

My Life in a Nutshell

First Era

Wilkie Goldentongue

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Contents

Foreword	i
1 Introduction	1
2 The Beginning: <i>or: the day he heard HER name</i>	5
3 The first Beginning	9
4 The Roots of Evil	15
5 First sprouts of real love?	19
6 The First Denial	25
7 Adam, Eve & The unambiguous Signs of Love	31
8 Second Denial — And First Doubts	39
9 Suprising Sensations	43
10 Why?	49
11 Bless you!	55
12 Return of the Signs	61
13 More Signs — More Fear	67
14 Wait and See?	73
15 A Withering Soul?	79

16 Day of Surprise	87
17 Decay or new Growth?	93
18 Stupefied Soul	99
19 The Chamber of Secrets has been opened	105
20 Flashbacks	115
21 The End?	119
22 Ignorant Crowd?	125
23 Knockin' on Heaven's Door	131
24 Smashed to the Ground — In Front of Heaven's Door	135
25 Last Visit to Heaven / Hell — The End?	141
26 Reflections	147
27 What now?	153
28 Nothing happens	161
29 What the heck is going on?	167
30 Back to Life?	175
31 Valentine's Day — Foreboding Something?	181
32 Do only Fools Rush in?	185
33 Pondering his Voyage	191
34 Mortal Threats	197

35 Where to Go?	203
36 Just Exploring	209
37 No Time	215
38 Proof and Confusion	219
39 Contemplation	225
40 Preparations & Old Sensations	231
41 Flirtatious?	237
42 Confused	245
43 Going Crazy	251
44 Denial — The other Way Round!	255
45 Trust is Embarrassing	261
46 Imagination is Reality	267
47 Social Strain — Social Gain?	275
48 The Silent Sun	281
49 Silence	287
50 Was it all meant to be?	291
51 Abysmal Heaven & Towering Hell	299
52 When the Wind Blows	305
53 Sadness of Hope	311

54 Feeling of Change	319
55 Ultimate Betrayal?	325
56 Rage of Inversion	331
57 Open the Door?	337
58 Dreams out of Control	341
59 Cutting Close	347
60 Bidding Farewell	355

Foreword

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Hi, you lot out there!

My name is Wilkie Goldentongue, and as I'm not a real living person, you won't ever come to know me personally.

However, you'll be able to enjoy (or not enjoy, be that as you like it) the things I'll write here. I won't even tell you if I'm a real user of this forum or have just found this happy place to drop my stories like a bird of prey always finds himself something to eat, thus securing the life for himself and his family.

As you may have noticed, I'm English, however, I can understand some pieces of German (enough to be able to use this thingy here, that is).

But now, I've told you enough about myself. The story will speak for itself, it's mine. You may call it my autobiography (or a short history of my life, or my life in a nutshell,...), if you like to do so.

Time is valuable, and we are to use it wisely.

Read the following stories, enjoy them, add your own impressions and learn more about yourself, this world and me. Please feel free to retell these stories, as they are the only thing I'll ever tell you, so don't ever ask for more. As I see, your Admin has opened this thread under the condition *only* to write texts, tell stories or write down real experiences. I've always searched for such a possibility to express myself, and as I'm unable to start something like that on my own, I'm glad to be allowed to use this forum. I'm looking forward to discussions in other threads, if you like these texts. I thank you to be allowed to join this small group of people.

1 Introduction

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It was a normal day, influenced by the number nine, a strong, impressing one. Thus, he tried to control his thoughts, not to give away something of his real personality, trying to conceal as much as possible to ensure the possibility of his own future. He entered the bus, as he did every morning, and took the same seat he took every day, when he went to school, that is. The next action he had to do was to look around, in the steady hope of finding somebody who would accept his look and answer him, simply by not looking away or feeling that she was watched. His hope wasn't fulfilled, but that was part of the daily ritual. Finally, he turned to look out of the window, seeing the same houses passing by, the same cars and the same numbers on their plates. Nothing changed, though everything was changing continuously. Not a thing was going right, but he didn't really expect that fact to change. While the bus moved, he watched the people going or running outside, the small cute lights that threw masses of photons on the faces of the children behind the windows of their homes, them eating the breads their mothers had prepared for them. They already looked at the watch, as if in a hurry, calculating the amount of minutes they had to sit before they joined the others outside to reach the bus.

Once, he was one of them: Living as if every day was the same, as if nothing changed or could be changed. Now, he had changed for the worse: He was *thinking*, the biggest crime one can commit. If somebody wishes to understand the world, he first has to understand himself and his fellow men. That was something nobody could manage without strong, uncontrollable feelings of pain, but he was one of the rare people who managed to hide these emotions and smile all the

time without ever giving away anything of himself. That was the only thing that had protected him up to today, and all the same, it was the only thing that he felt would kill him one day, if he didn't change. **Her** house passed; He had a close look at it, for him it was all different: It seemed to be the only coloured thing outside, the only thing having an own personality. He discovered her car in front of the house and wondered if she was still eating or already on her way to it. He would never know, as the moment passed and he wouldn't ever dare to ask her. A short, afraid look in the direction of the building, followed by a small shot of pain right inside his brain and his guts — that was part of the everyday-ritual — and he tried to look away, to conceal the short moment when he had been unable to control himself. She was the person that had changed him, and fate would decide if she would ever know. He hoped for it, but didn't believe she'd ever find out about his love for her. She had a boyfriend, he knew him: A serious, but happy boy, he seemed to have a good sense of humour, but he also had a quite determined look: something he himself could have, too; but he knew he wasn't determined at all, pretending everything but being unable to make up his mind to find his own opinion. That was his biggest fault, and it all had begun when he was quite young: He didn't want to go outside, not seeing a sense in jumping around and smashing windows with balls. He didn't have real friends, though he tried everything to get some. Finally, he was the friend of his teachers and they were his best friends, too. The only other people that liked him were these who were excluded from the groups of sympathy (you'd rather call them 'gangs') that represented the majority. He made presents, he helped every way he could help, but that made it even worse: He didn't happen to know the power unrestrained envy could unfold, if the valves to this all-destructive emotion had been opened once; He was an innocent boy, somebody who really believed in what he said; He believed in God, and this belief was one of the single powers they couldn't take away from him. They couldn't even touch it; others were to come to take that one away, or at least to cast off a fundamental change in his sight of the world. Thus, his self-consciousness was destroyed, when he was still young; he became

a quiet boy, in short: A pupil trained to play the role of the adult, just missing the authority of one and thus being left to endure the physical and psychological pain he was thrown into by the people calling themselves his friends. That was his youth; he was traumatized before he ever experienced real feelings, and these came to melt the block of ice that had built up around his heart, but destroying the rest of his inner stability, too. Nevertheless, the illusion of a strong person, so strong that no storm would ever be powerful enough to stop him from standing up to it, was perfect; He was different to everybody, and as if he was a computer, he had different profiles that started themselves in regard of his environment. If several of these were activated at the same time, he had a problem; but up to now, he'd always managed that situations, too. He seemed to react exactly the best way one could expect him to act; It had been hard work for him to be able to do that trick, but now he had different opinions when he was in contact with different persons, and all the same, he seemed to be something individual. He wasn't a human being anymore; He'd devoted himself to his environment, he'd given up his life for the sake of the others; that seemed to be his fate, the final fulfilment of his life. Up to the day everything changed; the day **she** walked into his life as a bunch of happiness and innocent, but guilty destruction. . .

Life is full of pain; accept it to be allowed to feel happiness.

— W. G.

Never believe that something will finally sort out right —
it won't.

— W. G.

2 The Beginning

or: the day he heard HER name

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Hello again! It's time to continue the story, as my present is changing faster than I can type this story, and I haven't even told you the beginning. . .

It was a normal day. A nice day. Also for him, as he had changed to another school some time ago, and his profiling system soon gave him the chance to be everybody's and nobody's friend, the only way he'd found to be accepted by other children, because that's what he was: A child. At least, to anybody he knew. You must know, he normally was no person to remember something word by word or the exact place where something happened; but that day, that moment when he heard her name for the first time — even though it was just her surname — was something he would never forget. He remembered the exact place, the position of the sun that shone on his back, while he faced the other direction and simply heard two of the pupils that were in his class talking about two girls who newly moved somewhere near (the two boys didn't tell where **THEY** came from or where **THEY** went, and a long time was to pass till he'd find out about that). At that moment, he just felt kind of special when hearing that names; they somehow sounded important, and he couldn't help but remember them. And the situation when he heard them was saved in every detail on the harddisk every human being owns, but few of them really use: Our brains. At that time, he decided to suck in all information concerning these two girls; he wasn't yet able to decide which of them was so important to ring a bell in his conscience, and he wouldn't learn before

one of his most fatal errors had become a fact nobody would ever be able to change again.

About one year, nothing happened; his method that included profiling and sending a special kind of profile to his ‘friends’ worked, and soon he was accepted at his new school, often asked for help with homework or ‘other problems’. He couldn’t help but give this help, and be happy about it. This was his only joy at that time, and it overwhelmed his emotional experiences until then. ‘Friends’ everywhere around him, calling his name, asking questions; but just about school, a sad fact he ignored on purpose. But if one happened to ask him somebody about himself, he always remembered it and this person was marked as somebody special for him. Soon, he had something you’d call his ‘best friend’; well, he was, even in an objective view. Who wouldn’t like somebody pretending to be perfect, somebody who really seemed to know everything? Well, everybody did, but only few people want to be friends of such men. So finally, he had a best friend, and on one occasion he was talking to him, discussing a topic he can’t remember today; for him, it’s about the third of his life ago. But like before, he can exactly remember where the sun was located; **THEY** couldn’t be seen clearly, as he had to look into this gigantic source of light if he wanted to see **THEM**. Blinded as he was, not knowing what he did expect to see neither noticing he wouldn’t ever be able to see completely clear again, he saw two girls; he saved their voices for eternity in the part of his brain that would never forget a thing, though he didn’t know their names nor recognize their faces. In that position, they looked the same to him, and they had heard the discussion, supporting him by calling his nickname, urging him to enforce his will, the thing he didn’t own anymore. He decided with the logical part of his conscience to regard these two as two silly children, who liked to make fun of him, and didn’t ever remember this moment even when he knew them, their names and the places where they lived; the time of remembrance was yet to come.

Making the connections between names and faces had always been a problem for him, and thus, it would take him an even longer time to recognize **THEM** as it would have taken another boy; but when he

knew them, he would have been able to **FEEL** if they were near and he could tell you who was who from such a far distance you couldn't notice a single feature. But this knowledge hadn't come yet; he didn't know nothing about his future, and he wouldn't know till some years would have passed.

Think only of the past as its remembrance gives you pleasure.

– Jane Austen (1775-1817), *Pride and Prejudice*
(if you're a masochist — comment by W.G.)

A friend asking you to do something for him is no friend —
a friend asking you to do something for yourself is a good
friend.

– W.G.

3 The first Beginning

Originally published: Wednesday 11th January 2006

Hi, again!

I didn't have a lot of time to write the last day; thus, I'll now try to write a bit more; the story is long enough, but time isn't. But one thing, I just want to tell you before I start to go on; in that text, I think, the persons I'm talking about will be able to recognize themselves, and as that is so, I want to tell them one thing if they happen to stumble into this place (*which is quite improbable*): Please don't talk about this thing, and don't think about it (if possible), until it's finished. This may take some weeks or even months, as I won't be able to write as much as I'm writing now every day; currently, I pretend to be on holiday and there's enough time to try rescuing my soul and my life by writing this.

Today was the day he'd looked forward to: Everything seemed to be right, the signs of an upcoming meeting or a happy event together with **HER** seemed inevitable; but as hopes are never fulfilled, he would just see her twice, being able to smile at her and watch how she smiled back at him. Once, she even embraced a guy he didn't know, but now, it seemed as if he didn't care. He had two reasons for that: First, yelling at the world that he loved her (even if he only did that by writing into a forum none of his friends knew) made things easier. A lot easier. He asked himself if he had stopped being in love, and he couldn't escape quite a negative answer, as she'd ignored him for quite a long time, even if one overinterpreted every single action she took.

Secondly, she had at least one homosexual friend and embraced many persons; yes, she'd also embraced him, *ONCE*. (*which didn't mean he was homosexual, as you could figure out on your own while reading that story, but gave him the terrible feeling that she thought so, and he had no power to change that without having to hurt her feelings and destroy their friendship, if there was such a thing existing in the cruelty of love*). But that was a long time ago; well, not so long, just about a quarter of a year, but things had changed till then. She'd told him once that hope dies last, but who didn't know that saying? He liked it, but he knew that sometimes a hope that died is better than a hope that's alive, because hope and pain are feelings of quite the same kind; at least, finally, when things had sorted out. Well, things won't ever sort out, he knew that; the entropy of the universe was never to be reduced, maybe excluding the moment of the final outburst of energy to destruct everything; that was the way he felt, and he knew that he had to act, otherwise quite a similar outburst of thought would crush his life and render him a dead person or even worse: A person without soul.

But we'll now go back to see how the first blow on his already shaken soul started to develop and finally crippled it; and the inevitable chaos that started to be hidden beneath his forehead. It was the day of a kind of feast, and we're not really interested in the reason for that party; we'll just know that he was there; and that **THEY** were there, too. He'd gotten to know them, several short encounters led him to be able to differentiate their faces in the masses, and he could recognize the voices; he still encountered a special *feeling* that he couldn't localize; not knowing where this powerful emotion came from, he thought he simply loved **THEIR** *character*, their happy, 'easy goin'" way of living. They cared for everybody, and seemed to be the best friends, though they were completely different. He wanted to know if there was something below that 'shell', below that profile they presented; he thought of his own profiling system, and decided to try to reduce it to reality while he was with them. Yet, there remained the 'DAY OF SELECTION'; he had to decide into which of them to invest his feelings. And that **DAY** is the day we're currently looking at, the day

that destroyed his life and'll perhaps render it impossible to go on.

But before we go into detail, we've got to add something, some part of him we've really paid not enough attention to until now: After reading his story, one'll notice that he sucked in and saved every detail he encountered, and sometimes even the exact words he was told or told himself; his eyes and his ears, all of his senses, didn't miss a thing concerning the creatures he loved more than himself. But as nobody noticed that special ability of his, he kept it for himself and thought that the fact that he normally couldn't remember a word of a conversation with a 'normal' person — as long as it didn't come to **them** — was the main proof that he was in love, hopeless in love. And he seemed to be right, as all tests he knew were positive: Thinking of the **person** in question with closed eyes without intending to do that consciously; waking up at night or even being unable to sleep because of steady thinking about 'the one'. But the 'selection' was one of his biggest faults, if not the biggest he'd ever make: Finally, he gained two friends that you could name 'real friends', taking into account that he was a boy and they were girls; but he lost his chance to love and be loved by the single person on earth that was related to him by soul, a chance a human is rarely offered. The worse was the feeling that overcame him, haunting in his dreams at night, when he'd realized it was too late.

But we'll come to that later. First, there was the 'selection' itself, and the sense and simplicity of it destroyed every future for emotions, while — at the same time — it maybe was the only way to make emotions possible for him *at all*.

As one may imagine, the small boy without any experiences simply had a look at both of **them** (*You'll notice that I'm accentuating **them** less as time moves on; that's a result of the presently changing situation*). But as he wasn't an ordinary boy, he didn't use an ordinary look; he watched for quite a long time and decided who of THEM was Sense and who was Sensibility. He soon noticed that the one — we'll call her G. for the moment — seemed to be obviously sensitive and sparkled with emotion, while the other one — we'll call her O. for the moment — seemed to be thinking logically and lost in her thoughts.

Though he preferred the more sensible, but sensitive type at first, he decided he wouldn't ever receive a chance to be the friend of either of them; for that reason, he decided to select the less obvious one and stop thinking about it for the moment. That decision lasted quite a long time, but it was broken the moment he really saw their faces and drank in every detail he could get. That was the time when he understood what the following lines meant:

And when I saw her face,

I was a believer.

(refrain from a now quite old English song, which is still famous, but nobody I know listens to it, really)

You must know something special about him: You told him a name, and he could tell you the special colour of that person. That was another one of his special gifts that would only make his experiences worse; he could make out everyone he knew by just looking at something he / she owned, at least concerning the persons he really liked. It was the same for him with smelling their scents or hearing their voices; He wouldn't fail to recognize somebody even if a mass of people was around him, and if he really wanted to find out about one of his fellow creatures, he was even more sensitive. All of us sense a lot of signs and feelings we do not fully understand, but people who listen for these hidden treasures are rarely to be found. He was one of them, soon investing all the rest of feelings he had in his dreams of a better future. But his selection wouldn't be worth a penny as he'd find out later, when he received the message that one of the two persons in question (O. the one he'd selected) had just found a new boyfriend, and this relationship seemed to be really fixed. As his decision wasn't really fixed at all, he decided to stow away her record in his brain, encrypted and far away, out of reach in one of the corners of his brain. THAT, then, was his real fault and proved to be his *sentence*.

Now, the investment of feelings began; subconsciously, he knew something had ringed a bell when he saw O. first, but he didn't notice that until it was too late. The signs that begged him to open up the secret feelings he'd packed away were ignored; everything he tried to

forget or to ignore was ignored properly, completely and impossible to be brought back into focus again. Up to then, as he finally changed, too, when the secret door was broken by the cruel mass of ignored feelings, just when it was too late.

As a consequence of his new decision to worship G., he did so. They became friends, though he overinterpreted everything about her. He survived a period of soul-breaking, depressive feelings, so strong he believed — he knew — he would die soon if he didn't receive any sign from her. Well, he received signs: Signs of friendship, and signs that she was in love though she didn't have a boyfriend, but she was in love with somebody else, and he'd be the only person to find out about that, as the male person she loved was nearly hated by O., and nobody ever put the pieces of information she gave passively — and once even actively — together. He did, and he ignored the results, something he was doing quite perfectly. He received a kind of positive reaction, when *fate* allowed him to talk to her several times, and when she once was completely alone with her; but he wasn't able to say a word, and she didn't, either. The valuable seconds passed, and perhaps it was lucky that it went this way, but he didn't feel like that at this time. The only thing he felt was a pressure he was putting on himself: the pressure to say something, just **A WORD** to escape this vicious circle, but the more pressure there was, the harder he tried, the less he was able to do anything about it. He managed to end his depressive attitude, and he finally was happy again; but that was a result of a new friendship he started with O., but as he didn't ever think of loving her, he continued to invest all his feelings in G., though he only received weak signals of friendship.

Love hurts.

Some fools favour happiness; blissfulness; togetherness;
 some fools fool themselves I guess
 but they're not fooling me.

(extract from a famous English song that's now regarded as quite old)

Stop searching forever, happiness is just next to you.

3 *The first Beginning*

(from a small fortune cookie program)

4 The Roots of Evil

Originally published: Thursday 12th January 2006

Hi, I'm back again!

As the last story was quite long, this one will be a bit shorter (just a bit); on the other hand, I'll try to improve the quality of my language. So just one thing: Enjoy it! (No, I don't run out of ideas; I only run out of the courage to remember, as such hard pain is difficult to endure.)

Today was the day he had feared: The day after the day that should have been perfect. However, as fate always does, it betrayed him: This day was better than the last one, but finally, he didn't really enjoy it, as he seemed to hang around with the wrong crowd. To the normal, untrained eye of a human being he would have looked happy, enjoying these people, but if there ever was to be a person that understood him — THAT is to say, the person everybody all out the world is searching for — she would have noticed he was just pretending, hoping to be beamed away every second. Of course, he wasn't; His profiling system was built up so perfect that no doctor could find out what he really felt, as all the endorphines and hormones that give us living creatures the strange feeling of happiness could have been found in his blood. But in a secured area of his brain, he was ill, sick and feeling blue, something only one person could have changed, but this creature was sitting some rooms away. Of course, he could have joined her to watch what she did, but he had noticed that fate wouldn't give him a chance of being talked to. And finally, he had told her and her best friend about a possible meeting at the place where he dwelled at that moment, but both had forgotten, and he was not to be the person to

remind them. Enjoying themselves, they were ingored by him in the part of his brain he could control; but his emotions were yet to be killed.

I guess you all want to know what had happened, who the persons were we caught him thinking of and if he would ever be happy again; I can just answer the first two questions by telling you everything he knew, but the last one still is to become reality under the cruel, but fair influence of the hand of fate.

We'll now go back to the point where we'd stopped; he had just fallen in love with G. and was now to be controlled by his emotions. However, we all know that pretty women can be roots of evil without knowing what they're doing or intending it; if you didn't ever experience that, you'll now.

We'll ignore for the moment that he thought of her about 80% of the time, while surprisingly, his marks didn't change for the worse; we'll also ignore his dreams, as today, he's already stowed away nearly all of them and neatly arranged the packet in a corner of his mind where he would never stumble into it again, though this was another trauma that still influences him today. What we'll look at are his encounters, his first contacts, and we'll analyze some of them to find out about his way of thinking.

Looking back, it happened quite fast: After knowing and secretly loving her for about half a year — the time he was captured in the depression — he made real contact for the first time. This included finding out about her character, her style of talking and the art with which she selected her words; the way she cocked her head to the left or to the right when she was explaining or telling something, or the loud laugh that escaped her mouth when she was told something funny. She laughed often, more often than O. did, but when he looks back at it today he thinks that she laughed about things that were too simple. O. preferred more complex jokes, puns — and already produced them herself. But we'll come to her later; for the moment, we'll try to discover G. the same way he did.

One of the moments he remembers most strongly was the minute when he presented her something he'd done for school; he'd included

a message for her among the things he did for a kind of project. As both O. and G. were quite happy with leading or coordinating such projects, he could give it to her:

She was sitting on a chair in the crowd you always find at a school; he was talking to a group of his 'friends'. While he was talking, he was watching her by moving his eyes so fast as if you'd seen a lightning; so fast nobody seemed to notice it, and if they did, they didn't mention it. That was a method he used quite often, and he was well acquainted with performing this art. When he realized she was sitting on her own, staring into the crowd, he took out the texts he'd prepared and walked over to her, holding his work in his left hand. After the delivery of that thing he'd prepared for hours, he knew that one of his major errors was that he'd used his left hand, as one may notice that the left part of the body is connected to the right part of the brain which is responsible for thinking with images — and emotions. Mumbling to her it was something for the project and handing it over, he watched his hand that began to shake violently, at least one inch to the left and back to the right; he couldn't keep it calm, and the more he tried, the worse it was. At the same time, his heart beat so fast he feared he would collapse; of course he didn't, but his major fear was that she'd notice and he'd have to search for an explanation. She didn't, though she blinked at his hand shortly to grab the texts, smiling at him and telling her friends she'd just received some new papers. After she'd thanked him shortly, he went back to his friends as fast as he could, cautiously keeping her in sight and slowly calming down. When he was back to the group that just stood something about one metre away, nobody who wasn't really aware of his senses would have noticed the way he was shaken inside. All of it was over in less than one minute, or even half a minute; time was something he didn't have the time to look at in this moment.

As trained reader or psychologist you'd have noticed that she wasn't aware of her senses, and that people who are in love are; thus, you'd have found out that she'd never love him or was simply too shallow to be aware of the details all around us, while he was able to sit somewhere and switch inside a conversation, simply listening and understanding

several things at the same time, noticing more details in a second than the group that was talking to each other would have noticed in months.

But also this gift wouldn't save him.

We could list other events like this, but we'd always end at the same point: A kind of friendship developed, and finally he knew some things about her, but not a sign of love was to be seen. At the same time, another person appeared to play a role in his life: O. was becoming an active part of his life without him noticing it before it was too late.

But that's a story that belongs to another heading; G. and O. are both having a boyfriend today, everybody has somehow developed to a couple, while he is still searching for himself. You see we are yet to walk a long way together if you like to read all my texts and thus my complete story; I hope you've come to know me by now and developed your own opinion; and I believe that you think that things couldn't be more complex, but you'll see they'll always change for the worse which seems to be one of the rules of life.

The greatest thing
you'll ever learn
is to be in love
and to be loved
in return.

— extract from a famous English song; I'm sorry I don't remember it's name, and I'm not sure if the text is completely correct

The only good is knowledge and the only evil ignorance.
— from a small fortune cookie program

5 First sprouts of real love?

Originally published: Friday 13th January 2006

Hi, I'm back again!

WEEKEND! Time to start over and begin with the important parts of my life; the parts that are influencing my thinking just now. Finally, I'll then write some daily or weekly report, showing what thoughts are swirling in my mind and why they don't return to where they came from. But to understand just the tiniest bit of my personality, you'll need to go on reading.

It's Friday, the 13th; a day most people fear. However, this Friday was different: He didn't *know* it was Friday, the 13th, that is, of course he knew it was the 13th day of the month and Friday, but he didn't notice these both conditions were fulfilled at the same time. All the other Fridays like that he could recall always were quite happy days; but then, he'd realized their existence from their beginning. Knowledge can change the world, or at least the way we regard or experience it, and thus, this Friday was normal to him, just up to the moment around noon when somebody said that it was Friday, the 13th indeed. At that time, this day or at least the way he experienced it changed: But finally, you'll notice that thought can change reality or even is its basis.

That day, he knew he wasn't going to see her and if he would, it would just be for the time of a short blink with his eyes. However, things were different. Not so quite, but at least he was allowed to see her two times, and for a duration of something about two or three seconds, which was much more than the blink of an eye, at least to

him who was able to save the experiences of seconds in a detail normal human beings use when they sit together with each other for hours.

The first occasion was exactly what he had expected: She'd passed him by, walking to his right just past him. While walking, she talked to another person next to her, but even his trained senses were unable to focus on two persons if she was among them. As a consequence, he just renewed his picture of her in his mind, something he did every time he saw her; but what really made him afraid was the undeniable fact that she changed and became less attractive to him. Her colour, the most important part of one's aura, was becoming darker and in danger of burning out and finally disappear completely, and this was the thing all the persons he really liked had in common: That colour that painted his own life that was to be grey from his birth till today. He didn't know if he was ever to become aware of his own colour, though he believed it was some mixture of blue and red; and he didn't stop trying to find himself and thus his colour of soul, while she seemed to loose her orange / red fire.

As you may have noticed, we are talking about O., as O. means nothing else than orange; you can figure out for yourself what green means.

He knew that there were people who claimed to be able to see these auras and wrote books about it; and he couldn't help but doubt their abilities, as the colours he saw seemed to stop glaring and became hueless and dull. He was one of the only creatures to notice this loss of souls or at least qualities of soul with his eyes that saw everything and couldn't be betrayed easily; Nevertheless, he was also infected with the virus that caused human fantasy and knowledge to die, and he had just exterminated that sickness of his soul when the next one came.

But we'll now see when and where he saw her for a second time: She had just exited her car and was walking, while he was watching behind a wall of glass, unable to reach her, and the scene was cut some quarters of a second later. Most interestingly, he'd looked out of the windows some quarter of an hour before this event, thinking that — once upon a time — somebody would read his story and try to interpret the fact that the glass he was staring at was quite dirty as

a border that separated him from the world outside, sitting alone in a dirty cage of glass, that was a normal bus. Interpretations like that were things he always did; Thus, he knew that nearly every story can be interpreted not just wrongly, but in a way the author himself didn't intend or didn't think of though he'd intended it. As a consequence, luck is the most valuable friend of all important authors.

One thing was now pretty clear to him: She'd changed, while he'd tried to stay the same; Something must have happened to her, and he wanted to find out, though he couldn't do so easily. However, he used all means he could, and if he was successful, is something he's asking himself at the moment; we'll soon find out, hopefully.

For the moment, we'll continue by analyzing the events of last year, the year before and the way he stopped to be in love with G. before we'll go on to 'The Great Betrayal of Belief in Fate' in one of the next parts.

We stopped by describing the moment when his hand shook more than ever; We'll go on with the way O. entered his life, preparing the description of the terrible way fate had chosen to cheat him, just explaining some things he only noticed without realizing them consciously.

One morning, she began talking to him. As she was one of G.'s friends, and as G. was with her, he just answered to her greeting as smiling as he could. This greeting was the first thing that connected the two of them; and he was always happy to hear her voice in the morning. One day, he was so sleepy he couldn't really answer her call clearly; Her reaction was to shout at him that she'd said 'Good morning', and he'd shouted back as soothingly as one can shout that he had answered her call, indeed; but as she was just passing by, he wasn't sure if she was still listening and his voice was faded out by himself on purpose.

One has to know he was a man thinking that the persons he liked or loved remembered at least some details about him; but nearly nobody did, and he was always hurt when he found out about that, but the steady greeting that was never forgotten gave him a warm feeling, and sometimes, he was even looking forward to it, and sometimes, it didn't

happen because she wasn't there, especially on the days he hoped for it with all his thoughts. The next step was done about some weeks later, and also this time, she was the person that was acting: She sometimes walked part of his way to school with him, as they'd to go the same way, and talked to him, leaving G. behind. If you've got to know the complexity of his thinking, you'll understand what he thought now, but no 'ordinary' human being ever will: As O. was to be ignored by him (she had a boyfriend and that was fixed; his second selection was not to be changed) he thought she was sent out by G. to test him. He tried to be perfect, maintaining his real, up to this time hidden character at the same time. He and O. became friends; finally, really good friends, talking about half an hour per day and sometimes even more about their own lives or their experiences, while she talked more, of course; In fact, he was a quiet boy concerning talking; As a contrast, he read and wrote more than most other children do at that age. Books with over 500 pages were no secret to him, and a whole series of 20 books of that size was paradise to that child. That was the reason his love for language developed; and that was one of his faults, as books and music are arts that are capable of cracking one up.

We could now go into detail, analyzing this friendship and the way it developed, taking into account her promises and stories, her faults and qualities; but we'll just have a look at some important actions and their outcome before we'll go over to 'The Great Betrayal of Belief in Fate'; but that'll be done in other texts that are yet to be written.

In this text here, I'll add something he'd also experienced this special Friday at noon time: Before he saw her, he entered the bus and had to choose a seat. All his other 'friends' had abandoned him, and he was alone to find himself somewhere to sit. There was a place, separated from the others, and quite a similar seat behind it: He *knew* them, he'd always sat on the seat that was behind, while she'd sat in front of him in happier days. Remembering one of these days, when he was killing himself by searching for something he could tell her, his mood changed; He was nearly depressive again, but quickly sat down on 'her' seat, as his seat was already used; and as he liked to change things, wishing to feel how the place she'd once chosen was like. The remembrance

crashed back into his mind again the moment he'd touched the seat with his back: A terrible pain ran down his spine while he was thinking of the day when he sat behind her and didn't find a thing to tell her. She was wearing sunglasses, perhaps not to protect her eyes from the sun, but from his view — that was what he hoped for. Her sight was beautiful, breathtaking, but he didn't realize it that way at that time; he just watched her neck, her hair, the way she'd had it cut — and the wonderful movements of her head when the bus shook while driving on the twisted street. Some part of him had realized he was in love with her, but he didn't understand it; but soon he'd cruelly find out the difference between being crazy about somebody (as with G.) and being in love.

The mustard seed was planted,
the gift has now been granted.
Just now it is bound to grow,
what it is does future show.
— W. G.

If the shoe fits, it's probably your size.
— from a small fortune cookie program

6 The First Denial

Originally published: Saturday 14th January 2006

Hi, this is Wilkie again!

Till now, I just showed you the tiniest patches of what is yet to come; in that text here (the longest up to now), you're invited to follow me to the first time I denied my feelings, not realizing having these at all.

Saturday. . .

A day he wouldn't see her, and his attempt to contact her was yet to be proven successful. For that reason, his thoughts focused on this happy creature even more, wondering where she was and what she did all the time.

The time has come to exit his mind and have an objective look at the scenery, something he liked to do all the time, as far as it was possible to escape oneself.

And he wasn't really capable of doing that; otherwise, he'd have noticed that she didn't have a boyfriend anymore, and that O. was starting to like him, himself just mirroring this love back to her without letting that feeling come close. He missed her, when one day she wasn't talking to him; he was excited, when G. sat next to him, but he was happy, when O. entered the room. This difference is a major thing that separates a deep love and just physically appreciation of beauty; he couldn't have told which one of the two girls was prettier, but his decision — the selection — focused thoughts like these on G., leaving O. behind. Subconsciously, he felt what was happening, but these subtle feelings were hidden and not even realized by himself; real love was bound to grow and needed time, and instantaneous preference for

somebody he'd '*selected*' — that was something that could never be the basis of a final unity. The poem he recited last time shows what this means — thus, he'll post it here again:

The mustard seed was planted,
the gift has now been granted.
Just now it is bound to grow,
what it is does future show.
— W. G.

Real love is a seed that's capable of planting itself, growing all with time, just needing this fourth dimension to reach perfection; but time would be too short, and the explosion the plant would cast off when it was big enough to be noticed by him would come too late.

We'll go back to the '**Day of the First Denial**' when there still would have been enough time to change everything and prove that real love was possible even in these days.

They sat there, facing each other in the bus. She was sitting looking forward, in the direction the bus was heading; he was sitting right in front of her, facing the other direction, thus bound to look into her eyes all the time. His emotions were controlling his eyes, and her emotions were controlling hers; thus, both children or young adults were looking into their eyes, steadily talking, not capable of looking into another direction. Another girl, attending the same place where they studied, was sitting to the left of him, but about one and a half metres away; sometimes, she must have looked at him; he'd find out when he would deny his feelings by looking at her reaction, as she must've sensed the powerful emotions that were escaping the eyes of the two lovers, which would be the foundation of new stories and consciousness. All his senses were focused on her eyes, the mirrors of her soul, and he experienced what it was to be in love. And then, he denied it.

Just after she'd gone, another little boy sat down next to him; both were smiling, and he asked him whether he was in love with her. The other girl that he knew, too, watched him; the bus was nearly empty, and she was giving him a warm, understanding smile, when the question finally was put to him by the small boy; she was together with

her boyfriend for quite a long time, and she still loved him; it was one of the most stable relationships he'd ever seen with people at that age. In a time that wasn't longer than a second, he thought about O. having a boyfriend, about G., about everything he'd experienced and shared with both of them; he knew he was in love, but he would deny when he was asked, as he was denying his feelings to his own consciousness; he couldn't be in love with somebody who had a boyfriend, not at that time. Thus, he denied his emotions.

The other girl in the bus stopped smiling suddenly, and the boy asked him why he'd looked into O.'s eyes all the time and why she'd looked back, if they weren't loving each other. He answered that it's normal to look into one's eyes when talking to that person, but he knew it was not that kind of look that connected them. He wanted to add that he couldn't be in love with her, as she'd a boyfriend, and if he had, the other girl would have told him O. was a single again; but he didn't add that, as he thought it would just be a reason for the small boy to ask other questions, and he wanted to be left alone with his pain.

What followed, was even worse: He didn't stop with denying his feelings to others, he wrapped them up in a package and stored them at some place in his mind where they weren't to be found again till a long time had passed. And the pain he'd experience then would be enormously brutal. But he didn't think of that. He started to see O. even more often, and enjoyed talking to her and listening; finally, we'll come to the moment he heard of her new boyfriend, but before we'll come to that, we'll add something we'd forgotten: What were they talking about?

We'll have a look at a Chinese saying:
Persons who are in love with each other say a thousand words without talking.

But as the thousands of words were spoken, and as he was a quiet boy, he searched for other things to talk about; he listened closely, when she talked about books she liked or was reading — and he read them all, at a speed only lovers can obtain.

Most times, he didn't find an appropriate moment to talk to her

about the contents. Sometimes, he did — but then, he didn't tell her he just read the book because she'd done so. I think, every human being who is capable of feeling emotions will have realized by now he was in love with her, but he still denied it when he was asking himself about his relationship to her.

About two weeks before the holidays began — weeks of time when he wouldn't see her — he was in the bus again, sitting together with O., G. and another girl. G. was asking O. if she'd kissed *him*, while she didn't explain which *him* was meant; but of course, it wasn't the him we are accompanying right now. It was a friend of O., and she didn't answer, which was the clearest way of telling that she did it. G. — and he — were smiling, joining the other girl, while she said that she'd kissed him, just repeating the thing everybody who was present already knew.

He was smashed, but the smiling saved him, and only seconds were to pass before his head slowly moved to look out of the window.

As we know, he was good at denying things, and he's denied his love for her; thus, he also didn't make the connection that she had to be single before she found another boyfriend. Everything he saw was saved in a corner of his brain; and about one week later, he saw the two of them kissing each other. Just before that moment, he'd asked her for a photo, and she'd agreed that he could take a photography of her together with G. and some other girls; as he saw their lips touching, he turned his head as fast as she could, not even keeping an image of HIM in his brain; that was something he'd do later, on another day.

He exited the room, and just walked away, not thinking of anything anymore for the next hours, just using the profiling system he'd always used with everybody. There was no need to start thinking when talking to somebody; it was superfluous, and most people didn't do it, as most answers and most questions were always the same; he simply answered what he was expected to answer, and that was enough, as nobody noticed anything.

The other day, she asked him for the pictures he'd taken that day, and he gave her these; she didn't really take an interest in them, though — and she didn't seem to remember having promised him to stand there

for him to take a photo.

He didn't remind her of it, either. He didn't find a sense in that. It was over.

At least, that's what he thought, but as he'd denied his feelings and still was denying them, there was no obvious chance in his consciousness; but his subconsciousness began struggling. Just a day before the last day of the last week before the holidays, it broke through.

He consciously experienced what had happened, and all the memories he'd locked away came back, bringing the eternal pain with them. He managed not to cry, though he was home alone, lonely. He invented the hope of seeing her tomorrow, and the hope that her new relationship wouldn't last long; but as concerning the present, the couple still seems to exist. Thinking of all the memories he had, there was something important he noticed: She'd stopped looking into his eyes, and the amount of words that escaped her lips was shrinking after she'd *fallen in love* with **someone else**. That was something that proved his feeling that she'd loved him — and it increased his pain to a level at which it was nearly unbearable. Caressing his hopes and denying his pain, he started to enter the state he was in before it happened; now just *knowing* what had happened consciously.

The next day, he was just able to pass her quite closely; no word was exchanged, and he couldn't even wish her a nice holiday, as she was talking to one of the teachers and he'd miss the bus if he'd wait till she finished. His holidays consisted of memories boiling in his head; and he even remembered two other scenes that should have proved that their love was to be perfect; he'd ignored them consciously, but they were saved for eternity in the complex memory that makes a human brain.

We'll have a look at these two important scenes in the next text; It'll be called 'Adam, Eve & The unambiguous Signs of Love'.

BTW: I'm sorry for announcing 'The great Betrayal of Belief in Fate'; it's included here, as his subconsciousness believed that fate — or some almighty power — would prove a perfect love to be reality.

BTW: As you're German, you probably won't know what BTW means; it's 'by the way'.

Liebe naehrt Gegenliebe und entflamt zum Feuersbrunst,
was sonst Aschenfuenkchen bliebe.

— Gottfried August Buerger

(Yes, I was teached German at my school; and we also had a look at German peotry. If there are some errors in it: Sorry, but it's not my mothertongue! You are free to tell me about it (in English) in your "Meinungen"-Thread, if you like, or correct them yourself, if you happen to be an Admin.)

I'd commit a crime (and pay a dime)
to turn back the wheel of time.

— W.G.

7 Adam, Eve & The unambiguous Signs of Love

Originally published: Sunday 15th January 2006

Hi, this is another post by Wilkie Goldentongue!

Sunday! A day, which at first seems to be long, perhaps too long to endure — and then, in the end, it's one of the shortest days of the week. But most happily, I was able to reserve enough time to finish the following text; and I was also able to include several pieces of poetry. You are free to regard this as my masterpiece; Perhaps, it will take some time until I continue posting the next text; this one exhausted me, and I feel empty, thrown against a hard wall by the force of the storm of fate.

Sunday was another day without any possibility of seeing her, and thus, another day that would pass by thinking about all the things that had happened up to then; other torturing moments when he would understand some of the most cruel signs he didn't understand before.

It was at night, somewhere between winter and spring, approaching a summer of love. He couldn't sleep, as his thoughts were flowing around all the experiences he'd gained the weeks before; he still thought that she'd a boyfriend, as we're just caught between the two occasions we described before: After the first denial, and before he was betrayed by fate.

His thoughts going here and there, he rarely opened his eyes, as he was lying in the dark and in a comfortable bed. It was somewhere around three or four o'clock AM — that's what he saw when he looked

at his clock. All of a sudden, a thought about his relationship to her — to O. — entered his mind and brought back some memories. For that reason, he began asking himself why she seemed to like him that much though she seemed to be a partner in a fixed relationship. With these thoughts in mind, he opened his eyes, looking at the red letters of the projecting clock above him; as soon as these clocks were in favor, he wanted to own one, as he often couldn't sleep.

The clock was showing 3:43 AM.

There was something special about it; he was a person that noticed something like that directly, while it would take others some time to figure it out, especially fellow Englishmen, as the word was German. But he had German friends and also did quite well in the German lessons at school. To give you a chance to follow his way of thinking, we'll describe the position of the clock; it was located behind him. As it was quite a simple type of projecting clock, the time could only be shown in one direction, i.e., it was turned by 180°. For that reason, what he really saw was 3:43 turned by 180°. Have you already written down the number and turned the paper around? If you haven't, you can imagine that a '3' would be an 'E', while a '4' would represent an 'h'.

Do you realize what he saw? He saw the word 'EhE'. Though it was German, he understood at once. A sudden shudder ran down his spine, beginning at his neck and not stopping before it had reached his ankles and finally his toes, before the surprising feeling came back again to flood over his body once more. His senses concentrated; that was something that always happens when you're alone and shocked in some way, especially when it's dark. He saw everything clearly, and he heard his blood rushing through his veins, transporting enormous amounts of a substance called adrenalin. He ignored all that.

Just one thought was flowing through his mind: Was it really possible? Could he imagine it? Yes, he could imagine to marry her.

This shocking fact was something he quickly decided to stow away with his emotions he'd hidden somewhere below consciousness. Because then, he realized another time that she was in a fixed relationship; while in reality, she wasn't, but he didn't know that. Finally, he

analyzed the patterns a clock would be able to show, and he didn't find a lot of words that would be possible to read that easily; in fact, he found none. Then, he had a look at the time he lay awake; he never had a look at the clock again at exactly 3:43, only if he intended to.

And this was the shocking evidence that the chance of this being a random event was quite equal to zero; but he also decided to ignore this logical analysis. That was the story of one of the unambiguous signs of love; however, it's not the only one, but it will serve as example quite well.

We'll now have a look at another story: At a time, when he was far from realizing that even a friendship between heim and O. was developing, both were exiting the bus at the same time. He was walking to the left, while she was going right next to him, to the right. This was one of the moments he saved for eternity, as it would take him a long time to understand it completely; as one may remember, we had a look at his youth, a trauma that blocked his emotions completely; and she would change it, but he wasn't yet ready for it.

A man or a young boy was approaching the two persons of our interest; he'd chosen the left way to pass them, and as he was in a hurry, he was to come dangerously close to her. And of course, he crashed into her quite hard, so hard it must've hurt her; but he didn't even turn back to have a look. She asked our protagonist — me — whether I'd seen it. He hadn't really noticed what happened, but he knew that there was a crash and that it was some person that simply went on running — but as he didn't want to offend her, he answered positively.

He was drowsy, as it was early morning, and thus, he was just remembering the way pickpockets were working, which seemed quite the same, and thus, he wasn't able to focus his thoughts on her, as he was still on the brink of sleeping. She gave him a shocked, painful look that was demanding for consoling words, for a hand to take her, for a shoulder she could drop her head onto; that was something he would firstly notice after she'd found herself a new boyfriend.

But then, it was too late. After having passed around the next corner, every child captured in his / her separate thoughts, she saw some friends

and went right up to them, leaving him standing there alone; he noticed that something was wrong, but he couldn't understand.

Finally, he stood there without knowing whether to wait for her to come back or whether to go on; as there was a big chance of other people to approach him, asking him what he was doing here, and as he'd only known her for a short time, and as she seemed to be in the process of starting a longer discussion with her friends, he decided to go on walking, without turning back.

Thinking back to that moment, which is something he does quite often, always gives him a shudder and a shock of pain; Today, he's imagining what she must've thought at that time, and it seems as if he remembers that her voice was shaking a bit.

It's a fact that most men — all men — like women that search for protection; however, it seemed that this offer she made to him was too early, as he was traumatized. He'd be healed by the moment when the feeling of betrayal crashed into his soul. But that would prove to be exactly the moment his chance would have passed. It has passed, though hope is still in the process of dying away. I'm now just trying to pack away the pain again, or to go through it to make it disappear; but it won't ever leave me completely. We'll now have a look at the next scene, which is quite comparable to Adam & Eve. For an introduction, and to change my mood to give me the strength to continue, I'll quote from a book we're currently studying at university, as it was inspired by John Milton's "Paradise Lost", one of the most important pieces of poetry we've got today.

But think of Adam and Eve like an imaginary number, like the square root of minus one: you can never see any concrete proof that it exists, but if you include it in your equations, you can calculate all manner of things that couldn't be imagined without it.

— Philip Pullman, *His Dark Materials*, Book 1 (Title: 'Northern Lights')

That's an author I happen to like, though we are bound to read that books for university, and being forced to read something at most times

takes away the experience of discovering a book on one's own. (*I think someone was talking about that book in another thread and asking me about it; but I'm currently not in the mood of talking to anybody, as I'm even exchanging letters [like "taht" instead of "that"] because these memories are making me highly nervous, but I guess you'll understand, so please don't ask me anything concerning myself, while you may ask me anything about this story of myself*) He's right: Everything in the bible is symbolic, and live is to be regarded as something that consists of symbols and signs, too. He also wrote something in chapter thirty-three, which was entitled 'Marzipan'; In that chapter, he described a scene I'd experienced, too; but as I didn't know this book at that time, I didn't realize. But as 'His Dark Materials' was inspired by 'Paradise Lost' — one of the main reasons why we're studying it — and as 'Paradise Lost' is dealing with the book 'Genesis' which is to be found in the bible — I should have noticed, and indeed, I had: They were doing an excursion at school, and quite happily for him, at a time when he was still in love with G. — or at least thought so — G. and O. were there, too, together with him. We'll now have a look at one moment he'd never forget; in one situation, she was asking him for a sweet, and as he had brought loads of them — she knew that — he was unpacking his backpack to get one for her. She offered to hold it, as the ground was dirty; she needed both her hands to perform that action. He finally got several of the sweets, and suddenly, mor people wanted to have one; another law of nature. As she didn't have a hand to unfold the paper, he did it; and after that, he just told him to put it into her mouth.

After one second of thinking, he did so, having the feeling of being remembered of something of vital importance. He remembered the story of Adam & Eve. And all the stories of those films that show two people falling in love with each other. There was always somebody putting something in the others mouth. Philip Pullman had chosen 'Marzipan' for that.

He'd chosen a simple sweet; there's no need for us to have a look at the taste, but he still remembers it. After he wore his backpack once again, he gave her the rest of the sweets, and she put them in

her pocket. Some hours later, she asked him whether he wanted one of them; and though he could have unfolded it himself, she did it. And she put it into his mouth.

And he still thought she had a boyfriend, even the very moment her fingers touched his lips. Times have changed; Today, all this is nearly a year ago. About eight or nine month after it, he'd brought the very same sweets to another excursion, and he saved them till they had to go home, just to present them to her. She took them, put them in her pocket, and some time later, she ate half — and gave him the other half, one after one, but not unfolded, just dropping them into his hand. What had he waited for?

At that time, she already had a boyfriend; and if she was like me, she would stick with him and be completely loyal. She did, though she sometimes hated him and called him an idiot or something like that — at least, when I was there. Or maybe, this was only what I hoped, as I never heard her speaking when I wasn't near her. Nevertheless, she didn't stop talking to me, though she really ignored me this week. I'm wondering whether she did that on purpose — or whether something had happened.

The attempt to contact her still hasn't shown anything, and I'm looking forward to tomorrow, when there'll be the highest chances of talking to her. Concerning that story here: That long post will mark a turning point. I'm getting nearer to the present, to the time just on the brink of the end of the second time of depression — at least, I hope so. And as that is so, I'll start identifying me with the protagonist; we'll switch over to "I" more and more than continue using "he". You may try to interpret that, if you like to do so. I shall include some memories at all times, as I can't forget them, but I'll go on to the present, which will hopefully develop itself so as to conclude in a thing you may call a "happy ending". I'm not sure it will, though.

But we'll try everything, and the single hope that's left includes the belief, that fate loves justice — and that God loves love. We'll see what happens. Please stay tuned...

I will go down with this ship

and I won't put my hands up and surrender
there will be no white flag above my door,
I'm in love and always will be. . .

— refrain from a nearly modern English song: Dido —
"White Flag")

The bliss is not to fall in love;
it's to be loved, too.

— W.G.

Love is a game of two persons that nobody wants to win.

— W.G.

Life's compound is love and joy;
so finally, you're only a toy
when joining in this stream;
sorrow is real, bliss a dream.

— W.G.

I feel fear — and sorrow.
Something new is closing in, right into my borough.
It's full of bliss and I don't wanna miss
The moment it's presented to me.
I think, I'll love the she.

— W.G.

When a woman marries again, it is because she detested
her first husband.

When a man marries again, it is because he adored his first
wife.

Women try their luck; men risk theirs. — Oscar Wilde:
'The picture of Dorian Gray'

Many receive advice, only the wise profit by it.

— from a small fortune cookie program

Love is a wall:
Climb it, and you'll starve on it;
break it, and the stones will kill you;
but you have to drag on either way.
— W.G.

A lie can be a knife
cutting your world into pieces;
but it can also be the glue
to hold it together.
— W.G.

Standstill is waiting for death — going on is walking into
his arms.
— W.G.

A sigh can be a brutal lie.
— W.G.

8 Second Denial — And First Doubts

Originally published: Monday 16th January 2006

This is Wilkie Goldentongue again!

It's Monday, an interesting day. However, it's also a day when you run short of time; thus, this text will be one of the shortest up to now. But I hope, you'll enjoy it nonetheless.

It's Monday, the day I should've seen her for the most time; at least, there were the most chances. Well, I saw her; but not really, as she continued to ignore me, i.e., she talked to me just about 40 words, and no more; and she didn't talk by own motivation, as I had to ask her.

However, she laughed, but it was different now; something or somebody has changed, which induced me to recall quite a famous English song; I guess, there's no need to quote the name of the band, as nearly everybody knows them, though they're not in fashion anymore:

No more carefree laughter
silence ever after
[...]
Here is where the story ends;
this is goodbye.
Knowing me, knowing you,
there is nothing we can do;
Knowing me, knowing you,
we just have to face it this time we're through;
breaking up is never easy I know,
but I have to go;

Knowing me, knowing you,
It's the best I can do.
[...]
Memories, good days, bad days;
they'll be with me always.
[...]
Now there's only emptiness,
nothing to say.
[...]

I tried just to quote the parts of it that express my feelings, however, I'm not quite so clear about them. I think, nobody can ever be. There has never been a real relationship, not even part of it; just a friendship.

But my feelings have always been different, until the moment she decided to ignore me; I don't know who changed; I just know there has been some change, and I've felt it most strongly today. This texts gave me the power not to think of her all the time, as they took over parts of my memory; they're most valuable to me, and if she ever happens to read them, I'll see if everything was just a dream. Maybe, I'll be able to find out tomorrow, or even today; she knows about my attempts to contact her, I've just told her about it in quite a subtle way; if she answers, this will be the first step towards communication. We'll see, hopefully. You have to wait, and I am eagerly looking forward to it, too.

These are my first doubts; I don't think my love is really subsiding, but it has been shook quite hardly, though powerful emotions can't be destructed that easily, if they prove capable of being destructible at all; but what's necessarily happening when a strong feeling is insulted or hurt in some way, the opposite feeling is always gaining in strength, as balance is the basis of human existence, though nobody seems to feel like that.

Part of me began to hate her for the pain she'd given to me without even knowing — or caring — about it. The other part still loved her, and perhaps will prove to be even stronger than before, as hate is the beginning of all love. However, I was enjoying myself with other

people, now sometimes being capable of forgetting about her, at least consciously; I'm not sure if I'll ever forget her beautiful, intelligent brownish-blue eyes for the rest of my life. Or the moment right before the first denial, when a vast bunch of photons was reflected between our pairs of eyes: My right eye looking into her left, her left just fixing on my right one, our two images mirroring in each others sparkling instruments to catch in the world around us; that's a moment I'll never forget, the moment I thought we were meant to be; when the small particles of light were just hopping to and fro, connecting our minds, our souls and our hearts; how could I dare not to notice, and even deny that Godly intervention?

