



Enigma Magazine

Special Edition:
NINA'S SIGHTINGS

Editorial

At the suggestion of a reader, we spent two years researching the story of Nina Kulagina, and although official records are quite clear about her fate - stating that she is no longer in this world - we believe we have found "a Nina," who may be the same or may be "another Nina."

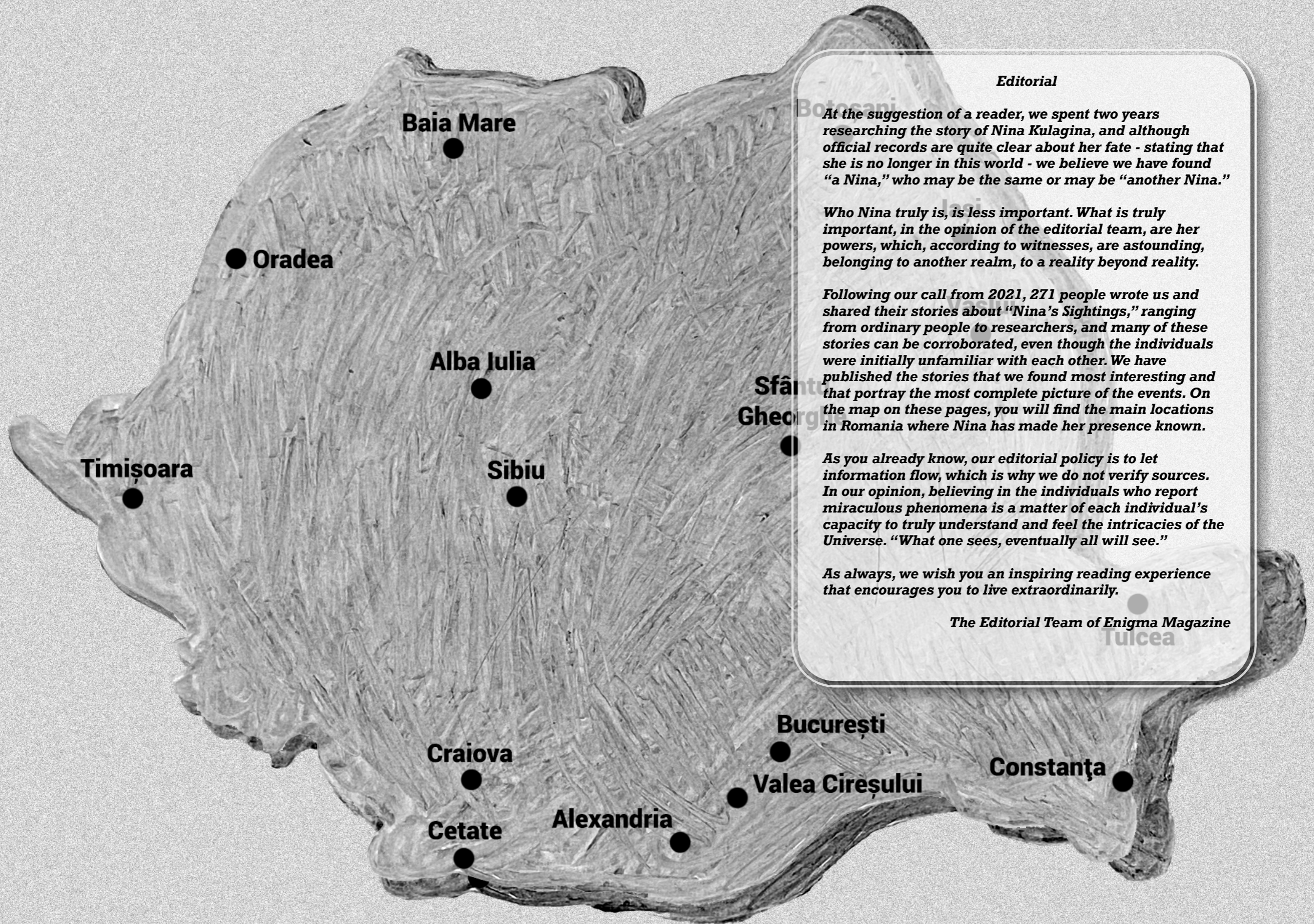
Who Nina truly is, is less important. What is truly important, in the opinion of the editorial team, are her powers, which, according to witnesses, are astounding, belonging to another realm, to a reality beyond reality.

