

Attack

"Attack has the power to make illusions real."

(A Course in Miracles, T-30.V.5:5)

**I admire myself so much I tremble,
and in the evenings I am afraid of myself.**

— *Eduard Asadov*



Pune. Monsoon season.

But this afternoon the sky had cleared.

The air held a freshness unusual for Pune. The breeze was filled with fragrance and orgone. The sun wasn't hot—it seemed somehow young, dazzlingly bright. The kind of sunlight you only see in Europe in spring.

I felt drawn to go for a walk.

Although Koregaon Park had become an unpleasant place for walking in recent years—a noisy, dusty road, forever clogged with traffic, had been cut through it—a couple of reasonably quiet streets still remained.

During the rainy season, nature here is like an illusionist, revealing its magnificence, its abundance, and its secrets—things you would never even suspect during the dry season.

The sunlight was like a shining coin.

Greenery in every imaginable shade, washed spotless by the rains.

Leaves and flowers of astonishing size and shape.

And the wind, combing all that luxuriance with its five-fingered hand.

Ah... this feels wonderful.

The wind flirted with my long silk skirt—à la a Turgenev heroine.

Utterly romantic.

You feel beautiful.

Weightless.

In one of the quiet streets, cool and shaded by the branches of old trees, a surprise was waiting for me.

For some reason, as I turned into that particular street, I remembered a recent unpleasant conversation with an acquaintance. It surfaced in my mind uncontrollably.

A little cloud of irritation appeared.

Strong irritation.

I even replayed our conversation in my mind and mentally “corrected” my replies.

It seemed harmless enough.

But I had failed to take into account that anger is anger. It makes no difference whether it is slight irritation or wild rage.

And the world around me immediately reflected my inner world like a mirror. Two Indian boys rode past me on a bicycle. One was pedaling, the other sat behind him. I paid no attention to them.

Then they came back and rode past me again.

After overtaking me, they turned around and headed straight toward me on their bicycle.

Indian boys often do that — to flirt with a foreign woman, to give her a little scare, but most of all to make sure she notices them.

At the last moment they would usually swerve their motorcycle, scooter, or bicycle to avoid hitting the “lady.”

But these two “heroes” were coming straight at me with no intention of swerving.

I jumped aside. From the shock, I felt something shoot inside me. An electric jolt shot through my legs, and a wave of heat swept all the way to the top of my head.

They ended up on my right and stopped.

First they mumbled something about rupees.

Something like:

“Ten rupees...”

As in, *give us some money.*

Then one of them quickly and furtively grabbed my breast.

My reaction was instantaneous and automatic.

I thrust my hand for that “knight's” throat.

Every muscle in my body tightened like a panther preparing to leap.

My fingers landed unerringly on his collar and around his Adam's apple.

I have no idea what I looked like at that moment, but the “heroes,” tearing themselves free from my “lion's claws,” fled in terror. They abandoned their bicycle, lost their sandals, and ran for their lives.

The shock of almost being run over threw me into some strange point deep inside myself.

It was a point of stillness.

A point of complete inner silence.

I watched everything as though from the outside.

While remaining in that state of total relaxation and silence, outwardly I was fighting.

Everything happened on autopilot.

From somewhere deep inside, I watched what my body was doing.

Under normal circumstances, I don't possess lightning-fast reactions or any kind of samurai-Cossack fighting spirit. It would never even occur to me to grab someone by the throat.

Without any involvement on my part, my body worked like a machine.

I simply watched.

Grabbing the bicycle the “attackers” had abandoned, I slammed it against the asphalt several times.

I expected it to shatter into pieces.

But it didn't.

Swinging it end over end, I dragged it over to the side of the road.

Then I picked up the sandals the “attackers” had lost in their panic and threw them over the fence into someone's private garden.

Outwardly, indignation and a kind of “righteous fury,” into which my shock and fear had transformed, were boiling over.

Inside, there was only silence, even though outwardly I was a gladiator.

Then I stopped.

My hands were black and greasy from the bicycle.

It seemed I had been smashing it against the asphalt without any physical effort at all.

And yet I weigh only forty-nine or fifty kilos, and I certainly don't have an athletic build.

Well, what a girl! I thought, surprised—and, I must admit, a little proud.

Especially considering that this “girl” looked deceptively romantic and defenseless: wearing a long silk skirt, high heels, and her hair loose below her shoulders...

There wasn't a trace of anger left.

If anything, I found the whole thing rather amusing.

Poor fellows, I thought about the “attackers.”

They were probably twenty or twenty-five years old.

I was still under the impression of what had happened—and of that unknown force that flares up inside me whenever I'm in danger.

I would have loved to see myself through the eyes of those Indian “terrorists.” What had frightened them so much?

Well... first of all, probably the fact that no Indian woman would have reacted like that.

My God... I don't even know myself.

I felt like **Godzilla**.

I was enormous.

In my mind, I forgave the whole situation—and I forgave myself for my anger.

(I was still following A Course in Miracles.)

I silently wished the “attackers” wisdom and awareness.

At the end of the street, a passerby appeared.

Seeing me walk away from the bicycle lying in the road, he called after me with concern:

"Madam, you've forgotten to lock your bicycle."

Holding my grease-blackened hands gracefully in front of me, I replied—in a gentle, feminine voice that surprised even me:

"It's not my bicycle... I was attacked."