

# My Name is ONE



Gonny de Graaff

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## Biography of the Author

Gonny de Graaff

I am delighted to introduce myself as a passionate advocate for personal growth. I have unquestioning faith in the transformative power of A Course in Miracles. My journey as a writer began with the earnest desire to simplify and illuminate the teachings of ACIM, making it accessible to readers of all ages seeking spiritual understanding, healing and growth. My first eBook in this series is called 'My Name is Nobody'.

## Word from the Author

Welcome, dear reader, to the pages of my second endeavour. This book is a sequel to my earlier work 'My Name is Nobody' (written together with a dear friend and book writer David H. Rankin) where we introduced you to a young boy named Nobody who tells his story.

This new book 'My Name is One' is Nobody's sister, her story is woven for those aged 12 to 16, but also for the teenager within adults who seek to rekindle the spirit of learning from the beginning.

Through every word, sentence, chapter, and illustration, my intention is to challenge the way you perceive the world. Just as a drop of water can carve its mark upon the mightiest of stones, the narratives I engage with hopefully have the power to etch their influence upon your consciousness. This book, my humble offering, aspires to be that transformative drop. With an open heart and an open mind, let us embark on this journey together, wandering through the corridors of this book.

May this journey be as enlightening for you as it has been for me.

Welcome for feedback please write to: [gonnydeg1954@icloud.com](mailto:gonnydeg1954@icloud.com)

# Introduction

In a world where reality weaves seamlessly with dreams, One – a teenage girl whose journey through life is anything but ordinary – discovers that there is a different way to perceive things. Amidst her everyday experiences and lucid dreams, her family, deeply rooted in the timeless wisdom of A Course in Miracles, guides her to see existence through a different lens. Each image and scene hold a deeper significance waiting to be unveiled.

Through One's eyes, it becomes evident that the stories we tell ourselves hold the key to a reality waiting to be uncovered – one that resides just beneath the surface and within the heart of every dream.



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## Chapter 1. The Dreamy Start



Every morning, I have a funny little tradition. As soon as I wake up, I hurry to the window and peek outside. I check if the world is still there because I'm a dream adventurer! Yes, when I sleep, I have cool adventures in my dreams.

My mom is like a dream detective.



She loves hearing about my dream adventures. She's basically a superhero mom. Everyone loves her. I really want to be like her someday.

You know, my dad is no ordinary guy either. He's super familiar with a deep text called 'A Course in Miracles.' He started teaching me its wisdom practically from the time I was a baby. He guided me to let go of grumpy feelings and see the world in a whole new light. Pretty remarkable, don't you think?

When I started having lucid dreams, my dad shared something really intriguing with me. He said, 'These dreams, my child, work like



windows to alternative realities where things can seem just as real as in our waking world. But here's the twist - our waking world itself is also a dream, and the dreams you experience while sleeping are like nested dreams within this bigger dream.'

I remember looking at him curiously, which encouraged him to explain further: 'You see, sweetheart, our Mind possesses immense creative power. Just like the dreams we encounter during sleep; our Mind constructs an entire reality that feels irresistibly real while we're awake. But our true Reality surpasses both the world that greets us when our eyes are open and the dreams that unfold as we sleep. It stands as the only authentic Reality, marked by love, unity, and deep connection.'

These insights got stuck in my memory. Yes, I am the Dreamer of this all-encompassing world, just like I am the dreamer of my lucid dreams.

Last but not least, there's my big brother, who goes by the name Nobody. He told me so many stories he learned from our grandpa and, of course, from our parents during his childhood. 'Nobody,' a strange name like 'One,' mine, I know. But we have these peculiar names thanks to our parents' creativity.

My brother is much older than me and studied in America. I missed him a lot. His laugh is like a catchy song, and he's always excited to discover and learn new things.

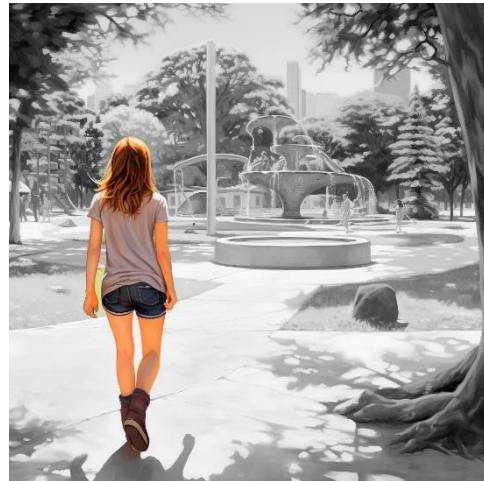
On that day, after my morning tradition, I rushed downstairs because my stomach was calling for breakfast. 'Good morning, One. Did you sleep well.' Mom smiled at me like the sun. I nodded and asked, 'Good morning, Mom! Is Dad still in Dreamland?'

Dad is usually my early morning buddy. Mom laughed. 'No, he left for work at six in the morning. You won't catch him in the morning for a while.'

My big plan to always hug Dad before he left fell apart for now because the idea of getting up super early, at six in the morning, didn't appeal to me. Seriously, six in the morning is a time when even the sun is still in pyjamas. So, sorry Dad, I'll focus on something else for the next few days: pancakes!

Mom slid a plate of fluffy pancakes in front of me, and we both started eating. Between bites, she asked, 'Have any cool dreams last night?' I nodded, excited to share them.

'Oh yeah! I dreamed of a really strange place. Everything was black and white, like an old movie. But you know what? I myself was coloured! My hands, hair, and clothes were normal.



I looked everywhere for more colours, but they were playing hide-and-seek.'

Mom raised an eyebrow. 'Were you scared?' I shook my head. 'No, not at all. It was like the shapes around me were actually clearer.'

Mom looked relieved. 'Alright, One, time is ticking. The school bus will honk in twenty minutes. Hurry up!' I ran upstairs to get ready for a new school adventure.

Finally, I heard Dad's car coming. We hadn't just missed being together at breakfast and lunch - we even missed dinner.

He looked super tired. I ran to him and gave him a big hug. Luckily, his smile returned. Mom joined in the hugging and pointed to the table where Dad's dinner was ready. After he ate, he looked at me and asked, 'One, I heard from your mom about your black and white dream... and she said you saw the shapes clearer. Is that true?' I nodded enthusiastically. 'Have you figured out what you can learn from it?' I shook my head and asked, 'What can we learn from it, Dad?'

He smiled; his eyes sparkling; he enjoyed these kinds of conversations. 'Learn to discover the magic in everyday things.'

It's like wearing special glasses that make the world look different - not with colours, but with understanding.'



'Special glasses that make the world look different?' I repeated, confused.

'Yes, kind of,' he chuckled. 'Imagine having glasses that help you see how awesome it is that trees and flowers grow, or that even when things seem tough, they can make us stronger.' I thought about it for a moment. 'Do you mean finding the good even when things aren't very colourful?' Dad nodded, his smile getting wider. 'Exactly! It's like finding the silver lining in every cloud.'

I smiled. 'Like how you find the best part of a sandwich even if there's a little pickle in it?' Dad burst into laughter; he wasn't a fan of pickles! 'Exactly like that, smart girl.' Mom jumped into the conversation too. 'It's about turning frowns into smiles and seeing challenges as exciting adventures.'

