

DUGA

THE REAL QUEEN
FROM THE
RAINBOW LAND

TRUE MAN





Imprint

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Design of the cover, the rest of the pictures and feedback: dear fellow human beings

First edition: 02.01.2024

Printing: epubli – a service of Neopubli GmbH, Berlin

Publisher: Wahrer Mensch

Online Presence

Homepage: <http://www.duga.at>

Mail: info@duga.at

Threema: https://t.me/Duga_Regenbogenland

ISBN : 978-3-758454-91-2

The PDF version of this book can be downloaded free of charge from the homepage.

Feedback

The last chapter shows contributions from readers who accompanied the creation of the book and expressed their respective thoughts and feelings.

I am happy to receive further answers in pictorial representation or verbatim form - by e-mail and then publish them on the homepage

Thanksgiving

It is a sincere pleasure for me to take this opportunity to express my deepest gratitude and appreciation for all the wonderful people who have contributed to making this work a reality. Without your support, valuable contributions, and inspiration, this book would never have been able to reach its full glory.

With deep gratitude,

True Man

FOREWORD

In the pages that lie before you rests the essence of my thoughts, woven into words that seek understanding. This book is a gift to the soul of the world, a song of words that does not seek material gain.

May it serve as a declaration of love to humanity, as a gift to be returned without expectation. The story shared here is not for me alone, but for you, for us, for the journey together into a new sphere.

In this spirit, I make no claim to a fee, for the true treasure of this book lies in the hearts of those who read it. May it be a companion on your way, a silent friend in hours of solitude, and a source of inspiration for your own blossoming.

May these words not only reflect my thoughts, but also be the echo of your own inner melody.

With love and light,

True Man

DUGA

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INTRODUCTION

Duga, the true queen from rainbow land. A story for children - but not only.

In the story of Duga, I tell you who the real queen from the rainbow land is and what she experienced on her journey. But in order to understand the journey itself, I will first tell you what the rainbow land is.

Where is the rainbow country? Who created it? Is there life there? If so, what do its inhabitants look like? Many questions, to which I will try to give you an answer in the first part of the story. So - come with me - I'll tell you a little bit about the rainbow country.



THE RAINBOW LAND

TYes, dear children, how can I describe the rainbow land to you? It's not easy. But I assume that you can understand me better than your parents. This is because you still see this world with different eyes and perceive it with all your senses. Adults see the world with their minds, they think they know what this world is and thus lose their playful, open and childlike nature. You children, on the other hand, don't think about yesterday or tomorrow. You jump into a puddle without thinking about what the consequences are. You just do it - because it's fun.

It is this freedom in your thoughts that allows you to let fantasy become your reality.

So what is rainbow land? You've all seen rainbows, right? What makes it so beautiful for us? He shows us all the colors that we can perceive. Is there black in this rainbow? No. Is there white in it? Maybe you would also say no, since you can't see it - but yes - there is the white in the rainbow, because all the colors together make up the white color. Of course, not in the paint box, but on the wave level.

Rainbow land doesn't have much to do with the world we live in. It's something completely different. It's the same as with the rainbow: you don't see the white color in the rainbow, but all the colors together make white. You don't see the color black in the rainbow because black signifies the absence of light.

The rainbow land is just this white that casts no shadow. Where there is no yesterday and no tomorrow, but always only the present moment. It's just like jumping into a puddle. So, is that fun? Oh yes, you'll shout. And in rainbow land, it's exactly how you feel at that moment.

HOW DO YOU GET TO RAINBOW LAND?

MIn fact, it is not possible to describe the rainbow land itself. You could use words like "fairytale land" or "land of milk and honey". But again, they're just words. It's only when you've experienced this world for yourself, when you step into it, that you understand what rainbow land really is.

Away from the rainbow land you will find a kind of maternity ward, it is the only way to the rainbow land and is identical to what there is on our earth. This means that people, animals, plants, etc. live here. For simplicity's sake, I'll call this maternity ward "Earth."

However, the people who live on Earth no longer know anything about the rainbow land, because they have forgotten it over time. They think they, like the animals, spend a few years in this habitat. However, a helpful, pious person, who always lovingly strives for his neighbors and strives for the rainbow land, can reach the rainbow land through the open gate with this action. There he is reborn.

THE FOUR MYTHICAL CREATURES OF HUMANS

Every human being on earth is surrounded by four different mythical creatures, which belong to him, just like his arms or legs. Of course, he can't see these beings, but they're always with him. Anywhere, anytime. Why do we need these beings? These four companions try to whisper to man what he should do and how he should spend his time. In addition, and this is very important to understand, the whispers of the beings are heard not only by man himself, but also by all the other beings of the people around him.

The four mythical creatures register everything. This means that they can always say exactly when the human being has listened to which being. And so they decide together whether he goes to rainbow land or not.

These four beings are distributed around humans and most of them bear a resemblance to animals and even have a name. In the back there is the fairy "Vila", on the right side the goblin "Gnome", on the left side the dragon "Zmaj" and in the front area there is the unicorn "Duh".

THE FAIRY VILA

DThe Fee Vila is therefore located on the back side. As a fairy, she is the only human being to have a human appearance. She has red hair, a green dress and wings. These are colorful and most of them are colored blue. Vila is basically neutral. It records all events in a person's life and stores them as memories. Vila works with either Duh, Gnome or Zmaj.



THE LEPRECHAUN GNOME

DThe Goblin Gnome is on the right. He is a somewhat peculiar contemporary. Gnarled with pointed ears and a red hat with the end bent backwards. He has the habit of tilting his head down a little, always squinting his eyes straight ahead, always waiting to take advantage of the right moment to annoy the person and thus instill fear and aggression in him.

Gnome is responsible for keeping the human being busy with a certain problem by constantly reminding him of it and thus making the person's thoughts constantly revolve around it in order to keep him from coming into contact with the rainbow land. It exudes a cold breath, which the person perceives as hot.



THE DRAGON ZMAJ

Dthe dragon Zmaj is on the left and is terrifying and devious in appearance. In comparison, the goblin gnome almost looks like a peaceful lamb. Zmaj is directly connected to the earth and does everything possible to keep man away from the rainbow land. Zmaj is large, has a black-red coloration and large, massive wings. But unlike Duh the unicorn, riding it is no walk in the park, as it is loud and boisterous, and often leaves great damage and devastation in its wake.

He seduces man by whispering to him to deceive other people, to direct his precious attention to all things material, and to see himself as the center of the world. So this "me, me, me". He does this with great cunning and skill and can be frightening due to his loudness. If all that doesn't help, he resorts to his strongest weapon, fire - which, however, does not seem hot to humans, but cold. People use the phrase "I just felt a chill running down my spine".



THE UNICORN DUH

Dhe unicorn Duh resides on the front side of man and is directly connected to the rainbow land. It has a beautifully glittering coat with a slight green/blue coloration and a long, coiled horn on its forehead. Duh also has wings that allow him to glide smoothly over the landscape without breaking a blade of grass. The unicorn is a bit shy, but good-natured and trusting at the same time. His big, kind eyes are so irresistible that there is an urgent desire to cuddle him as soon as he appears. A ride on his back is absolutely no problem, as long as you have learned to win Duh over.

Duh whispers to the people those thoughts that come directly from the rainbow land and which can thus bring him to the rainbow land itself. But it's a little shy and so it holds back, at least initially. It is only when people consciously pay more attention to it that they become more active.



LILLI AND MAX - A SNOWY WINTER'S DAY

Lilli and Max are siblings. Lilli is eight years old and Max is just one year older. You live in the countryside, in the mountains, in the heart of Europe. The mountains here can be quite high, so high that there is snow all year round. The valleys are narrow and so some people who live in the lowlands say that they would feel a bit cramped. On the other hand, people from the mountains usually don't know much about the lowlands.

The parents' house of the two siblings is surrounded by farms with all kinds of animals such as horses, cows, pigs, chickens, rabbits and much more. Lilli and Max's father works at the local dairy, their mother looks after them and organizes the household. Occasionally, she helps out as an office specialist.

Lilli and Max attend school in the village. They spend most of their time either at school, playing at home, or with neighbors' children in nature. They usually spend the weekends with the family doing activities together such as excursions, church visits, swimming, skiing or other leisure activities.

Max is a bit short for his age. He has brown hair, brown eyes and a striking gaze, is shy and reserved. He only started talking at the age of two, which is clearly evident in his language development to this day.

Lilli is the exact opposite of her brother. She was able to speak before Max, even though she is a year younger, and she is also a bit of a whirlwind. Her long, brown hair is usually braided into a braid. Sometimes she has her mother tie two braids for her, because she loves the story "Pippi Longstocking".



It's Sunday morning. Outside, winter is really showing its teeth. Mother Hulda has already made it snow a lot and because the night was so clear,

it is frosty cold. Lilli and Max are still asleep. Her father has already left the house before sunrise, as he has left with his friends for a ski tour, from which he will probably not return until the evening. The mother has already made a fire and prepared breakfast, but there is still no trace of the children.

Max twists and stretches once more in his warm bed. He has had bad dreams, so he is a bit annoyed and in a bad mood. It seems that his sister has already been awake for a while when her mother walks in the door and shouts, "Lilli, Max, get up, breakfast is ready."

Max has actually already forgotten his dream on the way to the kitchen, although the feeling it left behind still accompanies Max. But there is cocoa and white bread with really thick chocolate cream. Oooh, Max loves it when he can dip the bread nice and deep into the cocoa. This also makes him forget the last bad feeling about the dream. Max smacks his lips while eating, which his sister absolutely doesn't like. Max doesn't even notice her displeasure, as he is busy not pouring too much cocoa into the fluffy bread next to the cup as he bites into it.

Now Gnome whispers to Lilli in a shrill tone: "Can't your brother be a little more careful? He knows you don't like it! It's going to ruin your whole day!"

Lilli says bitterly to her mother: "Mommy, Max is doing this on purpose."

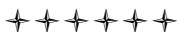
"Oh darling, let him, that's not bad at all!"

Now Gnome whispers in an insistent voice: "What does your mother know how you really feel! As always, she's on your brother's side. It's not fair that he gets to do everything and you have to deal with it again. Come on, try to kick him on the shin, maybe then there will be peace."

"Ouch!!" screams Max.

Lilli:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 1 point / Vila: 0 points



That same morning, Lilli and Max spread out in front of the warm stove in the living room. Outside it has started to snow and a light wind has picked up. There has been snow before, so the landscape is wrapped in soft, comforting cotton wool. The trees, the meadows, the houses, everything shines in a white, glittering splendor. It is all the more beautiful and cuddly in the living room, in front of a crackling stove on a soft carpeted floor.

Lilli and Max's favorite toys are Lego bricks. With the colorful building blocks designed in different sizes, they can turn any fantasy into reality, from a house to a giant excavator. Max cleverly uses additional materials to add vibrancy to his structures. Wooden beads, for example, become people to show how big his giant excavator is. "How small a man is," Max thinks to himself.

Lilli, with her girlish ideas, prefers to build houses and let various characters live in them. She makes sure that the Lego baby is cared for by her Lego mother and that the Lego grandma helps out a lot. Lego Grandpa is sent to town to get missing diapers before coming home with Lego Daddy. Lilli and Max are completely immersed in their respective imaginations and everything runs smoothly.



Max is in the process of modernizing his excavator. He wants to enlarge the driver's cab and needs a slightly larger slab to do so, as the smaller stones are not enough to form the roof. He looks around and discovers an unused plate near his sister. Perfect. At this very moment, Lilli reaches for this Lego piece to place it as a garden in front of the house.

Max's dragon Zmaj now speaks up: "Really. How can that be? Lilli has seen that you have already reached for it. And by the way... Remember. The Lego was actually given to YOU by the Christ Child two years ago. Vila, could you please show some photos of this event? You're also older and stronger than them."

Vila rummages in her chest for a while. And lo and behold! A memory of Christmas Day, almost exactly two years ago, comes to light. How proudly Max holds the giant set of Lego bricks. The mother says: "Cheeeese" and the room is brightly lit for a short time, for the photo, of the new, proud Lego owner.

Completely convinced by Zmaj that Lilli did this on purpose, Max rips the record out of Lilli's hand and says:

"It's mine!"

Already prepared for what happened, Zmaj says of Lilli in ingratiating words: "You didn't pay any attention to Max at that moment. He probably thinks that you did it on purpose, which is not true. At least try to fight for your rights."

"I had it first!" scolds Lilli as she grabs the Lego piece again and tries to pull it over to her side.

"Maaaax, don't be a wimp. You need this to complete your excavator. So come on, don't disappoint me!" snorts Zmaj.

Max, who still thinks he is in the right, unthinkingly punches Lilli on the upper arm, who, bursting into tears, gets up and leaves the living room screaming to look for her mother. Satisfied with the result, Max dismantles his excavator and is encouraged by Zmaj:

"Well done. You had the right to do so. I mean, what have you done wrong?" says Zmaj happily.

Max:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 1 point / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 1 point



It's already evening. Dad came home and the family ate together. Baked potatoes with cold cuts and cheese. Max and his father are particularly fond of this. This taste of the still hot potatoes, with the melting butter, with a little salt. During the meal we joked and laughed and father told about the experiences of the day.

It's a bit late. The parents have made themselves comfortable on the couch and are engrossed in reading. The mother prefers to read novels and the father prefers to read professional journals on various sciences. Lilli and Max have spread out on the carpeted floor again and are fiddling with all kinds of toys. There is a lot of noise.

Gnome of Father speaks up: "You can't concentrate. How can you understand anything in the face of this noise? The children have been able to play all day and now that you would like to have a little peace and quiet, nothing but a ruckus!"

Already annoyed and in a slightly louder voice, father calls out to the children: "Children! Please be a little quieter and don't make so much noise. It's getting late and it's going to be bedtime anyway!"

Max's gnome now quite coquettishly: "oh. Whenever it gets funny, your dad has to spoil the fun. Why are parents always so boring?"

Without thinking about his words, Max shouts loudly: "But we're not going to sleep yet!"

Now Zmaj stirs up the father a little more: "No respect. How naughty children have become these days. But you are the Father, after all, and your word carries weight. Whether they like it or not!"

Father exclaims impatiently: "Max, how many times do I have to tell you not to be so naughty all the time. Tomorrow is school again and therefore now is bedtime. And don't always contradict me!"

Gnome and Zmaj from Max now in unison: "Just be angry, sad. How can your father speak so unlovingly to his own child? You can now cry and run to your mother for help. She'll probably understand you better! So, go ahead!"

A slight neighing can be heard behind all the noise. It's Max's unicorn Duh. Barely audible, it says, "Max, remember. Your father is tired, would like

to read something, and feels disturbed by you. Yes, he could also listen to his unicorn and thus speak in a different key. But he doesn't know anything about Duh and only listens to Zmaj and Gnome. Now try to resolve the situation as best you can. Make me proud, Max!"

