

THE SUPREME COURT OF BEDOUIN WOMAN

(The final reply from a long correspondence in a private chat with the Bedouin Woman)

Alright! I understand you don't want to hear anything from me. And I wouldn't want to waste time writing and paying attention to someone whose love for me, due to her lack of reading, is no longer as attractive and interesting to me as it once was. Therefore, I am compelled to write to actually resolve the issue and no longer bother you. I genuinely do **not have your extra €1500 hidden, which you suddenly, almost unexpectedly, excessively requested.** But you already know that!

Although, if you roughly calculate €1000 (much more to the translator girl) + €600 (to Miryam) for the final editing (the rest came from me), which you gave more than 5 years ago, then your demonically inclined advisors are right in speaking of a total debt of €4500, but keeping in mind an even larger one.

This story, titled "The Supreme Court of Bedouin Woman," is already published in my Babylon in Russian and will be integrated into **The Prophet's Diary**, and will also be translated into other languages of the world. There's nothing terrible about it. And as professional advertisers say, there's no such thing as bad publicity.

I have never, in my life, deceived you, Bedouin Woman. How could you think I am a fraud, and that I would not return what you **invested and did not invest** in me? Usually, I gladly return even with profit, as I see fit. I rejoice at the opportunity when the Higher Powers allow me to give more. Therefore, I am often not ashamed to ask myself, but the opportunity to give back is not immediate; very often, the outcome stretches over years.

For now, I am poor, and not everyone can be given back to. No one has bought my creative works; you only **acquired the painted** hood thanks to an accident; and you truly generously thanked me, to tears, for the linen cabinet made for you from your pre-purchased boards. For some reason, you refused to let me put up photo wallpapers and finish painting the rest in your bathroom myself.

Who instilled in you, Bedouins, that drugs are poison? Maybe you just had nothing to fault me for during the last visit? **Drugs have been legalized in Germany** by those who know very well what they are. Marijuana was permitted and others restricted not just for nothing. **This force is neutral.** It can be directed towards both creation and destruction. **For the well-read, with a readiness to give more than to take, this force transforms into whatever is desired.** Therefore, it is not permissible for you to take it, but do not reproach others for it yourself.

When, before your third visit, you reproached me in our correspondence for not rushing my former boss with the car repair, I replied that I had a time deficit, that it was related to stopping not only wars, that my hour is roughly worth at least one green German banknote, and every second is precious. I wrote that, **after all, it's your car**, so you could call and ask my former Master (my car repair teacher) why the delay, perhaps even coming to him personally.

In this sentence, I wanted to write "ALMOST your car," but sensing something was wrong, I erased "almost" so that you wouldn't prematurely get scared that I suspected something. I wanted to give you confidence by this that I intended to keep my agreement, that everything on my part was still going according to the agreement.





These were **our clear initial conditions and tests**:

- €1500 — goes to close old karma in paying off debts to Miryam.
- Money for car repair expenses.
- 25+25 grams of marijuana from Czechia, personally for me.

Meanwhile, at my request, donations for a parcel for Michael amounting to €500 and €100 for the translator girl were added.

And considering that I am Jesus Christ, the **car will be worth much more in the future**. This factor would be a gift for you. You yourself told me that the (*armored and not only*) car of the deceased Roman Pope was bought for over a million at an auction.

I even, by previous inertia of love for you, very, very reluctantly agreed to arrange an A-Class insurance in the future for myself, on the condition that you would pay for it monthly yourself and receive fines for speeding. For a very long time, I tried to find an approach to persuade you to arrange it for yourself, despite the high percentage for a novice driver. But you really wanted, as it were, to punish the German government for confiscating from your gay brother what an elderly rich man, whom he cared for before his death, had bequeathed to him. Even here I did not argue with you for too long about future insurance registration in my name. However, I began to guess that the reason was not hatred for allegedly foolish legislation, but some other unspoken reason or even an adventure..

You, Bedouin Woman, said that **by law you are not allowed to carry more than 25 grams within Germany**. You brought only **16** on your first visit. This was a lack of initial good-faith agreement and fuller love for Aladdin's requests. To call me "Beloved Sasha" but not show love, not be interested in what I write, not be compliant — I can do that too. You won't succeed in convincing yourself that Michael and I are crazy or adventurers. The truth cannot be hidden.

