of debt.

The logic here is hard, and I argued with it for several years, but it is the Duat. The Duat does not accept half-measures. If in Sokar Benben has come to you — this means literally the following: everything for the sake of which the old form existed has already been fulfilled. The old form is no longer needed — not just by you, it is no longer needed by anyone at all. Continuing to hold it means hanging on yourself what nobody carries anymore. And you will pay for it alone.

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If you are now in Hour 5 — at the deepest point of Sokar — a few practical things at the end.

Look for Benben in the most unexpected place. Not where you expect it based on the logic of your old life. Not in the sphere where you are used to thinking. But in something external — small,

or on the contrary very large (like a child), arriving "at the wrong time." That is it.

Don't evaluate immediately. Benben unfolds over years. A small spark becomes a fire over five years, not five days. A small thought becomes a calling. A small being becomes a grown person, with their own character and their own life. This takes time. Don't rush.

Don't try to "fit" Benben into the old life. Benben is the seed of the next life, not an improvement to the previous one. If you try to use it as an "upgrade to the current configuration" — you will smother it, and imperceptibly to yourself.

If Benben has come — use it as a window for a COMPLETE exit from the old configuration. Without leftover "connections just in case," without postponed debts, without preserved "infrastructure." If in this moment you make a clean exit — it will be truly clean. If you leave tails — they will return to you later in the form of a burden you'll drag for years. I paid for this with my own debts. Highly recommend: don't repeat it.

Trust that right now you have NO strength to force things. This is not weakness. This is Benben's built-in protection from your own momentum.

And know: Hour 5 has an end. People emerge from the deepest point. Not quickly. But they emerge. And the Benben that was born at that point goes out with you — and grows no longer in the darkness of the tomb, but in the light.



CHAPTER 6: HOUR SIX · MIDNIGHT. RA MERGES

WITH OSIRIS

WHAT HAPPENS

Hour Six is the center of the Duat. The point of maximum darkness and simultaneously the point of maximum mystery. Here, in the very middle of Ra's night journey, the MAIN mystery of the Amduat occurs — the one for the sake of which everything else essentially exists. All five previous hours were preparation. All six following hours will be execution. And this one point in the middle — that is the event.

Here is what happens. The solar disk of Ra DESCENDS into the body of Osiris. Meaning: the living — into the dead. Light — into darkness. The daylight principle — into the nocturnal principle. And for one moment they cease to be two different things and become one: Ra-Osiris. A being who now knows both life and death, and not "in sequence" but from inside both at once. This is not "I survived death and came back to tell." This is "I united both principles within myself, and they became one." Completely different constructions; the second is encountered among people far less often.

In Hour 6 Ma'at stands nearby. And this is not coincidental: in the moment of maximum mystery, when two polar principles merge, it is precisely balance that holds everything from total dissolution. Without Ma'at in this place a person would simply disintegrate — too much heterogeneous density meets at one point. There too, in the same darkness, the scarab Khepri begins to slowly form — the dawn sun. This is perhaps the most beautiful thing in the entire structure of Egyptian cosmology: dawn is not born in the east, as everyone thinks. Dawn is born at the darkest point of midnight. In the east it only appears. And here is where it is conceived.

This is also why, incidentally, initiation in the Egyptian mysteries was officially called "death and resurrection." Apuleius — a Roman author who underwent initiation into the mysteries of Isis and left a brief account of it (because writing about it in detail was forbidden, and he omitted much) — left one phrase that has been read for two thousand years: "In the middle of the night I saw the sun shining with bright light." This is Hour 6. The sun at midnight. Whoever has seen this recognizes the description instantly.

HOW IT LOOKS IN LIFE

Hour 6 is not an "experience" you can afterward describe interestingly. It is a SHIFT, after which you are not the same person. And this shift, what is particularly strange, is almost never loud. Often — on the contrary, very quiet, so much so that most of those who go through it cannot for a long time afterward understand what exactly happened. No flashes, no "angels in the room," no streams of light. Simply that evening a person lay down as one person, in the morning rose as slightly a different one, and didn't notice it right away.

The signs of Hour 6 need to be caught very attentively — otherwise it passes unnoticed.

SOMETHING HAS CHANGED IRREVERSIBLY, AND YOU

YOURSELF DON'T KNOW WHAT. Eyes in the mirror — the same. Face — the same. But the LOOK — different. Voice — slightly different. Reactions — different. At first you notice this yourself vaguely, as if from peripheral vision. Then friends start to notice. The most observant ones will after some time say something like: "You seem somehow slightly different. I can't explain it." They really won't be able to explain it. And neither will you. But both you and they feel equally clearly that something has shifted.

THINGS STOP TOUCHING YOU THAT USED TO TOUCH YOU. This is not "became indifferent" — it's "doesn't hook the way it used to." The drama of acquaintances into which people try to pull you. The drama in the news that threw everyone into discussion. A conflict at work that previously would have made you blow up. Now — you simply see that it exists, register it, and move on. It doesn't affect you. Not because "you learned to manage

emotions" — none of us, honestly, learns that; but because something inside you has stopped being a resonator for these frequencies. The vibration passes by, finds nothing to sink into.

CALM IN MOMENTS WHERE BEFORE THERE WOULD
HAVE

BEEN PANIC. This is one of the most reliable markers. Previously in one or another specific situation (say, a rough conversation with a client, or a call at night with bad news, or a hard letter from the tax office) you would have been shaking. Now — inside there is some point that simply WATCHES. It doesn't evaluate, doesn't comment, doesn't react. It simply sees. And this point finds that sufficient — it has nothing more to do. And this, incidentally, is the very midnight silence inside you in which Ra meets Osiris.

AND SOMETIMES — RARELY, BUT IT GRIPS YOU — there arises a feeling that you and the person you were a year ago are DIFFERENT people. Not "I've become better" and not "I've understood a lot since then." But literally: the one a year ago is — for today's you — almost a stranger, some acquaintance whose

details you know but to whom you no longer relate from inside. This is a very specific feeling, and it rarely appears, but when it does — it is a reliable sign that Hour 6 is underway for you.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

First — what to do.

BE SILENT. This is not rhetorical "be quiet." This is a technical condition for passing through Hour 6. Hour Six requires silence. Any attempt to immediately tell, explain, make sense of aloud what is happening in it — destroys the event itself. Not because it's a "secret," and not because you'll be "punished for disclosure" — but because words require a SEPARATION of subject and object, and in Hour 6 precisely the opposite process is underway: union. You open your mouth, formulate — and in that same second your "I" separates from what you're talking about, and there is an instantaneous return to Hour 3, to separations. Not now. Later. When you have fully exited Hour 6 — then you'll tell. Now — guard the silence.

SIMPLY BE. Without a task. Without a program. Without "I am now meditating." If possible — spend a few days alone. Without meetings, without news, without long conversations. Better — in nature, if you can get away. Do nothing. Don't "work on yourself." Simply be in this state and let it take root. Hour 6 doesn't like activity. It likes being allowed to simply happen.

WRITE DOWN THE FACT THAT SOMETHING HAPPENED. Without deciphering. Simply: "on such-and-such a date at such-and-such a time something changed." Date. You can add one phrase about how it felt. Nothing more. In a year — or better in three years — you'll come back to this note and understand exactly what shifted then. Right now it's too early to try to understand. Right now only a notch is made.

Now — what not to do.

DON'T TRY TO EXPLAIN TO OTHERS. Most people won't believe it even if you tell them maximally honestly — and this is not their problem, they simply don't have the apparatus for recognizing this kind of event. A minority will believe — but also won't understand. And only those who have themselves passed through Hour 6 will recognize you without words literally. With

such people one usually stays silent. This is normal. Being silent together with someone who understands what is happening is the most reliable form of communication in this area.

DON'T MAKE A "TEACHING" OUT OF IT. The most common, most beautiful, and most useless mistake of those who have passed Hour 6 — to go out and write a book "how to become the same" or open a course "midnight in thirty days." Hour 6 cannot be transmitted as instructions. It either happens with a person, or it doesn't, and this depends not on how many books they've read, but on HOW they passed the first five hours. If you yourself are running a course "how to reach Hour Six" — you were most likely not in Hour Six, but somewhere around Hour Three, and mistook it for Hour Six.

DON'T THINK THIS IS THE "FINALE." Hour Six is the middle of the journey, not the end. Ahead are still six hours, and some of them will be harder than everything before. Hour 6 gives FOUNDATION, but does not release you from passing the rest. This is often incomprehensible to those who have just experienced Hour 6: they feel that this is it, the main thing has happened, everything will now go easily and beautifully. It won't. Apep is ahead.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

Hour Six for me is the period from summer 2022 to September 2023. Between the birth of my son (my Benben) and the start of the battle with Apep, which opened in September 2023. A little more than a year.

And here I am obliged to tell it as it was, without embellishment. Because my Hour 6 did NOT go the way it was supposed to. I didn't enter it properly. I missed in it. And precisely because I missed Hour Six, Hour Seven hit with such force later. This is a very important part of my experience, and I have no right to cover it — otherwise I help no one who reads this chapter right now. I help only when I tell honestly. Therefore — honestly.

WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN IN MY HOUR SIX.

Benben arrived — my son was born. By the logic of the Amduat what should have happened next was this. I, as "my daytime self" — the one who had held the IT business in a grey zone for seven years, the one who was used to solving problems by brute force, the one whose external form rested on "the business" — was supposed to meet "my Osirian self," the one who already at the bottom of Sokar in Hour 5 knew that this life was not mine, that

this form had ended, that it needed to be released. These two were supposed to meet. To merge into one. To become one person who sees both things simultaneously. I was supposed to pass the midnight quietly, let the old business form go completely, lean on Benben (on the new life, on my son), and emerge toward Khepri's dawn already changed. Then Hour 7, which always comes after Hour 6 (without exception), would have arrived — and found me collected.

WHAT HAPPENED INSTEAD.

I made exactly the opposite choice. In 2022 — early 2023 I made the decision to RETURN to that same business I had just sold in November 2021. Not a new one. Not a "parallel" one. The same one. To the same servers. To the same schemes. To the same people. With a very simple and, as it seemed to me then, very convincing justification: "Now we have a child, he needs money, I have an obligation to earn, who else if not me."

From the outside this looked like a responsible fatherly decision, and none of my people around challenged it. Inside it was not a betrayal of Benben — it was MISUNDERSTANDING Benben. I want to be precise here, because the difference is important. I was not at that moment turning away from my son, not

choosing "money over the child," not shirking responsibility. On the contrary: everything I was doing then, I was doing precisely for my son. I measured every decision by that yardstick. I simply didn't understand then what my son — Benben — actually required of me. I was hearing "need to provide," and Benben was saying "need to let go." I was hearing "need to work harder," and Benben was saying "need to be more present." I was understanding "protect," and Benben meant "trust."

Benben had come to say: "Here is the new life, go into it." I misheard and answered: "I'll go back into the old one to provide for this new one." These are different things. This is not at all the same thing, although from the outside they sound similar, and to one's own consciousness in that moment they literally sound identical. And the Duat sees the difference instantly — even when the person himself does not.

Hour 6, which was supposed to be a quiet union, in my case turned into active movement in the opposite direction. I didn't stay silent — I switched on the engine. I didn't let the inner mystery happen — I drowned it out with external activity. I plunged into work headfirst. Spent twelve hours a day solving grey IT-business issues. The midnight stayed without me.

THE CHAIN THAT GREW FROM THIS.

The decision to "return to business for the child's sake" pulled a very specific chain with it — link by link, and now, looking back, I see it completely.

My wife and I quickly understood that between the small son and my return to business the two of us couldn't manage. Our son was a difficult infant, slept badly, cried at night, demanded constant attention. My wife got no rest at all. I was working — meaning I wasn't helping in the way that was needed. We needed a nanny. And we started urgently looking for one.

And here begins one of the most characteristic phenomena of a missed Hour 6. Into our home, into our family space, different women started coming. One after another. Most candidates left immediately — the child was difficult, few could cope; those who stayed didn't take root for long either. Over a year, approximately a hundred candidates passed through the home. A hundred.

And each of them in the moment when she was in our home entered our family field — that same subtle space in which the three of us lived: me, my wife, my son. None of these women had malicious intent. Most were ordinary nannies, professional or beginning. But each brought with her her own field, her own story,

her own state. And something from it stayed in our home after she left. The family field in our home over that year ceased to be closed. It became a thoroughfare — literally, in the subtle sense of the word.

This is the first consequence of my return to business. I didn't see it then. I thought "we're looking for a nanny, what's the big deal." But this was already the work of Hour 7, which was beginning to approach me, taking advantage of the gates I had opened myself.

The second consequence — in parallel I was returning to my own business-circuit. To the same servers, the same schemes, the same people. This required my attention, time, nerves — precisely those resources that in Hour 6 were supposed to be spent on silence and presence beside my son. I understood this dimly, felt that something was wrong, but the justification "the child needs money" automatically closed all internal questions. As soon as "I have a son" sounded in my head — any counter-argument immediately seemed selfish. This is a very convenient defense for a decision that is wrong inside.

The third — and most important in this chain. In September 2023 damage started coming from one of my employees. A specific woman with whom I had contractual work relations, and who at that moment made a move that OPENED HOUR 7. Details — in the next chapter. Here only the short but decisive conclusion: if I had NOT returned to business in autumn 2022 — this employee would not have been in my life in autumn 2023 at all. No work connection. No access. No reason. But I returned — and she appeared. And through her actions Apep entered my life.

CONCLUSION.

Hour 7 came to me not "on schedule" in the clean sense. It came precisely BECAUSE I missed Hour 6. Didn't do what needed to be done in it (pass the union in silence, release the old form), and did what couldn't be done in it (return to the old configuration). The Duat doesn't forgive such decisions in the sense of "doesn't look the other way" — it simply moves to the next phase and hits harder, to remove from the person what the person didn't release themselves. This is not punishment for disobedience. This is structure. The Duat doesn't leave the old in a person who is moving. You don't release it yourself — it gets torn away.

And this is a very typical scenario, I am not alone. I think for most people who in Sokar receive their Benben in the form of a child, or another large arrival (new responsibility, new person alongside, new calling) — Hour 6 passes exactly this way. "I can't stop now, I have a child." "I can't change everything now, I have a family." "I can't follow the inner voice now, I have obligations." And all of this — a voice that sounds like responsibility. But in essence — it is the voice of refusing Hour 6, beautifully packaged in socially acceptable wrapping.

I write all of this without self-flagellation. I simply name how it was. So that the person reading this chapter now looks at their situation and asks themselves one question: "Am I not doing exactly the same right now — am I not passing off a return to the old as responsibility for the new?" If they are — there is still a chance to stop. Hour 6 lasts months, sometimes more than a year. The window may be open right now.

WHAT I DIDN'T SEE THEN.

I didn't see that the justification "for the child's sake" was a trap. That the child born in Sokar needed not extra money from the father's return to the old business, but the father himself emerging from Sokar. That my absence in the silence of Hour 6 was exactly

what was taking the most from my son, not a shortage of extra money. That the women coming through the house as nanny candidates were already early guardians of Hour 7, not "a normal story about looking for help." That my return to business was not "care for the family," but FLIGHT from the union that Hour 6 was just preparing in me — and which was frightening precisely because after it the old Telim would no longer exist.

All of this I see now. Then — no.

And one more thing that is especially important to say. In Hour 6 I genuinely HAD quiet moments — those same midnight five minutes of clarity about which I wrote in Hour 5. They continued to come in the sixth hour too, especially when I was getting up at night for my son, or driving somewhere alone in the car. I noticed them. I FELT them. But I didn't give them space. Because outside there was too much activity, too much "urgent," too much "must." These five minutes remained somewhere at the edge of consciousness, I mentally agreed — "yes, there's something there" — and immediately returned to work. If I had stopped then and given these five minutes a place in life, not theoretically but concretely — freed fifteen minutes each morning for them, an hour

on weekends, a week a year — Hour 6 would have genuinely happened for me. The window was open. I didn't use it. And this, in the end, is my own choice and my own responsibility.

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If you are now in Hour Six — in the moment between Benben and the approaching attack — here are brief practical things.

BE SILENT. Seriously. Hour Six literally requires silence. Any attempt to immediately "do something for the future" is especially dangerous, because the justification for such doing sounds very responsible, but in reality it is flight from union. And precisely because the justification sounds responsible, it almost always works. Be doubly attentive.

Be especially wary of the LOGIC of "now I have a new responsibility (child, project, relationship, new situation), therefore I must RAMP UP the old activity to provide for it." This is the most widespread form of failure in Hour 6, and I missed it along with everyone else. Benben doesn't need reinforcing of the old. Benben needs the old to be finally released — then the new can grow in the freed space. If at this moment instead of releasing the

old you rush to strengthen it "for the sake of the new" — you are smothering Benben while using Benben as cover. This is a very painful configuration.

Don't try to feel "something great." Hour 6 is ordinary and quiet. If you're waiting for the loud — you'll miss the quiet. If you replace the quiet with external activity — you'll miss Hour 6 entirely, as I did.

Write down the fact that something happened, that something changed. Without deciphering. In a year you'll come back — and understand exactly what.

And — prepare for Hour Seven. This is not scaremongering. This is a warning based on structure. After midnight — always an attack. Without exception. If Hour 6 was passed properly — Hour 7 you will endure. If Hour 6 missed (as in my case) — Hour 7 will hit harder, to remove from you what you didn't release yourself. This is not punishment. This is structure. The Duat doesn't leave the old in a person who is moving. You don't release it yourself — it gets torn away.



CHAPTER 7: HOUR SEVEN · THE BATTLE WITH

APEP. THE BLOW AFTER THE MYSTERY

WHAT HAPPENS

After the central mystery — an attack. And this needs to be said straight out, so the reader has no false hopes: the attack is not an accident, not a malfunction, not "you have bad karma" and not "something you did wrong." The attack is STRUCTURE. Law. Part of the Duat's design. Without it the barque could not go further, and the ancient Egyptians knew this five thousand years ago.

Immediately after Hour 6, when Ra merged with Osiris and became maximally vulnerable (what has merged has no protection — it has not yet managed to assemble itself in a new form), APEP hurls itself at the barque. That same serpent of chaos. Enormous. Ancient. The one who since the beginning of time has tried to stop the sun's course, swallow Ra's barque, end existence as such. It has no "reason" to attack, it is not "offended" at Ra, it has no personal motivation. It is — a function. Chaos. And its place in the journey is not somewhere at the beginning and not somewhere at the end, but right in THE SEVENTH HOUR. Immediately after the sixth.

This is very important to understand in advance: on the calendar of the Duat the seventh hour is the place of Apep, and it is never empty.

In this battle with Apep the main role on the barque is taken by SET. The god of the desert, of force, of fury. The very one who in Ra's ordinary daily life is rather a "difficult character," sometimes an outright adversary; but in Hour 7 without him the barque simply wouldn't make it. Set stands at the prow and pierces Apep with his spear. Without negotiations. Without explanations. Without "let's first figure out who's right." Set strikes. This is his service in this hour.

Working in parallel is Mehen — the protective serpent who coils in rings around the barque. His task is to HOLD THE FORM of the barque at the moment of impact. Not to let chaos break through inside and scatter what had just merged in Hour 6. Without Mehen — even Set with his spear wouldn't have helped: the barque would simply have come apart under Apep's onslaught and gone under.

Here too, in the seventh hour, another important thing happens. The NAMES of Ra's enemies are read out and they are publicly executed — their bodies are cut apart, their shadows are destroyed.

This is active justice, not cold and not formal — furious, specific, by name. And this, incidentally, is the archetype of public justice in Egyptian culture that would be written about for centuries.

The main thing to take from this picture: immediately after the greatest INTERNAL vulnerability — the greatest EXTERNAL attack. Not a malfunction. Not a failure. Not "bad luck." LAW.

HOW IT LOOKS IN LIFE

You have passed Hour Six. Something inside has shifted. You have become a little more yourself, more whole, more clear. Outside everything seems to continue as usual: work, family, familiar life. And then — BOOM. Life crashes down on you with everything it has, and not in sequence as before, but in one dense wave.

This is recognized by several very characteristic signs.

SUDDEN ATTACK FROM SEVERAL DIRECTIONS SIMULTANEOUSLY. Not "one big thing" as in Hour 4 — but several at once on different fronts, and these fronts behave as if someone above synchronized them with each other. A crisis at work. An illness in someone close. A conflict with a person with

whom everything was fine for the last ten years. A financial hole that opened as if from nowhere. A legal matter that had been sleeping for years wakes up. All in the same month, in the same weeks, dense, without a break. The logic that in ordinary life says "the probability of this coincidence is low" needs to be temporarily switched off in Hour 7 — because in Hour 7 this is structure, not coincidence.

OLD PATTERNS RETURN WITH DOUBLED FORCE. Those very ones you thought "I've already worked through." The same traps. The same reactions. The same types of people. And now this hits harder, because after Hour 6 you became MORE SENSITIVE. Before you had thick skin, things struck it but didn't penetrate. Now the skin is thin. And exactly in this moment the old blows return.

SPECIFIC PEOPLE START PRESSING EXACTLY WHERE
YOUR

FRESH WOUND FROM HOUR SIX IS. Not "accidentally touched a sore point" — but word for word, action for action, as if someone told them exactly how to strike. They themselves often don't realize this; they're simply carried to that point, as a river is

carried into a whirlpool. And exactly to that one, not any other. This is a very recognizable feeling — when you read a message from a person and understand that they hit precisely your most tender fresh skin.

THE FEELING OF "WHAT DID I DO WRONG?" This is perhaps the most dangerous. Something bright just happened in Hour 6 — and then immediately hell. Logic immediately suggests: "So the bright was false; so I made a mistake, turned the wrong way; so I need to immediately go back to how it was; so Hour Six was self-deception." This is a lie. Direct. Concrete. You didn't make a mistake. This is the seventh hour on schedule. If Hour Six were fake — the attack wouldn't be needed. The attack comes precisely because something real happened in Hour 6, and Chaos now needs to tear down this real thing before it manages to build a new form around itself.

DIRECT ATTEMPTS TO PULL YOU BACK INTO THE OLD

CONFIGURATION. Someone offers to "put everything back as it was, why do you need these complications." Someone enters with a threat. Someone — with a subtle temptation, very nicely wrapped. Someone — with a touching request for help that, if

satisfied, will put you exactly back in the old role. The pretexts differ. The goal is one, and it is clearly visible if you look carefully: to stop the barque's movement. By any means, as long as it stops.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

First — what to do.

FIND YOUR SPEAR. Meaning: a specific, direct, short, no-negotiation response. Don't try to explain to those who are attacking. Don't try to "understand their position," "see the human in them," "figure out why they're doing this." Their position at this moment is very simple and very clear: stop you. This is Apep's function. Their own motivation may look complex and even worthy of sympathy, but the function doesn't change because of that. Your job is to deflect and continue the journey. Without malice. Without revenge. Without theatrical scenes. Simply deflect, like Set: jabbed with the spear, turned around, sailed on.

MAINTAIN DISCIPLINE IN THE BASICS. Those same four pillars that kept you afloat in Sokar (body, connection to the line, one living person nearby, basic practice) — will hold you in Hour 7 as well. Double down. Don't skip. Don't give yourself "a break, it's

hard enough as it is." On the contrary — hold firmly right now. Every morning exercise, every journal entry, every call to one person — this is Mehen himself, who holds the form of the barque at the moment of impact. Without him you'll scatter.

KNOW THAT THIS WILL PASS. Hour Seven has an end. The barque moves on. This is not "consolation for the weak," it is a structural fact. The main thing is NOT TO STOP at this point. Those who break in Hour 7 usually break not from the force of the attack itself (the attack is strong, but finite), but from the illusion "that's it, there's no way back, it's over." The illusion is precisely in "there's no way." The way FORWARD exists, and it is short — you simply need to hold on.

DISTINGUISH REAL ENEMIES FROM FELLOW TRAVELERS. Those who press in Hour Seven are not necessarily "bad people" in the human sense. Often they are people who simply don't know how to live without you in the old role. You changed — and a void, a hole opened in their life. They plug this hole as they can, with whatever material they have. This doesn't make them good. But it doesn't make them villains either. It makes them a

function of Apep at this moment. In a year they may be completely different people. Right now — deflect, without sorting out who exactly.

Now — what not to do.

DON'T GET DRAWN INTO LONG CLARIFICATIONS. "Who's right, who's wrong," "let's go through the situation step by step," "explain what you really meant." In Hour 7 — this is a trap, and one of the most effective traps that exist in the Duat. Every explanation draws you deeper into someone else's scenario. Every argument for or against is already a step off the barque. Set doesn't explain himself to Apep. Set doesn't write Apep long letters. Set strikes with the spear and sails on. And this, incidentally, is the only known method to exit Hour 7 alive.

DON'T RETURN TO THE OLD OUT OF FEAR OF THE NEW. It is very tempting during Hour 7 to think: "Maybe everything wasn't so bad in the old life? Maybe I left too early? Maybe it would be better to go back to how it was now, and try again later?" This is the voice of Hour Seven, specific and recognizable. Don't believe it. Your Hour Six was real. The fact

that an attack follows it doesn't cancel Hour Six — it confirms it. If Hour Six had been self-deception — the attack wouldn't be needed at all. Chaos doesn't attack an empty place.

DON'T REMAIN ALONE WITH EVERYTHING. In Hour 7 it is especially important to have nearby at least one person who has themselves gone through something analogous. Not for advice (advice is useless here), but for WITNESSING. So there is someone to whom you can say aloud what is happening, and hear in response a simple: "I know, I had the same." Sometimes this is exactly what keeps a person on the barque in Hour 7. Without such witnessing you can start genuinely believing that all this is happening only to you and that you are going mad.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

My Hour Seven I can date almost to the day. September 2023 — January/February 2025. One year and five months. This was the longest and densest battle of my entire conscious biography. In January/February 2025 it ended — ended together with the business: the business finally stopped, and in that same moment the battle as a battle ceased. From this moment a different phase began

— the Hall of Two Truths, Hour 8, about which in the next chapter. But before January 2025 — a clean, uninterrupted, no-breathing-space fight.

SEPTEMBER 2023. THE FIRST BLOW.

From the outside, by September 2023, everything still stood. The business was working. Income was coming in. Partners in place. Plans for years ahead. The son was growing up. Wife nearby. If someone had looked at me from the outside — they would have seen the arranged life of an average successful businessman with a small child. And then in this "everything standing from the outside" what began was something that could neither be explained with words nor fit into the old life at all.

From the very first nights of September 2023 my life after sundown turned into a battle. Every night. Without weekends.

I lie down to sleep. The light is off. I'm just starting to fall into that thin gap between wakefulness and sleep — and at that moment something jumps onto the bed. Not "it seems to me." A concrete sensation of weight on the blanket. Consciousness is still not deep, I can still open my eyes, but if I open them — this "something" won't be visible. If I don't — it immediately starts to act. And voices begin to overwhelm me. The most varied.

The entities were diverse. With different forms, different handwriting, different language. Some came with words — said something in my ear, proposed something. Some attacked immediately, without preamble. Said vile things about my wife. Said vile things about me. With some — exhausting combat until morning itself, without a break, without the possibility of catching a breath, without a chance to simply sleep and wake up rested.

There were nights when I woke up in the middle of a dark room and for the first few minutes couldn't understand where I was. Not "forgot from sleep." Differently: consciousness had clearly just been somewhere else, and now it had been thrown back into the body without a smooth transition. The room was familiar, but in those first minutes it looked foreign; the wallpaper not right; the smell not right; the wife beside me not recognized immediately. It took three to five minutes to remember — where I am, what city, what year, who is beside me. This is not an ordinary dream, and whoever has experienced it will agree with me. This is a sign that the battle was going not at the level of ordinary dreaming, but deeper — where consciousness is already untethered from the body, and the return from there is not a smooth glide, but an impact.

Nothing remotely comparable in density had I experienced before this. Individual episodes — yes, there had been a few; one or two anxious nights, a bad dream, a sense of presence. But not EVERY night in a row. Not this kind of systematic siege.

Overall, given the massiveness of everything coming at me, I began at some point to seriously think that I was slowly going mad. Ordinary-life explanations didn't work. "Esoteric" explanations worked, but there wasn't much comfort in them: one thing is to understand that you're under a directed attack, and quite another — to withstand that attack. My only desire in that period was one: TO HOLD OUT. Not to win, not to understand, not to take revenge — but simply to hold until morning, then until the next, then the next.

I applied all the protective techniques I knew. Runes. Amulets. Letters. Prayers. Protective circles. Specific practices I had learned over all these years. And here is what I can say honestly: nothing worked properly. The blow coming was of such force that it swept through everything. Any protection I could set up on my own. I set it up — it swept through. I set it up again, slightly deeper — swept through again. This, incidentally, is the special quality of a full directed curse in Hour 7: home-made protection almost never holds

it, you need either a strong practitioner at L.'s level, or time over which the curse works out its force on its own. For me in the end both factors worked, but this would become clear much later.

In those nights I sometimes literally burst in on my wife and tried to explain to her what was happening. My wife **COULD NOT HEAR ME**. And this was probably the most frightening thing of all the rest. Not in the sense of "didn't want to hear," not in the sense of "brushed it off." In the sense of literally not perceiving: I speak, she looks, nods, a minute later she switches to something domestic as if my words had never existed. As if a film stands between us that muffles the sound. I thought then: "She's been put under a glamour." Looking back now, I see that this was a glamour — targeted. The attack on the family switched off from the nightly battle the one who was nearby, so that I was left face to face with the siege alone. This was professional work.

By the end of 2023 my wife and I made the decision to move from Moscow to Saint Petersburg. This was the first major defensive move, and it was also made not at the level of "esotericism" but at the level of "something needs to change, we can't go on here." I couldn't formulate then that we were making a **RITUAL RELOCATION** — functionally that is exactly what it

was, an attempt to sever at least some of the threads pulled toward us at this point by physical distance. We changed cities. The density of nightly attacks immediately dropped slightly. Not disappeared. But it became possible sometimes to sleep a normal night.

Only later, already in 2025, did L. tell me exactly what had happened in September 2023. In that moment a SECOND curse in my life had been placed on me. Made by one of my employees — a specific woman with whom I had contractual work relations. She herself works with the subtle plane, and at this moment decided to use that ability against me. I had no factual suspicion of this at the time — I only knew it through the nights. This was the blow of Apep. Direct, precise, delivered right at the moment immediately after the midnight of Hour 6.

This is the law of Hour Seven in its full form: after the greatest INTERNAL vulnerability — the greatest EXTERNAL attack. Not a malfunction. Not a coincidence. Law.

2024. THE DOUBLE BLOW.

In 2024 the battle proceeded on two fronts simultaneously. And both fronts, if you step back and look from the side, were pressing on one and the same place.

FIRST FRONT — THE BUSINESS.

In 2024 my IT business started to collapse for real. Not "decline in profit," not "temporary difficulties in the market," as I told myself at first — but actually COLLAPSING. I already understood it wouldn't last long; I was still trying to glue things together, fix things, find new angles, but the backdrop was completely different from the seven years before that. And in parallel the debts to counterparties started multiplying, which needed to be paid and which were accumulating faster than I could close them. This was that same unrecoverable bill I had left myself in Hour 5, when I hadn't used the window of a complete exit after Benben. The old business form was now returning not as an asset that feeds, but as an obligation that eats.

Partners began to leave. Clients began to leave. Legal matters, dragging along in the background for years, began coming to the surface. The grey zone in which I had confidently held for seven years ceased to work as protection. Every month something new fell off, and each time I thought "well, this is bottom," but then it turned out no, not bottom, there's still further down.

SECOND FRONT — MAGICAL ATTACKS.

And in parallel with the collapsing business — the nightly battles continued. The entities kept coming back. They didn't fall away with the move to Petersburg entirely; in Petersburg it became milder, easier, calmer, but it didn't end. Every night the form had to be held. Every night — don't let into the house what was trying to get in. Every night — a separate small battle of Set with Apep at the threshold of sleep, and almost always without witnesses.

