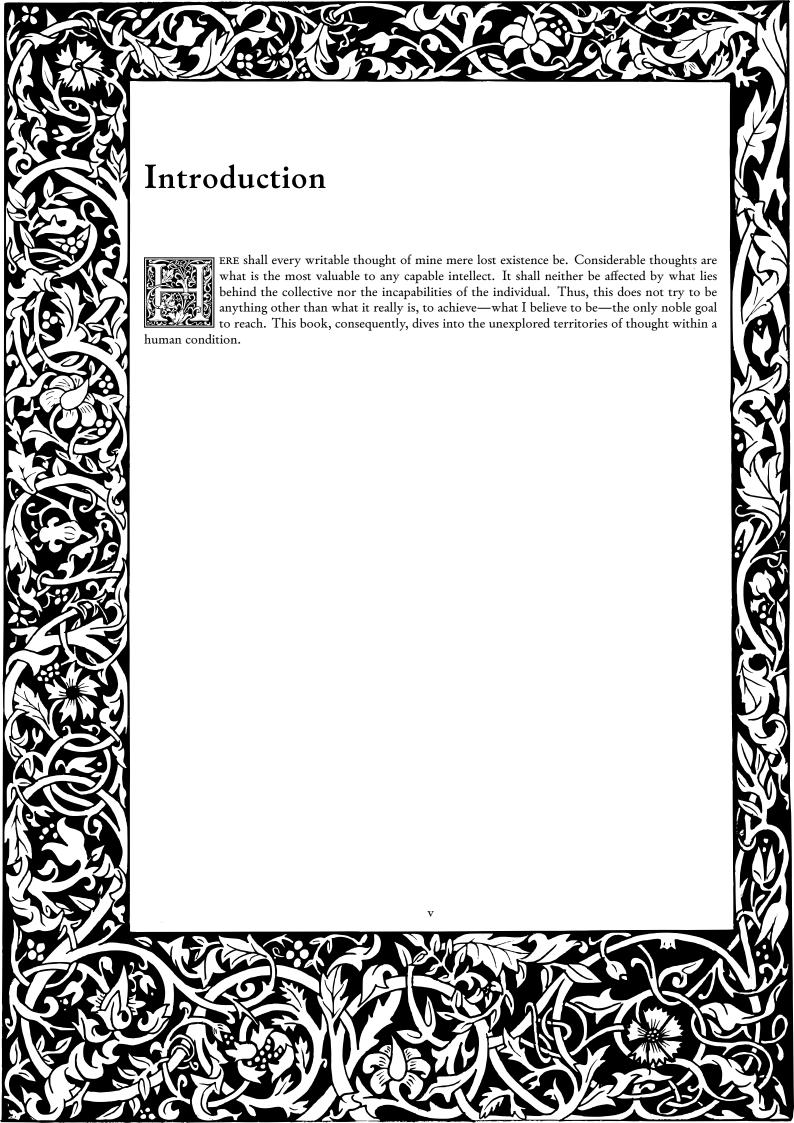
The Lost Thought

SalahDin Ahmed Salh Rezk July 29, 2022

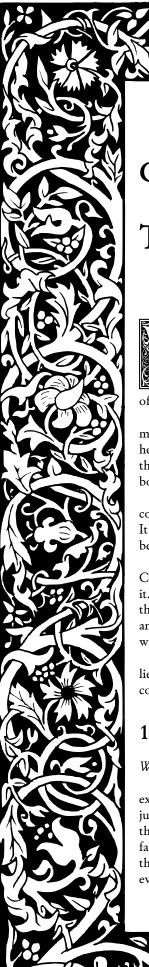
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Chapter 1

The Collective



HAT I call "The Collective" is the most effective yet the most harmful thing to the individuality of a human condition. It may achieve the greatness that no man can imagine, yet it actively chooses to not do a thing. Every day, the collective does not care of what truly matters, yet it is in a constant suffering for every failure it has experienced. Even if the failure was not of its conscious at that particular of an instance; it would torture itself till the point

The most risible to be seen of it is its ignorance. How confident it is just amusing to any intellect of a mind to think with. It does not think of the facts that of the mind. Instead, it works by the guide of a lost heart. It celebrates the wrong, despises the right, and wonder what there is to be done in order to whiten the blood that covers the floors of innocence. It is to be considered the only clown of the entire circus of both unconscious and conscious existence of the whole.