Your first visit to me was from Czechia. Then you went to Dresden. Returning from Dresden was your second visit, including a visit to the "Yatrib" family. Then you went home to Czechia. The third and last time **you shamelessly planned to arrive without calling**, so I came out to meet you in my underwear. During the day, seeing that I didn't ask myself, you boasted to me that you had brought a whole package of promised marijuana. Three times I cautiously urged you to bring the package, **but I never saw it**. And after your second visit, I was taking a break from marijuana and therefore gladly awaited your third return. **You willingly and deliberately took the package with you out of malice. In parallel, you decided, "Well, take everything else from the ungrateful one." The sooner I take it, the better and calmer.**

Usually, my agreements were always settled over three long meetings. These three meetings served as a map of future events, where it was still allowed and there was freedom to decide: to sign up for further joint karma and dharma or not. But after the final conclusion, it is no longer customary to deviate from one's decision.

Our map with you showed in what proportion you would cope with the future monthly payments and upcoming trials.

16g – that's 32% of 50g – this is also in fine print, how much good and evil you see in people.

If we take 50 as the horizon point, where 100 is heaven – altruism, and earth – self-interest, then you are currently in the negative. This means that in the new Era, if you don't start adapting right now, it will become increasingly uncomfortable for you.

To some extent, you felt correctly that I did not want to see your arrival at my place. As soon as you found out that I am Christ, you immediately felt obliged to read my website and trumpeted it yourself. However, you came to me unprepared, saying that you knew everything yourself and never doubted your intuition.

Personally, I find it boring to talk about old things. And your intuition still only concerns outdated matters.

Moreover, unprepared individuals often cannot endure the painful metamorphoses after failed tests, which shower upon the tested person from Above near me.

As soon as these internal metamorphoses also began with you, you intentionally **took your €500 (you wanted more)**, which were intended for car repairs. I asked you to give me the **Fahrzeugschein** (*document required for every drive in Germany*) with the necessary stamp indicating deregistration, needed for maintenance and registration, **but you never gave it. Instead, you emphatically claimed the car was yours.** And by law, by not exchanging the car for the agreed amount of marijuana, you failed to fulfill the agreement for payment to me personally. Although for closing our shared karma and for donations to Allah – you initially did not spare any expense. **But the car, until full payment, remains my property by law.**

And after failing the tests of giving your attention to my website; after your refusal to help organize Allah's vacation in Germany; after your artificial construction and planning of panic, and many harmful loud words within my sanctuary – Armageddon, I developed an antipathy towards your marijuana. Instead, I wanted to quickly repay the outstanding and early financial debt to you, doing it with precise calculation, including additional dividends, as quickly as you like, to say goodbye to you in peace for a longer time. And I would approach the calculations exactly as you like and always did – meticulously and memorably.

You willingly gave Miryam 150% during your faith in better relations with me. Then you started to doubt me more and more, and therefore you gave the translator girl 120% (one full green banknote, although I hinted at more). **For me, this is a sign that the same will happen with you in the future, even if I sincerely want to give more out of the kindness of my heart.**



I myself, during your third departure, during your artificial panic, wanted to offer you money from my own wallet, when I saw your demonically calculated clownery. I willingly wanted to go with you to withdraw the recently deposited money for the package to Moscow.

I knew that you would gladly not refuse them either, but you constantly interrupted me, as it was convenient for you to play the "forgetful one who won't give, the panicker" for the realization of your own demonisms, who supposedly is unable to listen to even a word from me. But the three most important things I asked you five times to leave before your departure, you did not leave me: the keys to the house, the car document, and the phone card, which I need for work in addition to the one I already have. The main phrase I conveyed to you was: **"Where I didn't manage to say something or you interrupted me, I will send it in text form."**

Michael and I initially thought we saved you €24,000, which you were impatient to give to the phone scammer. I was even scared when you first ran to the bank in front of me, but, thank God, the money wasn't transferred because some numbers were missing.

A scam victim, karmically, is often a similar adventurer at heart. Such a thought came to me after your return from the bank. Then the thought came to me that you, Bedouin Woman, needed to be treated, but first to be studied, making use of every moment spent with you. I even tried to dissuade you from going to Dresden, but it didn't work. Seminars, new potentially lucrative acquaintances were more tempting for you.

