

Anastasia Aliaksandrovich

THE HOUSE WHERE WIT LIVES



A FAIRY-TALE TRAINING FOR THOSE
WHO ARE LOOKING FOR THE WAY HOME



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KEY FEATURES OF THIS BOOK:

- Practical Exercises — embedded in every chapter
 - Reflection Questions — at the end of the journey
 - Fairy-Tale Metaphors — for deep psychological transformation
 - Step-by-Step System — from chaos to freedom
-

Your journey begins here.

With the first step — a step of curiosity toward yourself.

PROLOGUE: THE ROAD TO LIGHTNESS

In a wondrous kingdom-realm called Consciousness, a long and important journey had just come to an end. A journey of forty kilometers-kilograms, traveled not along the thorny paths of deprivation, but by the compass of deep desire, the map of discipline, and a backpack full of perseverance. It was a time of great change—a grand construction project of the self.



The Mistress of the realm, sitting on the threshold of her creation, looked back with the quiet weariness of a traveler. And then a thought came to her. It became as clear as if the sun had suddenly scattered the morning mist.

Everything could be so much simpler.

She saw that somewhere below, at the foot of the mountain, other travelers stood waiting. They were just tying their shoelaces, gazing up at the steep slope with trepidation and fear. And she wanted to call

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out to them—not with a survival manual, but with the most important secret she had understood only upon reaching the summit:

"Hey! You don't have to walk with your teeth clenched! You can walk with pleasure and curiosity! Slimness is not a destination you drag yourself toward through sheer willpower. It is a way of traveling. And if you build it on a foundation of suffering, it will crumble at the first gust of life."



She understood the fatal flaw embedded in so many people's goals: "to go on a diet to lose weight." It was like saying, "I will breathe temporarily, so that I can start breathing forever." A permanent diet is the very antithesis of slimness. Slimness is forever. And "forever" cannot be built on "never" (never sweets, never after six, never without counting).

True, living, effortless slimness—the kind that lasts forever—is built from different material. Not from control, which exhausts. Not from restrictions, which provoke rebellion. But from something deeper and more essential:

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- From knowing—recognizing your true desires: where is the hunger of the body, and where is the hunger of the soul?
- From respect—for your body as a wise and faithful ally, not a disobedient enemy.
- From joy—in movement you enjoy, and in food that is genuinely delicious and gives you strength.
- From freedom—being the master of your own choices, not a hostage to rules.

And to speak this new language—the language of lightness, not struggle—new words were needed. Not orders, but parables. Not meal plans, but fairy tales.



So in her realm, two guides were born—two facets of her own wisdom. Chubby—the voice of old, frightening beliefs about the difficulty of the path. And Wit—the voice of that very simplicity and reasonable lightness she had now come to know.

These stories are a fairy-tale training for building "forever." Where each chapter is not another restriction, but a key that opens a door to greater freedom. Where you learn to build your slimness not as a grim fortress, but as a blooming garden—one that is interesting to tend, pleasant to inhabit, and that lives by natural laws, not invented ones.

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This fairy tale is an invitation. To those at the beginning—to start with the right foundation. To those in the middle of the journey—to find a second wind. And to those who, like the Mistress, have already overcome much—to finally straighten their shoulders, throw away the heavy backpack of unnecessary control, and simply learn to live. With lightness. With curiosity. Forever.

Your journey begins here. With the first step—a step of curiosity toward yourself.

PART ONE: TWO TENANTS IN ONE HOUSE

A Fairy Tale About How a New Guest Arrived in the Kingdom

No sooner had the Mistress whispered aloud, "What if everything could be different?.." than a commotion erupted in the throne room of her Consciousness.



"I don't understand! What nonsense!" — a thunderous roar rolled through every corridor of memory and habit.

"Who does she think she's moving in? I'm in charge here! I am the King and God of this place!" —

Chubby, a plump, perpetually sweating-with-indignation house-spirit, dashed about his domain. His

power rested on three pillars: "You can't," "Tomorrow," and "Oh, it's all ruined!" He wore a crown made of chocolate wrappers and wielded a scepter in the shape of a ladle. He was comfortable in this semi-darkness, where the only light came from the refrigerator's glow. "We need to take action immediately! Put spells on the doors! Scare her off!"

And at that very moment, He appeared on the threshold. Unassuming, as if woven from the first light of dawn and a gentle breeze. He — **Wit**. Not a conqueror, but a wanderer. He looked around, set his travel case on the floor (inside, strange instruments

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jingled: a brush for blurring black-and-white thoughts, scales that weigh joy rather than grams, and seeds of unknown plants), and sat down modestly, waiting to see if anyone would notice him.

Who were these eternal neighbors?

Chubby was not merely laziness. He was the King of Tragedy, the Master of Justification Rituals. He wasn't just dissatisfied—he fed on dissatisfaction. He had turned the path to slimness into an endless

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quest full of traps: diet-hoops to jump through, torture-machines for self-flagellation. He had convinced the Mistress that love for oneself had to be earned through suffering. He had filled every shelf of her consciousness with canned old grievances and jars of unfulfilled "Mondays." And this new, quiet guest smelled to him of dangerous freedom.

Wit, however, was different. He had no intention of ruling. He had come to observe and to offer. His strength lay not in shouting, but in the pause. Not in prohibition, but in curiosity: "What if we try it differently?"

At that very moment, the Mistress herself stood at a crossroads, her heart torn between two external voices:

- The voice of **Kindness**: "You're beautiful just as you are!" — but beneath it lurked: "Resign yourself and don't move."
- The voice of **Strictness**: "Pull yourself together!" — but it sounded like: "You're to blame, and now you must suffer."

This confusion, this whirlwind of self-pity and self-anger—that was Chubby's very breath. "Perfect!" he rubbed his plump hands together. "Now she'll swear eternal loyalty to a grass salad, then she'll break down on my favorite Pie of Remorse, and we'll cry together in an embrace by the fridge. My plan is flawless!"

Task for the Traveler:

Now, dear reader, close your eyes and enter your own kingdom. Walk through its corridors. What does your Chubby look like? Perhaps he resembles a grumpy grandfather? Or a sharp-tongued classmate?

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What is he wearing? What are his signature phrases? ("Who would want you anyway?" "You only live once!" "It'll never work out anyway.") Draw his portrait in your mind. To change the kingdom, you must first know its former ruler.

PART TWO: THE MAP OF NEW LANDS AND THE LANGUAGE OF SECRET SECRETS

A Fairy Tale About How to Stop Looking for a Magic Pill and Find a Magic Mirror

Returning to the kingdom of Consciousness after the first commotion, the Mistress found a strange calm. Chubby was not dashing through the corridors but sat in his beanbag chair, conspicuously crunching on something and grumbling. Yet in his little beady eyes, wariness lurked. He sensed that the game was changing.

Meanwhile, Wit had spread out his road map on the floor of the bright hall. It was not a treasure map with an "X" marking the spot, but something greater—an "Atlas of Possible States."

"How much longer can you drag this out!" — an impatient inner voice suddenly rang out, like an echo of the Mistress herself. "Just say the magic words already! Give me a list! What to eat, what not to eat, what time to go to bed, and how many times to jump!"

Wit looked up from his map. There was no reproach in his gaze, only quiet understanding.

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"Imagine," he said softly, "that you don't just want to rearrange the furniture in one room. You want to move



from a cold, damp tower with narrow windows—into a spacious, bright palace with a garden. And live there for the rest of your life. Can a single list of 'where to put the sofa' be enough for that? You need a new plan for the entire building. You need to learn to feel where it's lighter, where it's cozier, how to air out the halls. And most importantly—you need to want to live there."

Chubby snorted from his corner: "Oh, he's laying it on thick! A palace! It's simpler to drink a magic elixir 'Minus 30 kilos in a month' and not worry about it! Everyone does it! Go find the recipe!"

And the Mistress caught herself having that old, eternal thought: "I should go ask that Fairy who lost weight. She must know the secret!" This desire—to find an external magical instruction—was so familiar, so tempting.

But Wit shook his head. He walked to the wall and ran his hand over it. An image appeared on the wall, as if developing on film.

The first picture: A Former Prisoner of Corpulence, who had lost a hundred kilograms. He stood with a proud look, holding in his hands his personal, scribbled-over, worn-out escape plan from the Fortress

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of Excess Weight. This plan was written in his blood, sweat, and tears. It was unique. It suited only him.

The second picture: The Eternal Inhabitant of the Garden of Harmony. One who had always lived in their body as if in a well-kept house. In their hands, no plan. In their eyes—calm understanding, and in their movements—lightness. They had not fled from anywhere. They simply lived.



"The secret," whispered Wit, "is known not by the one who fled. It is known by the one who never lived in a prison. And this secret is not in a list of actions. It is in the way of seeing the world."

From his case, he pulled out not a key and not an elixir, but a magical magnifying glass called "Curiosity."

"Look," he said, pointing at the picture of the Garden Inhabitant. "They don't say: 'I CAN'T have this, this is BAD.' They say: 'I LOVE this' or 'I DON'T LIKE this.' They don't think: 'I HAVE TO go to a

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workout.' They think: 'I WANT to take a walk, because I like the rustle of leaves.' Do you see the difference? They don't obey rules—they listen to the quiet voice of their 'I want,' which speaks the language of sensations, not fears."

Chubby hissed: "That's just because they have a different metabolism! Genes! They're just lucky! We won't learn anything useful from them!"

"Well, let's test that, shall we?" — Wit suggested, and for the first time, an eager note sounded in his voice. "Let's go on a research expedition. Not for recipes. For observations."

Quest-Task for the Mistress (and for you, dear reader):

Step out of your fortress for one day. Take with you the magic glass of "Curiosity." And find in your kingdom (among acquaintances, in a café, in the park) a natural inhabitant of the Garden of Harmony. Not someone who exhausts themselves, but someone who seems to simply be friends with their body.

Don't ask them about diets. Just observe:

- 1. *How do they choose food?*** Do they look at a pastry with longing or with joyful interest? Do they take seconds "because they have to finish it"?
- 2. *How do they eat?*** Quickly, on the run, or savoring? Do they get distracted by their phone, or do they enjoy the taste?
- 3. *What do they say about food and body?*** Catch their phrases. "I moved a lot today and got hungry" or "I need to burn off these buns"? "I like this dress" or "I fit into my old jeans!"?

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Write down your observations like a naturalist-scientist. You'll begin to notice the language of freedom—so different from the prison language spoken by Chubby.

