

THE *Age of Wolf*



Introduction.

Hello, dear reader!

I am delighted that you have chosen this book. If you are not yet familiar with the calamity that has befallen our planet, here you will find comprehensive information and an explanation of why so much misfortune has occurred. Be that as it may, a similar problem also exists in nature.

In this book, I will examine the anthill—imagined as a city where “ant-people” live and work—and the “Lomechus” beetles, portrayed as drug dealers who make life unbearable for the ants and the entire city. I will also present stories of fictional people who have overcome addiction; perhaps their experiences will resonate with someone and offer help in a difficult moment. Naturally, I will speak about our own society as well, drawing on the knowledge we have accumulated.

This book is dedicated to my wonderful friend Tim, who is no longer with us—the son of a brilliant father, who for many years served as a police officer and upheld the law.

This work is offered to society free of charge. Distribution in any non-commercial form is encouraged.

This book will most likely not help you quit drugs if you are already addicted. If that is your situation, you should urgently seek help from medical professionals and specialists in this field. The purpose of this book is to warn those who have not yet encountered this misfortune, so that they may avoid it entirely.

Lomechusa.



A rather unusual and little-known beetle was making its way through the forest. To put it in human terms, its stomach was growling. The beetle had no skills to speak of, and its hunger was intense. It crawled on and on, with no end to its journey in sight. Suddenly, off in the distance, an enormous structure came into view. The beetle looked more closely: it was an anthill—a forest city populated by ants. The beetle headed straight for it.



Two sentries stood at the entrance. They were huge, powerful ants capable of fending off nearly any intruder who might threaten the colony. They let their own ants pass and drove strangers away, as well as anyone who dared encroach on their sacred home.

One of the guards suddenly noticed the approaching beetle. The beetle advanced with confidence and speed. The guard signaled to his partner, and together they assessed the danger, preparing to intercept. The beetle possessed neither heavy weapons for attack nor sturdy armor for defense, yet it pressed on without pause. Many of the forest's tiny inhabitants would have warned: "Don't seek food in an anthill—they'll eat you for such audacity!" But the strange beetle stubbornly continued. Another moment, and it was at the main entrance. The two giant guards were ready to tear it apart: "You'll pay for this, brazen thief!" But then—what was this? The beetle stopped, and the giant ants stood beside it, unmoving. They had sensed a peculiar substance the beetle was emitting. One ant licked the "madman," then again and again; his comrade followed suit. Suddenly the ants felt better than ever before. They were filled with kindness and respect for the newcomer. The two guards switched sides, deciding to defend the beetle at any cost for the sake of those sensations.

The whole company proceeded into the anthill. Flanked by the two deserter guards—who would not allow anyone to harm their new master—the beetle strode brazenly through the tunnels. It found the food stores and began devouring them greedily. Other guards, seeing the impudent intruder, rushed to stop it, but like the first two ants they became helpless victims of the beetle's strange substance.

Like any other living creature, *Lomechusa* beetles must reproduce to preserve and spread their species.

Ants reproduce by laying eggs—more precisely, their queens lay them. But the *Lomechusa* are no less active: once these beetles infest an anthill, the two species end up sharing the same roof for a time.

The *Lomechusa* had eaten its fill, yet something was missing: the time for breeding had come, as it does for many species. The ants, not intoxicated by the beetle's secretions, keep hauling food into the nest, excavating new passages, reproducing, and feeding their larvae. The *Lomechusa* is now perfectly settled: food is no longer a concern, but the moment has arrived to care for its future offspring.



The *Lomechusa* heads for the ant nursery, escorted by intoxicated ants who now idolize and protect the beetle, occasionally licking it to prolong their euphoria. Here, it can safely deposit its brood. The beetle settles into the colony's "day-care" and lays its eggs. If it grows hungry, it readily devours ant larvae.

Its offspring disguise themselves as young ants, confusing the colony, whose workers dutifully feed the tiny *Lomechusae* as if they were their own. The juvenile beetles, in turn, gleefully consume ant larvae. When the ants finally recognize the deception, it is often too late: the adolescent *Lomechusae* behave just like their parents. They secrete their narcotic compound, drugging the

ants, who—lost in euphoria—do nothing to harm their invaders.



As time passes, the number of Lomechusae in the anthill grows dramatically. Many ants now do nothing but lick the beetles. Much like human communities addicted to narcotics, the colony begins producing only mentally impaired offspring—creatures unfit for normal life or work. Legions of these deficient ants spend their days licking the Lomechusae and eating, eating, eating.

