

CONVERSATION WITH HER

**Inspired by and adapted from
Khalil Gibran's 'The Prophet'**

**A SHORT NOVEL
BY**

SABRI BEBAWI

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About the Author

The middle of five children, Sabri Bebawi was born in 1956 in the town of Fayoum, Egypt, where he attended Law School at Cairo University. He, then, left Egypt for the United Kingdom. He was invited by Oxford University, where he spent some time and never returned to Egypt. A few years later, after living and working in England, Italy, France, and Cyprus, he took refuge in the country he had believed in, the United States of America.

In California, the United States, he studied Communications at CSUF, then, obtained a master's degree in English Education. Later, he worked at many colleges and universities teaching English as

a second language, Freshman English, Writing, Journalism and Educational Technology. He studied for more graduate work at UCLA and obtained a PhD degree in Education and Distance Learning from Capella University.

Although English is his third language, he has published many works in English on eclectic topics. It has always been his ambition to write novels. This is his fourth attempt. That English is a foreign language to him, the task of writing a novel has been preoccupying and challenging.

As a child, Sabri Bebawi struggled to make sense of religions and their contradictions. He grew up terrified of the word God. As he

grew older, and studied law, as well as all the holy books, he developed a more pragmatic and sensible stance; the word became just that –a word.

*“Is man one of God's blunders or
is God one of man's blunders?”*

Friedrich Nietzsche: (1844-1900)
*German-Swiss philosopher and
writer.*

INTRODUCTION

Most of us have an inner child. Some of us, though, ignore that inner child, suppress him, and bury him. Those of us who do are not free. They are forever imprisoned in a world of oppressed memories of a time long past. This long time that some of us believe is long past is not past at all. Each of us is nothing but a collection of memories and experiences. These long-gone memories and experiences shape who we are as adults.

Some of these memories and experiences come back to life at one point in our adulthood. For some of us, they become vivid and real. At times, they even form our reality as adults.

For some of us, these long gone experiences, especially if they are not pleasant, or of health predicament nature, never leave us, and we become doomed to relive them over again on daily basis. Not to evoke the 'victim' argument, we are all, indeed, victims of our own past and of our own minds and thoughts. No one dares to claim other than that thoughts come to our consciousness from unknown sources; they just come and leave each of us wondering: "*Where the hell that thought came from.*"

For this or these reasons, it is not wise to judge one another; one does not, and cannot, know what another is feeling, thinking, or experiencing. We each interpret the world around us differently; this interpretation depends

uniquely on the experiences and memories each of us keep. That is why each of us is unique.

Religions have miserably failed to explain our existence or who we are. Philosophy has never ceased trying. Plato was concerned with the ultimate reality and believed that reality does not exist in the real world. He believed that this world we live in is a mere imitation of the real world. He never believed in the physical world and taught us not to trust it. In essence he taught us that our souls (if there is such a thing as a soul) are captive of our bodies.

Philosophers, especially Plato, pointed out to us that the conflicts and tensions within us are not in harmony. We can only

be serene if we can bring harmony to these conflicts and tensions. Who among us can do that? Aristotle, on the other hand, focused on the existence of a soul without which we are incomplete. This writer finds no solace in either explanation.

The protagonist in this short novel lives a world of his own, a creation of his mind. His antagonist is out of the realm of reality. It is a major event that turns the protagonist's life inside out and upside down. No moral judgment is made. It is only a mere reflection and a deeper look, using fictional characters, at the human condition. There is no intention to insult or defame any faith, religion, or belief.

THE BEGINNING

California is the most enchanting state in the United States; it is also where I, Andre Besson, live in a small cottage facing the majestic Pacific Ocean. I, while reflecting and writing, enjoy listening to the sounds of the waves, and at times steal a glimpse at the water crashing against the shore. One winter late afternoon, as the sun was setting, I noticed a shadowy figure approaching from the ocean to the shore; as the shadow came closer, I saw a glow within which I saw a charming lady. She continued approaching me; as she came closer, I felt an unexpected calmness and serenity.

I rushed to my front door, opened it, and shouted asking if she needed help. I asked if she

was stranded. I did not hear a reply, but she continued approaching my door; she stood there for a moment, then she entered my cottage without any utterness. All her striking body and her long, very long beautiful black hair was wet. Her face had a glow that I could not explain. I said I would get her a towel to dry herself; and I rushed to my closet to get her a towel. When I came back, she was completely dry sitting on the red couch next to my desk.

I wanted to ask her how she got dried so quickly, but, strangely, I could not speak. I could not ask if she wanted a drink. After a few moments of silence, she thanked me for welcoming her into my home I humbly told her she was welcomed, and that I was glad to help. I asked if she was. The atmosphere was

strangely calming. I could still hear the water of the ocean crashing against the shore, but it had a different rhythm; it was as though I was listening to a symphony or meditation music, to which I often listen. I was embarrassed by the state of my cottage; clothes were everywhere; papers were on the floor; books, and newspapers were on my desk, and I was not dressed properly. I was unshaven with messy hair and in my underwear and a short sleeve t-shirt that was, fortunately, long enough to cover half my thighs. I was even having a catheter hanging from my penis because of a recent prostatectomy surgery. I apologized for the mess; she immediately said not to worry, and it was just fine. There was something about her that I could not explain or

describe. She was beautiful and not much older than I was. She had a calming voice, beautiful large black eyes, a glowing face, a captivating smile, and a presence. That presence was indescribable. I was not worried or afraid; on the contrary, I was feeling peace and a tremendous energy of comfort and tranquillity. Being who I am, my mind was racing with questions. It was as though I was on a journey to discover a rare gem or even the secrets of the universe. It was a journey of discovery. I suddenly asked for her name after stating my name as Andre Besson. She pondered for a while, then she calmly looked at me with her piercing beautiful black eyes and said that I could refer to her as you, she, or her. I was taken by her answer and wondered who she really was. I always refer to the

**divine comedienne, or the
universe, as she or her. I mused
in silenc**

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

**After a moment of silence,
I got up to get myself a glass of
wine and asked her if she
wanted a glass. She answered
in the affirmative. I was worried
if she were underage since she
looked very young or at least
much younger than I was. I
walked to the kitchen
wondering in my mind who that
woman was, and from where
she came. I did not allow my
mind to wander too long; I
focused on the task I have,
opening a bottle of cabernet**

sauvignon, and getting two clean wine glasses.

I came back with two glasses of wine; these were crystal glasses given to me as a gift from a friend in Rome, Italy. I handed her the glass and she elegantly, while crossing her long, slim legs, took it from me and with her melodious voice thanked me. I sat at my desk facing her and asked why she was in the ocean and if she was lost after her boat capsized. And if so, what happened to her companions. She raised her glass to salute me. I noticed that she did not drink. She continued saying that she was not on a boat, and she had no companions. Then, she surprised me by saying she saw me all the time and she had decided to pay me a visit. I was startled by her response and

interjected asking her how she saw me every day, and if she lived nearby. She felt my anxiety and reached and touched my arm. I felt warmth throughout my body; I felt as though I was touched by an angel, though I do not believe in angels; I kept that feeling to myself and proceeded as though nothing had happened.

I nervously asked if she was married or had any children, and she replied by saying that I did not have to be nervous. And asked what the term married meant. She answered swiftly. I replied in agreement. I did not know what married meant. I had been married nine times. Each marriage failed for one reason or another. I did not believe in marriage. I believed it was forced upon us humans by society and that thing called

religion. Then I asked her if she was religious; she forcibly replied that she was neither married nor was she religious and she continued stressing that marriage and religion forced upon us and it was a creation of the inhabitants of this planet only. She said she had never commanded it, nor had she condoned it. I wondered, what she meant by never commanded it but did not comment.

I asked what her opinion on marriage was. She replied marriage was a storm, as the wind blows and shakes all that is on its way, even the artificial covers humans are wearing; marriage is solitude. So, in marriage, you are naked and coerced to acknowledge you are but a fragment, not of your beloved, but of the universe and

in the heart of the creator herself. Though one might be wounded by the finale of love and marriage, one will wake at sunrise smiling and wondering where one had been. Love is innate, initiated by the universe itself, but marriage is conceived by living beings. It is imposed by primal cultures of most beings.

I listened to her with enrapture and thought she articulated my thoughts precisely. That is exactly how I thought of love and marriage.

**She interrupted my thoughts and stream of consciousness saying
Love is irreplaceable and matchless. It is the heavenly love of a mother to a child and to what enfolds her with tenderness. Observe beyond**

**the earth; observe the universe;
as unruly as it seems, it is not.
All the particles of the universe
are loving one another and work
together in unmatched
harmony. Yes, the universe is
love itself, but humans have not
evolved enough to understand
that. Fortunately, animals do.
They understand and see what
humans cannot; they are at one
with the multiverse.**

**I was in awe for with her
wisdom which was
distinguishable and thought I
should acquire more knowledge
from and about you.**

**She smiled and moved her hair
back. She looked at me and said
I was generous.**

ON HATE

Even though this was much to absorb and contemplate, my journalistic, lawyering, and teaching skills intertwined and drove me to ask more questions. First, I wanted to ask if she wanted a glass of wine as I realized I had not offered her a drink.; I wanted to have wine, my favourite drink. In the meantime, as I was asking and walking to the kitchen, she saw me taking a bottle of cabernet sauvignon from my wine rack. She softly, in her angelic, melodious voice said she would have some wine with me. I, unnecessarily, explained that I love red wine and, sadly, I drank a lot of it. I opened the bottle of wine, got two clean wine glasses, and poured some for her and a lot for me. I gave her

the glass and sat at my desk again. I raised my glass to salute her. She just raised her glass and said nothing. As I took my first sip of the divine wine, I wondered to myself hoping that I was not boring her or alarming to her with my questions.

I, calmly sitting at my desk facing her with my legs crossed, asked why humans were capable of hate, and where did these feelings come from.

Hate is the opposite of love. People hate because they cannot give of themselves. They give up their wealth and possession for recognition, but do not give of themselves. Humans are not able to offer love without rewards; they do not recognise that the reward is the giving of love. Sometimes it

is self-reflection; they do not love themselves and reflect that upon others. To hate is to suffer a lack of confidence and self-worth. All earth inhabitants seek love and warmth; sadly, only a few can give love, and sadly some of those are insincere. Most humans befriend others for one reason or another; they are either in need of companionship at the time, or they are seeking the wealth of those whom they befriend. This is not love because once the reasons dissipate, they disappear.

What she said struck me for I am fully aware of that, and it is always comforting to know I was not alone in my belief. I was just disturbed by her saying hate was self-reflection, so, I interjected. I do not believe you can hate. You do not hate; you

do not like or subscribe to a particular ideology because it does not represent who you are.

I agreed with her and made sure that she understood I agreed. She stared at me for a short while; her eyes were sharp and deep; her stare made me feel unusual peace and amity. It was as though a heavy burden was lifted off me and made me levitate with bliss. I composed myself, though my mind was racing.

Her eyes were sparkling with tears; she took a deep breath and explained that the world made her of the world despondent.

She continued elaborating.

I watch in silence and sorrow. Politics around the world is

driven by greed, self-indulgence, self-righteousness, and hunger for power. All this is in vain. Man does not learn from mistakes and continues to be oblivious and unconscious. Politics creates wars; wars create devastation. In essence, though they were not meant to be so, humans self-destruct.

ON DISAPPOINTMENTS

I listened to her attentively. Her wisdom touched me in a way I had never experienced before. I reflected and could not help myself sounding the question:

“Who are you, my lady? Your words are like lightening; with this lightening, you enlighten

me; you comfort my soul; you uplift me to a level of divinity.”

“Most humbled by your well-chosen words; most humbled I am.” She replied modestly. My mind was sprinting and galloping. I was not sure what to think. I had no idea who that lady was. Despite that, I enjoyed her presence; I was enchanted and consoled. I was encouraged to ask more questions without fear. I hungered for knowledge as I had often felt. However, the main question still tackled my mind who that lady was and where she had come from. I ignored my entangled, knotted thoughts, and continued my path to more knowledge.

I said to myself that I should take this rare opportunity to learn as much as I can about humanity and who we, on this

planet, really are. I could not let this chance of a lifetime pass by me without learning. I am hungry for learning and know all that I do not know. I thought to myself she was precious; she was one in a trillion and even in more. But who she was, I conjectured. I wondered constantly and could not negotiate an answer. Suddenly I asked her about bliss and torment. Why do we feel joy at times, but other times we feel disappointment? I feel disappointed and regretful most of the time

She replied assuredly, “So, the more disappointments conquer your heart, the more your heart will be filled with bliss. When you feel bliss, feel your heart and you will find that what is making you disappointed is exactly what gives you bliss

and comfort. If you look deep into your soul, you will find what you think is discontent and torments are but rapture and wonder. You are not wondering alone; there are many with whom I have spoken and who have the same inquiries as you do.” Her philosophical insight was breath-taking; I was in awe

ON CONSCIOUSNESS

I expressed my gratitude, and inquired about consciousness, awareness, and knowledge. I told her that I had read many books on the subject and even wrote two books related to it; yet I know that I do not know, and my limited knowledge is inadequate. She reached out and rubbed my left knee and

said: “Consciousness, awareness, and knowledge are within your heart, but your ears are deafened by The noise of our thoughts distract us from true knowledge which is in the heart and needs silence to be You know the answers in your heart; but never think you found the truth, but you found the path to truth which you will need to follow. It is the same path your consciousness follows. Your self-knowledge can be boundless and ceaseless, but do not build a wall of material things or shield yourself from that which is known, so your consciousness may follow the path to knowledge. Only then you shall be aware.”

