

My daughter used to persuade me that it was her who planned all her movements, meetings, etc. And she explained a lot of things happened by accident.

But there are no accidents! Every contact of ours, and any event is predetermined. Everything has been pre-planned and included into our agenda. The outcomes are clear. All you have to do is make a choice, and this choice depends on one thing – whether you take a “weapon” or a “rose”. A person has no freedom – but a choice, the choice between the evil and the good.

When you say you “build your own fate”, it means you’ve made your choice. If you are possessed by hate, anger or envy, your fate will be identical to that energy. If you are in love, mercy and understanding, your agenda will be alike.

I was convinced by this many times, including this trip.

Actually, having spent a lot of money in Eastern Tibet, I was not even planning to set on a trip too soon – maybe the next year. But it is the Divine Ones who make decisions. They insisted on me going to a travel agency for a trip to Central Tibet, and namely Mount Kailash. They announced I had been invited to go there long before my trips, I just had to recall it.

The agency recommended an operator who was supposed to tell me everything about the place I was going to.

When I first met the operator, i.e. the person who guides you to sacred places, I had a feeling I came across a white lion. Indeed, he looked like one: a shaggy grey mane of wavy hair, big hazel and attentive eyes. Those eyes, full of sarcasm and a sarcastic but welcoming smile, drilled me through revealing their superiority over this world. A man of remarkable intelligence! But as a human being, he was able only to acknowledge himself, everything else was mere dust to him! Every time I saw him (because later we saw each other to discuss world problems), I had a feeling of resistance. And I liked that tournament. I enjoyed suppressing his aggressiveness, and then he seemed a vulnerable lion cub. No, no, our relationships were only based on ideology, though I liked him as a worthy adversary and a man. It’s an interesting combination: hate everything and love everything. But this is what our world holds to. This wonderful and sarcastic man was always persuading me that I was not a climber and was not trained to travel in the mountains, and that the ascension to that mountain would kill me. He said that even professional climbers would die there, leave alone ordinary people. But I had an objective that had to be met.

On the one hand, I was pushed by curiosity of being in contact with the other and – more importantly – get answers to my questions. On the other hand, I had an errand from the Divine Ones to run.

When the operator was again trying to talk me out of going to Mount Kailash, God (Father) came to tell my new friend about our trip and people who were going there. Of course, the man felt His presence through light intoxication.

I told him about the invitation when Tsongkhapa appeared in my room, and I was shown black mountains and a snow-capped peak with a glowing ball on top, and also about creatures with white skin and huge eyes who called themselves the Asciles.

My friend agreed and said he would tell later whether he would take me to that difficult ascension.

A few days later he called to invite me for a talk. I ran to his office with a happy heart and filled with excitement. I was told that a woman connected with Avalokishwara and influenced by him had described me in detail. And that Ishwara himself was waiting for me because the invitation

was made by him. Ishwara makes an invitation only once, and so I will go, and the operator will take care of my delivery. And that was decided.

Two weeks before the trip, some red drawings began appearing on my right arm, from the elbow to the hand, as if someone was writing something with red ink. The drawings would disappear 20 minutes later only to be replaced by new ones. Bizarre signs, digits, circles, human silhouettes, lines, snakes, etc. changed each other like in a cartoon. So funny and wonderful. Questions – who? what? why? – followed and followed. I copied one drawing, which had lasted longer, into my notepad. And it turned out later, this description of a place became the key issue for the next few days.

Departure time came. There were three more men at the office, apart from me and the manager (my new friend). But they were going to the outer side of Mount Kailash, following the Tibetans' way as they ascend the mountain many times in their lives. I was going to the internal side – a dangerous and unpredictable way.

Before going to Central Tibet, I was apprehensive of anything that could be there waiting for me: the operator had described everything in full detail. Many people never came back – and some people would go mad upon return. Naturally, I wound up on those events and realised there would be no way back for me. But I can't disregard the Divine Ones because I had experienced their ways of punishment.

Having written notes and saying goodbye to my relatives and friends, I set forth to face dangerous adventures.

On October 2, 2007, I came to the office to join my new friends. Two young guys were joking and photographing each other, while the third man, a 50-year-old, did not look beaming happiness. I was struck by this vexing whiner, able only to see the bad things. I tried to strike up a conversation with him but he dodged. As a response to this "attention", I tried to persuade him to change his mood and attitude to the environment, or he could hardly cover even a short leg of the trip. He flashed a blow of low energy. My words turned out to be prophetic.