Who keeps them fed? The entire nest relies on the few remaining healthy ants who have not fallen under the beetles' influence and still labor for the good of the colony. Yet their ranks are rapidly dwindling. More and more impaired ants appear, ants that neither work nor contribute, lost in their euphoria and constant hunger.

Soon hardly any normal ants are left. Food stores run out at an alarming rate. With nothing left to eat, the colony begins to die off.



And there is no salvation for those poor ants. Like a person left defenseless and without provisions—helpless and delirious—in the midst of a desert stretching for millions of kilometers with no hope of rescue, they are doomed to inevitable death. A single ant can perish this way, an entire anthill, a human being—even an entire civilization! Such tragedies unfold constantly in the forests, in nature itself, whose boundless wisdom still has much to teach us.

Yet do not worry: the ants will not die out. The *Lomechusa* is indeed a dreadful scourge for an anthill, but nature is flawlessly balanced. Everything in it, like water in communicating vessels, seeks equilibrium: many anthills bring many *Lomechusae*; when the number of anthills falls, the parasite population declines, the risk of infection drops, and before long the ants flourish once more.



And once again, a rather unusual and little-known beetle is crawling through the forest!

Present Day

Mark was walking home from school—an ordinary kid from an ordinary family. After a while he noticed a group of older boys from the same school. They were standing around, cigarettes wedged between their teeth, talking businesslike. Mark knew smoking was bad; he instantly turned away and quickened his pace. Who knew what to expect from troublemakers?

Years passed. Mark was now a sophomore at a well-regarded local university, where praise and top marks accompanied him on his academic journey. One day a classmate—rumpled and untidy—asked for help. Mark coached him for a test, and they became friends, chatting over lunch and between lectures, always sitting together. Early summer arrived. Mark finished the year with honors. His new friend, jittery and disheveled, armed with a ridiculous arsenal of cheat sheets, barely scraped a passing grade. He invited Mark to a student party that, as he put it, was going to be “a blast.”

Dressed in his best, Mark headed to the address. The curtains were drawn; thumping bass from massive speakers pulsed outside. Inside, conversation was possible only by shouting into someone’s ear. At one point everyone raised glasses of alcohol. Mark hesitated—he knew heavy drinking led to trouble—yet he couldn’t refuse, not if he wanted to, as they said, “keep the vibe.” Then came dancing, pills, and powders...

By the end of junior year, Mark—now tousled and worn-out—sat in a lecture hall. The professor was explaining industrial chemical reactions, but Mark wasn’t listening. He doodled in his notebook, lost in thoughts of the evening ahead, as he had been for a long time. Failing to earn the credits to advance to senior year, he left the university. His parents were shocked: what would he do now?

Late at night Mark walked down a hallway by flashlight, flanked by two boys, one younger and one older. The street

outside was silent; they too kept quiet. They opened every drawer and cabinet. Suddenly, behind another door, one of them found a watch and trinkets, scooping up the jewelry. The others joined in, stuffing their pockets with gold and silver. Minutes later a living-room window slid open: someone eased out feet first, then another followed, supporting the edge of a huge, expensive television. When the set was almost outside, the first boy grabbed the rear, and while the third climbed through the window, the other two laid the TV across the back seat of an old Ford.

Days and nights blurred together—time looked that way in a dark room with heavy drapes. A thin ray of light slipped through a crack, just enough to see by. Everywhere was dirt and chaos. On the table, amid heaps of trash and empty sachets, sat a box with two slices of pizza left. Mark was full but far from happy. Dozens of acquaintances had come and gone, all in the same condition. Our hero nervously spun a ring on his finger, taken from that house where he had once hauled a TV through the window. He'd kept it, believing the piece would bring luck and fulfill his wishes. Yet without the illicit substances to which the two roommates were addicted, the whole world seemed gray.

They had a small amount of cash—just enough. The roommate grabbed a basic mobile phone and sent a message. Two hours later the three stood in a deserted spot: one handed over money, the other passed back a packet of drugs. Suddenly a police siren wailed—deafening. None of the runners was in good shape. They were all caught.



The ring on Mark's finger linked him to the theft. He was also charged with using illegal substances. After long interrogations that drove him to despair, he confessed to all his crimes.

Several years later, Mark was released from prison for good behavior. The time inside had allowed him to rethink his life and draw the right conclusions. He went straight to his parents, who welcomed him with their usual love and warmth.