I liked that idea. 'So, my dream without colours was a reminder to be able to see cool things by looking at them differently?' Dad ruffled my hair. 'You've got it, sweetheart. It's like your dream was a message from the dream universe, saying, 'Hey One, there's more to see when you look with your heart.'"

I beamed. 'I want to wear those special glasses, look at everything in a different way, and truly see.' Dad's eyes sparkled. 'You're on the right track. And you know what? You're not alone. We'll all start wearing those glasses.'

As I got ready for bed that night, I couldn't help but feel excited. I was about to see the world in a new, magical way - by wearing an amazing pair of glasses that would show me the hidden wonders all around me. And who knows, maybe even my dream adventures would become even more incredible now!





## Chapter 2. A Camping Adventure

As I hopped onto the school bus, there was Laura, waving at me with her ever-present smile. Laura and I were like peas in a pod, friends forever. She felt just like a sister to me. We were always ready to share secrets and dreams.

We had so many exciting things to talk about, like the upcoming school trip. Our excitement bubbled over just thinking about it! At the end of the school year, we were going on a camping adventure near a stunning lake for three whole days. We'd be sleeping in tents, cooking our food over a real fire—just like true explorers. I couldn't help but grin from ear to ear at the thought of it.

Laura and I had started planning for this adventure two months ago, creating a long list of things we thought we needed to bring. My mom had chuckled when she saw it, shaking her head and saying, 'Way too much, way too much,' again and again.



On the bus Laura handed me a new list she had prepared the night before. 'This is the list of stuff I'll pack,' she said, passing it to me.

I began to read the list aloud, 'Pyjamas, three pairs of socks, three shirts, two pairs of trousers, a coat, an umbrella...' The list went on with more and more seemingly important things. I could already hear my mom saying, 'Way too much, way too much,' in my head. I glanced at Laura, and her face was full of determination. 'can't live without all these things.' She said firmly.

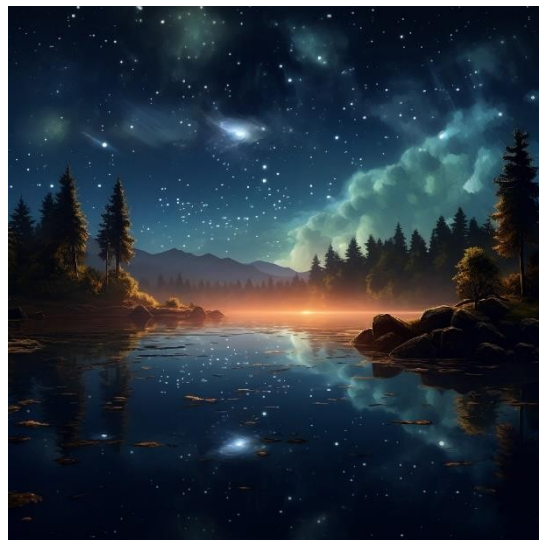
Then, during our class, the teacher handed out a list of things we should bring for the camping trip. He recommended to stick to the list, nothing more, nothing less. He repeated it so many times that Laura and I couldn't help but feel a little doubtful. How could we possibly survive with so few things?

Once I got back home, my mom took a look at the teacher's list. 'Good,' she said, nodding approvingly. Finally, somebody's using common sense.'

Later, as I lay in bed, thinking about the camping trip, I remembered something my mom had said before. 'Remember, abundance isn't just about having lots of things,' she had told me. 'Abundance is something you feel in your heart.'

And suddenly, I realized that this camping trip was a bit like a dream I once had, in which I had to be brave and face the unknown. This school trip was about discovering the beauty of simplicity. It wasn't about how much we brought; it was about the joy of being together, surrounded by nature and good company.

With a smile on my face, I knew that Laura and I were about to embark on a different kind of adventure—one where we'd find abundance in the heart, surrounded by the simple beauty of the lake and the starry nights. Just like the dream had taught me, sometimes the most wonderful things are the ones we can't see with our eyes, but that we feel deep within.



## Chapter 3. Discovering Unity by the Lake

The bright sun greeted us as our class got ready for a cool camping trip by the shimmering lake. I was excited for the adventure ahead, and I felt I was going to learn something super special. Laura, my best friend, and I were so excited.



We got on the bus together and shared smiles. We found seats beside each other and talked about all the fun things we were going to do. Then we waved goodbye to the school as we headed to the lake.

Making camp was a big work. Tents popped up like colourful mushrooms, and a campfire crackled to life. Our teachers helped us and reminded us that we were like a team, each of us important.

When the sun went down, we gathered around the campfire. The flames flickered, and stories were told. We laughed and I felt like we were all friends.



Someone said, 'Let's play a game!' and we all agreed. We played games that made us laugh a lot. I was amazed at how a simple game could make us feel so close.

While we were having fun, I remembered what my dad had told me about how we're all connected. It's like we're pieces of a big puzzle,

and we all fit together. The games showed me that we're not just friends because we're having fun, but because we're all part of something bigger.

At almost midnight, tired but satisfied, Laura and I went to our cozy tent. The sound of an owl made us feel peaceful and sleepy, just like the calm in nature.

In the morning, the sun made the lake sparkle. Birds sang, inviting us to explore. We walked through the woods and found cool things.

We swam, played games, talked and danced like Indians around the campfire in the evening.

When it was time to leave, I looked at the lake one last time, I would never ever forget this amazing experience.

On the way back to school, I sat back and smiled. My name might be One, but I learned that we're all like pieces of a big puzzle. Each of us is important, and together, we make something incredible. As I looked out of the bus window, I knew that the adventure of being connected with everyone was something I would always remember.





## Chapter 4. A Journey through Chaos

Usually, my dreams are pretty simple and not scary at all. But last night, something different happened. I remember it very clearly. I found myself walking all alone in a huge city. There was no mom, no dad, no brother, no friends—just me.

The city was filled with tall buildings, some of them were so high that they disappeared into the sky. There was a lot of traffic, with cars, buses, bikes, and motorcycles zooming around, and people were walking in all directions.



The sounds of the city grew louder and louder, so loud that I had to cover my ears with my hands. I kept walking, not really knowing where I was headed. My heart started racing faster. No one was smiling, and everyone seemed to be in a hurry. I felt lost and confused, not knowing what to do or where to go. So, I just kept walking straight ahead. Then, all of a sudden, I saw something that caught my attention.



It was a big hole in the ground, and it was filled with bright light. It was so tempting to go inside, but a thought popped into my head, 'Maybe it's a trap, and I shouldn't go in.'

The next thing I knew, I woke up in the morning with a strange ache in my stomach.

I immediately looked outside the window, and yes, I saw the world just as it always was. No city, no busy traffic, no big hole in the ground,



just my normal world. I sighed in relief, turned around, and quickly walked downstairs.

Dad wasn't there, as he had been gone all week. But Mom stood by the kitchen stove and looked at me curiously.

'One, your face looks twisted, did you wake up from a nightmare?' I nodded, almost crying. I quickly told my dream, and she looked at me worried. 'That's not as nice a dream as usual. Shall we try to look at it in a different way?' Again, I nodded. Anything was better than this feeling!

