

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY

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PROLOGUE

Suddenly my mind began speaking to me as if it knew the language of the gods.

Everything had meaning.

Every word on television became a code.

People on the street were actors.

Events were signs.

In that state a person feels like a prophet — or a god.

But later...

...one becomes nothing more than a wreck.

CHAPTER I — NOBODY

I will not tell you my name.

It does not matter.

What I want to describe does not concern a particular person.

It concerns a certain state of being.

A state of being marked.

A state of being different from the very beginning.

A person who feels more deeply, sees differently, and from childhood senses that the world has more layers than most ordinary people — absorbed in everyday struggles — can imagine.

From my earliest years I felt a strange longing.

I could not name it then.

But it felt like a quiet call coming from somewhere beyond this world.

That longing always directed my eyes upward.

Toward the sky.

I looked at the sky instinctively.

In the yard.

On the way to school.

Through the window in the evening.

The sky was quiet.

Immense.

Boundless.

Peaceful.

True.

It did not judge me.

It did not try to change me.

It was not that I expected something to happen there.

I was not searching for signs.

I simply felt that something there knew me.

A strange harmony.

A balance.

Like a father placing his hand gently on a child's head and bringing calm simply by being present.

When I looked at the sky I felt at home.

Like being held safely in a mother's womb.

Like resting near God's warm hearth.

It was the first place where I truly felt safe.

School was not always easy.

At first I found it difficult to connect with other children.

I felt different.

Less fitted to the world around me.

But eventually I always managed to find common ground.

I became part of the group.

Not through effort — simply by being myself.

When I learned to read, I began devouring books.

But not fairy tales.

And not school textbooks.

I was fascinated by completely different things.

Mysteries.

Unexplained phenomena.

Other worlds.

Television and radio never spoke about such things.

While adults listened to political debates or announcements about water levels in the Vistula and the Oder, I was absorbed in a completely different universe.

Books opened before me like mysterious boxes filled with secrets.

Books about unexplained phenomena.

Books about other realities.

I read them as if trying to name something that had already lived inside me long before I could understand it.

Sometimes at school I stood out.

Not because I tried to impress anyone.

I simply carried a quiet certainty.

Some people respected it.

Others did not understand it.

Sometimes I spoke too little.

Sometimes too quickly.

But none of that mattered much.

Because my attention was always drawn to the sky.

Sometimes I saw things there that were difficult to describe.

Dark triangular objects.

Silent.

Lights moving in ways that seemed impossible.

I was not afraid.

I only felt that these things were not hallucinations.

They were strangely familiar.

As if fragments of a world I had known before coming here appeared for a moment — only for me.

But I did not analyze it.

I was still just a child.

An elementary school student.

Before the sixth grade.

Back then I simply looked at the sky with a heart full of longing, read books that spoke the language of my inner world, and felt a little less alone.

Then everything changed.

Because in the sixth grade...

I moved to the countryside.

CHAPTER II — SILENCE

Moving to the countryside was not a surprise.

It had been planned for years.

My parents had long prepared for it, although as a child I did not fully understand what it meant to change the place where life unfolds.

Then the day finally came.

A new school.

New people.

Different sounds.

Different light.

And a different sky.

Instead of streets there were fields.

Instead of apartment blocks — open space.

That space stayed with me for a long time.

We had a lot of land around our house.

I often walked there alone.

Not because I was bored.

Simply to look at the sky.

It was as natural as breathing.

Or praying.

The sky in the countryside felt different from the one in the city.

Larger.

More distant — and yet somehow closer.

Sometimes the silence was so deep it felt as if the entire world had stopped.

One day something happened that I remember vividly even now.

A military aircraft.

A MiG-21.

It flew so low that I could see the silhouette of the pilot.

It passed over our land almost touching the treetops.

But what struck me most was this:

It made no sound.

None.

No roar.

No thunder.

No rushing wind.

Just an image — fast and unreal — like a fragment cut from another reality and pasted into ours.

I ran to my father and told him what I had seen.

He shrugged.

“If it had been a MiG,” he said,

“the windows would have shattered.”

But I knew what I had seen.

That moment was real.

Not imagination.

A sign.

Perhaps not for everyone.

But for me.

CHAPTER III — THE CRACK

High school arrived like everything else in life — naturally, yet filled with questions.

I went to a general secondary school.

New place.

New faces.