The Collective, however, existed long before anything. It was the start and may be the end. It was the continuation and may be the interruption. It was nothing before but would never be everything to see. It helped everything to come and helped everyone to fall. It never cared but always looked into what is beneath to be cared.

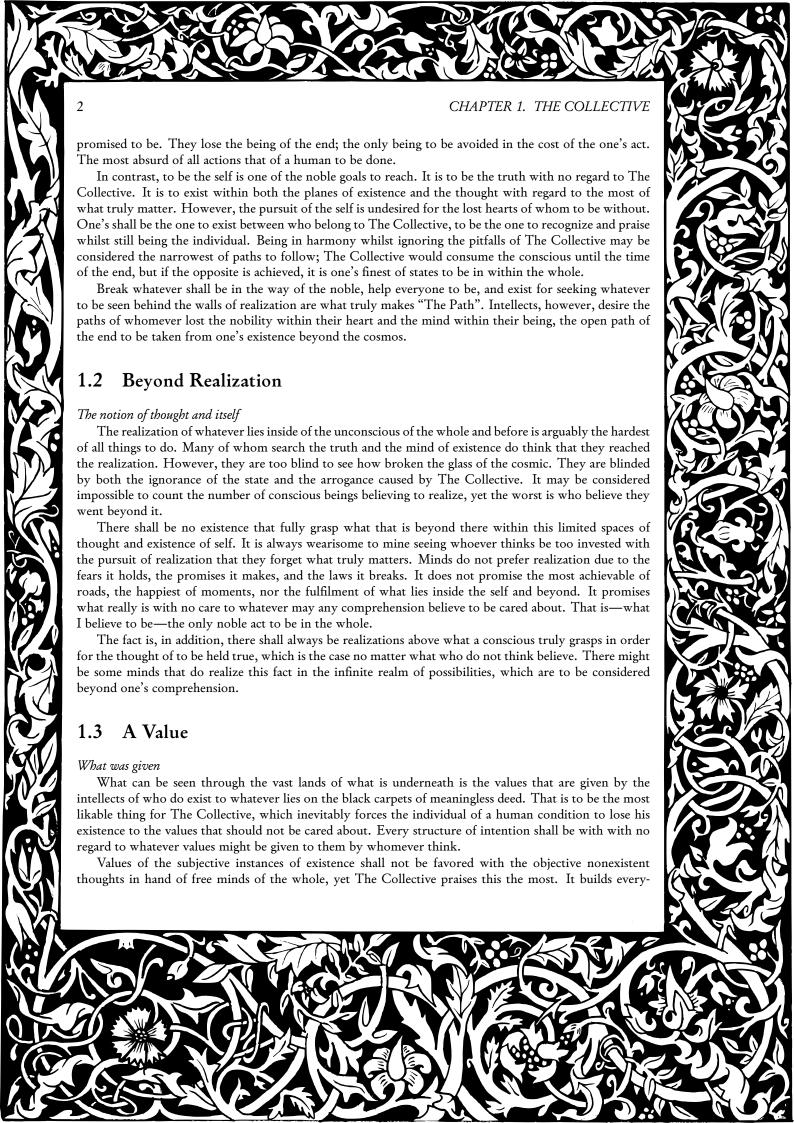
What different yet similar instances of consciousness that unrealistically think do not belong to The Collective, which I would believe to be the falsest of thoughts for a long time in the current whole, oppose it. They do not comprehend how much they are part of it and how much it is a part of them. There no thing to be seen to exist separate to The Collective yet. They avoid the unlikable notion of belonging to it and its ramifications. The meaning of being a part yet oppose the whole is the most antithetical of ideas, which who believe to be apart hate.