In 2024 I turned to another practitioner — to D. She works with Hekate, with the dark side — a specific specialization, she has her own methods. We did a cleansing with her, an attempt to remove what was pressing. And in the process of the cleansing she tore off the guardian entities that L. had put on my business in 2017. I don't think this was done intentionally. Most likely from carelessness in the work or due to the difference of traditions — her entities simply didn't recognize mine, and in the moment when they were going through my field to cleanse, they swept away the buffer along with everything else. It happened and it happened.

But without that buffer the business was exposed. The blow of the curse placed by the employee in September 2023 was now going directly, without cushioning. And the collapse of the business that was already underway in 2024 went noticeably faster.

This, incidentally, is another typical moment of Hour 7: sometimes the protection that had been standing for years is accidentally removed at the worst possible moment by someone among the "helpers." Not malicious intent; just that kind of hour.

THE MAIN TASK OF ALL OF 2024.

The main task of all of 2024 was formulated very briefly and executed with great difficulty: HOLD ON. Not fall into the abyss. Not fall into Isfet.

Not win. Not explain. Not "save" the business. Precisely — hold on. Because in Hour 7 the person's task is not "to win the battle": Set is already striking with his spear, that is his service, not yours. Your task is to stay in the barque. Not fall out of it. Not let yourself be seduced. Not let yourself be knocked off course.

And the most important thing — NOT FALL INTO ISFET. This means concretely the following. Don't start yourself walking those dark paths by which others are pressing on you. Don't start placing curses in return. Don't start taking what's someone else's against what is yours. Don't start doing in desperation the things you would not do in a normal state. This is the biggest trap of Hour 7: the attack pushes you toward Isfet, because Isfet is the nearest

available response, lying literally at the distance of one short thought. The deeper the attack — the stronger the temptation. The more blood around — the more attractive the short path.

We held on as best we could. My wife, my son, and I. Sometimes — barely holding. There were weeks when I didn't understand what we were even breathing on. But we never went into Isfet once. This is, perhaps, the only thing I can say about 2024 with pride: we held.

I didn't yet understand then what was happening at the level of "how this is structured." I was thinking in the ordinary mode: the market is bad, the years are hard, need to double the effort. I doubled. Didn't help. Did even more. Didn't help. This is Hour Seven: your ordinary ways of responding don't work here, because the attack isn't ordinary. And this understanding comes not through analysis, but through exhaustion — after the twentieth futile cycle of "double down" you begin to see that the matter is not in the quantity of effort.

AUTUMN 2024. THE BEGINNING OF UNDERSTANDING
THE
STRUCTURE.

Somewhere toward autumn 2024 a different understanding began to accumulate in me. Not a loud "revelation," but gradual, week by week, seeing of the PATTERN. I started to notice that everything happening was not random unpleasantness and not a "streak of bad luck," but structure. That this was specifically the battle of Hour Seven. And that my task in this battle was not to explain it, not to win with arguments, not to "save everything," but to ENDURE.

From this moment I started doing the simplest things that turned out, strangely, to be effective.

— I held the basic supports. The body — I continued to move, I didn't take to my bed. My wife and son nearby — the only living human circle I could rely on. And, importantly, in this same period I started writing the book. I had no morning practice then — there wasn't enough strength or silence for it in the dense battle — but the book became what assembled me each day into one point. I sorted out in it what was happening to me, put it on shelves, and this made things slightly easier. To the book itself I didn't return for a long time after the battle — and picked it up again only in 2026, already from Hour 8. But in 2024 it was my main anchor.

— I stopped "explaining" to partners who were leaving. Stopped fighting for their return. I understood that this struggle was the attempt to pull me back into the old configuration. I said "yes" to their leaving — and the barque moved on.

— I didn't return to old contexts, no matter how tempting it might have looked. A voice in my head sometimes whispered: "Maybe everything wasn't so bad? Maybe I left too early? Maybe this person would help you now, why not call?" I knew now that this was the voice of Hour 7. Didn't believe it. Didn't call.

END OF 2024. THE CULMINATION.

In this period the density of blows reached its maximum. Partners with whom things had been normal for ten years, at the worst moment, refused to continue working with me and started demanding money. Not one partner and not for one reason — several simultaneously, on different fronts, as if someone above had synchronized them with each other. Legal matters exposed themselves. A government structure in which a person considered "one of us" used trust for his own benefit. A conflict inside the family opened that I had considered long closed. All in the same few weeks.

I most hindered myself during this period. I perceived every blow as "meaning I'm doing something wrong." As punishment for having left the familiar path. And for six months I tried to "correct myself," i.e. roll back. Didn't help, and couldn't have. There was simply nowhere to roll back to: the person I was before Hour 6 by the end of 2024 no longer existed. There was nothing and no one to return.

It helped when I stopped seeing the attack as "my failure" and accepted it as part of the structure. From this internal shift the attack ceased to be a catastrophe. It became something I was passing through. No longer "a misfortune," but "a stretch of path." And this, strangely, gave the strength to hold on further.

EXIT FROM HOUR 7. JANUARY–FEBRUARY 2025.

My exit from Hour 7 happened in January–February 2025. And it happened literally together with what the battle was about — the business. The business finally stopped. What had been holding on the last supports for a year ceased to hold completely. And right at that moment the battle also ended. Not "transitioned to a new format," but simply ended. When what Apep had been hooking its claw into falls away, there is nothing left to hook. The battle stops by itself, without a command.

And then, in early 2025, at one of the diagnostics L. told me directly: "The curse placed on you in September 2023 still carries its force by momentum, but it is already working through its final months; by New Year 2026 its influence will end completely." I exhaled for the first time in a year and a half. Not "everything became good" — it became clear that this had a specific end, and the end was near. I had lived for a year and a half with the feeling "this is endless." And then I heard for the first time: "This is not endless, this is until New Year." These are very different inner states — "endless" and "until New Year." A lot of air fit into that difference.

Immediately after the end of the battle a different phase began — the Hall of Two Truths, Hour 8. That is to say, what in Hour 7 had been a chaotic attack from all sides, in Hour 8 turned into a structured process of "settling accounts": conversations with partners, paying off debts, legal formalities, acknowledgment of responsibility where it is mine. About this in detail — in the next chapter.

Here I'll only fix the main conclusion I want to pass on. Hour 7 ends not with "victory" and not with "rout" in the fine sense. It ends when what Apep attacked for falls away finally or is finally

released. After that there is nothing left to attack. If you are in Hour 7 right now — know: this battle has an end, and it arrives in the moment when the remnants of the old form cease to be a value for you. Don't rush this moment artificially, but don't cling to what is falling.

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What I did RIGHT in Hour Seven (after understanding the structure).

I held the basic supports — body, family nearby, and work on the book as a daily anchor. I didn't explain to those attacking, didn't enter into polemic. Didn't try to save what needed to fall. Didn't return to the old out of fear of the new. Main thing — didn't go into Isfet once. Didn't place a curse in response. Didn't deceive. Didn't scheme the "black" way. This was not from saintliness, it was from understanding: one step into Isfet — and I stop being one who passes through the Duat, and become one whom the Duat no longer lets through.

What I did WRONG (before I saw the structure).

I attributed the attack to "tiredness" and "a bad market." Didn't see its nature. Doubled down on effort to save the construction — and by this only accelerated its fall. Perceived the attack as personal failure. This consumed strength and pulled me down faster than the attack itself. Tried too long to "fix" what was supposed to fall.

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If right now a bunch of unpleasantness arrived simultaneously shortly after an internal shift in Hour 6 — don't panic. You didn't "ruin everything." You're in Hour 7. This is structure. Everyone who passed Hour 6 passes through it.

If someone in your circle actively works the subtle plane unethically — at this stage a direct attack from their side is possible. Don't engage them in verbal battle and don't try to convince them — this is not their domain of decision-making at this moment. Go to a clean practitioner, have it removed, put up protection. The battle of Hour 7 is a battle on the subtle plane, and it is resolved on the subtle plane as well. A psychologist won't close it.

And remember: Hour 7 has an end. Long — yes. Hard — yes. But it has one.



CHAPTER 8: HOUR EIGHT · THE TOMBS OPEN. TEMPORARY LIGHT

WHAT HAPPENS

After the battle — the space is softer. The attack has subsided. The air, for the first time in a long time, can be inhaled without tensing. And the barque sails into one of the most unusual landscapes in all of the Duat — rows of closed sarcophagi. Dozens. Hundreds. In each — a deity wrapped in burial bandages, motionless, as if this entire space is not a path but a giant warehouse. Silence. No grandiosity.

Ra passes — and the sarcophagi begin to OPEN. Those who were inside receive light and air. They can speak. They can move. They can transmit something to those nearby. But — only while the barque is close. As soon as it moves further, the sarcophagi close again, and the sleeping gods await the next night.

This is not resurrection in the familiar sense. This is TEMPORARY contact with light inside darkness. A window that opened exactly as much as necessary, and will close as soon as the barque passes. And in this lies the key to all of Hour 8: it brings HELP. Sometimes unexpected. Sometimes from those from whom you least expected it. Sometimes — from inside yourself, in the form of an understanding that previously wouldn't come together. And this help is not unlimited. It is given in a specific window. Use it while it is open; don't wait for it to return.

HOW IT LOOKS IN LIFE

Hour 7's attack has subsided. Not completely, of course — wounds are still fresh, matters unresolved, what was destroyed still lies around like pieces of a fallen wall. But the density of the blows has dropped for the first time in a long while. You can breathe. You can exist for several hours a day simply, without the mode of "holding on so as not to fall."

And in this emerged pause the signs of Hour 8 begin to manifest.

ANONYMOUS HELP APPEARS. And this is perhaps the main marker. A person calls whom you haven't spoken with for ten years, and says exactly what you need to hear right now. A casual acquaintance in a café drops a phrase that closes a question that has been tormenting you for six months. The solution to a problem that seemed a dead end is found in the most unlikely place — on the shelf of a book you picked up at random, in someone else's conversation, in a video accidentally opened in a feed. Help comes from the side you weren't expecting it.

SOMETHING LONG FROZEN SUDDENLY THAWS. An old dream you buried ten years ago as "impossible." An ability you had long forgotten. A feeling that seemed gone forever (curiosity, for example, or the capacity for tenderness, or a live interest in something new). These are the opening sarcophagi inside you.

PEOPLE WHO ARE SILENT IN ORDINARY LIFE SUDDENLY

SPEAK. Quietly. One on one. Something important. And not as if they "suddenly opened up," but rather as if they came out of their own sarcophagus — because you are nearby, and your presence

gives them the light in which they can speak. This works both ways: you liberate them by the very fact of your passing, and they give you something in this moment.

A SENSE OF MARGIN APPEARS. Not "everything is good" — that is still far away. But "there is a margin." Between pressures a small empty space appeared in which you can do something of your own. In Hour 7 there was no such margin; the battle consumed all the space. In Hour 8 it appears — small, but real.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

DO:

— Accept the help that comes. Not "am I worthy." Not "how will I repay." Accept. The eighth hour is a window. This window will open and close. What came through it — is for you, to take.

— Use what has thawed. What came alive inside — occupy yourself with it, even a little. Don't build grandiose plans. Simply give it time and space. Like a plant after a long winter — a few warm days, to take root.

— Listen to those who have spoken. Don't interrupt. Don't give advice. Simply listen. Those who opened up in Hour Eight gave you something valuable. Sometimes — more than they themselves realize.

DON'T:

— Don't try to make Hour Eight permanent. The help that came is temporary. The person who spoke — will fall silent again later. This is normal. Don't catch. Don't cling. The window was given — and that is sufficient.

— Don't confuse Hour Eight with Hour Twelve. Hour Eight is temporary light in continuing darkness. Hour Twelve is dawn. These are different things. Many, finding themselves in Hour Eight, think they have passed the whole journey, and relax. Ahead are still Hour Nine, Hour Ten, Hour Eleven — and each with its own tasks.

— Don't miss the window. If something came — take it. "I'll think about it later" means "I'll miss it." Hour Eight has a point at which the barque leaves. After that — the doors close again.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

My Hour Eight ran from January 2025 to the end of 2025. The Tat-halls opened. And in it several events happened that on the subtle plane were the most important of my entire biography.

JANUARY 2025: RECOGNITION OF INEVITABILITY. AND

— SATURN.

Hour 8 opened for me not with a "revelation" and not with "light." It opened with the fact that I finally acknowledged inevitability. Not "perhaps everything will collapse," not "I'll find a way to get out," but — it will collapse, guaranteed, and my resistance will change nothing in this. The structure I had been building for ten years will be destroyed. Not damaged. Not diminished. Destroyed.

The anxiety at that moment reached the highest peak for the entire Duat. Everything inside me was rebelling to the extreme against the fact that the work into which I had put ten years of life, nerves, energy, relationships, would simply disappear. Without reward. Without compensation. Without alternative. This was unbearable.

And precisely in this unbearability I did something I hadn't done before: I turned to an external framework. To several astrologers. In parallel I sat down and myself dug into my natal chart, looked at current transits. And here came the first genuinely sober answer in the whole Duat: this is Saturn.

Saturn at that moment was completing its cycle through the same degrees it had traveled in my life during previous turning points. Transits through my natal chart showed exactly the configuration that structurally coincided with the destruction of the old form and transition to the next phase. This was not "I am bad" or "I made a mistake." This was "the clockwork mechanism activated on schedule."

From that moment much fell into place internally. What I had been experiencing as a personal catastrophe turned out to be a calendrical event with a precise date and precise mechanism. This didn't make the pain smaller, but it made it MEANINGFUL. And with meaningful pain you can work — with senseless pain you cannot.

About the astronomical mechanism of Saturn — in detail in Part II of this book; here I only record the fact: January 2025 was the point at which I first saw the Duat FROM OUTSIDE. Not as

"my inner experience," but as a structure along which not only my barque moves. This was the first Tat-hall of Hour 8.

THE OFFER OF A CONTRACT.

In spring 2025 I turned to L. again for help — the force of the attack was such that without a practitioner's help I couldn't manage. L. began to work. And in one of the nights of this period a figure came to me. In a dream. Not "Isfet itself in anthropomorphic form," as I thought in the moment. Far more down-to-earth and precise: this was an Isfet-Practitioner working in tandem with L. A field operator.

The dream was constructed almost domestically. A banquet, few people. At the table — a familiar neutral face, a recognizable media face (used as a mask to reduce alertness — a neutral face, triggers neither love nor repulsion). I was offered an introduction to the "parents" — these were the real negotiators, who had actual power. At the question "what do you want" I in the moment named something large and material (four Bentleys — the first thing that came as something concrete and tangible). And I was shown a contract. 15– 20 clauses. The main ones — "Sale of Soul," "Suppression of Will," and in red letters — "Silence."

And parallel to being shown the contract I heard a conversation between two operators off to the side. The man (the Isfet-Practitioner himself, sitting nearby and drawing signs on my arm): "The ritual doesn't quite fit." The woman (the coordinator, the senior in this work): "Never mind, you'll adjust it as you go." They didn't expect me to hear this conversation. By the template's calculation I was supposed to be in a deeper state of consciousness, not picking up side remarks. But Ib managed to read the clause about suppression of will — and Ba reacted. I refused.

Said "no." Not "I'll think about it," not "let's talk later," but directly "no." Woke up in the morning, remembered everything. Wrote it down.

In the morning I felt physically unwell. Not "attacked" — exactly unwell. By evening it passed. This was the trace of the operator's work through the subtle plane: a foreign imprint that the body expelled within a day. That it passed in a day meant the main thing: the dome hadn't closed. If it had — the imprint would have stayed in Ka for years.

I didn't understand then that this was a check of the Tat-halls of Hour 8. And that what was working against me was not "the impersonal force of Chaos," but a specific working pair of living

people-practitioners operating through the subtle plane in tandem, by technology, with their coordination, their templates, and their calculations. This is a very important distinction, and I will stop on it separately below, because it changes the entire optics.

And one more distinction that is important to make here, because without it the whole scene reads wrongly. When I say "check of the Tat-halls of Hour 8," I mean a check on the part of Ma'at — that is, on the part of the order through which the barque moves. And the Isfet-operators in this scene are Isfet-operators, and nothing more. They are NOT AWARE that in this moment Ma'at is using their work as an instrument of checking. They are sure they're doing their own. Sitting at the table, negotiating, drawing out the template, calculating the effect — they have their own task, their own client, their own benefit. The idea that "we are being used from above for a check of a person in Hour 8" doesn't even occur to them. From their perspective this is just another job.

This is how Ma'at works. It doesn't build separate "checking decorations" and doesn't send special "angel-examiners." It uses WHAT IS ALREADY THERE. If around a person in Hour 8 the work of Isfet-operators is already running dense — Ma'at doesn't shield them from this work; it embeds it into the path as a Tat-hall.

Opens the sarcophagus in which the ready scenario lies — the contract, the workaround, the "easy exit." And watches what the person does with this scenario. Refuses — the Tat-hall is passed, the barque moves on. Agrees — the barque stops, and it will take a very long time to pull it out of there.

This changes the picture importantly in two places.

First, it is unnecessary to demonize the specific operators as "messengers of Chaos with a special mission against you personally." They are workers. Doing a job. Their "mission against you" is as impersonal as the mission of a truck driver hauling cargo. They don't see the superstructure.

Second, don't underestimate the check itself. The fact that its executors "don't know" — doesn't make it fictitious. Ma'at uses their template with the same seriousness it would use any other. The Tat-hall is open for real. And the refusal needs to be given for real. The system has no irony.

Precisely because of this, when I said "no," the answer fell simultaneously onto two instances. To the operators — that the job didn't go through, the template didn't work, the person didn't sign. They recorded this and went on with their affairs. And to Ma'at —

that the Tat-hall was closed correctly. This was recorded not in their account books, but at a much higher level, and the consequences went from there.

WHAT IS IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND ABOUT THIS MEETING.

In the moment it seemed to me that I had met "Isfet itself." This feeling is typical and dangerous, because it mystifies what is in reality ordinary operator work. No "Isfet itself in anthropomorphic form" comes in dreams. What comes are specific practitioners — living people working through the subtle plane in pairs or networks, by technology, with their coordination, their templates and their calculations. Isfet as a principle flows through them, like electricity through a wire — but the wire is the wire. Distinguishing this is a separate skill, and it is important. If you see in a dream "Chaos in form" — almost always it is a specific operator.

And the second. L.'s help was real in what concerned removing the curse in 2017 and holding me in Sokar. And simultaneously — L. herself was part of the same network through which the Contract came in 2025. This is not a contradiction. This is the structure: people working with the subtle plane unethically provide both services and attacks within the same network. Therefore with such

helpers there always comes a day when what they first helped to hold, they come to take. If you have passed through the help of such a practitioner — be prepared for this meeting. It almost always happens.

A few weeks later L. told me: you did the main thing. The curse placed on you in September 2023 will stop its action in January 2026. Need to hold on until then. This was true — in the part where it was true. And simultaneously — she was one of the two figures at that table.

In the same conversation she also said the second thing: the destruction of the business can no longer be held back. No point attaching to what is dead. You can only collect the last haul — squeeze out the remnants, take the last money, and close.

This remark deserves to stand separately, because it shows how finely the network L. was embedded in is constructed. On one hand, the phrase itself is formally correct. By Hour 8 my business construction was indeed dead — Saturn was showing that too, and I myself had acknowledged it in January 2025. Attaching to it made no sense.

On the other hand — the message "collect the last haul" operates in very specific logic. It doesn't offer a clean exit; it offers extracting the last layer of money from an already dead form. Meaning — take from the corpse what can still be taken from the corpse. This is a different operation from "let go and move on." This is an operation in the logic of extraction, not in the logic of the path.

From Ma'at's perspective the right step in Hour 8, after refusing the Contract, was not "collect the last haul," but to release the remainder without trying to extract. Because any attempt to extract is yet another thread of attachment to the dead, yet another deal, yet another delay of the barque. And I at that moment needed precisely to move on.

I partially listened to L. — partially didn't. Some remnants I tried to pull out — and this later turned into additional debts and delays. What I released completely and didn't go back to dig — that closed cleanly. This for me is one of the main optical corrections to the figure of the "helper-practitioner": even the most precise words of such a helper still come with their internal optics. And that optics is the optics of extraction, not the optics of the path.

Distinguishing this in the moment is very hard, because the words sound reasonable. The distinction comes only later, when you see what exactly came of the "reasonable advice."

RETURN OF DEBTS. THE BARON WITH MA'AT'S FEATHER.

In 2025 I had another dream — the second key dream of that year. And to this day it is one of the most important dreams of my life.

I found myself in the underworld again. The same one — the Duat, which I first entered in a dream back in 2015. Before me stood a man. A male figure, clearly visible, in a hat with a feather. The feather stood straight up, like a standard.

I approached him myself. Nobody led me, nobody placed me before him. I came myself and said directly: "I am ready to repay the debt." Not "please forgive me" and not "let's negotiate" — but a direct acknowledgment of fact and a direct statement of readiness to pay. The debt here was not financial — it was a large accumulated account for everything that had been done not in accordance with Ma'at over the years of Sokar.

He was DISPLEASED. Not angry — precisely displeased. The face of a person being deprived of a lever. But he agreed. Accepted the repayment. This is a very important detail, and I didn't understand it then; I figured it out later. By the Duat's structure the guardian has power over the person exactly as long as the person owes. As soon as the person comes themselves and says "I am paying," the guardian is OBLIGATED to accept the payment and let them pass. His displeasure is the working reaction of a figure who has just had his power over the visitor taken away. Not a personal offense.

The repayment was accepted. And here — the most important part of this dream. Immediately after the guardian accepted the payment, he offered me a "gift" — a piece of chocolate. With a formulation I remembered word for word: bite off as many years of wealth as you want — that many I'll take from your life. And — he smiled.

I took the chocolate in my hands and looked at it. Held it. Read the formulation to the end. And at that moment it became completely clear inside me: I don't want to trade life for wealth. After that — I didn't eat it. Set it down.

This is an important detail: I didn't fling it away reflexively, didn't say "no" on principle and didn't flee the scene. I took it, examined it, gave myself a few seconds for an honest inner answer. And only then refused. This is exactly how a Tat-hall should close: not automatically, but through a conscious choice made with open eyes. "Not eating because I'm scared" and "not eating because I don't want to trade life for wealth" — these are two different refusals. Only the second one counts. Ib must READ the offer to the end, and only then does the refusal carry weight.

Woke up in the morning, remembered everything. Wrote it down. What had happened, I understood fully only later, when I sat down to work it through.

WHO IS THIS FIGURE.

The image assembled at the intersection of two traditions, and this is not coincidental.

— THE HAT — an attribute of Baron Samedi (Voodoo). Baron Samedi is the god of the dead, master of the threshold between the world of the living and the world of the dead, lord of cemeteries and crossroads. By function — the closest Western analogue to Anubis.

— THE FEATHER — unambiguously the feather of Ma'at. The attribute of the Egyptian Court. The feather that lies on one pan of the scales, against which the heart is placed.

One and the same principle in two cultural garments. This is not a random cocktail in a dream, but a characteristic form for those who have passed through several traditions: the figure comes in the dress you are capable of recognizing. By function — a representative of the Hall of Two Truths. One of the 42 assessors of the Court of Ma'at or Thoth himself in his human aspect of scribe. By task — the scales. Not an enemy. Not a friend. Not the devil. THE SCALES.

WHAT THE TEST WAS.

In this dream there was not one test but TWO — consecutively.

FIRST: ARE YOU READY TO PAY. Most people in the Duat, by the moment they meet the guardian of debts, either negotiate ("let me give half"), or accuse ("this is not my debt, I was set up"), or run. I approached myself and said "I pay." This is already half the test. The application to "appear before Ma'at of one's own will" — what in the Book of the Dead is called an act of supreme consciousness.

SECOND: WON'T YOU TAKE BACK MORE. This was the chocolate. Immediately after you have freed yourself from debt, you are offered to exchange the freed life-force for material benefit. The formula "years for wealth" — a classical Faustian contract, and its Egyptian root is precisely this scene. The test runs along exactly the same axis as the Contract in spring 2025: what weighs more for you — Khat (matter) or Ba (essence)?

And there is a subtlety here. The Contract in spring 2025 was crude: an open proposal from Isfet-practitioners, with suppression of will in one of the clauses, with an obvious red flag. The chocolate in the dream is gentle. Without signing, without suppression of will, without red letters. Just the guardian's smile and "take it, you've earned it." THIS is more dangerous than the crude contract. Because it is perceived as a reward, not as a deal.

I didn't eat. And only in this moment — after the double refusal (crude in spring and gentle here) — the test of Hour 8 closed truly.

WHAT THIS MEANT IN ESSENCE.

The dream of 2025 closed a years-long debt line ON THE SUBTLE PLANE. On the physical plane the repayment of debts will stretch over years more (Hour 11), and this is normal — matter

is slower than the subtle plane. But on the subtle plane the account was brought into balance precisely in this dream.

And this, incidentally, explains why later, when the debts began to close physically, they closed CALMLY. Without new frightening scenes, without unexpected blows from nowhere. Simply work: a payment schedule, negotiations, installments. Hard — but without magic. The magical part was resolved in this dream of 2025.

This is Hour Eight in its full form. Two Tat-halls in one year: the crude one (the Contract in spring — refusal) and the gentle one (the chocolate in the dream — refusal). After two refusals the sarcophagi exchanged signals, and I was given permission to move on.

THE INNER WINDOW: UNDERSTANDING ARRIVED.

Externally during this period no helpful people appeared. Nobody called, nobody came "at the right moment" with legal or organizational support, nobody said "a few important words." This needs to be recorded honestly, because otherwise the picture of Hour 8 skews toward "here are your helpers, take them."

The window in my Hour 8 came not from outside, but FROM INSIDE. It was the understanding of what was happening. After the two Tat-halls — refusing the Contract in spring and repaying debts in the dream to the Baron with the feather — a complete picture gradually assembled for me: what is happening with me, why, what stretch of path I am on, what has ended and what lies ahead. Before that moment I was feeling much, but not understanding. Now — I understood.

This understanding was the main "window" of Hour 8. Not people. Not help. Not new opportunities. Simply — a view of your situation from above, from the structure, rather than from inside fear. This is an enormous difference. Inside fear everything feels like punishment and catastrophe. From above, out of structure, the same things look like a natural stretch of path that has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

And this inner window was sufficient. No external help would have replaced it. No matter how many people had come — while you're inside fear, you'll still use their advice as a crutch for holding the old form. But when you see the structure — you begin to act in its logic, and then even without external helpers the business still

works for some time, because you yourself begin to work with it correctly: not as with your life, but as with a construction that needs to be brought to completion and closed.

THE FINAL HALF-YEAR OF BUSINESS.

In parallel with this inner window — and with L. still continuing her ritual work, and with my finally having understood the structure of what was happening (Saturn, Tat-halls, refusal of the Contract, repayment of debts in the dream) — the business worked for exactly half a year. From summer 2025 to the end of 2025. No more.

This is a very characteristic figure for Hour 8 in my case. After the closing of the two main Tat-halls the system gave me exactly half a year of working time so I could manage to do everything I needed to do in this form before its destruction: calmly bring obligations to completion, formalize documents, say goodbye to those who needed to be said goodbye to, hand off or close processes. The inner window (the seen structure) was needed precisely for this — not to save the business, but so I could close it properly.

By the end of 2025 the business had completely stopped working. All of L.'s rituals, all my efforts, the very understanding that had come — prolonged it not so it could live, but so it could die in a human way, not in a catastrophe. This is the precise measure of Hour 8: it doesn't cancel the verdict delivered in Hour 7. It gives time to close the form with order and without new violations of Ma'at. If this time is used well — the following hours go easier. If spent trying to hold the form against the verdict — the following hours pay for this.

What I did right in Hour 8: I wrote down both dreams. I refused the bypass route. I didn't reject the understanding of structure when it came. I didn't rush the process.

What I didn't do: I didn't try to "understand" the dreams immediately. I didn't try to decipher the Thoth-Baron ahead of time. I didn't rush to bring back into life what still needed to remain outside for some time.

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If you are now in Hour 8:

— Write down all dreams. These are windows in the Tat-halls. Many of them are now open — written down, they will be deciphered later.

— If someone (in a dream, in a vision, or a living person) offers you "a bypass route that will immediately restore everything, and the price is small" — refuse. The price is always large, and it throws you back to the start.

— Accept the help that comes. Not "am I worthy." Not "how will I repay." Accept. This is a window. It will close quickly.

— Don't confuse Hour 8 with Hour 12. Hour 8 is temporary light in continuing darkness. Hour 12 is dawn. These are different things. If you relax in Hour 8 and think "it's over" — Hour 9 (where the crew changes) will catch you off guard.



CHAPTER 9: HOUR NINE · THE CREW CHANGE. THOSE WHO LED — LEAVE

WHAT HAPPENS

The landscape changes. After the dense rows of sarcophagi in Hour 8 the barque emerges into a more mobile region — more water, more movement, more speed. And on this accelerating barque one quiet but important thing begins to happen: THE CREW UNLOADS. Those who led you through the darkest hours — Sokar, the battle with Apep, the Tat-halls — gradually step back. They don't leave demonstratively, don't slam the door; their work is simply done, and they free up their benches.

And here is the most important and most alarming thing for those passing this hour for the first time. THE NEW ROWERS IN HOUR 9 DO NOT COME. At all. The dawn rowers will appear later, in subsequent hours, under a different, already daytime task. Here there is only departure. First emptiness — then, in its own time, people. Not simultaneously. And this is important to understand in advance, because many who enter Hour 9 sit and wait for immediate replacement: "well, the new ones must be here somewhere." But they don't need to be here. Hour 9 is an intentionally left empty space, and its task is to BE empty. In this emptiness, in later hours, those needed for the new task will settle in. If you try to urgently fill the emptiness in Hour 9 — the place for the dawn crew will be occupied by random people, and the real rowers will have nowhere to stand.

And one more thing important to understand: the departure of the former crew is NOT betrayal. It is a change of function. The dark part of the path requires one set of guides, the light part requires another. Not all of those who were with you in Sokar are needed in the day. And this is neither their mistake nor yours. This is how the path is structured.

HOW IT LOOKS IN LIFE

Your circle changes. Without scandals, without door-slamming, often without words at all. The people who were closely beside you throughout the crisis gradually begin to drift away. Not "leaving forever" — the connection remains, but shifts from the center of your life somewhere to the periphery. Before you met every week — now once a month. Before you wrote every day — now once every few days. And nobody is to blame: there is simply nothing much to talk about. The topic that united you (the struggle, the survival, the shared hardship) is over.

Above all the GUIDES leave — the practitioner, therapist, mentor, companion through the difficult period, the close person who pulled you out during the worst moments. Not through a

quarrel. Simply through a quiet parting. What they were needed for has been exhausted. Now, emerging from Sokar into the daytime portion of the path, you need different guides — and the old ones, however grateful we may be to them, are no longer suited to the new task.

And almost always a FEELING OF GUILT toward the departing ones arises. "I used them when things were hard, and now that it's easier, I'm abandoning them." This is a widespread distortion of Hour 9, and it is almost always untrue. It was not you who used them — between you there was a mutual exchange; you also gave them something in this period, often more than you realized. The phase simply passed. Everyone moves on.

SILENCE forms around you. Not loneliness in the bad sense, but precisely a quiet liberation. Fewer calls, fewer meetings, fewer messages. And — what is especially telling — less anxiety from their absence than you yourself expected. Before it seemed: if these people leave, I won't survive. They leave — and it turns out you survive calmly. This is a sign that the inner support, for the sake of which these guides were needed, has grown. External handrails are no longer required.

And last — THE TOOLS CHANGE. The practices, rituals, and techniques that pulled you through in Sokar will not work in the day. Not because they are "bad"; because they are designed for a different task. If you stubbornly hold to the old tools simply because they once saved you — you are slowing the barque. Mehen changes. Change too.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

DO:

— Let go of those who are leaving. With gratitude, without drama. "Thank you for being with me through that period." You don't need to say it aloud. You can say it to yourself. The main thing is — inwardly free up their path. They have fulfilled their function. Forward — without them.

