

Philosophy of Life



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Introduction

We live in a world based on violence and killing. There is not a day that goes by in such a world when the news of the world is empty of wars and armed struggles anywhere in the world. In total, hundreds and thousands of people, from large and small to hospitalized patients, are targeted.

We, who have become accustomed to this news in such a way that we do not pay attention to it without the slightest regret, have forgotten that this killing takes place only in human societies. No animal on earth has attacked or snaked their fellow human beings in this way.

We, who call ourselves the noblest of creatures, spend billions of dollars every year on research whose ultimate goal is to kill each other. The repositories of the means of mass destruction on Earth are so vast that, if used systematically, they can destroy all life on Earth for several times.

This is while all human societies are suffering from all kinds of dangerous diseases such as cancer in their relatively short life on earth. The huge budget for research to kill people en masse is increasing day by day, while the funding for cancer research is not enough anywhere in the world.

There are many scientists all over the world who devote all their energy and knowledge to research that will only be used in the end, killing human beings. Meanwhile, the fight against dangerous diseases such as cancer is accompanied by a shortage of manpower.

As a scientist, I am amazed at the behavior of my colleagues in scientific fields such as nuclear weapons and chemical weapons, because any progress in such fields would mean killing too many people on Earth. The valuable scientific research community in any country should join hands and give up the financial advantages that this type of research creates for them.

Ordinary people of countries should also prevent the spread of violence and killing to other aspects of social life, such as sports and the arts, rather than supporting and reinforcing it, and use every means to further limit violent methods.

This book was written with such a purpose in life. The author's attempt has been to present the scientific and statistical facts of violent methods that make most people boring, to present interesting aspects of life in the fields of art and history in the first place so that the reader can feel the benefits of allocating sufficient funds for the youth and the needy. Such a move, which will be most welcomed by the public, has been done in the past with the establishment of institutions such as open-air theatres and Yes Hostel in the UK. However, these measures have not been for very long and have gradually lost their main purpose.

In this book, the two real and fictitious aspects of the story go hand in hand, and the combination of these two incompatible cases with each other makes it possible for the author to compare real issues with fictional ones. If this work can raise a question in the reader's mind about the creation and use of weapons of mass destruction, then the author's goal has been achieved.

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Chapter One: Life as a student

Life is not a simple and easy process. But in some cases, it becomes very hard and difficult to bear. One of these cases is student life. The financial aspect of this issue is just one of the problems that students face. Studying and learning is one of the most difficult tasks in life. Many people, halfway through their university education, do not consider it possible to continue it and settle for something else.

There are many such problems, but most of them are related to the student himself. While financial problems have spread like a deadly epidemic, people as soon as they hear the word student, they adopt a cautious and hostile behavior.

I have an example of this that happened to me when I was a student. I had rented a room in a house on the North Pole Street in the White City area of London, which had nothing else in the room except a bed. I was very keen to watch some TV programs, so I went to a large shop that sold electrical appliances and asked for a cheap or second-hand TV. There were many customers in the shop who were busy and their attention was drawn to my strange request. The manager of the shop came forward and told me that they did not have such a thing as second-hand TVs in their shop. Everyone looked at me with contempt and surprise. Finally, I chose a TV at a reasonable price and asked to bring me a similar one in a box. The manager looked at me for a moment and then asked me, somewhat mockingly, if I was sure I had enough money in my pocket.

All the customers were now paying attention. I paid and the manager looked at each bill carefully. He then told me that I had to give them my address and that was because of the TV license. I said that I live in this area, White City. The manager said that this is a big area, what street is your house on? I immediately replied that it was North Pole Street.

A burst of laughter shook the shop. The manager, who was laughing so hard, shouted:

“I knew from the start that you were a student. Now you give your address as North Pole and you must expect the agents to travel to the North Pole to find you.”

I have many examples of this. The lady I rented a room from was an elderly Polish lady who had secretly found a better client than me. One evening, when I came home from university, I found my suitcase on the sidewalk near the door. I rang the bell and the lady herself opened the door and asked me what I wanted. I said I wanted to go to my room. What is my suitcase doing here?

The lady said:

“You don't have a room here anymore. All your belongings are in the suitcase; take it and get out of here immediately.”

I said:

“I have already paid the rent until the end of this month. You can't kick me out until then. By the way, where is my TV?”

The lady said:

“You yourself took it out of the house a few days ago. Now, get out of here before I call the police and tell them you are threatening me.”

Now I was wandering the streets with a suitcase. My fear was that if I could not find accommodation immediately, I would have to go to a hotel, which would be very expensive. At the first opportunity I bought a newspaper and managed to find a temporary place to stay. The problem with this new place was that it was on the ground floor, and when it rained, water would seep into my room.

I told the landlord about it, but he refused to do anything about it. So, I didn't stay there any longer until the end of the month when I had paid the rent. In the meantime, I tried my best to find a suitable place.

Time passed quickly, and I was not successful in finding a place to live. As I walked through the streets, I looked at the buildings and envied those who lived in large and beautiful buildings. Towards the end of my stay in the place where I lived, I became anxious and feared that my failure to find accommodation would result in me having to sleep on the street at night.

Meanwhile, one afternoon, as I was passing by a large commercial building, I saw in the courtyard behind the building a room that had been created at the back of the building to provide electricity for the building. I had seen many of these rooms, and often a sign was posted above them warning of the danger of death.

I looked carefully at this room and its surroundings, but I could not see any sign of electrical cables. No one was around, so I entered the compound through the open gate and went to the back of the building to study the room closely. The distance between this room and the large building was less than a meter, and nothing connected the two. Although I was sure that the door of this room was carefully locked, I pushed the handle down and the door opened. I knew very well that entering the room where the electricity transformers were located was a risk of death. That's why I entered with great caution. The room was dark, and there was nothing in it. It wasn't a big room, but it had a high ceiling.



This room had no windows, so it must have been always dark day and night. I had left the door open to see better, and was picturing in my mind where I should put some furniture. At that moment, I heard footsteps outside and a man entered. He looked at me for a moment and then asked:

"Who are you and what are you doing here ?"

His tone was gentle and did not frighten me. I replied:

"Sir... I was passing by when I noticed that the door to this room was open and my curiosity led me to enter. If my presence here causes any trouble, I will leave this moment."

"I must tell you that this is a very dangerous place and could get you killed. Now tell me the truth, did curiosity lead you to enter this room without permission? By the way, you did not answer my question. I asked you who you are?"

I told him my name and explained that I was a PhD student in engineering.

He asked me to come outside the room so that we could talk in good light. He was a tall, handsome, and polite man. We talked for a while, and then he asked me to go inside the building with him.

We entered the building through a glass door and walked down a long corridor. The building was very beautiful and looked very clean and well-equipped. In the middle of the corridor, he stopped in front of a door, took his key out of his pocket and opened it. He motioned for me to follow him.

We entered a large and very beautiful room; he offered me a chair and sat down at the table. He then introduced himself as, Mr. Gareth Jones, the managing director of the company and the supervisor of about fifty employees. He invited me to have a drink with him. I gladly asked for a cup of coffee.

After some conversation, Mr. Jones asked his main question. He asked me if I knew how to use Microsoft Excel and was familiar with statistical analysis. I explained that most of my research work at the university was done through statistical analysis and that Microsoft Excel was my tool. Mr. Jones seemed quite satisfied with my answer, and then he explained to me about his own problem there. As the boss of over fifty employees, he did not have the opportunity to do statistical work, while the nature of his work was purely statistical. I pointed out a few points about the proper use of Excel to him, and he was quite happy with my guidance. He said that hiring a person skilled in statistics was not an easy task and that not everyone could be trusted in such cases. I felt that our conversation was on a good track. In short, Mr. Jones finally suggested to me that he would have the outside room cleaned and furnished and that I could use it. I just have to be careful not to get mixed up in the company's employees and customers during the day, and he will come after me personally whenever he has something to do.

He then said that he would give me a key to the back door of the building so that after the building vacates in the evening, I could use the toilet and shower system on the ground floor. He also said that he would talk to the building's security supervisor to make sure that I wouldn't have any problems getting around.

He wouldn't charge me for this privilege, and I wouldn't be paid for my statistical services.

There was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Jones asked me if I had a place to live at the moment. My answer was no. He thought for a moment, then said to me:

"Any change in the small room outside the building will take at least a few days. I will set aside a room inside the building as a workroom, and you can temporarily live in that room. I will provide you with a bed."

He then re-entered the corridor and went down one of the small corridors on the right. He opened the door to a small room and showed me inside. It was a nice little room with the necessary furnishings, such as a table, chair, and closet.

In short, I got a room and moved my suitcase there. He left me alone in the room, and about an hour later, he and a man dressed in a security uniform entered the room. Two other officers brought me a small bed, moved my desk to one side, and placed the bed against the wall. Mr.

Jones introduced me to the security supervisor and asked him to work with me. It was getting dark now, and Mr. Jones said goodbye to us and left the room. The security supervisor was very friendly and told me to let him know if I needed anything, and that his room was near the entrance to the property. He wished me a good night and then left me alone.





Chapter Two: Lonely life

Converting the little room outside proved to be not an easy job. There was no sound from outside, and I was both hungry and very tired. Going out of the room and building in the dark to look for food was not a good idea, because I did not know the area, and it was very possible that I would not be able to get back through the gate. So, I decided to spend the night hungry and go in search of food early in the morning.

I fell on the bed and, despite being very hungry, fell asleep very quickly. I woke up early the next morning, and the sun was rising. It was clear that a good day was ahead.

I went out through the back door of the building and carefully closed and locked it behind me. Then I walked through the large courtyard of the trading house towards the gate. From a distance, I could see that the gate was closed, and I was a little worried that I would not be able to get out.

As I got closer, I noticed a small building next to the gate. It was a small one-storey building, perhaps with no more than two or three rooms. I remembered the security supervisor telling me that his room was near the gate. I approached the building, but before I could knock, the door opened and the supervisor came out and said good morning to me. He asked me if I had had a good night, and I said yes. I thanked him for all he had done for me the night before.

He asked where I was going so early in the morning, since the university wouldn't open until eight in the morning. I explained that I hadn't eaten since yesterday at lunch, when I had a small sandwich.

The nice man nodded and said:

“Why didn't you come to my room and ask for food? We always have something to eat in the fridge. Now my colleagues have prepared a nice breakfast, and I would like you to join us.”

I politely accepted his invitation and thanked him.

The renovation of the dark and small room outside the building began and, contrary to my expectations, took quite a long time. It was decided to make two windows in this room to bring in daylight. This room had a high ceiling, so it was proposed to create an attic in it, which would then be converted into a studio with a bedroom on the upper floor.

It was also decided to build a small kitchen under the stairs leading to the upper floor to meet the needs of cooking.

Of course, the last step was to thoroughly clean and paint the place. All this work took time, but I did not worry about time because I had a place to rest and sleep inside the main building. During this time, my statistical work found its place with Mr. Jones, because not only did these statistics help him choose the right course of business at the present time, but by using the trend of the business system of the past, I was able to determine the future course with sufficient accuracy. This system was something that had never been used before, and Mr. Jones was very happy to have such a tool that could predict the future.

Of course, nothing prevented him from changing the course of business at any time he wanted. We did not have much contact because during the day, I was at university and at the same time I tried very hard to hide myself from view and be a so-called low profile. He would put the data on my table in my absence and in the evening, I would enter the data into the spreadsheet. I would draw graphs and extended it from the past to the future.

Without any particular intention, I entered scientific terminology into the business system and after a while Mr. Jones appreciated my work. In this way, days and sometimes weeks would pass without Mr. Jones and I meeting each other. Mr. Jones was satisfied that he had access to such advanced information without spending a significant amount of money.

Finally, the promised day arrived and, in the morning, I was informed that my room outside the building was ready. I had been watching the renovation work progress from afar, so I knew that many changes had been made to the room and I couldn't wait to see what the dark room had become. But I had to go to university and I couldn't postpone that. While I was doing my usual work at university, I was all focused on my future living space. I finished my work at the university earlier than usual and quickly made my way to the door of the room outside the building. The door was locked and I didn't know who to get the key from



I was in these thoughts when suddenly the back door of the building opened, Mr. Jones and the security supervisor came out of the building and came to me. Mr. Jones told me with a smile that the room was ready. Then he took a key out of his pocket and opened the door. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. A beautiful and not very small room was in front of me.

Mr. Jones entered, took my hand and led me into the room. The ceiling of the room had fallen but now reached the usual height of the ceilings of houses. A narrow staircase went up to the upper floor and under the stairs there was a beautiful kitchen. A radiator connected to the central heating system of the building caught my eye. A small table with a few chairs was placed in the middle of the room, a beautiful window on the left side provided enough light in the room. The colour of the room was

interesting and I couldn't help but stare at the staircase. Mr. Jones noticed and asked me to go upstairs alone.

I hurriedly climbed the stairs and found myself in a room that had been made in the attic. The ceiling and part of the walls of this room made an angle with the horizon, but for a bedroom this was not a big deal. A beautiful bed was placed in the middle of the room.



Mr. Jones explained to me that all my personal belongings had been collected from my office in the main building and would be brought to my room as soon as they were out of the room. The bed that I had in the office had also been taken out of there and from now on I would live and rest in this room.

I did not know what to do with my joy. Mr. Jones then said that he had unfinished work that he had to do immediately. Then he shook my hand warmly and they left the room with the security supervisor. It didn't take long for my suitcase, which was packed with all my personal belongings, to be brought to my room.

I immediately started to organize my new home and life, so much so that I forgot to eat anything for dinner. But I was so excited that I didn't care about food. At this moment, somebody knocked the door. When I opened the door, one of the security guards had brought me a sandwich.

I spent one of the best nights of my life in my new room. I could now claim to own a house. For a time, my only occupation, apart from my university work and Mr. Jones's statistical work, was to arrange and furnish the new house. My mood had changed completely, and my usual anxiety and worry had given way to comfort and even recreation.

Financially I had no great difficulty. Almost from the moment I arrived, I had found work in the university bookshop, and over the years I had risen to the rank of manager. I had established a connection with a neighbouring museum and had set aside a section of the bookshop for the museum's merchandise. After visiting the museum, visitors to the museum would come to the university bookstore, which was adjacent to the museum, and there they would find and buy the items they wanted. At the end of each day, we would submit a list of the sales and the money received to the museum's finance department. This system was so successful that several other museums in the vicinity adopted the same method. Within a few

years, a humble student bookshop became a centre for the exchange of interesting and rare museum and university items.

For years, whenever I was alone and free from work, I would involuntarily think about my future housing situation and find no solution to this problem, which made me worried and sad. But now, after a long time, this worry had largely disappeared.

However, I must admit that there were still some things that made me unhappy. When I was resting in my new house, I would think of the thousands and millions of people who, like me, were homeless and were wondering every night where they would spend the night. Most of these people had fallen into this situation through no fault of their own. I could not find the reason for this problem, but I was sure that the philosophy and system of human life were not perfect and had many shortcomings and defects.





Chapter Three: A pleasant event

Several months passed in this way, and I felt better and better about my future. Every morning, I woke up early at around 6 o'clock, took a shower, and went back to my room. I had never liked breakfast since I was a child, and I just wanted to get through the afternoon without feeling too hungry. So, I would have a few bites in my mouth while doing other things and then go out the door.

