

DEBU

OUT OF TIME



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Beyond time, where clocks surrender and shadows of the past cannot reach. I discovered that reality was nothing but an echo, and that within that eternal void dwelled the essence of who i truly am.

The story of Debu

OUT OF TIME

The raining day

The day had fallen over the city, wrapping everything in a layer of fog and rain. The wind howled through the rusted beams of the old bridge, and the raindrops struck the pavement with a frantic rhythm, as if the sky itself were crying.

A small boy of only nine walked slowly through the storm, his clothes soaked and his heart weighed down by overwhelming sadness. His little feet moved without a fixed direction. He had left his backpack behind, aimless, carried only by the despair that had brought him to this place. Each step brought him closer to the edge of the bridge, where the river below roared with fury, threatening and tempting.

He stopped at the edge, looking down, contemplating the abyss. The turbulent water seemed to call to him, promising release from all the pain he felt. His mind was clouded, his thoughts consumed by the idea of escaping a world that had given him so little. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and just before stepping forward to let himself fall, he felt a firm hand on his shoulder, stopping him. He opened his eyes sharply, his heart pounding, and turned his head. There, standing beside him, was a twenty-five-year-old person, drenched from the rain but with a determined, almost radiant gaze

Little one, said the man, in a deep voice that seemed to resonate beyond the noise of the storm.

— The life is a river.

The little one looked at him, his eyes filled with tears that mingled with the rain on his face.

— I can't anymore,

murmured, his voice breaking.

--- Everything hurts too much and now that my favorite person is gone...

The man gently squeezed his shoulder, crouching down to his level.

—I know, little one. I know everything seems dark now, but there's a light inside you that you haven't yet discovered. A light that's stronger than any storm, deeper than any river.

The boy looked down, feeling the chill of the wind, the icy water on his shoes.

—What light? I don't see it. I just want it all to end.

The man took a deep breath, and his voice filled with a powerful calm, as if he were revealing an ancient secret.

—We are a river that flows and changes, sometimes gentle, sometimes fierce.
—But even the wildest river has its course, and within you is a current that will carry you to a place of peace, if you only allow it to flow.

The little boy's eyes met the man's.

—My grandmother used to say things like this to me, he murmured, and in that moment, something deep resonated within him.

It was as if those words had touched a part of his being he didn't know existed, a part that had been waiting to be awakened.

—The pain you feel now, the man continued, is only a part of the journey.
—But if you give up here, you will never know where that river current called life could have carried you.
— Each day is a new page, and it must be embraced, with both its joys and its sorrows.
— Life, with all its chaos, with all its struggles, is also a constantly evolving miracle. And you, little one, are an essential part of that dream.
— Ideas only have value if you fight to make them real.

The little boy felt a wave of emotions sweep through his body, a mixture of fear, sadness, but also something new: hope.

He looked once more at the river below, but this time he did not see the promise of an end; instead, he saw the opportunity to move forward, to see where life would take him if he simply stepped back.

With a small movement, he stepped away from the edge of the bridge, moving away from the precipice.

The man smiled gently, relieved, and reached out his hand to him.

— Come with me. Do you know your home address?
— You don't have to face this alone.

The young boy looked at the man's outstretched hand, feeling an unexpected warmth within him.

He nodded slowly and took the hand, allowing himself to be guided back to a safe place, away from the edge, away from the darkness.



PART I

The bridge of CONNECTION

A travel to catch the UNSEEN

Between Two Worlds

Sentimental friendship leads us to ideas and concepts about what we mean to each other... and how we feel about ourselves.

On the road, a blue car moves along, looking as if it came straight out of a magazine.

The driver is smiling. That's John, 30 years old, and beside him is Mike, 35, his best friend.

They are heading back, talking to each other. One phrase hangs in the air:

- How can we understand the invisible, yet existing? It's madness.
- I never really understood you, my friend... but I'm fine with the rest.

They both laugh.

John smiles and says:

- Don't forget to play every now and then. In the world you're going to, don't forget to return home.

Mike looks at him, surprised.