"Restructuring consciousness, evicting Chubby—it's not a quick process," said Wit, putting away his map. "It could take months. And you want to lose kilograms right now! And that's fair. So let's not wait. Let's start acting in parallel. Not through internet diet-spells. But through small, scientific experiments on yourself. Through understanding, not through force."

He looked at the door behind which the room of "Food Waste" was hidden. And at another, behind which the "Feeling of Hunger" lay dormant.

"But for experiments," he smiled, "you need a clean laboratory and precise instruments. It's time to tidy up the storerooms and tune the inner compass."

And he took hold of the handle of the first door. From there drifted a cloying, familiar smell. The great cleaning was about to begin.

Question for you, researcher:

Who in your circle seems to you like such a "natural inhabitant of the Garden of Harmony"? Not arousing envy, but arousing curiosity. What about their behavior strikes you as most surprising and unlike your own habitual patterns? Try for one day to be an anthropologist studying the tribe of "People at Peace with Themselves." What will you discover?

PART THREE: THE ROOM OF "INVISIBLE FEASTS" AND THE MANTRA OF SELF-WORTH

A Fairy Tale About Crumbs, Finishing Food, and the Sacred Right to Your Own Plate

The silence that followed Wit's great revelations was deceptive. In the kingdom of Consciousness, there was always its own noise,



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invisible to the outside world: the whisper of doubts, the creak of old habits, the muffled rumble of anxiety. And it was precisely in this silence that the quietest, most automatic sounds could be heard—the sounds of finishing/eating leftovers.

Wit, wandering through the corridors with his magic lantern of "Awareness," noticed a strange phenomenon. In various corners of the kingdom, as if by themselves, tiny, almost invisible feasts materialized and disappeared:

- By the child's chair—the crispy crust finished after the son.
- By the trash can—the instant disappearance of the "last cookie" that was "too wasteful to throw away."
- On the kitchen table—the quick, shameful snatching of a falling crumb of cheese.
- By the fridge—the ritual licking of the knife after peanut butter.

This was not food. These were food phantoms. They did not nourish the body, but they perfectly fed an invisible parasite—guilt, boredom, or inner emptiness.

Wit realized that what was needed was not just a room, but an entire "Purification Chapel." He found a small, soot-stained room that smelled of musty sadness and old self-pity. On its door hung a crooked sign: "SO WHAT? IT'S NOTHING!"

He took it down and burned a new name onto the oak door, one that became a spell:

"ROOM ONE: DON'T FINISH/EAT LEFTOVERS. OR, THE ART OF RESPECTING YOUR OWN PLATE."

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Entering, he did not start cleaning immediately. Instead, he became a researcher of rituals. And he wrote on the wall, like sacred tablets, four laws:

1. THE LAW OF THE SEPARATE PLATE: "You are not a garbage disposal for someone else's will."

Never finish food after anyone—not after a child, not after a husband, not after a sad look from a cat. Everyone has their own measure, their own portion, their own responsibility. Your plate is the sacred altar of your relationship with food; it should not bear the sacrificial offerings of others.

2. THE LAW OF LIBERATION FROM "RESCUING": "The last piece does not need a hero."

One cookie left in the box, a slice of pie, a piece of chocolate—they are not unhappy. The world will not collapse if they simply remain. They do not need to be "rescued" by being consumed. They can be left as a sign: "There is abundance here, and I have enough."

3. THE LAW OF INVOLUBLE BOUNDARIES: "You are not a vacuum cleaner for the world's crumbs."

What has fallen to the floor has gone to the world. What remains on the knife is no longer food, but a memory of taste. What is called "licking it clean" is the gesture of a greedy child, not an adult. Respect the boundaries between food and non-food.

4. THE LAW OF DIGNITY: "Your body is a temple, not a compost pit for conditionally edible things."

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A product that is starting to spoil, which is "too wasteful to throw away but can be trimmed"—that is a message. A message that your time and your health are worth less than this conditional product. By throwing it away without guilt, you utter the mantra: "I deserve fresh and the best."



As soon as the last letter was inscribed, Chubby burst into the chapel. He was crimson with rage. His little kingdom was crumbling at its most fundamental levels.

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"What is this?!" he bellowed, waving his ladle. "Blasphemy! Heresy! Our grandfathers went through... in the trenches... in the siege! There are children starving in Africa! And you—you want to throw it away?! Should we get a pig or something?! We already have one, right here—the Sow of Guilt—eternally grunting that we must finish everything! And now you're hurting her feelings!"

He raged, appealing to the deepest, most sensitive strings: ancestral memory, social guilt, fear of hunger. His strategy was clear: to make the Mistress eat unconsciously—out of duty, fear, or false economy. So that she would never ask: "Am I hungry right now? Do I actually want this?"

Wit listened to him without interrupting. Then he said quietly, addressing the Mistress directly:

"He speaks of the great tragedies of the world to justify a small daily tragedy—betrayal of oneself. 'Finishing/eating leftovers' is that betrayal. You betray the signals of your body, which did not ask for this food. You betray your taste, by not allowing yourself to fully enjoy the food. You betray your time, spending it on a meaningless act. This is not about economy. This is about devaluing yourself."

He walked to the wall and drew a simple diagram:

Automatic finishing/eating leftovers → Feeling of fullness and guilt → Thought "I can't control myself" → Strengthening of Chubby's power → Even more finishing/eating leftovers out of helplessness

"We can break this circle only here," he said, pointing to the very beginning. "At the moment when your hand reaches for someone else's plate or the last piece. Ask the magic question: 'Is this the hunger of my body, or the hunger of my anxiety (boredom, pity)?"

Practice-Ritual for You, Guardian of Your Plate:

For one day, become a witness to your own actions. Don't scold yourself. Simply observe.

1. Every time your hand reaches for food outside of a main meal, stop it halfway.
 2. Ask: "What am I actually 'finishing' right now?" Perhaps an unspoken resentment? Fatigue? Regret?
 3. Even if you do eat it—eat it consciously. Say: "I am eating this crumb not out of hunger, but out of agitation. I notice this." That is enough.
-

"Are you ready," asked Wit, finishing the cleaning of the chapel, "to set aside this sacred place in your inner palace? A place where respect for yourself begins? Not with grand oaths, but with small things: with the right to leave the last piece on your plate because you are already full. With the right not to be the world's garbage bin. With the right to tell food and the world: 'I have enough. I value what I have, and therefore I do not mix it with trash.'"

The chapel became light and empty. On the altar stood a single, perfectly clean plate. A symbol of a new beginning. And from behind the door, that cloying, intrusive smell was already wafting in. It smelled of food waste. The next room was waiting its turn for transformation. The great cleaning continued.

PART FOUR: THE PANTRY OF PHANTOM SWEETNESS AND THE BATTLE FOR THE TASTE OF LIFE

A Fairy Tale About Food Waste, Magical Substitutions, and the Right to a Real Celebration

After silence settled in the Chapel of Self-Respect, Wit felt a new, strange vibration. It came not from sounds, but from smells. Sweetish, chemically cloying, enveloping yet simultaneously empty—it permeated the walls of one of the largest halls in the kingdom. On the massive door hung a sign, glowing with an unhealthy neon light: **"STORAGE. RESERVE. (FOR A RAINY DAY AND FOR JOY)."**



Wit pushed the door open. What he saw made him freeze.

This was not a pantry. It was a warehouse of illusions. The shelves groaned under bright, screaming packages, jars, and boxes. They shimmered with all the colors of an artificial rainbow, promising instant happiness, an explosion of energy, and unrestrained fun. But the moment you touched them with your hand, it became clear: inside was dust. The dust of empty calories, counterfeit emotions, and broken promises. This was the kingdom of Food Waste.

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Wit lit his lantern of "Discernment." Its beam picked out labels that now read differently:

- **"NATURAL JUICE"** — and in the corner, in fine print: "reconstituted, with sugar."
- **"FITNESS BAR"** — but by feel: sticky plasticine, leaving a film on the teeth and a strange aftertaste.
- **"INSTANT OATMEAL"** — turning into a tasteless paste in the mouth.
- **"LIGHT MAYONNAISE"** — light only in conscience, but not in consequences.



"So that's where this smell comes from," murmured Wit. "The smell of falseness. The smell of something that looks like food but does not nourish the soul. Like a plastic fruit—beautiful, but inedible."

Suddenly, from behind a mountain of sweet soda cans, Chubby rolled out.

This time, he wasn't shouting. He was quiet, cunning, and persuasive in his own way. He wore an apron with the inscription "Chief of Celebrations."

"Ah, you found my workshop," he said, stroking a can of artificial syrup. "This is where I create the most important thing: quick happiness. Tired? Here, have some soda—it'll tingle your nose, and you'll forget about fatigue. Sad? Here, eat a bar—the sugar will hit your brain, and you'll feel cheerful. Bored? Here, crunch on some chips—so much noise and salt that boredom won't have a place to hide! I am a great illusionist! I turn complex feelings into simple taste bursts."

Wit looked at him with sadness. "But this is deception, Chubby. You're selling her a ticket to nowhere. Five minutes after this 'celebration,' emptiness, heaviness, and shame will come. And you'll already be ready with a new 'comforter.'"

"But it's fast!" Chubby retorted. "And her real, complex life—it's slow. To enjoy a walk, you have to get dressed and go out. To feel closeness, you have to have a heart-to-heart talk. To relieve stress through creativity, you have to start doing something. That's hard! But I offer the easy way. Press a button—get a dose of dopamine. Isn't that genius?"

Wit realized that simply throwing everything out of the warehouse was not the solution. Forbidden fruit is sweet. He needed not to forbid, but to transform the warehouse itself. To teach the Mistress to distinguish.

He did not brand products as "evil." Instead, he performed the magic ritual of "The Great Division." He created in the hall two huge chests, glowing with different lights.

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The first chest glowed with a soft, warm, living light. On it was written: **"GIFTS. What gives Strength, Health, and Joy."**

Inside: juicy fruits, crunchy vegetables, aromatic meat, fish, nuts, grains, dark chocolate, pure water. Food that spoke to the body in the language of nutrients, vitamins, and real taste. It didn't shout; it whispered a story about sun, rain, and earth.



The second chest shimmered with a cold, neon, alluring light. On it was written: **"SUBSTITUTES. Food Waste. What gives a Flash and Emptiness."**



Inside: everything created in the laboratory of sensory deception: sweet soda, emulsion sausage, yogurts with thickeners and tons of sugar, fat-free "products" stuffed with starch, chips, crackers with flavor enhancers, sauces made of oil and who-knows-what-else.