I had three ways to get to the university. The fastest way was to use the London Underground system, which would take me to South Kensington in a short time. The advantage of this choice was that if the weather was bad and it was raining, after reaching the train station I would have a roof over my head all the way to the university itself. You might ask how this is possible, since South Kensington station is a considerable distance from the university and you have to walk all the way to Exhibition Road. The truth is that a very old underground street connects the underground station to the university. To get to this route, you don't have to leave the station and you'll pass by a number of London's most famous museums. It is said that during World War II, this underground street was used as a shelter during enemy air raids.

This was the fastest way to get to your destination, but it was also the most expensive. Unlike Paris, the London Underground system was much more expensive than the bus, so I preferred the second option, which was the bus. The bus ran all the way down Kensington High Street and dropped me off in front of the Albert Hall. Given the constant hustle and bustle of Kensington, this journey took about forty minutes.

The third way to get to the university, which took a little over an hour, was on foot. I preferred this third route to the others and not only did I save a considerable amount of money, but I found the journey through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens so enjoyable that I couldn't help but regret it when I left the park. But of course, taking this long route in the rain and snow was not easy.

Now you can imagine my great surprise, one day when the London sky was dark and a light rain was falling, when I saw a person lying on a bench in the park. I was passing through a place I rarely take, but in the rain, I tried to find the nearest way. As I got closer my surprise was even greater because the person who had fallen asleep in the rain in the early morning, in a spot far from the crowd, was a young girl with water dripping from her bare feet.

I was very much alarmed and worried, because there was nothing to suggest that this girl was alive. Under the bench was a basket in which some of the girl's belongings had been placed.



I cautiously stepped forward and gently placed my hand on hers. The young girl flinched and pulled her hand back. My joy at the fact that this girl was alive knew no bounds. Realising that the poor girl was very frightened, I stepped back a little and asked her very quietly and calmly if everything was okay with her. Did she need help? The poor girl quickly sat up and stared at me for a while. Instead of answering, she asked me what I was doing there. I replied that I was passing by here on my way to the university. I saw you falling asleep in the rain, and I came forward to make sure everything was okay.

The girl stared at me for a moment and then said, " I'm fine. I was just a little tired so I sat on the bench and fell asleep.

I said:

"I'm glad it's okay. I'm just wondering when you entered the park because I had to wait a few minutes for the park doors to open."

The girl nodded and said with some reluctance.

"I didn't come to the park today. I've been here since last night. I've been sleeping here every night for over a week. Unfortunately, it rained a little last night."

I was completely confused and kept quiet for a moment and then asked:

"Ma'am... You must know that the park staff searches the entire park before closing the gates. They don't let anyone stay in the park overnight."

"Ah... I've found a place in the park where I hide in the evening before they close the gates. When the doors were closed and everyone had left the park, I came out of my hiding place and often waited here until morning. "

"Madam... I don't want to be a prying eye, but this is a dangerous job because if, God forbid, something happens to you, there is no one to help you. In any case, the cold, rainy, and even snowy season is approaching, and staying in the park all night will not be possible."

“Sir... Do you think I will stay in the park for fun at night? I have a problem that has left me with no other option. Of course, I can always commit suicide.”

I stepped forward and said:

“Madam... Now that we have met, I would like to announce that I am at your service and will do anything I can for you.”

The young girl looked at me in silence for a while, then she pulled herself to the edge of the bench and motioned for me to sit on the other side. She then briefly explained to me what had happened to her. She was the only child of her parents, who lived a relatively comfortable life in a southern town. The only problem with this family was that, like many other families in the south of England, they had no friends or relatives and did not even know their neighbours. One of the hobbies of this young girl was that, with her great interest in theatre and performances, she would come to London every once in a while, and return home after a few days of sightseeing and entertainment.

The poor girl could not bear it any longer, and tears flowed from her eyes. She then told me, in tears, that she had received the news last week that a terrible thing had happened and that her parents had lost their lives in a terrible fire caused by a gas leak and that their entire home and life had been reduced to ashes.

She then said that both her parents were working and that the money they had paid into their pensions over the years could have belonged to her. But it was a long bureaucratic process, taking weeks, maybe months. She had already lost her place to live, and there was no point in returning to the small town she had come from.

The rain was getting heavier, and I wanted to get under a roof myself. So, I asked this girl to get up and come with me to the university. She finally gave in to my insistence, and we set off. It wasn't long before we reached the Albert Memorial, which was not far from my workplace.

When we left the park, I showed her the beautiful building of the Albert Hall and explained it to her. The young girl said that she had always wanted to go to this world-famous art centre and see it inside. I promised her that I would.

From there we entered the university campus, and I took the young girl straight to the Royal College of Music canteen. There was nothing special about this canteen, but the food they offered was better and cheaper than all the other canteens.



There were few people there at that time of day, and we chose a nice corner seat. I ordered a nice breakfast with coffee for her and paid for it. Then I told her to rest there and wait for me. I would be back in less than two hours.

During this time, I kept thinking about it and realised that I didn't even know the girl's name. We didn't get a chance to introduce ourselves to each other. I hurriedly did the necessary things, and in two hours, I reached the music school canteen. The girl, as I had asked her, had not moved from her place.

When she caught sight of me, she looked at her watch, and a smile appeared on her lips. As I approached, she said:

"This is called punctuality... right to the minute and second."

Before sitting down, I introduced myself and briefly explained my work at the university to her. She, in turn, introduced herself; her name was Maria Fielding.

We had lunch there and talked to each other. The main point I made was that staying in the park overnight was dangerous and illegal, and she was lucky that no one had discovered her so far. Maria replied:

"I have never done anything illegal in my life. But in this case, I had no choice because I did not have enough money to go to a hotel. It was no use returning to a house that was completely burned and destroyed. In that small town I could not do the same thing that I did in London. I must return to the same park tonight."

“Maria... you will not return to that park at night. You will come with me to my house, and a room upstairs will be your bedroom. You will lock the door from the inside and be ready to leave the house with me early in the morning. You can use this room as long as you like. By the way, the university bookshop is looking for a full-time assistant; if you are willing, I will take you there to the manager.”

Poor Maria was so happy with my offer that tears fell from her eyes. I suggested that she go to the canteen bathroom and clean her face. Then we would go to the bookshop together.

Without a word, she got up and went to the bathroom. It didn't take long before she came out of the bathroom completely clean and tidy and I took her with me to the bookshop manager. After the introductions, I left them alone so that the manager could make his decision freely. Less than half an hour later, Maria came out of the manager's room and came to me with a smile.

She took my hand and happily said that she had passed the interview and would start working that very day. She would deliver the necessary documents and work to the supervisor during the week. Then she said that the manager would like to have a short meeting with me.



Chapter Four: My new roommate

I went to the manager of the bookshop and talked to him for a while. He told me that he had heard about the tragedy that had befallen Maria and that he was very sorry. Maria would initially work temporarily in the bookstore until she proved herself to be a good employee. From then on, she would continue to work officially.

I thanked him and assured him that during this time, I would look after Maria and help her.

I left the manager's office and immediately began to train Maria. She was an intelligent and hardworking girl and in a short time learned all the secrets of the business. In this way, I had more freedom to devote myself to my research work at the department.

At the end of each day, I would go to my house and we would go home together. Now that Maria was also receiving a decent salary, I had the opportunity to dine out sometimes.

One of my usual pastimes before I met Maria was to use the 'open air theatre' in London. This was a wonderful privilege that young people like me had in London. As I was told, this was not common anywhere else in the world, but only in London. One of the parks that had a special area for open-air theatre was Holland Park in Notting Hill, which we often walked through on our way home when the weather was good.



Maria had no idea of such a special privilege, and when I told her how cheap the admission to these theatres was, she could not believe it. The actors in these theatres were the famous and professional players of Drury Lane, and they came to the open-air theatre in the costumes that they appeared in there. The first time I invited her to a wonderful show, she, who loved the performing arts, was in tears of joy.

The price of admission to the open-air theatre in Holland Park was only one pound for Maria and fifty pence for me, with my University of London student card. Some of the restaurants in Holland Park, which could be very expensive, offered food to the audience that was very cheap. One of them sold a bottle of German white wine for one and a half pounds.

The open-air theatre was such an exciting discovery for Maria that every day after work she would ask me to come home via Holland Park so that she could check the theatre advertisements. Each time we would walk around the area for a while.

After about ten days, I heard that the London Symphony Orchestra was performing a famous Tchaikovsky piece at the open-air theatre at the Crystal Palace. I immediately told Maria about this, and, as the performance was only being given for three consecutive nights, we decided to go to the Crystal Palace on the second night.

I had been to the Crystal Palace open-air theatre once before and explained it to Maria. I said that in the middle of a large lake they had built an island on which the orchestra sat and began their work. The audience gathered on one side of the lake and listened to the beautiful music that floated across the water.

Maria really couldn't wait any longer. Finally, the promised night arrived and we arrived, at the right time. A large number of spectators had arrived before us, but we found a suitable place, sat down and waited. I, who knew a little about classical music, explained to Maria that this piece of music, composed by the Russian Tchaikovsky, was about the occupation of Russia by the French Napoleon Bonaparte, who had advanced to the gates of Moscow.

After numerous defeats, the Russians gathered all their strength and engaged the French army. This deadly struggle lasted for some time, but Napoleon did not succeed in conquering Moscow. He was forced to retreat and returned to France with his tired and worn-out troops. This piece of music tells this story in the language of music.

At this time, the members of the musical ensemble prepared and took up their instruments. The conductor came to the microphone and, after welcoming the audience, thanked the Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Army, Her Majesty the Queen, and especially thanked the army artillery and cavalry.

I could not imagine what the British army could do in performing a piece of classical music. But the music began with the Marseillaise, the official anthem of France. The song gradually rose in pitch and, despite its distance from the audience, crossed the water of the lake and reached our ears.

Suddenly, on the other side of the lake, behind the orchestra, I noticed some movement. I could have sworn that I had also seen the movement of several horses. I quietly described what I had seen in Maria's ear. It was not long before the movements became more frequent

and rapid, and all the audience had noticed. One or two even spoke in protest. But the music continued with increasing intensity, and suddenly a heavy cannon, drawn by two horses, was brought into the area. The soldiers gathered around the cannon, and suddenly the sound of a cannon shot rang out at the right moment. The horses, frightened by this sound, ran around with loud neighing. Several cannons began to fire from all sides with music, and the soldiers on foot and on horseback moved quickly to and fro in the field.

Maria, who was frightened, told me what had happened. Wouldn't it be better to leave?

At that moment a large fire started in the field, illuminating the battlefield in the darkness of the night.

I took Maria's hand and told her not to worry because this was part of the musical performance.



The orchestra continued to play all the time, often to the tune of the French national anthem. At the end, suddenly, amidst the fire and smoke, the Russian anthem was heard, rising louder and louder. Sometimes the French Marchesa was heard, but it was immediately drowned out by the Russian anthem. Suddenly the whole campaign was over, and the only sound heard everywhere was the Russian anthem. Napoleon had been defeated.

Maria was so impressed that for a while she did not move from her seat and remained silent. It was an unexpected work of art that deeply affected all the spectators, and for me it was an experience that will never be repeated in my life.

At that time, these cheap open-air theatres were not the only thing that London offered its inhabitants. In Holland Park itself there was a beautiful old building called the 'Youth Hostel'.

As the name suggests, this hostel, and many others like it across England and even Scotland, was set up for the use of young people. I had used it once before, and now I wanted to introduce Maria to the system.

On one of the long weekends, which included a Monday as a 'bank holiday', we arrived at the beautiful Youth Hostel building first thing in the morning and went to see the manager, who was called 'the Warden'. We had registered beforehand, and the warden welcomed us. He explained that he would call the warden of the next hostel later and that he would be waiting for us in the evening. We would be served a simple dinner. We would stay the night and move on to our new destination the next morning. Each hostel would be within a few hours' walk of the next. On arrival you would introduce yourself to the warden of the new hostel.

We had already prepared ourselves for a long walk and were carrying our essentials in a rucksack. Mr warden gave us a map that showed us the exact route to the next hostel.

We set off using the map, and it took us a long time to get out of London. We had some food with us, so after leaving London, we sat down in a nice place and had lunch while resting. After another four or five hours, we continued our journey without any hurry and reached our new hostel near dusk.

The building was not as beautiful as the Holland Park hostel, but it was very clean and tidy, and Mr warden welcomed us. He took us to his room upstairs and gave us a brief explanation. We were each assigned a bed in the women's section for Maria and the men's section for myself, and a light supper would be ready at seven o'clock. We were allowed to use the washing machine and dry our clothes. All this for a pound for Maria and fifty pence for me on presentation of my student card. Mr warden asked us where our next destination was so that he could contact the warden there and let him know that we would be arriving there the next day. As we had not yet decided on our next destination, Mr warden spread out a map in front of us with the locations of the hostels marked on it. We decided to head a little to the east, and Mr. Warden handed us the map of the road to the new hostel.

We then each went to our own section and found the bed that had been reserved for us. We agreed to meet each other in the common room after an hour of rest.

I felt a little tired, so I lay down on the bed and went to sleep. There were a few other young people like me who were resting in the corners of this large room. When I woke up, some of my roommates came forward and introduced themselves. We quickly became friends, and they suggested that after dinner, we go outside the hostel to see the small town we were in. Several of these young people came there with their girlfriends, who had met and become friends with Maria in the women's section during this time. We all went to the common room together for dinner. Dinner was laid out for us on the table, and of course it was a small dinner. A jug of cold water was also placed on the table as a drink.

Dinner was served, and we left the hostel with our new friends and went out into the street. It was a beautiful and pleasant evening, and after the usual hustle and bustle of London, it seemed calm and quiet. We walked aimlessly through the streets. Of course, we should not forget that we had come a long way that day, and we were all definitely tired. Therefore, when the first person expressed fatigue and wanted to go back to the hostel, everyone agreed with him, and we all returned to the hostel. I said good night to Maria and went into the men's room. I had nothing to wash except a pair of socks, which I washed and put in the dryer. We

chatted and laughed with our new friends for a while and then everyone went to bed. I had a good and peaceful night.

The next morning, Maria and I went to Mr warden's house, thanked him and said goodbye. Then we set off without rushing towards our next destination. The next hostel was quite similar to the previous ones, and here we met several people who had walked across England several times and reached Scotland.

I am sure that this system of youth protection was first implemented in England, and nowhere else in the world did such facilities exist for its young people. As I later heard, even in England itself the system was not continued because it did not bring much benefit to the government.

At the end of the third day, we returned to London and entered the house, somewhat tired from three days of walking. But the pleasure we had from this short trip could not be compared with any expensive entertainment. It was great luck for us that the weather cooperated with us and did not rain a drop during all these three days.

But during the following week, this did not happen again, and from the beginning of the working week, it began to rain.





Chapter five: A new event

Maria and I were used to the frequent and long rains of London, and the only thing that was disturbed by the downpour was our daily walk in the park. At this time, we used the bus or the underground. I had bought a decent TV and we watched TV programmes with Maria on rainy evenings. The little kitchen that had been set up under the stairs worked very well and I cooked good meals. For Maria, apart from fish and chips, which was her favourite dish, everything else was on the same level.