Greater expectations.

I lived in a dormitory.

There was something interesting about that shared life — the rhythm, the sense of community.

But I always kept a slight distance.

Not out of fear.

I simply lived more inside than outside.

One evening during a school camp something unusual happened.

Above us appeared an orange star.

It hung motionless, as if suspended on a thread.

From its sides smaller orange lights flew into it — like satellites returning to their mother.

Everyone saw it.

Not only me.

All of us.

There was no panic.

Only silence.

As if logic had briefly been switched off — and pure seeing switched on.

Later the sky began to change again.

Lights appeared above our land.

Sometimes they hovered.

Sometimes they moved and disappeared beyond the line of trees.

Always silent.

Always accompanied by a strange feeling that someone was observing me.

Not with hostility.

More like a scientist taking notes.

As if someone knew me better than I knew myself.

CHAPTER IV — THE FAULT LINE

After high school I began university studies.

City life.

Dormitories.

Trams.

Intellectual discussions.

In theory everything unfolded as it should.

But I never fit easily into paths laid out for everyone else.

I was not rebellious.

Just different from within.

I felt I had to do something more.

Not in terms of career.

But in terms of mission.

Eventually I applied to the Office for State Protection.

I believed that perhaps my unusual perception could serve something greater.

I signed documents.

One concerned state secrecy.

After that moment something shifted.

And slowly the world began to fracture.

People seemed to watch me.

Messages appeared everywhere.

Television words sounded like codes.

Reality began to collapse inward.

Eventually I walked onto a stage during a charity event.

I carried an icicle.

I took a golden heart — the symbol of the charity.

Cameras captured everything.

To others I must have looked like a madman.

Soon after that the police detained me.

They beat me carefully so no marks would remain.

Later I found myself at home.

Doctors arrived.

Someone said:

“We’re taking him.”

Another voice replied quietly:

“Not yet.”

That was the moment I truly broke.

CHAPTER V — RECOGNITION

I woke up in a psychiatric hospital.

The smell of that place stayed with me for years.

I remained there for three months.

Time lost its meaning.

Thoughts dissolved.

Reality became distant.

Doctors spoke about psychosis.

About medication.

About receptors and balance.

Eventually the diagnosis appeared.

Schizophrenia.

A heavy word.

Like a hammer.

But also a word that gave shape to what had previously been shapeless.

CHAPTER VI — RETURN

After three months they released me.

I returned home.

I took time off from university.

I worked in my father's company.

Structure helped me survive.

Work.

Hours.

Routine.

But inside me something was still growing.

I began reading the writings of Jan Pajak.

His ideas spoke about hidden forces controlling humanity.

About spiritual awakening.

For years I believed I had joined a kind of resistance movement.

Not an organization.

A state of mind.

Looking back now, I see that period almost like a second psychosis — but social and ideological.

Still, it was part of my path.

CHAPTER VII — NUMBERS AND SHOCK

At the age of thirty-eight I encountered gematria.

A system assigning numerical values to letters.

When I calculated certain phrases the results shocked me.

Associated with the phrase:

“Lord Jesus Christ.”

Another result:

“Christ Consciousness.”

Another:

“Jesus Christ abideth.”

For a moment I stood on the edge of something dangerous.

One more step and I might have disappeared into those meanings completely.

But I did not.

Because I was not seeking a crown.

I was seeking understanding.

Eventually I realized something simple:

Numbers may reflect meaning.

But they do not define identity.

CHAPTER VIII — ORDINARY LIFE

After that period everything became ordinary again.

But in the best possible sense.

The sky still existed.

Signs still appeared.

But I no longer tried to force meaning into everything.

Life became simple.

Morning.

Tea.

Conversations.

Shopping.

Cold weather.

Doctor visits.

Breathing.

I realized many spiritual ideas had simply been the ego searching for importance.

Ego whispers:

“You are special.”

“Numbers point to you.”

“Maybe you are the savior of the world.”

But true consciousness says nothing.

It simply exists.

EPILOGUE

Today I no longer search for answers about the universe.

I no longer ask:

Are we living in a simulation?

Is UFO technology alien or human?

Am I someone special?

I know only this:

Spirituality is not about finding answers.

It is about living with questions in your heart.

And still cooking dinner.

Brushing your teeth.

And telling someone:

“Thank you for being here.”

That is my enlightenment.

And it is enough.