

Introduction

You carry it too. A feeling you can't name — that the world holds more than anyone is willing to admit. Not that something is wrong with you. You simply sense there is more — and everyone around you has agreed the picture is whole, and you are the only one who can't see how.

You have already searched. Teaching after teaching, faith after faith — and each described something smaller than what you feel under your skin. You looked for a mentor: someone who had already been where you are still straining to reach, who could see in you what you cannot see in yourself. And you have not found him yet.

Maybe you have tried practices too. You meditated — and the mind would not go quiet. You said kind words to the mirror — and nothing moved. You shook off the tension — and within a week everything was back the way it was. So you decided the problem was you.

Most often the problem is neither you nor the technique. A technique presses on what is written in you. And when you don't know what is written there, how it holds on, and how it defends itself — you are pressing blind.

This book is for you.

Not a manual and not a course — the testimony of someone still walking this road himself: not from its far end, looking back, but from the middle, still in motion. And what it gives is not one more technique, but the thing without which no technique could ever hold: an understanding of how you are built. What is written in you, and who wrote it. Why the body tells this more honestly than the mind. Why one thing passes without a trace and another holds on for years. Why the heart cannot be opened by effort, and why your attention simply will not enter the most painful place — it gets thrown out, and it seems there is nothing there. Once you see this foundation, techniques stop being magic: you can see what they

press on, why they work — and why a certain one did not work for you.

The deepest mechanics I have deliberately left off the page — they live in the program of the School of Informational Yoga and are passed on face to face. Knowledge given out of season does not free you — it wounds the one who has not yet built the quality to carry it. But everything that is safe to do on your own is given here in full: telling an event apart from the trace it leaves in you; letting the body shake off what it holds; becoming the one who watches calmly while the mind rages. This is not a preparation for the real thing — it is the real thing, from the first step.

You have probably stood before beautiful doors and found a wall behind them. So I am not asking for your trust in advance: everything written here I have lived myself, and you will verify it — on yourself, without taking my word for it. I ask one thing: that by the end of these pages you no longer mistake this door for

a wall. Because beyond the known there truly is something — and to search for it is not in vain.

The part of you that always felt the world was incomplete is not broken. It is the truest thing in you.

I will begin where my own body once forced me to begin — not with an idea, but with one hour on a beach, when I understood the law that everything after it rests on.

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The body never lies.

Chapter One. The Body Never Lies

That beach was in Turkey.

Noon, heat. The sea calm and warm, almost without a ripple. The children are digging at the water's edge, building something out of wet sand and shrieking with laughter. My wife beside me. An ordinary day of vacation — for everyone but me.

Because in those days I couldn't stand the sun. I wore the hat everywhere; I hardly took my shirt off even by the water. I explained it to myself in a few words — "I just don't like the sun" — and for years I never asked where it came from.

That noon I pull off my shirt — and even that is a small victory for me. Then I set the hat down on the lounge. And I walk into the water.

A few minutes, no more. The water holds me, the sun warms my back. For that short while everything is simply good.

And then, between my shoulder blades, a prickling begins.

Faint at first — as if the skin had gone numb, as if I'd slept on my arm wrong. I come out of the water. With every step across the hot sand it grows stronger. By the time I reach the lounge it is no longer "numb." By the time I pick up the towel it is no longer discomfort. It is pain. As if a thousand fine needles drove into

my whole body at once, evenly, with nowhere on it left to hide from them. I feel my own breath go short and shallow.

Almost everything that came next I know not with my own eyes. There was nothing before my eyes by then but pain: it filled the whole field, to the very edge, leaving no space for the room, for my own hands, for my wife's face. What I looked like in that hour I know from her words — she told me afterward, and I am passing it on to you.

"Bogdan," she said quietly, "you've gone blue."

The blue I never saw — my wife saw me blue, from the outside. I myself, in that moment, was only pain and nothing more.

After that everything happens without me — the body itself lunges for rescue. The room. A cold shower, to put out that burning prickle. It doesn't help; under the water the needles only grow sharper. I step out wet and lie straight down on the floor — the cold, smooth tile —

pressing myself against it with my back, my shoulder blades, the back of my head, everything I can. A minute of lying still. That doesn't help either.

And then the body demands the opposite — movement. Sharp, formless, animal. I don't decide to move — I am moved. And somewhere inside this thrashing on the cold floor, without warning, the tears come. Not out of self-pity, not out of fear. They simply come — like a dam giving way.

It wasn't the cold that stopped the pain. Not the stillness. Not the movement. The pain only began to recede when I had wept — really wept, all the way to the bottom. As if for a whole hour the body had been shoving me in one single direction, until at last I did the one thing it wanted of me: I let something out.

I lie there spent on that floor, wet, with a single thought beating in my head: *what is wrong with me?*

I did not yet know that this was the wrong question.

You have to ask it differently: not "what is wrong with me" but "what is written in me." The sun was not attacking me — it had merely touched a door I had long ago, year by year, refusal by refusal, nailed shut inside myself. And when you knock long enough on a door that has been nailed shut, even a gentle touch feels like a blow.