One of these rainy evenings, while I was making dinner, there was a knock on my door. To my surprise, I reached the door and opened it. A security guard was standing behind the door, in the rain. He told me that he wanted to speak to me. I immediately opened the door wide and asked him to come in. He came in and I offered him a chair. But he said that he didn't have much time and had to get back to work as soon as possible.

Then he was silent for a moment and then he said:

"Have you noticed anything unusual near here in the last few days ?"

My answer was negative and the officer continued his speech and said:

"For the past two or three days, we have noticed a young man sitting by the small river near here and not moving from his place despite the continuous rain. We thought of reporting this to the police, but since we work in different shifts, everyone assigned this task to the next shift. A few minutes ago, when I went outside to do my regular check, I noticed that the young man was still there. Since we are not allowed to leave the premises since the start of the shift, I would like to ask you to go there if possible and find out about the young man's condition. If the young man needs anything by tomorrow when we inform the police, we will do everything we can for him. I know it is raining and you are busy, but your help for this young man may save his life."

I jumped up immediately, handed the cooking to Maria, and together with the guard we set off towards the gate at great speed. At the gate he said:

"I can only be with you so far. But I will stand here and wait for you to return"

Then he showed me an apparition from a distance that seemed to be sitting on the ground.

I did not hesitate any longer and quickly set off towards the other side. The closer I got, the more realistic the apparition became. As the officer said he looked like a young man. But there was not the slightest movement in it, which worried me.

Finally, I reached the top of his head and slowly placed my hand on his shoulder.

I expected him to jump and get worried. But this young man turned his head very slowly and stared at me. He looked at me for a while but said nothing. I said gently

"My friend... are you okay? Do you need anything"

"Everything is fine. Do you need anything? Can I help you?"

I was completely surprised by this response and then I said:

"It seems you have been sitting here in the rain for a long time. Are you upset or have a physical problem?"

He stared at me again and said:

"What are you doing in this remote place at this time of night? I have been here for three days now and I have no problems. Do you need any help?"

His tone was not aggressive and sounded very friendly. I was really a bit confused and didn't know what to say. The security guard was also waiting for me to return from a distance. That's why I said a little hurriedly:

"I see that all your clothes are wet and if you don't dry yourself off immediately, you will end up in the hospital. I ask you to get up and come with me to my house. There I can help you."

The young man nodded and said politely

"I don't need anything and you can go back to your house. I thank you for taking the trouble to come here in the rain at night."

I bent down and took his hand. The young man's hand was as cold as ice. While I was helping him to get up, I said:

"If you don't come with me, the security guards of this building will call the police and the police will come here. So, it's better if you come with me and go to my house, from there you can go wherever you want."

The young man didn't say anything else and got up. He didn't need my help. We set off and soon arrived near the gate of the trading house. The young man pointed to the large building in the middle of the compound and said:

"Do you live here? Why do you need all these rooms"

"My friend... wait a moment and you will soon find the answer to your question."

The security guard, who had seen us approaching, opened the small door of the gate and we entered.

As we were walking towards my house, the guard asked me softly if everything was, okay. I answered in the affirmative, and I told him that I was taking this young man to my house to make sure that he was not in any danger. The good man shook my hand and, saying good night, headed towards the security building.

I introduced myself along the way and asked the young man to tell me his name. He said his name was Zephyr. He didn't add anything else to this. When we got to the house, I knocked on the door, and Maria opened the door. She stepped back to let us in, then I offered Zephyr a chair inside my room. He sat on the chair and stared around. I introduced him to Maria, and Maria welcomed him.

Worried about Zephyr, I asked him if he would like me to lend him a drying rack. He replied that he did not need anything. I told him that dinner would be ready in a few minutes. Zephyr replied indifferently that he had eaten his dinner and asked us to eat ours without paying attention to him.

Knowing that he had been sitting by the river for three days and had not moved from there, I wondered how he could refuse my invitation to dinner. Zephyr was a tall, strong young man and must have been very hungry.

Maria reserved a place for him at the dinner table and placed the necessary utensils on the table. When it was time for dinner, we asked him to bring his chair closer to the table and sit in the place reserved for him. He obeyed and came to the table but did not touch the food. In response to our question, he said that I told you that I had dinner. We did not insist on him any longer and started eating.



In the middle of dinner, Maria could not bear it anymore and asked what food he had eaten for dinner. Zephyr replied with his usual gentleness and good nature:

“I have eaten my usual dinner and the rest is in my pocket. If you wish, I will show it to you”

Maria and I stopped eating with curiosity and asked Zephyr to show us his food. Zephyr reached into his pocket with a smile and took out a small box from his pocket and showed it to us. Seeing that we were still waiting, he opened the small box and showed us the contents of the box, which were some small white pills.

Maria stood up and said to him in a protesting tone:

“Now is not the time for jokes and laughter. You want to tell us that only these pills were your dinner tonight?”

Zephyr replied respectfully:

"Madam, I told you the truth. You don't have to be angry with me. Where I come from, everyone's food is just what you see. No one cooks there and there are no restaurants. Everyone has at least a month's worth of food in their pockets."

Maria and I were very surprised by Zephyr's statement and didn't know what to say. It was clear that Zephyr wasn't joking and didn't want to deceive us. After a few moments of silence, Maria sat down and asked Zephyr in a calmer tone what country he came from where people didn't eat. She jokingly added that even in a country like China, where food might be scarce, people eat dogs and cats.

Zephyr smiled and replied:

"I didn't think we would get to this point of conversation so soon. But now that you ask, I have to say that where I come from is several thousand light years away from Earth. Our way of life there is very different from yours."

I was speechless and didn't know what to say. I stopped eating and pulled my chair back a little. But Maria managed to control herself before I did and asked passionately:

Are you telling us that you travelled at the speed of light for thousands of years to come to Earth? Now why are you going through all this trouble?

Zephyr motioned for Maria to calm down and then said:

“Madam, I will explain everything to you. However, if you are unhappy with my presence here and think that I have disrupted your normal life, I will leave you now with your permission.”

I intervened in this conversation and said:

“Zephyr... You consider this place your home. No one is unhappy with your coming here, and you can stay in our little house for as long as you wish. Of course, you must admit that we have a right to be surprised by such a claim and that we need some time to adjust to these facts.”

Zephyr placed his hand on mine and said:

“I am very grateful to both of you. But I do not wish to be a nuisance here. I ask you both to be honest with me, and whenever you wish me to leave, just a word is enough.”

Everyone was quiet for a while until I finally broke the silence and said:

"Zephyr, I promise you that whenever necessary, I will let you know that it is time for you to leave. But now I want you to feel at ease here, and if you need anything, let us know so that we can provide it for you. It is getting late now, and since we have to go to work early in the morning, we should start resting right now. If you wish, you can stay at our house the next day because we both have to leave the house early tomorrow morning. But if you want to go out, you have to come with us early in the morning. Now the decision is yours."

Zephyr replied without hesitation:

"I would like to leave the house with you. You can drop me off at a park near your workplace, and I will stay there until you finish your work. Is there a park near your workplace?"

I replied:

"One of the most beautiful parks in the country is very close to our workplace. We will leave you there and pick you up in the evening."

Having arranged the next day's plan, Maria said good night to us and went to her room upstairs. I showed Zephyr the bed I had used downstairs, which was in the corner of the room, and said that this would be his place and that I would sleep on the floor.

Zephyr shook his head and said:

"I don't need a bed. This chair is enough for me. In our world, people don't rest on beds. You saw for yourself that I sat on the ground by the river for three days and nights."

I remembered this fact and didn't insist any more. I got into my bed and went to sleep, not very quickly.





Chapter Six: The alien story

Early the next morning, I woke up and saw Zephyr still in his chair. I was sitting on the edge of the bed when Zephyr asked me if I had rested well last night. I replied that I had rested well, but was he comfortable in the chair until morning?

He said:

"I was very comfortable, and I thank you for that. I guess you two should go to work very soon. Is it a long way?"

I said:

"If the weather is good for walking, we will be on the road for a little over an hour. It seems that it is not raining, and we can walk this way and leave you alone in the park near our place of work. Are you sure you want to wait for us alone in the park for almost ten hours?"

"Of course... I have things to do in the meantime. I haven't contacted my research centre for several days. I will find a quiet corner and do it. Please don't worry about me and do whatever you have to do."

"Zephyr... Do you know what a book is?"

"Yes, I have seen books in the hands of Earthlings. Perhaps we ourselves have had books in the distant past. But we have found better ways to transfer our information to each other."

"Now tell me... With what device do you intend to contact the world you came from?"

Zephyr reached into his pocket and took out something like a fountain pen and said that this is not our only means of communication, but it is the most convenient one.

We were talking when Maria came down the stairs and joined us. After saying good morning, she asked us to sit around the table. Then she started preparing breakfast. Breakfast is a meal that, as I mentioned before, I have not been interested in since childhood, but I was always careful not to let this personal lack of interest deprive those around me of a good and extensive breakfast. That's when I asked Zephyr what he wanted for breakfast. Zephyr smiled and said to me:

"My good friend, you have forgotten that I don't eat like you. My daily meal is one meal and consists of two or three pills. I will take it in the park. Please keep busy with your breakfast and don't pay any attention to me."

Maria, who always complained about my lack of interest in breakfast, was now caught up with another man who didn't participate in any of the three meals that are common to humans. Anyway, breakfast was over and we were ready to leave.

Along the way, we talked and asked many questions. We asked him the reason for his trip to Earth and how long he had been here. Had he seen any other places besides England and London? Zephyr replied that he had been on Earth for nearly two years and had only returned home once for a few days during that time. He then said that his country's research organization had a detailed program in the field of living beings in many galaxies and distant planets, and that Earth seemed interesting to them in several ways, and he was given a mission to come to this planet for a while and provide them with the information he had obtained. They had carried out several missions on Earth in the past, familiarized themselves with common languages, and learned about people's clothing.

Zephyr was trained for a year before his departure and taught him the common language of humans on Earth, which was English. They also made him a suitable suit from advanced materials that would not lose their composition for at least ten years.

In response to our question about how long he had been on the way from his place of residence to Earth, he said:

“As I said before, the planet in which I live is thousands of light years away from Earth. But the way to reach distant destinations is not to travel by space ship, and to shorten the travel time, the properties of parallel universe are used. In this way, the travel time is reduced to one or two months.”

Noticing our surprise and knowing that we do not have the strength to wait to learn about parallel worlds, he said that this is a complicated matter and that I must explain it to you later at a suitable opportunity.

He then assured us that all this research was purely scientific and did not threaten the Earth. He assured us that there was not a single weapon found in the entire system to which he belonged. He had seen weapons on Earth.

We asked what language the people of his planet spoke to each other. He replied:

“This is one of those issues that requires a lot of time to explain. Just to be very brief, it should be said at this point that our ears are capable of hearing sounds with low and very high frequencies at about hundred thousand frequencies per second, and we communicate with each other by combining these frequencies. Our language is not limited like the language of people on Earth.”

By this time, we had reached Notting Hill Gate and noticed that a large crowd had gathered there. I remembered what was going on and explained to my companions that the annual Notting Hill Carnival would be taking place later in the morning. Maria was very keen to see the carnival, but it was clear that her daily work would prevent this.

We entered Kensington Gardens, and I was showing Zephyr the sights of the park. The first thing that caught Zephyr's eye was Kensington Palace and the statue of Queen Victoria. Maria had gone a step or two ahead of us, and we were following her. It was not long before we reached Round Pond, where Maria had gone ahead and stood near the edge of the lake. She

took out a small glass container from her handbag, and we saw two small goldfish swimming in the water inside the container.



Maria, seeing our surprise, told us that she had bought these fish from a hawker the day before because she was heartbroken about the poor fish who were imprisoned in such a small space. She decided to throw these fish into the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens for the sake of God. In this way, the poor fish would taste freedom and go wherever they wanted.

Instead of emptying the container at once, Maria slowly put her hand, along with the glass container and the fish, into the water so as not to harm the fish. We all expected the poor fish to quickly get out of the container and swim around. But this did not happen, and the little fish refused to leave the container. Maria put her hand up to her elbow in the water, turned the container upside down and shook it. None of this worked, and the fish were not willing to leave their small habitat.

We stayed there for about ten minutes, Zephyr and I holding the container under the water and trying in vain to free the fish. Finally, Maria got fed up, took the glass container from Zephyr, pulled it out of the water and suddenly emptied the water in which the fish were swimming into the lake.

The poor fish could no longer resist, and after falling for a short while they came into contact with the air and then fell into the lake. Now there was no longer any obstacle for the fish, and they were free. We expected them to move around like crazy.

But our expectations were in vain, and the poor fish, who were used to living in a small container, swam together in the middle of the lake in a small environment. I found a piece of wood and gently tried to separate them. My efforts were futile, and we were wasting our time.

We stood by the lake for a while so that the fish might decide to swim around. But they swam in the same volume of water as the glass container and did not go anywhere else. At this point we witnessed a major problem. The seabirds, suspicious of our work, were attracted to the little goldfish and approached them cautiously. Zephyr said sadly, "Dear Maria... With such admirable compassion, you have executed these poor fish. These unfortunates cannot even escape." Tears fell from Maria's eyes, and Zephyr said that he had something to say about this, which he would share with us at the appropriate time.



We continued our journey and entered Hyde Park, which is adjacent to Kensington Gardens. There are many things to see in Hyde Park, but we had wasted too much time, and we had to get to work as soon as possible. Maria and I left Zephyr alone in Hyde Park and headed towards the university. But we had not gone a few steps when Maria called out:

“We have to go back... We did not arrange with Zephyr where to meet each other in the evening. These two parks are very large, and we will have to search for Zephyr until the morning.”

Maria was absolutely right, and we quickly returned, and fortunately Zephyr had not moved from his place. Before we could say anything, Zephyr said to us with a smile:

“I know why you came back to me. I have something for you.”

Then he reached into his pocket and took out a black object that looked like a small, thin box and handed it to me. He showed me a little button on the box and said:

"Whenever you need me, press this button and I will reach you wherever I am. Once we are connected, I will know exactly where you are."

We wished him a good day and separated.





Chapter seven: further revelations

On our way to the university, we were passing the Royal Albert Hall when I noticed a lot of activity in front of the building that belonged to the Royal College of Organists. I took a moment to ask a young man standing near the building what was going on. He replied :

"The annual inspection and repair of the Albert Hall great organ is due to take place tomorrow, Saturday. The organists and some engineering departments from the university will be doing this. Tomorrow will be an interesting day."

Sensing my interest in the matter, the young man said to me:

"Are you a member of this university?"

I replied in the affirmative, and he explained to me that the Albert Hall would be open to academics tomorrow.

We continued on our way and went about our business. As on all other days, Maria and I met for lunch in the Royal College of Music canteen. We had already decided on the next day's schedule, with a visit to the Albert Hall at the top of the list.

Maria had an idea that she shared with me. She said that Zephyr was on a mission to gather information on various subjects. What would interest him the most would be to visit several museums in the area. All of these museums were open on weekends, and after we had seen the Albert Hall, we could visit them. We didn't have to pay any entrance fees.

I gladly accepted her offer, and that was how our next day's schedule was set.