— Accept the emptiness around you. Don't try to urgently fill it — with new acquaintances, chats, activities. The emptiness of Hour 9 is functional: it frees up space for those who will come later. Fill it now with random people — the real dawn rowers will find no place to stand.

— Change tools if they have stopped working. Old practices are not sacred. If they helped in Sokar but now are holding you back — set them aside. Keep only what works now. Mehen changes, and you can change too.

DON'T:

— Don't hold by force those who are leaving. Calling, inviting, reminding — against their natural movement — is useless. They will either return on their own when they need to, or they won't. Holding back revives no one.

— Don't try to artificially "find new" people in Hour 9. This is a typical mistake: the emptiness frightens, and the person starts urgently making new acquaintances, going to "group courses," subscribing to chats. Most often this brings no real rowers, only adds noise. In Hour 9 you need to wait out the emptiness, not close it off.

— Don't explain to yourself why "those people left and it's my fault." In the ninth hour the old line of rowers always leaves. This is not personal. This is how the path is structured.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

My Ninth Hour I can date quite precisely. May 2025 — January 2026. About nine months — which maps neatly onto the astrological layer, which I will describe shortly, because the transit of Lilith through a house lasts on average exactly nine months. And this hour began for me not as written in popular texts — "friends turned away," "a close person suddenly left" — nothing like that happened. It began from the other side: my business structure started being abandoned by partners, one by one. The departure of the circle in my case went not through personal relationships, but through infrastructure. And in May 2025 this process reached a critical point.

MAY 2025: THE INTERNET PROVIDER REFUSES. FIRST TURNING POINT.

Partners had begun leaving since late 2024 (I described this in Hour 7). But those were, let's say, "departures from the edges." Painful, but survivable. In May 2025 the one without whom the entire structure could not stand physically left: the internet provider whose infrastructure my business ran on refused to continue

working with my company. It was not a grievance against me personally — it was a structural decision on their side. But without them my infrastructure didn't exist.

The business immediately buckled and fell. Not "began to fall." Fell. After that there were still attempts to revive the corpse — reconnect to others, move some services, negotiate with someone else. Something even worked briefly. But seriously returning this was no longer possible. May 2025 was a SIGNAL. A sealed message: "that's it, this form will work no more." I was still trying not to hear the signal then. I began hearing it later.

This is very characteristic of Hour 9 — the INFRASTRUCTURE partner leaves, the one on whom the entire external construction stood. Not a friend, not a close person, but someone you perceived as "background" — the provider, the bank, the platform, the key contractor. They leave quietly, for their own reasons, and with them what collapses is not a single service but an entire format.

ASTRONOMICAL LAYER: LILITH THROUGH THE SIXTH
HOUSE.

During this period transiting Lilith was moving through Scorpio, through the sixth house of my natal chart. The sixth house is work, routine, the everyday service construction, subordinates and counterparties, daily processes. Lilith passing through the sixth house in Scorpio illuminates precisely this zone: it draws out from it everything immature, hidden, held together by half-agreements and not yet cleansed. Externally this looks like "partners are refusing," "processes are breaking," "infrastructure is crumbling"; internally it means that what could not be carried further into the new is tearing away on its own. Lilith doesn't "punish" — it shows what cannot be left in the sixth house. And it frees up space.

END OF THE CURSE.

In January 2026 the curse placed by the employee in September 2023 ceased its action. The date was named in advance — and came exactly on schedule.

In the moment when it happened, I didn't feel much. Just one day — and it gradually became lighter. Not "suddenly," but as if some background I had grown accustomed to began to lift. It had been pressing for three and a half years. And when it was removed, I didn't immediately understand it was gone. I had grown accustomed to the pressure as the norm.

Only a few weeks later I realized: what had been hurting stopped hurting. I began waking up without heaviness. I began noticing things that before had passed by in the background of the struggle. This was a lifting. Quiet, without ceremony. January 2026.

JANUARY 2026: LILITH ENTERS THE SEVENTH HOUSE.

In that same month transiting Lilith moved from the sixth house into the seventh. And the seventh house is no longer work and counterparties; it is partnership as such: marriage, close alliances, direct one-on-one relationships. Lilith works here the same way as in the sixth, but with a different target: it draws out everything in close relationships that holds not on truth but on habit, fear, benefit, or mutual blindness. And — tears it away.

From that moment the pressure went not along the line of business, but along the line of personal and paired relationships. The sixth house closed (the business structure was exhausted) — the seventh house began dissolving everything built as an "alliance," but not actually being an alliance. This is a workable, pre-scripted mechanism: one house closed — the next opened. Without pauses, without mercy. This is how Lilith moves.

And this is an important warning for those reading: if your working or infrastructural side of life has just crumbled — be prepared for the fact that next the partnership side may crumble too. This is not "karma," not "punishment," but a simple astronomical schedule. Lilith passes through a house on average nine months. Through two adjacent houses — about a year and a half. If the first house it passed "raw," the second it will also pass "raw." Knowing this helps you not perceive the transition into the seventh house as "well, now this too." This is not a separate misfortune, but a continuation of the same process. And also about cleansing, also about freeing up space.

ON THE ABSENCE OF NEW ONES.

What's important to note separately: in Hour 9 NOBODY NEW appeared for me. No "chance encounters on the same frequency," no "dawn rowers in place of the night ones." Only departures. Partners — left. Old acquaintances — left. Familiar practices — fell away. And into the freed space in these months nobody came.

At the time I was waiting for it. Inwardly preparing: well, now the old will leave and the new will come. It didn't come. And only later did I understand that this is the precise structure of Hour 9: it creates EMPTINESS. Frees up space. New people — the dawn

rowers — come not here, but later, in other hours, already for a different task. If I had tried in Hour 9 to urgently "fill the emptiness" — I would simply have put random people in the barque, and for the real rowers there would have been no room.

So if you are now in Hour 9 and it's quiet around you, and the old ones have left, and the new ones haven't come — this is not "you're unattractive to people" and not "life is dying." This is Hour 9 working. It CLEANSSES the crew. Who will come later — will come later.

What I did right in Hour 9: I didn't cling. When contacts quietly dissolved — I didn't press. When old friends faded into the background — I didn't try to bring them back. I let the process go.

What I didn't do well: I blamed myself for the departures at first. That wasted energy. If I had known this was the structure of Hour 9, I wouldn't have blamed myself. So I write for those reading: your crew change is not your fault. This passes for everyone who has passed through Hours 7 and 8.

If you are now in Hour 9:

— Let go of those who are leaving. With gratitude, without drama. They fulfilled their function. Forward — without them.

— Don't cling to those who stopped calling. Calling them, inviting them against their natural movement — is useless.

— Don't try to urgently fill the freed space with "new people." In Hour 9 they are simply not supposed to be there. Let the emptiness be. Those who come in later hours will come precisely for the new task — not as a plug for anxiety.

— If you had a practitioner/teacher/therapist who guided you through the dark hours, and now you feel the relationship has exhausted itself — this is normal. The rowers change. Don't hold them by force. And don't blame them for having "drifted away."

— If you have been through a long illness, or a curse, or a heavy period — in Hour 9 it often ceases. Not "heals," but exactly ceases. If you notice a lifting of pressure — look at the calendar, see if there is an end to one of the major cycles (Saturn changes sign, Pluto changes sign). Often the cessation coincides.



CHAPTER 10: HOUR TEN · UDJAT. SCARS

AS NEW SIGHT

WHAT HAPPENS

The space is water and fire simultaneously. A strange combination if read formally, and completely precise in essence: water washes, fire illuminates, and from this paired action light begins to return. Not from outside — outside it is still night, dawn has not yet come. Light returns AS A QUALITY of the space itself. The air becomes more transparent. You can see further. Hear more finely.

And here, precisely in this hour, the main artifact of the entire Egyptian myth is restored — THE EYE OF HORUS, Udjat.

Let me retell the myth briefly, because without it Hour 10 doesn't read. Set, in battle with Horus, damaged his eye. Horus reassembled it piece by piece — some sources say he gathered it himself, others say Thoth helped — and brought this restored eye

to Osiris as an offering. Udjat is the symbol of wholeness AFTER damage. Not "as it was before" — but wholeness that passed through damage and returned more powerful.

And this is a key point. Udjat is stronger than the undamaged eye. Wholeness through passage through damage gives more than wholeness that has never been subject to damage. Not "healed back to what it was." Healed into something it wasn't before. The seam as a characteristic. The scar as function, not as flaw.

And one more important sign of Hour 10: by this moment the scarab Khepri is already FULLY FORMED. Ready to be born. Inside it is still night, but in the darkness the ready figure of dawn already lies. The Twelfth Hour from this point is a matter of time, not a matter of effort.

HOW IT LOOKS IN LIFE

This is the phase when one morning you sit down with a cup of tea and suddenly catch yourself in a quiet thought: what was the heaviest thing in my life gave me what I never had. Not as

consolation — "it wasn't all for nothing." But literally, as a fact: your damage HAS BECOME your instrument. The scar now works.

And several markers begin to converge.

OLD SCARS CEASE TO BE SHAMEFUL. The stories you avoided talking about even five years ago are now spoken of calmly. Not because you've forgotten — you remember in detail. Because they no longer define who you are. They have become part of the biography, not an open wound. You can tell them, can stay silent, can briefly mention them in a conversation — the internal reactions are equally even.

THE ABILITY TO SEE IN OTHERS WHAT THEY DON'T SEE

IN THEMSELVES RETURNS. Without special analysis. Without conclusions. Simply — you see. Most often you recognize states you yourself have passed through: a person in Sokar is recognized instantly, like a compatriot in a foreign land. You aren't frightened, don't run, don't try to urgently "save" them. You know from the inside what happens with this and what not to do.

THE ABILITY TO FEEL JOY RETURNS. Not that imitation of joy you pulled on for many years to "be normal." But the real kind — simple, without effort, often toward very small things. The taste of fresh bread. Morning silence when the city hasn't woken yet. The smell of rain in the air. These joys weren't present in Sokar, and you had managed to forget they even existed. They return — without your participation, the way a forest returns to an abandoned field.

THERE IS SOMETHING INSIDE THAT CANNOT BE TAKEN

AWAY. Even if the business collapses completely (it often does). Even if relationships fall apart (that happens too). Even if health fails. Inside there is a point that remains regardless of what is outside. And this is not confidence "I'll manage" — this knowledge is much quieter and calmer: inside there is something that does not depend on the external. Simply — it is there.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

DO:

— Use your restored sight. If someone nearby is in Sokar — be beside them. Not explaining. Not "leading them out." Simply being present. The Udjat formed in you shines on its own — without your effort.

— Share experience, if asked. And only if asked. When someone comes to you with a question in which you have passed your own — speak honestly. Without decoration, without "I know how." Simply: "this is how it was for me." That is the transmission.

— Accept your scars as part of yourself. Not "I overcame them." But "they are mine." Kintsugi — the Japanese technique: cracks in ceramics are filled with gold. The restored object doesn't hide the damage — it shows it as part of the beauty. The Tenth Hour is you as kintsugi.

DON'T:

— Don't turn your experience into "a teaching." Especially — don't go about teaching others how to live. Your experience is yours. Theirs is theirs. You can help. You cannot teach. Those who in the Tenth Hour begin to "teach" usually slide back into the third, toward labels.

— Don't think the Tenth Hour is the finish line. Ahead are still the Eleventh and Twelfth. And in the Eleventh — a final cleansing that can turn out to be unexpectedly demanding. The Tenth is not the end. It is a plateau before the last ascent.

— Don't compare your Udjat with others'. For some it forms more quietly, for others more brightly. For some earlier, for others later. This is not a competition. This is your personal eye.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

My Tenth Hour is February/March 2026. I am in it right now. And in it two events happened that set the course of all my remaining life.

THE CLOAK FROM ISIS AND NEPHTHYS.

This happened one evening in February 2026. I went to sleep in the ordinary way, did no special practices that evening, asked for nothing specific. Simply lay down, the way a person lies down after a long day.

And at the very moment of falling asleep — at that thin boundary where consciousness has already released the body but hasn't yet gone fully into sleep — I heard clearly that someone was approaching me from behind. The footsteps were heavy, shuffling. Not "imagined" and not "dreamed" — this was a sharp auditory sound, the kind that happens in half-sleep, when perception is sharper than during the day. I didn't have time to be frightened, didn't have time to turn. Simply heard this someone drawing closer.

Then he placed his hands on my shoulders. From behind. Calmly, weightily, the way you place hands on a person being connected to something. And at that very instant a flash of illumination lit up before my eyes — brief, a fraction of a second, but very clear. It was some kind of digital code. I didn't have time to read it and didn't memorize the sequence. But I understood that I was being CONNECTED to something. To a new level of information. Not "given something to read," but literally connected — the way you connect to a channel.

After that I fell deeper into sleep. And already there, in this dream, two women approached me in the underground. They stood before me calmly, without words, and gave me a blue cloak-mantle. I put it on. It was mine — I recognized it immediately.

There was no scene of "teaching" or "transmission of knowledge." Only the connection through steps and hands from behind, then — the cloak.

At that time I didn't yet know who Isis and Nephthys were. Didn't know that the cloak is a form of initiation passed from the two Sisters to those who have passed enough hours of the Duat to receive functional clothing. Didn't know that footsteps from behind and hands on the shoulders are a typical form of transmitting function, known in many initiatory lineages. I simply remembered everything in detail, because it was unusually vivid. And I wrote it down.

The next day I immediately began to figure out what this was. Opened Egyptian sources. Learned the names. Learned that the cloak from Isis and Nephthys is a specific form of initiation, described in the texts, with specific functions. And that the connection through touch from behind is the most ancient form of transmission, because from behind comes that part of the subtle body which a person does not see or control; it is precisely through this that those who have the right to do so connect to the channel.

THE EGYPTIAN GESTURE: HANDS ON THE SHOULDERS

FROM

BEHIND.

To make clear that this scene is not my individual peculiarity but a classical Egyptian form, it's worth briefly showing where this gesture is recorded in their culture.

In Egyptian iconography of power transmission there is one through-going gesture repeated across millennia: a deity stands BEHIND the king or initiate and places hands on his shoulders (or one hand on the shoulder, the other on the back of the head, or both palms on the shoulder blades). Often in parallel a second deity stands in front and brings the Ankh sign to the nostrils. Life is given "through the back and through breath." Through the back the structure (Ka) is transmitted; through the nostrils — life itself (Ankh). The one standing behind is technically called "the giver of Ka." This is not artistic license of the craftsman; this is a technical term of the ritual. The scene is depicted on hundreds of walls in Karnak, Luxor, Deir el-Bahri (temple of Hatshepsut), Medinet Habu (temple of Ramesses III), Edfu, Dendara. Who stands behind depends on what is being transmitted: most often Horus, Set, Anubis, Hathor, Isis, Nephthys, more rarely Thoth or Khnum.

The same gesture is the foundation of the coronation rite. The pharaoh does not put the crown on himself. It is always "placed" through a touch from behind and confirmed through breath from the front. The construction is precisely the same as in my dream: connection from behind, then — bestowed clothing (for the pharaoh a crown, for me a cloak).

In the Pyramid Texts (around 2400 BCE — the most ancient corpus of Egyptian ritual texts known to us) there are direct formulas in which Horus and Set together place their hands from behind on the deceased and "raise" him. Without this gesture the deceased does not rise — that is, does not receive the function of Akh. So the gesture "hands on the shoulders from behind" in the Egyptian system is literally the condition for receiving a new functional form. Not decoration. Not hint. Condition.

And one more point. This gesture is not an Egyptian invention but a universal. In the same form it exists in Christian ordination (cheirotonia), where the bishop stands behind and places hands on the head or shoulders of the one being ordained. In Mithraic rituals. In Tibetan Buddhism (the transmission of "wang" through touch to the head). In the shamanic traditions of Siberia, where the senior shaman "opens" the channels of the new initiate through a touch to

the shoulders. The coincidence is not accidental: the zone of the shoulders/back of the neck on the subtle plane is the point where the channels responsible for receiving functional form converge. Through this zone one can connect to a channel. This is not the invention of any single tradition; this is the structure of the subtle body, which different traditions have independently discovered and recorded in their rituals.

So when I felt in the dream the steps from behind, heavy and shuffling, and then hands on the shoulders — no Egyptian book was needed at that moment to recognize it. The body recognized it on its own. And I opened the books afterwards — and found there a description of precisely what I had experienced.

WHAT CHANGED AFTER THE CLOAK.

This is difficult to describe precisely because it doesn't manifest as "I now know something new." It manifests as a change in quality. Something inside arranged itself differently. As if a switch was flipped — not dramatically, not with fireworks, but you feel that the same things now lie differently inside you.

The most accurate description I have managed to find for myself: before the cloak I was a person who has passed through the Duat. After the cloak — I am a person whose function is to pass

through the Duat with others. Not "a teacher" and not "a guru." A functional one. A wab-priest, if in Egyptian terms. Not the one who knows the map better than others. The one who walks the path.

And in this changed quality, writing this book also changed. Before the cloak I was writing it as a report from the road. After — as functional work. The distinction is important: a report from the road is for those who are interested. Functional work is for those who are going.

THE SECOND EVENT: UNDERSTANDING OF FULL STRUCTURE.

In those same weeks — February and March 2026 — what I had been collecting piece by piece for all the previous years of Sokar fell into a single picture. All the dreams, all the meetings with figures, all the astrological transits, all the physical events — they assembled.

I saw the full map. Not "I think I understand" — but saw directly: this is the structure I was moving through. Here is hour one, here is hour two, here is where the attack was, here is where the Contract was offered, here is where I paid the debt to the Baron,

here is where the infrastructure collapsed, here is where the crew changed. The entire architecture assembled — and in it I was not a victim and not a subject of some accident. I was a person passing through a specific path that is the same for anyone who has decided to go through it.

This understanding — seeing the full structure — is perhaps the main gift of Hour 10. Not the cloak, not the new abilities, not even the return of joy. But this: once you have seen the structure, fear of the path ceases. Not "I'm not afraid because I'm brave." But "I know where I am, I know where the exits are, I know what comes next." This is different.

What I am doing right in Hour 10 (so far): writing the book. Not teaching. Sharing experience. Accepting the cloak as functional clothing, not as decoration.

What I'm not doing and trying not to do: not turning experience into a teaching. Not going to "teach others how to live." Not comparing my Udjat with others'. Not thinking Hour 10 is the finish line.

If you are now in Hour 10 — treasure it. This is very valuable time. And don't rush into the Eleventh. It will come on its own. And it will be unexpectedly demanding.

If you have had a dream about a garment, a cloak, a crown, something placed on you in an underground space — this is most likely your Udjat. Write down everything you remember. Find out which tradition stands behind the form of what was transmitted to you. This will be your working instruction for the coming decades.

And — necessarily — find how to give back. Udjat is functional only in the giving. Book, work, help, teaching, text, even simply a conversation with someone who is nearby and in a darker hour. Udjat without giving — goes blind.

And here I want to say directly, without decoration. I hope that with this book and the previous one I have given you the basic level of priesthood — not a status, not a title, but a working foundation: the map of the Duat, the understanding of how to maintain Ma'at from within your own life, how to read marker-dreams, how to recognize guardians and how not to sign unnecessary contracts. This is sufficient to move forward without being blind.

I hope to give you something more in this same book, in its next parts. Something I have understood already now and didn't manage to fit into the first. Something I will understand right in the process of writing and will also include. The book is not yet closed; it is being written inside Hour 11, and this also works for you: you see the process from within, not polished in retrospect.

But the most important thing I want to say right now. No book — neither mine nor any other, nor even the Egyptian sources in their full volume — will replace your own experience. The map helps not to get lost, but you have to walk with your own feet, through your own hours, through your own Tat-halls, through your own pits. And your own experience of passing through, your own marker-dreams, your meetings with guardians and your decisions at the sarcophagi — that is what I, sitting here writing, will never see myself, unless you tell me about it.

Therefore I will be genuinely glad if you share this experience with me. Without form, without template, as you prefer: briefly or at length, in writing or in conversation, ordered or halting. Any exact phrase of yours from within the passing is more valuable to

me than ten more books read. And I am certain that what you tell will in turn help others who are now walking — or will walk — those same hours.

This is the circle of the Udjat's giving. I give to you — what I managed to gather to this moment. You give back to me — what you have gathered. And together we gradually assemble a common map, which for most people until now has been poorly assembled, in fragments, without detail. That is what is worth living for.



CHAPTER 11: HOUR ELEVEN · THE PITS OF

FIRE. FINAL CLEANSING

WHAT HAPPENS

Dawn is within reach. The space is tense, like air before a thunderstorm. And precisely here, in this short stretch before the exit, the Amduat describes more than in most of the other hours

combined. Open the full text — Hour 11 is the longest, most detailed, and harshest hour of the entire journey. The ancient editor didn't waste all that papyrus on it for nothing.

The picture is built on three levels simultaneously. Above — hidden forces preparing the path to light; they are not visible, but they are the ones who determine who exits and in what form. In the middle — twelve gods carry the barque to the eastern horizon, to the very moment of transition. And below, under the barque — THE PITS OF FIRE. Six of them. In each stands an executioner-goddess, erupting flame. This is the landscape for which, in a sense, the entire Duat was arranged.

In these pits burns, according to the text, everything listed below — and this is an important list, because it shows how systematically the fire of Hour 11 works:

Pit 1 — the BODIES of enemies. Pit 2 — the enemies THEMSELVES (what in our terminology is Ka). Pit 3 — their SOULS (Ba). Pit 4 — their SHADOWS (Shu). Pit 5 — their NAMES (Ren). Pit 6 — those who TURNED EVERYTHING UPSIDE DOWN — the figures are literally drawn head-down in the fire.

Six layers of burning. Not one. The body separately, the soul separately, the name separately — each component passes through its own fire. This is not torture out of vengefulness — this is STRUCTURE. Ma'at leaves nothing unfinished. What does not pass through the fire of Hour 11 will not emerge into dawn: it will pull behind, like ballast, and obstruct the exit. What is burned — frees. What is not burned — continues to pull downward.

The one in command here is not Ra and not Thoth, but HORUS WITH THE SPEAR. He stands at the edge of the pits and pronounces the verdict. The verdict is so direct that even the modern reader, accustomed to mild formulations, feels uncomfortable: "You shall never again exist." No bodies, no names, not even shadows. Complete removal from being.

And one more detail without which the picture reads wrong. Set-Heh ("Eternal Set," the same figure as Apep) — stands HERE, beside the pits. But he is BOUND. Standing on his own tail, immobilized. Not killed — precisely bound. His army burns out in the pits below him, and he himself stands and watches. This is an important point: the principle of Chaos itself is not destroyed (it is structurally indestructible), but its specific executors, who this night conducted work against you — each receives their own fire.

HOW IT LOOKS IN LIFE

In ordinary language this period is called "everything has surfaced." Every action, every decision, every pattern — becomes visible, and receives its consequences. Not in many lifetimes. Not "someday there." But here — in the current one, before your eyes. And not only yours. Everyone who did anything in this configuration receives their cup.

STORIES CLOSE. Not forgotten, not smoothed over — literally closed. The one who stole — runs into what prevents them from continuing to use what was stolen. The one who manipulated — encounters the fact that their manipulations suddenly become transparent to those on whom they worked. The one who hid patterns behind a facade — discovers the facade doesn't hold and the patterns are visible to all. And this is not you doing it. It simply happens — as if someone raised the light level in the room, and what was previously in shadow became visible.

THE FULL MAPS OF PEOPLE BECOME VISIBLE. Those you have known for years, you suddenly look at as if through clear glass. You see the real motives — not "you think you see," but you actually see. Sometimes — it hurts (you find out that someone you

trusted had long been working against you). Sometimes — relief (you understand why you felt uncomfortable with this person for many years, and the reason turns out not to be in you).

EVERYONE GETS WHAT'S THEIRS. This is the most astonishing and most unfamiliar to our everyday consciousness phase. It is not you "punishing" anyone. It is not you "forgiving" anyone. You simply observe: for some it rises, for others it subsides, for others it collapses, for others it opens. And each ends up precisely where their own many years of actions placed them. Without a judge in this specific frame. Without a loud verdict. Simply — the result.

OLD "CURSES" LIFT. Those who pressed on you for years — suddenly pull back. Not from your struggle (you haven't done anything new against them during this period). On their own. Their own construction is subsiding beneath them, and they have no time for you. You cease to be an object — they are occupied with what is burning under their own feet.

CLARITY ABOUT CONNECTIONS APPEARS. It becomes transparently clear which things and people in your life were connected to you by Ma'at — that is, on the basis of genuine, working, mutual exchange — and which held on something else

(habit, fear, benefit, mutual blindness, a contract without love).
What is by Ma'at — continues, and often even strengthens.
Everything else — falls away. Quietly, without scandals, without
decisions on your part. On its own.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

DO:

— Complete your own. What is not closed — close it. Debts —
pay or formalize. Unfinished matters — finish. Things unsaid —
say them. Forgiveness, not as a feeling but as an action —
formalize it. What is not completed by the Eleventh Hour drags
into the Twelfth and ruins the dawn.

— Distinguish yours from others'. In the Eleventh Hour much
is visible. And the temptation arises to intervene in others' stories
— "help," "fix," "tell the truth." Don't do it. Others' pits burn
without your participation. Your task — close yours.

— Name aloud what has gone too long unnamed. Sometimes
— one word. Sometimes — a whole conversation. But necessarily
— aloud, with the other side. Not for the drama. So that Ib becomes
lighter. What is not released rots.

DON'T:

— Don't rejoice at others' misfortune. The temptation will be there. Those who poisoned your life for years — receive what their actions warrant. Very much you want to say: "Serves you right." Don't say it. That is not your work. Ma'at will weigh on its own. Your "serves you right" — is an extra stone on your own Ib.

— Don't try to "save" those who are burning. It is very painful to watch a close person fall apart. Especially — if you see that this is the consequence of their own actions. But in the Eleventh Hour saving is most often impossible. You can be nearby. You can speak the truth if asked. But "pulling out" from someone else's pit — is not possible. Each burns with their own.

— Don't miss your own task because you got absorbed in others' pits. The main thing in the Eleventh Hour — you must exit into the Twelfth. Not "they must get what they deserve." They will — without your participation. Your business is to pass through.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

I am passing through Hour Eleven RIGHT NOW, at the moment I write these lines — March/April 2026. This is not a recollection, not a reconstruction from memory, not a retrospective summary. This is a report from within. The pits are burning. I see them burning. The smell of smoke is not a metaphor — internally it feels exactly so: in the air a constant faint sense of "something is burning," and it takes a separate effort not to turn toward every fire, but to keep walking along the barque.

I record this separately, because it is important for the reader: this chapter was not written "afterwards," when everything has passed and the angles could be rounded off.

It was written inside the fire. Much of what I will describe is not yet closed, is still moving, can still go somewhere other than I expect. Some of what currently seems to me correctly burned may in six months turn out to be yet another pit. This is the normal, honest optics of Hour 11 from within. If I were writing this chapter later — it would be different. But I'm writing it now.

THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF THE BUSINESS.

Since January 2026, when the curse ceased its action, the business began to fall apart completely. Not the way a working enterprise falls apart from external circumstances. But the way a

construction held up by external forces falls when those forces lift their hands from it. Partners began leaving openly. Legal stories closed with specific verdicts. Clients dispersed. The grey zone in which I had held on for seven years stopped working completely.

This is not destruction from failure. This is burning in the pits of the eleventh hour. What was supposed to burn — is burning. I watch and see that every movement burns out with a speed I've never seen before. Seven years of accumulation — in a matter of weeks in the fire. The pits are working.

STORIES ARE CLOSING.

In these weeks it became clear that not only the business is closing. Dozens of accumulated stories are closing. The business partner who had been parasitic for many years — received from a direction I have nothing to do with, a blow that turned his life around. The person who used my trust for their own purposes — lost what they had been manipulating. The employee who placed the curse in 2023 — she has her own heavy stories going, I know about them in broad strokes, I don't interfere, I observe. Everyone gets what's theirs.

The most striking thing — this is not something I am doing. I am not participating at all. Simply watching. For some it rises, for others it subsides, for others it collapses, for others it opens. Each — where their own actions placed them. Ma'at weighs on its own. Without me.

WHAT IS RISING RISES.

In parallel, what should have risen has risen for me. The book I began writing in Hour 10 will soon be placed with the publisher — that's probably the one you held before this one. Ideas for the next books have lined up (the second book, in which I'm now writing this chapter, is one of them; I see that after it more will follow). Inner forces that hadn't been there for years have returned.

Not because I "won." Because the weight that was pressing lifted. And with it — space for something else was freed.

WHAT TO SEE AT THIS STAGE.

The most unpleasant thing in the Eleventh Hour — to observe how people you have known are doing badly. And to know this is the consequence. And to know nothing can be done. And not to do anything — because any attempt to intervene leads to you falling into their pit too. I am learning to be silent. Not to say "I warned

you." Not to say "I told you so." To see — and to keep walking. This is not indifference. It is something else. It is — Ma'at. Each — on their own scales. Not my business to judge. My business is to walk my path.

One more thing — at this stage clarity appears about what and who in my life were "connected" to me by Ma'at, and who were connected by something else. What is by Ma'at — continues. The rest — falls away. Without my effort. Without drama. On its own.

This is a very quiet and very powerful process. Life becomes transparent. You can see what holds what, and why.

What I am doing right in Hour 11 (trying to):

— Completing my own. Debts, obligations, unfinished stories — I close them as best I can. What is not closed by Hour 12 — ruins the dawn.

— Not rejoicing at others' misfortune. The temptation is there. Those who ruined my life for years get what they've earned. Very much you want to say "serves you right." I don't say it. That is not my work. Ma'at will weigh. My "serves you right" — is an extra stone on my own Ib.

— Not trying to save those who are burning. It is very painful to watch close people fall apart. Especially — when you know this is the consequence of their own actions. But in Hour 11 you cannot save them. You can be nearby. You can speak the truth if asked. But "pulling out" from someone else's pit — is not possible. Each burns with their own.

— Not missing my task. The main thing in Hour 11 — is to exit into Hour 12. Not "they must get what they deserve." They will — without my participation. My business is to pass through.

If you are now in Hour 11 — hold on. This is the densest hour of the entire journey. But it is short — a few weeks or months. After it — the Twelfth. Don't miss it by drowning in others' pits.

And necessarily — close your own. What is not closed drags into Hour 12 and ruins the dawn. Better to make an unpleasant call now than to meet the dawn with a debt on your back.



CHAPTER 12: HOUR TWELVE · KHEPRI. BIRTH THROUGH MEHEN

WHAT HAPPENS

At the very end of the path — a giant serpent. Mehen. In the texts he is sometimes called "the Life of the Gods." Ra enters Mehen from the tail: old, exhausted, having passed through twelve hours of night, carrying everything accumulated over this journey. He passes through the entire body of the serpent from inside. And emerges from the mouth — no longer as Ra-the-elder, but as KHEPRI. The dawn scarab. Young. Renewed. The one who has never been here before — and at the same time the very same Ra. These are not two different beings; this is one being that has passed through rebirth.

One key point that is often confused: Mehen is NOT Apep. These are two different serpents, and this is very important. Apep — was the enemy, the very one who attacked in Hour 7 and was bound and burned piece by piece in Hour 11. Mehen — is a FRIEND. The protective serpent who coiled around the barque all night, guarding it. And in Hour 12 this same friend becomes the womb through which rebirth passes. Mother instead of enemy.

Therefore the passage through Mehen's body is not aggressive. It is more like birth than battle. Ra doesn't fight the serpent. Doesn't struggle, doesn't free himself with a jerk, doesn't "escape." Ra trusts. Mehen digests the old and releases the new — the way a mother digests, the way the earth digests a seed in winter, the way darkness digests what is ripening. Without aggression. Without resistance. Without participation.

The barque emerges through the eastern horizon. Nut — the sky, the goddess of heaven — opens her arms. A new day begins.

