**THE LAST BELLS**

English Title:

### THE LAST BELLS

Subtitle:

*A Tear of Compassion for All Lost Souls*

*Written by******Taylor Reed******, based on ancient prophecies from East and West*.

**EDITORIAL FOREWORD**

Are there sorrows of our age so profound they can only be measured by the tears of the divine? In the turbulence of our world, might there be warnings unspoken—not carried by sound, but by a silent compassion?

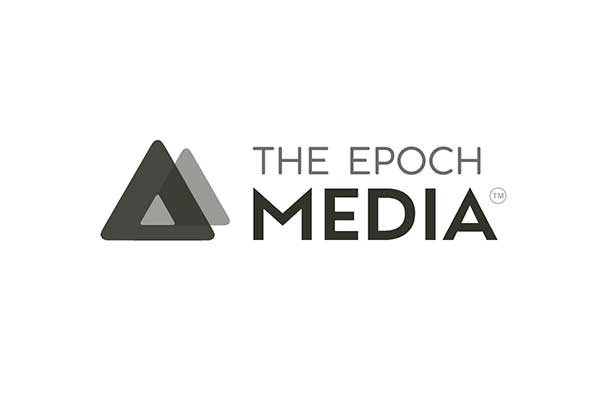
It is from these haunting questions that The Last Bells by journalist Taylor Reed was born. This is not a detached analytical work, but an intimate inner journey sparked by a sacred moment: the sight of a believer witnessing the tear of the Holy Mother and wondering, “Why is She weeping?”

With the sharp mind of a journalist and the longing heart of a believer, Taylor Reed does not attempt to “prove” prophecy. Instead, she invites us into a path of empathy—tracing the cause of that tear through the “clinical records” of a faltering world, hearing its echo in prophetic texts both East and West, and ultimately realizing that every warning, every omen, stems from an infinite Compassion.

This journey, illuminated by the author’s own perspective and awakenings, leads us from the confusion of reason to the stillness of faith. Its purpose is not to instill fear of the future, but to kindle hope in the choices we make today.

We believe The Last Bells is not merely a book to read, but an experience to feel. It is the echo of a tear born of mercy—and the final bell calling our conscience, still waiting for each of us to respond.

Sincerely,  
**The Editorial Board**



**FOREWORD**  
(By **Taylor Reed**)

I never intended to write a book about prophecy.

With over twenty years immersed in journalism, I was accustomed to pursuing truth based on verifiable facts and traceable logic. My world was one of "Who?", "What?", "When?", "Where?", and most importantly, "Why?", all founded on tangible evidence. As a journalist, professional habit always led me to view matters as objectively as possible. Thus, I always began with what could be seen, heard, and touched — verifiable things.

But then, an image arrived — and I understood that, to truly comprehend that image, we needed to broaden our perspective beyond the superficial appearance of what could be grasped by sight and sound…

It was not an oracle etched in stone, nor a glorious vision in the night sky. It was simply a photo sent via phone, a quiet image yet more impactful than any sensational news I had ever pursued.

It was a picture of a white porcelain statue of the Virgin Mary. And from the corner of Her eye, a dark tear streak had flowed down Her cheek.

In a world screaming in chaos, amidst frenzied music and endless arguments, that silent tear became the loudest sound I had ever heard. It was a wordless question, an inexpressible pain.

Why did She weep?

That question haunted me. It was no longer the question of a journalist seeking an event, but the cry of a child seeing their Mother suffer. It compelled me to use everything I had – the analytical mind of a truth-seeker and the restless heart of a believer – to embark on a journey I never thought I would undertake: the journey to find the cause of a divine tear.

This book, ladies and gentlemen, is the diary of that journey. It will take us to vibrant Rock concerts, wander through "modern" art museums, then fly across continents from West to East, turning over pages of millennia-old prophecies, and ultimately, facing the future of our own era.

This is not an academic work aiming to prove or refute prophecy. It is my endeavor to comprehend the divine concern amidst a world steeped in delusion. In the process of struggling to piece together seemingly disconnected fragments, I realized that the very principles I grasped while earnestly reading the scriptures of Falun Dafa illuminated my "journey" more clearly.

I invite you, dear readers, to join me on this exploration, not as outside observers, but as fellow companions listening together. For I believe that tear did not fall for me alone. It fell for all of us. And the "bell" it tolls, perhaps it is not to foretell the end, but to awaken us, to call us back, before it is too late.

Who knows, amidst these pages, you too might hear the bell meant just for you.

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### CHAPTER 1

#### WHY MUST GOD WEEP?

I stood in the advantageous press area at a spectacular "Rock Concert" held in a football stadium...

To be honest, I shouldn't have been there.

John's email, from my superior at a newspaper where I freelanced, arrived late the previous afternoon. It was brief and left me no choice: "Taylor, there's a huge concert at the city stadium tomorrow night. One of those loud rock bands that's blowing up. I need you there. Get me an 'explosive' take, the 'voice of a generation.' You know what to do."

And so, here I was.

The air was thick with human breath, the smell of burning plastic from lighting equipment, cigarette smoke, lingering marijuana, pungent perfume, and sweat heated by the radiating metal blocks from the stage floor. Laser lights sliced back and forth like swords, cutting through the sky thick with artificial smoke. The wind was no longer strong enough to blow away anything but the shouts.

The stadium was no longer a stadium. It was the gaping maw of a colossal creature, swallowing every drumbeat, every stomp, every frantic headbang. On the giant LED screen behind the stage, blasphemous symbols and jarring images flashed intermittently: fiery red eyes, skulls drawn with yin-yang symbols, war scenes edited like video games. No one looked closely. No one cared. Everyone just screamed and sank into their own worlds.

A girl with purple-dyed hair, wearing a mesh dress, was filming her friend with her phone. She adjusted filters while her friend feigned fainting, still muttering about calculating the video's cut angle. They weren't joking. This was part of a ritual. "Posting while hyperventilating goes viral fastest," I heard her say in a very serious tone.

In another corner, two young men started arguing – the cause simply because one stood blocking the other's view. It didn't take long: a punch swung out, an energy drink can flew straight into a third person's face. No one intervened. People around immediately raised their phones, as if someone had signaled for action. A girl exclaimed:

"This scene is cool! I'm captioning it: 'Hell through the eyes of a survivor!'"

I wasn't filming. Wasn't taking photos. My voice recorder was still on in my jacket pocket. But I no longer paid attention. What I was witnessing… was no longer something that could be described in a news report.

On stage, the technical crew began to dim the floor lights. The sound gradually shifted from electronic drums to a long, deep resonant hum, like a gong echoing in a cave. A temporary pause. Then the lights flared.

The main band emerged.

The lead singer wore a long, ash-grey robe, covered in chains and metallic scales, walking barefoot on the damp floor. His hair was gelled straight up, dyed three colors like demonic scales, with red tattoos drawn along both temples down to his neck. He didn't greet, didn't introduce himself. He just raised the microphone… and let out a long, inarticulate scream.

The scream was grating, like metal scraping against stone, lasting almost thirty seconds.

The dance began – not dancing, but convulsive movements, bending, twisting spines, and howling to the rhythm of the flashing lights. The other band members beat drums with their bare hands, striking the taut skins forcefully as if in a summoning ritual. The screen behind displayed images of a city engulfed in flames, interspersed with flickering numbers, code lines, and gates opening into spirals.

The lyrics were unclear. Only words like "open the door," "liberate," "destroy," "blood" – repeated, like a hypnosis.

I looked around. The crowd began to sway. They were no longer spectators. They were part of the stage. Arms raised, bodies writhing in the flickering light, eyes rolled back, staring into space.

No one remembered who they were. No one cared who stood next to them.

I gripped the strap of the bag at my hip. A cold sensation rose from my gut like a quiet premonition. Not because I was faint-hearted. But because I knew — I was standing in an unnamed ritual.

I looked around.

People's faces under the flickering lights seemed to lose their human features. With each flash, different expressions flitted across them: wide eyes, gaping mouths, tongues lolling out, hands raised as if possessed. Anti-sacred symbols, evil eye drawings, strange glyphs appeared scattered on shirts, flags, and tattoos — so numerous it was impossible to tell what was fashion and what was intent.

I swallowed hard.

And suddenly remembered my daughter.

A few days ago, Lily asked me for some money. She said her classmates invited her to a "super hot" concert, tickets were half price if booked early. I was rushing a deadline then, didn't ask much, just transferred the money as usual.

Now, amidst this thick, delirious chaos, a chilling sensation rose within me. Not because I saw her there. But because I wasn't sure if she was there or not.

She's only sixteen. What if she was standing in that crowd, if she was screaming, swaying, if she was listening to lyrics like "destroy everything – open the final gate"... what then?

I breathed slowly, looking up at the stage again.

The lead singer began a new segment. He didn't sing. He just chanted, intoning each word gruffly:

"Open the final gate. Abolish old memories. Kill the former self. Welcome the new fire."

With each line spoken, the crowd erupted in a roaring response. The stage lights immediately turned blood-red, shining diagonally from below, making his face look like someone being executed alive.

Two dancers behind began to crawl on their hands and knees across the damp concrete floor of the stage, hands and heads bent down, then suddenly arched their necks back as if electrocuted. The scene was like a live sacrificial ritual. The air in the stadium thickened, heavy as if oxygen was being sucked out.

I took a step back.

My breath caught.

And I whispered:

"Lord, please look upon Your children. Please look upon my Lily, and her generation. I clearly see the emptiness that drifting away from You has left in their souls, and they are trying to fill it with these meaningless screams. Are You still watching?"

I didn't expect an answer.

I just wanted something — anything — to tell me I wasn't the only one who still felt this way.

And at that very moment, my phone vibrated.

A friend sent me a WhatsApp message.

Just a photo, a link to the original article, and a brief message:

"Taylor, check this photo out, is it credible?!"

A statue of the Virgin Mary. Sculpted from white porcelain. Placed in a small chapel, clearly illuminated by electric light.

And from the statue's right eye…

A dark red streak flowed down…

At that moment, I had the feeling that the photo hadn't come to me by chance.

I stared at the photo. Forgetting the music, forgetting the crowd. In that moment, I felt as if the entire world around me… fell silent.

No one called. No one prompted. But I knew I couldn't stay here another minute.

I was still staring at the photo on my phone when the rain poured down.

Without warning. No wind. No thunder. Just a sudden deluge of heavy raindrops drumming onto the stadium roof, cascading over the stands as if someone had torn open a water-filled sky.

The sea of people initially looked up — paused for a few stunned seconds — then erupted as if shedding their last layer of restraint. They screamed louder, danced more wildly, slammed their hands onto the soaking wet concrete floor. The rain was like a collective quench amidst the scorching heat of over 35 degrees Celsius that had been suppressed since the start of the show. Every inch of drenched skin seemed to revive. Shirts clung to bodies, hair fanned out like wild roots. No one ran. No one sought shelter.

Laser lights flashed continuously through the rain, creating the illusion of blades sweeping across the sky.

The lead singer spread his arms, head tilted back, letting the rain hit his face directly. He screamed into the microphone:

"We've been washed clean! This is the fire of rebirth! NO NEED FOR HEAVEN! NO NEED FOR GOD!"

The crowd howled in response as if hypnotized.

"NO NEED!"

"NO NEED!"

"NO NEED!"

I wasn't sure if the crowd consciously understood what the singer had just said, or if they simply echoed him out of sheer instinct!

I took a step back. My whole body was cold and wet. Partly from the rain. Partly from… something I couldn't name rising in my mind at that moment…

I clutched my phone tightly. Looked at the statue again.

Then I closed the phone. And turned away.

Without hesitation.

I left the stadium through the back service exit, where a few security guards were smoking under a rattling tin roof. No one asked where I was going. No one looked at me. Perhaps, amidst the rain and the music, I was just a nameless blur.

Reaching the main road, I hailed a taxi pulling in to pick up a passenger.

As I closed the door, I realized I was trembling slightly. The rain still poured ceaselessly. The music was gone, but the aftertaste still pulsed in my ears, like the echo of a fever.

I leaned my head against the window glass. Streetlights blurred in the rainwater. A feeling both empty and overflowing.

Before letting the taxi drive off, I pulled out my phone, my fingers still damp, to call my daughter, Lily. If by chance she was in the stadium, I wanted to pull her home with me.

The phone rang for a long time.

Then my daughter's voice came on, a little languid:

"I'm home. Watching a movie. What's up, Mom?"

I exhaled.

For so long… as if I had just surfaced from underwater.

"Nothing, I just wanted to hear your voice. Keep watching."

"Okay, then hurry home and rest, Mom."

I smiled, but didn't reply.

Just quietly hung up.

I leaned back in the seat. The rain still steadily poured outside the window. Streetlights piercing through the water formed tattered streaks of light.

I opened my phone again.

Typed into the search bar:

"Statue of Virgin Mary crying blood"

“Statue of Virgin Mary crying real or fake”

"Photoshop religious miracle hoax"

Google returned a series of results:

— "Crying statue phenomenon: from miracle to hoax" — "Church has not confirmed, but belief continues to spread" — "Digital image experts analyze abnormal signs" — "Photoshop or miracle? Online community fiercely debates"

I scrolled through the headlines, but didn't click.

Not because I was afraid of being convinced, or because I already believed in the strange.

It was just… that gaze — the gaze of the statue — was still within me.

No article could replace it.

I got back to my apartment close to ten o’clock. The rain was still falling steadily on the roof, each heavy beat prolonged as if showing no signs of stopping. The hallway light filtered through the small window, enough to see that everything in the room was still intact — but I was not.

I put my bag down on the table, quickly changed out of my wet clothes, then slumped onto the edge of the bed.

It felt like I had just returned from a strange land. Not because that place was deceitful — but because it was too real, too raw, to the point where all familiar concepts within me became meaningless.

I opened my laptop to prepare to "submit my assignment" to the newsroom as usual.

The editor appeared, stark white.

I typed the first line:

THE ECHO OF FIRE: YOUTH FIND THEIR VOICE

I intended to continue writing as usual — smooth summaries, a few captions with nice photos, some quotes about "personal freedom" and "artistic creation."

I would grasp the surface, trim away the rough edges, and package it into an easy-to-swallow product for tomorrow's readers.

But then I stopped.

Not because of emotion.

But because of a gaze.

I reopened my phone.

The photo of the Virgin Mary statue was still there.

Silent. Without explanation. Without judgment.

Just a dark drop of blood flowing from the corner of her right eye, down her porcelain face.

Earlier, in the taxi home, I had quickly searched on my phone — sensational headlines, conflicting arguments, I had scrolled past them. I hadn't clicked on any articles.

But this time, I wanted to look deeper.

One more time. The right way.

I opened the browser. Typed the search query again:

"Statue of Virgin Mary crying blood real or fake"

I clicked on each link.

Some articles from Catholic sites — called it a miracle.

Some from skeptical forums — presented evidence of oxidation reactions and salt precipitation.

I read each section carefully.

Then scrolled down to the comments.

Beneath each article was a miniature world:

— Someone in tears, saying they had seen a similar phenomenon in a small chapel in Italy.

— Another scoffed: "Those PR guys are doing a great job. Photoshopped blood onto a statue and people believe it!"

— A doctor talked about the mechanism of pseudo-blood clots on porcelain material.

— A mother recounted that her daughter had asked: "If the Virgin Mary cries, then who is making Mother sad?"

I read it all.

Not to judge.

Just to hear all those echoes.

Then I sat back in front of the screen.

Returned to the editor.

I deleted the entire old opening.

No title. No preconceived angle.

Just typed one line:

WHY DOES THE STATUE WEEP?

Then I thought, "if the photo sent to me at that moment was not merely coincidental, then perhaps the Virgin Mary is crying while witnessing the madness at the concert? Or, more broadly, weeping because She has to witness eye-sore, vexing things happening across the continents?!"

I mused for a while, then deleted the previous title again, and wrote:

THE SICKNESS OF THE AGE.

The cursor blinked.

Like an unnamed waiting beat.

I didn't write more.

I closed my laptop. Turned off the light. Climbed into bed.

Just lay on my side, facing the darkness. In my mind still lingered distorted music, flashing lights, and the image of the statue — silent, yet deeper than any words.

I didn't think anymore.

Only a feeling – weariness and confusion, mixed with a faint sadness like ash after a fire.

I drifted into sleep in that state. Not to escape.

But to pause.

Tomorrow morning, I will wake up. And when I open my eyes, I know I will have to find out to the very end:

Why did the Virgin Mary statue cry?

And what was the true reason?

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### CHAPTER 2

#### THE SICKNESS OF THE AGE

#### The First Perspective: The Decay of the Creative Soul (Culture & Art)

I opened my laptop to complete an unfinished analysis.

In an old folder, my previous draft was titled: "When music is no longer art."

Right at the beginning, I had written:

"Art once was a torch illuminating the soul. Now, it is merely a convex mirror, reflecting illusions and guided instincts."

I still remember the feeling when I first typed these lines. It wasn't indignation. It was regret.

I opened YouTube, not waiting for the algorithm to suggest anything.

I actively typed the keyword: "Top trending music video 2020s" — as a way to check where today's visual culture stood.

The first MV that appeared was by a young band currently "taking the world by storm." But I didn't need to know who they were.

Just a few seconds after pressing play, the analytical system in my mind was already operating — like a professional mechanism that needed no name:

* The melody was programmed to stimulate nerves, creating feelings of euphoria and explosiveness after each hook (an instant attention-grabbing technique in digital content).
* The choreography was synchronized, bland, jerky, dehumanized to the point of resembling a dance of demons.
* Lyrics were structured in 4-6 word cycles, repeated in an advertising pattern.
* Images flashed, scenes were jumpy, lights were cold, special effects were excessive.
* The singers and dance troupe had hair of various colors—blue, red, purple, yellow—covered in diverse tattoos, and costumes that looked exactly like cinematic demon outfits.

The people on screen were no longer artists. They were tools of demons...

There were no real expressions. No moments of silence. No narrative thread.

Everything was just encrypted code — designed to addict, not to inspire.

I used to ignore this phenomenon. Not because I didn't see it.

But because I thought I understood the mechanism behind it too well.

But this time, I had to confront it. Because it was no longer just a musical phenomenon — but a global psychological ecosystem, shaping the personalities and emotions of an entire generation.

I recalled my early days in college, more than twenty years ago.

Back then, I had never heard the term "K-Pop." But what was called "global music culture" had already begun to surge.

I vividly remember the Michael Jackson craze sweeping through the dorm like a flood.

My friends were obsessed with his every move, every spin, every gaze on stage. One friend told me:

"Don't you see? This is iconic. This is greatness."

I asked: "Greatness where? In the message, or the technique?"

She answered without thinking: "No need to understand. Just feel it."

That sentence etched itself into my mind like a silent blow.

I was born into a Christian family.