Well, at least you refused the cunning, proud Dresden scammer with a captivating cat-like voice, scaring him off with a police complaint. This suitor, after all, was supposedly in terrible trouble, with the prospect of even marriage, and a gifted car, and not only quick repayment, but also with tempting dividends. And all he had to do was give customs €24,000, where a copper cable, long ordered from Turkey, was being held due to underpayment. This "character" sent the document as proof in Arabic.

Knowing that you still had money, I had the opportunity to realize a long-standing plan to invite Michael to Germany. But to arrange a tourist visa, approximately €5000 (€60 for each day of vacation) had to be in the account for three months for a three-month vacation.



I thought you had listened to our correspondence, to the evidence seen in the books, our common conversation with Michael via computer. I thought you believed that I am Jesus, and that the car therefore, in your imagination, roughly costs **€150,000**. But this faith turned out to be, as it were, a 68% "profit" game for you, Bedouin Woman. But earlier I thought that as a thank you, you would even be glad to give a paltry **€5000** for Michael's vacation compared to the possible **€150,000** profit in the future and considering the sufficient amount of **€24,000** in the account. But you are clearly not a strategist. What you received for free, give for free, as it is written in the Bible, spoken by Christ.



When I started talking about **€5000 for Michael's vacation, you, Bedouin Woman, twisted all internally**. I vividly remember your aura, the fear of financial loss in it. You even cried out that you wouldn't provide him with a vacation, that you didn't have as much money as I thought, because a **Porsche for your 6-year-old nephew for €30,000 was more important. After all, no one had ever done anything good for you before**, and therefore you wanted to make such an expensive gift, a convertible, this time for yourself. And when the nephew grows up, to give him an even more appreciated antique Porsche, so that he loves his grandmother even against his parents' wishes to contact him, including a real police ban. In my opinion – that's a made-up children's story on the fly with no strategy. **If you chase two rabbits, you catch none.**

I replied to you at that very moment that you are currently undergoing trials from Above, therefore I have no right to make decisions for you, give advice, or say much. I also wanted to add something about "the judge will pronounce the sentence and merits

at the end," but you turned your back on me and left in time. I didn't continue speaking in louder words, as I still had hope that you would review our conversations at home, have time to reconsider, become more obedient to the knowledge from my website. I hoped that you wouldn't lose your mind, although I suspected that would happen.

And why did no one do anything good for you? Well, I, for example, did something genuinely good for you Bedouins. **The hood of the Crafter, which turned out to be yours, not yours and the Bedouin's, I painted.** Now your car has a history and therefore is worth more. You drive it excellently, commendably and carefully, without accidents for so long. You sincerely and kindly lent the car to another "beggar" and only she damaged the hood.

However, after your regular visits, you usually left me just enough money, though more than I modestly asked for. There was nothing left for additional creative work. And if you, Bedouins, had reacted to my hints to spoil me with even greater compensation, to raise the bar of giving to me, as the Creator, then perhaps there would have been enough for epoxy resin to finish more than one wooden table. I would gladly have given one of the tables to you, if you had earned it. But alas. **Your percentage of self-interest during giving failed. And I myself, when asking, did not want to appear "greedy" to you, so I did not exceed the line of modesty in my requests.** And now I don't even have time for sports. Finishing wooden blanks is not even a dream.



After refusing to serve Allah-Michael for his own joy... And the very idea of him coming to your village in Czechia and to me in Germany made him rejoice like never before, to my surprise, he sparkled in his aura, called all his friends in front of me and so on. But with you, for some reason, **on the contrary, out of fear of even greater financial losses, everything inside was twisted, your aura broke.** I sadly began to notice the connection of all sorts of **demonic creatures with their programs of action in it.** And also my own connections from the near future to write this text.



At the same time, the demonic creatures began to instill in you that Michael and I are fraudsters, and he is clearly also the Devil. Therefore, you decided that these fraudsters should not be given anything more at all, and your invested money should be urgently withdrawn. At that time, you wouldn't even have thought of giving me an additional €1500. But to create artificial panic at the right moment during the third meeting, you cautiously started to promote a repeating line on the calculation paper already at the second meeting. And then, when I asked you to correct it, for some reason you asked to take the same ballpoint pen with you, hoping that I would forget that moment. Don't write anything else there. Why did you used to always leave these papers with me, for example, but this time you took this one with you? All agreements are based mainly on trust, not on papers.