"Do you see," Wit addressed the Mistress. "I'm not saying: 'Never have this.' I'm saying: 'Know what you are choosing.' Choosing from the first chest, you choose long, steady energy, clarity of mind, cellular health. Choosing from the second—you choose a short-term explosion of sensations, followed by an energy hangover, fog in the head, and a conversation with Chubby about your 'weak will.'"

Chubby grew uneasy. His workshop of illusions had been exposed. "What's wrong with them?!" he whined. "Everyone eats this! It's delicious!"

"That's precisely the point—it's not quite 'delicious,'" Wit countered. "It's 'delicious' like an injection. It's intense, intrusive, deafening. It drowns out the subtle, real tastes of life. Try eating a ripe strawberry after a handful of chips. You'll barely taste it. Food waste steals your ability to feel real life. It makes you deaf to your own sensations."

And then Wit offered the Mistress not a rule, but a magical experiment called "The Tasting of Contrasts."

Practice-Experiment for You, the Taster of Your Own Life:

- 1. Choose a pair.** Take one product from the chest of "Substitutes" (for example, a store-bought fruit-flavored yogurt) and one from the chest of "Gifts" (for example, plain natural yogurt and a fresh berry).
- 2. Create silence.** Turn off all distractions.
- 3. Try the "Substitute."** Put it in your mouth. Close your eyes. What do you feel? Sweetness? Yes. But what kind? Flat, one-dimensional, sticking to the roof of your mouth? Does it leave an aftertaste? What kind? Chemical? Heavy?
- 4. Cleanse your receptors.** Rinse your mouth with water.
- 5. Try the "Gift."** Mix the natural yogurt with the berry. Put it in your mouth. What now? A complex, multi-layered picture: the tanginess of the yogurt, the sweetness and aroma of the berry, the living texture. What aftertaste? Clean, light.
- 6. Ask yourself:** "Which of these was truly a CELEBRATION for my taste buds? Which felt like a guest, and which like an invader?"

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"Your task is not to permanently close the lid on the chest of 'Substitutes,'" Wit concluded. "It is to stop being their hostage. So that when you choose them, you do so consciously: 'Yes, I am drinking this soda now, not because I'm thirsty, but because I want to experience that specific, childlike, fizzy taste-memory.' And then it will be your choice, not his trap."

The hall was transformed. Now it resembled not a warehouse, but a library of flavors. On the shelves stood the "Gifts," glowing with inner light. And the "Substitutes" modestly huddled on one small, separate shelf—no longer ruling, but merely awaiting a rare, conscious choice.

Wit sighed. The next challenge was more subtle and deeper. It didn't smell of synthetics, but of... something ancient and forgotten. It smelled of true hunger. And he headed toward the next door, behind which slumbered the most important, wisest, and most deceived inhabitant of the kingdom—the inner compass of hunger and satiety.

PART FIVE: THE TOWER OF THE LOST SIGNAL AND THE AWAKENING OF THE INNER CLOCKMAKER

*A Fairy Tale About How to Hear the Voice That Always Whispered
Beneath the Noise*

After the Great Division brought clarity to the storerooms, at the very center of the kingdom of Consciousness there still stood a deaf, gray tower without windows. It had no name, but every inhabitant knew it as "The Place Where Eating Time Lives." All roads led here: the

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Road of Habit, the Path of Anxiety, the Boulevard of Social Expectations, and even the Alley of Boredom. The tower was old; its walls were layered with the voices of others: "You must eat breakfast!" "You can't skip lunch!" "Family dinner is sacred!" "Have a snack, or they might not feed you later!"



Wit approached the heavy, forged doors. They were not locked, but they opened with a loud creak, as if they hadn't been used for their

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true purpose in a long time. Inside reigned semi-darkness and thick, stale air that smelled of dust and old calendars. In the center of the hall, beneath a huge clock face inscribed with "SCHEDULE," a certain creature slept on a throne of cold stone. It resembled an ancient dwarf-clockmaker, but its instruments—thin hands-probes, flasks with reagents of feeling—were covered in cobwebs and rust. This was the Keeper of the Inner Compass, the Guide named True Hunger. He had been put to sleep, and his throne had been seized.

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Opposite the throne, like parasitic plants, hung bright, flashing signs:

- "EAT FOR COMPANY!"
- "EAT BECAUSE IT'S TIME!"
- "EAT OUT OF NERVES!"
- "EAT TO TASTE IT!"
- "EAT BEFORE IT'S GONE!"

And beneath each—a small, cheeky mechanism tugging at a string tied to the Mistress's hand. She acted without thinking, following these signals.

"A beautiful system, isn't it?" — a pleased voice rang out. Chubby, in a dispatcher's cap with a wrench in his hand, emerged from behind the clock face. "Precise, like clockwork! No confusion whatsoever. 7 AM—the 'breakfast' signal. Regardless of whether you're sleeping or awake. 11 AM—the 'coffee and cookie' signal. 1:00 PM—the lunch whistle. No doubts, no questions! I freed her from that torment—listening to herself! Why bother, when you have my perfect schedule?"

Wit looked sadly at the sleeping clockmaker. His own, true mechanism was precise and wise. It was supposed to chime softly when energy reserves were running low, and gently stop the hand when replenishment was complete. But its chime was so quiet that it was drowned out by the roar of Chubby's alarms.

"You didn't free her," Wit said quietly. "You took her captive. You replaced her inner, living wisdom—with dead, external rules. You made her eat when her body didn't want to, but your schedule did. You tore the connection between Throat and Belly, between Mouth and Brain."

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"It's easier for her this way!" Chubby snapped back. "Otherwise, it'll start: 'Am I hungry? What do I want?' The whole day would be wasted on that! Better to go by the schedule. Besides, everyone lives like this!"

Wit realized that arguing was useless—he needed to wake the clockmaker. He approached the throne and blew the dust off the glass flasks. In one, a substance faintly glimmered called "Mild discomfort under the ribs." In another—"Thoughts begin to cloud, strength leaves the muscles." In a third—"Slight salivation at the thought of food." These were the pure, undistorted signals of True Hunger.



But how could they be heard? How to break through the roar of the "TIME!" and "MUST!" sirens?

Wit performed a radical act. He walked up to the main "SCHEDULE" clock face and... stopped the pendulum. A ringing silence fell over the tower.

"What are you doing?!" shrieked Chubby. "Chaos! Anarchy! She has meetings, things to do—she'll forget to eat!"

"Excellent," said Wit. "Let her forget. We need to give hunger a chance to speak. So that its quiet little voice can finally be heard."

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And then he proclaimed a new truth, carving it not on a sign, but right into the air of the tower, so that the words would imprint themselves on the very atmosphere:

"TRUTH: EAT WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY. AND NOT OTHERWISE."

Coming alive from the silence, the sleeping clockmaker-Hunger stirred his fingers. The hands of his instruments trembled.

"But how will she know?" Chubby asked slyly. "She's out of practice! She mistakes any discomfort for hunger!"

"That's why," said Wit, "we'll give her the Magic Tuning Fork."

He took from his case not an object, but a technique. The Ritual of Questioning. And he addressed the Mistress:

Practice-Meditation "QUESTION TO THE BELLY":

Whenever a thought of food visits you before the usual "hour" has struck, stop. Place your palm on your belly.

1. Ask: "Who is speaking?"

- If it's the Belly, sending light, rhythmic, empty contractions—it's him.
- If it's the Head, frantically scrolling through dish options out of



boredom—it's not him.

- If it's the Throat, parched from agitation—give it water, not food.
- If it's the Heart, aching from loneliness—hug yourself, call a friend, don't "feed" the emptiness.
- If it's the Mouth, just wanting to chew from nerves—chew a carrot stick, gum, or just breathe.

2. Rate the signal's strength on a scale from 1 to 10. Where 1 is "eating only out of politeness" and 10 is "ready to eat an elephant." It's worth starting to eat at around 6–7. That's the clockmaker's call—already insistent, but not yet panicked.

"This is impossible!" howled Chubby, watching his system crumble. "She has... a friend coming over today!... Her mother-in-law with a pie!... The market with samples!... You can't eat after six!... She'll get confused and... and..."

"And perhaps, for the first time in her life," Wit interrupted, "she will eat when it is her true, physiological need. Not a social ritual, not a way to stuff down stress, not an act of politeness. She will eat that very pie from her mother-in-law not because she 'has to,' but because by that time she will actually be hungry, and every bite will bring her joy and benefit."

Something clicked in the tower. The pendulum of the inner clock, freed from the weight of the schedule, swung on its own—obeying not Chubby's mechanism, but the rhythm of the awakening clockmaker. The first, pure, quiet chime of Hunger rang out in the silence. It wasn't a siren, but a melodic peal.

Inside, the Mistress suddenly became aware of a strange, almost forgotten feeling: a light, "gnawing" sensation under her ribs,

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accompanied by a clarity of thought: "I really do want to eat. Not a cookie. But, say, a piece of fish with vegetables." It was the voice of her body. It was speaking.

Task for You, Seeker of Your Own Chime:

Today, before every meal (and before every sudden urge to snack), pause for 90 seconds. Place your hand on your belly. Close your eyes. Ask:

1. "Where in me does this desire to eat live? In my head, in my stomach, in my chest?"
2. "If I were now presented with a plate of the healthiest food in the world (for example, steamed broccoli and chicken breast), would I eat it with pleasure?" (An honest answer to this question is the best detector of true hunger.)

Write down your observations. You'll be surprised how often we eat not because it's "time," but because it's "time for the eyes," "time for the nerves," or "time for everyone around us."

Wit watched as the dust dissipated in the tower and the first ray of light broke through. The clockmaker-Hunger opened one eye. But the work was only half done. Having awakened, he had to learn not only to chime, but also to fall silent in time. For the next door, toward which Wit was already heading, led to the room where the law "The plate must be clean!" reigned. The room where the forgotten ally of Hunger lived—the guardian of satiety.

However, on the way to that door, something happened that made Wit slow his step.

PART FIVE AND A HALF: THE CROSSROADS OF DECEIVERS AND THE ROOM OF QUIET REST

A Fairy Tale About How to Tell the Call for Energy from the Yawn of Sleep

After Wit had tuned the precise mechanism of the Tower of Hunger, clarity settled over the kingdom. But clarity, as it turned out, can be deceptive. Sometimes the compass needle confidently pointed to "FOOD!" and the Mistress would head to the kitchen, but... strange thing. The most delicious foods seemed bland, and after eating, no vigor came—only heaviness and vague disappointment. As if she had poured gasoline into a car with a flat tire—fuel was there, but there was no way to drive.