Mark took a job at a local shop, rented an apartment nearby, and enrolled in evening management courses. Two years later he

finished his program and became a manager at a large supermarket. As his credit history improved, he was able to take out a loan to buy a house. Today he has a wonderful wife and two small children, and he remembers the past only as a bad dream.

Threads of Support



Tuesday was the hardest day of the week. Ksusha sat on the windowsill in her room, staring at her running shoes. They stood in the corner—slightly scuffed, with a barely visible scratch along the side. Once those shoes had made her happy—she’d won the city meet in them. Now they felt like dead weight pulling her under.

After a poor workout and yet another visit to the doctor, Ksusha felt increasingly unnecessary.

“Cut back on the load for now—no races,” the doctor had said.

Her coach tried to encourage her, but disappointment leaked into his voice.

That morning she’d received another low mark in algebra. Her mother didn’t scold her, just sighed heavily. Ksusha drifted through the day as if wrapped in fog.

In the evening someone in the team chat sent a video: “Look

how great we were today!”

She watched familiar teammates laughing on the track and felt she’d been left overboard.

A private message popped up—an invitation to “hang out,” as the new girl Olya put it. Olya was loud, full of energy, and lately kept saying, “Forget those workouts—let’s have some real fun. I’ve got something interesting!”

Ksusha’s chest tightened; she sensed nothing good, though she wasn’t sure what Olya meant.

Next day Ksusha stepped outside with a heavy head. Olya and two older boys were waiting at the entrance.

“Slow as ever, champ,” Olya laughed.

“Come on—I’ll show you something that’ll lift your mood. You’ll forget all your failures.”

Ksusha didn’t answer, just tugged her hood lower. Inside, everything clenched—she wanted to leave, yet had no strength to head back home.

They cut behind the school to an old garage. Music blasted from speakers; the kids joked and laughed. Olya pulled a shiny packet from her pocket.

“It’s nothing—helps you relax! Don’t be like everyone else—try it!”

Ksusha looked at the packet, at the laughing kids, at the dirty concrete underfoot. Her gaze caught the gym window. Behind the glass she glimpsed her coach explaining something to new athletes. She suddenly remembered him saying, “Don’t give up, even when it feels hopeless. The team needs you. You need you.”

A surge of fear and shame rose inside her.

“You know, I’ve got to go,” Ksusha blurted, spun around, and ran, ignoring Olya’s shouts.

That night she lay awake, replaying words, looks, her own hesitation—but somehow felt lighter.

In the morning she texted the coach: “May I just come watch practice?”

The reply came almost instantly: “Of course. We’re always happy to see you, even if you only sit with us.”

The gym smelled of rubber and sweat—familiar and comforting. Ksusha sat on a bench, observing. Her friend Masha waved:

“Ksusha, come over—let’s talk after!”

After practice Masha stayed, and conversation flowed on its own. Masha had been struggling too—failing classes, arguing with her mom, feeling out of place.

“It helped when you supported me back then,” Masha smiled. “Let me return the favor.”

Ksusha felt the threads of support she’d once offered others now weaving themselves around her.

Bit by bit, life steadied. At first Ksusha simply attended practices; later the coach gave her light drills to keep in shape. She helped younger kids, sometimes just chatting with them after sessions.

Her mother smiled more often when Ksusha shared even small successes:

“Today I taught Anya how to warm up properly!”

Olya still showed up by the school now and then, inviting her out, but Ksusha politely declined:

“No, I’ve got practice.”

Each time “no” became easier.

A month later the doctor allowed her to ease back into full training. The coach and team greeted her like a hero.

That spring Ksusha lined up for her first race in a long while. She wasn’t sure she’d win, but that no longer mattered. What mattered were the friends at her side, her coach, her mom—the very threads of support that had kept her from falling.

After the race she hugged Masha and whispered,
“Thank you for not leaving me alone.”
“I never planned to,” her friend laughed.

Ksusha looked up at the sky and felt truly happy for the first time in ages. She knew there would be more challenges, but now she had the strength to face them.

And the sneakers in the corner no longer seemed heavy.

The Secret Beyond the Fence.



I'd always thought our courtyard was just like any other: a sandbox, a football pitch, and a peeling iron fence that squeaked in the wind. Everyone knew everything about everyone—who went to which school, who could jump the highest, who wore the fastest sneakers. But this year, something felt different.