You have long since learned to achieve what you want with the help of well-thought-out hysterical games. You forced the Bedouin to hit you and cause all sorts of other emotional turbulences to accumulate compromising material against him in my eyes, in the eyes of others, and most importantly – the police.

Therefore, I advise you not to wait until your recent complaint to the police against your gay brother arrives at my address at your request, but to annul it via computer. I will certainly forward the letter to you as soon as I receive it, but in your place, I would have followed the advice of the Yatrib family, meaning to withdraw the complaint.

Moreover, it must be taken into account that with the arrival of Ukrainians (in the Quran, these are Muhajirs, because, pardon me, they, like flies that have flown in, consume the world's most stable German economy and do not want to fly away). There are huge queues here in Germany for doctors and so on. And the police often like to solve problems on the spot without paperwork. She is now clearly also swamped with work and your application for your brother will not be considered soon, if at all. But annulling the application, even belatedly, would show your mercy, feminine complaisance, and common sense.

And it's unclear whether you are playing an adventurous hysteric or are one yourself. Because everything starts with a game. What you play, you become. Some games are better not to play even once. And after, say, three repetitions of a "harmful, increasingly nervous game," with further repetitions, the hysteria itself increasingly takes over. They can then cunningly accumulate debts from you to them, to make you a complete puppet when it's particularly beneficial for them.

When I came to your kitchen before your second departure, I drew a line after numerous conversations about how much you had invested financially in me. Perhaps you don't remember, as the imps were already inside you, but I ended the sentence by saying that **your decision was truly fair and that the €500 you gave for repairs were quite enough.** I remember with what sadness I then left the kitchen through the corridor from you. Thinking that it was inconvenient to remind you of the purchased parts (new steering wheel, battery, and brakes, totaling approximately €200 at your request from my account), when we had just recently repaid Miryam's debt at my request, even more than she asked, at 150%.

At our last meeting, during a walk on the way to the flea market, you said you had already bought a Porsche. This is a lie, otherwise, instead of empty words in your feed, you would have already bombarded me with evidence beforehand, like photos of the car. If I am wrong now, send fresh photos of the convertible against the familiar background of your courtyard.

To buy, you need strength, and you were surely nervous about me. Therefore, I concluded that you intentionally lied, or perhaps, initially, so that I wouldn't hope for further extraction of money from you. You probably intended to lower the car's price, which in your strict worldview had already exceeded the market price.

You were not only stingy about Allah's vacation. When we were walking with you and the dog to the flea market before the quarrel, you verbally, distinctly disgustingly and unpleasantly, poured garbage on the **woman** who asked you for 50 cents for a church donation, and then, by the same inertia, **spoke badly to me about the church itself and Christ's teaching in it.** You asked me, laden with heavy things from the flea market, for some reason to carry some light handbag, while you would walk with the dog yourself. I refused, as the first thought that came to my mind was why you needed this if you were trying to stay longer and possibly buy something, even something unplanned by you. And if you refused 50 cents, that was a sign for my refusal too. Meaning, my inner meditation with a heavy backpack is more important to me.

Your last words during your second departure were: "You know I love you." However, in reality, "cats of doubt were scratching inside" you then. I saw it clearly. I even smiled strainedly in return at that moment. I then thought that one can also love someone as a victim of gain (meaning, there's no lie here, but there's an unspoken part), and a little story from childhood came to mind:

Once upon a time, an acquaintance borrowed money, and when he came to repay it, the owner did not take it into his hands but told him to put it himself into a casket inside the sideboard. He comes again and asks for another loan. The owner replied: "Yes, take it from the same casket, I haven't touched it." He took it and left. Then he repaid it. This repeated several times, and one day the debtor comes and asks for a loan. The owner says: "Well, take it from the casket." He looks, and it's empty. He never borrowed from him again. The previous one had been repaid.

So, recalling this story, oh Bedouin Woman, with whom I once so memorably, in joy, laughter, and sorrow, spent long years of regular meetings and gatherings for spiritual enrichment, **I followed the advice of the Higher Powers.** I carefully gathered all the newly provided money and carefully put all of it in only one place – **between two thick books on the shelf slightly above where it was placed before.** And when you asked about them, I honestly said that all the banknotes were in one place, but four had been taken out. Two for food (to not spend extra from the account) and two for the bank account for the further purchase of the parcel for Michael were recently deposited. Therefore, when I told you to look at the money you left, there were only **500**. Then I took one more banknote, wanting to put it back after the market, as I hardly could buy any novelty for Michael's parcel.