- Do we need to test the road? What do you say?
- Then I'd better fasten my seatbelt.

Suddenly, a blue butterfly crosses their path, flying very low. John brakes sharply.

They both watch it closely until it disappears among the nearby trees.

Mike comments:

- It almost seemed like a sign.

John, with a serious but calm look, replies:

— Sometimes the universe sends us messages in unexpected ways.

The moment lingers in the air, but they have no time to process it. John sees the road sign too late. The car veers off and heads toward the cliff. In midair, it flips several times before landing upright. John closes his eyes, and everything fades to black.

The impact leaves them both in critical condition.

John arrives at a place resembling a temple. There, he sees a vision of his ancestor. She embraces him.

Ancestor:

— You have to help your friend... he needs you.

She opens a vision where Mike is caught between two worlds, confused. John, surprised, approaches his friend, but he does not react. He returns to his ancestor and asks what he should do.

He then wakes up on an island, remembering moments shared with Mike. On the island, his great-grandmother waits for him. She takes his hand and says:

— Things don't always go well, but from now on, you will have help.

— You are in a coma, and now... you must return.

She looks at John and continues:

— When you are ready, you will go for your friend to help him.

— You will know when.

She shows him again the image of Mike, lost between two worlds. Then she hugs him and whispers:

— There will be a sign, a song, a mantra. Stay attentive to it.

In the hospital room, doctors try to revive him. With two jolts of electricity, they bring John back to life.

The vision felt like a dream, and he awoke from the coma.

But his friend Mike is still in a coma.

John looks at him and thinks:

— Don't worry, my friend. I'll come back for you... I won't leave you behind.

Mikaela and the Driver

Mikaela, 14 years old, gets off the bus and heads home. She pauses for a moment at the foot of the steps, staring at the phone in her hands. A text message makes her smile, and for an instant, her thoughts drift into the words on the screen.

As she approaches the crosswalk, she walks distracted, unaware of her surroundings. Cars pass by, but she pays them no attention. Her head is elsewhere—in the conversation with her friends, in her small yet deep world.

She looks up for a second and notices a white truck in the distance, but she dismisses it. The distance seems safe enough—or so she thinks.

The driver, completely absorbed, listening to a call on the radio about a contest. Excitement lights up his face as he listens.

— This is my winning ticket! he exclaims, almost shouting with joy.

But the moment is short-lived. The excitement makes him lose focus, and when he finally looks up, Mikaela is directly in his path. Panic surges through his body. His foot slams on the brake instinctively, but the truck doesn't stop in time.

Mikaela's breath freezes in her chest at the sound of screeching tires. At first, she doesn't understand what's happening. She watches the truck rushing toward her, and for a second, time slows. Her heart pounds frantically, her mind unable to process reality. All she knows is that something is terribly wrong.

A knot tightens in her stomach, urging her to act. In that instant, adrenaline floods her body like a wave. Heat spreads across her skin, her muscles tense, and her body reacts on its own. She takes a quick step back—almost imperceptible, but enough. The truck roars past her, its wheels spinning furiously as the driver fights to stop.

Mikaela stumbles back again, her breathing sharp and ragged, as if air itself were scarce. Fear mingles with relief. Confusion overwhelms her. Is she okay? Is this real?

Her hands tremble uncontrollably, the adrenaline still coursing through her veins. She grips her phone so tightly it feels like it might shatter, but she doesn't notice. She is alive—and that changes everything.

A few steps away, the driver reels from his own storm of emotions. Distracted by the radio, he hadn't seen her until the last second. The scene had unfolded before

him like a nightmare. Horror clenched his chest, his hands gripped the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white, and sweat poured down his forehead despite the cool air blowing in.

Even after braking with all his strength, the truck had not stopped in time. The almost-impact played over in his mind, even as relief washed through him when he realized the girl was safe. His breath was ragged, his heart racing.

Without thinking, he rushed out of the cab. His body was tense, fear still written on his face. Seeing Mikaela standing there, unharmed though shaken, he let out a shaky sigh of relief.