What worried me most was Kostya. We weren't close friends, though we played football together a lot. He was a decent keeper, always cracking jokes and pulling a crowd of kids around him. Over the past few weeks, though, something was wrong.

First, Kostya stopped coming out as often. When he did appear, he barely spoke—one-word answers, sometimes even snapped. His eyes were tired, dark circles digging in beneath them. More and more, I saw him slip behind the old garage at the far edge of the yard, beyond the fence.

One evening curiosity beat fear and I crept closer. Kostya was squatting with his phone, and two older boys I didn't know stood beside him, whispering, glancing around. I caught only a few words:

“ So, did you try it? How is it?”

An icy hand squeezed my insides. I remembered Mum's words: *If you see someone acting strangely, don't just walk past.* I didn't dare step in; I hid behind a tree, then hurried home.

All night I had restless dreams. In the morning I felt hollow, but I knew I couldn't stay silent.

After breakfast I edged up to Mum.

“ Mum, what if something's wrong with a friend—what do you do?”

She closed her laptop at once.

“ Did you see something?”

I nodded and told her everything—Kostya, the older boys, the whispers behind the fence.

Mum listened without interrupting, then asked gently,

“ Do you think he needs help?”

I realised I couldn't handle it alone.

“ I think so...”

“ Let's tell Dad and figure it out together.”

That evening my parents phoned Kostya's mum and asked carefully about him. I was afraid he'd be angry, but Mum told me that sometimes silence is betrayal, and reaching out in time is what real friends do.

A few days later Kostya's mum came back to the yard—this time with Kostya. They walked and talked, often sitting on the bench by the entrance. I worried he'd ignore me, but one day he shuffled over, eyes down.

“ Hi,” he said quietly.

I froze—no words came.

“ Look... I'm glad you noticed,” he murmured. “I was getting scared myself. I fell in with a bad crowd... you get it. Mum's helping me now—I'm not alone. Thanks for not turning away.”

We sat on the bench like before. He told me those older guys had given him “fun stuff” that only left him with headaches and a world that felt alien. At first he'd refused, then hadn't known how. Shame, fear, loneliness.

Now his parents and the school counsellor were helping.

“ I don't want to go back there,” Kostya said firmly. “I'd rather hang out here. Just... if you see me slipping—say something, okay?”

Little by little life returned to normal. We played football again, raced bikes, argued over whose was faster. Sometimes those older boys showed up, but Kostya and I kept our distance. I understood that one moment of silence could cost you a friend—and yourself.

A month later Kostya was joking, laughing, stopping shots better than ever. I admitted I'd feared he'd hate me for telling the grown-ups.

“ No,” he said seriously. “If it weren't for you, I'd still be stuck.

Now I can help someone else if I see trouble.”

I realised real courage is simply not to walk past—even when you’re scared and unsure.

That day we climbed onto the garage roof and stared into the distance. Birds sang beyond the fence; a light wind stirred.

That corner of the yard no longer felt frightening or strange. Because beyond any fence, if you dare look, you can find something important—friendship, support, even a new strength inside yourself.

Dream Team.



My name is Sasha, and up until a year ago I thought school clubs were boring. But this year our school opened a brand-new robotics lab and announced try-outs for a city contest. For some reason I wanted to give it a shot—maybe to prove to myself that I could do something worthwhile.

About ten of us showed up to the first meeting. We couldn't have been more different: quiet Alina, who always carries a thick sketchbook; tall, booming Ruslan, the boxing coach's son; and shy Misha, who had just moved here from another city and barely

spoke to anyone.

Our teacher, Viktor Igorevich, got straight to the point:

“Where you’re from doesn’t matter. The main thing is to become a team. We only have until spring!”

At first things didn’t go well. Everyone wanted to do only what they were best at. Alina suggested beautiful but complex designs; Misha silently tinkered with circuit boards; Ruslan tried to boss everyone around; and I just tried not to fall behind.

After a couple of weeks the first problems hit. Alina’s parents started fighting at home, and she began turning up late. Ruslan made new friends who told him to “forget that contest” and hang out after school instead. One day he really didn’t show up—then saw me in the hallway and said:

“Come on, drop the club—let’s go play arcade games. We’re not kids!”

I almost agreed, but I remembered what Viktor Igorevich had said about a real team being one where everyone matters. So I answered:

“No, we need you. We can’t do it without you.”

Ruslan shrugged, but two days later he came back.