We, you and I, so to speak, were late, because you asked me to first wait for you to finish your coffee, then finish your spice, then get ready, and now my friend in Moscow possibly receives less. But then we encountered the test of the beggar for religious purposes!



These two green banknotes from the account and one from my wallet during your well-thought-out skirmish, I gladly wanted to give back to you. Please forgive me for taking them myself, even though I remembered the story I mentioned above. But that's why I didn't rush with online orders. It seemed to me that our agreement was in force, and if not, I would gladly take it from the account.



When I first boasted to Michael about the green fan, there were only **10 notes, not 25**. Our memory is better now than before. Meditation and working on texts train it. Michael is a witness, and his friends too, when we had a group Skype call.

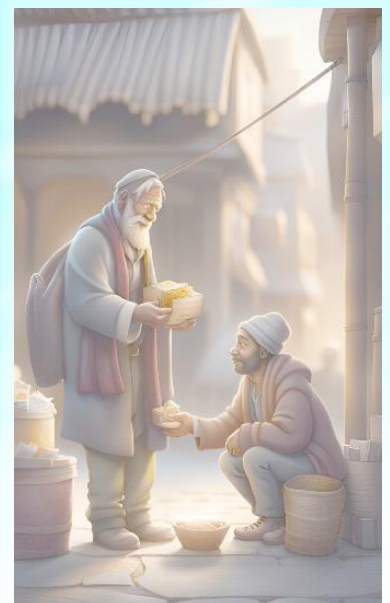
Why did you try to shout throughout the house that I am a liar and a deceiver because **15 green** notes are missing from the money? I said that we gave them to Miryam. And you shouted that you had given an additional 15, not counting the parcel and repairs, but I had hidden them somewhere. You said that it's no coincidence that the "Yatrib" family speaks of me as a swindler. **I said that you are wrong to stand on their side, not mine, they who do not pass my tests of giving, as I already mentioned before your meeting with them. Then I thought: - "Oh! No wonder I immediately noticed that the Bedouin Woman's aura, as expected, was infected with atheism after their visit."**

Your malicious reaction of revenge did not surprise me, apparently because you failed to understand me, due to your spiritual laziness, fear of reading, and fear of new knowledge, or perhaps fear of admitting that you were wrong about many things earlier. In yet another pre-planned outburst of long-thought-out **hysteria**, you were not afraid to resort to screaming and threats **to call the police if I didn't confess or if they didn't find the 15 green bills I had hidden somewhere.** *The imps and demons in you did their job perfectly! My applause to them.*

How could you allow them, through you, to so **brazenly, attempting initially subtly and inadvertently, but ultimately, as it turned out, openly and rudely, steal the key to my apartment, and also hold onto, yet again, my phone card and Fahrzeugschein, where the word Abgemeldet (deregistered) is written?** I asked you five times to leave these things before your departure, and instead, in an attempt to run away, you even slightly brushed against a bush, although you had told me before that this should under no circumstances be done, as it would result in a fine. My neighbor from the third floor is a witness. The demons in you, for too long during your departure, actively attracted public attention with familiar thoughts spoken aloud.

My neighbor came to me right away. He shared some beer. Because you, Bedouin Woman, had even deliberately taken my previously placed beer from the refrigerator, as if implying that it had not been bought by you long ago. Rather, you dreamed of teaching me a lesson, somehow playing the role of a strict mother weaning her infant from "intoxication." After all, such propaganda is still the rule in your sober, but one-sided, estate.

Therefore, you maliciously hid part of the beer packs that you supposedly bought for me but couldn't take with you. I told my neighbor everything that happened, that the Bedouin Woman's inner purity isn't as important as her outer, which is why she has had a literal herpes-causing aversion since time immemorial. My neighbor was very understanding.



By the way, I don't always drink alcohol, as I also love sober states of consciousness. And when I drink beer, I do it slowly, sip by sip, thoroughly mixing it in my mouth with saliva. Otherwise, I observe intestinal irritation.

And in extreme and new situations, I remember many details, including the aura and thoughts of the aggressor himself, which he does not speak aloud, and which I am allowed to see from Above.