At the end of the working day, in the evening, Maria and I left the university and went into Hyde Park. We reached the Serpentine, which is like a large river, and there I took out the device Zephyr had given me from my pocket and pressed the button on it. Zephyr's voice came to our ears from inside the box, saying that he would be with us in a few moments. He soon joined us on the Serpentine Bank. We walked leisurely along Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens towards home.

Until we reached Notting Hill Gate, everything was as before, and we did not feel any change. But when we left the park, it was as if an earthquake had struck; the pavements and even the streets were covered with all kinds of rubbish. Even Zephyr, who rarely paid attention to such things, was surprised and asked us what had happened here. The further we went, the worse it got, until we could hardly walk. I was the only one who knew what had happened, because I had lived in the area for a long time. I explained to my companions that the reason for this strange situation was that the Notting Hill Carnival had passed through there. It seemed that

those who had participated in the carnival or had come to watch had brought all the rubbish from their homes with them and thrown it in the streets.

Portobello Road was so polluted that it was impossible to walk that way. I led my companions to the top of Ladbroke Grove, and at least this part of the walk was possible with some difficulty. We learned the next day that a large number of people had been involved in a fight at the carnival and had been taken away by the police. It took several days for the streets around Notting Hill Gate to return to their normal state. Zephyr shook his head and said: "Do you call this fun?"

In any case, we got home and got ready for dinner.

The next day was Saturday, and we carefully skipped the Notting Hill Gate area and went to Lancaster Gate and thence into the park. The weather was fine and we enjoyed our walk in the park. We left the park by the gate nearest the Royal Albert Hall, and as we had expected, there were lots of people around that building and the Royal College of Organists.



This building was not as grand as the Albert Hall, but it was one of the most beautiful buildings in Kensington.

We pushed our way through the crowd and joined the queue that had formed in front of the Albert Hall. The queue moved slowly but steadily, and it was not long before we reached the door. The guard, seeing my student card, stepped back and asked me if the lady and the

gentleman were also students. I said that the lady was an employee of the university bookshop and the gentleman was doing research. Another guard recognized Maria and told his colleague that he had seen the lady in the bookstore. Without telling a lie, we entered the building and there we were told that there was a place for the audience in the gods' seat. The place for the gods was on the top floor of the theatre, and on nights when the minimum ticket to the theatre was fifty pounds per person, with a student card you could enjoy the show for one pound.

Zephyr, who had never been in such a magnificent environment before, was impressed and kept asking us questions. He was very interested in knowing what the purpose of those round objects hanging from the ceiling of the hall was.



I had prepared myself to explain to him as much as I could. But at that moment, several people gathered on the stage and all at once greeted the audience. Everyone fell silent and one of them stepped forward and said loudly:

"I must draw the audience's attention to the fact that my voice does not reach you through a microphone and loudspeaker. It is I myself who am speaking to you without any intermediary. Today, every sound that reaches your ears is real sound and is not broadcast from a loudspeaker. Those who are sitting far from me must be wondering how my voice reaches them in a hall of this size. The answer to this question is that this hall is equipped with trays hanging from the ceiling and they transmit my voice from one corner of the hall to another without using any electronic devices."

He went silent for a little while and then added:

"The opposite is also possible. One of our colleagues will greet you on the opposite side of the stage."

One of their colleagues from the other side greeted us in a few words and his voice was heard by everyone. The audience began to clap enthusiastically and this sound filled the entire hall. They then announced that the organists would begin their work.

The sound of the large organ resounded in the hall and the musician, who played Bach's famous Fugue with great skill, continued his work for several minutes. Zephyr, who could hear things that earthly people could not hear due to his unique hearing ability, was very excited. He took an opportunity and said in my ear that he would report this to his research centre tonight.

The engineering team also started their work and made progress without making any noise. When the organ maintenance team started cleaning the pipes of the large organ, I signalled to my companions and we slowly and silently left the hall. This was a precious experience for Maria and Zephyr.

I took the opportunity that was left for us to quickly show my companions the museums around the university. The nearest museum was the Science Museum, where I had worked for a while. It was an interesting museum and even Maria, who was not very interested in science and technology, was happy to be there. Zephyr said that you have not made much progress scientifically, but there are many reasons for this failure, which I will explain to you later.

The next museum was on the same street, which was named the Victoria and Albert Museum. Until a year ago, part of this museum was owned by the university's Mathematics Department. I attended mathematics classes there. It is an interesting museum that Maria was very fascinated by. Zephyr did not find anything in particular that could attract his attention there.

On the other side of the street, on the corner of Cromwell Road, is the Natural Science Museum, the outside of which is very beautifully built, and visitors to the museum often relax in this garden after seeing this large museum. Zephyr, as usual, didn't feel hungry, and in any case, his food was always in his pocket. But with Maria's approval, I went to the nearby fish and chip shop and bought two meals for Maria and myself. Before seeing the historical animals, we went to the museum garden and had lunch while resting.

After lunch, we went inside the building, and Zephyr was in awe. He could observe the evolution of earth animals with his own eyes with sufficient accuracy, something that would be difficult or impossible for him to imagine. He told me that he needed to visit the museum several more times. He was so absorbed in watching the historical animals that we had difficulty to convincing him that it was time to go home.

We felt tired despite having done nothing and headed home happily. Along the way, Zephyr told us that he couldn't believe that there were so many museums and remarkable facilities in such a small area of London. He made me promise to return there again.





Chapter eight: Zephyr's life history

After dinner, which for Zephyr was just two or three small white pills, we were still sitting around the table when Maria asked a question that I was sure had been on her mind for some time.

She said:

“Zephyr... I would like you to tell us a little about yourself and the world you came from. What are these pills that you put in your mouth instead of breakfast, lunch, and dinner? Why don't you use your bed at night? Wait... If you don't want to talk about it, I'll take my question back.”

Zephyr smiled and replied:

“I have nothing to hide. Feel free to ask any questions you have and I will tell you the truth. The world I come from, as I said before, is very far from here. The basis of life in that world began millions of years before Earth. The achievements of earthly man are very insignificant compared to the scientific and technological advances of my world. We live in our world in absolute peace and harmony with each other and with the animals that exist.

The advancement of science and knowledge has enabled us to summarize everything that our bodies need to continue living in these small pills, and for this reason, many of the things that you need throughout the day and night are meaningless to us. Because we put exactly what we need in our mouths, only what we need and no more, a large part of our digestive system, compared to terrestrial humans, has disappeared. Needless to say, you only use a very small amount of what you eat and your digestive system removes the rest from your body as faeces.

This digestive system has a major job of obtaining the necessary substances for the body from the food that is eaten, and even more importantly, it is to excrete the substances that enter the body with each meal and the digestive system must get rid of them. This heavy chemical and physical works are done every day without exception, and any good engineer will tell you how much it affects your lifespan.

If this system can work for a hundred years without interruption, you will consider this life a great success for earthly humans. This will be while this complex system, at the same time, must continue to work with great care, otherwise unsuitable and even toxic substances will enter other systems of the body.

You yourself try not to put harmful and toxic substances into your body, but with the few testing tools at your disposal, which include seeing and smelling food, you can never be sure

that what you eat is free of unsuitable substances. But in my case, this is not true, because these pills that I take contain only the substances that my body needs. No more, no less.

The result of this way of eating is that our average lifespan is ten times that of Earthlings, and a thousand years of age is considered quite normal.

By the same measure, the rest of the body's systems have to do much less work, and the result is that during this thousand-year period, almost all the body's organs continue to function fully.

The last point is that we generally feel much less tired than you because you spend a lot of your energy digesting food.”

We were silent for a while and thought about this. Then Maria took the lead again and said:

“One thing we must not forget is that for us Earthlings, eating is not just for survival and energy. We enjoy eating, and, as you can see, we often sit around and chat during and after eating. You are taking this daily pleasure with these pills.”



Zephyr, who had a smile on his face, replied:

“I hope that what I am saying is not an insult. I do not intend to humiliate the inhabitants of Earth at all. But since I have to answer your questions carefully, it may seem that I am speaking out of pride and ego. I do not intend to do so at all, and I have great respect for you.

In answer to your question, I must say that compared to other pleasures that come from health and energy, the pleasure of eating and drinking is not so important and necessary. In many cases, this kind of pleasure has gone beyond its limits, and for this reason, many inhabitants of the earth suffer from obesity.”

I asked the next question and said:

“Has a lot of time and energy been spent on producing these pills? It seems that this requires very detailed research. It may require several generations of inhabitants of the earth.”

Zephyr turned to me and said:

“This is absolutely correct. It has taken us thousands of years to reach this stage. If you want to enter this phase of research, you must join hands, put aside other research related to killing each other and creating weapons of mass destruction, and devote all your energy to making such pills. I must confess, unfortunately, that one of the greatest obstacles to progress and development on Earth is this desperate need to manufacture weapons of mass destruction, which constitutes the bulk of your intellectual activity. This desperate need has led to the creation of deadly weapons being traded, and the nations of the planet are buying and selling these goods at exorbitant prices. I will give you more information on this subject in due course.”



Chapter nine: in Greenwich

I spent the night thinking about how we would spend our Sunday. Saturday was a great success for me because my companions were very impressed and thanked me several times for such a choice.

Of course, there is no shortage of places to visit in London, but my problem was also a financial one. It was not possible for me to bear the high expenses, and although I was very keen to take my guests everywhere, because in most such places one faces a hefty entrance fee, it was not possible for a student like me to afford such expenses.

I spent the whole night thinking about this, and early in the morning I found the answer to my problem. We will go to the small town of Greenwich that day.

Zephyr, who was falling asleep sitting on a chair as usual, noticed that I was awake and quietly asked me if everything was fine and good with me?

I said in a low voice:

“Yes, everything is very good. I have a good suggestion for today.”

“I am very happy about this, but I ask you not to ruin your holiday because of me. Yesterday I really reached the peak of joy and happiness. You don't have to spend all your free time on me.”

“Dear Zephyr... I've been very happy to spend time with you and Maria, and I hope we have a good day today.”

While we were talking, Maria's footsteps suddenly came up the stairs, and a moment later, she joined us. While she was preparing breakfast, I explained the day's plans to her. She had never heard of Greenwich. But when I explained that we would be taking a small boat on the Thames to get there, she happily agreed.



After breakfast, we set off, and about an hour and a half later, we reached the banks of the River Thames. There we waited for a while for the free ferry to Greenwich, and as we boarded the ferry, I explained to my companions as much as I knew about the buildings on both sides of the river.

It was a short but enjoyable trip, and it didn't take long for the ferry to dock next to Greenwich Pier. We entered the historic Greenwich Village and headed towards the museum.



This museum was not as large and magnificent as the London museums, but it had a special atmosphere. Like other museums in the region, entry to this museum was free, and upon entering it, everyone's attention was drawn to the things on display. The museum focused more on historical shipping equipment and instruments, but antique astronomical instruments also occupied an important place.

One of these instruments, called the astrolabe, was exclusively dedicated to the Middle East, most of which belonged to Iran. I explained to my companions that this instrument for studying celestial objects was used more than a thousand years ago in Iran, the land of Persians, and it showed a two-dimensional image of the position of celestial objects on a circular plate.



An astrolabe is an ancient astronomical instrument, considered the world's first astronomical computer, that serves as a 2D representation of the heavens to determine time, latitude, and the positions of celestial bodies. It's a disc with rotating parts and scales used to track the sun, stars, and planets, and has been employed for timekeeping, navigation, astrology and calendrical calculations.

The remarkable thing about this case was the material of the astrolabe, which was undoubtedly an alloy of copper and zinc, and thus it is clear that Iranian alchemists were able to produce alloys. This alloy is called 'berenj' in modern Persian, a name that has entered to European languages from Persian.

I took this opportunity to inform my friends about something that had nothing to do with the astrolabe, but I was very keen to tell them. I said:

“One of the most advanced methods of alchemy was developed in Iran and was attributed to the discovery of the element zirconium, which was discovered in Iran more than a thousand years ago, attributed to German and Italian scientists two centuries ago. This new metal was called 'zargun' in Persian, which means 'like gold'. Interestingly, none of the European discoverers of this metal chose a specific name for it and used its old name. Zephyr wanted to know more about this, but I reminded my companions that the free ferry had limited hours and it would be better to visit the last place, the Greenwich Observatory, and then go to the Thames River pier to return to London.

The historic observatory was not far from there, and when Zephyr caught sight of this building, he was glad that we had not eliminated it from our schedule.



Inside the observatory, there was no shortage of things to see, and a large hall was dedicated to displaying celestial objects.

We hurriedly looked around and then left the observatory. Soon we reached the Thames River pier and waited for the small boat, which is called a 'ferry' in English. The wait was not long, and the boat docked at the pier. We boarded the boat and sat next to each other. On the way back, we talked about our new experience in Greenwich Village.

Along the Thames River in London, there are several piers where the boat stops. We got off at a pier that was closer to our house. We easily reached home and started to rest.





Chapter ten: Zephyr's mission on Earth

After a short break, Maria and I helped each other prepare a small dinner, and we all sat around the table and had our dinner. Of course, Zephyr's dinner was some white pills that he took out of his pocket.

After dinner, we remained at the table and I took over the conversation and said:

“Zephyr... We have been friends for a while now and I have enjoyed this friendship very much and I am glad that we met. During this time, I have had many questions that I would like to ask. If the answer to any of these questions was difficult for you, there is no problem. Our friendship with each other is more important than anything else.”

Zephyr shook my hand and said:

“That's right. For me, this friendship is the most important thing. Please ask your questions. You should not forget that the answers to your questions may be long and I am always ready to interrupt the conversation and continue it the next day.”

I did not consider it permissible to delay any longer and asked my first question. I asked Zephyr what your mission on Earth is and why you chose Earth.

Zephyr took a deep breath and said:

"One of the most important research issues on the planet I live on is research into the way of life and the history of the inhabitants of other planets. In this way, we can understand the history of life throughout the universe and determine our future path. There is no shortage of life in our galaxy and other galaxies, and each one has its own characteristics. Studying these characteristics is of great importance, and we learn from the mistakes of others and correct our own ways and methods."

He took a deep breath and continued:

“To do this difficult task, we select people and teach them the language, way of life, and customs of the people of the planet that has been determined for them. For example, for two years before I left for Earth, I was taught everything I needed to know about the inhabitants of Earth. I was told that I was not going on this mission to fight and argue. My job is to study the ways and means of the local people and prepare a report without interfering in their lives.

This information is collected and processed at our research centre. We have no bad intentions in collecting this information, and it is only when the time comes to compare different planets

with each other that very interesting and useful information is obtained. For example, I will say that the inhabitants of our planet were millions of years ahead of the inhabitants of Earth, and the study of your society shows us that we were probably like you a few million years ago. I must tell you right now that the things I will tell you over the next few months may not be very pleasant, but I do not intend to offend at all and am simply telling you the truth as I see it.

The things that come to my mind briefly are as follows:

The issue of war and bloodshed, financial issues, cultural and artistic issues, entertainment and sports, political and social methods are among the things that I will talk to you about. These are not all separate and often overlap. If you agree, I will talk to you a little about the war tonight.

I replied:

"We will be very happy if you tell us your opinion on any matter you wish. I ask you to express your views with complete freedom, and I promise you that none of us will be offended by what you say."

