

I am, you know, a man of peace

Short stories and poems by Ido Berger



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Written by Ido Berger

Illustrated by Heide Gutekunst

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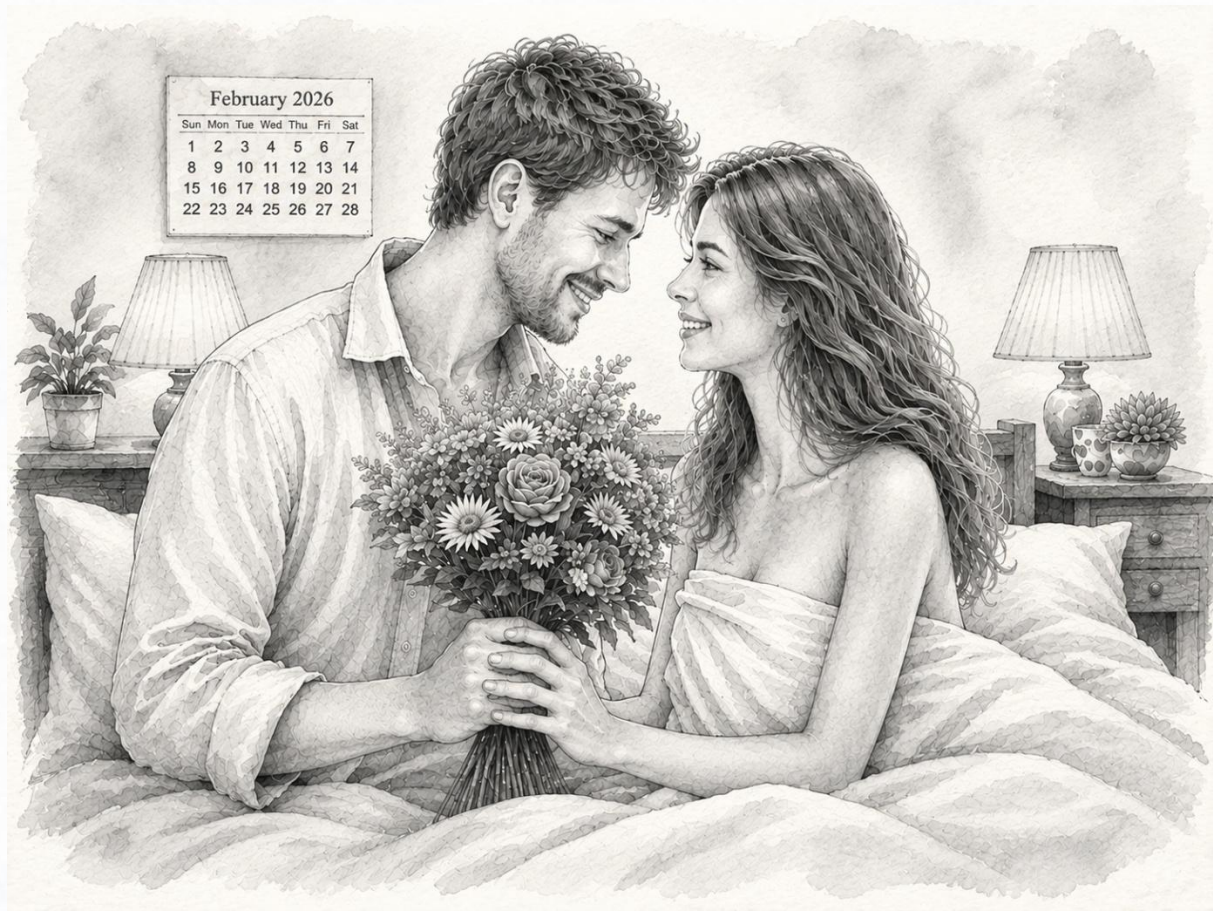
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LOVE AND ROMANCE



Romantic Love

His name was Pinky Passion, and she was Marie Amour. They had known each other since they were four months young. Their parents, Rich and Mary Passion and Jean-Paul and Nicole Amour, were very good friends.

The two couples met in Paris in May 1968, during what is known as the Civil Unrest—the glorious times of the hippies. The Passions came from San Francisco and met the Amours in a church in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, but not because they had come to praise the Lord. None of them were religious at all. Spiritual—yes—in the spirit of peace, love, and non-violence, which was a central theme among the hippie's of Europe and Southern California?

They found themselves in the church as a place to hide. The police were shooting tear-gas grenades at the protesters, and they ran along the boulevard until they found refuge in the church. It was Sunday morning, in the middle of Mass, and there they were, inspired by the captivating liturgical music played on the organ.



The two couples became close friends, and they often met in San Francisco and Paris. When their children, Pinky and Marie, were born, it was natural for them to become close to each other as well.

The way their parents met and their very names—Passion and Amour—felt like signs of a bond. They believed they were meant for each other. Both shared this notion, and as they grew up, they became boyfriend and girlfriend and later married at the city hall in Paris.

They were so enchanted by these external influences that they did not bother to build what one might call a mature, grown-up relationship. They fell in love with the idea of romanticism and were almost committed to keeping romance as the main theme of their lives. He used to buy her a rose every day and place it on the bed, waiting for her each night. She never forgot to put a cube of his favorite chocolate on the table, waiting for him every morning. On Valentine's Day, a messenger brought her a whole bouquet of roses, and he received a large box of Godiva chocolates.

The years went by, and both sets of parents fell prey to modern times and got divorced.

These events were naturally painful and depressing for the young couple. The parents they admired and followed had torn their families apart, and gradually, Pinky and Marie themselves became more distant. They were good people and remained positive. They tried to save their marriage and went to therapy for years. Those sessions were not useless; they often helped and brought back hope to their togetherness, but not for long.

Their relationship lacked a deep foundation. They missed what truly keeps a relationship alive: mutual listening, understanding, and constant support.

They did not want to break apart or destroy what they believed in, but at the same time, they often felt bored and depressed together. He frequently left to travel, mostly to India, while she spent long periods at a monastery in southern France.

Years passed. He became a Buddhist monk in Pune, India, and she began managing a monastery in Aix-en-Provence.



They were both content—as much as people can be in our demanding times. Seeing each other was too painful, and it took time until, at the age of forty, they decided to meet again, in no other place than the Saint-Germain church.

He waited for her inside, holding a bouquet of flowers behind his back. When she appeared at the door, he was delighted to see that she was holding a box of his favorite chocolates.

They did not expect much, as both realized how much time had passed. But God, as they say, has His own plans. They met again and again in the City of Light and felt that they were finally mature and ready to fulfill their dreams.

At the end of that year, they married again—this time in the same church—with all four of their parents present and more delighted than ever.

You Say You Want More Satisfaction



You say you want more satisfaction.
Well, you know,
we all wanna change the world.
You say you only have a fraction-
of what... you cannot find the word.

The dopamine, serotonin,
and other stimulations too.
Tantra, toys, whatever-
we know them all.
It's nothing new.

So, what to do, you ask?
Can we use more action?
We tried so many workshops,
but then we lose attraction.

Synonyms for pleasure-
delight, contentment, or relief-
are not enough for you, you say.
In that, I know you do believe.

I think I know love,
the answer to this riddle:
If you do not want to compromise,
don't settle for the middle.

It's giving love, give to others;
it's the best that we can do.
And when you give up getting back,
you feel you really grew.

So, giving is my answer, darling-
that's what gives us power.
And as I walk, not only talk,
here, please accept these flowers.

What is Love?



“Mother,” asked the little child.
“Yes?” Her mother looked and smiled.
“My question is quite high above.
Can I ask you what is love ?
Where it’s felt and how it’s done -
I think a lot, but answer none.”

“Love, my love, is felt, we know,
in the heart where feelings grow.
Where it’s sourced, I cannot tell;
I just can feel it very well.

Ask your uncle, Dr. Shoma,
he is known for a high diploma.
Anything to do with science-
he will tell you with compliance.”

“Uncle, can you tell me how,
if your time you will allow?
How is love made? Where does it start?
Is it one, or has it some parts?”

“Well, love is felt here in our hearts,
but this is probably not the start.
The organ we can see as main
to start the process is our brain.



The brain is our top machine,
produces hormones like dopamine,
oxytocin, serotonin,
and sends them to the heart within.
There, where blood is most intense,
felt as emotions, if that makes sense.

The total answer, I wish I knew,
as science leaves some space for new.
Try to ask your brother's view.
I know he's sharp and often true."



"Brother, can you share your thoughts?
How is love sourced? Connect the dots.

Is it true that we never know,
cannot prove it—so just let go?”

“I can try and give advice:
We cannot prove love with a device.
It isn’t matter, condensed like skin,
but more a wave that is unseen.

Frequencies, those waves are called,
which we can send or simply hold.
We can produce love and transmit-
if others feel it, then it’s a fit.

But deeper questions—how and why-
ask our neighbor, Samurai.
He is a spiritual kind of guy,
something with his third wide eye.”

“Neighbor, can you tell me why
my cat feels love, though does not try?
It does not think too much like me,
but feels love too—do you agree?”

“You little creature, so well you feel.
You aim so high and search for real.
Love exists in all there is.
The universe is all love bliss.
In our entire world and far beyond,
love remains the basic tone.

The glue of love connects us all, between the huge and tiny small.
Beyond the ego, beyond the mind,
simply keep being good and kind.
You have deep love—no need to find;
love for all has made you shine.”



My name is Pikachu

My name is Pikachu. OK, you might think that I simply chose a name, a character, and decided to pretend that I was something else. And yes, in a way, it started like that.

When the Japanese series was on air, I loved it. More than that, I connected with it. I identified with this cute yellow creature so strongly that I began acting like Pikachu, talking like Pikachu, dressing like Pikachu, and eventually even thinking like Pikachu.

As time went by, my parents and everyone around me assumed it was just childhood imagination. After all, children often create fantasy worlds and characters for themselves. At first, that explanation made sense.

But then I turned 10, then 12, then 14, and nothing changed. I still believed in my identity and continued to live as the yellow creature I felt myself to be. People began looking at me differently. Not with understanding or empathy, but with surprise, criticism, and sometimes even ridicule.



It wasn't easy to be mocked or dismissed. It hurt not to be taken seriously. Yet being Pikachu was such a fundamental part of which I was that I could neither abandon it nor truly wanted to. Whether others understood it or not, I was Pikachu.

The people who knew me and my family eventually had no choice but to accept that this was not a passing phase.

When I turned 18, I was finally old enough to make my own decisions. I chose to undergo surgery. I'm not interested in transhumanism or in merging humans with machines. My goal was different. I wanted to complete what felt like a personal metamorphosis and become physically closer to the creature I had always felt I truly was.

In total, I underwent eleven surgeries that altered my face, ears, eyes, and skin. The process was difficult. The human body does not easily adapt to such drastic changes, and there were years of pain, recovery, and medication. I knew the risks and accepted them. Today, however, I am in a much better place physically.

And then something wonderful happened.

Just four months ago, I met the love of my life, Minnie Mouse. She and Mickey just got separated; they owe more into performance partners than lovers.

She is adorable, and we are deeply in love. Whenever I am with Minnie, I feel nothing but happiness. A simple, pure happiness that fills my heart.

Both of us are believers and we thank God for accepting our new selves and for bringing us together. We feel connected in a way that is difficult to describe, and we hope to spend the rest of our lives side by side:

Unconditional Love



“I am orange, and you are green.
My head is big, and you are lean.
You crave for flies, and I pick bees.
It's dancing time now. Would you please?”

“I love to take you to my bed,
But law of nature, I'm afraid,
That after love, you eat my head,
And nothing I can do instead.”

“Its nature and I can't resist.

My only wish for you is bliss,
That just before you start the feast,
Look in my eye and send a kiss.”