I won't ever understand; however, the second denial is really simple to be explained: There was a small, young girl, sitting next to me in the bus and getting on my nerves; she always told everybody about everything she'd heard, as the search for attention was her sense of life; her parents had broken up some time ago, and this was her way of dealing with it.

Thus, I always answered with the two letters 'No' when she asked me whether I was in love with somebody she knew. Both G. and O. were among these people, and another person we're yet to stumble over — Y. (Yellow) — was included there, too. A fourth — or fifth — person is yet to follow: P. (Pink), a person quite peculiar and interesting, but I don't think there'll ever be anything more than a friendship connecting me to both of them, and — be that as it may — I'm happy with it.

This was the second denial — maybe, the story would come to an end when there was a third — I guess you all remember Petrus denying his allegiance to Jesus for exactly **three** times. Maybe, we're all surrounded by such signs, but only few, the saddest and most complex, and on the other hand, the most mad and lonely people are capable of noticing these, thus destroying their own lives with a terrible understanding — maybe, the GUT, the so-called 'Grand Unified Theory' is completely nonsense; most interestingly, life is completely different and dominated by inexplicable signs. I notice them, and I'm suffering from this knowledge; but in addition to that,

I'm also trying to help all the others to cope with their lives, trying to take some positive turning points by rendering out things to them they'd never have thought of.

As I already announced, this post was to be quite short; don't you worry, the next one will hopefully tell you more, and thus, you've got more time to think about it and give me your opinion. Stay tuned. . .

If a feeling is denied, it'll always strike back by denying
itself
— or by becoming even stronger.
— W.G.

Sometimes, there'll be a refreshing rain, giving you a cold
shower; and suddenly, everything starts to fall apart.
— W.G.

9 Suprising Sensations

Originally published: Tuesday 17th January 2006

Wilkie Goldentongue — another text, another day, another mood!

It's Tuesday; another day I wouldn't really see her. And another day when I'll have a lot of time to spend writing. That's an interesting day, however; it's the day of the eight. We'll see what happened today; and I hope you'll be able to understand, as I'm quite incapable of coping with all the sensations that are recorded by my senses all the time. Just give my texts a chance; it may be worthwhile to read them, and there's nothing you could lose by doing that.

This was the day he was open for everything; a yellow day, a day completely influenced by the eight. A number representing social interaction, communication and friendship; the number of Y. and her colour, but we'll go into detail about that later. This day seemed only to be influenced by these attributes, and it was one of the moments of freedom; today, he would be able to forget about O. for some time. And he did, though — or perhaps, *because* — he saw her for two times.

But both times, it took him some time to realize it; one moment, he was even imagining that she was watching him, but he quickly denied that feeling of his. The other occasion seemed quite peculiar, as he was passing her with one of his friends, and that friend simply stopped near to her; nevertheless, it took him — me — some time to realize that O. was standing right before his very eyes. But she didn't look at him, though she must've noticed his presence.

Finally, he urged his friend to go on, as both seemed as if they had been caught by a sudden nervosity and a certain bewilderment, that

none of them could deny nor backtrace to some reason. He was the first who gained back the control over his senses, and finally, he caught the bus in a hurry. O. was yet to stay; she had to study longer, as they were studying completely different subjects, though both were into sciences. But we don't want to go into detail about that, though these impressions can also be regarded as '**Surprising Sensations**'; Right now, we're going to have a look at the effect this '*day of social interaction*' was having on our protagonist.

As we already noticed, he was now capable of ignoring her, even if she was present. Thus, he had gained part of his heart back, and was now able to be charming and interesting towards his friends again, which was something he'd lost somehow. He wasn't sure if his love for her would ever cease to be, but he'd noticed something: It was the same month — just a year later, quite exactly — when he'd stopped loving G. He had just been through another depression. Indeed.

Maybe, this was it; but he wasn't so sure. There was no other person that had stepped into his life with the possible exception of P., a person that would always be a friend to him; maybe, his love wasn't really subsiding, but the burning and most destroying fire had been extinguished to make place for a wise flame. A flame that would probably burn forever, and now, she was the one to decide whether it would calm down to rest eternally in the form of glowing embers or whether this fire would ever be able to warm both of them, shading light on the world around this selected couple.

He knew that with a big fire, there were always smoke and shadows; but he knew, that the light would be strong enough for him not to notice. But we don't know what is going to happen, and nobody can tell. Not at this moment. Maybe never.

But the fire is still there, slowly, but eternally burning within his soul, as he's still seeing her picture in his mind, clearly pointed out as somebody special. Somebody, who never brought a ruler, which gave him the most happy feeling to be able to lend his to her at exactly the same time she needed it by simply dropping it on her paper.

Or by giving her a paper, even before she asked another person for one; he could read those wishes in her eyes, but as he rarely saw these

sources of her vivid spirit the last months, he started to adapt and guess. It worked, at least most times, and both seemed to be happy with it; but just for a person that watched from the outside, as he was longing for her embrace. There were two hours a week when he would sit next to her, something he'd arranged and she'd accepted or probably even wished; He didn't know how long this would last, but of course, he wished that condition to be static. But as we announced before, it was Tuesday; and he was receiving new, surprising sensations, as he'd gained control over some of his feelings again. He didn't fall in love with somebody else, he was quite sure he couldn't; but a friendship started, something that helped him cope with this loss and all the other things that were happening around him, all the terrible masses of sensations he received.

Suddenly, he was waving with his hands to greet somebody; he was smiling at the world, not just profiling, but really gripping part of the joy such a smile induces. A friendship with P. was developing, while he noticed, that the colour of this girl wasn't really pink, but something darker, more interesting; just right for an exciting friendship.

On the other hand, there was L.-B., a girl that seemed to be in love with him — or at least crazy about him, as she was trying to take every chance there was to talk to him, even in search of most uninteresting topics. What does L.-B. mean? Light-Blue. Not the dark blue that shows intelligence; she wasn't stupid, but a bit of a shallow, and she seemed to be a bit of a bore, too. And she was getting on his nerves, something P. noticed at once, also confirming the idea that L.-B. was in love with him in quite a subtle way. Maybe she was, but he decided to ignore that.

However, he wasn't going to tell her that she was getting on his nerves; she would have to find out on her own — which she never would — but if he'd told her about it, the situation would have been even worse.

Thus, his surprising were something quite natural, but he'd ignored anything like that before; now, he was able to *feel* friendship, something he just pretended before, when all his emotions were concentrated on O.

I've been cheated by you since I don't know when;
So I made up my mind, it must come to an end;
Look at me now, will I ever learn?
I don't know how but I suddenly lose control,
There's a fire within my soul.
Just one look and I can hear a bell ring,
One more look and I forget everything.

Mamma mia, here I go again,
My my, how can I resist you?
Mamma mia, does it show again?
My my, just how much I've missed you.
Yes, I've been brokenhearted,
Blue since the day we parted,
Why, why did I ever let you go?
Mamma mia, now I really know,
My my, I could never let you go.

So, you may ask, why is this text here? I guess everybody out there knows where it comes from; thus, I won't have to explain. It's just a part of a song, and it shows how I'm feeling at the moment, though I've never had a girlfriend; but being in love and having a girlfriend isn't that much a difference as it seems. There are several parts of a human being that can be in love: His brain, his body — and his heart (or his soul, if you like).

Real love combines all these several aspects; but if you feel connected or drawn to somebody by the innermost feelings of your soul, it's not really of importance if the other parts are in love, too, as they will fall in love, when the time has come.

However, there is one thing everybody should have achieved but rare people do: Being in love with somebody, even if there's no chance of a relationship. I'm not telling you that only some people are in love, but most of them don't feel this fire, this burning in their souls, the butterflies in their bellies or the twitching in their guts; Most of them don't spend their time really thinking about their partner, and they

are not capable to write such texts which are inspired by real emotion.

There is no such thing as talent; everybody is intelligent, it just depends on the methods he or she is applying to learn. What I'm telling you is: **Absolutely everybody** would be capable of writing something like this, if the motivation is real. For me, it is.

I guess, it's the same for most important writers or rather story-tellers: All of them draw power from their emotions and pass it on, doubling and tripling the energy that would consume themselves if they didn't. Maybe, this is the reason for our world drifting apart, for our educational systems failing and all the misunderstandings leading to wars. Decide on your own, as you now were given insight into some of the surprising sensations that keep chasing me around the globe.

Do you recall the time when the snail slurped its slime?
when life was worth a dime? and when the sun didn't
shine?

Or do you remember the day when belief led astray? when
you were heading the wrong way? and when there was
nothing more to say?

I hope you say 'Nay', as that is the day, when my love for
thee, would cease to be. — W.G.

Sense is sensation — and exasperation. — W.G.

10 Why?

Originally published: Wednesday 18th January 2006

Hello; I'm happy you're back with me again, taking interest in my story!

Wednesday; an interesting, but long day. A time when a lot of sand would pass the wheels of time without moving them quickly; in short: A boring day. Nevertheless, there were some important moments I want to tell you about; and some old sensations that jumped back at me, as memories happen to do all the time.

But before we start, I just want to tell you something of importance: After reading through my texts again, I noticed one may think I'm changing the recipient of my feelings quite fast; I'm gonna explain you why I'm not, before you start thinking about me in a way I wouldn't like. There always is a kind of development in human life; some even say

‘[...] Nought may endure but mutability [...]’
— Mary Shelley, ‘Frankenstein’

But I'm not telling you it's normal to undergo such fast changes; I'm tired to the death, when I remember the times the machines of puberty began to work, when the idea of "*being crazy about somebody*" was normal.

Everything has changed since then. Today, I'm not *crazy about somebody like a fool* (that's a pun, though you won't notice it, as you'd have to know about quite an old English song); I'm in love, and that's something completely

different.

Love is something you won't miss if you didn't experience it; or, to explain it the way Philip Pullman put it (we're currently just finishing that chapter, it's one of the last of the third book): Being in love is something like China; you always knew it was there, but it wasn't of any interest; and suddenly, you realize that you've been there.

Then, you've fallen in love, and you'll always wish to return to that place.

I guess that's quite an interesting and also easy explanation; However, it may take you some time to understand this metaphor in all its extent. Thus, I don't think I ever was in love with several persons or even hopped among them with my emotions; I think, I now fell in love for the first time. Something else you should not forget: This all took place in a time of no less than 2 years, and it started even more than 5 years ago. But enough for an introduction: We'll have to start now!

It's Wednesday, but you already know that; Maybe, just now, you happen to ask yourself why this text is entitled '**Why?**'. Well, that's a good question.

It's the question that always comes up when you don't understand something; and I don't understand a lot of things, though I seem to be understanding everything; but every human being could be like that. So what are these '**Why?**'-Questions I found my thoughts trying to answer?

Why did I fall in love?

Why did I realize to late?

Why didn't she tell me?

Why ...?

You see: There are enough questions one may ask oneself. Most of these are not to be answered easily, and a whole bunch of these won't ever be answered.

But questioning and lack of knowledge is the basis of human existence.

Maybe, we're not searching to achieve new sections of knowledge, but struggling not to forget too many of them, as we're always receiving sensations we can't grip; or don't want to realize.

Just remember the moment before the First Denial: I didn't notice the soft light that emanated from her eyes (it reminded him of the sunflower, her favourite plant; but it was glowing in an almighty way, sparkling and sharing her energy with the world around), the power that was crackling in the air, the lightning that everybody felt who was sitting next to me; How could a living creature fail to recognize the strongest emotion of all?

Possibly, he wasn't ready yet; most probably, he was in fear of something he couldn't control, without even realizing what it meant consciously. Failures exist to be made, and we exist to learn from the shocking results.

That's our sense of living; that's our mortal creed. This day, he didn't really have a chance to see O.; However, he found a picture that was taken from her and published, but her face was hidden beneath her hair, and the resolution was bad. However, when he saw the picture, it took him less than a second to realize she was there, too, among several other people; Nevertheless, he had been faster in the past.

His heart didn't feel the same way: As she passed next to him once, it pounded so loud he was afraid P., who was next to him, would hear it; And the physical effort it took him to rise the flight of stairs before shouldn't have exhausted him in any way comparable to such a feeling. That moment was today, and there was nothing more to it; but it shows, that he's still in love.

Another occasion to see her that day was rendered impossible by an assembly to plan something for the university; as she passed him and asked the crowd (which consisted of three people, indeed) where it took place, he answered first, smiling at her. However, she looked at the other two girls which were not really good friends of her. Not that she didn't like them, but they were quite new at that university, and she only had a small amount of real friends; apart from her best friend,

a girl that might be of importance later on, he'd always thought he had been the other person of most interest to her; now, everything seemed different, as her eyes just flicked towards his for less than the tiniest part of a second, and he could only see that she recognized him; and he felt a terrible cold shiver, because the glow he always saw had faded away, or had been hidden.

He couldn't know what had happened, though he was eager to find out; however, there were three possibilities, which could be proved by different arguments:

- (a) she had loved him, and right now, she was trying to get him out of her mind;
- (b) she had never loved him, just starting a friendship which wasn't *really* important to her;
- (c) she had broken up with her boyfriend and just was in a phase of depression.

Possibility (a) could be proved by all the moments I've allowed you to share with me, and by the fact, that she had a new boyfriend and seemed to be happy with him. Thus, the danger to fall in love with *HIM* wasn't worth the fun she'd experience with him in a friendship, as he was quite quiet, thinking all the time, not knowing what to say, while she liked his puns and the statements that passed his lips just at the right time to give her a hearty laugh.

Possibility (b) can also be proved when the perspective one takes when looking at his experiences is changed; she was lonely, just searching for somebody who would be a friend. On the other hand, a friendship wouldn't simply cease to be; something had happened; He felt that, but he didn't know how he could find out.

As a conclusion, possibility (a) seems to be more probable, while she could also be experiencing pain because she broke up with her boyfriend; but he guessed he would have found out, and he knew that hopes are never to be fulfilled if they are consciously. Thus, he tried to ignore her, too, though he wasn't able to believe in the words he was

telling himself, the phrases that commanded him to stop thinking of her. However, she stayed a happy person; but most times, he saw her alone, and she had become more quiet, which may be a result of the fact he didn't really see her for longer moments than some minutes.

And she was never alone, but he didn't know how that would change anything, as she was already in a working relationship. That day, he nearly managed to do the trick and ignore her; but nonetheless, he knew that this achievement was temporary. Tomorrow, there would be chances to see her, perhaps even alone.

We'll see what happens; I'll tell you tomorrow, but today, I'm tired and exhausted; denying feelings to oneself to fulfill your dreams is a hard job, and you'll never know if it's worth the effort. Now, I'm bound to tell you that I've lied, or at least forgotten something on purpose: There's also a fourth possibility, (d). Probably, she thinks I'm gay.

That could be a possible result of the fact I'm spending a lot of my time with girls, and I seem to understand them; that doesn't necessarily mean I'm gay, but some people may think so, as I never had any girlfriends (on the other hand, I never had any boyfriends). The only thing I could do about that without hurting her is telling her to read these texts; but I don't know if this is the right choice, and I'll decide about that at some later time, as even though she doesn't know this pseudonym, she'd find out when she read it. We'll see. I'm looking forward to meet you again, here.

It was night;
 all the lights faded away;
 all the candles burnt out;
 all the shadows alive.
 That was the time I started thinking;
 I thought of my love for you,
 thus colouring the night;
 making the shadows, the thoughts and feelings,
 and finally the world,
 blue.

— W.G.

No feelings are escaping my enchanted soul;
you hold the key to let them out,
but you won't ever know
unless the mightiest of powers
has freed my soul.
You hold the key to that power;
you happen to hold my life
in the soft hands
that are touching the palms
of someone else.

— W.G.

11 Bless you!

Originally published: Thursday 19th January 2006

Hello, again, nice to know you're still with me!

I'm glad that you still read further; and that I'm still capable of continuing that story of mine. But before the introduction will become as long as the last, we should concentrate on the text. Here's another extract, just for you, and especially for O..

It was Thursday, the day he'd waited for so long. And that was to be his fault; as we already learnt, hopes are never fulfilled if they are of real importance to us, and this basic law of existence never failed. It all began in the morning; hoping she would come, but not doubting this idea strongly enough, he freed a seat for her, right next to him. He'd always done that, in times that were gone now, as she took a car to reach school.

But today, something that was the case about a month ago was repeated again; at that time, she took the bus, because there was no other possibility. As you may have guessed, she didn't do so today.

Our protagonist had reserved a seat right next to him, and carefully chosen it in a way that there won't be too many people who would ask questions to her or to him nearby. He realized that this could offend her, if she really tried to stop the friendship they had; but if that was the case, she'd have to stand for more than half an hour in a completely filled bus. Otherwise, she'd have to ask somebody else, but then, he'd at least have an answer.

But fate seemed to think differently: He didn't know how she made her way to school, but as there were several other possibilities, he

didn't have to search for a logical explanation for too long. When the bus arrived at the place where she would enter, he sat on the other side so he couldn't make out the car or her house. But he could see the bus stop, and she wasn't there.

Another girl standing next to him said to him in quite a desperate way: 'This place's reserved, isn't it?' He took a final look around, before the last spark of hope seemed extinguished; then, he had a look at this person and told her: 'Indeed, this place had been reserved; but nobody seems to be coming.'

Then, he took his bag and placed it on his legs, thus making room for her to sit down. Finally, after she sat, another girl took her seat on her lap, and he stared out of the window for the next 45 minutes that were to come before he arrived at university.

Finally, he began to sleep, as he was quite drowsy, and he didn't even notice when the place next to him went empty; but finally, he arrived at university. The bus was late, as all buses are; and he had to hurry up, though he knew he'd arrive too late at the lecture he was joining today. When he passed the courtyard, one person was approaching him; it was O.

She just passed him, greeting and smiling, while he did the same, if we decide to ignore his still rising heartbeat that seemed to have reached its climax just before he met her and was now rising even higher. He went more slowly, though he knew he was late; there would be three explanations for her coming from that direction, and he decided to focus on the most probable one: She had just visited the toilet, as her lecture started later.

He knew that, as he knew all the lectures she was joining and the times they started; sometimes, he thought he knew even more about her than about himself.

On the other occasions he'd hoped to meet her, he couldn't, as the lectures that would take place in the afternoon had been canceled, but his hopes had kept him from realizing that yesterday. Nevertheless, that would mean that she would finish at the same time he would; but on the other hand, she had a car she could drive, as in the afternoon, the problem that should have made her use the bus in the morning

didn't apply anymore.

But she didn't seem to use the car; maybe, she was together with her boyfriend and he'd caught her from university; but he was not to find out about that today. He'd just see the car in front of her house on his way home. And tomorrow, the chance to see her was nearly equal to zero.

He remembered happier times, contemplating his faults; the moment when she'd come up to him just to tell him about her marks, escaping an auditorium to meet him, as he was passing by; the occasion when she'd planned which bus they would take to be able to talk on their way home; or the moment when she advised G. that she wanted to sit next to him; or the other time when her boyfriend was sitting to her right, while he sat to her left, and put her arms around his shoulders two times in gestures of friendship.

These times were gone, but he kept everything in mind, though it would probably crack him up.

But there was something else, something special about that day; I've left it out in the beginning, as you should have wondered about the title. He noticed today that he was becoming more and more integrated in all those social groups you find at university, school or every place people meet at. One result was, that he seemed to be the only person who always said 'Bless you!', no matter who was the victim of that illness that made you sneeze, and also disregarding the fact that one might sneeze for three or four times.

That was just the change one may have noticed who knew him; but there was also something else. Starting this week, and maybe also the end of the last one, he began making friends with everybody, even people nobody of his old friends seemed to know. He adapted.

Maybe, just to cope with the sadness her behaviour was imposing upon him.

And he did quite well: Soon, he knew loads of people he'd just seen several times before, new names were jumping at him from all sides, and the moments when he didn't have to think of her gained importance; but when he was alone, he was more lonely than ever, and his suppressed emotions seemed to come back in the eruption of some

hidden volcano.

We've already learned that everything in life is balanced; the Chinese happen to call it the 'Yin-Yang', others the 'harmony of the universe', but most people simply call it 'religion'; or 'God'. You may choose for yourself.

But it's cruel to know that the strong emotions we experience are finally all balanced and thus just the normal vibrations of life, that allow us to feel anything at all. These eternal vibrations are the thing our scientists are struggling to find out about, without even knowing it exists.

One may imagine a simplified model of a sinus, a curve going up and down; but finally, if you subtract the areas below zero from the area above you'll see that the result will be zero. That's the way our life is made: The rising entropy is the result for the impossibility to predict anything clearly, and the only possible way to do that is to try becoming a part of it; but even then, only percentages of such probability may be given.

That's the basis of life; and thus, also the basis of love. Nobody really can predict both; but if anybody tries, he'll probably join the garbage of rising entropy and go back to where he came from:

'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. . .'

— The Holy Bible

Dust is the symbol of this entropy, and the symbol for life, as life is not predictable; if you try, you'll have to go back; you'll have to die, slowly cracking up. Always keep that in mind: We can try to find the GUT, but if we do, this could be the end of our existence, as knowledge always is a weapon. I hope you understood what I wanted to tell you; I know it's not easy, but life and love aren't, either.

But that was just an explanation of the logical analysis I often apply to things it shouldn't ever be applied to, and of the danger that can result from such abuse. One may say abuse is another basic law of

human existence; I won't contradict him, but some laws should not be obeyed.

I closed his eyes; it was summer again, the summer of O. The sun was shining, the two of them were sitting in the bus, near to each other: He looked into the blending light the sun was spreading, and soon, he was blended in a way quite similar to the moments when he had a look at her. He remembered the time when she'd told him about her favourite flower, and he found the light emanating from her shining eyes in every sunflower he saw since that moment.

The vision was stopped abruptly, and he found himself back to present, eyes wide open: He was shivering, as it was winter, early in January and cold even inside, though there was no real snow outside; she liked snow, and he wished for it, too.

Maybe, this was the reason why it wasn't snowing. He decided to ignore this idea and closed his eyes again; the vision was gone, but her face still was there, as if it was burnt into the backside of his eyelids, and it wouldn't go away like a tattoo that would stay forever.

However, a tattoo could be hidden to the own eyes; the picture on his lids couldn't. I warmed my hands, but they stayed cold, remembering the things that could have been but now were lost for eternity. Opening my eyes, the vision of an image still stayed as if imprinted into the retina. I decided to ignore it and had a look at some of the things I had to do for university, but concentrating was becoming more and more difficult in the last days.

The withdrawal of feelings I had received from her was now a strain on my soul and my conscience and soon became a fact I couldn't deny. But I couldn't tell her, either.

A fixed relationship is something that's an important decision, as it kills all mutability; and she seemed to feel the same way, and her decision was made. If her boyfriend doesn't change his, I guess, nothing would change.

I know it's hopeless, but the last tiny patches of hope that are left keep me alive, and I don't want anybody to take these away from me. We'll see if the basic rules I've worked out — that real hopes are not to be fulfilled — will be proved. I hope they won't. I'm looking forward

to meet you again, here.

One may guess;
but only who is preordained to die,
may know.
— W.G.

Who will end the curse that's holding me in its grip so
tight?
I can't escape;
I need the source of light,
that's sealed up itself;
ever so tight.
— W.G.

12 Return of the Signs

Originally published: Friday 20th January 2006

Hello, nice you're here again!

In that text here, we'll just have a look at the tiny details I was capable to notice today, as this Friday seemed to be something special; it wasn't Friday the 13th, that had been last week, and I'd already told you about it; this was a special day for other reasons, as you'll see if you join me again and read the following passages. Another part of my life — just published publicly.

This day was a day of the two; not only th number of partnership, but also her number. That meant, as he knew about it before, that he wouldn't see her today. But there were to be signs that would remember him of happier times. Important signs which meanings he's still figuring out.

It all started at about half past 12; and it took just about an hour.

This hour was a complete summary of what had happened, and maybe, it would also tell him what would happen; but he didn't know if he really wanted to find out, as this might be the worst thing to do: One can only hope if he knows something about his future; and if one hopes, this hope will not be fulfilled (*we already figured that out some time ago, didn't we?*). So we'll just have a look at these signs from a completely objective point of view; interpretation is up to you!

It began when he entered the auditorium to hear the next lecture; soon after he'd sat down, some of his fellow students would cry out loudly, because the lecture was cancelled. That meant he'd have to hurry up, as the bus was to come in just about four minutes. So, there

were four minutes to go; alone. No time to look at the plan if any lectures would be cancelled on Monday; no time to say goodbye to P., who was with him. Only time to run. He ran.

Or, to be more exactly, he walked fast. He reached the bus stop in time, to join one of the girls he knew which wasn't included in one of the groups that inevitably develop in a mass of students; she was standing there alone, and he talked to her for some moments before her bus came and took her away. Another group of students, that had been huddled up with another girl he knew, just raced to their bus who arrived at that moment; He would have to wait for his until P. had arrived at the bus stop, too.

He walked to the other girl standing there alone and talked to her, about the books he liked to read, about the car both of them wanted to own so as not being forced to use the bus and several other things of no real importance to us.

P. arrived and joined them, taking over the active part of the conversation without really changing the topic. Finally, the person of our interest told a funny story that had occurred to him yesterday in the bus, but it's of no importance to us now. Both the girls were looking at him in quite an interested way, something he hadn't experienced since the day O. stopped looking into his eyes. For some moments, he was happy again; then, the bus came and took him away the same way the separated girl was taken away before. When he entered the bus, he decided to take his seat behind an older lady; Something in his mind seemed to know her face, but on the other hand, she seemed completely new to him. Soon, when the bus was nearly filled with people, some children asked whether they could take seat in front of the lady; she granted them this permission friendly. The two young girls sat down, and soon after, an even younger boy approached, asking the lady whether he could take seat next to her. He was allowed to do so, too.

Only seconds later, the two girls, who were now forced to look into the eyes of that boy, stood up and went to sit on some other place simultaneously. The boy didn't follow them.

Some minutes passed, before the lady must've asked the boy where

the bus was currently located; the boy must've misunderstood this question and asked the driver whether this line would pass through a certain part of that village.

The confusion of the three persons that were now involved soon cleared, as the lady explained her question again and told the boy where she wanted to go; the village where O. lived. He'd once seen her granny, but he wasn't sure if he could recognize her today; he thought the lady might be that person, though. However, there were several things that didn't fit into that idea.

1. Why didn't she catch her from the station? She would be there just about an hour later, he knew that.
2. He was pretty sure he'd memorized her voice correctly, and he could neither recognize that nor any features the two of them should have in common.
3. She seemed older.
4. O. had visited her granny just two weeks ago, and she was living quite far away; in addition to that, she was not so healthy that she would simply come to visit her surprisingly.

For that reason, he decided to sleep a little, just for about five minutes or so, for he was really drowsy, and he liked sleeping in buses or planes; he could sleep there even better than in beds, as the feeling of moving and the regular vibrations of the chassis calmed his racing thoughts down a bit.

Some time later, he found out the boy had shown the lady the button she would have to press for the bus to stop at the next station; After our protagonist had recognized that, he decided to press the button for her.

And he did. She didn't notice, and when she turned around to do it, he told her he'd already done so.

She smiled, but he didn't recognize her face nor her smile.

When she stood up after the bus stopped, a coin could be heard falling; It took the person of our interest some time to wake up from

the state of oblivion that had caught him for a moment. The lade was gone, and he rised a bit, just high enough to see the coin.

It was of nearly no worth, at least. And as the woman had already exited the bus, he decided not to bother her, as he didn't see or hear other coins. But before the coin fell down, there was something that had caused this state of being completely absorbed in contemplation: A garbage truck was passing in front of the bus, just before the last turn they had to make to reach the home of O.

That rang a bell; the end of something; garbage meant the end of something, and a garbage truck would mean carrying the broken (or 'cracked') pieces of something away to make place for a new beginning. What was happening?

Theories were developing in his mind; that was the first time he'd noticed a garbage truck in that village; something was changing, this was a 'sign'. But what it meant was something he struggled not to find out, as it could be positive — or negative. He didn't want to know, though he wished he did.

But we stopped at the moment the lady exited the bus; we held the time right there, and now we will try to join in there again and take back our seat in his brain. His head turned when the lady went in the direction of O.'s home; but he wasn't able to track her way completely, as the bus started his journey again and gained speed quite fast; faster than normally, it appeared to him. And as the windows weren't really see-through; there were ads fixed on the outside, and little light was passing through, thus separating the passengers from the outside, filtering the light in a way that could be compared to the shadows in a prison, if you were in a desperate mood — as he was, indeed.

He even imagined having seen the lady turn towards *her* house; but that now seemed just like a dream his mind had shown him. The signs were gone again; he would try to ignore them, as he did in the past, when he got to know her, as a repitition might be the only way to lead to another repitition. Maybe, he should try to focus his feelings on somebody else, so he wouldn't think about her, which would be the best way to prepare a new beginning — with O.

But there was this voice in his head, singing:

They passed me by, all of those great romances
 [...]

My picture clear, everything seemed so easy

And so I dealt you the blow

[...]

Now it's different, I want you to know

One of us is crying

One of us is lying

In h[is] lonely bed

Staring at the ceiling

Wishing [h]e was somewhere else instead

One of us is lonely

One of us is only

Waiting for a call

Sorry for h[im]self, feeling stupid feeling small

Wishing [h]e had never left at all

— extract of the lyrics from quite a famous song

The cruel feelings that always came together with the most beautiful feeling of love wouldn't go away so easily; maybe, a repetition of history would prove to be impossible, as everything had changed — and would change, forever.

He didn't believe in it, but he hoped for a better future, which could be his greatest error since the time he hadn't realized his and her feelings. But he decided to ignore that, too, trusting in fate though it had betrayed him; or he had betrayed fate, that depends on the point of view you're taking. It's yours to figure it all out.

Puberty is the discovery of emotion — and the complexity
 of life.
 — W.G.

There was a crack in that shell,
 and it will soon burst open;

maybe, this will be the end —
or a new beginning.
The nutshell is going to break,
for the sake
of emotion.
— W.G.

13 More Signs — More Fear

Originally published: Saturday 21st January 2006

Hello; I hope you grow fond of this story, and start to understand my feelings.

This time, I'll tell you the other signs that were just jumping at me today; they're making me afraid and give me a hard time, as I don't know what to do or think about it.

It was Saturday — A day he wouldn't see her, but a day full of new signs approaching his mind.

It all started at about 4 pm: He approached a radio his mother hadn't turned of; it somehow attracted him with a magnetic power. He stared at the volume level: It matched HER number. Later, her mother would turn the radio on again, and it wouldn't match this number again; and it wouldn't be matched so exactly, showing it so clearly, as if it was intended to do so.

A new song was heard, and it told him to wait for summer and start over then, in a kind of metaphorical way; when the song was finished, he knew he could turn of the radio safely as no more information would be given to him. He turned around and saw the antenna of another radio, its tip just in front of the left eye of a portrait that showed him. His mother had hung it there. The tip of the antenna seemed to touch the right eye of the image, or at least cast a shadow upon it; and he couldn't help but remember a scientific extract about the method the human brain was working.

The right halfth dealt with images, as there are pictures — and emotions. The left halfth would be the logical part, analyzing things systematically and mathematically by using numbers.

The eyes and nearly the complete halfth of a man's body would be 'wired' the other way round; thus, the left part of the body would be controlled by the right section of the brain and vice versa. The right eye of the portrait (heraldically speaking) was thus blocked by the antenna; thus, the left part of the brain, the logical part, was blocked.

This sign could mean two things: Either, he should try to think logically, trying to remove that blockage, or it could be exactly the opposite. This duality or ambiguity of meaning was something quite natural to life: It was the only thing left to choose between, as everything else was borne — or predetermined. This was the main reason that caused the discussion about the illusion of decision, and the final cause of that discussion not to be able to give a right answer. Most of these answers to the main questions of life were to be found somewhere in between; only change was to be found everywhere, that was sure.

The Chinese had known that for centuries, even several thousands of years ago; today, we just happen to know about the Yin-Yang-Symbol, but people who could tell you about the philosophy that it symbolizes are rare. The Feng-Shui and things like these are just marketing ideas, and are not to be taken seriously; No philosophy is ever to be sold. But now, we'll have a look at the next sign that was approaching him: He was just finishing some work for university, finally counting the words he'd used on his computer.

The number he received matched the number on the plate of the car the parents of O. owned. However, after he'd printed the homework, he found he'd forgotten something, added that and thus increased the amount of words by ten, finally getting the checksum of G.'s name. The meaning of this sign puzzled him, as he couldn't think of one. Or did the repetition of feelings also include the emotions he'd once harnessed for G.? He didn't know, and he didn't want to find out, either.

Having a look at the temperature, summing the temperature outside and inside, like he always did, finally calculating the checksum, he found it rose from two up to four. Two was her number, three the number of her boyfriend, and four his number. This was the next puzzling sign, but he decided not to try finding out about the meaning

about that one, too. Right now, he was just walking into the kitchen again, not intending to check the temperature; he did so by chance. The checksum was two, as it always was when he checked the checksum without intending to do so; it had become a ritual. If he wanted to check it, though, it always seemed to be something else; but this was another law of human existence, as only the uncontrolled intention can tell us the truth about ourselves — and the world.

The analgesic power of music was entrancing and fascinating him at the same time, when he listened to a ballad; this seemed to have an impact on his mind that was comparable to drugs or alcohol. Instantly, his thoughts began to race, when his concentration on the music stopped and the steady flow of rhymes didn't do the trick of a diversion anymore; he wasn't yet back to reality yet, but the racing thoughts were inevitably and unpredictably focused on her. He tried to concentrate on the song once again; the feeling of momentary bliss was gone, and he was back into the cold reality again, caught by the walls of the house and the much stronger adamant fence of his conscience he could never escape without her help, as they could only be opened from the outside. He took off the headphones, and listened to the powerful, steady music of the world that never went to sleep; the buzzing and summing, humming and crackling sounds of thoughts, of pure energy flowing from mankind into eternity would always be there, even if the last soul ceased to exist; remembrance would persevere.

Persevere; that was the word he had been told when he'd tried to find out about the future.

None should try to do it; the aim should be the perseverance of intention, but he didn't want to realize that right now, as he liked to stay passive. He wondered whether he was simply concentrating his feelings on her, thus not really being in love; he also asked himself if that would be possible with another person. Could he do it? Would it be the same? He knew it was different. He'd once been crazy about G., and that was something like just concentrating feelings on a person; that was the way all creatures capable of feeling love would start to discover their emotions. With O., this was different, though he couldn't describe of which type this distinction was.

When I was young,
I never needed anyone,
and making love was just for fun,
those days are gone.

Livin' alone,
I think of all the friends I've known;
when I dial the telephone,
Nobody's home.

All by myself,
Don't wanna be,
All by myself,
Anymore.

Hard to be sure,
Sometimes, I feel so insecure;
And love's so distant and obscure,
Remains the cure.
— (I think there's no need to tell you the name of the song;
you'll all know it)

That was the ballad he'd heard. It somehow showed the distinction puberty would make: Suddenly, there would be some wish for something you didn't know before; you'd always known it was there, but you didn't wish to go there, which remembers us of China and the way Philip Pullman put it.

Maybe you'll now want to ask him about the outcome of the attempt to contact her: He'd told her about that on Monday, and she hadn't reacted ever since. He'd included the question if they were still friends in quite a direct and possibly offending formulation, but it was necessary,

as she'd offended him with her quietness, too. In addition to that, he'd also sent her some important informations about a lecture she'd partly missed; thus, it would be quite important for her to receive that information, but she seemed not to wish to do so, and he didn't want to push her to do it.

For now, he'd done enough; this weekend, nothing more could be done, with the possible exception of continuing to write these texts. That moment, he listened to the ringtone of 'The Godfather'; it was a sad, melancholic, but strong melody, though it was not polyphonic.

Switching over to writing again, he thought about the things he was yet about to tell you; the things he *ought* to tell you. For example, the moment when a friend of Y. had asked him for his number so as to contact him; or the moment when he tried to sit together with P. when O. wasn't there just to escape L.-B.

P. had noticed that L.-B. was after him, and she'd also told him that she nerved her in quite a similar way as she nerved him. His friendship with P. and her friends was growing, thus giving him the possibility to attain a certain degree of stability again, so he would probably be able to cope with his subdued feelings. P. knew about the texts he was writing, though she wouldn't have guessed; he'd told her, and one of her friends even started to read them as he'd told her, too. But he trusted both not to tell anybody else.

However, he feared the power of the signs; and nobody but him new what he was really writing about, and only O. would be able to find out — if she ever wished to do so. At the moment, she always seemed to be in a hurry, caught by her own thoughts, probably not thinking about him and not realizing the slightest trace of his feelings for her.

Nobody knew what would happen, and nobody wished to find out, as the person who touches the secrets of the future is near to disastrously throwing the ability to decide about his own away. Let's wait and see, though this is one of the worst things to do. Hope you're still taking part and understand the way I feel. . .

The persons everybody thinks to be happy
are the saddest of them all.

— W.G.

Have a look at that childish play of emotions:
They stare at each other, knowing what each other feels,
and throwing the power of acting
away,
forever,
never to be found again,
feeling aghast and lonely forever,
the two of them:
Not united
but separated.

— W.G.

14 Wait and See?

Originally published: Sunday 22nd January 2006

Hi again! Hope you're still with me!

One may ask me how the story is to be continued, but I won't be able to answer, as I'm writing in real-time, and reality can't — or shouldn't — be predicted, as we've already found out. Thus, the only thing you can do is join me and wait and see. The final question is: Shall we?

Sunday; and nothing had happened. Two weeks ago, his contacting attempt had been started, and there was still no response, though he'd told her about it. He began thinking she had been playing a kind of game with him, but the anger this offense was causing didn't cease to feed his love, so it grew even more powerful.

Today, he'd remembered something he just memorized yesterday without understanding it: The moment he was listening to the radio and wondering about the antenna in front of the portrait, he had a look at a cheap clock, which never showed the right time, as it was going faster than it should.

It showed 3:43 pm, but as this thing wasn't a projecting clock, he didn't see something peculiar, though he felt he was remembering of something special. Today, he'd noticed that similarity; it was another sign he didn't want to figure out.

The day before yesterday, there was another sign he was just contemplating about today, and I want to tell you about it: He'd watched a film with a guy who shared his name. He came back after years to the woman he'd loved when he was young, and she was married to somebody else. An affair seemed inevitable, but she decided to stay

with her husband, telling him he was too late. Would the same thing happen to him and O.? Was there always something wrong in life, some timing you didn't get right because you just decided to wait and see?

There's a famous song from Chris de Burgh which is called 'Timing is everything'; There's no need to quote it here, I guess you already know what it's about; However, in that song, the man finally gets it right when he runs into the church and gets her right before she would have married somebody else.

He thought he would never be able to do such a thing; he'd simply sit there, if he happened to be invited to such a ceremony, and look, with a cold face, while inside him, his heart would be pounding with strong emotions. Maybe, a single tear would drop from his eye, but everything else would be concealed; Maybe, he'd even cease to breathe in the middle of the ceremony and slowly fall to one side without anybody noticing it. That was the way he controlled himself; But somebody who really wished to see into his soul could do so, and she could have done.

He'd just found an old song, a tune that seemed familiar, but hadn't been so successful:

I've seen you twice, in a short time
Only a week since we started
It seems to me, for every time
I'm getting more open-hearted

I was an impossible case
No-one ever could reach me
But I think I can see in your face
There's a lot you can teach me
So I wanna know..

What's the name of the game?

Does it mean anything to you?
What's the name of the game?
Can you feel it the way I do?
Tell me please, 'cause I have to know
I'm a bashful child, beginning to grow

And you make me talk
And you make me feel
And you make me show
What I'm trying to conceal
If I trust in you, would you let me down?
Would you laugh at me, if I said I care for you?
Could you feel the same way too?
I wanna know..

The name of the game

I have no friends, no-one to see
And I am never invited
Now I am here, talking to you
No wonder I get excited

Your smile, and the sound of your voice
And the way you see through me
Got a feeling, you give me no choice
But it means a lot to me
So I wanna know..

What's the name of the game? (Your smile and the sound
of your voice)

Does it mean anything to you? (Got a feeling you give me
no choice)

(But it means a lot)

What's the name of the game? (Your smile and the sound
of your voice)

Can you feel it the way I do?

Tell me please, 'cause I have to know

I'm a bashful child, beginning to grow

And you make me talk

And you make me feel

And you make me show

What I'm trying to conceal

If I trust in you, would you let me down?

Would you laugh at me, if I said I care for you?

Could you feel the same way too?

I wanna know..

Oh yes I wanna know..

The name of the game (I was an impossible case)

Does it mean anything to you? (But I think I can see in
your face)

(That it means a lot)

What's the name of the game? (Your smile and the sound
of your voice)

Can you feel it the way I do? (Got a feeling you give me
no choice)

(But it means a lot)

What's the name of the game? (I was an impossible case)

Does it mean anything to you? (But I think I can see in

your face)

(That it means a lot)

— ‘The Name of the Game’, written by Benny Anderson,
Stig Anderson and Bjorn Ulvaeus

It appeared to him he was asking himself the same questions all the time; He just wanted to *know* without wishing to know anything at the same time, as knowledge might give him a fright. He was as bashful as the person in the song before he’d met her, and the only thing anybody would see was the result of his profiling system. When she came, he tried to open up, and now he seemed to be closing again. It seemed hopeless, if she didn’t come back.

Like the guy in the song, he’d always *thought* he could see in her face that it meant a lot; But in fact, all of it could have been a part of a vicious game or just an illusion of an equal vicious imagination searching for something beautiful to appreciate.

He hadn’t seen the painted red heart showing the initials of her and her boyfriend since about seven days, but that didn’t mean a thing, as it had been drawn in her folder, and she’d decided to get a new one. Nothing meant a thing, it occurred to him.

He had a look around, hoping to see something that would remind him of her or cast back some remembrances, but there was nothing outside; He would have to close his eyes, and he feared to do so. He did, finally. Seeing her face appear in front of his closed eyes, he opened them again, as a wave of pain was running along his spine and last bits of hope seemed to be flickering along. They would be ignored, for the sake of a better future.

He struggled to open his eyes again, and finally, he managed to do it; He didn’t dare to close them again until he’d have to sleep. Consciously, he listed all the things he knew about her: Her full name, her nickname, her password she’d always used, her E-Mail-Adress, her phone number, her house number, the place where she lived, even the exact location of the room; but it was nothing, he noticed, as the final question wasn’t answered.

Was he in any way relevant to her? Maybe he’d find out tomorrow.

Maybe he'd never know. For now, he'd tried to organize everything; an excursion together with another group of students, which she would be in, though it was quite improbable that they would be able to join that excursion; the contacting attempt he'd started long ago; and these texts she'd probably find, but he was quite sure she wouldn't read them if she didn't know he'd written them just for her. Maybe, this condition was to stay; then, hope would have died.

But for now, we can just wait and see, as further acting would probably make things worse.

Life's not controlled by a dice:
Everybody can make a choice between predefined ways.
Make yours now!
— W.G.

Life is live;
Don't expect you can simply press Ctrl+S,
to go back later;
Backup is impossible!
Thus,
errors and corrupt data
are natural.
— W.G.

15 A Withering Soul?

Originally published: Monday 23rd January 2006

Hi, it's Wilkie again!

I hope you're still understanding my innermost feelings, taking part in my life in a way none has ever done before:

It was Monday again; A day he'd seen her for quite a long time. But this Monday was different: In the morning, he'd *exactly* known the way he was feeling, and could have written a completely different text. However, throughout the day, this was changed. Everything was completely different and much more complex now. We'll begin by describing the condition he found himself in this morning: He knew that he could organize his thoughts and that he'd have to focus on forgetting her, at least consciously, to be able to live a balanced life again. And that seemed possible.

The first lecture was the one when he sat next to her. They didn't talk a lot, but she explained why she couldn't react to his attempt of contact and for a conclusion, she seemed quite open again. Maybe, this was a result of his now quite low expectations; but there was an improvement.

On the other hand, he could notice that she wasn't in love with him. And that gave him a shock, as he could now realize it clearly. She liked talking to him, but she enjoyed talking to her girlfriend more. This girlfriend of her was quite nice to him as well; He was pretty sure she already had a boyfriend, and he knew for sure she would just stay a friend; but maybe, this friendship would be something important. Thus, he maintained it, and he enjoyed it all the same.

His decision to try to shut off his feelings or at least weaken them by putting the emotions into a corner of his mind seemed to be still fixed.

Another girl was flirting with him in another lecture that day; but she wasn't important, she was flirtatious with everybody, that was her nature. His opinion was changed when fate delivered him the message, that the two of them — O. and he — would be together in a group for an excursion in the upcoming week. Well, the group was large, and there were her and his best friends included in that one; but he didn't care, it was a sign. Fearing that she would try to change groups to be able to go on another excursion that would be easier to be reached, he began to think.

The theory, that an hope is only fulfilled when it has died, though interest still remains, was now proved. As a consequence, he should keep his plan to forget about her; but that seemed impossible now. The day before, he'd found a song; He'd try to use that to apply that plan, as it could easily influence his mind in a condition of trance. He knew how to achieve that; He'd started to take an interest in all that stuff long ago, and still seemed to suck in everything that seemed to be somehow inexplicable, keeping it in his memory, even if it was logically impossible.

Thus, he'd learned techniques of hypnosis, telepathy and many other things; also divination and astrology were to be found among his subjects of interest. Today, he'd only need the hypnosis part, and perhaps, also the state of trance one had to be in when he wanted to have telepathic contact, but he managed to do that quite well. It even seemed to work in daily life; he somehow seemed to guess things before people told him. On the other hand, this could also be a consequence of his farsighted thinking. Now, he just thought he would probably enter her car next week, as he didn't own one himself; Thus, he would be able to join th excursion without having to buy a ticket. Her best friend would be there, too; But his best friend was able to use his own means of transportation.

But now, we'll have a look at the lyrics of this quite modern song:

I think I did it again
I made you believe we're more than just friends
[...]

It might seem like a crush
But it doesn't mean that I'm serious
'Cause to lose all my senses
That is just so typically me
[...]

chorus:

Oops!...I did it again
I played with your heart, got lost in the game
[...]
Oops!...You think I'm in love
That I'm sent from above
I'm not that innocent

You see my problem is this
I'm dreaming away
Wishing that heroes, they truly exist
I cry, watching the days
Can't you see I'm a fool in so many ways
But to lose all my senses
That is just so typically me
[...]

repeat chorus

[...]

"All aboard"

"[...], before you go, there's something I want you to have"

"Oh, it's beautiful, but wait a minute, isn't this...?"

"Yeah, yes it is"

"But I thought the old lady dropped it into the ocean in the end"

"Well [...], I went down and got it for you"

"Oh, you shouldn't have"

Oops!...I did it again to your heart

Got lost in this game, [...]

Oops!...You think that I'm sent from above

I'm not that innocent

— by [...] (I guess, you'll all know nevertheless)

Could she really be thinking this? He would have to believe; It was his only chance. He did some high-speed divination (you may also call it fortune-telling) to prove he was right; It just told him enough to know he should go on. And he did.

Slowly, all the memories were seen in a negative way, as she was just playing with him. Maybe she was. Maybe she'd never done anything else. He needed another person to project the feelings on he'd felt for her, as he couldn't lock these away for long; He tried to separate these on all the friends he had, which was something he had been preparing for long.

Probably, P. and O.'s best friend got the biggest parts; next, there were his best friends and P.'s best friends. Now, O. was just some friend. His soul had been levelled.

He was feeling cold, though it was warm inside; He just felt as if he was standing in the cold wind that blew outside, cooling things down till -5 degrees Celsius. He was shuddering; He'd have to repeat that several times for some hours. It was a method that worked; He felt like a Hobby-Psychologist experimenting on himself, something everybody is doing all the time. But he was doing that consciously, for a change.

And he didn't mind it going wrong, as there was nothing to lose; If one's feelings and hopes are not fulfilled, which never is the case, one can equally die. Does that mean that all of us should commit suicide?

No. There's one hope left. The hope for — the expectation of — hope itself to return, thus rendering this return impossible. We all know that. But we ignore it, as we'd die without that single hope.

Only one giving up all hope can persist; I think, there was one sentence we were talking about a complete lecture in German, and my German friends told me they've also dealt with it; I shall paste it here:

Eine jede Hoffnung ist ohne Sinn. Kein Mensch verfall
auf die Idee, auf die Erfuellung seiner Traeume zu sinn
en. Vielmehr soll er den Irrsinn des Hoffens begreifen. Hat
er ihn begriffen, darf er hoffen. Wenn er dann noch traue
men kann, hat sein Leben Sinn.

— Robert Schneider

And finally, a third quote, as three is an important number:

Flowers of true friendship never fade.

— from a small fortune cookie program

This one gave me hope. Even if everything went wrong, the power of friendship would probably save me; But I was not allowed to hope for it, as I'd already noticed myself. I hope you understood that one; Tomorrow, you'll probably hear a lot about other persons, as the story with O. won't continue till next week, somewhere around next Monday or Tuesday; We'll see, all of us have to wait without hope.

So, now one may ask: What was he doing to forget her, or at least shove the feelings away in some distant part of his heart? We already know he was doing some kind of hypnosis, something comparable to the intoxicating way a rhythm can influence your thinking. His head was now aching, as he had listened to the song we quoted above for about an hour, but the first effects were there to be noticed; he didn't have to think of her that often anymore. All his memories were rewritten, that is, they were interpreted in another way, so as to change his perspective on her. She wasn't flawless anymore.

Some part of him still believed this, but that part wasn't in control anymore, and it would only return if there was some radical change.

He was shaking and trembling both with pain and fear; and he was feeling cold and empty, as if life was passing out of him. Something inside him cracked; something died; a flame was disturbed, and it was hidden so nobody could see its light anymore. Another candle was lighted inside him; Its light was different, but quite equally strong, it would be able to shine brightly. The old candle was a memory that would be locked away with the others, till the day of return came; but that was something he didn't dare to think about, as his hope for such change was now extinguished, though he would be prepared for it. Exasperated, he took a deep, shaky breath. Finally, he was done for the first time.

Other times were to come, when he would repeat this procedure, when spasms would go through his body again in a revolt against the pain he was enduring for the sake of his future; He thought of the way schizophrenic people had been treated with a high dosis of insulin, that didn't kill them, but left them in a state of continuous spasms for long minutes. This was comparable to it.

There's nothing more to add, if you know about that procedure; However, he did that *on purpose*. It was like curing some mental sickness. Maybe, love is a mental sickness.

He seemed free to feel again, and he was happy about it. What he did, in fact, was just a shorter method of locking feelings away, something most psychiatrists need years to succeed with. He had prepared that for long, as his complete life seemed to be some kind of preparation for it; The methods he'd used were not common, but successful. It would most probably only take him hours, or, in fact, two days. He would be finished tomorrow; He was quite sure about that.

Nobody knows what is to come, and thus, we'll have to wait till the next post arrives.

Control yourself,
to control the future.
— W.G.

A child was watching the rain.

It was a happy sight.
Innocence gave him the freedom
to stand there
and watch in awe.
An adult would have thought
something.
A child didn't;
It just felt.
It didn't have no hopes,
as it didn't wish for nothing,
thus receiving everything.
So my advise is this:
Drop your hopes!
Regain your innocence!
Be free once more, to feel without restraint!
Just watch in awe,
when the raindrops touch your hand and evaporate.
Stop thinking, when you start to feel!
— W.G.

16 Day of Surprise

Originally published: Tuesday 24th January 2006

Hello, anybody who's still out there!

This time, nearly everything went different; but as that's always the case, we should have expected it. So, we'll call this the 'Day of Surprise'.

It was Tuesday. Tuesday, the 24th. And 24 was his favourite number. Thus, this day would normally be one of the worst, as it always was the case that our expectations prove to be completely wrong and in fact just the opposite of reality.

That was also the reason why Friday, the 13th always was a nice day for him. But as he expected this theory to be applicable, the day was quite good, nevertheless. The first two lectures had been cancelled, and thus, he was able to fetch a bus some hours later. He met a girl there which talked to him.

She simply approached him and said 'Hello!', using quite a friendly tune. He answered, though he didn't even know her name. The only thing he knew was that he'd seen her in the bus several times, but he hadn't really talked to her. Up to this moment, that is.