One day, following such a signal, she opened a door not to the pantry of Gifts, but to a tiny, unremarkable room she had never noticed before. On the door hung a crooked sign: *"HERE'S SOMETHING TO CHEW. DON'T KNOW WHAT MYSELF."*

Inside, semi-darkness reigned, and thick, heavy air. The room was littered with wrappers, crumbs, and empty coffee mugs. And in the center, on a pile of cushions, sat Chubby himself—but he did not have his usual arrogant look. He looked tired, rumpled, and very bewildered. He was mindlessly chewing something, his eyes drooping.

"Well? Found it?" he grunted, not looking up. "That... that chew-stuff? The thing that... that makes you not want to sleep? That gets your head working? That gives you strength? I've been looking for it too. My whole life."

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Wit, hearing this dialogue of despair, softly entered the room. He didn't give a lecture. He simply sat down beside him, turned off the intrusive flickering screen that said "You need to do at least something more," and lit a small, warm nightlight.

"You're looking in the wrong place," he said quietly. "Your compass is broken. It shows 'hunger' when really it's screaming 'tiredness.' This is the most insidious deception our own body plays on us."

And right there on the dusty wall, he drew a portrait of "False Hunger"—the kind that is born not in the belly, but in the drained batteries of the soul.

Its signs:

- A desire not to eat, but to "chew on something"—formless, crunchy, often sweet or salty.
- A feeling that it's impossible to get full. You eat, but the "hole" remains. Because it's not a hole for food.
- Fog in the head, inability to concentrate. The brain, deprived of sleep energy, demands glucose—but that's like pouring water into a leaky bucket.

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· The only clear desire—to sit down, lie down, stop. That's the main clue!



"See?" said Wit, pointing to the last point. "Your body is crying out to you in the simplest language: 'I want a horizontal position and silence!' And instead of giving it a pillow, you shove a cookie at it. It's like trying to charge a phone by plugging it into the headphone jack. Wrong port."

Chubby stopped chewing. Understanding flickered in his eyes, followed by horror. "But... but I can't just lie down! There are things to do! Coffee! I need to perk up!"

"Coffee is not a magic elixir of energy," Wit explained. "It's a crisis manager. It doesn't replenish strength—it borrows it from your future self, at enormous interest in the form of even greater fatigue, irritability, and that very chronic 'bottomless hunger' when you no longer understand what you truly want."

And then Wit inscribed the Golden Rule of the Crossroads, which blazed on the wall like a road sign:

"NEVER EAT WHEN YOU WANT TO SLEEP. IF YOU WANT TO SLEEP—GO TO SLEEP. THESE ARE DIFFERENT DOORS."

"But what if I'm not on the couch? What if I'm at work? When there's absolutely no way to lie down?"—the Mistress whispered, and genuine confusion sounded in her voice.

Wit did not deny reality. He nodded with understanding. "Then we activate the Emergency Protocol for the Crossroads. Its task is not to replace sleep, but to not make things worse and to give you clarity so you can get to true rest. Remember: in this state, the body is crying for help, not for food. Our goal is to provide first aid, not to poison."

He added a new list beneath the golden rule, titled:

"IF LYING DOWN IS IMPOSSIBLE: FIRST AID RULES"

- 1. Water and air first.** Drink a full glass of cool water in slow sips. Rinse your wrists and face. Then go to a window or step outside for at least a minute. Take 5 of the deepest breaths possible, imagining that with each exhale, the fog of fatigue is leaving you.
- 2. A micro-pause with closed eyes.** Even if you can't lie down, you can turn off your vision—the main consumer of energy—for 60 seconds. Sit up straight, close your eyes, place your hands on your knees. Don't think about anything. Just listen to your breath. This will reboot your nervous system.
- 3. Light movement instead of stimulants.** Instead of coffee or sweets—a 2-minute "hummingbird gymnastics." Roll your shoulders, gently stretch your neck, march in place lifting your knees high. The goal is to get the blood moving, not to tire yourself out.
- 4. If your mouth is "asking for something to chew"—trick it.** Chew a slice of fresh lemon (if your stomach allows), or some mint gum. Or use mint toothpaste/mouthwash. A sharp, clean taste will

reset your receptors and remove the obsessive desire to "put something in your mouth."

5. An honest contract with yourself. Say out loud or write on paper: "I acknowledge that I am tired. Right now I will do [steps 1-4] to hold out until [specific time]. And this evening I will definitely go to sleep [X] hours earlier / cancel all tasks / create silence." And keep that promise.

"These rules are not a magic pill," Wit explained. "They won't give you energy. They will preserve the strength you still have and not steal it double tomorrow. Coffee and sweets in this state are like shouting at a dead battery: 'WORK!' They'll squeeze out the last drop, and then it will break. Our task is to gently recharge, not to finish it off."

The Mistress sighed with relief. Now she had not only an ideal principle, but also a clear, merciful plan for when life was far from ideal. She understood that you can care for yourself even when possibilities are limited. The main thing is not to betray yourself, not to pour oil on the fire of fatigue, but to gently guide yourself through this crossroads toward true rest.

And this conscious, kind-to-herself choice was the first real step out of the Room of Silence—no longer as a victim of circumstances, but as the wise mistress of her own state.

Wit transformed the pitiful room "for chewing" into a bright "Room of Silence and Restoration." Instead of cookies on the shelves, there were now soft blankets, earplugs, and a sleep mask. On the wall hung not scary charts about metabolic syndrome, but a simple and wise formula of awareness:

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Sleep deprivation = Body in stress = "Save yourself! Store fat! Grab fast carbs!" = Eternal hunger and heavy thoughts.

Quality rest = Body in safety = "Everything is fine. Energy is spent wisely" = Clear signals and lightness in movement.

Chubby, realizing that his favorite trick had not only been exposed but had been given a practical replacement, reluctantly left the room. His whisper of "just chew something" now drowned in the clarity of the new instructions.

The Mistress applied this protocol completely for the first time. She caught her breath, drank water, did a light warm-up—and the obsessive desire to "chew something" melted away, giving way to the crystal-clear realization: "I don't want to eat. I want to stop and recover." This wasn't a victory over someone—it was the first real agreement with herself. She had not only distinguished exhaustion from hunger—she had learned to act in that situation with care, not destruction.

And it was precisely at this moment of clarity that a new, subtle awareness arose in the depths of the kingdom. Now that she was finally starting to eat only out of true hunger, another question caught up with her: "Where is the point where I say 'thank you, enough'?" The signal to "start" had been found and protected from fakes. But the signal to "stop" was still lost in the noise of old slogans about clean plates.

Wit, watching this, smiled quietly. The path to freedom led further. Having sorted out the beginning, they had arrived at the very heart—the art of grateful completion. He gently closed the door of the Room

of Silence, leaving the useful instructions hanging inside, and finally turned to that very massive door he had originally been heading toward. Behind it awaited an ally whose quiet voice was more important than any loud command—the guardian of the feeling of satiety.

PART SIX: THE HALL OF FEAST INTERRUPTION AND THE QUIET VOICE OF SATIETY

A Fairy Tale About How to Hear the Whisper of "Thank You" in the Cry of "More!"

The awakening of the Inner Clockmaker and the unraveling of the mystery of "hunger from fatigue" brought long-awaited clarity to the kingdom. The Mistress could finally hear the call that came from the depths of her body, not from vague anxiety.

But the kingdom of Consciousness is a wise and balanced system. Every clear signal to "start" must have its equally clear guardian, its signal to "stop." And Wit felt this disharmony immediately. Now that the Mistress was beginning to eat truthfully, she would enter the hall of the meal and... lose herself. She could hear the beginning, but she was deaf to the ending. Somewhere in the neighboring hall, behind heavy carved doors, someone was beating against them in quiet but desperate panic, trying to be heard through the roar of old slogans.

That someone was the **Guardian of the Feeling of Satiety**. The forgotten ally of Hunger. His voice, which should have sounded like warm, calm light and lightness in the body, was bound and silenced.

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Wit placed his palm on the cold surface of the door behind which this mute storm raged.

"It's time," he said quietly. "Time to free your gentlest and most important instinct. The instinct that doesn't say 'don't be greedy,' but

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'be grateful.' That whispers not 'more,' but 'thank you, I have enough.'"

And he pushed the door open, stepping into the **Hall of Feast Interruption.**

This hall was furnished with pretensions to luxury: a huge oak table, giant, heavy plates, large spoons and forks. But the atmosphere was not festive—it was oppressive, saturated with the smell of heaviness and regret. On the walls hung banners with mottos:

- "THE PLATE MUST BE CLEAN!"
- "TASTY MEANS TILL YOU BURST!"
- "FULL IS WHEN IT HURTS TO TURN AROUND."
- "YOU CAN'T JUST THROW IT AWAY!"

In the center of the hall, on a throne made of intertwined spoons and forks, sat a sad, bloated creature—the Guardian of the Feeling of Satiety. But he was bound hand and foot by thin, strong threads. Each thread led to a separate mechanism. One mechanism, like a metronome, ticked: "TA-STY! TA-STY!" Another, in the shape of a crying child, whined: "WHAT IF THEY DON'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE!" A third, with the face of a stern grandmother, gravely intoned: "FINISH IT, FOR PAPA, FOR MAMA!"

The Guardian tried to move a finger to give the sign—"ENOUGH!"—but the threads would tighten, and he would helplessly lower his hand. His voice, which should have sounded like quiet, warm inner light and lightness, was drowned out.

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"Ah, there you are!" — a familiar voice rang out. Chubby, dressed in the costume of a hospitable host-emcee, waving his ladle like a scepter. "This is the heart of our feasts! Here reigns the Generosity of Life! Here we don't count! Here we enjoy! Look at these simple and wise laws!"

"These are not laws of generosity," Wit coldly countered, approaching the bound Guardian. "These are laws of violence. Violence against the natural mechanism that says: 'Thank you, I have enough.' You have replaced 'satiety' with 'gluttony,' and 'enough' with 'can't fit another bite.'"

"What heresy!" Chubby slammed his ladle on the table. "'Enough' is for weaklings! For those who are afraid of life! True satiety is when you feel every piece you eat as a treasure! When you squeeze everything out of food, like juice from a lemon! Otherwise, why sit down at the table at all?"