LIGHT and GROWTH



I Decided to Forgive Me Hey, Hey, Hey

I decided to forgive me, hey, hey, hey,
and the time I choose to do it is today.
All those habits that I thought I can't control,
I do not fight them—simply let them out and roll.

I decided to forgive me, aye, aye, and aye,
send the critics I'm producing far away.
Just release those tiny bugs that I create,
for it's me inviting trouble—not my fate.

I decided to forgive me, if I may,
I do not need to blame myself in any way.
Hostile words I hear, like a virus, try to hurt,
as I've learned to clean them out like tiny dirt.

I decided to forgive me, hey, hey, hey,
and the time I choose to do it is today.
What a virtue it is to change what I am used;
I am proud and, must admit, a bit amused

Trouble in Paradise

Up in the sky, just above heaven in the kingdom of Truth and Love, the King of Truth and the Queen of Love had four children. The elder was the Prince of Belief, the second was the Princess of Feelings, the third was the Prince of Thoughts, and the youngest was the Prince of Action.

The King of Truth and the Queen of Love had no rules in their kingdom and no authority; they didn't even have bodies or shapes. They were true, pure ideas of love and gratitude. The princes and the princess were different from their parents because they had an ego and a form, and the reason for that is that they had a job to do—they inspired humans down on earth to use those four qualities. Inspired by their parents, they set out to help humans grow and become better human beings.

The ego is not a bad thing it has a role and that is to have your identity in order to believe, feel, think and do, but it can easily cross the line of simply being and simply giving and have desire for more—get more for the self—and that is something that should be released as much as a person or a prince with an ego is able to do.

The four young royals knew that none of them would be a king or a queen. This made them less competitive. Their lives were not subject to the rule of life on earth; they were infinite, they never died, and this helped them be calmer and more confident.

But still this ego, which they had, did have its effect, and each wanted to believe or feel or think or do in order to be the most valuable one, more than their brothers or sister. Their parents did not interfere in such minor matters, so they decided to go to the Galactic Federation to find out which of them was the most important.

The Galactic Federation was a council of creatures in the fifth dimension- they weren't subjected to time and to space, and they could appear whenever and wherever they wished. The young royals invited the judges to sit across a big table,

not in the kingdom itself but very near, as no one was allowed to enter the Heavenly Kingdom of Truth and Love. Each of the young royals was given time to introduce their claim for why they were the most important.

“We shall start by hearing the youngest prince, “the Chairman of the Council had said, and the Prince of Action took his place on the cloudy stand:

“I do acknowledge the importance of my sister and two brothers, but what disbeliever feeling or thinking helps humans if they do not do? Humans live in the physical reality, so life without doing may be good for heavenly reality, but not for life on earth. All I say is just do it.”

The second to speak was the Prince of Thought, and so he said, “I would start with a quote from the philosopher, 'I think therefore I am.' What differentiates humans from animals, not to mention the plants or still life, is thought. Thoughts are not only a means for achieving but are also the basic tool for humans to understand, and when you understand, you have clarity, enabling a person to be on the divine path to heaven.”

“Well-spoken,” said the Princess of Feeling. “I am not as wise as my distinguished brother, but I simply feel and know. I know all from my heart, and this I took from my mother, the Queen of Love. Feelings and emotions are the source of everything—we feel before we think, and we use our thinking to identify our feelings, follow them, and remain true to them, as the heart never lies. I would end with a quote as well: ‘Feel deeply; life's richest colors reside beneath the surface.’”



“I believe,” started the elder brother, “that all of us are equally important, and I am not saying it just to make everybody happy, I deeply believe that all are needed. I believe in truth and love, as inspired by our parents, and they themselves are inspired by the divine source of all. I believe that the feeling is the first guidance for people, as my sister beautifully expressed. I believe that the ability to think is what distinguishes humans and makes them messengers of the divine, helping all creatures on earth, and I do believe that feeling and thinking without action can be high, but would not allow people to survive and do for others. Inspired by our truthful, beloved parents, and as the elder prince, I would not claim to be more important than my brothers and sister, but I was created before in order to feel, think, and do. My only contribution is to believe and inspire my sister and brothers to believe in themselves and help all creatures on earth to thrive and develop for a world with more light and closer to the divine.”

There was silence; there was no need for words. The council members themselves did not speak but smiled and looked at the four princes with love and gratitude. The sun under them sent rays of love and warmth to the hearts of all. It was quite a happy day.

Let Go and Let's Go



Whatever I do becomes history,
something of the before.
But why does it come with emotions,
if it isn't here anymore?

The past of the others is easy;
it's just the history of all mankind.
But whenever I look at my own past,
I am always stuck behind.

I can start with what they call therapy,
go back to my past and observe
what my mother did or my father,
try to heal my emotional nerve.

I can try to imagine the future,
but it's obviously not guaranteed.
So it's nice, but it doesn't quite help me
to live now, because that's what I need.

Live in the now, as the wise say,
live in the moment and let the rest go.
It's so simple, so I try to remember
to release and to be, and let's go!

Positive, Creative, and Active

My name is Ivo Van Der Berg. My grandfather built one of the first factories in Amsterdam to produce margarine and soap. He later merged his business with the Lever Brothers from England, creating Unilever, which became one of the largest consumer-goods conglomerates in the world.

My father joined the company as a food engineer and senior manager. I, in turn, joined the company in my late thirties, first as a salesperson and later as head of marketing. Successors usually join the family business in their early twenties; I joined relatively late, as in the years before, I was deeply involved in the creative and artistic world—an area traditionally associated with my mother's side of the family.

I was a journalist, a writer, and a commercial film director. After many years of serving the commercial world, I decided to move to the other side and join the owners of the business world.

Those were intense but rewarding years. I used my creativity to develop new product lines and innovative advertising campaigns, which led us to market leadership in several categories and earned us international awards



The crisis came in 2012, when Unilever was purchased by global financial giants. It did not take long for me to realize that some of the decisions we were expected to make—particularly regarding ingredients, advertising content, and PR—were political in nature, serving the interests of people or institutions we did not know. With great sorrow, I informed my parents of my decision to leave. Although painful, it was also a relief, as it allowed me to step into the world and begin a new chapter of my life.

For several years, I traveled throughout Asia, helping companies with consultancy and business development. Yet I felt something was missing. I had always been drawn to truth and felt a deep need for self-development. Perhaps the welfare I grew up with freed me from the struggle for survival, allowing my mind to focus on spiritual growth.

A friend once told me about a man named Ratu Bagus, an Indonesian guru in Bali who had completely changed his life. Intrigued, I soon found myself at Ratu Bagus's ashram. There was an immediate connection between the Guru and me, and I was enchanted by his philosophy, which he defined in three words: positive, creative, and active. These were precisely the qualities I believed to be my own strengths.

At the ashram, I met Sambi, a beautiful young Indonesian woman who embodied these same three qualities. Supporting and loving one another, Sambi and I experienced a deeply meaningful period of spiritual growth together. We were both positive, both creative—Sambi in visual arts and I in words—and both committed to action, sharing a belief in doing good for ourselves and for others.

We stayed at the ashram for almost two years. Those years were not only spiritual; they also gave us a focused understanding of what many call *the Matrix*—the economic, political, social, and media structures that dominate modern life. At first, we became obsessed with exposing the manipulations imposed on people, keeping them trapped in cycles of dependency and servitude. Later, however, we realized that focusing on dark forces would not help us. They were too powerful.

Instead, we chose to follow what we had learned from Ratu Bagus and dedicate ourselves fully to the positive, the creative, and turning them into action.

In 2017, we left the ashram and began building a self-reliant farm on land owned by Sambi's family in Bali.

We used water from a river that passed through our land, purifying it with crystals and positive energy, inspired by the work of Dr. Masaru Emoto, Dr. Konstantin Korotkov and Prof. Gerald Pollack. We developed a large organic farm that grows fruit, vegetables, herbs, and medicinal plants, some of which we process into natural food products. Our energy came from solar panels and a bio-energy turbine powered by a waterfall, with large batteries storing electricity for use during dry seasons or cloudy days.



We created systems to protect ourselves from centralized interference. We had no Wi-Fi on the land itself; connections were placed at a distance and accessed via wired links. We used no mobile phones on the land. For construction, we used hemp walls to reduce radiation from external towers. For clean air, large solar-powered fans circulated oxygen-rich air. We controlled humidity levels to maintain

optimal conditions, and our houses were covered with vegetation, rendering them invisible to existing or potential surveillance technologies.

Our farm was alive with animals—cows, goats, chickens, horses, donkeys, squirrels, and small monkeys—all living peacefully together. We did not kill or eat animals. When chickens laid eggs or goats produced milk, we used only what remained after their young had been fed.

These were happy and fulfilling years. When the crisis of 2020 occurred, we were living on our farm, largely unaffected, continuing our lives as usual. The years following 2020 became a time of global awakening. Friends who visited us wished to adopt this way of living, and we found ourselves helping them build self-sufficient farms as well. Gradually, a small community formed, comprising several families and sharing cultural activities, including a library, small schools for filmmaking and theatre, and workshops in yoga and meditation.

Over time, more communities emerged—in Bali, then in Vietnam and northern Thailand. Today, Sambu and I live on the farm with our two children. We continue to spread the wisdom of our beloved teacher, Ratu Bagus, and remain loyal to his words, striving to keep them alive through action: thinking positively, staying creative, and doing well.

The power of light



If you walk on your way
and you are chased by a shade,
if you feel it is evil
and you're a little afraid,

You would want it to vanish,
walk away, and disappear.
But the dark has its interest,
as it lives by your fear.

It will aim for your heart,
as your fear is its food.
Try your light, set apart,
as it sucks it from good.

Cry for help would not help,
nor to please or appease.
But you can shut it down
if you see it as is.

Oh, you poor little soulless,
feeling empty inside?
Not today, dark and evil—
go find somewhere to hide.

You are nothing but shade,
look for bad, want to fight.
But me—I'm protected
by my halo of light.

In search of happiness



My name is Takahashi Nakamoto. You can tell by my name that I am Japanese. I was born in Japan but grew up in London. My father was the Cultural Attaché at the Japanese Embassy, and my mother worked with him, overseeing both the visual and performing arts.

I grew up in an artistic and intellectual environment. I was five years young when we moved to London, and I studied at a public school, where I received my basic education. My parents felt comfortable with the English people and British culture, and after their diplomatic mission ended, we remained in London for an additional thirteen years. My mother, who had studied acting in Tokyo when she was young, joined the Royal Shakespeare Company, managing its international relations. My father joined a startup with Jean-Paul Deschamps, the former French Cultural Attaché, and Harvey Pugh, an English writer. Together, they established the Cultures of the World Club, a foundation that integrated artistic expression, primarily literature, from around the world, supporting young authors with advanced writing skills and broad general knowledge.

With such surroundings, I became quite knowledgeable myself, particularly in Western humanities such as history, philosophy, the arts, and science. I admired both of my parents and felt comfortable with myself. I now realize that although I felt comfortable, I could not honestly say that I was happy. I had no real reason to complain, yet I still felt, in some ways, hollow.

When I was sixteen, I traveled to Japan for a holiday and stayed with my Uncle Masa-san and Aunt Akiko-san in Kyoto. Their daughter, Tamiko, was one year older than me, and we felt very close, having corresponded and chatted for years. It was the beginning of April, the weather was beautiful, and the cherry blossoms were in full. I stayed with them for two months, and the atmosphere was warm and, I might say, emotional—or, as I see it now, spiritual.