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Look at what actually happened here — I want you to see it before you believe it or don't.

I was not poisoned. I was not sunburned — not a trace was left on the skin. What a doctor would have said I don't know. When a person goes blue and can barely breathe, you show them to a doctor first and look for deeper explanations after. Yet what surfaced in that hour was not in the skin. It lay in the way I treated myself — and it had been waiting for exactly such an occasion to break to the surface. The

body can stay silent for years. But one day it will say everything — and it will say it bodily, because it has no other language. That day it left me not even my eyes: everything I was had become pain, and there was no longer anyone left to look outward. It did not ask for attention. It took all of it.

So what was written in me? Look at what I was hiding from. The hat hid me not from the heat — from being seen. The sun makes a person visible. And for years I had built myself so that I would be easy to overlook. The expectations of others that I swallowed whole. A second self, built to keep everyone satisfied. Small betrayals of myself, stacked one on another, until I no longer saw myself as I am — only a creature straining to get through one more day. The record was exactly this: I must not be seen. When you bury your own light that deeply, even a little sun on the crown of the head feels like a reproach. Mine felt like fire.

And it was not medicine that healed me.

I was healed, of all things, by the salute to the sun — **Surya Namaskar**. There will be no instructions here — this practice, like the rest of the techniques, lives in the program of the School of Informational Yoga. But the heart of this ritual can't be handed over in instructions anyway. I'll only tell you how it was, because that too is testimony.

I worked with a mentor. She explained to me what I had heard nowhere else: that Surya Namaskar is not a set of exercises but a ritual, and that it is empty in itself until you open the Sun *inside*. That was what eluded me for a long time. I lived in my head. I would fold my palms at my heart, keep the smile, supposedly aim it into my chest — and it kept being born in my head. I was *inventing* a smile in the heart instead of *feeling* one there. And for a long time I couldn't see the difference, because when you live in the mind, the mind pretends that it is everything.

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The day it all came together I remember differently from the beach — as light, not pain.

I rented a yoga studio — large, empty, just for myself, for two hours. Tall windows, plants, and the whole place flooded with sun. From the street beyond those windows a dull noise reached me — cars, someone's voices — but it reached me as if from another room. The floor under my bare feet was warm where the light touched it and cool past its edge. For a long while I looked at the beam of light lying before me on the floor.

And at some moment — not by effort, rather the opposite — I simply *let the mind go*: I stopped watching myself from the outside. I wasn't smiling, wasn't doing anything. And then the sunlight from the window met something warm in my chest, and for the first time in my life I felt the Sun *within*. My breath smoothed out on its own and went deeper than I had ever let it go. The warmth did not stay in the chest — it moved: up, toward the throat and the crown, and down, into the belly, slowly

filling me from inside. The body began to tremble — first the legs, then the back — and that trembling was not an effort but an event that came on its own.

I repeated the sequence — and for the first time the palms folded at my heart were not a gesture but two warm, living hands on my chest. On the third round I wept again. But with these tears a weight fell away from me — a whole mountain of weight I hadn't even noticed I was carrying.

And when I went outside afterward — for the first time I didn't want to put on a hat.

Today I am out every day under the very same sun that once turned me blue — and it does nothing to me but warm my skin. The enemy was never the sun. The enemy was the record in me — about my own light and the ban on showing it. And once that record finally came out — not by force, but by tears — the enemy lost its power over me.

This is why I began with that hour on the beach, and not with the start of the road. By then there were already years of falling and rising behind me, years in which I learned to let go and begin again — and we'll get to them. But of everything I have lived, it is that hour that testifies most clearly to the law everything here begins with.

The body never lies.

What we carry inside us does not stay politely in our thoughts. It moves outward — into the shoulders, the breath, the posture, the habits, the way you walk into a room. And if you fail to notice it long enough, it finally surfaces in the body itself. I have seen greed, over the years, settle as a weight on the shoulders. I have seen a fear a person won't admit to himself bend him. And someone who has declared a quiet war on his own light may, one day, find that he cannot bear the sun.

I won't ask you to believe this. I'd even rather you didn't rush to believe: belief, as you'll see, can be a trap of its own. I ask some-

thing else. As you read these lines, notice where your body is carrying something. The shoulders that won't drop. The breath that won't go deep. The thing you've learned to explain away with a quick "well, that's just how I am."

Because if the body doesn't lie, then your suffering isn't random either. It is not a sentence handed down by fate, nor a flaw you were born with. It is information. Anything once written can one day be read. And what can be read can be rewritten. I don't say it happens fast, or easily — it took me years. But it can be done.

Don't fight what you notice. Don't be afraid of it. Just stay **curious** — it is in this quiet curiosity about yourself that the first doors open.

But before lifting the burden, it's worth asking about the thing everything else depends on. The man thrashing on that cold floor, who hid for years under a hat — who was he? Whose fears were those, whose expectations, whose

"second self"? How much of what I called myself that day had I ever actually chosen?

The honest answer: almost nothing. And I am hardly the exception. Most of what you call yourself, you did not choose. And that is not a sentence. It is the first word of freedom.