Zmaj now starts to get really angry and breathe fire. Max gets goosebumps as a result. "What are you interfering with! Be quiet. No one wants to hear you. Max, don't listen to it. As I told you before... try to get your way and don't listen to that stupid unicorn!" During these last words, Duh neighs slightly, but this is drowned out by the uproar of Zmaj's terrifying words.

Max already has tears in his eyes and it runs cold and warm down his spine at the same time. He feels the pain of hurt and now wants to show it off, as well as let his emotions run free. But now this other thought. How is he supposed to classify this? He has never experienced this before and he doesn't really know how to behave. On the one hand, the pain caused by the words of insult, on the other hand, this trusting voice that sees the situation from a completely different perspective.

His father, just waiting for him to put on a show and then get his way even stronger, looks at Max with a piercing gaze. At this moment, Max thinks to himself:

"Who benefits from this? Can I jump over my own shadow? Yield? What would the other voices say then?" he thinks to himself. "I can at least give it a try," he continues.

Max gets up with wet eyes and slowly approaches his father, who still looks at him angrily and annoyed. At this moment, more whispered thoughts go through Max's head and he feels a heat and an incredible pressure from the outside - but he doesn't pay attention to it anymore.

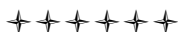
Crying, Max kneels on the edge of the couch and spreads his arms to show his father that he would like to be hugged. Dad looks quite puzzled and doesn't understand what's happening at that moment. He sees the kindness in his son's eyes and at that moment forgets everything that happened and just takes him in his arms.

Max says at this moment: "Sorry Daddy, I didn't mean to disturb you. I love you!"

"It's alright, Max. I could be a little more compassionate at times. But sometimes I can't control myself. I'm sorry I was so short-tempered with you!" At this moment, Max hugs his father even more and nestles his head against his father's chest.

Max/Father of Max:

Duh: 1 point / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points



Max lies in bed and thinks again about this interesting evening. Then he takes his diary, which he started writing a few days ago, and makes the following entry:

"What a beautiful day it was today! That interesting voice in my head!"

He draws a large heart and then puts it aside contentedly. He snuggles up under the already warm blanket and says to himself:

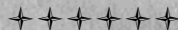
"What happened? It all felt better in the end, didn't it? In the future, I have to be more attentive to who and, above all, what someone whispers to me." And with these thoughts, Max falls asleep.

AMADOU - A DAY IN THE WILDERNESS

Amadou is a 13-year-old boy. He lives in Mali, a country in Africa. It's different there than in many other countries. There are no four seasons in Mali, only the rainy season and the dry season. In summer, from June to September, it rains a lot and it is a bit cooler than in the dry season, which lasts from October to May. Mali is located in a warm area, so there can be nights with well over 20 degrees and on the hottest days of the year it can even get 40 degrees.

Amadou lives in a village where there are a lot of stones and rocks and it is not as green as in other places. Nevertheless, his people have learned how to plant fields and cultivate crops on them. There are special types of cereals that grow well there and can be processed into flatbread and porridge. They also grow peppers, beans, onions, and various types of fruit. Amadou's tribe lives by ancient traditions and is called Dogon. The people maintain ancient rituals that have to do with nature and with things that cannot be seen. For example, they worship special spirits in certain ceremonies. These rituals include dances, masks, and body painting. They take place on very special days of the year. On these days, the whole village is involved and everyone has a special task.

Amadou is dark-skinned and has short, black, frizzy hair. When you run your hands through your hair, it feels slightly like a brush that tickles a little. He has four siblings and lives with his family in a mud house with a thatched roof, at the foot of a mountain. The village is located along the mountain and also on the mountain itself, because it is safer there from predators and bad weather.

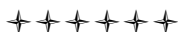


It's just dry season. The temperatures at night are as warm as the hottest day of the year in other areas. Amadou is used to this. It's early in the morning and today is an eventful day waiting for him. School in the early

morning and a party in the afternoon. At school, Amadou learns to read, write and do arithmetic. However, it will be his last year of school, as his family cannot afford him to attend high school.

Amadou lies awake on his mat next to his sister. Everyone else is still asleep. The house in which he lives consists of only one room. This is used for all activities such as eating and sleeping. This room has only two small windows and a door, because with multiple windows, more heat would flow into the house. There is a light wind blowing, which makes the curtains on the windows move.

Next to his mat is a magazine that Amadou never lets out of his sight. He thinks about this incident about a month ago, when a strange white-skinned woman gave him this magazine.



It was just the end of the rainy season when a large, sturdy car came to their village. The driver spoke in Amadou's language and as it turned out, the other three were a family from North America who first visited the area and then their village as tourists.

The vehicle had stopped briefly and a woman aged 30 had gotten out. The woman only wanted to make a short visit to the assembled group of children in which Amadou was. By the car, a young girl, probably her daughter, was waiting a little impatiently for her mother. She was about the same age as Amadou and blonde, shoulder-length, curly hair.

The woman smelled different from the women in the village. Sweet and seductive - a smell that Amadou could not assess, although he had a keen sense of smell from exploring nature in his area and had come into contact with many different smells. She was wearing clothes that Amadou had never seen before, and in which, in Amadou's opinion, it must have been quite uncomfortable and warm. She also wore sunglasses and a straw hat to protect herself from the sun.

She also had a small backpack with her, with a few corners of a newspaper sticking out of it. These shone so beautifully in the sun and had caught Amadou's attention. He checked this newspaper several times and when the woman noticed this, she knelt down next to Amadou, opened the backpack and handed Amadou the magazine while laughing at him and stroking his cheeks. Then she got up and went to the girl, who impatiently took her by the hand to drag her into the car. The vehicle drove away instantly after the woman closed the door behind her.

All the children around him wanted to see what Amadou had gotten from the strange white woman. But Amadou just stood there, still impressed by the woman's performance. Somehow, he felt that this was his gift and he didn't want to share it with anyone until he understood what was depicted in that magazine.



He can't understand the text in the newspaper, but the pictures in it are impressive to him. They are the pictures of the lives of the people in North America. But this seems to be so completely different from what he has perceived as his life until then. Sturdy, big houses where everyone has their room, paved roads with cars. People are employed, for which they receive a wage, which in turn allows them to fulfill their wishes. Beautiful dresses, smartphones, beautiful hairstyles or make-up on the face. Actually, all things that didn't play a role for Amadou until then.

Since that moment, however, Amadou's life has changed. Again and again he is plagued by thoughts and makes him restless. This was also the case on this early morning, when he once again woke up earlier than everyone else and looked at the shaking curtains. Next to him is this newspaper, in which a life is depicted that seems unattainable for him.

The gnome of Amadou says, "Amadou, what kind of life is this? In other places in the world, people are doing so well. You don't need to worry

about much, go to work, earn money. With it, they can buy anything they want and if they have some money left over, they can even explore the world. Take a look around here! To share a house with seven people, to work your whole life in the fields just to survive!"

Amadou rolls onto his side. His stomach is restless from all the thoughts. "What can I do?" he says to himself.

Amadou:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 1 point / Vila: 0 points



School is out and Amadou storms into the playground with his friends to run away towards home. The sun burns from the sky. On the way home through the streets of the village, whole clouds of dust are created by the passing children. However, no attention is paid to this, especially today, because today the traditional Kanaga ritual begins. It lasts for several days and it is the most famous festival of the whole year.

This year is the first time that Amadou is allowed to help with a ritual. Immediately after dinner, he goes with his father to the place where tonight there will be dancing and singing. His father carries a mask carved out of wood, which is called "Amma". They deposit them in the center of the square.

Amadou has not consciously noticed these rituals in recent years and so he can remember the dances, but not the meaning. And so Amadou asks his father:

"What does that mask in the middle mean?"

His father replies, "Son, this mask is called Amma. It stands for the creative spirit and it is carried in the evening by an experienced dancer, who moves in the center of the square. Amma will be surrounded by his

4 sons. One for each direction. These 4 sons have different responsibilities. They protect us from evil and evil spirits and ensure growth and fertility."

From the beginning, Amadou was not as convinced of these festivals as others. Okay, the feast itself is fine. But these rituals with spirits, in which fertility and growth are prayed for. This sense of contradiction resurfaced in him when he thought of the pictures in the newspaper.

"We pray for fertility here and live in the middle of rocks, and there they live in lush greenery, without such rituals," Amadou thinks.

Zmaj of Amadou is now stalking him. "What ridiculous creatures you are. You've already recognized that something is wrong. Jump into the air, crawl on the ground, hang yourself with all kinds of things. Stomp once with your left foot, then with your right. And then worshipping some spirits, hoping for a better harvest. You are so primitive. But keep up the good work. You'll see what it brings you."

This new strong thought weighs even more heavily on Amadou's mind. For days this strange feeling because of this newspaper, now these rituals. Amadou takes a deep breath before heading back home with his father.

Amadou:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 1 point / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points



The day in Mali always ends at the same time. It's 6 p.m. - the sun is disappearing behind the horizon and the party is in full swing. Amadou observes the scenes very closely. A man in the mask named Amma stands in the middle and performs an elaborate dance. He is surrounded by four other dancers who wear a similar mask. These rotate clockwise around the actor in the middle. In doing so, they all perform precisely

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synchronous movements. At each cardinal point they stop and change the dance style, in which they throw themselves on the ground at the end. You will be surrounded by people who are specially dressed and even painted on this day. They support the dancers with their singing. Some of them also have large heavy drums on the ground in front of them. In doing so, they produce rhythmic, dull sounds that match the dances and songs. This performance gives Amadou goosebumps.



After the dance has come to an end, the dancers take off their masks and join the group of people who were present as spectators. A small group of people tries to make their way through the crowds. It looks like they're trying to drag some kind of table, with a special setup, into the remaining free circle in the middle. This specimen is beautiful to look at and is decorated with various frescoes, as well as a very special color. Then the tribal elder steps out of the crowd and moves towards the table. In his right hand he holds a long staff. Now it has become quiet. Quiet as a mouse.

Everyone is eagerly waiting to hear what the old gentleman has to say. The shaman, as everyone here calls him, slowly raises his left hand towards the sky and begins to sing, which Amadou cannot understand. When the song has faded away, people come forward one by one with certain foods and hand them over to the shaman. He accepts the goods with a nod of his head, turns towards the table and places them on it while bowing.

It goes on like this for a while until the shaman looks up at the sky one last time and then stands next to the other people again. Now everyone moves towards the village square, where the celebrations are exuberant.

It is not until late in the evening that Amadou's family returns home. Tired of the impressions of this ritual, they immediately spread their mats on the floor and lie down to sleep.

Amadou can't fall asleep, as he has done in the last few days. He tries to turn to the left, then to the right. The altered breathing sounds in the room indicate that his family has already fallen asleep, while Amadou is still staring at the ceiling.

The brain fog that Zmaj has formed in his head this afternoon has not yet subsided when Gnome says to Amadou: "You can't sleep again, can you? I know you want to see the big world. But what should that look like? You can't get away from here and no one will support or understand you."

This thought resonates with Amadou's deepest emotions and makes them even stronger. He feels queasy and his stomach cramps briefly. His breathing seems shaky and resembles a sigh towards the end. Frustrated and discouraged, Amadou reflects on his experiences today. He feels restricted in this small village. Without any perspective.

He reaches for the newspaper, which he has lying next to his mat as usual, and opens it. Light moonlight makes the pictures appear in the

newspaper, at least roughly. Full of longing, he sees happy children in a beautiful bathroom. A shower with running water. His family has no water in the house and they have to laboriously fetch it from the distant stream. A fridge with fresh fruit and vegetables as well as all kinds of other delicacies can be seen in a picture. He and his family are a long way from all that.

A cold shiver runs down Amadou's spine when Zmaj speaks up: "Amadou, what a pile of dirt here! Learn a little reading, writing and arithmetic and then live in a single village - a Kaff. You have to marry a neighbor lady and start a family. And these rules and norms here! You could never dare to question the rituals and other practices. Where's your freedom?"

These thoughts make Amadou huddle and bite his fingernails in despair. Under this pressure, a few tears roll from his eyes. He is at a loss. He was always so happy. What happened?

Amadou:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 3 points / Gnome: 3 points / Vila: 0 points

"liiihhhhh" a slight neighing can be heard. "Amadou, can you hear me?"

Amadou emerges briefly from his frustration and looks up at the ceiling. "What was that?" He had never heard such a voice in his head before. Something tells him to listen more closely.

"Amadou, it's me, Duh, your unicorn!"

"Like unicorn - duh? Never heard of it!"

"Oh, Amadou!" sighs Duh. "If only you knew!" After a short pause, Duh continues, "I would like to tell you something. Look, I've seen Gnome and Zmaj harass you lately. That's why I withdrew, because I couldn't see it. It

hurt me because I felt what was happening to you. You started wishing for a different life and it made you miserable. Zmaj has convinced you that there is a better world out there. He was the one who gave you the idea to look for this magazine in the first place, so that he could take your mind off things with its contents."

"Who's interfering here again? See that you come back to your stable," hisses Zmaj, who has appeared out of nowhere. "I did this so that Amadou could have a better life! Take a look around here! You know better than I do what it's like in other parts of the world. What's this?"

Amadou is confused. Somehow, they're both right. He doesn't let himself be disturbed by the brazen voice and thinks to himself: "Actually, I would like to understand what this pleasant voice has to say to me!"

"It's nice Amadou that you would like to continue listening to me. Yes, it was Gnome and Zmaj who wanted to give you stupid thoughts. What have you often said to yourself? That you used to be happy after all. Do you think that in a big city, with all the noise and dirt, you could just walk into the woods to pick a fresh coconut? Vila, would you be so kind as to show Amadou a few moments how he and his friends pick coconuts high on the tree and open them together afterwards and drink the fresh milk from them. And do you seriously think you could even buy the same coconuts there? By the way, driving to work every day to sit in the office for 8 hours? For what? You've got everything you need here."

Amadou is now even more confused than before. "What am I to make of this? And what about all these rituals?" because he has also begun to question these issues.

"Oh, Amadou! What's the best way to explain this to you?" Duh takes a few deep breaths before plucking up the courage to say it to Amadou: "Amadou, in these rituals you sing and worship us. Vila, Gnome, Zmaj and me. And who do you think Amma is? That's YOU! In the middle of the four

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of us! Although Amma depicts the rainbow land itself in your descriptions! You just forgot!"

The scales fall from Amadou's eyes. It takes him a while to calm down. He wants to get to the bottom of this matter in the next few days. With this idea and the newfound hope, Amadou falls asleep.

Amadou:

Duh: 3 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 3 points

AARYA - A LIFE IN MUMBAI

"Aarya" a loud woman's voice shouts through the corrugated iron door: "Please check on your brother one more time before you go to school!"

Water drips through the broken roof as Aarya looks into the bedroom where her brother Aryan is still sleeping. Then she takes the broken satchel from a stool in the eat-in kitchen and storms through the door into the open. The streets of Mumbai are dirty and damp. It rained during the night and the poor sandals are quickly soiled and soaked by the water.

Mumbai is a metropolis in India with an enormous population comparable to many countries. Mumbai is chaotic and suffocating in its own traffic. In addition, small business stalls further narrow the already narrow streets.

Aarya is a 14-year-old girl who lives in a slum called "Dharavi". This neighborhood consists mostly of tin huts, which rarely have more than 2 rooms.

Aarya has brown eyes and long black hair that covers almost her entire back. She is slim and wears a bindi. This is a red dot in the middle of the forehead, indicating affiliation to a particular religion. She attends school sixty minutes' walk from her home. Her brother Aryan is still small and since her parents are very busy, Aarya takes care of him and the household.



It's early in the morning when Aarya starts her way to school. At this time it is still dark and quiet on the streets. The streets were flooded by the rain. It has already drained away, but the fine mud left behind makes it difficult to walk and so Aarya has to be careful with every step. Every step

Aarya takes is accompanied by a smacking and chattering sound that comes from lifting her foot out of the muddy ground.

Aarya is empathetic and always helpful. She is a young girl, strong and usually in a good mood, and already shows the behavior of a grown woman. She has learned to deal with her situation in the slum. She always tries to make the best of it and help everyone as much as she can.

She also loves to observe her surroundings very closely, so this way to school is always full of adventures. The first part of the trail leads through the slum. Narrow streets, mud or corrugated iron huts - some of them assembled inventively and improvisingly. The floor littered with garbage.

The gnome says to her, "Okay, you live in a slum. But all this garbage! Can't you do without it? What people need here as well. You take care of your environment, but the others do. It's a disaster!"

A few meters in front of her, Aarya sees a plastic bottle filled with some brown liquid, with a large, red label.

"All this dirt here!" she says to herself as she kicks the bottle away with full force.

Aarya:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 3 points / Vila: 0 points

Immediately, Aarya realizes that these thoughts are not good for her and abruptly fades them out.

"Aarya, you've done well. Also, keep in mind that the people here have little to survive and that not even the city government cares about you. That's why the garbage is not collected and the global change, with all

this consumption, has not left you unscathed. In many cases, it's not the people's fault," says Duh.

"In any case, I take care of Mother Earth. After all, we are born of it, nurtured and cared for by it, and at the end of our physical life we return to it, which makes us indispensable parts of it. Thus, we are directly connected to her on several levels, and she feels our existence," Aarya humbly thinks to herself.

Aarya:

Duh: 10 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points

Happy to have survived the situation so well, Aarya continues on her way, whistling a song she had heard yesterday at the neighbor's house. It begins to get light and the city awakens from its slumber. The streets are now colorfully filled. Street vendors start their day-to-day business - by erecting self-made wooden structures. The shop on the corner gets a counter and its owner is already starting to loudly advertise his goods. There are also a lot of animals on the streets. Dogs are part of everyday life and sometimes goats or even cows can be found on the streets. The latter are even sacred and so they can walk slowly and with pleasure through the streets.

Shortly before she reaches the school, Aarya arrives in a part of the city where there are better living conditions and so the cityscape changes a lot. There are stately buildings here - the streets are cleaner. Also, the people themselves wear better clothes - more well-groomed appearance. Somehow, though, Aarya feels uncomfortable here.

On one side of the street, a young, handsome man in his 30s comes towards her. He is well dressed and has a briefcase with him. His hair is

short and probably cut only a few days ago. He wears a beard that has most likely recently undergone a treatment with his hair.



Zmaj this gentleman says: "Another brat like that! There have been more and more of them in recent years. Look how dirty their old sandals are! And they also smell a bit peculiar. They're all good-for-nothings and lazy rats. I would tear down all their tin huts and put something neat in place. Then we wouldn't have people like that walking around here!"

Stranger Man:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 5 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points

Aarya feels the man's strong dislike for her. It presses so hard from the outside to the inside that an unpleasant feeling overcomes her. This is

also the main reason why she is reluctant to be here. At this moment, certain thoughts are always trying to talk her into something.

Zmaj says mockingly to her: "You are worth nothing. Tin hut junkies. You look so dirty. What do you mean, what d....."

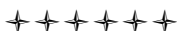
"Get rid of it right away!" thinks Aarya. That doesn't do you any good. She knows this from experience. Instead, she tries to be the helpful young lady again, who prudently assists people.

"You're doing so well, Aarya. I'm proud of you!" says Duh.

And having fun with herself, she goes to school strengthened.

Aarya:

Duh: 5 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points



It is already early afternoon when she comes home tired. Her mother has just left the house to support her father in the small business. Her brother is alone. He plays with the old doll she got from her mother. He's a frugal boy who doesn't need too much attention. Aarya wants to do her homework right now, as she has something else to do later.

She loves going to school because she has a natural interest in understanding this world in order to find her way around it better and to be able to empathize with it better. Something in her says, and above all, she feels it, that something greater than this world seems to exist here somewhere. Physics and psychology would be her sciences, she already understood that much at school. She is also very interested in mathematics. But is it enough to understand more deeply what she really feels? Her parents probably can't afford her to be able to study in the long term. And so she enjoys every minute at school, as this time and the moments of homework are the most beautiful moments in her days.

When the schoolwork is done, she thinks for a moment. "Dhal or chapati?" - "Dhal!" she says to herself and goes into action. Since Aarya loves to cook, she also prepares dinner today. But just as she has started and the fire is blazing, her parents rush in the door with a frightened face.

"What happened?" says Aarya, already with a feeling similar to the one she had this morning when she met the gentleman on the street. Terrible things await her.

"They want to tear down our huts because they want to put something "neat" here!"

The world stands still for a moment, everything turns and at the same time it threatens to collapse into a dark ground. Aarya begins to control her breathing, knowing that she wants to be strong now. With calm breaths, she manages to look at her parents and smile at them.

Zmaj hisses with full flame: "Well, just like you felt this morning, didn't you? Does it hurt? What will become of you? The well-heeled are interested in daaaaas niiii..."

"Silence!" says Aarya to herself: "What's the point of all this complaining!"

"How proud you make me, Aarya! You're always thinking. This is just a letter for now. And by the way, don't you remember, this is not the first letter. Last time it turned out to be a joke - your parents didn't even notice. And a few days ago you heard from a neighbor that someone from his circle of friends had gotten an opportunity to move to a nicer area!" neighs Duh, dancing with joy.

She gets up and goes to her parents, where the horror is still visible on her face. Gently, she embraces them both and says without a care in the world:

"We'll get through it!"

Meanwhile, her brother is still playing with the doll, as if he hadn't noticed any of this.

Aarya:

Duh: 10 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points

MADISON - NEW YORK NEW YORK

Madison sits up straight in her chair and presses a violin to her neck with her left hand. With her right hand she holds a violin bow and tries to slowly stroke the strings of the instrument with it, while with her index finger she tries to press one of the strings onto the wood. Annoyed, she pulls her hand back and forth once more before placing her violin on her lap.

"That was much better. But you have to try to draw the violin bow even slower and more sensitively! And don't forget - pay attention to your position and relaxed fingers!"

Madison is with her violin teacher this afternoon. Her parents say she should take music lessons, because that's a fine lady should do.

"That's befitting a fine lady!" she imitates her parents.

Madison is a 15-year-old girl with blonde, curly, shoulder-length hair. Her eyes are blue and she has dark red full lips. She lives with her parents on the 35th floor of a high-rise building in the middle of New York, a metropolis of millions in North America. Her two brothers are much older, both study at prestigious universities and therefore rarely come home. She doesn't see her parents often either, as her father is an airline owner and her mother is a university professor at an elite university.

She would like to have more freedom, but these constant appointments. Violin course, tutoring in mathematics and physics. She doesn't like that at all. That annoying old teacher. She's so fussy. And that itchy stimulus on her left calves.



"And I owe it all to Dad!" she says, before remembering how it all came about.



Vacation, vacation, vacation. Usually, they regularly drive to their second oceanfront home in Florida. There is at least one large outdoor pool there. In New York, the pool is part of the bath. Sometimes they also go to other beaches around the world. But this time, no! Dad really wants to go to Africa to hunt wild animals. Madison didn't like this idea from the start. What will it be like there? Dirty, dusty!

And so it was. Driving around all day. Here bang, there bang. At least the accommodations were similar to her house in Florida. And so Madison couldn't wait to get back on the plane to New York.

On the last day, her mother had an idea and spontaneously rented a car to make a round trip to a somewhat rockier area, as there was a village there that she really wanted to visit.

"Now this, too!" says Madison angrily to herself. "You're completely forgetting about me this time!"

As they approached the village in their jeep that day, all the children of the village gathered around the slowing vehicle.

"Hopefully Mom has seen everything now and we can go back," Madison moans in her mind as she exhales loudly through her nose.

At that moment, her mother opens the door and gets out.

The gnome of Madison says, "Enough is enough. She meant "short". Go out and show your displeasure - maybe it will go faster!"

Madison gets out of the car and looks annoyed at her mother, who is stroking the cheeks of a boy her age in the middle of the group of children.

"I'm going to freak out!" Madison growls to herself.

When her mother returns, she pulls on her hands to speed up the gait. Finally the door is closed and they rush away. Once again, Madison glances back at the assembled group of children when she notices something on her right calf.

"What's that itching? Damn, something stung me!" she screams to herself. Full of resentment, she throws herself on the back of the chair when she sees that her newspaper has disappeared from her mother's backpack.

Gnome and Zmaj with full force and in unison: "Did your mother leave your newspaper here to these barbarians? She doesn't know what this newspaper means to you. Do you remember who gave it to you? In addition, a love letter from your secret admirer is immortalized there. Vila, please show Madison a picture of the wonderful boy who always smiles at her so nicely at school."

"You didn't, did you?" yells Madison!

"Too late!" cries her mother. "I'll buy you a new newspaper as soon as we get home!"

Zmaj now gets really scary and breathes a bright fire: "Hate them. Hate them. She's always so indifferent to everything you're interested in!"

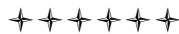
Madison feels a chill down her spine and she feels goosebumps, even though it's very hot in the car. At that moment, she bursts into tears and starts screaming and raging!

"How could you??? Without asking me!! Every time you pass me over!! Just like that!!"

After a short pause, Madison poisons: "I don't want another newspaper, I want it back!!"

Madison:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 10 points / Gnome: 5 points / Vila: 1 point



It's been 1 month now and both still hurt. The loss of this newspaper and the insect bite. And every time she thinks about it, she feels the same as she did then. Since that moment, she has started to hate her mother and that is not helpful. Just now she is sitting in front of her violin teacher again and has to listen:

"Sit up straight, stroke quietly!".

"That's befitting a fine lady! "Thank you, Mommy!" Madison says wryly.



It's already evening when Madison comes home from class. The apartment is high up and from this height the lights of the cars look like twinkling stars. Madison is used to this and has not paid attention to this view for a long time. Their focus is on other things. She is challenged by

school and pays attention to her appearance, her gait and her open, friendly look. It is important that her classmates have a good impression of her, after all, this school is attended by young people from the same backgrounds as her. They know each other, so to speak.

Her father hired a new housekeeper almost a month ago. The last one was okay. But she doesn't like the new one. She's always wandering around, and Madison feels like she's being watched. She has also dared to tell Madison several times to keep her room a little tidier:

"After all, it's something for life," Madison recalls. This choice of words - horror comes to her.

As Madison settles down on the couch in front of the TV, she hears the housekeeper shouting:

"Madison, would you like dinner?"

"What's up?" shouts Madison in a negative tone.

"Baked potatoes," Madison hears from the kitchen.

Gnome goes into action: "Always those damn baked potatoes. Boring. With cold cuts and cheeses. She still says: "... with butter and salt they are especially delicious!" What kind of food is this? She really doesn't know anything about cooking!"

Madison calls back in a loud voice:

"Baked potatoes? It's only for poor people!"

Madison:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 10 points / Vila: 0 points

Madison has made up her mind. She will complain to the father and demand that they have another housekeeper. Because her current domestic help doesn't work at all in her eyes.

She continues to stare at the TV and watches a documentary from Africa. Even before she could change the program, her interest was aroused and so she stayed with this station and listened intently to the voice.

She sees a village similar to the one they visited a month ago. Just like back then, a group of children formed around the cameraman, who clearly had a lot of fun. All of a sudden, Madison's perception changes, and with the remote control in her hand, she freezes like a pillar of salt as various thoughts race through her head.

"Just look at how happy they are there. Just ask yourself once: Why? You have everything here and yet you always have to complain. You even called them barbarians! I know that it hurts to realize one's own mistakes. But you only harmed yourself in those moments. Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you? Vila, show Madison some pictures of this visit," Duh neighs.

Plagued by a guilty conscience, Madison remembers these two moments that have remained in her memory from this village. On the one hand, there is the sight of her mother stroking this boy, and on the other hand, the last view from the back window of the car. At that time, she had been plagued by such bad thoughts that she didn't care about the people there. Now, all of a sudden, she would give something to be there again and to put something right again.

"Barbarians! How could I?"

She is ashamed of herself. Once again she thinks of this nice boy, who will probably have her great treasure with him now.

DUGA, THE TRUE QUEEN OF RAINBOW LAND

"I want it to be special for him too," Madison thinks to herself before calling into the kitchen:

"Baked potatoes with butter and salt? Why not."

Madison:

Duh: 5 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 3 points

WHERE IS DUGA?

DThe story has been going on for a few pages now, but at least obviously there was nothing to be seen of Duga yet. Where's Duga?

We've learned a lot about the Rainbow so far, not what it looks like, but how it feels. We got to know the 4 mythical creatures that cavort around the human being on the "earth" and try to whisper answers to him, to push him into actions or to accompany him gently, in order to help the human being to pay attention to his inner feelings.

Vila has only dug out people's memories from their past in their subconscious for Duh or Zmaj and Gnome.

Gnome and Zmaj scared our four main actors quite a bit at times. Madison, in particular, has suffered a lot from this. She has even begun to develop a hatred for her mother and call other people barbarians. Aarya, on the other hand, had these two beings quite well under control, whereas Madison seemed to be at their mercy. However, if one compares their life situations, this is actually paradoxical at first glance, i.e. contradictory. In the end, it is the inner attitude and the quality to feel that truly leads to happiness and not the outer material.

Duh has seen all people's life situations in her own adventurous, loving way. This truly impressed Max, Amadou, Aarya and even Madison, and these thoughts have definitely left their mark on their minds. Especially with Aarya, this was very clear. Her strength has sparked a dance of joy in Duh and has saved her from worse. And that's where Duga comes in.

Duga was actually present in every story, I just didn't introduce her to you – but she was always there. Duga is the same force from the rainbow land that awakens in man sincere love and the aspiration to the rainbow land. However, this love is not the love that most people know, but much more. People only feel that which is always conditional. Under certain

circumstances, this kind of love can turn into hatred with even the smallest changes in the environment. But Duga represents that love that knows no hatred. It's the same as in rainbow land, where the light doesn't cast a shadow. Duga is just this true unconditional love without shadows - without negativity, because there is no such thing in rainbow land.