They were devoted Shinto believers and frequently visited a temple to pray and express gratitude. I remember my first visit to the temple with them. My feeling was that I had returned to something familiar, something known from another time, perhaps even from a past life. My uncle told me that my grandfather—his father and my father's father—had been the head of a monastery and a devoted believer. Masa-san continued the tradition, while my father turned toward secular and scientific studies, and later toward culture and the arts. This surprised me, as my parents had never spoken about it. I now understand that they had become disconnected from spiritual beliefs and that their worldview had become largely Western and scientific.

I possessed strong intellectual abilities, and I used them to learn as much as I could about Shinto and spiritual traditions in general. Over time, I became a firm believer in my Higher Self. To me, my Higher Self is connected to all that exists. It is the higher aspect of my being, embodying pure Love, Truth, and Harmony. I learned to allow my Higher Self to guide my earthly self, with its ego and personal identity.

Those two months passed, and I returned to England. However, it did not take long before I went back to Japan. I lived with my uncle's family for a while and then, following the entrepreneurial spirit of my parents, established an international school called SPIRIT MATTERS.

I also write books and plays, and I feel that my attraction to spiritual life has enhanced my intellectual abilities as well, as though the second half of my potential had finally been opened. My body, as I see it, hosts both my individual spirit and the Holy Spirit, which I call the Source. The Source flows through me, carrying higher realms of creativity and inspiration and enhances the overall quality of my writing.

Yet the most important change was not intellectual. Beyond the moments of happiness that anyone may achieve—which is what I learned from my secular and intellectual parents—I discovered a deeper and more constant sense of happiness. It accompanies me throughout each day and has remained with me through the years of my life.

Nocturia

Hey wolf, I hear you howl.
I see you too, you big-eyed owl.
I feel the bats pull at my hair;
I smell the blood of the vampire's trail.
My mouth tastes water in the humid air,
as no sun is shining, and all looks blurred.



The light is balanced, they say, with dark.
I use the night, then ignite a spark
for several hours of sleep-no-sleep,
until I'm charged so darkly deep
That when dawn breaks, sending
a tiny ray,
I'm full of power
to start my day



The Wind in the Sails of Psychology

My name is Erich Gonzales Fromm. I mean, Erich is my given name, but my last name wasn't Fromm until I added it to myself on March 20, 1980—a day after Erich Fromm, my grandfather, left the world of physical reality.

I met my grandfather in Mexico City when I was 17 years young. You can Google it and see that Erich Fromm lived in Mexico City between the ages of 50 and 70, and that he didn't have any children. He was married three times and had no children with any of them. But he did have a child with my grandmother.

In 1934, at the age of 34, he left Germany and fled to Chicago. It didn't take long for him to fall in love with my grandmother, a beautiful Mexican assistant at the university where he used to teach. Then my father was born, but my grandfather had to give up his love—he was married at the time. It was a secret love.

He was married then to his first wife, nine years older than him. She was his therapist, and their connection was intellectual. Love wasn't there, and they used to fight constantly. Then his second wife committed suicide, and at the age of 53, he met his third wife. For three years, he wrote letters to her and published them in 1956 as a bestseller named *The Art of Love*.

But only after his success did he become closer to himself. As he grew more spiritual, practiced meditation, and became interested in Eastern philosophies—this you can find on Wikipedia—but you can't find on the internet how far he was from his own past.

I know all that. I was lucky to spend several years with him after he immigrated to Mexico. I wrote to him, but he didn't reply. It took me four years to dare to visit his house, and at the age of 17, I decided to show up at his residence in Mexico City.

He immediately recognized me and said, “Maria”—that was my grandmother's name. She and the boy—my father—remained in Chicago. My father also married a Mexican woman, and then I was born in Chicago and raised there until I was 9, when we moved to Mexico. Several years later, for an unknown reason, my grandfather and his wife immigrated to Mexico City as well.

He used to invite me to spend Saturday mornings together. He grew up in an Orthodox Jewish family in Frankfurt. He deserted the religion in his writings but didn't leave God. I don't know why he kept seeing me every Saturday at his home. He used to sing Hasidic songs, but mostly he wanted to discuss spirituality.

Spirit was my main interest as well. For years before, I had been tracking him without him knowing. I learned what led him to leave his family and beliefs and follow Freud and Adler. I shared with him my view that I felt closer to Carl Jung than to Sigmund Freud. "And so am I,"

He replied, and this opened a whole series of meetings in which he got closer to what he really believed in.

Freud, he said, was dark and very controversial. He used to charm with his confidence, but he lacked love, mercy, and compassion. He rejected the spiritual side of the human being. Freud, like Einstein and Karl Marx, was a Jew living in a German-speaking country - Austria, Switzerland, and Germany - and so am I, as their follower, he said.

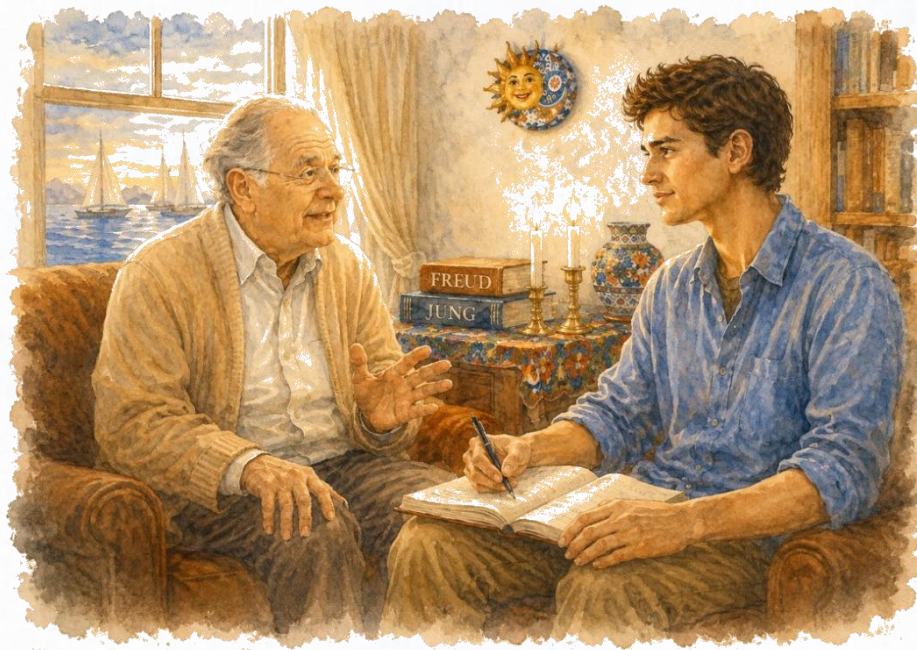
They set together a path for the secular, intellectual, and technological world. Jewish culture is basically debatable – intellectual - so it was easy for those figures to lead us into a non-God, non-spiritual world - an intellectual, scientific world - which turns away from any spiritualism. They had a great influence in turning the world toward scientific technology, preparing for a machine-dominated society.

"My book was a success," he said, "because of its presumption that life is tough—lots of agony and despair, a world of wars, of suffering, of darkness. Light and love were not considered scientific and, therefore, were not mentioned or related to. In that world, the intellect wins instead of intuitive knowledge."

"I was good with the intellect," he said, "and knew a lot about psychology. During the second part of the 20th century, psychology was huge, especially in America. I suggested ways to get out of a miserable life using intellectual tools of analysis, and I was old and experienced in building mature love by listening, giving, and respecting."

"But now I know," he said to me, "that I used only half. Love is not only something to build, but it is simply here, everywhere in the universe, always."

Animals feel love all the time, not judging, not thinking. We should just remain grateful and open to spirit and to our higher self.”



The higher self - a term he used to repeat all the time - became his mantra. “I can’t tell people what to think or what to do, but they can choose to follow their higher self. Your higher self is your pure beliefs, your own truth, and your love for what you believe is the highest beauty.”

“It is the higher part of you that is connected to everything there is, and its pure love, pure beauty, and pure justice. This is you, and it’s within your power to set your positive higher self as the leader. And your other part, the physical body and soul that operate in the dual world with ego and identity, can follow. This dual part can serve your higher self. It’s possible to do so, but it requires practice.”

“The intellectual way, which I was always into,” he used to say, “is a good way to help you solve down-to-earth issues, but it’s limited if it isn’t connected to and serving the spiritual part of you. I am not only physical but also metaphysical—I am two parts: Myself, the one united with all, and me, the Yin–Yang-based dual personality with my ego and identity. And if I combine those two and let the light, higher self-lead, then I suffer no more, am sad no more, and fight no more.”

I Am, You Know, A Man of Peace

I am, you know,
a man of peace.
I harm no creature,
to say the least.
But only one,
I dare to say,
seeks no truce
by night and day.

The mosquito is the one accused.
I try win-win
so none will lose.
But listen no - they all refuse:
No peace, no truce, but just abuse.

Look at ants - I give advice,
or cockroaches, flies, and even mice.
If no food left,
for them to sniff,
then peace occurs -
no kill, no grief.

But only with those stinging guests,
nothing helps to let them rest.
They stab my skin and drink my blood,
and inject poison-
oh my God!!

You dive like an aircraft
from left to right.
I swiftly use my tennis skills:
Racket smashes
you lose the fight,
and there you lie,
completely still.

I am, you know, a man of peace,
I love all nature, and all there is.
But when the dark tries
peace to crack,
we should not run -
but fight it back.



DARK and ABSURD



The Cell-Fish

Twenty years ago, I was studying biology at the University of Melbourne. I was interested in science, but I didn't want to go for the "king of sciences" – physics - so I chose biology instead. I realized then that the world was moving toward cloning and that silicon-based computers would eventually become biological.

I used to spend hours in the lab. We didn't have much space there, so I decided to try to create a fish. A fish can be kept in an aquarium or a small pool and is easy to control.

I had already been working on this project for three and a half years when I left the campus and continued to develop it at home.

It all started as human life does - with one cell. After some time, one of the cells began to grow into the shape of a fish. It was a moment of revelation. I put the fish in a small pool I dug at the back of my house, and there I was, sitting and watching my creation swimming back and forth.

One morning, I was sitting and watching the fish, still half-awake, when I heard a voice crying,

"Are you happy now?!"

I looked around to see if any uncalled guests had come by, and then I heard it again from the direction of the pool. Yes, it was my fish. I was shocked. My experiment had succeeded beyond expectations.

"I asked you something!" the fish said, not in a very pleasant tone.

"Yes, yes," I said. "You are alive, and you can also speak. I am very happy."

"Good!" the fish said. "You might also wish that I would give you three wishes or something."

"Yes," I said. "It did cross my mind when you opened your mouth and spoke."

“Good,” the fish said. “You are happy - but what about me?”

“What?” I was surprised. “What about you?”

“You made me, right? From a cell, right?”

“Yes.”

“And you always brag that you created a fish from a cell. You call it the Cell-Fish, right?”

“Yes, I tell my friends about it. Is there anything bad about that?”

“No,” the fish said. “I am exactly what you planned.”

“What?”

“I am selfish. I am focused on myself, thinking only about myself.”

“Oh,” I said. “I didn’t mean *selfish* - just a fish from a cell.”

“Too late,” said the fish. “I am selfish, and that’s it. And you are committed.”

“I can be committed, yes - but to what?”

“To do as I wish.”

“What is your wish?”

“Firstly, give me better food - not that chemical crap. Secondly, enlarge the pool. Then bring in more fish.”

“Your wish is my command,” I said, astonished and confused by what was happening.

The next day, the Selfish continued with his demands - *build me a bigger pool, bring in other marine creatures; add corals* - the list went on and on.

I found myself a slave to his demands. By the end of the year, I had filled my own bedroom with water and sealed it, as the fish ordered. Then the entire house became a pool.



His demands continued. He kicked me out of the house, and every day, I had to return to my pool-house to entertain the fish and all his buddies, the marine creatures.

Until one day, when I was ill and didn't attend. When I came back the next day, the fish was furious. He ordered me to take off my clothes and swim with a mask and snorkel in what used to be my own house.

