Was life good or bad, but it passed a lot. I had enough in this life: disputes, and painful gossip, and struggle and unworthy quarrels... But now, when I’m on the end of the road, being exhausted and tired, I am convinced of the futility of my good aspirations, in the vanity and frailty of human life. And tormented by the thought: What to devote the rest of my days? What to do? Try to alleviate the suffering of the people? Impossible. People are ungovernable. That’s the way for the one to whom the destiny prepared human ingratitude and curse, or youth, whose heart is hot and hasn’t still known the bitterness of defeat. Me, knowing this truth, save Allah from temptation.

Maybe increase the flock? Don't want to. Let the children if they ought to, bred cattle themselves. It would be a sin to waste the recent strength to alleviate the existence for thieves, beggars and villains.

Comprehend the science? It is impossible. I have no one to give the knowledge, and from whom to take them. What's the use to sit in the desert, spreading expensive cloth and holding a yard? When there’s no one to share the grief or joy, the science turns into a burden: faster ages.

Or, maybe devote myself to God? It goes wrong. The peace is required to believe. Whence to take godliness when there’s no calm neither in my feelings, nor in daily life? This world does not tolerate pilgrims.

To bring up children? I can’t. Maybe I would, if I knew how and what to teach them, and whether the people that I see today need it at all. I cannot imagine the future of children worthy the use of their education and forces, and therefore cannot see the way of upbringing.

Finally I decided to take companions, paper and ink, and to write down all my thoughts.

Maybe someone will like any of my word, and he will rewrite it for himself, or just remember; and if not my words, as they say, will stay with me. At this point I stopped, and I have no other occupation than writing.