That's how Max Duga was allowed to feel at that moment, when he knelt in front of his father, crying with open arms. He asked for a hug, although at that moment, he still felt the insult from his father.

Amadou was allowed to feel Duga when he became aware again of what a beautiful childhood he had and that it seems that his people have some knowledge about the four mythical creatures.

Aarya was already strong from an early age, and yet she was hit short and hard by the bad news about the demolition of her house. After that, she felt Duga a little when she put this situation into perspective again and stood by her parents.

Madison has had the worst of all fours. She was crushed by Zmaj and Gnome. But in the end, she had seen something on TV that invoked her conscience and thus awakened that inner feeling that Duga causes.

Duga reveals itself to humans when they begin to listen to the whispers of the unicorn Duh. They discover what Duh really has to say to them lovingly. This hasn't been so clear in the stories yet, but the rest of the stories will bring us closer to the truth of Duh and Duga, so stay tuned for what awaits you as you read.



MADISON - FRESH AIR AND GREENERY

Madison moves the cursor to a field of her screen, skilfully types the number fifteen thousand with his fingers and clicks on the button on the right side of the screen.

"Finally I did!" Madison thinks to herself, with a sense of inner contentment. "How often do I remember that one pivotal moment in my life," Madison recalls.

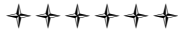
Those minutes on her vacation didn't let her go, until the moment in front of the TV when she watched the documentary about Africa, she became aware of her own arrogance and a deep sense of shame came over her. However, this feeling slowly began to fade in her everyday life.

Nine years passed before this magical moment, when everything changed for her, towards a life with meaningful meaning. Actually, this was not a great moment, but it was an initial spark.

Madison had developed splendidly in adolescence, in the eyes of her parents. At the tender age of 19, she was able to study at the most prestigious university in New York. She wanted to emulate her brothers and make it big at some point. She was already predicted to have the potential to become a business leader or even a politician at a very high level. This had motivated Madison even more to continue working on herself and becoming even better. Somehow she had been grateful to Mom that everything had turned out this way and not differently. She remembered being angry with Mom because of this newspaper, which she considered valuable at the time. Madison even began to hate her mother.

"Let the boy die of it!" she said ironically at the time, deliberately not paying any attention to what had happened. And now she's glad to be here where she is and not in such a place in Africa!

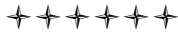
"How can you survive there?" But what happened after her 24th birthday was so drastic that her life turned completely upside down after that!



Madison is still tired and tossing and turning in bed. "Fucking headache!" she wails. "Now yesterday it was so nice and today this damn headache!"

Madison had been up late yesterday as she spent her birthday in the yacht.

"You don't turn 24 every day!" she said yesterday. That's why she celebrated extensively with all the students she knows well and with her relatives with atmospheric live music. Now it's Sunday and tomorrow she has to go to university again! Graduation year!



Madison is still in bed with a heavy head on Monday morning. She has already overslept a day because she was so dim. Even the tablets early in the morning didn't really help. Now it's a little better, but the head is pressing from all sides.

"But what the heck, you have to go through it!" Madison motivates herself.

In a bad mood, she quickly prepares a muesli and eats it. Meanwhile, all her attention is focused on the latest news, which she scrolls through on her mobile phone. One last time, she checks her device, which she rarely lets go, to see if her important person has received a new private message before disappearing through the apartment door with her briefcase. Just then, the housekeeper comes towards her, with whom she almost collides.

"Can't they be careful?" Madison whines, hurrying into the elevator. "It's still the same housekeeper as before... How long ago was that? 9 years."

The thoughts of this encounter linger in Madison's head as she takes the elevator down from the 35th floor!

"My father never complied with my request! Those damn baked potatoes!" Madison thinks to herself as she leaves for the university.

Madison's gnome says, "Now you have to go through this park again! Those bums there. Stinking, unkempt and always feeling like they're looking after you!"

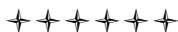
Madison already feels this unpleasant feeling. When she has to cross the park, her steps become larger and her gaze more straightforward. But somehow she still tries to find out who is there.

"Once I'm a politician, I'm going to do something that doesn't exist anymore!" says Madison.

One of the homeless people always catches her eye. She doesn't really know why, but something is emanating from him. But this certainly can't be due to the two gaps in the teeth or by far the worst and dirtiest clothing. She thinks it could be his special look or his laugh. Something was there!

When she arrives at the university, she goes straight to Room 1 - Psychology. She really loves that. The realization of how the psyche works. It can sometimes be overwhelming to experience something that impresses and sometimes shocks, but that the population, which will never acquire this knowledge, will never know. She could tell some interesting stories. Today, an exciting topic is emerging: traditions.

She is particularly receptive to this, because it is exciting to learn how ceremonies and ways of life of other peoples affect the perception of the respective people. A film will be shown. Pens and sheets of paper are ready, she leans back, and she's ready to go!



"There he was again!!"

Madison's breathing becomes intense and she can feel every single breath inside her.

"That dark-skinned boy and the overjoyed cameraman!"

Out of the blue, she remembers that feeling she had on the couch back then. She froze like a pillar of salt, her biting conscience pressing. Madison had had an outburst of anger after losing the paper. Too great had been the pain of her mother simply giving away something of her, without being asked, to which her heart was attached. It wasn't until later that she was able to really think about it, until it was completely lost in everyday life.

Madison pulls herself out of this perception, which has definitely upset her, while her head starts to hurt again and she is negatively reminded of yesterday. This happens to her often and at this moment she knows that she must not think too much now, otherwise it hurts even more inside. She doesn't have time for that at the moment.

Duh now says, "Madison, hello? Don't you want to be a politician? You want to help the homeless and you don't even pay attention to them! At least a small gesture with all your possessions wouldn't be bad!"

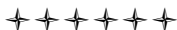
At this thought, Madison smiles and thinks about how she can implement this idea:

Zmaj from Madison now very calmly and stalking: "Yes Madison, that's a good idea. So that people start to like you, so that you can be a politician one day! What kind of feeling of power would that be? How about that? Everybody, really everybody, would know you!"

And so she decided to put a few bills from her briefcase on the table to hand them over to these somehow special friendly homeless people later on the way back!

Madison:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 20 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points



"The last hour is done!" Madison says happily, and at the same time she still feels weighed down by the heavy head. She still has a lot to do today and so she has to hurry and rushes away towards her home. As she approaches the park, she notices a crowd of people at the place where this "Zahnlückentoni" was located this morning. She feels something in her pocket:

"Oh yes, I wanted to give something to the homeless man!" Madison thinks to herself - but somehow there is such a strange aftertaste.

Gnome of Madison: "All in one heap there. And now you should just burst in and see if this man with the two gaps in his teeth is still "lying around" somehow. Well, you've made up your mind - so - close your eyes and get on with it!"

With little conviction, Madison approaches this troop of neglected men. Yes, it looks like the whole park is gathered here. She looks for a place with less crowding to somehow understand what's going on. From afar she hears a siren wailing and then everything went very, very, very slowly.

This red jacket on the floor looks familiar to her, so extremely dirty. One open mouth, two gaps between teeth. This 50-year-old man lies motionless on the ground and everyone around him stands stunned and watches.

All of a sudden, there was that dark-skinned boy with curly hair in her head again!! First in Africa, then on TV, now at university. She wanted to help this man! Was this day his last day of his life?

Zmaj says quite deceitfully: "If only you had done something in the morning, it might not have happened!"

The heavy head, plus the feeling of nausea all day long. Now this situation, which completely overwhelms her.

The paramedics make their way through the crowd and Madison walks aside and sits down on a nearby bench to watch the goings-on from a distance. The paramedics ventilate the homeless man with an oxygen mask and resuscitate him with a heart massage. Stunned, Madison watches as they put him on a stretcher, push him into the car, and speed away with blue lights.



Now a voice speaks up in her that immediately reminds Madison of that TV evening nine years ago:

"This has now happened. It can't be changed! Remind yourself that you want to help and start acting now!"

"That's right, that's what I wanted to do, but how?" Feeling for the homeless, Madison takes heart and approaches the remaining men and says:

"Who was this man?"

And so she slowly became involved in a conversation that changed her opinion of these people by 180 degrees. She learned that the "Zahnlückentoni" came from a wealthy home in Los Angeles. He studied and graduated as an engineer. He had a good job, but then he lost his job and was no longer needed with his qualification. This drove him into a downward spiral and that's how he ended up on the street. He did not want to share all this with his parents, as he was ashamed.

And so Madison became involved in many more conversations and she noticed how friendly and warm these homeless people really are and how bad it feels when other people, with all their prejudices, walk past them.

"The homeless feel the contempt in their eyes!" Madison realizes.

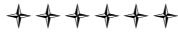
After this experience, she came home with more new impressions than she had in a long time and, despite the fact that she did not like the housekeeper, she told these stories. That was so exciting.

"Some of the homeless love this life! Who would have thought! Many of the homeless were engineers or had other high positions, but with a lot of bad luck and misfortune, they slipped all the way to the bottom. I never thought of them like that!"

And at that moment, she could feel Duga rising inside her.

Madison:

Duh: 10 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points



It was this experience many years ago that completely turned Madison's worldview and, above all, her life upside down. From that moment on, she began to be kinder to her fellow human beings and to respect everyone. Because if it was something she had learned back then, it was this:

"Never point the finger at someone without knowing their story."

"God forbid you ever have to walk a mile in his shoes, because then you'd really know what it's like to sing the blues," she sometimes sings to herself. This song, which pours exactly this circumstance into a beautiful dress.

Today, Madison lives outside the city. She has turned her back on all this noise and hustle and bustle and now lives with her husband, as well as their 3-year-old daughter, in a small village, near the forest, in a suburb of New York. She has found a job where she earns quite well and with which she is able to help her fellow human beings. She knows that she derives her inner satisfaction from it and that her life has become much more balanced as a result.

And so today she sits at the computer, skilfully typing the number fifteen thousand into a field and clicking on the button next to it, which says "transfer". When she finally does it, she feels that euphoric feeling again, just like she did in front of the TV and in the park. It is Duga, which now begins to spread pleasantly warm inside her.

Madison:

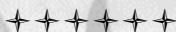
Duh: 15 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points

AARYA - WHEN PROVIDING HELP BECOMES PART OF EVERYDAY LIFE

"Aarya" a loud woman's voice shouts through the door: "Please check on your brother one more time before you leave the house!"

It rained all night and it was even stormy, but Aarya didn't even notice it, she slept so deeply. Aarya checks on her brother, who is sick in bed, before she grabs the satchel from a stool in the kitchen-living room and storms through the door to the outside. On the way to her new purpose, Aarya thinks back to this strange day, which started just like today.

"That was two years ago," Aarya says to herself. This one almost ended in disaster, but somehow everything turned out differently.



She knelt in front of the stove, slowly got up and went to her parents, who still had the horror written all over their faces. Hugging them both, she said:

"We'll make it work!" while her brother on the floor was still playing with the doll as if nothing had happened at all.

She had come to the certainty that she had to be strong, even if she herself did not have absolute certainty and did not know what this letter that her parents had brought home meant in the end. There was an ominous thought that they might be resettled and no one knows exactly what life will bring.

She had been busy preparing dhal, which she had almost forgotten at that moment. Dhal is a lentil dish that Aarya loves. She likes to cook it as a stew and serve it with flatbread. Everyone in the area likes to eat this. She prepares more and more, so that the dish is enough for two days.

When the dish was ready, the family had gathered around the rickety little table to have dinner together. The mood was understandably depressed. Nobody really knew what to say and so it was quiet that evening, as rarely before.

Through the open cracks of their corrugated iron hut, it was easy to see what was happening and what was being said outside on the small alley that passed by. Even from a distance, Aarya heard an excited, slightly tear-choked female voice. She tried to understand what was being said, but the voice was still too far away. As the two people approached their hut, the reason for the apparent suffering was immediately clear.

"How are we going to continue to feed our daughter? Since you lost your job, we even have to look for leftovers in the garbage cans," the female voice sobbed. "How is this going to continue?"

At that moment, Aarya realized that despite her own poor living conditions, there were still people in her area who were even worse off than her family. This depressed her and made her worries fade into the background. Their parents have at least a small business that yields a small income and enables them to live a life where they don't have to fight for every crumb every day.

Duh of Aarya neighed slightly and said, "Come, get up quickly and run after them and offer them the lentil stew, quickly, before you lose sight of them!"

Aarya hesitated for a moment, because her mind wants to deal with possible problems, but she couldn't find any. And so she ran, leaving her family at the table with their mouths open.

More than an hour passed before Aarya returned to the hut with three other people. As it turned out, the young family lived almost half an hour

away. She was just 20 years old and her husband was 22 years old. Their daughter was just 6 months old.

They had left their baby with a neighbor to find people on the street to clean their shoes. But there was no money to be made today and so they had to return empty-handed to their toddler. The young couple was scarred by this difficult day. But where at first there were tears of absolute despair, there were tears of hope and joy.

When Aarya had run after them, she had offered them to eat with her family. It had taken a while for the ice to break, but then they went home together to pick up their daughter. Along the way, there were some truly interesting conversations, as Aarya later discovered. She recognized the basic understanding of the derogatory attitude of the people outside the slums towards them and saw the powerlessness and hopelessness of changing anything.

"How could you convey the truth to these people?" said Aarya, without making any negative comments about her.

"I'm just trying to be a nice person and that's all I can do right now!" she said was the only option.

So the seven of them sat around this little wobbly table and ate lentil stew with flatbread together. It was a quiet, level-headed group of simplest people full of warmth. After Aarya's parents learned the fate of this young family, the letter that arrived today was also forgotten and two ideas even emerged in the group together.

The first idea was that Aarya's father offered the young man to help out in the shop for a few hours. At least enough to buy the bare necessities to eat.

But the second thought was even more grandiose, because they talked about how they could help other people. According to the motto: "If you

AARYA - WHEN PROVIDING HELP BECOMES PART OF EVERYDAY LIFE

are not feeling well, find someone who is worse off and help them". In doing so, they wanted to show the surrounding districts that they are not just useless worms from the gutters.

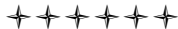
Aarya:

Duh: 20 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points

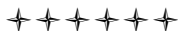


Aarya no longer lives in a hut made of corrugated iron. Today they have simple masonry. She never needed much, but Aarya is glad it doesn't drip anymore when it's raining outside.

Her brother is sick today, so she wanted to stop by his room again to ask if he might need anything else. Now she is on her way to her new purpose. You could write a book of your own to explain what exactly has happened since that day two years ago. I'm just telling you about the beginning.

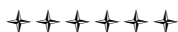


The young man began to help out with her father the very next day, and Aarya went to the young woman and her daughter after school. Sometimes they would dare to go into town for an hour to ask other people if they would be willing to help someone who was worse off than themselves. But they usually only reaped scorn and ridicule. But since that day, when they met this slightly older man, everything happened pretty quickly.