Zephyr nodded in agreement and began to speak:

"The first thing that struck me most in the culture of the peoples of the Earth was the boundless dependence of the societies of the Earth on war. I was even more surprised that the people of the Earth did not prepare themselves for war with people from other planets but rather concentrated all their attention and strength on killing and destroying each other. Like many other things that I will mention later, war and killing on the Earth are not limited to small and poor countries seeking more financial opportunities, but often the richest countries start wars to gain even more wealth. This way of earthly beings had completely confused me at first. It seemed to me that nothing else in the imagination of the people of the world except killing and slaughtering each other had a place. Every country allocated the highest budget for itself to produce and purchase weapons, while the majority of the people of the society were often preoccupied with financial problems. Extensive research has been carried out in the field of means of mass destruction everywhere, and there is not a day when the fire of war is not lit in some part of the earth and people are not killed and blood is not drawn. The system of governing countries on earth is often such that all authority, including starting a war, is concentrated in the hands of one person. This one person, who is often chosen from among dull-witted and short-witted people, has only one thought acquiring more power and wealth. This desire knows no bounds, and the more this power and wealth increase, the more they demand. Now, if it is necessary to kill half of the population of the earth to achieve the goal, these people will not hesitate in the slightest. While they themselves sit in magnificent palaces and enjoy themselves, they do not hesitate to kill the people of other countries and certainly their own people as well.

I tell you that in the entire world, there is no country whose people are so fond of killing each other. Interestingly, this war and killing is not limited to the inhabitants of other countries, and the heads of states also kill their own people.

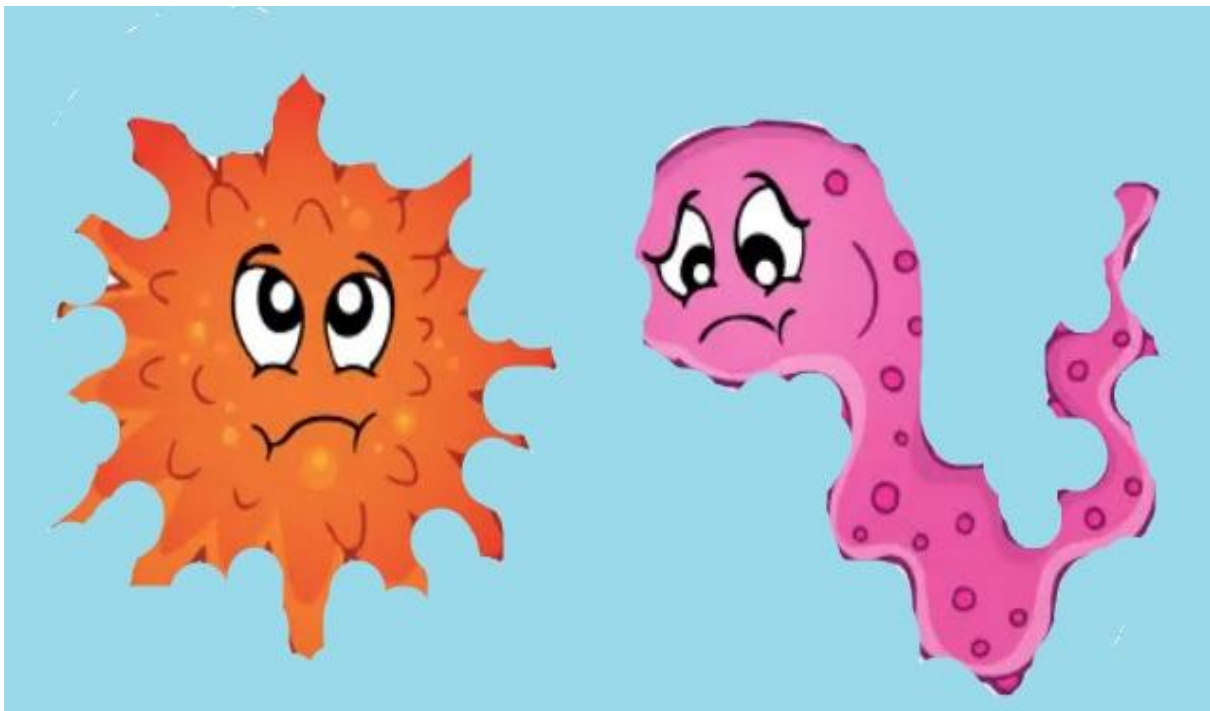
That is why our researchers are very interested in discovering the reason for this. If you agree, I will give an example in this case that may make this matter clearer. I want you to go back to the starting point of life on Earth.”

Life started on Earth around 3.5 to 3.7 billion years ago with the emergence of microscopic organisms, though conditions suitable for life may have existed as early as 4.3 billion years ago. The oldest known fossil evidence includes isotopic signatures of carbon and stromatolites (layered microbial mats), with direct fossil evidence from Australia dating to about 3.5 billion years ago and potential geochemical evidence from Quebec, Canada, suggesting life might have existed even earlier, between 3.8 and 4.28 billion years ago.

With an environment devoid of oxygen and high in methane, for much of its history Earth would not have been a welcoming place for animals. The earliest life forms we know of were microscopic organisms (microbes) that left signals of their presence in rocks about 3.7 billion years old.

Suppose that at the beginning of life in the universe, two single-celled organisms were swimming in a piece of rock filled with water. The first thing these single-celled organisms looked for was something to eat so that they could continue their lives. It can be imagined that finding something to eat was not an easy task, and these single-celled organisms had two ways to go. The first and simplest way is to continue their search, and sooner or later they would find something suitable.

This way was the way that life began and continued in the vast majority of celestial bodies. These single-celled organisms gradually evolved into multi-celled organisms, and after billions of years, they evolved into advanced organisms.



But these single-celled organisms also chose another way to continue their life on planet Earth. One of these single-celled organisms, tired of searching for food, suddenly had an idea, ambushed and when another organism approached it, attacked it and ate the poor organism. This is where the killing and eating of organisms began on earth.”

Zephyr took a breath and we remained silent. He then continued his talk and said:

"Except for plants, all living things on planet Earth kill each other and use them as food. Some humans and animals have turned away from this and turned to vegetarianism. There is no doubt that this method is an important advance in the field of preventing killing and bloodshed. But we should not forget that plants are also considered living things.

One of the contemporary philosophers, Maurice Maeterlinck, comments on this matter that eating plants is not much different from eating animals, only that we vegetarians kill and eat prey that has no mouth or teeth to scream and bite us."

The ultimate solution to this problem is that instead of wasting money and energy, all the countries of the world should join hands and work hard to research to make pills like the one I have in my pocket. Imagine that instead of killing each other, you people of Earth chose this right path and not only solved the problem of the world's hungry, but also eliminated all the diseases that are produced by the overworked digestive system, forever.”

Zephyr fell silent and we silently considered this suggestion. Although a very logical suggestion, with a handful of hungry and aggressive humans at the head of all the countries of the world, such progress would not be possible.





Chapter Eleven: Zephyr as a painter

A few days after this weekend, the weather turned rainy and gloomy. Maria and I had to use the underground system, and we always had umbrellas with us. Zephyr, who was used to being alone, stayed home during this time and entertained himself with various things.

The very first day, when we returned home in the evening, we saw Zephyr with a paintbrush in hand and, regardless of the rain, busy painting the outside of our building. He found the brushes and paint barrels that the workers had placed outside and behind the building after finishing their work inside. No worker could paint this old building better than him.

Two security guards came forward and told us that our friend had been painting since early morning and had refused their invitation to lunch. He had not rested a moment from the time he started working until that evening.

They apologised to us that they had not been able to convince Zephyr to drink even a cup of tea. The interesting thing was that their supervisor, seeing Zephyr's extraordinary skill in this work, had asked him to take on the task of painting the security building near the gate and that he would assign a few people to help him.

Zephyr accepted the assignment but refused to accept any help. All he asked for were the right tools and paint barrels. The supervisor negotiated with him about the salary, but Zephyr refused to accept any salary. Zephyr was scheduled to start work the next morning. The security officers wanted us to convince Zephyr to accept the salary and not refuse their invitation to eat. This would take at least two days or more, and it would not be right for him to not eat or drink anything during the whole day.

We assured them that Zephyr was used to this way of life and to let him decide for himself. The officers left us somewhat disappointed.

Early the next morning, when I woke up, Zephyr was not in his usual chair. I was worried for a moment, but I remembered that he had promised to go to the security people to paint the security building. I immediately got dressed and went out the door. I saw Zephyr using a long ladder that the security guards had provided for him. He was busy painting their building. It was raining lightly, but this did not stop Zephyr from working.

I stood there and watched Zephyr work for a while. But this did not last more than a few moments because I did not want to have wet clothes so early in the morning. I returned to my room and started having breakfast with Maria. Then we came out of the room, and I locked the door. We had to pass near the security building to exit the gate, and there I gave Zephyr the key to the room so that if he wanted, he could rest there.

On rainy days Maria and I carried our umbrellas with us, but the rain was not so heavy that we needed to open them. A bus took us to High Street Kensington and we went to work without any trouble. Maria went to the bookshop and I went to my laboratory. We made an appointment to have lunch in the music college canteen as usual.

I was in the laboratory doing my research when my supervisor came in and asked me to come to his room. I followed him to his room, which was one floor below. There he explained to me that one of the laboratory instruments had been lent for a short time to one of his colleagues in one of the university's several teaching and research facilities. This colleague, due to his busy schedule, was unable to bring it to London and the university very soon, and my supervisor's other students needed it. He said that it was a very delicate and fragile instrument and that he only trusted me to bring it to London. He said that he was also busy with university administration and could not afford to travel far. He then asked me to go to this branch of university in Silwood Park, a small facility in Ascot, east London.

He added:

“It is an hour and a half by train from London, and carefully bring the experimental device back to the university for me. There is no particular urgency to do this and as long as I have some time in next week, I will be happy.”

He then wrote down the name and telephone number of his colleague on a piece of paper and asked me to contact him and make the necessary arrangements. I said that I would contact this colleague as soon as possible and will go to Ascot.

He thanked me and mentioned that the university would pay all my travel expenses for this little trip.

As promised, I called Ascot branch switchboard at the earliest opportunity and manage to speak to my supervisor's colleague. He spoke to me in a friendly and polite tone and told me that the only time he could see me during the day was on Saturday, and that if I could get there before noon, he would give me the research equipment. I asked him a few questions about the journey and the distance from the train station to Silwood Park, and then arranged to meet him for Saturday morning. Before I hung up, Professor Mumford, his name was, invited me to lunch that day.

I politely declined his invitation with thanks, saying that I was not alone and that I would probably be coming with two friends. He said that your friends were like you to me and that I would invite them too. We have a nice dining hall here, and the people in charge continue to work during the weekend.

I did not insist any further and accepted his invitation.

I then got busy in the laboratory, and at about one o'clock in the afternoon, I reached the canteen of the College of Music. Maria was waiting for me there. While eating lunch, I told her about Saturday's events, and, contrary to my expectations, she jumped up happily, threw her arms around my neck and kissed my face.

I said in surprise:

“Do you know what kind of place Ascot is that you are so happy?”

Maria said with a smile

“I was not happy that we were going to one of the university branches. Most likely, there will be a race at Ascot Racecourse at the end of the week. I am happy that we are going to this race.”

“Dear Maria... I did not know that you were so interested in horse racing.”

“I have no interest in these races at all and I consider them cruelty to these beautiful animals. I have heard all my life from people around me that the ladies and gentlemen who gather at Ascot to watch the race put on their best clothes and the ladies wear the most beautiful and extravagant hats. The Royal Family and even the Queen herself often come here.”

“I am glad that this has enabled you to fulfil your dream of seeing ladies and gentlemen in their finest clothes. Now we must see what Zephyr's reaction will be to this. I do not think Zephyr is interested in the fashion world.”

We finished our meal without haste and went back to our work.

At the end of the day, Maria and I left the university and, since the weather had improved, we walked home. As we passed the Round Pond in Hyde Park, Maria stood for a while, looking for the goldfish she had left there a few days before. There were no goldfish in the lake.

When we entered the compound through the gate, we saw Zephyr talking to Mr. Jones near the security building. Mr. Jones rarely came to the compound and it was obvious that he was there to see Zephyr. I was a little worried that Mr. Jones was going to send him away.

Zephyr, with his sharp ears, heard our footsteps and turned towards us. Mr. Jones followed his gaze and saw us. When he saw us, he motioned for us to come over to them. We approached them and conveyed our respects to Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones greeted us in a friendly manner and asked us if everything was going well at the university. Our answer was in the affirmative, and Mr. Jones, who had a couple of questions about the spreadsheet of statistical data, asked them. I answered his questions accurately. Mr. Jones then said:

“I thanked your friend for the beautiful painting of these two buildings that he did alone, and when you came in, I was explaining to him about my own house, which is in dire need of painting. My house needs painting inside and out. It hasn't been painted for years. If you don't mind, we can start the work early next week. If Zephyr is willing, I can provide him with a few day labourers.”

I looked at Zephyr and then asked his opinion.

Zephyr said:

"I'd be happy to do it, but I don't need any help with this. I'll just need a ladder, paint buckets, and paint brushes."

Mr. Jones asked:

"How long do you think it'll take?"

Zephyr paused for a moment and replied:

"I'll have to see your house before I decide how long it'll take."

Mr. Jones said to me:

"I'm here every working day on my business until evening, and I can only take you home on weekends. Now an idea occurred to me. Why don't you all come to my house for lunch on Sunday? There I can show you the parts that need painting, and then you can meet my family while you eat."

Then he turned to Zephyr and continued:

"Is our ordinary food enough for you? I am told that you did not like the usual food of the security guards and refused to eat it. "

Before Zephyr, who was a little embarrassed, could answer, I said:

"Sir... don't worry about Zephyr's food. He has a special diet and will not touch anything at the table. But we all gladly accept your generous invitation. It would be a great honour for us to be at your service on Sunday. If you would only be so kind as to give us your home address, we will be there at any time you wish."

Mr. Jones replied:

"Don't worry about it. I will send my driver here to bring you to our house in my car. He will be here at eleven in the morning. The same driver will drop you and Maria off at the university gate early next week and bring Zephyr to my house. In the evening, he will take Zephyr wherever he wants."

We thanked Mr. Jones and we separated.

After a short rest at home, we sat down at the table as usual, and Zephyr, as he had promised, began to talk about his research on Earth. He said:

"Part of my research is on the collective and artistic recreation of the inhabitants of Earth. The inhabitants of every planet in the world need recreation, and on Earth there are many facilities for this. You have many museums, music halls, and art galleries for recreation and entertainment. We have concluded in our research that art is the basic structure of all societies, and no effort to raise the level of art will be fruitless.

But when we pass over the question of art and come to other entertainments, I must admit that people on Earth have irrational and sometimes dangerous habits. Sports is one of those cases where, based on our observations, we have concluded that some of these entertainments are dangerous and unacceptable. Sports are perfectly acceptable and should be encouraged when they are done simply to improve one's physical abilities. But when sports are used for financial gain, they take on a negative and futile aspect.

I have witnessed a boxing match in America in which two people who had no relationship outside the ring, fight each other and try to kill each other. A large crowd gathers around the ring and encourages the two to beat each other as hard as possible, and this continues until one of them falls to the ground almost unconscious. I do not call this a sport, and its only reason for existence is to collect money from the spectators.

I managed to take a photo and You can see for yourself what happened."

