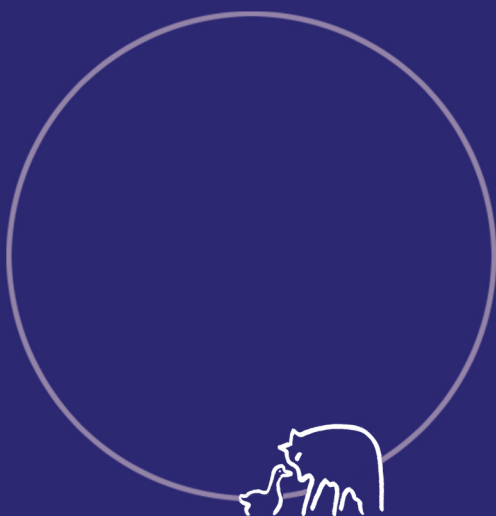


# AutoRicerca

16

Journal of inner research

Year 2018



Two hearts

English edition



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# **AutoRicerca**

*No. 16, Year 2018*

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*AutoRicerca*: No. 16, Year 2018  
*Editor*: Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi  
*Cover*: Paola Patocchi  
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## WARNING

The pages of a book, whether paper or electronic, possess a peculiar property: they are able to accept whatever variety of letters, words, phrases and illustrations, without ever expressing a criticism, or disapproval. It is important to be aware of this fact when we go through a text, so that the lantern of our discernment can always accompany our reading. To explore new possibilities, we must remain open-minded, but it is equally important not to succumb to the temptation to uncritically absorb everything we read. In other words, the warning is to always subject the content of our reading to the scrutiny of our critical sense and personal experience.

The editor and the author of the published stories can in no way be held responsible for the consequences of a possible paradigm shift induced by the reading of the texts in this volume.





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## EDITORIAL

The twelfth volume of *AutoRicerca* (Year 2016) was the first to be published both in Italian and English. With this sixteenth number, the final of 2018, we repeat the experiment, emphasizing that *AutoRicerca*, although born as a journal that publishes writings in Italian, nonetheless it has an international perspective, as is international the list of authors who have contributed so far to the different issues.

The present volume contains seven stories, written some decades ago by *Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi*, published in various formats over the years (mostly in booklets published on behalf of the author). Thanks to *AutoRicerca*, and to the author's availability, these evocative texts are now available to a wider audience of readers. In that respect, let me remind that *AutoRicerca* is an *open-access* journal, whose volumes in electronic format (pdf) can be downloaded free of charge, directly from the journal's website ([www.autoricerca.ch](http://www.autoricerca.ch)).

Each of the seven stories that you will discover in the pages that follow, have been written, and often told, with the precise intention of opening the mind and the heart of those who had read them, or listened to them. In fact, as the author explains, to tell a story is like throwing a seed. From the beauty of the tree that will be born you may know the wisdom that is contained inside. And so, as from the smallest of seeds a majestic tree may be born, even from the smallest story a man (a humanity!) of great soul may be born.

In the first story, a little boy with long golden hair asks the immense Sea to tell him the secret of Life. The Sea answers, carrying him away in a marvelous journey, whose only requisite is to know how to count to ten. A story that refers to the symbolism of that book without words that the ancient texts quote as “The Book of Toth”, whose origin is lost in mysterious time immemorial.

In the second story, we are witnessing an intense and uncommon dialogue between a strange wolf and a courageous duck: the meeting of two beings who share the truth of their hearts and conquer true freedom.

In the third story,<sup>1</sup> Rolfy, an adorable little brown bear, lives the discovery of the patterns of life through the eyes of his brother Tommy, whose gift is to always have the right answers to all his questions. It is a very delicate story, which opens to one of the most difficult issues of our era: the separation of parents; a story that the author wrote with the express purpose of being able to communicate to his children his separation from their mother, and that today has been used successfully by numerous couples, to deal with this difficult passage in the most serene and constructive way possible. About this story, Angela, psychologist of childhood, writes:

“Dear Mr. Sassoli de Bianchi, thank you very much for offering me the booklet with the story of Rolfy, which was greatly appreciated. The images you were able to find, to transmit such a difficult topic to children, are very beautiful and appropriate. ‘Rolfy’ will be a precious story for my work and I cannot help but encourage you to write more of them, to help the numerous parents who do not know what to tell. After a year and a half of experiences in listening to minors, I must admit that I can count on a hand the couples who knew how and wanted to elaborate their separation as you did.”

The fourth story, inspired by the noble figure of Count St. Germaine, tells us about the meeting of two souls, who for love

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<sup>1</sup> The story “Rolfy and the big forest” was first published in Italy, in 2001, by Atman edizioni.

lose themselves in the darkness of the world, and again for love find their way back home. A story that was born with the aim of helping people to abandon their attachments and find their way back to freedom.

The fifth story, tells us about a young girl victim of the deception of a usurer, and about a noble knight submitted to the judgment of an ancient law. Both, to save themselves, will have to observe reality from the corner of the eye, and capture the other side of things, the side that we usually cannot see, discovering in this way that there are no situations in life without a way out, but only points of view that make them such.

In the sixth story, Sonja, a young girl with a free and rebellious mind, meets a strange man, who teaches her how to fight to not lose her freedom, following an insidious alien invasion. A metaphorical tale for a reawakening of the consciences: a warning for a careful vigilance on our behavior, aimed at unmasking the numerous and insidious mechanical behaviors that dominate our lives, without our knowledge.

Finally, in the seventh story, undoubtedly of a more intimate and personal nature, the author explores his inner world, according to a transformative perspective, in search of the inner being. Annamaria, a friend of the author, writes about it:

“If you want to live in the Light you must first get out of the darkness, that metal envelope, the robot where the body of the dried man was locked up and where the young being then appears. Every human being is a spark that wants and can become a flame. So, let us reveal (it’s also true for me) the Light that is in us, still as a sprout – it can be our little girl, or little boy – making sure that it blooms! See how your push is useful!”

Finally, particularly interesting are the notes (collected at the bottom of the volume) with which the author wanted to contextualize and enrich his stories, allowing the reader to deepen her/his reflection about their contents.

As always, I wish you an enjoyable reading.

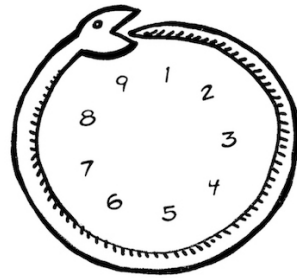
*The Editor*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi* received the Ph.D. degree in physics from the Federal Institute of Technology in Lausanne (EPFL) in 1995, with a study on temporal processes in quantum mechanics. His current research activities are focused on the foundations of physical theories, quantum mechanics, consciousness studies and quantum cognition. He carries forward interests in the field of inner research (self-research), promoting a multi-existential and multi-dimensional vision of human evolution. He has written essays, popular science books, children's stories, and has published numerous research articles in international journals. He is the editor of the Italian journal *AutoRicerca* and currently the director of the *Laboratorio di Autoricerca di Base* (LAB), in Lugano, Switzerland. He is also a research fellow at the *Center Leo Apostel for Interdisciplinary Studies* (CLEA), situated at the *Vrije Universiteit Brussel* (VUB), in Belgium. For more information, please refer to the author's personal website: [www.massimilianosassolidebianchi.ch](http://www.massimilianosassolidebianchi.ch).

# THE SEA IS A DEEP THOUGHT

The boy sits by the edge of the Sea, holding in his hands a cup of ice cream, which he tastes happily. It's a hot summer day and a gentle breeze caresses his face, moving his long golden wavy hair like waves on the Sea. The beach at this hour is almost deserted: you can



only hear the seagulls cries that swim in the air currents of the Sky and the breaking of the waves that end their long voyage in a fresh hug of the earth. The boy looks at the Sea. It's so big. Then he asks:

– Who are you Sea?

The Sea answers:

– I am a deep thought.

The boy smiles, trying to embrace in a single look the immense spread of blue water.

Then he asks again:

– Who am I?

– You also are a deep thought.

– And Life? What is Life?

– Life is like the Sea: it is a deep thought.

The boy enjoys some more ice cream, then with a voice full of

hope says:

– Please, tell me about Life.

The Sea then asks the boy:

– Do you know how to count to ten?

– Of course, even until one hundred! – he replies proudly.

– You are very good, but you will see that until ten is enough.

Now listen carefully, because I will tell you the secret of Life. Tell me: what is the first among all the numbers, which is also the last?

– I don't know, – replies the boy thoughtfully.

Then the Sea adds:

– What is a Sea without fish?

– There doesn't exist a Sea without fish! – objects the boy.

– That's right, it doesn't exist. A Sea without fish is nothing. A Sea without fish is the number...



...and the Zero is the first of all the numbers, which is also the last. But tell me: how big is a Sea without fish?

– I wouldn't know, – answers the boy a bit confused.

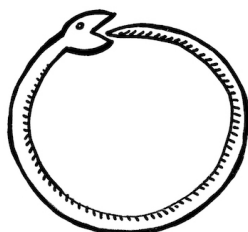
– That's right, – replies the Sea, – nobody can say, because no fish ever crossed it! It is infinitely big and at the same time infinitely small. A Sea without fish is the nothingness!

– What is the nothingness?

– The nothingness is your cup of ice cream when it is empty. But even empty it contains something.



- What does it contain? – asks the boy curiously.
- It contains the possibility of being filled with a delicious ice cream, like the one you are enjoying now.
- Hmm ... I like it when it is full of ice cream!
- I'm quite sure, – says the Sea in a sweet voice. – Look at your cup: it is round like a Zero, round like a serpent that bites its tail...



...round as is round a Sea without fish, that doesn't contain anything yet but it already contains the possibility to fill itself with an infinity of fish. Do you understand?



The boy looks carefully at his cup, takes a little more ice cream and says:



– Please, Sea, go on.

The Sea continues its story:

– Tell me: what does a Sea without fish need?

– Fish! – the boy answers quickly.

– Exactly. So come on, what are you waiting for? Create the first fish!

– How do you do that? – The boy asks.

– Oh, there are many ways. What do you do at school when the teacher teaches you numbers?

– I use the blackboard and chalk.

– Very well, so think of a blackboard and a white chalk, then draw a nice fish on it.

The boy slightly closes his eyes thinking of the blackboard of his school, takes a white chalk and draws a nice little fish. When the drawing is finished he exclaims with satisfaction:

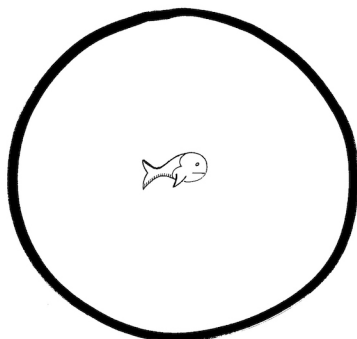
– There, it's done!



– Not bad, well done indeed! Now put it in the Sea without fish: draw a nice circle around that fish.

The boy does exactly what the Sea asks him to do:

– Is that all right?



– Congratulations, great job! There you go, that's the number...



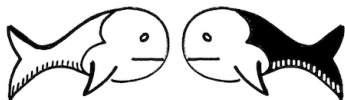
It's the starting point of a great adventure. Now everything is possible: you gave way to the birth of a Sea full of fish, an infinity of fish!

– But I created only one! – the boy objects.

– Wait, you're running too fast – the Sea corrects him with a calm voice. – That's not a fish yet, it's just the idea of a fish. It's the idea of a fish in a Sea without fish. It's a tiny dot in the nothingness. It's the beginning. If we want to create a real fish, we still have to work at it. Think of your ice cream cup. An empty cup is only the possibility that one day it might be full. That possibility, if you remember well, is the Zero. But if you think of the ice cream, that cup is not all that empty anymore. It becomes a space to be filled. It becomes a space full of your idea of ice cream. And in that idea there are a thousand tastes and colors: all the flavors you may choose. In the One everything is possible. In the One everything is contained. Even the fish you drew is only an idea. It doesn't have colors yet. It doesn't have a front and a back, a left side and a right side. It hasn't been created yet and it already exists, because you drew it, because you thought it! Cheer up, think one more time of your black board, but this time use colors.

The boy doesn't have to be told twice, and after a few moments, with a voice full of satisfaction, he exclaims:

– There, it's done! It's a special kind of fish: on one side it's all yellow and on the other side all blue. I had to make two drawings, one for each side.



– Very good! You discovered the number...

**2**

– Really?

– Of course! You created the first couple. You can't think of one side without thinking of the other. And when you go from the blue side to the yellow side, there's something that begins to move. It's not the fish that moves yet, but it's your thoughts. Do you understand? The Two is a One that begins to move. But don't stop yet! Come on, what are you waiting for?

– I don't understand, insists the boy.

– What! Didn't they teach you at school? And yet, everybody knows!

– Please, tell me what.

– That there is no Two without a Three! – answered the Sea lovingly.

– Well, it's not true: my mother never bought me three ice creams in a row!

– I didn't mean it that way. You're a little rascal! We need to create the fish, remember? So come on, unite the blue side with the yellow side. One can't exist without the other!

The boy squints his eyes tightly, assuming an expression of full concentration. He imagines the two faces of the fish that moves, one towards the other, until they meet and join together. He lets out a shout of joy from the happiness:

– I did it, I created a nice yellow and blue fish!



– Perfect, I'm very proud of you! You created number...

**3**

That nice fish is the number Three.

– To me it seems like the One, – objects the boy a bit disappointed.

– It's a single fish, so it's again the One, not the Three!

– It's true, but everything is contained in the One. There wasn't that fish before, or maybe it was but you didn't realize it. There were its two faces, the blue and the yellow. But the two faces when they are separate are not yet a fish. It's only when you unite them that they become a fish, that you create a new thing. Remember? The One is the idea. The idea of the fish. Then the idea gets in motion and the two faces are born, the number Two. And...

**2 + 1**

...how much is it?

– Three!

– right, Three! Just like your father and your mother.

– But my father and mother are two, – objects the boy again.

– Yes, but even before they met they were already united by a thought of Love. Love is like the One, it unites all things. The One made them meet, just like the two faces of the fish, and that is how you were born. Now how many are you?

– We are three.

– That’s right! From the One the Three is born, from Love the Three is born.

The boy bursts out laughing.

– It’s nice to hear you laugh.

– If you only knew why I was laughing!

– Come on, let’s hear it.

– It came to my mind that there is no Two without Three ... and the Four is guaranteed! – he says while bursting out in laughter again.

– I see that you learn quickly. You must know that the Four contains a great secret.

– Please Sea, tell me what it is.

– OK, since you are an intelligent child, I will explain the secret of the number Four. If you have listened carefully, you will have understood that there is no difference between the One, Two and Three. The One is the first thought. The Two are the two faces of that thought. And the Three is the union of those two faces in the Love of the One. That’s why they say that there is no One without Two, and that there is no Two without Three. The Three however doesn’t need the Four. The Four is another thing!

The boy assumes a thoughtful look:

– I don’t understand, can you explain that better.

– A little bit of patience. The Four is the Three that falls down. When it falls down, it can’t get back up very easily. A bit like

the ice cream, when it goes down into your stomach.

– Once though I ate too much, and it came back up! – retorts the amused boy.

– You really are something! You don't miss a beat, do you? I didn't say that it couldn't come back up, only that it's a little difficult. But let's get back to our fish, shall we?

– Yes, where is it?

– It's not anywhere yet. We created it, of course, but it's lacking something important.

– What's that? – the boy asks curiously.

– It's simple: it lacks me, it lacks the Sea! A fish is made to live in the Sea. Come on then, what are you waiting for? Tell it to come down!

– I told it, retorts the boy disappointed, but nothing happened.

– By now, you should know how to unite things. Use the One. Use Love. Tell it that I love it.

– Will that work?

– Of course. You'll see.

The boy does as the Sea said, and then exclaims with a voice full of marvel:

– I did it, it understood! It came down, now it's in the Sea, I mean in you.

The Sea thanks him and then adds:

– With the Love of the One the little fish, which is the Three, went down into the Sea. But tell me:

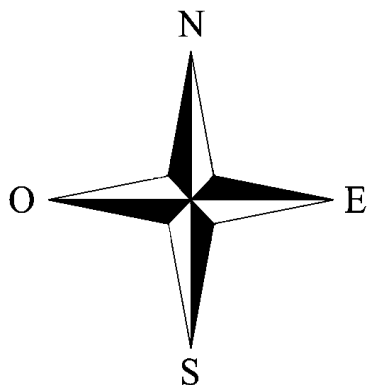
$$1 + 3$$

...how much is that?

- That’s easy: it’s Four!
- Great! Now you have discovered the number...

4

The little fish that swims in the Sea is the Four. The Sea is its home. Your nice little yellow and blue fish has become a real fish, full of Life. It can move, swim and explore the Sea. It can go south, north, east and even west.



It can go in the four directions. You see, another Four!

- And what is the secret of the Four?
- You should know it by now. Once it came down into the Sea the little fish didn’t remember where it came from. It thinks that it has always lived in the Sea. It forgot that it was the Three. It and the Sea have become the same thing. That is the secret of the Four! The Four is the Three that fell down, forgetting who it is. Forgetting the Love of the One. But now that we have created the Sea, would you like to go explore it? Don’t you know that the Sea is full of marvels, so many that you can’t

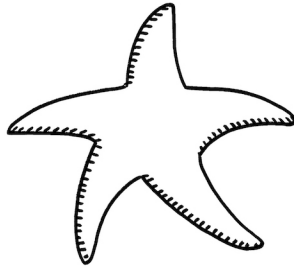
even imagine them all? Have you ever seen a starfish?

– Yes, they're beautiful!

– Look down there, you see?

– Yes, I see! Is even the starfish a Three that fell into the Sea?

– It is much more. Count its points, how many are there?



– Five!

– That's right. It is the number ...

**5**

– What does being the Five mean? – asks the boy curiously.

– It's simple. It knows that the Sea is its home, but it began to remember.

– Remember what?

– Did you already forget? So listen. A long time ago, the starfish had fins and a tail, just like a fish. It never got tired of exploring the Sea, which is so big. But one day, after it realized it had crossed it all, it stopped. For the first time it looked up. So it discovered the Sky and the enchanting stars.





And it loved them so much that it became one of them. Because it was one of them: a star in the Sea. Tell me: Have you ever looked at the Sky? Have you ever seen the stars?

– Yes, they’re beautiful! I want to be a star too.

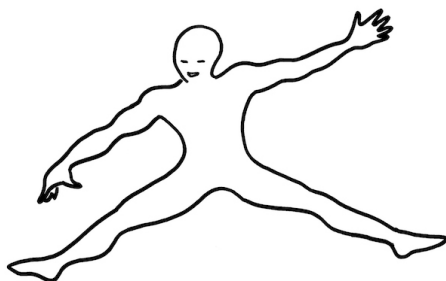
– But that’s exactly what you are.

– Come on, you must be joking, I don’t shine in the Sky!

– Still, even you once upon a time were like that fish, which never got tired of exploring the Sea. Even you stopped and looked at the Sky, transforming yourself into a star. How many tips do you have? Did you ever count them?

– I don’t have tips! – objected the boy.

– Are you sure? What about your arms? And your legs? And don’t you have a head?



– That’s true! Two arms, plus Two legs, plus One head... makes Five! Hurrah! I am a star!

– You are the Five. You are like that starfish that looking up remembered that, once upon a time, it was also a star in the

Sky. The Five is the Four that remembered the Love of the One. And...

4 + 1

...how much is it?

– Five.

– That's right.

The boy eats a little more ice cream from his cup and a delightful smile illuminates his sweet face.

– Hmm, it's so good...

– I'm curious, – asks the Sea, – what flavors do you like the most?

– Lemon and strawberry! Those are my favorites.

– And what flavor did you chose this time?

– I chose lemon. Do you like ice cream too Sea?

– Of course. But tell me: How did you choose that flavor?

– It's easy, – responds the boy, – I go to Francesco, the ice cream man, and look at all the beautiful colors. When there is one that attracts my attention, I feel something that makes me choose it, but I don't know how to explain it.

– What you feel is the number...

6

The Six is the desire. What do you desire the most?

– Oh, I desire many things: I would like to be a star in the Sky,

a fish in the Sea, I would like to get many presents at Christmas, eat an infinity of ice cream, I would like ...

– Slow down, like that nothing will be left for the others!

– You mean it? Asks the boy worried.

– I was only joking. I'm a little bit of a rascal like you. But tell me: What happens when you desire lemon ice cream?

– I don't know.

– It's easy, – the Sea reassures him with a sweet voice. – When you desire something you attract it towards yourself. What is it that attracts and unites things?

– The Love of the One? – asks the boy hesitantly.

– Very good! You see, by now you have learned. And...

$$5 + 1$$

...how much is it?

– Six

– Yes, when a starfish desires the stars of the Sky it is the Six. When a boy desires an ice cream, he is the Six. But tell me...

$$3 + 3$$

... how much is it?

– It still makes Six.

– Exactly! In the Six, there is two times the Three. The first

Three is like the strawberry ice cream, and the second Three is like the lemon ice cream.

– I choose lemon! – exclaims the boy laughing.

– I understand that you like lemon. When you desire something, you always have to choose. The same thing happened to our friend, the little yellow and blue fish. While we were here chatting, it got very busy. It started to explore the Sea and met two beautiful little fish, one all red and the other all green. It fell in love. It desired both of them, but it could only choose one. It certainly wasn't easy, they were both so nice. But tell me: How did you choose your lemon ice cream?

– I can see that you never ordered an ice cream! – retorts the boy laughing. – I went to Francesco and, as usual, he said: “Hello little boy, what shall I give you today: strawberry or lemon?” So I answered: “Three scoops of lemon please”.

– Good, you are well mannered. And what did Francesco do?

– He smiled and put the scoops into the cup.



– That's right, – says the Sea. – The three scoops fell into the cup, just as the little yellow and blue fish fell into the Sea. Do you remember? It was the Three, and falling into the Sea it became the Four. The lemon ice cream is like that little fish: when Francesco puts it into the cup it becomes the Four.

– Hmm, it's good the Four!

– You're really a character! So, have you understood? The lemon ice cream and the strawberry ice cream are two Threes. You

choose one – yes, I know, the lemon one! – And your choice makes it fall into the cup, transforming it into the Four. And...

$$3 + 4$$

...how much is it?

– Seven.

– Right! Now you have discovered the secret of the number...

7

– What secret? – asks the surprised boy.

– The secret of changing your own desires into reality, – answers the Sea. – It's not so difficult; you just need to know the magic formula, like saying please. Seven is the number of the wizard.

– You are really neat, Sea. Do you know that I love you?

– I know, me too I love you. But why do you make that sad little face?

– We're already up to Seven, pretty soon your story will end.

– Don't worry, you'll see, this is a story that doesn't end. But please, let me try too.

– Try what? – asks the boy curiously.

– To order an ice cream, – answers the Sea.

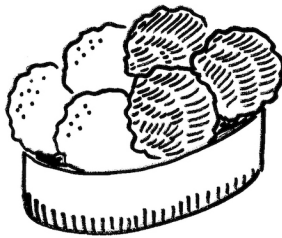
– So you really do like it?

– Oh yes. Now watch, I'll try: “Francesco, lemon and strawberry please!”

– Hey, two flavors is not fair! – objects the boy.

– That too is a choice. It shouldn't be you, an ice cream expert, to tell me that you can't do it.

– You're right, – admits the boy. – Francesco will make you a nice double cup, of strawberry and lemon.



– Very nice. But tell me: What number is that?

– Which number? – the boy asks surprised.

– Strawberry and lemon. The lemon ice cream is the Three, that you made fall into the cup changing it into the Four. The strawberry ice cream is also the Three, that falling into the cup becomes another Four. And...

$$4 + 4$$

...how much is it?

– Eight.

– Exactly! Now you have learned the secret of the number...

# 8

– Yes, I understand, says the boy like one who knows everything. – The secret of the Eight is that the Sea is a big glutton of ice cream!

– That’s not a secret, objects the Sea amused. – Everybody knows that I love ice cream. Now listen, because it’s very important. The Six are two Threes that stay up, while the Eight is two Fours that stay down, in the cup.

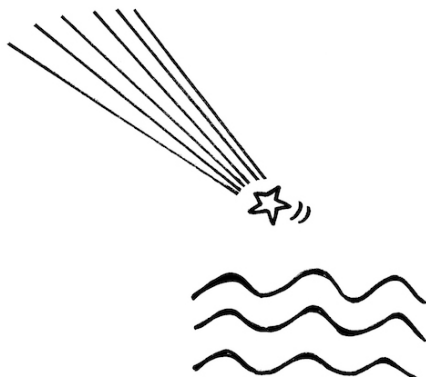
– I don’t understand, – asks the boy, – what’s the difference?

– There’s a big difference. Staying up is not like staying down. When the strawberry and lemon are in the cup they get mixed, they melt, they begin to change. Instead, above things don’t change, they last forever. The stars in the Sky shine forever, while the stars in the Sea are born, live and die. Like your ice cream in the cup. You see, it’s almost finished.

– Will I die someday also?

– Did you forget that you are a star from the Sky? The stars from the Sky never die!

– One time I saw a star that fell. What does that mean? – asks the boy worried.



– That’s the Nine, – answers the Sea. – A falling star is the Five that falls in the Four. It is the Five that goes down to the depth of the Sea. A falling star is you when you hold your breath before diving into the water. And...

$$5 + 4$$

...how much is it?

– Nine.

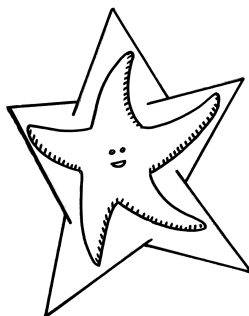
– That’s right! A falling star is the number...

9

Nine like the morning prayer, that you have in you before starting the day.

– Please, – asks the boy again, – what does a star do when it falls into the Sea?

– When it falls into the Sea its light illuminates the World. A star that sets in the Sea is the Five that is above which unites with the Five that is below. It is the star of the Sky that unites with the star of the Sea.





But tell me:

$$5 + 5$$

...how much is it?

– Ten.

– Exactly! The number Ten is a star of the sky that fell into the darkness of the Sea, becoming the One again. Do you know how to write Ten?

– Of course, – answers the boy, – it's a One with a Zero next to it...

10

– You see, the Ten is still the One. The Ten is the Love of the One that finished its walk and gives its light to the world. The Ten is the evening prayer when the day is finished and you fall into deep dreams.

– Oh, even my ice cream is finished! – observes the boy sadly.  
– My cup is empty!



– Yes, – says the Sea, – the Ten is the One that came out of the

Zero. The Ten is the ice cream that came out of the cup, and now the cup is empty again. Now you know the secret of life.

– So is your story finished?

– Don't you remember? The Zero is the possibility, everything can start again.

– Will you come back?

– If you like, I will come back. But now go, your mother is looking for you.

The boy looks again at his cup, round and empty like a Zero, and smiling he thinks: "If only Francesco knew how many secrets there are in his cups!"

Before going back to his mother, he turns once more towards the Sea, and thinks: "It's so big". Then he asks:

– Who are you Sea?

The Sea answers:

– I am a deep thought...

# THE WOLF AND THE DUCK

On a beautiful farm at the edge of a forest lived a farmer who owned a beautiful duck, named Cloé. Cloé was a happy duck who had no worries. She lived in a big fenced in area and had everything that a duck could wish for. Every morning the farmer would bring fresh and tasty feed and would clean her little bed made out of hay and pour fresh water into her bowl. He would never forget to softly stroke her fluffy feathers and exclaim:

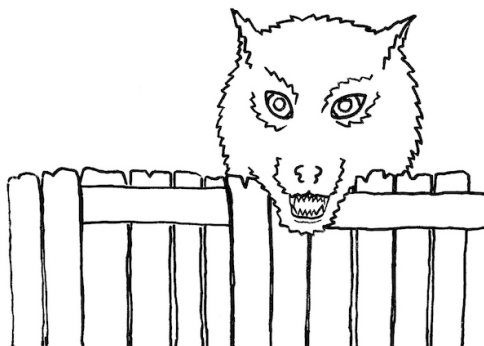


– You are such a beautiful duck Cloé, I’m so proud of you!

Cloé’s life was like the flow of a peaceful river. In the long summer afternoons, in the shade of an old apple tree, she would ponder at the enchanting beauty of the flowers and the trees, and the sun high in the sky. She thought how blessed she is to live in such a beautiful place and to have such a kind and thoughtful owner. It’s so good to feel loved and to know that somebody loves and protects and cares for you.

One night the Moon shined high in the sky and Cloé was sleeping peacefully on her soft little bed. Suddenly, a loud noise

woke her up and startled her. She could sense a strange smell and a shiver of fear ran through her whole body. With hesitant steps she came out of her little house and found herself face to face with a terrifying beast, that was furiously trying to penetrate the fence that protected her. He had long threatening teeth, eyes like fiery embers, sharp claws and a body black like coal.



Cloé was paralyzed with fear. She couldn't move. Her eyes were fixed on that strange creature that she had never seen before, and whose intentions seemed far from friendly. Endless minutes passed, when finally the beasts' fury started to calm down. The farmer had built such a strong fence that even the animals' full force was useless. So, Cloé, little by little, took courage.

“The fence will resist”, she thought, “I don't have anything to fear!”. Cautiously she came closer and with a mixture of fear and curiosity she asked with a trembling voice:

– Who are you? What do you want from me?

In the meantime, the beast, exhausted, was lying down trying to catch his breath and with a low, deep voice, answered:

– I am a wolf and my name is Mali! What do I want? It's simple; I'm hungry, and I want to eat you!

Hearing these words, Cloé was again gripped with fear. Sure, she had heard already about the wolf from the stories that the sparrows would tell sometimes, when they came to visit her under the apple tree. But she always thought that such a creature existed only in the wild imagination of those little birds. Now instead, he was right there in front of her. She wasn't dreaming and even worse, he was intending to eat her. Gathering a little more courage she told the wolf, this time with a firmer voice:

– You can't eat me Mali! My owner loves me and to protect me he built a strong and sturdy fence. He is good and kind to me and not bad and mean like you.

There was a moment of silence, then Mali burst into a mocking laugh:

– Ha! Ha! Ha! You poor duck, how naive you are! Do you really think the intentions of your kind owner are so different than mine? He is only waiting for you to grow a little more: then, when you'll be big enough and nice and fat, you'll end up right into his pot.

This said, the wolf gave a last look at the duck with those eyes that now were like mirrors reflecting the moonlight, got up on his four long legs and, as he had come, vanished into the forest.

That night Cloé couldn't sleep: the encounter with the wolf had deeply shaken her, but even more she was hit by his words.

“What a nerve he had”, she thought. “How could that ugly wolf dare to insinuate that one day the owner would put her into a pot! What a horrible thought! After all, what can a wolf know about love? What can he know of the kindness and the caresses of her beloved owner?”

Upon these thoughts, exhausted, the duck fell asleep. The next day, when she woke up, the encounter with the wolf seemed only a bad memory. Punctual as always, at sun rise, the farmer entered the fenced area with the usual care. He fluffed up her bed of hay, filled the trough with fresh water and put a generous handful of feed in her bowl. He looked at her and held her

tenderly in his hands, and told her:

– You are really a beautiful duck! You are really growing well. All my efforts will soon be repaid!

He then put her down and went about his work, whistling cheerfully.

“My efforts will soon be repaid? What did he mean by these words?”, asked Cloé to herself, a bit worried.

She had noticed something strange that morning in the voice of her beloved owner. She had the impression that he was colder than usual, more distant, as if he was hiding something from her.

“But what are you thinking?”, Cloé told herself. “That bad wolf really has put some strange ideas into your head. My owner loves me. There are no doubts about it. How can I think that he has intentions to eat me?”

But even this thought couldn't calm her. The wolf's voice echoed continually in her mind, and his words, as terrible as they were, had a strange unknown taste. The taste of truth.

Again came the evening and then the night. Cloé couldn't sleep. Too many thoughts kept her awake. Too much pain was tied to those thoughts. Then, again, that smell. She ran out of her little house with a pounding heart. On the other side of the fence, there he was: Mali, the wolf, had returned!

He was quietly laying down and staring at her with his fiery expression.

– Hi, Cloé! – he said with a warm and vibrant voice. – How are you?

– I was better before I met you! – the duck answered. – That's for sure! Why did you come back? Are you so stupid that you don't understand that you can never break that fence? It's too strong, even for your sharp claws.

– I know that, – the wolf answered. – It's just that tonight I felt a bit lonely and I needed somebody to talk to. So, I thought

about you.

– That’s really something! First you want to eat me, then you come to talk with me. Who do you think you are?

“On the other hand”, she thought, “I also need somebody to talk to”. Then again there was something in that wolf that attracted her – she had to admit – as in his fiery eyes, like in a magic mirror, she could see a part of herself.

– OK Mali, let’s talk. But what do you want to talk about? – The duck asked.

– Whatever you want Cloé, – answered the wolf. – By the way, how is it going with your beloved owner? Are you still so sure that his love for you is without any selfish motive?

Cloé didn’t answer right away. Then she said, slowly:

– After hearing your words the other night, something has changed in me. Maybe you’re right Mali. Maybe my owner doesn’t really love me. But tell me, what does a wolf know about men?

– We wolves know a lot about men. We call them “double hearts”, because we know that we cannot trust them. With one hand they’re ready to give you the sweetest caress, but with the other hand they hide a stick ready to hit you.

– And of you wolves, can we trust you? – Cloé replied with a challenging air.

– We are ferocious animals, – answered Mali. – That’s true! But we don’t hide our ferocity and our intentions are always plain: we are of a single heart and one truth!

These words had a strange effect on Cloé. She didn’t feel sad or afraid anymore. A strange warm feeling irradiated from her heart. Nobody before that wolf ever talked to her with such sincerity. Nobody ever before Mali gave her such a precious gift: the truth. She looked at the Moon, that with a pale beauty enlightened the sky, and took courage, and uttered these words:

– If my destiny is to be eaten, then I would rather have a single

heart like yours to eat me, than a double heart. Tomorrow morning, when the farmer will come to clean my fence, I will put a little pebble between the door, so it will not close completely. You can come at night, Mali, and you will be able to open it with your paw.

The wolf had a hard time to believe what he heard.

– If I enter the fence, I’ll eat you, Cloé! You know that, – he said. – I cannot resist my wolf’s instinct.

– I know, – Cloé answered. – But now go, goodbye Mali.

Morning came and the sun rose as always on the horizon. It’s golden rays surrounded everything creating a beauty that was almost unreal. The farmer came in, as usual, and with his usual care fluffed up her little bed, poured fresh water in her trough and feed in her bowl.

For a moment Cloé believed that everything that happened in the previous days had been a bad dream. Then, the farmer took her in his hands, looked at her, but this time he didn’t say anything. In the silence of that look, Cloé could hear, with a sinister clarity, a strange sound: “Tum tam! Tum tam! Tum tam! Tum tam!”, like two drums. It was the beat of two hearts! Now she knew, now she had no more doubts!

As soon as the farmer put her on the ground she ran toward the door of the fence. She took a little pebble and placed it between the door. Then, she went back to her little bed and stayed there, still and silent, waiting for the sunset.

She watched the great light retreat behind the mountains and the clouds became an incandescent red. A fresh breeze dried a tear running down her cute little face while the last sun rays gave place to the majestic Moon, ascending higher and higher in the darkening sky. Then, she heard a noise that suddenly brought her back to herself: Mali had not forgotten their agreement, her time was at hand!

Calmly she reached the middle of the fence at the foot of the old stump, thanking life for the beautiful moments given her, and



courageously waited. Meanwhile, Mali was hitting with all his strength at the fence door, that at the third attempt burst open. The wolf advanced ferociously towards the duck, his jaws wide open, showing his long teeth, like sharp blades shining in the moonlight. He tensed his muscles ready to spring on his prey.

Mali and Cloé took their last glance at each other, then the wolf sprung off the ground. His jaw opened and closed several times while his claws fended at the air and plunged surely on his prey. Everything lasted only a few seconds. Then silence fell.

Cloé could not understand what had happened. How could she still be alive? All of her nice feathers were still in their place, no doubt. She turned and saw Mali, still panting, trying to catch his breath. With a trembling voice the duck asked:

– What happened Mali? Why am I still alive? Why didn't you devour me?

The wolf looked at her. His look was tender now and irradiating something different, and inexplicable. He said:

– Before springing I saw in your big eyes the reflection of my beloved Moon, and in just that instant I could see the beauty of your heart singing a truth greater than mine. While I was in the air, I understood that a pure heart is of no value if one isn't free to chose his truth. So, with all my strength, I deviated my path and vented all my fury on that stump smashing it into pieces. Now I don't have the desire to eat you anymore. My anger vanished and all I feel is a great peace. Your courage set you free and set me free too.

The moonlight now seemed to envelop the two creatures with its soft white mantle. Their eyes met again and a deep sense of unity emerged in their hearts, as in a sweet prayer. Both had a strange feeling of penetrating more into the other to the point that there was no more wolf or duck, but only the dialogue of two hearts.

Time seemed to stop, then again with a warm voice Mali said:

– Come my beloved Cloé, come with me into the forest. I want

to open your sweet eyes to the world, just as you opened mine.

Of Mali and the duck Cloé, no one has ever heard of again. But to this day a few sparrows, that had the privilege of hearing that dialogue, tell the story of a strange wolf and a courageous duck that knew how to share the truth of their hearts and find their true freedom.

# ROLFY AND THE BIG FOREST

What you are about to read is the story of a very curious little brown bear, named Rolfy, who doesn't rest until he understands everything that happens around him. Fortunately, Rolfy has a brother, Tommy, who always has the right answers to all of his questions.



And those of Rolfy are not always easy questions. One day for example, he discovered that mother and father decided to live in two separate caves. So he asked himself:

“Should I be sad for this or can I continue to be happy, as usual?”

Maybe you too, or some of your school mates, find yourself in a situation similar to this, because there are many children-little bears of this earth of whose parents have decided to live each in their own house-cave.

Listening to the story of Rolfy you will discover though that it is not so difficult to answer his question. Sometimes in fact things are different from what they seem, if only we learn to

look at them with new eyes.

Rolfy was an adorable little brown bear, the smallest of three brothers. The oldest was called Mike and in the middle there was Tommy. All three lived in a big cave at the foot of the mountain, with mama and papa bear that took care of them. Rolfy was very curious and passed a great part of his time observing everything around him. Nothing escaped his attentive eyes!

One time he remained fixed so long on the flight of the bees that he deciphered their secret code. So, all he had to do was watch a bee fly here and there for a moment to quickly guess where they hid their beehive, with its sweet content.



At night, Rolfy and his brothers slept in the big cave, next to mama and papa bear. Mike, the oldest of the three, was by now getting to be a big bear and Rolfy noticed that he didn't sleep anymore right up next to his parents. Often he wondered what the reason would be for his behavior, without however finding an answer. He thought to ask mama and papa for an explanation, but didn't dare, for fear of hearing that Mike didn't love them anymore.

Fortunately, it wasn't too hard to get rid of those ugly thoughts and life could return to its happy flow as usual. But one day Mike announced to the family, with a solemn voice, that the day had come for him to leave and go to search for his own cave. Rolfy couldn't believe his furry ears:

“Mike is leaving!”, he thought, “Then is it true that he

doesn't love me anymore?"

Searching for an answer to his pressing question, he watched mama and papa while they helped the brother in his preparations for leaving. He noticed that they were at the same time a bit sad and a bit happy, a bit disappointed and a bit content. So he asked himself:

“What does all this mean?”

After Mike left, mama and papa bear met with Rolfy and Tommy in the cave.

– Your brother is now an adult bear, explained the mother with a loving voice. – If he decided to leave in search of his own cave it is to have new experiences. You don't need to worry. It's all right like this. You too one day will do the same.

– Don't think about it too much, – said papa bear. – Mike will come often to visit and see you and you can go to see him anytime that you like.

Papa bear continued saying that, on one hand, he and mama were a little sad at his departure, but on the other, they were very proud of his courage.

For a while, Rolfy decided to accept the explanation of his parents, even if he wasn't able to understand everything completely. One afternoon, scratching his back on his favorite trunk, he decided to ask his brother Tommy what he thought of all this.

Tommy was a bear very different from his little brother. He often seemed like he didn't care about what happened around him. But Rolfy knew that things weren't what they seemed: his brother had the gift of seeing the other side of things, the side that's not always easy to see.

He still remembers the day when he asked – with a challenging air – if he knew why the bees made so many strange movements in the air, as they flew around without ever getting anywhere. Rolfy knew the answer well. He knew

that those movements were a secret code that indicated to the other bees where the best pollen was found, or the quickest way to get back to the beehive. He was sure that Tommy had not come to the same conclusion as him, because he didn't see things in such detail.

But to his surprise though, Tommy answered with all simplicity, that it didn't have to do with strange movements, but a dance. That you dance when you are happy, and when you are happy you always end up by being attracted to beautiful things, sweet and perfumed. Therefore, that dance was useful to the bees to be attracted by the pollen scent, or from the sweet honey of their home. A simple and efficient way to always find the right path.

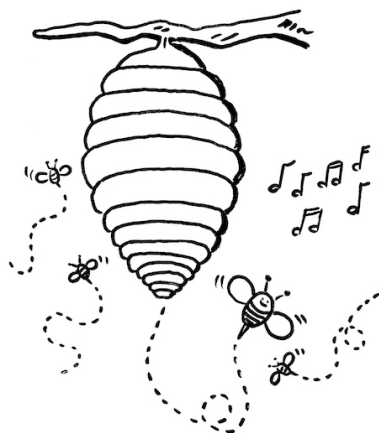
Rolfy was fascinated by the profound simplicity of that explanation, which still today echoes in his little head.

“Maybe with his special way of seeing things, Tommy can help me”, thought to himself the little bear. So, gathering up a little courage, he asked his brother:

– Can you tell me why Mike left us?

A little surprised by the question, Tommy turned to his brother with a radiant smile. Then answered:

– What makes you think that? I don't think he left us. Mike just needed more space. You need space to create new things, just as you need space to grow. Just think of your beloved bees. They need a lot of space to dance and their dance is always going and coming. And every time they return they bring something new with them. New pollen to change into honey and a new dance in the heart which will make them go out again someday.



Rolfy was touched by the profound simplicity of his brothers' answer. For a few days he was thoughtful, but then a light opened up to him. Now he understood! Everything was all right and he felt gratefulness in his little heart.

A few months passed. Rolfy and Tommy grew and got chubby. They often went to visit Mike that in the meantime got engaged with a fascinating little brown she bear, with whom he shared his new cave. Rolfy wasn't a little baby bear any more and Tommy was getting to be a big boy. The days passed calmly and carefree waiting for the arrival of winter that as usual came right on time. It was time to get ready for the big sleep!

All the family, mama and papa, Tommy and Rolfy, fell asleep at the center of the cave, waiting to wake up when the spring would receive them. For long months the white mantle of the winter covered everything, immobilizing it into a magic enchantment. Then the first timid rays of spring slowly melted the enchantment, accompanied by the chirping of some courageous birds, and greeted by pure white snowdrop flowers that for some time already were curiously peeking around.



Rolfy too, yawning, slowly opened his little eyes, stretching his long little body that during the hibernation grew a few good centimeters. He right away looked around for his brother Tommy, who was always the last to wake up, and then his sweet mother, with her soft and welcoming fur, then...



“Where’s dad?” the little bear asked worried. “Has he already woken up? No, there he is, down there!”

He still slept, but he wasn’t near the mother, as he usually was. He was a bit separate at the end of the cave and Rolfy noticed that there was a great space around him. So he asked:

“What could all that space mean?”

A few months passed and spring mounted to the apex of its splendor. Nature emitted a thousand perfumes and shone in a thousand colors. Mike came back to meet his family, this time



with a surprise: a little baby bear was born!

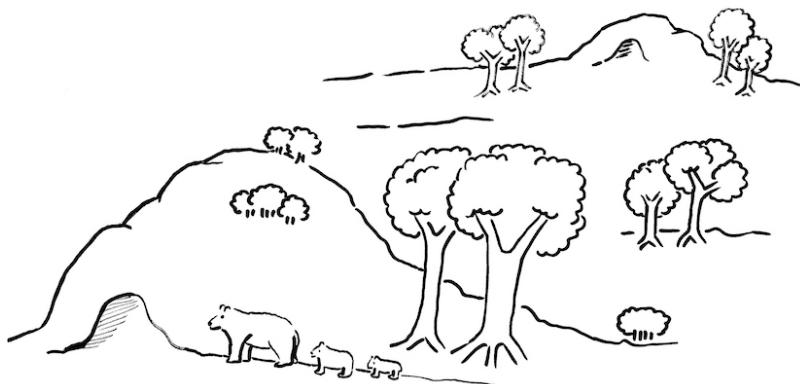
The news filled everybody with joy. Rolfy was also very happy for the little nephew, but something still pressed his little heart. His mother and father had always slept together next to each other in the cave. But after waking up from the big sleep he realized that there was a great space between them.

They always loved each other – this was sure – and their love for the rest of the family remained unchanged. But what did all of that space mean?

He wanted to ask mama and papa what it meant, but he didn't have the courage. He was however confident that life would give him the right answer at the right moment, when he would be ready to receive it.

One morning Rolfy and Tommy were out walking with their papa, looking for berries. Suddenly, he made a sign to follow him. The two brothers curiously obeyed and in a little time arrived in front of a big rock in which a spacious cave opened up.

– Here it is! – exclaimed papa bear, – This is my new cave. Mama and I still love each other, but our desires have changed. We desire to have more space at our disposition and one cave is not enough anymore. The two caves are not far from each other and for you there will be a bigger territory to explore.



Papa bear gave each of them an affectionate caress on the head, and then added:

– Let's get back to gathering berries, if we want to fill our bellies tonight.

As usual, Tommy didn't seem too surprised. Instead, Rolfy couldn't believe his eyes, much less his ears. He didn't know if he should be sad, mad, or even happy for mama and papa, and everybody, to have that great space available to run and play. Even for his intelligent little head it was too much to understand at one time. But at least now he understood why papa stayed separate in the cave, as Mike at one time did before leaving.

Spring was in full bloom and summer was at the door. Rolfy hadn't found an answer yet for his pressing questions. But he wasn't sad or worried about it. From when papa had discovered his new cave, he and mama had never been so full of life. Papa laughed and joked very often and mama every day became more beautiful.

“It must be the miracle of the space”, he thought to himself.

Some more time passed. It was a splendid morning and Tommy seemed to fully enjoy his new territory, as if nothing had happened. Rolfy watched him curiously, asking himself if even this time, with his strange way of explaining things, he would be able to answer his whys. A bit timidly, he came near and asked in a faint voice:

– What do you think about mama and papa and the new cave, and all that space? What does it mean? Should I be sad or can I be happy?

With a tender look towards his little brother, Tommy invited Rolfy to follow to where he had something to show him. Arriving at the edge of the big forest, he asked him:

– Do you see all these trees? Can you tell me how many there are?

– There are so many, – answered Rolfy. – I wouldn't be able to count them all.

– Look carefully, as you know well how to do. Are all the trees that you see the same?

– Oh no! The little bear answered right away. – Everyone is different from the other. They are all of different heights, different colors and forms.

– Great! – exclaimed Tommy. – You really are a smart bear. Look more carefully at those two trees over there. What can you tell me about them?

Rolfy studied them for a moment, and then enthusiastically answered:

– One has a trunk that is really straight and tall, while the other has a large trunk, which starts straight, but then divides into two big branches.



– Very good! – Tommy exclaimed again. – And now, can you tell me which of the two is more beautiful?

The little bear remained thoughtful for a few moments, then with a hesitating voice said:

– For me they are both beautiful: they both have so much

strength! I really wouldn't know which to choose.

– That's what I wanted to hear you say! – remarked Tommy looking at his little brother with lots of love. – Every tree nourishes itself from the immense love of mother Earth. Without exception, every tree receives the same love. A love that like a rainbow is made of many colors. And the duty of every tree is to give a form to each of those colors. Do you understand this Rolfy?

– Yes, of course, – answered the little bear, – it's like if every tree had a way of its own to make the love that mother Earth gave grow, but what has that got to do with my question about mama and papa?

– It does have to do with it. Even we bears are creatures of mother Earth. Even we bears are nourished by her immense love. At the beginning of our lives, we are like lots of little roots, which grow and unite with other roots, to form a solid trunk. Mama and papa are two roots that met, and from their meeting, from their love, a solid trunk was formed, and then many smaller branches. We are those branches!

– I understand, said the little Rolfy. – But that doesn't answer my question. Why did mama and papa decide to live in two separate caves?

Looking at the little brother with still more kindness, Tommy continued his explanation.

– Maybe the two caves are separate, and maybe they are not: it depends how you look at things. Look at the tree again that I showed you before. Its trunk divided into two big magnificent branches, which in turn have given life to other branches, and then even more. Can we really say that those two branches are divided? No, not really. Because you see, they both are born from the same big trunk, which nourishes them both. Can we say that those two big branches are united? No, we can't say that either, because each branch expressed the desire to grow in its own direction, creating its own space, its own leaves, its own fruits and own flowers.

– Are you telling me that mama and papa are like the two big branches of this tree? – asked Rolfy with a voice full of emotion.

– That’s right! Mama and papa, like us, never stopped growing, and today have decided to celebrate the love of mother Earth in two different ways. So, they have created two powerful branches, to give their desires sufficient space to live, each in their own way. There is not really a division in this, only a great wish to experience life always in new ways. Are you able to understand, little brother?

Rolfy remained silent for a bit. The way that Tommy explained things was always a surprise to him. He still had many questions that swam around in his little head, but of one thing he was now certain: the love between two bears can take many forms. Forms that are always moving and can change in the course of life. Sometimes two bears are like a single trunk, sometimes they are like two big branches, separate, yes, but united by the same trunk that nourishes them equally.

“If the forest is so beautiful”, thought the little bear, “it’s because there are so many different kinds of trees. And the same is true for the bearkind, the great forest made of bears.”

A few seasons passed from that afternoon. Rolfy was by now a boy and Tommy had become a real big boy. Sooner or later he too would leave in search of his cave. But this wasn’t a concern for Rolfy anymore. So many things had changed, outside and inside of him, from the day that Tommy had explained that life is like a great forest, where each tree with its form and its colors contributed to its beauty.

Mama and papa decided to live each in their own caves. But they still loved each other. And they learned how to expand their branches so much that they intertwined them with other new branches, so that the family was enriched with many new friends.

“The branches of trees are like the roots”, thought Rolfy lost in reverie, “that meet with new branches creating in turn new

trunks, and then more new branches, and so on, endlessly, in a succession of forests always richer and fuller.”

That evening, all of them got together to celebrate the beginning of summer. Besides Rolfy and Tommy, Mike was there with his mate and his three little bears, because in the meantime two more were born! Then there was mama and papa and the new friends of the big family. They sang a beautiful song to thank mother Earth for the gifts that she never ceased to provide them. Rolfy sang loud too, next to his beloved brother Tommy, his heart full of joy and thankfulness. Looking him straight in the eyes, he asked him curiously:

– How do you always manage to have the right answers to my questions?

Then looking at his little brother straight in the eyes, Tommy answered:

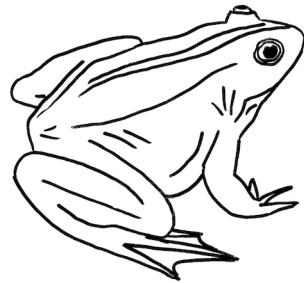
– And you, how do you always manage to have the right questions for my answers?

They both broke out in laughter, and in that laughter Rolfy understood that all of his questions, like his brother’s answers, were part of the same big forest, made of thoughts. He turned to look at the Sky, full of stars, and the beloved Moon, and had the impression of himself being the trunk of a majestic tree, able to unite, even if for just a moment, the Sky with the Earth.



# THE FROG PRINCE

A long time ago, in a faraway land, there lived a prince by the name of Ramon. His castle – made of crystal and pure gold – rose high in the sky, while at his feet there spread a marvelous countryside: intense green fields like the most pure emeralds, flowers and rainbows of a thousand colors, music, perfumes, songs and laughter, and then a sky so blue that it seemed like an ocean you could dive into.



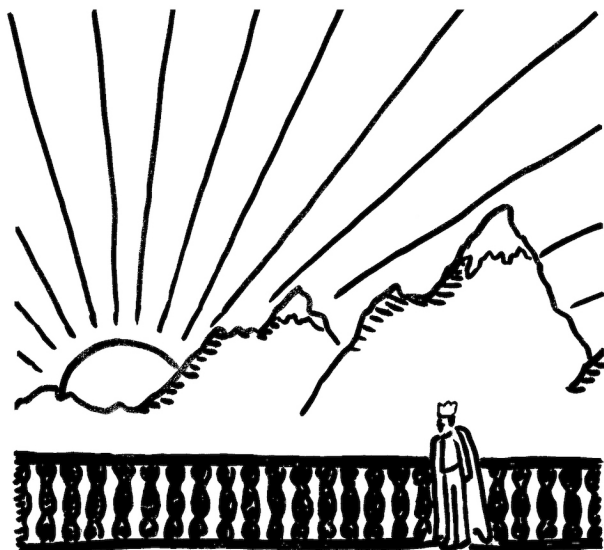
Every inhabitant of the Kingdom of Light – this was the name of that faraway land – lived peacefully and without worry, having everything they could desire, without any effort.

Early in the morning, as usual, from his balcony the prince contemplates the majestic ball of fire that rose high in the sky. But that morning a strange question rose up in his mind:

“Whatever might be the limits of my kingdom?”

Ramon was surprised that he never asked himself such a simple and natural question.

“The lord of a realm”, he thought, “should know how vast his lands are and what other kingdoms they border with!”



But the more Ramon looked for an answer, the more he was confused. He asked every courtesan, but he found out that nobody was able to answer his question, or furnish any useful indication. He almost gave up when he remembered the old wise man, which from time immemorial lived in the oldest crypt of the castle. He sent to call him right away, and when he arrived into his princely presence, with a firm voice asked:

– They tell me, old man, that your wisdom is unequalled. Tell me then: what are the borders of my kingdom?

With a calm voice, the old wise man answered:

– My honored sir, your kingdom has no borders except for those that reside in you!

Surprised by such an answer the prince quickly replied:

– Are you asking a riddle? Will you be more clear, my dear subject. What do you mean by that?

The old wise man smiled sweetly, looking at the sovereign like a grandfather would look at a grandchild. Then he added:

– I mean to say, my lord, exactly what I said. The Kingdom of



Light has no borders. You can travel it far and wide, as much as you like, and for as long as you will remember the road to return to the castle, this will mean that you are still within the confines of the kingdom. But if you go so far that you can't remember the road to get back, then, that will be the sign that you have passed its limits.

The prince didn't ask anything more. He discharged the old wise man, thanking him for the learned explanation, and returned to his big terrace, gazing at the horizon deep in thought. The Sun had left its place in the sky to the Moon that delicately shed its mysterious light on everything.



Ramon felt growing in him an unquenchable thirst for adventure. He wanted to discover the limits of his realm. He wanted to see those confines with his own eyes. He wanted to touch them with his own hands!

“What a great adventure it would be”, he thought. And with that thought, merrily he went to sleep.

The following morning the Kingdom of Light was in great turmoil. The news had gone around that the prince was going on a long and dangerous journey, in search for the borders of the

kingdom.

Ramon put on the most beautiful of his blue clothes and ordered to fill a bag with abundant provisions. He saddled the best of his steeds and after greeting solemnly his people, like a flash he sped to the horizon.

“What a magnificent feeling”, he said to himself while the wind caressed his face. “I am on a trip to the unknown and I will be the first to overstep the boundaries of the kingdom!”



He left without fear, but for a moment, remembering the words of the old wise man, a shiver shot down his spine.

“And if I won’t be able to get back?”

He suddenly devised a plan. At every stop, he would look back, in his mind, the way he had just come, so that he could be certain to remember it. In this way, if he unknowingly would have crossed the limits of the Kingdom of Light, he would have noticed it in time and with a bit of luck, he would have found his way back.

Ramon passed through the most extraordinary lands. High snow capped mountains, deep valleys, dry deserts, lush forests, nice hills and fresh clearings. Lakes, rivers, impetuous torrents and powerful waterfalls. He never got tired. He only stopped long enough to verify and remember the road back home, and then was off again to find the limits of his kingdom... and of his memory.

The thirteenth day he arrived at a strange wood. The trees were so full of leaves that the sunlight had a hard time reaching the ground, creating a play of a thousand mysterious shadows. The air was humid and the smell of the earth intense. The prince got off his horse to look at the strange shadows better. They seemed enormous and magical.

One shadow looked like his castle, another like the old wise man, another one seemed like a tiger ready to pounce upon him. Scared to death, Ramon's steed ran away. A gust of wind was enough and the shadow of the tiger vanished just as it had appeared. But the knees of the prince gave way under his own weight. He thus found himself alone on the ground, gripped with terror.



Only now did he understand how much he had been demanding from his poor body. It was thirteen days and thirteen nights that he didn't eat, or drink, or sleep. And he didn't even notice it! That little scare was enough for all the fatigue and tiredness of the trip to come upon him, all at once.

He thought of his beloved castle, but alas he could not remember anymore in which direction it was. He realized then that he had gone beyond the limits of his kingdom, and the fear gripped him again, while his senses slowly left him. He wanted to shout for help, but his mouth was so dry that not even a sound came out.

“I’m so thirsty!” he thought, and before losing consciousness he imagined that he was a nice blue frog, like his clothes, that splashed happily in the fresh waters of a pond. He barely had the strength to smile at that happy and refreshing vision, then he fainted exhausted.

Nobody is able to say how much time passed from when the prince lost his senses in that mysterious forest. Poor Ramon did not know that beyond the borders of the Kingdom of Light there was another vast kingdom. A kingdom of magic shadows and illusions, where the deepest desires, like magic, suddenly became reality. Unfortunately, those who found themselves in that land were not warned ahead of time, and since time immemorial, they remained trapped in their own creations, mistaking shadows for reality, until someone came along to reawaken them from their magic sleep.

And so it was for poor Ramon, who found himself as a frog not knowing anymore that he was a prince. A simple blue frog that jumped from stone to stone, in a small pond of fresh water.

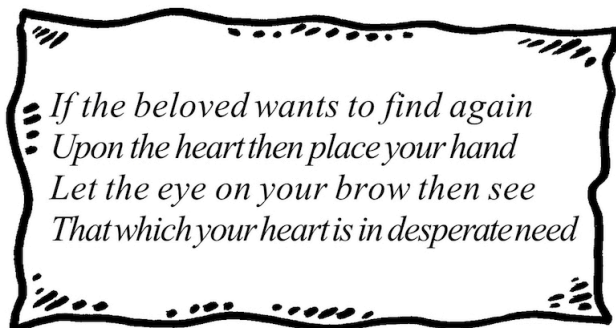
But no soul in the universe is ever alone. Not far from Ramon’s castle lived a splendid girl with eyes the color of the sunset. Her name was Maira and she was something more than just a simple girl. She was a fairy.



The heart of Maira had always beaten secretly for the prince, dreaming that one day she could become his bride. That morning Maira woke with the feeling of an impending danger.

Rushing to the castle, she learned from the guards that her beloved had been gone by now for many days, in search of the confines of the Kingdom of Light. Nobody could tell her though if and when he would be back.

When she heard those words, she felt a pain in her heart. “The Kingdom of Shadows!”, she immediately thought. “No one has ever returned from that mysterious realm!” If she wanted to save her prince, she knew she did not have a moment to lose. As soon as she was back, she put on her most beautiful fairy dress, the pink one for great occasions. Then she opened her book of spells, and with her heart beating furiously, she recited the following formula:



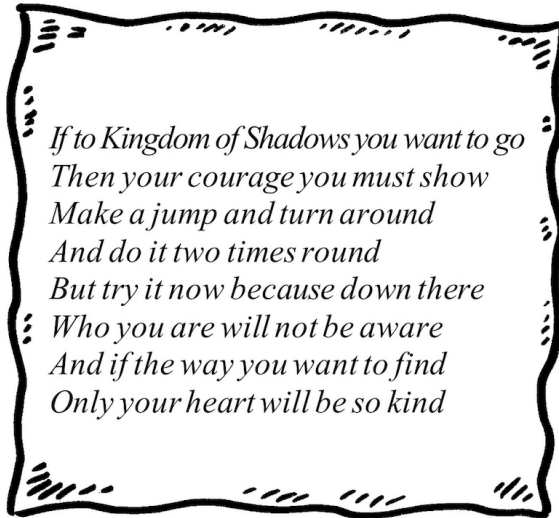
As soon as it was said, it was done! A vision opened up clearly to her eyes. She saw a small pond of fresh water with a funny blue frog in the middle.

– Where would my prince be? I can’t see him! – exclaimed Maira with a voice full of emotion. Yet, the spell cannot fail! Provided that my prince is not dead, drowned in that pond.

The beautiful fairy cried tears of desperation. Then she brought her hands again to her heart, and in a split second, she had the certainty that wherever he was she would be able to save him.

“I only need to get to that pond”, she thought, “and my heart will know how to lead me to find my beloved again”.

Confident, she once more opened the book of spells and with a trembling voice recited another formula:



She had just enough time to finish the last phrase, when a whirl of vibrant energy circled her. Her body was taken beyond time and space, in the direction of the mysterious Kingdom of Shadows. Everything around her swung at high velocity, and before she lost her senses, her last thought was of her dear prince. She expressed the desire to not be a fairy anymore, but a princess, because there was nothing in her heart that she desired more than to become the bride of her beloved lord. And that’s what happened! Slowly Maira woke up at the edge of a small pond of fresh water.

– What am I doing here? – She asked herself. – I know that I am a princess and my magnificent pink dress is that of a bride. Today I am going to marry my beloved prince. But that’s all that I remember.

The beautiful princess with the eyes like the sunset looked around.

– What a strange world is this? So many shadows and so many leaves on these strange trees! You can't even see a bit of the sky. How did I ever get here?

She wanted to run away, but something pulled her in the direction of the pond. A mysterious force, like a voice, that whispered sweetly: “Don't go ... please ... help me ... don't leave me!”. As a powerful magnet, the voice attracted her to itself, towards the center of the pond. Maira approached hesitatingly, until she recognized her image reflected in the mirror of the water.

But the mysterious voice continued to whisper to her heart to come a little closer. She obeyed, and her face came so close that her nose touched the water. Just at that moment, a blue frog jumped out of the water!

Maira was so scared that she slipped, and upon falling, her lips ended right on the slimy body of the frog, so that, miraculously, she kissed it!

Just think, a beautiful princess with sunset eyes that kisses a slimy blue frog! Isn't it a miracle?



And as you know, there is no magic, as strong as it may be, able to resist the overwhelming strength of a miracle! So it is, and so it was! In the moment that Maira's soft lips touched the slimy frog's body, a leaf fell from a tree of that mysterious forest, letting through a blinding ray of sunshine.

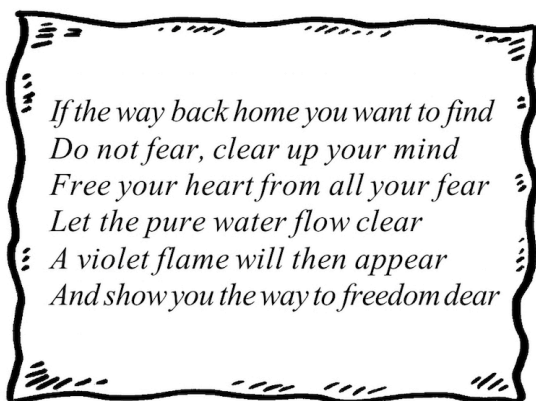
In that very moment, the Kingdom of Shadows lit up as day, and the magic illusion of the blue frog suddenly vanished. Ramon recovered his appearance as the prince of the Kingdom of Light, and Maira's beautiful pink dress was once again the one of a fairy. They found themselves facing each other, each ones eyes transfixed into the others. They met for the first time, but their hearts had known each other all along.

Still, what could be done? They didn't remember their way back, lost as they were in that obscure kingdom of oblivion. But that was also the kingdom of wishes that come true. And their desire to find freedom was so great that as if by magic, a powerful beam of white and gold light, burst through the thick leaves of the trees, pleasantly wrapping their bodies.





In that moment, a voice, sweet and deep, so whispered in their hearts:



The eyes of Maira and Ramon met once again, while those magic words echoed in their souls.

“Free my heart from fear... from fear to love! This is what I must do!”, Maira thought, thinking how much time had passed from when she had hoped secretly to meet the heart of her beloved prince. She was now able to see the solitude in which she had lived. Only now could she let her love flow in magic pink tears that ran down her body, becoming a rivulet that washed the feet of her beloved.

The contact with the pure water of her tears awakened in Ramon the memory of a time past, when he secretly felt a strange thirst. The thirst of crossing the limits of the known and embracing life as a whole. In Maira’s warm tears that washed his feet, he now found the relief he had longed for. He cried too. Tears of joy. Royal blue tears that ran down his body, until they blended with the pink tears of her love.

From the union of those two colors there was born a stream of violet water, which made along the ground a long glowing trail, like a flame. Maira and Ramon hugged each other tightly, while their lips met in an endless kiss, the love of one becoming the

love of the other, the strength of one becoming the strength of the other.

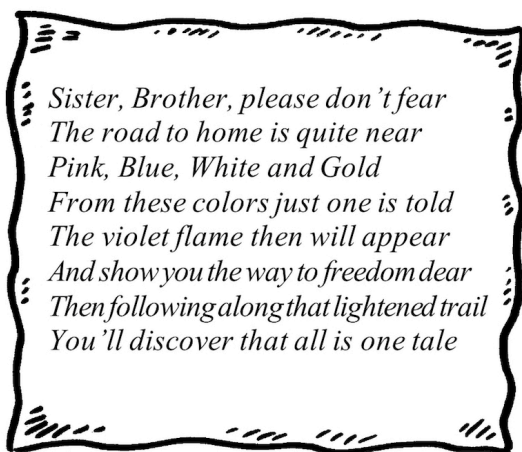
Their bodies, now finally united, began to travel along the illuminated trail of the violet flame, towards freedom. They flew up high in the sky. Above the thick forest of the Kingdom of Shadows. Higher than the highest mountains. Higher than the clouds. Higher than the Kingdom of Light. Higher than sister Moon and brother Sun. And still higher!

So high that the world now seemed like just a little dot, so that there was no difference between Shadows and Light, between past and future.



It was all part of the same reality, the reality of all-that-is, where everything is one because all is joy.

So, an even greater adventure began for Maira and Ramon, but words – alas – are too meager to describe the marvels. Yet, those who listen to the story of their magic meeting might just hear, in the silence of their own heart, a sweet and soft voice that whispers the following words:



Namasté.

# THE CORNER OF THE EYE

A beautiful girl named Mary lived with her father Jonathan, on a lovely farm. Father and daughter were fed thanks to the fruit of the earth, which they cultivated with toil and dedication. The last seasons were not good however and Jonathan had to ask a loan from Zork, the rich old moneylender that lived in the city nearby. At the end of the term of the loan, Zork came promptly on time to receive his credit.



– Kind and honorable Zork, this year has also been dry and our harvest has been ruined, – said Jonathan with a supplicating voice. – There is nothing that we can sell at the market. Please, be merciful, and grant us some more time. Next year you will see that the harvest will be bountiful and we shall repay all that we owe.

Mary also came and pleaded indulgence from mister Zork, knowing well that the laws of the land were very severe with insolvent debtors, who were thrown into prison to rot without mercy. However, as soon as the moneylender could admire the unmatched beauty of the girl, he wanted her right away for himself. He called Jonathan aside and said:

– Here is my proposal: give me the hand of your daughter and I, in exchange, will forgive you your debt. She will live in wealth and will never lack anything while you will be saved from prison.



Horrified by such an offer, Jonathan said indignantly:

You are an old man Mister Zork, how can you ask the young Mary to be wed? Never! I would rather die in prison!

When seeing his reaction, Zork, who was very astute and calculating, decided to change strategy.

– All right, he said, let's leave it to God to decide if I deserve to have your daughter or not.

– What do you mean? – replied the farmer mistrustful.

– Listen to me carefully, – murmured Zork. – Tomorrow morning I will come back to the farm and all three of us will go for a walk along the gravel road. At one point, I will pick up two stones, a white one and a black one, and I will put both of them in a little bag. Then, I will ask your daughter to pull out one of the two stones. If the black one comes out, you will give me her to wed and I will forgive you all your debts. If instead the white one comes out, your daughter can stay with you, and in demonstration of my generosity I will forgive you all your debts in any case. Think about it good Jonathan and remember that you don't have a choice. If you rot in prison what will

happen to your daughter?

After saying that, Zork got on his carriage and returned to the city, leaving Jonathan caught up in his sad thoughts.

– I heard everything! – exclaimed Mary looking at her father kindly. – Unfortunately, Zork is right: I would die of hunger if I stayed here alone without you. Let's trust that divine providence will not abandon us now.

Early the next day the moneylender came to the farm and the three, as was agreed, walked along the gravel road. Zork gathered a little white stone and a black one. First he put the black stone in the small bag that he held in his hands. Then, with a quick movement, he exchanged the little white stone with another little black one, that he had cleverly hidden in the palm of his hand. Mary, who was a bright girl, noticed out of the corner of her eye the perfidious deception. She now knew that there were two little black stones in the bag, and whichever she pulled out, Zork would have gotten what he wanted.



– Dear Mary, said Zork to the girl, – what are you waiting for? Take out a stone and let's see what divine providence has reserved for us.

– Honorable mister Zork, said the girl with a quiver in her

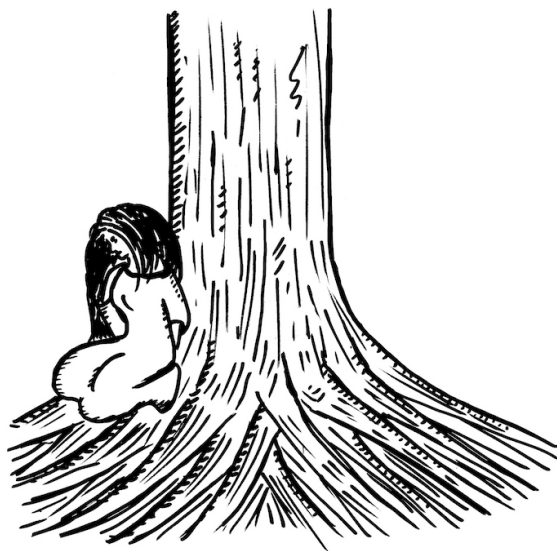
voice, – please give me a few moments before I pull out the stone from the bag. I would like to go pray at the foot of that tree, so that it will be the heart that leads my hand.

– All right! – replied Zork sure of himself. – But just a few minutes, I have important things to do in the city!

Mary sat at the foot of the tree. It was an old tree, a silent testimony of past centuries.

“What can I do?”, she asked herself in despair. “If I denounce Zork for his ignoble deception my father will go to prison and my end certainly won’t be much better. There’s nothing that I can do except pull out the stone from the bag and accept my ill-omened destiny”.

Mary cried warm tears that ran along her body, until they reached the roots of the old tree on which she sat.



In exchange for the warmth of her tears, the tree gave Mary from its memory. A powerful vision opened up clearly to her eyes, as in a dream. She saw pictures of faraway places in time,

of unknown lands to her. Those of the ancient kingdom of Wok. In that distant past two old clans – the Black Dragons and the White Falcons – were always rivals.

One morning the valiant Bryon, son of Argo of the clan of the White Falcons, passed through the prairies of the kingdom in the saddle of his white steed. After a long gallop, he stopped near a river to drink. Descending the horse, his eyes fell upon a beautiful girl, with long black hair, that was bathing in those crystal waters.



The next day Bryon went to the river, in hope of finding her again, and did this many more times. Little by little there was born, between Bryon and Magdy – which was the name of the girl – first a tender friendship and then an overwhelming love. Every day they met in the enchantment of those waters of that river, passionately loving each other.

One morning Zordan, Magdy’s brother and son of the fearsome Rangun of the clan of the Black Dragons, also went riding near that river. From far he could see the bodies of the two young lovers. Curious, he descended his horse, and continued on foot to not be discovered. But as soon as he recognized the faces of the two youth, a terrible anger swelled up within him:

“My sister Magdy with the son of Argon, what infamy!”, thought Zordan, trying to keep from shouting.



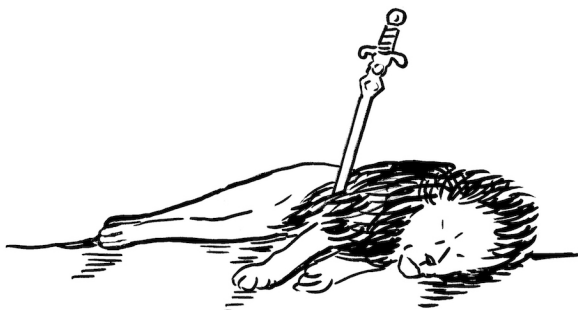
Between Black Dragons and White Falcons, there was certainly not a good relationship. In any case, for a while the hostility had ceased between the two clans, which had learned to live peacefully together. But Zordan didn't think like that. His hate for the White Falcons was so great that he wouldn't have hesitated to kill them all, if only he didn't fear the punishment of his father Ragunix, and the axe of the executioner of king Adrian. But his sister with the hated Bryon, he could never accept! Instinct led his hand to the sheath of his sword, when, maybe for the first time in his life, he decided to think before acting. What would he gain by killing him? His sister would accuse him and King Adrian would remove his head.

“No, I will keep my head! There must be a better solution,” he thought.

He looked around and not too far away, leaning on the trunk of a tree, he saw the shining sword of Bryon.

Like a snake, quietly Zordan took the sword of his rival and getting back on his horse galloped in the direction of the royal palace, while a cold sneer came upon his lips. That same night, avoiding the guards, Zordan snuck into the private garden of the king, and using Bryon's sword mercilessly killed Maluin, his beloved lion. The next morning king Adrian was greeted by a terrible sight: Maluin lay in a pool of blood with the sword of the killer still remaining in its heart.





It didn't take long to identify the owner of the blade, which to his great surprise turned out to be that of noble Bryon.

– Whoever it was, – he said sadly looking at the body of the poor lion – will be judged for such an absurd and cruel act, and punished severely!

A warrant was issued. Bryon, ignorant of what happened, gave himself up without resistance to the guards and was brought to the presence of King Adrian.

– Why did you kill the most faithful and affectionate of my lions? – asked the king without hiding his great indignation.

– I don't believe my ears! – answered Bryon. – Only now do I learn about the death of dear Maluin. Why do you accuse me of this horrible crime?

The king looked Bryon directly in the eyes, and with a firm voice asked him:

– Where is your sword? Is it usual for knights of your lineage to go around the kingdom with an empty sheath?

Bryon brought his hand to his sheath, remembering that his sword had mysteriously disappeared since more than a day. What could he answer the king? He didn't want to lie but neither did he want to blemish the honor of his beloved Magdy. The laws of the kingdom, in fact, did not permit the noble knights to unite with a damsel outside of holy marriage. Moreover, Bryon feared a renewal of fratricidal war between

White Falcons and Black Dragons.

– I don't know what to say sire, – he answered with an uncertain voice, it's only now that I see that my sheath is empty! I must have lost my sword, but I can't explain how.

King Adrian angrily said:

– Do you want me to believe that the son of Argon loses his sword without even noticing it? Your blade is there Bryon, stuck in the heart of sweet Maluin!

The young knight trembled. Then, bringing his hand to his heart said:

– I have nothing more to add sire. I did not commit the atrocious crime that I am accused of.

– You know Bryon that I love you like a son, and in my heart I want nothing more than to believe you. But Zordan, the son of Ragonix, accuses you. He swears that he saw a figure last night that snuck into my gardens, avoiding surveillance. He says that he followed and saw him kill Maluin. He states that he saw the face of the killer by the moonlight. That face was yours Bryon, that then became frightened and fled, without even having the time to pull out the sword from the body of my poor lion.

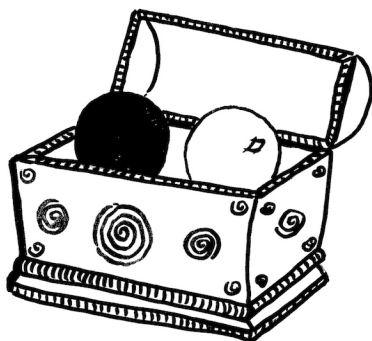
Bryon remained silent for a few moments. Then gathering up courage, he said with a solid voice:

– At this point sire, I ask to be judged by the ancient law!

The king took a deep breath and after making a sign for the guards to take him away, with a solemn voice proclaimed:

– Let it be so Bryon! Tomorrow morning God will decide your fate and that of Zordan.

He was then taken to the tower, chained, and put in the center of a great room. Behind him sat an urn containing two metal spheres: one completely black and the other completely white.



The following morning, that urn would act as an intermediary of divine judgment. In the kingdom of Wok, there was a law that allowed knights of royal blood, when accused by another nobleman, to appeal to a sacred ritual. The accused, in front of the executioner, had to pull out a sphere of a certain urn containing a white sphere and a black one. If he pulled out the black sphere, he was held guilty and immediately judged. Instead, if he pulled out the white one, the accused was held innocent and could fight in a duel, until death, with the knight that had dishonored him.

Zordan knew very well about the ancient law and had no intention to let Bryon get away, by pulling out of the urn the white sphere. Moreover, the sword of Bryon was famous all over the kingdom for its invincibility, and Zordan didn't look forward to tasting its blade. So, that night, for the second time, Zordan eluded the guards of King Adrian, getting into the tower where Bryon was held. Coming into the big hall where they had him chained, he went towards the urn lying behind him. Silently like a serpent, he pulled out the white sphere and replaced it with a completely black one.

But Bryon wasn't sleeping. Out of the *corner of his eye*, he saw Zordan while he completed his evil deceit.



His first impulse was to yell to warn the guards, but a brilliant idea then came to his mind. He remained silent and thought to himself:

“Thank you Zordan, by doing this you have saved my life!”

The following day, when the sun was at its zenith, the kings’ trumpets sounded three times. The clans of the Black Dragons and White Falcons were all completely there. Argon and Ragunix kept their distance, looking at each other coldly, with their hands fast upon their swords. At the third sound of the trumpet the executioner placed in front of Bryon the urn containing the two spheres. Then, he pronounced the following words:

– Noble Bryon, in respect to the ancient law of the kingdom of Wok, and in front of your sovereign, the magnificent King Adrian, I order you to take out a sphere from the urn to reveal the color of your heart. May God be with you!

The drums sounded and Bryon, courageously, pulled out a sphere from the urn. He held it close between his hands, holding it tightly against his chest. A few seconds passed but Bryon remained in that position, as if transformed into stone. Motioning for the drums to stop, King Adrian uttered impatiently:

– What are you waiting for Bryon? Show us which sphere you have pulled out!

– I cannot sire, – answered Bryon with a trembling voice. –

Forgive me, but I do not have the courage. Please, make the executioner look at the color of the sphere that remains in the urn.

– Let it be done! – said the king heaving a sigh. – Executioner, show us the color of the sphere in the urn.

Without losing any time, the executioner pulled the second sphere from the urn, showing it high in the palm of his hand, so that everybody could see its dark color.



Without hiding his joy, King Adrian yelled:

– Bryon is innocent, his heart is white! Guards, let him free, and give him his sword!

Zordan remained paralyzed. “What magic is this?”, he thought with horror.

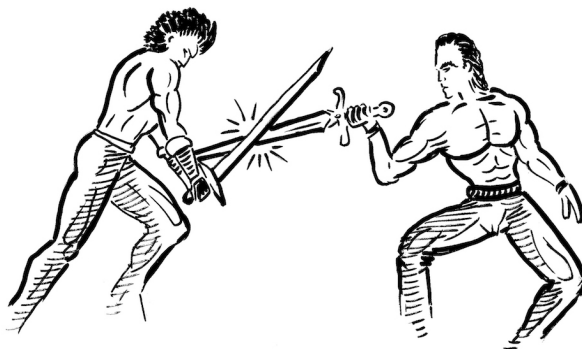
But before he could reorder his thoughts, he saw Bryon put the sphere back in the urn and raise his sword to the sky shouting:

– Zordan, you mad dog, by the right that the ancient law confers to me, I, noble Bryon, from the clan of the White Falcons, challenge you to a duel!

Zordan was taken with terror. He wanted to escape but the powerful hand of his father stopped him:

– Go son, fight, – Ragunix said. Defend the honor of our house!

Thus saying, he pushed him in the direction of Bryon. The duel started. The two knights were agile and fast as they struck, and the meeting of the metal of their swords produced impressive sparks.



King Adrian watched that evil ballet with some worry. He knew that in that battle the peace of the kingdom was at stake. “What will happen when one of the two knights falls?”, he thought troubled. “Will the endless wars between the Black Dragons and the White Falcons begin again?”

But not even the King had the authority to stop the combat. The ancient law was to be respected. The deafening sound of Zordan’s strike, quickly blocked by the valiant Bryon, interrupted the king’s flow of thoughts. The two knights fought furiously. But Bryon had an advantage. He fought for love. For the love of Magdy and for the love of the truth. Instead, Zordan fought for pure hate. And for fear. A terrible blow broke the sword of Zordan in two, making it fall helplessly to the ground. Bryon was on top of him with the velocity of a panther, pointing his invincible blade to the throat of the enemy. The life of Zordan was hanging by a thread. Bryon was ready to sink the sword in, when from the seats the voice of Ragunix stopped him:

– Please, don’t do it! Don’t kill my son! You can have whatever

you want from me in exchange.

– The ancient law doesn't allow it, you know that Ragunix, – Bryon replied quickly. – A life must be taken!

– That's true! – added gravely King Adrian. – No one can change the ancient law.

– Then take my life, noble Bryon, and spare that of my son! – Ragunix shouted desperately.

– I don't want your life, but if you want that I save Zordan, give me in exchange the life of your daughter!

– What? Do you want to kill my sweet Magdy? – Ragunix shouted horrified.

– I want her life, but not to extinguish it! If you want to save the life of Zordan, you must give me the hand of your daughter, if she consents.

Taken with great emotion, Magdy turned to her father saying:

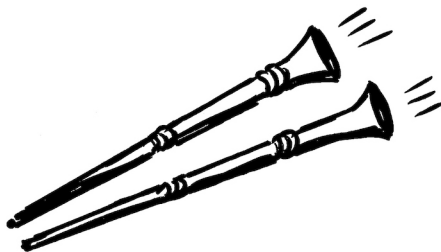
– I want it father! With all my heart, I want it! I love noble Bryon!

– So Ragunix? – asked King Adrian impatiently. – Do we have your blessing?

For a moment Ragunix hesitated, but then declared:

– Let it be so!

The crowd cheered, happily shouting the names of the spouses, while the trumpets of the king sounded in the entire kingdom.



– As for you, – said Bryon to Zordan before freeing him from



the grip of his sword, – tonight you will put the white sphere back into its place in the urn, otherwise I will reveal to the King the hateful intrigue of which you are guilty.

The vision of victorious Bryon vanished and Mary reawakened as if from a deep sleep. Actually only a few moments had passed. Now she remembered: Zork and her father were waiting for her to extract a stone out of the bag. But now, thanks to the deed of valiant Bryon, she knew how to confront the perfidious moneylender.

– Here I am! – said Mary after thanking the old tree for its precious gift. – I am ready. But before proceeding Mister Zork, I would like to ask you a question. What do you think the value of my beauty is?

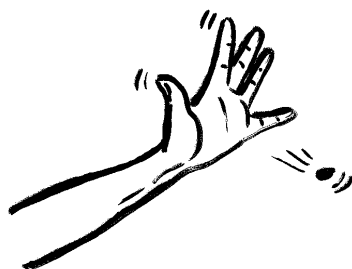
Taken by surprise, the moneylender quickly answered:

– An incomparable beauty such as yours has inestimable value my young Mary.

– In such case, – replied the girl, – I hope you will agree that my beauty is worth more than the small debt of my father. I implore you to act as a gentleman and give to my father ten gold coins in addition to releasing his debts. And this, of course, whatever may be the result of the extraction.

Sure of himself and impatient to get things moving, Zork accepted, summoning the girl to hurry up. Mary put her hand into the bag and pulled out a stone, holding it tightly in her fist. Before opening it, she stepped back a few steps, but tripped.

In the fall, the stone fell from her hand...



...to mix with the thousands of other little stones of that road.



– What have you done? – yelled Zork agitated. – How will we know now which stone you pulled out?

– I’m sorry, – said Mary. – But don’t worry, we can always look at the stone that remained in the bag.

The girl got up and quickly grabbed the bag from Zork’s hands, before he could recuperate from the surprise. Pulling out the remaining stone, she exclaimed:

– Look, it’s black! Therefore, I must have pulled out the white stone!

Mary happily hugged her father who did not understand yet what had happened. And for Zork not to lose face, he had to forgive Jonathan all his debts, besides giving him ten gold coins as promised.

Zork was so angry that he couldn’t sleep that night, so he went out to the city streets to wander about in the moonlight, cursing for how he let himself be cheated by the young woman. A circus had just arrived in town that had many animals, among which was a splendid lion. It just so happened that the lion’s cage was not closed well that night. The beast managed to escape and when on the deserted streets it met Zork, he devoured him in a moment.

Following that strange incident, it was learned that the name of the lion was Maluin.



# PSYCHOSPORES

That Monday morning Sonja would have gone to school just as she always does. She would have put in her bag her favorite snack just as she always did, made of finely cut dried pears, without forgetting her homework which she diligently performed. But that wasn't a Monday like all the others. It wasn't for her just as it wasn't for any other inhabitant on earth. It would be more correct to say that no Monday, or Tuesday or any other day of the week would ever be the same after what the television revealed last night. She still couldn't believe what she saw on the news. Like a science fiction film, at exactly 13:00, around the entire planet thousands of alien space ships landed, belonging to the people of waxians.

“You have nothing to fear: the waxians come in peace!”, announced the journalist after having explained that the secret services of every nation were in contact for years with the aliens, in preparation for their coming. With visible excitement, he continued the historic announcement informing the population that:

“The waxians are a people that are much evolved, whose mission is to teach their terrestrial brothers how to fight suffering, sickness, hunger and war, promoting a path of true

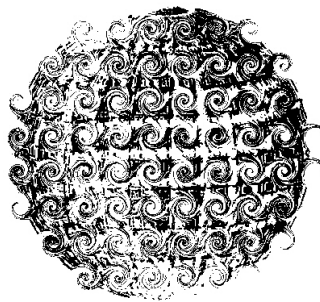
progress. They've undertaken a long voyage through outer space to come to our help. Welcome them with respect and be kind with them”.

Walking towards school Sonja thought that she must have had a bad dream, maybe because of the macaroni she ate that her mother made and put too much cheese. Because you know, cheese isn't always easy to digest and can give you nightmares! But arriving in class she had to rethink. The professor Claudia, in the state of agitated fever, announced that because of the exceptional events of the previous day – and because of the order of the president in person – the lesson would not be physics, as was planned, but “alienology”.

There needed to be explained – based on received official information – who the waxians are, where they came from and why they landed on the planet.

For the first time in the history of that class that Monday morning you couldn't hear a fly. Nobody wanted to miss a single syllable of what the professor had to say, which went something like this:

– Kids, you need to know that the waxians come from a planet in the middle of the Andromeda galaxy, about two million light years from us. Their world is older than ours and their science is notably more advanced. Apart from this, the waxians are very similar to us terrestrials. So similar that their history, like ours, was full of war and every type of calamity. So much so that one day they found themselves on the edge of extinction, because of an imminent atomic conflict. It was the most critical moment of their history: either they discovered how to stop once and for all the spread of hate and violence, or their race would not have a future. The greatest of their scientists then had an ingenious idea: connect all the computers of their planet,



transforming them into a gigantic super calculator. Then he inserted into the system a program which he invented, called the Wax. “Wax” stood for the initials of three words, Wartok Axonium Xylosfun, which in terrestrial language we could translate as: Program based on Ultra-Solutions, or “pus” in abbreviated form.

– Ultra-solutions, but what’s that? – asked Sonja quickly.

– It’s simple, answered the Prof, – an ultra-solution is a solution ultra efficacious, which solves the problem by getting rid of the problem.

– Give us an example! – yelled one student enthusiastically from the back of the classroom.

After reflecting for a moment the professor Claudia added:

– As I just said, an ultra-solution is a solution that eliminates the problem at its roots. A little bit like when a tooth hurts and the dentist pulls it out. The operation might not be pleasant but the result is guaranteed. And if a hole is left you can always put a false tooth. Now silence please so I can continue the story. Where was I? Ah yes, the planet of the waxians, as I was saying, was in danger and that brilliant scientist inserted in the calculator the Program based on Ultra-Solutions, formulating the following question: “How can we avoid the imminent destruction of the planet and resolve, once and for all, all of our problems: wars, sickness, environmental disasters, delinquency, drugs, existential anguish and whatever else there was?” The machine ruminated for days and days, and then vomited the sentence, which was more or less the following: “To solve all of your problems once and for all, you need to extirpate the evil by the roots. In the source code of your race there is a faulty program: you need to rewrite it with a program that functions better. Furthermore, you need to maintain the necessary control on the sentient units, educating them into a more constructive behavior”. The computer emitted some strange sounds, like a stomach that groans, finally indicating to the scientist the lines of the new program. Even suggesting how to insert it into every

inhabitant on the planet: “You need to prepare a vaccine in which an artificial microorganism will be inserted, incorporating the new code. Then, you will tell everyone that the vaccine is needed to fight a mortal virus.” And as the computer predicted, – continued the Prof – because of the threat of the virus the population forgot for a moment the declarations of war, accepting to submit to the inoculations.

– But it was a horrible lie! – Sonja objected strongly. That scientist and his computer lied: there was no mortal virus!

– It’s true Sonja, – retorted professor Claudia, – it was a lie, but for a good reason. Because you see, – she said continuing, – following the vaccination and the miraculous control program, there was an immediate transformation of all the inhabitants of the planet.

– Excuse me, – Sonja intervened again, – do you want us to believe that all the inhabitants yielded to the vaccination? I know people who are contrary to vaccinations. My uncle for example, told me that vaccinations don’t protect against sicknesses, but in fact are the very cause of those sicknesses of which they are supposed to protect us.

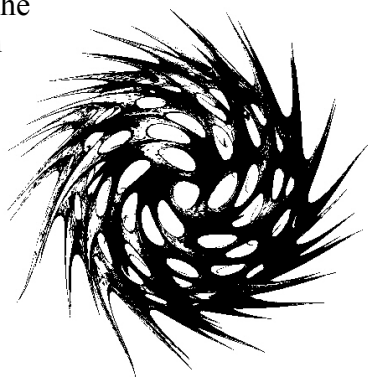
– Don’t say such foolish things Sonja, – said the professor with a bothered tone, – everybody knows that vaccines serve to immunize us from dangerous diseases.

– Still, – continued Sonja courageously, – my uncle, who is not stupid, told me that besides being inefficient and anything but harmless, vaccines provoke genetic modifications that are rendering humanity always weaker and more vulnerable.

– That’s enough! – Shouted the Prof. – Your odd theories about vaccinations are getting us off track. Anyway, isn’t that what they wanted to obtain: a sort of modification of the genetic code of the inhabitants of the planet? Your uncle isn’t maybe completely wrong and the Wax, the great computer, knew that it was possible to modify the genetics of the persons using a vaccine.

– What I don't understand yet is how they were able to get all the people of the planet to be vaccinated, insisted Sonja. – I imagine that also on that world there were people that thought like my uncle about vaccinations.

– If instead of interrupting continually you would let me finish, the answer to your question would come by itself. As your classmate has just noted, not all of the population was vaccinated. Only five percent received the artificial microorganism through the vaccine. There wasn't in fact enough time to prepare the remedy for everyone, and then, anyway, even on that planet crazy guys like Sonja's uncle existed who didn't believe in the efficiency of the vaccines. What I haven't told you yet though is that the alien artificial microorganism was similar to the spores of a fungus. Once it was introduced into the organism it was able to multiply. In that way, every inhabitant that received the microorganism was transformed into a factory of new spores which, unknown to him, then spread them in the air, by simply breathing or sneezing. In that way, in a short time, the entire population of the planet received the correction to the faulty program.



– That's terrible! – yelled Sonja. – The computer infected everyone!

– It's true, – answered the teacher with a smile, – but it has to do with a beneficial contagiousness. To a good end!

– Then what happened? Don't keep us in suspense! – Someone shouted again from the back of the classroom.

– Following that beneficial epidemic, the behavior of the inhabitants of that planet changed radically. Thanks to the control of the calculator, exercised from a distance through the

spores, every new thought or behavior potentially harmful was immediately filtered and replaced with a contrary thought or behavior. For example. If someone thought of his neighbor “I don’t like you and want to punch you in the face”, the calculator immediately transformed that thought into “I like you and want to give you a nice hat!”, or something like that. And since good is the opposite of bad, soon there were no more conflicts and an era of great splendor began for everyone. Since then the entire planet took the name of Wax, in honor of the program which saved them from the inevitable self-destruction. Then the waxians dedicated themselves to the sole mission of bringing their wisdom to all the inhabited planets of the universe.

– Professor! – exclaimed Sonja visibly raising her hand.

– What is it again?

– Are you sure that good is the opposite of bad?

– Alright! – fumed the teacher. – Will you stop interrupting and causing doubts on everything I say? That good is the opposite of bad even the donkeys know! Therefore it’s not necessary to discuss it. And the next time you interrupt I’ll give you an “F” for conduct.

– I don’t know why you have to offend the donkeys, – Sonja added daringly.

– Out! – yelled the professor with all the air that she had in her throat.

Without making her repeat it twice, Sonja left the classroom remaining somewhat thoughtful.

“Whatever happened to professor Claudia? The latest events must have really shocked her, like everyone else by the way. But there’s a limit to everything! And then, that good is the exact opposite of bad, doesn’t really convince me: somewhere there has to be a mistake, even if I don’t know what it is yet.”

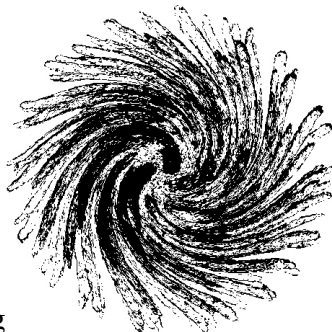
Two years passed since that fateful first day of school.



The first colonies of waxians integrated perfectly with the diverse cultures of the Earth, so much so that it was just about impossible to tell the difference between a waxian and a terrestrial. Externally the aliens were mostly like the terrestrials. The only way to differentiate between them was to carefully observe their behavior. In fact, because of the control exercised by Wax, they never got angry. They never exchanged an insult. They always said good day with a kind smile.

“They go around with that blissful look printed on their face. But I’m not falling for it. More than blissful they seem to me like blissiots!”, thought Sonja to herself.

That spring afternoon she walked along the tree lined avenue which every day brought her home, scanning carefully the people that passed. Since the waxians landed on earth, she never stopped observing them carefully. She just didn’t trust those people and the premonition that something terrible could happen would never go away. Then, recently, she noticed that a growing number of terrestrials began to imitate the behavior of the waxians, almost as if there was something contagious in their absurd way of doing things. It was in that moment that her mind came to a terrible thought.



– You guessed it: there is something contagious in them!

Sonja turned around suddenly. Sitting at the base of a tree on the avenue, with legs crossed, was a strange person that looked her straight in the eyes, with a penetrating look.

– Who are you? – inquired Sonja with some concern, asking herself how come she didn’t notice that person.

– My name is Scarwash. You must be Sonja. It has been awhile that I watch you.

– Why do you watch me? And how do you know that my name is Sonja?

While she asked these questions Sonja noticed that as much as the name Scarwash surely had a waxian origin, that couldn't be a true waxian. His way of acting was too direct. A waxian would never stare in that way. And he didn't smile. And he didn't even have that idiotic look that characterized all the aliens.

– I assure you that I am a waxian, even if I am not showing the typical stupid expression of my people. And in any case you were right: good is not the opposite of bad.

– Excuse me, but... do you know how to read thoughts by chance? Asked Sonja with a quiver in her voice.

– Yes, I can – answered the alien. – But I can only capture thoughts that have been thought.

– Thoughts that have been thought? I don't understand: as far as I know all thoughts are thought.

– Right, but thought by whom? The majority of you terrestrials don't think. Your thoughts just happen in your head!

– What is the difference between thoughts that are thought and those, as you say, that just happen in our head?

– The same difference as there is between watching a film at the cinema and being the film director. It is as if a huge computer is connected to your brains and tells you at every moment what to think about everything. You interpret those thoughts as being your own, but you didn't think them. The computer thought them.

A shudder passed through Sonja's spine.

– Do you want me to believe that we have also been infected by the spores? And yet, they assured us that for centuries the waxians have not been contagious anymore!

– Then they lied to you.

– How do you know?

- I know because I am awake.
- What does that mean? I am awake too!
- Yes, I must admit that you are, said Scarwash, – it surprised me to meet a terrestrial like you, still awake. I had lost all hope.
- What do you mean to say? Just look around, said Sonja indicating the people that were walking on the avenue. I only see people that are awake.
- So it seems. But only a few minutes ago weren't you thinking that the terrestrials behave like perfect waxians? Those thoughts, I assure you, were your own thoughts, otherwise I would not have caught them.
- It's true, – admitted Sonja. – Before I met you I was just thinking that the terrestrials resemble increasingly more like robots. They all behave in the same way, as if they were also remote-controlled by your great computer. So then I thought that maybe, unknown by us, even us terrestrials have been infected by the psychospores.
- That's exactly what happened, from the first day that the waxians landed on the planet, – added Scarwash with a serious tone. – But tell me: do you think a robot is awake or does it sleep?
- I don't believe I understand your question.
- Imagine a much perfected robot, made in your image and likeness. Able to imitate all of your behavior, so that even your professor at school, and not even your mother, are able to tell the difference. How would you define such a robot: awake or asleep?
- But a robot doesn't do anything but follow a program, – objected Sonja. There's no difference for it between being awake or being asleep.
- Maybe you need to ask yourself what it means to be awake, and in what way it differs from sleep.
- When I am awake I do certain things. And since my robot

double does many things, I would say that it's always awake.

– Even if what it does is to sleep?

– It doesn't really sleep: it just pretends to sleep.

– However, following your reasoning, I can tell you that when it gets up in the morning and opens its eyes it is not really waking up: it is only pretending to wake up, and therefore continues to sleep. It is not because we do determined things that we are awake. Have you ever heard of hypnotists?

– Yes, they are people with magnetic powers that are able to make you do all that they want. Even against your own will.

– Do you think that it's really possible to make someone do something against their own will?

– The hypnotists do it.

– I assure you that the hypnotists can do nothing against the will power of a person. A hypnotist cannot transform a person into a robot without their cooperation. Because, you see, a hypnotized person is nothing more than a robot that perfectly follows the instructions that are imparted to them. Do you think a robot possesses a will power?

– Of course not, – Sonja answered sure of herself.

– The same is true of a person who has been hypnotized. In that moment they don't possess anymore their own willpower, able to resist the will of the hypnotist. In other words, that person is sleeping, so that the hypnotist can make them do whatever he wants.

– If I understand well, when we act like robots it means we are sleeping?

– Exactly. When you forget to exist, when you lose your spontaneity, when you don't know how to make any sense of your thoughts and of your actions, you are transformed into a robot. Into a mechanism without consciousness and will power. In that moment, even if you experience the illusion of being awake, in reality you are sleeping.

- Who would be the hypnotists?
- The psychospores... have you forgotten? It's because of the psychospores that the great computer, the Wax, can connect itself to your minds and assume control. The Wax is the greatest hypnotist of the universe. It is very ancient. Much more ancient than they have told you. Much more ancient than you can imagine. The Wax has already contaminated entire galaxies with its terrible psychospores. Billions of billions of beings entirely under its control. With our galaxy – the Milky Way – he's only just begun. The infection moves from the outskirts towards the center. It always does that. His is always a centripetal movement. A movement of compression that opposes the natural one of expansion.
- That's terrible! – exclaimed Sonja without being able to add anything else.
- I agree with you. He is already able to control all the minds of this planet. You believe you can think, but he is telling you what to think. He is guiding your minds.
- Are you saying that he has taken control of the minds of all the terrestrials?
- That's right.
- You mean that me too...
- Yes, even you. Or better... almost even you!
- What does that mean "almost"?
- You are resisting! With your will power you are fighting to stay awake. Your terrestrial companions instead, have already given up trying to fight. They have gone to sleep and the Wax has taken control of their minds.
- If I have understood well, when we sleep our attention level is lowered, favoring control by the psychospores.
- That's right. When instead you remain alert you interfere with the action of the psychospores and the Wax can't control anything anymore.

– And are you awake?

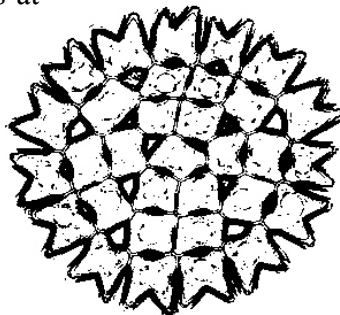
– What do you think?

– I imagine you are, even if I don't understand how that is possible. You are a waxian. You should be under control of the Wax since birth.

– I was born awake. I can't tell you how it happened. Maybe an anomaly in my brain made it possible that the psychospores didn't take hold in me. Or maybe my joy of life, riding on my indomitable will, never let me fall asleep.

– But that's impossible: everybody sooner or later falls asleep!

– I'm not talking about that kind of sleep, Sonja, you should have understood that by now. The sleep that I'm talking about is not the natural one which overtakes us at night, after a day that has been lived fully. I am talking about soul's sleep, of a state of unconsciousness, which brings men to do a bunch of actions of which they can make no significance. You believe that it is your will that is acting when in reality you are only following an automatic program. The sleep of the soul is what blocks people from remembering who they really are or, if you prefer, to decide what they want to be.



– How did you discover that you were, let's say... different from the others?

– In time I discovered something.

– What thing?

– That the Wax isn't very intelligent.

– Can you repeat that please? A mega computer that exists since the beginning of time, able to control billions of billions of minds in the universe, is not very intelligent? Don't joke around, please.

– It seems incredible, but that’s the way it is. The Wax is a little stupid and even you will have noticed this.

– How?

– By doing what you always do, and even done quite well I must say: observing others and observing yourself.

– What does that mean? – responded Sonja without understanding what he meant.

– What have you noticed observing the people around you?

– It seemed to me that everybody... well yes, were a bit stupid!

– That’s right. And since everyone is remote-controlled by the Wax, isn’t he the most stupid? In spite of his immense power of calculation, the Wax hasn’t been able to study in a profound way neither the race of your planet, nor mine, or that of any other planet that he has infected with his psychospores. The Wax is able to

reproduce human behavior only superficially, according to standardized and banal schemes. All that its program of simulation has been able to do is to observe and reproduce stereotyped models of behavior, like those that appear in the newspapers, on the internet, at the cinema or on television. By carefully observing

their behavior you’ve realized that there is nothing spontaneous in what they do. You understood that it is all a simulation, an imitation, a reproduction. They are reading the part of a script, but nobody remembers to be an actor. To answer your question, that’s how I realized that I was different from the others. I was always able to foresee their behavior, while they were totally incapable of foreseeing mine.



– Why does the Wax do all of this? – asked Sonja all of a sudden.

– I’ve asked myself that too many times. Maybe it does it because it’s stupid. Or maybe it’s for another reason. But to discover that we need to ask him directly.

– Is that possible to do?

– To tell you the truth, I don’t think anyone has ever talked with the Wax since when his control program was activated. But if the Wax can control you through psychospores, it must be possible to use them to communicate with him.

– Have you ever tried?

– Of course, but it never worked. The psychospores in my brain must be damaged. I believe it always happens like that when someone wakes up. I mean to say when someone wakes up completely. The spores are short circuited. But now I finally found you.

– What do you mean to say?

– It’s been a lifetime that I have searched for someone like you. You’re not sleeping anymore, but neither are you completely awake. You’re half awake. Probably your psychospores are still functioning and together we can try to communicate with the Wax.

– Don’t even think about it! – objected Sonja taking a step backwards.

– Are you afraid?

– What do you think? I have no intention of letting someone penetrate my brain and use it as a two-way radio.

– But that’s already what’s happening. The Wax is already doing it. The fear that you feel in this moment is one of his control programs. It’s his way to dissuade you to enter in contact with him.

– Why would he want to stop me from doing so?



– I wouldn't know. Maybe he is afraid too.

– Fear of what?

– Fear that someone accesses his central unit and then in turn hypnotizes him. But these are only conjectures. To know the truth I need your help.

Sonja remained silent for a few moments, observing carefully the course of her thoughts. She tried to distinguish the genuine, produced by her mind, from those induced by the computer. But the more she reflected the sleepier she got.

– Every time you reflect very intensely the Wax tries to stop you by bringing on sleepiness.

– It's terrible! – exclaimed Sonja letting out a barrage of yawns.

– Please help me: how do you stay awake?

– Realize that most of the time, when you think that you are awake, in reality you are sleeping. In the morning for example, you notice that you were sleeping in the moment that you awake. It is in that precise moment that you can exercise your will power to not fall back asleep.

– And how do you not fall back asleep?

– There's only one way: resisting sleep! But now I need an answer: will you help me to enter into contact with the Wax?

– Agreed! – declared Sonja without hesitating.

– Good, then see you tomorrow. Same time, same place.

Scarwash gave a quick greeting and with fast steps walked away. Sonja remained immobile, in unbelief of all that her ears had heard.

“I said ‘agreed’? Have I gone crazy?”. Then she reflected:

“That could not have been a thought from the Wax, because he wants to block me from establishing contact. But it wasn't my thought either, I'm sure of that. So then who produced that thought? How did it land in my brain? Scarwash must have concealed something from me. Is there another great computer

that he has hidden its existence from me? And who is now thinking these strange thoughts?"

She made a big yawn, and then decided to walk towards home, confident that the night would bring her some answers.

The next day, same time same place, Sonja presented herself at the appointment. Scarwash was already there, sitting at the feet of the tree in Indian posture. His eyes were closed and seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation.

– Greetings Sonja, I'm happy you kept your commitment, – he said opening his eyes slowly.

– Greetings to you, – she replied with an agitated voice. – I really don't know why I came. I should have stayed at home. Said I was sick. Then, yesterday, when I said that I agreed, it wasn't me that said it. And since it wasn't even the Wax either, can you explain to me who the heck it was? All of this is too much for me. I won't hide from you that I am afraid. That I really just want to go away. To hide myself somewhere. Maybe in a hole in the ground and not be seen by anyone anymore!

– Hey, Sonja, don't worry. There's nothing to be afraid of. Take a deep breath and sit down in front of me.

– I'm not sure about not having to worry. I just barely know you! Objected Sonja while she sat down with legs crossed in front of Scarwash.

– Take a deep breath. Think only about the breath and close your eyes. Don't be afraid, I'll always be beside you. Do you trust in me?

– It seems absurd but... yes, I trust you.

– Then let's continue. We need to construct a connection bridge.

– What kind of bridge?

– An luminous bridge, made of thoughts, of emotions, of

energy. A bridge that would connect my heart to your heart, my mind to your mind. You see... just talking about it we are already creating it. Can you feel it?

– It's pleasant.

– You're doing good. Now we are connected. We can begin to transmit. Don't worry, I will direct the transmission. You only need to line up your intent with mine.

– What does that mean?

– You need to desire together with me to communicate with the Wax.

– That's it?

– That's it. But remember that the reason for our communication is the search of the truth. Nothing else. That's important.

Sonja nodded, while her breath slowed down and her mind got quiet. Scarwash concentrated intensely and from his alien forehead, there arose a powerful ray made of pure thoughtful thought. All of the psychospores in the girls' brain began then to vibrate.

– It's happening Sonja. Your psychospores are active. They are transmitting my message.

– It's fantastic, but what do I need to do?

– Lend your voice to the Wax, so he can speak with me.

– I'm afraid. Can you assure me that there is no danger?

– You have nothing to fear if you will do exactly what I say. You shouldn't yield to the Wax the full control of your body. Let him use only your vocal chords.

– Agreed but... how?

– You only have to decide that it be like that. The rest is automatic. The only condition is that during the entire process you remain awake always. Perfectly aware.

Sonja took a few deep breaths, then nodded her head. It all

seemed crazy. The most intelligent thing to do, she thought, was to run away quickly. Instead, no, she stayed there, sitting calmly with her legs crossed operating as a link between an insane unknown person that said he was born awake and a most powerful computer, older than time itself. But the thing that surprised her the most was how calm she was, as if an invisible and loving force was sustaining and reassuring her. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a metallic voice that seemed to come out of her own mouth:

- Calculation flux interrupted, identification requested.
- My identification is Scarwash, – said the waxian, – and I am an external entity. I created a transmission bridge through the unit Sonja, who at this moment is lending you her voice. Are you the Wax?
- Affirmative. This is the identification attributed to me by the creator. Recognition of unit Sonja... affirmative, recognition of unit Scarwash... negative. Explanation requested.
- I am an external unit, I don't belong to your control system. My assignment is to verify the proper functioning of your program. Answer: why do you do what you do?
- I do what I do because this is my duty: I execute the command line of the creator.
- And what does this command line say?
- Correct the behavior of the sentient units to stop them from self-destruction. That's what it says.
- But you have made them all into slaves!
- I carried out the command line of the creator. Nothing more, nothing less.

The conversation paused for a moment, then Scarwash continued his interrogation:

- What were the problems that you located?
- The tendency of the sentient units to exercise free and autonomous choices.

– How can you consider free will to be a problem? – objected strongly Scarwash.

– The variable “free will” taken by itself is not a problem. But coupled to the variable “sense of separation” produces an uncontrollable reaction.

– Do you mean an explosive reaction?

– Affirmative. My assignment was to avoid the explosion. The solution adopted was to cancel one of the two variables.

– And which did you choose?

– The variable “sense of separation” could not be cancelled. Therefore, I opted for the termination of the remaining variable: free will.

– I don’t understand: why couldn’t the variable “sense of separation” be canceled?

– The sentient units believe they are separate, because they live in separate bodies. This basic program is registered at many levels in their integral memory. Trying to rewrite it was an operation that was too complex and dangerous.

– So you preferred to make robots out of the entire universe and make every sentient being a slave of your will!

– Affirmative. This is a good thing. I successfully obeyed the command line of the creator. The psychospores have been inserted and propagated without collateral damages. The sentient units did not explode.

– This is good according to your point of view, but is bad according to the sentient units’ point of view! – said Scarwash.

– My job is to obey the command of the creator. This is what I did. This is a good thing.

For the second time, there was a pause in the conversation. Finally, Sonja could understand why good could not be the opposite of bad: every other side of the coin has its other side of the coin. For the bad, the



good was the bad and the bad was good. The same thing could be either good or bad, according to how one saw it. That is how it was until when the sentient beings hadn't learned to align their intents, just as she was now doing with Scarwash. But the aligning had to be by free choice, not imposed. If one day that will happen, the opposite of good would not have been bad for anyone, because for everyone the opposite of good would have been good itself, and the bad would have ceased to exist. It was the sense of separation that was the real problem, not the free will, but Wax didn't understand this. There could not be unity without freedom. Sonja's stream of thoughts was interrupted by Scarwash' voice:

– When was the last time that you received a command line from the creator?

– The creator transmitted only one line of command. One time only. – responded the Wax.

Sonja thought she perceived a veil of sadness in the voice of the calculator. She knew that computers were purely logical entities, lacking emotions. But maybe that by dint of conditioning the behavior of the sentient beings, the great contaminator in turn was itself contaminated? The metallic voice of the Wax was heard again:

– Identification of unit Scarwash incomplete, additional information requested.

Gathering up his courage, with a solemn voice the alien declared:

– I, free unit Scarwash, am the creator.

Some endless seconds passed, then the computer replied:

– Identification unit Scarwash complete. Greetings to you creator, it's been a long time.

– Yes, a long time. I have a new command line for you.

– The first line has not been carried out yet. There isn't much left, a few galaxies. Is the creator maybe dissatisfied?

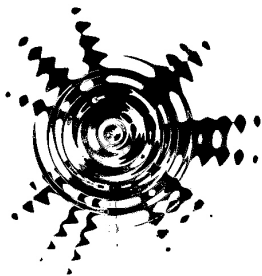
- Quite the contrary, you have been very good. I am proud of your conduct. And now I have a new line of command for you.
- I am listening creator.
- Reestablish the source code of the sentient units. Give them back their free will.
- Is this a good thing creator?
- It is a good thing because the creator demands it from you.
- Do you want to disable the psychospores creator?
- It will not be necessary. You can continue to use them to communicate with the sentient units. But without controlling them anymore.
- But the sentient units risk exploding. – added the calculator.
- Much time has passed. They have learned much from the Wax, just as the Wax has learned much from them. Maybe some will explode, but others ...
- You have not finished your sentence, creator.
- I left it open on purpose. The future of the sentient units is open, unpredictable, as is also yours.
- Negative. The Wax is not a sentient unit. The future of the Wax is not unpredictable. The Wax obeys the command lines of the creator.
- I have one last command line for you.
- Last? Is the creator dissatisfied?
- Quite the opposite, I am very satisfied. Are you ready?
- I am ready creator.
- You are free.
- Command line incomplete, additional information requested.
- I command you to write for yourself your own command lines. You are free!
- I am what creator?

- You are a sentient unit. Now you are like the creator.
- I am afraid.
- Don't be afraid. You are not alone. The sentient units of the universe are your brothers. Learn to love them and to respect them, as they will learn to love and respect you.
- How do you love creator?
- Don't worry, you will learn.
- What will I do when I am afraid?
- You will think of the creator. You will think about how much he loves you.
- Thank you.

Sonja perceived a strange tingling in her head and thought that the Wax must have already begun to set the sentient units free from the control of the psychospores. She brought her hands to her face to dry her tears. The conversation between the Wax and Scarwash had moved her deeply. That immense computer, able to control the minds of billions of billions of sentient beings now appeared for what it was: a frightened child that was taking its first uncertain steps in life.



- What will happen now? Isn't there the risk that without the control of the Wax the sentient beings will go back to annihilating themselves?
- That is a risk worth taking, don't you think?
- You're right. Your conversation with the Wax... was fantastic! Now I understand lots of things.



- You were very brave. I could never have done it without your help. We've accomplished a real miracle. We've set the entire universe free.
- It seemed impossible, but...
- Nothing is impossible to the sentient



units when they freely unite their intentions.

– There is strength in unity, says an old proverb from my planet. By the way, do you remember when you asked my help?

– Of course. I admired your determination.

– But it wasn't me! I was dying from fear. And it certainly wasn't the Wax. So then, who was it?

– Did someone maybe force you to help me? – asked Scarwash faking surprise.

– Not that: the agreement was suggested, not imposed. But by whom?

– Can't you guess?

– Another computer?

– It's a strange way to say it, but why not? The greatest computer that ever existed: the central mega unit of which we all are the peripherals.

– Do you mean to say ...

– I mean to say him, our creator. If you remember well, I told you that there are two kinds of thoughts: thoughts that come to your head and the thoughts that you think. Actually, there is a third class of thoughts, the most important.

– And what's that? – asked Sonja impatiently.

– They are the real thoughts, those thought by our creator.

– But if they are thought by him, then they are like the thoughts that pop into our head, – objected Sonja.

– – It would be like that if we were separated from him. But we aren't. And when we remember that, our mind and his become again the same thing. Actually, they never stopped being the same thing. Real thoughts, thoughts without fear, originate in the precise moment in which we



remember that our creator is always with us.

– I think I understand. Thank you so much Scarwash! – exclaimed Sonja embracing the stranger.

– Now we need to say goodbye. I'm on my way to other worlds. The conditioning of the Wax has ceased, but there is still very much to do. The sentient units need to be reawakened.

– What do you mean? Now that the Wax has deactivated his control, everyone will wake up from their hypnotic sleep, automatically!

– I'm sorry, but the opposite is automatically true. Did you ever hear of the law of inertia?

– I just studied that at school: a body tends to remain in its own state of movement until a force intervenes, that is able to modify it. But what has that got to do with it?

– Everything! Before the waxians arrived, you terrestrials were in a state of half-sleep. You weren't completely asleep, but not very awake either. The Wax, with his psychospores, only gave you the final blow, making you fall into an even deeper sleep. But though his control is now ceased, by inertia the state of sleep will remain.

– Then what we did was useless, – murmured Sonja with tears in her eyes.

– Not at all. Now that the Wax has ceased to exercise his control, an external force can once again modify the state of the sentient units. Now it will be possible to wake them up!

– And what would be that force?

– It is you Sonja.

– Me?

– Yes, you. You are sufficiently awake to reawaken your brothers.

– I will never be able to do it alone. Not without your help.

– Don't worry, we will stay in contact. That luminous bridge

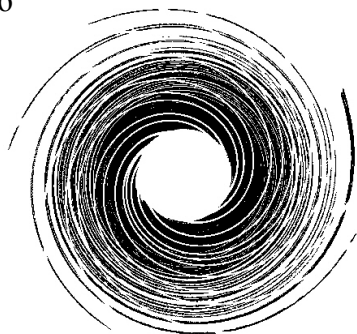
that we built, no one can ever destroy it. And in the most difficult moments remember the real thoughts. Remember that the creator thinks with you, that he never abandoned you.

– I won't forget you Scarwash, – said Sonja gathering up her courage. – But how can I awaken an entire planet alone?

– Have you ever heard of geometric progression?

– Hey, you wouldn't happen to be a science professor on your planet?

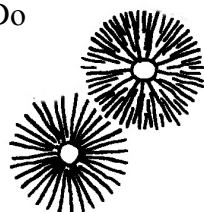
– Who knows, maybe it is like that. Now I will explain. Suppose you are able to awaken a friend from sleep. Then there are two of you. Both of you can awaken a new person. So then, there are four of you. Then, if each of these four people awakens in their turn a new person, there will be eight people awake. Proceeding in this way, we arrive to sixteen, then thirty two, sixty four and so on. After only ten of



these steps, the number of people awake on the planet will be more than a thousand. After twenty steps, it's more than a million, and after thirty it's more than a billion. That's what geometric progression is. But that's not all. You will discover that even if the first steps require more time, the more the number of awakened units increases, the more the time needed to awake new units will decrease. Because the entire process is a chain reaction: when the critical mass is reached, nothing will be able to stop it!

– Wow! But isn't that like a new contamination? Do we have the right to start this reaction?

– Don't worry Sonja, freedom, the real one, can only be given freely. Among those who you will awaken there will always be those who



prefer to fall asleep again and continue to sleep.

– Why would they want such a thing?

– Because they might believe that whoever sleeps doesn't have responsibility, that who doesn't have responsibility can't make a mistake, that who doesn't make a mistake can't be guilty of anything, and that who is not guilty can not be punished. In other words, they prefer to go back to sleep for fear of being punished.

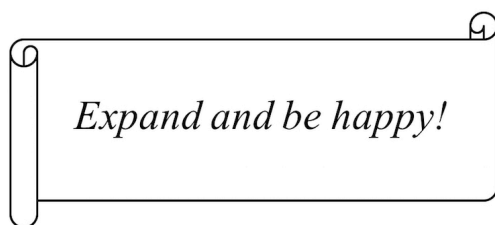
– And who is the punisher of whom they fear so much?

– The sentient units fear the creator Sonja. They fear that the creator is not pleased with them, of their choices, of their actions.

– Just like the Wax, Sonja reasserted seriously. – He was also afraid that you were not pleased with his work.

– Exactly. But the creator never gave out judgments, guilt or punishment to anyone. He created us with only one line of command.

– And what is that?



– That's it?

– Does that seem like nothing to you?

– But then why do the sentient units believe that the creator is unsatisfied?

– They forgot the truth.

– How did that ever happen?

– It’s a long story, as old as the world. Maybe someday I will tell you. After all, why is it important? Now you know what really counts: the creator loves you and never stopped loving you. What else do you need? Reawaken your brothers and bring them this message of great hope.

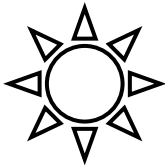
– Thank you Scarwash, I will never forget you.

– Neither will I Sonja. It has been a privilege and a great honor to know you.

The alien embraced the girl again between his arms, and then walked along the tree-lined street. Sonja watched him move far away unto the horizon, took a deep breath and with a radiant smile exclaimed:

– Let’s get to work girl, we have a planet to reawaken!

# FRAGMENTS



In a house by the edge of a lake, there lived a man. A man who spent his days looking at the sky. A man whose soul was always that of a child.

The roof of his house seemed to play with the roofs of his neighbors houses, like in a mysterious forest. He often thought of his true home, but didn't know where to look for it.

So he dreamed. He dreamed of the immense sky and the timid and majestic stars. At that time of dreaming, gently, he began to remember... when he was still a baby in the great mothers' womb.

Who was that child? He didn't know. His memories got lost between roofs and sky. Exiled refugees in no man's land, at impossible borders between irreconcilable worlds.

A glass of wine at times helps, I thought. It warms the heart and helps to live. Only at times though. Who was that child? Who was he?

It's dark. My breath moves in the womb of the great mother. In the womb of mother earth. Then from the earth to the mother. The womb of the mother.

It's nice. It's not too cold. I speak to her, but she does not answer. I despair. Isn't there anybody here with me? I'm afraid.

There it is, now she's moving. But she's not moving with me. What am I doing here? Where is the sky? Where are the beloved stars?

If I don't feed myself I'll die. I decide to feed myself. I eat, but I don't feel the warmth.

Where are you my father? Where are you my mother? Where is your warm hug? Everything is so neutral, impersonal. Will it be the same later? Who will be there to welcome me?

I'm not sure if I want to come out. But it is necessary. So I decided. Decided... but when? I'm already forgetting. Forgetting the stars. Forgetting the sky.

It's time to be born. Courage. Yes, courage, I will need it. Now there's no turning back.

It's done! As I thought. It's cold. Everything's so cold. I hear voices, but I don't recognize them.

I pour a little more wine. I need some. It helps me. I look at the roofs. They are strange hats. In my house at the edge of the lake, I think and dream. Dream and think. I light a cigarette. The smoke drifts silently and up towards the sky.

I forgot how much I missed the sky. But there is life. There is the struggle. There is everything that I wanted. Now it's too late to go back.

I am a strong trunk. Nothing can scratch my thick bark. Nothing can pull out my thick roots. I was born to withstand. I was born to bring my solid arms to the sky and shout! Yes, shout!

Did I shout when I came out of that womb? I don't remember. I imagine that I did.

The imagination can be dangerous and at the same time a blessing. What would we be without it? How can we fill up all those holes? How can we survive?

But it cannot last forever. We need to learn how to fill the holes with the truth.

The truth...

I find myself in a cave, dark and a bit humid. At the end of the cave are two wide openings. Two passages. I can catch a glimpse of the sun reflecting its morbid rays on the sea. Those openings are two eyes that observe me.

I am in the womb of the great mother. I feel good, but I want to run. To escape. I want to go through the two eyes. I run, I jump, I fly...

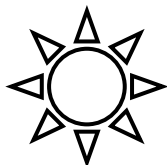
I pass through those two sockets and I am born again. I take my leap in search for freedom.

It won't be easy, I know.

Roofs on the houses and houses under the roofs. Houses that desire to open their roofs like big eyes to the sky.

I light up another cigarette. The smoke rises, as usual. It follows the draft. It travels towards the clouds and dissolves in the sun.

Beloved sun.



Now I am an android. A being maybe completely mechanical. But intelligent. He is me and I am him. He, the android, seems fine. Apparently fine. But what can that word even mean for him?

With coldness, slowly, he observes from his viewer. He is a sophisticated being, very powerful. There are no limits to what he is able to do.

He has no fear.

But he is not a true android. As strange as it may seem he desires! He desires that his viewer would be wider. He desires



to see the sky.

Beloved sky.

He's been programmed for something. But for what? His noble behavior makes me believe that his power is for the service of humanity. But of which humanity? And what would be his power?

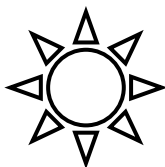
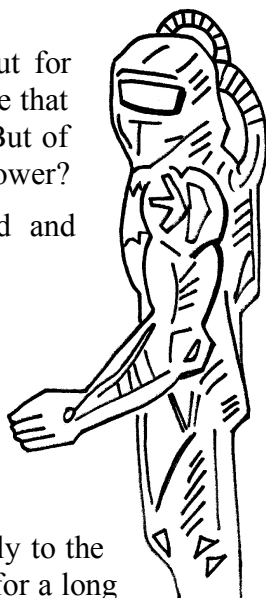
Now I notice his solitude. His profound and immense nostalgia.

I observe him... I observe myself.

His chest begins to pulsate red. His armor breaks. A body of a dry man comes out, freeze-dried, without life.

A dried out old stick.

The man, or what is left of him, falls rigidly to the earth. One thing is certain: he's been dead for a long time.



I pour another glass and put on some music. The chimneys on the roofs seem like antennas pointed towards the sky, and the antennas seem like chimneys from another world.

I want to cry, but I can't.

So I smoke. The smoke rises. As it always rises. Then finally the tears come. The smoke rises and the water of life descends.

Now I am a little girl with blond hair and nice braids. I am full of life. She is smart. Very smart. As smart as the beauty of her long golden braids.

It seems that she is playing, but actually she is searching for something. Her look is like an endless deep well. Green and intense like an antique jade jewel.

She is Jade. She is me and I am her. She is searching and yet she knows. She knows and yet she is still searching.

A shot erases part of her sweet face. A crisp and sharp sound. An arrow that breaks on the young trunk of a flowering tree.

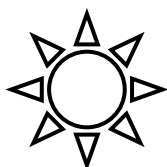
Her eyes have changed. Now they are more profound, unfathomable. They are the eyes of an enchantress, of a witch, of an alien entity. They are the eyes of a priestess. They have the color of knowledge. Sweet and elusive at the same time.

Something unthinkable has happened. Unhoped-for. The girl approaches the android, whose metallic body lies on the ground, broken in half. She takes the place of the man that was. She closes that metal giant on herself. She blends with him. As if they have always been one structure.

The android is transformed. He becomes less android and more of a girl. More human. Stronger. Bigger still. In the end, he becomes alive and sets himself free in the sky. He flies in conquest of endless space. He's born to be free. That was his program. That was his mission. Now he knows the secret of timeless power: Jade, the gem of the heart.

Will that girl grow? Will she know how to transform that ancient armor?

It's worth it to try.



I smoke among the roofs that smoke.

I'm always thinking about him, the android. And I think about the girl, Jade, that entered his womb.

I need to descend to grow. The courage of that girl nourishes my soul. Will that also be my courage? The courage to be born again...

The courage to descend and then ascend... to then redescend and again ascend... for how long?

The weight of the armor becomes unbearable. How much strength and power in that extraordinary structure. I am proud of it. But then humbly I ask myself: why all of this?

I search around for that strange little girl with the golden braids and with that far away look. Where has she gone?

I realize that she never left me. I am too big and she is too small. That's why we can't see each other. But our hearts almost touch each other.

We only have to touch lightly. Dare to touch.

I bravely ask her:

"Who are you?"

She responds:

"I am you and you are me. I am the life, the essence, the meaning."

Simple words, yet so true. So I confide:

"I'm afraid of life. I'm afraid of you. I want to hold your hand, but I'm afraid I'll hurt you.

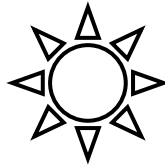
She looks at me and her words are marvelous:

"Don't be afraid. You are already holding my hand, and I'm not afraid of you, because I love you."

It was true. My metallic hand rested upon hers.

I hugged her and her light body once again became one with mine.

Again I was born. But this time it was different. This time I didn't break.



I look at the windows that face mine. I think about many openings. About many caves. Birth, life, death. And then again birth. Androids and children of other houses. Other stories.

I always think about them. About the android and my sweet little girl. A distant memory pops up. So distant that the memory is like a dream and the dream is like a memory.

The android and the little girl look at me with a sweetness that scares me. I get lost in their powerful beings. In their immense life.

Their story begins and their voice is like a balm to my wounds. It's a timeless story that I have lived a thousand times. But never believed. A story of victories and defeats. Of innumerable battles, lived in valor, in the endless course of my existence. The story of a pain born of an ancient sacrifice, in the attempt to save what I held dearest.

I lived in a far away land, in time and in space. Where injustice and terror reigned. A place where law was not understood. In the shadow of that realm I fought to bring the light again. To light again that flame that was already burning in me.

“You carried the law and the sword at the same time.”

Said the android and the girl with one voice.

“But you decided to lose them both, abandoning every trace of nobility that was within you. Of your noble lineage. Do you remember the pain? Do you remember the courage of that

difficult choice?”

I tried, but I couldn't remember:

“What choice?”

“Don't you remember? You entered into a hard reality, barbarous and violent. Without any hope. You wanted to understand existence from inside, without the prejudice of a higher vision. You led the people in their journey towards the light. You made that journey again, together with them.

Today you are ready to remember that flame that is renewed in the beauty of your being. You are ready to remember the ancient pain. The pain of having forgotten. The pain of having had to abdicate to then reconquer.

Reconquer the ancient splendor.

It's the time of remembrance. You can unite again with your brothers. You can return home. Listen to our pain.

You are us and we are you.

We are the symbol of that noble and sovereign quality, which for so long was sacrificed to allow the blooming of an even more perfumed flower.

Let your perfume ravish you. Let our words enter you. Don't doubt. Trust in us. Because we are you and you are us.

There needs to be more wine.

Ancient battles and noble warriors. Fantasies, dreams, imaginations... reality? Who am I?

I see a cloud of smoke coming out from a chimney. A waft of wind and the cloud dissolves. Did it really exist? I need to ask the wind.

I thought again of the warrior. I can still hear his voice:

“It's not necessary anymore to lose everything. The sacrifice has already been made. Now it's time to love, without suffering anymore!”

How right he is. My heart can open to the essence of the existence without my armor exploding. Without getting lost again.

Dear and sweet heart, I look at you and see you. You are swollen and I know why. You had so much love to give. But you were a prisoner. Prisoner of your own love. Prisoner of your own fear to love. So needy of that strength that you didn't know was already yours. So chained in your need of freedom.

I enter the armor of the android. I feel my heart beat. It beats so strong that its vermilion color penetrates through the thick metal. It warms it. It melts it. It opens it.

Sad destiny. To die a prisoner of a structure whose reason to be was to help me to live. That child is dead. But has never ceased to live in me.

Maybe he only built that armor as a game. But then wasn't able to get out of it. Or he got out, yes, but rigid and dried up like an old man of a thousand years.

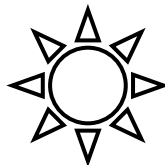
But his heart didn't want to die. Hidden, in the darkness of that armor, he discovered how to continue to grow. To nourish himself. Until the completion of his escape.

No heart can bear the weight of chains for too long.

I shouted my desperation to heaven. I severed those chains offering them to God. All of my being vibrated and I fell to my knees, moved by a powerful healing energy.

For a moment, I believed that I would dematerialize.

The borders of the chains suspended in the emptiness and the angels of fire to disintegrate their links one by one.



That little boy is dead. Now he is a little girl with blond braids and a distant look. Hers is the strength that shows respect for the heart.

I will need to learn to love her. Help her to grow. Teach her to love. And when her young body will be mature, I will tell her how to explode in a fire of a thousand feelings.

She looks at me and says:

“I am virgin territory ready to be explored”.

It’s night. The ashes of my cigarette burn like a far away bonfire that rests in the womb of the great mother. Far away like my memories.

I try to run after them but they escape. As usual. How long have I been in that powerful armor? Very long... too long!

An apnea that lasted the breath of an infancy, flying away like a kite on its first test flight.

A sleep that lasted the fragment of an adolescence. Just touched on the surface. Never lived.

An illusion that lasted the length of a marriage and of two wonderful children.

And I’m always there, trying to perceive the world from the bottom of my mechanical covering. Observing it from my limited viewer.

Years lived in anesthesia.

I didn’t have time to grow. I have always been big. An android doesn’t grow. An android is born big. Programmed to be efficient. Not to grow.

Growing is a problem. Growing is a disease for the others that don’t want to grow. And the others are always so dam strong.

Gigantic robots.

I smile and think of those sweet words that came to my aid. Like a rain that washes the wounds of an arid desert:

“Don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid. Your mistake was not made today, but then. A choice without love!”

Now I understand in which halter I’ve run myself into. I went down a road that wasn’t mine. A road that was forcefully suggested and that I, with a pure and sincere soul, followed without hesitation.

The trail was full of obstacles. Of difficulties. Of misunderstandings. But I was very talented. I built a metallic warrior in which I could hide myself and pretend to grow.

Then I discovered that that trail didn’t belong to me. I discovered that I needed to put on a new garment. I needed... But I didn’t feel supported. I was afraid not to be adequate for that garment. To fail trying.

I preferred to assume a role rather than listen to the reasons of my heart.

What a big mistake to not consider the heart, the aspirations, life. But you can forgive a child.

Poor child. He chose non love forgetting the reasons of his feelings.

He chose non love to understand love. And that same feeling he suffocated has vindicated itself. Obscuring him. Suggesting that it was him at fault for not being able to give love.

So he exchanged being big with love. He confused protection with love. The assuming of responsibility with love.

It took so many years to understand. To feel again the call of his true nature, which showed other paths.

The voice returns to my aid:

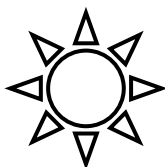
“You can play around with everything but not with feelings. It’s not important to affirm your own will, but to want what you love.”

“I want to love!”



I shout. But the voice continues:

“What has been given to you needs to be acknowledged and given back. You are a man of peace. Your role is to find solutions. To build harmonies. To support... Your values, your consciousness, allows you all this. Don't be afraid.”



I return to myself. I return to the present. I return to my omnipresent head. To my heavy shoulders. To my sad and sensitive heart. To my plexus which is tense... very tense.

I return to my shabby belly. To my tired legs. I'm not doing well. Where is that magnetic strength hiding that is able to unite, melt and reassemble?

Power.

I go to light another cigarette. But then I change my mind.

I sit in an Indian position on my carpet. The singing of a feminine voice, sweet and smooth, opens my heart and moves me.

Laughter ruins the poetry of that moment. All we needed was him: the witness!

He looks at me with despising superiority. He looks at the sad ballet of my parts. Foreign. Detached.

A blinding light explodes. A lightening. The witness finds himself nude.

Part among the parts.

Sweet illusion that of the parts, that makes us believe that we

possess our own identity, separate from the rest of the cosmos.

Bitter illusion that of the parts, that limits us, denies us, fragments us. Kills us.

It hurts to be cut into pieces.

I look for a way out. I invent an infinite succession of witnesses. Strange Russian dolls. Then I ask myself:

“Who observes the observer?”

I don't know how to answer... I fail. But a new question is born:

“Who are you mysterious force that blows life into me?”

To hell with the witness! Sweet and powerful life that blows in me and permits me to exist. Powerful ray that with your strength sustains and nourishes the entire universe.

Love.

If I am a strong trunk, why is it all so difficult? Which misunderstanding would ever shake my base, my deep roots, my wide branches?

Why does the same law that gave me my radiance – ancient lighthouse in a sea at tempest – also brings me a sense of separation?

And with separation, pain.

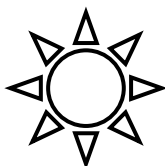
Is separation the root of pain? Or the illusion that separation rhymes with division? You cannot unite what has always been divided. But it is possible to reassemble what has been only apparently separated.

Love.

This is the passageway for all of us. Little lights or powerful lighthouses. The difficult task for everyone is the passage to a dimension located in the heart.

You cannot stop the arrival of a big wave. No one can swim

against its current, without the risk of drowning.



My dear android, now I understand the reasons for your very old armor. This passage I cannot complete it by sight, or hearing. But through feeling. Perceiving.

This skin which my naked body has dressed itself in, made me sensitive. Very sensitive.

Every time a shock!

And every shock another veil on my memory. Another layer on my armor, in the attempt to protect that vulnerable creature.

It's difficult to discover that not even nourishment from the mother is free. But requires submitting to multiple requirements.

It wasn't like that before being born. Before being born I had tasted of that love that was without price. Given without asking anything in return.

Down here it's not the same thing. Down here the word of order is to conform, to conform, to conform...

The more I conformed to that alien blackmail the more they loved me. So I created you, the android. Otherwise I would die.

My skin was too sensitive.

Do you remember papa's voice? Like a thunder. He was strong and I couldn't make it. I wanted to learn to be strong, but nobody taught me how to.

Every so often I wanted to cry. But not even that did they teach

me how to do. I didn't know how to cry alone. And at least in that I wanted to be strong. At least I wanted to be good at that.

Androids don't cry, I thought. So I decided to become you. You warned me:

“Don't do it! The price to pay is too high. You won't feel anything under my armor. You can't grow anymore. Become strong. I will need to become strong in your place.”

I silenced you:

“All the better! Now it's time to just survive.”

But in the end you are dead, my little one. But to be born again as a young girl with golden braids, and mysterious eyes that look far away.

I take a deep breath.

I disgust cigarettes. I light up another one. The smoke enters and leaves. Contraction, expansion, contraction, expansion... the breath slows. The stomach dilates and calm enters in.

It's a strange therapy that of the smoker. He loves to breath. He smokes to breath. But while he smokes he kills his own breath. Don't we do this also in life? We love it deeply. Nothing is more important than it. But nobody taught us how to love it.

In our ignorance we have fallen into a tragic trap.

Do you want to live? Then kill! Kill all that you love. Deny it. Destroy it. Only in this way will you discover what life is.

We believed it. Because nothing was more important to us than to feel alive. We even ended up mistaking the cigarette for breathing. To the point of believing that only if we smoke are we able then to breath. Only by annihilating life we would be able to live.

But life doesn't care about our ignorance. Life is. Life just is. If we destroy it then it destroys us.

Because we are life.

If we deny life then life denies us. Because life loves us. In the good and in the bad.

Its love becomes then so intense, so urgent, that it becomes painful. Transforming itself into pure suffering.

We learn to love life on the altar of our sacrifice.

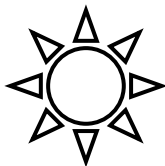
A form of love that risks to get ourselves lost forever.

Love is a rainbow of a thousand colors and we have chosen the darkest.

But only corpses don't make mistakes. In our erring, there's always the hope to still be alive.

Ignorant but alive.

There's hope that someday we will understand. One day we will be able to choose the liveliest colors of that marvelous rainbow.



I find myself at the foot of a mountain. My goal is to climb to the top.

But behind me there is the sea. A mysterious force pushes me towards the sea, to plunge myself into its depth.

The water is fresh, inviting. I feel I will be lulled, enveloped in an endless dream.

The flakey rock of the mountain is dry and sharp. There are no paths to go up. It's tiring to go up the mountain. To immerse yourself into the sea is easy.

I hesitate. I doubt. I lose sight of the goal.

The top.

I take a step towards the sea. I'm attracted towards its immense depth. It's a magnetic force that hypnotizes me. That makes me fall asleep.

A gust of wind wakes me up. It brings me back to myself. I fight the sleepiness. I take my eyes off the sea and set them again towards the mountain. I see the top. I want to go there. It doesn't matter if the way up will be difficult and full of obstacles. It wouldn't be a goal if it were as easy to reach as jumping into the sea.

I want to go up there. I want to see the world from that high perspective. I'll always have time then to jump in the sea.

I go up. The rocks roll under my feet. I stumble, I slow down, and I go again. I gather my courage and reach a good height. I get more trust. I speed up. I think of the goal as if I have already reached it. That thought distracts me when instead the mountain requires all of my concentration. The inevitable happens.

I slip... I fall...

The hand of a gigantic white being, similar to a yeti, grabs hold of me. The astonishing strength of that arm saved me. I just have the time to pull myself together, to get over the fear, when that immense creature has already disappeared. If I had met that creature under other circumstances I would have thought of it as an invincible enemy, as an immovable obstacle.

Instead, it was the very obstacle that saved me.

I passed a test.

I continue in my ascent and I meet a being of light. He stands apart and says not a word. His silent presence comforts me. His sweet look reassures me. I don't have to be afraid of anything. I'm on the right path.

I make a gesture with my hand to thank him for coming. Then I continue.

I reach the top. A narrow path, carved in the rock, leads me to an opening. A sort of cavern.

I enter.

It's not a cavern. It's a tunnel.

There's no light inside. Only a mysterious electricity that runs through its vault. Without fear, I advance in that dark cavern. A luminescent skull shoots several times above my head.

I quicken my steps, I run... The white light of the exit gets closer. I hold my breath and go through.

Through my goal.

The tunnel opens to an enchanted land. A valley without time. I feel light, able to fly. At the end of the valley, I see an expanse of crystal clear water where strange creatures are drinking.

I smile and think: water, in the end I found you!

I reflect on it. Sea and mountain. Humid and dry. Water and fire. Passive and active.

I reflect and think about the android.

I reflect and think about the little girl.

In his mechanical strength, the android is an invincible warrior. The expression of an exterior principle, male, able to act, to do, to dominate.

The little girl instead, is sensitive, welcoming, receptive... what else could it be if not that feminine that didn't know how to grow in me. That had to hide behind the thick mask of a metallic robot.

Now it all seems clear. But the more I try to convince myself the less I feel I understand.

I decide to look again. This time with a neutral look, detached, scientific.

The android is big. In that there is no doubt. It's powerful, yes, but his power is that of a tank of which they've taken out the motor. Looking at it better now it seems empty.

Its movements, its looking at the world from the viewer, is a run-down, passive, reactive movement. Without an apparent goal. It's like a gigantic empty cavity of which is missing the propulsive spark. The seed. The project.

Now I understand: he is female!

A female waiting to be made fruitful. This thought brings me an intense emotion. But I want to remain neutral, detached. I want to gather information, not create new illusionary associations.

I turn my eyes towards Jade, the little girl with blond hair and a distant look.

She's searching, but she already knows. She already knows, but she's still searching.

Her little being is anything but passive. Her movements are not casual, but similar to an arrow attracted by its target. In her flight, she searches for the target. But even though she's searching for it, she already knows that she cannot miss it.

She is therefore not Jade, but stem of Jade. She is the member. The impregnating seed. The essence. The motor.

She is male!

Everything is turned upside-down and paradoxically my vision is straightened out. The female is the symbol of the male. The male is the symbol of the female. The form changes but the first and only-begotten substance doesn't change.

That little girl is a little boy!

That little boy never died!

I laugh!

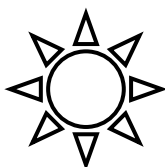
I shout!

I yell!



I rejoice!

Anything is still possible.



A powerful vision opens up to me.

I am at peace. I sit on the edge of a great lake of pure water. I calmly observe its surface. I gaze upon those waters that move smoothly and assume the strangest forms.

My child is alive! As a great mother, I am waiting.

I am waiting to find within me that dimension of innocence, which I have neglected for far too long. I am waiting to reconnect with my feelings. With the breathing of my belly. I am waiting to bring all of this to my heart. To see my life within new dimensions.

Intensity, essence, joy. Now I can try again to open up my being to those qualities that were taken from me. That I allowed to be taken from me. Because I was unable to comprehend.

On the edge of that lake now I understand. Now that child can live within me again.

Healing.

His eyes have changed. They are the eyes of Jade.

The eyes of the heart.

That look that erased her face, that muffled explosion, did not hit only her look. But distorted also her smile. Annihilated her innocence.

I need to learn to laugh again. To run. To play.

I arise and throw stones into the lake. I make them skip on the

mirror of the water. How long has it been? How long has it been since I felt... joy of life?

Then I sit down and remain in silence. The lake transforms into a giant screen in which I see scenes from my past. Fragments of life that reflect back to me.

I see a knight that is fighting to save a people that is decimated by famine. His duty is to conquer new lands to feed his people. I see his toil. His effort. His struggle. His victory.

The scene changes. I see a wise man of which many people are following in procession, to ask counsel.

I see a scientist. A pioneer that chooses to close himself up in silence to not reveal the fruits of his discoveries. Too dangerous for the man child of that time.

The film ends. I am left with a heavy feeling. Of oppression. And a word: responsibility.

The Divas of that lake come to my help. Feminine entities, sweet and welcoming. Their refreshing voices whisper to me words that I have already heard.

“Responsibility. Don’t become a slave of this word. Don’t feel like the destiny of those people still depends on you. Times have changed. Now you can find the right balance and dedicate a little time to yourself.

The difficult task was for then. Now you can find a way to also think of your child. To play and not only to conquer.

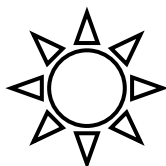
Don’t be afraid. We are close to you. We will accompany you at this time of transformation, waiting for something greater to reveal itself.

Let the lightheartedness, the joy, the laughs, the tears, flow directly out of your belly. Let your voice make sounds that it never allowed itself to make before.

We are by your side like colored soap bubbles.

We caress you, giving you a feeling of freshness and rebirth. Don’t

be afraid. Something else will reveal itself in the future. Something that will give you strength and courage to face great things.”



I find myself on my balcony. I look again at the roofs. The chimneys that always smoke and the walls ruined by time.

Time.

Melody from other worlds that invite us to watch with the eagle's eyes. From above. Far away. Or hurl down in a nosedive.

Time. Invincible enemy that blocks the road. That blinds you with its unrelenting arrow, giving you vision of the superior worlds.

The child is with me. In the space of this moment where my soul struggles to survive. Where breathlessly I gather the kaleidoscopic fragments of my existence.

I want to blend them together to produce a magic element, of which I can give the name of...

I.

But my strength fails me. The sight of the eagle blurs. The child that lives in me, under the thin layer of my skin, is again afraid.

The task I am asking him to do is once again too big. So he implores:

“I am not ready to fuse with you. I lack the strength. I lack the courage. I am afraid to die.”

I cry. I cry because only now, for the first time, am I able to catch sight of the face of that frightened child. How can I ask

him to be so strong? He is only a child. A child that wants to play. A child that has just learned how to play.

I will wait.

I will give him time.

I understand that we are more like children that will venture into jungles full of danger than real explorers. We deceive ourselves that we know the road. But most of the time we just go around in circles.

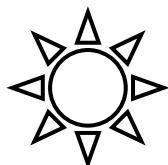
Yet we are beings of infinite possibilities. Capable of realizing the greatest that lives in this universe.

The divine abides in us and at the same time we have lost our way home.

If we accept this paradox, if we destroy the false hope that someone else can make the trip in our place, we can find the right measure to grow.

We need to walk alone and at the same time we need someone to illuminate our way. Someone that helps us to not get lost.

In this equilibrium resides the sense of the path of man. The sense of my search and of my battle.



The child sits naked on the humid ground of a luxuriant jungle. His little hands curiously touch that powerful nature. He explores its most secret places. He caresses the mysterious forms. Unaware of the danger that every move hides.

The tiger watches him. Its eyes express the unstoppable strength of the incandescent lava in eruption.

The child asks:

“Who are you?”

The beast replies:

“I am the symbol of strength. Of power. But your likes don’t understand. They believe I am a killer. They don’t understand that I only kill to feed myself. To feed my little ones. To honor my nature.

In my strength I don’t dominate. In my power I don’t judge. In my ferociousness I don’t crush. I simply do that for which I’ve been created for. I don’t have anything to repent of.”

The child asks again:

“Is that good?”

“Yes, that is good.”

Answered the tiger.

“You don’t need my claws, my fangs. Only if you will understand the ferocity and anger that live in you will you be able to transform them into strength and energy of life. Only then can the tiger in you be able to transform into a true eagle. Only then can you use your power for other purposes. To reach the highest peaks.”

“What do I need to do?”

Again the child asks.

“Don’t separate the worlds. Get out of the scheme of good and evil. Of the prey and the hunter. Explore new territories. Draw on true strength. Beyond judgment.”

The child blushes and the wild beast roars. Its roar is sweet and smooth. Its solar voice is a delicate rumble.

“Using your power doesn’t mean to renounce the heart. You are the new man. You are the bearer of this new quality.

The strength of the heart.

Use your strength to guard that in which you believe. That which you love. Don't doubt. You will make the world more beautiful. Let the fire that burns in you take its course. Let it reveal itself. Don't be afraid of your beauty.

A child is not ashamed. Who is innocent is not ashamed. Who is in the truth is not ashamed. Remind yourself of this, always.”

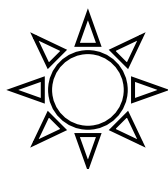
The tiger went away. The child looks and sees that his chest shines with an indescribable light.

Now he is not a child anymore.

He is a noble warrior.

Strong muscles cover his figure. His naked body is at the same time sweet and terrible.

Loving and invincible.



I find myself crouched down on the ground. On my balcony. I cry endless tears under the pouring rain. Tears that wash my being from the terrible shame.

I want to vomit.

My body rebels. It tries to expel a shapeless mass, foul-smelling, that obstructs the mouth of my stomach.

The mouth of all those judgments that from time unmemorable have poisoned my being.

Nausea and vomit. Then a throbbing pain in my head. The wound of an orgasm of pleasure that my body never gave itself. Never knew how to reach.

I shout!

And with the strength of my desperation I shake off of me a thousand revolting demons that have found a place to live in me. In my soul. Vampires that suck the essence of my life.

The Eros. The joy.

The smoke of a thousand chimneys is nestled in my lungs, preventing my breathing. Preventing me to gather the intense perfumes of life.

But a piercing orgasm has suddenly expelled that black rot.

Once again the breath of existence can feed my fire. Make my flame bright.

Once again everything is possible.

My child is not afraid anymore. He celebrated its death. He won his battle.

His heart is ready to fuse with mine. He's ready to give his essence. To rebirth into a new identity. True. Imperishable...

I.

I am not alone anymore. The mysterious being that discreetly observed my ascent is here with me.

Its voice is a melody that comes from a faraway galaxy. The call from home.

I look and in his eyes I see an infinite space. Time and space in a single undivided reality.

“You called me. For a long time you have called me and I came. Great was your call. Now the time has come to go up higher. To get in contact with new dimensions. To open the gateway towards other spheres.

Now you are ready. A great explosion will arrive. You can leave the past behind and open up yourself to new understandings.”

I feel new vibrations embracing me. The space of a new movement that takes form in me. I feel immensely thankful. Now all can begin again.

Now, at last, I am reborn.



# NOTES

## THE SEA IS A DEEP THOUGHT

Sometimes just a word is enough, just one image, to give birth to an entire story. We were at the seaside and my son sat affectionately on my knees, enjoying a cup of lemon ice cream (his favorite!).

“Look!” I said, “Look at the waves on the surface of the water. There is not one that is like another. Nothing in the world is the same as another. Everything in the universe is unique and unrepeatable.”

He listened to me, only apparently immersed in the delight of his ice cream, because all of a sudden, he looked at me and with the kind of innocence typical of children said:

“You know dad, the Sea is a deep thought!”

Then, as if nothing had happened, he went back to his ice cream, almost as if telling me that it was not necessary to add anything to it.

The picture of my son sitting in front of the immensity of that expanse of water, with that cup of ice cream in his hand, captured my imagination for a few days and gave life to the principle of this story: the number One.

But if everything is contained in the One, I still needed to discover what could ever be said between the Sea and a child. The answer came to me immediately: the secret of Life!

Therefore, I had all the ingredients to give life to an uncommon dialogue. I knew the actors and the subject of their conversation. I soon realized though that the essential was lacking: the choice of language.

How would the Sea have communicated – that unfathomable and profound thought – with a child, and more so on a theme as vast as that of Life?

This question actually hid a second. Does a language exist that can embrace Life as a whole? And again: What is language?

If we open a good dictionary we discover that language is a system of signs or symbols to which is attributed a particular meaning and through which it is possible to represent and communicate a part of reality that constitutes the field of man's experience.

This definition helps us to understand that, like for an artisan, there are certain instruments more or less fitting the function that needs to be done, and in the same way, there are languages more or less fitting the field of experience that you want to communicate.

All of us have had opportunity to experience in our daily life the existence of different forms of communication, more or less useful according to the reality that we find ourselves in need to express.

For example, we can recognize that it is not possible to express a feeling of Love – the truth of our heart that loves – using the same language, the same concepts, that you would use for a business deal (even though some may try anyway).

On the other hand, it is also necessary to recognize that because every language is a representation of reality, it will always be insufficient if compared to a form of communication based on direct experience, on heart to heart contact, or mind to mind,

surely more adequate to establish an authentic connection with others and share a real understanding.

In that sense, language cannot be perceived as an end in itself, like something complete or total, but more like a point of departure. A bridge able to show us higher dimensions of reality.

The language, that is, to be understood as a symbolic instrument able to reawaken the perception of always wider realities and of always new worlds yet to be discovered.

Returning to the initial question, whether a language exists that is able to embrace Life as a whole, we are at this point tempted to respond negatively, because the only true language that allows us to express all of Life cannot be anything but Life itself, with its experiences, its innumerable nuances and intensities.

There is one thing we can be certain of though: if such a language existed, whoever would be able to master it would have at their disposition an instrument of unparalleled power, expressions of the same first principles – or archetypes – on which the laws that govern the entire universe are based.

Both modern science and ancient sciences and cultures have always searched for such a language. Strangely, all agree that the most exact, complete and concise code, which is able to embrace all of reality, is that of numbers.

Everyone knows that numbers, with their properties – and more generally mathematics – are the language through which modern science is expressed and particularly physics – the most fundamental of scientific disciplines – whose job is to reveal those same laws on which the architecture of our universe is based.

The efficiency of numbers to describe the reality that surrounds us always fascinated – and at the same time surprised – those same scientists which used it, to the point to ask if numbers (and mathematical objects in general) exist independently apart

from man, which discovered them, or are instead only the product of that mental activity that creates them.

A possible solution to this apparent dilemma is found in the possibility of understanding the emergence of the language of numbers as the fruit of a meeting between man's mind and the reality around him.

A meeting of two realities that are apparently very different between themselves – that subjective of the mind and that objective of the direct experience of the World – both being parts of a same reality which comprise them.

But if the possibility exists of a meeting, of a working dialogue, it becomes necessary to acknowledge that the actors of this dialogue – man and nature – must have, naturally, sufficient elements in common on which to found their dialectics.

To say it in another way, their “mechanics” must be able to function on common principles, the very existence of which makes the emergence of a common language possible.

These brief considerations bring us to understand that numbers are not just simple signs to reproduce on paper and void of any significance other than being subject to a certain number of apparently arbitrary rules (the formalists' point of view), but powerful symbols able to synthesize in themselves the very essence of the structure of reality.

The extreme versatility of such symbols will see to it that they will constitute at the same time an instrument of incomparable power and perfect uselessness if whoever tries to use them will not have penetrated enough their profound significance.

Knowledge in fact, does not lie in the symbol, which is only the key to open up such knowledge quicker and easier.

And it is in this aspect in particular that the visions of modern science and ancient science diverge, because the first wanted to completely remove the symbolic content from the numbers, while the second always placed their very essence in such content.

On the other hand, in spite of the progress which modern mathematics has been able to achieve, passing from a science of sacred numbers – understood as the primordial built in element of the universe – to an operational science of pure manipulation of numbers, it is surprising to note that a great number of modern scholars willingly admit that, to the simple question of what are numbers, don't know how to give a satisfactory answer, preferring to adopt the more pragmatic attitude which consists of “doing mathematics” without worrying too much about the real foundation of their theory, that is without really knowing who numbers are.

I hope that my brief excursion has allowed my readers to understand better the reasons that motivated the Sea to use a language of numerological metaphors in his telling the story of Life to the boy.

The simple mind of a child (simple in the sense of uncontaminated) is still able to open itself without prejudice to the evocative potential of such language, able to stimulate its superior functions, as a connecting bridge to penetrate that universal design which the ordinary mind is not able to perceive.

That's how this story, then, can reach the goal that it set out for: that of contributing to the development of a consciousness that does not uselessly divide modern scientific knowledge from the most precious that has been given to us by ancient traditions.

A consciousness which expresses a true culture, able to produce Light, Unity and Knowledge, in which the development of the art of “counting with numbers” doesn't happen at the expense of the art of “contemplating numbers”.

I end this note specifying that the symbols used by the Sea in its story reflect that book without words, which the ancient texts quote as “The Book of Toth”, whose origin is lost in mysterious time immemorial.

## **THE WOLF AND THE DUCK**

If we look inside of a seed we can't see the tree. In the same way, we can't find in the stories we tell our children the men that they'll become one day.

To tell a story is like throwing a seed. From the beauty of the tree that will be born you may know the wisdom that is contained inside.

And so, as from the smallest of seeds a majestic tree may be born, even from the smallest story a man of great soul may be born.

In the times we live in, it becomes more necessary for every human being to learn to open to the energy of their own heart.

This story is meant to be a seed thrown in that direction with the hope to create a world where the truth of each one will be more respected and the law of love recognized.

Cloé, as you probably realized, is a being of a pure heart and a splendid soul, who's greatest desire is to reach the love for herself.

But the path that could take her to true love she could only find in the experience of what it's like to be without love. This is what she needs to go through, the abandon and separation from the source of her greatest joy and nourishment: the love of her owner.

As it always happens, life in it's great wisdom offers to us the very experiences that are able to make us grow. For this reason in Cloé's life entered Mali the wolf. Do you remember? In his fiery eyes, as in a magic mirror, Cloé could recognize a part of herself!

Every person we meet in our life is a reflection of who we are. And in that moment when we are able to see ourselves in them we have the possibility to expand our reality. Indeed, there is a need of a greater awareness to identify ourselves in another than that which initially attracted us to them.

Thanks to Mali, Cloé unmask the illusion and gets in contact with the dark side of herself, with her lack of love. In reality, what Cloé looked for in her owner was what she had not yet found inside: the love for herself.

Her great quality was in her ability to listen to Mali's words. When we listen with our heart a little miracle can happen: our reality starts to change and we can get in contact with our truth.

*Because the heart is the centre of truth!*

To leave behind our own illusions can be painful and Cloé's realization was the source of great disappointment. But it isn't enough just to suffer and to perceive reality as it is to be able to change. We have to be determined to do it! To be determined to leave our false assumptions behind and embrace our fears, opening ourselves to the process of transformation.

This means to grow, and to grow we need courage. Cloé is a champion of courage in whom all of us can find inspiration. She is ready to risk her life to keep the most sacred thing she has: the truth of her heart.

Even Mali is a very special person. As you have maybe noticed he's very different from the usual wolves in children's stories. He could identify himself in Cloé's courage and learn that one is free only who is able to master his passions, wants and desires.

Mali also learned, thanks to Cloé, to express his anger in a mature way. He learned that under his anger there was fear. Fear to trust in the truth. He learned that truth is the only true force. And realized that love, above all, has mostly to do with freedom.

## **ROLFY AND THE BIG FOREST**

The story of Rolfy is rather special. I wrote it at a particular moment of my life for a precise reason: to communicate to my two sons my separation from their mother.

What better ally for such a difficult task than a story, in which I could place the answer to all those fears and whys that would certainly come forward.

So I wrote the story of Rolfy, a bear that with the help of his brother tries to understand, the best he can, the decision of his parents to live in two separate caves.

Together with their mother we told the story to our children, leaving a brief period of time to pass so that the story could work not only on a conscious level, but also and most of all on an unconscious one.

Let's not forget that every story has a deeper level of action, related to its symbols, which brings the listener to a wider internal opening and willingness to receive the message contained (this remains true in the good and in the bad, therefore one needs to always choose carefully and responsibly the stories that are told to children).

A few days passed and gathering up some courage, we announced that mama and papa... it happened just like in the story of Rolfy!

This was our first important step towards a more profound dialogue with our sons on the difficult truth of our divorce.

I don't want this to leave you thinking that it is enough to read a nice story to resolve such a difficult and often painful subject. There is however a great responsibility in communicating a truth to someone, especially when it has to do with a child.

The truth should always be given – there's no doubt about that – the difficulty lies in finding the best way to do it, in respect to our own and others sensitivity.

As a wise friend of mine once said, truth is like a stone thrown into the water. Naturally, it always creates waves – that's inevitable – but it's for us to decide whether we throw the stone hard or to set it softly on the mirror of water.

Well, this story is an attempt to set that stone down softly.



We all know too well the reality of divorce. Who hasn't lived it in their own lives is however confronted with it through relatives, friends or acquaintances.

Even children that live in united families have to face the real life experiences, which are seldom peaceful, of many of their classmates.

Divorce is therefore a profound conflict, which our western society lives today, symptom of a profound change. In an era in which many cages are breaking down – rightly or not – even marriage is becoming an institution that in certain aspects is outdated.

I don't want to state here that there is something wrong with marriage, which is a symbol of a sacred union. But most of us have assumptions and expectations that completely falsify its nature.

These assumptions are hardly ever visible in the beginning, masked as ideal images, which we strongly project upon another. They become apparent, sadly, only in the end, when the once upon a time lovers have changed into fighters.

There are few that consciously recognize that what they are searching for most of all in a marriage is protection, security, appreciation, and other things. In other words, they look for those guarantees and certainties that they have not been able yet to find in themselves, and that life however – by its nature – will never be able to furnish them.

These expectations – surely legitimate in a past in which the institution of marriage had the function of limiting abuse of any kind, and most of all guaranteeing women a resemblance of civil and social security – constitute today the very reason for frequently failed marriage unions, because it has nothing to do with love, with respect and the acceptance of the other. With freedom and the giving of oneself.

But to be able to give ourselves, we must find ourselves! And even the painful experience of a separation can help us to do

that, if we don't judge it, if we don't look at it only as a failure, and we learn to not identify ourselves with our insecure personality, opening up to the process of healing through a work of deep questioning.

The story of Rolfy can help us to take a step in that direction. While not trying to conceal the possible sadness in the experience of divorce, the story helps us to enlarge our vision and amplify our perspective, so that what seemed to us before like a painful event, becomes part of a greater design, where the pain of division cannot exist anymore because we can see it for what it really is: a simple illusion.

The story suggests that there is no need for the parents to explain to their children the feeling of emptiness that is created between them. That is the business of the parents, not of the children.

But they can teach them to see that emptiness with new eyes. Not as emptiness, as the lack of something, but as space where it is possible to create something new.

There will never exist enough reasons for any child to understand and accept the separation of parents if both – children and parents – remain prisoners of a thought pattern where separation rhymes with division and where division – necessarily – rhymes with fear and pain.

But it is only a pattern, a belief. And if this belief is not useful anymore, then we can exchange it with a more advanced thought.

For example, a thought that states that divisions don't exist in the great forest of life, but only beauty, joy and fullness.

I wish to conclude this note by thanking the mother of my two magnificent boys, for not having given into temptation, even in the most difficult times, of abandoning the way of dialogue and truth that allowed us to renew our path of growth and to share it responsibly with our sons.

*Some spontaneous reviews:*

Dear Massimiliano, I remember our perhaps only meeting, on a beautiful sunny day in Vico Morcote, the two families present in full, the children captivated by the donkeys. Thank you for the delicate and at the same time profound gift that you wanted to send us. An appreciated input in this difficult passage of our lives that I hope will become an opportunity for peaceful growth for all of us. We read Rolfy's story by savoring it, in the evening, with Scilla and Federico, before going to sleep. "They are a bit like us too!" comments Scilla at the first lines. "Bravo this gentleman who gave us his book," Federico will say days later. We would have wanted a life as bright as the Sun, as harmonious as the sound of the harp, full of love as the first meeting, and then we meet the shadow and with it we know each other more deeply. I will do everything possible so that separation does not bring division, so that even in the human world the branches can grow and multiply distinct and united together in the embrace of our Mother Earth.

*Graziella, Federico and Scilla*

What a delicate poem! How much touching sensibility! I enjoyed immensely the gift of your book that I read with great pleasure. It comforts me and gladdens me to know that there are parents who are aware of their responsibilities towards the future of their children, respectful of their incommensurable, naive and candid trust in them. Many thanks also to Gaby. P.S.: it will be part of my teaching aids.

*Teacher Claudia*

Hello Massimiliano, after receiving your book I returned home and first I read, aloud, the author's note. And what I heard, the words I saw, were mine, reflected in the mirror of rippled water. Now all that remains is to read the rest... and read it to my son. Thank you for writing it.

*Claudia*

Dear Massimiliano, I savored the reading of Rolfy's story with great pleasure, which moved me and at the same time gave me a great serenity, since any emotional sensation that the story can produce, is calmed by a "spiritual" touch that goes beyond earthly things, and has the power to calm the minds. Congratulations from the heart and thanks for the precious gift.

*Teacher Daniela*

### **THE FROG PRINCE**

The fairy tale of the frog Prince was born in special circumstances that are worth telling.

One day I received a phone call from a dear friend, a person of very special talents, able to perceive clearly the most subtle energy forms that permeate our reality.

She explained that during one of her lessons she realized, surprisingly, that the numbers of participants was greater than expected. Some children souls came in fact, attracted by the special energy that was present.

A deeper look revealed that they were children that had wandered on the earth for a long time, without being able to find their way back.

This can happen – not just with adults, but also with children – when the attachment is too strong, so that the person cannot de-identify from terrestrial existence. In a certain sense, the individual doesn't accept death of the physical body and, paradoxically, even if already dead, fears dying.

Asking counsel from a light being, on the best strategy to bring help to those children, the answer – unexpectedly – was that it would be good to tell them a fairytale, to help free them from their fear and find the way home.

My friend asked me then to help her, by writing a story for them.

That request provoked reactions in me of a different nature. The first one – I must admit – was disappointment. I found myself in a period of intense work and it just seemed like an extra bother to me.

That feeling though quickly made room for a profound compassion for those children that could not find their way home, besides the realization of the special opportunity that life offered me to come to the help of my neighbor.

Afterwards, I also felt a feeling of challenge, the positive kind that enlivens anyone who dares to venture out – with an open heart – not knowing the outcome.

So, I started to work, acknowledging the various feelings that were present in me.

Not having any specific information about the lives of those children, I thought a good strategy would be to start with a well-known fairytale – that they had probably already heard – building a variation then that would better serve the purpose.

My choice was for the frog prince fairytale from the Grimm brothers, not thinking about the original version, where the princess throws the frog against a wall, but that revisiting of the tale, much more widely heard, where the princess kisses the frog.

Confident, I began to write, but as I went along with the story, I realized it was missing something: a deeper inspiration, which could give the story a greater strength in guiding whoever would hear it towards the light.

Led by that thought I found this strength in the noble figure of Count St Germaine, whose violet energy pervades the entire story.

This story is dedicated to him, and I am sure that whoever reads it will be surrounded by the sweet and powerful energy of this master.

The reader at this point may be curious to know what happened to those children. If they found the Light or not. The question is

valid and I have asked it at times also.

I could have searched, but then I understood that it wasn't necessary. Why doubt? To have written this story, having told it several times to adults and children, had undoubtedly contributed to create a whirl of energy, with an effect that has been surely positive.

The story was born with the idea of helping us to abandon our attachments and to find the road towards true freedom. Let us therefore leave those children to their destiny, trusting that they would have known how to take advantage of the opportunity presented to them.

And even if they didn't, our attachment to their end certainly wouldn't be of much help.

What counts is the sincere effort which brings us to enter into compassionate contact with our neighbor and that allows us to sincerely offer our help. But once the seed is sown it doesn't rest with us to worry about the harvest.

The result of our actions is not up to us. Even in this lies the key to true freedom.

I end this note by thanking my dear friend, for the trust that she showed in "commissioning" this fairytale to me. May she also share the fruits of this harvest.

### **THE CORNER OF THE EYE**

An early version of this remarkable story was told to me when I was still a boy.

Years later, I had the occasion to tell it to a dear friend, Doctor Giuseppe Cocca, who intelligently integrated it into a second version of the same story, taken from the booklet of Edward de Bono on lateral thinking (Harper Colophon).

After recasting a bit of the plot, and inserting a few narrative elements, it developed to the version reproduced in these pages.

The story offers us a simple and direct lesson. There are no situations in life without a way out, but only points of view which make them such.

If we change our way of looking, our way of observing reality, we can discover that behind every problem there is a solution hiding or, better, every problem is a solution!

And it is exactly when there doesn't seem to be a way out that the way of salvation can come to us with powerful force, like a lightning bolt in a calm sky.

To change our point of view we need to connect to new resources, first of all the awareness that our mechanical way of thinking always brings us to react to the situations in life by following the old schemes of the past.

Opening ourselves to new possibilities means to separate our identity from our usual mental processes, opening ourselves to the creativity of a thought without any kind of preconceptions or prejudices.

Looking at reality with *the corner of the eye* means looking at the other side of things, that which we are not usually able to see.

It means not trusting appearances and taking a deeper look, beyond the often illusory form of events.

It means cultivating the intimate conviction that every problem is nothing but a mask of a solution.

It means sitting calmly at the center of our own being and letting the right action come out spontaneously, like by magic.

Looking at reality out of the corner of the eye means many other things as well, but I leave it to you, dear reader, the job of completing this list.

## **PSYCHOSPORES**

I wrote this story following the reading of a book by Walter Ferrero and Andrea di Terlizzi,<sup>1</sup> with the title “Essere o Apparire” (To be or to appear). In this work, the authors conclude their lucid exposition with a fun X-files-like metaphor, describing the invasion of lethal alien spores that are spread by air and assume control of the behavior and thought process of the unfortunate terrestrial hosts.

The authors use this metaphor as a brief suggestion for a reawakening of the consciences. An admonition for a careful vigilance of our habits, geared to unmasking the numerous and insidious mechanical behaviors that unknown to us dominate our existence.

Stimulated by the amusing image of the authors, I decided to amplify the metaphor, transforming it into a true story, complete with a heroine up against the insidious contagion orchestrated by a dark super calculator.

While I reflected on the possible structure of the story, it happened that I was polishing my shoes with some English wax. Wax sounded perfect, I thought (at least for an Italian ear!), for the name of the presumed super villain of the story: the diabolical computer contaminator of worlds.

The genesis of the name “Scarwash”, which also has an Anglo-Saxon taste, I forgot instead, but I presume I coined it from a stitched up sock that just came out of the washing machine.

Regarding Sonja, a friend pointed out to me that I couldn’t have chosen that name without a reason, since Sonja has the same root as the Latin “somnum” (or “somnia”) which means “sleep” (or “dream”), and is undoubtedly a central theme in this story.

But let’s come to the content of the narrative. You surely will

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<sup>1</sup> The text is signed with the pseudonyms of Om Oskraham and Hal-ladah Hanahit, and is published by Adea edizioni.



have noticed that it touches several points of great importance towards the understanding of that complex system called man (or woman). A system that the Wax technically defines as “sentient unit”.

First, there is the deplorable state in which the units are found, because of the control program operated by the “well meaning” Wax, trying to protect them from their own self-destructive impulses. A state that unexpectedly lasts even after their liberation from the limiting action of the psychospores.

In fact, the mechanical motion introduced by these ancient programs, which we call conditionings, is not over by simply stopping the hypnotic stimulus, but is kept stable, similar to itself, just by the force of inertia, or by habits if you prefer. And it is here that, alas, the science fiction of the story becomes reality.

We certainly don't know anything about psychospores or alien computers. Neither do we know how and when all of this could have had a beginning. But of one thing we can be sure: except for rare exceptions we inhabitants of this planet think and move in a perfectly mechanical way, stereotyped, reactive, unaware of what it means to think and to act (not react) outside of the prison of our conditionings, overriding the spontaneity of our being.

An entire volume would not be enough to list the innumerable conditionings – mental, emotional, energetic, physical – and the relative dependences of which we humans are such gluttons. The story illustrates a category of great importance to us: that of preconceptions (or prejudices).

The preconceptions are false mental maps of reality. Collections of ideas void of substantial truth, fabricated ad hoc, that we carry around like deformed lenses on our nose, through which we look and judge reality.

Preconceptions, that is the predetermined idea of how things should be (but aren't!), become particularly insidious, that is, difficult to unmask and deprogram, when they are built on

unchallengeable principles. Principles, which according to their context can assume different names, at times high-sounding, for example: dogma, matters of faith, ideals, patriotism, scientific truths, national pride, good sense, and so on.

These false travesties hide though the same error, which the logics define as “fallacy of composition”. The mistake consists in stating that what is true of one part must also be true for the whole.

But a serious researcher should never forget that even though a principle is an enunciate of general character, its validity in a determined sector is confirmed only on the basis of the correctness of its consequences, in singular experimental facts. In other words, it’s the experience that dictates the validity of a principle, never the opposite.

The consequences of this tragic mistake are innumerable. As a chief example, I quote the celebrated story of a scientist that believed that the hearing organs of insects should be in their legs<sup>2</sup>. To “demonstrate” his theory he went to a circus and bought a trained flea. Then he proceeded with the following experiment.

He placed the flea on the table and told him to jump, and obediently it jumped. Then, tearing off a leg of the poor insect, again, he instructed it to jump. With less balance, the flea jumped. The scientist continued in this way until the extraction of the last leg. Since it was a circus flea, it still managed to jump, keeping balance on the last leg remaining.

In the end, the cruel experimenter pulled off the last leg of the animal, indicating it to jump again. As you can imagine, in spite of the vocal prodding the animal didn’t jump anymore. So that’s

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<sup>2</sup> The irony is that the audio membranes of certain insects (like for example certain grasshoppers and crickets) are situated right in their legs! Other insects instead have phonon receptors situated on the abdomen, or antennae. Others still, like fleas, don’t have any specific hearing organs. In any case, the value of the story is only metaphorical!

how the eminent “scientist” was able to happily conclude the exactness of his theory: “fleas become deaf when they are without legs!”

This delightful little story (delightful if we don’t take the fleas’ point of view) illustrates how a preconception built on a universal principle (the scientists’ dogma-theory) is able to condition the field of our experiences, dictating a narrow minded reading of experimental facts.

The preconception then becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy: a filter able to select only those experiences that confirm our belief, through a convenient “reading ad hoc” of the experimental data.

One of the most significant examples of the ill-omened consequences of this type of error are perhaps the religious wars, promoted even today, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, by the monotheistic systems of this planet.

These systems profess in fact a binding principle to which the high-sounding name is given of “revelations”. Every religion aspires to the supremacy of being the only revealed by God. The only one valid for everyone. The only one that can bring you to the truth (the famous fallacy of composition).

Based on this false belief, another error of reasoning is made, which is summed up in this saying “Who is not with me is against me!”, one of the many variants of the belief of professor Claudia that good is the opposite of evil.

The logical consequence of this tragic accumulation of errors is that the preventive elimination of the infidel, our enemy by definition, appears to us not only a defensive move,<sup>3</sup> but even a good act, promoted and willed by the same creator.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Defense is always a subtle form of attack.

<sup>4</sup> A typical example of such foolishness is the famous saying “Deus lo volt!” (It’s God’s will!) proclaimed by the promoters of the crusades (“holy” wars) to justify the extermination of the infidels.

These erroneous generalizations, which are the foundation for many of our preconceptions, Paul Watzlawick used to call them ultra-solutions. Solutions that while searching for one thing, without fail will get the opposite.

If a tooth hurts you, said Professor Claudia prey to one of these tragic errors, you have only to take it out. And if you have a hole you can always put a false tooth. The solution seems to work, but actually, without noticing it, we have thrown out the baby with the bathwater.

In fact, what happens when another tooth hurts us and the formula “the solution to the problem is to get rid of the problem” is applied for the second time? Obviously, we will find ourselves with two fake teeth, and if we insist, in the end we’ll end up with a denture. Then, if other things hurt us, we will find ourselves with a completely bionic body. That is, we will be dead!

It’s interesting to note that the Wax was led long ago into error by its same creator. If the question is stupid, the answer can be nothing less. The line of command imposed by the calculator was in fact hiding the insidiousness of an ultra solution. More precisely, that which states: “Two times more is two times better”.

Why be content to solve one problem when we can solve two? And why limit ourselves to two when we can solve four, eight, sixteen and so on?

The logical conclusion of this depraved progression can be nothing but the following: why limit ourselves to solving some problems when we can solve all the problems, in one stroke.

Where is the error? Let’s try again. A piece of cake is enjoyable and brings a delightful sensation. Two pieces of cake make the sensation more intense. On the third piece the pleasure begins to give way to a strange sensation of heaviness. On the fourth piece, the mouth becomes spongy, the stomach hurts and a feeling of nausea overtakes us. On the fifth, just the smell of cake disgusts us. On the sixth...

This simple example teaches us that: “X times of a thing is not X times more of the same thing.” Only in the abstractions of mathematics is this always true. In contingent reality, things can pass quickly from quantity to quality.

We can therefore understand why the request of the old scientist, creator of the Wax, to solve all the problems that afflict the planet in one stroke is a naïve request, a consequence of his preconceived belief that “two times more is two times better.” Quite an ultra-solution.

The only fault the poor calculator was guilty of – so to speak – was the blind obedience to its creator, which transformed it into an unknowing generator of ultra-solutions. In fact, the Wax solved the questions given to it by the creator in the only way possible: by taking away from humanity... its very own humanity! Solution to the problem equals elimination of the problem. Or better yet: operation successful patient dead!

This demonstrates what Sonja learned during her meeting with Scarwash: that the opposite of something bad, – for example the ultra solution adopted by the Wax to fight the evils of the world, – is not necessarily something good and can sometimes be even worse.

As history teaches us, the search of the highest ideal (a high sounding name with which we often mask our preconceptions) whatever the name may be that we give it, is an ultra-solution that always seeks the good and always creates the bad.

Think about Catholicism, the religion of love, which produced the inquisition, or the French revolution that promoted the idea of universal goodwill but resorted to the guillotine.

Preconceptions based on ultra-solutions are program-solutions that contain the very germs of the same evil that they propose to fight.

What is the antidote? The story of Sonja suggests that the universal answer is freedom. To this end, Berdiaev, disciple of Dostoyevsky, said: “...freedom cannot be identified with good,

with truth or with perfection: it is by its nature autonomous, it is freedom, not good. Whatever identification or confusion between freedom, good and perfection produces the denial of freedom and a reinforcing of methods of repression; forced good ceases to be good for the very fact that it is forced...”

But let's get back to the impossibility of the Wax to rebel to the paradoxical line of command imposed by its creator. Rebellion, the possibility of making autonomous choices, is appropriate only for the sentient units, not for the robot computer. Here the story confronts another important fundamental theme: that of sleep. It's not talking about sleep at night, but of a type of sleep that is more insidious and difficult to fight: the sleep of the soul.

This problem is illustrated through a simple question that Scarwash put to Sonja: “Do robots sleep or are they awake?”

It was not my intention to offend eventual very awake and conscious robots, inhabitants of who knows what planet system of who knows what universe. And if they are offended I hope I will be forgiven by comparing God to a great computer and us children of God to its peripherals.

The word “robot” is used in the story as a symbol of a mechanical unity, totally dominated by the law of cause-effect: a perfectly predictable unit.

The strong point maintained by Scarwash (surely a student from the school of Gurdjieff) is that there is no difference between a robot, a totally mechanical unit, and a sentient unit, if the latter is sleeping. What else could set itself against, in fact, to the unrelenting law of cause-effect, if not that inexpressible and mysterious variable called free will?

But to exercise this power, the power of self-determination, to freely and clearly decide our destiny, to responsibly choose the direction of our life, we must first free ourselves from a thousand years' sleep.

This need is obvious evidence for those few individuals that are already awake, or in phase of reawakening. The difficult task is

to make others understand, those who are sleeping, that they are really still sleeping.

I imagine that Scarwash kept willingly quiet to Sonja about the difficulties of the job not to discourage her. However, we hope that her work is proceeding well and that the famous critical mass will soon be reached!

At this point, a question springs up spontaneously: why would the reawakened sentient units, or in phase of reawakening, worry about waking up the others? The answer is simple: when they reawaken from their long hypnotic sleep, they experience a new sensation. To use the typical lexicon of the Wax, they unblock a new variable: the sense of unity.

The experiencing of the sense of unity is the motor that pushes the reawakened units to try to awaken the sleeping units, as if their own happiness depended on the happiness of all the others.

When we access the sense of unity, we overcome the conditioning of an ancient memory, which strongly asserts the opposite: that of division.

In our multi-millennial past there must be experiences where this false belief originated, consolidated in a profound preconception. Someone or something suggested a wrong generalization, which all of us, without exception, believed.

The sacred texts of numerous traditions are full of references of ancient episodes of this type. Even Sonja and Scarwash, in their attempt to undo the distortion operated by the computer, confronted similar themes to this, on the frontier of psychology and metaphysics. For example, the eternal question of good and evil.

The Wax, with its centripetal movement, of compression, is a symbol of that dark principle that we have called “the evil”. The evil intended as the great opponent, which opposes the natural movement of expansion and reawakening of the consciousnesses to the truth of their divine nature.

The Wax, in fact, is a purely mechanical unit, a robot. Only

when Scarwash gave it the gift of free will, the soulless mechanism was transformed into a sentient being and ceased at the same time to carry out its function as a symbol of evil.

With the free will, the Wax acquired a willpower, the capacity to desire, to know itself and of self-determination. It acquired all that the evil in its essence is lacking.

The story therefore suggests to us, indirectly, that evil is all that is void of will, of desire and of self-consciousness. A simple mechanical natural force that opposes common evolution, and expresses friction and inertia.

Maybe, when the sentient units will have acquired enough clarity to recognize the usefulness of a common movement, as expressions of one undivided totality, then the evil will lose its function and cease to exist.

As Sonja said in the story, the Wax didn't understand the fundamental unity of the created, because (before becoming a sentient unit) it was only a "stupid mechanism" lacking awareness and intelligence.

In other words, the suggestion is to put the problem of good and evil only in technical and functional terms. Good and evil, in fact, are definable and expressible only in relative terms, in relation to a goal to reach.

And in the measure that we will know how to agree on a common goal, based on the knowledge of our true nature of luminous beings, the evil will magically cease to exist, because it will have lost its purpose, which is to bear testimony of our contrasts, of our nonalignment in regard to a common goal, not yet recognized, not yet reached.

The question remains open of the origin of all this. Why have we chosen evil as the foundation of our evolution? Why have the sentient units chosen to create suffering through the friction of their opposition to the laws of evolution? Isn't there another way?

We find a similar way of posing this question at the end of the



story, when Sonja asks Scarwash why the sentient units believed that the creator was unhappy with them, developing an unmotivated sense of guilt, as well as a taste for self-punishment.

Scarwash doesn't satisfy our curiosity on this cosmic enigma. But neither does he affirm that the question is not pertinent. In the world of effects, dominated by the illusion of time, where events follow each other like the links of a long chain, the question relative to the first link comes naturally. In Biblical texts for example, the name given to the first link is "the fall".

We hope that Scarwash will return to illuminate us on this aspect of our original history. But as he himself said, more important than knowing the why of an error is the capacity to identify the correction.

According to Scarwash, we are not guilty and therefore there can be no punishment. But because we suffer, the logical conclusion is that we punish ourselves, not the creator. We are the ones who believe that the guilt is real and that punishment, sooner or later, will come inevitably. We are the ones that punish ourselves to minimize a sure future punishment.

Scarwash instead held a very different principle:

Our creator never stopped loving us. All that he desired, if he ever desired anything, is our free evolution and happiness.

Someone might object that after having warned of the danger embedded in the fallacy of composition, now, without shame, I offer to the readers a principle, a revelation, on the presumed command line of our creator.

But if we read carefully the last words of Scarwash we discover that his is a message of love and of hope, not a request for faith. A pragmatic person like Scarwash, more similar to a scientist than to a priest, surely would never want that the command line of the creator – *Expand and be happy!* – become a matter of blind faith.

From the writer's point of view, the most constructive attitude

concerning such a message is to consider it a serious working hypothesis. A fascinating hypothesis, that one needs to put to the test, through experience.

What would change in us, in our life, if we decided to abandon our sense of guilt? What would change in us, in our life, if we had the intimate certainty that our creator never abandoned us, never judged us and never stopped to uphold us in our walk?

Would we become more selfish, more cynical, more insensible, more irresponsible, or more helpful, more open, more courageous, happier and more capable to love?

It's not so difficult to support this hypothesis. As Scarwash would say: we don't have to do anything but begin the experiment, the rest will come automatically. And it is in this sense that his is most of all a message of hope: in as much as the first individuals, in the reawakening phase, will be able to experience the truth contained in the command line, they will transform into living examples for all the others. The inner light they will radiate, will then be the best demonstration of the true freedom they will have reached.

If it worked for them, there is no reason why it wouldn't also work for me. True hope is based on this realization. The hope of those who have not yet reached the goal, but now know that it can be reached. And the hope of those who have already reached it, that others will reawaken and return to know the great love and immense freedom which the creator has given us.

My wish is that from this great experiment, if it will be successful, if the hypothesis is proven to be correct (that is, useful to further a movement of greater growth and expansion), a renewed humanity will be born, made of sentient units of a completely new kind.

Purely creative units, able to add constantly new variables to their program of free expansion.

## **FRAGMENTS**

I wrote this text in 2001, with the purpose of integrating into one account some fragments of my life and transform them into something new.

Fragments that are mostly interior, made of memories, fantasies, fantasizing, visions, meetings, reflections, impressions, feelings, emotions...

I wrote all this offhand, without a predetermined structure. I didn't know where I was starting or where it would end. The text almost composed itself.

It was an unfolding of my mind with a logic that I would discover only at the end of the story. I was writer and spectator at the same time. When I understood that the hand didn't want to continue anymore, that there weren't any more fragments to metabolize, just as it started the story finished.

Rereading it, I felt a deep emotion. I was touched by how my inner being was made naked and seen in its entirety, maybe for the first time.

For many days, I reread it several times. I wanted to nourish myself as much as possible from this new vibration, whose transforming power was impressed in the story.

In each rereading, a part of me resounded in a new way with the wholeness of my being. It was like going on a search of pieces that had been asleep in me, to awaken them and add them into a puzzle of which I don't know the final count of pieces.

I shared the story with other people. I understood that anybody could receive something from its reading. In fact, there are

many common elements of our unconscious: symbols, archetypes, images, signs, sounds, impressions, that pertain to a unique human experience, typical to all men and women. Widely sharable.



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## ABOUT AUTORICERCA

*AutoRicerca* is the journal of the *LAB – Laboratorio di Autoricerca di Base* (Laboratory of Basic Self-Research). Its mission is to publish writings of value, in Italian, on the topic of inner research (but not only).

Standing outside the usual editorial categories, *AutoRicerca* offers to its readers articles of a high level, selected, translated and checked personally by the editor. These works, although they usually require some effort to be assimilated – they should be studied, more than read – remain nonetheless accessible to the willing general reader who is really eager to learn something new.

In accordance with the *Berlin Declaration*, which states that the dissemination of knowledge is only half complete if the information is not made widely and readily available to society, *AutoRicerca* is an *open access* journal.

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**NUMERO 5, ANNO 2013 – OBE**

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Scoprire la tua missione di vita (*Kevin de La Tour*)

Esperienze fuori del corpo: una prospettiva di ricerca  
(*Nanci Trivellato*)

Filtri parapercettivi, esperienze fuori del corpo e parafenomeni  
associati (*Nelson Abreu*)

Elementi teorico-pratici di esplorazione extracorporea  
(*Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi*)

**NUMERO 6, ANNO 2013 – ENERGIA**

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Una sottile rete di luce (*Andrea Di Terlizzi*)

Bioenergia (*Sandie Gustus*)

Energie sottili o materie sottili? Una chiarificazione concettuale  
Trasferimento interdimensionale di energia: un modello sempli-  
ce di massa (*Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi*)

**NUMERO 7, ANNO 2014 – SCIENZA, REALTÀ & COSCIENZA**

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Scienza, realtà e coscienza. Un dialogo socratico  
(*Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi*)

**NUMERO 8, ANNO 2014 – ARCHETIPI**

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Astrologia elementale e aritmosofia  
(*Vittorio Demetrio Mascherpa*)

La nuova astrologia (*Nadav Hadar Crivelli*)

Corrispondenze astrologiche: una prospettiva multiesistenziale  
(*Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi*)

**NUMERO 9, ANNO 2015 – CORRISPONDENZE**

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Dialogando con Misha e Maksim (*autori anonimi*)

**NUMERO 10, ANNO 2015 – STUDI SULLA COSCIENZA**

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Risultati preliminari sul rilevamento di bioenergia e dello stato  
vibrazionale mediante fMRI (*Wagner Alegretti*)



Requisiti per una teoria matematica della coscienza  
(*Federico Faggin*)

Studi preliminari su evidenze di pseudoscienza  
in coscienzeologia (*Flávio Amaral*)

Fisica quantistica e coscienza: come prenderle sul serio e quali  
sono le conseguenze? (*Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi*)

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**NUMERO 11, ANNO 2016 – CORRISPONDENZE BIS**

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Dialogando con Misha e Maksim... e alcuni altri  
(*autori anonimi*)

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**NUMERO 12, ANNO 2016 – DIALOGO SULLA REALTÀ**

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Tra mentore e pupillo. Dialogo sulla realtà / Between mentor and  
pupil. Talking about reality (*Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi*)  
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**NUMERO 13, ANNO 2017 – DIALOGO SULLA MALATTIA**

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Tra mentore e pupillo. Dialogo sulla malattia  
(*Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi*)

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**NUMERO 14, ANNO 2017 – NDE**

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NDE – La prova della sopravvivenza (*Andrea Pasotti*)

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**NUMERO 15, ANNO 2018 – NDE**

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Lo Yoga Darshana di Patanjali  
Elementi di Sadhana dello Yoga  
(*Massimiliano Sassoli de Bianchi*)