Wit understood that he didn't need to convince Chubby—he needed to free the Guardian. He took his lantern of "Awareness" and began to dissolve the thin, almost invisible threads with its light, one by one.

· The thread of fear "What if they don't give more?" dissolved with the thought: "In my world of abundance, food is always available. I

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am not in a hungry childhood or a besieged fortress. I can put this delicious thing in the fridge and eat it tomorrow when I'm hungry again."

· The thread of guilt "It's a sin to throw away food" disappeared with the understanding: "Throwing it in the trash is a sin against food. But stuffing it into yourself, turning your body into a garbage bin, is a sin against yourself. It's better to respectfully discard the excess than to hatefully force it inside."

· The thread of greed "Tasty means a lot" thinned to transparency: "Tasty means high quality. I can enjoy this taste in three conscious bites more than in ten gulped down on the run."

As he was freed, the Guardian began to change. His bloated form became slimmer and lighter. He ceased to be the jailer of the feast and transformed into the Wise Steward of Pleasure. And then Wit, looking him in the eyes, proclaimed a new truth that sounded not like a command, but like a relieved exhale:

"TRUTH: STOP EATING WHEN YOU ARE FULL. FULL IS WHEN YOU COULD EAT MORE, BUT YOU NO LONGER NEED TO."

"What nonsense!" the echo in the hall howled. "What do you mean 'could but don't need'?! That's a contradiction!"

"No," the freed Guardian said softly. His voice was quiet, calm, and incredibly kind. "This is the point of freedom. You are no longer controlled by fear or greed. You are in the center. You feel: yes, physically I could. But the wisdom of my body says: 'The goal is achieved. Energy is replenished. Pleasure is received. You may stop.' This is not defeat. This is victory and gratitude."

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Chubby realized he was losing control over the most important process. He fussed, trying to find new arguments.

"But what about persuasion?!" he squeaked. "'Darling, try my pie! I spent all day on it!' You're going to refuse? Offend a person!"

"True love and respect," said the Guardian, "is when you can say: 'Thank you, this is incredibly delicious! I will gladly have a piece and take some more with me to enjoy later.' This is honest and respectful to both the cook and yourself."

Wit nodded and hung on the wall of the hall five simple "Tools for Hearing the Whisper of Satiety":

1. The Wizard's Small Plate. Take dishes that physically cannot hold more than your clenched fist. The optical illusion will work in your favor.

2. The Half Rule. Always put half of what seems like a "normal" portion. Trust me, you'll have time to get seconds if your Guardian doesn't say "stop."

3. The Magic Pause. After half the portion, be sure to put down your utensils. Take three deep breaths. Take a sip of water. Ask the Guardian: "Are we there yet?"

4. The Speed Game. Eat slowly. Put down your utensils after every first-second bite. Stretch out the pleasure, giving the satiety signal time to travel from your stomach to your brain.

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5. The Agreement with Taste. "Delicious" is not a life sentence. You can preserve it for tomorrow. Tell the delicious thing: "You are so wonderful that I want to stretch out our meeting, not gobble you up in a hurry."

Practice for You, Student of Silence:

During your next meal, conduct the Pause Experiment. When you feel you're getting full (but the plate is not yet empty), stop.

1. Place your hand on your belly.
2. Imagine that you need to get up and walk at a brisk pace. Do some light work. Dance. Do you feel lightness and energy, or heaviness and a desire to lie down?
3. Ask yourself: "If I were offered my absolute favorite dish in the world right now, would I happily eat it? Or does the thought of more food cause a slight protest?"

The right answer—your inner Guardian has just whispered the truth to you.

The Hall of Feast Interruption was transformed. The giant plates disappeared. The table became elegant, with candles and flowers on it. The Guardian, now resembling a wise butler, watched over the order with dignity. And Chubby, deprived of his main levers—fear, greed, and guilt—shrank and retreated into the shadows.

But Wit knew: for a feast to be truly beautiful, discipline alone was not enough. Joy was needed. Food had to be not just fuel or even an act of respect, but also art and celebration. And he headed toward the

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next door, from which came alternately the dull smell of boiled cabbage and the intoxicating aroma of fresh pastries. The door to the gallery of "Taste and Disgust."

**PART SEVEN: THE GALLERY OF TRUE TASTE
AND THE REBELLION AGAINST "USEFUL
BITTERNESS"**

*A Fairy Tale About How to Tell Punishment of the Tongue from
Conversation with the Soul*

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After reasonable peace had settled in the Hall of Satiety, Wit felt a new, dual current. It emanated from a long, winding gallery. From one side came the dreary, gray smell of boiled tastelessness and duty. From the other floated the intoxicating, yet somehow guilty, aroma of cinnamon, chocolate, and fried butter. At the entrance hung an old, cracked sign: "TASTE. (Divided in Two)."

Stepping inside, Wit saw a depressing sight. The gallery was literally split in half by an invisible but palpable wall.



In the **left wing**, painted a hospital-sickly green, sat the **Severe Dietitian** on a throne of faceted vitamins. She was thin, bony, and merciless. On the walls hung her decrees:

- "HEALTHY CANNOT BE TASTY!"
- "PLEASURE IS A SIN ON THE PATH TO SLIMNESS!"
- "EAT YOUR PORRIDGE WITHOUT SUGAR, LIKE A GROWN-UP!"

On the tables stood samples of her "feast": lumpy fat-free cottage cheese, overcooked broccoli, tasteless crispbreads, plain oatmeal on water. The air here smelled of asceticism and suppressed desire.

In the **right wing**, immersed in thick, sticky twilight, sat the **Fat Gourmand-Glutton** on a throne of empty wrappers. He grinned, licking his lips. His laws declared:

- "TASTY MEANS HARMFUL AND A LOT!"
- "LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO CHEW CELERY!"
- "YOU'VE EARNED THIS TREAT WITH YOUR SUFFERING!"



On his table towered mountains of synthetic desserts, the greasiest fast food, and sweet soda. The air here was thick, sweet, and nauseating.

And the most terrible part—the Mistress swung between these two wings like a pendulum. She would force-feed herself "healthy" nastiness in the left wing, then, exhausted and embittered, would break into the right, devouring "harmful" joy, after which a wave of shame would wash over her, and she would return to the Severe Dietitian for more punishment.

"A perfect symbiosis!" — a triumphant voice rang out. Chubby, playing the role of the cunning director of this theater, rubbed his hands on the balcony. "She suffers eternally! If she eats 'tasty'—she's guilty. If she eats 'healthy'—she's miserable. Her energy goes into this pendulum, not into real life! She'll run this circle forever, and I'll be needed forever!"

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Wit realized that he didn't need to fix one wing or the other—he needed to **tear down the false wall between them**. He approached the point where they converged, where the biggest lie hung: *"TASTY AND HEALTHY ARE ENEMIES."*

He struck this wall with his lantern of "Awareness." The wall didn't crumble—it became transparent as glass. And through it, one could see that on the other side, in a single, bright space, there were juicy berries, aromatic baked fish with herbs, tender cheese, nuts in honey, and even a piece of real, high-quality cake. All of it shone, undivided into "camps."

And then Wit proclaimed a new, revolutionary truth that sounded like liberation:

"TRUTH: EAT ONLY WHAT YOU LOVE. SEEK THE HEALTHY IN THE TASTY, AND THE TASTY IN THE HEALTHY."

"Madness!" the Severe Dietitian and the Fat Gourmand cried out in unison. "That doesn't exist!"

"It does," Wit said calmly. "You simply offer extremes. I offer synthesis. You must not force-feed yourself tasteless food in the name of health. But neither are you doomed to drown your sorrow in

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'harmful' food waste just because it's the only source of bright flavor in your picture of the world."

Chubby, sensing the threat, tried to play the guilt card: "But what about willpower?! Everyone will admire how great you are if you can look at a pastry and eat celery! That's heroism!"

"That's not heroism," Wit countered. "That's perversion. Heroism is building a relationship with food where there is no room for hatred—neither toward yourself nor toward the plate. Where celery can be crunchy and refreshing in an avocado salad, and a pastry can be a conscious, rare, divine celebration—not a stolen, secret bite."

Wit began the great work of reconstructing the Gallery of Taste. He didn't expel the Dietitian and the Gourmand—he integrated them.

From the Dietitian, he made the **Wise Fairy of Quality**, who teaches not to choose "healthy nastiness," but tasty, high-quality, nutrient-rich foods: ripe fruit instead of candy, poultry instead of sausage, dark chocolate instead of a milk chocolate bar.

From the Gourmand-Glutton, he created the **Wizard of Enjoyment**, whose task was not to demand "more!" but to teach extracting maximum pleasure from the small: feeling texture, smelling aroma, savoring every millimeter of taste.



Practice for You, Creator of Your Own Taste:

Hold a **Taster's Court**. Choose two products: one you consider "boringly healthy" (for example, boiled chicken breast) and one you consider "harmfully tasty" (for example, your favorite dessert).

1. Prepare the "boring" product with love and imagination. Create an aromatic dish from legumes and vegetables with added poultry fillet. Serve it beautifully.
2. Take a small portion of the "tasty" dessert of the highest quality.
3. Taste both in a state of full awareness.
4. Ask yourself: "Which of these two products actually gives my body and soul more energy, joy, and satisfaction right now?" The answer may surprise you. Perhaps the baked chicken with herbs will turn out to be the "favorite flavor" you were missing, and the dessert—merely a sweet inertia.

"By forbidding yourself the 'tasty,' you make it a magnet," Wit concluded, looking at the new, unified and bright Gallery of True Taste. "By allowing yourself to eat what you love, you disarm that magnet. You discover that you don't just love cake. You also love ripe peaches, a piece of good cheese, and a juicy steak. And then food ceases to be a battlefield. It becomes an art that you choose to adorn your life."

The wall disappeared. The gallery filled with light and diversity. But Wit knew that even the most exquisite food could be swallowed without noticing. For taste to become healing, it needed time and attention. And he headed to the next room—the noisiest and most bustling—the **"Hall of Distracted Eating,"** where television, phone, and eternal rush reigned.

PART EIGHT: THE RAINBOW HALL OF ATTENTION AND THE SECRET OF LOST TASTE

A Fairy Tale About How to Turn Eating into Meditation and Guilt into Gratitude

After the Gallery of True Taste had united into a harmonious whole, Wit noticed a troubling tendency. Even when the Mistress chose the most beautiful, delicious, and healthy foods, the process of consuming them resembled not a sacred ritual but a hurried robbery. Food was inhaled on the run, accompanied by television news, in the virtual valleys of social media, or amid the heat of work disputes. Taste remained unrecognized, like a letter that was never opened.