One evening after school I found Alina sitting on a bench outside, staring sadly at her phone.

“What’s up?” I asked.

She sighed. “Another fight at home. I just want to run away.”

I sat beside her and silently handed her my notebook so she could draw.

“Without you, our team isn’t a team,” I told her. “You do all the schematics—without them our robot won’t even stand up!”

For the first time in ages she smiled.

That evening we talked for hours about our future robot—and suddenly it felt easier to face the bad stuff together.

Winter came, and we worked almost every day. Misha, who

used to be silent, told us how back in his old city he'd had a club and how some friends got into trouble—skipping class, “trying things”—and robotics had kept him out of it.

“If not for the club, I wouldn't have noticed how fast it all spiraled,” he said quietly. “But with you guys, I always had something better to do.”

Whenever someone struggled, we backed them up. If someone was late, we tried not to get angry but to help. Even Ruslan spent less time with his “older” buddies and more in the lab.

More than once we wanted to quit—parts broke, projects failed, the teacher left for training courses and we had to assemble everything ourselves. But when things finally worked, we celebrated as if we'd won the Olympics.

A week before the contest, Viktor Igorevich said at practice: “Look how you've changed! You haven't just built a robot—you've become a real team.”

We glanced at each other and suddenly realized it was true: we'd learned to trust, to help, to stick together even when it was hard.

Our robot finished only third at the contest. But we weren't disappointed—in our eyes it was a real victory. We'd found new friends, learned to support each other, and learned to resist the temptations that circle us every day.

Now, whenever I walk past the robotics classroom, I know this: when you're part of a team, even the toughest times get easier. No “easy shortcut” can replace the genuine friendship we discovered in each other.

Don't be indifferent!



On our planet, millions of people suffer because of drugs; they struggle and die every day. Most of them need help. Providing that help requires such astronomical sums that many governments turn a blind eye, believing there are more pressing areas to fund.

I do not run organizations or nations, but I do know this: if we can stem the spread of illegal substances, we will save not just millions of dollars but something far more important—we will save millions of lives.

Many people dismiss the problem, convinced it will never touch them. To them I can point to countless others who fell into despair when this tragedy reached their own families.

Be kind!



If you come across a man or woman—young or old—who looks as though they’ve survived a nuclear blast, the odds are they have suffered from the mutagenic effects of drug use. This damage is often compounded by malnutrition brought on by prolonged episodes of drug-induced euphoria. The body begins to fail: cell division becomes error-prone, and the person gradually deteriorates into a weakened, sick member of society.

I’m not talking merely about stuffing one’s stomach with

whatever is available. A healthy life requires a full spectrum of nutrients, and obtaining them can be costly. Money spent on illegal substances robs people of the resources they need to buy proper food.