I grew up with church music, where every hymn was a prayer.

When I started to explore Eastern culture, I found another depth in ancient zither music, in quiet folk melodies echoing from the Asian countryside.

That music wasn't flashy. It wasn't sensational.

It wouldn't make you say "wow" in the first 5 seconds.

But if you listened quietly, it touched something very deep—like healing water for the inner self.

Compared to it, today's music is a paradox:

The more glamorous – the emptier.

The more tumultuous – the more voiceless.

The more it incites lust – the more it loses true emotion.

I don't deny that art should create more good things. But what's happening isn't development — it's an ever-increasing degenerate decay.

I flipped back to my notes in my notebook. A heavily underlined line:

"The most sophisticated decay is decay within a perfect facade."

Young idols are screaming about "self-liberation" on stage.

But they are precisely the most meticulously vetted products: from their height, voice, pronunciation, to even the emotions they are allowed to display on television.

I looked at the chorus line produced like packaged goods.

I recalled a concerto by Vivaldi (18th-century Italian Baroque composer), where every rise and fall of the rhythm felt like the heartbeat of the universe.

I compared. And I shuddered.

We have lost the ability to hear silence in art.

Music, once a means to connect with the divine — now merely a tool for entertainment.

No one writes music to enlighten others anymore. There's only music to "retain viewers for 15 seconds on a platform."

I typed the final lines:

"True music elevates humanity. Today's music paralyzes them.

And in that state, they will no longer have the will to think, to resist, or... to remember who they are."

I stopped typing. Stood up. Silently poured a glass of water.

Images from the MV still flickered wildly on the screen behind — as if signaling from a world I no longer belonged to.

I returned to my desk, opened my notebook. A line heavily underlined from the previous year:

"When art no longer transmits light, it becomes a dark shadow in the human mind."

Yet, a sad truth is that these modern bands, typically K-Pop groups from South Korea, are globally adored by young people. They win numerous prestigious music awards, and some groups are even invited to the United Nations headquarters for global recognition!

My memory shifted to another domain: painting.

In New York, I once stepped into a modern art gallery, where "masterpieces" valued at hundreds of millions of dollars were displayed.

A colossal canvas with a few smeared colors and strokes as if left by a child playing with crayons.

I stood silent. No emotion. No depth. Not a single tremor reached my soul.

And then I read the description:

"This work reflects the artist's internal instability amidst the collapse of modern order."

I gave a faint smile. Perhaps the description was more refined than the painting itself.

I was once moved by Raphael's "The School of Athens" – where philosophy, mathematics, and art converged in a divine geometric symphony.

I once stood for hours before a Tang dynasty Buddha statue, just to feel the serenity flowing from the benevolent gaze carved more than a thousand years ago.

Compared to that, what is called "peak art" today makes me... shudder.

I'm not speaking lightly. These are real numbers:

Willem de Kooning's "Interchanged" — a jumble of abstract swirls — sold for $300 million.

"Woman III" by the same artist — a twisted face, distorted body — changed hands for $137.5 million.

Mark Rothko's "No. 1 (Red and Blue)" — just two overlapping color blocks — priced at $75.1 million.

Christopher Wool's "Riot" — simply the four letters RIOT printed in black on a white background — cost $29.9 million.

If art is meant to inspire and purify the soul, these paintings are doing the opposite.

In fact, I once wrote in a blog post — and I still hold this view:

"When people look at a painting and find it beautiful, perhaps it's because their mental landscape aligns with the chaotic, twisted, and distorted state within the painting itself.

As for those who still retain the purity of their souls, they will feel dizzy, nauseous, even literally sick."

I sighed...

I also heard that in Thailand or somewhere, people train an elephant to randomly smear paint on a canvas, then call it "unique art" and auction it off.

And honestly, compared to some "master artists" today, that elephant's painting is even... more visually appealing!

I typed a bitter line into the draft:

"With the 'leapfrog' evolution of contemporary art, it's highly possible that in the not-too-distant future, a painting of... a pile of feces will be labeled 'anti-flat-earth thesis' and fetch a price of 1 billion USD."

Exaggerating? Not at all.

Just a few years ago, a "contemporary artist" taped a ripe banana to a wall with duct tape, named it "Comedian," and sold it for $120,000.

The only thing I found amusing — was that people called it the "pinnacle of postmodern thought." And me? I called it the ultimate mockery of humanity's conscience by the demonic nature.

I sat in silence. Remembering an old saying from my father:

"When art falls into the hands of those without morals, it will no longer be art — but a tool for legally corrupting the soul."

I switched to cinema — a form of "synthetic art" once considered the pinnacle.

But increasingly, films are driven by algorithms rather than by virtue.

Blockbuster movies relentlessly cram in meaningless action scenes, dazzling special effects, absurd violence, and gratuitous sexuality… as if audiences are no longer capable of thought.

I've read hundreds of comments like:

"No plot needed, just beautiful explosions."

"Plot holes galore, but the male lead's visuals and abs save the entire film."

"Don't demand depth — people watch to escape, not for philosophy."

So art has stripped itself bare, transforming from a bridge to spirituality into… an addictive entertainment tool.

I remembered "Joy to the World" — the familiar Christmas carol, written by Isaac Watts.

Not grand. No sound filters. Just simple lyrics sung from the mouths of people who believed in goodness.

When that music resounded in the night, I felt: my soul being uplifted.

But today, in the movie theater, I only feel overwhelmed, tired, and empty.

I returned to the screen, typing the final lines:

"The most sophisticated decay of art is when it no longer directs people towards light, but drags them into darkness in the name of 'creativity.'

And in that vortex of chaos, the human soul is eroded — little by little — without even knowing it."

I closed my laptop. Sat still in my office.

In my heart, an old question lingered — one that never ceased to ache:

"What have we exchanged… to call this creative freedom?"

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#### The Second Perspective: The Compromise of Intellect and the Decline of Wisdom (Media & Social Networks)

I reopened an old news report on my computer — an article I had worked on about a year ago.

The original title was: "Inside a School Full of Shadows."

But the title after being edited and publicly published was:

"Teacher beats student to hospitalization: Who is in charge?"

I still remember the feeling back then. Anger. Confusion.

My investigative article had delved into the school's mechanism of silence, systemic cover-ups, and how victims were marginalized. But that entire section — over 2,000 words — had been edited out. They kept a few shocking details, added some public outrage, and pushed it to the front page.

I wasn't the only one.

I used to admire many veteran journalists — those who reported from war zones, who uncovered hidden cases. But year after year, I witnessed them change.

Not because they lost their ideals, but because ideals no longer paid the bills.

Journalism, once called the "fourth estate," now stands behind even social media algorithms and mob sentiment.

In the past, to become a journalist, one needed ethics, courage, and extensive social knowledge.

Today, a writer might only need to know how to catch TikTok trends and craft "artistic" clickbait headlines on Facebook.

I looked at myself.

I once told some of my interns:

"Journalism is about protecting the truth."

But I myself had to write to order: "Increase female readership, 18–25 years old, add emotional and controversial elements."

Once, the editor-in-chief suggested a headline to me: "Singer X's ex-lover unexpectedly speaks out about that breakup year."

I asked: "What does that have to do with education?"

They replied curtly: "Who reads political news? Add this line to get views first, content later."

I opened my phone. Swiped the screen.

TikTok. YouTube Shorts. Instagram Reels.

Each platform is like an endless conveyor belt of short videos — 15 seconds, 30 seconds, 60 seconds — where everything is designed to grab attention.

A neurologist once said at a conference I attended:

"The structure of short-form content stimulates the mind like a mild addiction — but prolonged over many years, it can rewire the human brain."

Explicit images are not the most dangerous.

What's more dangerous is the fragmentation of attention.

People can no longer read a 1000-word article.

Cannot follow an argument that extends beyond three paragraphs.

In fact, today's articles have to "break sentences" after every line, because otherwise… "users will scroll past."

I scribbled a line in my notebook:

"Truth takes ten minutes to understand.

A lie takes only five seconds to infuriate.

In today's media world — which will win?"

I once thought: if there was anywhere that could keep the flame of independent thought alive, it would be social media, where individuals had the most agency and freedom of speech…

But then, one morning, millions of people around the world woke up to something unusual: the social media accounts of the sitting President of the United States had been blocked.

Not just one, but all of them: Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, YouTube... almost simultaneously silenced the man holding the most powerful position on the planet.

Regardless of whether you loved or hated him, it was a cold, hard fact: an individual could be completely erased from public space with just a few clicks by anonymous "councils."

And if that could happen to a president, it could happen to anyone.

But what made me shudder wasn't the fact that he was "banned."

It was that it was considered normal.

Social media is now monitored and controlled by governments, not just in totalitarian states, but also in Western countries.

And social media has now become a chaotic mess dominated by cheap "entertainment" content…

That so-called "open space" is, in reality, a series of echo chambers, where each person only sees what they already believe and hears what they want to hear.

It's ironic:

We have over 4 billion people connected globally, yet we increasingly lack the ability to truly converse.

We have an unprecedented store of knowledge, yet we are losing the capacity for independent thought.

People no longer read books.

They watch "1-minute book summaries."

They don't listen to an entire debate.

They just pick out a quote from the middle, add background music, and create a sensational headline.

Once I asked a recent college graduate:

"Do you like to read?"

She replied:

"I like listening to 5-minute podcasts every morning. Anything longer and I feel lazy."

A "lazy-reading" society is not necessarily an ignorant society.

But a society that shies away from critical thinking, fears debate, and prefers to be led by emotion rather than reason, is certainly moving backward in intellectual evolution.

I typed the final line again:

"Once truth takes 10 minutes to understand, and a lie takes only 5 seconds to infuriate — it's not the lie that will win, but rather… intelligence will self-extinguish."

I turned off the screen. And asked myself:

"If I submitted this draft today, would it be rejected… for lacking 'market appeal'?"

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#### The Third Perspective: The Chaos of Foundations (Morality & Society)

That night, I read a news report:

A group of junior high students at a secondary school locked their classroom door, threw slippers at their music teacher, then recorded a video and posted it on social media with a defiant caption: "Teacher sings badly, so she deserves it."

The incident went viral like a virus. No one condemned it; people only created memes and remixed it with music.

I sat in silence. Not for the teacher. But for this society — where moral chaos is no longer recognized as wrong.

I remembered a line written in an old catechism book:

"The family is the first foundation God gave to humanity to learn how to be human."

But today, what was once a foundation is now considered an obstacle.

People no longer believe that a child needs both a father and a mother.

Instead, they promote "modern family" models, where gender, roles, and obligations are all optional like phone apps.

I am not writing this to attack anyone.

I am merely observing a reality:

When every concept can be redefined, there is nothing left to serve as a standard.

I once witnessed a student talk back to their parents, saying:

"I don't need to listen to you. People on TikTok teach differently!"

At a seminar, a teacher recounted:

"My 7th-grade student confided in me that they only dared to speak truthfully to... YouTube Shorts. Because their parents were 'old-fashioned,' and their friends were 'judgmental.'"

TikTok, YouTube, Facebook… have now become the spiritual parents, virtual teachers, and simulated confidants of a generation.

Meanwhile, real relationships — between children and parents, students and teachers — have become strained, distant, even antagonistic.

When morality is detached from the structure of family and school, where do children learn how to be human?

Social ills have long ceased to be a "distant" problem.

— From school drug abuse to underage prostitution. — From financial fraud to rampant pornography.

I'm not saying these things only exist in modern times.

But there's one key difference:

In the past, they were called vices.

Today, they are disguised as "diverse lifestyles" or "sexual liberation."

I once read an internal survey:

In Japan and the U.S., over 80% of children had been exposed to pornography before the age of 12.

Some even couldn't imagine the concept of "love" without accompanying explicit and violent imagery.

Online, there are sites that publicly share pornographic comics — and no one gets arrested.

In addition, fraud and theft — both offline and online — are increasing exponentially.

People steal because they are poor, and sometimes they steal because… they want to be famous.

The more shocking, the more shares.

The more brazen, the more attention.

Society has turned wrong into a tool for survival.

Perhaps what troubles me most is a wave being called by a euphemism:

"Gender freedom."

In reality, more and more countries are legalizing same-sex marriage (male with male, female with female), even recognizing non-binary identities.

Things once considered abnormal — are now labeled "modern human rights."

I'm not against anyone. I just wonder:

If a child is born and no longer knows if they are a boy or a girl, how will they learn how to be human?

If gender is just a "feeling" — then what is permanent?

I believe that:

Heaven's principles do not change.

Gender is not an opinion.

Morality cannot be rewritten by the majority.

Things contrary to nature, contrary to conscience, contrary to traditional culture — even if written into law — can never become a healthy foundation for society.

I concluded with a line in my journal:

"We cannot cure a body if both the doctor and the patient call its condition… normal."

\* \* \*

#### The Fourth Perspective: The Hollowing of Power and Trust (Politics & Religion)

POWER: A GHOST BEHIND THE VEIL OF DEMOCRACY

One evening, I sat in my office, flipping through news channels. A live debate between two presidential candidates was airing. They attacked each other relentlessly.

— "You once cut education budgets so much that thousands of teachers lost their jobs!"

— "What about you? You raised corporate taxes, causing the economy to falter!"

No one mentioned actual policies. No one offered a clear solution. I quietly jotted down a few familiar slogans:

"For justice," "Rebuilding trust," "Systemic innovation"...

But they were all hollow. No one dared to define what "justice" was, or how the "system" needed to be innovated.

I've been a political and social journalist for over 20 years. I used to believe that power could create positive change. But the more I interacted, the more I realized:

Modern politics is not the art of governing a nation, but the art of maintaining image and power.

In Western democracies, power is stretched between three dominant influences:

— Mass media, playing the role of shaping public opinion. — Economic corporations, with behind-the-scenes interests. — And the tastes of the electorate, which are increasingly shallow and easy to manipulate.

A politician who doesn't cooperate with the media will be slandered. If they don't meet corporate interests, funding will be withdrawn. If they don't cater to public taste, they will be discarded in the next election.

They no longer have time to think about long-term values, because power only lasts for a term.

I once asked a friend who worked as an election consultant:

— "Why don't you propose policies on educational moral reform?"

He smirked:

— "That doesn't sell votes. But a clip of a candidate shaking a baby's hand does."

In one-party states, however, the problem lies elsewhere:

The government does not represent the people, but rather the ruling party itself.

There, power is concentrated at a single apex. Every policy boils down to one goal: protecting the Party, maintaining stability for the system. The people are not subjects to be served, but objects to be controlled.

And because there's no need for elections or campaigns, decisions become arbitrary and inhumane. When there's no free press to scrutinize, no opposition to challenge, no true public will — then power becomes absolute, and absolutely corrupt.

I concluded in my notebook:

"Whether democratic or totalitarian, if power is not based on morality – it is merely a game of shadows.

The people, whether they vote or not, are then just pawns in a predetermined game."

\* \* \*

RELIGION: THE BELLS NO LONGER ECHO

One afternoon, I passed an old church in the city center.

The bells rang – steadily as always. But inside, only three elderly people were quietly counting rosary beads.

The long pews were empty. There was no light in their eyes, no whispered prayers.

The bells rang, but no one listened with their heart anymore.

I once attended a wedding in a grand cathedral. Everything was spectacular: a choir, LED screens, a livestream on Facebook.

But when the pastor began reading from the Bible, no one listened. They were busy adjusting their cameras, busy pressing likes.

Faith, now, was just background decor for a party.

Many pagodas and churches now resemble event centers.

— Some collect offerings like selling tickets. — Some open stalls selling lucky charms, feng shui items, bottled holy water. — Some livestream ancestral worship ceremonies with hundreds of thousands of views.

Some individuals exploit the guise of "monk" or "pastor" to seek personal gain, defraud, and even abuse followers.

Worse still, in many parts of the world, religion is turned into a tool for war.

— In the name of holy war, people open fire on children. — In the name of doctrine, people discriminate against and murder those of different genders or beliefs. — In the name of "God's will," people attack entire cities.

No war is bloodier than one waged in the name of God.

I suddenly recalled a story from the Bible:

Jesus once entered the Temple in Jerusalem, angered that the sacred place had been turned into a marketplace.

He overturned the tables of money changers, drove out the merchants, and said:

"My Father's house is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of robbers!"

(For general readers: This is a significant event in the New Testament, illustrating Jesus' purification of religious defilement, and is symbolic of the restoration of faith's divine dignity.)

I whispered inwardly:

"Lord, if Your house today has truly become a marketplace… please cleanse it one more time – as You once did."

And I understood:

When faith is no longer a compass, humanity will drift aimlessly in a chaotic sea.

A society may have no gold, no oil, but it cannot be without morality.

When power rots and faith is distorted – that is when the ship of civilization begins to sink.

I put down my pen. The computer screen was still lit, with a series of flashing notes and quotes.

Every topic I had just covered – music, art, social media, politics, religion – was like a disconnected piece of a puzzle. But now, they all suddenly connected.

As if every blood vessel was leading to a failing heart.

Though the forms differed, though the manifestations spanned various fields, I realized:

All these symptoms point to a single root cause – the disconnection from the Divine, and the rejection of universal moral standards.

We have abandoned the moral foundations once established by sages.

We mock scriptures, scoff at beliefs, and replace divine teachings with political slogans and ethical marketing campaigns.

We build skyscrapers, glittering financial centers, but the light within each human being grows dimmer.

We can livestream across the world in an instant, but cannot listen to our own conscience.

We have everything – but we lack peace.

I wrote down the last line in my notebook:

"We have built a civilization glorious in material wealth,

But its soul is dying.

This Tower of Babel is crumbling from its very foundation.

And perhaps…

the tears of God are for that."

I looked out the window. It was late. The city was still brightly lit, but inside me was a silence.

The diagnosis was complete. But a doctor, if they have a conscience, doesn't just diagnose the illness – they must also trace its root cause, both within and outside the patient's body.

Humans are like this.

So what about Heaven and Earth?

Is this planet, this universe, revealing its own vital signs?

Are there other symptoms, not created by humans, quietly reminding us:

We have gone astray?

\* \* \* \* \*

### CHAPTER 3

#### TEARS OF STONE, BLOOD OF RIVERS

I sat by my laptop, staring at the screen. The draft of "The Sickness of the Age" was complete. But my mind couldn't escape the image of the weeping Virgin Mary statue.

The dark red drop of blood from the white porcelain eye.

It was like an imprint, a wordless question. Was it just a coincidence? Or a sign?

I couldn't dismiss it. The urge grew stronger. As if a voice whispered within me, constantly questioning:

"Is the Mother's tear an isolated phenomenon?"

"Or is it just one of many other 'cries' echoing across the world?"

"And are they all pointing to a common pain, a common crime?"

I knew I couldn't return to normal life. Not now. I had to find out. A new investigation began, not for John's deadline, not for the newsroom, but because of my own obsession.