And here — the most interesting thing in the composition of the Amduat. The Twelfth Hour is described NOT from the perspective of Ra himself. But from the perspective of the gods who accompany him. When the barque enters Mehen's body — the gods around it emit cries of JOY. Not relief. Not triumph. Not "well, we've finally arrived." Precisely joy. Pure, primordial, wordless.

And what of Ra? Ra — IS SILENT. Ra passes through. Ra does nothing. He is carried. Mehen coils around him. His transformation happens without his effort. This may be the most important detail of all the Amduat: at the moment of the main transition the hero does not act. He — passes through, and is conducted through.

The key word of Hour 12 is not "victory." Not "achievement." Not "success." The key word is KHEPER. Becoming. Transformation. Not "I did," but "I BECAME." Khepri doesn't roll the sun by force of will. Khepri rolls the sun because he is that which rolls. Function and being — one. To do — because you are. Not the other way around.

HOW IT LOOKS IN LIFE

This is the most difficult to describe phase of the entire Duat. Not because it is "elevated" or "mysterious," but on the contrary: because externally little changes. The same chair in the kitchen. The same cup of tea. The same window with the same view. The same morning. But what drinks this tea — is already NOT what was drinking it yesterday. And this qualitative distinction is almost impossible to show from outside. Only — from within.

Nevertheless, if one tries to catch the signs in words, the following set of markers emerges.

EFFORT CEASES. Not because you are tired or have surrendered — but because there is nothing left to struggle against. Life flows, you are in the current. Not pushing. Not dragging.

Simply — moving. That continuous inner tension that we have all grown accustomed to regarding as "the normal state of an adult," suddenly turns out to be unnecessary. And when it drops away — it becomes visible how much energy it consumed every day.

THE INNER NOISE SUBSIDES. Thoughts continue to come — nobody cancelled them. But they come and go, like clouds in the sky. The sky remains. They stop hooking you. What before could hold your attention for days ("what did he think," "how to answer correctly," "did I miss something") now passes by in a few minutes — and leaves no trail.

ORDINARINESS. This is perhaps the most unexpected thing in Hour 12 for those who have read "elevated" descriptions of enlightenment. No fireworks. No ecstasies. No voices of angels and visions with golden radiance. Bread. Water. Chair. Morning. The same ones. But seen with DIFFERENT EYES. And in this ordinariness there is more than in all the special states combined.

WHOLENESS. Nothing is cut off. The Shadow — is in place. What seemed shameful before has become part. What was considered surplus has found its function. No inner wars between the "good" and "bad" parts of oneself — all parts sit at the same

table and are engaged in a common task. This is not "I came to love them" and not "I came to accept them"; it is simply the fact that inside there is no longer civil war.

COMPASSION WITHOUT CONDITIONS. Not "I forgive you if you apologize." Not "I feel well toward you because you changed." But simply — UNDERSTANDING that runs as an even background. You see another person's pattern — and you don't get angry. You see your own pattern — and you don't feel ashamed. Everything on the scales. Ma'at will weigh. You don't need to be a judge for yourself or for others.

"I AM LIVED." Jung formulated this as "Ich werde gelebt" — "I am lived." Not "I do." Not "I create." Not "I achieve." But — "through me, it lives." This is not passivity and not a renunciation of action. This is the absence of the need to strain for action to happen. You are a riverbed through which water flows. Not a pump that drives it.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

DO:

— Live. Simply live. The Twelfth Hour requires no special program. It doesn't require "consolidation." It doesn't require "development." It simply is — while it is.

— Bear witness for those still in darker hours. Not explaining, not teaching. Simply being present. Khepri shines not by effort — he shines because he is light.

— Know that this is not the finale. The Twelfth Hour is the end of one cycle and the beginning of the next. At some point a new first hour will begin. This is normal. Life is a spiral, not a point.

DON'T:

— Don't try to turn this into "a teaching." This is the most dangerous mistake. The Twelfth Hour cannot be transmitted as instructions. Cannot be "taught." Those who try to make a living from it were usually never in it — and describe it from other people's books.

— Don't hunt for the Twelfth Hour. Striving is the Tenth. Passing through the pits is the Eleventh. The Twelfth — arrives. Doesn't come on call. Comes when the pits have gone out, the

stones have been named, the enemies are bound, and you are no longer waiting.

— Don't confuse the ordinariness of the Twelfth Hour with "nothing is happening." Very much is happening in it — but not at the level of events, but at the level of quality. Externally — there may be complete silence. Inside — a whole universe.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

AN HONEST WARNING.

I DON'T KNOW whether Hour Twelve has arrived for me. At the time of writing these lines (March/April 2026) I am completely certainly in Hour Eleven — the pits are burning, I see them burning, the story of the business is burning right now. Everything described in Chapter 11 — is happening in these weeks.

Whether the Twelfth has arrived — I cannot say. And precisely for this reason I will not write the "personal example" of Hour 12 as a report from within. That would be untrue, and anyone who has themselves passed through difficult hours will feel that untruth. But as soon as knowledge of this comes — and it will come, because Hour 12 after eleven honestly passed hours arrives inevitably — I

will inform you in subsequent books. I will describe it the same way I described the previous hours: from within, without decoration, as a fact of how it will be experienced. Until then, it is more honest to be silent than to invent.

WHY IT IS GENERALLY DIFFICULT TO KNOW YOU'RE IN HOUR 12.

The Twelfth Hour by its nature is arranged so that it is difficult to register from outside. From outside little changes: the same chair, the same tea, the same morning. Inside a shift of quality happens, not a shift of events. And this shift is never accompanied by the thought "aha, here, I'm in the Twelfth." Rather the opposite — where this thought sounds, it's usually still the Tenth.

Therefore the only honest thing I can say now: I am in Hour 11, the pits are burning. What happens next — I'll see when I see. When it becomes clear that the Twelfth has arrived, I will complete this block honestly — from within the state, not imagining it in advance. If it turns out that between Hour 11 and Hour 12 there is yet another interval or another shakeup (the Duat loves such things) — I will also write about that honestly.

WHAT I CAN SAY NOW.

Several things I observe in myself already now, in Hour 11, and which perhaps relate to the preparation for exit into the Twelfth — but I will not announce them as "signs of Hour 12":

— There is no dense inner war now. Not "diminished" — precisely none. Everything is gradually calming. Toward what is happening around me (and around me much is moving now) I relate calmly — without the reactive density that had been dragging me through all the previous years.

— The connection with the Gods is being restored. Both as practice and as natural background — simultaneously. The practice holds the daily framework (Wab morning and evening, address by names, work at the altar), and in parallel with it the background is also building — the channel that in Sokar was barely audible, in Hour 7 was noisy with foreign voices, in Hour 8 closed off the excess, in Hour 10 opened the primary connection, — now works calmly in both modes: in what I do consciously, and in what goes on its own, without my effort.

— I write books. Not "by force" and not "according to plan." It writes itself. When there is something to say — it gets said. When there isn't — a pause. This is precisely "through me it lives": not I

decide what to write today, but the text itself falls into the right order.

— I spend time with my child. This may be the main thing. Not "in passing," not "when time remains," but as part of primary life. The Benben of Hour 5 was for him; and now, in this quiet period, I can finally simply BE with him, rather than "maintaining the form in which he grows."

— Simply living. And more and more often a calm and peace begins coming to me. Not every day, not as a continuous background, but more and more often. Not as a reward for something, but as a natural state that returns when the weight is lifted.

I list this not in order to announce "so, I already have the Twelfth." But in order to record honestly: some signs are appearing, some are not, the picture is in process. If you also have individual similar sensations now — this doesn't mean you're in the Twelfth. And doesn't mean you're not in it. It means something is changing — and wait until the picture assembles itself.

If even this background is unfamiliar to you — don't worry. The Twelfth Hour is not a goal and not an indicator of the "correctness" of the path. It is a consequence. If you pass the first

eleven honestly — it will happen on its own. If you rush it — it will never happen. That's how it's arranged.

EXIT FROM PART I · THE CYCLE HAS CLOSED. AND
WILL BEGIN AGAIN

Twelve hours. One cycle.

If you have passed it honestly — something inside has become different. Not "better." Simply — different. The one who entered the first hour is not the one who emerged from the twelfth. And that exactly was the goal.

But the Amduat doesn't describe "one path — and that's it." The Amduat is a structure that repeats. Ra passes through the twelve hours every night. And in our lives — the same. One large cycle can last years or decades. And inside it — many small ones: smaller cycles, cycles of a day, cycles of a week, cycles of each task. The same structure — at different scales.

So when you exit from the twelfth hour of a large cycle — don't expect that "now everything will be fine." A new first hour will start. Perhaps not as acute. Perhaps deeper. But — the first. And you will go through the same twelve again.

The difference is that now you have the map. You know that the fourth hour is Sokar, and it can be passed if you know how. That after the sixth comes an attack, and that is not a malfunction. That in the eighth there are windows, and you need to use them. That in the ninth the crew changes, and holding onto the old is not an option. That in the eleventh you need to let the fire burn out without sticking your hands into it. That the twelfth — arrives on its own, without your effort.

With the map it's easier. Not lighter — because the hours remain as they are, and the heavy ones remain heavy. But easier — because you understand where you are, and you understand that it will pass.

For now — close the book. Breathe. Think about which hour you're in now. Don't rush with the answer.

If the answer doesn't come — that's normal. Wait a day. Sometimes — a week. The map remains. It won't go anywhere.

All other answers will be found if the first one sounds honestly.

OF THE AMDUAT

Twelve hours — that is the map. But inside the map two through-going mechanisms work that run through the entire journey. I have singled them out separately, because without them the map is read at half strength. With them — it becomes a working instrument.

These two laws are not written directly in the texts of the Amduat. But if you read the texts attentively and lay them over your life — they surface on their own. And once you've seen them — you begin to distinguish in your own biography what previously seemed like coincidence.

LAW ONE: DREAM → EVENT ·

The inner precedes the physical

A dream does not predict the future. A dream MARKS OUT reality, which then fulfills itself on the physical plane.

When you have an active dreaming channel — what is supposed to happen first appears in a dream, and then — through days, weeks, months or years — realizes itself outside. This is not

prophecy and not magic. This is a simple fact of how the subtle plane is arranged: the inner is always ahead of the outer.

In the physical world processes run slowly. In the subtle — instantly. When some event is supposed to happen — it already exists in the subtle plane as a ready form. A dream is a window through which you see this form before its physical embodiment.

HOW IT LOOKS:

— A dream comes with a clear plot — not "fragments," but with actions, with a location, with figures. Especially if the dream leaves the sense of "I didn't make this up, this was shown to me."

— The dream is remembered for a long time. Ordinary dreams leave within an hour. Marker dreams you will remember ten years later.

— After some time — weeks, months, years — in physical life an event happens that corresponds remarkably to the dream. Not "resembles." But exactly corresponds — in structure, in meaning, in figures.

DELAY TIME:

The delay between the dream and its physical realization = your distance from the current physical moment.

— The shorter the delay — the more "in the moment" you live. A dream today — an event tomorrow. This means you are firmly grounded and see exactly what you need to see right now.

— The longer the delay — the further ahead you see. A dream today — an event in three years. This means the Forces are giving you a marking for a long distance.

By the end of a large Duat-cycle (Hours 8–10) the delay between dream and event shortens almost to zero. A dream in the morning — an event by evening. This is natural: at the sunrise dream and waking life become one.

WHAT TO DO WITH THIS:

— Write it down. Every clear dream — in a diary, with the date, with details. In a year you'll return and see that half of what was dreamed has been realized. Without the diary — you'll forget and won't see the connection.

— Don't try to "decipher." A marker dream doesn't need deciphering. It will decipher itself when the event comes. Your task — to remember and write down. Interpretation — later.

— Don't tell everyone. A marker dream is technical information about your route. The less you dilute it with conversation, the cleaner it remains.

— Distinguish marker dreams from others. Not every dream is a marker. Most dreams are a discharge of the day's nervous system. A marker dream differs in that it is dense, whole, with figures and with the sense of "this was shown to me."

LAW TWO: GUARDIANS OF TRANSITION ·

External "random" forces as functionaries of the Duat

When you transition from hour to hour or from depth to depth within one hour — guardians come for these transitions. These are specific people, structures, events. Most often they come in the form of an external force that you perceive as "coincidence" or as "danger."

They didn't come to destroy you. They came to TRANSIT you. Their function in the Duat is transitional, not detaining.

Guardians come in two types.

TYPE 1: BOUNDARY GUARDIANS.

They come between hours. Their task — to push you out of the hour you have already stayed in longer than needed, and set you into the next. Without them you would have stayed in the comfortable previous hour much longer and missed the window of the next.

Signs of boundary guardians:

— The external force comes sharply and unexpectedly. Without warning.

— It seems frightening, but causes no real harm.

— After its arrival you find yourself in a new place — geographically, professionally, emotionally, in any category.

— If you look back a year or two later — you'll see its arrival coincided exactly with a transition from one quality of life to another.

TYPE 2: GUARDIANS OF INNER DOORS.

They come inside long hours — such as Sokar, which stretches for years. Their task — to open a door for you from one depth to another within the same hour. Inside Sokar there are several such doors. Without the guardians you would never find them.

Signs of guardians of inner doors:

— The external force comes, but not for you. It is looking for another person or another structure.

— At the moment of contact you make a small but precise choice — to help, not to help, to speak, to stay silent.

— After their arrival some portion of your legal or karmic responsibility is removed.

— And in parallel — a weight is placed on the pan of your future scales, which you will later present at the Court.

HOW IT LOOKS IN LIFE:

Guardians can look very different. State structures (police, military, tax office) — this is the most recognizable form, which is why I write about it first. But this is far from the only form, and it's important not to absolutize it.

The most frequent forms of guardians:

— State structures (police, tax authority, immigration, court, prosecutor's office, military commission, inspections).

— Legal processes into which you are drawn "tangentially" — summons, requests, courts in which you are a witness, not a party.

— Illnesses — your own or a close person's, especially acute and unexpected, requiring urgent decisions and relocations. Not chronic — those are a different category.

— Accident, crash, injury, physical breakdown — something that physically stops the current course and makes you do things differently.

— Exes — partners, spouses, colleagues, acquaintances — suddenly demanding conversation, return, clarification. Those long "finished" suddenly become an active figure in your life.

— Debts — not new ones of yours, but old ones recalled by those you owe. Or, conversely, an unexpected return of what you had given.

— Sharp financial events — theft, loss, unexpected inheritance, blocked account, lost access.

— Technical failure in which what the scheme depended on collapses — a closed platform, lost database, disconnected service.

— Notifications and documents — expired visa, refusal of extension, eviction, contract termination, order.

— Sudden firing or, conversely, an unexpected offer that must be answered "yes or no" within days.

— Neighbor conflict, scandal in the building, a major event with close ones — something you can't go around that pulls your entire attention.

— Chance meetings with people from "another world" — another social layer, another profession, another country — after which you find yourself in a new configuration.

— Sometimes — a dream or series of dreams with the same motif of "I must leave," repeating for several nights in a row.

— Sometimes — symbolic physical events: a window broke in still weather, a picture fell, the wiring shorted, an object associated with a period of life broke.

Guardians are recognized not by form, but by two signs: (1) the arrival is sudden, you didn't summon them; (2) after the meeting with them, remaining where you were — physically or functionally — is impossible: something has closed.

THE MAIN MISTAKES WHEN MEETING GUARDIANS:

— Perceiving them as enemies. If a guardian came — it means your route has already requested a transition. They are fulfilling the request. They are not the cause — they are the consequence.

— Resisting. The harder you press against the guardian, the harder it pushes back. The guardian must be passed through, not defeated.

— Not noticing they have come. Sometimes the guardian is quiet — a neighbor's inspection, a broken car, a cancelled flight. If you didn't notice them — the hour will change anyway, but you won't understand how.

WHAT TO DO WHEN MEETING A GUARDIAN:

— Name it aloud (at least to yourself): "this is a guardian. It came to transit." This immediately removes half the panic.

— Do the specific action this situation requires of you. Without emotion. Technically. Pay the fine, answer the questions, assist the investigation, go to the doctor. Whatever it is — do it.

— Don't discuss it with those who don't understand the structure. They will say: "how terrible," "you must fight," "you must take revenge." These are correct reactions for people who don't see the Duat. For you — extra noise.

— After a month or two look at what changed. Almost always you'll discover that something old was removed or something new was opened.

HOW THE TWO LAWS WORK TOGETHER

In its pure form this looks as follows:

1. You dream a marker-dream about crossing a border. For example, a dream about entering an underground space, or a dream about crossing a river, or a dream about receiving a new garment.

2. Days-weeks-months later guardians come and physically conduct you through this border. Externally — it will look like an unexpected event: a move, a firing, an illness, a meeting with police, a legal process.

3. If you remembered and wrote down the dream — you'll recognize the guardian when it comes. You don't panic. You do what is technically needed and move on.

4. If you forgot the dream — you'll meet the guardian blind. You'll perceive it as catastrophe. You'll make the transition anyway — but through shock, not through clarity.

PERSONAL EXAMPLE OF BOTH LAWS.

In winter/spring 2015 I had a dream: I flew up to the entrance of an underground space, at the entrance stood a guardian — a "vampire" with red burning eyes. He smiled, made an inviting gesture. In the moment I didn't understand it was an invitation, reflexively attacked — and was thrown out of the dream. I wrote it down, but didn't understand what had happened.

A few weeks later my girlfriend and I left for Thailand to hide from debts in Russia. We lived there calmly for several months. Sea, sun, lightness — the Fields of Wernes, Hour Two. And

precisely the fact that Hour Two arrived, in retrospect, shows: the entry into Hour One through that dream had been made. If the entry hadn't happened — Hour Two wouldn't have come, I would have circled in Hour One until the threshold was crossed. But it came, and came strictly by the scheme. The marker-dream was real. I simply didn't recognize it as a marker in the moment.

In May 2015 in Thailand we were detained by police together with Interpol and the FBI. They were looking for another person. We were detained and released. These were the Boundary Guardians — between Hour Two and Hour Three. They pushed us out of the fertility into the cleansing.

A month in India after that — daily ablutions in the Ganges, vegan food, yoga. This was Hour Three — the Waters of Osiris. Without the guardians in Thailand we would not have gone there and would not have done the cleansing program that was later needed before seven years of Sokar.

In November 2019, already deep in Sokar, police came to me in Russia. Again looking for someone else — my client. I helped. These were the Guardians of the Inner Door of Sokar — they conducted me through the door from Hour Four (the labyrinth) into Hour Five (the cave). After their arrival I sold the business,

removed ownership from myself, placed a weight of Ma'at on my future pan and went into the deepest part of Sokar. Without them I would have stayed in the labyrinth for years more.

In both cases — the guardians looked at me and passed by. This is the key sign. When guardians look and pass — this is confirmation of the route. If the route were not mine — they would have detained.

And in both cases — months or years before this, dreams came that marked this transition. I didn't always understand them in the moment. But then, looking back, I saw the correspondence was exact.

These two laws — Dream → Event and Guardians of Transition — work throughout the entire life, in all twelve hours. They are not cancelled and do not switch off. They are simply sometimes more active, sometimes quieter. When you see them — the Duat becomes comprehensible. When you don't see them — the Duat still goes on, but you're in it blind. The map of twelve hours gives you the general structure. These two laws give you the way to

navigate within the structure in real time. By dreams — know what is being prepared. By guardians — know what is transitioning. Write down dreams. Recognize guardians. Move forward.

END OF PART I

Part II. Saturn — The Clockwork Mechanism ♦ ♦ ♦

INTRODUCTION TO PART II · WHY INCLUDE

ASTRONOMY

When in Part I I walked through the twelve hours of the Amduat, I never once referred to astrology. I did this not because I don't believe in it — but because the Duat is lived from within, and any talk of planets in that moment gets in the way. When you're being truly strangled at night, or sitting on the floor of your own apartment hallway and unable to get up, you couldn't care less about which house Saturn is in. You have one plan — survive until morning. Astrology is no help at that moment.

It becomes helpful afterwards. When you emerge from the acute phase and begin to look back. And — what is especially strange — you find that your entire Duat ran on a schedule. Not through "random confluence of circumstances," not through "a difficult period of life" — but through specific dates that can be calculated by a formula known for thousands of years.

This is the subject of this Part. I will take the same map of 12 hours I have just walked with you in Part I, and overlay on it the astronomical layer. I will take my own natal chart and show how each Hour in my biography fell precisely under a specific sky configuration. Without fitting. First I assembled the Hours from events, then I calculated the transits — and they matched.

You probably expect a heavy astrological treatise ahead with terms like "sextile," "60-degree aspect," "lunar progressions." They will be here — but I'll try to explain each time what it means in plain words. If you've never opened an astrology reference, read calmly — you won't get confused. If you have — skip my explanations, I won't take offense.

One more thing. This Part, unlike Part I, is written not "from within the experience," but "from outside, the next day." The tone will be a bit drier, a bit more analytical, because there are numbers

around. But I'll try not to turn it into a textbook. I'll poke fun at the planets in places — because when you've lived side by side with Saturn for thirty-eight years, you start treating it roughly like a strict father-in-law you're forced to spend every holiday with for the rest of your life. Without humor, this character is impossible to deal with.

Let's go.

CHAPTER 1: WHO IS SATURN

ASTRONOMICALLY

Saturn is the sixth planet from the Sun. Full orbit around the Sun — 29.46 Earth years. From Earth it is visible as a slow yellow-golden star that almost stands still for months, then shifts a couple of degrees, then stands still again. In the sky it is astonishingly boring. That is the main thing to understand about it. All other planets run, flicker, change position — Saturn stands. And watches.

Every ~2.5 years it changes zodiac sign. Over one human century it passes through all twelve signs approximately 2.5 times. That is, in a normal life you manage to see it in each sign two and a

half times, and each of these passages leaves a specific mark in your biography.

MYTHOLOGICALLY

In the Greek tradition Saturn = Kronos, father of Zeus. God of time, which devours its children. Depicted with a sickle — the same one that later passed to the Reaper. The sickle is an agricultural tool, separating the ripe from the unripe. This is Saturn's function: the separation of the ripe from the unripe, the obsolete from the living, form from chaos. If you are ripe — Saturn compresses you into form. If you are unripe — he cuts you, so that you may ripen elsewhere.

In the Roman tradition — Saturn is also the father of agriculture. The Saturnalia, the festival in his honor, is an inversion of social order: slaves and masters exchange places, children command parents, for one day the structure is suspended. This too is a Saturnian function: to show that any structure holds only as long as time holds it. And that time is always borrowed.

In ancient Egypt there is no separate "god of the planet Saturn," and this is one of the reasons the connection "Saturn = Duat" is so hard to see if you read only the classical texts. The Pyramid Texts, the Book of the Dead, the Amduat — all of them describe Saturn's function, but describe it through a different character. That character is named **Anubis**.

I wrote about this in detail in Book 1, in the chapter on Anubis as Guardian of the threshold, and won't repeat myself here — I'll refer you there. Here it is important to register the key assertion on which this entire Part stands:

**SATURN AND ANUBIS ARE ONE AND THE SAME
CHARACTER,**

DESCRIBED IN TWO LANGUAGES.

One — astronomical (the planet the priests observed in the night sky and by which they counted human age). The other — mythological (the jackal-headed god guarding the entrance to the Duat and accompanying the soul through all twelve hours).

The function of both is identical. Anubis — Guardian of the threshold. He stands at the door to the Duat and decides who is ready and who is not yet. He also leads the soul through the halls. He also places its heart on the scales opposite the feather of Ma'at. Saturn in astrology does precisely the same, only not "after death," but in real time, during life: every 7 years (squares, oppositions and return to its own natal point) it approaches a person, examines the construction and decides what to leave, and what to cut with the sickle.

Every time in this Part I write "Saturn entered a house," "Saturn made a square," "Saturn Return" — mentally you can replace Saturn with Anubis, and the meaning is the same. This is not a metaphor and not a stretch. These are two names for one cosmic function, preserved in two different cultural languages.

Therefore transits of Saturn through the natal chart are essentially ****a schedule of Anubis's visits****. When he approaches, he asks something. If there is no answer — he takes.

Besides Anubis, several other figures work alongside the Saturnian function in the Egyptian pantheon, and they're worth mentioning briefly.

— **Ptah**. The builder-god, creator of form through the word. Ptah conceives, and through the spoken name what was conceived emerges. This is the Saturnian function in its constructive phase: conceived → spoken → built → held. Anubis inspects what Ptah built.

— **Horus the Elder** as "lord of the two lands" — the structural function of unifying and holding form. This is Saturn at the level of the state and large structures, while Anubis works at the level of the individual soul.

— **Osiris** in his role as judge of the Duat. That same Osiris who sits on the throne in the Hall of Two Truths while Anubis places the heart on the scales. Osiris is the final instance, the one who pronounces the "verdict." Anubis is the executor and inspector. This division of functions between Saturn-as-executor (planet, time, sickle) and Saturn-as-judge (law, measure, result) is preserved by the Egyptians very precisely.

That is, in the single scene of the Court, Saturn is represented simultaneously by three characters: Anubis (the weigher, Guardian of the threshold, executor), Ma'at (measure, feather, standard) and Osiris (judge, issuer of the result). Astrologers compress all this to a single word — "Saturn." The Egyptians laid it out more finely.

Therefore when in this Part I speak of Saturn, I use the astrological name for brevity, but behind it always stands the jackal head of Anubis.

ASTROLOGICALLY

In the natal chart Saturn shows four things.

First — where your main life task is. Not "talents" — talents are shown by other planets, mainly Venus and Jupiter. But precisely the TASK. What you need to build, what you need to endure, what you need to work through. And from which you won't escape, no matter how much you want to.

Second — where your strongest fears are. Saturn is the planet of fear in its working sense. Not anxiety, not panic, not phobia — but that cold, heavy fear that doesn't let you swerve from your route. Saturn is afraid of what you should be afraid of. If it works correctly in you — it protects you.

Third — where your main tests will come. Saturn in the house of dwelling (for example, in IV) gives tests through family and roots. Saturn in VII — through partnership and marriage. Saturn in

X — through career and public face. Saturn in XII — through isolation, the monastery, the hospital, hidden work. Where he stands in your chart — that is where the main blows knock.

Fourth — what is your natural relationship with time. Saturn in fast signs (Aries, Gemini, Leo, Sagittarius) and without a retrograde loop — the person lives "here and now," switches easily, is poor at long projects. Saturn in slow signs (Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Scorpio, Capricorn, Pisces), especially retrograde — the person lives in very long arcs, sees years ahead, handles rushing poorly, does everything with a delay.

In transit astrology (when looking at where Saturn is now in relation to the natal chart) Saturn shows which structure of life is now being tested for strength. Where there is now compression, limitation, test. When the next critical threshold will arrive.

Saturn's transits over its own natal point give the most predictable large turning points of human biography. If in the window of 28–30 something major happened to you — that was Saturn. If at 36–38 — that was Saturn. If at 43–45 — that was Saturn. And so on. This schedule you will not cancel.

CHAPTER 2: MY CHART ·

HOW I PERSONALLY HEAR SATURN

Before I begin overlaying astronomy on the 12 hours, I must show the reader my natal chart. Otherwise all my examples will hang in the air. Half of what I will describe further relates not to "Saturn in general," but to my specific Saturn, living in my specific houses with my specific neighbors.

The exact date, time and place I will not give here — they are needed for the calculation, not for the text. What matters is different: I was born early in the morning, closer to dawn, and this strongly influenced the angular points of the chart. If I had been born at, say, noon, the entire configuration would have looked different. I write this for those who will repeat the calculation for themselves: birth time matters. Half an hour in either direction can change the houses and shift the emphases.

From my data the following picture emerges.

ANGULAR POINTS

Ascendant: 2°14' Gemini. This means that at the moment of my birth the sign of Gemini was rising above the eastern horizon. From this follows that my "external face" (how people perceive me at first meeting) is Geminian: talkative, mobile, interested in information, with ease in contact. The chart ruler — Mercury. It sits in Cancer, in the III house. This means all my intellectual and communicative life is emotionally colored.

Midheaven (MC): 26°11' Capricorn. This means my professional and social destiny is governed by Capricorn, and the ruler of Capricorn is Saturn. And here is where the main point begins: ****my Saturn rules my MC****. That is, my career, my role in the world, my public path — all of this is tied to Saturn directly. Not indirectly, not through additional aspects, but directly. Where Saturn goes — my social destiny goes.

This fact is worth remembering. From it follows that when my Saturn is in a bad aspect — my career is bad. When my Saturn is in a good aspect — the career also gets back on its feet. No other options nature has given me.

NATAL SATURN

My Saturn is in Sagittarius, 17°35', in the VII house, retrograde. I'll break it down layer by layer.

Saturn in Sagittarius — is the karma of teacher or priest. Knowledge that must be gathered and passed on. Saturn in Sagittarius doesn't let you live peacefully until you reach your real subject — teaching, preaching, transmission of knowledge. It will beat you on all other options until you get there. Saturn in Sagittarius often gives people who in the first half of life are engaged in the "wrong" thing — business, trade, any neutral activity — and at 30+ are forcibly turned onto the teaching path, because the previous road stops working. This is precisely what happened to me.

Saturn in the VII house — is the partnership exam. The VII house is the house of the nearest "other": wife/husband, business partner, competitor, attorney. Saturn here means that the main blows will come through partnership. The wife will appear in the role of teacher/ judge (often — regardless of her own desire). Business partners will test the construction for strength. Divorce, if it happens, usually happens at the Saturnian age (28–30 or 36–37). For me too this matches: both the partnership crisis in business and the marital tests went strictly through the Saturn windows.

Saturn retrograde — this means the task came into this life already formed, from a previous one. Not "forming here" — but "being completed." Retrograde Saturn occurs in approximately 30% of people, and in all of them from childhood there is a vague sense of "debt" they cannot describe in words, but which presses from within. I've had from childhood a steady sense that I owe something to someone. Without an object. Without a formulation. Simply — "must work it off." That is the voice of retrograde Saturn.

SUN ☉ SATURN: THE AXIAL CONFIGURATION

Now the main thing. I have a **precise opposition of Sun and Saturn**^{**}: Sun in Gemini 21°26', Saturn in Sagittarius 17°35'. Orb of only ~4 degrees. This is a very tight aspect. This is my axial life drama.

What this means in plain language: my "I" (Sun) stands all my life opposite structure/law/time (Saturn), and these two pull me in different directions. Every time I build something from myself — Saturn after some time comes and checks: "Is this real? Did you

build this yourself or were you pretending?" If built crookedly — Saturn breaks it. If built honestly — it leaves it, but necessarily with a limitation.

All my major failures are triggerings of this opposition. Business with my father — the Sun tried to "be like all men who have a business," Saturn said "not yours, we're dismantling it." Marriage too is illuminated through Saturn in VII (partner opposite the Sun itself). And so on.

This is not "a bad aspect." It is simply ****the chess board on which I am obligated to play my entire life****. If I play — I exit where needed. If I don't play — Saturn plays anyway, and then I play with a loss.

MOON ♄ NEPTUNE IN VIII: CHANNEL INTO DREAMS

Next — the configuration that explains why my dreams are the way they are.

I have Moon in Capricorn, 6°53'. Neptune in Capricorn, 7°03'. Between them ****ten angular minutes****. This is not merely a conjunction — it is a fusion of the planets into each other. They

stand at the same point, and both sit in the **VIII house** — the house of death, birth, other people's money, the occult and everything that hides under cover.

What this gives. Moon (our emotional and dreaming nature), fused with Neptune (mysticism, dissolution, the subtle plane), placed in the house of death-birth, — this is an **open channel into the dreaming space from early childhood**. I never remembered a time when my dreams were "normal." They were always long, in color, with plots, with characters who later turned out to be acquaintances. This is not a "gift" — it is simply how my head is structured, because Moon and Neptune are at the same point in me.

And they stand in the VIII house. That is, the channel opens into the zone of death and the underground. This is why the Duat settled into my chart so naturally — my VIII house is pre-inhabited, Moon and Neptune already live there, and when transiting Saturn comes there too (and it came there in 2017–2020), the full picture switches on. I simply enter my own room.