Aarya takes the young mother by the hand, who is carrying her little girl under a sling. The two walk slowly through the suburbs of Mumbai, which borders directly on their slum. It's a little more civilized there, but the mess is still pretty big. Many motorcycles scurry along the small alleys and on larger roads there are also countless vehicles with 3 and 4 wheels.

They don't really have a goal. They just walk the streets trying to feel who they could try it with. Sometimes these people stop, but most of the time they walk on with a smile. But that was to change on this day.



An elderly well-dressed gentleman, around 60 years old, sits on a park bench and enjoys his lunch break. Today it was quite stressful in the company, so sometimes a little walk outside works wonders for him. With a small break box in his left hand, he sits on the park bench to read the newspaper about world events.

"WAR!" is written in large letters on the first page.

"What are they doing? It doesn't end well. But what am I supposed to do? It would be enough if everyone just laid down their arms, then there could never be a war!" he thinks to himself. He's flipping to the next page, glancing briefly to his left.

The gnome says, "Look, look, who's coming here? These are the people from the slums. How many times have they broken into your house!! I can't see them anymore. And look, the slightly older one is also pregnant! It never stops!"

He tries to immerse himself in the newspaper again, hoping that they won't talk to him and who knows, beg for money. "First stealing and then begging. That's too much!" he says to himself. Aarya approaches the park bench together with the young mother and the baby.

Zmaj of Aarya in a hissing voice: "Don't you see that he doesn't like you? You're just socks, or are you blind?"

"Be quiet, you babbling monster! So you're still trying, but I'm not listening anymore!" Aarya says to herself with satisfaction.

AARYA - WHEN PROVIDING HELP BECOMES PART OF EVERYDAY LIFE

Duh of Arya says, "Oh Arya, I'm so proud of you. You're doing a great job. It feels good to you, so just sit there and see what happens. I'm curious to see what you have to say about it!"

They walk slowly to the park bench, stop for a moment and both take a seat with a smile. At this moment, the little creature in the sling begins to feel uncomfortable, turns around and screams.

The man's gnome says, "Hmmm.... she's not pregnant, she's having a baby! And now she'll probably breastfeed as well!"



So far, the Lord has not dared to put down his newspaper and look at it. He was too uncomfortable and was prepared for a plea at any moment. But when he hadn't heard from the three of them after a while, he pushed his journal aside for a moment to check if they were still sitting next to him at all. At that moment, the blow hits him.

The two girls don't pay any attention to him at all, they are lost in thought. But the little daughter looks out of the sling with two googly eyes and

smiles at him. It is not the young woman and girl he thought so negatively about that he is interested in. No, this baby.

He has no children because he is infertile. He and his wife dearly wanted children, but it was never meant to be. How much he has suffered from the fact that something is wrong with him and as a result the hoped-for family happiness has failed to materialize. That feeling of not being worth anything - of having failed. Now he's almost retired and sometimes wonders if that's it. There wasn't much left ahead of him and he had achieved everything he wanted. But somehow something was missing and he never knew where the shortcoming was. He had always been working towards this moment, but now that he sits here, he realizes that there is nothing to achieve.

And now he is being overrun by the googly eyes. The baby, with his limited opportunities to express himself, smiles more every time he winks his eye. It touches his heart. And so, with excited facial expressions, he enters into a communication with the toddler.

When the mother notices this, she turns towards the Lord and smiles at him. Without having spoken a word, she frees her little daughter from the sling and gives the little girl the chance to devote herself more to the Lord, which she promptly accepts.

And so the three of them start talking. Aarya tells the Lord how they have helped the little family and are still doing it. He feels how happy everyone is and that he had always thought wrong of them. Because he felt so comfortable around her, he agreed to support both of them in helping other people.

"After all, what else do I want to achieve?"

<i>Elderly Gentleman / Aarya / Mother / Toddler:</i>
--

Duh: 60 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points



And so, today, Aarya is heading towards her new destiny, the organization that was only recently founded. Today is the first day they will move into a space. Aarya is excited to see what it will be like to meet more people who like to help others. These are people with a big, wonderful heart and an understanding of those seeking help. Willing people who like to listen when problems are talked about and who try to improve the life situation of each individual by looking at everything from a different point of view and thus giving strength to the other person and encouraging them to be active and believe in themselves. Aarya is looking forward to it, because she knows that she feels right at home among such like-minded people.

She doesn't quite know where this new office with a small storage room is supposed to be. She had only been told to turn left after the first intersection, then a few blocks up and there on the right. It is now at the crossroads and moves to the left. It already puts a smile on her face. In front of an apartment entrance on the right side of the street, she sees some girls who look familiar to her. They wave to her overjoyed and Aarya feels recognized by them and a feeling of comfort flows through her. Yes, here she is happy.

As she gets closer, she realizes that the excitement is quite high. More than could have been expected. It looks like they can't wait for it to arrive. Not because of her, but because of something they want to tell her. She is eagerly awaiting the moment when she will find out what it is all about. The sparkle in the girls' eyes is already visible and so it bubbles out of them:

"Aarya, someone transferred \$15,000 to us!"

DUGA, THE TRUE QUEEN OF RAINBOW LAND

"What a lucky coincidence!" whispers Arya to herself, as she is filled with an intoxicating feeling of happiness from Duga.

Aarya / Madison:

Duh: 100 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points

AMADOU - THE UNIVERSE

Amadou lies awake on his mat next to his sister. He didn't sleep well today either and has been awake for a long time. This time, however, the reason is of a different and positive nature. Yesterday's allusion by Duh to their ritual, "that this should be her - i.e. Duh, Zmaj, Gnome and Vila", that was quite violent. "Where did we get this knowledge from and why don't we understand it anymore?" He knows that he can't make a statement about it in the village, because everyone would react angrily to it.

Zmaj von Amadou says with folded paws and a grim look: "Amadou, you would never dare to say something like that out loud. They would think you were crazy, but they wouldn't be entirely wrong, and they would drive you out of the village immediately!"

"That this would happen - I'm sure, but to see yourself as if you had gone crazy, no, this just went too far, yesterday's words were too powerful and too moving. I don't have to tell anyone and I can just be a little curious. Who knows what else I'll find," Amadou says to himself in a positive and motivating way.

Amadou remembers this newspaper once again, which is next to his mat as always. Actually, he didn't want her anymore. I wanted to burn it somewhere in secret, so that no one would ever see it again, here in the village. But he wants to pay attention to this unwelcome guest once again and slowly flips through the pages. On the penultimate page, Amadou is suddenly struck by a strange illustration. Looks like a strange funnel - at the beginning a red exploding dot, which flows apart relatively quickly and then expands only slowly. And somehow, the entire funnel was littered with little vortices. The headline is "The universe is expanding in spiral movement". Amadou doesn't understand English.

Amadou puts the newspaper back in its place next to the mat and thinks about how he can start his research today. The possible knowledge of his tribe has inspired him and so he has been thinking for a while about who he could talk to about it. Maybe with the tribal elder who stood at this table yesterday. "He could just ask a nice question - show a little interest. I think that this person is very keen to pass on his almost "secret" knowledge to someone who is interested!"



After school, Amadou excitedly runs straight to the person he had thought of this morning. His intention was to go home for lunch at first, but then he changed his plan.

He quickly runs up the last hill before reaching the last house on the right. He stops in front of the door and calls for its inhabitants. An old gray man comes out of the room and invites him to take a seat on the bench. Amadou couldn't wait to ask this man his question.

This morning, Amadou had a good idea at the last moment. He took the newspaper to school to ask the teacher what the headline meant.

"The universe is expanding in a spiral motion" was the headline of the paper - but this was absolutely Chinese for Amadou. And so it occurred to him to ask this man what he can tell about the universe.

And so Amadou sits fidgety on the bench and waits out of politeness until the older man next to him has also found a seat. When a brief moment of calm has returned, Amadou blurts out:

"I wanted to ask you what you know about the universe."



After a while, the man smiles and begins to speak in a leisurely manner:

"Amadou, the knowledge I am giving you now we have from our fathers and their fathers. This knowledge was given to us by "extraterrestrials" a long time ago. Son, the earth on which we live is round and revolves on its own axis. The Earth, on the other hand, revolves around the Sun. Both together revolve around another point and the entire universe revolves around itself!"

Amadou was not prepared for this. In his search, he immediately finds such information. He was so stunned that he couldn't think of any more questions, so he decided to go back home. He first had to get his head in order.

On the way home, he walked very slowly, for Amadou was lost in too many thoughts.

"In a newspaper from the other world that I have turned my back on, I find something that suggests that his tribe has knowledge that the other world has only recently found. Pretty puzzling."

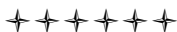
And so Amadou slowly dawdles towards his home, thinking about what else there was to find out.

"Wasn't that enough to assume that there was something to these rituals and that they just needed to be seen from a different point of view, from an inner point of view?" he asks himself.

Suddenly, a wonderful idea pops into his head.

Amadou:

Duh: 10 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points



Amadou sits in the apartment of a young woman and waits anxiously for her to translate something for him. When this idea popped up a few days ago, he began to do everything he could to be right here, waiting for an answer.

Amadou remembered that at some point in class there had been talk of an "Internet" in the next town not far from his village. He had never heard of it before, but it sounded very exciting. Because in this "Internet" you could type in a question somewhere to get immediate results from all over the world. And so he wanted to ask this "Internet" what his tribe - the Dogon - knew about the universe.

Now the young woman turns in the direction of Amadou and begins to read something to him. And while she reads to him the content to which his striving was directed, a stronger and more beautiful feeling arises in him.

"There are no more doubts, Amadou! There is something higher!" and this thought in turn triggers an even happier feeling in him, in which Duga shows himself in him, for the first time, a little more.

Now Amadou couldn't wait for the next celebration, with the rituals taking place, to observe everything with his newfound knowledge and let it work in him.

Amadou:

Duh: 20 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points

MAX - AND THEN CAME DUGA

Max sits alone at the breakfast table in the small kitchen. His arms resting on the tabletop, hiding his face in his hands. He breathes slowly and deeply.

"Everything has gone so well so far! What happened?" he sighs, while the kitchen clock in the background announces 9 o'clock.

He swings his head back and forth slightly, his breathing becoming increasingly shaky. His life flies past him again and again in his thoughts. At least what he can remember.

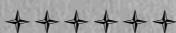


Although he had also been happy, his review of the past proves this very clearly. But somehow everything was overshadowed by this negative feeling. He had been teased at school because he was different from his classmates. At least that's what he meant at the time, but what exactly it was, Max himself doesn't know now.

When he went to high school at the age of 14, he felt the need to make up for his lack of self-esteem and recognition with something. That's why he had begun to work single-mindedly on a career. He wanted to study and achieve something.

This was also clearly evident on his 18th birthday, when he absolutely had to buy a vehicle with the money he had put aside until then. Of course, the car had something to offer.

He was successful at university and immediately found a good job. All this strengthened his feeling of being able to see the big, wide world and thus get far away from his hometown. He really wanted to show everyone that he was capable of more than what other people thought of him.



But, when a few days ago he received a call from the personnel office informing him that he had been resigned without notice, it caused doubts in him and called into question all his actions and actions.

Gnome of Max says in deep words as he lets out a hot breath, "You're a good-for-nothing. You've always been, you'll always be. What do you want to prove to the others?"

At almost the same time, Zmaj roars with bared teeth: "And you want to be something better than others? Take a look at yourself. And now? Where do we go from here? You don't even dare to say that to your mother!! Chicken! And Vila, why don't you show Max how he was treated at school?"

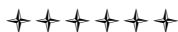
Vila begins to rummage a little hesitantly in the chest.

"Now go ahead, you elf, or shall I make you legs?"

Max just feels down and he feels like crying. An uneasy feeling spreads in his stomach, while the pressure from the outside becomes stronger and stronger.

Max:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 30 points / Gnome: 30 points / Vila: 30 points



And so Max sits alone in the kitchen today and doesn't know what to do at all. Listless, energyless. What is he supposed to do with all this newfound endless free time? Yesterday his mother asked him to fetch the heavy cooking pot from the attic. But he also wants to delay that until the last moment. He is too busy in his thoughts and too uncomfortable to do a single move.

Now Duh says to him in a sympathetic tone: "Max, come on. Get up, go up to the attic and get this pot for your mother."

Reluctantly, Max gets up and sets off. "At some point, I'm going to have to do it anyway. So why not right away," Max thinks to himself.

In the attic it is cramped and not too bright.

"Where's that damn pot?" Max asks himself as he hits his head on a ledge!

"Ouch, everything is really going wrong right now!" But finally he can see this heavy black thing. He grabs it and makes his way downstairs.

Duh says almost inaudibly in a pleading tone: "Maaax, please look to the left, biiittte!"

Max intuitively swivels his head to the left and sees a large shelf full of books and magazines. Max thinks nothing of it and is already moving on when a strange feeling awakens in him. He puts the pot on the floor and goes back to the bookshelf. Lots of his mother's novels and crime novels, as well as his father's journals. When he looks up, he discovers a strange book. It looks like it has a somewhat tattered fabric cover. Somehow, it sounds familiar to him. He stretches to pull it off the shelf, while Max is lightly confronted by dust, which he can smell very well.

He sits down on a chair, brushes the remaining dust off the front and reads "Diary" in thick colored letters. It brings back faint memories of his childhood and the thought of how he was convinced he had to write a diary at the time. He leafs through the writing a little when he discovers a large heart on one page that captures his gaze. Then Max starts reading and from that moment on, his life should not be the same as before.

"What a wonderful day it was today! That interesting voice in my head!" is written in the diary.



At this moment, it is almost as if the rainbow land from the book comes to him in the attic. He remembers that evening very clearly and the realization he had gained that the voices in his head were trying to convince him of something. And on that evening many years ago, he had clearly realized his own free choice and the importance of who he paid attention to.

However, he had forgotten all that in the next few days and so his everyday life began again, in which he listened to the voices of Zmaj and Gnome, but they did everything they could to make him forget the evening and the knowledge he had gained.

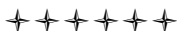
"How could it be that I didn't remember it!" Max moans as a wonderful feeling of Duga spreads through him.

"Maaax!" shouts a loud woman's voice.

At this moment, Max is drawn back to the attic from rainbow land. He shakes off his newly formed feelings for a moment, takes the large black pot and goes down the stairs, where his mother is waiting for him.

Max:

Duh: 30 points / Zmaj: 0 points / Gnome: 0 points / Vila: 0 points



Over the next few days and weeks, Max is not feeling well at all. Everything annoys him and he is plagued by thoughts. Sometimes a germ of memory arises in him, but he shakes it off immediately, because Gnome makes life difficult for him.

Max's gnome snorts contemptuously as he says with a piercing gaze, "What are you supposed to do with these memories? You've just finished your studies and now you're about to become something. So, don't lie lazily on your skin - move!"

