

Wanted: Landlord of the Universe

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She didn't look like she had a direct connection to ours, yours and my creator, but who knows exactly what that looks like.

My neighbor's daughter doesn't come round much, but here she was — blond, sparkly rocks on her hand, tight leopard skin-colored trousers and an ability to speak to the creator.

“I chennel,” she said and then asked me whether I knew what it meant.

Of course, the channel tunnel, a bit claustrophobic but it gets you to Paris quickly.

No, she was referring to channeling, which apparently she had done so much of that she had two books already written.

Meanwhile, Maika the stray dog, who lives in the apartment block and has eyes that channel his desire to do nothing but eat and sleep, was nearby pretending not to listen.

She handed over her first book, “The Landlord of the Universe,” which had a picture of a cube

on the front with the world squeezed into it. She also handed over her business card, gold with a name that was a pseudonym designed to add a certain glamour to her being an SMS receiver of an extraterrestrial, all-powerful being.

I haven't read it all yet, but the creator seems to come down to Earth and at the end — spoiler alert — he is on his way to New York to meet his chief opponent and sign an agreement for the next 500 years.

“Now is a catastrophically restless time,” she says in an interview on her web site. “Every country is taking part in the process called the Great Change about which so many are talking about. Only many call it by a different name and even believe in the Apocalypse, that's when everything goes bang.”

It wasn't a complete surprise when she later got round to telling me that she had once lived in Beverley Hills.

You don't get many people channeling good news for Russia these days. She, though, asserts that Russia is the lucky land and all because when the world was created by the First Sun, its rays landed on Russia. Sadly, she does not explain why it sods off for nine months of the year now.

“Pilgrims will come to Russia — for its clean water, for its land uncontaminated by radiation, for its resources, treasures, for its energy.”

Nevertheless, Russians have to do something first.

“It is impossible to walk round further with such angry faces. Russians, you live in the country of the First Sun. Don't get angry with your government, which you are accustomed to berate, live with Love.”

And then I knew she was channeling Vladislav Surkov.

She asked what I was doing now. When I told her, she said: “That's a waste, you should teach me English instead.”

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