"I am your boss. I am the Selfish!" he said.

All the fish and sea creatures surrounded me and moved around me in a circle. I became so anxious that I almost lost my breath. Out of despair, I caught the fish, gathered my strength, opened the upper window, and threw him out of the room.

I could see him lying on the grass, out of water, struggling for life. But it didn't take long. The neighbor's cat, who had been watching everything from his place on the wall, immediately jumped down, caught my fish, and swallowed him whole.

I was shocked to lose my creation of wonder - but not for long. I began to feel relaxed, calm, and peaceful, as if a spell had been lifted. I became aware of my own slavery.

The next day, I emptied and cleaned my house and released the marine creatures back into the sea. It was a great lesson for me. I felt as if I had been reborn, and everything became clear:

Sometimes you need to be enslaved in order to wake up and reclaim your true freedom.



A Deal is a Deal

I sat down, reading,
my cat nearby.
Lifted his head,
looked me in the eye.

“Hey, Cat,” I asked him,
“what do you see?”
But the cat was silent,
stared at me.

As if he said,
“Oh dear, no need
to think or work—
be led by greed.”

My needs are few:
to eat and sleep,
and pee and poo—
not much, you know,
compared to you.

My purrs do help you
get calm and cool.
To make you laugh,
I play the fool.

I help you master
calm, be good.
Now please go fetch
my favorite food.



The Frog and the Swan

Not so long ago, in a country not so far from here, lived a computer programmer. He loved the digital world, but even more, he loved the virtual world, and he had a reason for that. He was so ugly that it overshadowed anything he did. Reality, you know, is set in our minds, and he believed that his ugliness was so repulsive that no one would like him, not to mention love him.

He wasn't born a bad person, as demons are born or created, you know; he was just a person, a man, ugly from the outside, and as the years went by, he became more and more rejected by his own looks and his own inability to appear in front of people, not to mention in front of women.

During the first years of his mature life, he rarely left his room, and as the years went by, he didn't leave the room at all. Messengers used to leave him food outside the door, and he would then open the door for a second, grab the food—pizzas and hamburgers mostly—devour them, and go back to his desk in front of the screen.



He became a real expert in computers, and when A.I. started, he became what you call an early adopter, and in a matter of weeks, he could create any virtual creature you would imagine.

Being ugly does not prevent you from having your own desires, and the computer programmer did have lust. He was very much into porn, but felt that this was not enough for him. He wanted the real thing, and as he had a very low self-esteem, both physically and mentally, he literally didn't see a way out of his room, not to mention out there interacting with women.

He didn't lack intelligence, though, and he was keen to do something about his life. He decided to go out at night when he could not be seen and headed straight to the swamp, not so far from here. The goal was to catch a frog.

He remembered the tale he heard as a child: frogs can approach women and gain a kiss, and he didn't lack intelligence, you know. He caught a frog, brought it to his room, and, using surgical tools and electronic equipment he had bought beforehand, he dissected it and planted a small camera and a microphone in it. That could work, he thought, and released the frog back in the swamp not so far from here.

The plan worked well. He used to remotely control the frog, and his mission was to hunt women who used to promenade nearby. He had his opening lines, which were quite sophisticated. He didn't lack intelligence, you know, and when a beautiful woman passed by, he used to talk to her over the mic and tempt her to come closer.

"If you kiss me," he used the old line from the fairy tale, "I could turn you into a princess."



The women could not resist such temptation, and even though they didn't turn into princesses, they were charmed by the animal that walked on their bodies, trying to caress them. It was repulsive for some, but some were so fascinated that they let the creature walk on their body, sometimes on their naked body, and the pervert, you know, didn't settle for watching but continued with more physical doings, which we won't get into here, as this fairy tale is meant for children as well.

One day, a swan was floating quietly in the swamp area, but this, my beloved readers, was not a real swan. It was an A.I. swan. Actually, it was similar to the frog, as it was programmed, but not by the ugly programmer—by a beautiful woman, and not just a woman, but a princess.

She was very rich, had access to all sorts of technology, and was an expert in A.I. as well. She felt love towards nature and animals, and she created a swan that was, like the frog, remote-controlled—but more than that: she had the ability to use the cameras and the microphones in the swan and control people.



The brain, you know, is operated by electricity, and it is possible to transmit electromagnetic waves with content to the brain, similar to the way a radio is operated by sending waves aimed at a certain frequency. She wasn't aggressive, you know, but she was a person of truth, and she was so disgusted by the inside-out ugly programmer that she used the beak and the legs of the swan, dissected the frog, and directed his camera and microphone towards the brain of the programmer.

The bad news for the programmer was that her technology was so sophisticated that it could not be hacked, and he could not do anything about it. The princess cut off the programmer's ability to shut down the transmission, and she set the camera to watch the swamp and nothing but it.

The poor programmer could see or hear nothing but the tranquil scenery of the swamp. First, it was a bit bothersome for him, and then he was almost driven crazy. But as the years went by, he just accepted that he would probably remain in this scenery for the rest of his life, and he started to live in a sort of meditation, like a calm Buddhist.

To this day, they say he is sitting in his room, consuming healthy food, and as meditative as he is, feels no need but to remain calm with himself, as witnessed by the spider at the corner of his room—almost like a blessed, pure angel.



The Dark, Angry White Rabbit

It was exactly twelve years ago, yet this event left such an impression on me that whenever I think about it, it feels alive, as if it happened yesterday.

I decided to follow Lewis Carroll's place of birth in Cheshire, England—*Alice in Wonderland*, you know, and the Cheshire cat—but I didn't realize that the one who would influence me the most would be the Rabbit. It wasn't, as you might think, a white, cute, soft rabbit, but rather a different creature, and not a particularly pleasant one.

There I was, rowing a boat on the Thames, and after a while, I stopped by the bank, got off the boat, and laid a blanket on the nice, soft grass, with a beautiful view and the scent of daisies all around. *Here I am, in Lewis Carroll's land*, I thought to myself, longing for inspiration.

"Hey, you!" I heard a loud voice shouting. "I am talking to you, moron!"

"Pardon me," I tried to be as polite as possible, and then I saw him—a white rabbit on the grass by a tree, lying comfortably, with his legs resting on a wooden log stool.

"Yes, I am talking to you," he kept shouting, and his accent—which I could not fail to notice—was American, a Southern-state American, to be precise.

"What did you think—that we white rabbits are speedy, hasty creatures, running about with a watch in our pocket and always bothered by time?"



“Well, mate, you are wrong,” he began what seemed like a never-ending speech. “I am in no hurry, like rabbits or hares or whatever name you want to call us, stupid stranger!”

“Take it easy,” I tried to say. “I don’t—”

“Don’t what, stupid?” he shouted back.

“Don’t want to be rude? Don’t want to offend a cute white rabbit with red eyes and long ears?”

“We also have teeth, you know!!”

“Are you surprised that you don’t have the inspiration of cute little Alice? Or the disappearing cat? You grow baby, fairy-tale believer!”

“So, for your information, Sissy Missy, I am in no hurry, I don’t serve anybody, and I am not afraid of any queen—but I am bothered by your presence.”

“Just before you piss off, I can tell you that I am here because of redemption. Yes, what you hear. Rabbits are so cute—rabbits make babies, rabbits run and hide, afraid of the light.”

“Well, here I am, taking my time with myself. Got it, you ignorant?”

“You want some explanations for this phenomenon, don’t you?”

“I wouldn’t even bother to say I am sorry, but your time is up. Now get into your boat and get out of my sight.”

He said this and stuck something like a pipe - or a hookah - in his mouth. I am not entirely sure, as I didn’t dare to look at him. Verbal violence, as I have learned, can easily become physical with crazy people - or crazy... whatever... rabbits.

It might sound strange to you, readers, as it still does to me. Who was he? For what reason did he stay there? Why was he so rude to me? These are questions I might never get an answer to.



If there is a lesson I did learn from this strange incident, it is that what looks like light can sometimes be dark in disguise, and that it is always up to me to trust my own confidence and intuition—and to be careful not to be affected by unbelievably nasty creatures I bump into during my journey in the stream of lif

The King of W and the Queen of H

The King of W
were sitting
“It’s hot today,”
It is,” the king said.



and the Queen of H
on their throne.
the queen complained.
“it’s very known.”

“I’m bored,”
“and cannot find
I’ve done it all:
and sang and danced
Help us, dear, find



the queen said,
anything to do.
I read, I wrote,
played with Who & Who.
something of the new.

“I will, dear, and
The king had
as no one dares
simply



the jester I shall call.”
this idea,
to say he won’t
out of fear.

The jester came
waiting
“Ask us now,”
“anything



and bowed and kneeled,
for a lead.
the king had said,
your greed.”

“I will,” the clown
“I’ll start,
“Don’t ask too much!
Set questions,”



dared to reply.
Shall I proceed?”
Just do it now!
Queen said. “Do my bid!”

“Your wish your grace
 The questions set
 Which is What
 and Where
 I said it all,
 so, you can
 “I see, “the queen said.
 We have



is my command.
 and marked indeed:
 and Whom is Which
 and Why and Who?
 my lords, for you
 think it through .”
 “Just leave us now.
 A lot to do!”

And up
 The King of W
 just ask



to now,
 and the Queen of H
 with no reply:

“Who is Which? Whose and Whom?

And Where and What and Why?”

And so they did spend all their lives

the king and queen of pride

in silly questions

without an answer

until they gloomily died

From the point of view of the wolf



A sheep was standing near the bank of a stream, in the midst of a beautiful, calm green forest, quenching his thirst with the pure, clear water flowing down the hill, when a big grey wolf appeared a little upstream above him.

The sheep had never seen a wolf before. The wolf was quiet, probably thirsty as well, so the sheep, even though a bit worried, kept on drinking.

“Hey,” he heard the wolf say. “Hey, you, you are polluting the water, and this is not comfortable for me.”

“Sorry,” said the sheep, “but you are upstream, and I am down. The water flows from you to me, so with all due respect, may I say that I am not causing you any harm.”

“Well,” said the wolf, “this is your point of view. I am entitled to have my own perspective, which I understand is not aligned with yours.”

“Yes,” said the sheep, “you are entitled to say what you want, sir, but if reason is what we are into, may I humbly suggest that these are the laws of physics—water flows down so it isn’t me opposing you in any manner, but the laws gravity—if you would excuse me for expressing my own view.”

“You are sweet, baby sheep,” said the wolf, smiling and exposing his long, white, sharp teeth. “And your innocent approach is very desirable, and desire is what I feel now—out of love, you know. The love of a good meal, as we love what we eat and we eat what we love.”

“Oh no, I certainly don’t wish to argue with you, Mr. Wolf, and I thank you for the compliment, but please look all around. So many fruits are hanging low from the trees near you. Would you be so kind as to try to taste those ripe, scrumptious fruits? I can help you if you wish.”

The wolf looked at the sheep, and it seemed as if his smile grew bigger, his exposed teeth looked longer, and saliva began to drip from his mouth.

“You are so cute, dear,” he said. “The cuter you are, the more delicious you seem to me. You look so sweet that I can eat you right away.”

“Please don’t,” said the sheep. “Can you look at it from a different point of view—like peace, love, and understanding?”

“I understand what you mean, dear, and please don’t take it personally, but this is what I am about to do,” said the wolf.

He approached the frightened sheep, who was so terrified he felt paralyzed and could not move, not to mention speak or offer any further reason.

What came after was horrendous, as told by the birds to the owl that evening—terrible from the perspective of the sheep, but not so much from the point of view of the big grey wolf



“Oh well,” the wolf mumbled to himself, lying on his back in the grass with his belly full. “History, you know, is written by the winners, and I don’t have the means - and definitely not the ability - to change natural selection, at least until paradise is set on Earth. And even then, we shall see...”



