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Nobody there,  
myself, had ever  
ung like it "

Fürst of the Royal Holloway Uni-  
versity of London and colleagues  
in the U.K. and Germany focused  
on two common and devastat-

nal deformities in honeybees,  
especially those hosting the blood-  
sucking Varroa mite—and Nose-  
ma ceranae, a fungus that causes

other bee species are less hearty.  
"If you're a solitary bee, when  
you're dead, you're dead," he says.  
"And so are generations after you."

## Space capsule discovered in Central Slovakia

**BB** – An object reminiscent of  
a space capsule was found on a  
hill, on the outskirts of the village  
Dúbravica. The space capsule  
was discovered by Jan Zepka, a  
local fireman, who declared that  
the object was built by his friend,  
a beekeeper, who went missing  
this summer. Inside the object  
Mr. Zepka found jars of honey  
and honeycombs with traces of  
organic material. Although the  
space capsule seems to function  
also as a flying bee-house, none  
of the hives have been found. As  
we well know, in recent years,  
bees have completely disappeared

from Earth, affected by an un-  
known virus, causing an unprec-  
edented food crisis. Samples of  
honey and organic matter from  
the space capsule are currently  
being tested in a laboratory, as  
some believe it was created by  
bees not so long ago – if this  
is true, it means that the bees  
successfully survived the virus  
inside the capsule. And maybe  
they still live on, somewhere in  
the region. Mr. Zepka, known to  
everyone around the village as  
"Mauro" spoke about the bee-  
keeper's theory of "Mirror Land".  
It is an unconventional belief,

and a personal theory that there  
might exist a planet that mirrors  
our own in terms of conditions,  
atmosphere, flora and fauna, sit-  
ting on the opposite side of solar  
system. "A mirror world hiding  
behind the sun, just waiting, a  
place where we can start again",  
said Mauro, quoting his friend  
the beekeeper. This man, proba-  
bly a former scientist, vehemently  
believed that the solution for the  
ongoing extinction of bees, and  
its repercussions on our food  
supplies, rested with a bee colony  
being transferred to another  
planet. "



"It's time for breakfast. Then we have a long walk to do today." Lucy was downstairs, already eating breakfast. Omelet with white bread and cocoa, and one small apple in the center of the table. The kitchen smelled of oil from frying, bacon, eggs and milk. This time Mauro was doing the cooking. His wife was preparing sandwiches for our journey. Lucy looked at me almost guiltily, smiling. Of course she was enjoying this treat. Both I and her mother were pushing healthy food on her. She was eating quickly because the kids and the dog were already outside. Mauro's kids knew the journey and they were always ahead of us. You had to turn right at the end of the village into a sparse forest, up the hill around the lonely pine trees. Then down, crossing a stream, which entered into a large meadow with one majestic pear tree on the upper part. This was the steepest part and everyone had a hard time catching their breath, only Mauro kept talking.

"Since he disappeared, I kept on visiting his chalet, checking what was happening. It was hard to believe that he was out in space. All I knew was that while he was here he kept talking about it with a passion. And then there was that mysterious explosion in the mountains that night. But he could have just got lost in the woods, you never know. I have already gone to the police and reported him missing. And they told me he was registered as missing already. In the village nobody cared, he was never that close to anyone else. A year passed since he disappeared and I started to forget about him. Only from time to time I went to check the chalet. The forest nearby is good for mushrooms."

Now we entered a deep, dark spruce forest. It was harder to find the path and the kids were slower. Lucy was tired and started to complain. I knew she wanted to go back now and was missing her mother, but she wouldn't admit it.

"Then there was a day when he returned. Out of nowhere I heard a loud noise that reminded me of a supersonic airplane. Other people heard it too, but not that many saw it. It was like as if lightning fell from the sky, chasing after a small white object. It slowed down before it reached the top of the mountain. And the spot seemed to be close to the chalet.

So I walked up to the chalet and I found the doors open. I almost screamed with joy, but then again, I thought, there are strange people passing through the village and I should be cautious. You know, it was a time of uprising, some rebels ran away and the police were searching for them everywhere. But there was nobody inside."