Following our call from 2021, 271 people wrote us and shared their stories about "Nina's Sightings," ranging from ordinary people to researchers, and many of these stories can be corroborated, even though the individuals were initially unfamiliar with each other. We have published the stories that we found most interesting and that portray the most complete picture of the events. On the map on these pages, you will find the main locations in Romania where Nina has made her presence known.

As you already know, our editorial policy is to let information flow, which is why we do not verify sources. In our opinion, believing in the individuals who report miraculous phenomena is a matter of each individual's capacity to truly understand and feel the intricacies of the Universe. "What one sees, eventually all will see."

As always, we wish you an inspiring reading experience that encourages you to live extraordinarily.

The Editorial Team of Enigma Magazine



Story from the “Lacul Morii” Island

It was an early September day when I first saw Nina. I used to go to “Lacul Morii” Island almost daily during that time to spend some alone time and read. The place looked like a ruin of a socialist urban idea. I enjoyed spending time on the island because nothing there resembled the Bucharest of the 2000s; everything seemed forgotten in a much older and more problematic world. Rarely did I see people around me, and when I did, they would hide from me. On the deserted island, we all avoided each other because it was a secret place where everyone would escape from the daily grind or familiar faces. It was also a meeting place for financially challenged lovers and melancholic adolescents.

At that time, I lived in the Militari neighborhood, in a ground-floor studio apartment in a ten-story building. Next to me, there was a pastry shop, and every morning, before sunrise, I could smell the aroma of freshly baked croissants and apple turnovers. Often, I would buy a croissant and eagerly savor it on my way to “Lacul Morii” Island.

That morning, everyone was rushing around me, parents and grandparents taking their children and grandchildren to school, carrying flowers and heavy bags filled with knowledge. The children would jump and dance, boasting about their new shoes. An old lady was selling lovenge on an upturned vegetable crate, on which she had placed the front page of a newspaper announcing

the attacks on the Twin Towers. I found myself thinking it was a waste, and that the newspaper should be preserved as an archive. Little did I know that seeing the symbol of the New World collapsing live on TV would not be the strangest thing I would witness that September.

Once on the island, I sat at the pier, one of my favorite spots, facing the Militari neighborhood, and began to read. “The Last Night of Love, The First Night of War” by Camil Petrescu was my choice that morning. I immersed myself in the reading until something strange happened - a silence unlike anything I had ever experienced before, no sound, no movement of air, no inner fear or anguish. Suddenly, I felt myself in a space of absolute peace, unaware of my body or the book in my hands. I raised my gaze from the book, and that’s when I saw Nina. She was standing with her back to me, wearing a white and dark blue striped dress, low black heels, and had her arms raised. Between her palms, a sphere of light began to form and grow. I watched in awe, but still, I felt no fear. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, and warm tears started streaming down my cheeks. The sphere grew larger and formed an aura around Nina’s head, and she now seemed like a saint from a post-modernist icon. After a few moments, the entire body of Nina was engulfed in the sphere, and I wondered how long it would take until the entire island would become part of that milky light. I didn’t receive an answer because when the light



reached me, I felt my skin electrifying, and that remains the last memory of that event. I suppose I fainted.

I woke up late in the afternoon, tired and with sunburns on my skin. I ran all over the island to find the mysterious woman who could create spheres of light, but there was no trace of her. I returned home, where I applied yogurt on my burns and looked out the window at the first yellow leaves of autumn.