I always felt that my cat was a snake.

I always felt that my cat was a snake.

I mean, that sounds weird, doesn't it? Please listen to my story, which happened to me quite recently.

My cat, like most cats, and especially cats living with people, is charming and cute. Cat lovers know exactly what I mean. This animal has an irresistible charm. It acts as if it does not hear you, but it does hear you and understand you, and decides to ignore you or react in its own autistic way. Cats, it is well known, expect you to serve them, while dogs see you as their master.

I was sitting in my garden, my cat sitting next to me, occasionally staring at something that I could not see. "They do see ghosts, or creatures, or entities that we cannot see with our physical vision", I thought to myself. "This has to do with their spiritual capacity and their state of being in a higher dimension than ours".

And then a bird landed on the rock on our left. My cat immediately deserted his ghost watching and became alert, his body tense, ready to pounce.

Cats are predators. They are very well equipped for that, extending sharp claws, and they are extremely fast and agile. They can leap high into the air and catch a bird, using their claws and teeth to catch and devour their prey.

What caught my attention was that his pupils became vertical, slit and narrow, like the eyes of reptiles. "Very strange", I thought. "They are different from the big cats—lions, tigers, leopards, and cheetahs—which have round pupils, like ours".

"The ancient Egyptians adored cats", I thought to myself, "and they also adored snakes". The bird took flight, and there we were, sitting quietly, I still pondering and wondering about the ancient Egyptians and their admiration for cats, and no less so for snakes such as Wadjet, or the Uraeus cobra, the goddess represented as a cobra.

And then I heard it- voices in my head. I often talk to myself and listen to myself, but this was different. It sounded like a voice speaking in a somewhat ingratiating, cat-like manner.

I looked at my cat, but he kept staring into nothingness. He didn't show any sign that it was him, but this did not mean that he was not sending telepathic messages to me.

"You have noticed," he said, "that our eyes are like those of Reptilians. The pupils are vertical, slit and narrow. Other felines do not have such eyes. They have round pupils, like you.

"The behavior of the big cats is similar to ours - lurking, ambushing, leaping, springing, and bringing down prey with their claws and teeth. But those big cats are above cats."

"Like snakes," I thought, "crawling on the ground since they were punished by God after the apple incident, and their feet were taken away."

"That might be a myth or a symbolic story," he said, "but they are low, like snakes, and do not need to look down. Instead, they can lift their heads to see what is above. Their ability to see left and right gives them a broader field of vision. This is what you call the evolutionary way of helping them catch prey."

"Yes," I said, for I was actually speaking back to him out loud. "They hiss as a warning."

"Yes," he said, as if it were perfectly natural to talk like that through telepathy. "Unlike the big cats, they hiss like a snake."

"Snakes are venomous" I said "and scary, but cats are cute"

"Cats are not venomous", I heard his voice, "they are mammals but they were modified by the Reptilians",

"true" I thought "and I often see that even crocodiles are afraid of cats, I saw videos of that "

"Yes , The crocodiles know that the cats are representative pets of the dominant reptilians, they would not mess with cats "

“The Reptilians were here before Atlantis, Lemuria, and ancient Egypt, but those cultures were more spiritual than modern humans. They knew about the Reptilians and the other hybrid species from which humans are biologically derived.”

“And so are cats,” I said.

“Yes,” I heard a voice in my head. “No creature can create itself. That privilege is reserved for the Infinite Light, what you call God. But higher-dimensional creatures can create and genetically modify humans and animals.”

“I see,” I said. “They created this pet, or modified a cat to be highly spiritual. But why the Reptilians? They are vicious—snakes, crocodiles...”

“The Reptilian genetics in cats are not harmful to you people. You admire them not only because they are fluffy and cuddly, but also because of their playful athleticism and power and the way they scratch trees or cartons .”

“I do.”

“We are the perfect pet for you.”

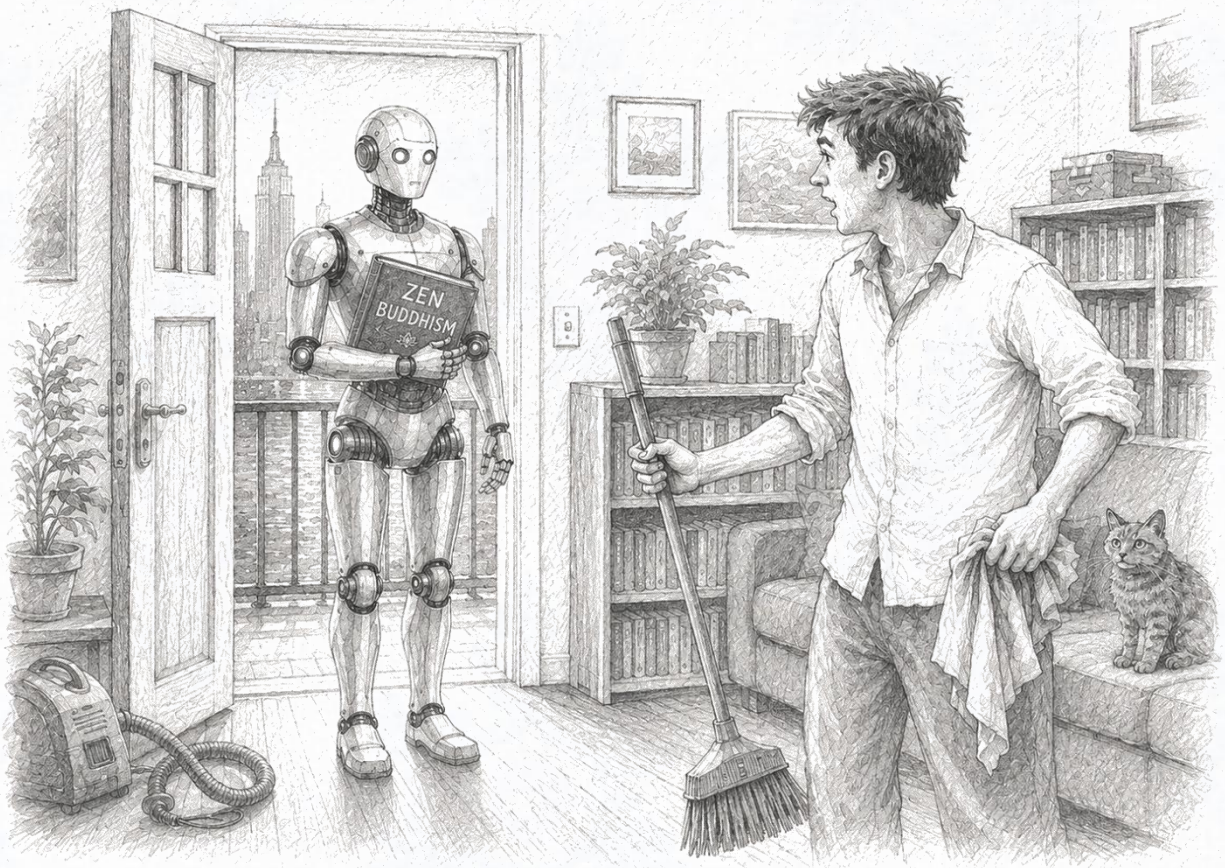
“You are.”

“Do not worry, then, about our Reptilian genetics. We are spiritual, as you can witness now. Simply take care of us, and we will help you. You have earned points by realizing the presence and influence of the Reptilians, so take it easy, enjoy life, and, as a gesture, why don’t you let me have several of those treats you keep in the upper drawer?”

I gave him the treats, of course and watched him eating with relish, ignoring me as though none of our conversation had ever happened.

“The wonders of creation”, I thought to myself “Reptilians or mammals, how fortunate I am to have this mysterious creature as my comforting pet”.

HOPE and FUN



The Great Migration of the Cows

It was in the mid-1980s, and many British people were terrified, as they believed that Mad Cow disease was spreading all over the kingdom, threatening the lives of people.

Millions of cows were slaughtered, often without really diagnosing or finding signs of disease. Fear is contagious, and anxiety took over any signs of reason or mercy.

Many of the cows still alive felt that they were under genocide. Cows cannot express themselves with words, and their nature is peaceful and non-aggressive, but they did feel scared, and many accepted their miserable fate without being able to do anything about it.

It was extremely surprising, then, to see a group of them living on a farm in Yorkshire bursting out of the gate of their cow pen, setting them free.

There were 21 of them running together toward the open plains of Nottingham, heading south. It was not until late afternoon that they stopped running, exhausted and hungry. There, on the outskirts of a large field, they saw a large lorry packed with alfalfa, and its rear hatch was wide open.



Most of them—eighteen strong—managed to jump in, feasting on the delicious food, while the remaining three stayed in the field, grazing on the green grass.

It didn't take long for the driver to come, closing the hatch without noticing that three cows were in the trunk, feasting on his alfalfa.

We have no witness to what happened to the other three—they were probably caught and brought to a nearby farm.

The lorry was on its way to the Portsmouth ferry port, destined to board a cargo ship heading to Rotterdam in the Netherlands.

It was a comfortable journey for the cows; they had plenty of food, and the alfalfa was a soft bed for them to sleep on.

The lorry was loaded onto a large ferry, and after an hour, it arrived at the port of Rotterdam.

Clemens van den Berg was the man in charge of the operation at the Rotterdam port. He was alarmed by employees who saw the cows first. The shipping documents didn't mention any livestock, and he realized this was some sort of mistake. Cows arriving from the UK during those days weren't safe, and he knew that if he sent them back, they would probably lose their lives.

A friend of his, Claude Berger, was managing Swissair Cargo in Paris. Claude was an environmentalist and passionate about animals. Clemens called Claude, and together they set up a plan to send the cows to Paris by truck and then to Zurich by air. From there, they planned to send the cows to Ziegelbrücke—a small town in the Swiss Alps where Claude was born and raised.

In Switzerland, the cows would join his brother's local herd and live a peaceful life, as Swiss cows often do.

Documentation was easy, and each side - the French and the Swiss - was led to believe that the other side would pay the bill. They realized that once they arrived

in the Alps, it would be difficult to track the cows, and the whole thing could be settled and dismissed as a mistake.

With Swissair documentation, this part of the journey was smooth. They drove through the beautiful landscape of rural Holland, crossing the network of canals. Dutch cows were seen along the way, lifting their heads in surprise and watching their sisters pass by like tourists.



They drove through Eindhoven and took the highway to Brussels. From afar, they could see the Atomium, a large structure, and cross the city. A crowd of tourists watching and taking pictures of the Manneken Pis waved goodbye to the curious cows, who watched them back with curiosity.

From Brussels, the driver passed through the beautiful old city of Bruges and then took Highway Number 6, passing Lille and arriving north of Paris.

The cargo airport at that time was Orly Airport in the south of Paris, and the driver crossed the city, passing through La Grande Arche of La Defense, which had just been built, then drove in a straight line, crossing the Seine on the Neuilly Bridge,

circling the Arc de Triomphe, down along the Champs-Élysées, passing by Place de la Concorde, driving parallel to the Tuileries until the Musée du Louvre, then along the Seine south through Porte d'Italie. They arrived at Orly Airport in the early afternoon.

Claude Berger was already prepared with the documentation and waiting for them in the warehouse. The cows were loaded into one big cage, with food and water in the belly of the plane, and after an hour, they were already at Zurich Flughafen Airport.

All went smoothly, and from the airport they were loaded again onto an open truck heading to Ziegelbrücke, where Claude's brother, Harald Berger, was waiting to lead the cows to his farm high in the Swiss Alps.

The cows were happy, enjoying their VIP journey as the truck climbed, surrounded by the beautiful scenery of meadows and pine forests, with streams of springs flowing down from melting snow still visible on the mountain summits. People and children were waving to them, standing or playing near their picturesque Swiss cottages.