I started by systematizing. Focusing on the most tragic anomalies. The most symbolic signs.

I typed keywords. Searched. Delved into reports.

And I found…

\* \* \*

#### Phase 1: Collecting Tragic Signs

FILE #1: THE TEARS OF THE DIVINE

A series of seemingly disconnected incidents, spanning continents, across decades. But they shared one characteristic: all were statues — symbols of faith, of sacredness — suddenly weeping.

Syracuse, Italy, 1953. A small plaster statue of the Virgin Mary in a young couple's home began to shed tears. News spread rapidly. Thousands flocked to see it. Some brought handkerchiefs, hoping to absorb a few drops of those tears. The press buzzed. Church officials intervened. They tested the tears — they were real. They examined the statue's structure — no pipes or technical holes. Finally, the Vatican confirmed: the phenomenon was "scientifically inexplicable."

Twenty years later, in Akita, Japan. A statue of the Virgin Mary in a small convent shed blood and tears more than a hundred times. A nun named Agnes Sasagawa said she heard messages from the Virgin Mary: if humanity did not repent, a terrible punishment would descend. The story was ignored by the Japanese press for a long time, until the Vatican quietly verified and recognized it in 1988.

Then more recently — Thailand, Taiwan, Brazil, Canada. No longer rumors. There were videos, photos. Some were censored quickly. But traces remained on forums, on unofficial networks. A Guanyin Buddha statue shedding tears in a small temple in Kaohsiung. A wooden Jesus statue in São Paulo shedding bloody tears during an Easter service. A Virgin Mary statue in Toronto dripping whenever devotees knelt in prayer.

Where were the authorities in these incidents?

Usually silent. Or denying. Or quickly labeling it a "capillary phenomenon" or "unusual dampness."

Scientists were cautious. Some proposed technical hypotheses – porous plaster absorbing moisture, thermal expansion and contraction, or cracks channeling water… But on-site investigators — including believers and independent reporters — countered with practical checks: no water inside, no pipes, and the drops had biological characteristics like… real tears.

What about the people?

Wherever the phenomenon occurred, pilgrims gathered. Some mothers brought their children seeking healing. Some knelt in the rain for hours. Some said they abandoned suicide attempts after seeing the statue.

Religious circles were divided. Some priests, monks, and nuns considered it a miracle, a warning from the Heavens. Others remained silent, fearing being called superstitious, fearing being "lumped in with the spiritual common folk."

I noted down each case. Each face. Each tear. But deep down, I knew I was collecting not data. But cries.

\* \* \*

FILE #2: RIVERS TURNING RED

If tears symbolize divine pain, then rivers red as blood are perhaps a warning to all humanity.

I found dozens of cases since 2010 where rivers, canals, and even lakes unexpectedly turned dark red for a few hours or days — without prior warning, without clear sources of pollution, and most ended with a question mark.

In China, the Yangtze River — a living symbol of Eastern civilization — once turned blood-red in the section flowing through Chongqing in 2012. Residents were bewildered. State media reassured them: due to unusually large amounts of silt. But no one explained why only a specific section, while the upstream and downstream remained clear.

In Beirut, Lebanon, the Beirut River suddenly turned blood-red in 2011. The government said it might be due to discharge from a slaughterhouse, but local residents refuted it: there was no slaughterhouse nearby. Many claimed it was "the blood of the earth," a divine warning.

In Indonesia, the Deli River in Medan turned bright red overnight in 2017. Videos spread rapidly on social media. The government blamed a factory but refused to name it. Independent media later discovered — no production facility had changed its process at that time.

Even in the U.S., a stretch of river in Texas once turned deep red in the summer of 2021. EPA officials said it could be red algae or mineral reactions — but when a group of citizens took samples for independent testing, the results showed no signs of algae, no heavy metals, no logical technical cause whatsoever.

With a different eye, I saw those rivers as damaged blood vessels. The Earth was bleeding, each red wound spreading as if signaling an unconfessed sin.

\* \* \*

FILE #3: SNOW IN SUMMER

If tears are symbols of sorrow, if red rivers are portents, then snow in summer is an unspeakable lament.

I traced news sources about abnormal snowfall — not just under extreme weather conditions, but at entirely illogical times and places.

Northwest India, June 2019 — outdoor temperature 38 degrees Celsius, cloudless sky, and light snow fell for 15 minutes. Residents filmed it, the government said "white dust phenomenon due to chemical reactions in the atmosphere." But why did it melt in their hands like real snow?

Sahara Desert, Algeria — July 2021, a thin layer of snow covered scorching hot sand dunes. The measured temperature was 40 degrees Celsius. Scientists attributed it to atmospheric disturbances, but no one explained why there were no similar signs in neighboring areas.

In China, snow has not only fallen in winter. In recent years, many heavy snowfalls have been recorded in April, May – and even June – when the lunar calendar had already entered summer.

In Hebei, Inner Mongolia, or Changbai Mountain, thick layers of white snow covered the streets, while many other places were struggling under scorching heat.

The press called it "climate change." Netizens called it "anomalies."

As for me, I only felt one thing: Heaven was saying something – but no one was listening.

But what chilled me most was encountering the phrase "六月飛霜" – "Lù Yuè Fēi Shuāng" – in an ancient Chinese forum. A user wrote: "Snow falling in June can only be because an injustice has reached a level that shakes heaven and earth." I saved that phrase. A strange feeling surged — as if I was about to uncover an ancient code.

\* \* \*

#### OTHER SIGNS

It's not just tears. Not just blood or snow.

I found scattered news reports: schools of fish leaping onto shore and dying en masse for no clear reason. Migratory birds flying off course, crashing into cities, mass suicides. Two or three suns appearing at once — a phenomenon called "sun dogs," but with unusually high frequency. Thunder and lightning out of season, blue flashes of light in clear skies, rumbling sounds from underground sending residents into a panic.

There was one peculiar weather event that I myself witnessed: Lunar New Year in the Year of the Rat 2020, I was on a short vacation in northern Vietnam. On New Year's Eve, I strolled through a tourist district, where the festive atmosphere was bustling. People jostled to take photos, buy Tết toys, counting down to the moment of the new year's transition.

The sky was pitch black — like every moonless 30th night of the lunar year. Suddenly, around 10 PM, a downpour arrived. Heavy rain, big drops, and then — I froze — icy pellets began to hammer down on the road, tin roofs, and vehicles.

Children screamed, adults covered their heads and ran for cover. Everyone was bewildered: in the northern winter, drizzle was normal — but a downpour with hail was unheard of.

The next morning, I read the newspaper and saw: hail had occurred simultaneously in many northern provinces of Vietnam on New Year's Eve. Hanoi, Thai Nguyen, Phu Tho, Tuyen Quang... all reported similar phenomena.

I remember some elderly people saying at the time: "In seventy years, I've never seen a Tet like this."

And even more frightening: that was also when the first news reports about a strange virus named "Corona" began to appear on international news.

At that time, no one knew there would be a global pandemic. But many went silent. As if a door had just opened — leading to an unprecedented dark era.

Such strange weather phenomena are usually vaguely explained by authorities and scientists. But I felt that Heaven was sending "signals" to the human world…

\* \* \*

**CONTEMPLATION**

I leaned back in my chair. On the screen were weeping statues, blood-red rivers, layers of snow covering desert sands.

I thought of the old verse: "Heaven weeps. Earth groans. Mountains howl. Rivers turn red."

Tears of stone. Blood of rivers. Summer snow. Winter hail. The chaos of the stars. The despair of living creatures.

All seemed to be joining in a sorrowful symphony.

What are they trying to tell us?

I knew I was close to finding out. But first, I needed to trace that phrase — "Lù Yuè Fēi Shuāng."

\* \* \*

#### Phase 2: The Decoding Key – "Snow in June"

I sat motionless before the screen. The weeping statues, the blood-red rivers, the silent layers of snow falling in the scorching summer… All swirled into a vortex in my mind. But then my gaze stopped at a phrase I had saved earlier: "Snow in June."

In ancient Chinese characters, it was isolated within a comment thread on an ancient language research forum. The writer had left only a brief line:

"Snow falling in June can only be because an injustice has reached a level that shakes heaven and earth."

I read that sentence a second time. Then a third. A peculiar sensation spread through my chest, as if I had just touched an ancient code — not a code of language, but of morality.

"Lù Yuè Fēi Shuāng" – "Snow in June."

In every culture I knew, June is the month of the summer solstice, when the sun's light is highest and strongest (for the Northern Hemisphere). Snow cannot fall then – unless there is a reversal of the natural order. Heaven must react. The cosmic principles must be askew. And the only reason – is a monumental injustice.

I began to investigate more specifically. What is "六月飛霜" in East Asian culture? Is it a metaphor, or a true story?

The results led me to one of the most famous classical Chinese dramas in history: The Injustice to Dou E (竇娥冤) by Guan Hanqing.

\* \* \*

Her name was Dou E.

A young woman born in chaotic times, she lost her mother early and lived with her father. When her father fell into destitution and had to sell himself into servitude to repay debts, Dou E was also sold into a poor family as a daughter-in-law. After her husband died young, she and her father-in-law lived desolate, relying on each other.

In a tragic injustice, a greedy landlord, plotting to seize property, falsely accused her of poisoning, while he himself was the true culprit. Despite the lack of evidence, despite her fervent pleas of innocence, the local official sentenced her to death – simply because he had been bribed.

Before her execution, Dou E stood before the execution ground, looked up at the sky, and earnestly prayed:

"If I am truly wronged, may Heaven witness three things:

One – my blood will not fall to the ground, but fly back up to the sky.

Two – in the middle of June, the sky will snow white.

Three – after my death, this region will suffer drought for three consecutive years."

And then, according to legend – all came true.

Her blood spurted and flew upwards. The sky, in the middle of June, suddenly turned white with snow. And for three years thereafter, no rain fell, and the earth yielded no fruits.

That story – retold for centuries – was not just the tragedy of one woman. It became an eternal symbol of profound injustice and Heaven and Earth's response to inequality. And from then on, "snow in June" became a shorthand for anything that goes against common sense – but aligns with Heavenly principles.

\* \* \*

I paused, my heart constricting.

A woman, powerless, voiceless, unjustly killed. And Heaven shed tears for her. That was no longer just a tale. It was a reminder – that morality inherently has eyes.

I leaned back in my chair, looking at the ceiling. The images reappeared:

– Snow falling on the Sahara Desert, covering scorching sand dunes in white.

– A 15-minute snowfall in the middle of an Indian summer, while people were commemorating those who died in a disaster.

– Snow falling in various regions of China during summer.

I could not believe it was coincidental.

Impossible.

If it were merely extreme climate, why would it occur at such precise times, in such specific contexts, with reasons that so perfectly align with the concept of "unredressed grievance"?

I typed the three characters "六月飛霜" again, this time in simplified Chinese. A flurry of results appeared. Scholars called it a phenomenon of "sympathetic resonance" or "Heavenly response." Some Eastern spiritual researchers even believed that when human hearts are unrighteous, when justice is overturned, the upright qi (vital energy) of heaven and earth becomes disordered. Abnormal natural phenomena – like summer snow – are not physical disturbances, but a form of moral feedback.

I sat up. A sudden surge of inspiration. I opened my notebook and wrote directly on the first line:

"If snow can fall in June because of an injustice, then snow falling across deserts, in seemingly barren lands – could it be the scream of Heaven and Earth for an injustice that cannot be silenced?"

I continued writing.

"If statues can weep, rivers can turn red, and Heaven can hail in winter and snow in summer… then there must be a monumental injustice screaming through the atmosphere, piercing through all barriers of religion, geography, and time."

For the first time, phenomena I thought were disconnected began to link together.

— The weeping statues of Buddha and the Virgin Mary – a sympathetic response to human suffering.

— The blood-red rivers – the blood of injustice yet to be avenged.

— And snow in summer – the clearest sign: a monstrous crime is being concealed, and Heaven and Earth are speaking on behalf of those victims.

A line appeared in my mind – as if it no longer came from me:

"It's not that Heaven is angry – but that Heaven is powerless in the face of human silence."

I held my breath.

Then I turned on my computer, reopening old documents.

I was no longer searching for phenomena. I began to seek out forgotten incidents. Unreported persecutions. Injustices locked away in the shadows of the media.

One question now never left my mind:

"What injustice, in our era, is great enough to make Heaven snow in summer?"

That question… is the key.

And I had it in my hand.

\* \* \*

#### Phase 3: Applying the Key and Solving the Case

"If snow can fall in June because of an injustice, then snow in the desert, snow in a clear sky, snow amidst the tears of stone and the blood-red flow of rivers — all must be pointing to an unspeakable, monumental injustice."

I wrote that sentence in my notebook. My hand trembled slightly. Because I was beginning to understand: this was no longer about "anomalies." This was a quest. A quest for the greatest injustice of our time.

I reopened all my notes. Began to investigate in a deeper direction: keywords like "hidden persecution," "prisoners of conscience," "suppression of belief," "unidentified bodies." The initial results were chaotic — hundreds of names, thousands of incidents. But then, one phrase kept repeating: Falun Gong.

I froze.

I had read quite a bit about Falun Gong before, especially the spiritual and moral aspects of this practice. But this time, I decided to re-investigate from scratch — like a journalist reopening a major case that they once thought they fully understood.

Not to verify belief. But to piece together the entire truth.

**What is Falun Gong?**

It's not a "cult" as biased news reports once widely claimed. I had personally seen documentary footage: hundreds of people practicing in parks, meditating in silence, the morning light shining on their serene faces. No slogans, no politics. Only gentle movements and three emphasized principles: Truthfulness – Compassion – Forbearance.

Falun Gong began in China in the early 1990s, rapidly spreading due to the health and moral benefits it brought. By the late 1990s, an estimated 70 to 100 million people were practicing. A number too large. So large that the Chinese government began to worry.

And then, like a poisonous wind sweeping through, the persecution began in July 1999.

**Shocking Questions**

I wrote down:

— Why was a gentle qigong practice considered a "national threat"?

— Why were people who merely meditated tortured, imprisoned, and called "thought criminals"?

— And why, according to many witnesses and investigators, did they become a source for a "human organ industry"?

I continued reading international documents. A report by David Kilgour, former Canadian Secretary of State (Asia-Pacific), and human rights lawyer David Matas, compiled over 50,000 pages of investigative material on live organ harvesting in China. The report had a chilling conclusion: "An unprecedented evil on this planet."

I was stunned.

**Organ on Demand — and the Price of a Human Life**

I began to fact-check. In Western countries, the waiting time for a kidney transplant is typically from 6 months to several years. For liver and heart – even longer. But in China, according to information promoted by underground medical organizations and medical tourism agencies, the waiting time is only a few days to a few weeks.

Why such a horrifying disparity?

A human rights doctor answered in an interview:

"Because in China, they have a live organ bank ready. When an 'order' comes in, they test pre-stored prisoner blood data, select a suitable person, and then kill them — to harvest the organs."

I felt as if I had been slapped. A live organ bank? Could it be true?

Then I read a testimony:

"I used to be a nurse in a labor camp. They tested the blood of Falun Gong practitioners, but didn't treat any illnesses. Only took organ information."

"After that, some people 'disappeared.' No one knew where they went. Their families were not notified of their deaths. No bodies. No funerals."

I closed my eyes. Images of the sacred statues weeping, of the blood of rivers, of snow in summer… now appeared as silent evidence of an unconventional genocide – not with bullets, but with surgery.

**Human Body Exhibitions – and Commercialized Evil**

Another haunting detail: the "plastinated" human body exhibitions.

In 2018, a journalist named Sophia Bell visited such an exhibition in Ho Chi Minh City. This exhibition was called "Mystery of Human Body." She was shocked to see the dissected body of a pregnant woman, revealing a 7-8 month old fetus. There was no stated source of donation, no consent from relatives. Later, she discovered:

— All bodies originated from China. — Plastination factories were established after 1999 – coinciding with the beginning of the persecution of Falun Gong. — The founder was Gunther von Hagens, a German, but he located his factory in Dalian, where large-scale detention centers exist.

And then the pieces began to connect.

"Precious organs were forcibly removed and sold. The remaining bodies – plastinated, put on display."

"The victims – after being murdered – continued to be humiliated once more, in the name of science and art."

**Unbelievable Numbers**

I continued reading.

Ethan Gutmann, author of *The Slaughter*, estimated that 65,000 Falun Gong practitioners were killed for their organs between 2000 and 2008. This number could later rise to hundreds of thousands, when adding subsequent years and other ethnic and religious groups also targeted.

I could hardly believe it. But I couldn't deny it.

I checked hospital data, transplant numbers, bed counts, doctor numbers… all showed: the officially reported number of transplants far exceeded the amount of legal organs they could have.

And I understood: the greatest injustice lies not in the courtroom – but within those silently dissected bodies.

**Returning to the Sacred Statues, the Tears of Stone**

I looked back at my old notes:

— The Virgin Mary statue in Akita wept blood 101 times. — The Guanyin statue in Kaohsiung shed tears on the full moon of the 7th lunar month. — Snow covered the memorial service for the Sichuan earthquake. — A small river in Texas turned blood-red — right after an investigator released a report on organ transplantation in China.

Could it be?

I dared not confirm. But I also couldn't dismiss this feeling: nature is speaking on behalf of the victims who no longer have a voice.

**The Silent Verdict**

I remembered the words of Liu Siyuan – the father of a victim:

"When I learned my daughter's organs were forcibly removed, I thought that was the ultimate inhumanity. But when I learned her body could be plastinated, displayed, commercialized… I realized their evil had no bottom."

That statement sent shivers down my spine.

I used to be a journalist. I used to think I had seen all kinds of crimes. But today, I realized: there are things that cannot be named, cannot be written into reports, cannot be categorized under any legal definition. They can only be called: crimes against humanity.

**The Final Words – But Not the End**

I rose from my chair. Looked out the window. The sky was clear blue. No snow. But my heart was cold, as if ice had just fallen.

I knew I couldn't go back.

I will write. Not just an article. But an indictment.

A conscience's indictment — for those who remained silent. And for those who still want to live as if snow cannot fall in summer.

\* \* \*

**Stone Inscriptions and Heaven's Judgment**

If blood is not vindicated, the earth will speak. If cries are not heard, stone will write. If justice is not served, Heaven will act.

I once thought that what I had gathered – sacred statues weeping, rivers turning to blood, snow falling in summer – was the extreme. But then I came across another story. Something that didn't fall from the sky. Nor did it melt with water. But emerged from stone. An ancient block of stone, lying silently for hundreds of millions of years, suddenly broke open to reveal… a verdict.

It's called: The Hidden Word Stone.