I encountered Nina multiple times throughout that autumn. Always dressed the same, she would often stroll around the island. Sometimes she would seek a more secluded spot and start forming the spheres of light, one by one, two, three, five, seven, eleven, thirteen. Once, I even counted 211 spheres on the surface of the lake. I never dared to ask her anything; I didn’t want to disturb her. There was a seriousness in her actions that made you feel that by bothering her, you could halt the rotation of the planet, and the world would end in a millisecond.

Surely, she knew that I knew about her special activities because she never hid from me. Once, she even smiled at me knowingly. No, I didn’t try to photograph her! When you witness something so special, you don’t want to confine it to just any film!

On October 26th, I left Bucharest and ended my walks on the island. When I returned, I never saw Nina again. I didn’t even know her name until I saw her photograph published in your magazine and the call for contributions.

I wished I had spoken to her that autumn, and maybe this is my chance. I would like to convey to her that she inspired me to believe in amazing things and create my own interpretation of reality. And to live without regrets, without detailed plans, because at any moment, light can be created out of nothing. For me, the “nothing” will never be the same again.

Eve

Did you know that Nina died in April 1990 according to official records?

Following our call for contributions, we received hundreds of accounts about this mysterious woman beyond her date of death.



The Lady from the Eclipse

It was the day of the Total Solar Eclipse, August 11th, 1999. With several friends of my age, we decided to go and watch it from the rooftop of the castle, the highest point of our village. We left the night before to organize a small party. There was a lot of alcohol involved, and in the morning, we started drinking again. We made scenarios about the end of the world, cracked silly jokes, shared romantic stories, and so on.



All in all, we were very excited to witness this rare phenomenon. Just before the Eclipse, I started feeling sick, either from being in the sun too long, drinking too much alcohol, or from all the different kinds of popcorn and chips I had eaten. The bottom line is, I had to go down to the yard to vomit and drink water. I was running because I was trying to get back up to the rooftop for the event. I didn't make it in time, so I decided to watch from below, but before I could find and put on my glasses, I saw something even more extraordinary:

A gigantic woman, as big as the castle, slightly translucent. I was looking at both the Eclipse and her simultaneously.

The woman was circling the castle, moving slowly. When the Eclipse ended, I couldn't see her anymore. It's pointless to tell you about the jokes my friends made when I told them about her. No one had seen her, and no one believed me. My reality had been shaken. I found her description in your magazine and made the connection.

Yes, I believe that during the Eclipse, I saw Nina too.

Matei

3 times Nina in Cetate

1. The T-shirt

It was a hot day in the summer of 1990 when I saw Nina. I saw her only once, and I had previously heard about her from the people in the village. A couple had seen her floating on water in a bath of light a few weeks earlier, and the whole village buzzed with attempts to explain the phenomenon. Some said she was evil and a bad omen, while others believed she was a spy with advanced technology.

I still lived with my boys and my ex-husband in a house near the old road that leads to Craiova. The boys were 5 and 6 years old, and I had finally managed to put them to sleep for their afternoon nap, so I stepped out onto the porch to have a cup of coffee. That's when I saw her, a brunette woman, about 1.65 meters tall, with striking eyes, wearing a brown two-piece suit. She was walking among the



clothes I had hung out to dry. It was clearly a violation of my property, so why was this woman in my yard? And who was she? I approached her and asked: "- Who are you?" At first, she didn't respond and continued walking among the clothes. When I was about to repeat the question, she stopped in front of a T-shirt, fixed her gaze on it, raised her hand, and began making abrupt movements from her wrist, as if she was trying to move the shirt from a distance. The T-shirt started trembling and moving. I tried to understand what was happening, but I had no explanation. There wasn't a hint of wind!

The coffee cup slipped from my hand and shattered on the concrete, and the woman stopped her hand movements and headed towards the gate. She looked at me once more and answered, "Nina, Nina Kulagina." I stood frozen for minutes, right there among the clothes...