And now, she was talking to him, not the other way round. She was younger, and still going to school. Thus, she told him about her current situation there and about her friends, which she doubted to be real friends. And finally...

finally, she told him that she had no boyfriend, before she asked him whether he had a girlfriend. Both agreed they would be waiting for 'Mr. / Mrs. Right'. Additionally, she was asking him 'whether there was anybody in sight'. Well, he was shocked, but he kept that to

himself. He would never start a relationship with her, he was sure of that; she was too young, and she was too weak to look into his eyes while she spoke for longer than a couple of seconds, whereas O. had been. . . CUTOFF!

The memory was sent away, into the locked room to join the others there. This crowd was getting bigger and bigger, and maybe, we all have such a kind of room inside; Possibly, the reason for our death is just that this room is full. Today, the doctors tell you that about 30 % of all diseases are caused by psychological problems; the word they use is 'psychosomatic'. Well, my opinion is, that nearly all diseases are caused by such reasons. But we have stopped at the moment when he exited the bus.

At least, that was the thing that had happened next, after he'd said 'Goodbye!' to that girl. Another girl from his university exited right behind him, and followed him to the university, not saying a word while walking.

When he passed the parking lot, O. and her best friend were standing there, though he couldn't make out her car. Looking in his direction, the two of them simultaneously raised their hands to wave at him; he did the same, maybe even before they'd noticed him.

He could see her smile from the position he was located in, and he couldn't help but watch her for several minutes while he was passing by, just turning his head to have a look at her. The two of them seemed to be waiting. He was finally reaching the university, and entered it, thus losing sight of her. He went to the library to sit down and enter the world wide web.

For a moment, he thought of her, and all emotions were jumping back at him; but then, his mind activated the recorded version of the song he'd nearly learned by heart now, and the power of these feelings was weakened. However, he was still under control of these emotions, as he'd underestimated them; whenever he tried to do a next session, he finished up with a terrible headache; But he was succeeding, slowly, but steadily making progress. Then, O. entered the library, about half an hour later.

Her best friend was with her, and the two of them greeted everybody

who was present and asked for another girl they were searching for. Then, they went away.

He was alone with his feelings again. One of his friends was with him, but he was of no help; his best friend was sitting about 5 metres away, enjoying a lecture that wasn't cancelled. He couldn't have helped, either.

Some minutes later, O., her best friend and the other girl they'd searched for arrived at the library again and sat down to do some work. Somewhere in between, P. had arrived and his friend had gone away.

He was talking to her and another girl that sat nearby, while O. and her group of friends were working. Still, he wasn't capable of controlling his thoughts, as he dared to believe that this was the first result of his attempt to forget about her. And about an hour later, he would meet G., just to exchange a smile and talk to her boyfriend. He knew he should ask G. or O. if he could join them in one of their cars when they did the excursion next week, but he didn't dare to talk to anybody who was in some way connected to the emotions he wished to lock away.

He'd have to go on with the methods he was applying now, and he did so when he was on his way home, in the bus again, and alone, though another girl should have been with him; Maybe, her lecture was cancelled and she was able to fetch some earlier bus.

The consequence of the next session was a terrible headache, but he had learned better to endure such things, as they would pass. As another thought about her crossed his mind, he had the image of a synapse that was disconnected and died because the memory was forgot; of course, this was just part of the vision to encourage the process he was going through, as all the memories would be stored somewhere hidden; Nothing would be lost. Nevertheless, he could still remember the scent of her perfume when he was in the library, smelling the sweet fragrance though he was nearly two metres away. This sensation would also be put into the closed room among others he'd yet to discover again, e.g. the feeling of the hair on her leg when they sat in the bus in summer, next to each other; or the touch of her hand on his shoulder — CUTOFF!

Again, this was stowed away. As a result, he was becoming more talkative; A heart without strong feelings keeping it bound will always open itself to everybody. The next vision was approaching him: She was sitting next to him in the bus, and somebody asked him for his weight. He simply answered that he hadn't stood on scales for quite a long time. She had a look at him, quite into his eyes; Something inside him knew he was fat, and she wasn't; He wasn't attractive, but she was. . .

She told the boy who'd asked — the same boy who would ask the question that would lead to the First Denial — that such a question wasn't easy for 'us', meaning him and her, smiling at the same time as she told him her weight. Today, and even at that moment, he wasn't really sure if he understood it correctly that she was just as light as 58 kg. But as her size was about as his size, that meant that she was too light and should grow fat up to 59 or 60 kilograms. . .

He knew she would laugh at this, if she knew about it. But something had told him at that time that she really meant that it was a problem for both of them. . .

However, this was the next CUTOFF; something else to put in the adamant box. His head was spinning, as he remembered the way she could be sarcastic or ironic in a way that you really believed she was *meaning* it; one of the reasons she wasn't everybody's friend. Another vision was rising: The time long before he'd really come to know her, when she stood there together with another guy, presenting the two of them her new mobile. The guy had the same she had, and he didn't have such a new phone.

She said: '*Yeah, only members of that elite-lecture can have such a thing.*' At that time, he really believed that she'd meant it. CUTOFF — again.

ANother time: The boy who asked the question that led to the First Denial had once asked her in the bus if he could take seat next to her, and she'd looked at him, smiled a decent smile — and said 'No.'. Our protagonist still believed this for some seconds, though he should've known better, and was as startled as the boy, who was beginning to go away, when she called him and explained that she didn't mean

it. Then, I had told her that I believed her, too, at least for some seconds, and G. had a funny, questioning look at me. That sarcasm was something he'd miss, for sure. . . CUTOFF — another memory in the adamant chamber with the closed door.

Back to the present. The day should be finished by now, he believed that. And for that reason, it wasn't. His mother and his granny had met a girl he'd talked to in the bus for some time, and as she'd known some things about him, his mother believed he was in love with her. Well, he wasn't.

He never would, he was sure. But that was some sign — sort of — again. Probably.

Was it an offer of help from good old fate?

'Have a look around — she's not the only one?'

or rather

'Cast a look around — illusion is everywhere?'

He didn't know, but he decided not to figure out, as he was still working, trying to stow his memories of O. away. He would be finished tomorrow; He was quite sure about that, again. We'll see — or read — if he will succeed till then.

His soul had been bound by emotion;
now, he was free again,
longing for another,
binding feeling.

Men is no creature,
to endure freedom;
we're all searching,
for captivity.

— W.G.

The usage of irony
is the heart of all misunderstanding.
Not to use irony
is the heart of all misunderstanding.
To understand is impossible.

— W.G.

17 Decay or new Growth?

Originally published: Wednesday 25th January 2006

Hello, are you still there?

Another day; more signs had come, and he'd seen her several times, but his method was becoming successful now. One question is yet to be answered by you: Decay or new growth?

Wednesday — the middle of the week, the centre of the life; The harshest day of them all.

But that was okay for him, as he'd learned to endure, and he had to do that, if he wished his method to succeed. Now, he had to prevent to become hilarious about the small effects he noticed; He'd seen her today for two or three times, and once, he was even able to wish her a 'Nice Lecture' **in return**. But that also fit into the image of a good friendship, and was the relationship he now agreed on with himself; his love had been locked somewhere, and now, there was just friendship remaining; Well, quite so, as the process wasn't finished yet. He still fond himself tracking her with his eyes; on the other hand, he still found himself smiling more when talking to G. than he used to smile.

He did that today, but only something about ten words, no more.

For now, we'll have a look at some important signs he noticed today; you are free to interpret these on your own: The girl his parents had assumed he was in love with told him this morning, that she was sorry for having talked to his mother using such words. She wasn't in love with him, but he'd known that before; he noticed now, as people who are in love don't forget anything you'd said, at least nothing important to you. She had, and he was happy about it.

The next thing that happened was, that L.-B. was following him again and even offered to buy him something to eat — he refused, and P. did best to help him by distracting him from her (*which was not the original problem, as L.-B. distracted HIM; but if he SEEMED to be distracted by someone else, she might go away; However, she didn't*). He wasn't able to send her away; It was even a problem to refuse her offer, as she seemed to get angry, not respecting his wish, but trying to force him to accept it. He was happy when the next lecture began and he was able to leave her. Really happy. Hilarious.

In that lecture, something of interest happened: He made a loud noise while writing, and his fellow students mocked him: They began by laughing, before one of them said that he was always trying to get attention, e.g. by making loud noises, as he didn't receive any of that beloved attention.

Well, he said that ironically, and he knew he was paid attention — he didn't make loud noises, normally. But in fact, attention is something very interesting: It can be paid in many different ways. And the attention he was longing for still was missing. The one thing he longed for now was to talk to O., as a normal friend; even if he'd nearly managed to put away his emotions of love, he still liked her as a friend, and not having talked to an important person in your life though you saw her quite often is always a big strain on your self-confidence and your soul.

But we'll try to ignore O. know, as he's trying to do that, too: The song is beginning to get on his nerves, and as it's connected to O., the time of success is coming near. He knew he'd always be able to go back to the *backup copy* he'd locked somewhere; but as long as he knew that consciously, he'd always know something about it. He should also forget about that, but this would take a while.

Till then, we should have a look at another sign; a girl he hadn't really talked to for years was now talking to him, in the bus; She was okay, but somehow, he preferred to keep his distance, and she did so, too, as they were different in many ways.

While he was talking to her not that frequently, he had a look around. There was the small girl that had talked to him on Tuesday. She was

sitting some metres apart and seemed not to notice him, maybe not recognizing his face (*which was quite improbable*) or ignoring him on purpose — or just captured by the sensations of her own thoughts. When the girl to which he kept his distance was gone, he tried to fetch her eyes or her attention in some way, staring at her for several seconds to induce some kind of reaction; it didn't come. Well, that was strange.

But we'll wait till the moment when she had to exit the bus; then, she would also have to pass quite near to him. Just before her feet would start moving in the direction of the door that had just opened, her standing in front of it, her eyes turned for the fraction of a second, meeting his; what he saw was at least that she'd recognized him, but she simply turned to go away. He was just wondering whether this really was the same girl (*he was quite sure about it, but not THAT sure*), when she waved at him, smiling, passing by the bus from the outside. He reacted by smiling, too, and by lifting his hand. She had been the same girl.

Most probably, he'd see her tomorrow again, in the bus; if that's the case, we'll find out about it then. Now, the powerful tension that happened to get hold of him when he listened to the song and tried to forget about O. was subsiding; his thoughts were now freeing again, but still focussed on these texts here. And they had been written for O. Just for her. CUTOFF!

Again, the power of his mind saved itself from remembering the things he'd locked away; But at that moment, he wasn't sure whether he'd done the right thing, and whether he'd prove capable of finishing this process completely on his own. He knew what L.-B. would be thinking, if she was capable of formulating such poetry:

If you change your mind, I'm the first in line
 [...]

Take a chance on me

If you need me, let me know, gonna be around

If you've got no place to go, if you're feeling down

If you're all alone when the pretty birds have flown

[...]

Take a chance on me
Gonna do my very best and it ain't no lie
If you put me to the test, if you let me try

[...]

We can go dancing, we can go walking, as long as we're
together
Listen to some music, maybe just talking, get to know you
better
'Cos you know I've got
So much that I wanna do, when I dream I'm alone with
you
It's magic
You want me to leave it there, afraid of a love affair
But I think you know
That I can't let go

[...]

Oh you can take your time [...], I'm in no hurry, know I'm
gonna get you
You don't wanna hurt me, [...] don't worry, I ain't gonna
let you
Let me tell you now
My love is strong enough to last when things are rough
It's magic
You say that I waste my time but I can't get you off my

mind

No I can't let go

'Cos I love you so

— Hope you'll find out where these Lyrics are from; but if
you're still reading, you should already know by now

And he still wished O. would think like this. Another CUTOFF was inevitable. He wasn't sure anymore that he would be able to endure it, but he knew better than to stop —

“Get rich or die tryin” — I guess you happen to know the
person who developed this statement better than I do

He would do so. Sometimes, the idea of the American Dream is misunderstood as something that should be applied to the society in general; However, it should be used by each individual as his / her own aim. Thus, even if that aim isn't reached, you know you've tried to do something right, which is the most important knowledge in life. With this advise, I'm saying goodbye — till tomorrow.

Hope for a better future,
and everything will break down.
Work for it and hope for nothing,
and paradise's to come.
— W.G.

The cold snow touched his hair;
he was cold, too.
Inside.
His guts were turning all around,
as the feelings strained to stay alive;
would they ever die?
Would he ever be cured again?
Nobody could;
he couldn't either.
— W.G.

18 Stupefied Soul

Originally published: Thursday 26th January 2006

Hi, it's me again!

A puzzling day dominated by new sensations; read it and find out what has happened!

The story of the stupefied soul.

Thursday, that was the day it was. The day of chaos, when everything would be mixing together. And it did.

In the morning, there was that small girl in the bus again, talking to him, but less than the last time; most of the things one could say had been said already. When he arrived at university, two of his lectures had been cancelled; but he'd known about that already the day before.

Before his first lecture would begin, he sat down in the library, waiting for his best friend to arrive to do some studies together. But as things always decide to go different, they finally just fooled around all the time. When his first lecture would begin, he was waiting in front of the auditorium with his fellow students, when O. passed by, talking to his friends — but not to him. He knew he had to ask her about that transportation problem he'd have next week, and so he finally managed to stop her and her best friend from leaving by asking her this question.

Believe it or not; his heartbeat still increased, and he felt his guts contract to increase the amount of endorphines that kept pulsating in his blood. The idea of butterflies being caught in his stomach suddenly occurred to him as something realistic, and he knew that the process of forgetting her hadn't been finished yet. Maybe, this was just some physical reaction he couldn't ever do something about; but when he saw her wearing that white blouse... CUTOFF!

He'd have to endure and persist. This was the only thing he could do. You may now ask what had happened after he'd asked that question: She'd told him to ask one of her friends, as she seemed not to be able to use her car that week. Her foot was hurt, he knew that; maybe, this was the cause. For everything: The ignorance, the sudden tranquillity and aura of silence that seemed to have befallen her. CUTOFF!

He was not allowed to think about such details. His plan should be without a flaw. Then, finally, she was gone, together with her best friend; he just called 'Goodbye!' after her, but she didn't seem to notice. CUTOFF!

It was over, she was away, and another memory — this time, a recent one — was put in the adamant case. After his lecture was finished, both of them had a long break. He saw her, and he heard her voice, while they were residing in the canteen; when she went to the litter bin for the second time, she passed him by and asked from about one metre's distance, whether he'd asked her friend yet. He hadn't, as he hadn't seen her yet, and he told her so.

Now, he wasn't capable of hearing her voice anymore; it sounded too familiar, and too strong emotions were connected to it; he decided to go to the library again, where he would be alone till L.-B. arrived again and was getting on his nerves — again.

However, he managed to be a real bore, and he managed to be alone again about 20 minutes later; some new record! He was happy about it, but P. wasn't there today to share that feeling — he didn't know where she was. Thus, he was deemed to be alone, but he preferred that to being together with L.-B. Finally, he was happy.

The next lecture began; just after he was seated, he was somehow irritated, as the girl sitting next to him seemed to be completely puzzled. Thursday was the day she hated, she told him. Well, now he was puzzled, too.

But that was of no real interest to him, as he soon was okay once more — and she was, too. This time, I'll give you some more of my poetry, as I've met O. so often that my method should be enforced several times, this limiting my time to write a longer post — today.

Some think, they know life:
'Hey, where's its price?'
But life is not for sale.
Some think, they know love:
'Without it, I'll be better off!'
But love is not to be dumped.
Some think, they know me:
'He's ambitious though he's free!'
But no person is ever to be known.
— W.G.

As rain keeps falling down
on me;
thousand people frown
and see.
But you keep standing right inside
not caring about cold or tide;
you now the best is yet to come:
The moment, when the clouds are gone;
you feel the warmth of mighty sun
yet the rain still plays for fun.
— W.G.

Think of past and think of future:
They go together, leaving us stuck in between.
— W.G.

The flood is coming:
Houses burst and fall apart
some people even call it art
as death now does its masterpiece;
The flood is coming,
killing me, killing you
dragging us apart;
but I know he'll never win

as he can only end our lives
and not our love;
The flood is coming — the final unity.
— W.G.

Beware of pride without substance!
— the **‘Book of Changes’** — *I received this answer when enquiring about G. several times; if you want to know more about this divination / fortune-telling method, search on the world wide web for ‘I Ging’*

There is a smile of Love,
And there is a smile of Deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles
In which these two smiles meet.
— William Blake (1757–1827), *Smile and Frown*

‘I wish...’ she said, and stopped. There was nothing that could be gained by wishing for it. A final deep shaky breath, and she was ready to go on.
— Philip Pullman, *His Dark Materials 1: Northern Lights*
— This symbolizes my **wish** to change something easily, but it’s impossible; as we already learned, hopes are never to be fulfilled

We would often be sorry if our wishes came true.
— from a small fortune cookie program
— Here, you can see one explanation if wishes sometimes happen to come true, as they can only become part of reality if they change it for the worse

Keep your eyes open, and take advantage of the unexpected.
— from a small fortune cookie program
— that also explains why we shouldn’t hope, so that our best possible future can arrive unexpectedly

In silence man can most readily preserve his integrity.
— from a small fortune cookie program)
— That explains why I'm doing these sessions to forget her,
and why I like to rather be left alone than to be together
with L.-B.; but finally, I don't want to be alone

Hang on for a minute; there was some German quotation I've heard,
I'll search for it, as it fits here perfectly!
There it is:

Die Einsamkeit ist schoen, aber der Mensch braucht einen,
der ihm immer wieder sagt, dass die Einsamkeit schoen ist.
— Honoré de Balzac

With these things at hand to contemplate about my situation, I'm
saying goodbye again — till tomorrow.

Sometimes,
being a bore
can be more interesting
than being a genius.
— W.G.

The snow was slowly touching the ground.
A cold wind began to blow;
all the things and creatures
suddenly held their breaths and watched
standing there in awe;
When the clouds fought the sun,
he was the only one to know
a summer was to come
as balance —
the focus on the number 'zero' —
is the basic law of the universe.
— W.G.

19 The Chamber of Secrets has been opened

Originally published: Friday 27th January 2006

Hi; that's me again, and everything has changed!

That day gave me a hard time; I'll now probably take a break. You can read through this, take your time; I don't think that the next post will arrive tomorrow, and you'll understand why when you finished reading this. But don't be afraid: Thousands of posts are lying ahead, as I guess I'll continue this here for some months...

You'll be astonished: The Chamber of Secrets has been opened!

Friday; normally, this would have been a day without new experiences. But this time, everything was different, and all the things that had happened lost importance, as conditions had changed. Completely. Most cruelly.

The day began quite normally, as every day would begin: The bus was late. When he entered university, he met Y., who took another bus, but was late, too. Both entered the auditorium late, but the lecture hadn't begun yet. That would all be regarded as something normal; even the fact, that he now took his seat somewhere else as somebody had already blocked his place. The girl to his left was somehow puzzled; everybody seemed to be tranquillized in some way, but he'd already noticed that yesterday. If life was just an illusion of his or of somebody (or something) else, that would explain everything: Either, this person

/ thing was really drowsy — or simply going nuts. But that was not really probable.

Probable was, indeed, that his aura had been changing, and thus the influence he appeared to have on his environment, as we are all capable of changing some parts of our futures. He was doing so, when he applied the method to lock away his feelings about O.

And fate seemed to notice that silly game he was trying to play, as it would put that attempt to a stop — today. A cold shiver got hold of me when I wrote that lines; If I were right — then, we would all be controlled in some way. Well, we were. Most probably.

We'll now go over to the next puzzling event: The marks all of them had to receive were to be given earlier. In fact, just after that lecture.

Students were all running to and fro, not knowing what was to happen, searching for an auditory with the professor where they could take seats. When they had found it, all seats were in use, and only O. was standing, finally talking to the professor to be allowed to get herself a seat.

When she'd got it some seconds later, she carried it — or rather slid it over the floor by pushing on the edge — to the seat the professor was going to use, and exchanged it, explaining that the chair she'd 'stolen' from the hallway was too heavy for her to carry it into the room, though it was more comfortable. When she finally took the lighter chair of the professor, she was seated quite near to him. He noticed, that when papers would be passed round, she always had a look if he'd received one, and if not, offered him one; before, she'd asked the boy next to him if she could receive one, too, when the staple reached that boy, but our protagonist was unable to react, as he was sorting the chaotic staple for the sake of his fellow students. Finally, everything was over and they all went down to take a break; their lectures were finished for today.

He would learn, later that day, that G.'s marks were better than O.'s; but he knew, that G.'s method to learn something could be somehow compared to the quite peculiar method L.-B. was using. He was the only one who could explain something to L.-B. in a way that she understood it immediately.

But we want to have a look at the things that had happened between the time when he received his marks and the first lecture this morning, as he'd met one of O.'s friends then. She was the one who had a car, the one he should ask, and O. was nearby with her best friend when he did so. Well, she agreed, now having just three people in her car: O., O.'s best friend and him. Probably, there would be one more, but it could also be possible that this was finished.

Finished... an interesting word, when we have a look at the things that are to come!

Now, most of them had the possibility to go home, as they had cars or motorcycles or something like. O. and he weren't, and for some reason, about eight people stayed, among them O., her best friend and her friend with the car. The three girls were chatting with each other. There was just one other boy located in the room, and the only other person of importance was the girl without friends he'd met some week ago at the bus stop. O.'s friend with the car — we'll give her a name, as she may be of importance. Her outer colour was somehow brownish / blueish, while her inner colour was really colourful and shining. We'll call her B.-B., as we've now mostly had a look at the outer part of the aura and named people after that, though O.'s outer colour was greyish / white. Well, B.-B. was talking about some of her experiences; he was just listening, laughing or smiling sometimes, waiting for O. to speak. The most interesting thing he learned was the fact, that she was trying to phone her boyfriend, but he didn't answer, as the number didn't work. It didn't seem to be correct, as she'd already checked it on the internet.

On the internet... His attempt to contact her...

She'd told him that her computer was somehow defect, and he'd believed her; and he was pretty sure she hadn't looked up that number at university. This fact now occurred to him, while he was writing this lines, typing in a steadily increasing speed as his anger soon was stronger than ever. But it wouldn't become too strong, as she'd already said some other things before. When she explained that her boyfriend didn't seem to care about answering (he was on a trip, on some holiday; at some place where she didn't like to go, as she told them later), B.-B.

said that she wouldn't accept something like that and stop such a relationship, and he was now eager to hear her answer. What she said would induce the development of a wound in his soul. And a knife would stick in there, so no blood would be able to leave it; but the pain was something he'd have to endure, nevertheless. For some more minutes. She said that she understood him preferring to be together with his friends, drinking alcohol. And she was serious about that.

B.-B. said she wouldn't understand something like this, and some minutes later, the pain was so powerful he had to go to the library to do something else. Some students he knew were developing rumors in some sort of childish play, and some twenty minutes later, he would have to go for the bus. When he just was about to exit the university, O. arrived, alone, smiling at him; she was going to be taken home in G.'s car, as she had to be home fast in order to do some call; probably, she would have to call her boyfriend, again. But she wouldn't afford it to call him on his mobile, as that seemed to be too expensive to her.

She'd already explained something else today: As she said she wouldn't go on a holiday to the place where her friend currently was, the person of our interest felt offended; some months ago, she'd have liked to go there, and he'd liked it, too. And he still wished to go there. She didn't.

That was one of the first things he heard that didn't connect the two of them anymore, and she added happily that she'd rather do something else, something he didn't really like. Her best friend seemed offended, too.

But now, he was talking to her, telling her he'd now take the bus to go home. She told him he could also join her and G. in the car to fetch the bus more securely, and probably, some earlier bus; he agreed, though the knife still stuck in the wound.

She even offered him that G. could take him home, though that would be quite a detour. Thus, he told her that it would be a real long way, but before, that hadn't impressed her; in addition to that, she was in a hurry, as we already know, and would exit the car before he would arrive home. But he didn't believe what was to come, inevitably.

The first girl had exited the car, and he was alone with G. and O.,

when O. said to G. she could simply drop him at the place where he could wait for the bus, and he didn't say anything against it; but with this sentence ringing through his head, he knew she wasn't loving him, in no way. And that was the power that turned the handle of the knife.

A pain shot through his body, and he was stupefied; now, he was just able to apply his profiling system, and he did so, in a way the two of them didn't seem to notice. It was quiet in the car, before he exited it, and he just called 'Goodbye, and nice weekend!', when he left. He didn't hear their answer, but he saw them hurrying up even more, as the car sped along him. It seemed as if it was happy to be able to go even faster, after having spat him out quickly.

Maybe, the persons in it were.

Now, he was disillusioned. Completely.

When he had a look at the time the next bus would arrive, he was shocked: He would have to wait for no less than — 50 minutes. But he would be thinking all the time, opening the adamant chamber again, the chamber of secrets, to destroy everything inside. He now had the power to do it. It was finished.

His soul was free again; still, some parts of his love remained, and he would be able to love her again, probably; but not so quickly. The knife had hurt his soul, and now he was able to take it out again, as the wound was closing; the ulcer, which once had been a mustard seed, had been destroyed by now. It was getting colder all around him, as though the sun was shining, it was just about minus four degrees Celsius.

But he wasn't freezing: The fire of his soul had been lighted again, and the power of his self-conscience was developing; maybe for the first time. Maybe, she'd done him some good, as everybody does, no matter if it's bad or good. It's always something good in the end, as we learn to avoid the bad and to search for the good. Mostly.

He stood there, freezing though feeling warm; then, he closed his eyes, waiting for some darkness he could see on the back of his lids. But he just saw a reflection of himself; Maybe, this was the sign he'd found his own soul, his innermost character. He felt like that, at least.

Having reached this inner stability, he was capable of having a look

at the place where he had once sat together with G. and O., while G. was sitting next to him; this was the place where he'd once been alone with G.

Now, it was covered with snow, and he knew that the sun couldn't melt that sheet of ice for the rest of his life; this experience would be covered forever, most probably. He remembered something the other girl had said in the car some minutes ago; she said she'd once finished her relationship to her former boyfriend with an SMS. She would never do such a thing again, she explained.

G. answered, that she also didn't like it if she'd have to say such a thing directly, standing in front of him; O. seemed to prefer that way, but she was nearly silent. He noticed that these girls seemed to be playing with their boyfriends, doing some kind of trade; This became obvious, when the other girl said that she wanted to leave her current boyfriend, as he didn't really take an interest in her life; But she wouldn't tell him now, as she didn't like such situations.

And that childish manner of them was something he'd never seen or believed with O. Now, this became realistic. All these girls were children. Maybe, everyone was. A child. Somehow. He suddenly realized that he wanted to be a child, sometimes, too; But he knew that he really wished for a girl that was acting in an adult manner, understanding him, and he'd always thought O. to be that girl. Now, he realized, that this wasn't so sure as it always seemed to be.

He finally entered the bus, when it arrived; Then, he was on his way home, together with some other girls he knew. Was the world just consisting of girls? It seemed to be like that, as the only persons he met when he wasn't together with his best friend were girls. And somehow, they seemed to be more adult than most of the boys; but still, they were childish. He passed by the homes of G. and O., and saw their cars; but he didn't see them, though some part of him still searched for their faces. It was finished, probably forever.

The chamber of secrets had been opened, but not to replace the enemy and former beloved in some kind of radical substitution with somebody new, as had happened with G. and O.; this time, he was on himself. And that was even harder, but he was prepared.

He would be prepared to endure anything, as he'd already been through the most straining hardships of life; something most geniuses had endured in their youth; It would be possible for him to realize a great future. Probably.

By now, the swirling, blubbering and fluent thoughts that had been boiling in his stomach were nearly all banned into that text; he was happy again, experiencing some new sort of happiness. Both of them had looked beautiful today; but now, it was finished. He wouldn't tell them. In that desperate attempt to contact O., he had told her about this texts; It would be interesting to see her reaction when reading them. Now, he's done everything he can do, and it's her turn, if she decides that there's some future to it. But this post still isn't finished.

He arrived home. When he wanted to turn on his computer, to write it, there was a power outage; The energy was back seconds later, as he switched the fuse on again; but as it always was the case, the radio of his mother in the kitchen was switched on and searched for the radio stations randomly.

He entered the kitchen, as he was home alone, to program his mothers favourite station to its original position again, when he heard the last words of a song: 'Life goes on, I'll be strong again', or something quite equal to it. A shudder took hold of him, as he realized the chance that this sentence was exactly begun and finished in the moment he'd entered the room — and exactly after the power was up again — and exactly when that station was tuned in randomly — was near to zero. Fate had interfered — something was there, controlling our lives from the outside. Or somebody. A planning entity?

The idea wasn't new to him; he'd always thought that fate was just the expression of thought in reality, of some particles of conscience that were flowing, unseen by the living creatures, but sensed by them; they were giving them their consciousness. That was the idea he believed in.

And it was in the book 'His Dark Materials' where he found the explanation, though it just told about it metaphorically. There was an emptiness inside him, but he knew it would soon be filled again; thoughts would live forever, and consciousness would never die; only

bodies could. And these particles of thoughts would always search for partnership; there was a lot he could tell.

‘Tell them stories. They need the truth. You must tell them true stories, and everything will be well, just tell them stories.’ — Philip Pullman

Well, he would continue, as would his life. He would still be breathing when O. was in the north, far away, to continue her studies in the hometown of her granny; but that was just a silly, childish plan, as nobody should plan — plans never happen to come true. Try it for yourself.

After such experiences, I feel empty, and I’m in need of time to recover. But there’s one thing I want to add: As he turned on the TV while eating, he saw some news about exactly the same town we’ve just talked about, and then, he switched channels and happened to find some series, where one of the main actors shared his name: He just saw that by chance, as the introduction was sent at exactly the same time he’d switched to that channel. Was it another sign? He saw the title of the series: ‘Live for Love’.

As he thought that to be another sign, he had a look at it, though he would normally have switched to something else by now. The main actor was fianced with a girl that had blonde hair, like O. Somehow, she looked quite similar, though she was a completely different person..... Was it time for another CUTOFF?

No. That was gone, too. She was now part of his past. Maybe this was the best foundation for a new relationship with her, at least, that’s what his theory told him; we’ll have to wait and see. He didn’t know if he hoped for something like, either.

This one has exhausted me; as I’ve already told you, I feel empty. New sensations are to come, stay tuned, though it may be that I’ll take a break, but saying this also induces the thought that there’ll be a lot of new sensations arriving this weekend, though I don’t believe it.

Please stay with me, and tell your friends about it — I can already see this forum is growing. And maybe, I’ll help one of your admins, who proposed me via PM to include this into an RSS-Feed, to do so;

but there's still some formatting missing, so you could read the texts without entering the forum, then. We'll have to wait, but you can look forward to it, if you want. You can be sure another post is to come, but I'm not sure when it will be finished, and if it will contain much more information apart from poetry, as this one's about 150% length of the 'standard' I've tried to apply till now; but life's not predictable, and you shouldn't try. Hope that you are still out there. . .

The shell has been cracked
with the sharp edge
of ignorance's knife;
now, the inside is not protected anymore,
and it has been hurt.
But this is the only way to gain freedom
and to achieve a final peace.

— W.G.

He was still longing for her grip
her embrace
the touch of her fingers on his shoulder,
though everything seemed to be gone;
but nothing would ever be lost
as everything was saved
in the eternal, gigantic brain
called consciousness.

— W.G.

20 Flashbacks

Originally published: Sunday 29th January 2006

Hello again!

I know that this post is pretty short; but the weekend had been a time of hard work, and I had to do a whole bunch of programming as I'm still attending university. You may notice that I contacted the admins of this forum, and that there's now a special place where you can read these posts. In addition to that, they are also available as a newscast. Thanks to you, sw137 and OliFre, and don't be offended because I've withdrawn into silence again; I'm still thinking too much, and I want to share my thoughts with you. However, there are not many things that have happened this weekend; but there were some flashbacks I had to endure, and I don't want to keep these away from you.

Here we are again: Flashbacks.

Weekend; time to think. A lot of time.

He was happy he had a lot of work to do, so as not to think the complete time, but there were still some memories chasing him. Memories of the past, and memories that had been stored in his brain quite recently.

FLASHBACK

Thursday; G. was doing some work, and she had a question. Well, he hadn't understood what she'd asked, as he was sitting at some distance; but he was pretty sure he could help her. But first, she asked O.

And O. asked her best friend, and in addition to this, one of his own friends. O. must have known that he knew the answer.

She was to blame for not asking him, as the other persons probably hadn't noticed his presence, but she had. Thus, G. was left without any help. And he didn't want to walk up to her and offer his knowledge. She could have asked, but she didn't; and O. was to blame for that.

When G. was working alone again, he really planned to go there and help her; but finally, he remembered something else. . .

FLASHBACK

About one year ago; G. was working at something she had to do for the same professor, as he'd recognized the book. And she was finished, when she asked another boy for his advise to have a look if everything was right.

Our protagonist had already figured out that there was some special realtionship between G. and that boy; she seemed to be in love with him, though there was no reason for this, as that boy was neither intelligent nor really loyal. He was self-absorbed, a boaster and the ideal example of a windbag, indeed; You rarely find somebody who reflects these ideals in such manner.

But she seemed to love him, or at least was crazy about him, as O. was sitting next to her, probably knowing better about these things than he knew; But she asked him first. And finally, he asked O. Our protagonist wasn't asked, though he would probably have known about that stuff better than all of them.

At that time, he thought about walking up to her again, but he decided against that idea; He didn't want to give the impression of a show-off. If nobody asked him, they would perfectly be able to succeed on their own.

They knew what they missed. And they did it on purpose. Again, O. could have called him, but she didn't.

FLASHBACK

He was sitting there, in a room, working together at some hard work with two friends of O. She was sitting some metre away, training for an exam with some of her friends; about one minute before she would ask for his help, he took out his book and searched for the right page,

telling the other girls that worked with him, that O. would call him — soon.

And she did. He told her to wait until he'd found the right page, and finally, he explained all of it to her, probably too fast, but he was nervous. Very nervous.

He'd also drawn her something, explaining all of it; and then, he was gone again, back to work. He was pretty sure that she still was having problems, but she pretended to be off quite perfect. And he pretended to believe it.

FLASHBACK

He was sitting in front of some computer, browsing through the world wide web. She was in an exam, that would be quite hard for her. Our protagonist had been acquainted with some methods of telepathy and several other esoteric things; Even if he didn't believe in these completely, he could try them without any risk.

He did. She wrote the best mark ever, and the boy that G. was in love with — the same boy O. hated — wrote one of his worst, as he even forgot to give the exam to the professor. He was lucky that she finally accepted it, though he'd kept it with him for a complete weekend. But that didn't change his mark for the better.

FLASHBACK

The same exam had been returned to O., and when he passed by the auditorium she was sitting in (the professor hadn't arrived yet), she stood up and ran to tell him happily about the mark she'd received. He returned that happiness.

At that time, she didn't have no boyfriend, but he didn't know about that. Now, she wouldn't even turn her head to tell him one of her marks, even if he asked her about it. Sometimes, she just told him something like 'bad' or 'good', nothing more.

FLASHBACK

Quite recently, she'd told him her computer was not working anymore; She knew he could repair it, but before he could offer his help, she told him some friend would have a look at it. He was quiet again.

And that Friday, when he waited for the bus 50 minutes, he thought about the craziness of having joined her on her way home, there

repairing her computer... CUTOFF!

Well, he could have waited there for the bus, too... CUTOFF!

And it wouldn't have been so cold... CUTOFF!

FLASHBACK

She was telling him something about her pet, and finally told him she would probably show it to him once upon a time. He noticed she would have to invite him to do so... CUTOFF!

FLASHBACK

She had told him once, that she would hang some picture of him that had been in the papers in her room, at home. And in his attempt to contact her, he'd asked her if she did. But she hadn't answered, and maybe, she hadn't even read it...

END OF FLASHBACKS

There was still some fire inside him, something that still was burning, that had not been extinguished; the fire of his memory, that there could have been something that would never be. But maybe, he would keep it, as our memories are giving us our character — and our soul. Sorrow is always around us, whether we are in love or alone. Most times, we are full of sorrow... Please give me your opinions about these texts; I'm longing for some of your experiences, maybe they could help me to cope with mine...

A fire that has once burned,
will always be burning,
in the memory,
of our soul;
as the fire of emotion,
will never die.
— W.G.

Open your hand
and grab the world around you;
In everything you've grabbed
there will be love,
sorrow — and pain.
— W.G.

21 The End?

Originally published: Monday 30th January 2006

Here we go again. . .

I'm still longing for your experiences, and I beg you to read those texts; they are my life, and I want to share it with somebody, who doesn't know me and my profiles; Somebody, who will — through these texts — gain access to my innermost feelings and the things happening below that shell of profiling I can't escape on my own.

Another time: The End?

Monday — everything had changed, but he didn't expect anything else; Well, at least subconsciously, as you've already learned that our expectations are never fulfilled. This way, reality gains it complexity.

As he knew that, he tried not to expect things consciously; Thus, his subconscious expectations could be fulfilled. And they were. Always. Even, if he didn't realize them.

That day, he knew there would be a lot of complexity, and in fact, there was. However, somehow, everything was sorted out, all the same. But some of these theories we've had a look at here — and some of the methods he'd used for divination — seemed to be proved wrong.

Before we start, we'll have a look at the statement this fortune cookie program gave him today:

Try something new. — from a small fortune cookie program

Further inquiries he tried to answer with his fortune telling method told him, that he should be more offensive; and, additionally, that he should concentrate on O. Thinking about this results carefully, he

requested further information; some parts of the future were forbidden to him, as the knowledge of these would have changed his destiny — for the worse. But he realized that she would do the first step, and that he simply would have to agree. But today, she didn't.

Sometimes, he'd realized, the results he received would apply to the next day; but he didn't believe in these, really, as they'd also told him that O. was single again — since something about three weeks. Well, she wasn't.

And he knew that for sure, as she'd told him today. But we'll now start over with the beginning. However, this time, there'll be a lot of details he's bound not to talk about, as otherwise, this post would be far too long. That day, he spent more time together with O., her best friend and G. than for the time since the beginning of the year. Right now, we'll focus on several details, and analyze his reactions.

O. was ironically, if possible, even more than on the other days. After she'd told him that she'd take seat next to him before the start of an exam (so as not to fail it), she sat down several metres away; she was just *joking*. And she enjoyed it.

The next peculiar detail was her ignorance, again; Though she seemed to care for him (in some friendly manner), she forgot the few words he'd said to her in a moments time. Sometimes, he had to repeat some fact for three times; and she was capable of remembering such simple things after the first time, much better than G. would. At some occasions, he was talking to her best friend, as she occasionally also ignored her speaking.

Finally, when the three of them were *united* again, her best friend talked — most of the time. When he told her something, she sometimes didn't realize it, though her best friend was talking to somebody else, not mentioning something really important.

He pretended to ignore her once, though he perfectly understood what she had said; She didn't react to that in any way. Then, there was something else happening for the second time; Repetitions could always be important signs. When O. sat next to him, G. made some silly remark that he liked to be sitting back there. Then, she excused herself for having done so, laughing. About one month before, he'd

sat next to O.; and somebody — G., in fact — had said that the two of them were sitting as if waiting for the dentist to come. As if in a queue; the two of them; a couple that could never be... **CUTOFF!** It was over; stick to the present!

FLASHBACK

Something that had just happened after G.'s remark, today. The memory jumped back into the centre of his thoughts without invitation, and he couldn't simply send it away...

There was the sun shining, and it met O.'s eyes. They were shining in some dark, mysterious, intelligent and interesting brown colour; he could feel the power of this shining rays that mirrored themselves in that mirror of her soul so perfectly..... A power that part of him would never escape; some thing inside him would stick to it, being captured by that alien energy, without any possibility to come back. Maybe, this was the best choice he could make: Leaving part of him behind, with her, heading into a new direction... Which direction?

He looked into some real mirror just in front of him; G.'s profile, her nose, was perfectly lined in the reflection... **CUTOFF!**

That was over, long ago. Memories had buried these emotions, that had never been real. Possibly, it was the same with his feelings for O.; but somehow, everything seemed different. When he closed his eyes now, there was something he'd see; not O.'s eyes, not her face; something that belonged to her, something she'd remarked something about, the only thing he'd decided to ignore on purpose, and all the same the last image he'd kept of her. But it was something material. If he crushed that image in his mind, it would be gone. However, he was wondering if he would do it; if he should do it.

Part of him was full of sorrow, and another part longed for salvation from the unendurable pain he was feeling. It had been subsiding, but now, it was just waiting for his decision; He knew that this would be the final week. The day before yesterday, he'd looked into the mirror, into his own very eyes; they had lost colour, they'd become more transparent. Probably, this was one effect of his lack of sleep; on the other hand, this could be the sign of a love that was ignored and silenced by logic. An emptiness, a hole of emotion, is comparable to a

black hole; it sucks out all emotion, and all colour there is.

The next day, the colour seemed to come back, as his love wasn't completely forgotten; Still, he couldn't help but think of her. He was pretty sure he remembered more details about her life than anybody else; more, than her boyfriend, more, than her best friend; he could nearly *feel* himself listening himself to the exact words she'd once told him, reciting these masses of information all the time; and once, when he was thinking of his own phone number, he just happened to remember hers, and not his. 22 minutes this time, to wait for the bus, standing in the cold; waiting, and thinking.

Thinking about the way both of them did the the other wrong. Thinking about the way fate would laugh about these happenings. Remembering himself having laughed at the craziness — and the cruelty — of fate. All of it was gone. Only emptiness had been left.

Today, she'd even told him not to join her best friend in her sudden friendship to Y. Y. . .

She was alone again, since that very day. In the morning, she'd told her boyfriend that they are not a couple anymore.

As far as our protagonist was informed, he must have reacted with something like 'Okay', and probably some smile. That was the way those foolish, childish relationships were put into practice. And he'd always believed that O. was different. . .

FLASHBACK

It was still the same day, just some hours earlier. Several times, O. was talking about her boyfriend — to him.

That was the most important fact that told him that there was no such thing as love between them. And that there would never be.

However, he continued to help her as best as he could, answering all the questions she'd asked him — as long as he was capable of doing so. And sometimes — most times — he even answered questions she had directed at somebody else, as she didn't ask him a lot of questions. But the happiness that was then developing in her face was just some kind of silly vision. Just pretending. . . profiling. . .
Something else the two of them had in common.

But he could never believe that she was doing the same thing he did.

She would never apply such harsh, psychological methods to forget a *boy*. She would simply talk to him. But she didn't; Thus, all of it was just an image his fantasy had developed.

This blending, completely logical fact would probably subdue his feelings once more; At least, it was worth a try. Another boy had been approaching her for some times, presenting her some gift and talking to her — too much. He knew that guy; He already had a girlfriend, and probably, he'd never presented her a thing. O. knew that, but after she'd thanked him, this action was forgotten — for her. She didn't see that he was feeling something, and if she did, she pretended not to have done.

FLASHBACK

He'd also presented her a gift. She hadn't even had a look at it. And every time he'd asked her she pretended to feel guilty, and called herself an idiot, not changing a thing by doing so.

She did that on purpose, it occurred to him; The same inexplicable purpose that kept her from calling him on the phone, though he'd given her his number and told her she could always ask him for help. And he could help, she knew that. With nearly everything.

Just by listening, understanding — and explaining. Probably, that was just the thing she feared. . .

And she seemed to believe that her boyfriend knew about everything. As our protagonist was acquainted with some parts of psychology, he had just made some discovery: Was this an example for the Oedipus-Complex? Was she searching for some father to love, a person that protects her and knows everything?

Or at least: Somebody who pretends to do so? He was thinking about it. Thinking hard. Really hard. If that was true, it would explain several interesting details. In addition to that, it would show that she was still some sort of child. And: She would hopefully find out, in the future. Then, she would have changed.

Would that be the time of his chance? Probably.

But he didn't know if there would be some radical change in their lives up to then. And most probably, taking into account all the things he knew, there would. Which implied, that there wouldn't. Which

furthermore induced the thought, that it was completely random. Crazy.

Life is crazy. Completely. You can only sustain this, if you are crazy yourself. Only logical creatures commit suicide, as they don't understand the reality of life. Nobody did, and only the crazy people who accepted that would be able to persist. Or the other crazy persons who never thought about such things.

Which group do you belong to? Decide on your own, and please give me your answer — and your opinions. . .

The fire
that never dies
is a fire of pain;
The fire
that's never lighted
is a fire of cold;
And the fire
that dies,
only to be born again,
all around the clock,
every minute,
every second —
is the fire of love:
It's never lighted,
but it burns forever;
it's the fire of cold and pain.
— W.G.

There is no love,
without sorrow;
and there is no sorrow,
without pain.
Love pain,
to be loved in return!
It's the only chance you're given.
— W.G.

22 Ignorant Crowd?

Originally published: Tuesday 31st January 2006

Let's give it another try...

I'm happy you're with me — again. I know that these texts are quite long, but life is developing really fast. That's the way it is.

Another question that's yet to be answered: Ignorant Crowd?

Tuesday. Nice day. Like every day, nothing different — or so it seemed. But before we start to focus on today's happenings, we'll just have a look at the things that had happened yesterday evening — in his mind. And, in reality. Which is the same, somehow, more or less.

He was chatting, doing some nice communication on the internet; and one of P.'s friends — probably, we'll soon give her some name — had contacted him. It's not that easy to baptise her, as she's multi-coloured in some way; and he doesn't know that much about this girl.

Not yet. The colours she'd chosen for herself were some white-blueish colour, some green and some red — finally, she'd chosen all colour there are. But in fact, there was some combination of blue and white — and red, and that meant something. Intelligence, logic — and fire. Did that fit?

Well, probably, but he wasn't sure. He just knew that she needed some bright colour, as that was the part of her aura he'd already noticed. Until we've found some name for her — something, that really fits — we'll call her P.'s friend and — sometimes — multi-coloured. But for now, let's stick to the reality.

That's the only thing that can save us, and the only thing that'll ever lead to our destruction. She had contacted him, in a way of friendship, and maybe even more — nobody had contacted him in such a way for quite a long time, and he'd felt ignored, which made these messages even more important for him, though there were some errors in typing.

And, she'd done something, that he'd done, too, though it was far from perfect; but she'd tried, at least, and done some steps in the right direction. She seemed to notice what he'd said. And she had also greeted him happily when she was back from some excursion.

For some minutes, he thought if he would be able to transfer the remaining pieces of his love for O. on her; he wasn't sure. At least, he'd answered her. Without any spelling mistakes, he hoped. But he'd also met O. today.

She was really very ironic that time — and sometimes, he wasn't even sure if he understood all of it, but nobody would have done. Once, when her best friend was separated from her, he just started to talk to that girl, and she seemed quite nice, though she wasn't that ironic. Something, that occurred to him quite early, was the fact that the two of them — and most of the people he knew, in fact — were really spontaneous. He wasn't.

But he decided to adopt something of that vivid energy that made her character. So he did, and his — up to then — quite pedantic manner was getting normal. Once, when she mocked him because he'd done something wrong and had not been *perfect*, he knew he did it right, and the others were wrong. But he didn't tell her; Being perfect was something nobody should try to be.

On the other hand, everybody should try it; But nobody should agree with other persons believing that he / she was perfect. But the story with O. was not that important to his logical analysis anymore — feelings would last forever, but he was now just developing some kind of friendship. For that reason, he'd even sometimes acted like a girl, without really noticing what he was doing, being alone among all those female fellows. But he knew that this was part of the profiling system, that had been burned into his mind since his youth. We'll now return

to have a look at some further details that had happened yesterday. He'd met the girl that had stopped her relationship to her boyfriend that morning.

she was in the bus he would enter, together with her brother; we already knew he'd waited for 22 minutes in the cold. And when the bus arrived, he noticed her; Nevertheless, he decided to enter another door, as the driver would probably wonder why the single person that was waiting at that bus stop would not enter through the front door. Thus, he could just have some look into her eyes, and she seemed happy — no difference to the time before and while the relationship. Back to the present. . .

When O.'s best friend and he would take seat in some vehicle, which B.-B. was driving, actually, the place would be so limited that their coats would touch; And finally, he would feel the warmth of her body next to his, but he was capable of ignoring that. Some other time, O. would sit next to him in a similar position. For a short time. He wouldn't *feel* her, in now way.

And he didn't know if he really wanted that. This time was gone, and now, there was just some sort of special friendship remaining. Probably, there will be some change, even after the week of decision (this week) has ended; stay tuned, to find out about that!

Some feelings will never die completely. . . The next second, he was alone. And another girl he knew was passing him by, without any sense to recognize him — he knew that she was in a hurry, but he stopped her nevertheless to say goodbye to her. Only when she told him she had to hurry up, he finally let her go. But that girl normally seemed to be one of the persons that try to see everything — something he tried to achieve, too. Today, she didn't.

However, that didn't seem really important to him; we'll go over to something else now, that happened some minutes after, when he said goodbye to O., as there was something special about it. Something the two of them had developed in the bus at happier times, when she was walking around the globe without a boyfriend. They way they said goodbye to each other.

He'd thought that she had forgotten, but she seemed to remember it.

The procedure was the same as every time, but now, her best friend was with her, and the happy laugh he heard when she recognized the way they said goodbye to each other gave him energy to carry on. The world was big. Really big. And time was quite eternal.

The only limitation there was was his life; and he'd try to keep it. Something just jumped into his mind now: He hadn't turned around after he'd said goodbye. Turning around was the main sign to signal one's love.

Was he cured, finally? Or was that just some trick that fate had played upon him? He wouldn't know. Something he knew for sure was that O. was too tolerant. When her boyfriend didn't write any SMS, she explained he was simply having some problems with his thumb, which was hurt when driving with the bicycle — or something like. Well, even if the thumb was hurt — he still had fingers, didn't he?

And, when he decided to have a girlfriend, he'd also taken some responsibility. Our protagonist kept quiet, not saying a thing. And O.'s friends did the same.

Then, there were two other important things: When he'd told her best friend that he'd go somewhere, O. must have asked her where he'd gone. At some other occasion, when she bought some food, she didn't care for him. But as he didn't want some of this food, he didn't know if he should be happy about that, in fact. That was something else that separated the two of them.

Stay with me if you want to learn more! I'm waiting for your opinions. . .

Purple rain was falling,
giving the world some peculiar shade;
everything was hidden,
and nothing was unique anymore;
all individuality was gone,
and who once had been something special,
was now as good as anybody else;
as when love had burst out,
when the purple rain had fallen down,

the fire was extinguished
by it's own source.
But finally, rain will never die;
and fire will always be there.
Forever.

— W.G.

When he closed his eyes,
she was back again;
but now, he just saw her back,
her hair and her favourite jacket.
He just heard her voice
and her call for him.
Soon,
that emotion
would be a memory.
Kept alive forever;
Also, if his hope —
and when the two humans —
had died.

— W.G.

23 Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Originally published: Wednesday 1st February 2006

Hello, my fellows!

My life's become a rush, and too many things are happening... Nevertheless, I'll try to stick to the most important things! Thus, this one is quite short; Sorry for that!

Was this the Day of Decision? Read: Knockin' on Heaven's Door!

Wednesday. The week of decision; he was now to be half-through. But now, he felt as if it was nearly over. The decision seemed to be final.

Just before we have a look at today's events, we'll talk about the most interesting thing that had happened yesterday... It was evening, and quite late. The phone rang.

He was pretty sure that it would be the boy who G. appreciated, the one he and O. happened to dislike quite strongly. But he wasn't.

To his further astonishment, he heard P's voice crackling over the line. She had a problem that he could solve, and after assuring her to do so, they talked for several minutes, contemplating about their not having seen each other for days. Finally, both of them were happy and when the two of them hung up nearly simultaneously, both were happy. He solved her problem, of course.

Nevertheless, he was astonished by the fact that he was happy; But he was sure that this was something different than love, that this was real friendship. And he was one of the single friends she had at that university. Wednesday — let's get back to the present.

Today, he would knock on her door, so to speak. And her boyfriend would open it. But as our protagonist and O. had to do something for university, that was to be explained easily. Later, he was alone with her. Finally, there would be some song on the radio she liked; and he liked that one, too. But he didn't know anybody else who did. Nevertheless, he didn't tell her.

By the way: He had noticed that the fingers of her boyfriend didn't seem to be injured. And he'd seen them kissing, just for a short moment of time. And — she'd told him that some other friend of her was phoning her more often than her boyfriend did. But that was something he learned this morning; more interesting were the details that were yet to come. When they were alone. And, finally, when they weren't.

This was the day when he'd find out that she really regarded him as some friend; Maybe some special friend, but a friend. A real friend.

He'd given her reason to do so, but she had advanced for the first time, we already know that. But you'll now wonder: What had happened today? Several things; we'll try to have a look at the most important.

The memory that had been most important to him — the time when her fingers had touched his lips — was destroyed today, as the beginning of the scene would repeat; But this time, she would do all that herself, and he wasn't needed anymore. That was some kind of sign, probably. However, she also talked to him more than ever, since the time she had a boyfriend. Probably, she was accepting him as a normal friend. Or, something like a special friend, as she told him things about her friends — and her best friend — that were just meant for him to hear. But, remember that: She'd also told him such things about her boyfriend.

Her character was something different, something special, and he didn't know if he could really appreciate it (*with the logical part of his thinking, that is*). Normally, she would have finished her studies in something about one year, to go somewhere else; and he'd planned the same, as his studies would be finished, then, too. But he was always sure about the place where he'd go to. She wasn't, it seemed.

Up to today, she was sure that she would join her granny and work there; now, she was really planning that she could probably go to the same place he'd go to. But that was not really fixed, it was just some idea of her. We'll have to add something that had happened yesterday: She seemed a bit sorry when he'd said goodbye. Just for a quarter of a second, but it was enough for him to notice. Maybe, there would be some chance for him; but it would not be now. And he shouldn't hope to gain more time than that year. Finally, he shouldn't even hope for that.

He should just hope for nothing, and turn his head to look the other way. He tried, but when he closed his eyes, her face was becoming more and more apparent again. His method had not been perfect. Probably, he'd repeat it after that week had passed. Perhaps, he'd start with that just now, or tomorrow. But he's not at all sure about that.

Finally, to prove him right, she'd used the special way of saying goodbye; But not with him, but with one of her (*female*) friends. This girl hadn't responded the way he did, and though O. had finally done him a great favour, she didn't use that way to say goodbye with him that day. Yes, he was just a friend; Now. Maybe, he'd be one forever, maybe, he wouldn't. Probably, they would part forever, and on the other hand, they could still unite.

Time is eternal; quite eternal, at least. And though we aren't, our souls are. His' was decided to find her's, even if that would be at some distant place and time, and in another life. Or, in another form of existence.

But that's written in the stars, or in something different that's going to last even longer: In the particles of consciousness that make our minds. We all have to endure and persist; Hope is pointless and absurd, and most facts are just illusions. Our stories are the most valuable things we can pass on, and everybody should do so. It helps to cope with all the things you need to endure, and gives you energy, helping you through the day. Find that energy; read and write to learn about your innermost feelings, and your real character... Please stay tuned, more is yet to come! For now, I'm completely tired...

He looked into the sky;
then, he closed his eyes,
and saw her face.
When he opened them again,
the sun had found her way
through the clouds.
And the vault of heaven
had all burst open;
and his heart received
the heavenly power
that would give him energy;
Energy, that would finally
destroy himself.
— W.G.

Why do we love our enemies more than our friends?
Why do we love the emotions though they're driving us
crazy?
And why do we hate the time when all our wishes are
fulfilled?
Are we all masochists?
Maybe.
But probably, we're all searching for balance,
'cause we can only achieve an aim
if we don't want to.
— W.G.

24 Smashed to the Ground — In Front of Heaven's Door

Originally published: Thursday 2nd February 2006

Hello, I'm happy to be back again!

That was a harsh day, and I feel flat. . .

Thus, the title is: Smashed to the Ground — In Front of Heaven's Door.

Thursday. Now, he had a headache. Normally, he never had such a thing as a headache. At least, not for such a long time; But this day was the most exhausting ever.

This was the second, and most probably the last day he'd knocked on her door. And, before he did so, the slippery ice in front of it joined his hips with the ground. He stood up as fast as he could, and the small children that stood nearby were mocking him; They didn't know who he was, and he didn't know them, either; For that reason, he didn't take away their fun. But he was quite sure he wasn't capable of doing so, either. Her boyfriend opened the door again, and he wondered if he'd now spend every night at this place. Well, a normal greeting and he was in.

Working for university again — finally alone with her as her boyfriend would have to get to work. But not for long, as other friends were to arrive. And he didn't remember a thing he wanted to tell her, his brain was completely empty. When the other friends arrived, the smalltalk had ended and she was telling him something of importance; Not only because he was interested in that, but also because she *remembered* that he was. She told him, that the chance that she would join him

later when they would go to work, to do so at the same place, was — suddenly — not that high anymore. But she wasn't responsible for that; There's no need to go into detail now.

Had his hope been too strong? Maybe. Then, he was to be pleaded guilty by himself. All of us are.

And that method which told him, that the things he didn't hope for came true, finally, was some kind of divination. Now, he understood *why* one might not wish to know about his future. And it occurred to him, that he had found some solution for a problem nobody at university had been able to solve, including the professor.

The protagonist in the book '*His Dark Materials*' had access to a method to find out about her future; However, she didn't use it most of the time. And, this ability was based on something she'd received by fate. Later, it would be taken away and she would have to learn all of it on her own. Now, he understood: Nobody should try to gain access to the future; Not only that it takes away the thrill of not knowing something, but in addition to that it takes away the chance to act differently — and the feeling to be responsible for one's actions.

Knowledge can destroy one's life. This were the most important things which he'd learned about O. today; but this day wasn't over, not yet. He nearly had an accident with the car he was driving that afternoon; and finally, when he arrived home much later, the headache began — slowly. Up to then, it was normal: It would go away when he found time to relax, time to write this text. More things were yet to come.

A professor had phoned him. He was offered something. He'd neglected it, but he would still be given the possibility to accept it until tomorrow. But he was pretty sure he wouldn't do so. Before he could phone that professor, he had to search for the right number, as his granny had noted something wrong. His tension was steadily rising; He didn't know what that professor would want to tell him. Well, now he knew he was offered a long excursion to learn many interesting things.

But that was long... And he wanted to stay where he was. For some time. Some years. He didn't want to go to some strange place

far away, completely on his own.

That would also mean he'd lose more time to stay with O., though he probably wouldn't even see her at that time. But his decision was final. It was not to be changed, and even fate didn't have a say in that. 'Cause some things are sure, and only the things we can't decide can be changed. Most times, that is.

After he'd phoned that professor, his headache had reached climax, and he knew he should take all the inspiration there was to put it in these words you're now reading. And while he was writing, the pain was leaving, losing it's tight grip. The point where fate had smashed him to the ground still hurt, but he'd learned to endure. And then O. explained something about some friend of her's, the one who'd phoned her so often and was now getting on her nerves. She would meet him some afternoon, as he'd invited her; But she wished her best friend to be with her, and of course she would be there.

To show you the ironic way that happened to be part of her character, we'll now try to remember some of the words she'd used, or at least, explain you in other words what she'd said. After telling her best friend about that meeting and her taking part in it, that best friend mentioned something like:

'Oh, yes, so I can do something if he starts touching your knee...'

'Yes, leave us alone then...'

'Well, I thought of something like hitting him...'

Of course, everybody knew that she *didn't* want that guy to do something like that. But she liked being ironic.

And it was fun for all the listeners who knew about that, too. Finally, he'd also realized that she was doing some kind of profiling, too. For when one of her friends exited the room — one to who she'd talked quite nicely before — she started explaining her real attitude towards her. And he was among the people she seemed to trust; He could never imagine her doing something like that when he went away. And trust is the basis of every relationship, of any kind. It would stay a friendship; for now, and probably, forever. But we don't want to see the future.

He'd also met P. today — She was quite nice to him, too. And she'd

told him that she was finally starting to read something, which was exactly what he'd always told her to do to improve her expression in the language she was learning. And then, she'd told him something that matched his story quite perfectly. *Too* perfectly? Another sign?

But read for yourself: One of her friends seemed to be interested in her, but she didn't want him to be with her. He'd decided to leave his former girlfriend because she betrayed him, something he'd done just before. And finally, these two persons fitted perfectly together. That's what P. told him, and when he was sure that she wouldn't ever do something important (*from his perspective, that is*) he'd asked her to do, she seemed a bit hurt and not so sure about it, though he could tell she wouldn't do it. He was pretty sure about that.

But probably, she wished for more than a friendship. . . He doubted it, but he'd be on a lookout to notice it. Nevertheless, he wanted their relationship to stay a friendship. Crazy.

Somehow, everything was linked; In some way, all the things that happened were the same. Just with other persons, at other places and in other times. But always, things were the same. Change was everywhere, and that was something that wouldn't ever change, too. Life was always interesting, and it would always be.

His headache was still there; Somehow, he felt physically ill, though this was probably caused by his psychic instability at that moment. But he knew how to hide that.

And there were more surprising signs he'd seen: Two, in fact. Well, just one thing was really important, probably. But we'll start with the less important to lead over to the other.

There was some comic, and the two protagonists were called quite similar; The female one was called the same name that was O's nickname. And he'd just happened to read another piece of that comic series today, as he received a new one just a few minutes ago. But the probably more interesting thing is another figure he'd found in some famous comic he was always reading. That figure's name was nearly matching P.'s other name. What's her other name? There's no need for you to know about that now. But the figure was quite similar to her other character, which included some features of her normal

personality. And he'd just happened to read that comic yesterday. The story with that figure was the last one in the book. And finally, that figure disappeared, when everything had sorted out, without realizing what was really happening. What the heck was the meaning of this?

He wouldn't know, but he feared the intention gripping hold of his spirit, and he tried not to think about all that; In fact, he tried not to think about anything. Of course, he would fail, but as he knew that, everything went quite well. He doesn't know what's going to happen tomorrow, and he doesn't want to find out right now; if you want to, you'll have to wait until — well, tomorrow. I'm feeling ill now. . .

O stars,

isn't it from you that the lover's desire for the face of his beloved arises? Doesn't his secret insight into her pure features come from the pure constellations?

— from 'The Third Elegy' by Rainer Maria Rilke

(probably, you'll need the German version to grab the real atmosphere — this translation seems to simple, and normally, Rainer Maria Rilke is more — well, simply better!)

thud

He looked around.

thud

He didn't see a thing.

thud

What was that for a cruel sound?

thud

And where was it coming from?

thud

He covered his ears.

thud

It was still there.

thud

It was coming from inside.

thud

His logic was hitting his emotions in a giant
thud.....
— W.G.

25 Last Visit to Heaven / Hell — The End?

Originally published: Friday 3rd February 2006

Hello, I'm back again. . .

This post may be one of the last in a series; Probably, I'll take some break, but I'm not so sure about that. You'll understand that if you read it.

He was wondering: Last Visit to Heaven / Hell — The End?

Friday — the last day of the week of decision, if that was the week of decision. His granny was whistling the song 'Strangers in the Night' when he began to type the following letters.

Strangely, he felt that this had never been the week of decision. Nothing could be changed that week, at least, nothing concerning O. That day, he'd felt that he got used to her.

In matters of friendship. His method had succeeded, and the only thing that remained was that terrible headache of his. It would finally go away, and then, he would be able to be happy again. But there was something else that had remained: She had always been a vivacious person, and he'd adopted some of that energy that was inside her. He had always been too shy and too calm, and his own opinion was buried beneath the profiling he did; Now, he would be able to change that. He was happy he'd met her, after all. Even, if there wouldn't ever be a chance for a united future.

He was now quite sure that this was the end, that there was nothing more to come. It was finished. Life was back to normal again, if that

is possible. Nearly.

When he heard her explain something about an operation his boyfriend would soon undergo, he wished for some seconds that the risks were quite high. And he even imagined that he would be dead. Then, he realized what he would feel then. It would be impossible for him to look into her beautiful eyes once more. And he knew that this was wrong; He killed the thought. Just a memory would remain, so as to never repeat that. And these words, which contain that memory of his.

Seconds later, when she told them that the doctors once even assumed that he had cancer, but now seemed to be proven wrong, he was quite indifferent to that. He was stupefied. Fate was playing with him; This day, quite equal to the last day, he would sense a lot of things before they happened. And that was probably some gift that fate had equipped him with, to show him that the future is still there. Oh, yes, it was.

He'd knocked on her door that morning, for the last time, probably. Of course, it would be the last time for ages. He was sure of that. And she was *not* together with her boyfriend, but with G. Thus, he didn't see her alone that day, and he was sure he would never be alone with that girl again, at least for some months to come. He could have told her a lot of things, but when he was alone with her, he didn't remember these; And when he wasn't, he didn't dare telling them. For some seconds, he was alone with G. that day, and she talked to him. She took the initiative.

Well, she still had a boyfriend, but that was the first sign of the friendship that had been there long ago since quite a long time, with the possible exception of the smile that both of them had exchanged often. But O. distracted them quickly, and G. seemed to prefer to stop talking to him. Ridiculous thing. There was something special about the two of them, and about him, but he couldn't make it out. Maybe, that was the thing that fascinated him. That feeling to be together with somebody completely different. When he was able to watch O. in some mirror again, he could have a look at her hair: It wasn't completely the same colour, it seemed to contain all the colours

there are, while it looked strangely organized and perfectly arranged all the same. In fact, he was pretty sure she hadn't dyed it, but he realized it looked as if she had done so. And it looked perfect.

The other strange thing he'd noticed apart from her clean, ivory skin was the way she moved: As if she was flying, barely touching the earth. She liked to dance, he knew that. Nevertheless, that gave her the look of an angel, sometimes. And G. was quite similar, as far as that was concerned. All the same, she was completely different.

That day, he'd also sat next to a girl he'd always thought to be interesting; But she seemed to be more shallow than he'd thought. Nonetheless, she'd asked him more questions than ever that day. And he answered, using more words than he'd ever used that day, as she seemed to be really interested.

FLASHBACK

O...

She was sitting next to him. It was the time when she was without any boyfriend. The time when he didn't know that. The time when she'd asked even more questions, when she was really interested...

CUTOFF!

Those times were gone. He was back to the present. This girl was still sitting next to him, but as they were working in a group, that was normal. And there was silence.

That girl and her best friend — a girl, too — were living in some kind of celibacy, as it seemed that they've never had some boyfriend and they announced publicly that they didn't want to. And that girl had also offended him several times, as he seemed to have strained her nerves when he thought that he was pleasing her, just by telling her which books she could read..... Well, she didn't seem to like to read some book right now. She was more shallow than he'd thought. His profiling system had failed — again. He would be careful now. One should never trust his senses.

He felt ill, but he knew that this would pass. He'd just lost part of his soul; it had died, or locked away, at least. But he knew it wasn't really locked away; His feelings for O. were still there, it was only that he didn't feel the pain anymore. And, that they had become weaker.

Her initiative could wake these storms of emotion again, and he was deemed to wait. For now, he was cured.

When the temporary sickness had passed, that is. When he closed his eyes now, he could see her back; and she was moving, away from him. Hopefully, to some better place. Now, as he had lost the desperate longing, he wanted her to make her fortune, wherever that would be; and with whoever she would find it. He was just searching for her happiness, as he knew that he couldn't keep her. She was on her own. He was, too.

At another place, in another time, probably, even in another life, things would be different. Worse, or better. We won't know. And we don't want to know, either. Future is something one shouldn't play with.

One single tear was forming when he thought about the past; One should know it, but contemplating about it was not always the nicest thing to do. But that could help. He suppressed the tear, knowing what he'd lost — probably. When he finally sat in the bus again, he looked outside, seeing some of his friends.

But what he didn't notice first, was P's friend waving at him, the girl that was multi-coloured. Now, she seemed to be emanating something between white and brown. And she was waving at him, before she did a complete turnaround to show him she was happy. And she was jumping, of course. Yeah, she was a vivid girl, too; But so vivid? Was she liking him as somebody who would be more than just a friend? He didn't know, and he would have to wait until he'd find out about it.

But we'll have a look at his illness, that seemed to rob him of his senses, too, as he didn't notice that girl that had sat next to him though he *knew* that she was walking just some metres away. But he just forgot to look. Thus, he couldn't see whether she'd seen him. But he saw O., though she didn't see him; and he waved at her. He couldn't reproach her that in any way, as she was driving; but at that moment, she had come to a halt, and had time to look. And she'd looked into his direction, nearly. He was so near he believed that he could see her eyes. And she knew that he was in that bus. The moment passed.

He became crazy that evening. Well, sort of. He contacted O.'s best

friend, using the same way he'd used with O., hoping that she would respond him, at least. And he'd set some kind of ultimatum: If he didn't think differently on Monday evening, he would be sure it was finished. It was now fate's turn; We know one should not put pressure on fate, and probably, that was an error of his; but he didn't know what to do otherwise. He began to tremble, when his body went cold and his brain boiled; he felt really ill. But he knew that this would soon go away. He was pretty sure.

But he wasn't so sure about the future of this story... Probably, the throughput will be reduced by a factor of two or three, as O's story seemed to be finished.

But life was still going on, and nobody knows how much things are yet to happen. Change will always be. As long as time exists, that is. As long as *consciousness* exists. We'll see, hopefully — or not so hopefully.

The fire was burning
 the woods.
 The water was refreshing
 the animals.
 The sun was lighting
 the world.
 And her face was blending
 his soul.
 — W.G.

Bang!
 The next round had just begun.
 He was back to the ring,
 fighting for his life.
 And it would be a fight,
 till death;
 It was the fight
 for life itself,
 the same fight

nobody could ever win.
— W.G.

26 Reflections

Originally published: Sunday 5th February 2006

Hi! Nice you've found that page again!

Saturday, Sunday — weekend. More time to remember things. Time to suffer?

Find out by yourself: Reflections.

The weekend was shorter than ever. Now, he didn't *have* to think of the past. This time, he could do so if he wanted to. And several times, he did.

The signs had come back again, pointing at her and her boyfriend. But this time, he accepted that they could mean that this couple would persist. Together. And he wished she was happy. Finally, he knew he'd sit next to her again — the next day. But now, he didn't look forward to it with every fiber of his body. He knew that his love was locked off, and he just felt a kind of friendship. The pain had gone, and happiness had replaced it; Nevertheless, there was also emptiness among his feelings. But he knew that this wasn't to last. At least, not forever. That was something he knew for sure.

But the memories would also stay with him. The glimpse of a second when her hand had touched his shoulder, when he'd presented her something; The shudder that accompanied the wisdom that she'd been single. But she wasn't now. There was even more to that relationship he'd thought her to have; It was not simply something fixed. The relationship she'd now seemed to be something fixed. That first relationship had been more... She had been *fianced*.

Thus, the feeling that her talking to him was nothing more than a game was based on facts. And, in addition to that, she wore a ring.

Later, he learned that it was nothing more than a piece of jewellery. But when he found out about that, it was too late. He thought of the many times he'd sat in the bus alone; The minutes when tears were forming, and the filter these emotions were imposing on his eyesight. All of it was gone.

He knew that her current boyfriend was about one or two years older than him. Maybe, time would change everything, as it always did — but the possibility that everything would change to his benefit was utopically small. A melody got hold of his mind, when he slurped his tea; An old, familiar and happy tune. And it told him a better future was to come. His emotions were getting hold of him again, just for a second; Then, he felt the power of freedom rushing through his body, slowly killing the sickness that was torturing him. There was some sensation in his mind, some sort of signal: It told him to turn on the monitor of his computer, who had turned that visual display of to save energy. And, it told him to look at the clock. It showed 17:39. The checksum was two, her number.

When he finished writing this short text, he looked at the clock again; Now, the checksum was three, the number of her boyfriend, and when he looked at it again, it was four, his number. He felt how amazing that was, as he hadn't missed a minute. What did it mean? Was there to be some development, from the 2 / 3 — couple to the 2 / 4 — couple? Or was it all just an illusion? Before he could have a look at the lower right corner of his screen, it turned off again. It had just been on long enough to show him that numbers, and the most appalling thing was the fact, that he'd *felt* that he had to switch it on. Amazing.

But he knew it could just be some sort of trick his subconscious had played on him. On the other hand, there was no digital clock next to him; Just an analog clock at the wall. And he couldn't recognise the numbers it showed. Thus, his subconscious had to be extremely exact. He thought that this was quite impossible. Nevertheless, it was the only explanation that didn't include some external power; Things like that could happen by chance, of course, but not such a big amount of them. The chance would be 10%.

On the other hand, when you added several events, it would sink logorhythmically. Was that the proof for the existence of good, or some separate entity? Probably. But this was no scientific research at all.

But wasn't everything — including life itself — scientific research in the end? Are we not just searching for wisdom and explanations, religion being the explanation for everything we can't explain? He was shivering, though it was pretty warm in the room where he typed those texts. The agonizing memories were still there, somewhere. But he knew that they wouldn't bother him anymore; She was the only person to reactivate them. His method had succeeded: He had not forgotten anything, but his love — and his pain — was deactivated, sort of. Nevertheless, there was some emptiness inside him. But he felt that this place could be filled again. And this time, he would wait until there was something that would stay there. Even, if that meant waiting for ages, or for O. to return. Time was not important anymore.

If she'd go away, he would hope that she would be successful; And he knew that she'd have better chances at the place where she would probably head to, as he'd been there, once. Was that the moment when those stars in the film would say: 'Go and make your fortune, I love you, and I hope you'll always be happy!' ? He wasn't so sure about that; This was part of a story, but it was quite improbable to happen in reality. Nevertheless, he felt like it.

Did that mean he wasn't alone with that feelings? Of course, the chance that there were other persons who'd endured similar feelings was quite big. But in the end, everybody was an individual. Suddenly, he realized that everything was linked, that all the consciousness there was could just be part of a gigantic experiment, of an impossible computer. Calculating the Great Question of Life, Universe and everything else there is. . .

He smiled. Douglas Adams had probably not thought of anybody who'd take that literally. Maybe, he had? Who'd know?

His granny distracted him while he was writing these lines. She told him about her sister, who was suffering from cancer. Well, in fact, she was suffering from the treatment, as she'd just lost all her hair. Did

fate show him how happy his life was, finally? Probably.

But in fact, he *knew* that in the end, everything would just sum up to zero. Which meant, that life was predefined, in some way. But we still had the possibility to decide, between a limited amount of options. That's what everybody hoped. Did that mean that it was wrong? He didn't dare continue thinking about it. He looked outside. It was dark, and the lantern dimly lit the street. The time when the rays of the sun hit that place, and the time when they didn't; They would also finally sum up to zero, if you took the integral of both.

Everything was somehow symmetric. But why was the entropy rising then, steadily? Was there energy leaking out? Why had this process started? Was this the final question?

Or was the explanation too plain to see: Was it just the particles of consciousness which were ordered, while the entropy of matter was steadily rising? But why was he so puzzled, then? And in the end, this would mean that there was some sort of final aim to it. Which brought him back to Douglas Adams again. He smiled.

He'd proved something he thought to be completely impossible from two different points of view. That's exactly the same thing a mathematician does when he's proving something: Two different starting points finally lead to one statement. And everything is connected somehow. The number two was the base of it all. And it was the base of the number four.

It was fate's turn now, as he didn't know what to do. If you're wondering if it will act tomorrow, then you're bound to wait 'till then.

The game
 was on again;
 His soul was free
 once more;
 Who would be,
 the one,
 to knock
 on that door?
 — W.G.

Crack!
The tree hit the ground
with a giant BANG.
The same tree
that had supported
his life
for so long.
He'd always known,
that it's roots
had been given no foundation;
and now, it paid the price.
But the last apple would be saved;
the tree could grow again,
if a foundation
was ever to return.
— W.G.

27 What now?

Originally published: Monday 6th February 2006

Hello, I'm there — again!

Monday; long, lonely, booooooring Monday. A lot of things to write down, nevertheless. Probably, that means that I'll take another short break in the next time.

Well, but for now, just one question is torturing me:
I'm asking: What now?

Monday; the day he'd sit next to her again. And indeed, he did. Nevertheless, what the tow of them did was just smalltalk — nothing more. And her best friend was even more talkative than she was, though she was seated one place farther away. What should he do? The emptiness was still there, and nobody in the world out there seemed to be interested in him. Not in the way he hoped people to be interested in him, that is.

A girl that was now sitting next to him in the library asked him something; he responded without hesitation, though he didn't know her. That was peculiar. At least, at the moment when she asked him what he'd like to be in the future. Which job he'd like to do. Interesting.

She smiled, but he knew that this was just a game. A game of interest, of friendship, a hope that this words she was telling him would pay off; somehow. In some future time. When she went away, she didn't say a thing; Not a word of goodbye or something like that. And he didn't, either.

The internet access was blocked in some way in the library; suddenly. Well, he had something to do — he could write. And he did. Without

hesitation, his fingers hopped among the keys, choosing the letters without realizing what they were doing. His mind did. The wonderful power of consciousness was controlling the simple, fast movement of his fingertips. They hit the right button most of the time. Amazing.

And that stupefied him, as he realized that this process of writing gave him new energy. It made him feel happy. . . Was this some kind of substitution or reparation for what had happened?

He'd proved the existence of God in the last text just by chance — and for fun. All the same, he'd made some connection to Douglas Adams again: He'd proved that God didn't exist, using quite the same amount of words. He smiled again. But it wasn't worth a thing, that smile.

He'd once heard that mathematics could be erotics in the head; Well, writing — and reading, of course — could be the same. Now, he'd realized that. And when he'd looked at her again, that morning, he'd seen how pretty she was. And at the same time, he'd felt that it all was some kind of illusion. Just an image of something. . .

A projection of consciousness? And if beauty was an expression of thought, then that meant, that all matter was. Which explained, why our scientists would never ever find an explanation for it. If all our basic laws were just an illusion which was projected by conscience, then that meant inevitably, that we **made** our basic laws, in fact. Thus, this would explain *why* there would never be such a thing as the GUT; And, why our scientific research would never end.

Interesting — this was just some sort of model that explained everything. Quite. But he knew that it was really improbable. Finally, nobody could ever prove it — but on the other hand, nobody would ever be able to prove it being wrong. Nice; this was some sort of theory all the philosophical scientists would like. Maybe, they wouldn't ever read this, and probably, they would never happen to like it. But we've got our own problems. Everybody has.

He took a look around. People began to ask him, what he was doing there, hitting the keys with his fingers — and he told them, that he was just training. Training to write. . .

Every once and then, P's friend walked up to him, looking how he

was proceeding — she knew what he was doing. And she'd already started reading his story.

Additionally, she thought that this story was real, which it was, in fact — but he told her it wasn't, as he didn't want to tell her about O. In addition to that, he also didn't like to tell her about herself being part of that story; If she wished to know about that, she'd have to go on reading.

This morning, he'd looked at O. when her head was turned in his direction, and the two pairs of eyes met each other again. He feared for the stability he'd achieved now, and looked in some other direction quickly; She did the same. Amazing. Did the two of them feel the same way, at the same time? No. She would feel different. Of course. Well, maybe not *so* different. But that would just be one of the hopes that would never be fulfilled.

He looked around again — Now, there were other people around him in the library, as he'd done a break, concerning his process of writing. There had been another lecture he'd had to attend, thought a lot of lectures had been cancelled that day.

This day had been quite normal, in the end. With the possible exception of his feelings for O. — they had changed. He'd locked them off, somewhere.

Another hour had passed by, and all the people around him were walking away; the library fell silent, and he was left alone, among the humming pair of computers that would receive some kilobytes that emanated from his fingers.

Information — information technology. Something interesting. He'd always loved to play with modern gadgets... And now, he could simply type texts. Texts, which contained his memories, so that others could read them. How many people would finally find that page and download these texts?

Would there be some time when O. found them? Would she read them?

Probably not; They were too long, and she didn't know who had written them. Which left him with the question if she would read those texts if she knew it... No. She always pretended to like reading,

somehow, but she was one of the persons that had never really finished a book if they weren't forced to do so. It was no matter of discontent with the process of reading, but it seemed that she didn't reserve enough time to do so.

What we love to do we find time to do.
— from a small fortune cookie program

Yes, she didn't love reading enough; She hadn't experienced the happiness of a real landscape unfolding itself in one's mind, the reality of an inspired imagination. . . Few people had.

In fact, he knew *nobody* who'd really read something for the sake of his own experience. Nobody, who would agree with the power a book can unfold; the magic of words was something quite secret to most people. And few seemed to care about it.

To care about something was the basis of human intelligence, and finally, this meant that everybody had the same capabilities. In the end, this would mean that everybody could gain a sort of intelligence. . . Were our talents just the things which we liked most? Was there *nothing* one couldn't do? Was everything just a matter of interest?

Maybe. He remembered how he'd asked O.'s best friend if she'd meet him, and bring O. of course, in their spare time, so he could show the two of them the strange methods he'd always used to learn. To explain to her what he was talking about, he told her about one of those methods, and she rather seemed to like it. Now, she hadn't answered him, nor had she ever arrived at the time he'd proposed.

And, after the long texts she'd wrote him about two months ago, he'd never read anything from her again. But that was nothing new: The two of them simply didn't seem to *think* about the importance of the words they could transfer to others. And underestimating one's possibilities — and one's importance — are the basic flaws of most humans.

Great people always knew about the power of words — and when I'm talking about *great people*, that includes the good — and the bad. I guess, all of you remember some examples from the history of our world, probably in more detail than I do.

VISION

Some vision had suddenly got hold of him: He was next to O., and their eyes met. He could see his own soul in the mirrors of her eyes, and he knew for sure, that she would see her's in his. Then, she asked him what he felt — for her.

He thought for some seconds, before he answered: 'It's a word with four letters, and I've never dared telling you.'

He felt her hand on his shoulder, and she smiled.

He smiled, too...

END

The vision had passed, and he knew that it was just one of the last outbursts of emotion that were to come. He was still training to control himself. He'd sensed something, however: His eyes were regaining their colour, and their strength. His soul had been healed, and he knew that.

Standing at the bus stop, he could hear the loud humming of the motor of a bus that was waiting in front of him, just about two or three metres away. He looked to the left, as that would be the direction from which *his* bus would arrive... And he concentrated. Finally, he thought he heard how the bus turned around the corner, and then, how it accelerated just to turn around the next one. Then, he saw it.

It was nearly impossible to hear that even when no other bus was standing there! And this one was pretty loud...

He knew that something was different. Had he known something in advance again? This was the most realistic thing, though it wasn't realistic at all. That morning, the thing with the ruler which always was on her paper before she needed it hadn't worked; He had changed.

He knew that, and he realized the complete extent of that change when she started searching for her ruler, and told him she was doing so. As fast as he could, he passed her his; This would be one of the last resorts he'd give the *feelings in chains*. Thus, he didn't want to lose it...

But that morning, he'd seen Y. and her best friend in the bus. What had they been doing there? Normally, O. or G. would take the two of them — or at least one of them — on one of their cars... But

he hadn't asked Y., thought he'd greeted her friendly, of course. But she was absorbed in talking to her (*female*) friend and her younger brother. The scene looked childish, when her brother and her friend united in some sort of play to agree on something she didn't like. Of course, she noticed that, and all of them knew, that this was somehow a childish manner — but they liked it nonetheless. The two of them were mocking her, no question, and even laughing about her way to laugh. And he sat there, enjoying the scene.

Once, Y. greeted him and nobody except her — and him, of course — seemed to notice.

It was one of the scenes which tell you that there is some sort of secret connection between you and the other person, but of course, this was all just on the basis of friendship. And she liked to play with such secrets — he'd made that out, already. But we're not just to focus on her — finally, he hadn't seen a lot of people that day, apart from P.'s friend and all the other people there are, but just for the glimpse of a moment. He was absorbed in his thoughts, and they seemed to feel the same way, too.

Peculiar — somehow, the environment always seems to reflect your own sensations. Then, he thought about the dialogs with P.'s friend, changing perspective so that he was now looking at it from her point of view. She could have felt offended, sometimes, as he didn't show as much interest as he could have shown. Maybe, he shouldn't. Maybe, he should. He didn't know.

Probably, he'd find out more about that tomorrow. And he was still waiting for O.'s best friend to react on his attempt to contact her. Is there now just time to wait and see, again? If you want to find out, please stay tuned. . .

Night was closing in;
 nevertheless, there was still some light,
 all around,
 and inside.
 The power of consciousness,
 that would never die.

— W.G.

Shooting Star

Standing at the bus stop,
 he suddenly looked at the sky.
 And he felt, that behind the clouds,
 there was something.
 Moving.
 A shooting star.
 He saw it, though the clouds were too thick;
 and he wished what he'd always wished:
 Health for all of them.
 And luck, of course.
 But something was missing.
 O.
 His wish for her love. . .
 It had been a victim to the process
 of forget.
 Now, he called the memory back again,
 to return
 to the place
 it had been taken from.
 And it sat down there happily,
 so he could retire,
 and gain stability,
 again.
 — W.G.

28 Nothing happens

Originally published: Tuesday 7th February 2006

It's me — again.

Tuesday: A day when he was bound not to see her, most probably. But now, he was indifferent to that. What had happened today? Is the title correct, did nothing happen at all?

Find out: Nothing happens.

That morning something happened. He felt sick, and somehow, his body must've thought that he was in need of showing this to his environment. Something strange happened, and he *knew* that it was some sort of sign. It showed that he was ill, nothing more — there's no need to go into detail now. And when the afternoon would arrive, he would be nearly completely healed again.

His mother was amazed when she saw that process getting hold of her son, but he knew that the power of the soul is the major power of our existence — our physical power is nothing compared to it. He was sure he wouldn't talk to O. that day, but some communication took place, nevertheless.

He saw her from a distance of two or three metres away, and at first, he thought that she was the girl that had sat next to him on Friday; but just for a short moment. And then, he could see her in full detail, though she was too far away: Her silver necklace, which had the form of her favourite animal.

He realized he could even remember the name of the probably only individual of that kind she'd ever touched. But he saw nothing more; just her hair that was fluttering around her head. Then, she was gone.

He knew he would have to head the same way, too, but he'd have to wait for P., who called after him. And when he finally had gone round the corner, she was vanished.

A couple of minutes later, he stood in the hallway, waiting for the lecture to begin; He knew *exactly* that O. would have passed here, too. Well, she hadn't, as suddenly, she passed here. He stared, and smiled. She just answered with her sort of smile that leaves you thinking it was just meant for you — the sort of smile that jumps all over her face and resolves into a trace of happiness. An attracting smile. . .

His fellow students wished her a nice lecture, something which happened quite rarely; but the last weeks, when she'd passed here at exactly the same time, he'd done that. This time, he didn't, but the others did.

Amazing; the world would never stop changing. However, he wished he'd done it, though he was pretty sure he was *done* with her.

When the lecture he would have attended was finally cancelled, he walked along the hallway, alone, watching the pictures of all those students in the different lectures. Of course, he was among them. And she was, too.

But before he'd go and examine the image that showed just the members of 'her' lecture, he would have a look at the old image. . . He'd never thought of it again, though he owned it. But it was four years old, and at that time, he hadn't really *known* neither O. nor G. Well, now he did, and he searched for them — and for himself, of course.

He found G. quickly, as she was standing next to Y., her best friend at that time; but as the two of them had been together for too long a time, they were now going separate ways — kind of. They were still friends, that is, but just in a way of comradeship, nothing more. He still hadn't found himself in the mass of students. Then, he made out the person some centimetres below G.; that was him. But that one must be another picture, not the one he had at home, as it showed his shirt. In the copy he had, only his head could be seen. . . Or was it finally a different person?

He stopped thinking about it, and started searching for O. again. He

was pretty sure that she was standing quite near to G. He thought he'd recognized O.'s best friend just behind G., but as he didn't even know if she was studying at that university at that time, he was stupefied. And, of course, at that time, she had not been O.'s best friend, and he hadn't even known her name. Then, he found her — probably. He wasn't sure. When he looked at her, she looked quite the same as G. Crazy. He went so close to the picture that he had to bow, and the tip of his nose nearly touched the plastic in front of it.

He wasn't sure, so he started searching again, his eyes following the lines of students, hundreds of them. But he didn't find another girl that resembled her that well. And her hair had been different, more like G.'s... The picture was smaller than his pinkie, maybe just the half of it's size. He went even closer.

Now, some features stood out more clearly; but still, this could just be his imagination that *wished* to have found her. Then, he went over to the bigger picture, which showed her, sitting leisurely next to B.-B. Her best friend sat next to B.-B., and he was standing some steps behind them. In that image, he could make her out clearly, as it wasn't four years old; and, in addition to that, her face was even bigger than his thumb. He wondered if she would have chosen some place nearer to him, if she hadn't arrived so late. All the students of that lecture had been waiting for her...

FLASHBACK

He was in the bus, G. was seated behind him, while O. was somewhere farther away. At that time, he was still interested in G. And she was thinking about some really easy song:

‘I’m a big, big girl in a big, big world and it’s no big, big thing if you leave me.....’

Talking about it to nobody, in fact, she just caught the sense of that sentence. He was happy that she thought about such things, and tried to interpret them; but something inside him realized that this was not the kind of women he'd like. She was too shallow, not thinking about more complicated things. But she had the interest to do so, and if one would try to help her...

O. was even more interested, he was pretty sure of it. . .

END

He was back to real life again, walking once more next to the picture that showed the mass of students. He'd accept that he wouldn't be sure if that was her, and was gone soon, heading for the library. There, he joined some of his friends. When the next lecture was finished, he would have to head for the bus. And suddenly, he recognized O. when she arrived from a direction that made no sense — in the beginning. Then, he realized that this was a shorter path to return from the auditorium she had been in to the library, or some other more centralised room.

He'd used that cutoff quite often, recently.

Well, she passed him, without him turning his head, as he tried to stay fixed on the screen in front of him. And he succeeded, while he would stand up some seconds later to catch the bus. When he passed O., who was talking to somebody sitting there, he said "Goodbye!", not using their special way of saying it, as there were a whole bunch of people around. She seemed not to hear him.

Should he have added her name to that word? Probably. But that told him something: If you really like somebody, or even love that person, you've got a mental picture of that individual, which means, that you recognise all the noises, the voice, the scent, the perfume, the skin, the feeling, the eyes and the belongings of that person in an instance. He did, at least. And as she didn't, this was the answer to his question. However, he felt that this was quite an instable theory; He'd have to prove it several times. Then, he learned from P. that her friend — the one we've been talking about so often now — had prepared something she'd shown him. That meant that she'd planned to do so some time before — and as we know, plans are never realised to our benefit.

Thus, he knew that if he'd offended her, she must've waited for some happy emotions. And he hadn't really recognised what she'd done. . . Well, it was too late now to do something about that. If fate wishes to lead us somewhere, it will offer us several chances — most probably. Will there be another chance tomorrow, or in the upcoming week? He

wondered, why he'd met O. so rarely that week. He knew the reason why.

The world was a rhythm. We'd already talked about the sum of everything being zero, finally. If we assume the happenings that approach us being a sine, we can compare the happy things — the area above zero — with the not so happy things — the area below zero. You'll find that both are equally high, and always tend to reach an equilibrium.

Thus, he'd been together with her the last week for quite a long time, and this week, he had to pay for this, in some way. He thought back, what had happened last year. . . Exactly one year and one week ago, he'd been together with her — for a long time. Only then, she'd been single. . . That was gone, now.

After that week, what had happened? For some time, everything around her was silent, and then, they'd found together even more often. But he didn't dare hope for this cycle to repeat.

Then, he remembered something a professor had written in a book about sleeping: There was a cycle of about four hour's length, one of a day's length, one of a week's and one of a month's — and one of a year's, of course. Maybe, even more. Though that book had been quite old, he knew that this man was right. Nobody would ever prove him wrong, without being wrong himself.

That meant, that several cycles were to meet: The cycle of her being single, the cycle of the beginning of the year, and probably even more. . . Life was probably too complicated to grab all it's details mathematically.

Yin and Yang — the areas above and below the sine. . . And the basic frequencies in which the strings that made our atoms would vibrate, thus forming the giant harmony of life. Everything was based on a wave, finally, and the only thing most people didn't know, was that the wave would rise equally high as it would then fall low.

He felt he'd discovered something important. But finally, nothing had really *happened*. Thus, we'll have to wait 'till another post arrives — or 'till fate interferes again. Now, there will probably be some longer break, but don't be afraid — this story will continue soon. Please stay

tuned... If you tell me your opinions, I'll probably try to continue earlier!

The snow was falling down,
hiding the innocent
and the guilty.
Everything was white,
everything was equal.
Everything *seemed* equal.
Everything *was* different.
But in the end, it would all sum up
to nothing.
— W.G.

Power
is the basis of our existence.
Why do we fail to recognise
that weakness is of equal importance?
— W.G.

29 What the heck is going on?

Originally published: Thursday 9th February 2006

I'm back for you again!

A lot of things have happened, maybe even more than before. . . However, he didn't have a lot of time to write about it; Now, we'll try to catch up!

My question is: What the heck is going on?

Wednesday, Thursday — days were passing by in some sort of terrible rush. And he was failing to catch on. We'll try to look through all of it chronologically: We'll start with the things he forgot to mention on Tuesday. And probably, he realized them just after he'd finished writing. When he saw O. passing by that day, he noticed something special: Not only was she walking in the leisure way she always used; In addition to that, she walked *very near* to doors, something he'd also do quite often. At least, until one of the doors had opened and smashed his nose.

After that, he tried not to go near to those doors again; However, it seemed to be something that was borne, unchangeable in his mind. Maybe, in quite the same way he felt that he had several features in common with O., though he knew all the same that they were completely different, somehow. The perfect mixture. . .

It was gone. *She* was gone. It was all over. And maybe, this thing with the doors was just an effect of her always walking to the left side of her best friend, while he tended to walk to the right side of his. Peculiar thing. But that was something that happened on Tuesday, and now, we're going to have a look at Wednesday.

Wednesday — a day full of work. A boring day; He was drowsy, and he was even near to sleeping in one lecture. But he managed not to fall asleep. That was pretty hard, but he knew he could do that by simply talking to somebody, and he did so. Nobody seemed to notice that, however, as he was able to hide the drowsiness with his profiling system — which was burnt in his brain, in quite the same way other persons move their arms without thinking. Thus, he could do so really effortless. And he did, all the time, as there was nobody who was so important to him that he would turn it off. He was pretty sure he could, and he'd once tried to do so when he was together with O.; And the wisdom that there was the power of an own opinion residing in his head gave him the energy to believe in a better future, which meant that there wouldn't be such a thing. But he knew that, too, which left the future being something unpredictable, something rather random. After typing these sentences, he tried to enter the last four numbers of O.'s password; He knew it, and he still remembered everything about her. She'd used the numblock, and he'd never used it to enter the last four numbers of his password; Something else they had in common, that both passwords ended with four numbers; On the other hand, they'd used different parts of the keyboard to enter them.

Hers would be hidden in a better way, and thus, he tried to imitate her. To the right of him, O. was passing suddenly, though she was supposed to be somewhere else. She didn't notice him, though he was typing quite fast, and though all computers were supposed not to work, as one of the students had killed them with a virus. But he knew how he could operate them..... No, he hadn't been that student, but he'd have had the abilities and the knowledge to do so. O. was searching for somebody, but of course, she didn't ask him. She was doing that on purpose, he felt, or maybe, fate was controlling her — or that mystical conscience that nobody knew about, but which was somewhere out there, and maybe inside all of us, too.

O. was asked whether she wasn't at the place where she was normally supposed to be, and she simply answered: "No, I'm not supposed to be there." And then she stated she was in search of some other boy, which was probably needed at the place where she should have been;

that would explain the slight irony in her voice, something he was now just able to notice. But that sort of irony was so normal with her, that nobody noticed it, really; Thus, they finally were offended and fell silent. He didn't. He cast a look around, seeing P., sitting several metres away, talking to some girl sitting next to her; She showed her some book she'd shown him before, the book she was now about to start reading. It proved his knowledge, that she liked talking to everybody about everything, once more, and he felt that she only talked to him as much as she did because he hadn't offended her. Most people did.

P. seemed to be really bored now, however. And she didn't think of disturbing his writing. Was it some kind of *tact* or something else? He wouldn't know.

Finally, we're bound to continue with Wednesday, if we really want to arrive at the present in the near future. He'd seen O. twice that day, once together with B.-B., and once alone. But there was something more important developing. Wednesday morning, he'd talked to Y. about P.'s friend. She'd seen that girl dancing around him in the library, and she was wondering whether there was something *under development*. Nevertheless, she'd also noticed that he didn't make it easy for that girl, if she really wished to *achieve* something, as he just thought it to be some kind of fast developing friendship. Maybe, this was the same to her, as her character was in some kind comparable to P.'s.

Another girl, which was also one of P.'s friends, sat next to him for a complete hour, just playing a game on the computer — In reality, he wished to start writing, but the way the two of them were talking implied some kind of friendship though he didn't really happen to know her. Finally, this told him that her character was also comparable to P.'s, and as they were friends. . .

Thinking about friends: That girl that once stood on the bus stop alone, just having contact to him and P., was now having a new boyfriend; Change was everywhere. . .

She was listening to a song, and he knew the original version of it, and even the names of the persons who'd done the composing; When

he'd told her that he knew that song, she'd simply given him her headphones for some seconds. He'd realized immediately that this was another version of the song, though she believed it was some sort of original; However, she also knew about hundreds of different versions. In such a way, most people were talking to him, and he wondered whether it was real interest or just smalltalk. O. had done more, when she'd been single. . .

Today, P.'s friend was talking to him, but she liked fussing around, mocking him for fun. He did the same, as it was part of his profiling system. A terrible anger caught hold of him, when he realized that this was her character. How could such a childish behaviour be normal? She was intelligent, of course, and she could concentrate. Most of the people he liked were that way. Thus, this vivid, lively way of acting was also part of O.'s character; Maybe this was one of the reasons for his anger. Nevertheless, he knew that she was somehow different: She could turn over completely, and he'd noticed that she was capable of thinking really complex *without* laughing. In addition to that, she had some sort of profiling system, too, though he realized just now, when looking through his memories, that her's had been deactivated when she'd been together with him, and without any boyfriend.

Truth is the basis of every relationship, everybody knows about that; Thus, such a profiling system **must** be deactivated if one searches for something *real*. The problem with this is, that the system simplifies all those relationships. But love's not simple, at least not real love. And we shan't think in such manner of it. Another thing he'd realized was that O.'s former boyfriend had left her, and not the other way round; A consequence was that she was alone, crying, searching for the help of her mother. . . The fact that she'd told him about this explained that she trusted him, even though she had a boyfriend at that time — her current one. But it also implied something else: She didn't love him. That occurred to him once again. And maybe, she'd never done, and it was only some misunderstanding of her character; But he wasn't alone with this problem, as we'll see when going on reading.

For Y. told him one morning (*the very same morning she'd talked to him about P.'s friend*) that it would be quite hard to take a chance on

him. She described the way that girl tried to talk to him; She meant the moment when he was typing, probably. But Y. didn't know about that texts. P.'s friend did, as she didn't have no connection at all to O.

Or to Y. And, in fact, though she was interested in the story and had read the beginning of the first posts, she didn't want to continue. However, she'd asked him if O. was real, and he'd denied that; Thus, this could've been the third denial. If P.'s friend was really aiming at something, then, it appeared to him, that her behaviour was childish or even foolish. And in the bible, there had been three of them, before the cock croaked; Was this another sign? He'd just realized that fact, and he didn't know what it would mean. . .

But we're still not finished with Wednesday: The number two seemed to be of importance that day, as most of the numbers he read could finally be summed to a number, whose checksum was two. Most crazily, even when the temperature outside and inside would change, the checksum would stay the same. Something else he couldn't really make something of. Probably, it was the expression of his thoughts and memories that raced through his consciousness; Maybe, this was the way they influenced matter. On Tuesday, it had been decided that he was to work together with P. on some sort of project; the rest of the group wouldn't do a thing, he knew that, and she did so, too. Thus, the two of them would take over all of the tasks there were. On Monday, this work would be finished, and 'till then, we'll have a look at their progress. Up to now, there was not much they'd done, but tomorrow, they are going to meet to finish the project, or at least, to try to do so.

Something else: Today is Thursday. And we'll now have a look at the things he encountered today. The contacting attempts were still without success, though O.'s best friend had smiled and waved at him about one day ago, sitting leisurely next to another boy. He was pretty sure she had a boyfriend, but nevertheless, she let him touch her belt. Sometimes, he thought life was a game, and some people seemed to do so all the time.

But today, more things happened: Further contacts with P.'s friends (*this time, there were more of them, and they'd all been girls*) were to

come. And the way they behaved told him, that the things P.'s friend (*the one we're still searching a name for*) did were normal for this group of people. Absorbed in some kind of childish game, and even if they weren't absorbed at all, they'd talk to you as if they'd known you for years. Somewhere, he'd read something about it; Ahh, yes, he remembered. There was some discussion about the way American, British and German girls thought about kissing: For some of them, it would be just a sign of friendship, for girls coming from another country, it would be the sign of a strong relationship full of love. People were different everywhere.

Something else happened today: Another boy asked him, whether there was some *real* relationship between him and P.'s friend, and he'd denied it, as he didn't even know himself. This guy and some of his friends mocked him, but finally, he managed to laugh with these people about himself. Thus, such a relationship would look improbable. Another guy had asked him some days before, one of his friends, and he'd denied it another time; The only person he'd really told the truth, as she seemed to be interested, was Y. In fact, she mocked him, too, but in a way he liked, and she knew that.

But Thursday is still not finished; He'd talked to a professor about some project he was going to do, in the same hour he'd once proposed to O. and her best friend as the hour to meet — weekly. And as they'd never ever talked about that again (*probably, her friend hadn't even told her about it and forgot about that on her own account*), he didn't feel any remorse or guilt, at least not *really*. Just before he'd go to the bus stop, P.'s friend was playing some childish game with him again, just after he'd said goodbye: He didn't understand what she'd said, but finally, it would mean he wasn't allowed to talk up to the moment she said his name.

She really seemed to enjoy this stupid game, and he didn't say a word. Then, she would be hurt, probably, but she seemed to be enjoying it (*or at least pretended to do so, so as not to give him the possibility to make fun of her*). This fact is describing her quite well. At least, the part with the childish game.

Nevertheless, he'd also noticed that she was pretty intelligent, only

didn't he notice that in her way of talking: No puns, no quotations, nothing at all. Probably, her intelligence would only be mathematical? Well, that would be quite peculiar; His theory induced the thought that intelligence was just a matter of interest, as we've learned already. Should he help her? The question is yet to be answered — later.

For now, this one is long enough, though I notice that the less I write, the more there is to write about. Please stay tuned, and look forward to the next post!

Being puzzled
is the only way,
to give future the chance,
not to be the opposite of one's thoughts.
— W.G.

Silence —
it was night, and silence was all around.
Only the whispers of his own thoughts were to be heard.
And the powerful wish
for unity.
This wish
escaped his mind,
and went outside
to search for **HER**.
— W.G.

30 Back to Life?

Originally published: Monday 13th February 2006

A long break, but there I am, again!

Hope you were looking eagerly towards this new post; at least, I was, as there were so many things happening I wanted to tell you. However, time is running short, as it's always doing. . .

My question is: Back to Life?

The weekend had passed in a horrible rush, and now, Monday was closing in. It had already passed, in fact. However, there were not a lot of things which had happened that day; at least, nothing of real importance. He thought about everything again, and he realized that everything was as important as one believed it to be. Finally, he agreed with himself that this day was not so irrelevant at all. . .

But before we'll start with today, we'll have a look at Friday, as that's the day which was next in line. Friday; That day, the work together with P. had been finished, nearly. At least the part the two of them would do together, as the rest of the students that made up this group of four didn't really do a thing. She had been nice to him, and they'd both finished it together in their spare time, in the library. The girl that once had stood at the bus stop alone, the same that was now just having a new boyfriend, was sitting next to them, though she wasn't taking an interest in their work, really; But where else should she go?

That Friday morning at university; He couldn't remember having seen O. *at all*. But it seemed to be of no importance anymore, and he knew that she just had a single lecture that day. Then, he remembered

that she would reside in the auditorium next to the one he'd sit in; And he remembered having seen and looked at her, though it could also just be part of a vision his mind was proposing him to make things easier.

Again, he knew something before it happened, though he could also have found out by the usage of logical analysis: P. would miss the last lecture, but as she'd already told him she'd give the professor her work *before* the lesson, he *could* have known. And he had, indeed, as he'd hoped for her being there; Thus, he knew that this hope would never be fulfilled, as he didn't realize that it wouldn't. Not consciously, that is.

However, the evening would prove to be more important: He'd watch a film, which would be full of symbols telling him things about himself. Such a big amount of symbols was nothing that could be a result of chance; Fate had interfered once again — or probably that undefined power that existed somewhere out there? His heart raced as he realized that this was to say something, but he couldn't make a sense of it; Neither had O. nor her best friend answered to his attempts to contact them, nor had they contacted him in any way.

But the film could also be the signal of the relationship being over, without any future. He remembered, how the main actress was just *playing* with the men she knew, quite unlike her sister in the film. Then, she'd even dared to take away her best friend, and that guy was proposing to marry her.

She didn't accept, and she betrayed him. In the end, when both had gone separate ways, as the mutual trust was killed, she was left alone, really feeling sad for the first time in her life. And that film had been called 'The Truth'; A title so simple, a story so true — and as complicated as life itself.

After she'd been alone for something about half a year, she got to know that this man was going to marry her sister; As a result, she decided to kill herself, got a revolver and went to his apartment, just when he was alone. Though he had been warned that something might happen, the two of them met each other, alone, once more. Before, when she'd visited him on the day before the marriage, they'd spend

the night together; Then, he'd told her about the relationship he was having to her sister and sent her away. That was the trigger. And she pulled it when a struggle developed, he accusing her of having never loved him, and she telling him she couldn't live without him. All bullets hit him, and he was dead in an instance. When she turned the pistol to kill herself, it was empty, and just a 'click' could be heard. Thus, she'd have to use gas.

But before she was dead, some friends entered the apartment and rescued her. At this point, when the trial began, the film started. The outcome of it is not of real importance, and the way it was done is not so important, either; But one sentence she'd said is of vital importance to us: 'We've both loved each other, but at different times...'

She'd learned the reality of that feeling too late, at the same time he'd given it up. The same thing that had happened to him and O., probably. But he wasn't so sure about her love anymore. But in the end, all chances were gone, anyhow, he'd realized... For now. He knew she had been presented a voucher to go diving, together with her boyfriend (from him), and he was quite sure she hadn't used it yet. Would he ever have liked to go diving? Yes, probably. Would she? Probably, too.

If the film was a sign, it meant that timing was the most important thing; A tune, a song was coming back into his mind: 'Timing is everything, you gotta get it right...'. Yes, you gotta; Chris de Burgh was right. But if you didn't realize that the clock was ticking, timing would be quite problematic. And the movie seemed to tell him that it was over. And it didn't leave room for hope. Would that help him?

He didn't want to find the answer, and decided to go on explaining what had happened on Saturday. L.-B. had phoned him, doing some smalltalk for nearly one and a half hour; She was really getting on his nerves, but he couldn't tell her, otherwise, these "*listening sessions*" (as he nearly said nothing) would increase by a hundredfold. But that wasn't the important thing about Saturday; He had contact to P's friend again, just over the internet. They 'talked' for quite a long time, until he had to go away. And he'd enjoyed it — She had done the same, it seemed.

He'd missed P. herself just by five minutes or so on the world wide web, but the next day — Sunday — she'd phone him, to finish the work they'd begun. They did, and he enjoyed talking to her, too. But in some different way; However, he wasn't sure that the way he 'talked' to P.'s friend was just *friendly* — or more. She didn't seem to know, either.

The next important day is today — Monday. A lot of things happened that day, but nevertheless, we'll start with the morning, when the bus was having some problems. He started driving nearly half an hour too late; But in the end, he was able to catch up. This was some shocking experience: The timing was wrong, but with extreme effort, it could be corrected. . .

Was this another sign? What should he do? Monday was the day he'd sit next to O. again, in the first lecture of the day. Her best friend would sit next to her, too. He saw how she was searching for a bonbon in her bag, and her best friend looked inside that bag interestedly, not hiding her wish to receive one, too. O. looked at her, both smiling, and O. said: 'You want one, too.' She only answered: 'Yes.' And the bonbon was given to her, just *after* she'd dropped one on his table. For him. Without having looked at him.

Of course, he accepted it and thanked her. Nevertheless, the scene looked somehow ridiculous, which made him enjoy it even more. He unfolded it himself, trying to make the same noise she'd made, while her friend tried to be quiet.

The thing with the ruler dropping on her sheet was something he'd do again that lecture; Once, that day, he'd missed the moment when she'd needed it, and the ruler of her best friend was to be used. He wouldn't fail again, he agreed with himself quietly.

When the lecture had passed, he knew that she'd have an exam, at least, to a high degree of probability; Thus, he said: "Good luck to all of you!", looking into O.'s and her best friend's direction. Both seemed not to notice, and they were gone faster than ever.

The next time he'd seen O.'s best friend, he'd asked her whether she'd seen his best friend, as he was searching for him. At first, she didn't know, and then, when he was about to leave, she noticed him

about two metres away from the place they were located.

He fetched him to go to the library again, where they'd meet P. and her friends. He and P. were having a spare lecture now, but in fact, both were just fooling around. Later, he, P. and her friend (*the very same girl we've talked about for so long now*) met again. This time, they were fooling around together, with the computer in front of them. After he'd answered some question of Y., got loose of L.-B. and sent the boy he thought G. was in love with away; And the girl that had asked him when sitting next to him, while O. was there, nearby, in silence. She may also be important in the future, and it will be more easy to give her a name, as he'd known her for some longer time; Something between six and eight years, in fact. We'll call her B., as her major colour is black, though she is also multi-coloured, in some way. But black is the sum of all colours there are. . .

Well, she wasn't really interested in the work both had to do, and she *wanted* to go, even though it wasn't finished; but before, he'd stood with her in front of that old picture with all those students, and she'd found him faster than he'd done himself, pointing out that this was really easy. And he'd told her that he found it hard to differentiate between G. and O. on that picture, but she'd proved what he'd thought before.

He felt guilty, as he talked about G. and O. as one entity, as 'things' without names; He knew that O. would hate that. But his secret love was to be protected, if it still existed, burning somewhere deep inside; He knew it did.

We've stopped the moment he was together with P. and her friend in front of the screen, alone. Y. had just left, telling him once again that she thought that P.'s friend was searching for more than friendship — and smiling.

The most important thing about the following scene is the moment when he leaned forward to watch what was happening, coming so close to P.'s friend that he could make out her fragrance. It was some sort of perfume, of course, but he could also smell *herself*. Normally, that's something we don't notice, as it's happening subconsciously, but he realized that the perfume *fit*. Taking into account that she'd really

waited for him in the library, he wasn't so sure about his theory of a stable friendship anymore; Was there more to come? If you want to know, then you'll have to wait, as this story is real — and real-time.

Probably, the frequency and the length of the posts will be reduced, as exams are to come; But I'll try to go on! Hope you stay tuned, and please look forward to the next post!

P. was embracing her friend;
was she longing for his embrace?
Did he long for her's?
Would he ever know?
Would the timing be right,
in some distant time?
Or was it, now?
Was he back to life?
So many questions;
and they can only be answered positively,
if you don't search for the answers.
— W.G.

The stars were falling down again,
like rain —
eternal rain.
Their dust was blinding him,
and their light enlighting his soul;
What was happening?
He wondered.
He didn't ask.
He just let it happen.
He trembled:
Should he act?
Should he wait?
What was to be done?
— W.G.

31 Valentine's Day — Foreboding Something?

Originally published: Tuesday 14th February 2006

Next one — This time, a bit shorter!

A lot of things have happened, again. Nevertheless, that also means that time's running short; and I don't want you to call me a bore. Thus, we'll try to concentrate on the most important things, starting with some details I forgot yesterday.

What I'm asking you is: Valentine's Day — Foreboding Something?

Tuesday, the 14th of February — Valentine's day. The evening of the day before he'd imagined that he would receive something, a message, a present, or something else. Well, he'd receive something else: Two shocks. Or, at least, one.

But before we'll go into detail, we shall have a look at something of importance we've forgotten yesterday... When he was sitting in the bus, on his way home, he passed by O's house again. He wasn't so sure if she was already home, but when he saw her car in the front of the house, he was. And then... He saw that the door to heaven stood wide open. And not only that: The door behind it was opened, too. What did that mean? What was going on?

He wouldn't know, and he's still wondering about it — whether it means that she's still waiting for him — sort of — or whether it was to say that she'd accept everything. As it was cold outside — pretty cold — and as the door stood open for at least half a minute (*though*

he was probably just feeling as if it was half a minute, and the time would surely be shorter, in fact), this could not have been happening by chance. And no person was to be seen. Ridiculous. It had to be a sign. . . . But what did it want to tell him?

The moment passed, and today, he would be looking for the door again; However, he had sat down heading to the other side of the street, and though he believed he wouldn't see the door, he *could* make it out, indeed, thus proving his theory once more. But he could just focus on it for some seconds, and before he could see if it was opened (*though he was no pretty sure it had been closed*), the view was gone, because he'd just instantly hoped to see — no, *known* he'd see — if the door was open. Of course, that meant he didn't. Uncontrolled thoughts made chance become real; that was one of the most interesting and depressing things to know.

Now, before we'll switch back to this morning, we'll just have a look at something else: When he stood there, waiting with some fellow students for the lecture to begin (*on Monday*), he saw O. again. She was just some twenty metres away, but he could make her out clearly; she was rushing up some stairs, and probably, she was late, as some other student had been searching for her and her best friend. Now, he was sure that this student was gone; O. *was* too late.

On the other hand, there could be some work she'd have to do, but there was now lecture she'd have to attend right now. Was there? He wasn't sure anymore. His centre of life had been destroyed, and he was still searching for a new place; a better place to be. . . .

For now, he'd concentrate on himself, or try to do so, at least. Today, he'd also have contact to P. and her friend, while he'd had exchanged some messages with another friend of P.'s (a girl) via the internet yesterday evening. She seemed friendly, and probably, he'd even seen her several times, but he just knew her name without having any connection to her face. But there were more important things happening today: L.-B. walked up to him, while a whole group of students stood around him, all working together, while he would be the centre. He was concentrating, and when L.-B. cried his name, he tried to continue; but he was shocked. It didn't take him by surprise

that she'd made up some name for him, but the way she said it — in public — was as shameful as if she'd called him darling.

And he'd never be her 'darling'. P. sat next to him, turning her head to face him, presenting an astonished and puzzled look; he tried to return it, though L.-B. was looking at him, too; but he was pretty sure that she wasn't searching for a reaction, as she wouldn't be so focussed on details. And he was really shocked. Now, he wasn't just *assuming* that she was crazy about him; he *knew* it.

And P. knew it, too, but she seemed to have realized that he didn't want L.-B. to do what she did. The next thing that happened after he'd ignored L.-B. and got loose of her, finally, was P. telling him that she didn't have a boyfriend, but in a way that could also be just normal to tell him, as she was suffering because others thought she had.

However, it was some sort of coincidence; but he was pretty sure that this was of no importance. Not really. Hopefully?

Well, P.'s friend seemed to be the same way she'd always been, though she appeared to have been waiting for something that didn't happen. Why was he suddenly realizing that all the people around him were making such a fuss — about him?

Something else: When he stood at the bus stop — alone, like he did most time — another friend of P.'s, another girl, would arrive, exactly at the same time his bus was turning round the corner. The only thing he could do was to exchange a smile and say goodbye — and of course, he wished her a nice time waiting for her bus — alone. Some irony he'd developed, probably some artifact he'd copied from O.

Up to now, nothing more seemed to have happened, though he knew he'd see Y. again, soon — and, that a lot of lectures would be cancelled tomorrow. Finally, he'd see P. and her friends the next evening — we'll see if anything happens; soon. Probably not tomorrow, as time is limited to some number close to zero. Too close to zero. Hope the number of new opinions won't stay so close to zero! Still with me?

The door of heaven stood open,
widely;

Letting all the people below
see the beloved land;
would one ever reach it?
— W.G.

One, two, three —
remember me.
Four, five, six —
break the sticks.
Seven, eight, nine —
you'll be fine.
Ten, eleven, twelve —
if you know yourself.
— W.G.

32 Do only Fools Rush in?

Originally published: Thursday 16th February 2006

Wilkie's back, once again!

Too much's happening simultaneously, and thus, we're to stick to the most important things. And I'm afraid I can't write more frequently, but that's the problem of writing while attending university: The more things happen, the less time there is to write about them — and the more important things to write about there are. Despite that fact, I'll try to go on — maybe less frequently, maybe a bit shorter — but the story is still not finished.

This one drives me crazy: Do only Fools Rush in?

He was wondering whether he was really right, or if everything he'd thought to be so true was completely — nonsense. It was now Thursday evening, and a lot of things had happened — O. was not to be seen. But P. and her friends were. And all the rest of the universe, of course, as life would never stop — at least, not so soon.

But he was still remembering things, which made all of it even worse. Of course, he'd tried to suppress such thoughts; on the other hand, he could not pretend that he hadn't noticed the name of that female protagonist in that film some days ago, that terrible thing that showed him clearly that everything would be over: The name of that protagonist was O.'s name, and one of her first boyfriends' name was the male version of G.'s.

Such things didn't happen by chance, not in *one* film; if there had been two of them, and some days between the emissions, he'd have

accepted this as a product of chaos. Now, he had to believe that there *was* something out there, indeed. And it was powerful.

Before we'll start over with Wednesday, we shall have a look at one of the most special things that happened just today: One of his friends said something to him, somebody he had always noticed but never thought to be *that* important, though he'd always felt that there was something special about him. They were just comparing two books at university, and that boy was telling him something he thought to be important. It was. It was his theory.

He said, that he somehow made out the way the lives of the protagonists develop, their happy times followed by hardship and vice versa. His hand described the form of a wave while he was saying this. Though he didn't add that this meant the areas above and below summing up to zero, he was so close to his idea, that he was shocked; 'Cause if two persons are having the same idea, just at a different time, and in a different situation, the probability that it was right was very high.

He'd once heard that inventions had always been made for at least two times in different parts of the world, without one scientist knowing about the other — Was this something like? He felt the importance of this knowledge, and when the professor advised the boy — who was only talking to *him*, indeed — to be quiet, the subject wasn't talked of again. That was one of the most important things that had happened in these two days — however, there are more to come.

For example, L.-B. was phoning him again, pretending to want to be explained something; he did so, and when she wanted to talk about other things, he tried to ignore her, until his mum called him for supper, relieving his heart which was not born to cheat, though profiling is something quite equal to it.

P. seemed to be really making friends with him, and he'd also embraced her friend that day (*well, probably the other way round, as she'd taken the initiative*) in quite an equal way P. had embraced her seconds before — as a sign of friendship, of *missing* one another. But he knew that this embrace was shorter...

He felt it. Was she feeling more, thus being not capable of embracing

him just like a friend? He wouldn't know, and he wasn't sure if he really wished to find out. The other friend of P. he'd found on the internet was really nice, and she answered him every day — it was some kind of ping-pong conversation, but the two of them seemed to care for good answers. **True** answers.

He was happy with that, and with most other things happening all around, though he felt that something had to be going wrong — soon. His theory had never been proved wrong, and he was sure that this wouldn't change.

He'd been sitting next to P.'s friend for more than one hour on Wednesday, and he'd enjoyed it the same way she seemed to have. On Thursday, he was together with Y., but she was really tired and dizzy, not really capable to talk to him, though she laughed here and then; Nevertheless, he noticed that *she* wasn't enjoying his presence as much as P.'s friend did. He also had some things in common with both of these girls; on the other hand, they were completely different.

Wondering whether he was now repeating the same fault of waiting too long which had rendered a relationship to O. impossible (at least for the moment), he realized that the TV-Show he'd seen was right. There, several scientists had analyzed the phenomenon of love, discovering that the decision to love somebody was finally a logical one. He'd always known that; everybody did, but everybody also pretended not to know, so as not to render love impossible at all.

Such an explication would make this strong feeling something that would not be special anymore; However, the scientists had also got to know other things. Love was able to block certain areas of the brain; Thus, one would not notice the flaws of the target of his feelings. Which would explain his sudden burst of knowledge when it was too late. And, in addition to that, it told him he should try to *stop* being in love, so as to notice whom he was really in love with. . .

He'd already begun to do some things: You should remember the time when he was listening to that song for hours; well, he had increased it's speed to exactly 119%. Firstly, the checksum of that number was O.'s number, the two; Secondly, the voice of the person that sung was then much closer to O.'s voice, and he could imagine her singing it, as

she liked singing, even in public. Well, not as much as her best friend did, that is, as she could sing *really well*. It helped him to cope.

But it would still take him some time to lock away the things that had happened; Nevertheless, he would just feel as something like a friend of her, or probably, even less. A shadow was passing over his face, as he felt signs closing in, reminding him of the early past, even beyond his memory of O. and G.; A time when he was mocked at school. And he noticed, that there were some moments — even days or weeks — he couldn't remember, even if he wished to do so. Only the consequences had been saved in his mind: Two or three bad marks, though he could have done much better, and he wouldn't know *why* he hadn't — Was this some psychologic influence? He couldn't even recall if the other pupils had blackmailed him in some way.

His brain felt empty when trying to remember such days, though some of the moments could be remembered quite well; vivid and full of detail: Himself riding on a bicycle, talking to one of the teachers, standing somewhere alone, hoping not to be mocked; and when he was writing these lines, these silly letters full of real experience, some things were coming back to his mind, and a shudder ran down his spine. It was cold, and grabbing hold of him, as he was gaining deeper insight into the past — it would take him a long time to find out about everything again, beginning with the mockery in the time before school started; the days he'd stay inside, happy with himself and all those games and devices.

It had been a happy time, the years before it all started, before the mockery and the bullying; it was gone, and just a shimmer would remain, suppressed by the hurtful and now locked off events. He'd have to cope with it, and his head began to ring with fear — However, he knew that this was the only way to gain individuality that wasn't part of his profiling system. Though he knew that hope was useless or even worse, this hope had ruled his life for long, but he had ignored it up to now, thinking these memories to be less important than they were. One could only heal himself; even if a psychologist or a psychiatrist could give you introductions — and he was sure that he didn't need these — it would be up to you in the end. And every genius of these

days and the past had something disgusting in his memories he could never forget and probably never know about. Once and for all, he wished to find out, for the sake of himself and the world.

The world — is it still out there? Are you still reading? Or are you all gone? Tell me, please, as these letters are *My Life* — in a Nutshell. . .

Sometimes,
 sitting close to somebody in silence
 is a moment of conversation;
 Sometimes,
 sitting close to somebody in steady talk
 is a moment of silence.
 — W.G.

Can one break up
 if there was no relationship at all?
 One can.
 Can one feel so close to someone else
 that one would tell this person everything
 though there is no relationship at all?
 One can.
 Can one feel the claw of death trying to grab hold of his
 soul
 when breaking up
 with somebody
 one's worshipped without knowing about that?
 I tell you: One can.
 Can one escape this claw,
 this power to exhaust one's candle,
 without exhausting it oneself?
 I hope: One can.
 — W.G.

33 Pondering his Voyage

Originally published: Friday 17th February 2006

It's me; the same person, but another time!

And another situation, though there had not been a lot of things happening today. It was just some kind of summary, but I'll present these events to you nevertheless.

He was waiting, thinking: Pondering his Voyage.

Friday; the day he would have some time to write some longer text. That's what he thought in the morning, but in fact, his time would be really limited to a couple of minutes, probably just an hour or so. But he was intending to go on, eagerly awaiting the development of his own life. . .

This morning began in the bus, as every morning when he'd have to attend university would. That day, there had just been the TV announcement '*not to touch dead birds*' (well, who'd ever done?), as the bird flu was beginning to spread throughout Europe. And he was sitting in the bus, reserving a seat for Y., though he was pretty sure she wouldn't come. She'd take another bus, as this one was too late — and as a matter of fact, fate had ironically gave this bus he was sitting in a horrible speed in the beginning of the week. At the same time, the bus began his voyage so late that Y. would think that this one was late. And in the end, he could make out her face through two windows, when they overtook the bus she was sitting in. But none of this happened today.

This Friday, the bus he was in seemed really empty, and Y. didn't come, of course. O.'s car was standing somewhere he'd never seen in

before, just at the other side of the street, in the middle of nowhere. But that was not important, not now. . .

Y.'s seat was finally presented to one of her friends; she didn't really say more than ten words to him (*well, probably something around 100, but in fact, it was nothing*). When the bus arrived, Y. was just one hundred metres ahead, or even less, and he'd catch up with her when they reached university, just exchanging some words without sense. That was something all of us did, all the time. Later, he was back to the library again, together with P. and her friend who'd embraced him the day before. The internet was accessible again, and thus, they all were struggling in front of one computer, enjoying themselves. When P.'s friend was in her next lecture, he had been left alone with P., who was working at something, but sitting next to him. And another friend of hers was there, too. While he was fighting with the computer, he once said that he'd kill everybody around here if the thing he was doing wouldn't work; as he'd said that once before, when P. was near, she knew he didn't mean it, and one could also see that when having a look into his eyes.

She laughed, and her reaction was that she told him — *again* — that he wouldn't kill her. However, she told him that there was some other reason to it; for a second he assumed she was hinting at some kind of relationship he hadn't happened to notice yet, but then, when the silence was unbearable, she said that she would hinder him from killing her, the same thing she'd said the last time. And something about a minute later, P. asked him whether he'd kill her friend, too; the very same that seemed to be so important to him. Of course, he answered that he wouldn't, as she was not responsible for anything like that happening.

While he typed these words, he realized that a lecture had been between these two events; thus, P.'s friend was indeed *there*, just at the very moment, seated some metres apart. He was trying to help her installing something on the computer, but she was encountering the same problems; this afternoon, he'd worked out the solution, and that's one of the reasons for his lack of time. But at that time, he'd helped her with something temporary, but on Monday, he'd install the

new thing.

Still, this was not the most important thing that happened today. Even the fact that he was to take an exam he didn't know about, and thus wasn't prepared for, was not as important as the fact that P.'s friend had dropped her head on his shoulder in a state of tiredness.

And in addition to that, just for some seconds or even less, which meant she must've felt that he was something different than a friend to her — probably. However, he was still wondering whether there was really some kind of relationship under construction, remembering the second when Y. had dropped her head on his shoulder. Y...

When the last lecture had been finished, Y., her friend, our protagonist and some other friends went to the bus stop together. He assumed that Y. would fetch another bus with the other girls, but he didn't know for sure, which turned this assumption into reality. However, he tried to talk them into staying with him, as 'his' bus would just arrive a minute later. Y. seemed to be changing her opinion, looking at the others, saying something, thinking, looking puzzled; and then going, telling him goodbye, giving him her *'it'll-not-be-as-bad-as-you-think-it-would-be'* smile. He entered his bus (*which was late, indeed*) alone; He knew some of the other students, but he'd never had any contact to them.

And he chose a seat for himself which was located near the middle of the bus, probably a bit closer to the back; Sitting down, he was happy to be alone, finally. But he wasn't feeling that now, and that rescued him of something that could have come.

Looking out of the window and not seeing something at all, he was thinking, contemplating about everything that had happened, was happening and was yet to happen. He remembered the other scene that took place in the library, when L.-B. walked up to him once again and was getting on his nerves — once again. P. was sitting next to him, and he was pleading her to help him when he saw L.-B. turning round the corner; In the beginning, P. asked him where L.-B. was, indeed, as she hadn't noticed her, and then, she took the initiative to ask him about something she knew perfectly. Something about the last lecture. But it didn't help at all, as L.-B. was a person without

conscience, egocentric in some ways. She wanted to ask him something she *should* have known, but seemed not to know; And he was pretty sure she wasn't just pretending, as the piece of work she showed him was wrong.

Completely wrong, as she was just learning methods without really understanding what she was doing — He knew that, and when she asked him something, his profiling system would translate the easy sense of something in the complex method she would learn.

P. was really doing her best, telling L.-B. that she was asking him something and waiting for some explanation, but L.-B. told her she should hurry up in a really offending manner. Now, when he was contemplating about it, he'd have liked to tell L.-B. that she shouldn't treat P. this way; but he could never have done such a thing, as his profiling system didn't allow him to do so. He'd have to regain the memory of the past, and he was in need of going through all of it again; this was the only way to break the chain. But time was running short. . .

Still sitting in the bus, an alert from some part of his brain woke him from this state of concentration; the rapid line of thoughts was slowing down, as he recognized the small boy who'd asked the question which led to the 'First Denial'. Of course, he'd take seat next to him, and his time would be lost once more; but he hoped the child would take his seat together with another friend of his he'd noticed in the fore part of the bus. But as this one had seen him, and as the other friend of the small boy had entered the bus, too, heading towards him, though he wasn't sure he had been noticed, hope left his soul which was soon becoming more heavy, as a loss of a good feeling is always a gain of bad feelings; and these are much heavier than the others. To his astonishment, all those children took seat where he'd hoped them to go to before that hope had been extinguished; Thus, he was rescued.

The following kilometres, he was getting tired, as his brain was working in an abnormal way; He finally found himself sleeping. Once and then, he'd wake up, having a look around, but accepting the power of sleep to cure his mind; and when he passed next to O.'s house, he woke up too late to see her car or the entrance, though — or because

— he'd hoped for it. At this moment, the typing protagonist realized the other meaning the idea of 'Heaven's Door' introduced: If you're in heaven, you're not only happy, but your life on earth is finished, as you're dead.

And he didn't want it to be finished; remembering himself laughing about the persons standing in church before a marriage, suddenly getting afraid because they feared to be bound to one place, to one *person* forever, and finally even running away, fleeing their future — a future full of hopes. . . . Though he knew that such a future was probably one of the worst things one could wish for, he dreamed of it. And he couldn't help but realize that there was some hope for such a happy ending in all of us. Where would his further footsteps lead him, and how is his life going to continue? Do you still wish to find out? Have you already left me alone? Please show me you're still alive. . . .

A head on a shoulder
is a sign;
a fist hitting you
on the tip of your nose
is a sign, too.
And both can be signs
of love, friendship,
hate and deceit.

— W.G.

The water was flowing again,
carrying his thoughts, his sorrows
and his hopes far away.
The fire was burning again,
doing the same.
But where did the two antagonists head to?
Was there such a thing as an aim?
A target?
Could — would — they return?
He hoped to know, and he wished never to find out about

it.
— W.G.

34 Mortal Threats

Originally published: Sunday 19th February 2006

Back again — still alive!

An interesting weekend. . . Some contacts to the past were giving me a hard time, as you'll see when having a look at the title. On the other hand, I remembered some more details about Friday; I don't want to keep these from you. So, if you want to find out about all this, continue reading!

Shocking Past: Mortal Threats.

Before we' have a look at those recent events, we'll cast some light on the fact that I've told you on Friday, that this day was a kind of *summary* of what had happened. Indeed, it was, as I've forgotten to tell you something; we shall have a look at this now.

Returning to Friday — Flashback

He had just exited the library, and P. was with him; both were climbing the stairs to reach the next lecture in time. Not realizing that O. would have to pass him by, as her lecture had just finished close to the place he was heading to. Thus, as he didn't hope to be near her, he would be, for the fraction of a second. When he reached the top of the stairs, P. was walking somewhere next to or behind him; at that second, he didn't mind, as he'd got used to her presence, enjoying it. B.-B. was just passing by, beginning to go down; presenting him a warm smile. He was happy, and he thought that this would be the only time for that day when he'd communicate with one of O.'s friends in some way.

It wasn't, as he'd proved wrong some seconds later, when G. was passing by, smiling at him in an even happier way. The next person walking up to him was Y., and though she seemed captured by her

own thoughts, she returned his smile, too. And then... O. was there, and she seemed completely absorbed by *anything* that wasn't him, as her eyes were jumping around as if escaping his presence. Nevertheless, he smiled, and in a subtle way, he saw her smiling back; On the other hand, this smile was only a trace of a smile, something that happens if you want to suppress your feelings — or if you don't really care. Once more, he wasn't sure which of the two options he'd prefer, and which one was real.

But that had all happened on Friday; so, why was this some sort of summary? He remembered how he'd felt that B.-B. was important in some way, when he'd arrived at university; The next person he noticed was G., and he felt something special about her. Then, he noticed that Y. seemed to be G.'s best friend; At the same time, he realized that the two of them spend too long a time together, which was a sign of the friendship burning, which meant it would be strong — but just for a short time.

And time didn't prove him wrong, this time, as Y. was now the best friend of another girl. And finally, O. came into his vision, in the same puzzled way she'd done before...

All the time, P. was with him. Somehow, she'd been with him all the time, since the beginning; He realized the idea of most films: A man loved a woman, he really wanted her, and in the end, he noticed that the girl that had been with him — and helped him — all the time was the person he really loved. But he was pretty sure that this was different; Life was always like a movie, and at the same time, it wasn't.

Back to the Reality — End of Flashback

However, it's Sunday now, and we're going to have a look at the rest of the weekend. Saturday evening, he was browsing the web again, communicating with P.'s friend, **the** one he knew from university. Of course, their talk was not really about something; nevertheless, both seemed to be enjoying it, quite unlike the way L.-B. was talking to him; This time, he was happy when one of them found a topic to discuss. However, he got to know that she'd found a new friend, a boy; but it seemed that it was not to be her boyfriend, though he felt some jealousy, at least a glimpse of it. Which told him, that he liked her.

On the other hand, he'd probably have felt the same with P., and finally, he wasn't even sure that P.'s friend was single. Which left him at the beginning.

But the real important thing, the confrontation with his past, was yet to come, this Saturday evening, and in the night. One of his relatives, the same boy who'd lead the *gang* in the past, the same people that had humiliated him every day, from the beginning, until he'd had the possibility to escape to university. . .

The things he'd locked away, and the same things he wanted to cope with now. Probably, this was one of the best things to happen; Though he saw this boy every day, no words were exchanged, and their eyes never met since years of time — He hoped he could stand his stare, but he was quite sure he would, as he was a leader and *nothing* without a group around, protecting him. But most times, he *had* this group around him — On the other hand, our protagonist was amongst so many *normal* people at university, such a bunch of persons who were his friends, that he would never really be alone at this place, though he felt like it, sometimes. Especially, when he was in the bus, and alone, indeed. And that boy would be in the bus, too.

His problematic way of having dealt with the past by not really dealing with it at all had made the mortal threats sound real, somehow, and they'd impressed him in a way they shouldn't have done. But we'll start with the beginning, as everybody should.

This old enemy of his was having a party this weekend, but he didn't know about it — however, his mother did. Thus, when the phone call of some person he didn't know reached him, he assumed it to be somebody from that place who would like to mock him — and told him to prepare for his death on Monday, when he'd get to know that person, at the university he was attending. The voice sounded somehow like a voice he'd heard somewhere before, but the name seemed to be a fake. Probably, it was that boy, but he wasn't sure about it, as he sounded different; but he hadn't heard him talking for years. When his mother told him that this boy was having a party that night, he was pretty sure it had been him, or one of his friends; He'd told him to go in the garden and prepare his grave. Though he knew that he didn't have to

fear anything, he shuddered, and his stomach felt clenched like a fist for about half an hour, or even longer.

He'd simply stopped talking, listening and finally dropping the phone, so that the connection was cut off; And the boy still seemed to be talking. . .

The next time, when it was night, his mother answered the phone, assuming that it was that so-special boy, wishing him a nice time. Then, when she gave him the phone, the boy pretended to be somebody who had dialed the wrong number, and he could now quite clearly make out this voice that had once commanded others to hurt him in a whisper. That totalitarian person, the one who'd started the game of absolute power in his youth. Would he ever be able to stop playing before somebody got seriously injured? The only moment he was now fearing was the time when he'd be in the bus; Probably, he'd be alone with that boy and some of his friends. But he'd said on the phone, that he'd kill him at the university, and that would be quite impossible, as nearly everybody knew him there. And finally, he'd have to find him first, as though he wouldn't hide anywhere, a university was quite a big building. . .

Thus assured, he was able to smile again, though some doubt was still running around inside his mind. He'd try to ignore that.

Something that seemed quite peculiar was the fact, that his mother couldn't remember what that person had said to her on the beginning; He assumed that to be a result of her really low blood-pressure, especially in the middle of the night. On the other hand, she could be keeping something away from him she didn't want him to know. . .

CUTOFF!

Once again. It was finished, and you'll learn more about that soon, if I prove to stay alive. If not, the this will be the last post, probably; But I don't think so. However, there is still some fear left, as when the phone rang this morning and some friend was calling, the sound of that gadget made my heart stop beating for a second. . . But we'll hope for some happy ending of this childish joke. Hope to be writing again, pretty soon. . . And please don't leave me alone! Give me your opinions!

A murderer was walking around,
but he could have guessed;
even if the threat was just a joke,
happy times must be recompensed
with shocking experiences.
Would he agree with that guy
smashing him on the floor,
attacking him,
if it meant a future together with O.?
Yes, he'd still agree.
— W.G.

O.'s number was all around,
the basis of the world,
the basis of himself,
the basis of his soul;
the number two.
Would it rescue him?
He'd agree with every hardship if it would.
Would it kill him?
If that meant dying for a dream,
he'd agree, too.
— W.G.

35 Where to Go?

Originally published: Monday 20th February 2006

Wilkie is back — and he's still in good health!

That day was full of spare time, which meant that it was really exhausting, as he'd to spend these hours at university. However, he wasn't alone; but you'll find out later, when you decide to go on reading. **If** you decide to do so, that is.

In Front of a Fork: Where to Go?

Monday; the day he'd see her pretty long. But this time, it was really different for the first time, as his feelings had changed to something that was even below a strong friendship; and it didn't feel as warm as it did before when he sat down next to her, and although some things he did made her laugh, he knew that it was just a kind of game — nothing of importance anymore. However, the thing with the ruler would be the single action that would remain, reminding him of the feelings he'd once felt consciously; Still, he'd try to drop it on her paper before she'd grabbed the ruler from her best friend, and once, when she was pretty close to doing so as he was in need of his ruler himself, he quickly dropped it at the right place on the page in front of her, though her hand was already touching the ruler her best friend was currently using.

She wouldn't have touched his ruler while he was using it, it occurred to him. However, even before this gadget of plastic that symbolized so much had crossed the border between him and her (*in fact, it was just about to do so*), she thanked him, moving her right hand back so it was close to the paper that was still in front of her again.

Her best friend seemed not to have noticed; However, she didn't seem to react on it. Later, when the lecture was paused for some minutes, she (*her best friend*) offered O. something to eat; and then, she asked him directly if he wished for some of it, too. He agreed, of course.

Then, he watched O. interestedly, realizing that she ate the same peculiar way he did. Well, this time he hadn't done, as he was training not to do so in public. *She* didn't seem to care, however. Once, when she was stretching herself in that very break, he had a close look at her face again, not being sure if sh'd noticed his observing look; She looked completely different to him now. He could *see* the way she'd attracted many persons by symbolizing somebody helpless, incapable of defending herself, though she wasn't; But her face had changed, and the expression it was showing.

Now, it seemed to be more *normal*. He wondered what made this face so 'normal' and realized soon, that she didn't appear as somebody perfect anymore to his senses, which meant that the feelings were locked away, and the door shut tight. But on the other hand, it could explain something else he'd heard that day: A woman his mother and his granny had talked to was complaining about her former husband having changed completely, turned over in some way, since he was together with his new girlfriend. Had the same thing happened to his once-beloved O.?

He hoped for it, as it was the only way to conclude that she was not the way she'd have been naturally; And, it meant that she would find herself again as soon as she'd learnt that adapting to somebody else is equal to self-destruction. And he was the one to know, as he'd used his profiling system since the day he'd learnt what the word 'thinking' was meaning. . . It dawned on him that it was now not the time to act towards her — Persistence was the only thing to do. In addition to that, he'd still try to please her as much as he could, but not trying to push her to do something, anymore.

For now, waiting and seeing would be sufficient; but other problems were still lying ahead, waiting for some decisions he felt incapable to make. He'd been together with P. a long time that day; A really long

time. And he wouldn't know if this relationship they were having was still a strong friendship or something more. . . . On the other hand, her friend was with them sometimes, and she was also quite nice to him, leaving him stuck in between, as he didn't know what to do now. Was this the point of decision, or was it just some wrong interpretation of everything he knew?

He remembered P. doing things she wouldn't have done together with the other people he knew; not commanding him, not offending him in any way that could possibly hurt him, though she knew he was *robust* and could have taken nearly anything. But she seemed to like pleasing him, as she didn't offend him even though he was disturbing her working. Probably, she was liking this distraction, but he wouldn't know, as she was some kind of special character who could also act in such a way without intending more than a friendship. Why was there **nobody** who could tell him what was really going on? The only thing he knew was that L.-B. was loving him, which seemed to be a fact that nobody could change — sad for the two of them, as he didn't like her, even not in terms of a closer friendship. Comradeship, nothing more, would've been the thing he'd have agreed with.

He remembered how he'd recognized O.'s voice — and that of her best friend — once that day, while he was sitting in the library again, studying, without seeing one of those two. The other time he'd seen O. that day — together with G. and her best friend — was something that really happened by chance. In fact, he was with a professor, entering another auditorium, searching for something and talking to that man. Thus, O. and the others were located behind him. He didn't feel something, though he somehow realized he was a bit nervous, without knowing why that was the case. He knew the other people of that lecture, of course. And the moment he turned his head, O. seemed to have been on a lookout for him, as her look met his; just for the fraction of a second. Then, in an order he couldn't reconstruct right now, O., her best friend and G. greeted him, smiling and waving happily.

It was just some kind of game, and he remembered how they'd do the same when they saw that homosexual that happened to be their

friend. Well, that was everything about that, as he just smiled in return, probably lifting his hand leisurely. He wouldn't remember the details, and when he exited the auditorium again, a last look wouldn't reveal a thing, though O. seemed to be nervous, somehow.

And G. had wondered some seconds before, why he was here and didn't have some lecture he'd have to attend; Well, she'd already found out on her own that he hadn't. And O. hadn't said a thing. . .

He went back to the library, to join P. and some other friends there. Y. asked him something, and he managed to keep L.-B. at some distance of about one metre. Applying his theory of hopes not being fulfilled, this would exactly fit into scheme: L.-B. entered the library, sitting down there, working, knowing that he'd arrive, thus choosing a seat close to his material which he'd left there, together with P. And she would be hoping for some conversation to develop; However, before, when she wished to ask him about something, he'd managed to pretend he was working hard, not being capable of helping her, while then somebody else was offering her help. And he was rescued, breathing out loudly to show P. what he was feeling. At that time, she seemed to be absorbed in her own thoughts, probably thinking about the way he'd dumped L.-B. Well, he wouldn't mind. And he felt that L.-B. seemed to be coping with it, too.

When the lectures were finished for both O. and him, he was walking next to his best friend, talking again. O. was alone, just having said goodbye to B.-B., who was heading with some friends of her for her car. He knew that he'd have stood at some place near to O.'s path if his friend had been gone already, and he felt as if he'd have talked to her, though he wouldn't know any topic. Probably, saying goodbye would have been sufficient; However, this way was possibly more effective for the sake of his own future.

O. was gone, alone, lonely, though he was pretty sure that she was still having the same boyfriend. He couldn't help but feel some fractions of the old feelings again, of that small girl needing help, protection; He knew she didn't, but what role was consciousness assigned in that kind of game?

Today, there had been some kind of discussion about the way in-

telligence was dividing different classes of persons; And somebody had also mentioned that the way one was interested in something was changing the final outcome of the work. The people who were taken for the less intelligent would accept that role, not trying to change a thing; The people who were taken for the most intelligent would accept that role, too, not doing something anymore. The people who were caught in between, however, would try to be better, showing interest in everything. He was trying to be like this.

Only one who's interested in the details that are surrounding all of us will be able to make some sense of the world; and only if one is capable of understanding parts of it, one can really be intelligent, as talent is all around — it's just a matter of *using* it.

But we're not here to discuss about things he didn't want to say right there, as he knew it would take most people a long time to understand, while most wouldn't believe him at all; Before he could do so, his experiment should be put into practice, the thing O.'s best friend had agreed to and forgotten about. He wondered whether he'd try to do so with P.; We'll see. There's still time remaining to decide on that.

For now, we'll finish with the last important thing he'd done that day (*up to now, that is*): He'd waved at B.-B. and her friends, while she was driving her car; and then, when he was on his way home, he saw Y. and some of her friends heading for the train, though they would normally have been together with O., in her car. But she seemed to be alone, though he was pretty sure that G. at least was with her.

Be that as it may — We're finished for today. Probably, we'll have a look at some lyrics tomorrow — if time allows me to do so. Don't dump me, please! Tell me what you think!

Running
 was the water
 in the sink.
 Splashing
 was the fresh liquid
 when it hit the ground.

And rushing were his thoughts
without control
in rising anger;
But did he really wish
for a dumb mind?
Sometimes, he did.
But then, he knew,
that he'd miss so much;
Probably, he'd be happier,
if he didn't realize
the foundation of fact.
On the other hand,
he'd always search for it,
as this was his sense of life.
— W.G.

He'd realized,
that the number two
was mostly appearing together
with the three;
the number of her boyfriend.
But a relationship to close
is short —
one too distant
is not successful.
There is no perfect relationship
except the one
of the two
persons
which are meant to be.
— W.G.

36 Just Exploring

Originally published: Tuesday 21st February 2006

Hello! Are you still out there?

A short, but complicated day, as it would leave him contemplating about everything that had happened the weeks before; and remembrance is always a complicated thing, as it can capture our hearts without our noticing it.

He was waiting, looking; Just Exploring.

Let's start with a quote, this time, to explain the heading if you haven't got it's meaning yet:

Now is a good time to explore. — from a small fortune
cookie program

That was exactly what he had been doing for the last few days: Looking around, exploring the world. In a way, everybody did all the time, and he'd also done so since the beginning; However, he was now free again, being able to look around without any hindrance to his senses. Perception unlimited, one may call it.

But he knew he was missing a lot, and as he'd got used to talking to others more and more, his soul was longing for social contacts. P. had always been there, and she was now, too.

Something peculiar had happened: Today, L.-B. was after him again, but as she seemed to have noticed that he spend his time with P. in the library, and as he wouldn't change that so soon, she was following him around there, disturbing not only him, but P., too. And she offended her.

In a way, she seemed to be fighting, he realized that; but this fight would not be won, at least not by her. He was shocked when she asked him why he was always spending his time in the library, and added leisurely why he was always here, *together with P.* She seemed to assume that she could forbid him to make friends with her, but he wouldn't budge.

He would ignore L.-B. in the most offending way he could think of, giving the shortest answers possible, without any subjective expression. In addition to that, he talked to P., who was sitting nearby, turning away from L.-B., giving P. the highest priority. But there still was that memory gripping his mind now and then, all the time, that remembrance of O's...

I remember all my life
 raining down as cold as ice.
 Shadows of a man,
 a face through a window cryin' in the night,
 the night goes into
 Morning just another day;
 happy people pass my way.
 Looking in their eyes,
 I see a memory I never realized how happy you made me.
 [...]

you came and you gave without taking,
 but I sent you away.
 [...]

you [...] stopped me from shaking,
 and I need you today.

I'm standing on the edge of time;
 I've walked away when love was mine.
 Caught up in a world of uphill climbing,
 the tears are in my mind and nothin' is rhyming.

[...]

Yesterday's a dream
 I face the morning
 Crying on a breeze
 The pain is calling
 [...]

[...] won't you listen to what I'm gonna say
 [...] don't you let me going all the way
 [...] won't you listen to what I'm gonna say
 And I need you today
 [...]

— (I guess you'll know this song — it's not that old, it's from 2004; thus, there's no need to give you the title)

The last illusion of the past that had not yet been destroyed, as he'd just broken the connection of those feelings with O. (*or rather, locked all events connecting her to that feelings away in some distant part of his brain*). However, he could consciously access everything that had happened; Only the perception of emotion — connected to O. — was blocked.

And this left him with the powerful feeling of longing, as he'd lost something — somebody — without realizing *who* had been that person; Nevertheless, this was the only way for him to cope with it, in the end.

And time would probably do the rest, if it was as powerful as all the 'great men' kept telling everybody.

Music had once again become his substitute for something real; With this powerful language, his desperate longing didn't hurt as much as it had done before. And then, he understood the other sign he'd seen that day without knowing what it could mean: A sign (*a traffic sign*) which in reality was presenting something completely different (*in fact, some small town which just sounded quite equal to the word he'd read*) seemed to show him the word '**Betrayal**'. But not in his mothertongue, but in German.

That not being peculiar enough, he'd realized that this sign was ambiguous: It could also mean that he'd denied his feelings for P. in some way, and his feelings for her friend, not to forget about the not-so-positive feelings towards L.-B. In fact, he kept betraying himself, and he felt sad, though — or because of — this was part of everybody's life.

Later that morning, when the lectures would be finished for that day (*they finished a bit earlier on Tuesdays; however, there was enough work to do in the afternoon*), he'd wait for the bus to arrive again. When B.-B. was arriving with some other girl, passing by about 10 metres in front of him without noticing he was there — because she kept talking to that other girl — he'd thought for an instance that this other girl was O., at least, when the two of them had been about 30 metres away.

Which, in the end, told him that his recognition of her was deteriorating. Not quite an hour ago, he'd seen her from just a metres distance, waving at nobody in peculiar, and he seemed to be the only person returning her smile. Nevertheless, she was not looking at him, but to some point in the air several centimetres next to his head; He was pretty sure that nobody in that direction would give back or at least realize the happiness she was emanating.

He had, but she seemed to pretend not to realize; G., who was normally less able to realize such subtle communication (*at least, that was the way he'd thought up to today*) was greeting him every time she was passing by, even if it took *him* some time to notice her. And she didn't mind that her boyfriend was walking next to her, just smiling at him, as he knew him, too. Which left him realizing that this was some sort of friendship, indeed, though he'd always thought to be more linked with O.

She seemed to think differently, however. Or probably, she wasn't seeing things differently, but still felt the pain of him not having reacted on her. . .

CUTOFF!

This wasn't true, it couldn't be. Otherwise, if they were really meant to be, another chance would arrive, and then, he'd grab it as soon as

it was there. But we don't want to talk about O.

There are other persons interesting enough to have a look at, and when the next weekend arrives, there'll probably enough time to focus on his way of judging O. again. For now, we'll sum up the other things that had happened this Tuesday: In the morning, he'd reserver a seat in the bus for another girl he'd just talked to several times. She was quite complicated to deal with, in some way like O., but completely different; However, she wasn't the kind of character he'd love.

Nevertheless, a friendship seemed to be growing, and he was happy that his profiling system did even work with people others had once called 'The Evil One with the Glasses'. A nice name, as it described the way she appeared if you had never passed through that border that isolated her from the world out there; and below, she was different from most of the others, as she seemed to understand some details of life most people didn't. As we've already learned, this was one of the ways intelligence could manifest itself.

The next interesting thing was the time in the bus, when he was going home; he slept, as he'd done once before he'd known O.; when he'd got to know her, he'd always be awake and wait for her or listen to her talking to others. But O. wasn't there, and things had changed. . .

Sleeping was one of the most useful things to do when you're in a bus, as time seems to flow faster and finally, you feel refreshed when arriving. Before the bus reached the place where he was living, the driver was talking to him, this time for the first time since years. But his character had changed, and he was much more open-hearted, taking seat in the front to be able to understand the terribly pronounced sentences of the stranger, trying to make sense of the words that reached his ears.

Finally, there was some kind of communication, and he liked this social exchange. The rest of the afternoon, he'd be pretty alone again, left alone with his parents and his granny, and feeling abandoned in some way. Abandoned; he'd felt that way once before, this very day; Yes, when B.-B. was sitting in her car, not igniting it for several minutes; and he'd be in the bus before she'd gone. Probably, she was waiting for somebody; and he was alone, and nobody had noticed him.

No! One girl had waved at him, when she passed by on her bike. But this was not some real kind of waving, as she'd just raised her hand a bit, while he had really waved, something he'd copied from O. For now, the day was finished. Hope you'll wait for more to come. . . What do you think about all this? Please tell me. . .

Masses huddling around oneself
 lonely abandoned
 killed
 dead;
that's the way life is going.
— W.G.

Is fire
stronger than water?
Is a blizzard
more destructive than a flood?
Is love
more powerful than friendship?
Who can tell
without killing part of himself?
Who can disturb the balance of life?
I don't think anybody can,
without losing his balance of life,
and himself,
in a flood of fire.
— W.G.

37 No Time

Originally published: Wednesday 22nd February 2006

Still there? Well, I'm in a hurry today; this'll be a short one!

You may ask me why I'm posting something *at all* if there's no time to write something long; well, some interesting aspects have just come into being, and I don't want you to miss them. Hope you share my opinion!

Typing as fast as he could: No Time!

This time — as there is no time left — we'll focus on the really important points. This morning, the bus was so late that the girl he'd normally reserved a seat for wasn't there; she had already gone. Nevertheless, when they reached university, his bus had caught up, and the two of them walked next to each other on their way, talking. And finally, when the first doors came in sight, she said: 'Ladies first!', after having opened it. Well, she continued to do so with the others, and he kept smiling, even laughing about it, as he knew she was a bit sarcastic.

Another memory flashed into his mind: O. had once opened the door for him, though it had normally been the other way round; and he'd thanked her, thinking about this fact for more than some minutes. But this time of too much focus on such details was gone; However, there were still many things of less importance worth thinking about. That girl who'd opened the doors today: One of his friends had asked him what he'd do if he was to be her perfect partner according to some test, and he'd evaded the answer, pretending to give a negative one,

though he was pretty sure that he'd indeed never be together with that girl by means of more than friendship.

L.-B. was still trying to poke through the shell he'd erected, but she wouldn't succeed. And P. was trying to protect him, as she knew what a hard time L.-B. was giving him. This morning, he had been pretty sure that P.'s friend was liking him more than P. herself, and she'd given him her texts she'd written in her spare time, and even some works she'd done for university; in a digital form, of course, using the same device he'd used.

P., however, seemed to act quite similar, though she didn't give him something like that, but talked to him most of the time. His life felt once more not empty, as he wasn't caught up in the silly and childish talks of the other boys. However, he'd also noticed he'd copied some sounds P.'s friend liked to make, without really having realized that; but he kept using them, and felt that something was changing.

But more news were yet to come: Another girl, about which we've talked a lot (*a good friend of one of the protagonists in this story*) had just found a new boyfriend, somebody he knew. Most people — including O. — thought that this relationship wouldn't last very long, and he agreed with them. Memories. . .

Yes, he remembered having explained some scene that had been going on some time ago. That girl was sitting next to that boy, and he had been pretty sure that she'd had a boyfriend at that time; However, she would have to be single to make friends with him. That moment, when this boy had touched her belt, had occurred to characterize her being dealing more leisurely with such things — now, it seemed to have been the event that foreshadowed what was to come. Somehow, he'd known but not believed it, as it seemed to be too improbable; Now, he knew, and it took him some time to realize how long he hadn't really talked to her. And every time she was passing by, a smile or even waving her hand was something he'd see and return.

The same way he did with everybody, though O. seemed to have ceased to do so, while G. was doing that the more. This morning, he'd seen O., greeting her, while she also greeted him; but when he followed her gaze, which was again strolling way up and down the wall without

looking at something in peculiar, he knew that she didn't dare look into his eyes. Which would mean, that she had once loved him. . .

And this afternoon, when she arrived at university for some party, disguised, he could just make out G. and several other people, but not O., though he knew she was amongst those people who were passing by. Another boy was standing next to him, talking now and then, looking at the crowd, too; and O. suddenly began to look in their direction, though she was walking some metres away, and greeted them by waving and shouting. He couldn't make out the point her eyes were fixing on, but it seemed that he'd caught her look for some seconds. And it even took him some second to realize that it really was O. who was passing there, as he'd never believed her greeting him; and he didn't believe that she'd wave this way towards the other boy. G., however, really smiled at him, waving a bit, not shouting, but always repeating this gesture when meeting him somewhere, as if it was some kind of reflex. . .

When his opportunity to go home would not have arrived so late, he wouldn't have seen any of it, as his lectures had been finished already, and the same party O. and G. were attending would be repeated the next day. Then, he'd be there.

Chance had showed him once again what it could do. Life was not really predictable, however, one may agree to the leading signs fate is presenting to everybody. On the other hand, one can't know if the outcome of following them will finally be positive or negative; Nevertheless, trying is the only way to find out, and this process is called life. There was no time to do more: His head was feeling numd, and only some programming and some writing would relax him that evening; even the time to explore the text of P.'s friend was limited, and he could just have a look at the amount of material he'd received. This weekend, he hoped, he could have a closer look at it.

For now, he was tired to the death, having slept far too short a time, and having worked too long; soon, he'd find some hours to relax, and then, he'll probably write some more texts. This day will be finished in two hours, but the next one will probably give some deeper insight; however, the lecture on Monday together with O. would be cancelled.

Please look forward to the next one... And be so kind to give me your opinion...

Fantasy destructive,
memories killing,
thoughts explaining;
or just making things
more complicated,
leaving you stuck
at some place
you don't want to be.
— W.G.

The power of your soul
is represented by the power
a look of you can unfold;
and if one doesn't dare to look back,
one fears to do so,
having seen you're dangerous —
and interesting.
Toxic;
intelligent and just.
One's eyes will tell you
about the power
of one's soul;
be careful
when looking into a mirror:
Don't be afraid of your innermost parts.
And dare to return the gaze of others,
to find out about yourself.
Life is full of danger,
and one is to accept it,
to deal with it —
and to be lucky,
saturated and content.
— W.G.

38 Proof and Confusion

Originally published: Friday 24th February 2006

Hi, nice to see you again!

A lot of things have happened, but my work for university is limiting my time, though there should be enough to write more texts; However, the more time there is, the less you can reserve to do something important. This time, we'll have a look at something pretty interesting.

Stuck between: Proof and Confusion.

Tuesday and Friday had passed, several things explaining themselves, and several becoming even more complex. In fact, everything became more complicated, in the same way the increasing entropy of the universe would endanger every kind of order, leaving no stability anywhere, just the reality of change itself.

Tuesday was the day of the carnival, when there would be the party at university. It took place in the morning, and all the people he knew would be there; even some other person from the past, his former best friend, from whom fate had separated him. . .

But there was something eerie about that; we'll have a look at this later. It all began that morning in the bus, when some girl from the city he was living in tried to disguise him even more, though he didn't want to be. The colour she'd use was the same colour she'd applied to her lips; and in fact, he was pretty sure that she'd use it even *after* having painted him. Holding his face with her left hand, she wished to begin, but he told her not to do so, and it took about half a minute to convince her. However, it showed that she was interested in some way: Nothing seemed to stop her from touching his cheek, and she

kept smiling — and laughing. After he'd sent her away, she was as calm as ever, as if all this had just been an outburst of some profiling system; in a way, everybody used something like. He'd see her again some hours later, on his way home; we'll have a more detailed look at her then.

Next thing was, that he was — again — reserving a seat for one of his friends, as there were Y., or one of the others, though he just guessed that the girl which had opened the doors for him the last time would take her seat there. She didn't.

This time, Y. wasn't there, and the other girl was missing, too. The bus was late, though he'd see her again when arriving at university, as the party took place quite close to the building he had had to enter so many days. Only a year or so was to pass until he'd be finished — probably. Only a year close to all those friends, and then. . . Emptiness.

When he arrived, P.'s friend was waiting for P. and the others, and he joined her for some minutes before looking if the party was about to begin, searching for some other friends of his. Talking to her was something he enjoyed, he'd realized. Soon, he'd have a close look at some stories she'd written; this would give him some further insight into her real character, the thing below the surface.

For now, he entered the room where the party was about to take place, seeing some friends of his. Soon, he was talking to them, then, they were exiting the hall again to search for P. and their friends, who were suddenly not to be found anymore. Going back, he stumbled into P. and the others. The group entered the hall again, talking, taking photos and fooling around.

All of them were there; not just P., her friends and the boys he knew, but also G., B., O., L.-B., B.-B. and some more.

G. and O. kept their distance, though G. was smiling at him from far away; at least, when he was in some higher position, having the possibility to see everybody. When going there, he met another girl he'd learned about some year ago; she greeted him as a friend, though she'd often passed him by without a word escaping her lips. Some moments, he thought that she was waiting for him to do something;

but he wouldn't know what she was expecting him to do. He was pretty sure that O. had seen him, but she was evading his staring eyes, who were soon jumping through the hall, seeing the irritated P. searching for somebody. For a moment, he thought she was searching for him, but when she'd found one of her friends, he realized she wasn't. On the other hand, she hadn't said goodbye before she was going home, which induced the idea that she had not seen him anymore, while he could see her.

On the other hand, there was his former best friend, whom he could also watch; However, he didn't realize that this really *was* that person; instead, he thought that it was O.'s boyfriend, just having a look at his hair. There were two persons who resembled her friend, but he thought that this one was the person in question. When the party had been finished, he'd also done something to catch O.'s attention, but she didn't react in any way; not even her eyes seemed to be looking at him. A moment later, somebody was talking to her about that, and he couldn't get the sense of it, as they were too far away; but it seemed that O. was ignoring whatever the other person said, just slowing down a bit and going on.

That told him that she was ignoring him on purpose, though she hadn't showed him any of this on Monday, when she had been sitting next to him; and he was pretty sure that this was some kind of system to forget about something.

But then, if she was really trying to forget about him for the sake of her boyfriend, why had she greeted him so happily about six months ago, when these two had been a couple for something about three or four months? Nothing had shown him any of it then. . .

The new couple seemed to be quite interesting, however; it had just developed some days ago, but the two persons seemed not to be on fire, but in a balanced relationship, having the best foundation for it to last. And he had been sure it wouldn't, this probably being one reason for its stability.

When the party was finished, and O. hadn't reacted in any way, he was waiting for the bus; there, at the bus stop, that boy, his former best friend, was standing with some new friends of his. One of them

— several of them — were drunk, though he himself seemed to be completely sober. However, one friend of him was making such a noise next to his ear he felt as if he was going to be deaf. His former best friend tried to stop him, and finally, he recognized the voice, and the other guy was gone. The two of them talked about their situation, studying, learning some job, and their outlook on their own future. Both seemed to be happy.

When some bus arrived, his friend had gone with the others, though he could also use the same bus he'd use; both knew that, but he said, without our protagonist asking him something about it, that it seemed that the others took that one, and he entered it, too, saying goodbye once more. The old friendship; it seemed to be broken, and the two of them seemed to be strangers to each others. It had once been so strong; but time was the strongest power out there, and only time itself could change that. But as time probably only existed in this universe, this was not really probable; at some other place, time wouldn't exist, whatever this place would look like; *if* it looked like something, that is.

But that's not the kind of problems we should have a look at right now. When he'd entered the bus, there was another small boy there, who had asked him if he'd like to join him in the car of his parents / his friends to go home. He had denied that proposal, and his friends had told him he should have accepted it, as he'd now have to wait for the bus for quite an hour; and then, they'd stayed with him for more than half of the time.

And now, that boy was standing at the bus stop, still waiting and then entering the same bus he'd take to go home. The bus driver was quite young, and another one, the same he'd talked to the day before, was standing next to him, giving him advice, and finally taking over when he'd chosen the wrong route and was unable to go back. That girl which had wished to paint him in the morning was there, again, but the seat he had reserved in the beginning had now been given to somebody else. In the morning, another guy had simply sat down after asking, though he'd promised the seat to somebody else if Y. wasn't to come. He'd told that boy about it, and he'd simply said that he hated people who reserved seats for somebody. Well, he was in no

mood to start fighting; he rarely was. He'd been about once a year in that traumatic time in the past. . .

It was gone. He felt dizzy, having drunken too much coffee and some beer; however, he could still go on typing his feelings. And he did so, fast, as it was close to 10 pm. Thursday was gone, now; Friday would be the day he'd explore more things about his computer, and finally, it would be gone in no time. However, he'd promised himself to have a look at the texts of P's friends that evening, even if that meant he'd read them in bed; everything was prepared to do so.

And on Saturday, it would be pretty probable that he'd meet her on the internet; then, he'd tell her what he thought about those texts. Hopefully, he'd have finished reading them by then. This post is finished now, and hopefully, more is to come soon; However, he'd now having some days off, and there will be less new experiences. On the other hand, this will probably be the time to catch up with the past, or to have a look at what is yet to come. I'm looking forward to that, and I hope you'll be with me, again. . . Please look forward to the next one. . . And what about your opinion?

Thoughts rushing,
 through his body,
 through his veins,
 without control;
 feelings unleashed,
 and soul withdrawn.
 What is to come?
 Why is the past unreachable?
 He was going to enter this vicious circle
 of memories
 to find out,
 hoping to find out not only about himself,
 but about past, present —
 and future.
 — W.G.

Fear was spreading all around —

pulsating feelings,
terrible memories,
chasing the crowd.
Horrible news,
sensational stories,
making them tough —
and leaving them as blocks of ice,
incapable to feel or understand,
as those horrors were normal.
And their own sensations
seemed more important than those
of others;
Mice, spiders and bad education,
rumours and financial problems
rendering them helpless.
But the most shocking sensations
of themselves
were not to be noticed
consciously;
their souls were killing themselves,
and their getting tougher
was the last sign
of their death.
These were the signs of change,
and it was not to be changed,
not even by change itself.
— W.G.

39 Contemplation

Originally published: Saturday 25th February 2006

Back again!

Nice you're still there. This time, we'll do some thinking, remembering the past, and dealing with the present. Hope you'll join me!

He was caught in: Contemplation.

Saturday; a lot of things were about to happen, and it was only to prove his status among the others, his friends. We'll go through that quickly, and then have some look at the past. This morning, he'd seen the parade in the small village he lived in; it was even smaller than the last year, and the boy who had once hurt him so much in his past — the relative of his — was not to be seen. But the really important thing was to happen this evening, when he didn't expect anything to happen at all, at least nothing that would be linked with university; One of his friends phoned him, somebody who had been his former best friend, just in between the person we've talked about the last time and his current best friend. There was still contact between the two of them, and that boy had talked to his current best friend to get his address. Now, he was asking him if he could fetch something from his house, and he agreed, explaining him how he could reach that small town in the middle of nowhere. Every town around here — one may rather call them villages — was separated, and all of them without real connection. Only cold, black roads and muddy paths were linking them; and sometimes, love and emotion.

Sometimes, pain and hate. But that was not important — not now. He saw him when he arrived, running to open the door just before

he could ring, giving him what he'd wished to receive and talking a bit, exchanging several words without meaning. Though he'd wished to tell him some more interesting details, he didn't remember any, in quite the same way he wouldn't remember the name of that boy who was with him, though he knew him, and vice versa.

As this moment was gone, he was alone again, back to writing, back to thinking. Remembering. . .

G. had once explained, some years ago, that now, everybody had found his or her own style, and that she was happy about it; this day, he'd just realized he was going to find out about his style, right now. As he didn't have anything that controlled him anymore, he was free to change his character in any way he'd like. At that moment, when G. had said these words, she had looked at him, smiling, believing that the style he was showing was his style. But he was pretty sure that nobody had really found his innermost character, and revealed its abilities. Probably, this was the reason why he had never realized his love for O., or all the other feelings that had been suppressed. On the other hand, it could still be some result of the traumatic past, but he was feeling that he could control all of it. And break through to his soul. . .

He was going through all the options he had, and felt that he was quite a lucky person, indeed. The only problem that remained was the feeling he didn't really know which of those options was real — and which wasn't. Did he really have to advance to find out?

There was still enough time left to wait; However, there always seemed enough time left, and in the end, there wasn't. He felt how strong the impact he had on other people could be; They seemed to remember the profile he'd presented them even after years had passed. And he could make friends with somebody in no time; the problem was his bashfulness, but he was learning by watching P. how to prevent it from being too powerful. O. had done so in the beginning, showing him how wrong it was to be shy, and how much one would miss; in fact, he felt he had, and he wanted to catch up with the others. Maybe, this past in isolation was something that would now give him enough strength to sustain in the life that was yet to come; on the other hand,

it could be the tip of the knife that would kill him, slowly scratching the skin of his heart. . .

He closed his eyes, thinking he was a bird, a bird of prey. He could go everywhere; He was powerful, and every animal would show respect. He felt he was applying some psychological treatment to himself, making his character a more self-confident one; and he couldn't help but enjoy it. He was good when it came to imagination, and currently, he was developing his talent for arts, his feelings how the colours would fit together and in which way two or more songs were joined to one, producing the next hit.

He was learning this by watching people like B., and he'd originally copied the style of character one needed to be able to conceive such things from O. B. had been important two days ago, when that party took place: She had wished to do some photo with him, standing close; though he felt it was just a sign of friendship, he had not expected her to do so. In fact, he'd believed that he was getting on her nerves. Nothing can be perfect if change still exists; and no time can exist without change. Even if time existed without change, one could not notice it was there, as time was — in fact — a description of change itself. Thus, change would be the sign of time, and if something changed, time was passing.

Patience is the best remedy for every trouble.

— from a small fortune cookie program

It is, most times, though we don't want it to be true. He felt disillusioned, having noticed that love was just something that could be logically controlled though this trick was not to be done so easily. But he wouldn't believe that, though he knew it was true; he'd keep his single belief that there would be the *Mrs. Right* waiting out there, just for him. And though he felt it was wrong, nothing — nobody — could change this opinion of his.

He watched some people stealing a traffic sign, and there was just some discussion his parents were having on that topic. How often had his mum told him that he'd look back to the days when she'd gone on his nerves after her death? How often had they talked about the

‘good old times’ before he was born, having promised themselves they would never tell their child about such things that had once gone on their very own nerves?

This day, he’d realized that they were right, and that he would probably be the same. Once and for all, he could catch a glimpse of the future, when he’d remember all those things, probably going through these lines again, laughing now and then, and crying tears without anything holding back those feelings. Amazing, that’s the word which could describe the wonderful way those zeros and ones would make a letter, a word, a sentence, a chapter, a book; a life.

And all those touches of his fingers on the keyboard were inducing electrons to run through transistors, through cables, transformed to transport reality through virtual surroundings; finally being photons to be received by himself, or somebody completely different.

The world was amazing, impossibly amazing. Wonderful. How could he ever have thought of anything different? Sorrow was just a feeling one had when one did not realize what reality was, what his own soul was; it was just something temporary. Life was something temporary. Probably, spirit and conscience wasn’t, and we all believe in that, as we don’t want to disillusionize ourselves, even if we could do so, probably. For now, we’re finished. More is yet to come... Any opinions?

Memories,
 echoes of conscience,
 reverberating with the universe,
 and other thoughts
 out there.
 Would they ever be stopped?
 Would they ever be controlled?
 Who would do so?
 Who wished to find out?
 — W.G.

More and more
 was happening in the fraction

of a second;
thoughts unrestricted.
No limitation
to good and evil.
No control.
No freedom,
as everything was free.
No power.
Just temporary
existence.
Coming and going
with the tide of time.
Without rest.
Without hope.
Without future.
— W.G.

40 Preparations & Old Sensations

Originally published: Sunday 26th February 2006

Still there!

Though there's a lot of time, there's a lot of work, too, and no need to start killing time with stupid actions. My To-Do-List simply is too long...

Time for: Preparations & Old Sensations.

This Sunday has been so long and full of work, that it's hard to realize it's only been one day, in the end. In fact, it seems as if the parade had been long ago, and finally, it had just been yesterday. It occurred to him that time seemed to be longer than it was; some thoughts were stealing it from ourselves.

This day, he'd been showing some pictures to his family, and he'd looked at some old — and recent — photographs himself. And, in addition to that, he couldn't help but find the now rather old notes he'd once taken on G. — and O. Some were encrypted, and so as not to lose all the remembrance there was, he'd passed on signs — and parts of those messages — to his friends. They were publicly available, but nobody would ever find out...

Even his own mind couldn't decrypt all the old messages; at least, there was one which was just some months old, and he couldn't make a sense of it. However, he felt that this one was not that important, though it was the last message he'd recorded; all the old ones would be easily understood by himself, while it would be hard for anybody else to find out about the details.

He remembered the way he'd tried to keep O. in focus this Thursday; finally, when he'd looked away, he'd noticed that she could have looked

in his direction, but this was a matter of interpretation. In fact, nobody could be sure about that. Then, he'd taken a look to her right: Another boy was just going next to her, the very same person which had astonished him with the sentence that life was finally just a wave. He'd underestimated him; Some weeks ago, when he'd presented her something though he'd probably never presented anything to his own girlfriend, she'd been happy, but not shown any sign of further emotion. on the other hand, this boy had also been a good friend of another girl he knew — finally, he'd been interested in all of them. And now, he just stood next to O... Well, not now, but that Thursday; and finally, O. looked at him once and then, but in the end, she'd rather look somewhere else.

And then, he noticed G., standing just in an opposed position to O. She looked more beautiful than her at that time, but the outer appearance was not that important, the more if it was only temporary. Everything was temporary... One wouldn't mind. At least, not him, and not consciously. He took another look at those notes he'd taken long ago, some older than a year, which was in fact a long time for somebody who was still trying to find himself. For him, this process was to take a bit longer, but it would be the most important thing for one to do, and not a question of time.

'Feelish'; he didn't know the exact reason why he had been so crazy to generate that word with just one event connected to O. and G. in mind. In fact, it was not really linked with them, not so closely. And the way which led to that word was so complicated, as it was just a stream of consciousness, and we can't predict that.

But that was not everything there was to it; things were more complicated, they always were. Now, he was thinking that this word should rather have been 'foolish', as that's what he was. He was wondering what he'd really done, when he had a look at those complicated calculations, and was astonished when he found some unencrypted words in the same way he'd been shocked when seeing calculation with a matrix. Checksums, complicated encrypted coordinates and other things were to be found, and he could help but smile: Everything he did had to be perfect, and he couldn't change that.

All those tiny details he'd snatched; just today, he'd seen the end of a film, a fairytale. The king said, that the moral of the story was, that love is the most important (or was it the most wonderful?) thing there is. Some seconds after that, when the credits were to be seen, a name caught his attention; the first name of somebody who'd taken part in the production of that film was O.'s nickname, though this was a czechoslovakian film.

Well, he smiled, and that was it, as he felt that such signs had betrayed him, though it was of significance that he'd misunderstood or ignored them most of the time. Or, he'd just got their meaning too late. . . . Yesterday, P.'s friend had reminded him of something he'd promised her to do; it was already on his to-do-list, but he hadn't had the time to take a look at it. Well, today, he'd done, and it was finished, so he could present her the results.

He'd do this evening, and he'd probably be able to receive her reaction on it the next day. He wasn't sure if she was just friendly to him, or . . .

Let's wait and see. Everything he did was full of love, and finally, it had to be returned somehow — by somebody, as he felt it wasn't lost at all. 'What you give is what you gain'; a sentence repeated in many songs, in the bible, and all through the world. A sentence to sum up the foundation of belief. . . . As long as he was well-liked, he should try to keep that status; and, furthermore, to be well-liked by himself, as then, one has reached stability.

He'd just read an article: 'Virtual Machines for Testing'; the number of the page it was to be found on in that magazine was strongly connected with G. and O. Did that mean that his emotions were just part of a process of development? He knew that nothing was in vain, but he felt that he felt abused, nevertheless.

Drinking some beer, of course only a bottle or two a day, was his controlled way of living; nearly everything could be healthy, if the dose happened to be right. Even emotions; but he felt he wouldn't like to restrict them, though he had done, most of the time.

He was getting nervous: None of the contacting attempts had been answered, even not the short text he'd written to P.; but that was

something different, it was just two days ago that he'd sent it, while O. and her best friend kept quiet, silenced by their happiness which would sometimes keep them from serious thinking. He'd realized that everybody was childish, in some way; However, he felt he was more serious than the others, while he pretended not to be, not knowing whether this was beneficial — or not.

In fact, he realized that nothing had happened, and the first day which would bring recent news would be Wednesday — but then, his time for writing would be limited. Probably, you'll have to wait some days for more news. . . If you're still with me, that is! Please be patient! Please tell me what you think, while I'm giving you a break. . .

Realizing,
can be disgusting.
Realizing,
can be killing.
Realizing,
can be the future,
or the end
of time.
— W.G.

Signatures
are symbols of ourselves.
He'd copied some lines
of his,
from one of O.'s favourite books;
and he felt,
that she'd always be a part
of his soul;
when she died,
some part of him
would break apart
in quite the same way;
he wondered what would happen to her

when he would die.
— W.G.

41 Flirtatious?

Originally published: Wednesday 1st March 2006

March has just begun; let's see what's gonna happen!

As you may have noticed, I've been silent for some time; there was less contact to everybody, and my own voice fell silent for some days, captured by isolation. Thus, it's return would be the more powerful; He wondered, why several people started to adore him, or at least to respect and accept his character the way it was, even though the profiling system would pretend them something they could accept more easily. Please join me now; we'll go into detail, though there's not much time left.

Was he becoming: Flirtatious?

Monday, Tuesday — days of silence. He was able to contact P. and her friend via digital means of communication, and he felt he'd found some real friends — nevertheless, real contact was different. He hadn't understood this for a long time, but now, when he started joining others to talk to them, he realized that virtual reality was not to be a substitute for life itself.

He remembered the thought that had been hunting through his mind for the last few weeks: That he'd still be able to contact O. when they were not attending the same university anymore; but this contact would be virtual, and he knew that this could never be the real foundation of anything. Noticing that those other friend of P.'s he'd found on the internet had fallen silent, he'd realized the irreality of virtuality.

And, at the same time, the reality of the words that were formed by fingers that hit keys. However, those words were gone at quite the same speed words in a conversation could be forgotten, and most times, even quicker, as the contents were of even less importance.

Nevertheless, P.'s friend had 'talked' to him, and both attempts to contact P. and her friend had succeeded: The answers he'd received were long and satisfying, though they told him how different O. and her best friend must be. But differences can attract each other, while they can also be the foundation of eternal trouble. . .

Now, we'll have a look at today, a day full of peculiar actions. We'll start with the morning, when he entered the bus, reserving a seat for some friend who'd probably not come; then, at the same place O. was living, a woman entered the bus, and though a black man stood next to him, staring out of the window though he could have asked if he could sit down (*he'd have allowed him to do so, as adults were rarely seen in those buses, and so as not to prove himself being prejudiced*), that woman asked him — not politely, but offending — to take down the bag he'd laid on that seat. At the same time, she was trying to sit down; thus, he had to obey, though he felt a glimpse of rage that was now residing inside him. As a result, he stared out of the window, trying to ignore that woman who was sitting so close that her leg touched his. But a quarter of an hour later, he realized that she would start talking soon, and she did, suddenly telling him all those blows fate had given her: Searching for jobs, not being able to be truthful to others as the money was the only thing of interest in these days, an accident with the bicycle, having worn no helmet, her boss being late for work, all the places she'd worked at, and, finally, that she'd be working here till Saturday. He was left to his profiling system and his intuition, which rarely betrayed him; thus, she was not offended, but continued talking, though he was feeling that this was somehow *wrong*: A woman, that seemed not to like people reserving places for others, suddenly talking to him — a boy — as if she'd known him for years, using words and stylistic devices of a younger girl — or a poor person, not really a beggar, but something not that rich. And those young girls liked to imitate these people, as they wanted to please others with

those words, showing they knew what they were talking about — the ‘have-been-there-and-seen-it-all’-phenomenon — which would finally seem to make them older.

Which was exactly what they wanted to be, though they would want to be young again when they were old. This was the wheel of time: Nobody would feel to be at the right place. And **that** wouldn’t change, once and for all. Change. . . he’d changed reality that day, in a combination of conscious and subconscious methods. One lecture had been cancelled in a real peculiar way, just because he’d managed to concentrate his thoughts the right way: He’d wished to talk to one of his friends in that lecture, but he was not so sure if he’d like it to be cancelled; then, he thought that he’d rather not come if he continued to hope than the lecture to be cancelled.

Finally, he was left bewildered, when he was in a state of mind *in between* all those decisions; and then, he left this part of his brain in confusion. What he didn’t realize at that time was the fact, that he’d thus exactly reached the state of mind Keats had once described, the condition of questioning without demanding for an answer. This was, according to some people, the state of mind one needed to influence reality, or to gain insight into the future. Achieving this condition was something that seemed impossible, but he realized the power he could gain when mastering to control it. However, he felt that one part of it was the fact that it could not be controlled; On the other hand, it could be trained.

That lecture hadn’t been cancelled in advance, and thus, the fact that he didn’t see that friend of his and the professor led him to the funny — but at that moment improbable — conclusion that he’d known in advance that this lecture had been cancelled. And, when the professor didn’t come, he was able to fetch the bus together with some other friends of his, dropping the things he should have guarded for somebody — the girl that was in a stable relationship with another student for a pretty long time now — in a room where she should find them. Meeting P. at the bus stop, he talked some moments to her, while she had already planned what to do with him, leaving him stuck between accepting or denying it. But he felt he wouldn’t react in any

way. Those other two girls — *the evil one with the glasses* and a girl he hadn't seen for a long time — joined him on his way home, talking to each other, while he tried to join in now and then.

But that was the end of the day, and we've left out the central part. The woman in the morning, that had finally been going on his nerves, had gone and he was late for the first lecture; but that's not of importance to us now.

He felt that it was Monday, though it wasn't; However, after some days of break he felt that the first day *must* be a Monday, realizing that he'd meet O. then and telling him that this was impossible. When he was standing in front of another auditorium, P. standing in front of him, both absorbed in a conversation, next to B. and her best friend, he saw Y. and some others standing to the right hand side. Y. had asked him before, whether he could help her with some exercises tomorrow, and he'd gladly agreed, though he felt she didn't like asking him and seemed to be thinking that she was getting on his nerves. Nevertheless, he didn't tell her she wasn't, as he could clearly remember the way L.-B. kept asking him if she was going on his nerves, thus leaving him stuck with the answer she wasn't, feeling it would become worse if he told her the truth. And Y. would notice in some future time, that he enjoyed her presence.

Then, O. arrived. She was walking up to Y.; he saw G. standing some way behind her, together with her boyfriend, while O.'s and his eyes met for another moment, longer than all those short seconds in the last weeks; she smiled, and he did so, too. Though he was in a conversation with P., he could slowly lift his hand a bit, waving, though she was finally looking another way at this time after she'd waved at him on herself. She was now talking to Y., and he felt he hadn't greeted her warmly enough, as she had simply reacted as if that had just been a job: Greeting him with a smile, as if it was something on her To-Do-List. On the other hand, he'd realized that for that fraction of a second, she'd been completely concentrated on him, and even dared looking into his eyes once more; he wondered whether something had changed. P. kept helping him to protect himself from L.-B. during the next lectures, while that girl had phoned him yesterday once more,

asking things she should've known and her mother — who was heard in the background — assuming immediately that she was phoning *him*; which meant, that she must've shown her with her facial expression.

He didn't want that, and was happy that P. was with him. The two of them stuck together, leaving the auditorium together as the last to students, and they would wait for each other having tucked everything in his / her bag. It surely was a strong friendship, and probably a basis for more, though he wouldn't know whether he really wanted to take part in such a development at this moment. But the friendship would be secured.

He wondered whether O. was thinking in a similar way; some time later this day, when he was in the library together with P.'s friend, P. herself sitting some metres away, another boy, sitting even farther away and in the other direction asked him something. As he couldn't understand what he was saying, he leaned forward, facing P.'s friend and finally cupping his hand around his ear, so as to amplify the quiet words that escaped that boy's mouth. He understood him, finally, and P.'s friend was suddenly gesticulating in a happy or maybe even wild manner, pointing at some (person?) standing behind him. Or, so to say, to the right of him as he'd had to turn to the left to listen to that boy and was now offering that person his back. Turning around quickly and wondering who might want to ask him something right here without walking around him so as to see into his face, he suddenly faced O. Astonished, both pairs of eyes met once more, and both smiled warmly at each other. She was standing more close than another boy would have stood, symbolizing a subconscious, warm feeling — probably. She was searching for somebody, and he told her where he'd last seen those two students; however, she seemed to try to be funny once more, that time not using her normal way of doing a joke. It seemed to be more shallow. . .

Even if that could just be an impression or interpretation of his, he felt that something had changed; whether it was the influence of her boyfriend taking control and changing her life or having withdrawn. He wouldn't know.

Some seconds later, she was gone, and he focussed on P.'s friend

once more, concealing the expression on his face and in his eyes by switching back as quickly as he could. Nobody seemed to have noticed.

But he was still wondering whether O. valued this friendship — if it *was* a friendship **to her**, that is — highly. The next lecture was to begin, and he saw a picture hanging at the wall, something a student had done; it showed a screaming person with thin cheeks, pressing his (her?) hands to these, coloured in some blue and white wavish colour. A picture of a person that seemed shocked or mentally ill; he was remembered of the book O. had read, and he had (then) read, too; and of the way she was concealed that Wednesday and Thursday that was now quite a week ago. He compared her with that picture, and wondered whether she'd like it — or pass without noticing it was there. He'd like to find out, but he couldn't think of any way to do so.

Sometimes, he thought that O. would see him writing those texts, and then, he felt she'd rarely enter the library, the place where the computers were located; and, in fact, he wondered whether he'd tell her about the real contents, or — at least — about him being the person writing those stories, those patches of reality.

Probably, he'd do the latter; please look forward to the next text, probably, everything will be solved — or more complicated once more — at that time. Be patient, and don't worry: I'll go on! Still there? Any opinions?

Breaking the silence,
with the power of thought,
is the sign of restless
contemplation;
that's the basis
of intelligence,
and the foundation
of death.
— W.G.

Reality
is thinking.

And thoughts
are reality.
The only thing,
to keep those brothers
apart,
is the fact
of us not understanding
ourselves.
— W.G.

42 Confused

Originally published: Thursday 2nd March 2006

It's me, again.

Hope you're still there. This time, we'll just have a look at all those tiny details that had been forgotten the last time; and the confusing facts that had just arrived.

All that left him: Confused.

All those new sensations were chasing him, and he wouldn't know how to react. Thus, he was left confused; but before this condition was to become reality, we shall have a look at all those things that have already happened. Yesterday, for instance, when he'd had a look at that image that seemed to resemble some part of O.'s character though it looked completely different, he'd done something just before the lecture began: A girl asked for somebody to close the door, as it was getting cold, and nobody expected anybody to do so; he did, and some of his friends seemed shocked. He'd always felt that this girl was something special, having some things in common with B., and the colour that was emanating from her aura seemed quite similar; she liked reading, and philosophical discussions. He'd felt that she would be not as shallow as many of the others were.

And he closed that door without thinking about it, and finally, when they all entered the auditorium, he'd sit next to her without intending to do so, as he'd just chosen a place from which he could perfectly see what was going on, and at the same time, a seat close to the place he'd chosen the last time.

Thus, one might say, the two of them were led together; however, he felt that this deed would probably insult her in some way. Finally, she

seemed to stay quiet, mostly talking to other people in that lecture, while he wasn't sure that she'd really thought in such a manner. He wouldn't know, and he felt that he would probably be taken as flirtatious now, as that evening, he was talking to somebody who assumed him having a relationship with P.'s friend, while he denied it by declaring this connection as a strong friendship. But he wasn't so sure about it, as some things would happen this Tuesday which confused him even more.

Tuesday — today was the day of his not knowing what was really going on. He'd like to be able to read the thoughts of some people, but he couldn't, and was feeling that his profiling system couldn't satisfy all his needs. However, it was the single system that had been the foundation of his life till today, and he wasn't sure if that could be changed.

Everything could be changed. Nothing was borne, with the possible exception of change itself, and nobody could really deny this fact or prove it to be wrong. L.-B. had been vanished for this day, and he'd been glad to be alone with P. and her friends; and his other friends, of course. The phone rang several times that evening, and he was happy to be able to talk to living persons, though he couldn't really solve all their problems.

Something pretty interesting had been happening this morning, at university: Several things, in fact. He'd been together with P., her friend and the others for a pretty long time, for half an hour being alone with P.'s friend who seemed to be really interested in his personality. He felt confused, when P. told him indirectly, that she didn't like the colour 'pink'; well, he'd always seen that colour in her clothes, though it had been hidden quite well among other colours, and now, he was assuming that the colour that one happens to emanate is not necessarily the colour one *likes*; probably, it's **never** the favourite colour that we can see on the surface, but the exact opposite. Thus, he'd understand something quite complex: The things we most hate are part of ourselves, and publicly available in the way we deal with others. As a conclusion, the things that are happening on the surface are always the exact opposite of our real characters, and we can't

really judge people when having a first look at them; however, our subconsciousness seems to have realized that fact, thus making those ‘two-minute-decisions’ that we do in the blink of an eye most times more trusting and fitting than decisions that may take us a long time, because both are arranged *in contrast* to each other. Which would completely change our view upon the world; as now, we wouldn’t be able to judge persons in regard of how they behaved or what they were doing. This was logical, but logic could *never* be regarded as the foundation of the world, as it predicted itself that the world would grow more and more chaotic every minute.

But we want to continue with the present, or, at least, the steps which had led us there. In the morning, Y. was there again; but this was the first day since long, when he hadn’t reserved a seat for her, as he didn’t like to talk to that woman again — which hadn’t arrived at all that day — and as he didn’t expect her to come, as she’d left him alone for weeks.

Alone in the bus, that is, as he’d explain her and her friend some things that very day; this had been announced yesterday, as you may remember. He was happy of being able to help those two girls, who had never gone on his nerves, while he’d stay with them even some minutes after they were finished, as he was pretty sure that there was nowhere else to go, and he didn’t want to start working. Those two, however, seemed to be not doing anything, and finally, they even managed to bore him, the person that was never bored by anything. At least, when he found some other place to go, he did so, saying goodbye to the two of them and finally being alone with a technical device once more, until P.’s friend joined him, soon followed by P. herself. Fooling around together, the time till the next lecture would begin passed quickly; then, P. would tell him something he hadn’t expected. Firstly, she’d indirectly told him she didn’t like the colour of pink; secondly, when his arm was touching her hand by chance, she withdrew her hand some millimetres in a nearly not recognizable gesture. On the other hand, they were talking about their spending a lot of time together and finally, about the way she was influenced by others and influenced him, telling him not to spend too much time with her so as not to be

decreasing his own abilities. The crazy thing about her saying this was the fact, that she didn't use an ironic tone or something like, but was completely serious, probably even more than O. would be when being sarcastic. As a conclusion, he was left thinking that this was just a friendship; however, several things she did and several words she chose assumed something different, while the only other conclusion was, that they all thought he was a homosexual. He wouldn't accept this, not after having written such a story for the sake of a lost love.

Things were always going wrong, and one could just help oneself to endure; changing something that was changing itself wouldn't produce anything that would last. He felt ill at ease, when P.'s friend was waving at him, sometimes running up to him to greet him warmly, as he didn't know the final destination; nevertheless, he decided to enjoy it, ignoring that feeling. The only thing he would lose was time, and time was at the same time the only thing one owned and could never control.

He would feel in a way quite similar to the atmosphere of somebody sitting in a warm chamber, next to a crackling fire, sleeping or looking around drowsily, probably reading a book or slowly comforting a cat to comfort him- / herself when he was together with one of those friends of his.

This was the way he wanted to be, though he'd probably not like to be alone, at least, not all of the time. There were more things waiting outside, but for now, his time was limited once more; probably, he'd be able to go into detail tomorrow, if more was to happen then. I'd be glad if you'd join me again when the next text arrives... Have you made up your mind and come to some conclusion?

Crackling
 was the logic
 of reality.
 Crackling
 was the perspective
 he'd found
 to see the world.

And crackling
was the emotion
that had been subdued.
Crackling like a fire,
once burning bright and powerful,
then burning low;
who'd predict
whether — and when —
it would've consumed
itself?
— W.G.

Losing control
is the basis of realizing
you'd never been able to control a thing.
Regaining it —
or never losing it —
is the first step
to the end of existence.
— W.G.

43 Going Crazy

Originally published: Friday 3rd March 2006

Hello!

It's Friday, and just in contrast to the prediction that this day would be accompanied by a whole bunch of time, it wasn't. However, some special things had happened, and his once so stable emotional stability was shaking again; you'll understand when taking into account all those things which had happened, the present situation and the foreshadowed — or rather unpredictable — events that were yet to come.

He was probably... Going Crazy.

Friday; now, he hadn't seen O. for several days, though they were still attending the very same university. The girl which always sat down next to him was there, again, and Y. would still take another route; thus, he was making friends with that girl, or rather the other way round, as his profiling system gave him the possibility to please the most complicated characters without having to think about all the words he'd have to choose. One may now ask, why this hadn't worked with O.; well, it had, but they were simply becoming very good friends, as he'd never experienced anything more till then.

And he hadn't done so up to today, and probably, it would take him more than a year to do so, while it could also happen the very next week. He wouldn't know, and it was probably better not to try to find out.

That very day, he'd been in contact with all those people he knew and loved, with the only exception of O., G. and O.'s best friend.

However, he didn't feel sad. When he was finally alone in the bus again, having talked to one of P.'s friends before, thinking once more that somebody liked him more than a friend would do, he was able to have a look at O.'s house and her car again; having slept some time before in the bus, he'd just come awake some minutes before, without having planned to do so; this proved once more that it was something fate had intended to do with him. But this time, something was different: He'd still look for the car and that building, but now, he wouldn't feel sad about it all anymore; instead, he thought that she was probably together with her boyfriend and enjoying herself, while he was pretty sure she was alone at that moment. The thing that was different was the fact that he seemed to be going through those psychologic cycle of dealing with a broken love: Sadness, hate — and finally accepting what was happening, while the last step would be — if it was a healthy and real love — more than acceptance; it would be the thing one only knew from films, the reality of wishing that beloved person good luck with the partner. Love turning into hatred and then into love again — there it was again, that structure of a wave. Nevertheless, he'd not believed that theory of psychologists for long, as he couldn't agree with the hatred and the final love, believing that it would be something in between; but the amplitude of that wave could vary, and that was what he'd learned by now.

And something else would result from that story up to now: It meant that love was *dynamic*, as dynamic as logical thinking, while it would be the thing to block the logic itself; that was to say, that one could love nearly everybody, as long as the environment and the events would lead to such a development, while it also assumed that no love could truly last forever, unless the people in question were isolated. As that was unlikely to happen, and as these facts were impossible to accept, but known by everybody somehow, they were one of the concealed secrets of society. The horrors of life that would disillusionize ourselves, as they could steal the foundation of our existence, the only thing we could use as our sense of life; as if there was no 'Mr. or Mrs. Right', one would not have to start searching; thus, one would have to do — nothing. And being bound to do nothing is being bound to

die. For that reason, we could never accept all the facts there were, and believe in the perfect love, probably thus realizing the illusion of it; and finally, it was probably possible to achieve a perfect illusion, and as thoughts were reality, we could probably realize this illusion. This was the last hope there was for the disillusionized, and nobody would take that away.

There was always the chance of changing the imperfect reality, even if we could only do so for a limited time and in a limited area. That was our creed, the belief of the crazy people who wished to understand life, universe and all the rest out there.

He was going crazy, of course, as he felt all the world developing around him, and was trying to be into everything, grabbing such a big amount of information that he was close to being incapable of dealing with it; but it gave him insight, and he wished to learn more, though he knew that this was probably not the best thing to do. However, this was the source of all understanding: The progress, thinking about things in different ways, joining all the things one knew to find out about the foundation of fact.

He felt, that the way he was accepted by so many people was something special; his profiling system was the basis of his studies, and without having developed such a thing subconsciously, he'd never have tried to find out about the things he knew now. Sometimes, he wished he hadn't, but then, he knew that life would have been the same way, then: The only difference being his ignorance, when he wouldn't know about the "wave of zero" or something like. He wondered whether his life would have been happier then, but this was to be impossible, if his theory was true; and he feared it was. His childhood among all those silly people, mocking him, was the foundation of his system, and he thought in terrible wonder, that those 'false friends' had given him more than anybody else could do. He was slowly dealing with the past, and he felt new stability closing in.

He wouldn't know what was to come, and he was incapable of understanding what was really going on, not realizing what P., her friend(s) or O. had in mind. A weekend of silence was to come, though he'd probably be able to contact P. and her friend(s) at least several

times; but as time's running out again, we'll have to wait until enough events have took place. I don't want to bore you with too many details which may seem to be of no interest to anybody. But nevertheless, you can give me your opinions. . .

Crazy
was the word
to describe the foundation
of life itself;
and crazy was the word
to describe the people
who wished to *know*.
— W.G.

Knowledge
is the foundation of blissfulness,
is making us happy,
is hard to endure,
is the basis of all hardships.
Knowledge
is the amplitude
of the wave of life.
Knowledge
is everything
and nothing
at the same time.
— W.G.

44 Denial — The other Way Round!

Originally published: Monday 6th March 2006

It's me, again!

Another text has just arrived, though time is rushing by in a terrible speed; just now, three hours have passed without me noticing it. And nothing had been achieved in that now forever lost time. But we won't go on discussing about that; we shall begin.

New facts: Denial — The other Way Round!

The weekend had been pretty informative, at least Sunday evening. Then, he'd learned something about a girl; it shall be pretty easy to find a name for her, as we could simply call her R., as she could be symbolized by the colour and the plant of a rose; however, not a red, but a rose coloured more pale, close to pink. But as this colour has been already assigned to somebody else, we should not make a fuss about it. On the other hand, we may probably not talk about that person at all in the next time, as she seems to try to evade our protagonist after some communication which seemed quite interesting took place. So, you may ask, what makes her more important than all the other people he knows? Several things: Some people — among them his best friend — are in love with that girl, and though she's currently not with anybody (that had been finished some month ago), all those people are too shy to approach her. About one year ago, she had been following his once-best-friend (the second one, who preceded the current one) nearly everywhere, and some had been assuming that

something was ‘under construction’, so to say. That was finished when this boy found himself a girlfriend; Nevertheless, the friendship would still last.

He was reminded of all the things he’d experienced together — or not together — with O. That was gone, but she still assumed some kind of friendship, as they smiled at each other again this day; He’d seen her for such a long time that Monday — at least, in comparison to the last weeks — that he was stupefied when noticing that his feelings seemed to be really *gone*. Of course, he knew that they were still hidden somewhere and could be resurrected easily — but who’d do that job?

Real love was senseless, and just an invention of evolution to persevere itself.

If she didn’t do it, nobody would; but there were more interesting things happening today. Apart from the fact, that P. seemed to tell him about everything (*things a girl would normally only tell — well, another girl, which was a good — or the best — friend of her’s*), she also didn’t mind her leg touching his, or her hand touching his; it had become normal to her. However, when he was sitting somewhere with somebody else, and she *could* safely walk up to him, she didn’t. She’d rather stay with one of her girlfriends. Nevertheless, she’d told him about people he didn’t know, but he’d got to know about from her descriptions; somebody who was after her, though he’d perfectly fit with somebody else, and P. simply couldn’t make him realize that she wasn’t interested. She kept explaining our protagonist things like these, and he wasn’t sure what he’d make of them.

On the other hand, P.’s friend would do something similar; well, she didn’t tell him anything about herself anymore, but she talked to him about this and that, about the work both had to do and the future that was to come. All those people around him seemed to be so open-minded, and he was just adjusting himself.

Slowly, he’d fit into the scheme that made this part of the world. But he didn’t know if that really was the thing wanted to achieve. Well, he didn’t have any choice, as this was his nature, and he couldn’t act disregarding it. But the most interesting thing about that day was

the way other people seemed to be judging this small group.

A small group — he'd always liked to think about groups of friendship, and at the same time, he'd tried to take part in all of them. Thus, he was everybody's friend; and even that problem of being fixed with one group had been solved, as he was now accepted by all those people as a fixed member. All those boys and girls accepting him as one of their own kind. . .

R. had once, that day, ran close to somebody behind him; it was B. she was heading to. However, he'd thought for some seconds that she was trying to talk to him, explaining the sudden silence — she wasn't. The 'Evil One with the Glasses' had been with him again that morning, and though both hadn't dared to look into each other's eyes after he hadn't reserved a seat for her, they'd talked after having left the bus. And he'd shocked her with his knowledge about all those tiny details out there — and he'd once and for all noticed the wonder of that knowledge, which had till then not been approved by anybody. Nevertheless, she was merely shocked and seemed to take him for somebody with a crazy spleen.

He'd also had contact to Y. that day, whom he'd helped a bit before talking about less important things — in fact, just smalltalk without any importance at all.

She was still the old kind of person she'd always been: Trusting everybody, and at the same time expressing her feelings openly. Like the sun, which was one of the reasons why she had been assigned the colour of yellow. He felt that she was the kind of person that would wait for the partner to advance, if a new relationship was to develop; probably, he would have had a chance, but he knew that she was too different, as she took some things too simply.

A cunning plan was yet about to be put into practice, and if there were some people who'd join into this group of learning together he wanted to set up, his methods of understanding could be passed on. He'd already contacted O.'s best friend, as you may remember — but the silence he'd received in return was killing him. That morning, he hadn't greeted neither O. nor her best friend, but when her best friend had greeted him, they had all greeted each other out of a sudden.

And when he'd wished to ask O. about something that day, he just stood there, pondering what to do. But O. was suddenly in a hurry, and he felt he should let her go; some minutes later, when she'd pass him by, he'd asked her something, and though she seemed to be in a hurry again, she thought for a moment, told him she didn't know and excused for that lack of knowledge.

This excuse took him by surprise, as it was something that was indeed *not* normal for anybody. Well, she was different, we all know about that; but this thing was peculiar. He hadn't really thought about it till now, when he was thinking about it in all detail, realizing that it could just have been something she'd done by chance or an expression of the wish to go on talking. . .

He wouldn't know, and he wouldn't try to find out. Something else had happened that day, something of vital importance: P's friend had denied something, somebody: **him**. When somebody assumed those two being a nice couple, she'd said that he was too old.

But she'd said it pretty quietly, probably expecting him to react; but he was stupefied, and not prepared to any new social problems approaching his stable system. In fact, he felt hurt — at least, a bit. On the other hand, he felt that this gave him some sort of security, knowing about her attitude; but some voice kept telling him she didn't mean it, and the truth was not to be presented so easily. The problem was that he was a kind of person who wouldn't invest too much power in finding out about it, as he knew it wouldn't really be beneficial for him.

That was the 'Denial'; and for the first time in his life, it had been the other way round. Today would have been the birthday of his older brother, who'd died after having lived for several weeks. The difference of age between the two of them would have been pretty equal to the difference between him and P's friend; something around two years separated — or unified — them. Everything is a matter of perspective.

We don't want to go into detail about this, as the only things he knows about his brother were his name, his story — and his grave. The grave — the end of every life, and the beginning of everything.

He'd encountered some peculiar conversations with B. that day;

using puns and some interesting information to please her, he was finally able to talk to her for more than one hour, though he finally felt like a chatter box. He knew that she was just being friendly, and nothing more; but he couldn't help but trying to make friends with her, in the same way he wanted to be everybody's friend. And she seemed to be interesting.

B.-B. hadn't been there that day. She had been absent, and he couldn't remember when he'd seen her the last time.

Another girl, which was also emanating the colour of black in some way, an interesting person, also seemed to like talking to him. When he'd walk up to her, without saying a word, she'd start telling him what she was doing and which problems she had, giving him the chance to solve them. On the other hand, the boy that was interested in her since — let's say, a year — had told her so publicly, and everybody would know about it. Till now, she had just accepted him as a friend, in some similar way she'd accepted our protagonists, while that one hadn't had to work that hard to win her friendship. So, how can we conclude that day full of action?

He felt dumped, as P.'s friend had denied him, and at the same time more insecure than at any time before. He felt accepted by everybody, but was still searching for **'the one and singular'**. Was she among the people he knew? He wouldn't deny her existence, as he didn't want to deny himself. He felt he didn't know a thing about other people's thoughts, and he knew he knew more than most people did. Left in this confusion, we'll finish this one for today.

More is yet to come, though you shouldn't expect things to become any clearer... Opinions?

Denying
 the facts
 was the worst
 the best
 the singular thing to do.
 It was the task of emotions
 to deny the facts;

and it was the task of logic
to accept this denial.
— W.G.

Being bashful
is the source of loneliness
blissfulness,
success and breakthrough.
Bashfulness can be the key
to a stable relationship;
or to impulsive, short partnerships,
ending in loneliness.
— W.G.

45 Trust is Embarrassing

Originally published: Tuesday 7th March 2006

A new text, and the only thing that hasn't changed is the lack of time.

This day had been quite interesting, like the start of the week had been, too. He wondered whether some change was lying ahead, and what would happen. However, he felt that a radical change was not to be foreshadowed, at least, not often.

He felt that: Trust is Embarrassing.

Tuesday had just gone. Familiar faces had told him things and acted in ways he could not have foreseen, and that was — once again — a basic law. But before we'll have a look at the recent events, we shall add some tiny details we've forgotten to have a look at yesterday. I'm not sure whether they are of importance, but how can human beings feel so powerful as to be able to decide whether something is important — or not?

He'd took some notes yesterday evening, when those things came back to his mind. Now, he felt he knew why he hadn't slept that well Sunday night; he'd always had problems to fall asleep, if there were many things he had to deal with; and such moments would accumulate when there was something special about to happen. And that Monday had been special, indeed: He'd talked to O. more than in the weeks before, and he'd been together with so many people. . .

O. had once more explained her best friend how stupid her boyfriend was, having promised her to do something and now just telling her he'll do that later, though she'd need it pretty soon. And in the evening,

when he was at home, he'd noticed that O. would be taking an exam the next day; of course, he could have helped her easily, if she had asked him. Other people did, and those were — most times — the persons he didn't like as much as those who didn't. He'd rarely asked people for help himself, and we always like our own features, at least those which are not presented publicly.

He recalled the peculiar thing that had happened yesterday morning: You may remember that one of the singular things he'd decided to keep was the fact that he always borrowed O. his ruler when she'd need it. He'd laid it next to her that morning, too. In the beginning, she'd used it, and he could see the pinkish colour of one of her favourite pens on it. Then, when other headings waited to be underlined, he wondered why she wasn't taking his ruler anymore, as he'd managed not to look into her direction at all for several minutes.

Well, and then, he found her using the ruler of her best friend, and it was placed in an equal way next to her. He felt dumped, just a bit; and he'd lost one of the last things he had remembered about the once-so-important feelings.

That had took place just some hours before P.'s friend had said that he was too old for them to be a couple. Yes, that day was giving him a hard time.

This evening, today, he'd seen an old woman flirting with an old man in a fictional story, which also dealt with the growing fear that bird flu was spreading. He could remember the time, when that two words were just rushing below some pictures on CNN...

It seemed so far away, without any importance then. Now, there was fear all around.

But we want to continue with the effect that story of the two old people was having on our protagonist. The woman began flirting with the man, and he accused her of doing so, which she turn answered by denying that in a way one could probably make out by watching and listening closely.

He hadn't made out something like that with P. or her friend. However, P.'s friend seemed to be *too* friendly — sometimes. But before we start talking about today, there's still one thing missing

about yesterday. . .

We've already learned about him talking with B. However, we've missed one special moment, when she was unpacking a sweet. A short sideways flick of his eyes which would probably not have been noticed by anybody led to a reaction of her's, and to the feeling that she was indeed someone special, as she told him she just had one of these sweets, but could offer him something else. He denied that politely. Girls which offered sweets always reminded him of that story with O. — it was gone.

She was gone. We should switch over to today.

The most interesting things took place among P., her friend and him. P. told him something pretty interesting today, leading a 'discussion' again — the sort of discussion that was in fact just a social game to transfer information, at least for him, as he wouldn't be capable of making up his mind about something that fast. On the other hand, his decisions were pretty stable, and sometimes, even *too* stable, when we remember the stability of his false feelings for G.

P. told him, that a fixed relationship was always problematic, and in fact, *nothing but problems*. He felt, that the theory he had promoted in the last texts, but not accepted for the sake of his own hope, was accepted by her. The girl that always seemed so happy had learned something fundamental about the world, and this always brings along some character traits: Being thoughtful, serious — and sad. He'd now learned that she could also act in front of people: She'd even done so in front of hundreds of thousands of people, and this was pretty equal to his profiling system. Everybody did so, but only few would notice what they were really doing — such a system made things more simple, sometimes. But it could also take away many interesting experiences.

He was the friend of everybody, everybody's friend — with the only exception of himself, that is. He was captured by his own mind, exploring the fundamental laws and ignoring the easy things which were of equal importance. He was thinking all the time, and he couldn't help but go on doing so.

Interesting things were taking place; tomorrow, he'd be with all those friends for a very long time. However, he'll quite probably be

unable to write anything that day. But though his time was also limited today, he tried to tell as much as possible without leaving out too much detail — and without being boring. What do you personally think about it? Tell me, please.

Bugs —
 artificial and vivid —
 can be signs.
 That day,
 the life of an artificial bug
 had told him
 that P.'s friend
 was more important
 than he'd thought;
 probably.
 It had just been a bug,
 an artificial one;
 but who can decide
 whether a bug's life
 or the life of a man
 is more important?
 Another bug had just forced him to add these lines here:
 He had been reminded of O. by that artificial animal:
 A search without success,
 and a last conclusion of all there was,
 of all there had been,
 in these texts.
 — W.G.

The rain
 would wash away the pain —
 and the snow
 would freeze it.
 All the things that came from above
 could only help

temporarily,
as feelings
were never to be destroyed.
Nothing would ever die.
Eternal life was all around,
but we were too ignorant to notice.
— W.G.

46 Imagination is Reality

Originally published: Friday 10th March 2006

A long time has passed... But here we go again!

So many things have happened, and all those people he didn't really know about before grew important now; P. had the greatest problems in her life, O. was still hidden and B. had been offended by him. We shall have a look at all those tiny details...

He'd got to know that: Imagination is Reality.

As we've already figured out, when time runs short, there are always more things to write about. This theory was proved once more... We've just stopped Tuesday evening; I can't promise you that everything I'll tell you know has happened in exactly that chronological order, but I'll try to keep close to it. Be that as it may; we'll begin with Wednesday evening, as the time at university was the same as every day: Meeting P., her friend(s) and all the others, talking to them...

P.'s friend once wanted to take his seat and pushed him away; the contact they were having that way impressed him, as he was very sensible to any kind of sensation. Even if that was just a game to her, he felt it was important for the development of himself, as he'd never experienced such things.

P. herself was very friendly to him — again. She would even ask him if he wanted to take a seat, and he felt that she would offer him something she wanted for herself. This was one of the most important proves there are for a good friendship, and a nice basis for the future, which could consist of an everlasting, strong friendship — or more.

The very next day, she would be very troubled; but we want to advance chronologically, as far as that is possible for me.

Wednesday evening was the next important stop. Then, he met P. and some other friends; not at university, but in their spare time. P. wasn't sure whether it would be possible for her to go there, but she succeeded. There was no real opportunity for the two of them to talk to each other, but they were happy nevertheless. When she decided to leave, she told him they'd see each other tomorrow.

He was a silent person in this group, that evening; he was always quiet. The only people he could talk to easily were his best friends; however, his profiling system was doing pretty well, so that all the people around him didn't take any interest in him when he didn't want them to do so — on the other hand, when he felt lonely, at least one person would start talking to him out of the blue. And he could cope with nearly every topic there was, as he was interested in all the world out there.

He wondered whether he should ask Y. if she'd take part in his idea to teach her his methods of learning, and the basis of intelligence; it was nothing but methods, and a different perspective on the world. Everybody could be like him, and he could be like everybody. . .

He was too idealistic sometimes. He wondered whether Y. would accept, and what the others would think about this idea of his. But he was still waiting for the right moment, which would probably never arrive. But that was not important now, though life was a dream, finally.

His imagination was stronger than the sensations his senses could give him; thus, his dreams were stronger than his reality. A lack of sleep in the last days had made those tiny details very apparent to him, and the influence he'd have on others became very strong now. The other students were suddenly tired, and some of them had slept long, while others had slept even shorter than he had; they were all unified in a general tiredness, and when he would wake up and become interested, they would do the same. He wondered whether his dreams were reality and the reality just a dream, as it seemed to be a bit out of focus. Was life just a simulation of his brain? This was — once

more — one of the questions nobody wanted to answer. One could not prove it wrong, and one would not like to prove it to be false; this was another question you'd better not try to answer.

But we want to continue with all those things that had took hold of him.

Before I go on, I must say 'Sorry!', as I've just remembered something important that had happened Wednesday morning: He had shown something B. had shown him once to somebody else, and now, she'd blocked that thing, without saying a word about it. He'd tried to contact her digitally, but she hadn't answered. For some time, he'd wished he hadn't done all that, but she had not told him not to show anybody, though he'd somehow *felt* it. And she'd once told him, that she wanted to block it at some time. . .

Because of him talking about it with her. He thought that she was joking, but now, he wasn't sure. However, if she'd really *seen* him showing that to somebody else — some boy who seemed like the aggressive-excentric-outsider, which means, he was normal, but finally contained some of the black understanding below this crust of shallowness — she must have watched very carefully.

Sometimes, he thought he was overestimating her; sometimes, he felt the opposite. He hadn't turned around at that time, when he showed that thing to the other boy, as he'd feared her turning her head though he was not talking very loudly. Indeed, he noticed the next day, that she was remembering details, and probably assumed that he had already seen that it was blocked. She was showing the interest of a friend, of a good friend, that is.

On the other hand, she wasn't. Her best friend was more easy to understand; he knew her pretty well, and it was not that complicated to deal with her. She was also very friendly, and sometimes even nervous when asking him something, though this was probably a result of her not wanting to be thought of as somebody stupid.

Well, she wasn't; nobody was, but everybody was different, needing another type of explanation. L.-B., for example, was needing loads of explanations, and they should be formed in a way she could learn by heart systematically. It would not be easy to explain her something

in a way that made her understand why things were like they were — she'd rather learn a system than do so, but nevertheless, she was successful. He hated such a kind of doing without understanding, and couldn't see the point of it. However, he knew it would be very hard to teach her his methods, as she would not accept them. Nevertheless, she was still following him all around, asking him in all detail what he was doing after having asked something she had probably known before. He wondered how her reaction would be if he suddenly told her that sentence with three words; 'I love you.' Well, he didn't love her; it was just that he was offending her so openly that she should notice that. And he was wondering how she would react when her apparently desperate longing would be fulfilled.

He liked to think about people's reactions, but he wasn't able to come close to reality; he was not experienced enough.

That Thursday, he was having closer contact with B., talking to her and starting a kind of friendship. It was complicated to please her, and she was a complex personality; he liked that, but she had some features he would not accept so easily. Things were always difficult, but he couldn't imagine her being his girlfriend, as they had some things in common that normally only one partner is doing. For instance, she liked to take photos; he liked that, too, but his time was too limited to do so. She also liked reading; I guess you should know by now that he did, too. However, she was sometimes saying things without having thought about them, and was thus not always capable of supporting her own opinions.

He was always trying to choose his words carefully, but he did not succeed very often.

The best example has just happened on Thursday afternoon: P. was leaving university, just to come back some hours later; she was always careful not to miss a lecture, if that was possible. He was the same, but I guess you've already figured that out. While she was playing with his arm in a friendly way, jumping and telling him how disgusting she thought it was that she had to go now, he tried to reflect her feelings; but he was quiet, and he couldn't do so perfectly. In addition to that, he rarely touched anybody, even by means of just making someone

notice that he had a question. P. was different, apparently, but he liked such contrasts which gave him the possibility to learn; P.'s friend was equally open-minded.

But we're not to stop at the point when P. left. She returned, of course. And then, she was broken. She entered the auditorium when the lecture had just been finished, talking with the professor about what had happened; he felt he couldn't stay, as this would induce suspicious looks from his friends. Thus, he went outside to drink some tea from his flask, but she seemed to stay a little longer, so he went away. He met P.'s friend, and when he was talking to her, he suddenly saw P. standing some metre away, in a way she couldn't see the two of them, and busy with talking to another friend of her's. The two of them went up to her, and listened; he didn't realize the reality of the shock of that message to her, as it would not have been a shock for him. Y. was suddenly passing by, asking him for some help in his spare time; he accepted, of course, and thus, it was impossible for him to concentrate on P.'s problem with all his mind. He saw that she was sad, but this was to change soon. When she had finished talking and all the others had left with the exception of him, the two of them went down together; he asked her for some more information, and then. . .

She was suddenly not sad anymore. She was so close to tears that one could say she was crying; he was stupefied, and incapable of doing anything. He was just listening. . .

When others arrived, friends of her's (girls), these asked her what had happened, and she pointed at him, gesticulating that he should explain. He told the few things he had heard in the seconds they had been alone, and he heard how wrong he'd chosen his words, presenting this shock as something too normal. But words can't be called back. . .

Finally, she was explaining this herself, and one of the girls embraced her, while he could just sit, stare and think. Stupefied. Helpless. Full of emotion, but looking as solid as ice. When the next lecture began, he didn't tell her, though he was pretty sure that she'd like to be there in time; on the other hand, he felt that this here was more important, and he didn't like that strong girl walking up to the others with tears on her face.

Need for protection — one of the key features of female attractiveness.

When the others were finally gone, being late for their lectures, too, she noticed that the lecture had begun, and felt guilty, even though her life had just changed radically; he'd slowly understood how important that was to her. He told her what he had thought, and she was finally gone, and he could not recall having heard a word of goodbye. . .

The next day, she'd arrive some time later; she greeted him, and they were talking a bit, though he felt she had changed or was caught in a process of change. When one of his friends walked up to him, he told him better not to talk to her, but he did; she was indeed mastering her emotions, as he did not seem to notice a thing. Then, when that boy was gone, L.-B. arrived, and it was difficult to send her away without inducing her to stay even longer. She didn't understand any sign. . .

When he was finally alone with P. again, she told him some more things, and excused herself for having been rude, though he could not recall her having been like that. He told her he understood perfectly, which was true, as he'd imagined an equally awful situation yesterday, as far as that was possible. Finally, she was also talking to that boy whom he had showed that thing from B.; he understood her, and there was suddenly a conversation developing. However, it was different to the discussions he had with her, as these would be full of things she would not tell everybody. I think we should stop here and leave the rest of Friday for the next text; and some more details about the other days, of course. You'll probably be astonished when we start dealing with the time when he would be on his way home on Friday. . . Please share your opinion with me. . .

Pain

is evil.

Pain

is wonderful.

Everything is ambiguous,

and the decision about its meaning

happens by chance;
we cannot decide about reality,
we **are** reality.

— W.G.

Friendship
stabilizes a person without a relationship;
however, it is the basis of all relationship.
What makes the difference?

Chance.

Nothing more,
and nothing less.

— W.G.

47 Social Strain — Social Gain?

Originally published: Sunday 12th March 2006

Hello, once more!

Though it's weekend, not time is left to write something very long. The exams are just closing in, and I'm bound too learn for them — so many things I'd like to do, and no time is left... However, I still managed to do this short text here. Please enjoy it!

Is this a contrast or a similarity: Social Strain — Social Gain?

Weekend, once more. And several things had happened. Before we start to deal with these, we shall go into detail about some event that had happened on Friday, on his way home; I promised you to tell you about it, and I guess it will be pretty interesting.

He was just on the way to the bus, and he knew he'd have to hurry if he wouldn't decide to take the train. When he was just around the corner, some 200 metres away from the bus stop, the bus would arrive. Then, he'd decide to take the train, and stop running. However, the bus didn't leave immediately, but the doors would stay open for some minute, and he guessed that a passenger was buying a ticket, though he didn't really believe in that. Some seconds later, he decided to start running again, and when he was just in front of the bus, about two or three metres away from the door, it closed, just to open again a second later. He entered the bus, and the busdriver told him he should have run the complete way. Our protagonist explained that he'd already started running long before and could not have gone faster, though he'd just not expected any busdriver to realize such details as a student

running to catch the bus. This one had, apparently, and my belief in the simplicity of the senseless and careless world was shaken to the ground.

He'd seen a girl inside the bus from the outside, and he was pretty sure that this was the same girl he knew, the one to whom he'd talked when trying to catch that bus O. had taken; the day when the train had been very late and he'd missed exactly that bus here. At that time, he'd chosen another bus, and this girl had been talking to him; and when he arrived home, he'd phoned O., for the first and the last time up to today.

Had this also happened on a Friday? He was pretty sure it had, as his parents had not been at home; they always arrived later on Fridays. Otherwise, he'd not have phoned her, of course. His love was to be a secret, even to himself.

But we don't want to go back to the past, though this moment, he'd realized now, was quite similar to that moment in the past; the difference was, however, that O. was *not* on her way home, though she was finished with her lectures for that day, too; and she hadn't talked to him about the bus the two of them would decide to fetch, as she would probably stay some time longer to do some work.

Cars were a sign of power; destructive power. At least, when it came to emotions; and sometimes, they could even cast of physical destruction. Everything had two sides, and we already know that these sum up to — zero.

For that reason, nobody and nothing could be perfect, except nothing itself, and as long as something existed, nothing would be perfect. But the sum of everything out there would be perfect, too. Sometimes, he assumed that there was everything everywhere, and just chance would decide which kind of matter would exist or be seen by us; an interesting theory.

But now, we want to stick to the present. He didn't sit down next to that girl; the last time, he'd done, because she had symbolized him to do so by taking away her back. This time, she couldn't, as she already kept it to herself, and if she'd done so before he'd seen that, he hadn't noticed. The seat in front of her was not such a nice place to be seated,

and thus, he decided to sit down some metre away to her left.

The two of them began talking, and when the humming of the bus became so loud he couldn't understand her properly, he decided to seat himself in front of her, finally, turning his head though he knew his neck would become stiff. He ignored such things, as social contact seemed more important to him at that time. He was shocked by the fact that she didn't have no problems with looking into his eyes, and he didn't flinch, but return her friendly stare; as a friendly gesture, she offered him a sweet, and he accepted, casting off a discussion about sweets; the result was that the two of them were fancying the same things. Interestingly, she told him indirectly that she was having a boyfriend, but she put some accent on that word he could make out; it told him that some part of her was insisting on passing on that information, as if to cast off some reaction or as a kind of protection or defence. It seemed to be an intrinsic part of human nature to pass on such things; but he hadn't known when he was together with O., and thus, he didn't notice a thing. . .

His contact with her had shrunk more and more, again, and he was not so keen to see her on Monday, as she would probably continue that game of friendship, that simulation without real foundation; he wouldn't know if that meant that she was trying to forget that she'd once loved him, or if that was to say she'd found him to be boring and just kept up some kind of friendship so as not to offend him. Probably, he didn't want to know.

There was something his best friend had told him when talking about his love to R.; at that moment, when he'd told our protagonist about that the first time, he'd advised him not to tell anybody; at the same time, he'd figured out three options: Either, he would tell her and she'd love him; or he would tell her and she'd not love him. And the third possibility was that he didn't tell anybody. This would finally mean that there were two positive possibilities, but one of them wasn't really probable. One thing we all should know is, that there are always two possibilities to everything — *at least* two possibilities.

R. — he'd once communicated some time with her, digitally. Then, he assumed that she didn't want to talk to him anymore, as she'd

suddenly stopped contact and didn't answer him anymore. In real life, she'd only talked to him once; then, she seemed friendly, and he couldn't remember having offended her. Probably, she was using some kind of profiling system, too; Of course she was, everybody did so, somehow, sometimes.

B. — she'd contacted him on Saturday evening, and told him that she'd blocked that thing he'd shown to somebody else, now telling him that he should not have done so. He answered her in a whole bunch of words; when he was finished, he felt he'd written too much, but couldn't take the words back; words can't be controlled anymore, once they're left on their own. She'd once been offended when he'd talked to her a lot, guessing she'd like to read something; it seemed she hadn't. He felt offended, as he'd thought she was interested in literature; it seemed she wasn't. That's one of the reasons why he thought that he overestimated her — sometimes, he'd think the other way round.

P.'s friend had also talked to him, and he'd enjoyed that communication. She was never offended, and when he said goodbye, she was gone, just having stayed to talk to him. We don't know what is yet to come, what is lying ahead, behind those clouds blocking the future, and we're not to find out until they have arrived. Please be patient, it will probably take me some time to find more time. Meanwhile, you can make up your minds about some opinions. . .

Time is flowing.
 Time is showing
 what has happened.
 Time is killing.
 Time isn't willing
 to give in.
 I'm not to give in, either;
 but one of us has to do so.
 At some moment
 of time.
 — W.G.

Emotions

control ourselves.
We
control our planet.
The storm
controls the living.
Gravity
controls the stars.
Time
controls our universe.
And chaos
reigns everything.
— W.G.

48 The Silent Sun

Originally published: Tuesday 14th March 2006

Hi, I'm back to the living, once more!

This time, we'll have some shorter text, again; tomorrow, there'll probably be some silence, but then, I may be capable of writing some more. However, this also means that there will be less to write down, then.

Suddenly important again: The Silent Sun.

Before we deal with the present, we shall have a look at what some important words had revealed him on Saturday evening and Sunday.

Now, he was just looking at the bunch of notes he'd typed; digital reminders of what he wanted to tell you. All these cryptic signs that nobody could understand; letters without visible connection, sometimes encrypted, sometimes simply arranged in a special order. Our protagonist was always in favour of concealing himself, and he had to do this as perfect as he'd always tried to do things. His special encryption would not even reveal its meaning when shown to the people who knew a lot about him; or at least, the people who *thought* they knew about him.

We've learned that he had offended B.; and just some days ago, on Saturday evening, a message had reached him, telling him that she had felt offended, in fact, and explaining him that she had blocked that thingy. He'd answered her using the same means of communication, but when he'd ask her on Monday if she'd received an answer, she hadn't. He just told her he'd send it again, now using another way of sending it, and choosing the words once more so as not to offend her again.

This new message was sent on Monday, in the afternoon, and no answer has been received up to now.

He'd also sent something to R., whom he'd thought to ignore him; he'd told her in quite beautiful words that wondered why she was always leaving when he arrived; and she'd answered on Sunday, telling him that she wasn't doing so on purpose, but that it was just some coincidence. She stayed some time to tell him all that, though she'd already told him that she wished to go; and one moment later, she was gone, without a word of goodbye. Nevertheless, everything that had to be said had been said up to then.

On the other hand, he wasn't sure that she was really telling the truth, but he believed her, as he knew some things about her character; she wouldn't feel that a word of goodbye was so important as he thought it to be. Sometimes, she seemed as vivid as O. or G.; then, she shared her time with B. and also had some of that deeper knowledge that he assumed B. to have.

He was happy when B. had told him on Monday that she hadn't received any message, as this told him that she had not ignored him; for some moments, he'd assumed she had, and he knew that people could easily betray their same kind.

P. was now becoming more and more interested in the things he did, in a way of friendship; the two of them stuck together quite closely, though he felt that 'closely' would mean something different to her. However, he'd learned a lot of things about social interaction from her, and he was happy to be able to accept that knowledge. Knowledge he hadn't been given in his youth, when people didn't make friends with him...

The exam he had taken today was easier than he'd thought, as he'd believed that all those new sensations that this knowledge included would distract him, including the fact that P. was in the same room. Before, he'd noticed something different: On Monday, Y. had asked him to do something, and he'd thought about the possibility of her taking an exam in the same room the very next day; it was just some minute later that he'd realized that O. would take an exam just then, and he felt he'd betrayed her memory as he'd not thought of her

directly. On the other hand, this memory wasn't conscious anymore, and she was now a 'normal' girl to him, as far as that was possible with her.

He felt he should have said something like: 'I don't want to keep you from doing something important,' to R. when she was talking to him and when he knew that she was about to leave. This just occurred to him some minutes after she'd left, and it came back to his memory right now.

He took a look at the last lines he'd written down. He felt he'd changed the topic without thinking about doing so, as his mind had just given him some other memory; he was subconsciously forgetting about O, not knowing whether this was good — or bad.

On Monday, something else had happened with P.; he'd been with her when she had been sorting things, and she just threw away some things he'd written; she'd read them once, probably, and now they would be gone forever. Even the possibility that she'd kept a copy at home was not really probable, as she would not have destroyed this one in front of his eyes, then. There were some people calling her beautiful names, and he knew in which way she was different: She was into society, and at the same time, she wasn't. That is to say, that she was completely integrated, but she was not to notice things unless they were told to her directly. And even then, she didn't realize some emotions; on the other hand, she could give away masses of positive feelings, most times not caring about possible reactions.

How did he figure that out? It was a talent of his, and he was believing that he was not only crazy, but spooky, sometimes, for knowing about people — about animals of your own kind — is to know part of yourself; and he who knows himself is either a maniac or a genius which is close to suicide. He hoped he was neither, and if he was to be one of these, he wanted to be the maniac; but probably, he could not decide on that, as it was the same.

Now, you may ask why this text here is entitled 'The Silent Sun'. There was a song, by 'Genesis', and it reflected something we're yet to deal with; somebody, and some action this person took just today. Y. You may remember that he'd promised her on Monday to do something

for her; well, he had.

On Tuesday, the two of them would meet. They had. However, she'd (of course) forgotten about it and arrived late, but not too late; they went to some more silent place, and he showed her what he'd done. A magnificent reaction was the result; she wondered whether he'd really done that for *her* and gave him a (*friendly*) hug. He felt that it had been worth the effort, and he realized how different people react on what you've done for them; some wouldn't mind, some would say 'Thank you!', and some would give you a hug, even if you just did something that wasn't really extraordinary. He was happy about Y's reaction; it showed him that the sun was still out there, and that the flame of friendship was never to be extinguished; of course, he was P's friend, but this was something different; Y. was something special in different aspects. Her warm-hearted character and her sense for literature gave her some special atmosphere, while she'd also be easy to be betrayed, as she didn't believe in the bad that was there, in all of us.

This made that day something special; but were not yet finished with it. Some minutes later, several students would pass behind him, O. among these; she'd be the only person who'd bump into his bag, saying sorry and going on without really turning around. She'd changed; the care she'd once shown towards him was gone.

The fire in her eyes didn't show up if she dared to meet his look. Something was gone, and he felt he'd coped with it; however, he wasn't sure he'd done the right thing. On the other hand, he felt she hadn't, though he wasn't sure about that.

Still, there was something inside him; the clock that had today — once more — shown the numbers which linked her to his life was something he wished to throw out of the window for some seconds; of course, he'd never have done such a thing, but he felt the sense of it clearly.

B. was silent that day; probably, she hadn't received that message he'd sent again; but he was not to tell her. Then, he'd seen his best friend walking just some steps behind R.; but somebody else was soon in front of him, and he gave in, not pushing through the door to keep

close to her. He wondered whether he'd ever have done so if he had been behind O. Probably, he'd have; but this imagery of his best friend not advancing towards her reflected his own past.

Some people were to undergo the same brutal fate; and who could judge if this would help or destroy their lives? In the bus, he'd once more talk to the girl he'd met there more frequently some weeks ago; he realized that he could really make friends with everybody, but he felt that this could probably not be a substitute for something *real*.

Please join me again, when the next text arrives; we should find out together how the story decides to continue. I don't want to bother you, but some opinions would come in handy. . .

People
 around him
 were always coming to him,
 making friends.
 Friends
 around him
 were always giving him tasks,
 help — and sorrow.
 He
 deep inside him
 was always searching
 for himself.
 — W.G.

They
 can take away our freedom.
 They
 can take away our speech.
 They
 can take away our hearing.
 They
 can even take away our lives.
 But they

can't take away our conscience,
as thought itself is not mortal.
— W.G.

49 Silence

Originally published: Friday 17th March 2006

Hello, it's me again!

Everything is so time-consuming; though I should have had enough time to write something yesterday, I hadn't. But so many things have happened, and the notes I took to record these events are becoming more and more. Thus, we'll have to start right now.

He was listening, and all he could hear was: Silence.

Before we'll go on having a look at the recent events, we shall go into detail about Monday morning, as I've 'forgot' to tell you some quite important things. Probably, this was just the consequence of trying to forget about them.

Monday morning — when O. sat down next to him, she complained about his bag, which seemed to be bothering her. He took it away. And she hadn't met his eyes in the whole process...

But this was something that could happen with everybody, something normal; however, something else was yet to happen. When she would be in need of a ruler again (at least, he *thought* she was), he asked her whether she wouldn't like to use his ruler, and she'd proudly point at hers — which was new — and say: 'Now, I've got one, too.' Her smile made it impossible for him to become furious; nevertheless, he'd feel hurt. But he didn't show anything, but kept quiet, so as not to disturb the silence of emotion. She seemed not to notice a thing, and the only thing he'd remember when looking at his ruler, which was now to himself, was the colour of her favourite pen which had once been smeared to it.

It was now gone, and what had been left was vanished into thin air. Only the memory, carefully locked away, would remain.

But that was gone, now. Another memory flashed into his mind; something he'd forgotten about Saturday; you've already been told about the sadness of P., which was based on some sort of illness. This illness was painful, and on that very Saturday, our protagonist was stepping into the bedroom while it was pretty dark. The part of his body where P. would feel this pain hit the bed, and he was hurt — not badly, but strong enough to be forced to remember what P. must feel. That was something he felt to be important, as he'd just been reminded of that when he took a break after having started writing and felt a shot of pain at exactly that part of his body; it was this event which remembered him of the nearly lost note he'd forgotten to tell you about.

That note would also tell him about having seen B.-B. on Friday, and he remembered having seen her on Monday, too; he realized that she'd been nearly next to him, but there was no need to talk to her. Another girl caught his attention; she was asking him to help her with some lectures she wasn't that good at, and he agreed, but he'd never accept any payment from anybody. So much about that.

So, what had happened on Wednesday? B. had been silent again, and though he'd told her about a new message he'd sent, she seemed not to listen; though she was still laughing about some things he did, she seemed to keep her distance. Yesterday, somebody had assumed that P. and her friend were after him; well, he wasn't so sure they weren't, but he was quite sure that this was part of their character. All those things out there; we don't know anything about them.

Probably, things were better this way. He wondered what progress had given to us humans; What was progress? Progress was finding out about things; Progress would make our lives longer, and easier. And more cruel. . .

He realized that progress was something special; it was not really predictable, and nobody knew if it would go on forever. But the question was: Was progress something positive? It would make us less ignorant. That was the main point of it. And people which had made

progress would not understand how they could have lived without it. But the fact that they have done is soon forgotten. And progress renders us incapable of thinking what would have happened without it. Thus, we cannot really judge on it.

Which leaves us with the possibility that ignorance could be something good, because if we don't know that the fire will kill us we won't be afraid. There'd be less fear... And less happiness? Probably. Everything would be harmonic, again. Yes, this would explain progress as something pretty similar to the rise of the entropy in the universe: The reign of chaos and the reign of logic would both make our lives more extreme.

The only difference was the fact, that chaos was a natural order, and logic was artificial, controlled chaos. But we didn't realize that, as we felt that we were not natural, but something more — *civilized*.

He'd talked to one of his professors for a pretty long time; those people were more like him when it came to some aspects of life. However, they were somehow different; they'd understand him, but — they'd not be interested in the same things. But his profiling system captivated them for a longer time other students could do, and this was one of his secrets for his success: The feeling of having something in common with everybody.

Probably, I've forgotten many things — again. But time is limited, and I'm bound to continue working now. I hope that more time and events are to arrive; and I hope, too, that you'll accompany me again. Opinions?

Slow
was it's wind.
Strong
was it's power.
Steady
was it's reign.
And never doubted;
as silence
was eternal.

— W.G.

Eyes of plastic,
ears of paper,
mouth of glue,
hair of cable,
nose of wood —
but heart of gold
beneath the shell
of rust.
— W.G.

50 Was it all meant to be?

Originally published: Monday 20th March 2006

Hello! That's me again...

Today has been a day full of new, interesting things. There had been a lot of time to explore, but time for writing was limited, again. However, I'll try to focus on the most important things and hope you share my opinion on that.

He was wondering: Was it all meant to be?

Monday; once more, a day when he *should* see her. However, he'd felt that something would be different that day, and in fact, fate wouldn't prove him to be wrong. The lecture he should have had together with her was cancelled.

She stood there, talking to people he didn't know, while he was reading this fact; in a sudden surge of energy, he managed to walk up to her, touch her on her shoulder and tell her about these news. She was happy, and she began jumping; then, she said goodbye to the people she'd talked to and went with him; he told her that they'd probably be together in the next lecture, as there would be some project, but he didn't know for sure, and she didn't seem to care, really.

And the sudden happiness of him being together with her wouldn't last much longer than this moment, as they were heading to other people who hadn't read these news yet. Well, she informed them, and he could just smile and nod, assuring all these guys. When he was heading to the next board, looking for more information, she was suddenly gone, and he was not about to search her; she'd taken the initiative before, calling him to join her on her way from the auditorium to — well, somewhere else. And now, she had been absorbed by other

people, having dumped him; he was getting used to that, as she'd done so pretty often, at least, since she was together with her current boyfriend.

Some time was passing; he was together with P. and her friend again, and pretty happy in that company. Later that day, somebody would ask him whether P. was interested in a relationship with him or not; he answered truthfully that he didn't know. When asked for his own perspective, he answered the same, which was true, too.

He didn't know a thing, it occurred to him. However, he'd still be together with so many people; He knew them pretty well, but he didn't know what they were really thinking about him. Thus, it had also come as a shock when he'd heard from somebody that his best friend was getting tired of what he kept doing; of course, he'd known that this would happen; but he'd never believed that he'd tell anybody, or at least, that he'd tell him first. The only thing that reassured him was the fact that he seemed to feel guilty whenever any inquiry on that topic was done by our protagonist.

I notice that I've just started to talk about something else while I was trying to tell you about O.; probably, this is a sign of success; probably, it's not. He didn't really care right now. But the day was to continue; it was not yet finished. He was to talk to several professors, and all of them would be happy to do so; he was friends with everybody, of every age and generation, of course. Sometimes, he'd feel like the person who knew everything at this university; but he knew that he knew nothing about the things only a person itself could know about.

He felt cold, and began to shiver, though it was pretty warm; suddenly, he felt he was lonely, though he was deeply integrated in society.

L.-B. had been with him for some longer moment that day, as she'd asked him for help, and he'd never denied such a proposal from nobody. Probably, he couldn't do so, but he tried to escape, as she'd wished to go somewhere where P. couldn't watch the two of them — somewhere, where she'd have been alone with him. He'd managed to prevent this from happening, though he hadn't really explained her *why* he'd wished *not* to go there; as persons who were in love would never allow themselves to bother the people they loved, she had to accept, as soon

as she'd notice that he was bothered. Gladly, she'd noticed this time, as she didn't seem to be able to make out such — sometimes subtle, sometimes apparent — moods.

He knew how to treat her, but she didn't understand the messages he'd send. The moment when she was criticizing P. was one of the singular times when he'd really tell somebody about his real opinion: That P. *didn't* go on his nerves, and that she wasn't *that* bad a person at all. She decided to change the topic then, but he'd already learnt what to make of that low noises she'd make now and then; he could notice how she dealt with the things she heard, and she was the perfect person to learn about human interaction, as everything seemed apparent with her. The problem was, that she was too simple; of course, he'd never fear that she'd read these texts, and even if she would do so, she'd never find out that she was L.-B. Though she liked reading, he knew that she was different; that black part of her aura was missing, and though she could simply deal with other people, she'd never go further than some special point; all of her relationships seemed shallow. When you'd talk to her for two minutes, you could realize that, and when you knew about her, you could be sure that she'd never had a boyfriend, and, in fact, you'd wonder if she'd ever be together with anybody you could make friends with.

He could hear the radio in the background while he was writing; he wondered whether it would really do him something good if he listened to a German station; would it help him to learn any German? Well, the radio was pretty low, so he could still concentrate on this here; but he was prepared to record anything special that would come in via the receiver, and he'd use a method of continuous buffering so as to be able to record something *after* it had been sent. Technical devices were really interesting these days; but life was more complex. This was the method to keep harmony: When life would become more comfortable by progress, social interaction would be the more complicated, as the topics one could know about had increased wildly, which meant that two experts could join each other, and the only knowledge they'd have in common was the weather. Thus, this was one of the most used tactics to make friends with somebody: Talking about something

everybody knew about. But if we'd all be specialized on something, such things would become rare; progress was indeed destroying our social interaction in many ways.

But we shall continue with the story: He was in the library, with P. and her friend. Y. and her friend would soon walk up to him, asking whether he could join them for some minutes later on to help them with some work, the same L.-B. had already done and would now want him to check. He agreed, of course, and he was much happier to do so than he'd been with L.-B., as she'd phoned him yesterday without any real reason, just asking whether he could spare a minute *only* for her, to have a look at this work. She forced him to correct it with a pen, but he could escape her offer to bring something for him in return. This offer was so strong it was close to being rude, and he could really make out the sound in her voice when she'd greeted another girl walking up to them; it was one of her single 'friends'. She would not greet her happily, though she was smiling; L.-B. seemed embarrassed about her presence, but this girl wouldn't go away, and he was happy about that, as it made things easier to keep L.-B. away. She had always turned towards him, while he'd looked the other way, and he had managed to escape the touch of her legs in an astounding effort. No, men were *not* always searching for that single thing everybody was talking about. Even those 'primitive creatures' would be proud and select carefully. At least, he did, and L.-B. wasn't selected.

However, he wondered whether things would develop in a similar way to these films, where the protagonist didn't like the girl which had always loved him; and finally, they'd end up as couple. But he felt it wouldn't be this way with L.-B., as those people had never realized the love of the girls they'd finally end up with.

He had, and he was happy that he could prevent her from putting it into practice. When she'd phoned him, he'd finally managed to get rid of her quite quickly; and once, he'd even had a philosophic discussion with her, and he'd known she wouldn't be able to take part in it, really; she'd tried, and finally, she had to accept his position as she hadn't known what she could do otherwise.

He was together with P. again when O. and B.-B. would enter the

library. They'd greet him politely, while this greeting could also have applied to anybody else there, but he was the only person who'd really shown any reaction. They were searching for some book, and he *could* have helped them, while he only told them where it *should* have been. B.-B. found something quite old-fashioned; while she was searching, O. was half-standing, half-sitting on a table, in a way you could see her profile very well. She was still beautiful, and in his mind's eye, things could have gone differently...

But it was too late now. And, in fact, it could all have been an illusion. He managed to talk to P. and look at O. at the same time without any of them noticing it; he could do many things like these, as a short flicker of an eye could be interpreted as a nervous reaction or a sign of a lack of sleep; nobody would believe that anybody could just take a look at somebody else. And even looking somewhere else — preferably, at some point in the air behind that person — was to be managed easily, as nobody would like to show you how rude you were not to look into his / her eyes directly; and some people never did so. He could, but he could also do without if that did him some good.

When B.-B. and O. were leaving, he felt he could have shown them whatever information they were searching for on the computer; but they *could* also have asked him, though they'd probably not realized that the internet could also contain such information. On the other hand, P. was sitting next to him, and he felt it was too late — again. This morning, he'd also taken something that had fallen to the floor, giving it to somebody else who would have had to bow herself; he didn't know whether things like these were signs, possibilities, chances — or nothing.

But he knew that the world was based on a wave, on many waves, which would join in interference and harmony; the strings, which would probably be the base of the universe, of all matter, could probably transfer that frequency to the macrocosm, to our life — who'd know as long as the theory wasn't completed? Who could tell if all those things that happened — which were indeed arranged in the form of a wave — were based on that frequency that would also make matter exist? Who could explain the result of the existence of all that matter

we couldn't characterize? Would there be some interaction with the thing we called 'consciousness'? Was consciousness itself a result of that wave, and was the interference or the harmony of it the basis of everything we feeld and conceived?

Who could tell? He remembered the time when he had been pretty small, playing games on the computer, and changing the games when he longed for something else; some system had developed itself, and in the sort of a wave he'd repeatedly liked to play this now and that then, followed by this again, concluding with the other thing. Then, he'd first noticed that foundation of life on a wave, and he'd learned that he should do some logging on his likes and dislikes over time; this was the first moment he'd wished to do scientific research. But before he could do so, he had ceased to play such games after the system of the wave had stopped to flow, beginning to be chaotic before it had finally broke completely. The day was still not finished.

He'd see B.-B. again, when she'd bring that book back; O. wasn't with her, and B.-B. just smiled for a greeting. Finally, this was the time he'd noticed that the two of them had really found such an old book and taken it, as he hadn't watched B.-B. so closely before. His focus had been on O., once more.

This day, he'd also been asked which kind of girl he'd like; he hadn't really answered, explaining that people who had an image clear in mind would always end up with the opposite — which was true, in fact. But we're not to discuss on that facts of life; you can find out about these on your own.

Today, he'd learned that the boy who had been after P. was now together with his former girlfriend again, in exactly the way P. had predicted — and hoped for — it. She'd shaken our protagonist today when she'd learned about the lecture being cancelled — that was P. alive.

The next things we should focus on have happened in the late afternoon and in the evening. Well, he had been granted the possibility to talk to P.'s friend again before she'd have to go to catch the bus; later, he'd seen her again, but he wasn't sure whether she'd missed the bus which he had to catch; just because she'd liked to talk to him.

Well, he wasn't equal to that, but he couldn't do a thing about it now.

In addition to that, he'd also been able to wave at B.-B. while she was driving home in her car; next, he could wave at G., while O. was sitting in the back; at first, he'd wondered where she was, till he'd realized that she'd raised her hand, too; in the front, there was this girl he'd often met in the bus the last weeks. Well, we can't go into detail right now; time's running out.

But I don't want to keep this from you: He'd also been together with Y. and her friend to help the two of them, and he'd felt guilty as he'd let the two of them wait. Then, he'd also organized many things that day; he had been visited in the evening, and some old 'friend' — he was not so sure about that word — asked him for something that was a normal favour everybody would have done. He agreed, of course — he wouldn't argue about things like these even with people he didn't know.

Then, just some minutes after G. and O. had gone, he'd seen O.'s best friend, and the two greeted each other by waving two times; he'd also met that girl he'd once talked to in a lecture again, in the room where that painting was located that reminded him of O.; it was still impressive, and he'd just exchanged one look with that girl, leaving the two of them smiling without any reason to do so. This day had been so long, and now, we're bound to finish this text, though it's story is still not told completely. So many details have been forgotten, so many things summed up in short sentences. . . We'll probably have a look at them at some later time, if you decide to join me again. . . Any opinions?

Today,
 when he was thinking about the interference of the waves
 of life,
 he'd seen
 that everything
 was meant to be.
 When he opened the book in front of him,
 randomly,

G.'s colour was to be seen;
quite exactly her colour.
And the topic of that pages was
interference.
Shall we search for a meaning
in what is meant to be?
Or isn't that meant to be?
— W.G.

Cruelty
is the basis of joy.
Pain
is the expression of hope.
For without pain —
or the vision of it —
we'd never hope.
And without the experience
of cruelty
we'd never be capable
of feeling happy.
— W.G.

51 Abysmal Heaven & Towering Hell

Originally published: Tuesday 21st March 2006

Hi, once more!

Another day had just passed by, and many things have happened which were of concern to him; he'd already contemplated a lot, and was now caught by the complex silence of his own mind. Let's try to have a look at it together...

He was standing in front of it as we all were: Abysmal Heaven & Towering Hell.

Tuesday — a special day, this time. He would contemplate, remember the time when one of his professors told him that he should write books after he'd answered something in one or two short sentences, just using a special technique of putting what he wanted to say; others had given shorter answers, and they were blamed because they hadn't thought of any more. This single sentence she'd said him, the look upon her face, the expression of her eyes — she'd meant it.

Probably, this was one of the reasons why he started writing, as it gave him the confidence to be able to do so; on the other hand, it was simply giving him the possibility to cope with his life, as writing is contemplation, and for him, thinking about everything in detail was his life.

But before we get lost in contemplation again, we shall have a look at those details I've promised to add — those things I've forgotten yesterday. Some pretty short things: He'd — once more — talked to one of P's friends, and she was the person to address him — not the other

way round. Then, B. hadn't answered, but was friendly nevertheless — he didn't dare asking her again. But there was something else, something we should have a closer look on; something he'd learned about G., and some conclusion he'd made about O.'s character as a consequence of that.

But we'll start with something he'd just heard about G. from a person that seemed to show interest in nearly all girls; and he'd even heard about him going on O.'s and Y.'s nerves. G., however, seemed to have told him her opinion about some object; and when he took that opinion he'd now heard from that boy for real, as G. hadn't been as ironic as O. had always been, but quite the opposite instead, he'd have to come to a new conclusion. The machinery of solving a new maze was put into action, again; some minutes, or sometimes some hours later, he would think differently. The jigsaw puzzle was soon solved; several facts he'd once learned would lead to a new conclusion, if they were connected in the right way. G. was different from the person he'd taken her for. He'd always believed that there was some deep and powerful, sub-emotional talent to be found which would allow her to learn about life, and about the basic foundation of the world; now, this idea was shaken to the ground, when he realized that there was a different motivation behind the social interaction. Of course, that was totally natural, and she would act like all others would do; he couldn't help but smile, when he remembered the contents of the book 'Stranger in a Strange Land' by Robert A. Heinlein. The original version would have to be cut before publishing, as it contained too many offending parts for its time; he'd read the uncut original, which had been reconstructed later. It proclaimed the main intention of all human beings, and made things simple, which was normally a pretty long and complex progress. Thus, this book contained some main ideas about life itself:

The basic fear humans would show when something new, something unknown would arrive; they'd rather destroy it than try to explore. The basic instincts which were the gain of property and the possibility — or the wish — to see others nude. The basic idea of religion — it was to be a sort of entertainment.

Well, some things were rather extreme; but in fact, our world is still based on such rules, and our ‘sophisticated’ ideologies are just systems to hide these basic ideas, as we don’t like to have a look at them. So, what had he learned about G.? She’d probably show these basic instincts, and he was disillusionized, as he’d hoped that there were other people who’d successfully tried to conceal these. However, he felt that this made her more truthful — but on the other hand, he knew that it made her look stupid in these times.

So — what had he hoped for? He’d hoped for something, for somebody perfect, somebody without these human flaws, or at least somebody who’d try to learn about them, in the way he was doing all the time. With G., he felt that this hope was probably gone; she’d not be a person he could start a serious relationship with. He’d now just realized that the basic flaw of love was the difference between the physical preference for somebody and the reality of a stable relationship — probably, it was impossible to join these two ideas forever. Probably, they would sum up to zero again. And which impact did this have on his view upon O.?

He’d thought about her the same way he’d thought about G., and their characters were in some way comparable, though they had developed quite differently, especially in the last years. Their former friendship was now just a system of give and take, and they had got used to it; probably, this was to be the fate of all stronger friendships, to make us copy the opposite features of the person we like. Right now, he was wondering whether it was the same with O.; his mind began working, but there was too small an amount of information to judge on her right now; however, he was also unable to answer this question negatively. The problem was that she was a kind of easy-going character, somebody vivid who’d take life as it is and make most of it. This made it nearly impossible for him to find out if there was something else in her, some part which would like to find out about human nature and about the nature of herself. However, he felt pretty strongly that it could be this way, while he knew that this could just be an interpretation based on the still-not-completely-extinguished feelings.

This day, G. hadn't been there, and O. had left earlier, though both of them should have stayed to the end; he felt that she wasn't taking everything serious right now, which was another change in her character. But he himself was changing even more: P. and her friend had given him the ability to deal with people without the steady fear of a word escaping his mouth which would render the social intercourse a social struggle. Now, he was the one his friends would send somewhere to ask somebody; he knew the fear they had, and he realized that he was losing it. Which meant that he was becoming more equal to O...

He'd taken pictures of her, her best friend, B.-B. and some others that day; this time, she hadn't ignored him, but stood there happily, waiting for him to press the button. She had even waited when he had to go to the process for two times because of a technical problem. And then, he'd found a reason to walk up to her: He would show her the picture on the display. But no real conversation was to start.

He'd done so with O.'s best friend and some others, too; O.'s best friend seemed not to be together with O. all the time now, and he wondered whether this was some sign of change.

He realized that paradoxa where the basis of stability; he'd learned that by looking at all those details around him. Then, he'd also tried to find out about the so-called 'mid-life crisis': He'd noticed that it just meant people realizing that life would go on without them, and that they seemed to exist without importance. It took a whole bunch of time to be able to accept that the people around oneself would act independently, no matter if you were there; and it took some year to realize that you had to be part of it for the sake of the system, for most people, that is.

He was still in the process of realizing these facts, but he knew about the aim, and he knew that this process of finding the world and oneself position in it would probably repeat itself nevertheless; but he wouldn't think about that now.

Something else had happened: He'd now gained more self-confidence and was building up a real character. Thus, he'd told the 'Evil One with the Glasses' his *real* opinion about something. He knew that she would probably be offended; she was, in fact, but she told him.

Their friendship wasn't changed, it seemed, however. Finally, she knew more about him now than O. had known, as he hadn't told her so many things, because he had always evaded the things that could have offended her. However, his opinion seemed to be more like that of her current boyfriend. . . He wouldn't think about the probability of them having similar characters.

Some thoughts were too cruel to think, and some too happy; but finally, he'd always liked the extreme, and he'd long ago imagined all this, feeling once more that life was a wave. The only thing he'd have to do was to wait for the next maximum, minimum or zero concerning his relationship(s); the problem was that he wouldn't know when this point would close in.

And he'd also realized something else: His close friendship with O. had only worked because he had ignored her; real love was always based on some conflict. L.-B.'s love was, and his ignorance in the past had been.

Sometimes, he felt that timing was important, indeed; but there was also the importance of a 'breakthrough-event' which would link to people who had been apart or in struggle together. This hope would be kept, and he felt that his self-determination was indeed limited extremely by that outlook on life. But this was the way it was, and we'll see what's yet to come — the next time. For now, I'm tired to the death, and even less time will be available the next days. I hope you'll stay with me. . . And tell me your opinions. . .

His best friend
 had been close to finding out about all this;
 but he had noticed,
 and been a good actor,
 as he'd always been;
 his profiling system was hiding his life,
 his emotions,
 and his character;
 he was trying to break through that shell
 in a tremendous effort;

would he succeed without destruction?
— W.G.

If everything was relative,
then nothing was absolute;
but zero had to be.
Thus, relativity was illusion;
at least, when it came to things apart from matter,
to the basics of our thoughts,
the harmony of the universe,
and the interference
the wave of life
would create.
— W.G.

52 When the Wind Blows

Originally published: Friday 24th March 2006

Hello! Here we go again. . .

Several days have been gone, and another bunch of notes is waiting; however, I'm not feeling as eager to write today as I've felt the last day, but this is probably a result of me having enough time to do so today. However, I'm still planning; currently, I'm discussing with OliFre to rebuild the page so as to make it possible for me to write some other texts, as I feel that my life is more than reality; Yes, there should always be a foundation of fact, but also a fictional story can give you the wisdom to deal with reality, if it's based on something real; and everything man writes is.

My life seems to be quite stable at the moment, and without any real happy event; thus, I'll try to continue reporting you what is happening, and probably do something more: A more happy, fictional story in another thread which may be more interesting than that thing we call reality, at least, when it's not told in real-time as this story here has to be.

You can look forward to my adding some other topic, but it will probably take me some weeks, as OliFre has to rebuild the page so as to contain several stories and as I have to free some more time; probably I'll start at some time around Easter.

For now, we shall have a look at all those things that had impressed me the last days.

Cold, warm, shocking and lovely at the same time: When the Wind Blows.

Three days had gone by, and many interesting things had happened; but before we start dealing with these in a chronological order (*as far as that is possible*), there is something that has to be added. He had seen O. in the newspaper some days ago, but just managed to forget about it when he started writing once more. When he'd searched the paper for faces he knew, there was one picture, showing her, him and several other students. The interesting thing about that was that, when the picture was taken, he had thought about exactly this situation and decided not to believe that it would ever come true; it simply was too unrealistic, and for that reason, it *had* come true. The next important thing about him seeing that picture was the fact that he'd seen O. first, and then felt some shock before he realized that it was really O. he was seeing; and it was just some seconds later that he noticed himself standing beside her.

O.'s best friend and some of his friends were there, too; it took him some time to get back to normal to be able to identify his fellow students.

But that was something quite normal in comparison to the thing that had happened today; not only had he heard her name on the radio (*a person sharing that name with her was greeting somebody because of a birthday*), but the special 'coincidence' of this day could **not** be regarded as *random* anymore. This very day, an orange car stood in front of his house; this was usual, though cars were rarely parked just there. His granny would try to read the text on the door just some seconds after he'd noticed it, and he could hear her voice from below; but before she started, she repeated one word *exactly* three times: ORANGE, ORANGE, ORANGE, accentuating these words in a way so they *should* sound funny.

For him, they didn't, as he'd already noticed that something was to happen, though he hadn't yet made the connection to O.

Then, his granny would try to read out the text, but she couldn't see as well as he could anymore; thus, she read it wrongly the first

time just to correct it later on. The checksum of the most important word printed on a sign on a door of the small truck — as it was a truck from a firm — was five, which was equivalent to the checksums of O's name and the name of her boyfriend. Then, the thing happened which made him feel another shock: His granny asked her partner whether he'd already taken the *sunflowers* out of the car. Sunflowers — O's favourite flowers, it dawned on him. This was no coincidence, this was a sign.

The car of the person that worked just on the other side of the road was parked on this side now, and the plate showed O's birthdate, but this was something he'd come to ignore, having realized that it could be the birthdate of that man, too. This should have made him sensitive for such signs, but he hadn't realized the meaning up to now. That car of that man was parked exactly at the place where O's car had stood once, for a minute or so; he should have figured that out. But he hadn't, as his system was working well.

But what did all this mean? Was O. gone, or would she return? What had happened, what was to come?

These questions were arousing again, and he couldn't help but think about them this time, at least, when it came to the meaning of the signs. His answer was nothing clear, and probably, this was the way it should be; however, it still showed him that there was *something* or *somebody* out there.

He was surprised when he noticed just some minutes ago why he hadn't been eager to start writing that day: His mind was full of swirling thoughts, and he began to feel turned upside down. The swirling wouldn't stop, but writing down everything would help, and he was just regaining confidence.

Thus, we may now begin with the chronological order: Wednesday. This was a long day, full of work and without any time left for himself. He'd meet P. and her friend(s) again, and it was probably that day when he noticed something pretty interesting: Sometimes, when P's friend stood behind him, looking what he was doing, she'd breathe in such a way that her breath could be sensed by him exactly behind his right ear. He felt a strong friendship, and he wasn't sure about the

exact meaning of this; something else P.'s friend had just introduced some days ago was some special way of saying goodbye with the right hand: She used this technique with P. and him, and he liked to do so. However, L.-B. seemed to ignore that, though he would have liked her to notice it so as to see that he was *not* interested in her. Probably, she did, and it was just her jealousy which made her show even more interest.

But before we lose ourselves again in such discussions, I shall list the recent events, as time's now running out again; In the beginning, I thought I'd be through by now, and there was plenty of time; Now, it's all gone.

Wednesday, he'd seen some money lying on the floor, but forgot to take it after the lecture was finished; however, he talked with somebody about it (*one of his friends*) which he wouldn't have done a year before. This was something that would point out his change of character: Suddenly, he was open-minded and in the middle of society.

Something else was quite special: He'd had a reason to phone B., and he'd done so, while she seemed to talk quite fast when answering him; but she was offering him her help, in a way few would have done. He felt that her talking quickly was no sign of nervousity, but of a lack of time; all sensible people lacked time. However, he felt that O. didn't, which made her even more interesting. . .

The next day, she seemed not as interested as she should have been in the outcome of that call; he'd had to ask her, but he did so after only seconds of wating for the right moment, and he repeated his question two times, adding her name the second time so she felt that she was meant.

And this process — adding the name of the person he addressed — was something he'd rarely done, though he knew that it would please people. Now, he was even feeling that it was normal to say 'Hello!' and 'Goodbye!' to people he didn't know *that* well.

These were the most important things that had taken place; everything else seemed normal, as far as that is possible. But there's something we should add: B. seemed a bit rude when he asked her whether she'd received his message, but he had understood, though he was pretty

sure he'd have reacted differently; but this was the prerogative of humanity: To be different, to be individual.

He felt he was doing the right thing, while he understood that the special sign of the orange car of that day was probably just a summary, showing that he'd understood O. wrongly the first time, like his granny had read the words the wrong way, while others could have seen easily. He wasn't sure about all that, and it's meaning was not revealed to him — not now. Probably, it should not.

But there's something else we've forgotten: His friends had played something quite silly on him, just assuming he was a bit older and married with P.'s friend, having a child. Once, they'd even done so when P. was there, and he'd told her the story, leaving out that he was meant to be married to her friend, while he didn't know why he hadn't told her. Probably, this was a question of denial or not denial.

He was left with a swirling mind and felt dizzy; he was tired to the death, and needed some sleep. Still, he hopes he'll be able to continue soon and see you again, right here. . . . And your opinions, of course. . .

The roof
of the building on the other side of the street
was under repair;
the building
where that person worked
which was linked to O.
by that number
on the plate.
The roof —
protection from nature,
protection from one's own nature?
Was O. denying her own character?
Was that the reason of her changing?
He wouldn't know;
he wouldn't like to know
whether a shell may be transformed
into something not to protect

but to kill the things inside,
slowly, cruelly, finally.
— W.G.

Extermination —
a word full of cruelty.
And nevertheless,
it could mean happiness,
when the situation was different.
The problem of man is:
What is the situation like?
— W.G.

53 Sadness of Hope

Originally published: Monday 27th March 2006

Hello! This is Wilkie Goldentongue speaking, once more!

Special things have happened, and time was limited once more. Now, I'm just going to try to tell you the most important facts about all those events that have just passed by. I hope that you're still with me...

He was realizing that the only possible future was the: Sadness of Hope.

The weekend had just passed, and only some small special details had caught his attention, as there was a big amount of work to do, and he was not to be through it for long.

For that reason, he couldn't remember all the details there were; however, he could still recall the moment when he saw P's name on one page of his calendar, as it was her name day. Of course, as a protestant, this would be of no importance to her; but he was shocked for some seconds, as he didn't make the connection between the name on that piece of paper and its meaning. This was interesting; in fact, he just had a look at those pages at the *end* of each day, and he was quite astonished about the new reaction he'd feel when reading her name; warm feelings of friendship had developed, and though he knew he'd never show them in the not-so-subtle way everyone used, he knew that they were there — and that they were important.

The next day, another name appeared; this one was linked to a book they were reading in a lecture he shared with P., and in fact, it was the name of the protagonist. Life was always interesting; and he knew that it was pretty astonishing, too, what he'd figured out that day.

P.'s friend had developed some special kind of saying goodbye with her hand, and soon P. wasn't using it anymore as she'd felt that the hand of her friend was quite sweaty; he, however, would continue to do it, though he tol P. that he shared her opinion, but had already got used to it. But something else was quite interesting; something that had just ocured to him; maybe it was just a result of the 'P' being located quite close to the 'O' or just some sort of coincidence; but it had already happened at least two times that he'd typed O. rather than P. But as he typed so fast that he could rarley see what his fingers were doing, he wondered whether this was *really* a coincidence; however, he didn't feel any love concerning P., nor did he with O. anymore, at least not on a conscious basis. Today, he'd sat next to O. again, though just one row behind him, there was a seat next to P., one of the single places that was not taken by anybody; probably, it *was* the last seat which had not been taken by anybody, and he just sat in front of it, wondering whether P. would like him to sit down there.

But O. was changed that day; she seemed overturned completely, and her best friend wouldn't sit next to her, thich led our protagonist to assume that something had happened, something of importance.

Wünsche fliegen, Pläne gehen, Taten hinken.

— A Turkish saying

You'll understand why this one is here when you've just continued reading. And this one, two:

Hast du Verstand und Herz, zeige nur eines von beiden.

— Friedrich Hölderlin

I know that these quotations are German, but I happen to like them, and this is the single language I could find them in. So, now there's one for the other Englishmen out there:

Appearances are often deceiving.

— from a small fortune cookie program

So, why are those here? Go on reading to find out. . .

We already know that he sat next to O. this Monday once more, and that P. was sitting behind her, so that she could see the two of them. And we know that O. had changed. . .

But in which way? She was silent. The usual happiness and the vivid manner was gone, suddenly. There was nothing of her that would remain, only her beauty; and when he looked at her once more, he felt he shouldn't do so, as this would endanger him once more. Now, he knew what was so wrong with him: Sense and Sensibility should *not* be shown in company, as we've learned above in that German quotation. He had done, and now, both seemed broken and were in need of repair; thus, he'd jump at anything there was out there.

So he did, and he felt that only reason held him back — and his bashfulness. The warm feeling in his stomach, when he was talking to P., and all the others standing together in other groups he'd never really belonged too; but that was the thing with boys: Certain groups would share their interests, and somehow, they'd stay together; once and then, this would change, but some people were simply too different to take part. If they did, there would be very string friendships, and they'd break down after the time of one or two years, just a normal friendship remaining. This was the very same thing that could happen with love affairs, and he knew that this was the Sadness of Hope. He wondered whether O.'s appearance was really deceiving; then, when some things happened which should have made her laughing, she didn't; she just sat there, quietly, as if she hadn't noticed. The break would reveal some more, as her best friend would then walk up to her; O. would want to tell her something secret, but he seemed to be among the persons that were trusted, while the two of them tried to talk without B.-B. noticing it; and O. was even too sad to go out of the room to tell her best friend about it. Thus, he could catch up some phrases, just making out that she'd have to visit the doctor in the afternoon. However, she wouldn't like to do so; something forced her to. The only thing, she said, that was happy about it, was the fact that she'd miss the second part of one lecture; this was something he'd never have believed her to have said some months ago, but life was

apparently changing all the time.

She seemed to be, too. Her mood, which was completely full of sadness, would now change a bit; sometimes, there would be that happy smile he loved so much. Before, he'd promised himself that he'd ask her about it when the break arrived, but when he saw her best friend heading for her, and P. looking at him, he couldn't do so anymore. He thought that this would probably be a sign of her having ended her relationship with her boyfriend, but after he'd heard that thing with the doctor, he'd rather believe that she was pregnant, though this was completely impossible.

She'd never quit university because of a pregnancy, and she wouldn't risk it. But she was unhappy about that visit she'd had to do in the late afternoon, and he couldn't do a thing but trying to cheer her up. He succeeded in doing so, without even noticing he was doing it; the two of them would simply fit together, probably, but he didn't know if that would really be a good foundation for a long relationship. However, it could be a basis. . .

He'd made her laughing once more, and it was easier in the second part of that lecture, as she seemed to have lost that eternal sadness; at least, some of it.

She'd now be smiling once more, and he was happy to see that. One thought had occurred to him: If her boyfriend had left him, and if she was pregnant and willing to bear all these problems; would he still accept her?

Yes; this was the answer. But he felt that this would probably a problem with his parents; and though these were very important to him, he felt that she would be more important, if things were really going this way. But he was sure they weren't.

In the next two short breaks, he'd do something for one of P.'s friends, and he'd help her gladly; once more, he felt that he was everybody's friend and was still alone.

If music be the food of love, play on.
— William Shakespeare

Music; he'd once again started to use this impressive storage of feelings.

More than a year had gone by since the days when he'd listened to all of the songs he had, and he knew that listening to them once more would probably give him a hard time; in addition to that, it had been one of the 'triggers' — sort of — that had been there before there was the *real* friendship with O., and though he'd buried the hope since long, the sadness of these songs could probably do him some good, as they'd be the recompense for the happiness that would probably arrive.

But he knew that the system of waves he'd found out about couldn't be betrayed, and thus, his time to listen to the music and the ability to interpret it was suddenly limited. Nevertheless, he'd try to do so.

Wer den Kopf nicht hebt, kann die Sterne nicht sehen.
— An Armenian saying

He knew he had to do something to change the world, and he hoped that this music could help him to do so.

But there are still some things we've forgotten about Friday; a girl he'd often talked to in the bus — he'd often gone on her nerves, in fact, but she seemed to like that childish game — was suddenly making contact again. This was the girl that would have liked to disguise him some weeks ago; probably, you may remember her. She was another black person, and she was something special, too; the sister of one of her friends he'd also known from the bus — the one his parents had assumed him to have a relationship with in that silly game they liked to play — was now often sitting next to him in the morning, while he'd lost contact to the 'Evil one with the Glasses' for the last days. That small girl was funny, but nothing more; and that girl with the colour of black around her was interesting, but she had a boyfriend, and she was not the girl he'd have liked to be together with for eternity, he knew somehow. However, she'd remembered something he'd told her once, and he could hardly remember that; this showed that she *was* in some way interested in him, even if that way was jsut a friendship. But she would not show so publicly, when he was talking to her, she wouldn't stop if she was on her way home, but end the conversation quickly and say 'Goodbye!'.

The other day, the small brother of R. had tried to make out a girl for him, but for our protagonist, this was just some sort of a game he'd play for the sake of that boy. And once more, we're nearly finished for this time; the only thing I want to act is the fact that a professor had offered him a ride, which impressed him even more as this was one of the professors that seemed so distanced from the students, though she'd always been different with him.

Now, sleep is the only thing I need. I know that it won't last very long, but it's important. I beg you to stay tuned... And give me your opinions, of course...

A lightning
 was connecting the clouds
 in the summertime;
 Rain
 would connect heaven and earth
 in spring and autumn.
 But what was it,
 that unnamed,
 powerful thing
 that could link people?
 Was it friendship?
 Or rather love?
 What was the basis of all this?
 Can we really answer this question
 without questioning ourselves?
 — W.G.

Sad people
 were all around.
 Tired students
 were running to and fro.
 Dizzy
 was he, standing in the middle of all that,
 knowing that there was a centre of thought

in all of them,
and happiness
lying ahead;
and pain, of course,
as eternity was awaiting all of them.
— W.G.

54 Feeling of Change

Originally published: Friday 31st March 2006

Hi! Nice to see you again!

As you may have noticed, there was quite a long break now; this means that a lot of things have happened, and especially, that I have experienced many developments — inside myself, and in my environment. You'll find out what I want to tell you if you just go ahead. . .

He was experiencing a: Feeling of Change.

This week had been hard, and interesting, but this is the same, as good and bad things always go together. This was proved when he'd just written about a quarter of a page, when his editor crashed and the text was lost; he'd have to start over once more. So he did.

The most shocking event of this week was that thing — that misunderstanding — of B., for she'd told him after he'd asked her whether she'd received his explanatory message: 'Yes, but I've thought that this discussion was finished, wasn't it?' Of course, he'd thought that this would mean that her opinion about it was fixed. Well, just on Monday evening (or had it been Tuesday?), he'd realized that she was thinking the other way round. That thingy wasn't blocked anymore.

He'd just found out now, and he was *not* eager to tell her the truth about his former thoughts. However, this made him happy once more, as he'd realized that he had *not* estimated her completely wrong.

On the other hand, this arose some more questions he wouldn't like to answer. Today, he had talked to B.'s best friend, realizing that she wasn't feeling pretty well — as she told him so — and that she was still as shy as she'd always been. This meant that her intellect, which

was indeed something special, would only unfold when in company with B.; however, B. seemed to be a person that liked to be on herself, sometimes, having strong friendships with that girl and especially R.

People who needed time for themselves — *eremites* — would always be interesting for somebody who searched for a complex character. However, he knew he would just watch these interesting beings. Then, there was something else he'd forgotten to tell you on Monday: O. had been in need of a piece of paper, and she'd rather turned back to ask her best friend than to ask him. Probably, this was just one consequence of the fact that she didn't want to feel as if she exploited him; most people *did* exploit him, and in fact, he wished she did.

But she didn't, and his mind was left boiling when all those new things closed in and he was lacking time to sleep properly. And then, there were those signs; those things he didn't want to think about. Yesterday, it had been the name day of O., in a way, as it was her nickname he found on the piece of paper that was his calendar; he'd never known that there was a day like this. Hadn't he noticed this one the last year? He didn't know, but he remembered the time when he was together with O., just one year ago. . .

It was all gone, and it would not return. Then, in a lecture, he'd just opened a book on a page whose number would remind him of O. and G.; he'd think that it would be pretty funny to think that this was in any way connected with O. The contents of the page seemed quite normal, but then. . .

The student next to him, who was currently talking to the professor, used a word that would be chosen quite rarely; he'd just heard it about five to ten times **a year**. Last year — or the year before, he wasn't so sure about that anymore — G. had used it to describe him.

He felt the way she meant it, but when you looked it up in the dictionary, there was a negative association with it. However, he felt that she was thinking the same way he'd always thought about that word: It was something rather positive. And that word had just been used by that student *next* to him, while he'd just looked at *exactly* that page, with *exactly* that thoughts coming to his mind. . .

Either, the world was cruel — or his mind was. Probably, this was

to be something positive in the end. For now, he'd just stop thinking about it; it had happened today, on Friday.

Something else was also quite interesting: He hadn't understood P. when she'd symbolized him to take a seat next to her, and thus, they didn't sit next to each other for one lecture. Then, he'd noticed that this would probably do them some good, as coming too close meant preparing a struggle. Still, he hoped that such thoughts were profoundly wrong, as they were creepy and scared him with their powerful seriousness and the impossibility to doubt them. They seemed to be like facts. . .

Then, he'd always thought he had an extraordinary kind of moral, but his best friend had not understood the way he was doing something and pleaded him guilty; their friendship wasn't broken, of course, but it would be hard to change his view on that subject — but he'd try, and probably, he'd be successful.

His mind was racing once more, so many things he had to do, and such a bunch of information that had arrived; he knew that time was valuable, and that it always ran short.

And then, there was Y. She'd once more asked him for help *before* she'd need it, and she was feeling as if she exploited his abilities; he'd often reassured her she wasn't, and told her that it was fun for him to help her, but she wouldn't listen. He wondered why she'd listened to that boy which had been her boyfriend for some month, while she'd never have accepted him if she knew something more; but she seemed not to wish to find out. However, she seemed intelligent, and he felt that she could do better — a lot better. He decided that he'd ask her whether she'd like to learn some methods he was using, if he'd ever meet her alone again, which happens quite rarely in university.

This was the change in the environment; of course, P. was now also changed, as she'd accept his newly developing character, and P.'s friend did the same. But these are consequences of the changes inside, and we shall now have a look at them.

The most interesting thing was the fact that he seemed to have managed to forget about O. — consciously, that is. Only some things that had been burnt in — like those numbers or the sight her car —

were left, but his on these reactions seemed to vanish, too. Slowly, but they did.

And this left room for development: Suddenly, he could talk to people, and he was trusting more and more of these other beings out there; P. had taught him to do so by her way of acting, and her friend had done so, too. He knew that the foundation of that development still were the things he'd learned from O., but he'd realized that this *had been*. Now, he was somebody else; he had an identity, and people *knew* him — and would remember him as somebody special who'd accept them all as his friends, though he still maintained an own opinion. This was a development of his profiling system; it becomes apparent when we have a look at some recent event from today: L.-B. had just been walking down some path together with many other students, while he was trying to catch up with P., walking now just some 20 metres behind her. L.-B. was some 20 metres away, too, and he hoped she wouldn't see him; no, he *believed* she wouldn't, which meant that she did, of course. Still, even though he was drowsy, he could see her, and he decided not to turn his head and walk on with this silly hope.

But she caught up quickly; she must've run *very* fast. Only some seconds later, she touched his shoulder, and excused herself as she'd thought she had startled him; she had, in a negative way, but he wouldn't tell her; this was something he'd already discussed with P., and he'd explained her that telling L.-B. about it would lead to a discussion that wouldn't end until she'd feel he'd decided to think differently. He didn't want that, as he could now pretend not to have noticed; then, he would have to lie to her directly to make her go.

She'd tried to talk to him a bit, but his answers were short and even an interesting joke of hers wouldn't change a thing. With P., he'd probably have laughed about it, and when he reached the bus stop, he told the complete story to P.

His mother had told him that he should rather stay without girlfriend, but with good friends, which would make things easier; P. had told the same, as you may remember. He hoped for something special to happen, but he didn't know what was to be.

For now, he was happy that he was finished, as he could rarely type correctly, because he was — once more — tired to the death. Nevertheless, you may look forward towards more to come — later on. Please stay with me. . . And what about your opinions?

Knowledge
is full of fear,
as it gives us the power
to reason.

Reason
is trying to find out
how to deal with knowledge.

And this process
is painful.

— W.G.

Sleep
is close to death.
And death
is close to heaven —
and to hell.

There's good and bad
in everything.

Why don't we realize?
Because we want to live
properly, and happily,
thus destroying ourselves.

— W.G.

55 Ultimate Betrayal?

Originally published: Tuesday 4th April 2006

Hi!

Nice to see you're still with me. . .

This time, I'll just give you a short report on the recent events; soon, there'll be more time, but this will be accompanied by the fact that not real information is to come — probably. A new story is to be introduced in the next weeks, probably even in the next days; OliFre is still working on the new system, as he tries to do something perfect, in quite the sammer manner I always like to do things. However, this takes some time, and I know that something perfect can grow forever.

So: Please be patient, go on reading — and tell me about your thoughts!

Was this the: Ultimate Betrayal?

Yes, that was the thing he was wondering about; what should he do? But before we start thinking about that, you as the reader shall be given some more information on all the things that had happened in the last few days after a quiet weekend full of work. Thus, we shall start with Monday.

The day, when he saw O. once more, and this time, she was not as sad as she had been the last time, but full of joy, as she'd always been. He would not be able to fetch any more information, but this time, he would be able to talk to her for some minutes, and the conversation would be 'The Way Old Friends Do'. For those who don't know about

the song which is entitled with this five words: It's about the end of a relationship and the beginning of individuality once more. Thus, it was a conversation between friends; but we shall first have a look at some more details. For a start, she still accepted his sitting next to her, and seemed to enjoy it; he was remembered of the evening when she'd told G. that she would like to sit next to him; the day when he talked to her very long, as none of her 'real' friends was there; the evening when she would even be together with him when her boyfriend arrived. . .

Then, he'd felt it was some kind of friendship, though she was still kept in the thought that there was something special between the two of them — which was true. When it came to food, she seemed to be sure that he'd eat the same things she did — this kind of similarity was something she'd figured out, and he knew about that, though he was not completely the same concerning all those things. Still, it was something special. . .

It had gone. And now, he was just sitting there in front of his computer, this time with headphones on, English music ringing through his brain, washing the thoughts and aligning all of them in a row now and then, swirling them around the next moment, just to sort them once more, giving insight, emotional reactions and making one stupid, sometimes. Music was a dream, but this was part of evolution: The good things would be sorted out, and the others would die. Music was the catalyst for the evolution of thought.

And he just sat there, listening to it, typing in a horrible speed, disregarding the fact that it would probably be something that would influence the condition of his keyboard and his language in a negative way; writing a text, a book, his *Life in a Nutshell* to remember HER and to cope with that memory. Poor being, he was. Rich in emotion, that is.

And he who knows and conceives in an extraordinary way will always be hurt because he is deemed to feel immense happiness, resulting in gigantic pain. But we should continue with the reality, or the dream of it, as there's nothing out there which could decide whether our reality is a dream or reality; how could we dare to call the things we conceive

reality without being able to prove it?

While he was sitting next to her, there was just the normal amount of a word exchanged now and then, a hearty laugh and a smile. Still, he didn't dare looking at her for a longer time. Once, she'd talked to P., who was sitting behind; he wondered that the two of them were really talking to each other, as he'd never realized that they *could* or *wanted* to do so. But there was nothing more than the words that were necessary; then, she was also talking to him.

About a book that he'd always wanted to read, but never done so. It was still located somewhere there in his house, but he felt he would not have the time to read through it. She had to, and this seemed to be one of the first books she really liked and *wanted* to read, as it was crazy.

He knew that he'd like it, too, but he felt that the real interpretation of it would probably not be the result of her liking it; and this was his motivation to read a good book. Yes, he was different. He'd always been, and he would always be; his core was not to change. There was no such thing as a flashable memory in a human being, and it could not be updated, but just be changed by adding some amendments or changing the things that were there; but the way it would develop had been decided long ago.

He breathed in, looked around — and remembered once more the rest of the conversation, which was not really important, as it had just been about that book, lacking information and anything of importance to us. Today, he'd seen O. once more: She'd just been standing some ten metres away, and soon, she would be passing by. Though he was talking to somebody else, his eyes were following her in fractions of a second, so one may not notice it at all or interpret it as a sign of nervousity. There was something interesting; when she had just reached the point when she would be closest to him, her head turned a bit so she was half-facing him, though her eyes seemed to be pointing at some point in the middle of the air, looking down a bit. Probably, she was just trying to listen to somebody walking next to her, but he was pretty sure that there was nobody talking to her; on the other hand, she may have been just thinking. He felt that this was all wrong. It

was some reaction that had not been made consciously; she had been reacting on him, and though this would probably never be the basis for a relationship, there was something that bonded them together, whether they liked it or not.

He'd noticed just now.

This was a bond he could not break, but he wondered whether he could — and *should* — try to forget about it, which would make it even stronger — if he was right, that is. This would be the Ultimate Betrayal.

But there was something else that may also be called like that: P. had today told him something. It seemed like he could not deny it, and he couldn't. She'd promised him a present, and that she would fetch him some day from his house.

He didn't like that, as he was *different*. I guess you've already figured that out: His profiling system was now changing, and he was adapting, but the innermost part of his character would stay the character of an hermit, until there would be the special person to change that, and he was very sure that P. was *not* to be that person. And he did not want to be forced into anything, though it seemed that he'd never make a decision on anything.

Indeed, he was slowly gaining an opinion on everything, and this was a hard process for an hermit. He felt it was necessary, but he knew it would be a strain on his life itself, as it would threaten the quality of his profiling system.

Thus, he needed to get rid of this forced offer. He told his mother about these offers, but nothing more about P., and she was already not liking her, as there was some story that had taken place in the past; P. had said something she had felt, but it was too early to appeal to him, and his parents had heard and interpreted it wrongly.

Now, his mother thought she was after him; he would not be able to deny that, however, though he'd rather think that she searched for a strong friendship at university. But it was this insight of an hermit in the real meaning of things — even if this insight was probably just an illusion, but it seemed to be true for the person itself — that separated him from the world. He could not escape this so easily, and he did not

want to lose it.

This was the special thing about P. that had taken place just today; now, he just sat there, his fingers racing in the speed of his thoughts and his eyes being caught by the special light that illuminated his keyboard. Probably, this would do them any good, but he felt it was guiding him towards new ideas.

L.-B... Something quite nice was going on about her. One girl from university was slowly becoming her friend, and when the two of them were together, L.-B. would realize the stupidity of staying with that boy who seemed to be so boring — when she was there. This friendship helped him to get rid of her, but he knew that it would probably not last eternally. However, it would help him.

His brain was empty now once more, but he knew that this was just a result of the amount of information that had been transferred into these lines; it would be full of chaos in some minutes once more, as he was still alive. I hope you'll check for more to come soon, as I'll try to tell you more as soon as I'm able to... Just stay tuned... Any opinions?

An hermit
 knows.
 An hermit
 feels.
 And what he knows and feels
 is the illusion
 of his life
 he can't escape.
 — W.G.

Wild
 is the course of nature
 and life.
 Strong
 is the wind
 that leads our lives.

And the only control there is,
the only reality there'll ever be,
is the rule of chaos.
— W.G.

56 Rage of Inversion

Originally published: Friday 7th April 2006

Hello; it's me once more!

This time, there's more time left to write, but I know that less information is to arrive in the upcoming weeks. Thus, you'll probably have to wait a bit longer, but I guess you can cope with that, if you're still reading. Many small things have happened, and fate interfered in several details; signs had been there, and he didn't know what to do about them. You'll see what I'm talking about if you continue reading.

He felt the: Rage of Inversion.

Several days had gone by, and the most fundamental changes had taken place in his mind; out there, most things seemed to be constant, with the exception of yesterday evening and this morning, but we'll deal with these moments later on.

Now, it was Friday, and he did not have to go to university for two weeks. The time of Easter would soon arrive, and he knew that the long days he had would pass in no time. This morning, he'd just slept till half past one pm; Now, he was even more tired, as he could realize how tired he had been. We shall deal with yesterday morning now, and then he could have a look at the signs that appeared in masses after that morning had gone by.

So, what had happened that morning? Nothing so special, in fact; However, there are still some details left you should know. For a start, he'd seen O. several times, and she hadn't realized he was there, or at least pretended so. In addition to that, he could not recall all the moments when he'd seen her; However, he could still remember the

way she acted, ignoring all those things around her. Had he really overestimated the subtle abilities of interpretation he'd thought to be inside that girl?

Now, he wasn't sure. Another professor had phoned him yesterday, and it just meant that he'd soon be able to leave something behind for everybody to see; a short article in a book, nothing more. He himself had never really published a thing.

But today, he'd start writing another story, and you'll be able to read it; For now, just in the forum, but a new version of that page here will arrive soon.

On the other hand, his mind was changing, realizing the fact that logic was *not* the exclusive basis of everything. There was something inside his mind he couldn't control, and surely enough, it began searching for a person; G. had gone, O. was still there but out of reach, and P. had disappointed him by forcing him to do something; which left P.'s friend and B. His mind had projected the name of P.'s friend quite often the other day, and it was connected with nice memories. However, he noticed what was happening, and he felt that he could still control it. And he'd realized that emotions were just a kind of natural program to control logic.

Yesterday evening, he'd also talked to P.'s best friend, a girl he'd never seen. It was just an online-communication, and he made her laugh, which seemed to be quite easy. On the other hand, her character seemed to be very strong and it wasn't easy to talk her into something.

The things she'd told him about her boyfriend were pretty interesting, and he was eager to find out more; on the other hand, he was longing to return to silence and quietness in his existence as an hermit.

Soon enough, she had to go, and he was left alone once more, in the happiness and sadness of contemplation. When he was downloading a file that evening, there was something special about it: Its size was '3.43 MB'; I hope you can still recall the meaning of that number ('343'). He was shocked when other numbers appeared exactly when he had a look at the progress bar, and they were all connected either to O. or to G.

Then, this morning of today, his computer had just deleted some

data though it shouldn't have; it would take him several hours to do the recovery, but the special thing was the fact, that the number '343' appeared once more. He was wondering what was going on, but he felt he couldn't do a thing but wait and see.

And then, while he was typing this text, he had a look at his CPU-temperature; the checksum of it was '2', O.'s number. Her best friend had greeted him once happily, and he'd then done so, too; the next time, when she didn't face him directly but noticed his presence, she didn't; Then, he took the initiative and she just answered normally. These details were the foundation of the thought that she was also one of the persons that did not think the thoughts of the others. Probably, it was his problem that he did.

When he saw a person, he was always wondering whether it would be interpreted by him or her in a good manner if he greeted that person in this or that way; most of his actions would have to be double-checked by interpreting the possible reactions of the others before he finally acted.

Tomorrow, there'd be another day with O.'s checksum; but he doubted that anything would happen. Three weeks and one day later, however, he'd be on a birthday party, and though he was pretty sure that O. would not be invited, he'd like to go there and be among his other friends.

Suddenly, he realized that he was starting to enjoy life even though there were many hardships out there; but if they had not been there, happiness would have to be cancelled, too. A further look at his CPU-temperature revealed that it was constant; he didn't know what that would mean as a sign. The checksum of the clock, however, was now the checksum he'd associated with her boyfriend.

Some days ago, he'd also talked to B.-B., who seemed to be interested in that communication, and he shared that interest; However, later on, she wouldn't tell him about the further developments that had probably taken place.

That was just a marginal thing; L.-B., however, seemed not to give up. Just some days ago, she had inquired him about something he hadn't known, and she didn't let him go until he promised to tell her

about it via phone when she would call him. He hoped she wouldn't, but he knew she would, though the piece of information she requested was available freely.

Your uniqueness is more than outer appearance.
— from a small fortune cookie program

The only problem with that quotation was the fact, that emotions were naturally ruling over logic, and that they were mostly controlled by the outer appearance. Thus, he knew two people who had fallen in love with R.; The reason seemed to be her very smooth skin in addition to the feeling of a need for protection that would be induced when you watched her.

The only thing logic could control was the amount of time one spent looking at somebody else; Thus, he used this 'exploit' to control his emotions, and he felt it was the only way to do so. He was slowly calming down, and the life of an hermit could begin once more; Now, he'd be on a lookout for people whose character was really special. The problem was that he still wasn't sure that O.'s character wasn't.

But for the next days, he won't be able to find out. Thus, you'll have to wait some longer time, but I'll try to collect more information. Please keep reading! Your opinions?

Silence
is all we need
is all we hate
is all we gain
is all we give.
Safeguard the silence!
And destroy it.
— W.G.

Sometimes,
life's an abyss;
Sometimes,

life's a mountain;
At every time,
one should know
that things will change —
for the better
or the worse.
— W.G.

57 Open the Door?

Originally published: Sunday 9th April 2006

Hello! It's me once more!

Before we start, I want to thank all those people out there who support me by programming this blogging system and by reading my stories. The new system is wonderful, and I look forward to all the new functions that are still to be added. Thanks, OliFre, and all my readers out there! But now, I shall continue with the story. As I've already told you, it seemed probable that I would fall silent for some time; However, things were different, but this is the normal way of development. Many new pieces of information have arrived, and some old notes from last week have been found; you'll see what I'm telling you if you continue reading.

Should he: Open the Door?

Taking a chance at something new in the near future will pay off.

— from a small fortune cookie program

This quote was the one that had influenced him after the things that had happened the last evening. At the moment, he could only contact people by means of digital communication, and he'd done so yesterday evening.

But before we go into detail, we should deal with the old notes, as there had already been some influence some days ago. A look at the calendar had revealed that it was the name day for a name which matched O.'s nickname; he'd never believed that this name would

really exist. But it gave him a shock when he realized that this meant he'd have to look it up in order to find out about the real meaning of this nickname; though he knew that it was a name of a species, he realized that it would have to be the name of a holy man or woman to be used as a name day. He also knew that she wouldn't care about it, as she was protestant; but he did, as he wasn't.

He decided to look it up as soon as his computer was ready once more, as it kept crashing; O's computer did so, too, and thus, there was no way of communicating with her via digital media — he'd tried, but she seemed not to care.

But the main thing that was of importance to him now was that he'd communicated with R., and for quite a long time; the same girl his best friend loved without telling her, and the same girl another friend of his was in love with, too. We've already realized that this emotion was based on her smooth skin, which was apparent to everybody who wished to notice; he felt the impact it had on everybody who watched her, and he only did so if necessary. And he knew that it would be very simple to fall in love with her, if he wished to do so.

This fact made him realize that love could be controlled by logic if you knew the way it worked; However, fate could still interfere. Several signs arrived spontaneously.

First, R. had sent him a picture; it was two or three years old, at least, but it showed her in a childish way, which is one of the most attractive way to present oneself. Of course, as a good friend, he'd also sent this one to his best friend; but then, when it was too late, he realized that this would not help him, but make his desperate and senseless longing only stronger.

He remembered the day, when R.'s brother had tried to search a girlfriend for him in another childish manner; he had told him a lot, not saying a thing, leaving him without any real information. Nobody could penetrate the shell that was not to be broken, only one person could, and he was still waiting for her. This person had to try hard, but she'd be happy when she succeeded. . .

This was something that applied to all people who were interested in technology and mathematics; they were bashful, but also truthful if

the shell was broken. However, this would mean that all their feelings would be concentrated in this shell, and that they had to experience a lot of pain; and he was very happy that he could also express his feelings by writing down all the things he felt. He realized the weight of the decision to give his innermost parts away; but it would not mean that they were lost, but that they were shared and become even more wonderful. Even if nobody would ever read these lines, they had helped him a lot, and he knew that he could not lose a thing but time he'd have spent contemplating.

And writing **was** contemplating.

He was sorry that he could not really wait for R. to answer to his saying goodbye the last day, as his computer had just crashed once more; on the other hand, they had talked a lot, and though it was probably no real friendship, it was comradeship. He wondered why he was always a comrade to all the girls and boys around him, and why he could talk to all of them without having a girlfriend. Probably, it was just a matter of time and he'd have to wait.

He'll do so, and continue to learn about his fellow creatures and himself — which is the same, in the end. The next report will probably take it's time, but you should know that one can never be sure of that.

To conclude this one now and here, we will finish it by looking up O.'s nickname in the dictionary; and except from that special species of birds, he didn't find a thing. But he'd realized that his mind *had* to be on somebody; probably, he should continue focussing on people that would never return his love to stay the way he was. But he didn't know; time will show, hopefully. Thus, we shall finish now; please stay with me, and tell me what you feel about it.

Free

like a bird in the sky,

like a fish in the water,

like a slave

on his way home.

Captured

like a bird in a cage,

like a fish in the glass,
like a slave in the field.
That's what he was,
and all of it
at the same time.
— W.G.

Pain and happiness
are relative.
From the absolute point of view,
they are both completely
equal.
And in the end, they sum up to nothing,
leaving us hanging in the middle
of emotions.
— W.G.

58 Dreams out of Control

Originally published: Thursday 13th April 2006

Hello!

I'm glad you're still with me. This time, some details have hanged my way of thinking without me being able to control it — but find out for yourself!

What he experienced were: Dreams out of Control.

Several days had gone by, and what had happened were just details, tiny little things; but details are the most influencing things there are, as they appeal to our unconsciousness in a subtle way, even if you noticed some of them. These details are the utilities of fate to lead us to our destiny.

A routine will turn into an enchanting adventure.
— from a small fortune cookie program

Right now, he was wondering what this routine would be; it had to be enchanting. And then, he realized that this sentence the program had told him on Tuesday went very well with the one he'd received on Wednesday:

Look for a dream that keeps coming back. It is your destiny.
— from a small fortune cookie program

Dreams; the most subtle way to influence a human being, as we often forget about them without having realized even the tiniest part of their real intentions. He had watched his dreams. And though he'd never thought about O. before he'd fallen asleep, she was there. As a

consequence, he wondered why she was there, and there was no **logical** explanation. The only thing he'd remembered to have dreamt of before today was the face of O.; there had been some action around her, he felt he could even remember having talked to her, but tis was lost, as he'd just remembered it once and then forgotten about it.

Today, on Thursday, he went through his dreams more cartefully. After the *normal* things that would be explained by sorting in his memories, the things you'd forget about seconds later, there was O., surely enough. And he could also remember some parts of that dream.

He sat in the bus, and O. was just in the last row, him sitting one row in front of her. Somewhere, there was G., too. Most peculiarly, he had not dropped his bag on the seat next to him, so that it was empty.

When he recalled this scene of his dream now, he realized that there was something familiar about it; this scene had been burnt into his memory. He had indeed sat right there, and O. and G. were placed in exactly these locations. This was the day when he just sat there quietly, his love for G. still under development, and him asking G. a single question about a book she was holding. He didn't know it, and she'd told him, laughing, that it was **important**, in a way, as most people read it; 'cult' was the exact word she'd used, and he could still remember it. In addition to that, he could still remember where O. had been, though he had not consciously felt his love at that time.

And what had happened next in his dream was something that had never happened at all, while this scene was blacked out in that video he'd been showed by his own mind at night.

O. and G. would exit the bus, but in the dream, his sight would be totally different: G. would not be important, but O. would stop next to him, carrying many things; as the bus stop was still far away, and as the seat next to him was empty, he did something he'd never have done (*at least not at this time, because he was still young and had not yet learned to deal with people without fearing everything*); He asked O. whether she wouldn't like to sit next to him for the next moments until the bus stopped. She did.

The two of them talked a bit, and they were happy; at this moment, his dream broke off.

The most interesting thing was the fact, that O. had always asked **him** whether she could sit next to him. But this dream had told him something by making this contrast so apparent: He should have not only agreed with O., but shown signs of liking her. He should have returned her gestures. And he should have done so long ago, probably even before she'd started to do so. But time was gone; so he was left with sorrow.

Today, he'd received another phrase by that program:

Others are anxious to get to know you better.
— from a small fortune cookie program

For several minutes, he'd hoped that this would point at O., and that it was to say that she was alone once more; then he'd realized that there were too many people there at university that would like to know him better.

Too many people he would **not** like to know better, people like L.-B., or P. whom he liked as a friend — but nothing more. He realized he'd used P.'s and L.-B.'s name in one sentence, and felt the shiver of logical interference in his emotions. But this was the way it was. Things changed, all the time.

This afternoon, he was driving once more; he felt reminded of O. by several things now. The road, and the way he was driving, seemed so similar to her way; or, at least, to the moment when he'd been together with her in the car. All those villages passing by out there, only going through them without being interested in these centres of life, as the real centre was somewhere near. . .

It had gone. She had gone. He'd even imagined him talking to her boyfriend that day, and he'd thought he *had to* meet somebody he knew out here; he didn't. Nobody was in the city he had finally arrived at; masses of people were, but nobody he knew.

Slowly, he figured out that it was all about sorrow. Sorrow was the source of his power, as it was the leak, the thing to keep him down, the thing that was below zero and kept everything else above it. Yesterday, he'd heard that song once more; that song he liked, and O.

liked too, while most other people of their age didn't. Why hadn't he told her...?

What he heard was an imitation of the original in another language being played in the radio of his mother; then, he'd started playing the original on his computer, and he was transporting things up and down the house while his speakers were crying.

Inside him, there were tears, too. Though they had been bound long ago, still... sorrow would remain. Forever.

He wondered what O. was doing; at the same time, he wondered whether he could use a similar logical technique that had worked with P. and G. to forget about O. He felt he could never do that. What was next? He'd listen to all his music once more, even if that took hours; that was something that would make him sad and depressive, and this mood would probably be the basis for happiness. And, he promised this one, he'd start working on all those things he'd never done; there was a lot to do.

Probably, this would be the basis for change. We all should wait to find out. So, please come back here... And tell me what you think!

Drops of fire
 falling down
 from heaven to hell.
 The world in between,
 sometimes full of light,
 sometimes full of pain;
 None could win,
 neither water,
 nor fire;
 and if one did,
 both would be destroyed.
 Evil was nothing without Good,
 and Good nothing without Evil.
 — W.G.

Tears
 can be wet,

can be calm,
can be silent,
can be loud.

But all tears are a sign
of emotion.

And they are all made of water,
the symbol of life.

— W.G.

59 Cutting Close

Originally published: Wednesday 26th April 2006

Hi! Yes, I'm still alive...

Too many days had passed, too many things have happened — and I've probably just now figured out what I was to do. You'll be able to find out when you continue reading!

He was: Cutting Close.

The two weeks of absence from university had been finished on Monday, and great changes came along with that.

Someone has complimented you today in your absence.
— from a small fortune cookie program

This quote had been given to him on Saturday, followed by this one:

A pleasant surprise is in store for you.
— from a small fortune cookie program

on Sunday. Finally, today (on Wednesday, that is) he'd received the following:

You will be spoken well of by somebody you look up to.
— from a small fortune cookie program

Now, he was left to cope with these, and though he'd already figured out that those lines were repeated as he'd already seen nearly all of them, he felt that they were important, nevertheless. You may decide in which way they are when regarding the following events: We'll begin with Monday, the day of the most interesting value for him. That

Monday, he sat next to O. once more, and as he'd now realized that he hadn't thought of her all the time anymore, he *knew* that she'd talk to him for some longer time. At least, that was what happened, and later on, he used this explanation for it. So, you may ask about what topics the two of them had talked; as his time off university wasn't that interesting, she'd told him about her vacation, and he'd listened carefully. But before that conversation took place, there was something even more interesting: She didn't have a good pen to write anything down, and as he noticed she was searching for one, he offered her his ballpoint. She accepted gladly after having told him she'd need it till the end of the day — at least. He didn't bother.

She realized how wonderful this pen wrote, and he explained her that the mine was the important thing, as it was also included with more expensive ballpoints. Realizing that it was also included with less expensive ones, he told her so, and she answered that he was contradicting himself. He didn't come up with the answer he'd figured out later: That life was contradicting itself. Thus, he didn't say a thing, but smiled when she did.

Then, some minutes later, the real communication began, and he just became to know some interesting details, which are not worth to be mentioned here, but which are important to him: Details about her holiday, her being invited to a party and being probably unable to go there and several other things. What he noticed, however, was the fact that when her best friend was talking to somebody else, she chose him to talk to. And his happiness about this fact destroyed more beautiful minutes, as the positive events had just risen to a new high.

The day before that Monday, he'd seen a picture of her — quite an old one — and just viewed it with a tiny viewer on another screen. Then, there was nothing special about her anymore, and he could not feel that power that she was emanating.

This memory and the new events were the basis for his new development. The trigger was the thing on Tuesday, when O. gave him that pen back, stopping and asking him whether he wanted to have back his ballpoint now. He didn't deny to wish for that, and she began searching. When she didn't find it directly, he told her it wouldn't be

a problem to give it back later on, and told her he'd already taken another one with him.

She told him the same and found it. Handing it over to him, he asked her how her exam was, as he'd heard that this one hadn't been so beautiful. She was happy, as she'd received a mark that was real good. Thus, he was happy too. But when another boy arrived, the same one we've mentioned several times before (the one who'd given a present to O., while he'd probably never given one to his own girlfriend), he wondered about the words that boy had said. 'What's going on here?', were those words, and O. had responded that they were 'dealing'. That was the way she was, but on the other hand, it showed him the way this boy was, though he couldn't be sure about that. So, what was this new development that resulted from all these details?

He decided to go on with listening to that old music he had. He needed to 'Cut the plant of his love Close to the ground', so that the seed would still be there; but the memory — all memory — had to be put away. He was happy he'd stored it right here, in these texts, though he felt he could never really forget about it. But he needed to; he must become sad and hopeless, and he had to forget about his love completely. This was the only way, the only possibility to escape this vicious circle, as he could only make her become his friend again if he didn't care. Only then, fate would allow the two of them to stay together.

This would be a very hard job to do, but he must take up to it, or at least try to do it, as the hour of happiness was always preceded by the hour of disaster. He wondered whether a human being was characterized by the diversity of good and bad in his life, and he tried to figure out whether unhappiness or happiness would be better. But as everything was complementary and would eradicate each other, as both had to appear in the same amount for the universe to stay stable, he realized that there was no difference: Good and Evil were the same things. The only variable thing there was was the so-called *amplitude*, and he wondered how it was controlled and whether his plan to rise it enormously would work. This meant he was to become totally sad and hopeless now, and he should probably also stop continuing this

project for some longer time.

Then, he wondered why he hadn't asked O. why she had still not had the possibility to receive his messages from that contacting attempt long ago; but he felt that he had forgot because he *knew* it was hopeless. This was the first step. And there was hope, a light burning down the road that would safeguard his treading the right path, though he must do so without knowing about that light being there and without realizing it's meaning; this light was the fact of O. having said something on Monday.

When he'd told her about all that pictures of students that had been in the papers, she'd told him the following sentence: "Yes, I've seen **us**". The way she used that word implied something, which was at least some kind of friendship; and it told him he was really treading the right path. He had to continue.

P. was now coming close: She and her friend were talking to another girl, when she explained one mustn't care about others thinking that two people of opposite sexes who were friends were a couple; and then, she took the example of the two of them, but the way she explained that and the looks she threw at him implied something more.

Her friend was still smiling, and our protagonist realized that P. was explaining this thing *two* times, watching out for his reaction. But he didn't react.

He would not let her come close — he was shut in himself, and this nutshell would not be broken by that girl. Her friend had given him some more texts, and he would read them, of course; but not now, as his time was really limited to something around nothing. But he needed to write, and he knew that he'd now be able to deal with the Nature of Being; he knew the way he had to go.

The way of hardship is the only way to happiness.

He just had to rise the amplitude, and everything would go better and worse. While that did not necessarily mean that O. and he would become a couple, it was the best way, and he really felt that. He'd taken the ballpoint into his hands that day, and done something esoterical with it; a flow of energy from himself was merged with the energy O. had left. Even if that was just an invention to make people buying

books and giving money to others, he felt something.

The two waves of energy seemed to join, and waves of shudder suddenly ran down his spine, as if these two energies were in sync. He didn't care if that was scientifically possible. He just felt it, and this made his decision final.

He had to do the right steps. He had to stop writing for some time, and invest more of it into other projects. Probably, he'll still continue writing here, but not that often anymore. And we'll leave out O. for some time.

This day, he stood next to R., and she was talking to some girl whom he could have helped, but didn't because of a lack of time; she needed some help with her work, and a professor had asked him to help her, but he'd explained this man that there was no time to do so.

All were unhappy about it: The professor, the girl and himself. He had rarely denied to offer his help, but he knew he had to. And he had to pay for it, as R. rarely talked to him but focussed on that girl — she was new, and had to be found out about.

R. would still be there some weeks later, and he knew that there was some pre-friendship connecting them; that was all he wanted, a friendship, and all he could ask for. Probably, this would even be the possibility to help his best friend, who was loving her. But this would all happen later on, *if* it would happen.

Y. would be there tomorrow, and he'd given in to her asking him for his help. This would be no problem, though L.-B. was going on his nerves probably more than ever, and stole his time. His best friend seemed to know who O. was for him, as he used some small phrases with special accent; he realized that, but he was still decided not to tell him. Probably, this problem would be solved soon, if all of them left university the next year. We shall wait and see what is going to come.

Please come back here, and tell me what you think; I'll try to continue writing as soon as possible, also concerning the other project. . .

Tears could be wept,
of joy and sorrow;

Hope could be kept,
 of life and destruction.
 And all is the same to us:
 Each hope, each tear, each cry,
 each memory, each discovery, each word,
 all that is spoken, all that is heard,
 all that comes in and goes out;
 As for happiness we must pay with pain,
 and for pain we'll be granted happiness;
 Paying is granting,
 and happiness is pain.

— W.G.

Sorrow,
 sweet surrender,
 happiness,
 pain,
 love,
 bitter victory,
 sadness,
 healing.
 Contrast is life,
 and life is contrast;
 Control one of the members
 of each pair,
 and you can control your life.
 Loving so strong you feel dead,
 to receive the vividst of love;
 Fighting till you die,
 to win your life;
 Boring yourself to the end of your life,
 to be entertained to start living forever;
 Starving yourself to death,
 to gain food for thousands;
 It all is the same,

there is the same level of contrast,
the same amplitude
about it;
you just have to decide for that,
and you can control your life.
But the equilibrium
is not to be changed.
— W.G.

60 Bidding Farewell

Originally published: Wednesday 21st June 2006

Hi! A long time, yes; and loads of new things!

This will most probably be the last one of those posts in this project. A new era of my life is to begin, and O. has become a friend; no more. The final decision is yet to come, but you'll see what I'm telling you if you just go ahead.

At last: Bidding Farewell.

Yes, this was the time of farewell — it really was. He'd found out that in a time of overload, when he was busy all around the clock, he didn't think of O. anymore. And sometimes, they could talk as friends again.

Now, this time was nearly gone, at least, the load had become lighter; and this very day, this Wednesday, had shown him how much he had changed. This Friday, he'd close the door that could guide him back to his memories; but not in an eradicating manner, but in a way of changing his attitude towards her. A betrayal of his own, yet buried feelings... So, what had happened?

There would soon be a day quite like the last one when he was together with O. quite long, and was still loving her. Now, he was offered an interesting possibility to take part in a project, which would mean that he would not be there that day. And his contemplation had guided him to the idea to take part in that project, though this was one of the first moments when he started thinking about O. again. Exactly this was the thing that gave him that shock: He realized how long O. had been gone for him. When he looked at her now, she was just a girl; a girl with potential, yes, but nothing more. On Monday, she'd

received a bad mark, and he felt he should comfort her; he couldn't, and he didn't.

And this very Wednesday, he saw her reflection in a glass when she was arriving from behind; first, she didn't notice him, and he pretended not to do so either. He knew she wouldn't talk to him right now, for she had become quite silent in front of him since some time. He greeted her, walked next to her, and the two of them began talking.

It was just a time of probably ten or fifteen seconds, but she even laid her hand on his shoulder, now comforting him. This was friendship. However, he felt that she thought different about this friendship, for it didn't seem to make her think that they should talk some more. When reaching the door, she opened it, for she had been faster than he had been; He waited for her to go through, when she was stopped by somebody else. She was talking to that person, and he stood there for some seconds — and was gone. He left her in a similar way she had once left him, when he didn't comfort her at that bus stop after somebody had run into her.

The feeling of guilt wouldn't take long, and he knew he had succeeded. However, O. didn't notice him in any way when passing next to him some hours later, but now, other people were present. He wasn't sure if she had followed him that morning after having finished that communication, but he thought he could remember her just having arrived shortly after him in that room. As she had not been that closely behind him, she must have gone fast, as if she suddenly liked talking to him; when they were alone.

This illusion told him that there was still some danger buried in his thoughts, and he realized he must extinguish the small fire that was still burning somewhere. One could still relight a fire by collecting new wood after that, and if the liquid that had been used to extinguish it had been dried, the place would already be prepared for a new flame to rise. Then, this flame could rise to even greater, longer power.

And the main stream of air that had been lighting it had already been taken away, for he had turned most of his love into desire which could be destroyed more easily; Now, O. was more like G. once more. And P. seemed to have found out some of his feelings, at least she

assumed something, for she didn't seem to like talking to O., really. On the other hand, she'd written down something about O. — well, indirectly about her, as a teacher had used her nickname without knowing about that. Nobody really noticed, it seemed, but he knew, and she probably knew, too. And that sentence was something special: 'Dead, dead, dead... As dead as...', followed by her nickname and some other things. P. had written down only that part with O's nickname in it, probably to publish that when they'd leave university. And that nickname was the name of a race that had extinct long before...

P. had once even comforted him, touching his shoulder and stroking softly, irritating the others around; he would not really react in any way but only show a smile, and leave it there. P. would stay P., and he would stay himself, and both would be friends — no more.

Some people were telling him to give in to a relationship with L.-B., but he knew he could resist, and the more L.-B. tried to light the fire, the more she'd extinguish its flames. Too much air can kill a flame, and keep it from relighting — sometimes, forever, and even before it had been lighted.

His best friend was still after R., and seemed to have become a friend of her — well, not so close a friend, but at least he was talking to her, while she seemed not to realize a thing. He could make her laugh, while his best friend seemed not to dare to do so.

He wondered whether this fire could be lighted, and if so, if it would not die because there was too much oxygen, so that the flame would eat the wood without satisfaction, leaving an empty place behind. He wondered what was going on, and what was to happen.

B. had this time approached him, not the other way round; another girl with a black aura seemed to be in a conflict. This girl seemed to be in love with somebody, while somebody else was certainly loving her — and she knew that, and tolerated him. That could make one wonder whether she was after somebody else... She was a real good friend of his best friend, and this one had asked him whether he liked her — in a special way. He had denied that. He liked her, yes — but nothing more.

Since that time, she'd talked to him less, and he was wondering whether this was to say something, but he was pretty sure it wasn't. And another shock had struck him on Monday — he had found old records, concerning G. — or O. Records from a program for divination — several programs for divination. And in the time he was still in love with G., they had told him about O., and once he'd even asked about her — to find out about how to impress G.

At that time, he was still inexperienced in that interpretation, but now, he could see that these results had been true — they had hinted at O. He had been blind, as simple as that, as he hadn't understood a thing. **I** hadn't understood a thing.

But it was over, and the future was uncertain — well, probably, at least. And now, just a small update to show you what was going on: This very Thursday, he had only shortly been to university, but there was something he wouldn't forget that quickly: A sign he'd seen out of a car; A number representing O. and G. (*in fact, this was the time the clock showed in that car*), and then a plate showing 'AWAY'. This was something that finished this era completely, and he knew that this was the time of goodbye. When he saw O. this afternoon just passing by, he simply said 'Bye!'. And she replied in the same manner, smiling.

He'd decided to finish his remembrance and kill his memory just that Wednesday evening, and he'd done so. O. was gone, and a simple girl was left right now. Even those other friends of his he heard talking about her could not change his opinion: Though they didn't seem to like her in any special way, they accepted her kind of humour. And that was the most special thing about her, her way to show compassion; but he had seemed to have overestimated most things about that girl. And when he took a look at a picture from her now, his mind was not as full as before, and nearly all of that racing thoughts were gone. And that Thursday, he'd eaten things he'd never eaten before; the new era was just lying ahead, but he would take some parts of O.'s character he'd also integrated in his own with him. Finally, we all are a patchwork of other characters.

So, this is the end of my presentation for now; I've just mastered the first era of my life, and learned what it is that we call love. Things

that can be said so simply with one word suddenly are as complex as a book, and even then, you can just take a glimpse of it. Loving and to be loved is something you must learn — those lines can only help you to understand what is going on with yourselves, in a similar way they helped me. Humanity can never understand itself completely, as this would mark its downfall.

For now, I'm done — a new era is to begin, and a new project will start as soon as some event has marked its beginning. For now, I'll take part in this project off from school and visit the girl that was present while the first denial took place — the girl that was in a stable relationship for a very long time, and I hope this will stay a symbol for stability, having experienced such instable thoughts. She was the one that could understand many things by looking at someone, and probably, she had once had a closer look at me, for she knew a lot about my character — only that she wasn't up-to-date. You'll have to wait some days, weeks, months, or years for the next era to begin — I dare not say it will be happier or better or anything like, but it will certainly be different. So — one last thing: Whatever you do — Be on a lookout, but don't forget to look out for your own line of thoughts!

Life is a game —
 there are levels,
 and at all times
 the game can be over.
 But most times,
 there is no savegame
 you can return to.
 — W.G.

The innocent contemplater struck
 by the lightning of love;
 The guilty murderer given
 the gift of passion;
 And the innocent murderer,
 the guilty contemplater,

standing in between,
watching in boring,
joyful awe;
this is life.
Choose your role!
— W.G.