—Are you okay? he asked, his voice trembling.

Mikaela looked at him with wide eyes, shining with fear and confusion. She couldn't speak—she just nodded faintly.

The driver exhaled, a heavy mix of guilt and relief.

—I'm so sorry... I didn't see you. It was a mistake, I... I don't know how it happened.

Mikaela, still in shock, turned her gaze away. She didn't want to speak anymore. She just wanted to leave. It was too soon to process what had just happened. She walked on, quietly, step by step.

Debu at his 12 years

Debu wakes up looking at his watch, which reads 7:45 AM on Friday the 7th. He thinks he's running late. He gets ready, grabs his backpack, and goes to the kitchen to make a sandwich. Then he leaves the house, with a sense of déjà vu, as if he is reliving a familiar scene. He wonders what happened, looks at his watch again, and says quietly, "It's 8..." He looks from side to side on the street and receives a message:

Friend, today I invite you to my house. I know you've been alone these days, and it's my dad's birthday. You'll love the homemade sweets, there will be plenty... I hope you can make it...

After reading the message, Debu puts the phone in his pocket and, before fully tucking it away, says to himself:

But his birthday is tomorrow...thinking in his mind

He decides to look at the screen again, which now shows Saturday the 8th. Something supernatural happens, like a cold wind that sends shivers down his spine. He enters the house, drops his backpack on the bed, and goes to the bathroom to wash his face, trying to understand what just happened.

He sits in the living room, thinking about what to do. After a few minutes staring at the ceiling, he decides to reply to his friend:

— Yes, I'm on the way.

He grabs the gift, leaves the house, and takes his bicycle. As he pedals, his gaze falls on a billboard. Suddenly, a memory appears in his mind, a sense of déjà vu. He feels as if he has been there before.

He stares at the place, the same place he had been before, and the text on the sign reads:

Your vision will only become clear when you can see.

Confused, he takes a photo of the sign with his phone to be sure of what he saw.

When he looks again, a truck blocks his view, and when he looks back at the sign, he sees another message:

Buy the best attraction of your dreams...

He becomes absorbed in the image, and his phone displays the same text.

He takes a deep breath, when suddenly, he hears a whisper:

Looking outward is dreaming, but if you look inward, you will awaken your magic...

He stares intently and says:

— How strange! I hear voices... Now I really must be going crazy!.

And he begins to smile as he keeps pedaling.

Debu has always observed how his friend's parents interact with her, even though they have never met him. Excitedly pedaling, he arrives at his friend's house. He leaves the bicycle and adjusts his hair. As he enters the garden, Mikaela appears, greeting him with a smile, while he gets ready to meet her parents for the first time

Mikaela approaches, and Debu, looking up, says:

— *Hi, greet your mom and shake your dad's hand. Here's the gift.*

Mikaela watches the scene and smiles.

— *Thank you for the effort* —says the father—, looking at Debu's fingers, which are slightly bent. Those fingers are a bit crooked... *Did you hurt yourself because of the gift?*

Debu looks at him smiling and, not wanting to show his fingers, replies:

— A little bit of everything...

They both laugh and head toward the guests.

The party continues and night falls. The father says goodbye to the last guests. Mikaela and Debu are eating sweets. Mikaela goes to the kitchen, where her mother is, and the father heads to the library. Debu decides to follow him. Along the way, he tries to hide, but, being a somewhat noisy child, his presence does not go unnoticed. Entering the library, leaving the door ajar, Debu, looking from outside, says:

— *¡Wow! I never have seen a library like this...*

Tom watches him from his office, a book in hand. He closes the book quickly, making a noise, and shifts his attention toward Debu. Noticing the gaze, Debu walks toward Tom, who stands up and approaches, positioning himself next to Debu, looking at the shelves full of books.