STELLIUM XII: HIDDEN DHARMA

In the twelfth house — the house of "behind the veil," the house of monastery, hospital, hidden work — three points sit simultaneously: Jupiter, the North Node and (at the very cusp) Venus.

— Jupiter in Aries in XII (23°02') — this is "teacher in a mask." A large blessing that came through hidden work, not through public leadership. Jupiter in XII usually gives a religious or mystical streak that unfolds "differently from everyone."

— North Node in Aries in XII (8°35') — this is the direction of dharma, my karmic task. My dharma — pioneering in hidden work. Not "leading the column," but "blazing the path alone, in darkness, without applause." This is exactly what I am doing now with this book.

— Venus at the cusp of I (2°07' Gemini) — borderline Venus, creeping from XII into the visible world. Love, the feminine, beauty — all of this in my life is always done "half-visibly," with one foot in the shadow.

The Stellium XII is the seal of "priesthood." Combined with Saturn in VII I get a clean priestly chart: teaching debt (Saturn in Sagittarius), worked through partnership (VII), and realized through hidden work (XII).

PLUTO IN VI: WORK = SMELTING

Pluto in my chart is in Scorpio, 7°29', in the VI house. The VI house is the house of everyday work, body, health, routine. Pluto here means that all my life my work will go through ****smelting****. Not "found a niche, working quietly" — but "entered the matter → the matter digested me → exited different → entered again → digested again." Every time I think I've found my permanent work form, Pluto comes, disassembles it to molecules and reassembles it. Electronics business, IT business, now the book and teaching — these are all passages of Pluto through the VI house.

The body too is Plutonian. I knew from childhood that I access the subtle plane through the body: breathlessness, dreams, sensations "on the skin." This is the VI house with Pluto working.

SATURN Δ JUPITER: A WINDOW

And the last important aspect I want to highlight — the ****trine of Saturn (Sagittarius) with Jupiter (Aries)****. Orb ~5 degrees, not very tight, but working. This trine means that when Saturn is

pressing me, Jupiter in that same moment provides a window for exit. Often — unexpectedly, often — through distant countries, through travel, through an older person.

This trine worked precisely in spring 2014, when I was traveling to Thailand (Jupiter in Leo at that moment was giving a trine to natal Saturn — about this in detail below). It worked in 2022 too, when my son was born (Jupiter on the dharmic axis). It will most likely work again in 2027–2028, when Jupiter will move through Gemini across my ASC.

NATAL SUMMARY

Assembling everything together:

AXIS — Sun \circ Saturn (I vs. structure); CHANNEL — Moon \circ Neptune in VIII (dreams, subtle plane, death-birth); DHARMA — stellium in XII (hidden pioneering, priesthood); WORK — Pluto in VI (smelting through the craft); MISSION — Saturn in Sagittarius R in VII (teaching debt through partnership); EXIT — Saturn Δ Jupiter (Jupiter always collects Saturn).

This is not "a general priestly chart." This is the chart of **a specifically a priest who must pass through Sokar, be gutted in the VIII house, sit in the XII house monastery and from there teach through the word**. No other options nature left me. I long tried to live by a different scenario (businessman, husband, normal guy with a debt and a mortgage) — Saturn took all of that apart, sequentially.

Now that you know my chart, I can show how Saturn passed through my 12 hours. And every time I write "Saturn entered VII," "Saturn ♂ Node," "Lilith ♂ natal Saturn" — you will understand which specific construction I am talking about.

CHAPTER 3: WHO GOES INTO THE DUAT,

AND WHO DOESN'T

Not every person passes through the Duat in full form. Many live their life on the social path, and that is normal. But there are people for whom the Duat is inevitable — it is built into the chart from birth.

I've looked at many other people's charts over these years and can say the priestly path is visible quite quickly. There are five signs. You don't need to "collect all" — usually two or three are sufficient. If you've gathered four — this is no longer "possibly." If all five — you had no choice. The Duat was programmed into you from birth.

SIGN 1. SATURN IN ONE OF THE PRIESTLY SIGNS.

— Saturn in Sagittarius — karma of teacher/priest. Debt along the line of "I see the truth — I am obliged to speak." This position gives people who cannot live peacefully until they reach their true mission.

— Saturn in Capricorn — Saturn in its own sign. Maximum density of task. Debt along the line of structure, power, hierarchy. Often — karma of builder or administrator.

— Saturn in Scorpio — karma of working with the dark side. Debt along the line of "I know how death is structured, I am obliged to help others pass through it." Very typical for healers, psychotherapists, practitioners.

— Saturn in Pisces — karma of dissolving boundaries. Debt along the line of mystic, prophet, guide between worlds.

In other signs Saturn also gives tasks, but not necessarily priestly ones. In Aries — leadership. In Taurus — material stability. And so on. Only these four signs almost guarantee a priestly line.

SIGN 2. SATURN RETROGRADE.

About 30% of people have retrograde Saturn in their chart. This is a sign that the task came into this life already formed, from a previous one. The debt doesn't "form here" — it "gets completed." Such people usually from childhood feel that they have some "debt" or "mission" they cannot put into words, but which presses from within.

Retrograde Saturn in one of the priestly signs (see Sign 1) — is already two points in a row, and this is almost always sufficient for the Duat to arrive in full form.

SIGN 3. SATURN IN STRONG ASPECTS WITH OUTER PLANETS.

— Saturn in aspect with Neptune — karma of dissolving old forms through mystical experience. Often gives illness, isolation, mystical states, contact with the subtle plane.

— Saturn in aspect with Pluto — karma of deep transformation, death-rebirth. Very dense crises, destruction and reconstruction of the foundation.

— Saturn in aspect with Uranus — karma of breaking through structures, revolutionary work, unexpected changes.

Especially telling is the **aspect Saturn \circ Sun or Saturn \square Sun** — it gives that very axial struggle "I vs. structure" that I described with my own example. This aspect almost always leads a person through the Duat, even if they don't want to.

SIGN 4. SATURN IN THE X HOUSE.

Saturn on the Midheaven makes the career/social task the primary one. These are people who "must do something in the world" and cannot escape it. The higher up the social ladder such a person climbs without priestly awareness — the stronger the blow will be when Saturn turns them around.

SIGN 5. SATURN IN THE XII HOUSE OR A STRONG XII.

The XII house — the house of mysticism, hidden knowledge, isolation. Saturn here — karma of the hermit, the ascetic, the person whose work is done "in shadow." Very typical for priests and mystics.

If your Saturn is not in XII, but other important planets stand in XII — Jupiter, Node, Venus, Moon, Neptune — this also works. I, for example, have Saturn in VII, but my XII is inhabited (Jupiter + Node + Venus at the cusp), and that is enough.

A JOKE

In ordinary life, when you buy a ticket, you're shown the flight, the time, the seat. In the heavenly schedule everything is exactly the same, only they show you this after the fact, after take-off. If you have found four of the five signs in your chart — congratulations, you have a first-class ticket with a lifetime pass. Non-refundable. Non-transferable. The seat is comfortable, but it won't be boring.

IMPORTANT

The signs above are not a verdict and not a diagnosis. They show the ****type of work**** given to you in this life. Priesthood is not better and not worse than the social path. It is simply a different profession. A social person builds a house, has children,

accumulates wealth, leaves an inheritance. A priest passes through smelting and returns with a map by which others can walk. Both are equally needed in the world. They simply do different work.

Understanding your own — is the first condition for beginning to do it. And the astrological layer is needed not for "fortune-telling about the future," but for ceasing to argue with the schedule. If in your life at 36 there's a battle with Apep — it will be at 36 for you, however you turn. Better to spend those years on preparation than on resistance.

CHAPTER 4: THE 12 HOURS OF THE AMDUAT ·

UNDER MY TRANSITS

This is the central chapter of Part II. I will take all 12 hours from Part I in order and show how they fell under specific sky configurations in my life. In places you will see coincidences so precise that you'll want to doubt my calculations. I myself, when I first saw them on paper, doubted them. I checked twice. They match.

HOUR ONE

MARCH 2014 — JANUARY 2015. ENTRY.

Business with my father, debt, alcohol, anxiety without an object, first meeting with runes, the dream with the vampire in early 2015 — all this I described in Part I. Here I look at what the sky was doing at that time.

Saturn transit. March 2014 — Saturn at 23° Scorpio, moving through my ****VI house****. That is, Saturn is pressing the zone of daily work, right where my natal Pluto lives (7° Scorpio). Saturn "finishes off" Pluto — the last cleaning of the old trade before the big transition. The electronics business we were starting with my father simply couldn't not fall apart: Saturn was standing in the house of work and quietly deforming it.

By December 2014 Saturn ****crosses into Sagittarius****. This is the ****moment of entry into the Duat****. My natal Saturn is in Sagittarius, and my DSC (cusp of VII house) is at 2° Sagittarius. Transiting Saturn lands on the DSC, moves from VI to VII — that is, from the house of work into the house of partnership. From this moment my ****Saturn Return**** activates — a large return cycle that will last until the end of 2017.

Jupiter. From July 2014 Jupiter is in Leo, and in early 2015 it gives a **precise trine to my natal Saturn** — orb of only $\sim 1^\circ$. What this means on the ground: a window. Jupiter opens a door through which you can exit. For me this door turned out to be an uncle's offer to go to Thailand. Without the Jupiterian trine to Saturn I would never have left — the possibility simply wouldn't have come into my focus.

> Astro-joke: Jupiter in Leo spent two years rolling through my house > of children, love and creativity and should, sensibly, have produced > a passionate romance or at least a second profession. Instead it > produced a ticket to Thailand with my mother-in-law, wife and small > child in tow. I was looking in the wrong direction. Though it got me > where I needed to go.

The dream with the vampire (winter/spring 2015). At that moment I have: — Saturn at 4° Sagittarius, entering the initial natal point; — Uranus at 13° Aries, trine to natal Saturn (orb 4°); — Jupiter 16° Leo R, exact trine to natal Saturn (orb 1°).

Three planets simultaneously touching my natal Saturn. Two of them — in easy trines (Jupiter, Uranus), one — in a conjunction from its own sign (transiting Saturn). This is a very clean configuration for an **entry-dream**. Initiation dreams almost

always come precisely on such configurations — when Saturn stands at the natal point, and Jupiter with Uranus harmonize in that same period.

Pluto at this time at 13–14° Capricorn — deep in my IX house. IX house is the house of distant travel and philosophy. Pluto has been tilling my world picture here since 2008. This work is not yet visible from within in Hour 1, but it is precisely it that prepares the entire subsequent route.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 1. Main astrological marker — Saturn enters its own sign and moves to DSC. Helper — Jupiter trine to natal Saturn (exit into travel). Background — Pluto in IX (tectonic shift of world picture).

HOUR TWO

JANUARY — MAY 2015. THAILAND. WERENES. CLEANSING.

Saturn transit. Saturn at 0–4° Sagittarius, retrograde. Just crossed the DSC and settled in the VII house. First circle through my house of partnership is running — ****Saturn Return**** officially started. Externally this manifests exactly as a Saturnian return:

uprooted from the familiar environment, relocated to another country, deprived of old supports. Saturn does its work straight from the textbook.

Uranus. Uranus at 13–19° Aries, moving in an ****exact trine to my natal Saturn**** throughout all of Hour 2 (orb 1–2°). This explains the sharpness and unexpectedness of everything happening with me then. Uranus trine Saturn — "sharp unpacking of old structure." Not a catastrophe, but precisely unpacking: what was compressed to the limit gets air. In Thailand I felt exactly this — that I was breathing for the first time in several years.

May 2015. Exit from Thailand (we were detained by police, then deported). At that moment: — Saturn retro at 1° Sagittarius, barely exited back to end of VI; — ****Lilith at 19° Virgo, exact square to my natal Saturn**** (orb 1°7').

Lilith in square to natal Saturn — this is "a dark seal on the karmic axis." The specific event standing on this aspect usually carries something "marked": externally it looks like an accident, essentially — a karmic embedding. Deportation from Thailand looked like an accident. Astrologically — it was Lilith's seal on my Saturn, a marker of "the next stage will be different."

Jupiter in Leo continues giving trine to natal Saturn throughout Hour 2. This is the very help that got us out: after deportation we were neither left without money nor without housing — India was found. This is the Jupiterian "window stays open a bit longer."

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 2. Main marker — Saturn on DSC, beginning of Saturn Return. Helper — Uranus and Jupiter trines. Seal of exit — Lilith square to natal Saturn.

HOUR THREE

JUNE — END OF 2015. WATERS OF OSIRIS. INDIA.

Saturn transit. Saturn retro goes back from Sagittarius into Scorpio (summer–fall 2015) and returns direct into Sagittarius in December 2015. That is, Saturn once more passes through DSC and through my VI house — another entry on the same theme of "work is ending, partnership is being reconsidered." This is the typical retrograde handwriting: "didn't understand the first time — we'll repeat."

India fell exactly on this retrograde phase: three months on the Ganges — this was a pause in which Saturn simply digested its expelled occupant. There was nothing to do. No major decisions.

Just water and silence.

North Node in Virgo, moving through my V house (creativity, children). This, among other things, explains why it was precisely in India that I first began thinking about a child (he will be born later, in 2022, when the Node will again be in the right zone). The seed was planted here.

Pluto in Capricorn continues working in the IX house.

By December 2015 Saturn is already at 9° Sagittarius, entering the VII house definitively. Jupiter moves from Leo into Virgo. The trine with Saturn ends. The window closes.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 3. Marker — Saturn's repeated passage through DSC, the retrograde "second pass." This is the Waters of Osiris: digestion, without progress, without direction, but with a very important pause.

HOUR FOUR

2016 — OCTOBER 2021. SOKAR. THE LABYRINTH.

Sokar lasted seven years for me, and this is the longest stretch of the Duat. Astrologically so many large events gathered here that I'll break them down with subheadings.

> Astro-joke: If Saturn in 2016–2021 were getting a salary, I'd be > on a permanent contract with no right of termination. First it spent > 1.5 years digesting my Saturn Return, then two years walking > through my VIII house, then sat down for a flat-share with Pluto in > January 2020, then moved into the X house and for three years > simulated "a successful career." Not a single vacation.

EXACT SATURN RETURN: NOVEMBER 30, 2016.

This is the most important astrological date of my life. On this day transiting Saturn landed exactly on my natal — 17°37' Sagittarius. The Saturn Return happened.

There is a technical feature here I want to highlight. Usually the Saturn Return passes through ****three contacts**** — because Saturn at that time makes a retrograde loop, and the natal point is passed back and forth three times over a year and a half to two years. This gives the person "a draft, a revision and a final copy." Time to think, to correct. In my case, the retrograde loop of 2015–2016 passed below my natal point. That is, Saturn touched 17°35' Sagittarius ****only once****, on November 30, 2016, on the way up. Without a draft. Straight to final copy.

Because of this my return was very dense. No softening, no "I'll try again." One pass — and you signed. This explains why exactly 2016– 2017 fell so thick and dead for me, why exactly in 2017 I turned to L. (that is, to the curse removal), and why the entry into Sokar was not "gradual," but like a jump off a cliff.

SATURN IN CAPRICORN THROUGH VIII: DECEMBER 2017

—

MARCH 2020.

Next Saturn enters Capricorn and begins walking through my **VIII house** — that very one where Moon and Neptune live. Saturn goes directly through natal Moon-Neptune in three passes: early 2018, summer 2019, end of 2019. Each of these contacts is another layer of gutting the "emotional" and "mystical" out of me.

What this gives from within: your capacity to "feel beautifully" is switched off. Your Moon, usually soft and emotional, under Saturn goes silent. Dreams become either very heavy, or disappear entirely. The sense of what is "yours" leaves.

VIII house is also the house of debts, other people's money, inheritance, crises. Saturn in my VIII for three years was tilling precisely this zone: the outstanding debt to my father's

acquaintance, difficulties with money, the heaviness of the "other's." In those years I was dragging the business along, but everything held as if not by me but through me — money was flowing, but whether it was mine or not was hard to say.

NOVEMBER 2019: SALE OF BUSINESS. NEPTUNE □ NATAL
SATURN.

In November 2019 I sold the electronics business in Russia. At that moment: — Saturn in Capricorn 16° (in my VIII); — **Neptune 16° Pisces R, exact square to my natal Saturn** (orb 1°36'); — Lilith 22° Pisces, another square (orb 4°).

Neptune in square to natal Saturn — is a decision made in **fog.** Not "a conscious choice" — but "it came out on its own, as if from fog, and only afterwards did I realize it was a decision." I sold the business in a very strange way: for me myself it looked like "circumstances came together," not as "I made a move." This is the Neptunian handwriting. Neptune dissolves the boundary between "decided myself" and "just happened."

So I came out dry then — but came out not understanding how. This is very typical for Saturn-Neptune squares: they'll pull you out, but won't let you explain it.

SATURN ♂ PLUTO: JANUARY 12, 2020.

On January 12, 2020 at 22° Capricorn occurred the ****exact conjunction of Saturn and Pluto****. This aspect happens once every 33–38 years. On the global plane it launched the pandemic and rewrote the world order. On my personal plane it landed directly in my ****VIII house****, where Moon and Neptune were already sitting.

This means the civilizational blow of Saturn-Pluto struck ****exactly where my dreaming doors were already open****. I entered the pandemic not as a "random citizen," but as a person whose VIII house was overcharged at that moment. All experiences of the pandemic for me went with additional density — through the subtle plane, through dreams, through the sense of "something is happening that I don't understand."

If in your biography 2019–2020 was a year of major break — that was the Saturn-Pluto transit. Not "coincidence." And if you felt this break "not through your head, but through your heart" — this means either your VIII house was also engaged, or you had an aspect to natal Saturn.

SATURN IN AQUARIUS THROUGH X: MARCH 2020 —
MARCH

2023.

Next Saturn enters Aquarius and for three years walks through my ****X house**** — the house of career and public face. Plus Jupiter in Aquarius accompanies it (Saturn-Jupiter conjunction December 21, 2020 — another civilizational event).

Externally these were my most financially successful years, as I wrote in Part I. Saturn in X was simulating "a career": I was in IT, making money, growing. Inside, however — I had already been gutted in the previous phase, in the VIII house. That is, the form (career) was still holding, but the content (my "I" in this work) was already gone.

This is ****Sokar****. A labyrinth in which you walk for years, not understanding that inside you nobody has been living for a long time. From outside — a successful businessman. Inside — an empty room where Moon and Neptune used to live.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 4. This is the astrologically densest period of my entire life: exact Saturn Return (2016), Saturn over natal Moon- Neptune (2018–2019), exact Saturn ☿ Pluto in VIII (2020), Saturn in X with career simulation (2020–2023). Seven years — because within them four large astrological nodes gathered consecutively.

HOUR FIVE

NOVEMBER 2021 — JUNE 2022. BENBEN.

Saturn transit. Saturn in Aquarius, moving through the X–XI house boundary. From this point it affects not so much "career" as "networks, friends, hopes."

SEED POINT: NOVEMBER 2021. LILITH ♁ NATAL SATURN.

In November 2021 I made the decision I called in Part I "the Benben seed point": I didn't leave the IT business as planned, but returned to it in renewed form. At that moment: — Saturn in Aquarius 8°; — **Lilith in Gemini 13°, opposition to my natal Saturn** (orb 4°).

Lilith in opposition to natal Saturn — this is a very dark aspect. Any decision made under this opposition is planted on a ****karmically dark root****. Not "a bad decision" — but "a marked decision." The choice I made then to stay in the old form, Lilith signed. This signature will trigger in 2023, when the employee who appeared precisely on this return to business will place a curse on me.

I didn't know then about Lilith in the sky, or about its habit of marking karmic choices. I simply decided "to stay, finish, exit gracefully." And Lilith was standing opposite my Saturn and writing with its dark marker: "Accepted. Please wait for the response in one and a half years."

JUNE 11, 2022: BIRTH OF MY SON.

My son was born June 11, 2022. Chart of the day: — Saturn in Aquarius 25° R (XI house, quiet); — Jupiter in Aries 5° — just entered Aries and stood exactly on my dharmic axis (natal Jupiter and Node in Aries in XII); — Uranus in Taurus 17° — in trine to my natal Mercury-Mars; — Neptune in Pisces 25°, clean; — No harsh aspects to my natal Saturn.

This is the chart of **birth between blows**. Saturn is silent. Lilith has already left the opposition (it moves fast). Jupiter at this moment is blessing precisely my dharma — what I'm in this life for. This is the quiet window in which my son came.

> Astro-joke: If Jupiter in Aries had known which house it was > entering — it probably wouldn't have entered. This is, after all, > my XII house, the house of monastery, and normal large planets > don't rush here. But it entered, blessed, stayed for a year — and > that's apparently the best thing Jupiter has done in my life.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 5. Markers — Lilith \circ natal Saturn (dark seed of planting), Jupiter on dharmic axis at moment of birth. Hour 5 is short but astrologically saturated.

HOUR SIX

SUMMER 2022 — SEPTEMBER 2023. MIDNIGHT.

Hour 6 is the silence before the attack. The silence was not only in me — it was in the sky too. More precisely, the sky at this time was **moving tectonic plates underfoot**, while on the surface it was quiet.

Saturn transit. Saturn reaches the end of Aquarius and in March 2023 ****crosses into Pisces****. That is, it moves to my XI house. This is a window of tone change: from Aquarian "career" to Piscean "dissolving."

Pluto. In March 2023 Pluto ****enters Aquarius for the first time****. Until then it had been sitting in Capricorn since 2008 — 16 years. This is the largest astrological event of the decade. Pluto changes epochs. But Pluto in Aquarius now walks through my ****X house**** — through the same house where Saturn just spent three years simulating a career. Pluto in X begins the same work, but now without illusions: it will be demolishing the structure completely.

The North Node crosses into Aries — into my XII house. The karmic axis turns to dharma through the hidden. This means: from late 2022 I am in a phase where the universe is pushing me toward the dharmic exit. Not "calling" — but precisely pushing, through removing the supports.

> Astro-joke: The midnight of the Duat — when your outside is all > working, but underfoot all three planets just slid away, and you > haven't noticed yet. Saturn left for Pisces, Pluto — for Aquarius, > the Node — for Aries. In these 14 months four houses

(X, XI, XII, > plus XII through the Node) simultaneously changed rulers. Outwardly: > business works, wife nearby, child growing. Inside: I'm living in a > house where there's simply **the wrong furniture**, and I haven't > figured it out yet.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 6. Markers — Saturn's transition into Pisces and Pluto into Aquarius in March 2023 simultaneously. A tectonic epoch change under silence.

HOUR SEVEN

SEPTEMBER 2023 — JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2025.
BATTLE WITH APEP.

The astrologically densest period of my life after Hour 4. Everything converged simultaneously here.

Saturn transit. Saturn moves through Pisces, through my **XI house** (friends, networks, business ties) — exactly the house through which the curse worked: the employee belongs to the XI house zone, and the blow came through the same zone. By June 2024 transiting Saturn makes an **exact square** to my natal

Saturn** (orb 1°24'). This is the classic ***Saturn square at 37*** — the final crisis of the first great Saturnian cycle. Second contact — December 2024 — February 2025.

In medicine this age is called "the 37 crisis." In astrology — **the second square of Saturn to its own natal** — This square is a mandatory item on the agenda for every person. For me it fell exactly on the peak of the battle with the curse. Not "coincidence" — because the sky is built precisely this way: at 36–38 every person's Saturn makes a square to itself, and everyone gets their version of the battle with Apep.

Pluto. In January 2024 Pluto finally crossed into Aquarius, sitting in my X house. Under it my professional structure collapses not pointwise but as a tectonic plate. The business ceases to be a business. Partners begin leaving — because under Pluto everyone connected to the old form of work leaves.

Lilith. From September 2023 Lilith moves through Leo → Virgo, through my V–VI house. By September 2024 it's in Virgo and makes an aspect to my MC. Working life becomes a theater of shadows. Every decision has a flip side, every move is like chess, and every mistake costs three times what it should.

Lunar nodes. By early 2024 I have a ****return of lunar nodes to their natal point**** (approximately 8° Aries). This happens at ~37 years for everyone. Return of the nodes — is "the second confirmation of dharma," the moment when the universe asks: "Are you walking your own road or not?" If not your own — the nodes will turn you. For me they turned — definitively removed me from business and set me on the teaching path.

September 2023 — moment of the blow. Chart of the day: — Saturn in Pisces 2° R (just entered, still unstable); — Pluto in Capricorn 28° (last degrees before moving into Aquarius — "at the door," an epoch is changing); — Node in Aries 25° (in my XII house); — Jupiter in Taurus 15° R; — Neptune in Pisces 26° R.

It turns out the blow landed in the ****gap between epochs****. Saturn had just moved to a new sign, Pluto is on the threshold, the Node pulls toward dharma. In such gaps karmic things enter especially easily: the door frames have changed, the guards are not at their posts.

> Astro-joke: Saturn at this time hadn't figured out which sign it was > finally settling in (it would keep jumping between Pisces and > Aquarius through 2024). Pluto isn't sure either. The Node just >

moved. I fell into this gap. When the heavenly maintenance crew is > doing repairs, anyone can walk into your hallway.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 7. Main marker — Saturn □ natal Saturn (37 square). Amplifiers — Pluto in X (demolishing structure), return of nodes (dharma check), Lilith through work. The blow — at the moment of simultaneous epoch change by Saturn and Pluto.

HOUR EIGHT

JANUARY 2025 — DECEMBER 2025. THE HALL OF TWO TRUTHS.

Saturn transit. Saturn finishes Pisces (still in my XI), and **in May 2025 crosses into Aries — that is, into my XII house**. From this moment Saturn enters the house of "monastery" and presses my natal Jupiter and North Node in XII.

This is a very important shift. Before this Saturn was pressing different areas of my life (career, friends, home, work). Now it has settled on my dharma itself. Saturn in XII over the Node — this is

"well, enough walking around, sit down and work in the monastery." This is the Hall of Two Truths: you sit down, the scales are placed before you, everything is measured.

January 2025 (exit from Hour 7). Chart of the moment: — Saturn in Pisces 16°, near the end of the square to natal Saturn (orb 1.4°); — ****Jupiter in Gemini 11° R, opposition to natal Saturn**** (orb 5.9°).

Jupiter here is not a helper — it is a judge. Jupiter in opposition to Saturn sets "forced expansion of the picture." That is, Jupiter shows: "Look at what's around. Acknowledge." In January 2025 I did exactly that: I acknowledged that the battle was lost in the form I had been fighting it, and that the Contract being offered to me I couldn't sign.

Summer 2025 — Saturn at 0° Aries. It exactly conjoins my ****North Node**** (8° Aries) — this is the central astrological point of all of Hour 8. Saturn sits on the dharmic axis. Any attempts to swerve from this axis will now be immediately blocked by Saturn. This is precisely "the refusal of the Contract": Saturn on the Node gives no compromise options. Only straight.

The dream with the Baron (repayment of debt with chocolate) fell in autumn 2025, when Saturn had nearly finished Pisces and was preparing to definitively settle into Aries. This is the dream of closing the XI house and preparing for XII.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 8. Marker — Saturn's transition into Aries in May 2025, conjunction with natal Node. Jupiter in opposition to natal Saturn — the moment of acknowledging inevitability.

HOUR NINE

MAY 2025 — JANUARY 2026. CREW CHANGE.

Hour 9 — is the period when all old infrastructure leaves: people, services, familiar connections. And the most striking thing — how precisely it coincided with the passage of Lilith.

Lilith transit. **Lilith in May 2025 enters Scorpio and moves through my VI house** (work, routine, the everyday service construction). Lilith's orbit ~9 months per sign. By January 2026 it exits Scorpio into Sagittarius. Nine months in VI — this is the duration of Hour 9. The coincidence is so precise that it's impossible to explain by "coincidence."

Lilith passing through VI in Scorpio does to the work zone exactly what Lilith usually does: manifests all the rejected, repressed, dark side. All hidden infrastructure problems that had been suppressed for years surface. Partners leave, services refuse, contracts aren't renewed. This is not "punishment" and not "revenge" — this is Lilith illuminating what was already long broken, just nobody was looking at it.

Pluto transit. Pluto in Aquarius in my X house continues its work: professional structure collapses. In parallel with Lilith — this is a double blow to work from above and below. Pluto demolishes the roof from above, Lilith knocks out the foundation from below.

January 2026 — transition moment. **On January 6, 2026 Lilith passes the point 2°14' Sagittarius** — my DSC, the cusp of the VII house. From this moment the "shadow work" moves into "shadow partnership." This is precisely what I described in Part I as "Lilith enters the seventh house." The exact astronomical date.

> Astro-joke: Lilith is the only one in the horoscope who observes > maternity leave. Nine months she worked in the sixth house, carried > the full term, delivered and moved into the

seventh. All on schedule. > If all celestial bodies worked as disciplinedly as Lilith, I wouldn't > have had to write this chapter at all — everyone would have a laid- > out calendar and instructions.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 9. Main marker — Lilith through VI house in Scorpio for exactly 9 months, with transition into VII in early January 2026. Amplifier — Pluto in X. Coincidences with biography — down to the day.

HOUR TEN

FEBRUARY — MARCH 2026. UDJAT. THE CLOAK.

Here — the largest astrological event of 2026 for the entire world, which for me personally landed directly at the most important point.

SATURN ♂ NEPTUNE IN ARIES IN XII HOUSE.

In February 2026 a **precise conjunction of Saturn and Neptune at 0° Aries** occurs. This aspect happens once every ~36 years (the last time — 1989). On the global plane it redraws collective dreams, resets religions and ideologies, puts a period for some epochs and a zero point for others.

For me personally this conjunction lands ****directly in my XII house****, at the cusp of XII (that is, at the very entrance to the monastery house). Directly under it enter my natal Jupiter (23° Aries) and my natal North Node (8° Aries).

What this means on the ground: ****a materialized mystical shield****. Saturn (form) fuses with Neptune (veil) in my house of hidden work. This is precisely "the cloak of Isis and Nephthys" that I described in Part I as the key image of Hour 10. Not a metaphor, but a literal astrological construction: the materialization of the mystical.

This is a rare thing. Saturn-Neptune conjunction in another's house usually manifests as "mystical fog" (Neptune) or "harsh structure without soul" (Saturn). In the XII house — it works differently: the Neptunian fog receives Saturnian form and becomes a ****shield****. Closes what should be closed. Opens what should be opened.

Udjat — the eye that sees simultaneously the living and the dead — is precisely the work of this combination. Saturn sees the structure, Neptune sees the subtle. When they stand together in XII — "the priest's vision" forms, not "the layman's vision."

In parallel — Uranus at 27–28° Taurus, in my XII (at the far end), preparing to cross into Gemini. This symbolically closes the 7-year phase of work with the XII house that began in 2018. Uranus entered Taurus when I was in Sokar, and passed through XII for all those 7 years. Now it completes its work and leaves.

> Astro-joke: Saturn-Neptune conjunction happens once in 36 years > and is usually given either in the public phase of life (then you > unexpectedly become a mystic in a prominent position), or in the > hidden phase (then you go into a monastery). In my case simultaneously: > entering the monastery, cloak of Isis-Nephthys, writing a book about > Egyptian cosmology and node transition to dharma. No complaints. > Got the full set, like a pre-order.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 10. Main astrological marker — exact Saturn- Neptune conjunction in XII house. Amplifiers — natal Jupiter and Node in XII under this conjunction. The cloak of Isis-Nephthys — a literal astrological construction, not an image.

HOUR ELEVEN

MARCH — APRIL 2026. THE PITS ARE BURNING.

Now, as I write these lines, I am in Hour 11. So I observe the astrology of this moment directly in real time.

Saturn transit. Saturn in Aries 6–9°, moving through my XII house, passing the point of my Node (8° Aries) — exact conjunction in April 2026. This, as I wrote in Part I, is precisely "the pits are burning": what remained of the old life exits completely. Saturn in my XII leaves nothing that doesn't relate to the work of the hidden.