I offered her another glass of wine. I picked up the bottle and poured some in our glasses.

Conversation with her was intensely rewarding and enriching. I had never met a being like her. Her wisdom, her knowledge, and her ability to convey her inner thoughts were just delightful and enchanting. Two hours had passed since she had entered my cottage; time passes so quickly when one is intellectually stimulated. I was undoubtedly intellectually and emotionally stimulated

ON WINE AND MYTH

There was an invisible divide between us; I could not explain then. I felt her superiority overpowering every cell in my body and every atom in the sphere. It was overwhelming; I

was overwhelmed. My thoughts remained pondering who she was, but the tranquillity she projected repressed my deliberations. I resigned. I accepted what was happening for I had no fears or reservations. I took a sip of my wine and unwound myself to probe further.

I picked up my wine glass and saluted her; she picked up her glass and raised it but said nothing “May I ask more questions?” I asked somewhat nervously. She replied affirmatively. “Since I drink too much wine with delight and gratification, what do you think of wine drinking?” She astoundingly replied: “If you were to gather the grapes yourself from your own vineyard, you would know that there are songs in your heart

that which will accompany every sip of the wine you make. So, every sip of wine you taste, it is a melody from the heart of the maker to yours.”

I thought of what she has said and mused. So wine is but a melody that fills the heart with peace and joy. No wonder the Christian cult, today, uses wine as though it were the blood of Jesus. Why is it wine and not water? This was so strange to me that I asked her: “Is that why Christians use wine as the blood of Jesus?” She replied: “Remember I said I was neither married nor am I religious. I have never commanded any of that. Man created these rituals because man is hungry for power and authority. Man created myths because he was unable to express the inner paths to the truth or the glimpse

of truth that he experienced within, using normal everyday words, so he put it in symbols. This started with cave men drawings on the walls of the cave; I have nothing more to tell you about that.” I felt her compassion and her strength within. I did not want to manifest chaos and pandemonium. I ceased talking about the subject and started thinking about my next question.

I took another sip of my wine and refilled her glass and mine. Something about her presence and her looking at me with her sharp sparkling eyes felt unreal. I thought I might have gotten drunk from the wine I had been drinking most of the day, but I did not feel drunk. I thought I was dreaming or hallucinating, but suddenly she interrupted

those feelings and said: “I know you are thinking you are drunk; I know you are wondering if you are hallucinating or dreaming; I assure you that you are fine and you are neither drunk nor hallucinating. You are in the here and now and I am as real as ocean before your eyes. I am real. I wish I had visited you sooner, but there is so much to do and there are many beings like you. They need my help and seek answers. I intersected and asked: “Who am I? Can you tell me who I really am?” She reached pout and touched my arm again with her long and soft fingers and said: “Son, I see that your question comes from the depth of your heart. Why do you ask who you are? Aren’t you aware that you are an integral part of a single system described by a well-defined physical structure, generally with a

common origin and even interacting with one another. You are a part of the universe within which your very being is confined. This multi-verse is alive within your soul, and you cannot be separated. Imagine yourself a cell of God's body; just as in your own body, cells divide; cells die, and other cells are generated. Cells regenerate in animal's bodies, so do they in the body of God. You are but a cell in the body of the multi-verse, hence, the body of God." I interposed: "So, are you telling me that there is a god?" She swiftly replied: "I am using words you and others can understand. There is the universe in which you live, or rather it lives within you; and there are other universes referred to as 'multi-verse. They are all interconnected and exist in harmony. Humans view this multi-verse as God. So, those who believe in a God, they

do not realize that they live in the heart of God and God lives within their hearts.”

ON WAITING

I took another sip of my wine and refilled my glass and could help but noticing that she had not touched her glass I did not comment. Something about her presence and her looking at me with her sharp sparkling eyes felt unreal. I thought I might have gotten drunk from the wine I had been drinking most of the day, but I did not feel drunk. I thought I was dreaming or hallucinating, but suddenly she interrupted those feelings and said: “You are fine, and you are neither drunk nor are you hallucinating. I assure

you that you are fine. You are in the here and now and I am as real as the ocean before your eyes. I am real. I wish I had visited you sooner, but there is so much to do and there are many inquisitive beings like you. They need my help and seek answers. I intersected and asked: “Who are we people?” She reached and touched my arm again with her long and soft fingers and said: “I see that your question comes from the depth of your heart. Why do you ask who you are? Aren’t you aware that you are an integral part of a single system described by a well-defined physical structure, generally with a common origin and even interacting with one another. You are a part of the universe within which your very being is confined. This multi-verse is alive within your soul, and you

cannot be separated. Imagine yourself a cell of God's body; just as in your own body, cells divide; cells die, and other cells are generated. Cells regenerate in animal's bodies, so do they in the body of God. You are but a cell in the body of the multi-verse, hence, the body of God." I interposed: "So, are you telling me that there is a god?" She swiftly replied: "I am using words you and others can understand. There is the universe in which you live, or rather it lives within you; and there are other universes referred to as 'multi-verse. They are all interconnected and exist in harmony. Humans view this multi-verse as God. So, those who believe in a God, they do not realize that they live in the heart of God and God lives within their hearts."

I was speechless; her words combined with her charming persona and delicate demeanour were strikingly calming. Night has fallen upon us though it felt as if she had just walked in. We must have been talking for hours, but I did not feel the time. I was somewhat worried that if I take a glimpse at my watch to see the time, she would be offended or she would want to leave. I did not want her to leave. She knew what I was thinking, and she queried: "Am I interrupting your writing? You seem anxious. Perhaps I should go." "No, please don't; I am enjoying our philosophical and enlightening talk. I can talk with you all night. Shall I open another bottle of wine?" I asked and enthusiastically awaited her response. She nodded her stunning face indicating

agreement. I picked up another bottle of wine, opened it and came back. I poured some or a lot of wine for me. I raised my glass to salute her, and she did the same.

As she was taking a sip of her fresh glass of wine, she precipitously asked: "In addition to reading and writing, what do you do most of the day?" I explained to her how dumbfounded I was she had asked that question because I was thinking along the same line. That lady must have had access to my inner thoughts. I did not know who she was, and I felt an unnerving intuition that she was just a 'She' without a name. "That is exactly what I was going to discuss with you. What do I do most of the day beside reading and writing? Mm! I wait. I always wait. From the time I wake up at dawn, I

wait for sunset. After sunset, I wait for the night to sleep; in my sleep, I wait for the sun rise. I get up and wait again. In between, I wait for my nurse; as you can see, I have a catheter because of a prostate surgery. I wait for my housekeeper, and I wait for my caretaker. After that, I wait for sunset. The cycle repeats itself. I am always waiting. I also wait for my pension check; I wait for my social security income, and I wait for my bills to be cleared by my bank. I am always waiting. And now, I am waiting for my return to before my birth. "I detailed.

She looked at me with passion and sorrow. Her beautiful eyes were tearing; she took a sip of her wine and exclaimed: "Let us see, now. Why do you burden yourself with so much waiting?"

Things will happen on their own time, and you cannot control that is which beyond your control. Don't you think that you cannot change the things you cannot change and must accept them?" "Yes," I replied "But I do not have the wisdom to know the difference between that I can and cannot change. Can you instruct me on how to acquire such wisdom?" She reluctantly replied: "Wisdom is within your soul; you will need to search and find it. You were born with that wisdom like all the animal kingdom. You lost it in your evolutionary process; however, you can regain it by strength and perseverance. Perhaps it is consoling to know that you are not the only human who feels so dejected. Many of the humans with whom I conversed feel the same. You are not alone, son."

It was after midnight in California. From my windows I could see the streets calm and noiseless; there were no cars, no people. As the wind subsided, the trees were calm, serene, and still. Even the ocean was calm, and the waves made no sound. It was as though all living things had gone to sleep, except for Her and me. She turned her neck to her left to take a glimpse of the ocean outside and she said: “I must bid you farewell now. My time to depart has arrived. Now we ended another day and sunrise shall find you where sunset had left you. The time with you was transitory, but my presence shall remain with you until I return. Remember, in your search for the truth, the truth shall uncover itself to you in a silent and purer voice.”