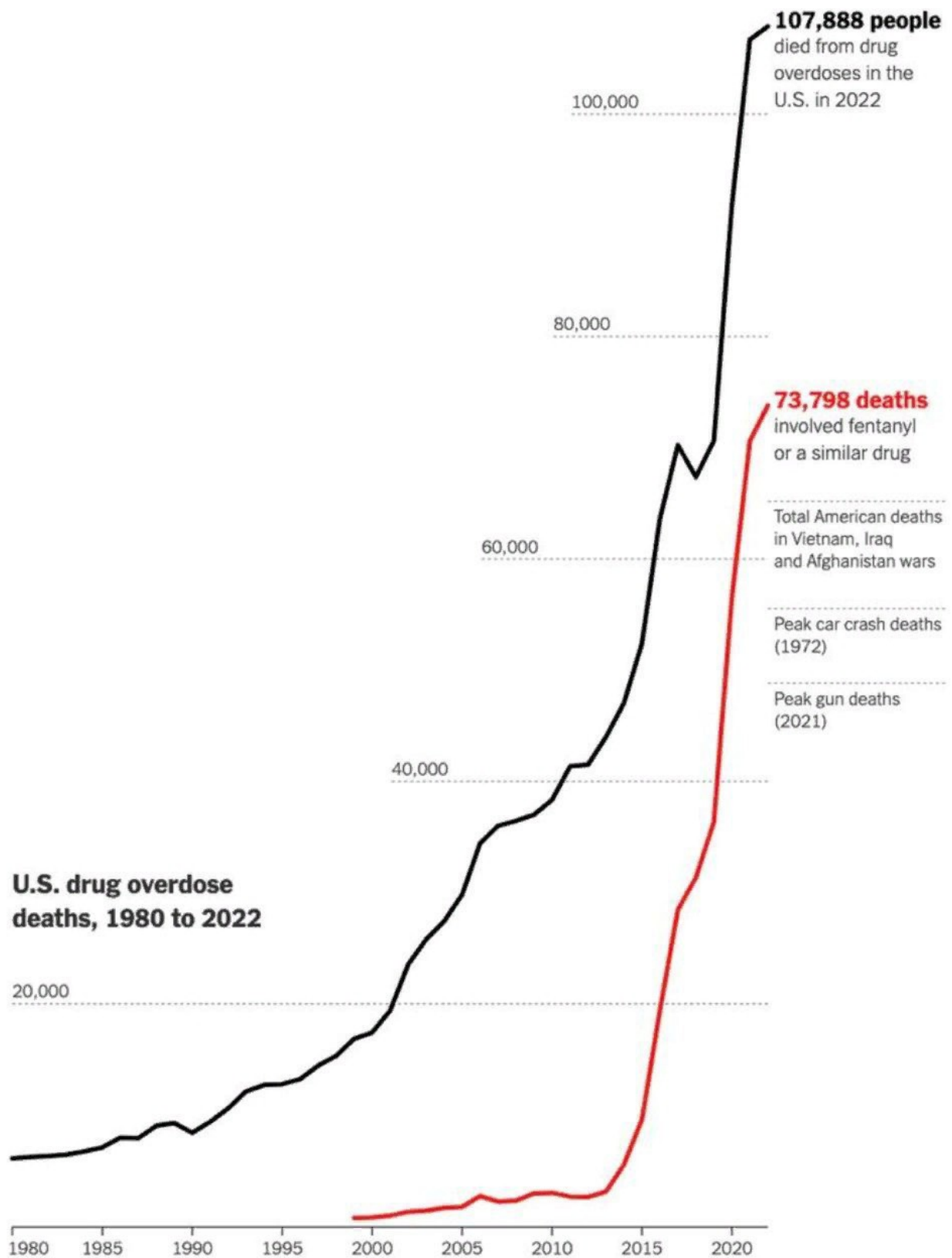
Sometimes those born with congenital conditions, convinced they are “less than whole,” step onto this fog-shrouded path to escape their own destructive thoughts.

Remember: we are all human, and every one of us deserves kindness. A few warm words cost you nothing, yet they can save another person’s life—and raise your own understanding and growth to a new level.

Avenue of Harm

From what I've described, you might object: "Beetles aren't people—our world is far more complex and better organized." You'd be partly right, yet we cannot ignore that similar disasters befall us as well.

We all remember what happened to the anthill after the *Lomechusa* arrived. Now turn the pages of this Avenue of Harm—the damage wrought by addiction. I'm sure much of it will stick with you (some of it you already know), and afterward it will be easier to arm yourself with solid reasons to refuse illegal substances.



Graph of drug-related deaths in the United States

As many of you have realized, not every story in the human world ends happily. Real-life evidence proves it—some of which I present below. For instance, look at the chart of drug-related deaths in the United States. Those figures show only fatalities; the number of people living with addiction is many times higher. More than 100,000 Americans die each year. If the same rate afflicted a country the size of Estonia, it would be devoid of people in ten years. Or picture a city of one million residents: at that pace, such a city in the U.S. would stand empty within a decade.

The future of ourselves and our children rests solely in our hands. There are still plenty of clear-minded people who can protect themselves and others from this scourge—but note how rapidly it has spread in recent years. Stay vigilant: keep an eye on the place where you live and do not let this “disease” take root in your neighborhood.

It always begins with a small group who—against law and conscience—start dealing illegal substances. Soon the number of addicts skyrockets. If you walk past someone’s trouble without lending a hand, there is no guarantee the catastrophe will not reach you. Take action, speak openly about the issue, and tell the younger generation how not to wreck their lives and families.

The greatest danger often lies not in ignorance of the problem—though that happens too—but in the silence that allows it to grow until it is too late to act. Take care of yourselves and those you love!



