

AYMANE LAKSIMI

# No Body Knows: The Ultimate Unknown

*In a World of Illusions, I Chose to Believe in Me*

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*To the relentless mind that refuses to be tamed.  
To the soul that questions everything, even when the answers hurt.  
To the young warrior inside me—and anyone else—who chose the  
harder path: to build, to think, to rise.  
This is for the one who seeks truth, even when it breaks the world  
they were given.*

*— Aymane Laksimi*



“They told us to pray to something  
above—  
but I found the god inside me,  
the day I stopped waiting to be saved.”

“Some search the skies for answers,  
others listen to the silence within.  
One walks unknown paths,  
where questions echo louder than belief.”

“Some wait for signs from above.  
Others become the sign—  
when they start to trust the voice  
within.”

“The gods we search for in the sky  
often live in silence within us.”

— Aymane Laksimi



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## Foreword

This Novel wasn't written from a place of comfort.

It was born in the middle of silence, between fights at home, blood on my knuckles, and thoughts that refused to stay quiet.

I didn't write this to impress anyone.

I wrote it because I had to.

Because one day I realized I could no longer live by the beliefs I was handed.

I had to question them. Break them. Rebuild myself from the ground up.

What you're about to read isn't fiction. It's a mirror.

Every page is a reflection of thoughts I never planned to share—thoughts forged in the fire of struggle, solitude, and search.

This is for the ones who feel like something isn't right,  
who feel the weight of tradition but also the pull of truth.

For those who are building in silence, in pain, in discipline.

You won't find answers here.

But you may find better questions.



And maybe, just maybe—that’s what leads us closer to truth.

— Aymane Laksimi



# 1

## The Thought

The sky was gray when the thought struck him—not like a thunderbolt, but like a quiet echo in an empty cathedral. He had felt it before, many times, hiding beneath his skin, humming through his thoughts, but this time it spoke louder: *What if all of it is an illusion?*

Religion, faith, promises of salvation—they once brought comfort. They wrapped the soul in warmth when life grew too cold, too chaotic. But now, as he sat in the silence after another storm in his household, a deeper fire stirred. Not anger. Not despair. Something sharper.

Awakening.

He realized that belief—real belief—cannot be borrowed. It cannot be handed down through tradition like an old jacket and expected to fit. Belief, if it is to matter, must be forged in solitude, questioned, fought with, doubted, and earned. It

must arise from the depths of a mind that has dared to wander the edge of reason and the abyss of uncertainty.

He had grown up in a world where God was sky-bound, ever-watching, ever-judging. But now, he felt a shift within. A silent rebellion. A need to find something truer than inherited words.

***“Maybe my god is my brain,” he whispered to no one. And it didn’t sound blasphemous—it sounded liberating.***

Because when he gave himself to external belief, he felt heavier. As if waiting for something above to move for him, to save him, to pull the strings. But when he turned inward, when he chose to believe in himself, his choices, his logic, his discipline—it was then he felt *in control*.

He began to wonder: perhaps every human being houses their own god. Not a figure to worship, but a force to shape their life. A divine mind—not floating in the heavens, but woven through thought, action, and consequence. And perhaps heaven and hell were not places at all—but outcomes. Built by habits. Crafted by decisions.

He did not pretend to know what came after death. That was the ultimate unknown. And maybe it was meant to stay unknown. But what he did know was this: in *this* life, his mind was the only true temple. His focus, his choices, the sharpness of his awareness—this was his sacred path.

## The Mirror Room

Then life, as it always does, interrupted philosophy with reality.

A fight. Family voices raised. Pain. His knuckles slammed into something they shouldn't have. Blood. Hospital.

And the next day, his mother packed her bags. She would go to her parents' house in Beni Mellal. A hundred thoughts flooded him—should he stay in Rabat, the city of connections and noise? Or should he leave, retreat to the quiet, to a village near the fields and sky, where fresh air might heal more than just wounds?

It wasn't about escape. No, he was done running. It was about *repositioning*. Like a warrior stepping back from the battlefield, not to flee—but to sharpen his blade.

In Beni Mellal, there would be silence, solitude. A small house that could become a sanctuary. A room he could mold into a temple. A place to run, to train, to study, to *build*. Maybe even earn, a little. Save money. Stack freedom.

He didn't call it a break. Breaks are illusions. He called it what

it was:

**“A break of a warrior—but not a break. Just an illusion.”**

## The Fire of Discipline

Because this wasn't rest. This was reconstruction. Not the absence of effort, but its redirection. The work would continue, quietly, intentionally, beneath the radar of the world. Until one day he would emerge—stronger, clearer, unshakable.

The days began to pass—not with fireworks, but with rhythm. The morning light that fell on his face through the wooden windows. The breath of cool air before a jog into the wild silence. The iron of discipline that replaced chaos in his mind.

He trained. He read. He coded. He lifted his body and sharpened his thinking. Each movement a vote for the man he was becoming. The pain no longer haunted him—it motivated him.

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### Code of the Warrior

He discovered C programming. Not as a subject, but as a mirror. The logic, the simplicity, the power of it. He realized code was like life: break it down, fix the bugs, build better. Debugging became meditation. Problem-solving became worship.

Each solved problem in the terminal made him feel like a god. Not one to be worshipped—but one who crafts, creates, controls.



## The Soil & The Mind

Some days he worked in fields. Dirt under fingernails, sun on his neck. There was peace in that. The land didn't lie. The body didn't pretend. The cows, the farmers, the fresh milk in the morning—this was the rhythm of nature.

He realized cities shout, but villages speak. And the silence taught him more than noise ever did.

## Masks of the Past

Memories returned. Rabat. Distractions. Friends. Fake smiles. Old masks.

He looked at them now like old clothes that no longer fit. The boy who waited for approval, the one who feared rejection, the one who doubted—he buried them.

He was no longer trying to be liked. He was busy becoming undeniable.

## The Inner Fortress

Some nights, doubt returned. The dark voice that whispers *you're not enough*. But now, he knew how to fight it. He didn't argue. He worked.

Push-ups instead of panic. Writing instead of whining. Studying instead of scrolling. He built walls around his focus. He called it his Inner Fortress.

## Echoes of the Unknown

He no longer feared not knowing. The mystery became power. Not having answers meant he had the freedom to explore.

He accepted the unknown, welcomed it. He didn't need certainty. He needed clarity.

And he had it.

In the last page of his notebook, he wrote:

**"Nobody knows what lies beyond life. But in this life? I will know myself."**

And maybe... that was enough.

*Written by a soul in search of truth. A flame in the fog.*

**"Aymane Laksimi"**