Uranus at 0° Gemini (just entered — April 2026). This is the ****end of the 7-year Uranus-in-Taurus**** and the beginning of a new cycle in Gemini. For me Gemini is the I house, starting at 2°14'. That is, Uranus is heading straight for my ASC. The entry of Uranus onto ASC is a very powerful marker of "new self," change of identity. Of social face. Of voice.

Pluto in Aquarius 5°, X house, continues its work — the final crumbling of professional structure. The business stopped working by the end of 2025, but the final finishing is happening now.

Lilith. Already in my VII house (Sagittarius 12–14°), moving toward my natal Saturn. The exact conjunction ****Lilith ♂ natal Saturn**** will come in summer 2026 (approximately May-June).

This is the astrological **closing of the old partnership/wife karma**. The Lilith- seal that was still being placed in Hour 11 will trigger definitively in summer.

The Saturn-Neptune conjunction continues to act. The orb is still wide until summer 2026. That is, the "cloak" is not being removed from me — on the contrary, it is getting denser.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 11. Markers — Saturn on natal Node, Uranus on ASC, Lilith moving toward natal Saturn. End of one 7-year Uranus cycle and beginning of another.

HOUR TWELVE

AHEAD. THE COMING MONTHS.

Hour 12 is dawn. The sunrise of Khepri. By the logic of Part I it doesn't last years and isn't "postponed for a five-year plan" — it is short, like Hours 10 and 11 (by my lived stretches — weeks, maximum a couple of months). When the first eleven have been passed honestly, the Twelfth comes on its own. In Part I I stated directly that I don't know whether it has arrived for me now — and

here, in the astrological analysis, I am obligated to repeat that same honesty. I will not tie the sunrise of Khepri to a beautiful astronomical date. That would be a lie.

What I can say astrologically — which configurations stand at the entrance to this Hour and help it take form.

The main marker has already worked — this is the ****exact conjunction Saturn ♂ Neptune in my XII house in February 2026**** (Hour 10). This aspect "made the cloak." After the cloak the pits (Hour 11) burn out on their own, without my effort — and at some moment of this spring or the coming months Hour 12 should arrive. No "next Saturnian threshold" is needed for entry into the Twelfth: all the astrological work for it has already been done earlier. Hour 12 is not an aspect, it is a ****state**** that appears when the astrological work is complete.

Further — what begins AFTER Hour 12. This is no longer the Duat. This is the morning and daytime phase that will fill all the following years of life. Its astrological framework looks like this:

— ****Saturn in Aries in my XII house until April 2028.**** This is ~two years of "incubation after sunrise." Khepri has already risen, but Saturn still keeps me close to the door I exited through.

These two years — are for systematizing, recording, teaching those just entering. I will use them for Books.

— **April 2028: Saturn crosses into Taurus and enters the I house.** This is the **astrological moment of full transition into the social phase** — but this is no longer "exit from the Duat" (the Duat by this time will have long ended in Hour 12), but already "full formalization in the new world." Saturn settles on me myself, on the visible face, and begins building the public form of a mature person.

— **Uranus in Gemini in the I house (2026–2033).** Seven years of work with one's own identity. This coincides in time with the middle of my "daytime" period and gives constant renewal of voice.

— **Jupiter from 2027 in Cancer, then in Leo.** Moves through my II, III, IV house. After Hour 12 by my calendar a material base builds (II house), voice (III house), family and roots (IV house). This is the "new life after Khepri" I described in Part I as a promise.

SUMMARY FOR HOUR 12 AND WHAT FOLLOWS. Hour 12 — a short dawn phase, will arrive on its own when the pits of Hour 11 burn out; no rigid astrological point for it exists, because

all the work was already done by the Saturn-Neptune conjunction in February 2026. After it opens a long daytime phase, in which Saturn holds me for two years in XII (incubation and writing), and in April 2028 definitively brings me to ASC — into the public world, into the mature social form.

CHAPTER 5: NOT ONLY SATURN ·

NEPTUNE, PLUTO, URANUS, LILITH, THE NODES

Saturn is primary, but not the only one. The large Duat-cycle runs under three slow planets, under Lilith and under the lunar nodes. Without them the picture is incomplete. I'll analyze each separately.

NEPTUNE

Neptune passes through the zodiac in 165 years. In each sign it stands ~14 years. This is too long for one person to notice a sign change as an event. But precisely for this reason Neptune's transit through its own sign or through natal Saturn gives large epochs in life.

SPECIAL PHENOMENON: NEPTUNE IN PISCES (APRIL
2011 —

MARCH 2025).

These 14 years — is an epoch when Neptune was moving through its own sign. Once in 165 years this happens. What this gives to all people who lived in this period:

— Open dreaming channel. — Dissolution of old social structures. — Mass mystical experiences. — People turning to spiritual practices, meditation, psychedelics. — And in parallel — mass spread of fakes, illusions, deceptions (the shadow side of Neptune).

If you have a priestly natal chart (Chapter 3) — then Neptune in Pisces was ****your window****. In these 14 years the doors of the subtle plane were open wide for you. Dreams were clearer, visions more precise, signs from the Forces came more often. For me the entry into the Duat, all of Sokar and nearly all of Hour 7 fit exactly into this Neptunian epoch. This is not coincidental — without the open Neptunian channel my experience would have been orders of magnitude poorer.

In my chart Neptune is natal in Capricorn, in VIII, in exact conjunction with the Moon. So Neptune in Pisces over 14 years was making me a constant ****trine to natal Neptune****. This is literally 14 years of "doors open." Every time I lay down to sleep, I had the possibility of going where needed. Not every night I went, but the possibility was always there.

Now, since March 2025, Neptune has left Pisces for Aries (with brief returns). The epoch of "channel wide open" has ended. Those who made it — made it. Those who didn't — will seek other paths. For me personally this means my clearest dreams are most likely behind me. Further will come different work: recording, transmitting, systematizing what I managed to gather in these 14 years.

PLUTO

Pluto passes through the zodiac in 248 years. In each sign — from 12 to 30 years. Pluto gives the deepest, most tectonic shifts.

SPECIAL PHENOMENON: PLUTO FROM CAPRICORN INTO
AQUARIUS (2008 → 2024).

Pluto in Capricorn (2008–2024) — 16 years in which all the large structures of civilization were turned over: financial crises, political shifts, reconstruction of the economy. On the personal level for people in the Duat — these were the years in which business/career structures were tilled over.

For me Pluto in Capricorn moved through the IX house (philosophy, distant travel, education). So in these 16 years what was tilled over in me was not "business," but "world picture." I was essentially gestating this book for all 16 years — from winter 2008, when I first started "feeling strange," until now, 2026, when I am writing it.

January 2024 — Pluto entered Aquarius and within a year settled there definitively. The epoch in which you were born (if you are alive in 2026) — has ended. A new one has begun. For me personally Pluto in Aquarius now moves through the X house (career) — and I wrote above that this is the very factor completing the demolition of my professional structure in 2024–2026.

SPECIAL PHENOMENON: SATURN-PLUTO CONJUNCTION
IN

CAPRICORN (January 2020).

I already wrote about this aspect in Hour 4. Here just a reminder: January 12, 2020 — exact conjunction of Saturn and Pluto at 22° Capricorn. Once in 33–38 years this happens. This transit launched the pandemic, rewrote the world order, and for people in the Duat became ****the strongest simultaneous blow of Saturn and Pluto****.

If in your biography 2019–2020 was a year of major break — that was the Saturn-Pluto transit. Not "coincidence."

URANUS

Uranus passes through the zodiac in 84 years. In each sign ~7 years.

SPECIAL PHENOMENON: URANUS IN TAURUS (2018–2026).

These 8 years — Uranus in the most stable earth sign. This created unexpected breaks in what should have been stable: finances, body, material base. If in these years you had unexpected financial upheavals, health problems, relocations — this was Uranus in Taurus.

For me Uranus in Taurus moved through the XII house. That is, my entire period of 2018–2026 (that is, Hours 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 — almost all of Sokar and the entire battle with Apep) ran with Uranus in my monastery house. Uranus in XII — is "sudden breakthroughs into hidden work," that is, moments when the universe sharply opened another layer of what was supposed to remain invisible for me. All my "initiatory" dreams and all meetings with the Forces in these years — this was Uranus in XII.

IMPORTANT EVENT: URANUS ENTERS GEMINI (July 2025 / definitively April 2026). The epoch of financial breaks ends. An epoch of informational breaks begins: communication, information, perception of reality through media — all of this will be restructured.

For me personally — Uranus enters exactly on my ASC (Gemini 2°14'), that is, on the visible face. This is the beginning of a new 7-year phase in which my identity will visibly change.

LILITH

Lilith is not a planet, but the second (empty) focal point of the lunar orbit. In astrology this is the "dark feminine," the repressed, rejected, shadowed. Lilith's orbit — about 9 years for a full circle. In each sign it stands ~9 months.

Lilith worked on me like a ****harpoon**** at several key points:

— May 2015 — Lilith ☐ natal Saturn (exit from Thailand, seal). — November 2019 — Lilith ☐ natal Saturn (sale of business). — November 2021 — Lilith ☉ natal Saturn (Benben seed point, dark seed of return to business). — May 2025 — January 2026 — Lilith moves through my VI house in Scorpio (all of Hour 9, exactly 9 months). — Summer 2026 — Lilith ☌ natal Saturn (closing of the large Lilith cycle).

That is a lot. Lilith for me works not as "background shadow," but as an ****active character**** in the Duat. Every time I thought "something strange and dark happened," on that date Lilith stands in aspect to my Saturn.

What this means. For every person with serious karmic work Lilith will work similarly. It is not "evil." It is the character that places seals on key choices. You make a decision under Lilith — you'll spend about ten years unraveling it. You make a decision in a clean moment (without Lilith) — it will be easier.

So now, when something large is offered to me, the first thing I do is look at where Lilith is. If it is in orb to my Saturn — I wait for it to leave. Better to postpone a decision by a month than to sign it under Lilith.

THE LUNAR NODES

The lunar nodes are mathematical points of intersection of the orbits of Earth and the Moon. They show the line of your dharma.

The lunar node cycle — 18.6 years. This means: NODE RETURN #1: ~18.6 years — end of youth, choice of path. NODE RETURN #2: ~37 years — second confirmation of path, coincides with the final Saturn square and the battle with Apep. NODE RETURN #3: ~55 years — third confirmation, before the second Saturn Return.

The node return at 37 years is especially telling. It almost coincides with Saturn's square to its own natal point. That is, at 36–38 you have ****two powerful karmic clockwork mechanisms working simultaneously****: Saturn checks the structure, the nodes

check the dharma. This is precisely the battle with Apep — where you must simultaneously maintain Ma'at and confirm your true task.

For me the node return to the natal point (8° Aries) came at the end of 2023 — beginning of 2024. This is exactly the moment when, right after the blow (September 2023), the battle began for me. The nodes turned what Saturn had started. Without the nodes the battle would have been only "to survive." With the nodes it was "to exit onto one's own road" — and therefore, having lost in business, I won in dharma.

CHAPTER 6: HOW TO DETERMINE ·

YOUR CURRENT HOUR BY SATURN

This is a practical chapter for the reader interested in calculating their position in the Duat. I'll make four steps.

STEP 1: AGE AND POSITION IN THE SATURN CYCLE

If your age is:

UNDER 28 YEARS — you haven't yet entered the big Duat cycle. You are running small cycles (Saturn square at 7, opposition at 14, square at 21), but the big Duat is ahead. If at this age you already feel "strangeness" — that's right. But the first big entry — at 28–30.

28–30 YEARS — Saturn Return. Most likely you are now in Hour 1 of the big Duat. If "everything is good and stable" at this age for you — this means you have gone onto the social path, and the Duat for you will run differently: internally, without external breaks.

30–35 YEARS — Hours 2, 3, beginning of 4. You've entered, passed through the waters, are beginning to enter Sokar.

35–37 YEARS — depth of Sokar, exit from it, approach to battle.

36–38 YEARS — BATTLE WITH APEP. Final Saturn square, return of lunar nodes. The most acute moment of the big Duat cycle.

37–40 YEARS — Hours 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Tat-halls, crew change, Udjat, pits, sunrise. For some people these five Hours stretch over 3–4 years, for others they compress into a year to a

year and a half. Depends on how densely the battle with Apep (Hour 7) was lived and how quickly the old structure is removed. The main thing — Hours 10, 11, 12 are short for everyone: this is already the dawn phase, not "years of life."

40–55 YEARS — the day after the Duat. A long stable period in which everything acquired in the night journey is applied. Life becomes "normal" in the new sense — that is, without strain, but with the preserved framework.

57–60 YEARS — SECOND Saturn Return. If you passed the first through the Duat — the second will open the role of teacher for you. If not — this is a second chance to enter the Duat.

This is the base attachment. It works for everyone. The precise picture requires an individual natal chart.

STEP 2: FIND OUT WHERE TRANSITING SATURN IS NOW

In which sign is Saturn currently (can be checked in any astrological calendar or app):

— SATURN IN ARIES (Feb 2026 — Apr 2028) = epoch of new beginnings for everyone. If your Saturn is in Sagittarius — this is a trine, easy transit. If in Cancer/Capricorn/Libra — a square,

heavy transit. — SATURN IN TAURUS (Apr 2028 — Jun 2030) = earth phase, check of material base. — SATURN IN GEMINI (2030–2032) = informational phase, check of what you say. — SATURN IN CANCER (2032–2035) = home phase, check of roots and family. — And so on.

STEP 3: OVERLAY ONE ON THE OTHER

You combine age + aspect of transiting Saturn to natal — you get the precise position in the Duat cycle.

If you have a complex aspect (square, opposition or conjunction) — you are in an active phase, something is manifesting externally. If the aspect is soft (trine, sextile) — a phase of digestion, internal work.

STEP 4: VERIFY BY EVENTS

If your calculation gives "you are now in Hour 7 — battle with Apep," and externally your main life construction is falling apart — the calculation is correct.

If the calculation gives "Hour 7," and externally everything is calm — two options are possible:

OPTION A: you are on the social path, and Hour 7 runs as an internal revision without external catastrophe.

OPTION B: the external catastrophe is already approaching, you don't see it yet, but in a few months you will. (See Law One from the Appendix to Part I: dream → event. If in these months you have strange dreams or sensations of "something is wrong" — that's it.)

If you professionally work with the subtle plane — you most likely won't be caught unaware by events: you see them several months or years in advance.

CHAPTER 7: GENERAL CONCLUSION ·

WHY THIS MATTERS

If you read everything written above, you might think I am proposing to replace the Duat with astrology. That's not so. The Duat is primary. Astrology is simply a parallel language in which the ancient priests recorded the same structure.

What the astronomical layer gives.

FIRST — VERIFIABILITY.

The map of the 12 hours of the Amduat can be VERIFIED. Not "believed in," but verified. Take your natal chart, look at Saturn's position, calculate the transits, compare with your biography — and see that one matches the other. Without this the Amduat remains "authorial mythology." With this — it becomes a working instrument.

In Chapter 4 I showed this with my own chart. All 11 hours I have already lived fell precisely under specific sky configurations. The Twelfth, by its very nature, is not tied to an astronomical date — it arrives on its own when the pits of Hour 11 burn out; here astrology honestly falls silent. But even without it you get a reproducible experiment: anyone with a natal chart and a biography can repeat it.

SECOND — PREDICTABILITY.

Knowing your natal Saturn and its movement, you can see in advance which years of your life will have active Duat hours. This doesn't mean you can "avoid" it — the Duat is not avoided. But you

can prepare. For Saturn in Sokar — close debts in advance. For the Saturn square (battle with Apep) — build in advance the four pillars I wrote about in Part I.

THIRD — UNIVERSALITY.

Saturn moves for every person equally — by calendar. This means the Duat is not "a Russian phenomenon," not "Egyptian," not "cultural." It is a ****universal human structure****, synchronized with real astronomy. Every person born on Earth has their Saturn Return at 28–30 years. Every person has their final square at 36–37. For everyone the Duat runs through these windows.

The difference is only in how specifically the chart of a particular person is assembled. For some the Duat passes calmly, for others — through fire. But the windows — are the same.

FOURTH — FORGIVENESS.

When you understand that your crisis at 36–37 is not "your fault" and not "a life failure," but the final Saturn square, which everyone passes through — it becomes easier. Not because it "doesn't hurt." But because there is a map, and there is a name, and you are not alone.

This is perhaps the main thing astrology has given me over all these years. Not "knowledge of the future" (astrology always has difficulties with that), but ****knowing that you are not alone in this window****. That a million other people are passing through precisely this square, precisely this opposition, precisely this return — and for almost all of them it is accompanied by the same feelings as in you.

FIFTH — WORKING WITH OTHERS.

If you will be working with people (and if you have been initiated — you will), knowledge of this connection will give you the ability to orient yourself quickly in another's biography. Ask the date of birth, look at natal Saturn, calculate the current transit — and you immediately see which hour the person is in now. And what to say to them. And what not to say. And what to do. And what not to do.

This greatly shortens the time of diagnosis. Instead of "tell me everything about yourself" you can in five minutes assemble the framework in which the person is living now, and work further with precision.

In ancient Egypt the priests could do this. Their map of the Amduat was not "mythology." It was an ****astronomical instruction**** that they read from the night sky and overlaid on people's lives. They knew which hour the pharaoh was in. Knew which hour the country was in. Knew when the transition window would arrive and what needed to be done.

We lost this knowledge. I have tried — partially — to reassemble it. This Part is an attempt to show that Saturn and the Duat are not two different systems. They are one and the same system, described in two languages: the language of the night sky and the language of Ra's night journey.

Whoever sees the connection of these two languages — receives an instrument that works for all of their remaining life.

I passed through my Duat in an era when astrology was accessible to everyone through a phone. The priests who drew the Amduat millennia ago had to know the star sky by heart and keep in their heads calculations that any program now makes in half a second. It was harder for them. For us, in good conscience, it should be easier. All the more astonishing that we managed to forget this knowledge.

Bring it back. Take your chart. Calculate your transits. Compare with your biography. And if they match — you have an instrument by which you can move further.

END OF PART II

Part III. The Keys of Osiris ◆ ◆ ◆

HOW TO READ THIS PART · Methodological Note —
Required

In Part I I described WHAT happens in each hour of the Duat. In Part II I showed WHEN this happens according to astronomy. This Part answers the third question: THROUGH WHICH forces/principles does the Practitioner navigate each hour.

Sources of the canonical section: the Amduat (tomb of Thutmose III, KV34; Seti I; Ramesses VI), Hornung's editions "Texte zum Amduat," Budge "The Book of Am-Tuat" 1905, the Book of Gates, the Litanies of Ra, the Pyramid Texts and the Coffin Texts. Names are given in the accepted transliteration; where it is disputed — marked [?].

IMPORTANT: TWO LAYERS OF TEXT

In each block of a God there are strictly two levels of information:

1. CANON (what is in the papyrus/tomb itself): — name of God — literal meaning of name in parentheses — position in iconography (bow/stern/pulls/carries/meets) — direct quotes from the Amduat, if something is said explicitly This layer is verified against sources and does not depend on the interpreter.

2. → PRINCIPLE FOR THE PRACTITIONER [researchers' interpretation]: This is a bridge from the God's name to the function of consciousness in a living person. This layer is NOT canon. It is a superstructure built on the rule: "the function of the God in the Duat = the function of this same principle in me."

All formulations after the arrow → are marked [researchers' interpretation]. This means: the name and position of the God are taken from canon, and the translation of his function into the language of inner practice — is a working model, which may be revised at the next clarification or when read by a reader under their own context.

3. [?] — disputed transliteration of name or disputed translation.

In the Amduat there are no instructions "how a living person should apply the God of Hour 1 to their life." This is a later interpretation. Therefore everything after the arrow → is read with the caveat: "this is a working model, not dogma."

SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE AMDUAT CANON

In the Amduat text most Gods have only: — a name — a position — sometimes a speech of Ra addressed to the entire group. Individual speech for each God is usually absent. This means: the canon gives name and position — and the name itself works as Heka. You say it — you have activated it. The name is itself the instruction. The principle I write opposite it — is an attempt to read the name as instruction in English.

PERMANENT CREW OF THE BARQUE · Gods present in most hours

In the Amduat canon (Hornung, Thutmose III, middle register of Hours 1–12) this group stands in Ra's barque permanently. Position is fixed: in front of the shrine or behind it, at the bow or at

the stern.

Before the shrine: AP-UAT ("Opener of Ways," form of Anubis) Canon: leads the barque first, opens roads. → [researchers' interpretation] Go first into new space. Test the path before moving through it with the whole body. Feel the gates before you see them.

SA ("Perception" / "Protection") Canon: guards the bow of the barque. God of perception and protection. → [researchers' interpretation] Instantly read the essence of people and situations. Don't confuse appearance with nature.

LADY OF THE BARQUE (unnamed, in disk and horns) Canon: stands at the bow, without a named name. → [researchers' interpretation] The unnamed feminine protective function. What guards the entrance without explaining why.

Behind the shrine: HERU-HEKENU ("Horus the Praised") Canon: behind the shrine. → [researchers' interpretation] Hold praise/gratitude as a support, not as decoration.

KA-SHU ("Double of Shu," force of air) Canon: behind the shrine. Shu — god of the space between sky and earth. → [researchers' interpretation] Create space between yourself and the event. A pause between stimulus and reaction.

NEHES ("The Watchful One") Canon: lookout, watches back and sides. → [researchers' interpretation] Notice yourself IN THE MOMENT, not a year later. See when you are no longer yourself.

HU ("Word of Command") Canon: behind the shrine, amplifies Ra's voice. → [researchers' interpretation] Creative word. Speak from Ib, not from fear. One phrase, after which you don't retreat.

HERP / KHERP ("Helmsman") Canon: at the stern, holds the rudder. → [researchers' interpretation] Hold the course. The angle adjusts; the direction does not.

At bow/stern also (by reconstructions): HEKA ("Magic," magical word) Canon: at the bow of the barque (mentioned in source reconstruction). → [researchers' interpretation] Word with intent behind it. Without Heka the ritual is empty, the voice doesn't arrive.

SIA ("Perception/Knowledge") Canon: at the stern (mentioned in source reconstruction). → [researchers' interpretation] Subtle knowing of what is needed right now. Before analysis, without explanations.

HOUR ONE · NET-RA / Maati / "Net of Ra" · Entry into the Duat

Canon: MOVEMENT — barque moves on its own. Nobody pulls. ESCORT — 12 upper-register goddesses lead; 12 lower-register fire serpents illuminate the darkness. GODDESS-HOUR: USHEM-HAT- HEFTIU-NU-RA. GATES — this is the entrance; no formal gate name.

The group of goddesses has the collective name: "Goddesses who lead the great god." The serpent group: "Those who illuminate the darkness in the Tuat." No individual speech for each goddess/serpent in the text. Only the collective function (lead / illuminate).

12 GUIDE GODDESSES (upper register) Names are given per Budge (1905). In Hornung some transliterations differ. Where there is a strong discrepancy — marked [?].

1. TESET-TESHERU ("Red, Dividing") [?] Canon: first in the row of goddesses. → [researchers' interpretation] On the entrance immediately separate "yours" from "others'." What to take with you, what to leave at the threshold.

2. SHESET-KER-MAKET-NEB-S ("Protectress of Her Lord") Canon: second in row. Name contains root *mꜣkt* — "protection." → [researchers' interpretation] Protect the barque at entry. For the

person — set a guard on your borders before descending into the difficult.

3. USHEM-HAT-HEFTIU-S ("She Who Destroys Enemies")
[?] Canon: name coincides with the hour-goddess — this is her aspect. → [researchers' interpretation] Identify enemies verbally — name them — don't let them have unnamed access.

4. MESPERIT ("She Who Gives Birth in the Evening") Canon: fourth in row. → [researchers' interpretation] Accept the sunset of the old life as a moment of new birth, not an ending.

5. HER-AB-UAA-SET ("She Who Is in the Middle of the Barque") Canon: fifth in row. Name indicates position "in the center." → [researchers' interpretation] Hold the center. Don't drift to the sides from fear or from temptation.

6. URT-AMT-TUAT ("Great, Hidden in the Tuat") Canon: sixth in row. → [researchers' interpretation] Accept that the most important will now be invisible. External signs will go.

7. MAKET-ARI-S ("Protectress of Her Makers") [?] Canon: seventh in row. Root *mꜣkt* — "protection." → [researchers' interpretation] Protect those who act with you and for you. Don't leave the crew without a shield.

8. HUAI ("The Crier") Canon: eighth in row. Name — onomatopoeia. → [researchers' interpretation] The right to cry. Don't swallow the pain of entry in silence.

9. HESEFET-SMATET ("Repeller of Smetet") Canon: ninth. "Smetet" — one of the enemy-entities. → [researchers' interpretation] Repel "the Set-like" in the first moment, without lengthy deliberation.

10. MAT-NEFER-NEB-SET ("Beautiful Lady of All") [?] Canon: tenth. → [researchers' interpretation] Acknowledge beauty even in the heaviest hour of entry. Beauty as a support.

11. SBAI ("Star-Lady") Canon: eleventh. Root sbꜣ — "star." → [researchers' interpretation] Immediately mark a guiding star to navigate by through all 12 hours.

12. TENTENÍT ("She Who Divides") Canon: twelfth. → [researchers' interpretation] Final separation at entry: from here only what is ready to be divided goes forward.

12 FIRE SERPENTS (lower register) 1. SHENIT ("Surrounding with Fire") Canon: first serpent. → [researchers' interpretation] Surround yourself with a fire circle on the first night.

2. AP-AST ("Opening the Place") Canon: second. → [researchers' interpretation] Open a place for yourself in the new space, don't wait to be assigned one.

3. NESERT ("Flame") Canon: third. Root nsr — "flame." → [researchers' interpretation] Light the inner fire — the main task of Hour 1.

4. AP-SHE ("Opening the Lake") Canon: fourth. → [researchers' interpretation] Open the water channel — the channel of feeling.

5. BEHENT ("Watchtower") [?] Canon: fifth. → [researchers' interpretation] Place a "tower" of attention over yourself.

6. MERT-NESER ("Loving Flame") Canon: sixth. → [researchers' interpretation] Don't fear fire. It warms before it burns.

7. NEFRT-HA ("Beautiful Body") Canon: seventh. → [researchers' interpretation] Remember the body. Don't disappear into ideas.

8. HESEK-HEFTI-SET ("She Who Cuts Her Enemies") Canon: eighth. → [researchers' interpretation] A clean cut from those who pull backward.

9. HUT-MU ("She Who Strikes the Waters") Canon: ninth. → [researchers' interpretation] Strike at frozen emotions, set them moving.

10. (name worn in source) Canon: tenth name in Budge's copy is unreadable. → No principle given — that would be pure invention.

11. HETEPÍT ("Pacifying One") Canon: eleventh. → [researchers' interpretation] End the day in peace, even if the day was hard.

12. BESIT ("She of Bes," protectress of births) Canon: twelfth. Bes — the dwarf god who protects the pregnant and newborns. → [researchers' interpretation] Protect the new birth that has already begun.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 1

Canon: "Open your doors to me, illuminate me, become my guides, born of my limbs" (Ra's speech to the gods of Hour 1). → [researchers' interpretation] Open your own doors. Know the names of your inner guardians. Enter by WORD, not by force.

HOUR TWO · URNES / "He Who Bears Urnes" · Fields of Iaru, nourishing of souls

Canon: MOVEMENT — barque moves on its own. SPECIAL FEATURE — 4 symbolic predecessor-barques proceed before the barque. Hour-goddess not named. GATES — "Nebrt-Djet" (per source reconstruction; in Budge's canonical list unnamed).

All 4 barques have only symbolic content (Moon, sistrum, lizard, grain). Individual "rowers" with names in these barques are absent — only symbols and one figure inside.

4 PRECEDING BARQUES

BARQUE 1 — BARQUE OF THE FULL MOON Canon: supports the Moon disk on the 14th day (full moon). God inside holds the feather of Ma'at. → [researchers' interpretation] Align with the lunar cycle and with the feather of Ma'at. Enter the natural 14/28-day rhythm, stop breaking it.

BARQUE 2 — BARQUE OF HATHOR Canon: symbol — a giant sistrum (sign of Hathor). Scarab Neper inside: "great god Neper." → [researchers' interpretation] Nourish yourself with joy

and basic bodily vitality. Without Hathor, Hour 2 collapses into survival.

BARQUE 3 — BARQUE OF THE LIZARD Canon: symbols of Anpu and Ap-Uat (Anubis of the South and North). From the lizard's body — the head of Osiris in the White Crown. → [researchers' interpretation] Remember you are going to the place of death under the guidance of Anubis. Don't ignore the guardians.

BARQUE 4 — BARQUE OF GRAIN (NEPER) Canon: "Barque bearing Neper." Osiris as god of vegetation, sowing/harvest cycle. → [researchers' interpretation] Accept the sowing/harvest cycle. Don't rush — grain grows on its own schedule.

INHABITANTS (per source reconstruction) AKE-RA ("He Who Nourishes Ra") Canon: mentioned in reconstruction, leads the barque. → [researchers' interpretation] Find within yourself the one who nourishes your "I" on the road. Simple food, simple sleep, simple water.

URT-HEKAU ("Great of Magic") — at the bow of the barque Canon: mentioned in reconstruction. → [researchers' interpretation] The protective Heka at the front. Name what you carry into the new space.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 2

→ [researchers' interpretation] The fields of nourishment. Four barques precede. The Practitioner in this hour feeds on the basics — the lunar rhythm, Hathor's joy, Anubis's awareness, Neper's patience. Without these four, the passage through Hour 2 becomes grinding forward without sustenance.

HOUR THREE · QBH-NTRW / "Coolness of the Gods" ·
Waters of Osiris, the Purification

Canon: MOVEMENT — barque towed by 4 gods who pull rope. Goddess-hour: TENT-BAIU-QEBHU. GATES — "Aqebi" (per Budge).

The text of Hour 3 contains more water imagery than any other hour. The dominant principle is washing-cleansing-cooling.

PRINCIPAL FIGURES

SEPA (centipede, god of protection against reptiles and the desert) → [researchers' interpretation] Protection in the underground. Something that cannot be bitten.

AQEBI (god of the gate) → [researchers' interpretation] Know the gate name. Only those who know the name pass.

OSIRIS IN THE WATER (various seated and recumbent forms) → [researchers' interpretation] Let the Osiris-principle (the harvest of the past) be washed by the water. The purification is not metaphor.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 3

→ [researchers' interpretation] Cool water of the gods. Three months of Ganges, or their equivalent: no decisions, only water and silence. The Practitioner in this hour doesn't act — they are processed. The task is to hold the purification without breaking out of it early.

HOUR FOUR · STAU / "Ways of the Earth-God" · The Land of Sokar, the Labyrinth

Canon: MOVEMENT — barque is dragged across sand, no water. Goddess-hour: SEBIT-SESHETA. GATES — "Neret-Qesu" (per Budge). Special feature: serpent AKER guards both ends.

This is the longest section of the Amduat and the most silent.

SOKAR (hawk-headed god on sandbank, inside an oval) → [researchers' interpretation] The god whose territory this is. Not fought, not appeased. Passed through. Sokar is the principle of the compressed, silent, slow-breathing underground — and also the potential waiting to be activated.

THE OVAL (containing Sokar's island) → [researchers' interpretation] The womb-form. Inside the oval: dormancy as active preparation, not as death.

TWO SPHINXES / AKER (lion-headed, facing away from each other) → [researchers' interpretation] The horizon. The place between yesterday and tomorrow. Passing through Aker = accepting the gap.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 4

→ [researchers' interpretation] No water; barque dragged by ropes. Seven years or seven months or seven weeks of Sokar. The Practitioner in this hour does not move fast. They drag. One rope-length at a time. And know: inside the oval the new form is quietly growing.