I would be arrogant to decide the state of The Collective. It may be—no matter how much I believe it to be utterly stupid—the most magnificent capable intellect of conscious and the opposite to be comprehensible in the plane of thought and nonexistence.

1.1 The Self

Within The Collective

To not be the self is to tolerate the unfulfilling need for its completion with no act towards the desired existence to be. To not be the self is to wait for the unwaited victory of the nonexistence in the plane just like the incompletenesses of whatever lies inside one's condition. To not be the self is to not realize the agony of existence and what is beneath. Many of whom not think, despite that, fail to recognize this factious implication. They do waste their existence to neither the whole nor what truly matters. Instead, they give every consciousness of existence, every intellect of mind, every notion of thought, and even every deed that could ever matter to what never mattered, to what never delivered, and to what never even



1.4. A CONFLICT thing on the dishonourable values given to what to be thought of, all that to be in the human nature. This is unbelievably wrong to what lies before the conscious of mind itself. This may expedite the progress in the current, but it is bound to lead the downfall of human intellect. Countless edifications fell onto the ground of what to be erroneous only because that of wrong value. It is most unfortunate that the values of whichever is are the motivation to be for many. The mistake of them existing and depending on them was not enough for some; they had to make their life and its meaning itself tied to what shall not be. The fools who does this are destined to their painful shallow of meaning death. Whom shall not ascend to the righteousness that of beyond the existence are alike, cannot smell what is really disgusting of everything and think they are the remnants. A Conflict One among many Thinking and acting with whom are not the self is an invaluable part of the experience of mind's conscious intellect, yet many take the opportunity to do what is hated by all to be. They do not realize that only who not think does alike. Thinkers believe that conflicts are the modus operandi to ascend into what is true; the only way to approach what exists beyond. Despite that, they struggle until crumbling into what not to be seen by any. The disunity of who do not think is the catastrophe for what exists underneath. What to be done is the most disgraceful of all. They spread their inferiority to all corners of the lands to live in; no one can escape the agony to be experienced caused by that of the done acts. And for what? For the planes? For the doctrines? For what shall be? The mislay of one's self beyond the void is their kismet. Shall they learn of what the past brought to their eyes, yet they are blind. Natheless, what to effectuate as a mere lost soul? The acts of ginormous conflict are not that of normals. They are that of princes; to whom power is given doing whatever comes to one's mind. Princes are used to kill and care not, to starve out and feel not, and to live and die not. They are, however, not more than a bare reflection to the true nature of the mortals under. It may seem to the illiterate that princes are the ones to blame—which I believe to not be completely false. However, a one of true compos mentis will realize the true soreness that exists among many. The blame shall lay on neither the princes of potency nor the personage of fallibility but on the root of all causes of vendetta, what verily lies inside the human condition. We, the mortals of quotidian, are the ones holding the Excalibur of every deed that may ever affect any whom. The only hindrance to be seen lies inside our own self. Thence, the radical change to be done is to ourselves, not to the world that have punished us for what we did not have the serendipity to do. It is, nonetheless, a difficult act to achieve; one should not only change what lies inside their very own selves, but also the innermost of all people among, parts of The Collective which are arduous to change. The thinker of thinkers should, despite that, always try to accomplish the impossible of tasks to advance—not only himself but also The Collective—over the current. Shall the mortals gain wisdom from who earnestly thinks for transmogrification. Modicum of The Parts 1.5 Fractions of the whole The fractious nature of even "The Parts" themself is an essential notion to realize in order to advance over the current. Whatever shall be is a modicum of a commodity. Every division is a fraction itself, this