We had to cross Kyrgyzstan and then, the Chinese border, and move on to Tibet. A Kyrgyz bus arrived to pick us up, and we got aboard. On our way, the operator was telling wonderful stories about Central Tibet and his spiritual world. I was struck by his memory and physical fitness. A fifty-year-old, tall, with strong muscles and an authoritative Georgian nature. He is Georgian, by the way.

On the way to the Kyrgyz border, we stopped to have a short rest. When I got on the bus I found a tick on my stocking. We destroyed it before it was able to gnaw at my leg. This was a good sign as we were able to avert the danger just in time.

When the bus crossed the Kyrgyz border, the grumpy man asked to be excused and leave the bus. However, we all refused and insisted he should take a pause later on. We hardly covered a few metres when hoses tore out in the vehicle, and all of the cooling fluid leaked out. Taking the hint, we unanimously decided that any needs of the passengers should be met immediately. We poured some water from the river into the hose (thank God, the water was not frozen, and the banks were not too rocky), and went on to our cherished goal, Mount Kailash.

The men sipped cognac from a flask, and everyone but me seemed to be in high spirits. I was feeling anxious due to the reason above. My thoughts were leaping on and on, depicting terrible pictures.





03/10/2007 14:50
A short while the wind blew. Gated, hilly and rocky, the road would be in



03/10/2007 18:11



03/10/2007 18:15



04/10/2007 09:20



04/10/2007 09:30





On the way, we saw that city's main street was still green, and when we returned, the trees



On the road, many vehicles have been converted to use solar power, which is a common sight in Tibet.



Our Chinese Guide.



Did the Makalu Base Camp trekking trip go well? The answer is yes!



Yaks eat the grass on the plateau. This is the grazing land vehicle and user jeeps to cross the wild



What kind of weather? What kind of life? I have never been so cold in my life! But, despite the rain & fog, Good favours the health,

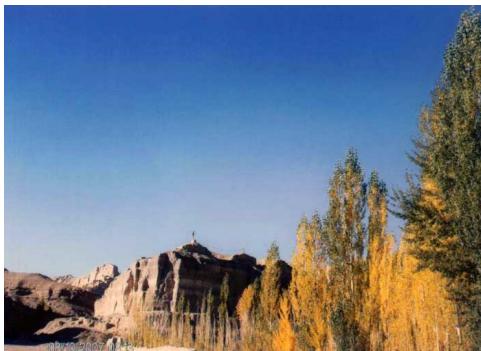


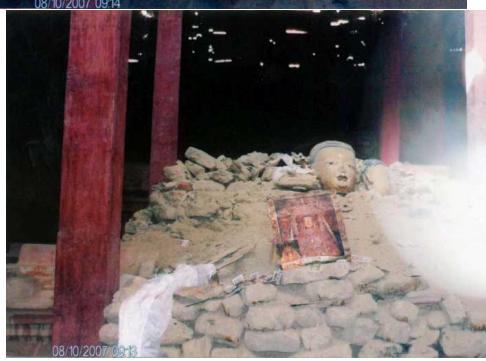
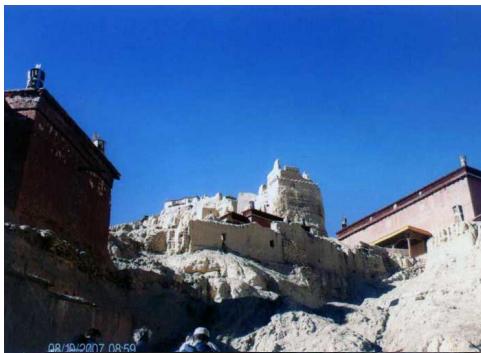
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The flooding season is over. Some people throw their old bedding away and sweep the ground outside those







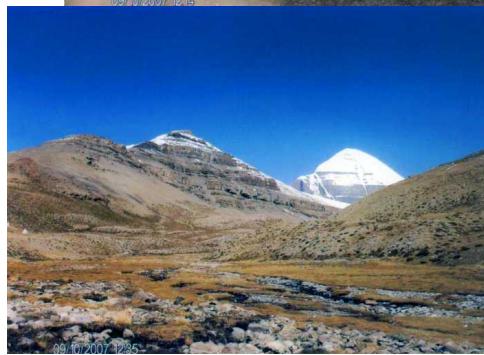


Even though it was the place that was off the beaten track, there were still many tourists.