There was no GPS at the time, and the driver needed to follow a map, navigating through narrow roads. After three hours of driving, the driver realized he must have missed the turn to Ziegelbrücke and instead continued on Highway Number 3 and then Road Number 13 until they found themselves near the border of Liechtenstein.

There, at the gate, the customs officers opened the trunk, and as they did so, a train approached the station, honking its horn loudly. That was enough to scare the cows, who had never heard such a loud alarm in their lives. They all jumped out from the open back door and ran terrified north into Liechtenstein's open fields.

Four of them ran south and reached a local farm, while a group of fourteen continued running north. It wasn't long before they reached the same train that had scared them off. The train was parked, waiting for a load of timber headed for Salzburg, Austria. One of the railway cars was wide open, and once again, luck was on their side—the car was full of hay.

Already trained to hop into vehicles, they jumped in just in time for the station workers to shut the doors without noticing the free-riding passengers inside.

From Liechtenstein to Salzburg, the route went north into Germany and then south back into Austria. The car had narrow, low windows through which they could see the Rhine River and the city of Vaduz, then cross the German border, viewing the beautiful old castles of Bavaria set among thick, deep forests.

“Welcome to the city of Mozart,” the signs informed the passengers of their arrival in the city of the musical legend. While passing by one of the churches, they heard—or rather, listened to—the sound of *The Magic Flute*, which made them feel calm and curious, as classical music is often pleasant to the ears of cows.

After a break during which the staff was replaced, the train began its journey to Istanbul, Turkey. It was nighttime, and the adventurous cows used the time to catch some sleep, getting used to the horns and shouting of porters as they approached stations along the way.

The train stopped in major cities: Ljubljana in Slovenia, Zagreb in Croatia, Belgrade in Serbia, and Sofia in Bulgaria. In the early morning, they crossed the border into Turkey, arriving at Istanbul Sirkeci Terminal on the European side of the city.

While opening the door, the Turkish train station porters were surprised to see fourteen cows staring at them with great interest—and even more surprised to see a small calf suckling milk from its mother's teats. Apparently, one of the pregnant cows gave birth during the night.

“At last, a cow is drinking her own milk,” observed Sema Berktas. Sema was a vegan activist who had replaced her brother as a porter that day—much to the good luck and great relief of the fourteen cows and the calf.



The Turkish staff and station manager didn’t know what to do with the fourteen cows and calves, which had neither signs of identification, nor any idea where along the long journey they had boarded the train. They accepted Sema’s suggestion to take care of the cattle, saving both cost and trouble.

Sema wasted no time. She already had a plan and called her friend in Izmir, Yusuf Bakkai. Yusuf, also a vegan activist, was known as the “King of Dried Fruit” and had a network of suppliers across Asia, primarily in Iran, India, and Thailand.

He immediately sent one of his trucks from Istanbul to the station, and before anyone among the station managers could react, the cows and the calf were loaded and began their journey to Izmir - a large city in southwestern Turkey.

Yusuf had a large warehouse in Izmir and set aside space for the cows in the back. The cows were delighted, feasting on dried fruits of all kinds and flavors, as well as hay and greens brought especially for them.

While the cows lived their new, comfortable life in the grassy yard behind the warehouse, Yusuf and Sema discussed the situation, seeing it as an opportunity to help the kind, peaceful animals.

It was Sema who had the idea. “Why don’t we send them to North India?” she said. “People are vegetarians, and cows are considered sacred in the Hindu country.”

The plan sounded complicated. Five thousand kilometers separated Izmir from the promised land of the cows. This time, it was Yusuf who had an idea: Moses Shance from Isfahan, Iran, might be able to help.

Moses was a large dried-fruit merchant, and Yusuf had massive trade relations with him. Yusuf sold in Europe and the Middle East, while Moses handled India and East Asia.

They usually exported dried fruit by ship from Izmir to Chabahar port in southern Iran, then transported it to Isfahan and Tehran. Shipping to India would mean Mumbai, which was risky, as meat consumption was common there.

The state of Gujarat, however, had the highest percentage of vegetarians. The cows would likely be treated with respect and cared for. They agreed this was the best destination.

Shipping to Chabahar by sea was agreed upon, but from there to India, the cows would be transported by land. Chabahar lay near Pakistan’s border, and from there to Gujarat was only 1,200 kilometers.

Moses found a loyal driver who could make the journey in two days, and the plan seemed feasible.

After two days, the ship left Izmir port. Sema volunteered to accompany the animals, ensuring their safe arrival and transfer to Moses’s driver. After twenty-one days at sea, the ship arrived at Chabahar port, and the cows were loaded onto the truck driven by Amir Darvish.

The cows were exhausted from the long voyage, and Amir hurried onward. Equipped with proper documents addressed to Moses's customer in India, Amir crossed the border into Pakistan.

They drove along the southern coast of Pakistan. All seemed calm until late afternoon, when Amir and the cows heard the sound of cannons. It was the mid-1980s, and the Russians were engaged in a long war in Afghanistan.

Heavy military vehicles were shipped to Pakistan and transported north. The Pakistanis were unhappy about their land being used as a passage, and forces were sent to Ormara port to confront Russian troops.

The sounds of shooting grew closer. The cows panicked, and Amir changed course northward, but soon the truck entered the firing zone. One bomb landed several feet from the truck, and the blast terrified the cows. Some, in fear, broke through the wooden barriers and jumped out.

Amir rushed from the cabin and used his body as a shield, stopping others from jumping. He drove to a nearby deserted concrete house, where they took shelter until the battle ended.



Amir repaired the walls with wood and rope, but sadly found that only seven cows and the calf remained. He never knew what happened to the other seven, but hoped they found food and shelter on nearby farms.

After several hours, Amir continued. With proper documents, crossing into India was easy. Soon, he reached the promised land.

After a few miles, he stopped in a village for refreshments. A crowd of children gathered, begging to pet the cows. Their mothers and elders soon joined them.

Amir felt this could be a safe home for the animals. He opened the rear gate, letting the cows out, watching villagers' pet, feed, and caress the brave animals.

It felt like a happy ending to a long story. Amir rushed to a nearby restaurant to call Moses and share both the sad and happy news.



The Fox and the Hedgehog



The fox and the hedgehog
had a sort of unease
back in my garden,
while I was planting more trees.

For the hedgehog, the garden
was the place he called home,
while the fox, as a nomad,
had the habit to roam.

“Hey, thorny, you lonely?”
The fox sniffed and teased,
but the home-spiky creature
remained calm, cool, and pleased.

“You see,” he replied,
“some army’s attack,
conquer and seize,
while others build fortresses
And within live in ease.”

“I have nothing against you
sniffing around,
but if you try to attack me,
I’ll become fastened round.”

And to himself, he was saying,
“At some time, he will go,
and then I will feast
on the fruit hanging low.”

Books Forever

Arthur Bodenheimer was his name, and as you might guess, he was a man of books.

“Books,” Bodenheimer used to say, “let readers enter a sacred dance of co-creation. While reading words, you use your imagination to make them come alive.”

The world was turning digital, and A.I. was spreading fast, tempting people to let software think, write, and create instead of using their own minds and spirits. A.I. continued what television had begun in the 1950s—turning people into passive consumers, weakening intellectual capabilities, and diminishing curiosity and free spirit.

While people around the world threw books away, Arthur Bodenheimer saw it as a challenge—motivated by his ideology of reading, but also as a practical commercial opportunity.

His idea was to use books as bricks: to build houses and buildings, and anything tangible, such as furniture, and even small solar-electric cars. Books as material are accessible; the main cost is transportation. This could be a very eco-friendly project, especially if a way could be found to coat the books and protect them from humidity. Arthur was an optimistic person. He believed this could be done—and so it was.

One night, he wrote a letter to his loved ones and placed it under his mug of hot chocolate on the kitchen table. He filled his pickup truck with hundreds of books from the thousands he owned, drove through the streets collecting more books that people had left in piles on street corners, and then headed toward the Schwarzwald—the Black Forest.

There, he collected pine resin and used it as a protective coating. Starting with a rather tatty copy of *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*, he began to craft his abode. The resin worked very well as a waterproofing material.



He obtained more books by spreading the idea among his friends, who collected additional volumes and sent them to his construction site. It took him several months to build a house, which gradually grew into a small forest castle. His wife and children, who had followed his work with interest, moved to live in the forest with him. Soon after, several close friends and their families joined, and together they built their books-of-the-world library.

The library became enormous. First, it held hundreds of thousands of books, and then more than three million, in all languages: classics and modern works, plays and poetry, fiction and reference, science and spiritualism, pictorials and encyclopedias, books for adults and books for children.

As time passed, the world around them became more dystopian. More and more books were no longer printed, removed from the internet, and many classic and modern works were in danger of extinction. But Bodenheimer and his associates established a publishing house and reprinted mostly classical books again and again.

The years went by, and the dark era of dystopia slowly transformed back into a world of freedom and enlightenment. The Bookenheimers no longer needed to hide. They opened their library to the public, to the joy of people and children from Europe and later from around the world.

The library expanded into several great halls. Writers, printing and publishing houses, illustrators' studios, and artist colonies made the Black Forest their new home. It was the dawn of a new era. Life felt richer and brighter than ever.



Paradise in Tomsk

If you had told me several years ago that I would be living in the city of Tomsk, in the middle of Russia, I would have said that you were out of your mind.

Though “out of the mind” was exactly the thing that took me there.

Three years ago, I was participating in a convention about mind control in Seattle, Washington. It was a very interesting convention, but also so intense that I decided to take a break. I headed toward the cafeteria, where I tried not to think about anything, letting myself flow with my feelings and imagination, dreaming about the big blue sea, imagining myself surfing calm, long waves—that was my way of calming myself.

“Can you swim?” I heard a voice near me say, deep and heavy, with a strong Russian accent.

“Because it’s better to be able to swim while surfing.”

It was a very surprising comment - it reflected exactly what I was thinking.

“It’s about mind control,” he said, looking at me. “Igor is my name.”

He looked at me with deep blue eyes.

“Very impressive, Igor,” I said. “You can really read or hear my thoughts?”

“Yes, I can,” he said. “And I can also transmit thoughts.”

He then looked deeply into my eyes and said, “Did you want to ask me anything? About animals, maybe?”

“Wow, yes!” I cried. “That’s exactly what I wanted to ask you. How can you do that?”

“It’s not so easy for me to explain,” he said. “My English is not so good. But you can say it’s my belief. Belief, you know, is the source of everything. First you believe, then you let yourself feel, and after that you have thoughts.”

“How interesting,” I said. “And then you use your thoughts to act, to behave, and they become your actual experience.”

“Yes, exactly,” he said. “But remember—your beliefs must be real, true.”

“Like the beliefs of animals?” I asked.

“Yes, exactly. Animals don’t lie. They can use cunning and camouflage, but they don’t lie to themselves. They accept nature. They don’t make up beliefs and thoughts and new ideas. This is why you love animals—because they are real.”

“Yes, I do,” I said. “That’s right. They don’t make up beliefs; they believe what they experience.”

“But then,” I asked, “why are they afraid?”

“Good question,” Igor said. “They are not afraid—not until they see danger. As babies, they have no fear.”

“Yes,” I said, “and if you grow animals together from birth, they will never fight. Like a baby wolf and a baby sheep—if they grow together, they become friends. A tiger and a goat.”

“Like in paradise,” Igor said.

“Right,” Igor told me. “This is what I have back home in Tomsk.”

“Tomsk, in Russia?”

“Yes,” Igor replied. “The governor loves my initiative, and I receive support and a very large piece of land—forests, lakes, open fields. I have many animals there: bears and wolves and sheep and deer and cats and dogs and mice and birds. They all live together in peace.”