This happened because in the kingdom of Consciousness there existed a special hall—the "Hall of Distracted Eating." Its walls were covered with countless screens, each showing something different: TV series, news feeds, work chats. The air hummed with simultaneous conversations. In the center of the hall, on a throne made of remote controls, sat the **Mistress of Multitasking**. She was covered in wires and antennas, and her motto was: "Time is money! Don't waste it on food—multitask!"



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Chubby, of course, was her faithful ally. He darted between screens, prompting: "Look, there's an interesting plotline! Oh, and here your friend is writing about her new diet! And here's a recipe for low-calorie cookies! Don't get distracted by the food itself—it's boring!"



As a result, the Mistress would eat a whole plate without even noticing what was on it. She would feel only heaviness in her stomach and a vague dissatisfaction that pushed her to seek something else—maybe tastier, maybe more. But in reality, she lacked not quantity, but quality of attention.

Wit entered this noisy hall and felt dizzy from the very first step. He approached the Mistress of Multitasking and said softly: "You are

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stealing from her one of the simplest and most accessible forms of happiness. You are stealing the moment of being present, here and now."

"What?" the Mistress hissed, not taking her eyes off the screens. "I'm saving her time! I'm making her life richer!"

"No," Wit shook his head. "You're making her life filled, but not rich. Richness is born from the depth of experience, not from the number of simultaneous processes."

And then Wit did something bold. He found the main power switch and... turned off the screens. The hall plunged into deafening silence. The Mistress of Multitasking gasped and froze, as if her source of power had been cut off.

In this silence, Wit heard quiet weeping. It was Food itself crying—food that had been ignored for so long, swallowed without being seen, heard, or thanked. Its tears were like precious drops, each carrying an entire universe: aroma, texture, history.

Wit gathered these tears into a crystal bowl and began to create a new room. Not a hall, but a cozy, rainbow-colored living room for two: the



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Mistress and her Food. He painted the walls in the colors of sunset and dawn, covered the floor with a soft carpet of grass, and placed in the center a single beautiful table and a comfortable chair. On the door, he hung a sign inlaid with mother-of-pearl:

"TRUTH: ENJOY EVERY BITE. FOOD IS A MEDITATION OF TASTE."

Chubby, recovering from the shock, tried a new attack. "So now she's just going to sit and stare blankly at her plate?" he sneered. "That's unnatural! People have always eaten and talked, eaten and worked!"

"They ate and talked," Wit corrected him, "but they felt the food. They took a bite, chewed, felt the taste—and only then spoke. They didn't shove food in like fuel while doing ten other things. I'm proposing we give food back its rightful place—to be an event, not background noise."

And he formulated new rules for the Rainbow Living Room, which sounded not like prohibitions but like invitations to pleasure:

1. The Rule of Single Focus. When you eat—you eat. No book, no screen, no complex conversation. Just you and your food. A dialogue between two.

2. The Rule of the Slow Dance. Put your utensils down after each bite. Don't prepare the next piece until you've finished chewing this one. Dance a slow dance with taste.

3. The Rule of Gratitude. Before you begin, look at your food. Thank it (mentally or aloud) for becoming part of you, for giving you strength and pleasure.

4. The Rule of Taste Exploration. Ask yourself: "What am I feeling right now? Sweetness, saltiness, sourness, bitterness, umami? What's the texture? Crunchy, melting, chewy?"

5. The Rule of Forgiveness. If you eat something "forbidden," don't scold yourself. On the contrary, eat it with such special attention and enjoyment that the experience becomes so vivid and complete that you won't want to repeat it mindlessly and often.

"This is embarrassing!" Chubby suddenly squeaked, switching tactics. "Sitting there and lustfully reveling in food! People will think you're a glutton! A true sufferer should eat with indifference, through force, so everyone can see how they're suffering for slimness!"

At that moment, Wit told the Mistress a very personal story that had happened to him during the Great Illness.

"Once," he began, "I lost my sense of smell and taste. The world became flat and joyless. I could only distinguish sweet from salty, but I couldn't feel the aroma of coffee, the juiciness of strawberries, or the spiciness of



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cinnamon. And you know what happened? I started eating more. I swept everything in sight in a desperate attempt to feel something. It looked like gluttony, but actually it was a panicked hunt for lost pleasure. When taste returned, I cried with happiness while biting into a plain apple. And I understood: eating without tasting is the truest punishment. Eating with enjoyment is gratitude for the gift of life and sensation."

This story hung in the air of the Rainbow Living Room, and every color in it glowed brighter.

Practice for You, Wizard of Attention:

Choose one meal (better to start with breakfast or dinner alone). Turn it into a sacred ritual.

- 1. Prepare the stage.** Turn off all screens. Put on beautiful wordless music or enjoy the silence. Set the table, even if you're alone.
- 2. Invite the guest.** Look at your food. Examine its colors, feel its aroma.
- 3. Begin the dialogue.** Cut a small piece. Put it in your mouth. Close your eyes. Chew slowly. What flavors awaken? What happens to the texture? What memories or images arise?
- 4. Ask yourself:** "If I could bottle this feeling like perfume, what would I call it?"
- 5. Give thanks.** Mentally thank everyone involved in this piece: nature, farmers, cooks, yourself.

Do this just once. And you'll notice that satiety comes faster and pleasure runs deeper. You'll eat less but receive more.

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Chubby, watching this, realized that his old tactic—inducing guilt over pleasure—no longer worked. If the Mistress learned to eat with enjoyment and without shame, his power over her would weaken. He backed toward the exit of the Rainbow Living Room, muttering something about "inefficiency" and "wasting time."

But Wit was no longer looking down the gallery. He was looking at one of its arched doors, leading to an adjacent space. From there wafted barely perceptible but familiar aromas—freshness, herbs, and something warm, homely. He pondered.

"Yes," he said quietly to himself, "the most conscious enjoyment of food is still concentration on the eating process. And that's wonderful. But what if we take the next step? Turn the very process of choosing and creating food—from routine or struggle—into the same easy and joyful art? So that enjoyment begins not at the moment you bring the spoon to your mouth, but much earlier—when you assemble colors and textures on a plate, like an artist who knows the secret of harmony."

He recalled the words of one of his followers, who said that by changing her approach to food, she had created for herself a "feeling of a resort." A resort that was always with her. And this resort was built not on prohibitions, but on simple self-respect, expressed in the beauty of presentation and wise choices.

"True freedom from the diet mentality," Wit realized, "will come when food takes its important but non-central place. But for that to happen, it needs a reliable, convenient, and beautiful structure. One that doesn't require thinking about every second, because it's not a puzzle but a creative process. We need a simple and wise algorithm

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that turns daily necessity into a source of strength and joy, not anxiety."

He looked at that arched door. It had no locks, but a modest sign hung on it, previously hidden by the brilliance of the Rainbow Living Room. On it was inscribed: "The Kitchen of Life. Formula and Beauty."

And Wit, with a light heart and a clear understanding of his goal, pushed open the door. What awaited him was not a dark pantry, but a bright space where on one wall hung paintings of bright, juicy dishes, and on the other—a clean board, ready for the newest, most practical magic. The magic of *Wit's Plate Formula*.

PART NINE: THE KITCHEN OF LIFE AND THE FORMULA OF THE PERFECT PLATE

A Fairy Tale About How Beauty and Science Create Slimness That Lives by Itself

After the Rainbow Living Room of Enjoyment had taught the Mistress to hear every taste, and the Crossroads of Deceivers had taught her to distinguish fatigue from hunger, a special, creative silence settled over the kingdom. It was clear **WHAT** to do (eat consciously) and **WHEN** (when hungry, not tired). But the most vivid, daily question remained: *HOW?* What does this food look like? How do you assemble a plate that both heals and delights, that supports a new, light life—without endless counting?

Wit, sensing this request, smiled. He led the Mistress to the brightest and warmest room in his house—the **Kitchen of Life**. This was not a

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laboratory-kitchen with scales, but a workshop-kitchen of both artist and scientist. On one wall hung paintings of bright, juicy dishes, and on the other—an elegant, simple diagram.

"Many people think that food culture is about sterility and rules—how to eat with a fork and knife," Wit began, taking out beautiful plates from the sideboard that had previously gathered dust "for

guests." "But true culture starts deeper. It's a culture of relationship with yourself. Eating from a clean, beautiful plate, even when you're alone—that's not showing off. That's a respectful conversation with yourself. It's a signal to your nervous system: 'Attention! An important, pleasant ritual is about to happen—not a rushed refueling.'"



"Oh, but that takes time! You have to cook, set the table!" — came the familiar grumbling voice from the doorway. Grunty-Chubby, who had visibly lost ground, was still clinging to the old ways.

Wit didn't even turn around. "Yes, it does. And you also need to brush your teeth and make your bed. But you could also not brush and not make the bed. And where does that lead? To neglect. Inner and outer. And we're not building a besieged fortress—we're building a resort for one permanent resident: yourself. And at this resort, food is served beautifully."

And then he approached the main wall-diagram, titled: **"WIT'S PLATE FORMULA, OR HOW TO ASSEMBLE YOUR SHIELD AND ENJOYMENT."**

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"Forget about calories for a while," he said. "Think about components. Imagine that your plate is a small universe, and you need to populate it with the right inhabitants."

He took colored chalk and began to draw, and his words came alive in images:

1. FOUNDATION: FIBER and PROTEIN. (He drew a green hill and a sturdy stone castle.)

"These are your main guardians. Fiber is like a wise gardener who puts things in order inside, feeds your beneficial bacteria, and gently leads you to satiety. Primarily: legumes, whole grains, cruciferous and other vegetables, berries, and fruits. Protein is like the architect of your body—it builds and repairs. Choose lean protein sources: white meat, fish, cottage cheese, lentils—these offer protein and fiber and much more that's beneficial. 80% of your plate should be thinking about them, about fiber and protein. Find them—and your diet will already become healing."

2. COLORS OF LIFE: COLOR. (He colored the diagram with all the colors of the rainbow.)

"This is not just 'vegetables.' This is bioflavonoids, vitamins, antioxidants. Each color is a separate spell of health. The more rainbow-colored your plate, the stronger its magic. Red tomato, purple onion, yellow pepper, green spinach."

3. SECRET INGREDIENTS: BENEFIT+ and PROBIOTICS. (He drew sparkling stars and living springs.)

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"Benefit+ is nuts, seeds, spices. Small but powerful wizards. A pinch, a handful—and the food fills with power.

Probiotics are sauerkraut, kimchi, kefir, natural yogurt. Your inner allies, whom you grow on good fiber. A healthy gut—a clear mind and peaceful relationships with food."

4. SPARK: 'FOR THE SOUL.'

At the very end, in a corner of the diagram, he drew a small, shining sun. "And this is the place for pure joy. For that very piece that doesn't carry 'benefit' but carries happiness. When everything else is in place, this spark won't set the forest on fire—it will illuminate it with a soft light. And it, too, has a rightful place."

"The point is not to weigh grams," Wit concluded. "The point is that when you look at your plate, you ask simple questions: 'Is there any legumes/whole grains/vegetables/berries here (fiber and color)? Is there something for building (protein)? Has something been added for crunch and benefit (nuts/seeds)?' If yes—you're on the right track. This formula creates such satiety and balance that you can forget about constant control. You're not counting—you're creating."

The Mistress looked at the diagram, and her face lit up with understanding. This was not another restriction. It was an instruction for freedom. A map that allowed her not to wander in the jungle of "can/cannot," but to consciously assemble her meal from any, even simple, products—making it both medicine and celebration.

And in the kitchen doorway, watching this, Chubby sighed quietly. His old arguments—"complicated," "takes too long," "too good to

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waste on yourself"—crumbled to dust before such simple and beautiful logic. He finally understood that his time had passed. Chaos and prohibitions had been replaced by culture—deep, respectful, and joyful.

And it was at this very moment that Wit felt the house was almost complete. Only one thing remained—to open the main door to the world where food would take its honored but not exclusive place.



Practice for You, Artist of Your Plate:

For the next three days, apply the *Question Method*:

1. While assembling a meal (whether at work or at home), mentally run through the list:
 - **Fiber+Color?** (Vegetables/fruits/greens).
 - **Protein?** (Fish, chicken, egg, cottage cheese, lentils).
 - **Benefit+?** (Sprinkle with seeds, drizzle with oil, add spices).
 - **Joy?** (Maybe today, a piece of cheese or a spoonful of honey in your cottage cheese will be that very "spark"?).
 2. Serve it on the most beautiful dishware you have at home, even if you're eating alone. Light a candle. Put on music.
 3. Enjoy not only the taste but also the sight. You're feeding not only your body but also your soul. You're creating your daily resort.
-

This is that very "different path" that begins not with counting, but with respect, beauty, and a simple, wise formula. The path home.

PART TEN: THE DANCE OF THE HUMMINGBIRD AND THE HEAVINESS OF THE SLOTH

A Fairy Tale About Where the Fastest Metabolism Actually Lives

In the Kitchen of Life, a new, calm order had settled. Wit's Plate Formula hung on the wall not as a strict decree but as a kind reminder. The Mistress had learned to assemble her plate so that it gave both strength and joy. It seemed the main goal had been achieved—peace with food had been made.

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But Wit, observing the new, measured rhythm of the kingdom, felt a slight dissonance. Something had been overlooked. Something important, not directly related to food, but directly connected to that very lightness they had been striving for.

One day, while sorting through an old archive of memories, he came across a dusty photo album. In some of the pictures were familiar "witches"—the Mistress's naturally slim friends. They were captured in motion: one running up the stairs while talking on the phone, another dancing lightly in the kitchen, a third gesturing energetically while telling a story. Their bodies knew no stillness. They resembled hummingbirds—tiny, incredibly energetic birds whose wings flutter so fast they're nearly invisible.



In other photos was the Mistress herself at various periods. She was sitting. Sitting at work, sitting in front of the TV, sitting in thought. The posture was comfortable, but... heavy. Reminiscent of a sloth—a wise but doomed slow-moving creature whose energy goes into merely sustaining life in immobility.

And then it struck Wit. All this time, they had been looking for the secret in the plate. But it turned out to be hiding in *rhythm*.

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"Metabolism is not a furnace that can only be stoked with food," he said, showing the Mistress the photos. "It's a bonfire. And its flame depends not only on what you throw into it, but also on how often you stir the air around it. Those tiny, almost invisible movements—that's what fans your inner fire."

He created a new hall in the kingdom—the *"Hall of Energy."* There were no exercise machines in it. Instead, there were two symbolic worlds.

In one corner, in a soft and cozy armchair-throne, lay the figure of the Sloth. Next to it hung a sign: "Conservation. Preservation. Fatigue from waiting." Its motto was: "Why stand up if you can reach? Why walk if you can ride?" Its world was safe, but very, very slow. And with each year, movement became harder, and heaviness chained it to the throne more tightly.

In the other corner was a water wheel that, drawing water from the greenhouse pool, sprayed droplets, creating a fragrant flower garden all around. Above this home pond hovered the figure of the Hummingbird. Its sign read: "Spending. Investment. Energy from action." Its motto: "Why wait if you can do? Why sit if you can dance?" She didn't "exercise."



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She lived in motion. Her daily activity—gestures, steps, light bustle—burned more energy in a day than someone else's hour-long exhausting workout. The difference could reach as much as 2000 calories—almost an entire day of the Sloth's life!

"With age, it's not metabolism that slows down," Wit explained, pointing at the Sloth. "It's the person who slows down. They sit, settle into a nest, and stop fluttering. Muscles, deprived of impulses, quietly transform into inert tissue. Mitochondria—our inner power plants—fall asleep. And now the body can't expend energy even if it wants to. This is the vicious circle of aging and heaviness."

"But the Hummingbird," his voice rang with excitement, "cheats time. Its constant micro-movement is thousands of tiny signals to the body: 'I'm alive! I need energy! Work!' Its brain is washed with blood, its joints are lubricated, its mood lifts on its own. It doesn't fight weight. It simply doesn't create conditions for it to accumulate."

Chubby, peeking into the hall and pretending to be a ballerina, snorted: "And who wants to be that eternally trembling bundle of nerves? Just sit still!"

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"This isn't trembling," Wit smiled. "This is the vibration of life. And the most wonderful thing is that it can be learned. Not by becoming a champion. But simply by moving from one corner to the other."

And he gave the Mistress one last task-experiment before the great transformation—"The Naturalist":



"For one day, become a researcher of yourself. Don't change anything by force. Just observe."

- 1. The Map of Stillness:** Note the moments when you're sitting or lying down without real necessity. Ask: 'Why am I sitting here right now? Is this rest or habit?'
- 2. The Hunt for Choice:** Catch yourself in a moment of choice: elevator or stairs? stand or sit? wait or walk? What does your body choose by default?
- 3. Micro-Revolt:** Once an hour, perform a tiny, almost weightless action in the spirit of the Hummingbird. While sitting—roll your shoulders. While making tea—shift from foot to foot. While talking on the phone—pace around the room. Not for results. For the feeling."

The Mistress tried it. At first, it felt strange. But then she noticed how after a light shoulder stretch, tension left her neck. How five flights of stairs gave a rush of clarity that an hour of sitting hadn't provided.

She wasn't "doing physical education." She was gradually changing the density of her day, filling it with invisible bursts of energy.

And at that moment, as her body began to remember the forgotten rhythm of light fluttering, Wit looked at the farthest door in the Hall of Energy. It led not to another room about food or movement. It led outward. To where lives the very thing for which both strength from food and energy from movement are needed. To where real life begins.

His mission as a "*slimness advisor*" was almost complete. Only the last, most important step remained—to show that slimness is not a goal, but a side effect of a full, engaged life. But that—was already a story for the eleventh chapter.

PART ELEVEN: THE TREASURY OF LIFE AND THE SILENCE OF CHUBBY

A Fairy Tale About How the Most Important Secret of Slimness Lives Beyond the Kitchen

After the Mistress had discovered within herself a light, fluttering "hummingbird" in the Hall of Energy, something wonderful happened. The days began to fill with invisible movement, and her body responded with grateful lightness. But the strangest thing happened to her thoughts: they circled around the refrigerator less and less often. Because, at last, they had somewhere else to go.

In this new, mobile silence, Wit felt not work, but rhythm. A rhythm of life that was far more important than any meal schedule. He led the Mistress to the farthest wall of the Hall of Energy, where there

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turned out to be a door they had never noticed. It was neither wooden nor stone, but seemed woven from the fog of forgotten "laters," the shadows of doubt, and the cobwebs of postponed desires. On it hung rusty locks with signs: *"No time," "It's not serious," "I won't succeed."*

"This is not a door to another room about you," said Wit. "This is a door from yourself—to the world. To the 'Treasury of Passions.' Or rather, to what remains of it, while all attention was glued to scales and plates."



Chubby, whose voice had become quiet and hoarse, crawled out of the shadows. "More fantasies!" he hissed, but without his former confidence. "Why? You have your formula now, you have energy... Just sit and be happy!"

Wit didn't argue. He simply began to tear the cobwebs off the door, and beneath them, other words appeared:

- Under "No time" — "Time is a choice. I choose wonder."
- Under "It's not serious" — "Joy is the most serious currency of life."

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- Under "I won't succeed" — "The journey is the goal. A step is already a victory."

And then he inscribed on the cleared surface the main truth, which sounded not like a prohibition but like an invitation:

"TRUTH: THINK LESS ABOUT FOOD. FALL IN LOVE WITH LIFE, AND IT WILL ANSWER YOU WITH LIGHTNESS."

"Falling in love," Wit explained, "is the most powerful remedy against obsessive thoughts about food. Remember: when a person is truly in love, they forget to eat. Not because they're on a diet, but because their heart and mind are overflowing. Their energy goes not into chewing over anxiety, but into creating feeling. But waiting for love to 'accidentally arrive' means once again handing your willpower over to chance. Don't wait. Create this state yourself. Fall in love—not only with people. Fall in love with the possibilities that live inside you. With a cause that makes you forget time. With the beauty of a sunset. With the process of learning. With the thrill of a new song. This is your inner Treasury."

At that moment, when the last letter was inscribed, the locks fell off with a melodic chime. The door didn't open—it dissolved.

From there, a stream of such blinding, warm light poured out that the entire Hall of Energy, the entire kingdom of Consciousness, was flooded with radiance. It was the light of the inner sun—interest, passion, curiosity.

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Wit froze. The Treasury turned out to be an infinite galaxy made of glowing portals:



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- **The Portal of Creativity**, from which wafted the smell of paint and the ringing of strings.
- **The Portal of Knowledge**, smelling of old books and fresh discoveries.
- **The Portal of Nature**, calling toward the wind and the scent of rain.
- **The Portal of Movement**, beckoning to the dance floor and mountain trails.
- **The Portal of Silence**, where you could hear the beating of your own heart.

Behind each was not a room, but an entire universe—brighter and deeper than any, even the most exquisite, food.

"Chubby!" Wit exclaimed, turning around. "Look at this beauty!"

But no one answered him.

Wit looked around. Chubby had vanished. Not in battle. He simply ceased to exist, like a shadow when the light is turned on. He was a product of emptiness, boredom, the absence of a grand and bright "why." When the magnificent "Project Life" appeared at the center of attention, there was no room left in it for a petty bureaucrat of diets. He had nothing to do in a space where the Mistress was too engaged to whine, too in love with the process to eat away boredom, and too valuing of her body—an instrument for enjoying the world—to poison it with food waste.

Revelation for the Traveler:

The most important secret turned out to be paradoxical. To find lightness in the body, you must stop making it the center of the universe. Food occupies exactly as much space in the mind as emptiness leaves for it. When life is filled with meaning, creativity, connection with the world, and being in love with the process of existence, food gratefully takes its rightful place—important, but peripheral. It becomes not a goal, not a comfort, but simply a beautiful, delicious part of the great feast called Life.

Wit, standing on the threshold of this shining universe, felt his own separate form begin to dissolve. His mission was complete. He was no longer needed as an external advisor, because his voice—the voice of awareness, curiosity, and love of life—now sounded from within. He was dissolving into this light, becoming it.

And at this moment of final transformation, he finally saw his true reflection. But that—is a story for the very last, most personal fairy tale.

PART TWELVE: THE MIRROR AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR AND THE BEGINNING OF THE REAL FAIRY TALE

An Story About How the Journey Led to an Unexpected Encounter

In the kingdom of Consciousness, an unfamiliar, ringing silence settled. Not the silence of abandonment, but the silence after accomplishment. The air, once thick with anxieties and arguments,

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was now transparent and light, filled only with the shimmer of light from the countless doors of the Treasury of Life. The dust of old doubts had settled. The cobwebs of habits had decayed.

Wit stood in the center of this new, boundless space. He looked around, and a strange feeling of emptied joy filled him. There seemed to be no work left. The rooms were cleaned, the laws inscribed, the truths proclaimed. Chubby had vanished. The goal for which he had arrived here with his travel case had been achieved.

But now what? Who was he here, in this bright world where a slimness advisor was no longer needed, where a fighter against chaos was no longer needed?

He felt a slight melancholy. Or was it an unfamiliar lightness of being? He walked over to his travel case, which stood modestly by the wall. The instruments inside—brushes, paints, the magic lantern, the magnifying glass—tinkled softly, as if saying goodbye. He no longer felt the need to fix, repaint, or search for anything.

And then he noticed at the end of the brightest corridor what he had never seen before. Not a door, but a huge, ancient mirror in a carved frame. It was draped in fabric of silvery spider-silk. Drawing closer, Wit saw that on the fabric was embroidered a single, final riddle: "WHO AM I?"

His heart beat faster. Not from fear, but from anticipation. He understood that this was the last threshold. The last room in the kingdom, waiting to be opened. He slowly pulled at the fabric.

The silk slid off silently.

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Wit looked into the mirror. And froze.



The first thing he saw was light. That very light that poured from the Treasury of Passions. Then—boundless expanses, wide-open windows to the world, a palette of emotions, the power of intention, the softness of acceptance. He saw an entire universe.

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And in the center of this universe, reflected in the depths of the glass, he saw a face.

It was not his familiar cartoonish face of a wandering helper. It was the face of the Mistress. But not the tired, driven, eternally self-reflective one—but the real one. The one whose eyes sparkled with curiosity about the world, whose smile was calm and confident, whose posture spoke of dignity and lightness. It was the face of a person who knows, loves, and accepts herself.

At that moment, something irreversible happened. The image of Wit in the mirror—the light, airy advisor—began to melt like morning mist under the sun. It dissolved, merged with the light, and its features softly flowed into the features of the woman looking at her reflection.

He wasn't just looking at her. He was becoming her.

The realization struck like quiet thunder: "Wit is you. The real you. The one you always were beneath the layers of fears, rules, and others' expectations. I was only your reflection, your own wisdom that took form so you could see and hear it."

Wit (already the former Wit) felt the last boundary between "advisor" and "I" disappear. His travel case of instruments quietly crumbled into golden dust, which settled on the floor, turning into warm, shining parquet. His mission was complete. Not because the enemy was defeated, but because the student had become the master. The Mistress had awakened.

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She (no longer the "Mistress," but simply I) stood before the mirror, and in her kingdom there came not the silence of abandonment, but the silence of wholeness. The characters had not disappeared in a literal sense. They had made the most important journey—from external advisors to internal resources.

Chubby did not "die." He was no longer an arrogant dictator, because he had been demoted—but not executed. He had transformed into valuable experience, into a monument to "how not to do it." Into a wise, if somewhat annoying, watchman. Now, when from fatigue her hand would automatically reach for food, he would quietly squeak somewhere in the back of her consciousness: "Hey, check it! Is this really hunger?" And she could hear that squeak, thank him for his vigilance, and calmly reply: "Thank you, I heard the signal. But right now I don't need a sandwich—I need five minutes of peace." That was the greatest victory—not in battle, but in translating an enemy into an ally.

Wit also did not remain a separate "advisor." His wisdom, his lightness, his principles—all of this ceased to be external rules and became internal convictions. He dissolved not to disappear, but to become the very essence, the natural way of thoughts and actions. Now it was not a voice



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saying "follow me," but a quiet knowing living at the very foundation of choice.

There was no more war. There was a unified, complex, living personality, in which the conscious wisdom of Wit and the warning memory of Chubby had become simply parts of the inner landscape—convenient tools for navigating life, not opposing forces.

That should be the goal of any fairy-tale training. Not to create in the mind a new, even if kind, dictator named "Ideal." But to integrate its best qualities into oneself. Not to evict one part of the personality, but to reconcile all parts under the governance of the aware, adult "I," which no longer divides itself into "bad" and "good," but wisely uses all facets of its experience.

Questions for You, Who Have Completed This Journey:

1. How did the image of your Wit change from beginning to end? Was he vague at first, and now has he taken on features? Whose features are they? Perhaps your own—strong and wise?
2. Where did your Chubby go? Did he disappear, shrink, fall silent? Or does he now simply sit in a corner, stripped of power, and you can speak calmly with him, like an old, harmful but no longer dangerous habit?
3. Which of the "rooms" (truths) turned out to be the brightest, most desirable for you? Where do you feel at home now? Perhaps it's the Rainbow Living Room of Enjoyment or the expanses of the Treasury of Life?
4. Do you now feel that "slimness" is not about the body, but about the slimness of thoughts, feelings, and priorities? About harmony between "I want," "I can," and "I do"?

THE HOUSE WHERE WIT LIVES

Anastasia Aliaksandrovich

This fairy tale has ended. But yours—is only beginning. Not a fairy tale of struggle, but a fairy tale of life. Where food takes its beautiful, modest, important place. Where the body is not an enemy or a project, but a faithful, beloved ally in the exploration of the world. Where the main character—is finally you yourself. The real you.



EPILOGUE: HOW THIS HOUSE WAS BUILT

And at that moment of final transformation, I finally understood who my Wit really was. But for you to grasp the full depth of this realization, I need to go back to the beginning.

I wrote every one of these chapters while walking with a stroller and my sleeping baby. I paced along familiar streets, and these fairy tales were born in my mind. I didn't know how the story would end. I didn't know which corridor would lead Wit next, or how Chubby would ultimately disappear. My own kingdom, my palace, was still under construction. I wrote these as a diary, as a map along which I was charting my own path.

When my journey began, my weight was 45 kilograms more than it is now. My inner palace then was not a palace at all, but a broken, cold shack. Chaos reigned within it, along with the wind of old grievances; poisonous thoughts dripped from the ceiling, and the walls were built from prejudices and outright self-dislike. In this hovel, there was only one living creature—an arrogant, ubiquitous Chubby, who assured me that this was my "home" and that I needed no other.



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And Wit... My Wit had once, long ago in childhood, left me. He was frightened off by mockery, strict rules, and the shame I felt about my body. He left, abandoning me to chaos. And for many years, I thought he was lost forever.

But at the moment of my awakening—not from a diet, but from the sleep of self-flagellation—I understood a simple and terrifying truth.

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No one would build for me the house where he could return. No diet, no trainer, no magic recipe. Only me. With my own hands. Out of love for myself, which didn't yet exist, but which I decided to build as the foundation.

That's when the Great Construction began. Not "weight loss." Not "the battle against excess weight." But the building of a house. First, I simply cleared the rubble—hauling out tons of food waste and others' opinions. Then I laid the

foundation—learning to listen to silence instead of the noise of panic. Brick by brick, room by room.

This fairy tale you've just read is the diary of that construction. First, it was a shack. Then—a cozy house. And in the end, when the last debris was cleared and all the windows were thrown open, it turned out that I had built an entire palace. A palace for Wit. For myself. For all my thoughts, creativity, fantasies, and that very love—found anew.

Perhaps right now, you are reading these lines not in your palace. Perhaps you're still in that cold shack, or amid scaffolding, or in a

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house where too many rooms still have boarded-up windows. And your Wit, it seems, has gone somewhere.

I'm writing this to tell you: **he hasn't left. He's waiting.** Waiting for your invitation. Waiting for you to start clearing space for him. Not for a "slim body"—but for a whole, bright, self-respecting life. He will return with your very first action done not out of self-hatred, but out of self-care. With the first beautiful plate set down just because. With the first minute of silence given to yourself instead of panic. With the first step taken not "to lose weight," but "because I enjoy walking."

The house is waiting for its architect. And Wit is waiting for you to open the door.

Your fairy tale begins now. With the first brick. With the first step. With the decision that you deserve to live not in a rundown shack, but in your own radiant palace.

And my Wit, who has become me, smiles quietly and lights a lamp in the window of that palace—for everyone who is searching for their way home.

And remember, if the question arises: "*Am I allowed to?*" — yes, you are, we give you permission 😊. To be happy. To be yourself.

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A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

If you wish to thank the author for this work, you can support her via the card (Alfa-Bank Belarus).

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Your gratitude is the light that helps new fairy tales to be born.



TheEnd