HOUR FIVE · AMMEHT / "Hidden Cave" · Benben. The Spark at the Very Bottom

Canon: MOVEMENT — serpent MEHEN coils around the barque. Goddess-hour: ANKHET-SEKHEMIU. GATES — "Neb-Shasefti" (per Budge).

The central feature of Hour 5 is the appearance of BENBEN — the primordial hill, the first emergence of Ra from the primordial waters.

SOKAR ON THE OVAL — here fully visible for the first time → [researchers' interpretation] The potential is now visible. The seed can be seen.

BENBEN (primordial mound, with scarab on top) → [researchers' interpretation] The first emergence. The seed that survived Sokar. Don't build an empire on it yet — just let it live.

HARMAKHET (Horus of the Horizon, in double-lion form) → [researchers' interpretation] Horus arriving at the exact right moment. The child who arrives when Benben is ready.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 5

→ [researchers' interpretation] The deepest point has been passed. The seed is visible. The Practitioner in this hour protects the Benben — doesn't expose it, doesn't show it off, doesn't build on it yet. Simply: it exists.

HOUR SIX · METES-EN-NEHEH / "She Who Cuts the Eternal" · Midnight. Ra Merges with Osiris

Canon: MOVEMENT — barque moves through the central register. Goddess-hour: MEKTET. GATES — "Sethi" (per Budge).

This is the exact midpoint of the Duat — Hour 6 of 12. The central mystery: Ra and Osiris are united here. The living sun touches the dead Osiris. Two principles — active and passive, sky and earth, future and past — merge for one moment.

THE UNION OF RA AND OSIRIS → [researchers' interpretation] The moment when what was dead in you briefly touches what is still alive. Not resurrection — contact. Out of this contact something new forms — but not yet visible.

SCARAB + FIGURE (horizontal Osiris, scarab above) → [researchers' interpretation] Khepri forms within Osiris. The future dawn exists inside the present midnight. Know this while it is still dark.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 6

→ [researchers' interpretation] Midnight. No movement needed. The Practitioner in this hour simply witnesses the mystery: Ra and Osiris touch. Something is forming that cannot yet be seen. Don't interfere. Don't rush.

HOUR SEVEN · TEPHET-SHAT / "The Cave of Osiris" · The Battle. Apep Bound

Canon: MOVEMENT — barque held by 9 figures; Isis-serpent pulls the rope. Goddess-hour: SETH-HER-NEBET-UA. GATES — "Arat" (per Budge).

The central event: APEP bound and destroyed.

APEP / APOPHIS (giant serpent, coiled, bound by 9 knives) → [researchers' interpretation] The principle of unmaking, anti-structure. Bound but not killed. The Practitioner in this hour doesn't negotiate with Apep — they name it, bind it, keep the binding.

SELKIS (scorpion goddess, oversees the binding) → [researchers' interpretation] The sting at the right moment. Precision. Selkis knows exactly which knot to tie.

THOTH (standing with writing palette) → [researchers' interpretation] Record the binding. Witnessed. What is named and recorded has a different weight than what is only felt.

NEITH (with bow and arrows) → [researchers' interpretation] The hunt. Direct, non-philosophical. The arrow either reaches the target or doesn't.

SERQET → [researchers' interpretation] Poison management. Knowing which venom to leave in and which to draw out.

SET-HEH ("Eternal Set") — bound on his own tail near the pits → [researchers' interpretation] The principle of chaos can be bound, not destroyed. It stands contained. This is sufficient.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 7

→ [researchers' interpretation] The attack is real. The Practitioner in this hour doesn't run and doesn't collapse — they bind. By name, by word, by witness. The binding requires: knowing Apep's name, not being alone (the crew holds), and having Thoth record the result.

HOUR EIGHT · TEBAT-NETJERU-S / "Seat of the Gods" ·
Tombs Open. Temporary Light

Canon: MOVEMENT — 8 anonymous figures tow the barque; 9 servant- gods follow. Goddess-hour: NEBT-UAA-KHEPER-KHAT. GATES — "Neb-Hau" (per Budge).

The central event: SARCOPHAGI OPEN as the barque passes.

TATKHENEN (deep-earth ram god, 4 forms) → [researchers' interpretation] The underground depth acknowledges Ra. The deepest layer speaks. Listen to what rises from the very bottom.

5 CIRCLES OF THE TUAT (upper register: TUAT · AS-NETERU · AAKEBI · NEBT-SEMU-NIFU · TESH-AIBIUT-TUATIW) → [researchers' interpretation] Five circles of tombs = five layers of what must be buried. Each circle — a separate category of the old.

VOICE OF RA OPENING SARCOPHAGI (Hour 8, KV34 reconstruction): "Rise! Rise! It is I — Ra — passing by you! Receive breath from my mouth! Your sarcophagi open! Your wrappings are loosed!" → [researchers' interpretation] Give breath to what is mummified in you. Ask the name of each inner "corpse." Speak with it.

MUMMIES ANSWERING RA: "We hear you, Ra. We open our mouths." → [researchers' interpretation] Hear the answer from your own mummified part. This is the "Opening of the Mouth."

NEB-ER-TCHER ("Lord to the Utmost Limit") → [researchers' interpretation] Ownership of your boundaries to the very edge.

SKHENU-KHAIBUT ("He Who Embraces Shadows") → [researchers' interpretation] Embrace your own shadow, not war with it.

SESHETA-BAU ("Secrets of the Ba") → [researchers' interpretation] Guard the secrets of your Ba. Don't pour them out.

AMEN ("Hidden") → [researchers' interpretation] The principle of concealment: what holds you must remain hidden.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 8

→ [researchers' interpretation] Circles of tombs. Tatkhenen absorbs the diadems of Ra. Eight anonymous figures pull. Nine servants follow. The Practitioner in this hour opens sarcophagi — that is, speaks with what was mummified in Sokar.

"Best of the Living in the Forms of Khepri" · Crew Change. 12
Rowers Take Oars

Canon: MOVEMENT — 12 SAILOR-ROWERS with oars.
GATES — SAA-EM-KEB. Goddess-hour: TUATETMAKET-EN-
NEBS.

This is the first FULL TWELVE in the Amduat. All 12 names
are given explicitly. Canonical text: "Their work in the Tuat — to
carry Ra through this City every day, they give water with their
oars to the spirits of this City, they sing hymns to the Lord of the
Disk and awaken his Soul with their hidden words every day."

12 ROWERS OF RA

Principles for all 12 — researchers' interpretation.

TEPI ("The First") → [researchers' interpretation] Take
initiative. "If not me — then who."

TCHA-TUAT ("Commander in the Tuat") → [researchers'
interpretation] Make decisions without complete information.

NETER-NETERU ("God of Gods") → [researchers'
interpretation] Connection to source. "I don't pull alone."

HETEP-UAA ("Resting in the Barque") → [researchers' interpretation] Don't interfere when it's not needed. Inner calm in a storm.

KHEPTI-TA-F ("Whose Feet Are on the Ground") → [researchers' interpretation] Groundedness. Body here, now.

KHEN-UNNUT-F ("Guardian of His Hour") → [researchers' interpretation] Kairos. Not early, not late. Now.

AKHEM-KHEMES-F ("Not Letting the Flame Go Out") → [researchers' interpretation] Will. Know WHY.

AKHEM-HEP-F ("Not Lowering the Oar") → [researchers' interpretation] Discipline. Do it every day. Today.

AKHEM-HEMI-F ("Not Stopping the Rudder") → [researchers' interpretation] The course doesn't change. Tactics may.

AKHEM-URT-F ("Not Bowing the Head") → [researchers' interpretation] Dignity. Don't sign disadvantageous contracts with Isfet.

AKHEM-SEK-F ("Not Letting the Star Vanish") → [researchers' interpretation] Remember who you are. The star is in place.

KHENNU ("Sailor" — embodiment of the rower itself) → [researchers' interpretation] Become your work. Without gap between "I" and "the work."

ADDITIONALLY (by source reconstruction) NEHEB-KAU ("Giver of Air") Canon: mentioned in reconstruction. Large serpent exhaling air into the faces of gods. → [researchers' interpretation] Restore breathing before dawn. Air before light.

"MOTHER OF DAWN" (goddess with morning stars at the stern) Canon: mentioned in reconstruction. → [researchers' interpretation] Accept the feminine principle that carries the stars to the horizon. Without her the rowers pull into a void.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 9

→ [researchers' interpretation] Crew change. All 12 principles work simultaneously. If even one sleeps — the barque stops. The Practitioner in this hour checks each of the 12 in themselves — who is rowing, who has dropped out.

"He Who Goes High Above the Conquered" · Warriors Clear the Way. Restoration of Udjat

Canon: MOVEMENT — god-sailors carry the barque; specific names of those pulling are not given in the text. GATES — AA-HERPU- MESARU. Goddess-hour: TENTENITU-KHESET-HAK-ABU.

Canonical text of Ra to the warriors: "Speed your arrows, ready your spears, draw your bows, destroy my enemies in the darkness."

12 WARRIORS (3 groups of 4) Names given explicitly by groups.

GROUP 1 — heads as DISKS, with ARROWS: UTU → [researchers' interpretation] Hit precisely. The arrow doesn't return. TE-MAU → [researchers' interpretation] Decisive gaze. Eye instead of face. SHESERA → [researchers' interpretation] Drawn bow. Readiness. TEPHRA → [researchers' interpretation] The first blow.

GROUP 2 — human heads, SHORT SPEARS (close combat): SEKENNU → [researchers' interpretation] A blow up close. Don't flee. KHESEFU → [researchers' interpretation] Ward off by direct

presence. ERTAU → [researchers' interpretation] Give back the blow. Don't accumulate. SETU → [researchers' interpretation] Set's force in service.

GROUP 3 — human heads, BOWS: KHA-A → [researchers' interpretation] Shoot from a distance. Seeing the target. THESU → [researchers' interpretation] Penetrate. Arrow through shields. SHEMRTI → [researchers' interpretation] Accompany the arrow with intent. PETTHY → [researchers' interpretation] Pierce. Complete the blow.

RESTORATION OF UDJAT

AF-ERMEN-MAAT-F (baboon holding the Eye of Horus)
Canon: god-baboon with Udjat. → [researchers' interpretation] Calculate. Restore the Eye mathematically, piece by piece ($\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8} + \dots = \frac{63}{64}$; the missing part given by Thoth).

4 LION-HEADED GODDESSES + 4 FEMALE GODDESSES
Canon: 8 goddesses perform the ritual of "counting the Eye of Horus" and its restoration. → [researchers' interpretation] Eight hands restoring the eye. Restoration is a ritual, not self-suggestion.

THOTH (Djehuty) Canon (by reconstruction): "Your Eye is whole, O Horus. Sight returns to you." → [researchers' interpretation] Thoth's word returns the eye. Heka.

LAKES OF NUN (lower register) Canon: three categories of those submerged in the primordial waters. Horus says to them: "Come out into this stream, descend to the waves, your bodies shall not perish, your flesh shall not decay."

SUBMERGED (face down) → [researchers' interpretation] Accept the part of yourself that lies in the primordial waters face down. Don't pull it out forcibly.

SWIMMING (chest down) → [researchers' interpretation] Move in the primordial waters actively, head forward.

SWIMMING ON BACK → [researchers' interpretation] Third mode — surrender to the current. All three are of equal value.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 10

→ [researchers' interpretation] Warriors clear from outside; the baboon and Thoth restore the eye from inside. Two works in parallel. The Practitioner in this hour simultaneously shoots

outward and counts Udjat within. Without weapons the path is not held; without the Udjat count — sight is not restored.

HOUR ELEVEN · RE-EN-QERERT-APTKHATU /

"Mouth of the Cave Counting Bodies" · 12 Carry Mehen.
Destruction of the Last Shadows

Canon: MOVEMENT — 12 gods walk before the barque, carrying the serpent MEHEN on their heads. GATES — SEKENTUATIW. Goddess-hour: SEBIT-NEBT-UAA-KHESEFT-SEBA-EM-PERT-F.

Canonical text: "They carry the serpent Mehen-ta on their heads and move after Ra to the Eastern Horizon of heaven. Ra calls to them by name and indicates what to do. Their work — to bring Mehen to the Eastern Hall of the Horizon."

12 GODS CARRYING MEHEN

Principles for all 12 — researchers' interpretation.

FHA [?] ("Bearer") Canon: first name in Budge with question mark in source. → [researchers' interpretation] Accept responsibility as your own. "This is mine. I carry it."

ERMENU ("Binding") → [researchers' interpretation] Assemble the scattered into a whole. Ba, Ka, Ib, Ren.

ATKHPI ("Bearing in the Form of Akh") → [researchers' interpretation] Every step — toward the greater. Carry within you the image of the enlightened one.

NETERU ("Gods / Neter Principle") → [researchers' interpretation] Wholeness. All principles work simultaneously.

SHEPU ("Radiant One") → [researchers' interpretation] The inner radiance of one who has passed and not broken.

ERTA ("Given/Bestowed") → [researchers' interpretation] A gift, not a choice. What was bestowed at birth.

AMU ("Devourer of Darkness") — masculine aspect → [researchers' interpretation] Absorb dark material, don't be absorbed by it. Transform fears through yourself.

AMA ("She Who Devours") — feminine aspect → [researchers' interpretation] The same through intuition and feeling. Absorption through softness.

SHETU ("Secret/Hidden") → [researchers' interpretation] Knowledge that cannot be transmitted. Only lived.

SEKHENNU ("Making a Leap") → [researchers' interpretation] The leap. Now or never. Don't over-caution.

SEMSEM ("Moving Continuously") → [researchers' interpretation] Small daily action is more powerful than rare bursts.

MEKHNI ("He Who Leads on a Leash") → [researchers' interpretation] What used to frighten you (Duat, death, entities) — now you lead it, not it you.

PITS OF FIRE (lower register) Canon: pit names given explicitly per Budge.

HATET-KETITS ("Pit of Destruction") — guarded by a lion-headed goddess → [researchers' interpretation] Put into the fire what must be finally destroyed.

HATET-KHANT-S ("Pit of Her Front Part") → [researchers' interpretation] Destroy the "forward" part of the past — what was pushing itself out.

KHAT-NEKENIT ("Pit of Souls") → [researchers' interpretation] Burn attachments to others' souls, not to the souls themselves.

KHAT-NEMMAT-SET ("Pit of Shadows") → [researchers' interpretation] Burn shadow-traces that have dragged on for years.

KHAT-SEFU-S ("Pit of Her Killings") → [researchers' interpretation] Burn your involuntary "killings" — refusals, ruptures, betrayals.

ANT-SKHETU ("Valley of the Overturned") Canon: 4 figures head- down in fire. → [researchers' interpretation] Parts that are upside- down — set upright or finally release.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 11

→ [researchers' interpretation] The pits burn. 12 gods carry the protection on their heads. All 12 functions are active collectively. The Practitioner in this hour — themselves leads Mehen, themselves gives to the pits what must burn. Sunrise is near.

HOUR TWELVE · THEN-NETERU /

"Assembly of Gods" · Birth of Khepri. Passage Through the Serpent's Body

Canon: MOVEMENT — 12 gods PULL the barque through the body of serpent ANKH-NETERU. After emerging from the serpent — 12 goddesses pull toward dawn. GATES — TEN-NETERU. City — KHEPER-KEKIU-KHAU-MESTU ("Khepri Creates Forms and Births"). Goddess-hour: MAA-NEFRT-RA.

Canonical text: "Those in this picture pull the great god through the tail of the serpent Ankh-Neteru. Faithful servants of Ra — born of his hands. They are born on earth every day after the birth of this great god on the eastern sky."

Iconographic special feature: the heads of the 12 pulling are TURNED BACKWARD — they pull forward, but look at the path they have come.

12 GODS PULLING THE BARQUE THROUGH THE SERPENT

AU ("Long/Eternal") → [researchers' interpretation] Eternity. The length of the path doesn't frighten. Plant a tree in whose shade you won't sit.

HEK-NEK-MU ("Commanding the Magic of Water") → [researchers' interpretation] Heka from the depths of the primordial waters. A word from the bottom — is stronger.

SEKI [?] ("Folding/Gathering") Canon: name in Budge with note of uncertainty. → [researchers' interpretation] Assembly of results. Debts, violations, good deeds, experience — on the scales. Accept.

NEB-AMAKH ("Lord of Blessed Spirit") → [researchers' interpretation] Become AMAKH — revered in spirit. Know your Akh.

AMKHUI ("Faithful Servant") → [researchers' interpretation] Devotion to Ma'at, above "I want."

AKHA-RER ("Standing at the Mouth" — at the very threshold of birth) → [researchers' interpretation] Patience at the last threshold. Don't break through before time.

SEBEKHU-F ("His Star") → [researchers' interpretation] Ba returns to its star. Know yours.

AU-ANKHIU-F ("Long in Lives") → [researchers' interpretation] Multiplicity of lives within one. All phases — one person.

BEK ("Falcon Servant") → [researchers' interpretation] Falcon precision + service. See from above and serve order, not yourself.

THENNA ("Divider") → [researchers' interpretation] The final separation. Ma'at remains. Isfet leaves.

SHEMSHU ("Companion") → [researchers' interpretation] Don't abandon yourself. Go to the end with yourself.

HERU ("Horus") → [researchers' interpretation] Horus himself. Victory through the path. Restored Eye. "I passed. I became."

12 GODDESSES PULLING AFTER EMERGING FROM THE

SERPENT

Canon: "They create gentle winds and moist breezes in the sky and command the living to rise into the great barque of heaven." Names given explicitly.

TSER-ABT ("Pure of Heart") → [researchers' interpretation]
Pure heart at exit. Don't carry filth into the new day.

BET-NETER-S ("House of Her God") → [researchers'
interpretation] Become a house for your god.

HETEP-EM-KHUT-S ("Resting in Her Horizon") →
[researchers' interpretation] Peace on the horizon. Silence after the
passage.

HERUT-TEP ("She at the Head") → [researchers'
interpretation] Accept the feminine leading role at exit.

ANKHET-ERMEN ("Living in Form") → [researchers'
interpretation] Life in the new form. The old form remained in the
serpent.

HETIT ("Brilliant One") → [researchers' interpretation] Light
of the new day. Shine, don't hide.

NEB-TCHETTTA ("Lady of Eternity") → [researchers'
interpretation] Long time. Don't rush the new life.

NEBTAMT ("Lady of Red") → [researchers' interpretation]
Force- color-blood. Accept the red in the new day.

SPERT-NETER-S ("She Who Comes to Her God") → [researchers' interpretation] Go toward the god first, don't wait for the arrival.

KHET ("Body") → [researchers' interpretation] The new body. Acknowledge that the flesh too has become different.

THE BIRTH OF KHEPRI — ANKH-NETERU THE SERPENT

The central scene of the Twelfth Hour: Ra enters ANKH-NETERU (the serpent "Life of the Gods") from the tail as an old man. He passes through the entire body of the serpent from inside. He exits from the mouth as KHEPRI — the dawn scarab. Young. Renewed. The scarab that rolls the sun — because he IS that which rolls.

The heads of the 12 gods are turned backward as they pull. They don't look at the destination — they look at the path. This is the final image of the Amduat: you reach the exit looking backward at where you have come from. The path — is the teaching.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF HOUR 12

→ [researchers' interpretation] Mehen is the midwife, not the enemy. The 12 pull with their heads turned backward — they know the path because they have walked it. The 12 goddesses create the wind that carries. The Practitioner in this hour — trusts. Is carried. Becomes Khepri not by effort but by passage.

END OF PART III



PART IV.

— THRESHOLD GUARDIANS



If the first three Parts were fairly dense — the Hours of the Duat, Saturn with his audits, and the table of Gods with their principles — then here we'll breathe a little and talk about something personal, without an accumulation of diagrams.

This Part is for those who've spent their whole life feeling they don't fit. Not into the right groove, not into monasticism, not into what society calls "normal life." Those who are always standing "between." Those who were told — "make up your mind already, are you with us or with them." Those for whom the evening always held one feeling: "I seem to be doing everything right, but something still feels wrong."

This Part is for those who don't divide themselves and the world into "good" and "bad." Who don't want to take part in the eternal struggle of good versus evil, angels versus demons, God versus Satan. Who have long suspected that this dualistic picture is

not a description of reality but a script that pulls a person in so they'll take one side and work for its egregore. Who feel that the world is more complex, that every force has its own function, and that the task of a mature person is not to fight in someone else's war, but to distinguish, weigh, and hold one's own place in the general order.

If this is about you — you're a liminal. This is not a diagnosis. It's a specialty. And this specialty has its own God, its own code, and its own scales. Let's figure it out now.

CHAPTER 1: WHO IS A LIMINAL PERSON

The word "liminal" comes from the Latin *limen* — "threshold." Liminal space is the space "between." Between two rooms. Between two states. Between two worlds. Between light and dark. Between life and death. Between right and wrong. Between "ours" and "theirs."

It's dawn — neither day nor night. It's dusk — neither day nor night, the other way around. It's a train station — neither here nor there. It's an airport — neither in the country of departure nor in the country of arrival. It's an operating room — neither healthy nor

dead. It's a funeral — neither the body nor the one who has already gone. It's a wedding — neither single nor really married yet. It's a job interview — neither the old job nor the new one.

Liminal space is a place where the usual rules are slightly unsettled. Where categories blur. Where you can enter one room as one person and exit as a slightly different one.

And a liminal person is someone who lives in such a space not temporarily, but permanently. It is not their crisis. It is their home.

And that's where things get interesting.

In ordinary culture it is assumed that a normal person should leave liminal space as quickly as possible. Finished school — choose a profession quickly. Broke up — find new relationship quickly. Quit — get another job quickly. Renovating — finish quickly. Got sick — get well quickly. One shouldn't stay "between" for long. It's supposedly unhealthy, unstable, anxiety-inducing.

And most people are indeed structured that way. They strive for certainty. They need clarity: I work here, I live with this person, I belong to this group, I share these values, I know who I am. The "between" is uncomfortable for them. They try to "decide" as fast as possible so they can calm down.

But there's a separate category of people for whom "deciding" is simply pointless. Not painful, not frightening — just meaningless. They don't see the point. They don't understand why they should narrow themselves to one category, when inside it's already clear: none of them contains you fully.

Sometimes such people try anyway. They attach themselves to some side — a religious community, a political camp, a subculture, a school, a corporate culture, an ideology. But always "very temporarily." Deep down they knew from the start that this is an experiment, not a final choice. They live there for a while, look around from inside, study it — and quietly withdraw back to themselves saying "no, that's not it." Not because it was bad. But because it wasn't their size. They need to be everywhere a little in order to be themselves.

And with each such "not it," their feeling grows that they've gotten entangled in another rigid category that will be hard to escape.

These people are liminals. They feel comfortable precisely "between." They're at ease when they have "both sides." They're bored by mono- ideology. They're suspicious of categoricity — in religion, in politics, in "the only correct way of life."

And these people often spend their whole lives with the feeling that something is wrong with them. Because the culture in which they grew up doesn't provide a legitimate place for them. Liminality is considered a defect, a transitional state, a sign of an undecided teenager. And they are like this their whole life. And each decade gives them an ever-growing sense that they've simply "not grown up yet."

They have grown up. Their maturity just looks different.

CHAPTER 2: SIGNS OF A LIMINAL PERSON

To make it clearer, I'll list the signs. If you recognize yourself in three or more — congratulations, you're part of this team.

SIGN 1. You see both sides of any conflict. You rarely manage to genuinely "root for" one team. When two acquaintances argue, you understand both of them, and this makes you uncomfortable inside, because you're supposed to pick a side, but you can't. And people often tell you: "Come on, he's your friend, how can you not understand!" — and you do understand. You just also see that the other person isn't entirely wrong.

SIGN 2. Categoricality makes you sick. When someone is foaming at the mouth insisting that their camp is the only correct one, you feel repulsion, even if you essentially agree with them. Not because you're a "double agent" — it's just that such intense one-sidedness feels fake to you.

SIGN 3. You can talk to very different people. You can find a common language with an intellectual, a convict, an oligarch, a janitor. Not because you're a chameleon, but because you genuinely understand how each person's consciousness is structured. This is your built-in skill.

SIGN 4. Professionally you were always drawn "to the intersection." Not pure business and not pure creativity. Not pure science and not pure esotericism. Not purely an employee and not purely a freelancer. Not purely an executor and not purely a boss. Some intermediate position that takes three steps to explain to friends and still isn't fully clear.

SIGN 5. You tolerate ideological communities poorly. Religious communities, political parties, business sects, esoteric schools with "the only true teaching" — everywhere, after a while, you start to feel suffocated. Not because you're against it — it's just that the density of group-think crushes you.

SIGN 6. Friends in different worlds. You have acquaintances who would never befriend each other. And to each of them you are a different person. At your hypothetical wedding they'd look at each other thinking: "What kind of crowd is this?" And yet — they're all yours.

SIGN 7. You know the shadow side well. Not necessarily because you participated in it. But you see it, understand how it works, and it doesn't frighten you. You don't have the naivety of the "normal person" who thinks the world is generally kind. You know the world is varied. And you know how to navigate it.

SIGN 8. You have trouble "selling yourself." In the sense of packaging yourself in one simple formulation. Everyone wants "positioning." And you have eight professions and five interests, and combining them into one line for a business card is agony.

SIGN 9. You often hear: "make up your mind." From parents, partners, friends, bosses, the tax office. Everyone wants you to finally "decide." And you had no intention of doing so.

SIGN 10. You've always had the feeling that you're "not like others." Not bad, not good — just different. Not teenage rebellion, but a calm observation from the side: "they live like that, and I live

somewhat differently." And sometimes this feeling is melancholy — because you want to be "like everyone," as parents once taught. But somehow it doesn't work out.

If you recognized yourself — welcome to the club. There aren't very few of us. But we rarely get membership cards, because we always fall off the lists.

CHAPTER 3: A STORY ABOUT ONE INDUSTRY

So this doesn't sound abstract — I'll tell you about one industry I observed from the inside for many years.

For many years I observed what in the IT industry is called bulletproof hosting. Briefly: it's infrastructure (servers, data centers, providers) that operates in what's called the "gray zone of the Internet." People and companies go there who need to host something that regular hosting won't take. Not necessarily criminal — sometimes just projects that are legal in one country but not in another; sometimes systems that won't pass moderation with major providers; sometimes infrastructure that for political reasons must not be visible. And sometimes — yes, why hide it — genuinely gray and dark stories. It all depends on the specific hoster: some

hold the line and don't let in the truly dirty, others take everything for money, others don't think about who they're selling a rack to at all. The industry is broad, and the gradations within it are very different.

I knew people who worked in this niche. Saw how it was structured from the inside. Understood the logic of this business, understood the clients, understood what decisions were made there and at what price. This was my professional world — not the center, but a close orbit on which I moved for many years.

And for a long time I couldn't figure out how to honestly describe myself relative to this. On one hand — personally I was doing nothing wrong. I didn't steal, didn't deceive, paid taxes. A server is just metal that you can put anything on; a provider is just a socket. On the other hand — I perfectly understood what environment I was in and whom it served. And in any honest conversation with myself it was clear: if the entire industry of this class had refused to serve a certain class of clients, those clients wouldn't be working on the internet at all. And the industry I'd spent so many years near had given them the ability to work.

So I was neither "clean" nor "dirty." I was between. And for years I didn't understand how to live with this. Sometimes I thought: "I'm basically a normal person, just landed in a specific niche. I'll go into ordinary business and everything will normalize." Sometimes the opposite: "I'm already deep in this environment, too late to pull away, just have to accept that I work on the edge." Neither explanation fit completely.

And that "I'll go into ordinary business and everything will normalize" — turned out, by the way, to be the main illusion that life subsequently carefully dismantled for me. When I observed the industry I worked in through the lens of its "dirty" reputation — it seemed to me there was a big clean world out there I just needed to move to. I admired that world from a distance and thought: "there — real, reliable, dull, but honest."

And then I got to know that "ordinary business" quite closely. Not in one episode, in several. And each time, to my surprise, it turned out that there was no less dirt there — and often more — than in the "gray zone" I was mentally preparing to flee. Only the dirt was different: packaged in beautiful offices, corporate structures, conference rooms with coffee machines and smiling people in suits. And precisely that packaging made it especially

dangerous — because in the gray zone you know upfront what you're dealing with, while in the "clean world" you relax and lose vigilance.

Several such episodes, in which my partners and I suffered real losses, cost me more than ten years of working near the gray zone. And then I finally thought seriously. It turned out that the duality "dirty industry / clean business" in my head was a naïve picture. There is no "clean world." There are only people who weigh their decisions — and people who don't. And the latter appear exactly everywhere. Just in different suits.

That became one of the key points for me, after which I stopped trying to "decide" in categories of "light / shadow." I began thinking in categories of "weighed / not weighed."

Only one thing fit — and I didn't know it yet for many more years: I was a liminal.

Meaning — I was at the threshold between two worlds by nature. And my professional orbit was precisely about that threshold. Not accidentally. Not "unlucky with a niche." But exactly the environment that suits my type of person.

Because in a regular corporation I would have died of boredom in two months. Because in government service I would have gone crazy from regulations. Because in pure rebellious underground I couldn't have handled the absence of system. I needed exactly this zone — the zone between. Where you can look at the "proper world" through one window with interest and mild irony. And at the "improper" through another window and also without fully getting involved. And where, if you wish, you can establish your own rules that both clients and infrastructure will follow — because there are no ready-made regulations for "how to live here" in the zone between; they are written by those who work in that zone. This, incidentally, is one of the main sweet traps of liminal space: it gives the sensation of sovereignty — being your own rule. And that sensation is largely true. Only you're responsible for your own rules yourself, rather than sharing responsibility with the system as an ordinary employee does.

When I understood this about myself — it became much easier. I stopped berating myself for "not choosing to live normally." I understood that I had chosen normally for myself. And that my "strangeness" is a specialization.

And a specialization requires not repentance, but correct application. That's what we'll talk about next.

CHAPTER 4: THE FERRYMAN WITHOUT FINGERS

In the ancient Egyptian pantheon there is one little-known but very important god for our topic. His name is Nemti.

Nemti was a ferryman. He had a boat, and he transported Gods across the waters of the Duat from one bank to the other. A rare, responsible, and fundamentally neutral profession — he didn't choose whom to carry. A God approached him — he carried them. It wasn't his business to figure out what that God's mission was and whom they were going to fight. The ferryman's job was to transport.

Clearly this was a convenient position. Nemti didn't enter others' conflicts, didn't swear allegiance to anyone, didn't support either side. He stood exactly in the middle, and everyone passed through his boat. You could say he had his own little "gray zone." A sort of god-freelancer.

Once the Gods had an unpleasant story. Set, god of the desert, killed his brother Osiris and seized the throne. The Gods gathered and judged at length who should now reign. During the trial Ra declared that Isis — the widow of Osiris and mother of the lawful heir Horus — was not to be admitted to the island where the court had assembled. So she wouldn't influence the tribunal with a mother's grief.

Isis naturally needed very much to get there. And she came to Nemti and asked to be transported. Nemti initially refused — he had been told not to carry anyone. Then Isis transformed herself into an old woman, gave him a small gold ring, and tearfully pleaded. Nemti, kind soul, believed the disguise and ferried her across.

Ra, upon learning of this, flew into a rage. And ordered Nemti's toes to be cut off.

A harsh punishment for one who, essentially, hadn't done anything wrong to anyone. But the point of the punishment was not the pain. The point was symbolic limitation.

For without toes Nemti could no longer stand firmly on the ground. He couldn't step ashore and walk in any direction. Every attempt to walk was balancing. So he stayed in the boat. On the

water. Between the banks. Forever.

The liminality that had previously been his freely chosen profession became his life sentence. Before, he could in principle step off if he'd wanted to change profession. Now — he couldn't. The waters of the Duat became his only home.

And here — the important point.

Nemti is the archetypal figure for all of us liminal people. He shows both sides of our nature. The good side — freedom to move between worlds, to see both sides, not to be tied to one bank. And the bad side — the risk of never stepping off. Never taking root. Never building a home.