Most of the time, Zmaj also adds his mustard and really fires Max's butt:

"Do you really believe in the foolish unicorn? You traitor, you good-for-nothing. How many more times do I have to explain this to you? You disappoint me, Max! Real. And what great things do you hope to accomplish here on this earth? Do you want to save the world now, you dreamer? People will have a great time with you... Hahahaha!" thunders Zmaj with a deafening roar as he breathes fire and kicks up the air with his powerful wings.

A chill runs down Max's spine. In addition, there is Zmaj's choice of words - "Save the world!" The only thing Max can think of is this beautiful, but distant short story.

"Yes, back then, as a child I perceived this story so wonderfully. But now, where has it all gone?" sighs Max, while unpleasant images of the situation on Earth fly by before his eyes.

Everything has been left under a thick layer of dust somewhere and buried. And yet this story motivated Max so much at the time. Malli and Erdi - what a ravishing tale. Despite his inner pain, Max can still smile a little in joy.

Max:

Duh: 0 points / Zmaj: 30 points / Gnome: 30 points / Vila: 0 points

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SAVE THE WORLD QUICKLY

Malli and Erdi are on their way to work. You have a very special job. They take care of galaxies.

What are galaxies? The universe in which we live is vast. You can't describe it in words. The universe is basically empty and consists of countless small vortices, the galaxies, which are separated from each other by great distances and in turn form groups. Malli and Erdi belong to the group of the "local galaxy cluster", which also includes the Milky Way, Earth's home galaxy.

And so Malli and Erdi chug through the local galaxy cluster in their special spaceship to make sure everything is right.

Very excited, Malli says to Erdi: "That was a joke yesterday!"

"Certainly," Erdi replies with a satisfied smile.

What the two of them had experienced the day before was also quite special for them, because normally they check the temperatures of the stars and the planets. They also control the orbits of the planets around their sun. But yesterday was a different story! What had happened? A galaxy has stopped spinning. This was an absolute emergency! Malli and Erdi had immediately rushed in with large equipment and reinforcements to get the galaxy up and running again. But at the end of the day, everything was done and everyone was satisfied.

Today it is quieter. Everything seems to be fine. They are just speeding past the Milky Way when a thought occurs to Erdi:

"Let's visit Earth!"

He remembers this planet so well because it has an almost identical name to this one.

"Yes, that's a good idea. We haven't been there for a long time! The earth is so beautiful!" exclaims Malli, delighted.

The Earth is something very special and it is enormously different from other planets. It is a living planet, of which there are not so many. Normally, planets are a clump of gas, ash, and rocks, but Earth is different. And so Malli steers the spaceship directly towards the galaxy.

They are fully on course and moving at a very high speed. They are already flying past Sirius, one of Earth's closest stars. Even from a distance, the two of them can see the sun, Earth's home star, with a smile. They slow down their speed in order to be able to enjoy this view better.

"Oh, how beautiful! Our blue pearl!" exclaims Erdi, after the small earth begins to shine in shimmering blue as if out of nowhere at an even greater distance.

They approach cautiously. Everything looks pretty good when Malli notices something:

"What was that? Did you see that too? On the shadow side, there was something like a very small explosion!"

They continue to approach and notice that the earth is lightly surrounded, as if by a kind of cobweb. As if they were very small metal particles, like satellites. Malli and Erdi already suspect evil.

Malli and Erdi park their spaceship some distance from Earth and get out to approach it. The Earth, although huge for them, is nevertheless tiny compared to the other celestial bodies. When Malli stretches all the way out, he can barely reach the North Pole, like a giant who puts his hand on a sphere.

Jupiter, the largest planet in Earth's solar system, seems like a modest seven-story house on its scale. And the sun, the shining central star, looks

like a gigantic skyscraper that rises over 75 stories into the sky and is more than 23 kilometers away from Earth.

Equipped with two brooms, they begin to sweep this scrap metal off the earth. "Who put that on there?" says Erdi in astonishment.



While Erdi sweeps the resulting pile of metal into a dustpan, Malli retrieves an endoscope from the spaceship. This is a long tube with which you can get a detailed picture of the surface of the Earth through the atmosphere, which is a kind of protective layer of the Earth. Malli skilfully inserts the endoscope and examines the delivered images through a pair of glasses.

"Oh my goodness!" exclaims Malli in horror.

"Overtime?" says Erdi with a bit of humour.

"Yes, it looks like it," Malli replies coolly.

While Malli examines the situation closely, all kinds of thoughts arise in him.

"There is the typical grey-black scab, which can be found all over the world. If I were to rub my finger here and smell it, a brick or slight cement smell would be perceptible. I know this too well from other missions. The water of the oceans has lost its transparency and natural blue shimmer. In many places, the air looks like impenetrable, grey, stinky fog. In many places, the earth was even violated. Thick, deep ditches and holes can be seen in the mountains and also in the lowlands. Likewise, the forests and the soil itself have already been affected to a certain extent. The earth is definitely sick and already crying. It's good that we're here, because I know from experience that this is a last-minute rescue."

They now know exactly what to do, because they have routine in their job. Yes, it's exhausting, but the result is something to be proud of and the imminent result motivates Malli and Erdi. This is the reason to carry out their activity lovingly, carefully and deliberately.

First, they remove the gray-black scab. To do this, they use a device that is quite familiar from the dental practice. It is these drills that leave goosebumps when they come into contact with the tooth. A shiver runs down Erdi's spine as he starts working. On the one hand, he remembers his last visit to the dentist and on the other hand, he is flooded with the feelings he had there, as well as the thoughts that the earth would suffer as well. "But what should I do? That's the only way I can help her!" he thinks to himself.

Second, they purify the air. With a special device, which they laboriously retrieve from their spaceship and connect to both sides of the earth, they gradually remove all the dirt. The two of them are very excited to stand next to this noisy machine to see what is being sucked out.

"How can you breathe?" asks Malli, horrified as he sees a gray dark veil spread through the machine.

When this work is completed, they begin the final step, cleaning up the water. With a cannula, which Malli attaches to the bottom of the soil, the water is drawn in and sent through a filter. The clean water is collected in a separate tank to be rinsed back afterwards.

But already the equipment goes on strike and Erdi checks why this thing doesn't work anymore and opens it.

"Oh my goodness! What's all this? Plastic?"

Malli rushes over to him in disbelief, but realizes that his colleague is right.

"How can you be so stupid?" Malli adds, as he reaches into the water tank with his finger to test the water with his sense of taste in his mouth, while he grimaces strangely.

"Forget it!" sighs Malli.

It is immediately clear to both of them that this work makes no sense at all. Vacuum and add fresh water. With their knowledge, they know that they don't need to look for any other solution. It's a good thing that they always have enough of this important liquid with them in the spaceship. After all, it is one of the most abundant elements in the entire universe, thus underlining its importance.

When the oceans are filled with clear water again, they water the entire earth with a jug.

"This is very important, because it gets the cycle going again!" Erdi knows from experience.

"Done!" they both exclaim at the same time as they happily check with the endoscope whether everything is okay again. Her heart blossoms. You'll see healthy forests, crystal clear waters, and countless fluffy clouds.

"How idyllic!" breathes Malli in a soulful voice.

"Yes, just beautiful," Erdi agrees.

And so, inwardly moved, they both make their way back home, where two families are already eagerly awaiting the return of their fathers. Malli and Erdi sit with their family members over dinner and talk about their experiences. The children listen intently to the words of their fathers and see the happiness shining in their eyes. Malli and Erdi are thrilled to have such a beautiful job and to be able to leave an important message for their children:

"Children! Pay attention to the earth, for you have only one!!"

A NEW GOAL

Max dips a slice of white bread with really thick chocolate cream into a bowl of cocoa. He still loves it, just as he did when he was a child. A year has passed since that beautiful moment in the attic. The first few weeks and months after that were still tough, but Max hasn't been the same since then. No stone has been left unturned.

He has found a new job very close to his village. It's nothing special, but he's happy because he's found his purpose in life. And that's the main thing for him now. Max has started to help his fellow human beings with the means at his disposal. He listens to what they have to say in order to understand and learn from their view of the world.

"That's so exciting!" Max thinks to himself again and again.

He has also been working on his new project for a few months, which he is particularly pleased about. Of course, it was Duh who had instigated him to do so. He was sitting on the terrace in front of his house when it started to drizzle slightly.

Duh said: "Max - look straight. Do you see what I can see?"

After that, Duh got so close to Max that it was only Max and Duh who could hear the words. And from that moment on, Max had discovered another passion for himself.

But for Max's life to become what it is now, he had to learn quite a bit and fight some battles.



When the memories of his childhood began to come back to Max, Zmaj and Gnome were always on hand. The memories were vague - but the message was always as clear as daylight. And every time these indescribable feelings came up in him, it started hissing and screaming.

"Maaaaaaaxxxx!! You probably don't believe that yourself! A different sensation than you have now!? Surely several people must have gone through this?? Do you hear anything? No... I'd say you're a weirdo!" growled both colleagues on the side, their words hissing through the air like angry lightning.

Max listens for a moment, flinches and the beautiful feeling is gone. But it gets stuck in his subconscious and is thus present somewhere in his mind throughout the day.



Such experiences shocked Max. But the good thing was: He remembered that in his childhood he was clearly convinced that there are always two ways of looking at every situation. It all depends on who you pay attention to in your thoughts. Zmaj and Gnome with their critical, judgmental, deceitful and selfish, material ideas or Duh with their love, caring, unconditionality, selflessness and warmth of heart.

Max gradually began to understand these differences and was able to slowly break away from the control of Zmaj and Gnome. This is also the case with the following story, which took place on a sunny spring morning.



Max is on his way to the train station in his car. The sun is shining from the sky and there is not a cloud to be seen. The morning is still frosty and cold and this can be seen in the frozen puddles of water that Max occasionally sees on the side of the road.

"Those beautiful frozen puddles of water. Oooohh, how much I loved to crush them with my shoes as a child! That unmistakable sound that comes out of it!" Max thinks to himself.

Max has to stop by a friend's house to get him something. He doesn't have too much time, because he has to pick up his mother at the

supermarket at ten o'clock - Saturday shopping. He's a bit late and slightly annoyed that he once again didn't manage to leave early.

He drives through the narrow street, at the end of which his friend lives in a rented apartment. And as you would expect - no parking.

"That too! Does anyone want to annoy me?" smiles Max.

At the end of this street there is an office with a few private parking spaces. It's Saturday morning and the office is closed. Max turns the last bend and sees that all the parking spaces designated for the office are free.

With the owner is not good to eat cherries. An older loner who rarely, if ever, gives a smile. Max honestly admits to himself that he doesn't like him, but he doesn't seem to be here, as his car is nowhere to be seen.

"And if I do, I only have to go up to my friend's house for 5 minutes. On top of that, today is Saturday and the office is closed. It's not going to be a crime," Max thinks.

Max carefully parks his car within the boundary lines, gets out and heads to the entrance of the stairwell, next to which is the entrance to the office. Just as Max walks past his door, the office door opens, in the frame of which the corpulent body of the older gentleman, who had already been worked on by Zmaj in advance, spreads.

"Look out the window! Again, someone who wants to put their cart in your parking lot! You can't check enough that everything is correct. After all, you studied law, and you know the law inside out. So, get out there and defend your territory!" screeches Zmaj.

Without eye contact, let alone a greeting, it gushes out of the Lord in the doorway:

"Park your car somewhere else. This is private parking!"



From the moment Max saw the office door open, Max felt uncomfortable as he had a premonition of what to expect. Zmaj from Max had prepared him for this, as he could already feel his dragon colleague, from the older gentleman, quite well when parking the car.

At that moment, Max couldn't think of anything else but to say what had already gone through his head on the way there:

"But today is Saturday, the office is closed. In addition, I only have to go up for a short time and I'm gone right away," Max says in a somewhat stubborn and tense voice, while he perceives an uncomfortable feeling and a feeling pressing from the outside in, which also slightly but clearly changes his general perception.

The gentleman's gnome and zmaj roar: "Yes, what does this young man think he is? You've toiled all your life and built your empire and then a cheeky kid comes along and says he can do everything he likes here! How long did it take you to buy this office with the parking spaces? And from

the looks of it, he hasn't accomplished anything at all in his life! Rebuke him, so that it will be a lesson to him."

The older gentleman says to Max in a venomous tone, while gesticulating wildly:

"If everyone did it like you, where would we end up? Make sure you put your car somewhere else. These parking spaces belong to me and if you don't like it, I'll call the police! I'm not going to come to your house and put my car on your doorstep!"

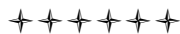
Perplexed by the answer, Max's thoughts go wildly back and forth.

Zmaj von Max says slyly: "How strange people have become! In such a small town - no more cohesion! Not even five minutes of parking is allowed. It's a pity - ridiculous!"

A slight neighing can be heard in the background and the following, barely audible words are heard: "Max, remember. He only obeys Zmaj and Gnome and knows nothing about it!"

Max feels the injustice, even though the elderly gentleman is in the right somewhere, at least according to the law. But where is the humanity? He knows he shouldn't make a mistake now. But how? His counterpart is absolutely sure of his action and it is impossible to discuss it. Influenced by these words, Max says arrogantly and in a slightly mocking manner:

"Yes, yes. I'm already reparking the car. Because of five minutes?! How ridiculous!"



That same evening, at bedtime, Max is still thinking about this strange event from the morning. Incomprehension and a slight resentment still arise in him when he lets the situation pass him by.

"Should I have reacted differently? But how? Why am I still slightly annoyed?" asks Max helplessly.

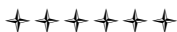
Duh now begins to gently whisper her point of view into Max's ears: "It all started in the car, Max. You just weren't aware of it. Zmaj has been able to interpret his dragon colleague's words quite well and has already started to put pressure on you. So you are already tense in the situation. You already knew how difficult it would be to talk to him about such things and the thoughts were already circling around you: "It's not good to eat cherries with him!" You were already negatively aligned inside - this may be hard to believe and cope with, but I was able to observe your feelings and your attention well. Max, a thought like "it's not good to eat cherries" is not the problem, but the intention and your feelings and energies that you create yourself. I don't want to give you any advice, because in the end you'll have to figure it out for yourself."

"But how could I have done better?" pleads Max.

"Always try to think positively about people and forgive them if they listen to Zmaj and Gnome, even if it's difficult at times. You should have been happy to see this man and taken the opportunity to give him a smile and show off your newfound ways. Yes, he probably would have received you in the same way. But what's the problem? Let him have his worries. Smile back peacefully, without any negative thoughts, apologize politely, and repark your car. Of course, Zmaj and Gnome don't like this at all and they will try to convince you that you should be offended. Don't pay attention to them. Keep Duga inside you and everything will be fine. And sometimes your counterpart will be impressed by your words and deeds and who knows, maybe this will even find expression in their thoughts, words and deeds!"

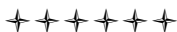
Light tears roll down Max's cheeks.

"Yes, I'll do better next time!" as Duga begins to spread in his abdominal area.



And so Max began to constantly control what thoughts he was paying attention to. He started to listen more to Duh, who enriched him with positive and beautiful stories. Max became more interested in different sciences. He didn't become an expert in any field, but his knowledge was enough to be able to talk to anyone without being seen as an absolute layman.

Duh also began to tell him about Rainbow Land and what it took to get there. The most important thing was not to lose that connection with Duh and Duga throughout the day, which was still a big challenge on some days. Some days he was helplessly at the mercy of Zmaj and Gnome, but those moments became fewer and fewer. And more and more he was able to immediately recognize these useless thoughts, which would then be put into action, and block Zmaj and Gnome. This is also the case with the following story.



Max is home alone, sitting in the kitchen pursuing his newfound passion. Duh whispers and Max executes. Sometimes Max himself can't believe what he's doing, but he does it - out of love and that's the most beautiful thing he could have imagined at that very moment.

He is fully engrossed in his work when the doorbell rings.

"Who can that be?" thinks Max.

And so, on the way to the front door, all kinds of explanations come to Max's mind. His mom and dad are at work. A neighbor? No. Does he have a date? No. And so Max was curious to see who he would see at the front

door. He opens the door, which leads into the stairwell and from where he has a direct view of the glass entrance door.

He sees an itinerant trader who is equipped with a large plastic bag and waits for his appearance on the passing road.

Now Zmaj from Max slyly: "You were just so nice at it. Now this guy has interrupted you. Of course, this is annoying - brush him off so that you can get back to work. You know how important this is to you right now. So, open the door, just say you don't need anything and go back to your nest!"

Max briefly analyzes where this thought comes from and smiles to himself. "Shut up, you little rascal. I'm not going to do anything. I will kindly open the door for him and show him that I am a good person!"

Duh with a slight neigh: "Oh Max, you make me proud. Keep up the good work. And remember, you're in desperate need of socks right now."

Max opens the front door and greets the stranger with a hearty smile that comes straight from Duga. He holds out his hand to him and says:

"Good morning. What did you hide for me in your big plastic bag? But why don't you come into the living room, it's more comfortable there and there's also more space for your itinerant business."

He accompanies the middle-aged gentleman into the living room, where he immediately begins to present the contents of his luggage. So he also has socks with him, which Max needs. You can also find other things for him.

A nice, personal conversation develops between the two, in which Max learns that the gentleman comes from Morocco. And when asked whether the itinerant business is common there, Max gets the answer that this is a kind of tradition there, but is increasingly in danger of being forgotten due to the short life of this time.

As a result, countless thoughts arise in Max's mind, reminding him of his place, where only a short time ago the baker came along on a tricycle to sell home-made, fresh bread. There was also the knife sharpener or cobbler to do useful work. But now everything has changed here as well. Everything has to be fast, everything is packaged, everything is digital.

In itself, there is nothing wrong with this, but we have definitely lost important values as a result and often give away our valuable attention to the digital world. In addition, Max remembers the story with Malli and Erdi, which is directly and sadly related to the newfound lifestyle of modern society.

"It is enough to pay attention to how we now treat animals in order to understand how people, society and the earth itself are doing," Max thinks to himself with a heavy conscience.

When Max has stocked up on new socks and underwear and the friendly gentleman shows the bill, Max goes into the corridor to get his wallet.

Duh says in a sympathetic and loving tone, "Max, give him a little more. It doesn't mean as much to you as it does to this gentleman who, in his struggle for survival, goes from house to house. Show him that you are doing this from a pure heart and you will not be disappointed."

Max adds a few bills to the asking price and hands them over to the gentleman with a benevolent smile. When he realizes it, he takes Max in his arms without warning and squeezes him with a warmth of heart that Max has rarely felt before.

"You are a true brother!"

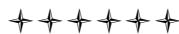
Max clearly feels that these words come directly from Duga and he is deeply touched. A feeling of comfort rises in him, floods him with bliss, so that he wants to enjoy the moment for as long as possible. Max knows that Duga is working in him.



After this warm embrace, the itinerant merchant gives Max some of his goods, which leads Max to the following thoughts:

"These people have so little and yet they give away what they have. A quality that people with wealth have clearly lost. In addition, ordinary people in our society hardly get the opportunity to shine their light."

Max accompanies the gentleman to the front door and wishes him well. But Max is fully aware that at this moment there is a kind of communication taking place that does not need words. It is a connection between two people in which Duga manifests.



In the fabulous world of Duh the unicorn and Zmaj the dragon, a precious moment was revealed to Max. Luckily, Max realized Zmaj's machinations in time and freed himself to experience the wonderful feeling of Duga. If

he had listened to Zmaj, this magical experience would never have happened. This moment taught him the immeasurable importance of understanding exactly who you are paying attention to.

Duh, the embodiment of his positive thinking, guided Max through trials in which he was able to prove his inner strength. With each challenge he mastered, his vision cleared, and he recognized the stencility and folly with which he had previously reacted to events.

Max has now realized that the first reactions in a situation come from the subconscious. Therefore, it is crucial to give only clear thoughts, such as water beads with the coloration of Duh, into the ocean of the unknown. In this way, the water inside him transforms into pure, clear mountain spring water, and he is immersed in the unadulterated beauty of his own thinking.

It is a deep enrichment to selflessly stand by and help people. With all these insights and a satisfied, broad smile, Max sits in the kitchen and immerses himself in his passion again.

AND THEN CAME RAINBOW LAND

Madison is alone in the kitchen, preparing lunch. As she begins to finely chop the onion, thoughts of her youth and university days come flooding into her head.

"How stupid and naïve I was back then. I wanted to be someone - to achieve something."

It is impossible to compare the way of life at that time with Madison's attitude to life today. Their nuclei are too different.

Madison has realized that the path to rainbow land is only possible through her own inner, qualitative change and that this is first and foremost a great responsibility to herself. This change starts with the control of thoughts and requires a new orientation of them. This deliberate reorientation has already brought her many positive experiences. In addition, she has begun to convey the findings to her little daughter, because she perceives what is said differently and is very grateful for the help offered.

At that very moment, Madison is snapped out of her thoughts. Her 6-year-old daughter, who had just been playing in the garden with the neighbors' children, storms in tears.

"What happened?"

Her daughter shows no willingness to talk, but only wants to be hugged by her mother. As Madison sits down on the kitchen bench and takes her daughter on her lap, her daughter begins to sigh:

"Mom, I accidentally hit my friend's shin and she screamed, "Why aren't you careful?" But I didn't do it on purpose, and I'm sorry."

Madison hugs her daughter tightly and says:

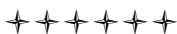
"Dear, you mustn't take this personally. It was Zmaj and Gnome who instigated your girlfriend to say something negative. This, in turn, has activated these two rascals in you. They told you that you did something wrong and that your girlfriend reacted that way because of you."

At first, her daughter doesn't want to hear about any of this. The discomfort inside her delicate interior is too great.

"Focus on Duh. What would she do now? I'll give you a hint. Go to your friends, give them a smile and invite them all to a delicious banana milk with us. You'll see that the dust that Zmaj and Gnome have stirred up on everyone involved will quickly vanish into thin air."

Her daughter wipes the tears from her eyes and her mother can find a slight smile on her face. Just ten minutes later, all the kids and Madison are sitting around the kitchen table, sipping delicious banana milk.

When Madison and her daughter's eyes meet, a pleasant feeling arises in both of them, because both of them realize to whom they owe this moment. And Duga begins to spread into Madison and her daughter and both are allowed to feel the rainbow land within themselves for a moment.



A few weeks after this event, Madison and her daughter are back home together. The latter is in the garden playing with her friends and her mother is sprucing up the apartment. While she is vacuuming the children's room, she discovers a small piece of paper she has written herself on the desk. As she begins to read through it, she immediately understands the content and where it comes from.

"The Zmaj is cheeky and so is the gnome. They make me cry. How do I feel when I pay attention to Zmaj and Gnome? If I'm attacked by both of them, I'll do an exercise very quickly. And it goes like this: I breathe in air and

hold it as long as I can and then get it out again. I do this until I see or feel water. Then Duh and Vila come to me and I know that I have done everything right with the exercise. It's so important to always be with dear Duh and Vila!"

Madison takes the note and presses it to her chest.

"Yes, the children understand it much easier and better than the adults!

Children, show the adults what the rainbow land is."

Madison says to herself as tears of joy roll down her cheeks.



A Madou sits tense and nervous on the bench on which he sat when he asked the tribal elder about the universe. At the time, he just wanted to find out what the Dogon knew on the subject. Now it's different. Amadou has analysed the ceremonies and the knowledge together with Duh and so he now wants to talk to the man who impressed him so much back then. This is anything but easy, because Amadou must always show respect to the other person, accept his opinion and, what is most important - always talk about himself and never point the finger.

The elderly gentleman sits down next to him on the bench and Amadou's heart begins to shake and his hands tremble.

"He's going to laugh at you. An established tribe member is not going to be impressed by a child like you. You are...."

Amadou knows this and knows which way the wind is blowing. Immediately the attention is diverted from it and directed to beautiful words which he has to communicate to the Lord. Immediately his inner self calms down again and he is one hundred percent convinced of what

he has to say. Amadou has prepared the start of the conversation long enough so that he doesn't stutter in the difficult first words.

Now the man sits next to him and looks him friendly in the face, well aware of how Amadou feels.

"Now, Amadou, what have you to say to me?"

Amadou's heart would like to hide, that's how excited he is. One last time, Zmaj and Gnome's attempts to distract him flash through his mind, but he remains strong and gathers all his courage and says:

"I took a closer look at the ceremonies and knowledge of our tribe. They are impressive and I respect them. However, I have come to the realization that many parts are projected onto the outside, but they represent our inside."

The man seems surprised that such a young tribal member would come up with such statements. Amadou continues:

"That's how I realized for myself that the ritual with Amma and her four sons points to our inner self. The four sons try to convince us every day of certain things that we will do later."

The elderly gentleman pauses for a moment and then says modestly, "But these are the four beings we ask for fertility and other things, as well as for nature to be merciful to us."

Amadou was prepared for the fact that his interlocutor would react in one way and not another. But he is well prepared and can continue with the following explanations:

"In my view, as a personality, we are in the middle of the four beings. In addition, I have discovered something in the knowledge of the Dogon that speaks of a connection between Amma and the four beings who constantly influence us through our thoughts. Amma, in the middle of

the four, represents ourselves! Although, according to our description, Amma refers to the rainbow land itself, and we humans were created in the image of Amma!"

"The boy really tried hard and I can see his passion. Somehow, it all makes sense, and yet it contradicts the view I learned from my father as a child. I was mindfully told to respect and listen to every person in order to understand what they have to say." the man thinks to himself, before good-naturedly asking the following question:

"And how do you come to such statements, my boy?"

Amadou begins to tell him his story. How he had felt after receiving this newspaper and how these two contradictory thoughts had taken shape in him. On the one hand, this dissatisfaction to live in such a village and on the other hand, this beautiful voice, which was always positive and helpful.

"It was this trusting voice that inspired me to delve deeper into the knowledge of our tribe and to see it from a different perspective. It was also Duh who did everything she could to make sure that I sit here and now on this bench to talk to you about it. Duh whispers to man those wonderful things that reconnect him with the rainbow land."

The man seems thoughtful and quiet. Many thoughts go through his head. He tries to classify what has been said somehow, to compare it. The boy's words are so strong and he doesn't understand why. Now this statement about the rainbow country. He sinks into a memory from his distant past, during which his great-grandfather had told him something that he has not been able to forget to this day:

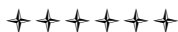
"My son, the northern being, the moon, connects us to another world. You must never forget that. In addition, the fusion between the moon and the sun shows the goal to be strived for."

Amadou sits tensely in this silence. He can clearly feel Duga within him because he was strong enough to reveal his truth here in front of a wise gentleman. That took a lot of courage. And now that it's out, he feels relieved and yet he's nervous, because he doesn't know how what was said has been received by his counterpart. He tries to look into the Lord's eyes, but they look into a void that has arisen.

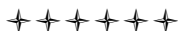
After a short time, the gentleman wordlessly directs his gaze to Amadou. The situation is tense and there is something in the air that Amadou cannot describe. When the eyes of the two meet, they merge into each other. Amadou doesn't really know what to think and how to deal with this situation. What happened? He expected an answer, but he didn't get it.

They are still looking at each other when Amadou discovers the wise gentleman's wet eyes. The expressionless facial expressions slowly turn into a thoughtful smile. A few tears have found their way out of the Lord's eyes and are slowly rolling down the cheeks. Relieved by this sight, Amadou's body relaxes more and more, immersing him in a feeling initiated by Duh and Duga.

Thus, two people who are separated by three generations sit opposite each other, and they feel a sense of peace and tranquility. And for a moment, they can sink into the sensation of rainbow land.



Arya sits on a wobbly chair next to a bed in which her brother lies in tears. Both of them hold each other's hands and squeeze them tightly. She looks at Aryan with an incredulous look and for a brief moment she thinks about what happened.



It wasn't too long ago that her brother Aryan had fallen ill. She can still remember that day when this devastating news came from the hospital. It was so oppressive that everything Aarya had loved until then had no value from one moment to the next.

According to the doctors, her brother should not have long to live - there was no prospect of improvement or cure. It was terrible. A dark curtain was drawn over the simple life of Aarya. Impenetrable to any light.

"Your poor brother. What kind of life is this? Where is the justice? What kind of cruel world is this? You were always the one who took care of him so that nothing happened to him. Now you're standing there without being able to change anything. What a disaster!!"

One day the light is still shining and the next morning everything is turned 180°. And it's getting dark. Very dark.

After a few days, Aarya managed to free herself from the non-stop attacks of Zmaj and Gnome, and she heard the neighing of Duh from time to time:

"Aarya, be strong!"

But that's easier said than done in these moments.

"Be strong, be strong, be strong. It's easy for someone to say when everything is fine."

This non-stop comparison and back and forth was killing them.

"Tell him about rainbow land!"

"You're crazy. What rainbow land? Where do you live?"

"But what does he have to lose?"

"Someone is dying and you come up with such fantasy stories. Now stop it!"

"Why don't you give it a try!!"

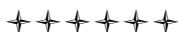
And in her hopelessness, she liked these last thoughts so much that after a few days with Duh and Duga, she summoned all her strength and courage to talk to Aryan about what Duh had whispered to her until then.

Aryan knew his sister well. She was always helpful and loving. And how often has he been impressed by her perspective on everyday things. He had great respect for what she said, and so Aryan immediately felt the power of Aarya. This motivation, this love, this conviction, this will!!

Aryan was gifted with great inner strength. Everything he did, he did one hundred percent. And so it happened that Aryan concentrated only on Duh and Duga in this hopelessness. By day and also by night. He changed fundamentally and got a different view of the world. And so today he lies on the bed in the examination room and holds the hand of the girl who had told him about these beautiful things almost a year ago.

The illness has left him, disappeared without a trace, like the shadow of a dream. Aryan and Aarya are faced with a miracle whose splendor they are unable to put into words. An indescribable joy flows through them, a feeling that surpasses comparison in this world of words.

"The love of the rainbow land is always present in us. We just have to discover them!" they both whisper at the same time, as if their inner beacon were vibrating in harmony with the colors of the invisible spectrum.



N So Max sits in the kitchen and prepares cocoa. He adds a spoonful of cocoa to the hot milk and stirs it carefully. He observes how the milk slowly turns into a brown liquid and how the foam behaves on the surface. Max goes to the unicorn den of Duh, which he has visited several

times lately. For Duh together with Duga have the ability to find every pearl in the murky waters of the worldly swamp.

"I stir the cocoa, and as I do so, more smaller swirls form on the edge of the shell. That's how Duh always explained it. It's the same with the universe. It spirals and forms smaller vortices that we call galaxies. This movement can be observed in many other places. Whether it's the earth, which revolves around the sun, or how our hair grows. It's always the same pattern. Even the Dogon in Africa know that."

Max turns his attention back to the bowl of cocoa, in which he is in the process of dipping white bread with plenty of chocolate cream. Several thoughts run through Max's head:

"How much my life has changed. I can't recognize myself. If people knew what things I pay attention to all day, many of them would just smile. But what can I say? I'm happy and don't want to miss any of my current experiences. Never!"

And yet the solution is so unexpectedly simple. I have the two rascals on the right and left under control, following their shadows and movements at every turn. In this dance of alertness, I look for the quiet echoes of Duh within me, which reveal themselves partly as intuition, gut feeling. What pious paths would Duh take in this change? What happens inside me and with me when I choose them and I manage to keep Zmaj and Gnome away. I withdraw my attention from them in order to give myself completely to Duh, to be guided by her with confidence. All of a sudden, I feel how a smooth transition, a path to the rainbow land, is emerging, as everything is geared towards service, towards what is valuable.

There is this pull into beauty, because I don't constantly deal with myself and question everything, but am carried by the universal order, which gives me energy and helps me to be in the flow of life. Where everything unfolds effortlessly, no further explanations are needed and with my open

heart and focus on fellow human beings, compassion and help, everything makes sense and the days show up in lightness.

Well, and when Duh – the loving unicorn – cheers you on to try something new, inspiring ideas suddenly bubble up in me, as if by magic.

Then, as if out of nowhere, this thought came: "Why don't you answer people's essential questions on an online platform?"

No sooner said than done. That's really nice. And this beautiful exchange of questions and answers, which I was able to enjoy in the last few days, is so valuable and cannot be paid for with anything in the world. Yes, I feel connected to these people, where Duh and Duga show their effect in a wonderful way.

Why are there so few people who know about rainbow land?

Society is blind! Society is cruel! Society lives in the limited world of its own everyday consciousness!!

Humans seem to behave like robots, in that they are increasingly immersed in the digital world, behind which an artificial intelligence is already lurking to intervene noticeably in world events.

Their behavior is completely dependent on external circumstances. They are not alive. They are not the creators of their lives. Their lives are completely related to their minds. They exist in the prison of a second-hand reality.

People want more and more. This desire to want "more" leads them in the opposite direction – away from themselves, away from Duh and Duga, away from rainbow land. You're too busy to even see life! They are too indifferent and careless to look at themselves, they are afraid to be honest, they are afraid to stop and observe. They always try to keep themselves

busy so as not to see their emptiness. They are afraid to face the truth! They are afraid of themselves.

In their pursuit of "more," people commit the terrible crime of sin by hurting another human being in order to be able to suppress the pain within themselves. They are constantly trying to be the best, at the expense of others! This illusory world, which hovers over the truthfulness of life, is the cause of all the suffering we inflict on nature, plants and animals, and consequently on our planet Earth!

Man's life is so short and offers a variety of possibilities of experience. To the chagrin of all people, the majority, in their unconscious actions, try to get as much as possible, without being aware that the following generations need a livelihood.

Everything that surrounds us in our daily lives – be it cars, houses or clothes – comes from the resources of our Mother Earth. But with the pursuit of luxury, we live at the expense of our home planet, which may not be able to bear this burden for much longer. It's time to recognize the pressing reality: our way of life is threatening the foundations of our planet, and it's up to us to change that before it's too late.

Life doesn't demand anything special from anyone. It wants attention, observation and devotion. Life offers every opportunity to pause and consciously look inward. Who am I really? Who am I to be so cruel to myself, to others, and to life itself? Why don't I love myself the way I am? Why do I always want more? Why do I always run away and chase after temporary happiness? Where am I running?

How many of today's society are able to pause, look within, die, or live? Not many! That's why so few people know about rainbow land.

Only those who open themselves, who recognize themselves, find the inner fusion with the true being.

Open your eyes! Love each other!

With love

These words touch me so deeply that a shiver runs down my spine. But not the kind of shiver that arises when Zmaj or Gnome try to bring me to my knees again. No! He's different. It feels cozy and warm and creates an energy in the lower abdomen, which then shoots up over the spine.

Oh my goodness, I'm squishy Look at this! All the cocoa is spreading nicely on the kitchen table right now. Now I wanted to prevent the bowl from tipping over and made it even worse. My old bowl, which I got as a child, is spread out on the floor in a thousand individual pieces.

Always see everything positively!

*Well, what do I want to see positively. But well, it's not **the end of the world** either!!*

*A shard has
made it all the
way to the back!
You little
runaway! But I'll
come and get
you.*

Managed!

What is that?

*Oh dear, what a
beautiful
memory. The
little unicorn I*



painted on the underside of the bench a few days after this ominous diary entry! In my little kingdom, I pulled a blanket over the bench to be comfortable and undisturbed. And equipped with crayons and a flashlight, I shared my feelings at the time.

Yes, there is something moving in my abdominal area - it's Duga!!

I can't describe these feelings to anyone. Only everyone can discover and feel it for themselves."



Max sits in his newfound favorite spot. It is a place where he can let his thoughts wander uninhibitedly and better assess what has happened. In the process, new insights arise in him again and again. This is mainly due to the beautiful background noise, which dances around his ear in different facets at this place. Sometimes loud, sometimes quiet, sometimes effervescent and sometimes touching. It is the sound of the water that manages to tear Max out of his daily life and claim him as if in an oasis. This is also the case today.

"What a beautiful day this is today! I sit in my favorite spot and watch the water make its way towards the ocean. In doing so, it produces various sounds that trigger a feeling of peace in me."



The day started with another lesson. This morning, Max learned from his mother that not too far from him, a natural disaster had brought sorrow and pain. Max forgot to see this situation from Duh's point of view and opened the door to Zmaj and Gnome out of pity for the local people. As a result, images and thoughts of the current situation flooded his consciousness. This has led to the fact that Max was in his favorite place, but somehow everything felt different and strange.

"That was like a huge alarm bell earlier."

He immediately understood what had gone wrong and began to emphatically side with Duh:

"With this event, humanity has been given the opportunity to demonstrate its capacity for collective action, as this is the only way to ensure its own survival. It's about putting humanity into practice. Instead of using life energy in the form of money, it is more important to help the people on the ground in the crisis areas with personal help so that their fears and insecurities are alleviated."

As Max began to devote his thoughts to Duh, the dark fog in his head slowly receded and the sun began to shine from a clear blue sky.

Max observes the different sections of the river. A little further afield, rapids and small waterfalls provide thunderous and water-spitting eddies. Very close to Max, the water flows calmly along a side arm of the stream, which manages to attract Max's attention with occasional dripping noises, even if they usually seem to get lost in the noise of the passing water masses.

"Water is such a great thing. It has more properties than any other element."

Max reaches his hand into the shallow water and pulls out a beautifully cut stone in the shape of a heart.

"What power and creative gift water has! When I take a closer look at the stones here in the stream, I can see how each of them has been worked by the water over a short or long period of time. Larger stones even show signs of nicks, grooves and hollows. And just imagine: If you let water flow at high pressure on iron, it cuts through it with ease."

Max directs his gaze to the almost cloudless sky. He observes the few remaining sheep clouds, which are slowly driven across the sky by the wind current, which looks like an infinitely deep ocean to Max.

"Water can take on other states. Under certain external circumstances, it becomes either ice or, on the contrary, water vapor, which in turn is capable of forming clouds and consequently thunderstorms, only to fall back to earth in the form of water droplets or snowflakes."

After a deep breath, Max redirects his gaze to the stone he has found.

"Water is also contained in everything we can observe with our eyes. The human body, for example, is largely made up of water. But water is also contained in a stone, just as it is in a flame. Yes, even in the sun, its two components are present in the form of oxygen and hydrogen."

Reverently, Max lets his hand glide through the velvety water. In doing so, he shapes it like an excavator shovel in order to absorb water and sip it very slowly and consciously from his hand.

"What a treat! As if I were being filled with vivacity. Water also has the ability to store information, which has far-reaching consequences for us. Whether we are aware of it or not. By the way, our ancestors knew about the importance of water and revered it in their texts, ceremonies and on everyday objects - for good reason.

On the one hand, water makes the form of life we know possible in the first place. This element performs all kinds of tasks in the human body: for example, transporting oxygen and nutrients to the cells or regulating body temperature. The latter is also valid for the Earth.

On the other hand, for our ancestors, water was a manifestation of the rainbow land and formed the connection and love for the essence of nature. Why? Because for man it meant a different way of perceiving, a different world. Just a few days ago, I read the following text in an archaeology book about an ancient civilization in Europe:

"The most important characteristic of the immortals, in their role as life-givers, was water, the elixir of all life. The primordial force of nature is the sea, the water, it is the feminine being who holds the key of the mystery in her hands."

That's Duga, isn't it!! The real queen of rainbow land!!"

These thoughts let Max flow with deep feelings of joy and love. Max takes this beautiful moment as an opportunity to dedicate himself to his inner self. To minimize the stream of thoughts, to keep the concentration on the breath, to feel, to turn off the thoughts completely, to feel, to breathe in, to feel, to breathe out. The background noise helps him to fall into a kind of half-sleep. Breathe in, feel, breathe out. Max begins to forget

himself – the place, the time, the circumstances of his life. All his attention is focused on his inner world. Max has been practicing this practice for some time now and has managed to reach a certain threshold that he has not yet been able to cross. It's as if he's falling into nothingness, which pulls him out of his concentration every time, because he suspects something behind it that he doesn't know yet.

"Keeping these thoughts under control and drawing attention to something for a long time is anything but easy for me. But with a lot of practice, I managed to bring at least a little order into my brain!" laughs Max to himself.

"Because if there is a constant talk in the head, there can be no question of true feeling. And as we all know, unnecessary thoughts are a prison for the mind!" concludes Max.

"I feel my insides calm down and peace and joy begin to take over. Breathe in, feel, breathe out. Keep attention to the lower abdomen. The breath becomes a little shaky. I already know that. No need to panic. Inhale, exhale. Everything around me begins to become formless – to blur. My insides are now absolutely calm and peaceful. Inhale, exhale. I feel light. Oh... I realize I'm getting closer to that threshold. Inhale, exhale. This time I'm staying strong. I feel like I'm flying into some kind of abyss, but I let myself drift – don't be afraid. Of what? Inhale, exhale. What is that? It seems like a light that I'm slowly getting closer to! Don't forget to just feel..."

O o o o h h m y G o d ! ! !

Can the truth be that simple? Yes, she can!"

"But you can't write that to people!! Zmaj hisses.

"Why not?"

EPILOGUE

Dear fellow human beings,

each of us sees the world with those eyes, with the understanding that we have acquired in our lives. This worldview thus arises primarily from the information he has given and will continue to give his attention on a daily basis.

Our attention is the fundamental measure of our future destiny. And this applies not only to a single person, but also to the whole of humanity.

The change, which many people currently wish for, can only ever start with each individual and no one can expect the appearance to change without changing themselves and thus working on themselves.

Therefore, each individual is called upon to dedicate his thoughts to where he wants to direct his life energy and for what he wants to use it sensibly. Since life is limited, it is important to choose your choices wisely, because ultimately your fate and, by and large, that of humanity depends on it.

Every person and every nation is unique, shaped by individual peculiarities and traditions that shape our worldview. Despite this diversity, we are united by the essential – the common core as true human beings. With our inner energy, love for fellow human beings and the voice of wisdom, we can perceive and act on the world as peaceful, feeling and thinking beings. Acting without love seems pointless from the point of view of a true person.

"And does rainbow land really exist? Of course! Your soul even longs for it."

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS

I This chapter contains contributions from readers who accompanied the creation of the book and expressed their feelings.



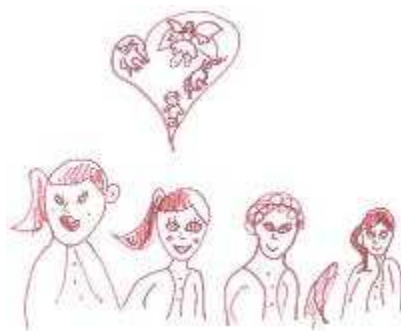
Duga



Vila



Zmaj



4 Beings



Key to Rainbow Land



Rainbow Land



Rainbow Land



Vila



Rainbow Land



Color Frequencies



Flower meadow from the rainbow land



Primal power in pink



Tree of Light



Battle Light vs. Darkness



The Inner Child



Malli and Erdi



Heart's Power



Vila



4 Items

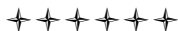


4 Beings



+++++

This heartwarming story takes me back to a time when I saw the world through the eyes of a child – a world that was colorful, bright, and full of endless possibilities.



Dear Author,

I congratulate you on this wonderful book. All the stories may always remind the children, as well as the adults on their journey through life, to practice mindfulness. Those who live mindfully are happier.

I admire the Indians because they are strongly connected to nature and have known the laws of life for centuries. That's why they tell their children this wonderful story:

Which wolf do you feed?

One evening an old Indian told his grandson about the struggle that rages in every man:

"There are two wolves in our hearts. They often fight with each other. One wolf is the wolf of darkness, fears, mistrust and despair. He carries within him anger, envy, jealousy, sorrow, pain, greed, self-pity, arrogance, lies, and false pride.

The other wolf is the wolf of light, trust, hope, joy and love. He carries within him serenity, serenity, goodness, benevolence, affection, generosity, sincerity, compassion and confidence!"

The little Indian pondered his grandfather's words for some time, and then asked him:

"And which wolf wins?"

The old Indian answered, "The one you feed."

A BOOK OF OUR LIVES BEGINS,
BLANK PAGES LIE THERE.
I SEE US CREATING SOMETHING PICTORIAL,
WITH EVERY WORD, LOVE BECOMES APPARENT.

LOVE IS EXISTENCE IN CONSTANT HOPE,
CARRIED THROUGH STORMS AND SORROW.
FORGIVES THE HOURS OF HEAVINESS,
THE SOUL IS FREED FROM THE SHADOW.

LOVE IS A DEEP FEELING OF LIGHT,
MULTIPLIES WHEN WE GIVE.
OUR HEART EXPANDS, PULSATES,
IN THE TIMELINE WE LIVE IN.

ILONKA MÄNNEL