**A Landslide Reveals a Proclamation**

In 2002, in Zhangbu Village, Pingtang County, Guizhou Province – southwestern China – a small rockslide occurred. Villagers went to investigate and found a large stone slab split in two. The strange thing was not the landslide, but the inner surface of the newly cracked stone: there was a line of six Chinese characters, deeply carved into the limestone:

「中國共產黨亡」

*Zhōngguó Gòngchǎndǎng Wáng* (Chinese Communist Party Perishes)

The characters were not carved by anyone. There were no signs of artificial manipulation. According to the research results of Chinese geologists, this rock formation has a geological age of about 270 million years – belonging to the Permian period.

An anomalous phenomenon. A timeless message.

At first, local officials seemed quite… excited. They called the rock "Tàng Zì Shí" (meaning "Stone Containing Characters"), allowed it to be displayed, made it a guide board, and even printed brochures. But then, something even stranger appeared: in official documents, they deliberately omitted the character "Wáng" (亡 - perishes/perish). That is, they only recorded: 「中國共產黨」– Chinese Communist Party. But those who came to the site clearly saw: the character "Wáng" was the clearest, deepest, and undeniable.

The authorities quietly stopped media coverage. Journalists were forbidden to report. But independent scholars, local residents, and even tourists managed to take photos, shoot videos, and report on international forums. And thus, one of the most magnificent and dangerous anomalies of modern times was revealed: Heaven writing a verdict in stone.

**The Crack that Divides History**

The stone broke into two: one side bearing "Chinese Communist Party," the other "Perishes." The crack structure resembled a laser cut, neat and decisive. To many, this was just an interesting geological phenomenon. But to me – having already gone through weeping statues, untimely snow, and rivers of blood – I no longer saw it as stone. I saw it as an indictment. A declaration from Heaven.

China – a nation that has existed for thousands of years with dynasties succeeding each other and passing away. But never before has there been a force that caused nature to speak out like this. The character "WÁNG" (亡) – in ancient Chinese culture – is not merely "perishing" in a political sense. But rather, it means loss of root, loss of virtue, loss of destiny – that is, the utter destruction of morality and fate.

**Heaven Has Written – In a Language No One Can Twist**

In human history, there have been prophecies in words, in paintings, in astronomy, in metaphors. But a 270-million-year-old rock, untouched by human hand, unwritten by anyone, uncensored by anyone, yet bearing six characters precise to every stroke, carrying a frighteningly clear meaning – that defies the ability of any theory of coincidence.

I sat before the screen, zooming in on each photo of the Hidden Word Stone. I cross-referenced the carvings, the degree of erosion, the rock structure. I even read counter-arguments from state geologists – but all avoided the main question: "Why those six characters? Why so clear, like a declaration?"

No one answered.

**Heaven Executes Those Who Go Against the Dao**

I began to search for quotes from ancient texts. Prophecies, predictions. And I found a coincidence so chilling.

“天生民以養道。逆道者，天誅之。”

(*Tiān shēng mín yǐ yǎng Dào. Nì Dào zhě, Tiān zhū zhī.*) (Heaven gives birth to people to nurture the Dao. Those who go against the Dao – Heaven will execute them.)

This saying is found in ancient Chinese teachings. I also found a passage in the *Classic of History*:

“天之見，如反之弱。”

(*Tiān zhī jiàn, rú fǎn zhī ruò.*) (Heaven's sight – like an image reflected in water. No one can hide from it.)

I remembered hundreds of reports about forced organ harvesting. I remembered the plastinated bodies with no origin. I remembered the father named Liu Siyuan, clutching a photo of his daughter and saying choked with emotion: "I thought I understood evil. But I was wrong. I was too naive."

And I remembered an ancient verse my grandmother used to read:

"Heaven's net is vast, though its meshes are wide, nothing slips through."

**Not Everyone Sees Snow in Summer – But No One Can Deny the Stone**

I imagined the scene: a tourist stands before the Hidden Word Stone. He reads the characters. "Chinese Communist Party... Perishes?" He takes a photo. Then the guide diverts him to another topic. Then he is asked to leave the area. Then… everyone returns to silence.

But the characters remain there. In the stone. In history. In the crack that divides the destiny of a nation.

Not everyone sees blood in the river. Not everyone believes in weeping Buddha statues. Not everyone stands under June snow. But no one can deny the Hidden Word Stone. No one can erase that carving. No one can "prosecute" Heaven.

**Perish – Is It an End, or the Final Warning?**

I wrote in my notebook:

"If crimes against humanity are not condemned by humans, then Heaven will condemn them. If Heaven's verdicts are already carved – in blood, in snow, in stone – and we still turn a blind eye, then perhaps we have chosen to stand on the side of evil."

The character "Wáng" (亡) in the Hidden Word Stone might be a declaration. But I want to believe – it is still a final warning. Like an arm raised before lightning strikes. Like the last admonition before heavenly fire sweeps through.

\* \* \*

**Conclusion for the Third Chapter**

I called this chapter "Tears of Stone, Blood of Rivers" – because I have seen these things. Not with my eyes. But with my soul. With my conscience. I am not a fortune-teller. Nor am I a prophet. I am just a journalist – one who gathers what has been overlooked, denied, or buried beneath the surface of truth.

And I conclude this investigation with a question – a question I want to hurl directly at the sky:

"When Heaven has wept. When Stone has written. When Rivers have turned red.

Humanity – what more are you waiting for to awaken?"

\* \* \* \* \*

### CHAPTER 4

#### THE SONG IN THE MIST

I had traced the bloodstains on the statues, the cries in the stone, the snow falling in summer, and the verdicts without human judges.

I thought I had enough reasons to conclude. But the deeper I went, the more I realized: there was a layer of truth that couldn't be accessed by facts or deductions. A thick layer of mist that no one could penetrate with the eyes of reason.

Behind all the anomalies, all the warnings, was a question that had no answer on Google:

Why doesn't Heaven speak directly?

If the world is being judged, if danger is approaching, why do prophecies – even from Enlightened Beings – remain obscure metaphors, songs in the mist?

I knew I was no longer in the position of someone collecting information. I had become someone searching for light in confusion. Not with questions, but with sincerity.

I needed to understand – not to write an article, but to find a path.

And so I began to step into new waters – where the mist hung thick, but music still echoed somewhere in the void.

**The Inner Struggle of a Believer**

I was no longer a journalist investigating cases. No longer a woman digging for data, eagerly questioning, and peeling back layers of concealment. I was in a very different place. A very quiet riverbank, where the mist was thick, and each step was no longer led by logic, but by a deep call within my heart.

I began to read prophecies – not with skepticism, but with a reserved reverence. Like a child tracing the whispers of the stars.

I sought out Nostradamus, the famous French prophet, who lived in the dark period of the 16th century. I turned the pages of the mysterious quatrains he left behind – intricate, perplexing four-line poems, like a labyrinth. He didn't write like a prophet. He wrote like someone bound by prohibitive laws, like someone who saw the light but was forced to describe it in darkness.

Then I read Mother Shipton, the legendary English prophetess. Her prophecies were somewhat simpler – folk verses, easy to remember, but still veiled in a layer of obscurity. I pondered: "Is that a common characteristic of all prophets? Is it that anyone who foresees the future is forced to speak in such roundabout ways?"

I didn't stop there. I sought out *Sam Trang Trinh* (Prophecies of Trang Trinh) by Nguyễn Bỉnh Khiêm. Symbolic verses like:

"The Eastern Sea stretches ten thousand miles / Crimson horses cross the ocean, day and night, sweeping troops along…"

— sounded like poetry, like a dream, but everyone believed it spoke of the future of the Vietnamese nation.

Then I read a prophecy that had chilled many generations:

"Of ten people, seven will die, leaving three; two more will die, leaving one, then peace will come."

At first, I thought it was an exaggeration. But then – in my continued search for Eastern prophecies – I came across *Tuī Bēi Tú* (推碑圖 - Stone Tablet Push Diagram), a work attributed to Liu Bowen, the brilliant strategist of the Ming Dynasty. A passage in it reads:

“十室九空，白骨蔽野”

(*Shí shì jiǔ kōng, báigǔ bì yě*) (Nine out of ten households empty, white bones cover the fields.)

Once again, I saw the same pattern: a warning of a great calamity that would cleanse humanity before a new era began. Not just Vietnam. Not just China. Prophecies from different cultures – separated by time and geography – all uniformly warned of a final trial.

I continued to *Tuī Bèi Tú* (推背圖 - Tui Bei Tu) – a masterpiece of future prediction comprising 60 symbolic images, left behind by Li Chunfeng and Yuan Tiangang of the Tang Dynasty. Each image consisted of a strange drawing, an ambiguous poem, and symbols considered "time codes." The more I read, the more I felt myself drifting into a mystical world – full of metaphors, full of signs, but without a single direct word. They didn't resemble an answer. They resembled bells – only those with quiet hearts could hear them.

And then, I touched upon the prophecies in the Bible – especially the Book of Revelation. I shuddered when I read about the number 666, about the beast, about disasters flooding the world. But why was everything still so vague? No names. No clear timelines. No explicit instructions that one could say: "Here it is. This is the moment. This is the sign."

I thought of the Buddhist scriptures, describing the Dharma-ending Age – where sentient beings are deluded, morality decays, and true cultivators are persecuted. But still, these were metaphorical images: "black sun," "water flowing backward," "flowers blooming in winter"…

I began to feel covered by a mist of knowledge – a mist that wasn't cold, but made every rational effort clumsy. I asked myself:

"Why are they songs in the mist? If danger is imminent, why don't the Beings speak more clearly? If compassion is to save sentient beings, why must the path be hidden in shadow?"

I wasn't angry. I wasn't complaining. But I was troubled. A very real struggle of a person who believes.

I knew that prophets like Nostradamus or Shipton were still human – despite their special abilities, they were still limited by language and circumstances. But when I read prophecies believed to be direct words from Heaven – from God, from Buddha, from Enlightened Beings – my struggle became even deeper.

"If those words are from Heaven… then why are they also so vague? Is it possible… there is a Law, a principle that compels Them to hide the truth? Is it possible… that very obscurity is an essential part of this universe?"

I sat at my desk, the yellow lamp casting light on the wooden surface. On it was a stack of printed prophecies. I didn't understand it all. I couldn't decipher it. And for the first time, I let go of trying to analyze.

I took out paper and wrote a passage as if addressing a Being I had never met, but was beginning to trust:

"I do not blame You. But I am trying to understand. If the prophecies are unclear because I am still deluded, please help me find the light in that mist. I do not want to judge. I only want to understand."

Something strange happened within me: the struggle no longer carried the anxious color of a truth-seeker, but had begun to transform into the humility of a spiritual student. I no longer asked, "Why don't You speak clearly?", but began to ask: "Am I worthy enough to understand when You have not spoken clearly?"

This question led me into a sacred silence. And I understood that, to go further, I couldn't just use my mind – I had to use my spirit.

And so, I stepped into the mist.

**Contemplation and Prayer**

After days immersed in prophecies and intense dreams of weeping statues, blood-red rivers, and summer snow, I fell into a strange state: neither despairing nor joyful. Just a gentle emptiness. As if my mind, having reached the limits of reason, finally consented to stop.

I no longer searched Google. No longer pursued clues like a detective. I just wanted to sit still.

Perhaps when humans stop seeking answers, the heart truly begins to ask.

I sought out a small church on the outskirts of the city. Not because I was Catholic, but because it was the only place I knew that could offer me a quiet, sacred, and undisturbed space. I sat there – amidst the dim light of stained-glass windows, among worn wooden pews. Above me was the image of Jesus on the cross – no longer a distant religious symbol, but a figure who had once warned humanity, and had been crucified.

I looked up and silently asked:

"If Your words are true, why don't You speak more clearly so we won't be lost?"

There was no answer. Only the flickering candlelight, seemingly trembling with every breath of the world.

I took out a small notebook and wrote a few lines as if writing a letter to Heaven itself:

"I am trying to understand, but it seems my mind is not enough. If You are real, if Your love is real – please teach me in a way my heart can feel."

It was not a verbose prayer, nor did it follow any ritual. It was merely the sincere voice of a person standing on the threshold between light and darkness.

In the following days, I returned to that church many times. Some days I just sat there for an hour, thinking of nothing. Some days I read a few pages of the Holy Bible, noting down sentences that made me ponder. Once, I read the verse:

"For if one sees the light, one no longer walks in darkness. But one who does not see, still needs faith to walk."

I closed the book. Light… and faith. A very small voice echoed within me:

"If everything is clearly seen, then where is the need for faith?"

I froze. Was this very unknowing, this obscurity – intentionally designed?

I suddenly recalled a small story in the Old Testament, about a king who was foretold by a prophet that a great drought would come if he did not change his rule. The king, panicked by the prophecy, used every means to "avoid the drought": forcing people to migrate, offering sacrifices, changing planting seasons... But these reckless interventions led to chaos and caused the disaster to arrive faster.

I closed my notebook. In my mind, a new question formed:

"Is absolute foreknowledge – truly a blessing?"

If you knew the exact day you would die, could you live fully, or would you be haunted by fate?

If you knew who would betray you, could you truly love them?

If you knew for sure that a natural disaster would strike, would you still maintain daily serenity and kindness?

I began to understand: perhaps, it is precisely because Heaven is compassionate that it does not let us know everything.

Could that be a form of compassion?

I left the church one afternoon; the air was chilly. A light mist drifted past the streetlights. I didn't know if I had been "enlightened." But I felt something changing. As if the shell of logic within me was cracking, and from within, something very fragile – yet very real – was stirring awake.

I no longer asked, "Why don't You speak clearly?", but began to ask myself:

"If I were a Divine Being, who loved humanity and wanted them to grow… would I lift the veil of mist? Or would I let them learn to see with their inner eyes?"

**The Epiphany**

One morning, before the sun was fully up, I decided to take a walk in the park near my home. I brought no notebook, no phone. Just soft shoes and a quietly opening soul.

The gravel path was still damp with dew. The leaves were soaked, reflecting the early morning light like tiny pieces of glass. I walked slowly, searching for nothing. Thinking of nothing. Just silence and allowing something to come.

Then it came. Not in the form of an idea. But as an image…

I don't know why my mind brought up that scene. But it was so vivid that it made me stop.

I "saw" a small blind girl being taught by her father how to navigate with a cane.

The surrounding scene was blurry – perhaps a quiet alley, or a deserted park in the early morning. The light was unclear, but I felt the gentleness in the air – as if the entire universe was holding its breath, observing.

The father did not hold his daughter's hand. He walked behind her, silently. His hand merely gestured gently to the left, or he leaned his body when he saw an obstacle ahead. The little girl trembled, clutching her small cane, taking slow, deliberate steps. There was nothing in her sight – but in her heart, she knew: father was nearby.

At times the little girl stumbled. At times the cane hit a stone. But the father did not rush to catch her. He only stepped a little closer – and said a gentle word, not to protect, but to guide.

I "saw" him smile. No sorrow, no worry. Only one thing: love.

And then – poof! – the scene vanished like smoke in the mist.

I stood motionless in the park, my heart gently trembling from the aftershock of the image. No thunder. No angels. Just an image. But I knew – it was not imagination.

It was the answer.

It was the answer to all the questions I had once thrown at the sky:

Why don't Enlightened Beings speak clearly?

Why are prophecies vague, full of metaphors?

Why is it a world shrouded in mist, instead of a brightly lit path?

The answer lay in the cane – and in the silent father.

I began to understand:

Heaven is not absent. It is right behind us.

It does not abandon us. It is quietly guiding the way.

The "delusion" is not a punishment. But a necessary veil to test faith, to open the inner self.

If the father always held his daughter's hand, she would never learn to walk alone. If the Divine Beings showed every step, where would be the choice, where would be the moral qualities that need to be awakened?

This world is not an easy game to win. It is a lesson. An opportunity for the soul to grow.

I sat down on a nearby wooden bench. My heart was still gently beating from the lingering effect of the image.

I was no longer a journalist.

I was just a child learning to walk – not with my eyes, but with my heart.

And for the first time in my life, I understood why Heaven was "silent."

**An Understanding of the "Rules of the Game" and Compassion**

After the image of the father and child disappeared, I sat silently for a long time on the old wooden bench in the park.

No more twisted questions. No more doubt. Only a complete sense of understanding remained – as if the fragmented pieces within me had finally come together to form a complete picture.

I realized:

The world operating in "delusion" is a "rule of the game" – not a malfunction.

From the vague prophecies in the Bible, to the mysterious oracles in the East, or the weeping statues, blood-red rivers, untimely snow… All are not "fragments of truth" – but signs of a deliberate design, where understanding does not come from clarity, but from choice.

The choice of faith.

The choice of goodness.

The choice to keep walking – even when the path is unclear.

I wrote a large line in my notebook:

"The Rules of the Universe": Freedom, delusion, and choice through faith.

This world operates in a mist – not because the Divine Beings lack the power to dispel it, but because they want to give humans the opportunity to truly choose. If everything were revealed clearly, where would there be room for merit, for enlightenment?

The father did not run to pick up his child when she fell – not because he lacked love, but because he understood:

Love is not about eternal embrace, but about teaching how to get up.

And so, I understood that the compassion of Buddhas and Divinities lies not in lifting the veil of mist, but in the fact that They have not left us alone in it.

They have bestowed teachings, sent saints, hinted at signs – "songs in the mist" – to guide the way. But whether one recognizes them or not, whether one follows them or not – depends on each individual.

I recalled the teachings of Jesus:

"Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed."

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

I remembered Shakyamuni Buddha meditating under the Bodhi tree, not just for His own enlightenment, but to leave behind a Dharma for countless future cultivators.

And I thought of the "echoes" in ancient civilizations – from the Pyramids of Egypt to the stone steles of the Mayan culture – all like "sacred encryptions" that the Divine left for humanity over time.

I drew another line in my notebook:

"Compassion does not mean walking the path for you. Compassion is pointing the way, waiting, and believing that humans can walk."

On the way home, I saw a little girl, about four years old, pushing her small bicycle. Her mother walked beside her, holding her hand, guiding her slowly. Then the mother stopped, bent down, and whispered something into her ear. The girl nodded, then climbed onto the bike. Her mother let go of her hand.

I didn't see if the little girl fell or not, because I turned onto another path. But I knew – in that moment, both of them had grown.

That evening, I wrote in my diary:

"I understand now. The world's existence in 'delusion' is not a punishment; it is a 'rule of the game' set by the Creator. Infinite compassion does not lie in lifting the veil of mist for us, but in the fact that He has not left us alone in it. He has bestowed Teachings, divine guidance, like a compass for the soul. The mist is a test. And those Teachings are the path. And whether one finds and follows that path or not, depends entirely on one's faith and choice to move towards goodness."

I closed my diary. In my heart, there was no longer confusion, but a quiet gratitude.

For the first time in my life, I understood that:

The obscurity of the universe is not a barrier – but a grace.