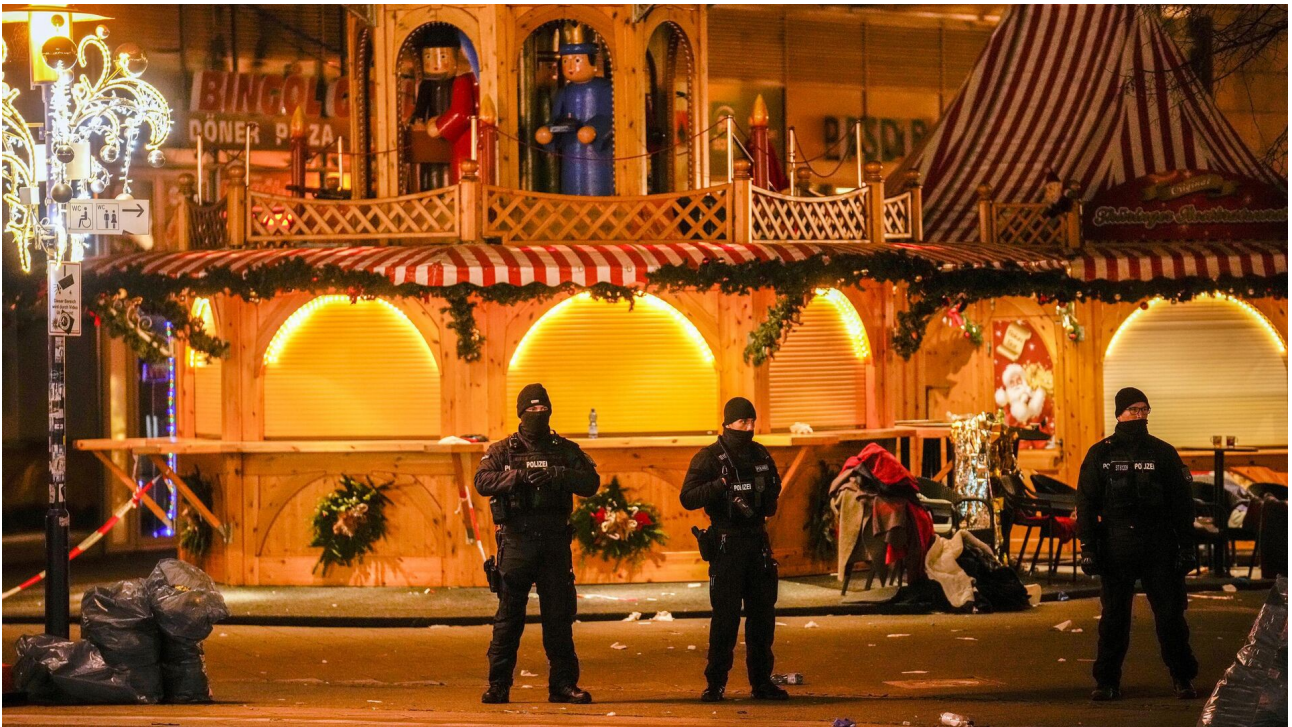
Kensington Avenue in Philadelphia, USA



The incident occurred at approximately 1:00 a.m. on Tuesday, 24 June 2025, at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport. In the waiting area was a family who had just arrived in Russia from Afghanistan. Their two-year-old son was standing and playing with a suitcase when an unknown man approached.

The stranger glanced around, apparently searching for security cameras. He then grabbed the boy by the legs, swung him into the air, and hurled him to the floor. After that, the assailant put on a pair of sunglasses, turned to the child's parents, and shrugged his shoulders.

The stranger was addicted to drugs.



On December 20, 2024, at a Christmas market in Magdeburg, Germany, a car deliberately drove into a crowd: a 50-year-old local psychiatrist, under the influence of drugs, carried out an attack on visitors. As a result, six people were killed, including a child, and another 299 people suffered injuries of varying severity. The perpetrator had been working as a doctor in Germany since 2006 and held refugee status. Investigators are considering political and personal motives, as the man had openly expressed radical views and supported right-wing movements. The incident sparked widespread public outcry and intensified debates about migration policy and security measures at large public events in the country. The investigation is ongoing, and the perpetrator's final motive has not yet been established.



There are sixteen great animals who govern the sky and the ages, dividing a cycle of 25,920 years among themselves. In 2012 the Era of the Wolf began, and it will last for 1,620 years. Astronomically speaking, this moment marks the dawn for our planet—Midgard.

The Wolf now roams the Earth as if through a forest, cleansing it of disease. He is the guardian and healer: if your mind is clear and your actions are good, you have nothing to fear. But if you harbor illness and spread infection, the Wolf will find you.

If you are addicted to drugs and need help:



If you are interested to read my books:

