

CONTRADICTIONS in lively REFLECTIONS

A big, big scramble!

Mohamed A. H. Farouk

A glimpse of the author and not the book:

The author is not, in any way, to be confused with a hyperactive, continuously buzzing, homelessly hair styled, gay, classical, musical, totally random, fat, spontaneous, very loud male that may have lived during the 70's but couldn't make a living back then so he came here and sat long enough to write a book that he knows he wouldn't make a penny from...

I just wanna say, I am not gay... but the rest (well...) can be true, especially on Tuesdays (my fav. Days).

Another useful info about me: black is not my fav. Color. And according to the Chinese something something I'm a snake, and to the other something I'm "Taurus"... if that matters.

Some parts of my writings (hopefully not all) may not seem plausible, reasonable or even understandable, just remember to always curse because it's your right, but curse at me and not at the book. The poor book had absolutely no part of being psychedelically written (in my case the drug was lack of sleep)... Umm, again, I am not gay. I was just being funny...

Enjoy and thanks

TO MY AUNT

Before you read:

Throughout life we encounter a lot of things we can never even dream to explain (Bet you didn't know that, did you? Haha!), some of them we can call contradictions to easily explain our confusion, but this is not what the next pages are about... they are about real contradictions, lively ones that refreshes our mind, that keeps our senses alive and stays unexplainable for some time... And no matter how deep we invade life, even to the deepest; contradictions will preserve its own right of forcing our mouths open for a while, and our minds to open forever.

I've been told I have a special passion for contradictions, and I happily believed in that to be honest, because out of a certain certainty I knew that life is plain opposites with so little middle grounds, and although in those middle grounds lies simple genius creativity, but within the extreme opposites lies the true confusion and the true pleasure of disbelief or belief...

In our world it's never strange for us to become kids sometimes, we all have that active, confused, sad little child within us that will occupy some moments usually uninvited, I found that kid and I kept it to write that book with me. So sensibly, this work has no purpose at all, and as usual has no plans ahead or... umm, the other thing, I just like the word reflections and throughout my life, contradictions constructed some major milestones.

This work doesn't have to always make sense, exactly like... umm... life? It just reflects... where to? That's something I don't dare to know, but I like to approach regularly and metaphorically throw a stone at the door then run like...whoever runs fast now, the rabbit or the turtle!!

Contradictions theme is usually kept as a dark cloak covering the pages, but with no bunnies magically appearing, so keep it inside you while you read (the theme not the bunnies!).

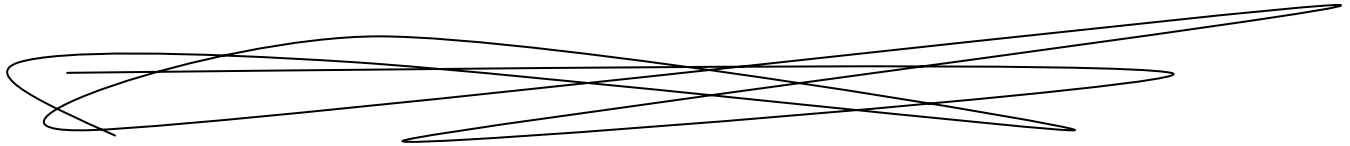
Just try to enjoy the unapparent meanings within the empty words, enjoy the fight between the polarities, and enjoy their joining into an impossible mind caricature...

All of the above is absolutely *NOT* in the upcoming papers, if you feel deceived already but enticed to read then you've reached the first step of some stairs I have no idea they were there...and no idea where they'll go. Just fall up these stairs or something!!!!

*And always remember
To take it easy*

The author

'Of we embrace the contradictions or even things rumored to be contradictions within us, we shall create a new path of evolution' -Dr. Fehia el Rakhawy



I would like to think that this is the table of contents, although there is no table and I don't really believe in the "contents" per-say...

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An Appetizer

I rest in my coffin and weep happily,
I watch silently,
The candle light flickering by a gasp of a lonely child,
In a dream of a dead murderer,
Who committed suicide.

I laugh at your laughter,
But never considered this hypocrisy in anyway
I feel your heart, yet I can't feel the misery it hides away
See who's a hypocrite today?

I meditate quietly,
To see your rise behind the sun's,
Where you would give the sun an exotic shadow,
Where you would kill the entire meadow.

Forever and ever,
Never cease to end, or to even begin,
It's all just question marks without questions,
Yet we need not to ask them,
We need the case to rest sometime.

I smile while I dream,
Watching mad tires chase the path my life begun,
Without my consent it rode off,
Without my consent it begun,
Do I really have a choice?

The “absolute” wonders,
If perfection extends time, or if it misses it,
Perfection is boring, I just like saying that and it’s not even in
context.
The most powerful thing is time, it can impersonate perfection,
And steals it.

A scream in a symphony,
Hypnotizes my dreams, walks it into another cold cave
Who said dreams have to mean something
They mean everything
They are your look into a different dimension into yourself!
HOW EXCITING ARE NIGHTMARES THEN???

An ode,
To a happy bird, to be happier on the far branches,
The Just principle of taking risks is heart tickling,
The bird has no guarantees
Yet the tree has many branches
It’s all about going at it, and counting the branches
Fly on little wing (Hendrix)

A symbol,
In what is written here, says slow down and think twice

To not understand,
Is another deep form of understanding,
And to understand deeply is much more satisfying
Than staying alone counting on something you knew
Years and years ago.

Patience in your eyes,
Is a nightmare I hope it occurs to embrace the real me
Though I love the imagining me more
And all of me love you!
Hehe

Passion inside,
Fights outside, hammering it to kneel,
Kneeling is almost always a start of a raging rebellion that,
Just never takes place,
Except inside the hearts.

Rhythmicity,
Doesn't belong to me, I listen to it in painful hope,
Yet it moves me within my pain,
Teaches me how to dance around my soul to cope,
With all the non-sense.

The top of my world,
Is where I fear the most, is where I crave the least
I don't fear ascending nor falling
I fear my world

Insanity,
Is a game played by two people, inside one.

Far away,
Is not where the solution is,
It's just a weird place that's tiring and promising more hope as well
as pain.

A lot to tell and be told
But the fear waited a long time to scare us
My heart leads me and says Behold
And I know I'm still trapped within my "You".

Close to self,
Is just excruciating in attitude

You actually get to know yourself!!

Eventually I live
Till I rest happily
Into my coffin and weep.



No, the rest of the book will not continue like this, I mean I have to write stuff I myself understand to be able to talk to people when mentioning the book, this was just a contradicting appetizer... and as we all know, the appetizer doesn't always have to be perfect, it's just an appetizer.

Anger in Choice

There's a huge difference between dependence and trust, speaking of choice making here. You depend on someone to make your decisions for you, or you trust someone to do the same thing, see, trusting has Action involved, trusting is positive... dependence is classified as negative... WRONG!!

Erm, see, there are many parts of our lives where we were partially or completely dependant on someone or something, and denying dependence is a demand to kill inner weakness, and any type of killing is really weak!

I still believe that we, as humans, are never fully responsible for our lives, we aren't even compatible with 100% control of our lives, and we'll never be. Lives are about circles... interdependent circles that intersect and serve or harm or just neutrally pass each other, say I have 70% control of my life, my family controls (decides) 20% and friends roughly take the rest (of course that changes from one to the next)... The whole dynamic of the percentage change within those circles on the other side is amazing, because every one of us had a moment of clarity, or whatever we wanna call it, and decided to take matters into their own hand, even to the point where he/she gets extremely mad/depressed that he/she doesn't have enough choices in his life! Maybe even more mad that some parts of the past he wasn't entirely responsible for, SO, he blames himself for not being there taking screwed up choices that he could really take the blame for now!!!

"Life" is choices, with satisfaction or with loads of tears and depression in the after choice part. And if you are still mad that the you didn't choose how you look like, or the type of religion that got enforced on you by your family, and trying to compensate for all of that by staying for 4 hours in McDonald's trying to choose between Pepsi or 7Up... and then listening to the inner voice screaming

"TAKE THE MIRINDA DAMN IT".

Then building your choice on experiences that you didn't have the slightest bit of choosing them to happen to you, THEN, I have something to say to you... wait... I kinda forgot, wait... ahhh, I want to make the choice of forgetting... ahhh. (That was derailing sarcasm).

Listen, bottom line, you need a choice?, you have one, you have the greatest one of all time, one that we always overlook (well not we, you, because I'm giving you this info... smiley)...

You have the greatest choice of choosing who you are, and not just giving in to people's preset on how you should be. Every human being has every aspect of everything in this life. If you wanna do something do it, if you wanna be something be it.. If you don't think things are that simple then don't bother those who surround you by acting so angry that you weren't there when they named you... (I'm being relative here, people get angry on much important stuff, they say!!)... You know we have a huge variety of things to be/do with our lives, leading or following raw models, we have that choice that no one can take from us, the ultimate freedom in certain times to be who we are and to see our reflections in our to-do-list.

Side talk: I don't know, it seems that we never get the grasp of how easy or how hard something really is, like you know, change or the principle of choice. We never nail that level of accuracy in the first, say, 10 times of anything. But we have the gift of observation, and the rounding up of the accuracy level helps out...

Everyone gets angry when they are confronted with a clear choice, to be honest I get really pleased when I find that sometimes my choices are taken *for me* by the higher power everyone is so ashamed to say it's GOD . I trust GOD to make my choices for me; I trust they are the right ones in a way we don't understand, I know this might not last long (the trust I mean) and that the change in the degree if faith is necessary to maintain some form of human reality, but I have faith in faith (I guess) and I shall continue to be pleased with pleasure and depression (I don't necessarily feel that way now... sad smiley).

It is like, if you choose your favorite drink (Mirinda) all the time, just don't be mad when GOD chooses it for you, you already like it! And if GOD gets you a lemon juice it's probably because the Mirinda was poisoned or something... (Sorry about the whole drinking metaphors)... But yeah, GOD works in mysterious lanes paved with wisdom and knowledge, and we'll get to walk these lanes soon and will be embarrassed to understand...

One last thing I'd like to say, Choices are the basic principle of life contradictions, you think both sides (or if you're lucky enough to choose between 3s) oppose in some way, yet they unite in the way they'll determine your future and make a restore point in your past where you can retrace your steps... Move past these choices like wind or like a freakin turtle it doesn't matter, what does matter is that *you trust yourself*... Don't depend completely on yourself, trust it. Because there is a huge difference between trust and dependence (see how I linked the start to the end, how awesome is that??)

The best moments are when you contradict your own past self, when you made a certain choice and now you're thinking HOWWWWW?! Or WHYYYY?!, but let me tell you something, the faster you contradict yourself the more you're ready to go higher on the steps of evolution, it means you're discovering what's inside you more and more, and in your way to the real vault inside which you lie, butt-naked and waiting to be discovered. Excite yourself by knowing you always have something new about you never seen... just remember to always adore yourself at all times...

Something I really like to say because I never heard it being said before... "Trust GOD who trusted you enough to create you".

It's totally cool if you didn't get shivers after reading this, I am not influential and I don't wanna be...

'I'm wondering how my life would've been different had I been born one day earlier, then I'm thinking maybe it wouldn't be different other than I would be asking the same question yesterday' -Steven Wright

Are you accusing me?
Of being free?

Woh!, two questions marks in one title, I like that before I even write it, I was thinking about talking about a very contradicting 'something'... EVER SINCE MEL GIBSON SCREAMED IT IN BRAVEHEART WE ALL WENT CRAZY FOR IT!!! Sorry for the caps, I think my pc really understands when I'm angry.

You should've guessed it by now, FREEEDOOOMMM... OOMMM, MMMM...

This should be fun...

Like what Bernie Mac said: "I ain't askin for no applause, I'm tryina tell you a story"

My story isn't real; you'll conclude that of course...

A "Kleenex", the Kleenex is made see-through by a tear, so heavy in magnitude but so light in relative reality. The eye that cried that tear is now recovering from watching the love of her life walk away, abandoning love in a dark alley. The Kleenex flies freely, twisting around under the influence of the night's smooth wind... Watch the tear, the sad woman alone in the alley and ask yourself something, which is more free, the tear or the woman?

They both think they are alone in their own circle of sensation, and they both have no plans to lead them, to get them moving on, the tear flies along, and the woman walks aimlessly... this could be easily be seen as freedom for both.

Ok, so let me tell you how I see freedom, it's to be free from self, for short periods of time though. Freedom is to feel free while actually being bound... while the tear was a newly born tear, free to drop anytime, it dropped at a time to free the woman, partly, from the misery clutching upon her heart. That's how you're free while bound.

However, the twisting Kleenex is trying to lose the tear, it's causing the unbalanced fly in the air, please tear evaporate it says, please!! Ok, my point is... if you let go of everything in search of true freedom you'll end up non see-through and actually alone and detached from the perfect universal circle.

You have to have some sorts of commitments that you'll be able to detach from along a stretched out time-line.

“Never free, Never me” James Hetfield.

Yes James, the only foundation of “self”... of “me”... is through complete, absolute freedom, but if you are, you're a whole another universe, alone and revolving around yourself; uncommitted and frankly, purposeless...

Our universe is free through us, through our struggle for existence, through our devotion and loyalty to living and committing to what's around us, a job, religion, a family, a loved one, a pet or a drowning bike! Through our tears, and handkerchiefs it's free... We actually contradict our nature if we quest for freedom, yet we often get our fair share of it. See, freedom is the alteration of universal rhythms to match our demanding souls, we need to move through our empty spaces and just listen, because through listening and meditating in each other (in a good way!!) lies compassion, empathy, understanding, and free souls.

The search for true freedom usually arises as a *reaction* but never as an epiphany in a boy's mind before sleep. The search arises after an unfair king, conqueror, being tortured, enslavement... and freedom then becomes life, it doesn't represent itself anymore as its true meaning.

A contradicting break! : Commitments can sometimes free us,
Committed to soccer to get over his dead wife,
Committed to basketball to get over his dead wife (ouch, I guess I am not that creative!! Smiley)...

Get it? Contradictions are pure balance, and so is freedom, ask for it and you shall never receive it... well I can't say never just because I haven't reached it, but you try eh?

If however you couldn't and you want to get a glimpse of that sensation to your body, get rid of 1 habit, 1 memory, 1 person you have owned his heart, or 1 goal... be like the tear, *let go to be free*, give freedom to receive freedom.

Want another way? Well, expand your circle of limitations. See, every one of us live by a certain set of perceiving glasses shaped by experience he had or he was taught. He thinks certain stuff are abnormal/impossible... so that thing is his limit, and a lot of these things in life make the circle that surrounds us... it's like how many vertical meters a wall is that you would jump, it reaches a certain height and you would say NOPE!

Increase that height every once in a while, expand the circle of your life, and as good news, most of us just need to reach the circle from inside to realize "Pff, that wasn't my limit, I can do that, throw me something harder". Take on different places of the circle, throw a spot light at them, know your limit and try to push it... push the circle at how many people you know, how many hours you can stay with no food, how many girls can you flirt with in one party, how good can you do in life, how efficient are you as a taxi driver!!!

FIND STUFF and ask yourself about your circle, pushing that circle would instantly give a boost of freedom, a gust of wind that you'll never forget in your life... also, it'll direct you towards immortal happiness... and who knows? Maybe you can achieve some kind of a *record* achieving freedom. Your search for small pieces of instant freedom would be recorded forever, and that would be confusingly contradicting...

And As usual, the most genius, iconic stuff in life are simple. So reaching through simplicity is the best... reach freedom through a deep breath, through a sincere pray, through making people laugh or through meditating into nothingness, maybe into a drop of water on a lonely rose. Any nice soothing feeling inside us is freedom of soul... Feel its boost and use freedom to be more committed, embrace your contradiction and rise with your soul.

True true true freedom is felt when your soul wanders through the sky above, of course nobody ever felt that because that's probably when you . . . (fill the *blankies*, or just turn the page).

DIE!!

Oh, come on guys, it's a fine subject, a new experience, a one that no one can beat you to it so as to "live" after it and rub it in your face. Plus, it sounds fun, I mean; nobody ever came back from the dead complaining right? I am not saying you have to die NOW! I'm saying on the long run we'll eventually all get it done with.

(For all the people who *ACTUALLY* died when I said "NOW" above, due to fate's irony, I'm just saying I'm sorry and though I love adoring irony, yet, too much is too much, it's just like IronING, and we all know that the hotter the iron gets, the more the holes on the t-shirt, yup... I usually make random meaningless quotes as I go along... I'm sorry again, R.I.P and haha)

So why do I fear death? (I don't think I do, but relating myself to readers will make me feel good so...)

Let's leave that question unanswered for a while (no, you can't fail here if you leave a question, it is not an exam) and let me tell you a story:

Me walking, a woman aging, like every respectful grandma, with her grand child, a little cute girl... A microbus get's so close to that innocent couple and almost runs them over, driver never sounds the horn and they almost die, and of course SCREAAAMSSS and a whole lot of cursing the heck outta the driver, with tears and too much emotional gathering. So why scream and curse? Do they fear death? Do they fear the *loss* of life? Or the loss of freedom as in to be handicapped or to comatose in a hospital?

Simply, they were scared, the "idea" of death scares people, especially if you had a way to dodge that microbus and you could have lived..., We are scared more of easy deaths and yes, we do classify death according to the amount of drama involved and the worthiness of the dead after he/she died. I bet you, we all thought about the way we would die and how others would react; it gave us a good cry sometimes right?

"Doesn't mean that your story is less dramatic that you shouldn't tell it, they're all stories after all" -Rose

Anywho, back to the grandma, the fear she felt quickly translated into anger, anger spilled out as a protective mechanism to hold back the mind from thinking that they were “close” to death, and occupy the mind with the (so-un-classy) choice of words.

(I really don't think our mind can handle death in a healthy way anyway, as a subject or a random situation). Also, socially it's usually unacceptable to be scared (it totally *is acceptable* by the way, but we convince ourselves it is not, yet we always feel for the scared)... And if we are scared we automatically turn into Socially Edible Endangered Species, also known as (SEES), so we shift scare to its closest negative emotion, and we try to deal through anger, not through fear and scare... it's like cheating.

Life is opposite to death, yet death is a *part* of life (big part, small part, it differs... by decisions or events that happened). The belief in death and after life even constitutes major parts of religions around Earth... thing is, we just can't understand death.

So, why fear death? I really don't know. I mean life is painful, deceiving and very nerve wrecking nowadays, death on the other hand is just... lying down doing nothing and getting way more attention!! (And that is weirdly contradicting). Are we afraid because we get to receive actual, factual, meaningful answers? Do we know the secret of life after we die? Do we get loved more? Maybe it's “simply” the fear of change, a change to nothingness and complete blankness... to something we would think that we don't and won't understand.

“Fade to black” -Metallica (listen to it as a break)

Umm, I *think* I witnessed the death of my dearest relative, my uncle, and I said “I think” because that memory kept blocking itself for so long now, I so want it to bark back at me hard enough and make me fall down. But I think unlike reality, my memory was merciful... He, may he rest in peace, died between my own hands, I'm actually yawning now and not at least touched so don't be... I tried resuscitating him, I couldn't. So while pretending to mix fear and sadness, I stared him in the eyes, he was saying something through them, maybe that life is just a game and death is the no restart game over!!

So I held his peaceful body, moved my hand through his hair gently (his hair was brown by the way) and I just let go, there has always been that part of me that was first to raise its hand saying I wanna give up, I wanna, I wanna, and that day I pointed at that hand and said: you may do whatever the hell you wanna do...

The room did feel a little chilly for all question askers out there, but it didn't shake and he didn't say weird stuff, it was a smooth transition...

Now I couldn't cry then (nor now), but I had to make myself (social acceptability). And right then I told myself, if I couldn't cry when he died coz he was like a raw model to me, he was really close to me, then I won't cry again, because nothing would ever mach that thing drama-wise... but then I fell in love, yet that's a whole other story to be told later.

Watching others grieve that way and lose tons of tears day after day, month after month, I realized that people may fear the death of their close ones more than themselves, I remember when I was super young that I used to argue to sleep on the bed under the fan just so that if the fan falls it would kill me and not ma mother. (Don't do that kids, it's called paranoia). We fear sadness but more importantly, we don't want to be separated, especially in that non argument-able one way...death!

“And don't you cry, tonight” -Guns N Roses

So how about another story, I'm feeling like it. It's a story of a day where I am extremely positive I stared at death a couple of times, it wasn't as physically nearing death as much as spiritually nearing it. I had a bunch of near death experiences throughout my 20 years of life (yes, I'm so young and cute... well, umm, ah never mind!). But that one was the closest so... here it goes:

It was a Wednesday, woke up at 7am (and that's really early for everybody), overall I slept like 3 hours the other night so I'm half drunk and half pissed at everything, didn't have breakfast, just dressed up and went to some kind of psychiatry classes I attend (where I learn not get treated... although I might need some, I dunno)... moving on... I finished and then I met my best friend, the girl who will witness the most of my prestigious day,

the girl who I insisted to include her in my book as she is THE PUREST, BEST THING IN MY WORLD...

As for all my other friends... sue me!! Haha...

So I get an idea, I say let's go donate blood! I was foolishly pretending that this was gonna free me and it's a new start with fresh blood regenerating and stuff like that, and I was always sarcastic about people who search for salvation in the smallest of things, like in a haircut! I had no idea this was really going to free me!! Anywho, we go in, I act all brave, I write my name and my info, she doesn't donate because she's anemic... she didn't donate, yet she's gonna play a great role that I will always remember...(No, she's not gonna cut herself open to save me when I die...)

Blood donation starts, I'm cool with it, I've done it before, and suddenly I don't feel so good... I feel noxious; I almost vomited the *nothing* in my stomach... I DIDN'T HAVE BREAKFAST!! The info hits me ...and then the weirdest thing happens...

Time slows down; I hear a buzz in my ear making every sound distorted except my heart beats... I look around me, people were surrounded by halos, I look at my friend and I see the best look of empathizing compassion I ever had in my life, it was a quiet look filled with enforcing emotions, a wise yet panicking look... how ironic would it have been if I died next to that purity of a human being that is my friend, or how awesome would it have been? Heh!

It was very hard for me then to keep my eyes open, so shut shut, and then I feel serenity... I was getting detached, what surprised me is that I felt so close to giving up, to letting go and that death isn't a scary idea after all, I just didn't want my Mum to cry, other than that... death almost touched my spirit and my spirit was tickled, I was vulnerable...

This was simply a vaso-vagal attack, and will only lead to me fainting, but I dunno about what I felt... Nurse removes the blood bag, I make many stupid jokes due to my restless mind which was still catching its breath and trying to analyze what just happened as it balances... then I looked at her again, and I decided, NO ANALYSIS... my best friend is here. And I tell you now: YOU MADE STUFF MUCH EASIER, IF I WAS ALONE I WOULD BE DEAD!! Thanks my dear, totally sorry for all the times I confused you with my excessive philosophy.

All that will remain in my memory is the laughs we shared about everything afterwards, we always laugh... I think we all should, but not always...

I rest and then I jump expecting a light head, or dizziness but nothing happens, we go to breakfast... a very salty, beany, pickly breakfast... then I go with her to get some papers done... we talk a lot, it was the first time I talk with no walls, I say what pops into mind without making it pass to the make-it-funny borders or the uncool-to-say-to-a-friend borders... I feel reborn already and the pain in my arm where the needle was reminding me to be free. You just cheated death, screw sophistication for some time...

The best is yet to come though, she goes home; I get into a bus thinking about stuff that I should change besides thanking GOD like crazy for I felt his presence strongly... I arrive at my stop, I find an old lady with a HUGE bag filled with vegetables and fruits, I volunteered to carry the bag, I thought I was gonna put it down as soon as we got down... but... NO!

She tells me to walk her (and the HUGE bag) home which was super far and unreachable by automobiles...

I thought only once that I should say NO, I was exhausted as I had never been, it was a very hot day, my heart was racing trying to beat its ex-records. I walk carrying the bag, I immediately feel the impact of the bag, so I slow down gradually... but I continue... we arrive at a bridge that she asks me to cross! And I do.

Just when I reached the end of the stairs, I felt it... I'm gonna collapse right here right now, my lungs were crushing each other, it became scary painful to breathe, and my shoulders suddenly gave up but my hands kept holding on! I kept on going, sellers of every single thing that's to be sold on both of my sides, the sun looked like it found a target (me, me, me), the bag got heavier and my eyes started to roll over, then I heard a voice telling me to put the bag down coz... we're here!

On my way home, I looked up and wondered if what I did was right, jeopardizing my life like that on a day where my body had no enough blood in it, on day that I sweated like crazy trying to do something for an old woman. Of course you're going to scream at me like most of my friends who heard the story did and tell me there are priorities... and life lies at the top... but right then I felt I had no real control over my life, that life didn't essentially belong

to me in a way. GOD knew my limits, or GOD knew the limits I put to myself and he decided to let me try to expand it...

I go home, shower like I never did, and then feeling extremely hypotensive I decide to go and make something to eat, I was home alone for like a month... and right then the rain of misery stops by a hand burn while I was making noodles.

Pain has no limits; pain was freeing me, EXTREME PAIN WAS MY TICKET BACK TO LIFE... I was very off-road, covered in dirt and pleading for no help!! But then I got help...

I text thee girl telling her about the rest of the day, she was in the airport travelling to Turkey, and then she texts back saying

‘I can’t find words, I’m feeling a special feeling of GOD’s care that I wanted to feel and I doubted it’ll come, but GOD is very generous and I’m shy of him, I hope you have the best sleep’

And I did! I had the best sleeping time in my entire life... thank you for your wishes... I love you my best friend.

AHHH, the sunshine, a new day came, pain in my arm still echoed but it was fine, I felt very refreshed and immediately started to lay down a time schedule to CHANGE MY LIFE!

Something you would expect after yesterday! And I did change... FOR ABOUT TWO DAYS!!

So, death is eventually bound to happen, and then the real change happens, not the mind thought of change that will not handle the power of life and you would return back like you were before the experience...

‘Dude, my life turned around by 360°’ -A sarcastic guy

Remember in school, when we always tend to sit in the same place over and over again. In life, though we hate Routine more than our mothers in law, we hate change more. The only change we’ll ever deal with is the one literally thrown at us, and we’ll do it with loads of anger (for those with anger issues). We hate change due to something called human inertia (I just invented that)...

And it’s AWESOME!!

‘You find something that works, you never go back’ -Zakk Wylde

On the other hand, there are some people who demand change continuously in their lives, OR people who reached dead ends everywhere so they want to change certain patterns because they just want to continue feel the sense of humanity through living. Those people need continuous mind banging, continuous monitoring of the change process and the gradual transition till they land somewhere safe... very unlike the dude who witnesses a road hit and run and decided not to cross the streets alone... yeah we can't change instantly, even decision wise, we must think it through, take it easy... and as always, never rush it.

So who rushes into change? People who saw the same change of lanes affect other people close to them (fat dude saw his fat friend drop 150 grams by jumping to the bathroom instead of walking) so, he'll start jumping (of course we're talking about a bigger scale of change here) with a lot confidence in the results that he'll rush the change like the wind...

But let me say something here, the most interesting most valuable satisfying change is the one you lead on, be the first, even if change to you is just trying new things, different routes to go to school, trying new music genres...

I remember me staying on the band LINKIN PARK for 2 years until a friend pulled me out from the closed minded pool, the pool that has YOU-WON'T-FIND-ANYTHING-BETTER written all over it... Yes, happiness with what one has is amazing and very relieving, but ambition to extend our world is never wrong, even if it all went down the drain, even if we regret the happiness in the past position; the experience that was provided is way better than pointless happiness... just as the journey that's as good as the goal...

Something more, we pass through different levels in our lives, and when the transition is complete after the mandatory change (like school to college, town to city) we'll usually think that past is way better, them days will have no match ever. Well, every level has its own type, quality and effect of happiness, regrets, ambitions, goals and spirituality... have you ever thought that maybe you aren't supposed to be as happy as before, qualitatively? That maybe the new level will provide new happiness that you'll regret not enjoying later?

I'm not a fan of always enjoying the moment, but knowing the moment and what it might represent is spectacular... and that is enjoyable in its own stance.

It's just that, try changing before you get bored with the state you're in... make change a choice instead of it being mandatory.

'Although it's tempting to play it safe in life, the opportunities you'll regret the most are the ones you never took' - Dr. Frasier

Remember the question we asked earlier? Why fear death? We just need or like to keep having the ability to change, to affect, to watch the size of impact we're doing through a window 100 stories high (like Ed. Norton in the end of fight club... well not his change but the example can pass, right?), we wanna see if the chain reaction we started, consciously or unconsciously, will ever continue to make results. We fear separation from the stuff that we spent a huge amount of time trying to link to. If you believe in after life, then you should know that the only link that doesn't get obsolete after death is your link to GOD, and him only.

A close to end guilt

I don't know yet, but I think this book is about to end, I may have been emotionally pulsating throughout writing this book, varying like a squirrel's love for a nut. So, I don't know if this book is coherent enough, or if it passed on along the whispering screams of contradictions like I wanted it to. I don't know if it is right or fair to let you guys read my inside reflecting out like that without much clarifications, I feel I exploited you to feel better (which I didn't).

But what makes me calm is simply one thing: knowing people is good, and seeing through them is as good, and reading is basically good too (smiley)... so reading this book will most of the time mean that you are reading me, and however boring or dull I might appear, let's just say you're gonna get satisfied knowing that you are much cooler...

I just had to abolish the guilt I felt, which is super duper selfish, so I'mna do something I never did before... I will directly give advices (or something close) now!! Which is enough to make me feel GUILTY, don't be surprised, I thought you understood that this was a book about contradictions... eh?

Now, let's start:

✪ Try to be sincere to yourself more often, and remember that lying to oneself is even worse than lying to others. Just be open and completely honest about how you feel, starting from a crush on a person you thought you would've never have a crush on, till jealousy from your friend that just built a space shuttle... And try to keep in mind the state of mind or soul you are in (roughly) and the state you want to be in... and always remember to keep it simple.

✪ Being genius is partly associated with re-creating simplicity.

✪ Sometimes it's good to cry, and sometimes it's good to be happy, just try not to force happiness or tears into your life, let it flow, it'll balance on its own.

☀ There's no impossible, SERIOUSLY, there isn't... FUCK! (See, no impossible, who would've thought it's possible to say the F word just like that!!!)

☀ Zoom out every once in a while to be able to see the picture better, and remember that it's extremely hard to determine right from wrong or generally anything, in single pixels.

☀ Never hesitate to slam down on a roach in a bathroom!! (Literally!!)

☀ Putting oneself in other people's shoes might appear appealing, and empathy is one of the deepest forms of relationships and will make it easier for one to understand others, maybe even appreciate them more (appreciation is an essential key of success, try to appreciate everybody even on the tiniest things... people need it and may build a lot of hope on a smiling nod from you).

But there are times where putting yourself in others' shoes changes into putting yourself inside people's lives, or putting people's lives inside you (known in psychology as introjection and it's one of our many defense mechanisms but moving on), putting yourself in front of decisions they are making or already made... and then think hardly about how qualified you would have been if you were in fact in their place, which is unhealthy because simply you aren't in their place!! Life as a meaningful principle has its own boundaries, know more about *your* life, and try not to feel deeply sad and miserable after putting yourself in your friend's place after his dad got cancer... or in another friend's place after he took the decision to be an atheist...

Trust me, when the time is suitable, you'll find many choices and decision taking matters that will affect your life, be prepared to those by heart and soul but not by memorizing how others dealt with similar choices. Lead your own life, and be very caring to the kid whose dad had cancer... it's a part of one's life to care.

☀ Jealousy is a normal result of comparison, and both are very normal in a human being's life. Respect your jealousy and respect your desire to be better but, as always, not so much... we all heard stories about what exaggerated jealousy done to the finest of people. Extreme jealousy comes from a perfectionists land, and for them I want to say one thing calmly... PERFECTION IS BORING. And if there was actually something as perfection I would be the first to run away from it. We humans can't handle perfection, but we can handle simple jealousy and be pushed by it a couple of steps ahead. 'You can't have everything, where would you put it?'

Most importantly, if you feel jealous, then that's an indicator that some people might be jealous of you! (How smart was that conclusion huh?)... As a sort of mercy on those, I suggest you try to downsize your light a little bit, especially in the part of your life you know the others would be jealous of, if you know it of course...

☀ Being thankful for the least of things we weren't used to be thankful for just makes satisfaction much easier.

☀ Everyone of us is special... and everyone is handicapped...

☀ Don't give much energy to thoughts about balance and life proportions and how is life distributed amongst people unless you are Carl Marks and you are going to make something about it... if I learned anything, it's that: life will always astonish you with how much balance in contains either within its revealed mysteries or within simple living... try to be more adapted to that balance, you are a part of life much more than life is a part of you.

So if you follow these babies (I mean advices, you are sick by the way) above and you get screwed over don't tell me... guilt is something I would much hate to bare right now. Oh, the book isn't over yet, I love you guys more than that... (SMILEYYSS)

My inner voice is telling me there are no signs,
And signs are telling me to ignore my inner voice!!

Long title, I know, but it's for a noble reason... I have no idea what the noble reason is but let's just babble and chit chat like we've done before, I'm too young to discover the secrets of life, but too young has a privilege of saying whatever with less remorse... We're created to try; some even say the purpose of a human being is to create something completely new. Now, the inner voice and signs business may have a lot within its archives said by hundreds of people who definitely spent more than the 34 minutes I'm spending to write what's inside me. Yet I maybe am writing exactly what the inner voice has to say... if there was such thing. Also I maybe am writing nonsense which is more probable, but even nonsense has a special sense in its own, the sense of right and wrong... the sense of eternal battle.

Good and evil, ok, so which one is my, or your, inner voice trying to achieve... of course you're gonna raise your hand, adjust your glasses and then say that nowadays there no absolute demarcation between the polarities of human virtues, and that it's way more complicated than good and evil. But let me tell you something, we are talking absolute abstract here, and that in mind, I would tell you that maybe the inner voice never evolved (is this a word?) like we did. And that if we're gonna follow our inner voice we need proof that its basic foundation is good, unless of course you want to be evil then you do the opposite...

Inner voice is something to be grown inside us, watered by our trust and open minded spaces that we create for it to take place, to analyze and to give us advice. And this is so much better than parents because the voice will let *you* make the decision.

I have absolutely no idea how this works, but just try to remember the time you were gonna choose between mirinda hibiscus or the new pepsicider (again with the soda metaphors) and the something inside you, not your mind, something inside you tells you it's safer to get you favorite lemon juice instead... or when you are freaking out about going over to your love and telling her how you feel and something inside tells you don't or not now...

The voice might pop at the silliest of choices, and in these situations try listening to it, don't overcome it by the idea you sculpted in your mind a week ago when you said that you have to try new stuff every possible time... see, ideas in your brain usually don't change or adapt as fast as the inner voice, *so go with the lemon juice this time*, but if the inner voice tells you to go with the new stuff, why not? Listen to it... it's the more efficient *you* with, I believe, a little more of foresight than yours. He's your own little psychic that can be trained and easily reached in times of distress, like when friends are of no help at all.

Your brain will reject it at first, and scientifically the inner voice shows no proof that it will get you the right choice, but it is a good company, putting choices aside... and even if we got the choices back from the side, remember, you don't always have to make the right choice! Seriously, how boring would that be huh?

You need experience to feed to the voice. Just be ware of the imitated voices the mind makes when it badly needs to convince you, listen to the first response, the first voice, it's young, whispery but powerful, listen to it more even if you don't follow what it says, you actually have an unused power within you... the least you can do is give it a try...

(P.S: if your inner voice is telling you to drop the book and stop wasting your time, he's WRONG, he's just jealous of my inner voice... smiley)

I know one thing, inner voice dependence is fairly nice, and will lay in memory forever, will record you your emotiona and cooler than all of this, will provide you an endless number of risks to take if you still think following it is a risk. How about that? Eh?

I'll tell you a funny thing; I used to depend on my inner voice to let me choose which sock I will wear before I play soccer, and when choosing the right one that I felt, umm, it would be right, I actually scored that night! (Bear in mind that I'm fat and scoring is an achievement for me). Sometimes however, I chose the sock that felt most repellent (not by smell) because I kept stuffing in my brain that I don't believe in bad luck and what not, and that faith in GOD shalt make the luck look small, but the sock would always proved me wrong... 5 years later, I read in "Brida" a Paulo Coelho's novel, that clothes might have a certain wave of harmony in them that will bring out the best of the human power.

That's why some of us have favorite T-shirts or shoes, and that applies to other stuff, a favorite pencil...etc. Point is, how did I know that socks do this? It may be experience by playing loads of matches, but yeah you get me I never played that much, I wasn't an athlete, I am never an athlete, hopefully I will be though (hmm, dreaming smiley) or is it that inner voice does have special powers? I dunno, I really don't.

On the other hand, in big choices (Which car I'm gonna buy? Which dude I wanna marry? Which dude I wanna dump first? Which dude I'm gonna dump then discovering he has an awesome car I'm totally gonna marry?) We need more than an inner voice, and it will let us, it knows our hesitation and our reluctance in making big decisions... so we look to the sky and ask for a sign, or we see something happened around us that our mind perceives as a sign.

Ok, there's no definite opinion I own that's gonna make things clear/er but I'm just gonna lay down what I thought of in the past years...

First of all, I thought signs were random chaotic events (like a bird doing their fav. thing on you or witnessing car accident in your way to the airport) that appeared around us & that would utterly change our perception of something that is already on the top of our head for a while and these events would be powerful enough to enforce to or overrule a choice! And right then I thought that we wanted something so much that we are practically hunting for a sign that will facilitate our mind to choose, guilt free... and just look away or underestimate any other sign...

Then after that I had a concentrated eggy part of my life that I found signs, if carefully seen and interpreted, can be very useful... if a sign confirms your inner voice then you are in for an exotic treat... to be frank nothing major in my life was determined by signs, signs even screwed up a big part of my love life, but on the other side I had an awesome, totally worth it, experience that benefited me artistically and generally in life...

Right then I totally believed in signs, no matter how confusing they were, no matter how defying logic they seemed, I believed in signs, I thought signs were a special type of divinity-human interaction, a special way of conversation... One event occurring maybe interpreted differently by tens of people as a sign concerning their quest in life. Something that really makes human uniqueness stand out brightly... signs were beautiful in my eyes...

And of course if signs “were” then now I must look at them differently, true, but not radically different; just modified a little bit and in a continuous search for more modifications, or simplifying to be precise. I now don’t blindly follow them, yet I don’t take them for granted. Remember that we as humans might trust the outside events more than inner analysis...

Some people might say that signs are for people with weak faith, weak because they don’t ask GOD directly to show them the path coz they are afraid they haven’t done enough good deeds that GOD would leave them hanging... of course; GOD doesn’t deal with humans using emotions, GOD deals using absolute knowledge and mercy... And there’s always redemption.

But signs have something special about them; they are more in context with soul reassurance... and I don’t think following signs is forbidden... it’s just, new in principle, a type of rational evolution of universal interpretations, and another level of inter-dependence with the surroundings...

I think we should take all the time we have to analyze a sign, or just take it as we felt it instantly, no betweens...

And although it’s tempting to go with analysis and refined decision making, but signs provide a paranormal way of interaction, moreover, if you screw up you can’t blame your logic of analysis... you just look at the past sign/s and smile.

A sign could be a dream, that’s the most probable... but where do dreams origin from? We don’t know, so dream signs might be your subconscious telling you what to do more than a counseling of life around you.

“The only sign I had... was you!!” -no idea who said that, but he/she was clearly in lawwvee (sweet smiley).

Of course we can't leave out the alleged realists who don't believe in signs, who will watch TV till it goes off analyzing their lives and who are so confident and self dependant that they won't wait around for a stupid sign. Don't get me wrong, they have all the right to do whatever they wanna do, everybody should do whatever they get relieved and/or happy doing it. They go by this Bernie quote:

"I don't believe in shit until shit happens" -Bernie Mac

So signs and inner voices, they are connected when they contradict and form their own extremes within our minds when they get along. They are far away from logic and science; they are mercifully presented parts of our not-so-completely-explained life. Have your choice of following them or not. Signs and inner voice will always surprise us though... think about it.

Anyways, you know, don't wait too much for a sign, be reasonable in interpretation, and remember that most of the time signs are direct reflections of what goes in inside you... Be sincere and honest about signs, observe other people's signs although it's not about learning; just for fun perhaps... bwahaha. Sorry!! And you know, take matters into your own hand... Expose yourself to life more to see more; more signs more experience for the inner crazy you. Deal with life in a risky way, you should try that sometime...

If you ask my friends they'll tell you I can't keep a straight face for long (which is MOSTLY like 5 minutes), I love sarcasm and a good laugh to me besides making others laugh can easily be the mission of my life... And honestly, I've been keeping a straight face for a long time writing this thing, and since laughs always have the right to interfere and will partially delude these written pages into something good in your eyes, here's a *contradicting* man that tells genius jokes, he's a great inspiration to me... ladies and gentlemen; Steven Wright.

- ✚ 'It doesn't matter what temperature the room is, it's always room temperature.'
- ✚ 'I was an only child, eventually.'
- ✚ 'I lost a button hole.'
- ✚ 'Lots of people are afraid of heights, I'm afraid of widths.'
- ✚ 'I made wine out of raisins so I wouldn't have to wait for it to age.'
- ✚ 'Right now I'm having amnesia and déjà-vu at the same time... I think I've forgotten this before.'
- ✚ 'In my house there's this light switch that doesn't do anything. Every so often I would flick it on and off just to check. Yesterday, I got a call from a woman in Germany. She said, "Cut it out."'
- ✚ 'Sponges grow in the ocean ... that *kills* me. I wonder how much deeper the oceans would be if that didn't happen.'
- ✚ 'I got pulled over by a cop, and he said, 'do you know the speed limit here is 55 miles per hour?'. So I said, 'oh, that's OK, But I wasn't gonna be out there that long'
- ✚ 'If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the precipitate.'
- ✚ 'My girlfriend asked me if I slept well. I said no, I made a couple mistakes.'
- ✚ 'I stayed up all night playing poker with tarot cards. I got a full house and four people died.'

That's all for Steven Wright, he has like a million more jokes like those if not better... check out his quotes, or see his stand ups on YouTube.

Pains me to say it but yup, it's about to end now (no I'm not killing myself, damn it)... here's a little something I wrote on that weird day that I would like you to read before I leave you, my dear readers (sniff)...

Sometimes, we lose rhythm in what we might believe is our life
Somehow we keep controlling our saviors in our imagination
Somewhere along the road we feel we actually have control
And sometimes we actually do... have it all!

We might live in dark light
We might die in bright pain
We might use our life in saving
We might spend it cleaning one stain

You might think this is weakness to express
You might not believe that I'm already a mess
You might control me as your savior
And maybe one day I will believe that the lows and highs are all
Lies

If we gradually have less to say
If one day we want to be ourselves
If we sleep in our graves
Less black, more grey

Sometimes we need to save life
Somehow life ends up saving us
Somewhere our souls live freely
Somewhere I'm kissing you daily

Imitation is a form of living
Living is a form of imitation
Empathy is a form of loving
Loving is a form of empathy

Maybe an expectation is an assumption
Maybe life is an expectation
Maybe life is an assumption
Maybe we just assume/expect and never live

Dependence is a given
Dependence is our way of providing weakness
Dependence is what we all need to be able to move on
Dependence is real pure self or self purity and realism

A Story of one life is told through another one
A Story of me will shape your mirror, not you
A story is a way of preserving memories
A story is a way of re-wondering, of redemption of being human

Going slowly means enjoying everything, even pain
Going slowly shows you what would've happened if u went faster
Going slowly gives you time to think about slowing down more
Going slowly is.... Perfect.... so nobody does it

Everything revolves around something
Everything revolves faster when you stop revolving
Everything revolves harder when you dream harder
Everything revolves around an imagination that everything has created
before

Wisdom is wisdom...

And crap is crap...

Truth is truth...

And loneliness is more realistic than happiness...

And what I wrote is neither...

Thanks for enduring ☺

The end of the scramble...

I gotta say, that's like and end of an era for me (by era I mean a week to two, max)... Now I'll just hover around spanking my head for more ideas to spill out on papers, words that have a special part of me in them. I admit I enjoyed writing and living (pretending to live) the whole experience of laptop-on-bed, tea, staying up late, head itching to drive the ideas out...etc you know, like real authors do.

Nothing would make me happy though like opening my e-mail one morning and find that some one actually read the book and either cursing the heck out of my time wasting papers of illusion or... umm... I really hope there's an *OR* (smiley... the last smiley I promise). So write to me whatever you're thinking now, thought of or going to think about... I'll even welcome the irrelevant subjects more! (Sorry, Bad habit)...

I guarantee you I wrote this book with passion, and that passion found an extra place in me after writing it.

And last but not least, right from my heart's left ventricle... Thank You

(Heart shaped egg with a chick holding a blossoming flower scattering the egg shell around him and smiling)... if you ever find such emoticon, feel free to send...

Wishing you the Best,

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