And I strive very much not to deceive anyone. It happens accidentally. Otherwise, bad karma. Even when I told Eva that I was ignoring you, Bedouin Woman, I didn't lie to her. I really ignore your mostly trivial feed with dogs and German sayings from the general mishmash of suspicious feeds sent to you. Eva used to bombard me with similar things to the point of nausea. Therefore, by ignoring you more and more, I didn't immediately notice that you tried to contact me. I apologize if this contributed to your additional suspicion against me and the suspicion of insincerity.

And why do you believe from your almost last message that I am greedy? You, Bedouin Woman, when you used to visit me, would kindly beg for something as a gift for your supposed giving during your stay, starting by saying that you would bring it later, but you never did, and I simply started to give you this or that Tupperware for food myself. Now you even asked me for a pair of underwear as a gift. I didn't refuse even here. Internally, I always thanked you for asking, because through you, the Higher Powers were also testing me, looking for an answer to the question: "Can I continue to help?" That is, ungrateful people should not be helped.

After your sincere (with slight distortions) stories, I started to wonder how an intelligent, blue-blooded Bedouin could beat the Bedouin Woman, so that she complained about him to the police several times. And even my Baba Yaga (hunched over with a "mortar" for walking), who once lived above me, called the police because of your fights with beatings when I wasn't there. This, oh my formerly much appreciated and beloved Bedouin Woman, only happened with you, I believe. Rarely or almost never with other wives.

To what extent have you brought yourself by separating from my wisdom for the sake of preserving wealth? Since you are not afraid to treat others, like the Bedouin, in this way, I assume that someone from Above has already been destined to treat you in the distant or near future. Here you can either start being cautious, suspiciously searching for the "executioner" in situations, or start praying diligently. **Dedicate one day a week, as in Jewish Sabbath rituals, to reading literature on divine topics. Practice detaching yourself during this time from anything that hinders this.**

During your screams, you said that I had promised you the car a long time ago, so it was yours, and you wouldn't give it back to me. That was indeed a long time ago, but it was about another



car – the painted Lupo. And I didn't want to give it to you, but instead wanted you to repay my debts for the text work and legal consultation to Miryam. The car was then valued at €3500 for me. **Before that, I thought that even selfless help between us had been agreed upon long ago,** and not that it was in return for the Lupo, specially decorated to our taste, as a thank you for selflessness. I thought that after the painted hood and a lot of compliments from you, you appreciated my art.

You and the Bedouin, four years ago, after my very long four written pleas (oh! And even a karmic threat) to repay Miryam's debt, did not help even in exchange for my other creative works. And they put me in prison without her help. Miryam suffered from resentment and fear that I would not repay what I promised, for 3-4 years.

In principle, I always had an opinion of you as a very good manager, who is worthy of managing even a palace if she passes the tests. After all, you have gained experience managing an entire estate with guests, animals, and so on. In this respect, you have learned to give well.

But everything in moderation, and you clung to the love of the visible material, became mired in love for their daily rituals, do not consider "Sabbath" important, remember only your adored quadrupeds, while soulful-spiritual literary food is more primary and important, as has long been scientifically proven.

If everyone who cannot work internally with themselves is given a million, the imminent fear of the protégé due to the possible loss of undeservedly acquired wealth is inevitable. Such a person begins to cling to a prosperous fate, gradually begins to serve more harmful reactions and thoughts more often, suspects something excessively, sows more and more mistakes behind him, and therefore ultimately loses what he so selfishly desired to acquire.

Precisely at the most crucial moment, he becomes a puppet. This is how demons save the unworthy from fatal addiction or, say, divert them from a mania for only a certain turn of fate. If a person still does not want to change, then a fatal outcome after acquiring "unearned" will be an inevitable salvation, a healing of his soul, because it is more important.

Therefore, as it turned out in the map of three prolonged events, so it turned out.

It is dangerous for you, Bedouins, to come to me in an unread state. Perhaps you will manage the Sabbath in the future, but clearly not soon, given your previous inertia. Then we'll see.

The main thing is that you are alive, Bedouin Woman, and now you are less afraid of the non-return of what was once invested and not invested in me. Even if we quarrel, all your investments and setbacks from refusing to help will turn out with dividends that do not exceed the harmful boundaries for your soul.

You often believed in this process in front of me, but after the sauna and conversations with the Yatrib family, this positive memory became clouded in you with the permission of the Higher Powers. Apparently, so that you would be in a neutral state of doubt for tests from Above, where you had to make many fateful decisions very quickly, between "yes" and "no," "correct" or "incorrect."