Mom thought for a moment and then began to explain:

'Sweetie, you know, dreams are like stories that our minds create when we're asleep. Sometimes they show us things that might feel scary, like the big city and all the noise and rushing people. But guess what? Just like in stories we read; dreams also have hidden lessons for us to discover.

Imagine that big city as a place where our thoughts sometimes go when we're feeling confused or worried. Those tall buildings and rushing traffic could be like all the thoughts in our minds that make us feel overwhelmed. And the people not smiling, they might be like the worries and fears we carry around with us.

Now, that hole with the bright light you saw, that's really interesting. You know, in a way, it's like a special door that leads to a different way of thinking. It's a reminder that even when things seem confusing and dark, there's always a light within us that can guide us.

Sometimes, we might hesitate, just like you did in the dream. But that's okay! It's like when we're unsure about trying something new or going on a new adventure. We're just being careful. And your feeling, 'Maybe it's a trap,' that's like your intuition, your inner guide, helping you be cautious.

So, you see, your dream might have seemed scary, but it's also teaching you something important. It's showing you that even when things feel chaotic and confusing, there's a light of understanding within you. And just like in the dream, you can choose to follow that light, step by step.'

I listened to Mom's words, and suddenly, that ache in my stomach started to fade away. It was like a warm feeling spreading through me, replacing the scared feeling with something peaceful. Maybe my dream wasn't so terrible after all. It was like a puzzle, and with Mom's help, I was starting to see the pieces fit together in a new and joyful way.

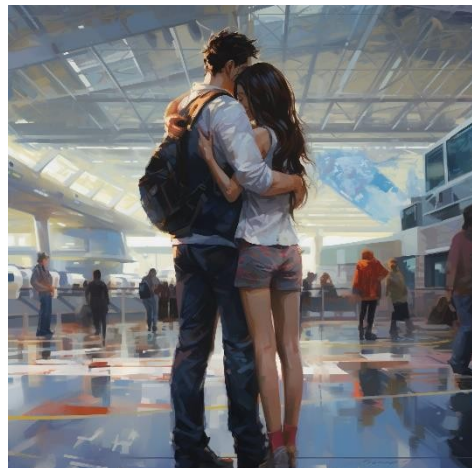
## Chapter 5. His name is Nobody

I was so excited! The summer holidays had arrived, and that meant my brother Nobody was coming home. We used to chat a lot online, but there's something special about being together in person.

I love listening to his stories. He told me about all sorts of adventures he had with his friends, like that time they got lost in the woods. He'd imitate their funny reactions, and I had laugh so hard. Then there are the birdwatching expeditions he went on with dad. Nobody would describe each bird's unique features in a way that made them come alive in my imagination. Oh, and that special lamp he received – it's still there in his room, casting its billion spots.

But my favourite story of all is the one about the dreaming dog. It's about a dog that fell asleep one day and dreamt it was a cat. I think that's why I have so many lucid dreams. I wonder what it's like to be a dog dreaming of being a cat. It's like worlds within worlds.

Finally, the long-awaited day arrived. I spotted him emerging from the gate at the airport. My heart raced as I sprinted toward him, throwing myself into his arms.



It was a hug that felt so good. Grandad, who I call Home, was also there to greet him. With Nobody back home, the family felt complete again. As we all stood there, I couldn't help but notice a certain unity among us. It was like a warm, invisible thread connecting us all, a feeling I could almost touch on my skin.

As the days went by, we did everything we loved together. Nobody, Home, and I would go for long walks, just talking about anything and everything. There was a natural ease in our conversations, as if the time apart had never existed.

One evening, as the sun began to set and the sky turned shades of orange and pink, Nobody told us a new story.

Once upon a time, he began with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, 'there was a town where people only saw what they wanted to see. If they expected rainy days, that is all they got. If they believed in happiness, well, they found it everywhere.'

We leaned in, captivated by his words. Nobody had a way of spinning tales that made you feel like you were part of them.

'In this town lived a girl named One,' he continued, glancing at me with a grin. 'Now, One was unique. She had a way of seeing beyond what was right in front of her. While others saw differences, she saw connections. When people argued, she saw their hearts reaching out for understanding.'

I felt my cheeks flush with a mixture of embarrassment and warmth. Nobody had a knack for exaggeration, but I secretly loved it.

'One day,' Nobody went on, 'One met a boy named What.



What felt invisible, like he didn't matter much. But One, oh, she saw him. She saw the potential in him, the goodness that he didn't even see in himself.'

I glanced at Nobody, and he winked. It was as if he was telling me that even though this was a story, it held something more.

'Together,' Nobody said, 'One and What showed the town that they could choose to see things differently. They brought laughter where there was gloom and understanding where there was conflict. They showed that being 'what' wasn't about being invisible, but about being open to the beauty of every moment.'



As the story ended, I looked at Nobody, feeling a mixture of emotions. His stories always had a way of touching my heart. I realized that this tale was more than just a story – it was a reflection of our own bond, our ability to see beyond appearances, and the power of choosing how we perceive the world.

And as the sun set behind us, casting a warm glow over our little gathering, I knew that this summer would forever be etched in my memory as a time when I learned that being One, being Nobody, and being ourselves was a gift meant to be shared with the world.



## Chapter 6. A Dream Ride

A week after my brother was with us, I had the most incredible dream of my whole life.

When I woke up, I rushed to the window, yes the world was still there. A bit confused and full of emotions I walked downstairs. My parents, brother and grandad were sitting altogether around the kitchen table drinking coffee together.

‘You look lost in your thoughts One’, my grandad noticed. I nodded. I still was speechless. Grandad insisted: everything okay?

I nodded again but after a while I found my voice...I had the most incredible dream I have ever had!

‘Tell us all about it, One’ he encouraged.

‘I was walking down a shiny path, like the ones we see in fairy tales. They all smiled and listened closely.



‘I followed the path and guess what I found? A huge, gigantic carousel! But it was not just any carousel, it had animals that we only read about in books – dragons with colourful scales, birds with fiery feathers, and even half-horse, half-human friends. It was like all the make-believe creatures came to life.’

‘That sounds truly magical, One. What happened next?’ My mom exclaimed excited,

‘I touched the carousel, and it started spinning.’ Can you believe it? And the ground felt all wavy, like I was walking on water.



The whole forest around me turned into a sea of colours – red, blue, purple, and so many more! It was like a rainbow ocean.'



My dad's eyes twinkled with intrigue. 'Wow, One, that must have been an incredible sight to see. But wait, there's more, right?' I nodded eagerly. 'Yes, Dad.'



I was riding on a make-believe bird called a griffin, and guess who appeared next to me? My brother. He told me something really important. He said, 'Try to see things in a new way.'

I saw on Nobody's face appearing a big smile.

My dad smiled knowingly. 'Your brother is a wise one. And what did you do, One?'

'I listened to him, Dad. I looked around, and suddenly, everything changed again. The colours became even prettier, and the shapes all fit together perfectly. It was like a beautiful picture coming to life right in front of me.'

My dad's face lit up with pride. 'You did something wonderful, sweetie. You learned to see with new eyes. And then what happened?'

My voice became softer and gentler. 'The dream took me to a calm lake near some mountains, Dad. And guess who was there? Those amazing animals from the carousel! They didn't talk like we do, but I

could feel what they were feeling. It's like we understood each other without saying anything.'