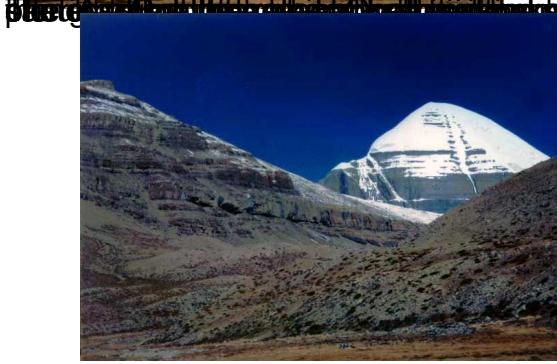
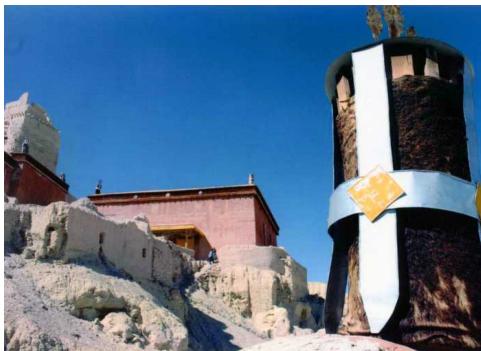


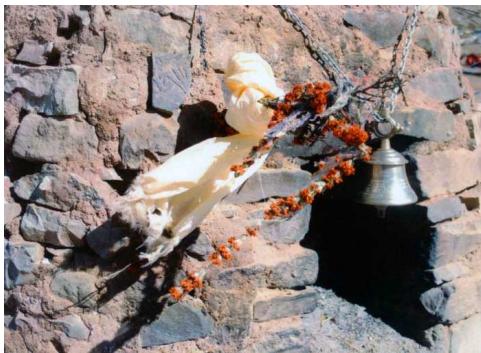
Before we leave, we have to pass through the town of Litang. This is the last town before we start the climb up to the plateau to Tibet. This is the most beautiful. Every



back to Sichuan, just to see the snow-capped mountains of the plateau. The plateau is the most beautiful place I have ever seen!







Mount Kailash is a sacred mountain in Tibet, also known as the Holy Mountain. It is considered one of the four sacred mountains in Buddhism, Jainism, and Hinduism. The mountain is believed to be the abode of the deity Shiva.





14/10/2007 21:06



With a clear sky, the light is very bright, and the clouds are very thin. This is probably the reason why the sky looks like this.



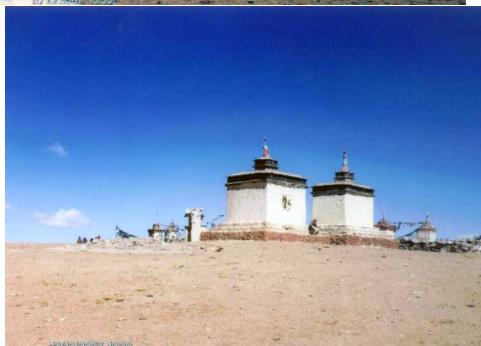
On the way to Lake Namtso, the truck stopped at a gas station left



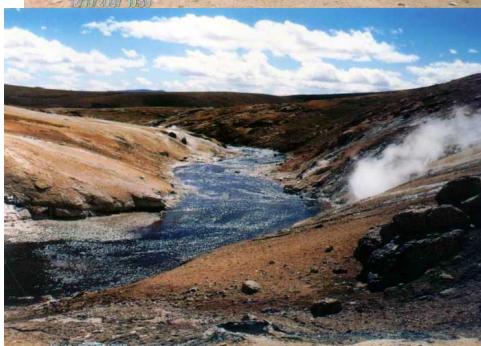
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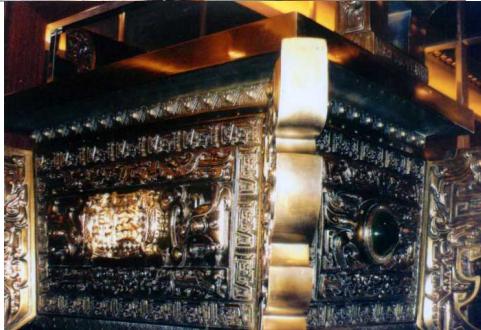


On the way to the capital city, Bo has already been training horses for steppe races,



October 18, 2007 - My second time in Lhasa. A great sight to see! We had a long hard day before going to the left.





西藏自治区首府拉萨市，布达拉宫广场，夜景，广场上人来人往，广场上装饰着许多彩灯。