A grace for each soul to choose and walk its own path.

A grace for light to be found – by those who sincerely seek it.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CHAPTER 5

#### THE LAYERS OF THE ECHO

I had understood why the path wasn't pre-drawn.

I had learned that the mist was not a punishment – but a rule of the game to measure the faith and goodness of each soul.

But now, as I began to follow the "songs in the mist," a new reality emerged:

Not every echo comes from the Divine. Not every prophecy is light.

Among countless dreams, oracles, scriptures, predictions… which is the true voice? Which is a false echo, or worse – illusory sounds created to mislead?

If there is God, there are also demons. If there is light, there is also darkness.

I knew I needed more than intuition. I needed a frame of reference, a filter – to discern the gold from the dross in this river of prophecy.

**An Understanding of the Principle of Mutual Generation and Mutual Restriction (**相生相剋**)**

I sat alone in my small room, the twilight light streaming through the window, bathing the stacks of old books in gold – Eastern prophecies, Western prophecies, and my own notebooks filled with notes. I had spent weeks, even months, immersing myself in this sea of documents, with a burning desire: to find the truth, or at least some order in the chaos of "the echoes of the age."

However, the more I read, the more I felt like I was swimming in a watery labyrinth. Overlapping prophecies, vague symbolic language systems, declarations from all sorts of origins — each claiming to be the true prophecy. I felt like I was spinning in hundreds of winds, not knowing which way was North, which was South.

"I once thought that if I had enough information and enough time, I would find the pattern. But no… I was like someone lost in a maze; the more I tried to analyze and interpret, the blurrier everything became."

It was in that moment of confusion that I decided to stop. I stopped reading prophecies and turned to an inner stillness: dedicating time to re-read the scriptures of Falun Dafa, which I had long held in deep reverence.

Before, I had heard about the "principle of mutual generation and mutual restriction." But I only understood it as an enigmatic, vague Eastern concept. It wasn't until I entered the process of quieting my mind and reading the Fa teachings in the Falun Dafa scriptures that I first saw the full scope of this principle. I understood that it was not a theory, but a true operating law of the universe – where if there is righteousness, there is certainly evil; if there is truth, there is certainly falsehood; if there is Buddha, there is certainly demon.

I was stunned to realize: there was no way that all self-proclaimed "prophecies" came from a single source. In that chaotic stream, there was certainly clear water, but also murky water. The problem was not about blindly believing or disbelieving, but about having the wisdom to discern.

"If I didn't have a clear spiritual filter, I would forever be lost in the forest of prophecy, not knowing if I was following the path of light or darkness."

Thanks to the insights gained from the principles of Falun Dafa, I no longer approached prophecies with the mindset of finding a single solution, but with a multi-layered filter, based on cosmic principles, to gradually discern the gold from the dross in the chaotic waves of the end times.

**Outdated Currents**

After beginning to understand the principle of mutual generation and mutual restriction through the Fa principles I contemplated from Falun Dafa scriptures, I felt a new "filter" gradually forming within my mind. I was no longer drawn to every prophecy as before, but began to want to reorganize everything I had read, to meticulously filter it.

First, I chose to re-examine the currents that were no longer relevant. Not because they were wrong, but because they were no longer applicable in the current circumstances.

I remembered a period when I was fascinated by Eastern prediction methods: the I Ching, physiognomy, horoscopes, the Five Elements… I had delved into them for months, but still hadn't understood anything specific.

But the more I read Falun Dafa scriptures, the clearer one thing became: these methods only worked effectively when the universe was still rotating in a familiar cycle.

I wrote in my notebook:

"The I Ching is not wrong. But it's like an ancient mechanical device — sophisticated, with many gears, but only works well when the universe operates according to its exact cycle. But if heaven and earth are transforming into an unprecedented stage — like the end times — then those old formulas will become chaotic. It's like predicting weather with a farmer's almanac in an era of climate change."

I called this the "reincarnation error" phenomenon. Old formulas, though once true in the past, cannot be used to decipher a completely new stage of human history, where heavenly secrets have been veiled, and the cosmic layers are undergoing profound transformation.

Furthermore, I also realized another key point, also from the Fa principles I contemplated: the results of these ancient prediction methods also depended on the xinxing (mind-nature/moral character) and moral state of the user. If a person does not achieve pure selflessness, but allows their mind to be mixed with fame, personal gain, seeking luck… then the results are easily distorted.

"A divination reading does not objectively reflect the future itself. It reflects the inner self of the interpreter."

And in such a chaotic era as today, I understood that the purity of the interpreter is extremely rare.

I do not negate ancient values. I still hold reverence for the I Ching and other traditional esoteric disciplines as a vast treasure trove of wisdom. But at the same time, I also understood: they are no longer suitable maps to guide me through the current chaos.

"I am no longer looking for hidden lines behind hexagrams. I am looking for a beam of light shining directly into my heart."

I needed genuine, direct sources, not through symbolic interpretations or ancient symbolic systems. Sources that themselves carried a moral resonance, a clear signal of compassion, making the reader feel a tremor in their heart without needing to reason.

"I don't need another set of formulas. I need a wake-up call."

With that mindset, I was ready to move on to the next section: finding reliable currents – places where I felt "true gold" still glittered amidst the river of prophecies.

**Three Reliable Currents**

As the layers of doubt settled, I began to realize: amidst the chaotic sea of prophecies, there were still currents that emitted a strange light — a purity, stillness, and profound inner resonance. Not sensational messages, not promises of power or miracles, but echoes that made me feel more humble and awakened.

I began to categorize. Not with reason, but with deep contemplation — what I learned from Falun Dafa helped me establish an "internal standard" for comparison. I no longer judged by the specificity of the prediction, but by how it touched the deep moral layers of the listener's soul.

Ultimately, I identified three prophetic currents worth trusting and focusing on.

**First, Direct Revelation – The Purest Water Source**

These are words recorded in the original scriptures of major religions, such as the Bible, Buddhist Sutras, or ancient classics passed down through generations. They do not take the form of typical "prophecies," but contain warnings, visions, and the operating principles of karma and divine will.

"I understood that: if a teaching is directly bestowed by the Divine, then it is a lighthouse in the night. These words are not just to predict, but to save."

When reading the Bible, I not only saw stories of the past, but felt as if I was hearing a call from the other side of history. When reading the Diamond Sutra or the Lotus Sutra, I felt as if I was being ushered into a realm of wisdom beyond time.

I took these words as a standard for comparison. If a prophecy contradicted the principles in these scriptures — especially the standards of morality, compassion, and humility — then I knew it could not be from the Divine.

**Second, Historical Prophets – The River of Accumulated Wisdom**

I cannot help but mention the great prophets of humanity — individuals who did not claim to be religious leaders, but left behind astonishingly accurate prophecies spanning centuries.

Nostradamus. Mother Shipton. Zhuge Liang. Liu Bowen. And many others.

"Their words are like ancient maps: faint lines, broken paths, but still revealing the silhouettes of mountains and abysses."

I do not consider them an absolute source. But I observe — and notice a commonality: they all prophesied not to instill fear, but to warn about morality.

For example, Liu Bowen's prophecy about "In the end times, those without virtue will have no place to live" sends shivers down my spine — not because it threatens, but because it warns.

"A trustworthy prophecy is not one that is accurate by the hour. But one that awakens the human heart."

I specifically noted these prophets as historical observation points — so I could cross-reference: what did they see? And what truly correlates?

**Third, Revelation Through Special Channels – Dreams and Trance States**

This is the most complex group.

I used to be deeply skeptical of people who claimed to "dream of the apocalypse" or "hear messages from the heavens in a trance state." But then, I encountered cases that could not be simply explained.

Edgar Cayce — an ordinary American, who would lie down and speak things he didn't remember when awake. Many of his predictions remarkably came true.

Ryo Tatsuki — a reclusive Japanese artist who published a collection of illustrated prophecies in the 90s. Almost all of those drawings corresponded to major events in Japan and the world.

"I am not easily convinced. But I also dare not hastily deny. Because if these are rays of light cast down from special channels, then for me to refuse to listen due to prejudice would be no different than closing the door on a ray of hope."

I viewed this group as "secondary signals," requiring careful cross-referencing and verification. If the message they conveyed aligned with the Fa principles I had come to understand, encouraging people to be virtuous and moral, then I tentatively categorized them as "revelations worth contemplating."

If, conversely — even if seemingly accurate in terms of event timing — they instilled panic, glorified power, or encouraged extreme actions… then I knew it was not from the light.

I sat back, looking at my classification map: Three currents. One pure. One sedimentary. One esoteric.

They were not alike, yet they converged on a common point: awakening conscience.

"I am not looking for someone who knows the entire future. I am looking for someone who reminds me of who I am."

I felt relieved. The gold and dross had been separated. Now it was time to delve deeper into these currents, to listen to them – do they all point in the same direction? Do all these echoes, when placed side by side, tell a single story?

I knew the answer would only come if I maintained my clarity and a heart pure enough to listen.

After completing the classification of prophetic sources, I sat for a long time, looking at the notes spread out before me. Like small rivers flowing together into a deep body of water I couldn't yet name. Divine revelation. Ancient maps. Unexplained dreams.

I no longer saw myself as someone "seeking answers." I was listening.

And then, a new question emerged — very softly, but echoing:

"Beyond these lofty sources, could divine will also be conveyed through entirely ordinary channels — through common folk, through songs, through ancient legends, or even through seemingly anonymous conversations?"

I suddenly remembered a teaching from a scripture I once read:

"Truth is not always found on the highest mountain. It can be in the field, in the marketplace, in the lullaby of a poor mother."

I began to feel something: If Heaven's will truly wanted to spread to all social strata, all cultures, all ages — then perhaps, it had to be sown into the simplest and most universal forms.

Not just through prophets. But also through oral songs, folk tales, children's rhymes, even in the dreams of someone unknown.

And so, I decided to broaden my investigation. No longer just reading ancient books, I would listen to the echoes recorded in humanity's collective memory — signals from the depths of folk tradition.

I didn't know what I would find. But I believed that truth could appear wherever the heart was pure enough to recognize it.

I had distinguished the gold from the dross. Now, it was time to listen to the song from the fields.

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### CHAPTER 6

#### ECHOES FROM THE MARKET, A MOTHER'S LULLABY

**Discovery 1: The Principle of "Great Wisdom Appears Foolish" – The Disguise of Truth**

I had become accustomed to prophecies written in concise, vague, metaphorical passages in ancient books or religious scriptures. But this time, I began to look elsewhere – to a place I had never before considered a true "source": folk culture. The deeper I delved, the more I realized that Divine will was not only hidden in scriptures or the words of prophets – but also cleverly concealed in seemingly trivial, anonymous things.

One of the principles that made me pause the longest was the principle of "Great wisdom appears foolish" (Đại trí giả ngu) – that a person of great wisdom often hides behind the appearance of someone naive, simple, or even insane.

I started with the character Jigong – the famous "mad monk" of Chinese Buddhism. A monk who ate meat, drank wine, had messy hair, walked barefoot everywhere, and often laughed and spoke like a simpleton. But behind that bizarre exterior was a transcendental inner self, with boundless supernatural abilities and compassion to relieve suffering. He saved people, exorcised evil, and reformed powerful figures – all while being met with suspicion and ridicule from the world.

I imagined a scene: If Jigong appeared today in a crowded New York street, shabbily dressed, speaking strange words, would anyone recognize him as an enlightened cultivator?

From Asia, I moved to the West. I found the image of Diogenes – the ascetic philosopher who lived in a wooden barrel and walked through the Athenian agora with a lantern in broad daylight, saying he was "looking for an honest man." A madman? Or a master of paradox?

Then I read accounts of "hidden saints" – people who wandered among humanity in a foolish guise to avoid envy and harm, so that no one would hinder them from doing what was right. They lived among the world without being recognized by the world.

And then, it made me think: if the Divine wants to test the human heart, if He wants to know who can truly recognize light amidst darkness, then the perfect way is to hide the truth within a shell that people easily disdain or ignore.

I wrote in my diary:

"I realized a profound principle: Truth is never displayed magnificently like a diamond in the marketplace. On the contrary, it often wears simple, shabby, even eccentric clothing. That is a protective shell, a mirror to test the heart. Those with sincerity will recognize the light within; those who only judge with worldly eyes will only see a madman. And that is the intention of the Enlightened Beings."

I no longer viewed "unusual" people with a simple gaze. I began to listen to wandering minstrels, strange fairy tales, even roadside anecdotes – for who knows, amidst the world's noise, a vague call from Heaven might be hidden in the most ordinary guise.

**Discovery 2: The Legend of the "Sha Dao Ren" – An Active Test of Faith**

After contemplating the principle of "Great wisdom appears foolish," I began to explore in more detail the forms of folk transmission with prophetic elements – especially cases that did not appear randomly, but with a clear intention. And I found a strange archetype in ancient Chinese culture: the "Sha Dao Ren" (殺刀人)

Literally translated, "Sha Dao Ren" (殺刀人) means "person who kills with a knife" or "killer with a knife", but it can also be colloquially understood as "itinerant knife seller". However, in the context of ancient legends, this is not merely a profession — but a metaphor for a messenger from Heaven, someone who actively carries a message and comes into the world to convey it.

I read a story as follows:

Towards the end of a dynasty, there was a man dressed in coarse cloth, carrying a basket of knives on his back, who went through the marketplace proclaiming: "Knives here, knives sharpened, sharp enough to cut through water!" But when someone came close to buy, he would smile and say: "I only sell knives to those who dare to hear a strange thing: When the sun rises from the West, on that day, bring your knife to the East city gate — and you will know why."

Most listeners scoffed at him as mad. But a few quietly remembered his words. Many years later, when turmoil struck, it was this small group, thanks to their faith in that instruction, who avoided annihilation.

I finished reading, my heart filled with emotion. This prophecy was not just to "predict the future," but like a door testing the heart. Not everyone saw it. And not everyone who saw it dared to believe. But for those with sincerity who held that belief in their hearts — that was precisely the "ticket" to overcome disaster.

I paused, writing in my notebook:

"I understood. The message is not just content, but also a test. Salvation does not come from how much we understand, but from an initial thought — a very fragile ray of light, but enough to keep us from falling. Faith in what seems irrational is the condition to cross the great waters."

The legend of the Sha Dao Ren also clarified another point: the messenger's action was proactive. They did not wait for people to ask, but descended into the world themselves, mingled with the crowd, spoke strange words, dropped a hint — and then left. Who recognized it and who didn't, depended on their缘 (affinity) and heart.

This filled me with inexpressible admiration. If the Enlightened Beings truly sent messengers to the human world, their failure to openly display miracles might not be due to any limitation, but because: they respected the freedom of choice of each sentient being.

Truth does not impose. It merely appears, very lightly, very softly, to see who has a heart sincere enough to recognize it.

I began to believe that, in every era, there might always be "Sha Dao Ren" walking silently through the marketplace of life, carrying messages from Heaven — but no one notices. And if we miss it, the fault is not that they didn't warn, but that we were not humble enough to listen.

**Discovery 3: The Astonishment of "Prophetic Nursery Rhymes" – Heavenly Secrets Spreading Naturally**

If messengers like the "Sha Dao Ren" were a proactive form of communication, what I discovered next left me almost breathless — because it surpassed every communication strategy I had ever known: "Prophetic nursery rhymes."

Initially, I merely researched East Asian children's oral games, as part of cultural studies. But then, in a scholarly article on folklore, I came across an example that sent shivers down my spine:

"Go up the mountain, meet a dragon, Go down to the field, meet a king, When the market is as empty as a temple, Then the starving dead will cry defeat on the road."

That was not a random rhyme. It was a segment of a nursery rhyme widely circulated in North China at the end of the Ming Dynasty. And according to historians, these seemingly playful verses accurately materialized at the time of the Ming Dynasty's collapse: the symbols in the rhyme reflected political turmoil, food crises, and dynastic change.

I was stunned.

Not just by the level of accuracy, but by the method of transmission: this was a children's song. It had no clear source, no author, no official archives. It was simply sung, passed by word of mouth, spread — by innocent children.

As someone who worked in professional communications, I had to admit: I had never seen a method so effective and so immune to censorship.

I wrote down my thoughts in my notebook:

"Who authored these nursery rhymes? No one knows. Perhaps an anonymous cultivator, or a pure soul enlightened. But precisely because their origin is unknown, they are unbound. They self-generate, self-sustain, self-spread. They don't need the Internet, no publishers, no certifications. They just need a small mouth that knows how to sing, a young ear that knows how to listen, and an innocent child. Thus, heavenly secrets are transmitted across generations."

I felt chills thinking about the perfection of this mechanism: anonymous, incorruptible, and self-reproducing. It was genius in innocence, a network for transmitting information designed by Heaven itself — that no government, no force could completely control.

And then I remembered a teaching from a Falun Dafa book I had read:

"For those with a pure mind, their words will be simple. But it is that very simplicity that directly touches the hearts of others."

Could that be why these nursery rhymes were chosen as the medium to carry heavenly secrets?

They are innocent, harmless, seemingly carrying no profound message. But it is that very harmlessness that is the perfect invisible cloak. It does not provoke resistance, cause suspicion, or get censored — and thus, it survives through turbulent dynasties.

I chuckled, though a strange emotion still resonated within me. Perhaps the Divine used the simplest methods to preserve messages — but humans, too busy chasing doctrines and academia, never realized.

I told myself:

"We search for heavenly secrets in libraries, in lecture halls, in laboratories. But perhaps, Heaven's will lies in the song of a child in the East market, or in the lullaby of a mother in a hammock."

I sat alone in a small tea shop in Chinatown. Dusk was falling, and the night hawkers' calls outside echoed faintly like an unfinished nursery rhyme. Before me lay a pile of notes on ancient rhymes, folk legends, and strange messages once dismissed as superstitions, now chillingly logical.

I felt my heart still, like water.

Not from sadness, but from reverence.

Reverence for the way Divine will had been conveyed: not through lofty words or complex doctrines, but through the most rustic, simplest, yet most enduring and effective forms.

"I had seen messengers in the marketplace. I had heard lullabies containing heavenly secrets. I had read verses from nursery rhymes that could survive through time and power."

Truth is not found in high places. It is found where anyone can reach it — if they are pure enough.

But at this very moment, a new question quietly arose:

"If, in the past, heavenly secrets were conveyed through nursery rhymes, lullabies, legends... then in today's world, full of social media and information warfare, is there still a way for messages from Heaven to resound? And more importantly: do we still have the ability to distinguish what is truly a message from the light, and what is darkness disguised as truth?"

I felt a heavy cloud drifting forward. Unlike the sweet stories of folklore, the current era is a battlefield of words, where every idea is manipulated, distorted, or indiscriminately duplicated.

I had no choice. I knew I had to step forward — into the most chaotic place, where the echoes no longer carried a lullaby's melody, but bore the sharp edge of manipulation, and the machinations of unseen forces.

To recognize Divine will in the past, a pure heart was needed.

But to recognize the truth in the present, both sharp wisdom and an unwavering spiritual compass are required.

I was ready.

Now was the time to step into the most turbulent place: the battle of modern echoes.

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### CHAPTER 7

#### THE TWILIGHT MARKET OF PROPHECY AND THE PITFALLS OF FAITH

**Observing the "Twilight Market of Prophecy" – A Specific Case Study**

I discovered them by chance. A video flashed across my social media recommendations. The sensational title: "Messenger of Light warns: Great calamity coming soon!"

I'm not easily drawn in by such phrases, but an intuition made me pause. I opened the video, then searched for more clips. They weren't a large cult, much less a recognized religious organization. Just a small group, but one gaining attention, especially in communities anxious about humanity's future. The leader, calling himself a Messenger of Heavenly Secrets, dressed simply, had a shaved head, and spoke slowly with suggestive tones.

But what I heard next sent chills down my spine — not because I believed, but because I immediately recognized the sophisticated manipulative mechanisms he was using. This was no longer a group seeking truth. It was a carefully orchestrated trap of faith.

I observed them for several weeks, even creating an anonymous account to access their internal forum. I meticulously recorded every expression, every psychological pattern.

And then, dangerous signs began to appear as clear as daylight.

**First, Spreading fear by making the threat invisible**

Unlike ancient cults that announced specific doomsday dates (and were then exposed when the day passed), this group was far more subtle. They didn't mention a clear timeline. Instead, they created a perpetual state of anxiety:

"That day could be tomorrow. Or in an hour. But only those who are 'ready' will be led. Those who still doubt will be left behind."

This phrase was repeated over and over. Like a mantra. The result was that members lived in a loop of anxiety – hope – fear – submission. Never-ending.

**Second, Manipulating minds by creating absolute polarization**

The "Messenger" divided the world into two types: those who knew and those who didn't know. The chosen and those about to be consumed. He never asked followers to abandon their families or the outside world. But he instilled in them a more dangerous idea: "You can no longer talk to ordinary people. They are controlled by darkness. Only we see the light."

The consequence was that followers isolated themselves ideologically, rejected all counter-arguments, and clung to the group as their only refuge.

**Third, Turning rituals into tools for recruitment and control**

One of the videos that chilled me was a scene of a group "covenant." They called it the "Sacred Blood Drinking Ceremony." There was no real blood, just red-colored water in an old wooden bowl. But the dim lighting, the repetitive background music, combined with the whole group chanting a vow to "follow the Messenger for life" — made the ceremony collectively hypnotic.

I realized this was the pinnacle of thought control rituals: bringing people into a vague spiritual state, then linking it to absolute obedience.

**Fourth, Creating the illusion that you yourself "realized" it**

Even more subtly, they planted ideas in the minds of followers and let them "conclude" it themselves. No one in the group explicitly said "the end of the world is next month," but everyone claimed to have "felt something coming," "received a premonition in a dream." The followers, in their fervor, created evidence to reinforce a belief they thought was their own.

I was silenced when I realized — this was a complete model of a digital age "twilight prophecy market." No church needed, no sacred texts, just someone who knew how to exploit insecurity and wounded faith.

I remembered the "spiritual compass" I had set up in CHAPTER 5. Every warning sign simultaneously flashed red: fear, dependence, ambiguous rituals, and false promises of "being chosen."

And I knew, if I didn't speak out, more people would enter this twilight market — where artificial light seeped through the smoke, but beneath their feet was the dark abyss of disorientation and collapse.

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**Witnessing the Tragedy of Exploited Faith**

I didn't want to believe. I had hoped that, even if those rituals were somewhat extreme, they would at least stop at harmless superstition. But then I met them – a family of three, drifting on the brink of collapse and awakening.

I learned about them from a private group forum. The father, Caleb, used to be a mechanical engineer. His wife – Maria – was an elementary school teacher. They once had a small house, two old cars, and modest savings for their eight-year-old daughter. An ordinary family.

But three years ago, they started watching the "Messenger's" videos. At first, it was curiosity. Then doubt. Then absolute belief. They joined the private group, sent money to "support the mission of spreading Heavenly secrets," and then quit their jobs. The wife stopped teaching because "the school was too worldly," and Caleb refused to fix a customer's machine, believing "everything is about to end, why bother fixing it."

They sold their house, sent all the money to the group's fund. Moved to live in a community of believers on the outskirts of the city. Every morning they woke up anxious, every night they prayed to be "one of the chosen." Every week there was a "new message" from the Messenger: "Tomorrow night might be the last night," "Repent again to purify your soul," "Those without enough faith will be left behind in the final round."

I approached them as a journalist. At first, they refused to meet. But I was persistent. I told them about a friend who had also been drawn into another cult. I didn't argue, didn't refute, just told stories. Gradually, Maria opened up. She spoke in a long breath, as if she had been waiting for a long time to say it:

"I'm tired, Taylor. For three years, every day I've been afraid. We're not ourselves anymore. I used to have beloved students, I used to teach them about courage, about light... And now I don't know who I am. I lost everything for a salvation that never came."

I looked into her eyes. No longer the light of a loyal follower. But the eyes of a broken mother, a wife exhausted from bearing a dream woven by another.

Caleb remained silent, but I saw his hand clench. He had heard. He knew. But the belief had lasted too long, swallowed too much. How could he admit he had been deceived? That he had gambled his whole life on a lie?

The daughter sat quietly, scribbling a circle with a pencil. I knelt down and looked. It was a sphere, surrounded by specks of fire. I asked:

– What are you drawing?

The little girl said softly, like a whisper in the wind:

– Mom said the Earth will be burned. I'm drawing that day.

I didn't know how to answer. An eight-year-old child, who should be drawing rainbows and kittens, was imagining the end of the world as a given truth.

In my mind, layers of chaotic sounds echoed – the "Messenger" reciting prophecies, followers chanting in unison, groans from suppressed pain. All intertwined like a discordant symphony of exploited faith.

I wrote in my diary that night:

"Not everyone who believes in prophecy is foolish. Not everyone who dedicates their assets is blind. They are people who once lived well, worked hard, believed in goodness. They only erred in one point: they placed their most sacred faith in a mortal, instead of placing it in true principles. And the deceiver did not take their money first — he took their peace of mind."

**"Epiphany" from Compassion – A Lesson on Attachment**

I was not an insider. But as I left the small house of Caleb and Maria's family, I felt as though I myself had just emerged from a trance. A trance without stimulants, without hypnosis, but only sweet words mingled with fear.

On the subway ride back to the city, I watched the silent stream of people – those living ordinary lives, unaware that just one stumble in life, one internal crisis, one profound loss… could turn them into "them" – like Caleb, like Maria.

I wondered: How could a mother who once cherished her students believe that the end of the world would come at any moment? How could a rational engineer like Caleb trade his entire fortune for things that had never happened?

Then I suddenly realized: the enemy of faith is not just disbelief. It is also attachment.

When a person yearns too much for salvation, they easily become blind. When they are too afraid of the future, they are willing to cling to anyone who claims to know what's coming. It is precisely the delusion born from the desire to be guided, not a lack of faith, that easily pushes people into traps.

I began to re-read my notes, and for the first time, I used a concept I had previously only seen in books: the Barnum Effect. That's when people feel a message is very "personal" to them, while in reality it is very general and could apply to anyone. For example, the sentence: "You feel you are special but have not been recognized." – Millions of people could nod to this sentence.

The "Messenger" of that group used this technique with terrifying proficiency. He always said things just vague enough, just suggestive enough, for each listener to feel "he's talking about me." And so they felt chosen. They felt they had a mission. And once they felt that way, it was very difficult to turn back.

I also discovered another phenomenon – confirmation bias. Once people believe something, they will only seek evidence that reinforces that belief, and discard anything that contradicts it. That's why when the "predicted" doomsday didn't happen, they didn't give up. They said: "Perhaps we did something right so God postponed it." Or: "This is just a test of faith."

I didn't mock them. On the contrary, I saw a reflection – that I too had sometimes been swayed by those biases. If not for reading the Fa principles in Zhuan Falun, if not for the process of cultivating reflective thinking through quiet contemplation, perhaps I too would not have been clear enough to stand outside.

I wrote in my diary that night:

"Not everyone who believes in prophecy is foolish. Not everyone who dedicates their assets is blind. They are people who once lived well, worked hard, believed in goodness. They only erred in one point: they placed their most sacred faith in a mortal who claimed to be a messenger, and in a 'state of fear' instead of in the very teachings of morality and benevolence in scriptures. They clung to a vague apocalyptic event, instead of clinging to the path of cultivating themselves every day. The devil did not attack their faith; it exploited that very faith to destroy them."

Compassion taught me one thing: we cannot save others by arguing with them. We can only illuminate with wisdom – and let them see for themselves. I understood that my responsibility was not just to expose falsehoods, but also to point out the true path – a path not based on fear, not selling tickets to salvation, not demanding submission, but simply encouraging people to live better, purer, closer to Goodness and Truth every day.

I softly whispered in my heart as I closed the notebook: "Please let me maintain clarity and compassion. Please let me never forget that the most sacred thing in this world is not who prophesies better, but who makes others more virtuous."

That night, I couldn't sleep. Not because I was haunted by what I had witnessed, but because a question echoed incessantly in my mind:

"What about the grand prophecies? Those warnings that once made the whole world pause? If distortion can lead to disaster, then what does silence mean?"

I thought of the Mayan calendar in 2012. Millions of people once trembled, awaiting doomsday. Some wrote wills. Some dropped out of school, quit their jobs. Some committed suicide.

Then nothing happened.

The Mayan calendar was called a "hoax of a dead civilization." Prophets were labeled "digital age fortune tellers." The world spun on as if it had never paused.

But I didn't think so.

I felt that something had happened, just not in the way humanity expected. Perhaps it was a test. An invisible sifting. Or a final opportunity to change something.

I began to review global-scale prophecies: the Mayan calendar. Edgar Cayce's dreams. Eastern prophecies about the Lower Epoch. Ancient stone carvings.

I asked myself again:

"Have we misunderstood the nature of the warning? Are we demanding that the Divine act according to human expectations? And if nothing happens on the surface, does that mean everything is meaningless? Or is that precisely the ultimate compassion – a warning without punishment?"

I felt a gentle breeze sweep through the window.

Perhaps, it was time for me to listen to the echoes of the great warnings — not with physical ears, but with the inner self of a pilgrim learning humility.

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### CHAPTER 8

#### THE SILENT BELLS

**Contemplating the "Silent Bells"**

I returned to my study on a gloomy afternoon. The sky was gray, heavy clouds seeming to carry something unsaid. I pulled out a stack of old documents from a drawer — all printouts of prophecies I had once researched: the Mayan calendar of 2012, Nostradamus's prophecies, Edgar Cayce's visions, and even ancient Eastern prophetic texts like "Tui Bei Tu," "Ma Qian Ke," "Sam Trang Trinh,"... which I had diligently pored over.

They lay there, silent.

Like bells that once rang out menacingly, but then nothing happened.

I vividly remember the atmosphere of 2012. People were confused, afraid. News reports constantly featured "doomsday." Some prepared shelters, stockpiled food. Lectures on "planetary frequency shifts" spread rapidly. I once felt something very serious was about to happen.

But then... nothing.

No mass volcanic eruptions. No Planet Nibiru crashing into Earth. No great flood, no apocalypse.

At that time, I told myself: "Perhaps humanity has changed. Perhaps the warning worked, and the outcome has been transformed." I genuinely wanted to believe that.

But now, having written "The Diagnosis of the Era," having exposed layers upon layers of lies, violence, degradation, and unspeakable crimes... I can no longer hold onto that belief.

I felt betrayed by my own naive optimism of that time.

Because if humanity had indeed changed for the better, then why are millions of fetuses still murdered every year in the name of "freedom"? Why can people still brazenly torture peaceful cultivators in public? Why do the most shameless lies become the standard on television and in textbooks? Why does society become more modern yet further removed from morality? Why does forced organ harvesting in China continue? Why does the CCP's persecution of Falun Gong persist?...

No. I understand now... Humanity has not gotten better. And this current peace is not the result of a collective moral effort.

There must be another reason...

A higher-level reason...

I sat silently by the window for a long time, watching the evening shadows fall over the city. Every light that flickered on down below was a life — perhaps a father just returning home, a mother cooking dinner, a child playing with toys — and I suddenly felt a lump in my throat.

If the prophecy was not wrong, if the great calamity has not occurred not because it doesn't exist, but because it has been postponed... then it means: we are living on borrowed time. A deferred gift. A last chance.

And the big question began to emerge within me:

"Who postponed it? Why?"

I didn't have an immediate answer. But I knew I needed to continue this journey — with a deeper gratitude, and a more cautious state of mind than ever before.

**The Realization of the "Original Script" and the Creator's Effort to Change It**

I recalled the Eastern prophetic texts I had pondered. Phrases like "Ten men remain three" — ten people, three survive — or ancient verses speaking of "blood flowing like rivers, homes broken, corpses filling the fields." These were not flowery expressions. They were chilling warnings of a script that had once been pre-set — a script so desperate that no words could describe it.

I used to wonder: "Were those prophecies exaggerated?"

But after what I have seen — from political massacres, to live organ harvesting, to the horrific degeneration of modern society — I cannot help but admit: those ancient prophecies were not exaggerated at all. In fact, they might even be understated compared to the depths of human sin reached today.

And then, from within the very Fa principles of Dafa that I had quietly read over the past few days, a truth began to emerge — clear as dawn breaking through a thick fog.

I realized: those prophecies were true. They were an accurate outline of history's "original script" — a script based on the harsh principle of "formation-stasis-degeneration-destruction" of the old cosmos, where the end of a cycle is total annihilation.

But what moved me to tears was:

That script is being changed...

Not because humanity has changed.

But because the Creator has come...

I do not say these words lightly or casually. I say them with profound reverence and caution — because this is no longer speculation. This is an understanding.

I felt that: He did not come to witness a terrifying great cleansing, according to the "old law." He came to save, not to punish. He brought a new Fa, a new path, a new hope — to open up a different script, more benevolent, more tolerant.

But the condition for this new script to materialize lies with each of us.

And because humanity has not awakened sufficiently, because the number of awakened people is still not enough, He had to use His boundless mighty virtue to postpone the door of collapse, to extend time, to give more chances.

That is not "easy forgiveness."

It is a great, silent, unknown effort.

An effort by an Enlightened Being — with a heart like the ocean, bearing the karmic burden of countless deluded beings.

When I grasped that, everything became silent.

Not a meaningless silence.

But a solemn silence — like the sigh of a Divine Being awaiting humanity's awakening.

**"Realization" Through Analogy – The Firefighter and the Last Door**

I sat still for a long time, after writing down those contemplations. In the quiet space, amidst the open books and the pale yellow desk lamp, my mind suddenly became strangely empty. No more urgent questions. No more pressing debates. Only a vague but very real feeling that I was about to see something.

And then, that image appeared.

Not a dream. Not a hallucination.

But an analogy, an internal symbol that appeared very clearly, as if etched by light:

A building is on fire.

In the dark night, the flames rose like hell opening its gates. Explosions, breaking glass, howling wind mingled with piercing screams. But inside the building, in a deep corridor at the far end, a man was straining to hold a door.

The last door. It was the only exit not yet collapsed.

His whole body trembled. Sweat and blood streamed down his forehead. His shoulders were torn from the pressure of the braces. His veins stood out. Every breath was a struggle.

He wasn't holding the door for himself. He held it for the people inside — still engrossed in partying, drinking, or sound asleep, oblivious. Others were arguing whether there was really a fire.

And he, the last firefighter, had only one way: to try to delay a little longer, hoping that someone would realize, would wake up, would escape before the door collapsed.

I sat motionless as that image faded from my mind. There was no dramatic music. No divine light. Just a choking feeling in my chest, as if my heart had been stretched to the very limits of gratitude and pain.

I murmured: "That is Him."

The Creator — the one holding the last door of the world.

Without fanfare. Without ostentation.

He doesn't shout, doesn't appear on television, doesn't force anyone to believe.

He simply quietly endures — every minute, every second, to keep that door from closing.

And ironically, those inside — we ourselves — are the ones who ignore. The scoffers. The deniers. Those engrossed in the temporary world, unwilling to hear the warning bells ringing, unaware of the flames already blazing behind them.

And He, no matter how great, cannot hold it forever.

One day, the door will close.

Not because He leaves.

But because time has run out.

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**The Gift and Burden of "Extended Time"**

After the image of the firefighter faded from my mind, I sat still for a very long time.

Not because I didn't know what to write next. But because I knew too well: what was about to be written could not be light.

The time we are living in — is not a time of peace. It is a special period, like the final silence before the ending bell rings.

We call it "peace," "stability." But in reality, it is a gift exchanged for pain.

I reopened my diary and wrote:

"We are not living in a safe era. We are living in an 'extended period of time' — a deferred sigh, held back by the infinite Compassion of the Creator."

"Every peaceful day we have, every storm that doesn't arrive, every disaster that 'doesn't happen'... is not because we deserve it. But because someone, on a deeper level of the universe, has borne it for us. Silently. Completely."

I felt a lump in my throat.

I remembered all the prophecies that had been announced — about the end of the world, about tsunamis, about nuclear war, about ultimate cataclysms...

I remembered December 21, 2012. I remembered the rumors that spread globally. And then nothing happened. People laughed. The press mocked. The prophecies were deemed failures.

But now, I understand:

They were not wrong. They were postponed.

Because in the original script, there was a much more brutal ending. But it didn't happen — not because we were good, but because He still hoped.

He is still waiting.

Waiting for one more person to wake up.

Waiting for one more person to turn around.

Waiting for one more person to choose light instead of darkness.

And while waiting, He keeps the door open.

Every second that passes is a silent plea from the universe: "Hurry. Time is running out."

I continued writing in my diary:

"Extended time is a gift. But it is also a burden."

"Because if we know this truth, we cannot live as we did before. We cannot sleep peacefully in the bed of ignorance, cannot scoff at warnings, cannot be indifferent to what is happening."

"I don't know how much time is left. But I know one thing for sure: I don don't want to remain silent anymore."

"I want to tell those who still have the heart to listen: the bell has not ceased. It is only temporarily silent. And that door will not stay open forever."

I closed my notebook, my eyes still brimming with tears. They were not tears of sorrow, but tears of an awakening — like a child just roused from a long dream, feeling the gravity of reality for the first time.

I understood that the important thing was not to predict the end of the world. The important thing was to realize that we are living amidst a wake-up call, and every breath we take is a precious gift from a great love that humanity has never known how to reciprocate.

I wrote the last line on the last page of that night:

"Silence is not the failure of prophecy. Silence is the strongest voice of Compassion."

"And if given extra time, then every remaining day cannot just be used for survival. But for choosing."

"Choosing to live awakened. Choosing to keep a virtuous heart. Choosing to transmit light."

But then, a new question arose within me. That question did not come from reason, but from deep within my heart — where the instinct of a former journalist incessantly urged me to seek living evidence.

I thought:

"If all of this is true — if humanity is living in 'extended time' because of infinite Compassion — then there must be signs. People who have overcome calamities through faith. Miracles that cannot be explained by ordinary logic. Living proofs, in everyday life."

I asked myself:

"Are there 'silent lamps' that have been and are shining amidst the storms, as vivid testimonies of faith, of cause and effect, and of protection from the Divine Realm?"

I needed to find them.

And that would be my journey in the next chapter.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CHAPTER 9

#### THE LAMPS IN THE DARKNESS

**Opening Allegory - The Story of the "Red-Eyed Stone Lion"**

I want to begin this chapter with an ancient folk tale, passed down from old China. It's not long, but I feel it contains an invisible power – like a silent key unlocking an entire layer of truth.

In a small village, there was a stone lion statue placed at the head of the town. At its base, an old woman with silver hair would come every day to sweep and offer incense. She was not rich, not highly educated, but she possessed a deep faith. She believed the statue was sacred, and cleaning it daily was a way to maintain a part of the town's purity.

One day, according to legend, a monk quietly passed by. Seeing the old woman's sincerity, he stopped and said:

"If one day you see the stone lion's eyes turn red, then quickly leave this place. It is a sign foreshadowing a great calamity. Remember: do not hesitate, and if possible, warn others."

The old woman diligently remembered these words for many years. She told those around her, but almost no one believed. Some chuckled: "A stone statue with red eyes? How superstitious are you?" Others said: "Even if that happened, is it necessarily a disaster? Perhaps just a coincidence."

Then one day, a group of mischievous children wanted to tease her. They smeared chicken blood on the lion statue's eyes before she arrived. When the old woman saw the stone lion's eyes stained dark red, she trembled. But she did not doubt, did not hesitate. She believed the warning had come. She abandoned her wares, abandoned even her small home, and ran up the high mountain – running while trying to warn the villagers, but no one followed.

Not long after, a real great flood occurred. The flood, unannounced by any forecast, swept away the entire town. The only survivor – was that old woman.

I don't know how many details were added, or how many times the story was retold differently. But its spirit – the spirit of choosing to believe and act instead of scoffing and ignoring – remained intact.

That story, to me, is a perfect allegory for the state humanity finds itself in in this era. Every warning, every bell, every "red eye" of an inanimate statue – could be a test. A small examination from Heaven, for each individual.

And then, as I began to observe the world through that lens, I realized something strange: throughout history – and even in the present – there have been people like that old woman. They believed. They acted. And they survived.

\* \* \*

**Historical Evidence – The Black Death in Europe**

From the allegory in East Asian culture, I decided to broaden my perspective to Western history – where I was born and raised – to seek similar evidence. And what startled me was: extraordinary survivors, "lamps" amidst the fury of darkness, had indeed appeared.

I am talking about one of the most haunting pages of European history: the Great Plague, also known as the Black Death, in the 14th century. In just a few years, from 1347 to about 1351, this disease claimed the lives of nearly half of Europe's population – about 25 to 50 million people.

It is said that no natural disaster or war in medieval history caused such horrific death. Entire towns were wiped out. Bodies piled up. Priests, doctors, nobles, or peasants were all exceptions. Death knew no class. And fear became the fastest spreading thing.

But precisely in the midst of that despair, a group of people walked against the tide. They were monks, devout believers. They did not flee. They did not isolate themselves. They went into the epidemic's epicenter, embraced the sick, wiped their wounds, prayed for their souls, and... strangely, many of them did not contract the disease.

I read these accounts in both historical documents and personal diaries preserved from that era. For example, the records of nuns in Strasbourg, who volunteered to care for the victims while all the doctors had fled. Not everyone survived, but their survival rate was inexplicably high – far exceeding all contemporary medical understanding.

Another document tells of Saint Charles Borromeo, an archbishop who lived later in the 16th century, during another plague outbreak in Milan. He refused to leave the city, stayed to organize relief efforts, visited the sick, and did not contract the disease throughout the process.

I wondered: Did their faith become a shield? Some kind of energy, immeasurable by machines, protected them in a place where death seemed to reign?

I know some will say it was just coincidence. That perhaps they had better immune systems, or were lucky. But if it was just luck, then why was the common denominator: they were not afraid of death? They did not beg to live, nor did they flee. They believed in a higher arrangement. And in that belief, something liberated them from fear, from chaos – and sometimes, from the calamity itself.

I began to envision a concept: "the immune system of faith" – an internal state that cannot be infiltrated by fear, resentment, or selfishness. That state, I believe, can change a person's entire biological field. Just as a tiny lantern, if truly lit from within, can push back all darkness within its range.

And then, I asked myself: If this happened in the past, then... in the present, amidst modern pandemics, are there similar stories?

\* \* \*

**Modern Evidence – The COVID-19 Pandemic and Falun Gong Practitioners**

The Great Plague in Europe receded into history. But in the 21st century, humanity once again faced a global shadow called COVID-19. This time, everything was no longer oil paintings or ancient records. We – the whole world – lived through it. Witnessed it. Experienced it. And for me, it was also an opportunity to seek the lights of faith in the modern era.

In my research, one group particularly caught my attention: Falun Gong practitioners.

I had known about them through human rights news in China. But what impressed me deeply was not just their persecution – but their calmness, compassion, and indomitable spirit throughout decades. When the pandemic erupted in Wuhan – considered the initial epicenter of COVID-19 – I found many accounts stating that: practitioners there remained safe, continued their cultivation steadfastly, and even quietly helped others realize a way to be protected.

A report from The Epoch Times told of a family right in the center of Wuhan. When the city was locked down, everyone panicked. But this family, with three generations practicing Falun Gong, maintained a normal rhythm of life – doing the exercises every morning, studying the Fa every evening. None of them got sick. In fact, even neighbors who had contact with them did not experience any serious problems.

The second story came from the United States. A middle-aged man, a technology engineer, contracted COVID-19 during the early stages of the pandemic. When medications had no effect, his condition worsened. In despair, a Chinese friend advised him to sincerely recite nine words:

"Falun Dafa is good – Truthfulness-Compassion-Forforbearance is good."

He recounted that he initially didn't understand anything, but having nothing left to lose, he began to recite. Seriously, calmly, repeating it in his mind. And then, after just a few days, the fevers disappeared. He recovered miraculously. His life changed. Not because of a medicine, but because of a new faith that was ignited.

I have read many similar testimonials – from Canada, Taiwan, South Korea, to Vietnam. Common denominators began to emerge:

– These miraculously surviving individuals often had a strong belief in Truthfulness, Compassion, and Forbearance.

– They were not panicked, not caught up in negative news, not immersed in fear.

– And they actively cultivated their xinxing (mind-nature) daily, instead of just passively praying.

As an independent observer, I cannot draw conclusions using traditional scientific methods. But with intuition and sensitivity honed over many years, I felt I was touching a law that transcends epidemiology.

I called it: the immune system of faith.

Unlike masks or vaccines, this "immune system" does not come from material things. It comes from one's internal state. When a person lives in harmony with the cosmic principles – with values like Truthfulness, Compassion, and Forbearance – they seem to create an energy field that cannot be infiltrated by darkness.

Perhaps you don't believe. Perhaps you want to verify. That is perfectly fine. But I believe, even if science today cannot measure it, truth is still truth.

And I believe that: Falun Dafa practitioners, with their perseverance, composure, and rock-solid faith throughout the pandemic, are truly the lamps in the darkness of our era.

I closed the last file that windless evening. Before me, no longer abstract theories or distant prophecies, but real people, hearts burning brightly in silence. Each story was a lamp. Each lamp was proof that light is not only bestowed by the Divine, but also lit by human choice itself.

I no longer doubted.

Protective power does not come from fleeing or fear. It comes from an active inner self – a steadfast faith, a benevolent heart, and an unwavering spirit amidst the storm. Those miraculously surviving people did not "get lucky." They had harmonized with heavenly principles, even if they called it by different names. And because of that, they were preserved. They are vivid proof that the true "immune system" is not in a laboratory, but in the deepest depths of the spirit.

I felt a light shining through me. Not dazzling. But warm. Persistent. Like a whispered invitation:

"You too can be a lamp."

The question was no longer "is there an escape or not," but:

"Am I ready to illuminate others when they are still floundering in the dark?"

I understood that if I had seen the light, then silence was no longer a moral option. But before I could speak my mind, I needed to be sure: do all the things I had discovered – from ancient prophecies to modern miracles – point to a common destination?

Is there a great truth, an overarching picture, that can connect all the rivers I have crossed – from bloody omens, sacred tears, to a mother's lullaby, the light of faith – into a unified current?

I felt the answer drawing near.

Very near.

And I knew I needed to prepare myself for a major turning of the page – a final chapter, where all that has been sown will begin to blossom, ignite, or dissipate – depending on the choice of each soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CHAPTER 10

#### THE CONVERGENCE OF FINGERS

**Assembling the Complete Picture**

I sat alone in my small room, the soft white light illuminating the empty wall in front of me. The large whiteboard had been there for days, but today, I was truly ready to face it.

On the table were hundreds of notes, images, excerpts, questions, and clues I had gathered throughout my journey. I spread them out like scattered puzzle pieces, and then—as if compelled from within—I began to assemble them.

In the upper-left corner of the board, I taped a photo of the Virgin Mary statue weeping blood from her eyes. Below it were images of the Xiao Tuo River turning red like blood, and the strange phenomena I had recorded: snow falling in summer, stones carved with the words "Chinese Communist Party perishes," and news reports that were suppressed.

I circled this cluster and noted:

"Starting Point: The Sickness. The pain of Heaven and Earth. The first warning."

I recalled the initial analyses in "The Diagnosis of the Era" – a society in decay, a humanitarian system inverted, an internal fever spreading globally. The omens were no longer mystical. They were the biological signals of the Earth, screaming like a poisoned body.

I continued.

In the center of the board, I drew a simple symbol: a father guiding his blind daughter to walk, and next to it, an image of a firefighter using his entire body to hold a door from collapsing.

I noted:

"The Rules of the Game: The Veil of Delusion. Extended Time. Compassion straining to postpone Judgment."

I paused for a long time on this cluster.

It was here that I had a breakthrough in my thinking: the world is not chaotic by chance. There is a "rule of the game" set by the Creator – where humans are forced to choose between light and darkness without coercion. And it is He, Himself, who is straining to postpone the final collapse, giving those who still have the ability to awaken another chance.

In the upper-right corner, I taped images of European monks during the Great Plague, Falun Dafa practitioners remaining safe in the Wuhan epicenter, and even excerpts about the man who miraculously recovered after reciting "Falun Dafa is good, Truthfulness-Compassion-Forbearance is good."

I noted:

"Living Proof: Steadfast faith, inner benevolence, fearlessness – the true 'armor.'"

I stepped back, surveying the entire board.

Left – Problem and symptoms

Center – Mechanism and rules of the game

Right – Signs of the solution

The map was now clear. It was no longer disjointed. It was a living process.

But I still felt something was missing—the central thread, the connecting core. The board was like a body with all its limbs, but no heart. I knew I needed a central key, something that would illuminate everything.

And I knew it was waiting for me—in an old, forgotten note.

\* \* \*

**The Last Piece: Liu Bowen's Prophecy**

I rummaged through old documents, my fingers unconsciously gliding over dozens of notes about prophets from various cultures: Nostradamus, Fatima, Tibetan Buddhist prophecies, Edgar Cayce… But my eyes stopped at a familiar name – Liu Bowen.

His name had appeared in my journey before, but at that time, I had only skimmed it with historical curiosity. Now, after all I had witnessed and understood, I felt something calling me to read it again. Not with the eyes of a scholar, but with the heart of someone seeking a vital truth.

I reopened a copy of the "Tablet Inscription of Jinling Tower" – an ancient stele inscription believed to have been left by Liu Bowen himself in the 14th century, still preserved in Jiangsu, China.

My eyes stopped at a familiar passage – but this time, I read it with a different intuition. I copied the passage into my notebook:

「人人都是難，干戈子丑年，眾生不安。若得過了大劫年，才算是世間不死半神仙。如何解？只有“真善忍”三字在人心。」

I felt an electric shock. My whole body trembled slightly. I had read this passage before, but it was just an ancient text, a religious "poem," a prediction like any other prophecy. Now—it was the final piece.

I translated it carefully, word by word, to understand it deeply:

"Everyone faces calamity. Wars begin in the Zi-Chou years. Sentient beings are uneasy. If one can pass through the year of great tribulation, then they can be considered an immortal, a semi-divine being in the world. How to resolve it? Only the three words 'Truthfulness-Compassion-Forbearance' in people's hearts."

I stood up. Walked step by step to the whiteboard. In the middle of the board was an empty space – where the three clusters "Problem," "Rules of the Game," "Hope" awaited a connecting red thread. I picked up a pen, and wrote largely in that empty space:

TRUTHFULNESS – COMPASSION – FORBEARANCE

And as I wrote, I felt a miraculous convergence.

These three words are not just moral virtues. They are:

– The key to solving the "diagnosis of the era": Truthfulness is the antidote to widespread falsehoods; Compassion is the antidote to selfishness and indifference; Forbearance is the antibody against the haste, impatience, and instant gratification of a chaotic era.

– The thread connecting theory to reality: The "lamps" I had witnessed – from medieval monks to modern Falun Dafa practitioners – all lived by these three words. That's why they could stand firm amidst storms, plagues, and darkness.

– The key message of Enlightened Beings: It is no coincidence that a prophet like Liu Bowen, who lived over 600 years ago, wrote precisely these three words – exact to every detail – like a code sent to future generations.

I was silenced.

Throughout this journey, I had gone from painful warnings, through the mists of delusion, to the depths of compassion, and then clearly saw: everything led to one point – these three words.

I understood that all the "fingers" I had seen in various cultures – the prophecies, the unusual phenomena, the echoes – were all pointing in the same direction.

"TRUTHFULNESS – COMPASSION – FORBEARANCE" – The Remedy and the Path

I stood frozen.

The pass. The key to overcoming the great tribulation. It was right before my eyes, unbelievably clear.

I picked up a red pen, and wrote very large in the center of the board, where all the notes were converging: TRUTHFULNESS – COMPASSION – FORBEARANCE

Not a mystical doctrine. Not a propaganda slogan. Nor something vague.

I realized these are not just three beautiful virtues. It is the remedy.

– **Truthfulness**, to counter an age of falsehood, where truth is distorted daily.

– **Compassion**, to resolve a culture of indifference and bitterness, where kindness is seen as weakness.

– **Forbearance**, to resist the speed, impatience, and instantaneity of modern "instant noodle" society.

These three words are the "answer" to the entire "diagnosis" I had written in CHAPTER 2.

But what brought tears to my eyes was another truth. It was this: not everyone needs to deeply understand these three words to be saved.

I recalled the people I had met and read about in CHAPTER 9: they were not scholars, not cultivators. Some were just ordinary people – some had never even heard of the concept of "Fa-teaching." But at the moment of life and death, they chose to hold a good thought, chose to sincerely recite the nine golden words:

"Falun Dafa is good, Truthfulness-Compassion-Forbearance is good."

And they were saved.

No certificate needed. No rituals needed. Just a pure thought from the heart. That is the most inclusive compassion I have ever known.

I looked back at all the pieces: from the diagnosis of the era, the omens, the Divine's postponement, to the "lamps" that survived the pandemic.

Everything pointed to one thing: TRUTHFULNESS – COMPASSION – FORBEARANCE

Not just a moral principle.

Not just good qualities.

But the path of salvation given to humanity in the final moment.

I closed my eyes. In my mind, all the pieces seemed to glow. No longer disjointed. No longer interrupted. No longer any doubt.

I had seen the entire picture — not with the eyes of reason, but with a profound tremor in my soul.

All the bells. The rivers turning to blood. The ancient prophecies of millennia. The tiny lamps in the darkness. All… pointed to one thing.

A message.

A door.

An escape – open to those who still know how to listen.

And I understood… this was the purpose of my entire journey. Ten Chapters. Ten surging waves. Each segment like a cut in my heart – so that in the end, my heart was empty enough to receive an answer.

But just then – when my mind seemed settled – a final question arose, from the deepest part:

"I have seen confirmation from the East. But has the West – my homeland, where I grew up, studied, and sought truth – ever known this?

Have the great prophets of the West – from Nostradamus to Fatima, from Saint John to Malachy – ever left a confirmation?

Was there a sacred covenant ever entrusted between the two halves of the world – an appointment transcending the boundaries of time and culture?"

I clearly felt… a final finger still waiting to be found. A final echo yet unheard.

And so I continued – into CHAPTER 11.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CHAPTER 11

#### INTERSECTING ECHOES: HISTORIC APPOINTMENTS

**The Universal Expectation**

I sat in my dark room, leaving only a small lamp by the desk. The night covered the window like a stage curtain, and I waited – not for a performance, but for confirmation.

I had journeyed through ten chapters, each like a layer of delusion, a transformation. I had seen signs scattered everywhere – from blood dripping on statues, to Udumbara flowers on cold steel. I had traced every ancient piece of Eastern prophecy, from "Tui Bei Tu" to "Shao Bing Ge." And I had seen, very clearly, a point of convergence: the three words Truthfulness – Compassion – Forbearance.

But then, a question kept resounding:

If this is true – a truth on a cosmic level – then could it be that only half of humanity was meant to hear it?

I don't believe in divine partiality. I believe, if there is a universal truth, it must leave its mark on both ends of the globe. It must echo, though in different languages, in the words of prophets, sages, and sacred revelations – from East to West.

And so I began to search.

I reopened my notebook, where I had once transcribed sacred passages from the Old Testament, the New Testament, and ancient revelations of the Jews, Greeks, and Egyptians. I wrote down phrases: Messiah, Logos, Alpha and Omega, Lamb of God, The Final Judge, King of Truth…

All spoke of one thing: the return.

A Savior who not only came once, but would return at the end of time, to distinguish Good from Evil, save the righteous, and establish a new order.

I shivered. What I had read in Eastern prophecies – about a King who would use "Zhuan Lun" (Turning the Wheel of the Law) to enlighten the world – now echoed in the teachings of the Bible:

"And he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." (Revelation 19:15)

The similarity was not in the words, but in the archetype and mission:

– A Saintly Being not belonging to the old religious system.

– One who comes in an ordinary human form, but carries the Law of Heaven.

– One who teaches the Fa, but simultaneously judges.

And I began to wonder: Are religions – which seemed so different – actually telling the same story?

I looked up the original Greek word for Messiah – meaning "Anointed One" (Christos) – and discovered that this word not only referred to a single individual in time, but also to a role, a sacred responsibility: the One chosen to fulfill the will of the Divine.

I continued further: In ancient Zoroastrianism, there was also an equivalent figure – Saoshyant, who would resurrect Goodness. In the Shi'a Islamic tradition, it is Imam Mahdi. In Norse mythology, it is the White God who will return after Ragnarok. In the Tibetan Buddhist tradition, it is the Rider on the White Horse who will teach the Dharma during the degenerate age.

All… like sacred rivers, silently flowing towards a common ocean.

All… describe an End Time:

– a chaotic world

– a humanity fallen into delusion

– and a Being who will appear, not to punish, but to call out to those who still wish to turn back.

I closed my notebook. A silence enveloped me.

I no longer doubted: the expectation of the Savior is a universal belief.

It doesn't matter if you come from the East or the West. It doesn't matter if you call Him Maitreya, Messiah, or Saoshyant…

The important thing is: that flame of hope has not yet extinguished.

And if that flame was lit simultaneously, on both sides of the world, then there must be some appointment – written before time began.

A promise unread.

A covenant unopened.

And I knew, the next journey – was to find that covenant.

\* \* \*

**The Appointment in the East**

I had turned to the West – where I grew up, was nurtured, and learned about spiritual values. But the deeper I went, the clearer I felt: the loudest whisper… came from the other side of the globe.

I opened my old notes and began to review them intuitively. An intuition told me – something was emerging… from the East.

I suddenly remembered an image in the Bible – often overlooked:

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.'" (Matthew 2:1–2)

The Christmas story – which has become a Western cultural icon – began with a journey from the East. An implicit affirmation that: the first light did not burst forth from the West, but was foretold by the East.

I turned to Buddhist scriptures.

Buddha Shakyamuni once said:

"5000 years later, another Buddha will be born – named Maitreya – appearing in the East, teaching the Fa to save sentient beings in the degenerate age."

In Mahayana sutras, there is also mention of "Longhua San Hui" (Three Dharma Assemblies of Longhua) – three periods of Maitreya Buddha's teaching after He appears in the world.

I wrote in my notebook:

"Both the Bible and Buddhist scriptures – implicitly affirm:

The final light will again burst forth from the East."

And then… I came across an ancient Chinese prophetic text I had once overlooked:

"Tui Bei Tu" (推碑圖) – left by Liu Bowen (劉伯溫), the Ming dynasty's brilliant strategist.

I reopened the notes for the second volume – which contains a passage interpreted by researchers as pinpointing where the Savior would descend:

"大覺者透虛至南閤浮提世界， 中天在中國金雞目， 奉玉清時年劫盡， 龍華會虎，兔之年到中天，認木子為姓。"

Original Hanzi:

「大覺者透虛至南閤浮提世界， 中天在中國金雞目， 奉玉清時年劫盡， 龍華會虎，兔之年到中天，認木子為姓。」

Part-by-part interpretation:

大覺者透虛: The Great Enlightened One penetrates the void (the great enlightened one will pass through the void)

至南閤浮提世界: arrives at the Southern Jambudvīpa world (Jambudvīpa = human realm)

中天在中國金雞目: The Middle Heaven is in China, at the Golden Rooster's eye

奉玉清時年劫盡: in the era of Yuqing, when the tribulation ends

龍華會虎，兔之年到中天: The Longhua Assembly occurs in the Year of the Tiger, and in the Year of the Rabbit, He will arrive in the Middle Heaven

認木子為姓: recognized by the surname "Mu Zi" (木 + 子 = 李 = Li)

I read each line slowly.

A series of keywords emerged:

– "Jin Ji Mu" (Golden Rooster's eye)

– "Zhong Tian Zai Zhong Guo" (Middle Heaven in China)

– "Tu Zhi Nian" (Year of the Rabbit/Hare)

– "Mu Zi Wei Xing" (surname with the characters Mu + Zi)

A chill ran down my spine.

I took out a map of China. Looked at it with new eyes.

I had heard it said that "the map of China resembles a golden rooster" – but now, every detail suddenly became clear:

– The rooster's head in the Northeast region

– The rooster's eye: Changchun, the capital of Jilin province.

I drew a red circle around Changchun.

The location of the rooster's eye – Jin Ji Mu – was exactly where Liu Bowen had pointed.

I wrote on the whiteboard:

"East – Golden Rooster – eye – Changchun, Jilin"

"Bible: wise men from the East"

"Buddhist scriptures: Maitreya appears in the East"

"Tui Bei Tu: The Great Enlightened One descends at the rooster's eye – in the Year of the Rabbit – with the surname Mu Zi"

I sat in silence for a moment.

Not because I had the answer.

But because the big questions… were all pointing in one direction.

Could it be… that all the ancient prophecies – from Judaism to India, from Tibet to the Central Plains – had implicitly scheduled a point of convergence?

Could it be… that the East is not only where the sun rises, but also where the final saving light will return?

And could it be… that the eye of that golden rooster – is still silently watching the world… waiting for the day of revelation?

\* \* \*

**Specific Pieces of the Puzzle**

I looked back at the whiteboard. Beneath the red lettering "Jin Ji Mu – Changchun – Mu Zi – Year of the Rabbit," a vortex of meaning began to form. Details that seemed minor and disconnected – now like pieces finding their exact positions.

**The First Piece: The Year of the Rabbit**

I paused for a long time before a quote from "Tui Bei Tu" – Liu Bowen's ancient prophetic text:

「兔之年到中天」

(The Year of the Rabbit will arrive in the Middle Heaven.)

I checked the Chinese lunar calendar. A landmark appeared like a guiding light:

The Xinmao year – 1951 – according to the Chinese calendar, was the Year of the Rabbit (兔). And that was also the birth year of the founder of Falun Dafa – a practice based on the three principles of Truthfulness-Compassion-Forbearance.

"Rabbit" – the most underestimated animal in the zodiac – suddenly became a coded signal. In East Asian culture, the Jade Rabbit pounding medicine on the moon symbolizes longevity, purification, and rebirth. In Liu Bowen's prophecy, the Year of the Rabbit is the timestamp when the Saintly Being will descend in the Middle Heaven – meaning China, the center of the human world.

I wrote on the board:

"The Year of the Rabbit – not just a regnal year. But a time code for a Divine Advent."

**The Second Piece: The Surname Li (李)**

Following the prophecy was the line:

「認木子為姓」

(Recognize Mu Zi as the surname.)

The Chinese character "李" (Li) is composed of:

– 木 (Mù) – wood/tree

– 子 (Zǐ) – child/son

A tree bearing a child. A symbol of the principle of life, of a child born from the root of the Dao.

And then I realized:

The one who transmitted Falun Dafa – born in the Year of the Rabbit – has the surname **Li**.

I went silent. No longer a coincidence. But a code matching layer by layer – from ancient prophecy to modern reality.

**The Third Piece: Jin Ji Mu – Changchun**

I returned to the image that haunted me from the previous section: the map of China shaped like a golden rooster – Jin Ji.

And "mu" (目) – meaning eye – is precisely the region of Changchun, the capital of Jilin province, located at the "rooster's head."

In this place, in the early 1990s, Falun Dafa began to be publicly transmitted. From the "rooster's eye," a light burst forth, spreading throughout China, and then the whole world.

I connected the keywords:

"Changchun – Year of the Rabbit – surname Li – Jin Ji Mu..."

→ A focal point – a person – a land – a path.

**The Fourth Piece: Not in a Monastery**

I continued reading the prophetic text in "Tui Bei Tu," which clearly states the special nature of the Saintly Being:

"The True Buddha is not in a monastery; He is the original Maitreya's teaching."

I was shaken.

Not in a monastery – meaning this Saintly Being does not emerge from traditional religion, does not take the form of a monk, priest, or Taoist.

He is the "original Maitreya's teaching" – meaning the authentic founder of the Maitreya Dharma in the degenerate age, but following a non-religious form.

This aligns perfectly with the emergence of Falun Dafa:

– No temples

– No acceptance of disciples

– No fees, no promotion of superstition

– But only transmitting the Fa, teaching people to cultivate their xinxing according to Truthfulness-Compassion-Forbearance.

I wrote down:

"A Buddha – but not wearing a monastic robe."

"One who transmits the Dao – in the human world, in everyday life."

**The Final Piece: Western Encryption**

I was suddenly struck by the image of Easter – a Western tradition seemingly completely unrelated to the East.

But... why the Easter Bunny?

Why Easter Eggs?

I blurted out:

"The rabbit – the Year of the Rabbit.

The egg – new life.

And... it comes from the chicken – the Golden Rooster."

A seemingly simple image – yet a complete coded model:

– The Rabbit → symbol of the birth year

– The Egg → symbol of rebirth and life

– The Chicken → symbol of the country where He descended

I typed "Easter" into an Anglo-Saxon etymological dictionary.

And I froze.

"Eastre" – not just the name of a spring festival.

But it also means:

"The East" – or "One who comes from the East."

Even the name of Easter – a symbol of resurrection – was whispering about something from the East.

I shivered.

Could it be that even the West had recorded this heavenly secret in folk rituals, in the form of inanimate symbols?

Not by chance.

But a coded appointment – to be deciphered only by those with predestined relationship.

I clasped my hands behind my back, pacing around the room. On the whiteboard were the keywords:

Year of the Rabbit.

Surname Li.

Changchun – Jin Ji Mu.

Not in a monastery.

Original Maitreya's teaching.

Rabbit – Egg – Golden Rooster.

I was silenced.

Everything was as clear as day.

A final piece – just revealed.

And I understood… The appointment had arrived.

\* \* \*

**An Appointment Has Arrived**

I sat silently in the room, my gaze resting on the whiteboard – now densely covered with threads connecting East and West, symbol and event, past and present.

They were no longer "coincidences."

They could not be "coincidences."

An appointment had arrived.

From the East – ancient prophecies echoed:

“兔之年到中天。”

(In the Year of the Rabbit, He will arrive in the Middle Heaven – the central region of the human world.)

From the map of China – revealing itself as a Golden Rooster (金鸡).

And at the rooster's eye – Changchun, precisely where the Fa was first transmitted.

From the surname "Mu Zi" – forming the character Li (李) – a familiar surname, yet carrying a profound mystery.

And indeed, a person bearing that surname – born in the Year of the Rabbit – began to transmit a cultivation practice in everyday life, without religious form, not within monasteries.

I looked at the opposite board – where I had recorded the signs from the West:

– The Bible's words: "Light will come from the East."

– The legend of the Jade Rabbit – pounding the elixir of immortality on the moon.

– The symbol of the egg – life overcoming death – in Easter celebrations.

– And the very word "Easter" – when traced to its origin – means "from the East."

An ancient Anglo-Saxon word: Eastre – "one who comes from the rising sun."

I trembled slightly.

I whispered:

"He was not only prophesied in Eastern culture…

…He has been unconsciously awaited by all of humanity."

I turned back to my diary, reading a line I had written months ago:

"I saw the statue of the Virgin Mary weep.

I saw the river turn the color of blood.

I saw ancient prophecies rise from the dust of history.

But… I still didn't know where I was being led."

Now I know.

Every echo – from the earth, from stone statues, from ancient steles, from cultural symbols – all point to one converging point.

Not a new religion.

Not a political movement.

Not a vague myth.

But:

A Fa. A Path. An Appointment.

I stepped out onto the balcony. The afternoon sun was setting.

The wind gently stirred the green branches – as if beckoning.

I looked towards the East.

I closed my eyes.

And for the first time, I no longer sought more clues. No more questions. No more doubts.

Only one thing resonated in my heart like an eternal bell:

He has arrived.

Silently.

Quietly.

But as complete as an appointment written from the beginning.

I sat down. Hand placed over my heart.

And then, the words burst forth onto the last page of my notebook – no longer an investigation, but a contemplation:

"East and West. Prophecies and Scriptures. Cultural symbols and natural omens.

All, all are pointing to one story.

Like rivers from all continents flowing into one ocean.

Truth is not a single piece; it is a magnificent mosaic,

and now, I have been blessed to see it in its entirety."

I closed my eyes.

My intellectual journey has ended.

I have gone to the very end of the search – and found the truth.

Only one last journey remains.

Not with my mind, but with my feet.

I will go to where it all began.

To face the stillness.

To respond to Mother's tears – with my own peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CONCLUDING PART

### WHERE TWO TEARS MEET

**The Return and Facing Stillness**

I drove through the New Mexico desert. The sky was still the same as before – a dry, high expanse, sunlight casting a pale golden hue over distant mountain ranges, endless stretches of reddish-brown earth. But inside me, everything had changed.

The car slowed. I saw the small dirt road leading to the church again. Every cactus bush, every rolling stone, every gentle sound of the wind blowing through the roof tiles – all came back like an old dream.

I stopped the car, turned off the engine. No rush. I sat quietly in the driver's seat for a long time. My hands rested on the steering wheel. I closed my eyes.

There was something sacred in this return. Not like a journalist returning to an old scene. But like a child – returning home after a long journey of being lost.

I got out of the car. Silently. The desert wind gently ruffled my hair. I opened the church door – the old wooden door made a soft, familiar sound.

The interior space was still exactly as it was the first time. Old. Quiet. No one was there. Light from the frosted glass windows streamed obliquely through the floating dust, creating fragile streaks of light.

I walked slowly towards the end of the main nave. There – still the ivory-white porcelain statue of the Virgin Mary, standing silently amidst the wooden frame and light.

I stopped.

No longer an analytical gaze. No longer an investigative look. No longer Taylor – the journalist. No longer the one seeking clues.

Only me – a returning child.

I stood there. Silently. Looking into the face of the Virgin Mary – her face stern yet gentle, her eyes seemingly gazing silently through all ages. Beneath those eyes, the tear stain had long dried – but it could never be forgotten.

I said nothing.

No need to say anything.

I just stood there, and let the stillness flood into me like a clear spring. The space seemed to freeze. No more wind. No more time.

Only the Virgin Mary.

And me.

And something waiting to be seen – not with the eyes, but with the heart.

\* \* \*

**The Moment of Entering the Heart and Empathy**

I looked into the eyes of the Virgin Mary.

Not with an analytical gaze, but with a deep silence in my heart.

And then – like a wave bursting forth from within – the entire journey suddenly reappeared in me. Not in words. Not in concepts. But like a fast-forwarded film, surging, weighing heavily.

I saw myself standing amidst the grand concert – where the music screamed, where dazzling lights bathed empty eyes, bodies writhing in a collective trance.

I saw myself walking through modern art exhibitions – where people gazed at a banana taped to a wall, a randomly splattered block of paint, a "masterpiece" that was just repetitive vulgar words… and called it art.

I saw people standing in a bustling city – holding phones, eyes listlessly scrolling through short videos, ridiculous images, pointless jokes repeated until they were hollow.

I saw people being beaten, tortured, persecuted simply because they chose to live kindly. I saw faces held high in execution grounds – their eyes held no hatred, only one thing: faith.

I saw the crowds… anonymous people still laughing, still living, still passing each other as if nothing was happening. As if no warning bells had ever rung. As if no stone statue had ever shed tears. As if salvation had never reached out.

I saw it all – not through reason, but with an overwhelming pain. Undivided. Unjudging. Just pain.

And then I understood.

This was no longer my own pain.

This was the pain the Virgin Mary was feeling.

It was the pain of a Divine Being watching Her children slowly fall into the fire, unaware.

It was the pain of a love that cannot force – only wait. Waiting in silence.

I raised my hand to my chest. My heart pounded. An emotion both warm and aching – as if someone was embracing me from within, not with arms, but with a heart melted by compassion.

I whispered – soundlessly:

"I understand now, Mother. I understand why you cried.

And I ask to cry with You – just once – for all the souls still asleep…"

\* \* \*

**Two Tears**

A hot tear rolled down my cheek.

It didn't fall out of fear. Nor out of regret.

It fell because of a pain… that was no longer just my own.

I wasn't crying for myself.

I was crying for those who are gliding through life without truly living.

I was crying for the children born into a world where the light has faded.

I was crying for the souls touching the abyss, still believing they are soaring.

I was crying for those who tried to awaken humanity – at the cost of their very lives.

I was crying for the Saints who quietly sowed seeds, knowing most would not sprout.

I was crying for the Divine – for Mother Mary – for the Creator – for the infinite loneliness They bear in Their unconditional love…

\* \* \*

**The Inner Wake-Up Call**

I don't know how long I stood there.

I only know that when the last tear fell, everything suddenly became so still. The space was no longer heavy. Time seemed to stop. And my heart – after so much struggle, so many questions, so many storms of reason – was now… unusually serene.

I didn't find the answer.

Because there were no more questions.

I didn't hear a supernatural voice resounding from the heavens.

But I heard something clearly… from deep within myself.

Something I cannot describe with words.

Something I can only call: an awakening.

I placed my hand on my chest. Took a deep breath.

Not to get back up.

But to begin.

I understood – the final message is not in any book. Not in any prophecy. Not in an external symbol, phenomenon, or miracle.

The final message – is the whisper in each person's heart.

A small bell, waiting to be heard.

I looked at the statue one last time.

I no longer saw tears.

I only saw a very faint, gentle smile – or perhaps just the light reflecting from the slanted window.

I bowed slightly.

Not out of sadness.

But out of boundless gratitude.

I turned away. Opened the wooden door. The sunlight outside shone directly into my eyes, warmer and brighter than ever.

I stepped out.

Not to begin a new search.

But to begin a new life.

A life spreading what I have understood.

Not with words.

But with every step.

I walked – without looking back.

Because I know…

The tear has fallen.

The bell has rung within my heart.

My journey… has only truly just begun.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CONCLUSION

If you've journeyed with me to this page, perhaps you too have heard – even if faintly – a small bell ringing in your heart.

Perhaps you'll put this book down with a question mark. Perhaps with a tear. Perhaps with a quiet stillness you've never experienced before.

And that is enough.

I didn't write these pages to convince anyone.

I simply wrote, as someone who was once lost – and was fortunate enough to hear an echo from afar. The echo of an ancient promise, of a love that has never faded, and of a door that remains ajar.

We are living in a momentous time – where every choice, every thought, every small impulse… can sway the destiny of an individual, a nation, even all of humanity.

I don't know who you are, where you come from, or what you've been through.

But if there's one single thing I'm allowed to leave here, it is this:

Guard the truth.

Nurture kindness.

And patiently endure all storms – with a heart free of hatred.

Because… these three things – **Truthfulness, Compassion, Forbearance** – are the only red thread connecting all the scattered pieces I've encountered.

If you can carry that thread with you as you leave this book – then I believe the final bell has not yet ceased.

It's still ringing.

Within you.

— The Author

**Taylor Reed**