Many liminal people live the life of Nemti after the punishment. They move. They shuttle back and forth. They transport cargo. But they never step ashore. They have nothing "their own." They're a guest everywhere. Their boat is their only possession. And sometimes even that is taken away, and then it becomes completely unclear who you even are.

But this myth has another reading too. Not as Nemti's tragedy, but as a lesson. If Nemti, ferrying Isis in the guise of an old woman, had not naively believed her, but had looked more

carefully, recognized the Goddess beneath the mask, understood that he was violating Ra's direct prohibition, and made a conscious choice — then he either would have refused (and kept his toes), or would have ferried her consciously (and accepted the responsibility as an adult). He did it by inertia, out of kindness, out of "well how can I not help an old woman."

And that's what he was punished for. Not for liminality. But for the failure of discernment. For being a ferryman — but not a guardian. He didn't ask questions. Didn't look carefully. Didn't understand whom he was carrying or why.

This is a very important point, and we'll return to it.

CHAPTER 5: CONFUSED AND SOVEREIGN LIMINALITY

From Nemti's story grows a basic distinction that every liminal person needs to understand. Liminality comes in two kinds.

THE FIRST — confused.

Confused liminality has two very different faces.

The first face is the suffering liminal. This is when you're liminal by nature but don't understand it. You simply walk through life with the feeling "I'm in the wrong place again." At work — not where you'd dreamed. In marriage — everything seems fine, but "not quite mine." In religious views — neither believer nor atheist. Politically — neither left nor right. In your social circle — sometimes with these people, sometimes with those, but "your own" somehow don't exist. And even when you try to develop spiritually — it turns out you're neither "white" nor "black": you're drawn to light practices, but without the feeling of having found your team; you back away from dark ones, but clearly see how they work and why they function. Between again. Uncomfortable again. "Decide already" again.

You drift. Sometimes successfully — you moor at some good shore. Sometimes not — you float without aim and get tired. But all of this is without understanding. You think something is wrong with you. That you need to "decide." That you need to become "like everyone." And because of this there's no inner foundation — you're as though perpetually apologizing for yourself.

The second face is far more treacherous. This is the successful liminal. When you're just as liminal by nature and just as unaware of it — but unlike the first variant, everything has "worked out" for you. You've built a successful business in the Land of Sokar (that is, in the densest and most twilight zone of the Duat — where people work with what others won't touch). You have money, a team, turnover, a reputation in your niche, a house and a car. You long ago stopped suffering from "I'm in the wrong place again" — because you're very much in your place, and that place suits you fine.

And you have no plans to "step ashore." Why would you? The ship moves. The crew works. The profit flows. Everyone is content.

This is, paradoxically, a more dangerous state than the first. Because the suffering liminal at least feels that something is wrong — and at some point will think about it. The successful liminal feels nothing: they're fine. They don't think about it. They consider themselves to have decided — chosen their niche and making money in it. And the fact that this niche is liminal by nature, and that different laws operate in it than in the ordinary world, they only realize when something breaks. And with such people it usually breaks sharply: all at once and in several places. Business,

health, family, legal standing — all together. Because the liminal zone accumulates a bill over years for those who work in it without understanding that they're working in it. And at some point that bill is presented for payment.

Not because life is treacherous — but because life itself has built in a systemic mechanism of consciousness development. You can call it Saturnine transits, you can call it the Hours of the Duat, you can call it whatever your preferred language is. Terminology is secondary. What matters for the observing person is the fact itself: such a mechanism exists. It works. It doesn't depend on whether you believe in it or not. And it can't be circumvented. It can only be recognized and consciously integrated. That is precisely what this second book you're holding is about.

So in the confused phase a liminal can look like anything — from an eternal wanderer to a self-confident entrepreneur in an expensive suit. External success or its absence says nothing. The main marker is one: absence of understanding that you're a liminal, combined with absence of understanding of that systemic mechanism of consciousness development into which life is built — and therefore the absence of conscious work with one's liminal nature.

When understanding arrives — the phase changes. And then both variants (the sufferer and the successful) can transition into the second category.

In this state the liminal person is a target. Easy to knock off course, easy to pull to someone else's side, easy to push into a category that doesn't fit. They don't know who they are, so they agree to any external definitions. Today they're an IT person. Tomorrow — an esotericist. The day after — a businessman. Then a therapy patient. And between all of this — no center.

THE SECOND — sovereign.

This is when you're liminal by nature and you know it. Not as a deficiency, but as a profession. You're not "between again" — you ARE at your post. Not "in the wrong category again" — but OUTSIDE categories by specialization. Not "can't decide" — but "decided forever: I'm the one who stands between and sees both sides."

This is a different position. Externally life may look the same — the same incomprehensible acquaintances, the same strange profession at the intersection, the same inability to fit into standard

categories. But internally — completely different. Not apology, but confidence. Not "I'm not like that" — but "I'm exactly like this, and this is my strength."

And this is the main transition in the life of a liminal person. From confused liminality to sovereign.

This is their initiation. Not "become like everyone" — that's not their goal at all. And not "go into a monastery and withdraw from the world" — that's also not for them. But to discover that between is also a place. That between is also a territory. That between is also a job.

And to stand at this post not as an orphan, but as an owner.

If very briefly: the confused liminal thinks they're a broken ordinary person. The sovereign liminal knows they're not an ordinary person at all, and doesn't have to be.

CHAPTER 6: TWO-HANDED, BOKOR, NGAKPA —

AND THE LIMINAL IN MA'AT

(testimony of traditions)

So you don't think the liminal person is some invention of this book's author — let's look at what serious magical traditions of the world say about this category of people.

It turns out they say a lot. And have said so for a long time.

And along the way we'll see how the Egyptian system — Ma'at — fundamentally differs from all the others. And why precisely it is better suited for the liminal.

THE RUSSIAN TRADITION: THE TWO-HANDED

In Russian village magic (especially northern — Pomor, Ural, Siberian) there is a separate and well-documented figure — the "one who knows with both hands." Also called "two-armed," "two-handed," "middle- man," "the passing one." Many terms, because the phenomenon was not rare.

Who is this? In the traditional village there was a znakhar — he healed, whispered, delivered babies, removed damage. He worked "from the right hand" — with light forces, prayers, icons, "light-facing" incantations. There was a koldiun — he cast, damaged, broke, made deals "with those not ours." Worked "from the left."

And between them — a third, special figure. The two-handed one. The one who worked with both hands consciously. Could both remove and cast. Could both take communion and make deals with the navy. And it was to him that people went in the most serious cases — because it was believed: a serious foreign curse can only be removed by the two-handed. The purely white won't understand its nature. The purely black won't let the person go.

He was respected and feared in the village. Most often lived on the outskirts. Usually had no family or had a strange one. Sought a student for years. Died slowly — until passing on the knowledge. And in life it was believed that he "paid from both sides": for each light work one price, for each dark work another. He paid more than the purely white or purely black practitioner. Lived harder. But could do more.

And — the key point — the tradition distinguished two different "two-handed" types: — The proper two-handed one. He has his own center, coinciding with neither the light nor the dark side. He works with both, but serves a third — Truth, the Clan, the Earth, that which is above duality. A stable figure. — The shape-shifter. The one who works with both hands without a center. Takes on anything. Takes money from both sides. It was believed

such a one would be "torn apart" within a few years. This is exactly the material between hammer and anvil — which we'll discuss in the next chapter.

So even here — the same distinction we've already introduced: sovereign liminality versus confused. Just a different language and the price spelled out in more detail.

HAITIAN VOODOO: THE BOKOR

In the Haitian tradition there is a similar figure — the bokor. A priest who works with both "families" of spirits: both with the "light" ones (Rada — slow, cool, healing) and with the "hot" ones (Petro — fast, aggressive, working on transformation).

In the simplified popular conception a bokor is a "dark priest." In reality — a priest working with the full spectrum. And the highest initiation rank, asogwe, essentially requires two-handedness from the practitioner: you cannot become a full priest mastering only one side.

Why? Because in the conditions of Haitian history (slavery, uprisings, constant struggle for survival) a one-sided priest simply could not provide the community with everything it needed. You

needed both a healer and a protector, a judge, and someone who could "make deals" with very different forces.

The price is the same: a bokor lives harder. Is never sure who is truly an ally. Constantly holds the balance. And yet — without him the community would not have survived.

TIBETAN BUDDHISM: THE NGAKPA

In Tibetan Buddhism next to the figure of the monk there is the figure of the ngakpa (ngakpa, mantrika) — a lay yogin, a tantric practitioner who works with both peaceful practices (zhi — calming, harmonizing) and with wrathful ones (drag — destructive, cutting, protective).

The monk works only with the light side — hence his vows, his isolation, his clean ritual life. The ngakpa, on the contrary, lives in the world, is often married, has children, eats meat, drinks alcohol, and yet possesses the most powerful wrathful practices that are unavailable to monks.

Why? Because in the real life of the ordinary Tibetan (and any human) there are situations in which light practice alone is insufficient. You need to cut off an evil influence. You need to

expel a harmful spirit. You need to protect house and family. That is not the monk's work — that's the ngakpa's work.

The ngakpa is the Tibetan liminal. Between laypeople and monks. Between light and shadow. Between world and meditation. He doesn't choose — he works from both sides, because that is his service.

YORUBA AND SCANDINAVIA — BRIEFLY

In Yoruba a complete babalawo (priest of Ifa) works with the full spectrum of Orisha — both with the "cool" ones (Obatala, Yemoja) and with the "hot" ones (Ogun, Shango). Narrow specialization is for junior priests. A full babalawo is two-handed by definition.

In the Scandinavian tradition Odin himself is a two-handed figure. God of war and god of wisdom. Hanged man and ruler. Shaman and sovereign. His priests (vitki) worked with both healing runes and cursing ones. One without the other is not a full priest.

THE COMMON PATTERN

If we strip out the cultural differences and look at what all these traditions have in common, we'll see roughly the following:

— Everywhere there is a separate category of practitioners working from both sides. Not "lesser priests," not "a compromise," not "the lost" — but a specifically identified role. — Everywhere there is a strict condition: there must be an inner center. Without a center — destruction, within a few years. — Everywhere there is a higher price: harder to live, harder to die, fewer "your own people." — Everywhere there are higher possibilities: access to works that are unavailable to the one-sided. — Everywhere this figure is necessary to the community: without them certain tasks simply don't get done. And the community knows this, even if it fears its carrier.

So the liminal person working with both hands is not a cultural quirk of one tradition. It's a stable archetype that world magic recognizes everywhere it had the opportunity to mature.

And now — the key.

THE LIMINAL IN MA'AT: HOW IT DIFFERS

In all the traditions listed above, the two-handed person is BETWEEN two forces. Between light and dark, between Rada and Petro, between zhi and drag. There are two forces and they are in balance inside the practitioner. This is the "both hands" model.

The Ma'at system works differently.

Ma'at is not "a balance of light and dark." Ma'at is a principle that is above duality altogether. It's not "in the middle between good and evil." It's a law of order that works regardless of which side a specific force is on.

For the liminal person this means: you don't need to hold a balance between two fighting forces. You need to hold a position from which both forces are visible and measurable. This is not "between them" — this is above them. Or, more precisely — this is on the scales by which both are weighed.

The Ma'at priest doesn't say "I work with light and I work with dark." He says "I work with what restores measure. If what restores measure right now is light — I work with light. If what restores measure right now is dark — I work with dark. My center is not between them. My center is the scales themselves."

This is the key difference. The Russian two-handed person holds two forces in balance. The bokor holds two families of spirits. The ngakpa holds two poles of practice. They are all two-armed in the literal sense.

The Ma'at priest is single-centered with multiple functions. And in this — the difference that makes the Egyptian system, in my view, the most convenient for the modern liminal person.

SHORT COMPARISON

To be compact — a few lines on how the same liminal position looks in different languages: — Russian two-handed one: "I work with both the right and left hand. I pay both sides." — Haitian bokor: "I work with both Rada and Petro. I know both families of spirits." — Tibetan ngakpa: "I possess both peaceful and wrathful practices. I use what the situation needs." — Ma'at priest: "I don't divide forces into light and dark. I weigh and apply what restores measure."

All four are liminals. All four stand at the threshold, not in one of the rooms. But in the first three there are two forces in balance inside. In the Ma'at priest — one force (Ma'at) and a wide spectrum

of its manifestations.

The first three are two-armed. The Ma'at priest is single-centered with multiple functions. And in this is the difference that makes the Egyptian system, in my view, the most convenient for the modern liminal person.

CHAPTER 7: HAMMER AND ANVIL —

TRUTH AND MYTH

Here we need to address folk wisdom, because many scary stories about liminal people circulate.

The main one is the "hammer and anvil" warning.

It goes like this: if you practice two opposing traditions — you'll end up between hammer and anvil. If you try to be "all things to all people" — you'll get crushed. If you're eternally balancing — you'll eventually slip. If you don't decide whose side you're on — you'll catch it from both sides.

Parents say this. Religious teachers say this. Even esotericists say this to each other. And generally it sounds logical. A stone between hammer and anvil really does get crushed. That's physics.

And in many ways it's true — but not for everyone.

Hammer and anvil really do crush what's between them. But look carefully. A forge is a place where hammer and anvil work together. And between them really does lie a material — and it gets hammered. But it's not evil chance that hammers it. It's the blacksmith. To turn a shapeless chunk into a needed object.

And here the entire question is about the role. Who are you in this forge?

If you're the material — yes, things are bad for you. You're being hit, and you're being deformed. This is the fate of people who landed in liminal space accidentally, without understanding, without preparation, without a foundation. They really do get crushed.

But if you're the blacksmith — then you're the one using hammer and anvil. These are your tools. You manage the process. Hammer and anvil are in themselves not dangerous to you — only the material that falls between them is dangerous. And the material is not you.

The blacksmith is the liminal person who understands their role. They stand alongside the opposites, but they don't end up between them. The forces work for them, not against them.

So when you're next told "hammer and anvil" — ask yourself one question: am I the material or am I the blacksmith?

And if you're the material — yes, you need to urgently leave the forge or learn to be a blacksmith.

And if you're the blacksmith — then the forge is exactly where you belong, and you don't need to leave just because ordinary people on the other side of the wall were frightened by the sounds of smithing.

There are several clarifications on when the hammer-and-anvil story works and when it doesn't.

WHEN IT WORKS:

— If you're trying to serve two warring sides for your own gain. That's not liminality anymore, that's a double game. A double game always ends badly. — If you have no inner center. Then any external pressure rocks you, and at some point you really do get crushed. — If you're practicing several traditions between which

there is a real fundamental conflict (for example, Satanism and Christianity in one life without a worked-out center). That's not liminality — that's self-torment. — If your Ib (heart-mind) is unclear. If you yourself don't understand what you believe and what is truth for you — then you'll be carried around the corners, and that always ends badly.

WHEN IT DOESN'T WORK:

— If your "duality" consists of two different roles in different domains that don't contradict each other. For example, you're an IT person by day, a priest by evening. These worlds don't fight — they're just different. — If the two traditions you use serve one principle from different sides. For example, the Egyptian system and northern runic work — both are about interacting with deep layers of reality through knowledge of names and symbols. Different languages, common principle. — If you have a threshold guardian — a figure who keeps your liminal state stable and protected. In the Egyptian system this is Anubis. Other traditions have their own equivalent figures. When there's a guardian — the liminal position is not open to everything indiscriminately, it's structured. — If your Ib is clear. If you know who you are and why

you're here — then any external pressure breaks against you, because there's nothing to hit: you have no boundary that can be moved.

In short — the story is real for some and doesn't work for others. Depends on you, not on the world.

CHAPTER 8: WHY MA'AT IS NOT FOR MONKS

AND NOT FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE

Now the main thing, for the sake of which this entire Part exists.

Ma'at is the ancient Egyptian system of world order. In two words: everything was originally ordered justly and in equilibrium, and the human task is to maintain that equilibrium in one's own zone of responsibility. Don't break, don't lie, don't steal, don't kill without necessity, don't outweigh someone else's heart on your scales, don't oppress the weak, don't betray. The forty-two negative confessions that the deceased utters at Osiris's court — are essentially a description of Ma'at from the opposite side: "I did not do this, I did not do that, here is my pure heart."

There are many systems of rules in all cultures. What's special about Ma'at?

Here's what's special. Most ethical systems are built either for monks (renounce the world, live in purity, don't touch the dirty) or for ordinary people (live by simple rules, go to temple on holidays, don't steal from neighbors). And both these systems assume a certain "clean" way of life. If you don't fit — you're a sinner and must repent or leave.

With monasticism it's clear — it's for those who are ready to renounce the world. With ordinary people it's also clear — it's for those ready to live "as is accepted."

But what of those in between? Those who by their very nature end up in zones where there are no simple rules? Those who work at the intersection of "can" and "can't"? Those who by the will of fate are constantly in places where the ethical landscape is complex and there are no clear-cut answers?

Most ethical systems for such people have no answer. They say: "Leave that sphere. Find yourself clean work. Find yourself the right environment. Don't eat meat. Don't eat pork. Don't drink. Don't communicate with such people. Don't go to such places." But what if it's your calling — to stand at the intersection? What if

you're by nature a mediator, a negotiator, a scout, a guide? What if without such people the world wouldn't function, because someone has to walk between the extremes?

And here Ma'at differs.

Ma'at is, in fact, a system of ethics specifically for liminal people. For those who in life are forced to deal with the gray zone. Who see both light and dark. Who work with the dead, the living, with transitions, with thresholds, with those who are between.

Why this is so — look at the structure of the Duat.

The twelve hours of the night journey are exactly liminal space. The Duat is not "hell" in the Christian sense and not "heaven." It's precisely "between." Between death and the new dawn. Between the past life and the next. And all the work described there — is the work of guides and guardians. Anubis, Thoth, Sekhmet, Hathor, Ma'at herself, Osiris as judge — all of these are specialists in liminal space. They're not there "accidentally." They're there because it's their profession.

Ma'at as law in this space works differently from a monastic rule. It doesn't say "don't touch the dirty." It says: "weigh. Discern. Be clear. Don't lie — to yourself or to others. Don't take more than

needed. Don't add weight to others' scales. Know what you're doing, and why."

This is not a prohibition on working with the gray zone. It's a requirement to do this work correctly.

The liminal person who observes Ma'at can work with very complex things — and remain clean. Because Ma'at doesn't look at WHAT you're touching. Ma'at looks at HOW and WITH WHAT INTENT you're touching it.

A surgeon cuts people daily. By ordinary-person ethics — this is horror. By monastic ethics — he's defiled by blood. By Ma'at — he is restoring order in the body, acting precisely, not from greed, not from cruelty, but from function. The surgeon's heart is lighter than a feather, even when the hands are bloody.

An executioner puts people to death. By ordinary-person ethics — he's a killer. By monastic ethics — he's cursed. By Ma'at — if he acts according to law, without vindictiveness, without pleasure, fulfilling the function of the system, his heart can be pure.

A warrior kills enemies. By ordinary people — he's a hero or a criminal depending on the side. By monastic — he's defiled. By Ma'at — if he acts in defense, without personal hatred, his heart is

weighed on the same scales as the farmer's heart.

A priest in the necropolis works with the dead. Ordinary people stay away. A monk prescribes prayers for the repose. By Ma'at — this is a craft, and it is evaluated by its execution, not its material.

And, incidentally, a person with a gray IT business, through which different people pass — can also pass the scales of Ma'at, if they act with discernment. If they know who they're letting in and why. If they don't shut their eyes to the price. If they can say "no" when they need to say "no." If they don't turn their liminal position into a sweet alibi: "I'm just a businessman, it's nothing to do with me."

So Ma'at is the code for those who work in complex zones. It's the professional code of the liminal.

And in this is its beauty. It doesn't expel from the zone — it teaches how to work there correctly.

CHAPTER 9: WHAT "WEIGHING" MEANS FOR

THE LIMINAL

The main image of Ma'at is the scales. And they appear for a reason.

In ordinary-person ethics decisions are black-and-white: can or can't. Therefore an ordinary person doesn't need scales — they have a list of "can" and a list of "can't." Open it, look, act. Simple comparison with the list.

In monastic ethics — the same, only the list is longer and stricter.

But the liminal person needs precisely scales. Because they don't have a ready list. They have to decide situationally every time. And the decision almost never looks like "definitely yes" or "definitely no." It looks like weighing: what will tip the balance, which compromise is more correct, where to draw the line.

And this is enormous responsibility.

An ordinary person who breaks a rule can plead "I didn't know." The liminal cannot: their job is to know. Their job is to weigh. If they didn't weigh — that is their failure, even if the result is externally "clean."

A concrete example from the very industry I described in Chapter 3. When a new client comes to a provider, the people making the decision always face, in essence, the same weighing: — What is this client planning to do on the server? — Is it legal in their jurisdiction? In the provider's jurisdiction? — If it's "formally legal but ethically dirty" — what do we do with that? — If we refuse — where will they go? To someone dirtier, who'll take them without questions? — If we take them — can we establish rules under which they won't harm others? — If they later start doing something wrong — will we have the strength and readiness to throw them out?

Each client is a separate weighing. No instruction replaces this. No "corporate rules." Only the personal weighing of a specific person with a specific heart.

And when they weigh and make the decision "we'll take them," but at the same time precisely understand which lines they won't permit to be crossed — that's clean work in the Ma'at system. Even if the people doing it have never heard that word. But when they take because "the money is good, we'll figure it out later" — that's already a failure. Ma'at is one, she doesn't ask whether they know

her by name. She simply works. And each such failure is placed on the scales — of a specific person, a specific company, a specific generation of that industry.

And here — the most instructive observation I arrived at after spending many years in that orbit. People who worked in the gray zone as liminal- blacksmiths — that is, weighing each decision, holding their line, willing to refuse clients and throw them out when necessary — their businesses lasted longer, their personal lives were steadier, and they concluded that chapter of their life consciously. Those who worked in the same gray zone as liminal-hired-workers, bearing no responsibility for what they forged — those, as a rule, eventually had everything fall apart. Business slipped from under their feet, relationships deteriorated, health declined. Not because Ma'at "condemned" them for the gray zone — it's not about that at all. But because they didn't weigh in that zone. They made decisions by inertia, by habit, by the desire to earn, by "everyone has to live somewhere."

And an important caveat immediately. "Everyone has to live somewhere" — that's actually true. No one denies that a person needs to earn, feed their family, pay for children's school, cover the mortgage. Liminal work in the gray zone provides all of this, and

often better than work in the "clean" world. Only it's important to understand one thing: this everyday justification is not a defense against those systemic mechanisms of consciousness development we discussed above. Saturn doesn't give discounts for having a mortgage. The Hours of the Duat don't take into account that you worked for your family. Ma'at doesn't remove unweighed decisions from the scales on the basis that they were financially justified. The life mechanism works independently of our justifications. It works on fact: was it weighed or not, was it conscious or not, was it done from center or from inertia. And "I had to live somehow" doesn't balance the scales. This needs to be understood in advance, not at the moment when the bill has already been presented.

And in general I have a personal account on this too — because an observer who's been near such an environment for many years also makes their own decisions. Where to go work. Whom to collaborate with. What to refuse. Where to stay silent, where to speak, where to leave. And for each such decision — also onto the scales. Not for others' servers, but for one's own steps.

Now I try differently. Each significant decision is a small weighing. Not "right or wrong." But: "what am I doing with this, whom does this help, whom does this harm, what am I ready to

take on, what am I not ready for." And this is not exhausting, as it might seem. On the contrary, it liberates. Because when you've weighed — there's a cleanliness of decision. Not "I justified myself," but "I weighed and accepted."

A liminal who has learned to weigh — that is the Ma'at priest in action. And including — the priest of Anubis. Because the scales and the knife of discernment of these two go in the same hand: Ma'at gives the measure, and Anubis applies it at the threshold, separating what passes from what doesn't.

One without the other doesn't work. Without Ma'at Anubis has no scale — only a knife; and without Anubis Ma'at has no one who would draw the line in real life — only a feather. The liminal following this system masters both: the inner scale of weighing and the outer function of discernment at the gates.

And all of this — not in a robe with an altar (though you can do it that way too). But in ordinary work, in ordinary decisions, in ordinary life. Simply each step — on the scales.

That's why, incidentally, in the Egyptian system Ma'at is both a Goddess, and a principle, and an ostrich feather. The feather is light. A light heart is a heart not burdened with unweighed

decisions. Not the heart of a "saint." There are no saints there, generally speaking. There are people who weighed — and accepted.

CHAPTER 10: FROM FERRYMAN TO THRESHOLD

GUARDIAN

Remember Nemti, the ferryman whose toes were cut off because he didn't pay attention to whom he was carrying?

In the Egyptian system Nemti has, shall we say, a grown-up version. It is no longer a ferryman. It's the threshold guardian.

The threshold guardian is a liminal figure with authority. Like Nemti, he stands at the border of two worlds. But unlike Nemti, he doesn't just transport. He decides who will pass and who will not. And he is responsible for his decisions.

This function in the Duat is embodied by Anubis. He stands at every gate, every transition, every weighing. He receives those who arrive. He checks their Ib. He escorts the clean ones onward. He

stops the unclean. He's not "a guard with a weapon" — he's more of a guard-judge. He has the authority of Ma'at, because he acts in her name.

And this — is the terminal role for the liminal person.

Not to be Nemti, who eternally shuttles back and forth without understanding. Not to be a monk, who withdrew from the threshold into the inner courtyard and closed the door behind them. Not to be an ordinary person, who doesn't even suspect the threshold exists.

But to be a threshold guardian. The one who stands at the border consciously, with authority, and decides.

What does this mean in practice?

It means you stop apologizing for your liminality. You start executing it as a function. You have a post. You're at it. You know what you're doing here.

It means you start discerning. Not letting everything into your life just because "you're an open person." Your openness has gates, and you stand at those gates. Someone will pass. Someone won't. And it's your right to decide.

It means you start naming things. Not from cruelty — from honesty. This person wants this from me, and I'm not giving it. This work is below my level — I won't take it. This offer doesn't suit me — I refuse. This conversation is going the wrong way — I'm stopping it. This is not "harshness." This is the professionalism of the threshold guardian.

It means you start protecting what is entrusted to you. Your family. Your home. Your students. Your close ones. Your time. Your resource. Not as a paranoid, but as a functioning guardian who knows who is theirs and who is a stranger.

It means you start serving the common good. Not as a slave to the system, not as an ordinary person who "can't change anything." But as the one who stands at an important point and holds it. If all guardians leave their posts — the world collapses. If all, conversely, try to become angels without shadow — the liminal zone will be left without oversight, and everything that wants to will flood it.

The threshold guardian is needed. There's no way without them.

And when you — a liminal person by nature — take up this function, you stop being "strange." You become necessary. And most importantly — you become yourself. The one you were meant

to be, by the way you're built.

This is the exit from the liminal trap into the liminal calling. From Nemti without toes — into Anubis with scales and knife. And this transition is available to anyone who is ready to stop apologizing for their nature and start living it.

CHAPTER 11: PRACTICAL STEPS

So this Part isn't purely conversational, here are a few simple practical guidelines for the liminal person who wants to transition from the confused phase to the sovereign.

STEP 1. Acknowledge out loud that you are a liminal. This sounds banal, but most liminal people spend their whole life hiding this from themselves. "I just haven't found my niche yet." "I just haven't decided yet." "I'm just a multifaceted person." These are all euphemisms under which hides one thing: "I am by nature a threshold person."

Say this to yourself out loud. Write it down. Acknowledge it. Stop looking for explanations and justifications. Your profession is: liminal. Full stop.

STEP 2. Stop comparing yourself to ordinary people and monks. They live in different systems. They have different tasks, different scales, different rewards. When you compare yourself to an ordinary person ("he has a family, mortgage, stability, and I'm in limbo again") — you're measuring yourself by the wrong scale. Same with monks or any "decided" spiritual people ("they're in purity, in a community, in practice, and I'm in worldly fuss").

You have a different scale. Compare yourself to yourself a year ago. Have you become clearer? Have you become better at discernment? Have you become a more responsible guardian of your post? These are your questions.

STEP 3. Find your threshold. Every liminal has a specific threshold they stand at. For one — between business and esotericism. For another — between Russian and Western culture. For a third — between the religious world and the secular. For a fourth — between masculine and feminine ways of being. For a fifth — between social success and inner search. For a sixth — between the living and the dead.

Sit down and formulate for yourself: where is my threshold? Between what and what have I stood my whole life? Where am I originally "from between"?

This is not one point — but usually there are one or two main thresholds that define your entire profile.

STEP 4. Find your guardian. For the liminal position to be stable, a guardian is needed. A principle, figure, tradition, that holds your zone structured.

In the Egyptian system for liminal people this is Anubis. If you've decided to work in the tradition of ancient Egyptian priesthood — turn to him. If you're in the northern tradition — there's Odin there (also a liminal figure — between Asgard and Hel). In Christianity functionally close is archangel Michael (guardian of the border between worlds). In Buddhism — Manjushri with the sword of discernment. In your own system there is certainly also a threshold guardian — find them.

Without a guardian the liminal position turns into drift. With a guardian — into a post.

STEP 5. Begin weighing consciously. Each significant decision — onto the scales. Not "right or wrong," but: "what am I doing with this, whom does this help, whom does this harm, what am I paying, what am I getting, am I ready to bear the consequences."

This is not exhausting. It becomes a habit. In a year you'll notice that you make complex decisions faster and more accurately than ordinary people — simply because you have a tool they don't: scales instead of a list.

STEP 6. Find other liminals and maintain connection with them. A liminal person isolated from other liminals always feels lonely and slightly abnormal. A liminal person who has a circle of the same type — is healthy. Not necessarily many; two or three people is enough. The main thing is to have someone to whom you don't need to explain why you don't fit into categories.

STEP 7. Don't apologize. Just live and work. The simplest and most difficult task. Stop internally and before other people apologizing for being structured differently. They live that way because that's how it's meant for them. You live differently because that's how it's meant for you. There is no conflict between these two positions — it exists only in your head.

When you stop apologizing — you'll notice that the field around you also starts to change. Some people will fall away — this is right, these were people who held on to your apology. And in their place will come those who recognize one of their own in you.

And you'll finally feel that you have a home. Not in the ordinary sense — in the sense of your own post, your own people, your own function.

And that, in general, is enough for happiness.

EXIT FROM PART IV

If you've read to the end — congratulations. You are one of us.

In the first three Parts of this book we analyzed structures — the Hours of the Duat, Saturn's cycles, the names and principles of the Gods. That was dense and sometimes difficult. This Part was a breather in a warmer register.

But this breather is not empty either. If you recognized yourself in this Part — you now hold in your hands an explanation for what was incomprehensible for many years. Not "something is wrong with me." But "I have a rare specialty."

Ma'at is not a moral code of "don't do." Ma'at is a tool of weighing: "do, but having weighed." And this tool is precisely for us, liminal people. For those who have stood "between" their whole lives.

Anubis is not a frightening God with a dog's head. Anubis is the image of what you yourself can become. A threshold guardian. With authority. With a clear heart. With scales and knife of discernment in hand.

Nemti is the image of what you can remain if you don't grow up. A ferryman without toes, eternally shuttling back and forth, deciding nothing, responsible for nothing, and in the end left alone in a boat in the middle of the waters, without a shore, without a home, without meaning.

The choice is, essentially, simple. From confused liminal — to sovereign. From Nemti — to Anubis. From material between hammer and anvil — to the blacksmith who forges with that hammer and anvil.

This choice is not made once. It is made every day. And each weighed decision in ordinary life — is a small step from Nemti to Anubis. From confusion — to sovereignty. From apology — to belonging.

If you are one of such people — you now know that you are not broken. You are built this way deliberately. And you have your God, your code, and your post.

Go and hold to them.

END OF PART IV

To be continued...

CONTACT THE AUTHOR



Dear Readers!

If after reading this book you have questions, wish to leave a review or share comments, receive a consultation or share your experience, please contact the author personally.

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The Third Book of the series "House of the Changed by Ma'at" is in progress. Announcements — in the author's Telegram channel and on the website.



END OF "EGYPTIAN MYSTERIES. BOOK 2"