

The Journey of Anybody

Anybody could be anyone. That’s the beauty of the name, or perhaps, the tragedy of it. He had no distinct identity, no grand purpose carved into stone. He existed, like the wind passing through nameless streets, like the faces that blur in a crowded train station.

And yet, one day, Anybody decided that he did not want to be just Anybody.

The thought came to him unexpectedly as he stood before a fogged-up mirror in a tiny apartment. He traced a line through the condensation, revealing his own reflection. His face was neither handsome nor unremarkable, neither young nor old. If he had disappeared that night, how many people would remember the curve of his smile or the sound of his voice?

This question haunted him. So, with nothing but a small bag of belongings, Anybody left.

The City That Never Noticed

Anybody’s first destination was a city of towering glass and metal, where people moved in waves, their faces buried in their phones, their minds somewhere else. He tried to make himself seen—he spoke to strangers, asked them about their lives, but they barely looked up. He walked the streets, admiring the art in hidden alleys, the musicians on the sidewalks, the poets who wrote verses on napkins in quiet cafés.

But the city did not notice him.

He worked at a small bookstore for a while, stacking books filled with stories of heroes and villains, lovers and warriors. He envied them. How simple their lives seemed, bound within the pages of a novel, with purpose and meaning prewritten for them.

One night, an old man came into the bookstore. He had silver hair and eyes that held storms.

“You look lost,” the old man said, his voice a whisper.

“I suppose I am,” Anybody replied.

The old man chuckled. “You are like a candle in daylight, burning but unseen.”

“What should I do?”

The old man did not answer. He simply handed Anybody a small notebook and a pen. “Go write your own story,” he said, before disappearing into the night.

The Village of Forgotten Names

With the notebook in his hands, Anybody left the city and wandered to a quiet village nestled between rolling hills. The people here were different. They moved slowly, greeted each other by name, and gathered under large oak trees to share stories.

He introduced himself as “Anybody.”

The villagers laughed. “That is no name,” an elderly woman said. “Here, we remember names.”

Anybody was given a room in exchange for work. He learned to bake bread, to plant seeds, to fix roofs when the wind threatened to take them away. He listened to the villagers’ stories—of love lost and found, of dreams fulfilled and shattered.

One night, he opened his notebook and began to write—not about heroes or grand adventures, but about the people he met, the warmth of bread in the morning, the way the sun kissed the fields just before setting.

Slowly, he realized something: he was becoming Somebody.

The Desert of Mirrors

But the question still lingered—who was he? What was he meant to be?

One of the villagers, a traveler by heart, told him of a place far beyond the hills—a desert where mirrors stretched as far as the eye could see.

“It is said that if you stand in the middle, you will see not just one reflection, but all the versions of yourself that could have been,” the traveler said.

Determined, Anybody packed his belongings and journeyed to the desert.

The heat was relentless, the sand endless. But when he finally reached the mirrors, he gasped.

There, in a thousand reflections, he saw himself—but not just as he was.

In one mirror, he was a writer, filling bookshelves with stories. In another, he was a musician, playing songs that made people cry. In another, he was a father, holding a child’s tiny hand. He saw himself as a leader, a traveler, a poet, a healer. He saw himself as everything he could be.

Anybody fell to his knees, overwhelmed. “Who am I?” he whispered.

And the reflections whispered back, “Who do you want to be?”

The Return

Anybody left the desert changed. He was no longer just a wanderer searching for meaning—he was a man who understood that meaning was something one created, not something one found.

He returned to the village, carrying stories with him. He wrote, he told tales, he became a storyteller. And though he still had moments of doubt, he understood now:

He was never just Anybody.

He was, and always had been, Somebody.