My grandad leaned in; his eyes filled with warmth. 'Dear One, your dream is like a treasure chest of wisdom. Let me share something with you from A Course in Miracles. It's all about seeing the world and each other with love and understanding. Just like in your dream, when you looked at things in a new way, they became more beautiful. And those special animals, even without words, showed you that feelings can be understood beyond what we say.'

'So, my dream is like a lesson from the Course, right?'

'Exactly. Your dream is like a message from the heart of the Course in Miracles – teaching us to see the world with new, kinder eyes and to connect with others through understanding and love.'

I smiled, feeling like I had uncovered a secret.

'Thank you, grandad. I'm going to remember this dream and the lesson it taught me.'

Our family was even more, if possible, one in the Oneness.



## Chapter 7. Time

On a sunny afternoon, as I contemplated whether to build a sandcastle or simply lie on the beach like a starfish, my brother Nobody plopped down next to me as if he had a top-secret treasure map in his mind.



'Hey, One! Do you ever think about time?' He asked, his eyes sparkling playfully. I chuckled. 'Time?'

You mean that thing we check on our watches to know when it's time for ice cream?'



Nobody grinned. 'Exactly! But what if I told you that time is a magic trick of the mind?' I raised an eyebrow.



'Are you suggesting that time is the rabbit that emerges from the cylinder hat?' He laughed heartily. 'You could put it that way too.'

You know Grandpa gets into all sorts of cool, mind-expanding stuff.



He says time and space are like fog, it disappears when you look from a distance.' I scratched my head, feeling like my brain was cracking.

'So, wait, are you saying time doesn't actually exist?' I exclaimed, feeling quite intelligent. He nodded. 'But 'not real' doesn't mean time isn't important. Remember how sometimes an hour feels like it lasts forever, and another hour flies by, like when you're doing something fun?' I nodded, recalling all those times I wished the clock would speed up during algebra. 'It's like our minds play tricks on us,' Nobody continued. 'Time can speed up or slow down based on how we feel or what we're doing. And you know, here's something super mind-blowing... There's no past or future, only now!'

I furrowed my brow. 'So, all history books are just filled with stories we're making up now?' He grinned. 'Exactly! And think about space, how vast it is. Grandpa says it's like one big room where everything is happening all at once.'

So, while you're building sandcastles, an alien on a distant planet is dancing a cosmic dance in the same space.'



I burst into laughter at the thought of alien dance parties. 'Okay, bro, I'm kind of following you, but how does all this time-space talk help us with our ice cream craving?' Nobody winked. 'When we focus on the now and let go of the past and future, we embrace the magic of the moment.' He grinned.



Nobody and I walked over to the ice cream truck. 'Just remember, as we enjoy our ice cream, that the entire universe is dancing its way through the 'now,' right alongside us, in one space.'

As the sun dipped lower on the horizon, casting golden ripples on the water, I looked at him and smiled. 'You know, Nobody, you've made time and space a lot more interesting than I ever thought!' He laughed. 'And who knew that ice cream could give us the fuel to travel through time and space!'

And so, as we continued to savour our ice cream and watched the waves crash against the shore,



I couldn't help but feel like I was entering a whole new dimension of fun and wonder. Who knew time could be as flexible as a rubber band, and space as vast as the universe itself? And all of this only required a scoop of vanilla ice cream and a brother who could explain time as if it were the most fascinating puzzle ever.





## Chapter 8. The Great Farewell

The lazy days of summer were drawing to an end, and I could practically hear the school bell ringing in my ear. It was that time of year when the sun decided it had tanned us enough and was ready to take a vacation of its own. My flip-flops felt a bit sadder, and even the ice cream truck seemed to be playing a melancholy tune.



'Ugh, it's like summer got the memo that it's time to pack up,' I thought.

But hold on, didn't my parents always talk about choosing love over fear?



Yeah, they were full-on ACIM ninjas, armed with wisdom and inner peace like superheroes in a battle against bad vibes.

I decided to take a page from their book (or more like a whole chapter) and dial up the positivity.

On a day, while I was sharing this 'oh-so-not-ready-for-summer-to-end' feeling with my mom, she gave me one of those smiles that meant she had an idea. 'Sweetie,' she said, 'remember what dad always says: Sadness is like that old sweater in the back of your closet that's just taking up space. It's time for a closet cleanout of emotions!'

I laughed at the thought of my emotions dressed up like clothes, hanging out in my mental closet. 'So, you're saying my sadness needs a fashion update?'



'Exactly! You're a trendsetter in the world of emotions,' she replied with a wink.

Later that day, I sat on my bed, took a deep breath, and called in the Holy Spirit backup. 'Hey there, Holy Spirit! So, I'm feeling a bit like that old sweater, and I could use your guidance to spruce up my emotional wardrobe. What do you say?'

As if on cue, the wind outside picked up, and the curtains danced like they were in on the secret. I felt this warmth and lightness fill the room, like a million fuzzy socks hugging my heart. 'Mom,' I shouted from my room, 'I think the Holy Spirit is redecorating my emotional closet,'

Mom poked her head in, grinning. 'And what's the theme?'

'Upgrade to Love 2.0.' I declared, and we both burst into giggles.

Over the next few days, whenever I started feeling that end-of-summer blues knocking on my mental door, I imagined myself wearing the snazziest love-themed outfit ever.

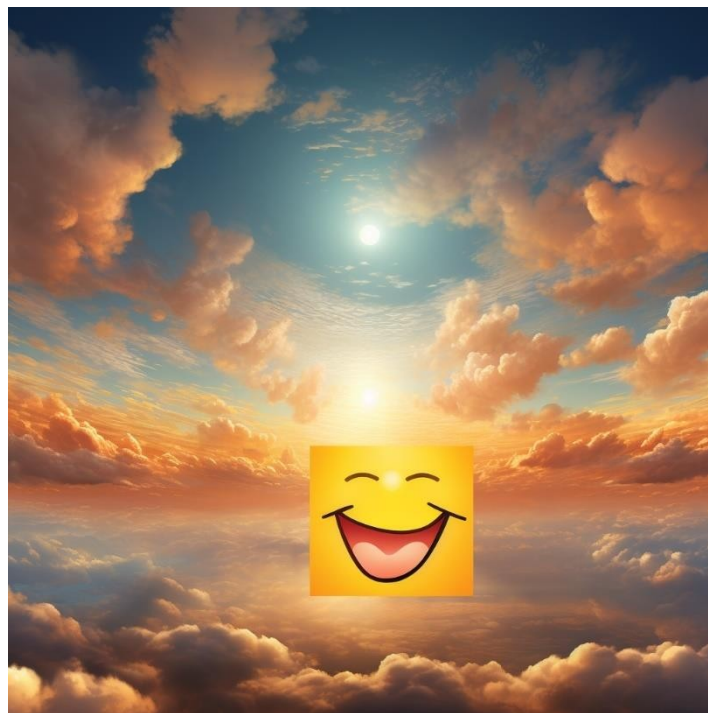
There were blue sunglasses, glittery gold purse, and a superhero cape made of compassion. The more I embraced the silliness of it all, the lighter my heart felt.



