Two miles away, on a small island embraced by sparkling waters, a sanctuary of tranquility stood in all its glory—a beautifully handcrafted tent house nestled amidst lush trees, vibrant plants, and fragrant flowers. The pathway leading to the entrance beckoned wanderers with delicate pebbles, inviting them into an enchanting realm where time seemed to stand still.

Filled with curiosity and anticipation, Sals approached the half-open door, his hand poised to knock and announce his arrival. A voice resonated from within, calling out,

“Come in, Sals,” accompanied by a mischievous undertone that hinted at secrets and playful exchanges.

“Hey,” Sals greeted, stepping over the threshold and immersing himself in the embrace of the tent house. Its atmosphere welcomed him like an old friend, instantly putting him at ease.

Before him stood Sophus, a wise and eccentric character, his eyes sparkling with a twinkle that spoke of shared memories and untold adventures.

“Hi, long time,” he greeted, his voice carrying the weight of their history together.

Sals couldn’t help but wonder at Sophus’s uncanny awareness.

“How did you know it was me?” he inquired, his curiosity piqued.

Sophus raised his hand, pointing toward a delicate butterfly gracefully fluttering near the window. “She told me,” he replied, a mischievous grin playing on his lips. The connection between Sophus and the natural world unfolded before Sals’s eyes, leaving him both amused and bewildered.

Sals followed Sophus’s gaze and spotted the butterfly perched outside the window, seemingly keeping a watchful eye over the boat and entrance pathway. It was as if the mystical bond between Sophus and nature extended even to the creatures that surrounded them. “Old man,” Sals muttered, a term of endearment that carried both fondness and amusement.

Amidst the ethereal ambiance, Sophus’s curiosity ignited, eager to uncover the purpose of Sals’s visit. “What brings you here, my adventurous friend?” he inquired, inviting Sals to share the reason behind his presence.

Sals couldn’t help but wonder if the butterfly had inadvertently revealed anything, causing a fleeting moment of suspicion. However, he quickly dismissed it and decided to confide in Sophus. “I had a mysterious dream last night,” Sals revealed, his voice tinged with wonder and intrigue.

Sophus, with his mischievous glint, playfully teased, “Am I so readily available for dream discussions, Sals?” His words carried a playful charm, drawing a chuckle from Sals as he appreciated the shared humor.

Undeterred, Sals continued, recounting the vivid details of his enigmatic dream—a surreal experience that had blurred the boundaries between reality and the ethereal realm. The words spilled from his lips, painting a picture of lights dancing before his eyes, filling him with a mix of awe and perplexity.

Intrigued, Sophus leaned in, his tone laced with anticipation.

“When the gentle, mysterious breeze tenderly caressed your face and you tried to remove the blindfold, what did you see in front of you?” he inquired, delving deeper into the depths of Sals’s enigmatic vision.

A playful grin danced upon Sals’s lips as he recalled the moment.

“As soon as I removed the blindfold and opened my eyes... it was my menorah light,” he revealed, his words trailing off with a sense of wonder.  Silence enveloped the air, thick with contemplation and anticipation. Sophus, taking a deep breath, spoke with a voice that carried the weight of universal wisdom.

“The universe always conveys its messages, sometimes through dreams, people, or even butterflies. We are merely vessels, my friend, in the grand tapestry of existence.” Sals couldn’t help but whisper to himself, “Old man,” a term of endearment and amusement for Sophus’s mysterious ways. “But what’s the message?” Sals asked, his voice a blend of curiosity and eagerness.

Sophus’s eyes gleamed with profound knowledge as he imparted his wisdom.

“Open your eyes, Sals, and see what nobody else has seen yet. Learn from the universe, for it has lessons that remain uncharted by others.”

A tinge of uncertainty laced Sals’s voice as he questioned,

“How?”With an enigmatic smile,

“You are the chosen one and you have already embarked on the journey, my dear friend. As you continue your quest, your eyes will be opened to the universal secrets —the language of revelation and discovery.” Sophus responded,

Leaving Sals with a sense of anticipation, Sophus bid him farewell and departed, leaving behind a lingering aura of wisdom and adventure.

As Sals stood within the tent house, surrounded by the whispers of nature and the gentle sway of the island breeze, he felt an exhilarating mixture of wonder and determination filling his being. The path ahead may be shrouded in mystery, but he was ready to unravel its secrets and embrace the profound connections that awaited him in the world beyond.

With each step, his journey would lead him closer to the universal truths waiting to be unveiled.