



Saltsky

THE CHOSEN ONE

THE SELF-TRANSCENDENCE

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UNLEARN

The mountain path stretched ahead, treacherous and foreboding. Blindfolded, the man cautiously navigated the rugged terrain, his every step guided by the touch of a blind stick. Gravity's relentless grasp claimed his leg, causing it to twist in agony. With a desperate twist of fate, the blind stick slipped from his grasp, vanishing into the unfathomable abyss below. Peril enveloped him, a profound realization of his precarious situation taking hold. In that moment, a gentle, mysterious breeze tenderly caressed his face, carrying with it a fragrant aroma that whispered of hope. Desperation coursed through his veins as he fumbled with the blindfold, his trembling hands striving to reclaim his sight. And then, as if awakening from a dark reverie, he found himself enveloped in the warm embrace of light.

“It had all been a mere dream,” he murmured, his voice a fragile whisper.

Moments passed, and he took deep breaths, slowly reclaiming his composure.

The following morning, he positioned himself outside, surrendering to the gentle caress of the sun’s warm rays. Golden light suffused the surroundings, casting a gentle glow upon the world. Each inhalation revitalized him, infusing his being with newfound energy and contentment, readying him to embrace the day’s challenges.

“Morning, Sals,” a voice called out from behind—Luis, his faithful companion.

Sals turned, meeting Luis’s gaze with distant eyes.

“Morning,” he replied, his voice tinged with traces of the previous night’s dream.

“Have you heard the whispers of a werewolf prowling the depths of the San Juan jungle?” Luis inquired, his voice carrying a weight of concern. Caught in the labyrinth of his thoughts, Sals peered into Luis’s eyes, searching for a connection.

“Are you okay?” Luis asked, genuine worry lacing his words.

Sals broke free from the remnants of his reverie, refocusing on the present.

“Yeah, before we embark on this perilous journey, we must gather every bit of information,” Sals replied, determination resolute in his voice.

“Bravery and skill alone won’t suffice against such a formidable foe,” spoke the wise aunt, her voice an embodiment of understanding and experience, as she served them a morning beverage.

Luis furrowed his brow, contemplating her words. “So, what you’re saying is, we need help?” he inquired, seeking answers.

The wise aunt nodded, her eyes alive with ancient wisdom.

“Indeed, dear ones. Deep within the heart of the forest, lies a reservoir of knowledge and guidance. Seek the wisdom that resides there, for it holds the key to unraveling the secrets of your adversary. Listen to the spirits of nature, and they may illuminate the path leading to victory.”

Luis leaned forward, his curiosity ignited.

“How do we commune with these spirits? How do we tap into their boundless wisdom?” he asked, hungry for understanding.

The wise lady smiled, her voice soft and reassuring.

“To communicate with the spirits of nature, you must attune yourself to the subtle rhythms of the forest. Quiet your mind, open your heart, and listen. Observe the signs and symbols that the natural world presents to you. Each rustle of leaves, each whisper of the wind carries a message, a gift for those willing to receive.”

Sals nodded, a newfound determination etching lines upon his face.

“We shall heed your counsel, wise aunt. We shall venture deep into the forest’s embrace, seeking the guiding light of the spirits,” Sals declared, conviction resonating in his words.

The wise aunt extended a gentle hand, her touch gracing Sals’ shoulder.

“Remember, Sals, the spirits of nature respond to respect and humility. Approach them with reverence, and they shall illuminate your path. May the wisdom of the forest guide you on your

quest.”

“The woods, the sky, the ocean, and the soil—they hold secrets yet to be unveiled. But they, too, know me intimately. Our connection is timeless, and together, we shall triumph over the looming threat of the werewolf,”

Sals vowed, his words infused with unwavering determination.

“We shall set forth tonight, beneath the luminous gaze of the full moon,” Sals added, his resolve unyielding.

“We will meet you at the designated place,” Luis confirmed, sealing their pact.

With those words resonating in their hearts, Sals and Luis readied themselves for the arduous journey that awaited, embracing the mystical and profound connection that beckoned them in the heart of the enchanted forest.

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."