He then showed us the picture.



He continued and said:

“These spectators are as guilty as the boxers themselves, if not more so. No positive result comes from this so-called sport except for those who make money from it. An ambulance was called but no one had the slightest worry about the injured person.

Whenever money is involved in sports, it can no longer be called a sport, and it is no longer a good and healthy pastime. On weekends, hundreds of thousands of people in Britain go to football stadiums to watch football matches and pay a lot of money to get in. Just so that two teams of twelve people run around the field chasing a ball and try to get it into the opponent's goal.

A lot of money flows into the pockets of the owners of this business, and the twenty-four people who run around the field chasing the ball get a small percentage of the money. It has happened many times that during the match or after it has ended, the spectators fight and beat each other. These same spectators are known to damage public transport in the city if their team loses the match. This method of earning money should not be confused with real sport.

These kinds of sports have strengthened the aggressive drive and the warrior nature in individuals, and things have reached a point where individuals proudly present themselves to others as being the highest level of competitors. Competition is for hurting others and satisfying the drive that I mentioned the other night as the drive to kill and slaughter. I do not call this sport, real is for the elevation of the soul and body not money.”



Chapter Twelve: Ascot

On Saturday morning we made ourselves ready; Maria dressed in her best and with a beautiful flower in her only hat. I had checked the train times from London to Ascot, and we arrived at the station on time. Zephyr did not understand why Maria was so excited, and I waited for him to discover the reason for it when we reached Ascot. The train was not very crowded, and we arrived on time in the pretty little town of Ascot. When we got off the train, we asked one of the station officials for directions to Silwood Park. He showed us the right way and said that Silwood Park was not far, just over a mile away. He said that this road would take you straight there and that you should not deviate from the straight road. We set off with thanks and did not meet anyone on the way. When we reached Silwood Park, the university security officer standing at the gate asked us what we were doing there. I showed him my student card and said that we had an appointment with Professor Mumford. The officer opened the gate and said that the professor had informed him of our arrival in advance.

From where he was standing, he showed us the way to the professor's laboratory and said that he was waiting for us in the laboratory.

We set off and it didn't take long before we arrived at the laboratory door. The professor himself, who was alone in the laboratory, opened the door for us and took us inside. In one corner there was a fairly large table that he asked us to sit at.



When we had taken our seats, the professor introduced himself and thanked us for coming to Ascot. I also introduced myself, Maria and Zephyr, and said that we did not intend to disturb him and that we would leave whenever the professor wished. The professor said that after lunch he would hand over the experimental equipment to us and that we could return to London.

He then asked if we were interested in his research work, because he would be happy to explain it to us. He then said that he was a professor of entomology and that he dealt with insects. Zephyr, who was usually quiet in such cases and did not ask many questions, was very excited, and from that moment on, he did not leave the professor alone for a moment. The professor, seeing his enthusiasm, explained everything to us very carefully. Zephyr was interested in knowing the evolutionary process of insects on the planet earth and how they had continued to live until now and not become extinct. The professor, who was surprised by the breadth of his knowledge, asked him if he had pursued this field in university. Zephyr, who did not want to explain much about this, replied that it was just a personal interest and that he had no academic education in this field.

Finally, lunchtime arrived, and before we went to the Silwood Park dining hall, I explained to the professor that Zephyr had a special diet and would not be sharing our meals. The professor asked Zephyr if he did not want to eat lunch, and he said he would give Zephyr some scientific papers he had published recently to read. Zephyr was really happy and took the papers from the professor and sat down at the table. We headed towards the Silwood Park dining hall. Maria and I, who were used to eating in the Music College canteen, were surprised to see this hall. The beautiful hall had large windows all around, offering a beautiful view of the surroundings.



Several people had been in the hall before us and were eating. It was a self-service hall, and we joined a small queue in front of the kitchen. The menu for the day was in front of us, and before our turn came, we had chosen our meals. We received our meals and sat down at a table. While we were eating, Maria took the opportunity to ask the Professor about the Ascot Racecourse and how to get there.

Maria had so far said very little, but her repeated questions made the Professor understand that she was very anxious to see Ascot Racecourse. He said that Ascot was not far from Silwood Park, and that he would take us there himself. He said that he could not stay long, as he had laboratory work to do. I replied that we should go to the train station very soon to return to London anyway.

We set off immediately and, guided by the professor, we soon approached the Ascot Racecourse. The closer we got, the more ladies and gentlemen we saw walking around in their best clothes. The ladies all wore large hats, and Maria looked at them with attention and joy.



At the gate, the guards, who had recognized the professor, respectfully opened the door for us and we entered. In front of the beautiful racecourse building, many ladies were walking excitedly to and fro, and many photographers were busy taking pictures. The race had not yet started, but a number of beautiful horses could be seen in the racecourse. The professor showed us from a distance the place of the members the royal family where several people were sitting and waiting.

Personally, I have never been in favour of horse racing and watching horses forced to run by whips was not interesting to me. For this reason, I silently followed the professor, who was walking in front of me with Maria.



The ladies' hats had also caught my eye at first, and I soon became accustomed to them, and I was counting the minutes to get back to Silwood Park and then to the train station as soon as possible.

Fortunately, the professor, who was worried about his backlog of work, stopped and told Maria and me that he had to go back to his laboratory. He told us that if we wanted, we could stay a little longer in the racecourse and watch the race. He will return to his work and will be waiting for us there.

I was very happy when Maria, who noticed my discomfort, replied that we would go back to Silwood Park with him. Thus, we left the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen and entered the road back to Silwood Park.

In the university laboratory, we found Zephyr, who was studying the professor's papers with great enthusiasm. The professor, noticing this interest, told him that he could take a copy of his published papers with him.

Then he took out a medium-sized box from inside one of the laboratory cupboards and handed it to me, saying, 'I cannot stress enough that the device inside the box is very delicate and fragile and you must be very careful with it.'

We thanked the professor, and, while shaking our hands, he asked us to come visit him again in the near future. Zephyr happily accepted his invitation. The poor professor did not know that he did not have much time in this world, and it was only a few months later that I received the news that he had died.



Chapter Thirteen: More comments from Zephyr

We arrived in London with the research kit and carefully carried it home. Maria and I were busy with housework, while Zephyr sorted out the information he had gathered from the professor about insects. At dinner he reminded us that tomorrow morning Mr. Jones's driver would be coming to pick us up, so it would be better to go to bed early. I replied that we would do the same, but before you fill us in on your information about the inhabitants of the earth, as you promised.

Zephyr said:

"You tell me what you want me to talk about."

I said:

"You start wherever you want. We are all listening."

Zephyr said:

"The problems of the inhabitants of the earth fall into two main categories. Problems that are found in nature and are no one's fault. These problems have arisen throughout the universe and there is not much that living beings can do to avoid them.

Floods, earthquakes, volcanoes, storms and similar problems cannot be prevented and the only thing that the inhabitants can do is to prepare themselves in advance to face them.

However, there are a series of fundamental problems on planet Earth that are solely caused by the inhabitants themselves. As I said before, one of the most important problems of you, the people of Earth, is your deep dependence on war. I think that there has never been a time in the history of planet Earth when there was not a major war going on in one part of the Earth. War and bloodshed are in your blood, the inhabitants of Earth, and they are intertwined with your history and future. We have concluded in our research that until you have a proper idea for solving this problem, you will not make significant progress.

Do not ask me what to do because I only see and recognize the problem. It is your own duty to think of a permanent solution to these problems. If you ask my own opinion, I should say that all the inhabitants of the earth should drop everything they are doing and devote themselves wholeheartedly to solving this puzzle. The stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction, such as nuclear bombs, are so great that I have been told that these weapons of mass destruction are capable of destroying everything on earth more than fifty times over. Now you will admit that sitting idly by is a waste of precious little time that the people of the earth should make the most of, and perhaps they can prevent an irreparable catastrophe. Perhaps one way to prevent this inevitable fate is to put governments in power that will use all

their power solely to eliminate war and the weapons of mass destruction. Sooner or later, one of these warmongering governments will use such means in war, and then there will be no turning back for you. Thus, you can see that in the final analysis, the beginning of war and the end of human life on earth are in the hands of a small number of heads of state, people whose own supporters openly declare that they are less qualified to govern than any ordinary person walking down the street.

It is interesting that many of these leaders of countries were elected by the majority of the voters of the country. These people have determined their own path before the election and do not make the slightest hint of the danger that threatens all the people of the world. This is why we think that war and killing are mixed with the blood of the people of the earth and that it is very difficult to remove the idea of war from their minds.

We all fell silent for a while and thought. Then Maria said:

"I think that even if, in the unlikely event, all the countries of the world decided to eliminate their weapons of mass destruction, this would be very difficult and perhaps impossible."

Zephyr replied:

"Exactly. Disposing of radioactive materials is not an easy task, and the same is true of chemical weapons. But it is better than storing such weapons. Now it is better to go for a night's rest, because we have to wake up early tomorrow morning. I will inform you of the results of my investigation into the financial matter at the next meeting, which will be held tomorrow evening."

Maria got up, said good night to us and went upstairs. I got ready for bed, and Zephyr remained in his chair for the rest of the night.

Early the next morning, Mr Jones's driver brought him to his office earlier than usual, and we were outside the building ready to go. Mr Jones was talking to Zephyr and told him that the painting equipment was all ready at his house and that if he needed anything during the day, he should just call Mrs. Jones. Then Mr Jones wished a good day for us and went to his office.

Zephyr sat in the front seat of the car, and Maria and I sat in the back seat. I asked the driver to drop us off at one of the university gates because I was carrying a box containing laboratory equipment. The driver kindly did so, dropping Maria and me off at the university gate and then setting off for Mr. Jones' house with Zephyr.

Maria and I had finished a busy day at the university, and we left the university and entered the park. I had already contacted Maria and I had finished a busy day at the university, and we left the university and entered the park. I had already contacted Zephyr through the same device that he had given me and knew that he was already waiting for us in the park.

We had almost reached the bank of the Serpentine River when we saw him approaching us. Zephyr looked quite refreshed and there was not a drop of paint on hands or clothes. We immediately asked him about painting Mr. Jones's house and he said that Mr. Jones had a large and beautiful house and it really needed a good paint job. We asked him how long he thought it would take. Zephyr said that it would take at least four or five days to finish.

This meant that he would have to go to Mr Jones's house every day for the rest of the week.

As we headed home, he gave us some information about Mr Jones's family. He said that Mrs Jones was a very kind and hospitable lady, and had tried very hard to accommodate him. Of course, Zephyr had rejected all her offers and had been busy all the time. He then said that this lady and gentleman had a young son and a young daughter. Their son was preparing himself for a long trip to the countries of East Asia, and would soon be leaving.

Their daughter, whose name was Natalie, was very pleased with Zephyr's work and had even brought one of her friends to see Zephyr.

As the three of us were walking towards the house, I noticed that some young men, who did not appear to be Europeans, were walking at a distance behind us, and it was as if they were following us. I said this to Zephyr quietly, and he replied quietly that he had been watching them for some time. Then he asked Maria and me to step aside and let him solve the problem if anything happened. It didn't take long for what we had predicted to happen to come true. These young men, four in number, approached us, all armed with knives and machetes, threatening to kill us if we made any noise. They said that they were only after our money and that if we had given them all our money, we would have saved our lives. Zephyr pushed Maria and me aside and stood in front of these evil elements. He said that we were students and had no money in our pockets. It was better for them to leave us alone before things got worse. One of them, who seemed more evil than the others, quickly came towards Zephyr and raised his hand with a knife to attack him. In the blink of an eye, before I could make a move, Zephyr, like a leopard, twisted and turned, grabbed the evil man by the wrist and squeezed it so hard that we could hear the sound of his bones breaking. Then, while delivering a fatal blow to his face, he kicked the second man who had attacked him to help his friend with a hard kick to his stomach. The man screamed and rolled on the ground.

The third evil man, seeing the fate of his two friends, paused for a moment, which was enough for Zephyr. He punched the attacker with his fist, causing the criminal to fall to the ground like a lifeless corpse. All this happened in a second or two, and the fourth man did not hesitate any longer and ran away.

Zephyr stood still for a few moments to make sure that no one else was going to attack us, then, without the slightest excitement, he asked us to leave in his usual tone. Maria, who had not even had time to cry, stared at the attackers who were lying on the ground, some of them moaning. She then said:

"Shouldn't we help these people? Should we leave them here for now?"

Zephyr said:

"Dear Maria, they have learnt a good lesson from us, and that is enough for them. Please come and let's go, and I will explain to you on the way."

At this point Maria could not hold back any longer, and tears welled up in her eyes. But we set off anyway and soon entered Bayswater Road through the nearest gate to the park.

We had not gone a few steps when a police car stopped at the side of the sidewalk and two officers got out. They approached us and respectfully asked us to stop. I saw Zephyr, who did not seem very happy about this. I asked them if there was a problem.

One of the officers, who was more senior than the other, smiled and said:

"Your problem is bigger than ours. We saw those four evil creatures attacking you because we have cameras that can work day and night all the time. Before those four people attacked you, we were suspicious of them and were following them with the park cameras. Before they attacked you, we sent some police officers to help you inside the park. But you, with the help of this young man, finished the job before we got close. He did it alone and in the shortest time possible. We came after you to make sure that you were all safe and sound."

I thanked him and announced that none of us were hurt. Then I said:

"We were walking along the path that we use every day at the end of work at the university. Suddenly they attacked us with knives and demanded money from us. We are students, and we told them that we did not have any money in our pockets. But they attacked us, and we only defended ourselves."

The police officer told me:

"We know this very well. We knew that the three of you often went to the university on weekdays and returned home in the evening. We know everything that happens in this park. I would like to remind you, good citizens, that this young lady who had spent one night in the park, we wanted to help her, but we did not want to disturb her rest. I decided to go to her aid the next morning. But before that, you yourself saw this young lady in the park and took her to the university with you. We know that you found her a suitable job at the university and gave her a room in a commercial establishment."

I looked at Maria, who was speechless with surprise, and then I said:

"You are absolutely right, and we have nothing to say except to thank you sincerely for your support."

The police officer shook my hand and said:

"Before we go back to work, I want to tell this young lady not to worry about those criminals because the ambulance took the injured to the hospital, where they will be taken to court after recovery. The one who ran away out of fear has also been arrested and is in prison. We have come here to ask you whether you are willing to file a complaint against these criminals, press charges and testify in court. I have a duty to tell you that you must do so because with your testimony, these people will be punished twice as much."

Before I could answer, Zephyr said hurriedly:

"These people have been punished enough, and we have no complaints against anyone."

The senior officer said to Zephyr:

"Very well... in that case, we have no more business here. I only ask you, young man, if you are looking for a job other than painting buildings, do not forget the police organisation because with the skills you have shown, the London Police will be happy to employ you."

We thanked them again and continued on our way.

We were walking home along Bayswater Road, which was not the route we usually took. We usually continued inside the park as far as Notting Hill Gate. Presently, as we passed by the park fence, we unexpectedly found ourselves in a very beautiful painting exhibition.



Maria was overwhelmed and lost in the beautiful paintings. I finally had to tell her that these beautiful paintings went on all the way along the street and we didn't have enough time to look at them all. I promised Maria that I would take her to Bayswater Road one of the weekends to look at the paintings.