ON LONLINESS

I was dreading her leaving me alone. Though I have always been alone, but never as lonely as I have been feeling lately. I often try to convince myself that being lonely while alone is much better than being lonely while surrounded by others. I had been there, too. I requested that she speaks of loneliness. "Oh!" She interposed as though she had known what I was thinking. She continued: "Loneliness is a feeling humans get when their need for rewarding social contact and relationships is not met. But loneliness is not always the same as being alone. In the multiverse you are never

lonely. Like pain, the feeling of loneliness is self-chosen. You might think you are lonely, but you are surrounded by books and words of wise men and women; you are creative, and you write. You possess a great gift that is creativity; your subconscious mind and your conscious mind are in partnership; you create. That is a gift. Loneliness is but an illusion.”

Her wise words stroke me hardly; it was true what she explained, yet, I still felt lonely, but not while with her. She spoke: “Remember that you are an integral part of the multiverse, and you are part of all that which govern that multiverse, which is expanding endlessly, be aware you are part of it all. This great galactic wilderness that appears

chaotic, is not. That is where chaos meets order. You are living within that order. You are never lonely. Look and marvel at the stars that are dead and born, and the planets around you; they are speaking with you, and showing you the secret; how can you be lonely? It is unimaginable

ON SCIENCE

“Please stay a while longer.” I implored. “You should not leave me now in this state in which I am. You have freed my imagination, and now I am confounded and bewildered. I need you to speak to me of science. Is our blue planet Earth five-hundred-million years old? Is our hosting star, the sun,

twelve-thousand-million years old? Please enlighten me.”

She answered saying: “Yes, inquisitive mind, that is true, and you are but an element of all. You are a part of the evolutionary sequence. Do not ponder who made the universe for you shall soon ask who made the maker. You shall never know the answer for the secret is within the multiverse itself. There will come a time when you know. It is too soon for you to go beyond your birth. It is only then the truth shall be unveiled to you.” I thought she was correct; every human culture has a set of creation myths, but they are in the realm of mythology or religion or folklore, and these are all reciprocally capricious. So, I asked her if God is the sum of the laws that govern the

multiverse. She smiled and replied: “Your inquiring mind is on the right track.” That is all she said.

ON AGING

I wanted her to stay longer, much longer, so I asked a question about aging, its process, and why we aged. This question had been on my mind ceaselessly; I was aging, and I was not coping well. I always felt young, but my body incessantly refused to cooperate with me. I thought her wisdom would help me cope better.

“I understand.” She replied and continued: “When the human animal, not other animals, are

young, they see old persons, they are repelled, terrified, and disgusted; they fail to realize that they themselves are aging and will, before too long, be just as old. This is the process of life; all things must age and die, even the stars above fade and die. Humans ought to accept this and as they embrace life and its journey, they must embrace the end of the journey; it is the journey that matters.”

I thought to myself that I embraced the journey, but I could embrace aging. Aging had made me feeble, and unable to do the things I wanted to do.

I expressed my thoughts to her hoping that she would help me know how to contend with my concerns. With my aging came diseases I could not pronounce their name or nature; with my

aging came severe disability and loneliness, yes loneliness, though she had addressed that. I had reached a point where I did not know who I as anymore. I looked at myself in the mirror, but the mirror reflected a person my soul did not know. That was overwhelming to me; I always aske who I was.

She comforted me saying: “You see yourself differently than you had when you were younger. You are the same being and nothing but time, which is merely a concept, changed, and you falsely think you changed. No, you have not changed; you are you and will still be you until your time to travel to the time before your birth comes; only then you will know the secret of the multiverse and the reasons for your journey.

ON SOCIALIZATION

I wanted her to stay longer, much longer, so I asked another question about socialization and relationships. It appears to me that socialization has become superficial, without a purpose, and without significance. With modern technology, mobile phones, the Internet, and artificial intelligence, humans have become machines, not different from what they are using to communicate. Perhaps million others are lonelier than I.

**And she answered saying:
One speaks when one is not at peace with one's thoughts.
Conversing or reasoning with others is when one is no longer able to remain in the seclusion of one's heart, so, one uses**

words as an alternative. In the process, the ability of reflecting and pondering suffocates. There are many humans who seek talking with, and hanging on others because of their fear of being alone

CHAPTER TEN:

CHAPTER ELEVEN:

CHAPTER TWELVE:

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

CHAPTER FOURTEEN:

CHAPTER FIFTEEN: