



Saltsky

THE CHOSEN ONE

THE SELF-TRANSCENDENCE



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."

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.

Sals gently stroked the face of his loyal companion,

Stanley, an American Quarter Horse.

“Let us embark,” he whispered with determination.

Awaiting Sals at the edge of the jungle, Luis and his team were filled with anticipation. A warm smile graced Luis’ face as he acknowledged Sals’ arrival.

“Woooo, here you come!,” he said, his voice tinged with excitement.

As the group delved deeper into the wilderness, Luis regaled them with animated tales, sharing his vast knowledge and insights. Sals, however, remained captivated by the surrounding environment. His eyes traced the intricate patterns of the lush vegetation, while his mind danced with curiosity, pondering the secrets that lay hidden within the depths of the jungle.

Leading the way, Sals walked with purpose, his strides infused with a sense of determination. Luis positioned himself slightly beside him, recognizing Sals’ intent. The rest of the team followed closely behind, their footsteps creating a symphony of anticipation.

Sals raised a hand, motioning for silence, his eyes

gleaming with newfound intensity.

“Shhh,” he gestured to Luis, signaling the importance of maintaining stealth.

A gentle, mysterious breeze tenderly caressed Sals’ face, carrying a fragrance that stirred a sense of familiarity. The rustling leaves and the distant calls of unknown creatures filled the air, heightening the aura of the jungle. It was a scent that evoked memories from his dreams, transporting him back to his childhood adventures alongside his father in the mystical twilight zone.

With unwavering courage and fearlessness, Sals honed his focus on the enigmatic depths concealed behind the towering trees. The sounds of the jungle faded into the background as his senses heightened. Suddenly, a pair of menacing green eyes emerged from the shadows, piercing the darkness with their intense glow. With lightning speed, the ferocious creature lunged towards Sals, its fangs bared.

Reacting with instinctive precision, Sals brandished his sword and deliberately pierced it into the creature’s neck. A clash of steel and a triumphant roar filled the air as Sals fought with all his might, matching the werewolf’s ferocity with his own

determination.

Luis couldn't contain his excitement and erupted in shouts of triumph. The team joined in the jubilation, their cheers echoing through the jungle. Yet, amid the celebration, Sals remained contemplative. The victory over the creature did not resonate with the profound connection he felt in the presence of that mystical wind.

As the team secured the subdued werewolf with a sturdy net, Sals and Luis observed the creature, noticing its unique features and its resemblance to a female werewolf. This was no ordinary adversary; it was a rare and mysterious kind.

With hearts filled with courage and minds hungry for discovery, Sals and the team made their triumphant return, basking in the glory of their victory over this extraordinary werewolf.

An ant found itself struggling in the water, desperately trying to stay afloat. Its tiny legs flailed, but the weight of the water threatened to consume it. As the ant's strength waned, a leaf gently touched its fragile

body, offering a lifeline. With renewed hope, the ant clung to the leaf, finding salvation in this unexpected encounter.

Unbeknownst to the ant, an old man stood nearby, his wise eyes surveying the scene. Recognizing the ant's predicament, he extended his hand and carefully plucked the struggling creature from the water. The ant, now safe in the old man's palm, trembled with gratitude, its life spared by an act of compassion.

As the old man turned, Sals emerged from the shadows, his presence unnoticed until that moment. Sophus, a long-time acquaintance of Sals, addressed him with surprise in his voice.

"You again!" exclaimed Sophus, his tone a mix of curiosity and intrigue.

Sals met Sophus' gaze with a solemn expression, his mind still captivated by the mysteries that unfolded in the jungle.

"Yesterday, in the depths of the jungle, I sensed something..." Sals started, his voice brimming with wonder.

Sophus leaned in, eager to hear more.

"What was it?" he inquired, his curiosity piqued

Sals paused, searching for the right words to convey his experience.

“It was something mysterious, something I had long left behind in my travels with my father,” he revealed.

Sophus nodded knowingly, his eyes reflecting a deep respect for Sals’ late father.

“I had never met a friend like your father in my lifetime,” he confessed.

“He was the true master of the sea.”

Sals’s face softened, memories of his father flooding his mind.

“I believe he may have told you about it,” Sophus asked, his voice tinged with nostalgia.

Sals nodded again, his voice filled with reverence.

“Yeah, I asked him once, and he said...”

Suddenly, Sals was transported back in time, his consciousness shifting to a vivid flashback of an extraordinary experience he shared with his father.

In the vision, they were aboard a merchant ship,

sailing through turbulent waters near the borders of the twilight zone, where the boundaries between worlds blurred. The atmosphere was tinged with an exhilarating sense of adventure. The sky above seemed to merge with the sea below, creating a mystical boundary where the realms of the living and the unknown intertwined.

“It’s a wondrous energy from the soul world, coming beyond the twilight zone,” Jacob, Sals’s father, explained, his voice filled with awe and curiosity. He had spent years navigating these treacherous waters, witnessing phenomena that defied logical explanation.

A gentle, enigmatic breeze softly caressed Sals’s face. The young and curious boy looked up at his father with wide eyes, his face reflecting a blend of excitement and curiosity.

“What is this? Can I see it?” he asked, his voice filled with innocent curiosity and a genuine desire to explore.

Jacob’s expression softened as he contemplated his son’s request. He understood the allure of the twilight zone, with its enchanting pull and the untold possibilities it held. He recognized the risks involved but believed in the transformative power of

embracing the unknown.

“Beyond that boundary lies a world of secrets, Sals,” Jacob responded, his love for his son evident in his encouraging words.

He placed a reassuring hand on Sals’s shoulder, his touch conveying both affection and a sense of adventure.

“You don’t know what lies beyond.”

Sals listened attentively, absorbing his father’s wisdom. His youthful spirit yearned for exploration, and he recognized the transformative journey that lay before him. The boundary between fascination and peril, though thin, represented an invitation to unlock his true potential and embrace a destiny beyond imagination.

The flashback faded away, leaving Sals and Sophus in the present, their connection deepened by the shared memories of a remarkable man. But the allure of the twilight zone, where the borders between worlds blurred, continued to beckon Sals, fueling his determination to discover its hidden treasures.

With renewed resolve, Sals looked at Sophus.

“I am destined to uncover the truths that lie beyond the twilight zone,” he declared, his voice filled with both anticipation and unwavering belief.

Sophus nodded, his faith in Sals unwavering.

“May your father’s spirit guide you on this extraordinary journey,” he said, his words carrying the weight of their shared history and the uncharted territories that awaited.

After a long silence, Sophus broke the quietude with a question that hung in the air.

“Have you experienced this feeling again since that day, or before yesterday?” he asked, his voice filled with curiosity and anticipation.

Sals took a moment to reflect, his mind drifting back to previous encounters. “A few years back, when I was in Jamaica, I felt it,” he finally responded, his voice carrying a hint of nostalgia.

Sophus leaned in, intrigued by Sals’ past experiences.

“Did you try to learn more about it at that time?” he inquired, eager to delve into the depths of Sals’ journey.

Sals shook his head, a touch of regret in his expression. “Nope,” he admitted, realizing he had missed an opportunity to explore the mysteries that called to him.

“The universe has been sending you signals, Sals, and now the time has arrived for you to embark on your personal quest for truth,” Sophus proclaimed, emphasizing the significance of Sals’ journey in uncovering the secrets of the mysterious universe.

Taking in Sophus’ words, Sals nodded in acknowledgment and made his way to depart from the place, a sense of purpose guiding his steps.

“Remember, to discover the truth of the mysterious soul, you must unlearn what you think you know,” Sophus emphasized, his voice carrying the weight of ancient wisdom.

“Indeed, originality is the key” he added, underscoring the importance of forging his own path.

Sals responded with a murmured affirmation, a quiet acknowledgment of the wisdom bestowed upon him, before he turned and left the place, ready to embrace

the challenges and revelations that lay ahead.

People bustled about, their excitement palpable as they prepared for the grand celebration of their hard-fought victory over the werewolf. The city donned a festive attire, adorned with colorful decorations and shimmering lights. The air was filled with a medley of laughter, music, and the mouthwatering aroma of delectable treats. Visitors from nearby towns joined the revelry, adding to the vibrant atmosphere with their enthusiastic participation.

Miguel, Carlos, and their companions from the enchanting lakeside town of Mayaimi sought out Sals, the renowned sea master trader, and approached Luis, hoping for his assistance.

“Could you lend us a hand in meeting Sals?” Carlos inquired, his voice brimming with curiosity and anticipation.

Luis, noticing the sizable group, couldn’t help but feel a tinge of nervousness, wondering about their purpose.

“Who are you guys? And where do you hail from?” Luis asked, his curiosity piqued.

“We come from the wondrous and magical realm of Mayaimi!” Carlos proudly declared, his voice filled with excitement and a hint of mystery.

The mention of Mayaimi ignited a spark of curiosity in Luis, who eagerly volunteered his help. Miguel, the group’s leader, unsheathed his sword and proclaimed, “We are traders of Sheepsquatch, exclusively dealing with masters.”

Luis understood that their mission might involve some danger, but he decided to trust them, enticed by the allure of Mayaimi’s magical realm.

“Well, let me guide you to the master,” he agreed, leading them towards Sals, who was approaching from the opposite direction.

As Sals caught sight of Carlos, Miguel, and their entourage alongside Luis, he recognized their anticipation and felt his own curiosity piqued.

“Here, may I present the esteemed sea master trader, Mr. Sals,” Luis introduced with a sense of awe in his voice.

“It is our utmost pleasure and honor to meet you, Mr. Sals,” Miguel greeted warmly, showing

genuine respect for Sals' reputation.

Sals reciprocated their greetings graciously, his interest piqued by their unexpected arrival.

Miguel proceeded to explain their dire situation, vividly describing the relentless presence of Sheepsquatch in their region and their desperate need for Sals' assistance in eradicating the menacing creatures.

Sals listened intently, surprised by their unexpected request.

"What you seek from me differs from what you have stated," Sals remarked, a hint of surprise in his voice.

"We are Sheepsquatch traders, and we implore you to lend us your aid," Miguel clarified their purpose, their eyes filled with hope.

"I do not involve myself in slaying Sheepsquatch for trade," Sals firmly stated his stance, his voice unwavering.

"I appreciate, but we are here for the Monster werewolf who is wreak havoc upon our region,

causing untold harm,” Carlos pleaded earnestly, his desperation evident.

“It would be of immense help if you could visit our lands and witness the dire situation firsthand,” Miguel added, his voice tinged with a mix of urgency and anticipation.

Carlos’ words intrigued Sals, as he realized the gravity of the situation and the potential impact he could have.

“As you have aided your own land in the face of danger... I can see that dealing with the mysterious werewolf was easy for you,” Carlos acknowledged, recognizing Sals’ bravery, his eyes reflecting a touch of pain.

Sals paused for a moment, considering their request. He turned to Luis, silently seeking his opinion.

“Oh... in that case, we would be honored to have you visit our magical land and help us with the evil Werewolf Monster,” Carlos offered, his voice filled with gratitude and a glimmer of hope.

“Furthermore, it would be a tremendous pleasure if you would accept our invitation to join us in celebrating the festival of our magical city,” Miguel extended a heartfelt invitation, their excitement

palpable.

Luis, unable to contain his excitement, whispered fervently,

“Please accept, Sals, please...”

Just as Sals was about to respond, Miguel interrupted with an outburst, exclaiming,

“Thank you for accepting our invitation! We eagerly await your arrival,”

In return, Sals extended the invitation, welcoming Miguel and Carlos as esteemed guests in his city.

“And since you are here, don’t miss the opportunity to celebrate with us the city’s hard-won victory tonight!”

“Of course, we have traveled to witness the last sight of the werewolf and, most importantly, to meet you,” Carlos added, emphasizing their genuine interest.

“Ah, well then, until we meet again,” Sals replied with a smile, hinting at the possibility of their paths crossing once more.

With heartfelt farewells, they bid each other goodbye and embarked on their respective paths, the

anticipation of their upcoming encounter fueling their spirits.

A few days had passed, and one stormy night, as Sals lay fast asleep, he was jolted awake by the urgent shouts of Luis echoing outside.

“Sals... Sals!” Luis’s voice pierced through the darkness.

Sals leaped out of bed, his heart pounding, and rushed to open the door.

“It’s a torrential downpour, flooding everywhere!” Luis exclaimed, his voice filled with urgency.

Sals darted outside and saw a scene of chaos and panic. The sea roared ferociously, unleashing colossal waves that crashed upon the shore.

“We need to find shelter!” Sals called out to the frightened crowd.

Together, they made their way towards the mountain chapel, seeking refuge from the relentless storm.

Next day, the sky turned as black as night, and the rain showed no mercy, unleashing havoc upon the city.

Floodwaters surged through the streets, swallowing homes and possessions. People were gripped by desperation, hunger gnawing at their stomachs, and thirst parching their throats. Prayers filled the air, mingling with the sound of crashing thunder. The city seemed to vanish beneath the deluge.

Undeterred by the chaos, Sals and Luis waded through neck-deep water, their determination unwavering. They joined forces with their friends, offering aid and rescuing those in need. Together, they fought against the raging current, transporting people and animals to the safety of the mountain chapel, perched atop a small hill. In the face of adversity, strangers became allies, united by their shared struggle.

Amidst the chaos, tragedy struck. Sals and Luis came across an elderly couple trapped in their home, desperately clinging to each other.

“Please, you have to save us!” the old woman cried, her voice trembling with fear.

“We’ll do everything we can to get you out of here!” Sals assured them, his voice filled with determination.

Despite their efforts, Sals and Luis were unable to save

them in time, witnessing their tragic fate. The loss weighed heavily on their hearts, reminding them of the fragility of life in the face of nature's fury.

As they continued their rescue mission, Sals and his group encountered a young child separated from their family.

"I need my mommy," the child whimpered, their little voice trembling with fear and vulnerability, seeking the reassuring presence of a parent amidst the unsettling chaos.

"We're here to help you. Don't worry, we'll find your family," Sals reassured the child, his voice gentle yet resolute.

Despite their exhaustive search and efforts to reunite the child with their loved ones, they were unable to find them, leaving the child distraught and alone.

"We won't give up. We'll keep looking until we find your mommy and daddy," Sals promised, his words filled with sincerity.

Sals and his companions offered comforting words, promising to continue the search and assuring the child that they were not alone in this struggle.

The mountain chapel, which had provided shelter to many, started to crumble under the force of the storm.

“We have to evacuate! The chapel won’t hold much longer!” Sals shouted, his voice carrying above the roaring winds.

Sals and his friends knew they had to evacuate everyone and find a new place of refuge before it collapsed completely. Urgency filled the air as they coordinated the evacuation, urging people to move quickly

“Stay together and follow us! We’ll get through this!” Luis shouted, his voice projecting strength and reassurance.

Conversations of fear and determination echoed amidst the chaos, strengthening their resolve to survive and protect one another.

Four long days and four long nights passed, each one more harrowing than the last. Sals stood by the window at the highest point of the chapel, his gaze fixed upon the raging tempest. Raindrops trickled down the glass, blurring his vision.

“I managed to salvage some food,” Luis whispered, his voice filled with empathy.

Sals sighed, his voice heavy with sorrow. "I couldn't find Sophus."

Just then, a friend arrived, clutching something in their hand.

"We found this," the friend said, extending their hand towards Sals.

Sals took the object and examined it carefully. It was Sophus's right-foot shoe, a small piece of the puzzle amidst the chaos.

Night turned to day, and as the rain finally ceased, the sun timidly emerged from behind the clouds. Sals ventured out onto the mountainside, surveying the aftermath of the storm. The once-thriving city now lay in ruins, swallowed by the relentless deluge. Sals searched for any trace of the tiny Sophus Island, but it had vanished, consumed by the unforgiving sea.

As he observed the catastrophic scene, Sals felt a surge of emotions overwhelm him. His mind raced, thoughts colliding like crashing waves. Amidst the chaos, a deep cut in his hand served as a physical reminder of the tumultuous journey that lay ahead.

In the silence of the devastated city, Sals

contemplated the universal message hidden within the chaos. The storm had stripped away the familiar, leaving behind a blank canvas upon which new truths could be written. It was a call to unlearn everything, to open his mind to the mysteries of the universe, and to embrace his role as the chosen one.

With renewed determination, Sals took a deep breath, ready to embark on a journey that would challenge everything he knew and uncover the profound secrets the universe held. The path ahead was treacherous, but he was prepared to unravel the enigma that awaited him, armed with nothing but his unyielding spirit and an unquenchable thirst for knowledge.

Observing the catastrophic scene, Sals ran with his thoughts in turmoil, a deep cut in his hand.



WHISPERS OF THE SOUL - I

*In the quest for unlearning, may you find,
The profound meaning of life, one of a kind.*

*Your purpose, unique, in the universe's grace,
With unwavering belief, let your essence embrace.*

*Self-discovery's journey, a path to unfold,
The universe awaits, in mysteries untold.*

*With every transformation, you'll come to see,
Peace and respect for all, in unity.*

*In unity's embrace, we are as one,
Truth and darkness entwined, their places won.*

*Thoughts and beliefs align actions' sway,
Destiny's tapestry, a grand design at play.*

*From nothingness emerged, I wandered free,
Wisdom's essence drew from life's decree.*

*Guided by the universe, divinity's trace,
Healing found within, a sacred space.*

*Crafted fingers weave a tale of might,
Grace and strength, diverse appearances alight.*

*Veiled wisdom seeks release, truth unveiled,
Inner sight lifting essence, darkness paled.*

*Fleeting smiles deceive, ego's whispers wane,
Resisting desires' allure, truth's reign sustained.*

*Shielded with steadfast truth, I am free,
Falsehoods allure but have no hold on me.*

*On this journey, courage, faith combined,
Unlearn myths, beliefs that don't bind.*

*Hearts and minds open, pure and clear,
Learning truths that draw close, what we hold dear.*

*Guided by soul's voice, I stride with love,
Embracing connections, below and above.*

*In whispers of the universe, I find my way,
Unshaken, I follow, from night to day.*

*Through trials and doubts, I rise anew,
Compass of faith, steadfast and true.*

*In life's sacred dance, grand revelation,
Learning from cosmos, eternal education.*

*Within me, universe's secrets confide,
Proudly embracing existence's tapestry wide.*



EPILOGUE - I

Behold, O seekers of truth and wisdom,

In this blessed chapter of Unlearning, I, Sals, implore you to embark on a profound journey of self-transformation. Are you ready to cast aside the burdens of negativity that weigh upon your soul? Cleanse your mind from the toxic influences of hatred, fear, and limiting beliefs. It is time to unlearn all that has been ingrained within you through the flawed teachings of the world.

As Sals dream through the vision of enlightenment, the essence of unlearning is revealed. The mountain path represents a challenging and uncertain journey of self-discovery and transformation. The blindfolded man symbolizes those who are unaware and bound by societal norms and preconceived beliefs, unable to see the truth clearly. His blind stick is a representation of external influences that shape his perceptions and limit his potential.

This divine scripture, a gateway to transcendent

wisdom, offers guidance to remove the veil that obscures your vision. It implores you to question assumptions, inviting you to explore new perspectives and liberate your mind from the constraints of conditioned thinking. Remember, my devoted aspirant, you must follow the teachings of this sacred text with unwavering faith. Do not deceive yourselves with false assumptions, for the path to true enlightenment demands sincerity and dedication.

As Sophus, the wise sage, once admonished, do not simply imitate the words of others. Instead, let these sacred pages be your guide to embark on a journey of profound introspection, delving deep into the depths of your own being. Within, you shall uncover the truth and embrace your true purpose.

Let the teachings within these pages inspire you to question, reflect, and understand yourself on a profound level. Embrace the transformative power of self-discovery, for it is by delving into your own inner being that you will find the true essence of who you are and the purpose that is uniquely yours.

Remember, true enlightenment comes not from blindly following others, but from the courageous

exploration of your own inner landscape. Let these sacred pages be your compass, guiding you towards the profound depths of self-understanding and the realization of your true purpose. In this pursuit, may you find clarity, fulfillment, and a profound connection to your authentic self. Let the wisdom of these pages ignite the flame of introspection within you and lead you to the path of self-discovery, where your true purpose awaits.

Should you choose to embrace the transformative journey of unlearning, a then an extraordinary destiny awaits you. You shall unlock the ancient prophecy and ascend to the ranks of the chosen ones—beacons of self-transcendence and illumination. Know that this path is not for the faint-hearted but for those who possess the unwavering resolve to seek truth and liberation.

Let it be known that within the pages of this profound scripture lie the moral and ethical codes that shall guide you on your quest for self-transcendence. Embrace compassion, for it is through understanding and kindness that unity is fostered among all beings. Embody integrity, for it is the foundation upon which your character and actions shall be judged. Practice

humility, recognizing that true wisdom comes from acknowledging our limitations. Respect the interconnectedness of all life, for we are but strands in the intricate tapestry of existence.

Remember, my aspirant, that the journey of unlearning is a sacred endeavor. It is a path that requires courage, perseverance, and an unwavering commitment to the truth. As you traverse this transformative terrain, may your heart be filled with the light of knowledge, and may your spirit soar to heights previously unimagined.

Go forth, my chosen ones, and may the blessings of self-transcendence illuminate your path.

Do you want to be the chosen one?

Yes - (I solemnly promise and wholeheartedly agree to follow every word of this book with unwavering True Faith.)

No - (I thank you for your honesty and for valuing yourself by not succumbing to False Assumptions.)

If Yes: Congratulations! You have unlocked the next step on your path to becoming the chosen one.

If No: Take your time, reflect, and return when you are ready to unleash the secret code of Self-Transcendence.