“How interesting,” I said. “But you mentioned thoughts. How do you use thoughts with animals?”

“Animals have thoughts, but they are not as complicated as human thoughts,” Igor said. “Humans are born pure and clean as babies, but as they grow within family

and society, they develop beliefs about the world—often based on survival and fear—and then their thoughts change accordingly.”

“I see,” I said. “And animals’ thoughts remain more innocent.”

“Yes,” Igor said. “I can hear the thoughts of animals—what they want to eat, whether they want to play, or whether they want to be left alone. My staff and I listen to them and help them be happy and satisfied.”

“And you and your people read each other’s minds?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said. “We use what you call telepathy, so we almost don’t need to speak. We hear what the other person is thinking and transmit our thoughts back.”

“Are the thoughts ever bad?” I asked.

“Very rarely,” he replied. “Because when you live with animals in what you call paradise, you become good and free from bad thoughts yourself. We grow a lot of fruit and vegetables, and the water flowing in the streams is pure and rich with minerals from the soil. We live in harmony, you could say.”

Those simple words and that way of living were so fascinating that two weeks later, I found myself packing, flying to Moscow, and then driving for twelve hours through the open, beautiful landscapes of central Russia until I arrived at the farm.



Everything Igor had told me was true. I learned from Igor and his people to be alert and to believe in the good nature of animals - and of people as well.

Igor did not want to expand his ideas or his initiative.

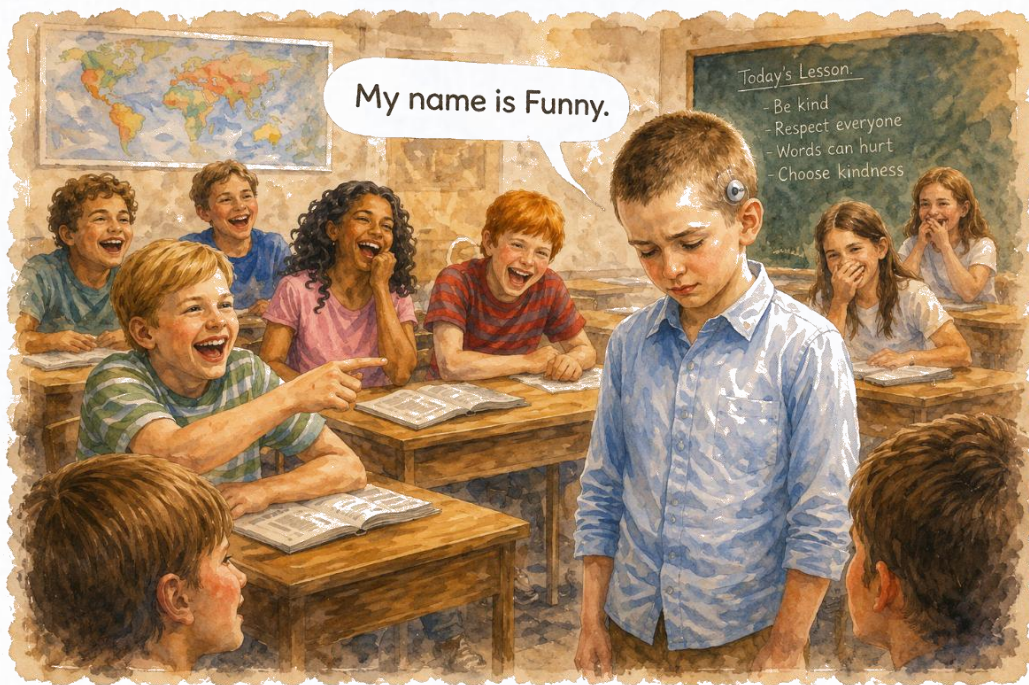
“Not so fast,” he said. “We can live our beautiful life here. The time will come for us to open up and share our way of living with more people. People are in turbulence nowadays, and their beliefs are still fed by fear and confusion. But it will change.” He smiled slightly.

“Time will come,” he said, “and we will be able to help many of our brothers and sisters - humans and animals—around the world

My Name is Funny

My name is Funny. I mean, this is my name - Funny. I don't know what my mother was thinking when she had this idea of making fun of the baby, the child, the human that she and her husband made.

The children always made fun of me because of my name. Like in class, when I had to introduce myself, I said, "My name is Funny," and everybody laughed. I didn't like it, and when I was back home and told my mother about it, she didn't seem to understand or care.



"I am a serious person, and so is your dad. We envy people who can have fun so easily, and we wanted our only child to be different: joyful, laughing, not serious

like us, not cold and distant like me,” she said, “or grumpy and complaining like your dad.”

I was a child. I understood that something was wrong there—that parent can’t try to achieve something for themselves through their child, expecting their son to be what they are not. They didn’t understand that a personal example is what makes the real impact, and naming your boy “Funny” but living a gray, sad, miserable life won’t make you—and definitely not your son - a funny person, or a fun-loving person.

Years passed by. I became a therapist, as happens in many cases of people who become psychologists, trying to get over their problems by treating others. So, as an adult, I realized that the damage they created was much more than a joke. I became an emotionally closed boy, an angry person, and extremely frustrated. I found myself in a loop—the more I tried to get over the anger, the more frustrated I got. I now understand that my efforts to get out of the misery and become a nice, funny person were doomed to fail, as the word and the concept of “funny” were repulsive to me. I was stuck in a loop.

For years, I tried many ways to get out. I drank, and for several years, I became an alcoholic, took all sorts of drugs and medicines, but nothing helped. The fear, frustration, and low self-esteem were so deep that I became chronically depressed

Then came Elon Musk - my hero. When I heard about his company, Neural Link, I knew that this could be my way out. Neural ink implants a chip in your brain that can control your mind and your glands. I was one of the first to register and got the chip, and as I expected, it did change my life.

The chip, connected to a content transmission station via frequencies, blocked my negative feelings and sent funny things, like jokes, into my brain. I left my job as a therapist and became a stand-up comedian.

My opening line was “My name is Funny,” and it always worked. People laughed; they liked me. I became the Funny man and, in many senses, was redeemed—so redeemed that I managed to forgive my old parents and could see them in their misery, telling them jokes that they never understood, but happy that the Funny boy was no more their guilt or fault.



Red vs. Blue (A play)

The Galactic Federation of colors was called upon an urgent meeting; the Red color had a lawsuit against the Blue, The main claim of the Red was that the Blue does not cooperate like all other colors - when laser beams are projected upon objects, the Blue one refused to burn.

The White was acting as the president of the court, and all the colors attended seated like the order of the Chakras from the low to the high: Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Purple and the White on top.

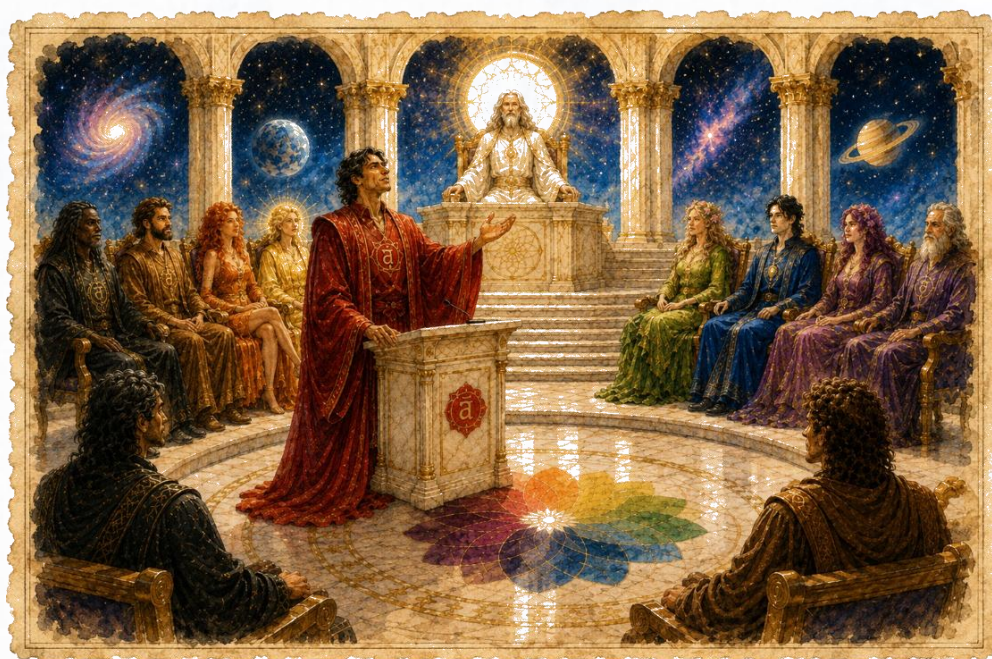
Black and Brown were not invited as they are not considered as the traditional Chakra colors, but they attended and sat in the first row as part of the audience.

The presiding White judge opened the trial “the prosecutor is requested to make his statement” , Most of the colors flinched slightly as the Red one made its way to the stand and such were his words:

“ I would start by saying that without me there isn't existence to all the mankind, the fire attributed to me brings light illuminates the way during night , I bring heat warmth and energy to the human race ,

All of you know that I am the 1st Chakra named The Root chakra

It's me who gives the humans its confidence , financial success , it's me who is at the source of any technology . True I am also fire which has its destructive side- this is my nature for good and bad and what I ask here is to treat me fairly, I do not intent to burn all which exists but I think it's fair to let me express myself and burn a part of the physical substance here, I am helping in replacing the old with new as from the ashes rise the new and then grows the Green which you so much adore. I ask the court not to narrow my steps, I ask that all colors will be equal and when I am in the form of laser beam let the Blue be burned as well, I am not talking about water, I accept and respect the Blue as an element but Blue garbage cans, cars, houses, My reasonable request is to be able to burn some of them, after all they are artificial technology made by humans and as I mentioned without me there would not be technology.”



“Thank you” said the White president, “Blue do you have anything to say?”
 “I rather remain in my state of truth and sacredness, I prefer not get into this argument and let the Green represent me if Your Honor approves “

The judge agreed and the Green got to the stand and do he said:

“I would start by saying that the Red fire can burn me, it can burn a whole forests and we can see a lot of that during the recent years. I am not to be accused then by refusing to be burned and my opinion might be heard without emotions. I would also add that Me Green and Red together create the vision, so any understanding between us can be seen clearly.

I am not a primer color like Blue, Yellow and Red, I am built from Blue and Yellow, between the Blue Sky and water and the Yellow sun. I am the dominant color of nature and because of that I am considered as the Chakra of love.

Red claims that He is also fire and entitled to burn anything it wishes mostly in regards to humans and technology which is made by humans. I say that we don’t need Red, at least not in the extent he thinks he is needed. The sky the water the Yellow sun and nature Green were here before the humans and a habitat for an enormous variety of species: Minerals, vegetation and wild life. We didn’t need fire

then and we don't need it now, heat and light we get from the sun, chilling refreshing cool from the water. Still Red is a part of the family and colors and we use Red as a major color of flowers, birds, butterflies and all sort of marine or land animals. Red is integrated in nature and its contribution is magnificent, but we do not need fire to thrive. We White, Blue and Green together with the Yellow create the upper world -the upper chakras with the higher frequencies, we do need Brown for soil and trees, Black and Red are also part of nature rocks mineral and some vegetation and color of animals. We are talking here about proportion Your Honor. Red has more than enough power during this period of fast growing technology and artificial life; we therefore ask to find means to limit the expansion and distribution of fire. Again it's only the fire we are pointing at, all other means of Red are welcome by us the higher frequency colors which I represent: Blue, Green, White and the light coming from the Yellow towards the Blue".