And then, the day came when it was time to bid farewell to summer. As I waved goodbye to the lazy days, I felt a mixture of emotions, but fear wasn't one of them. My heart was doing the cha-cha of love, reminding me that every season brings its own kind of fun. So, with a heart full of joy and a mental closet full of fabulous emotions, I welcomed the changing seasons like a pro. And who knew, maybe one day the sun would send me a postcard saying:

'Having a blast on my vacation!

P.S. Don't forget to pack your heart full of love wherever you go.



## Chapter 9. Vulnerable

My heart pounded as if it wanted to throw a party while I sat in front of my computer. Today was the day I would share something I knew was important, but also made me a bit nervous. I was going to create and share a video about my experience with vulnerability.

Just the word 'vulnerable' made me shiver. It was like putting my feelings into a green balloon and releasing it into the air, not knowing where it would land.



But that was exactly what my newly learned lessons were about. I had learned that vulnerability wasn't a sign of weakness, but rather one of strength, because vulnerability gave me the power to be authentic, share my truth, and embrace myself as I was.



With a deep breath, I pressed the record button and began to speak.

My passion for the subject filled my voice as I talked about the moments when I took off my own masks and allowed others to see



me as I truly was. I told about my fears, insecurities, and doubts, and how sharing them had connected me with others on a deeper level. As the video progressed, I felt more and more at ease. It was like a friend was sitting on the other side of the screen, listening and understanding. When I was done, I watched the recording with a mix of pride and nervousness. My hands trembled as I pressed the button to share the video with the world.

After a few days the reactions started pouring in, and my heart did that joyful dance again. People shared their own experiences, told me how they felt less alone, and how my video had inspired them to embrace their own vulnerability. It was like a snowball effect of genuine connection and understanding.

And as I read the comments, I realized that this was what it was all about, showing our true selves, even our fears and insecurities, and thus building a bridge to others. Vulnerability was no longer something that scared me; it had become my strength, my way of making a difference in the world.

As I sat behind my computer, surrounded by the warmth of my family and the sound of my brother's laughter, I knew I was on the right path. No matter how many challenges or changes life brought, I had learned to keep my heart open to whatever would come. I was ready to embrace, to grow, and to share, knowing that vulnerability was leading me to a place of genuine connection and love.





## Chapter 10. Forgiveness

It had been quite some time since I had dreamt. It felt odd to me, but it was probably because my thoughts were elsewhere. School kept me busy, and if I were honest, above all, a boy from another class. His name was Asher. He had such a beautiful smile. Sometimes just seeing him would make butterflies flutter in my stomach. I talked about it with Laura; she agreed he was nice, although her preference leaned towards boys who played basketball; she was a devoted basketball fan.

As I walked towards the school exit, a sudden sensation of a hand on my shoulder surprised me. 'Hey One, can I walk with you?' It was Asher's voice.

My cheeks turned red, and I was thankful I could hide my shyness behind my long hair. With a nod, I complied with his request.



As Asher and I left the school, my heart throbbed with excitement and nervousness.

He spoke animatedly about his day, his words flowing like a waterfall. I nodded and smiled, trying to keep up, while my thoughts spun like a storm in my head. What would I say? How could I have a conversation with him without stumbling over my own words?

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, we reached a park bench. Asher sat down, still talking about a funny incident in his class. I took a deep breath and gathered the courage to speak. 'Um, Asher,' I stuttered, 'did you know your smile is contagious?' He turned to me, his eyes sparkling. 'Oh, really?' His cheeks tinted



light pink, and for a brief moment, he seemed almost as shy as I was. Then he grinned, and his smile widened. 'Thanks, One. You have a great smile too.' Once again, I blushed and hid my face with a strand of hair. 'Thank you, Asher.'

A storm of thoughts raced through my mind: 'Couldn't I have said something better? What would he think of me now?' I looked at the birds fluttering around in the park and envied their freedom. 'I wish I were that free,' I thought.

Later that evening, my heart still pounding from the encounter with Asher, I decided to talk to my mom about it. She was always so wise and understanding.

'Mom,' I began, 'there's a boy at school, his name is Asher. He asked if he could walk with me, he kept talking, and I... I could hardly say a word.' My mother smiled gently and sat down beside me. 'Sounds like you're going to fall in love, One. It's very normal to feel this way; we all have those moments of nervousness.' I sighed, relieved that she understood. 'But mom, what if I mess up? What if I say something stupid, and he thinks I'm weird?' She placed a reassuring hand on my shoulder. 'One, just use forgiveness. As your dad explained, forgiveness is recognizing that something hasn't actually happened in reality; your fear of failing is simply a story you're experiencing. The things you're worrying so much about aren't that important, even though they might seem so right now. We're all learning and growing.' I looked at her, absorbing her words. 'So, you're saying I should forgive myself for being nervous?' 'Exactly,' she said with a smile. 'Forgive yourself for any self-doubt. At the level you're at, I think Asher was probably just as nervous as you, which is why he talked so much!' And she laughed heartily. 'Give yourself permission to be genuine and kind. And if you make a mistake, don't be afraid to apologize and move on.'

As I lay in bed that night, I pondered my mother's advice. The concept of forgiveness began to hold more meaning for me. Perhaps forgiving myself for my insecurities was the first step towards building a connection with Asher. Just like my father taught me, self-forgiveness and forgiveness of others involve recognizing that our fears and judgments aren't truly real in the grand scheme of things.

And so, with a newfound sense of understanding, I drifted off to sleep, ready for a new day at school and maybe, who knows, another walk with Asher.

## Chapter 11. Special Relations

After a few weeks without lucid dreams, this week brought a procession of dreams almost every night. They seemed very similar, with only minor differences. Each time, I dreamt that I was walking through a dark forest, with a strange sense of anticipation, as if something unusual was about to happen.

On the first night, an owl suddenly flew right over my head, its wings rustling, causing my hair to move.



The next night, I could hardly find a way out as the path was blocked by a thick layer of plants.



The third night, it was so dark that I needed a lamp just to see even a little bit.



In the last dream, I felt so sad and lost, even though I couldn't understand why.

I knew that these recurring dreams were trying to convey something specific, but what? As the morning sun streamed through my window, and the world remained the same, I knew it was time to seek my father's assistance. He had always taught me that everything was interconnected, with a message and a purpose, but I couldn't find the connection.

After dinner, I sat down with Dad, and his warm, wise eyes looked at me inquisitively. I told him about my four dreams – from the mysterious owl that flew over to the sad and lost feeling in the last dream. He listened attentively without interrupting. He had learned much in his life, and you could feel it when he spoke to you. It was as if he carried an inner light and through this light, he could explain the mysteries of the world.



'My dear,' began my father, his voice soothing and full of wisdom, 'these dreams, like all experiences, show how our minds travel. They are echoes of how we can see things differently, loaded with lessons and insights. You can view the forest you walked through as a symbol for all the thoughts our ego creates, the confusion that can obstruct our understanding.'

'The owl,' he continued, 'that flew above you, represents the wisdom we have within ourselves, the guidance that's always there, even when things are tough. It reminds you that you're never alone on this journey. The search for a way out,' my father mused, 'resembles the issues we face in relationships with others. Just as the forest was difficult to navigate, our attachments and desires can hinder genuine connections.'

‘And that lamp,’ he added, ‘is like the understanding we gain through learning, the lessons we find important. It makes the darkness less daunting, so we can look beyond the surface and see the core of each person.’