Chapter fourteen: Zephyr continuous

When we got home, we were all in a good mood, and that was only because of the Bayswater Street Art Gallery. We quickly prepared dinner and then sat down to Zephyr. He started talking, and as a preface, he mentioned that he intended to talk about economics and financial matters that evening. Maria and I waited quietly while he caught his breath and filled us in on his research.

He stood up and said:

“After the end of the caveman and hunter-gatherer period, early humans gradually turned to agriculture and achieved good success in this field about twelve thousand years ago. While hunting still continued to sustain early humans, agricultural production increased, and the demand for these products also increased. This process allowed farmers to demand meat from hunters in exchange for their agricultural products. This was the beginning of trade and created the first foundations of the economy. This system continued for several thousand years until the first countries of the world were created and regional governments were formed.

The Achaemenid Empire was the only civilisation in all of history to connect over 40% of the global population, accounting for approximately 49.4 million of the world's 112.4 million people in around 480 BC.

On the African continent, the country of Egypt obtained a metal that is found in nature in its metallic form, which has unique properties among the one hundred chemical elements found on earth. This metal is easily melted and formed. The Achaemenid Empire, which was in contact with all the countries of the world, understood the importance of this beautiful metal and began to collect it with great seriousness. A metal that does not rust and does not lose its colour. At the same time, the scarcity of this metal in the outer crust of the earth, from the very beginning, aroused a feeling of importance and high value in the minds of early civilised humans on earth.

Other metals were gradually discovered in different parts of the world, among which only silver metal was somewhat comparable to gold. Since then, silver has become less important than gold because silver does not have a specific colour, rusts quickly and loses its shine. In terms of rarity, it is not comparable to gold. For this reason, in modern terms, its price was taken much lower than gold.

The Achaemenid kings used gold, which did not rust, and created the world's first coins. These coins found many admirers and revolutionised the basis of trade, hunting, and agriculture.

Persians treated gold as a symbol of power and prestige, using it for tribute, taxation, elaborate jewelry, and ceremonial objects like golden thrones and vessels. The Achaemenid Empire also minted gold coins, notably the daric (Dariush), to fund the military and facilitate trade.

Iran, which had thus become the richest country in the world, drew the eyes of the inhabitants of other countries towards itself, which caused problems. Throughout history, this issue of underdeveloped countries with savage and hungry people always threatened the peace and tranquility of prosperous countries.

Ibn Khaldūn (14th Century) was the greatest Arab historian, who developed one of the earliest nonreligious philosophies of history and economics.

Ibn Khaldun did not make a specific comment about poor countries situated next to rich ones, but his theories on the cycle of civilizations explain how a wealthy, decadent society can be conquered by a more robust, cohesive group from less developed or "barbarian" areas.

Perhaps the most frequently cited observation drawn from Ibn Khaldūn's work is the notion that when a society becomes a great civilization, its high point to be attacked by such barbarians.

This is exactly what happened to the country of Iran. In the country of Macedonia, which was not far from the vast country of Iran at that time, lived an uncivilized and almost savage people who were constantly hungry. The temptation to attack Iran had been in their imagination for a long time until finally one of them, who was more savage and predatory than the others, emerged with the slogan that they had nothing to lose and gathered a large number of these savages around him.

This person was none other than Alexander the Macedonian, whom the Europeans, centuries later, gave the title of Alexander the Great for the crimes and thefts he committed. You now realize that the inhabitants of the earth thus praised the invasion and killing and slaughtering instead of condemning it, and this is what Alexander did in Iran and then elsewhere. You inhabitants of the earth thus consider theft, plunder and murder as a historical privilege. Alexander (not so great) in Iran, wherever he had conquered by force a bunch of savages and predators, would burn it after plundering it. He didn't even have the mental capacity to at least use all these things now that he had taken possession of them by force.

If such a terrible thing had happened where I come from, instead of applauding, we would have erased the name of this criminal creature from our history.”

He sat down for a moment and then started again:

“Persepolis, whose magnificent ruins rest at the foot of Kuh-e Rahmat (Mountain of Mercy) in southwestern Iran, is among the world’s greatest archaeological sites. Renowned as the gem of Achaemenid (Persian) ensembles in the fields of architecture, urban planning, construction technology, and art, the royal city of Persepolis ranks among the archaeological sites which have no equivalent and which bear unique witness to a most ancient civilisation.

The city's immense terrace was begun about 518 BCE by Darius the Great, the Achaemenid Empire's king. On this terrace, successive kings erected a series of architecturally stunning palatial buildings, among them the massive Apadana palace and the Throne Hall ("Hundred-Column Hall"). Alexander, after a night of drinking and orgy, ordered to burn this unique, masterful building.



Zephyr paused for a moment and then said:

"My words have become too long. If you are tired, I will stop here."

Maria shook her head in denial, and I said:

"Dear Zephyr... Please continue your words because I have really loved this material, and I would like you to continue sharing this interesting information with us until you are tired."

Zephyr continued and said:

"In this case, the thing that can be mentioned in the field of financial issues is its impact on the political process of countries on Earth. I must remind you that the entire science of economics is man-made, and if you stop it all at once, no irreparable event will happen. Of course, our advice to the inhabitants of the Earth is to carry out the process of economic reform step by step, and for the right method, all human beings on Earth should be used. It is obvious that there will be people who oppose any reform, but if the majority of the inhabitants of the earth join hands, nothing will be done by these people.

Human societies on planet Earth have closed their eyes to the facts for a very long time, and in each country a few people have become the rulers of the country's financial and political affairs, and it is in the interest of these people to keep the people of the country in the dark as much as possible.

I am sure that no one in any earthly country doubts that the very rich have accumulated their wealth through illegal means and have also obtained high political positions because of their great wealth. Otherwise, how could there be several billionaires in a country where the majority of its people need bread for dinner? With a little attention to the way in which these very rich people collect their money, it will be clear to what extent the foundation of these boundless riches was based on lies, fraud and theft.

You people of Earth know all these facts very well, but no one has stepped forward, and the rich have gradually occupied high political positions. There are even countries that consider the existence of such fraudsters essential to the survival of the country. I will inform you about the political issues of the planet Earth in the next few days. I think that's enough for tonight, and I'll follow up tomorrow night.”



Chapter fifteen: At Mr Jones House

Early the next morning, Mr. Jones's driver, after dropping him off at work, came to fetch Zephyr and took him away. We hadn't even had breakfast when Mr. Jones's secretary knocked on the door and told me that Mr. Jones wanted to see me before we left for college. I immediately entered through the back door and went straight to Mr. Jones's office.

Mr. Jones offered me a seat and apologized that he had to see me before I left for college. He then explained to me as follows:

“During the few days that Zephyr has been working in our house, Zephir has caught my daughter’s attention, and she is constantly talking about him. She has also brought her best friend home, and they both keep an eye on Zephyr the whole time. My question to you is, what do you think of Zephyr? I know that Zephyr has unusual habits, and while he is a very nice and polite young man, he is not very sociable and conversational. That is why I asked you to come here so that I can ask your opinion before it is too late.”

I replied:

“Sir... I must inform you that Zephyr is a very valuable and worthy being, but it should remain only as a friendship and acquaintance. The important thing that I must inform you, and I ask that it be kept between us, is that Zephyr came to Earth from a galaxy far, far away and will return there sooner or later. Therefore, any kind of emotional relationship with him would be a big mistake. The relationship with Zephyr should remain within the limits of simple friendship, and this is what he wants. Zephyr expects nothing but friendship and respect from anyone, and he adheres to the same rule.”

Mr. Jones was silent for a moment, and then he said:

"How good it is that I discussed this with you. I almost guessed so myself. I owe him for painting my house, and of course I know that he does not accept money. I beg you to take him wherever he wants and not worry about the money. I will pay all the expenses. I will keep you informed about my daughter and her friend.”

I thanked him and left the room. I went home immediately and quickly finished my breakfast, which had not changed in the slightest for the past fifteen years and consisted of an apple and a piece of toast.

Maria and I set off for the university. On the way I explained the details of our conversation with Mr. Jones and Maria said that sooner or later this would happen to Zephyr and that this could cause him trouble.

After a busy day at work, Zephyr texted me to say he would be waiting for us at the park. Maria and I entered the park and made our way to the meeting point.

Zephyr was already waiting for us there, and as we headed home, he told us that he had finished painting Mr. Jones' house and that the entire Jones family had thanked him with great satisfaction. Then they asked him to come inside the house and they all went to the drawing room.

Zephyr continued with a smile on his face and said:

"Mrs. Jones has invited you two and me to dinner at their house tomorrow night. Since I couldn't accept the invitation on your behalf, I told the lady that I would meet you two in the park and if you accepted the invitation, I would call the phone number that the lady gave me and confirm the trip. Personally, I would be quite happy to stay at the Earthen House for a few hours and see for myself the composition of the family."

I looked at Maria and she nodded her agreement. I said:

"We must inform Mrs. Jones as soon as possible so that she can get everything ready. The nearest public phone is on Bayswater Road, not far from the park gate."

Hearing the name of the street, Maria jumped up and said:

"I have been thinking about the beautiful exhibition on this road since yesterday and after making the phone call, we can share the experience of the previous day."

We did the same and after agreeing to the program tomorrow night, on the way home, we passed the beautiful exhibition that overwhelmed us all with joy. After that, we continued straight towards home and on the way, I asked Zephyr what time he finished painting Mr. Jones' house.

Zephyr replied:

"I finished the work at about three o'clock in the afternoon and returned all the materials and tools they had provided for me."

I said with some surprise:

"Zephyr... but you called me in the evening. What were you doing there during these few hours?"

Zephyr thought for a while and then said:

"I had a small job that I had to do right then. Near Mr. Jones' house, there is a simple park that includes a large sports field. I walked in this park and sports field for a while. After my work was done, I sent you a message."

I realised that Zephyr did not want to talk to us more about this matter, so I did not ask any more questions.

We arrived home and started preparing dinner.

Zephyr sat down on his chair, took out his notebook and wrote something in it. At dinner, as usual, he reached into his pocket and put some white pills in his mouth. After dinner, Zephyr took up the thread of the conversation and said:

"At the Bayswater Road Art Gallery, I saw a painting that showed a beautiful cat in a garden full of flowers. The little cat was more beautiful than all the flowers.



I have done some research on the animals and insects of the earth, and one thing has made me jealous. We have all kinds of animals in our world, but unfortunately the cat is not among them. The cat is the most beautiful and interesting animal on earth, and I wish we had cats in our world. The resilience, grace and beauty of the cat are unparalleled among all the creatures on earth. The simple gait of this animal cannot be compared with the best dance and gymnastics of human beings. I have noticed that cats walk on high walls with great composure and grace, not even looking down at their feet. Their eyes shine like mirrors at night, and their ears are even sharper than mine. Humans have a maximum hearing range of 20,000 to 30,000 hertz, and in my case, the upper limit of this range is close to 100,000. I witnessed a simple experiment on the hearing of terrestrial animals in which a pulse generator was used. None of the animals were able to hear frequencies higher than 50 to 60 kilohertz. Only cats heard and reacted up to the highest limit of the generator, which was 200,000 hertz.

The average feline vision processes information at roughly 100 frames per second (fps), which is a significantly higher rate than the human perception of approximately 20-30 fps. This higher "cat's-eye" fps means cats perceive fast-moving images on screens as continuous motion, but they can also detect the flicker and choppiness of standard televisions and videos more easily than humans do. For dogs, it is around 70 fps.

Cats with their higher than 100 fps (frames per second) perception, things that are very fast for humans would appear to move at a slower, more normal pace for cats. Just as humans need about 20-24 FPS for smooth motion, a cat's brain processes visual information much faster, roughly at 100 FPS, which allows them to see more detail per second and perceive fast events, like a flying bird, as moving in slow motion.

The average **cat's** reaction time **is** approximately 20-70 milliseconds, which **is faster** than the average snake's reaction time, 44-70 milliseconds. Cats process visual information faster than humans, perceiving around 100 frames per second (fps) compared to human's 15-24 fps. Their quicker reaction times and muscle responses are also being faster than ours and the snake truly does perceive us moving in slow motion. Cats have one of the fastest reflex systems in the animal kingdom, clocking in at an impressive 20 millisecond reaction speed. This is as fast as a housefly (which is why a cat can catch a fly with its paws but you can't). In comparison, dogs have a reaction time of 80 milliseconds at best."

Maria and I, who were unaware of these facts about cats, were astonished and silent. The truth is that we admired the beauty and serenity of cats more than the outstanding physical abilities of this animal, which in many ways surpasses humans.

Maria said goodnight to us and went upstairs. Zephyr and I discussed the tomorrow night's party for a while until it was time for us to go to bed.





Chapter sixteen: What Zephyr had brought for us

I was excited at the thought of being invited to Mr. Jones's house tomorrow night and couldn't sleep. I was thinking about my past as a poor student and not even having a small room to live in. In the short time that I had found a place for myself after getting permission from Mr. Jones, I had met Maria, who was in a worse financial and emotional state than I was. Once again, I had convinced Mr. Jones to let Maria share my house. Mr. Jones very generously granted this permission, Maria found herself a suitable job and we were relatively well off financially.

It wasn't long before Zephyr joined us and the three of us had a different life. Now our progress had reached a point where a well-known businessman like Mr. Jones would invite the three of us to his house. This was a progress that I could not even imagine in my dreams.

Fortunately, I was quite at ease with Maria and Zephyr and knew that they would not do anything to break my heart. Our hosts had already learned about Zephyr's eating habits, and I wasn't worried about that either. Finally, fatigue overcame me and I fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, when we all gathered again, Zephyr, who had nothing else to do, was calmly packing up his notes. I asked Zephyr what his plans were for the day. Zephyr replied that after we left, he would walk to Mr. Jones' house, which might take two hours because Mr. Jones' house was quite far from his place of work. I asked in surprise:

"Mr. Jones' house? If you don't have anything else to do at Mr. Jones' house, why are you going all the way there? We have to go there for dinner in the evening. Mr. Jones' driver is going to come here to take us." Zephyr replied:

"My destination is not Mr. Jones' house, and I will go to a small park near his house. I have a little work to do there and then I will go back home so that we can all go to Mr. Jones's house together in the evening."

I wondered what Zephyr could be doing in the park near Mr. Jones's house, but seeing that he was not very willing to talk about it, I did not ask any more questions.

Maria and I had talked about the evening party on the way to the university, and Maria was as excited as I was about the invitation. Maria, like me, had the feeling that Zephyr was hiding something from us. Anyway, we reached our destination and went about our daily business. As usual, we went to the music college canteen and had lunch there.

In the evening, a little earlier than usual, we left the university to get home and wait for Mr. Jones's driver. We expected to see Zephyr there, but surprisingly, there was no sign of him.

Our wait had been going on for quite some time, until suddenly our communication device rang and Zephyr told me not to wait for him because something had happened to him that prevented him from returning. He would join us as soon as we reached Mr. Jones' house. We didn't wait long for the driver to come and pick us up. The driver, seeing the two of us, asked where the third person was. We explained that the third person would meet us in front of Mr. Jones's house. He stared at us in disbelief for a moment, then nodded and set off.

We hadn't stopped quite in front of Mr. Jones's large and stately home when he honked his horn. Zephyr was standing next to the back door of the car. We thanked the driver and rang the doorbell. Mr. Jones's daughter and her best friend quickly opened the door and welcomed us. They showed us into the drawing room, which was a large and stately hall. They seated us at the table and left the room to inform their parents of our arrival.

It wasn't long before the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, their daughter, and her friend, her son, a handsome young man who looked to be sixteen or seventeen, entered. We rose, and Mrs. Jones came towards us and held out her hand to me. I took her hand respectfully and kissed it. Maria and Zephyr contented themselves with shaking her hand. The lady then introduced us to her children. Her daughter, Susan, was a pretty and very gentle girl, eighteen or nineteen years old. Her best friend, who had been with her day and night and had gone to school with her, was Shirley, who talked quickly and laughed loudly. Their son, Peter, was still at school and hoped to go to London University one day.

A well-dressed servant came in and offered us drinks. Zephyr promptly declined his drinks, which were of several kinds, and the rest of the party chose a soft drink of their own accord. Mr. Jones asked us if we had had a good day, to which Maria and I replied that we had had a good day's work and were quite satisfied. Zephyr remained silent. Mr. Jones asked me what research project I was working on at the moment. I said:

"My project is on ceramic rechargeable batteries."

Then I explained to him that the voltage of these batteries is quite high and they can be recharged tens of thousands of times without losing their capacity. In the course of research on the subject, I managed to make a ceramic that can absorb hydrogen gas, which makes this dangerous transportation of this gas simple and safe. A fundamental reason why hydrogen is not used in car engines is the risk of explosion when it is currently stored at high pressures in any metal barrel. In this way, it becomes clear to what extent a tank that does not work at high pressures and stores hydrogen at atmospheric pressure can be useful for storing hydrogen. The advantage of hydrogen over fossil fuels is that the composition of the materials after combustion, which in fossil fuels is mostly carbon dioxide, which is harmful to the atmosphere, in the case of hydrogen is only pure water. Mr. Jones, who had become interested in the battery project, asked,

"What happened to the battery project that seems very interesting? Did you offer this to the battery industry?" I said:

"Yes, sir, we have contacted the owners of the big battery industries, but what I didn't know was that the big industries are only interested in making money and don't care about improving the materials and increasing the efficiency of the batteries. Since any change in the basic construction of the battery will cost money, they are satisfied with what they have and are not willing to use the 300 percent efficiency improvement."

Everyone fell silent, and at that moment the door opened and the servants came in with large trays of food on which were placed. This food was the best food I had ever eaten in my life. Maria also seemed to be quite happy and satisfied with eating this food.

Finally, the food was finished and the servants cleared it from the table. On behalf of the guests, I thanked Mrs. and Mr. Jones for this royal dinner.

The lady said with a smile:

"The person who should be thanked the most is Zephyr, who did not touch our food. Perhaps he thinks we are trying to poison him"

Zephyr, who had been sitting quietly until then, began to speak and said:

"Madam... I am grateful for your hospitality and for this reason there is something I want to inform you and Mr. Jones. Today I met one of my colleagues who had come here from our world in the sports field of the park near your house. I was walking alone in this park a few days ago when I realized that because of its solitude, it could be a good place to meet my colleagues from another world. I gave him the results of my research and he handed me a few small things that I had asked him to bring me. I beg you to accept this gift as a token of my gratitude."

He then reached into his pocket and took out a small box, and as Mr. Jones was nearer to him, he gave it to him. Mr. Jones took the box, and before opening it, he remarked that he was indebted to Zephyr for painting his house, and that he was sorry that Zephyr had not availed himself of his hospitality. Zephyr said:

"Sir... I have a small gift in this box for you and madam, which I hope you will accept from me. This gift, made of pure carbon, is of no value where I live, but I have heard that it has many suitors on Earth."

Mr. Jones cautiously opened the small box, paused for a moment, and looked carefully into the box. A loud cry escaped his throat involuntarily. All the people sitting around the table jumped up and became very worried. His daughter came to him from the other side of the table and hugged him. It took Mr. Jones some time to control himself and he said with difficulty:

"Zephyr... Dear Zephyr... Unfortunately, I cannot accept this gift from you. You cannot imagine the value of this large diamond here on earth. I myself worked in a jeweller's shop in the distant past and I know very well what I am saying. In the whole world, there is no diamond of this size and brilliance. The price of this diamond is so high that I do not think there is any individual who could pay for it at once. I cannot accept this gift from you, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your generosity." The prominent London businessman said this and burst into tears. All the ladies around the table, seeing Mr. Jones's reaction, had tears in their eyes. Zephyr said gently:

"Mr. Jones... I beg you not to make a hasty decision. As I said, this pure carbon is worthless where I come from, and is only collected by children for play. Obviously, anything that reaches Earth from a galaxy tens of thousands of light years away is very valuable, but I ordered this diamond exclusively for Mrs. Jones and you, and if you do not accept it, I will have no choice but to throw it in the river."



The lady looked at her husband with a pleading look, and after a moment's thought, Mr. Jones said:

"Dear Zephyr... I will gladly accept this gift from you. I will use this money to pay off all my personal debts and the business, and I will give some of it to charity. "

Mrs. Jones, who had half risen, jumped up at this answer and hugged her husband.

Zephyr then said:

"I have two small gifts for your daughter and son."

Then he took two packages from his pocket and gave them to Susan and Peter, the landlord's children. They eagerly opened the packages, which contained large pieces of platinum and pure gold. While Mr. Jones studied the contents of the two packages, they jumped up and kissed Zephyr passionately.

Mr. Jones told his children:

"You must be very careful with these gifts of yours, because these precious metals are worth tens of thousands of pounds. Do not take them out of this room, but give them to me when you leave, and I will put them in the safe with the large diamond."

Zephyr said:

"These metals are used in industrial factories. Now that you are going to put them in the safe, I would like to give my friends' gifts right away, because I thought I would give their gifts when we get home.

Then he took the last gift from his pocket, a small box, and handed it to Maria. Neither Maria nor I volunteered to open the box. Mr. Jones took the box and opened it. Inside the box was another diamond, not as big or beautiful as the first one, but it was still eye-catching. I stood up and shook hands with Zephyr, and Maria hugged him.

After examining the diamond, Mr. Jones told us:

"This rare diamond is worth at least a million pounds. I congratulate you both and hope that with such a huge fortune, you will not give up your work and academic studies and continue to work as before. In the future, this gem will help you two to create a comfortable life."

Zephyr said to Mr. Jones:

"I ask you to keep this diamond of my friends with you and put it in your safe. I do not think it is advisable to keep such a wealth in our small house."

Mr. Jones replied:

"You are absolutely right and I have no problem keeping this box in my safe. Whenever our friends feel the need, I will return it to them. Of course, this is if they trust me."

I spoke:

"Mr. Jones... the value of your friendship with us is higher than all the treasures in the world. As you said, we will continue our daily work and thank you for your kindness in keeping this box in a safe environment."

Zephyr, who was very happy and satisfied with our reception of her gifts, said to the landlord:

"Mr. and Mrs. Jones, I have only painted the front of your building, as you have instructed. But if you wish, I will start painting the back tomorrow, too."

Mr. Jones said, laughing:

"There is no building in the whole world that the greatest billionaire in the world has painted with his own hands. A billionaire who refuses to accept a meal or a drink while doing his job."

After the appointment we made with Mrs. and Mr. Jones to paint the back of the building, we thanked the lady again and asked for leave so that we would not bother them anymore and return to our own home. A long farewell took place and it was agreed that the driver would take us home and come to Mr. Jones's house early in the morning to bring Zephyr to him.





Chapter Seventeen: unpredicted event

When we arrived home, we all sat down at the table and expressed our complete satisfaction with this magnificent party.

Zephyr continued:

"As I promised, I will tell you for the last time the results of my research on human societies on Earth. I must repeat that you, the people of Earth, are putting aside the most important research that is absolutely necessary for the continuation of life on planet Earth and prolonging your life. You Earthlings are devoting most of your efforts to building weapons of mass destruction.

In physics, there is a phenomenon called entropy. I am not going to give you a physics lesson here, I am just saying that the basis of the work of every machine in the universe is based on the fact that the functioning of every machine, including living beings, causes an increase in entropy (disorder), which causes aging and death of living beings.

So now it is clear that the less the internal effort of the body to digest food, the less the progress of entropy, which directly results in an increase in the lifespan of the living being. Now you can understand why our life span is ten times that of yours.

Entropy is a measure of disorder and affects all aspects of our daily lives. You can think of it as nature's tax. Entropy naturally increases over time. Problems arise: your house gets messy, your garden gets weeds, and the heat from your coffee spreads out. Businesses fail, crimes and revolutions occur, and relationships end. In the long run, everything naturally decays, and disorder always increases.

In short living organisms preserve their internal order by taking from their surroundings free energy, in the form of nutrients or sunlight, and returning to their surroundings an equal amount of energy as heat and entropy.

Understanding Entropy from a Psychological Perspective. Psychological entropy has been used to describe the uncertainty and disorder in an individual's mental state. For instance, conflicting beliefs, unclear self-concepts, or unresolved decision-making difficulties all signify higher psychological entropy.

Entropy is directly related to aging and death; aging can be viewed as a process of accumulating disorder (entropy) within a living system, leading to a gradual loss of functional order and eventual thermodynamic equilibrium with the surroundings, which is death. Living

organisms maintain their complex, low-entropy state by continuously importing energy, but this process inevitably generates more entropy, ultimately driving the organism toward death and a state of maximum disorder.”

Zephyr stopped for a little while and then he said:

“What I want to say is that it is not too late. People on earth should all unite and bring to power governments that are capable of understanding these issues and choosing the right path. There are countries in the world that are ruled by people who do not have the mental power to think correctly and immediately reject anything that contradicts their narrow intellectual boundaries. Such people are content with their worldly and supernatural achievements and, like any other ignorant person, reject scientific issues. Thus, it is the duty of ordinary people in every country to cast their votes for someone who is at least capable of thinking and paying attention to facts. At the same time, in one of the largest countries in the world, the people have elected a person to power who opposes every scientific issue. The reason for this is clear. This person is incapable of understanding the simplest scientific matters. But my problem is not this person. My problem is the people who voted for this person in complete freedom and supported him.

However, yesterday I was talking to one of my colleagues in the small park near Mr. Jones' house, and he told me that my mission on planet Earth is coming to an end. In a week or two I have to return to my own planet. I have met you two during this mission and have developed a great love and interest in you.

My hope is that you will find a better situation day by day and enjoy your life in the shelter of science and art. You are among my best friends. I will be in touch with you in any case.”

I, who was used to the presence of Zephyr in my house, was very upset by the thought of him returning to his own planet, and Maria, who had a choking sensation, said with difficulty.

“Zephyr... you are our best friend. Wherever you are, we wish you the best.”

Maria could not bear it anymore and burst into tears.

She hurriedly climbed the stairs and went to her room. Zephyr and I also got ready for the night's rest.

Early in the morning, when it was still not quite light, I woke up and went into the main building to take a quick shower. I went out of the bathroom into the hallway and headed for my house. Before I got inside, I saw Mr Jones' driver coming towards our house. It was surprising because he had been at our house for at least an hour early. He looked a little flustered, and I opened the door and took him inside with me. Zephyr was also surprised to see him.

I asked if something had happened.

The driver said:

“Unfortunately, something bad happened last night, and we had to take Mr Jones to the hospital in an ambulance.”

Maria, who had heard us from the top of the stairs, let out a little scream and started crying. I jumped up and quickly ran to the top of the stairs to help Maria down the stairs. I sat her down at the table and asked the driver to tell us the story.

He said:

“You must remember Shirley, Mr. Jones's daughter Susan's best friend. Apparently, Mr. Zephyr had bought gifts for everyone in the Jones family and presented them to the family at the table. But Mr. Zephyr, not knowing that Shirley would be present, had not brought anything for her. However, Mr. Jones had put all the gifts in a safe and gone to his bedroom with his wife, taking the key to the safe with him. In the middle of the night, Shirley quietly went to the safe but could not open the safe because the key was left with Mr. Jones. She decided to go to the master bedroom and on her way took a kitchen knife from the kitchen.

She opened the bedroom door and entered. But she forgot to close the door behind her. Neither Mrs. nor Mr. Jones noticed her presence in their room and were fast asleep.

Shirley turned on the light and stood over Mr. Jones with the kitchen knife. Mr. Jones slowly opens his eyes and sees Shirley standing over him with a knife in a threatening position.

Shirley says:

“If you make any noise, I will cut your throat with this knife. Don't make me do this, and both of you get out of bed immediately and quietly bring the key to the safe. If you do as I say, you will survive this fight.”

Mr. Jones tries to calm the young girl down and prevent her from doing anything stupid.

To show that she is serious about this, Shirley stabs Mr. Jones in the side with the knife. Mr. Jones screams in pain, and Shirley decides to stab him in the neck again. At this moment, Peter, who has not been able to sleep all night, rushes to his mother and father's room and throws himself on his father, screaming. Shirley, who had begun to attack Mr. Jones, could no longer stop and instead of Mr. Jones' neck, the knife cut through poor Peter's shoulder. Despite the wound he had received and the heavy bleeding, Mr. Jones managed to pull the knife out of Shirley's hand. Meanwhile, the servants, who had rushed there at the sound of Mrs. Jones' screams, grabbed Shirley and tied her hands and feet. One of them called the police and an ambulance, and it didn't take long for Mr. Jones and Peter to be taken to the hospital and Shirley to prison. Their bleeding had stopped and they were feeling better.

The lady asked me to come here and inform you that with the situation that has arisen, there is no need for you to go to their house. Now, if you have nothing to do with me, I must return to them.

Zephyr said, Mr. Driver... Please can you wait for a moment. It may be necessary for us to come with you.

Then he asked me to leave the room for a moment. Zephyr and I left the room and Zephyr told me slowly and very briefly that his mission on Earth was over and his colleague would come to take him from the same small park.

We returned to the room and I asked the driver to take us to Mr. Jones's house with him. He agreed and we quickly got ready and all three of us got into the car.

Near the small park, Zephyr asked the driver to drop him off there. The car stopped and we all got out. I told the driver that we would stay here for a while and then we would come to see Mrs. Jones at her house. From there we would go to the hospital to see Mr. Jones and Peter.

We couldn't see or hear anything for some time. I thought it might be due to insufficient light in the early morning. Suddenly, a blue light appeared in the sky, moving toward where we were standing. The spaceship descended close to the ground.



The ship's door opened almost imperceptibly, and a young man who looked exactly like Zephyr stepped out. He greeted us with courtesy and friendliness and urged Zephyr to hurry. Zephyr said goodbye to us and boarded the ship. It was a very sad moment. Zephyr promised once again to stay in touch. At that point, we parted ways,

We entered Mr. Jones's house feeling sad and worried, and Mrs. Jones came to meet us. We inquired about Mr. Jones and Peter, and she told us that, fortunately, the danger was over. We asked for the name and address of the hospital, but she explained that since it was a criminal incident, the police would not allow anyone to visit them. However, she said she had been in touch with her husband and son by phone and would keep us informed about their recovery.

The lady then asked the driver to take us to work. I kissed her hand, and Maria hugged her. The lady said she would be in touch with us.

We got into the car and drove to the university

The End

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