Who was Nina Kulagina? What did she have to do with my T-shirt? How did she move it? Is she really the same woman from the Danube? Why did she visit me? As I tried to make sense of it all and was considering running to the police, I saw my boys at the window, their eyes wide open. I rushed inside and asked them if they saw

her. The eldest, Victor, calmly replied, "Yes, we see her all the time at the castle in the valley when we go there to play. Sometimes she makes raspberry cakes for us, but she told us not to tell anyone about her. Are you friends?"... Below, I'll share another appearance of Nina, but it's Victor's story, so I asked him to write it.

2. The friend from the Castle

"When we were young in Cetate, my brother and I would go to the castle in the valley to play with other kids. Usually, there was no one there. Since the communists had left, the castle had been abandoned. But from time to time, a woman named Nina would appear. She had beautiful yet stern features, but we were not afraid of her. She knew the most entertaining games and would perform all sorts of tricks to make us laugh. Once, she floated along the stone walls of the castle, about a hand's distance from the surface. Most of the time, she



would make objects fly or change the colors of the flowers. Back then, we didn't understand that what Nina did was paranormal. We were children, and reality was still fluid. She would tell us stories from a distant realm located between Uranus and Neptune. Unfortunately, I don't remember them well. I was very young and didn't retain much. What I do know is that we felt very comfortable in her presence.

Our encounters with her took place throughout the summer before I started school. I went to school in the city, in Craiova, and I didn't return to Cetate until recently when I revisited the castle, trying to remember more about Nina after my mother told me about your article. I am curious to know more about her. I have read everything I could find online, and I can't wait to read the dedicated issue about her."

Victor

For me, that summer was a nightmare. The endless fights with my husband multiplied, and all I wanted was to take the boys and leave. I was very scared, and the appearance of this woman terrified me even more. What if she harmed the boys? No one believed me about anything...

In the autumn, I was able to go to my sister's in Craiova, I got divorced, and after that, I rebuilt my life. Would I have had the courage to leave without the episode of Nina's appearance? I don't know, but I believe the work you're doing is important, it is about the exploration of another world, of another version of reality. We need to find out who this woman is. I hope our contributions have been helpful to you.

Catinca

3. The Floating Women

It was the night of May 21st to 22nd, 1990. I remember the date precisely because I had learned that Ion Iliescu had been elected President of Romania the day before.

I had invited my girlfriend from back then, Ileana, for a walk along the Danube shore. That's how we young people relaxed, as there wasn't much to do

in Cetate. I remember our conversation vividly. We were so young and dreamed of all the changes that the newly won freedom would bring us. Chewing gum, jeans, and rock music. We had an infinite thirst for anything that could be more than what we had five minutes ago, to experience, to see, to possess, and ultimately, to live.

We talked about how backward we must have been and what lay beyond, this time with boundless enthusiasm that we, too, would be part of that beyond, but this time here. We rejoiced at the prospect of having politicians, free press, commercial TV, and visits to and from the Western world. We reveled in the newest of the new and the prospect of something different.

At one point, we stopped to admire the Danube and the lights from Bulgaria. They seemed more playful than ever on that night.

As we gazed at the Danube, making promises to ourselves like young couples do, I saw her. A woman was floating on the water, surrounded by a radiant light. I was about to run towards the water, but Ileana held me tight, saying, "Maybe she's a spirit, maybe she'll harm us..."

I was strongly drawn to the water, feeling my heart pounding, trying to stop myself from jumping into the Danube. Nina, that's what I understand her name is, continued to float away, shining, with the river. The air became cold and refreshing, and with each breath, I felt a pain in my chest, like when it's freezing cold in winter. We were able to see her for several minutes. When she disappeared, we silently headed home.

I didn't keep in touch with Ileana for long. We broke up at the end of that summer, and I recently found out from some acquaintances that she had gone all the way to Australia. I wrote to her and sent her your announcement, but she didn't respond.

Nina's appearance represented that boundary between then and now for me. I could never forget that magical moment, and I often returned in my mind to that image and the question of what would have happened if I had jumped in water after her?

Gabriel

The House of People, a driver, a dancer, a mystery