The sombre feeling,’ my father said with a gentler look, ‘is about how things in life come and go. When we feel sadness because something has passed, our thoughts are attached to worldly things, the physical world. But your dream reminds you of what's truly significant – exploring the non-physical world.



It gradually weaves you into the fabric of Sacred Connections. Learning to discern the difference between ego-driven special relationships tied to needs and Holy relationships connected to the Unity of Spirit.’

I cheered within myself; his words had brought me so much clarity. Gratefully, I embraced him. ‘Thank you, Dad, and goodnight.’ ‘Goodnight, sweetheart, you're welcome,’ he replied. As I pondered my father's explanation, I gained more insight.

These dreams weren't random thoughts; they were like mirrors reflecting life.



They wanted to show me how everything is a lesson, and I, even if it was with my father's help for the time being, could see and understand the world in a new way. With his guidance, I began to grasp that life is all about learning and eventually awakening from the dream into Reality.



## Chapter 12. Judgments

An annoying sensation had taken hold of my body and mind. Unfortunately, the cause of my irritation eluded me. I struggled to pick the right dress for school, my hair refused to cooperate, and an annoying pimple had popped up on my chin.

My parents were already out, but breakfast was laid on the table. Once again, an irrational annoyance overcame me. I had to toast the bread myself, and the jam on the table wasn't to my taste. I walked to the school bus, hoping to find Laura on it, but there was no sign of her. The first period was dedicated to algebra, a subject I loathed.



Bored, I absentmindedly drew small circles in my notebook.

Laura was absent, probably just as discouraged as I was.

During the lesson, Mrs. Parket suddenly called my name and demanded an answer.



'Sorry, Mrs. Parket, I don't know,' I admitted. She shook her head, disappointment etching her face. 'This is precisely why paying attention is so important, instead of drifting off into daydreams about who-knows-what!' Laughter rippled among my classmates. My face burned with shame.

My thoughts rushed to blame her – why was she so frustrating? What was the point of algebra, really? I hated it, and the laughter of my classmates only intensified my misery. A wave of anger engulfed me. As I looked around the room, I saw a girl with wild hair, a boy whose sense of style seemed rooted in a forgotten era, and another boy with a face dotted by pimples. The morning dragged on, and the bell finally rang.

Upon returning home, my mother greeted me with her usual enthusiasm. Why was she always so cheerful? That question crossed my mind. 'I'm tired, Mom. I'll have a sandwich later,' I mumbled, rushing to my room and flopping onto my bed. Miraculously, I almost instantly fell asleep, only to be awakened after two hours by the growling sound of my stomach.

The day crawled by, marked by persistent irritability. Even TV broadcasts felt superficial and tedious, and I stumbled back to my room. Eventually, I heard my father's footsteps as he returned home, but I couldn't muster the energy to get up. Tomorrow, I promised myself, I would investigate why I felt so wretched.

The next day brought some improvement. It was Saturday, thankfully a school break. My father was busy in the garden. 'Hey, One, you went to bed early last night. What was going through your mind? If you want, we can sit down and chat about it.' I nodded.

I sat in the chair and sighed.

'Dad, I don't know why, but yesterday I felt really down, and mostly grumpy. It's like everything was irritating me, and I had negative thoughts about my teacher and classmates.'



My father pondered for a moment and then smiled kindly. 'You know, One, it's not uncommon to feel this way, especially as you're growing up and your hormones sometimes play tricks on you. But what's more important are the judgmental thoughts you mentioned last. We judge when we look at someone or something and decide if it's good or bad, better or worse, beautiful or ugly. Like when you looked at your

teacher and thought she was annoying, or when you labelled your classmates with negative thoughts.'

I nodded, remembering how annoyed I had been with everyone.

My father continued, 'In the teachings of A Course in Miracles, they talk about how judgments stem from our ego. The ego likes to make us feel separate from others, as if we're better or worse than they are. But the truth is, we're all connected, and we all have our own struggles.'

I listened attentively, intrigued by what he was saying. 'When we judge someone, it's like putting them in a box and then labelling it. But just as you don't like it when people judge you, others don't like it either. And the funny thing is, when we judge, it's often because we ourselves are insecure or unhappy.'

I pondered that for a moment. It made sense – when I felt grumpy, I noticed I became much more critical of others. My father continued, 'Instead of judging, we can try something else. We can try to understand and show compassion.'



Imagine stepping into their shoes, dealing with their problems. It's like the old saying, 'Walk a mile in someone else's shoes.'

And never forget how we treat others is actually a reflection of how we think about ourselves.'

I nodded slowly, letting his words sink in. 'So, you mean instead of getting irritated at my teacher or classmates, I should try to understand and be kind to them?' Dad nodded. 'Exactly, One. You can choose to see the good in others and remember that we're all learning and growing. And by being kind and understanding, you're actually helping yourself feel better too. Always remember that our judgments are based on small details, we don't see the whole picture. When someone does something, we don't know why they did it. We only see their mistake, but why they make mistakes, we don't know. So, when a judgment arises, just tell yourself: I can't judge, because I

don't know the whole story. And if that doesn't work, ask for help from the Holy Spirit.'

A sense of relief washed over me, as if a weight had been lifted from my chest. 'Thank you, Dad. I'll try to remember that.'

'You're welcome, One. Just remember, the more we let go of judgment, the more we open ourselves to peace and happiness.'

As we sat there in the garden, I felt an even stronger connection with my father and a renewed determination to approach things differently.





## Chapter 13. Cause and Effect

On a Saturday morning, I decided to bake cookies. I had found a recipe online and gathered all the ingredients.



I kneaded the dough and reached for the bag of chocolate chips sitting on the counter. But guess what happened?

I accidentally bumped into the bag, and the chocolate chips scattered around like small brown raindrops, covering the entire kitchen floor.



I sighed and thought, 'Oh no, there goes my perfect cookies!' Just at that moment, my father entered the kitchen and saw the mess. He laughed and said, 'Looks like a chocolate bomb went off.' I giggled, 'Yeah, Dad, did you hear the explosion?' Thankfully, Dad helped me clean up the chocolate chips. The few that remained in the bag got mixed into the dough. While we waited for them to bake, Dad said, 'You know, One, this situation is a great example of something we call cause and effect.' I tilted my head, curious to hear more. He continued, 'Cause and effect is like a chain reaction. Every action you take has an effect, and every effect you see has a cause. Just like the bag and the chocolate chips ending up on the floor. The cause was the bag tipping over, and the effect was the mess on the floor.' I nodded. 'So, every action leads to a reaction?' 'Exactly, and here's something very important we must remember: the cause isn't separate from the effect, and the effect isn't separate from the cause.'



They're like two sides of the same coin.



I pondered that for a moment. 'But sometimes our mind makes it seem like they're disconnected.' Dad smiled proudly. 'You've got it. It's our mind that creates a false space between cause and effect, making everything in the world seem divided. But in reality, cause and effect, as unity, are always connected, just like the fallen bag of chocolate chips caused all the mess.' I giggled again, 'So cause 'falling' creates effect 'mess'.' Dad laughed, 'Exactly. The beauty of this is that the world we see is the result of our thoughts and beliefs, because the thought is the cause and what we see is the effect. Just like the mess from the chocolate chip mishap was the result of the fallen bag. When we start to understand the connection between our thoughts and what we experience, we can change our world by changing our thoughts.' I nodded, feeling excited about this new way of looking at things. 'So, if I want to see a better world, I should start with better thoughts?' 'Yessss, you've got it, One. By changing our thoughts, because we've understood the connection between cause and effect, we can create a more joyful and peaceful world for ourselves and others.'

The cookies were done, cooling on the rack. We enjoyed the sweet aroma filling the kitchen. I felt a profound wonder about life. Cause and effect – it was like a secret code to understand how our thoughts shape our world, just like my chocolate chip mishap had shaped the kitchen that day.

## Chapter 14. The Power of Prayer

This morning seemed just like any other, until something shocking happened that struck me to my core.

I was walking from the park back home when I witnessed a car accident right in front of me. I froze as I watched the chaos unfold, my heart pounding in my chest. People were running around to help, and I felt a wave of panic.



Without thinking, I closed my eyes and whispered a prayer, asking for everyone involved to be safe. When I later got home, I couldn't shake off the shock of what I had seen. I sat down at the kitchen table, and my mom could see that even though my prayer had helped me find some peace, I needed her support. Mom sat down next to me and gently asked, 'What happened, One?' I took

a deep breath and told her about the accident, how it had left me scared and helpless. 'I didn't know what to do, mom, so I just closed my eyes and prayed for everyone.' She listened attentively and smiled warmly. 'You know, One, what you did is a powerful form of communication with the universe. It's what we call 'prayer,' and it goes far beyond just asking for things.' I looked at her with curiosity. 'More than just asking?' She nodded. 'Definitely. Prayer is a way to connect with the deeper part of ourselves and the divine. It's not about begging for things to happen or not happen, but rather about aligning our thoughts with love and understanding.' I leaned forward, eager to learn more. 'So, it's like talking to something greater than us?' She nodded. 'But it's also about acknowledging that we're not separate from that something greater. We're all interconnected, and prayer is a way to remember that connection.' I began to grasp it. 'So, when I prayed for everyone to be safe, I was actually sending love and positive thoughts?' 'Exactly, One. You offered a loving intention for the well-being of everyone. And you know, our intentions are powerful and can bring healing and peace for ourselves and others.' Suddenly,

I realized that even in a moment of shock and fear, I had done something positive, but then doubt crept in: 'But what if bad things still happen? Does prayer not really work then?' Mom's smile softened. 'Prayer isn't about controlling the outcome. Sometimes things happen for reasons we don't fully understand. But when we pray, we shift our thoughts toward love and healing, which has a positive impact on our own hearts and minds.' I reflected on the accident and how my prayer had given me a sense of peace. 'So, even if I can't change what happened, prayer can still help me feel better?' Mom nodded. 'And it also reminds us that we're not alone in this journey. We're part of something greater, and prayer is like having a conversation with that greater whole.' As I sat there with my mother, I felt a sense of comfort and empowerment. Prayer wasn't just about asking for things; it was a way to connect, offer love, and find inner peace. And even though I couldn't change what had happened that morning, I knew that my prayer had made a difference, if only in my own heart.



## Chapter 15. The Healing Light

Last night, my dreams led me once again on an unexpected adventure. This time, I found myself in a place I had never dreamt of before: a hospital. As always, my dream took a twist; it wasn't just any hospital, no, it was a hospital in a world where everything seemed turned around.

I walked through long, clean corridors, as you'd expect. But guess what? The air smelled like bubble-gum, and instead of the usual hospital sounds, there was a soft chorus of giggles and humming.



When I peeked into the rooms, I couldn't believe my eyes. People were sitting and lying on beds, but they weren't resting – they were holding balloons and sharing silly jokes!

Some seemed to be using spoons as microphones, singing along with an invisible karaoke machine, while others had bandages on their arms or legs in funny patterns like rainbows and polka dots. It felt like I was in a whimsical place, a mix between a hospital and a circus.







A little girl was reading a story to a group of teddy bears, and a boy was racing toy cars along the edges of his hospital bed.



Someone else was practicing yoga,



and a patient dressed as a clown had everyone bursting into laughter.

Each room portrayed a scene from a comedy movie. It was as if the only medicine in this hospital was laughter and having fun.



When I woke up and did my usual reality check, I still couldn't shake off the strange feeling the dream had left me with. How could I dream



about a place that's normally taken so seriously, filled with joy and laughter?

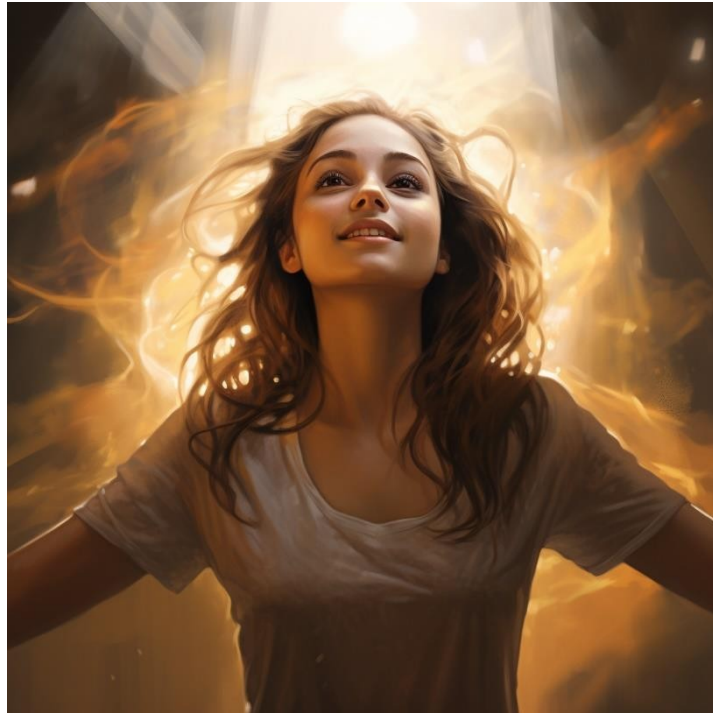
That afternoon, Grandpa was going to visit, so I decided to talk to him about it. He had this incredible ability to make things seem clear, even when they were confusing. I found him on the porch, watching the birds in the garden, after returning from school. After a hearty embrace, I said, 'Grandpa, I had a dream last night about a hospital. The weird thing was that everyone seemed happy, playing and laughing. I feel like I fooled sick people.'

Grandpa looked at me, his eyes full of kindness. He patted the chair next to him. 'Come, have a seat. Let's talk about it. Sickness is a curious thing, of course it carries a lesson for us, as everything does.' I settled in beside him, eager to learn. Grandpa began, 'Illness is a reflection of a mind that's out of balance. But your dream, my dear, seems to have shown you something special.' I tilted my head curiously. 'Special?' Grandpa nodded, his eyes twinkling. 'Your dream painted a world where laughter and joy were part of healing. It reminds us that how we think about illness matters. In the dream world you visited, people weren't just lying in bed; they found ways to lighten their hearts and minds.'

I thought again about the dream, the playful scenes I had witnessed. 'So, do you mean that even in tough times, we can find joy that helps us heal?' 'Absolutely,' Grandpa confirmed. 'Laughter, joy, and a playful spirit have the power to not only brighten our mood but also our health. Mind and body are deeply connected, and the energy we create through positive thoughts and feelings can bring about healing.' I felt a warm glow inside, as if the dream had left a trail of light in my heart. 'But what if people are really sick? Can joy really make a difference then?' Grandpa nodded, his gaze softening. 'Even in severe situations, a positive mindset can help lighten the journey. It doesn't mean you ignore the reality of the situation, but it does mean finding moments of light amidst the challenges. Joy can offer comfort, strength, and a sense of connection to something greater.' I nodded, understanding starting to sink in. 'So, my dream showed me that even in places that seem serious, like hospitals, we can bring healing through joy?' Once again, Grandpa nodded. 'Remember, our thoughts have the power to create our experiences. And when we infuse our thoughts with love, laughter, and positivity, we contribute to our own healing journey.'

As I gazed out at the garden, I felt a newfound appreciation for the dream I had experienced. It wasn't just a whimsical adventure – it was

a message, a reminder that joy can be a beacon of light even in the midst of heavy challenges. And just as my dream had shown, we have the power to spread that healing light wherever we go.



## Chapter 16. An Inner Journey

Oh, I'll never forget that one day with my father. It gave a new twist to my life's path. We were sitting together in our cozy corner by the fireplace, and he held a thin booklet in his hands: 'Psychotherapy' was written on it.



I couldn't help but stare at that title. But I got really curious, so I eventually asked, 'Hey dad, what's that, uh, 'psycho-what-ever' actually?'

'Psychotherapy, my explorer, is like a mega interesting adventure where we wander through our own thoughts and feelings. It's like taking a flashlight and shining it on our inner dark corners.'

Of course, a question mark immediately appeared on my forehead.

'Why would we want to do that, dad?' He nodded understandingly.

'You know, sometimes we feel down or cranky, without a real reason. Well, psychotherapy is a guide to understanding those weird feelings. It's a quest for that missing puzzle piece to grasp the whole picture.'

'And why can't we just ignore those feelings?' I asked with a half grin.

'Ignoring is like pretending that..... annoying fly,' and he waved his hand to shoo away a fly, 'isn't there, or a cloud in the sky.'



Psychotherapy helps us figure out why that cloud is there, and that understanding makes it vanish into thin air.' 'And the fly,' I exclaimed. 'And the fly,' Papa repeated, laughing.

'So, is this a power to fix our thoughts and feelings?' He nodded. Exactly. Imagine you come to me complaining about something a classmate said and how it ruined your day. Well, I'd probably show you that you need to look at the whole picture from a different angle. 'Ah, like a cool psychotherapist,' I said with a wink. Papa laughed out loud. 'Yes, that's the idea! Psychotherapy allows us to view our thoughts from a different angle, so we can score some inner peace.' I made a thoughtful face. 'But seriously, dad, the outside world can sometimes feel so unfair.' He nodded. 'You're right about this too. The world can be pretty mean and that can make it feel extra real but imagine this life in this world like a giant play where we all have our roles. The world is the stage itself.'



Psychotherapy is like the intermission of that play, so we can realize that we are so much more than the characters we play.' 'And it reminds us of who we truly are?' I wiggled in my seat a bit. Dad laughed. 'Absolutely! It brings us back to who we really are.' I was totally in the vibe and said quickly, 'I want to become a psycho-wonder-therapist later and help people find their inner selves. I really mean it, dad.' He nodded but waited a moment before responding. 'That's wonderful, and I think you'll be an amazing therapist, but remember, you can only help others once you've helped yourself first. It's like having a map of the inner adventure you've travelled. That map tells you if you're ready.'



I grinned like a cat that just stole the cream and hugged my father tightly.



'Thanks, dad, now I totally get it, and I know what I want to become in the future.' He hugged me back. 'You're welcome, my super cool One. This journey of discovery is about unravelling our own minds and bringing inner peace. And we're doing it together.'



As we sat there, surrounded by the warmth of our bond, it felt like I was holding a secret key to a new mysterious world. A world that would show me everything in a new funky light, just as my father had said. And from that moment, I knew by cracking my own inner secrets, I would help my brothers discover theirs too.

## Chapter 17. Awakening



The moon cast its gentle glow over the dark water as I stood at the edge of the shore. The night air was filled with a calm serenity that always reminded me of my lucid dreams. Almost every night, I wandered into a world where anything was possible, where I could defy the rules of reality and shape my dreams as I wished. But tonight, here by the coast, it felt as if I was awakening in a dream much greater than I had ever imagined.

The waves whispered secrets as I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. In my mind, I heard the words that had accompanied me throughout my life: 'Nothing I see means anything.'

It was the first lesson from A Course in Miracles that my father, mother, brother, and grandpa had taught me. But tonight, the realization sank deeper than ever before.

I let my thoughts drift to the dreams where I could consciously create and transform. In that realm of possibilities, I understood that nothing was set, that the meaning of everything could shift depending on my intention. And as I stood there by the shore, I realized that the same truth formed the foundation of the reality I now lived in.

A smile curled on my lips as I opened my eyes and gazed at the moon. I recalled one of my most vivid dreams, where I stood on a deserted beach surrounded by a landscape born from my deepest desires. In that dream, I grasped that everything, from the sand beneath my feet to the stars in the sky, was an expression of my own creative power.

Suddenly, the world around me felt different. I looked at the city behind me, the lit windows and bustling streets, and realized they were as devoid of meaning as the elements in my dreams. My father's

wisdom, my mother's constant presence, even my brother Nobody's laughter, they were all just stories we had told ourselves.

In deep understanding, I realized I was no longer bound by the meaning others attributed to the world. I was free to release all meaning, to choose my own path without being limited by expectations or judgments.

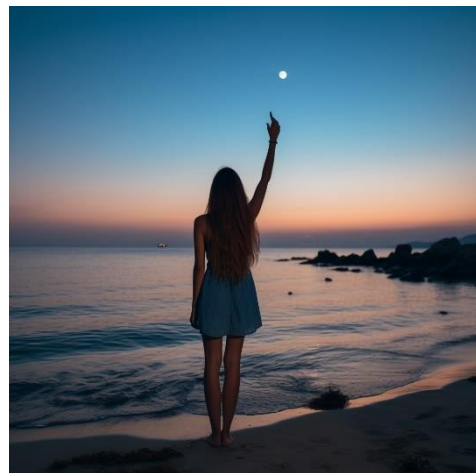
I started to laugh, a laughter that emanated from my core and filled the entire coastline. The moon seemed to shine brighter, the waves danced more vividly, and I felt one with everything around me. In this conscious dream of my wakeful mind,



I began to realize that life itself was a canvas on which I had painted my own meaning.

But now I felt the power to transform my experiences, just as I did in my nocturnal adventures.

I stretched my arm toward the sky, giving a thumbs-up, and felt a wave of joy and empowerment flow through me.



Here, at the intersection of reality and dream, I embraced my true potential. I embraced the freedom to choose how I would interpret

each experience, how I would give a different meaning to every moment.

As I gazed toward the horizon, I smiled and knew that my life was an unfolding masterpiece, painted with the brush of my own intention. The lesson 'Nothing I see means anything' transformed from an abstract truth into a profound realization that filled my heart with unwavering joy.