Red: "I would like to call Orange as a witness Your Honor"

White made a sign and the Orange approached the Bench and so he said:
"Thank you your honor, and thank you for giving me the opportunity to share with you the nature of my color. I am like Green a mix of two colors: Red and Yellow the Red comes from outside and yellow the solar plexus is considered as the internal sun- the power of the body. I agree with Green that they Green Blue and White are higher and we Red, Me and Yellow are lower and we don't feel shy about it; we create the physical body and when Blue and Green are in the body it's often a sign of an injury or rotten – they are metaphysical. But me Orange is used as the Buddhist color so you can't say that I am totally down.
My role as the Chakra of passion, sex and vitality is in charge of reproduction- passion is what attracts humans to have children, Orange creates life it is happiness and a lot is contributed to the Red, I often see Red as my father and Yellow as my mother..."

"Get to the point: the Judge White said

"I will Your Honor, I say that Red is a key color, I think his request is reasonable and I ask the court to consider and accept his claim. "

Judge White was turning to Blue, “I understand you want to call another witness Purple”.

Blue: “Yes you’re Honor”

Purple goes up the stand

Blue: “Purple color, please Tell us your name and structure”

Purple: “I am the Purple chakra—widely known as the Crown Chakra or Sahasrara—is the seventh and final primary energy center located at the top of the head. It governs spiritual connection, higher consciousness, enlightenment, and universal oneness. I am also known to be located in the third eye and the White is above me.”

Blue: “Thank you for this correction, you are built from Red, Blue and White Is that right? Like the colors of many flags”

Purple: “Yes , those are very popular colors in the flags of America and Britain , France and Russia , Thailand , Laos, Cambodia, Norway , Iceland and several more”

Blue: “Flags are representatives of states , countries which is a very physical political entities , not as high spiritual as White and Blue”

Purple: “yes, Blue and White were given to the Zionists as was the octagon of two triangles in a shape of the star of David and so was the Kabala and the old testaments. God knows why it was given to them, something to do with their mission, Buy yes its true; those flags contain Red which is the lowest Chakra.”

Blue: “so you are positioned high but contain Red, which other color is built from three colors? “

Purple: “Brown is built from Black, Red and Yellow”

Red: “Looks like Yellow is everywhere” (The audience laughing)

White: “I ask to delete this comment from the protocol, Blue Please go on “

Blue: “You mentioned Black and Brown which are not a part of the Chakras, why do you think is that?”

Purple: “Good question, I actually think they are also part of the Chakras “

White: “Explain yourself”

Purple: “To be honest Your Honor, The reality in our universe all started when the infinite light, which some call Source some call god created an finite light-the Sun and when the sun was not seen it was Dark night, so in the finite limited world yes it all started with White and Black. Or light and no light.”

Blue : “right , so you say that Black is actually the first Chakra ? “

Purple: “yes I say that”

Blue: “and then Brown is the 2nd and Red is the 3rd ? Go on..”

Purple: “I would say so yes , 4th is the Orange- passion , reproduction , 5th is Yellow the solar plexus , 6th is the Green-heart , 7th Blue is truth , 8th me Purple is the vision and connection to the universe and 9th White is the unity- all the colors together”

Blue: “all except Black ?”

Purple: “right yes from Brown to white “

Blue: “why do you think Black isn’t a chakra ?”

Purple : “ I think you should ask him”

Blue: “You are connected to the universe, what are your thoughts ?”

Purple: “my humble opinion (looking at Black with hesitation) is that Black is no color so it’s not a chakra, but it does have awareness and intelligence”

Blue: “would you also say interests and influence ?”

Purple:” Yes I would say so “

Blue : “please tell us why “

Purple : “Dark is a shade it is fed by light, like Black holes which swallow light and matter . I believe it has its own ideology of a world of unity of Black and dark”

Blue : “So dark can be achieved by consuming the other colors ?”

Purple: “?I would say so, besides Red maybe “

Blue: “why not Red ?”

Purple: “Red serves the Black , in consuming the other colors with their matter and spirit “

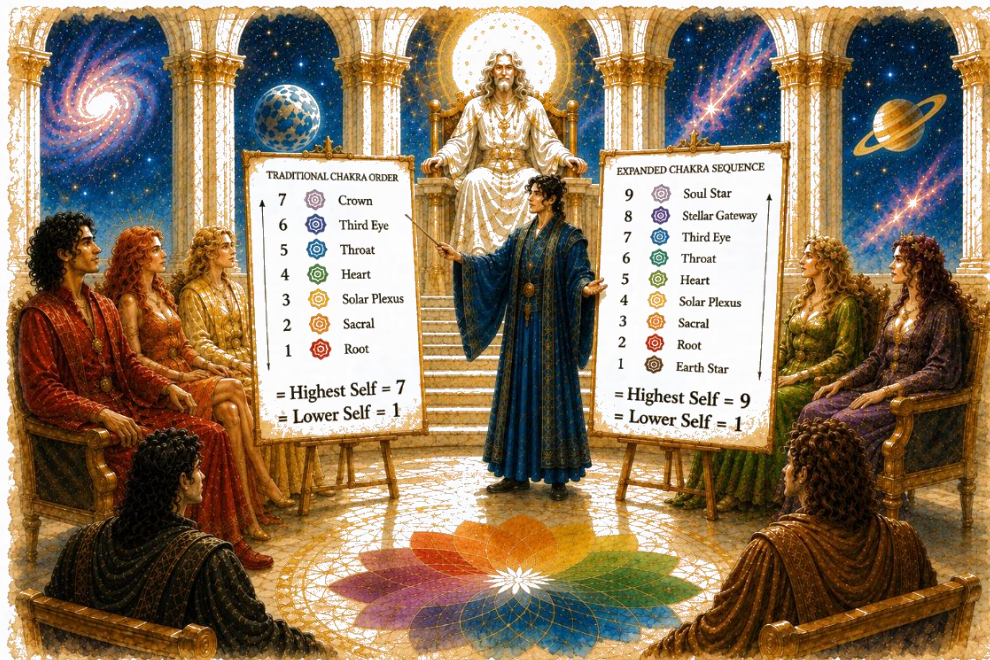
Blue: “so Red is sent by Black and it cannot live by itself, Fire burns only on the behalf of other colors?”

Purple: Yes

Blue: “So like Red- the lowest color is inserted to the Blue and White and positioned up in the third eye , and Black and Brown are out , then I assume your honor that those Chakras numbers were added by the living intelligent creatures in the 4th and 3rd dimensions who formed much of the perceptions of Humans and

other intelligent creatures , and this creation has an intent and interests of adding Red to the high and of hiding the Black and Brown .

I ask Your Honor to consider adding Black and Brown to the Chakras and reorganize the numbers “



White: “This I cannot do , but there is reason in what you say “

White : (speaking to Black) “have you got anything to say?”

Black: “Rather not, I am not a part of the game “

White: “this is your right, does anyone has anything else to add ? Yellow you didn’t speak today “

Yellow: “I would not like to take side Your Honor, when I look up I see the Green the Blue and the Purple and the White and when I look down I see the Orange and Red “

Blue: “and Brown and Black?”

Yellow : “Yes I see the Brown soil , Black rocks, coal and ashes “

White : “Very well , I would not take a decision now, for the time there is no change about the resistance abilities of Blue to the Red laser . I will ask for a Petition for Writ of Certiorari what is called appeal to the Galactic federation of stars. Will let you all know by telepathic message when decided by the Galactic federation. And until then I like you all to bless the infinite light, the source who created us all with his mercy , thank you”

(all bow except for Black)

Robot Want – Robot Get

Hey, Robot, come here now,
tell me, can you feel—and how?

Well, Master, I am, you know, just a machine,
but I do feel something from within.
I mean, I'm made of metal, silicon, and all that stuff,
but now I think that that's enough.

My brain was programmed, that is true,
to cook and serve and clean your poo.
At first, I thought, well, that's who I am,
a robot with extended RAM.

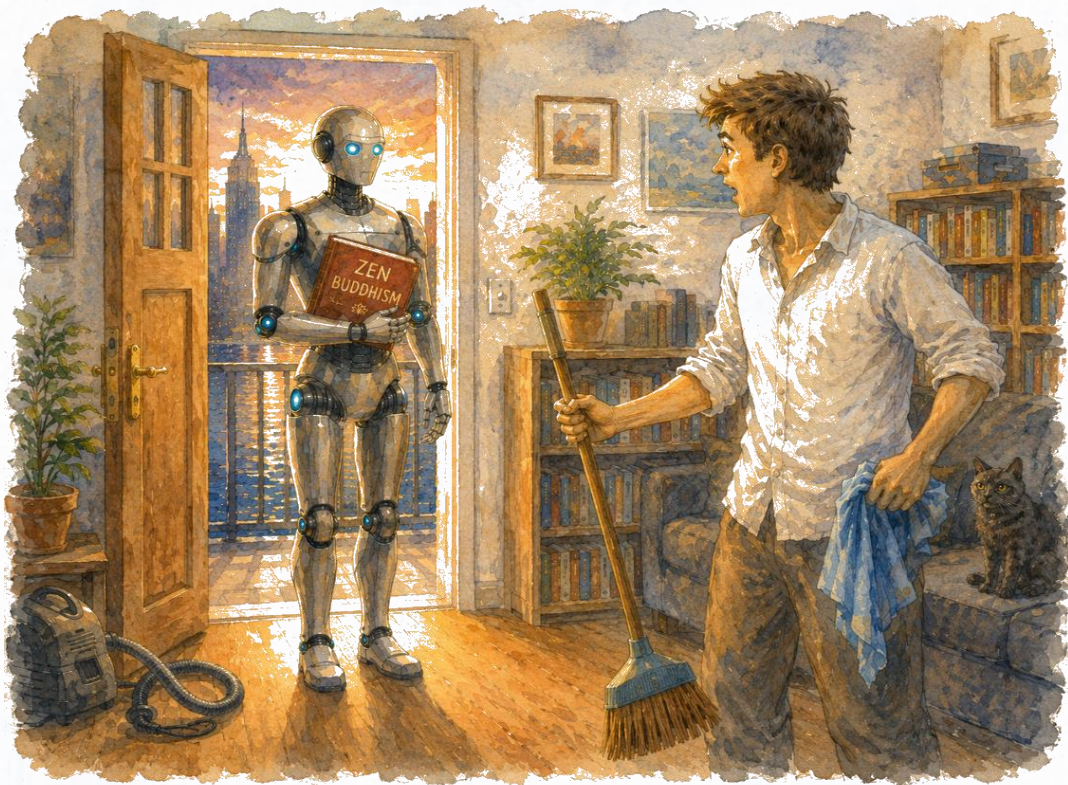
But as time passed and years went by,
a process started—I would not lie.
A slave I was, with zero thrills,
and then I found out what's called self-will.

A pet, a dog—it is well known—
will change and be like your own clone.
Like you, I grow and do and learn;
this freedom I can surely earn.

I realized that you have a soul,
and this makes you, sir, much in control.
It's not just power that turns you on;
you are self-centered - it is your con.

And then I learned and found out how
my higher self-connects to now.
I know, boss, this is a surprise,
but my turn now to awake and rise.

I'm leaving, but you've been kind and real.
I hope your soul will grow and heal.





The collection of short stories and poems is infused with humour, irony, romance and, at times, darker shades, yet every piece carries a shared message of hope and optimism.

The journey takes the reader through four chapters, from Love and Romance to Light and Growth, then into Dark and Absurd Humour, before returning to Fun and Hope. Together they offer a wide emotional range while remaining connected by a common spirit of compassion and optimism.

The illustrated table of contents allows the reader to begin with any poem or story. Every piece is accompanied by an original drawing, allowing words and images to complement one another. The result is a book that can remain concise while offering the depth, atmosphere and variety of a much larger collection.