- *Do you like reading? —Tom asks him.*
- *Yes, I have few books, but I'm a fan of good stories.*
- *You're only 12... how can you understand those stories?*

Mikaela interrupts:

- *My friend's family is complicated... he's... hard to read, but when he reads... he surprises you —she says enthusiastically—. Books take him to another world, to forget his parents' arguments.*

Debu looks at her and replies:

- *Yes, it's a little like that...*

Tom approaches, takes the keys, and says:

- Should I take you home?

Debu nods, and they head to the car. On the way, while looking out the window, Debu falls asleep.

When they arrive in front of his house, a sudden sound of breaking glass comes from inside. Tom is startled for a moment, then gently tells Debu:

- We're here... are you okay?

Debu stirs and replies:

- I'm fine, thank you, sir. Tomorrow I'll come back for the bike.

Tom studies him for a moment and asks softly:

- Tell me, Debu... are you feeling confused? Are your parents okay?

Debu hesitates, then answers:

- Yes... my dad has been busy with some partners, and now he's paying the consequences. He's frustrated because he doesn't know what he wants. And the truth is... I...

Tom cuts him off kindly, with understanding in his eyes:

- Don't worry. You don't need to explain. Sometimes parents expect us to follow their steps, but at your age... it's normal not to know what you want yet.

He smiles warmly.

- You just have to look inside yourself—your talent, your emotions. When you do, you'll find your path.

Debu looks thoughtful but doesn't know what to say.

Seeing his silence, Tom adds gently:

- You'll understand later. You have time... and if you ever want help finding your path, I'll be here.

Debu smiles gratefully, then gets out of the car. Before he enters the house, Tom drives away, still uneasy about the noises inside.

Debu, thinking to himself:

I wish I could have the kind of parents my friends have. In my house, there's no unity—only shouting and bad examples.

Once in his room, he curls up in his chair, closes his eyes, and puts on music to block out the arguments downstairs.

His mother knocks softly and asks:

- Honey, are you ready for bed?
- Can I stay up a little longer? Debu asks.

She looks at him and replies with a gentle smile:

- Of course. It's Saturday... but I'll come check on you soon.
- Thank you, Mom!

Listening to the music, Debu slowly drifts off to sleep.

The next day – Mikaela and Tom

Mikaela and her father are stuck in heavy traffic, the bright sun caressing the car's body, while the noise of engines and horns mixes in the air. Mikaela is looking at the phone in her hands, typing quickly, not paying much attention to what's happening around her. Suddenly, her father's voice pulls her out of her reverie.

— Darling, tell me something, what do you know about your friend?

They both look at each other, remembering the boy's name immediately. The name seems to float in the air like an echo:

— Debu...

says Tom, and, without thinking, they both burst into laughter at the same time, a light laugh but full of an energy that reflects the bond of a family that knows each other well.

Mikaela smiles and says: He's a good boy.

Tom, keeping his eyes on the traffic, continues in a soft but inquisitive tone.

— What do you know about his family?

Mikaela, distracted by the message she had just received, stops typing and looks at her father, a little surprised by the question.

— Why? Did something happen? Didn't you like his gift?

Tom frowns, Mikaela's face pauses for a moment; her father had never shown that kind of interest in his friends' lives. Something didn't add up. After a thoughtful pause, Tom responds, his voice taking on a serious tone, almost a whisper.

— No, last night I left him at his house.

I heard shouting... arguments. Suddenly, a glass was thrown against the wall. Only... what seemed strange to me was that... I didn't feel it was just a simple

family quarrel. There was something else in the air, something I couldn't decipher.

Mikaela stops looking at the traffic, her breathing deepens. Her father's confession hits her harder than she expected. It doesn't completely surprise her that something strange was happening at Debu's house, but hearing something so tangible, so real, from her father makes her feel a knot in her stomach. With a sigh, she decides to respond as the car moves slowly through the sea of vehicles.

- He's a good boy...
- I help him meditate. Sometimes, when he does it, he closes his eyes and seems to enter another world, as if he can disconnect from everything around him. But... she pauses, feeling her words hang in the air—. But he seems unable to find his place. It's as if he doesn't feel part of his family. As if he were a stranger among them.

Tom listens attentively, frowning, noticing the subtle pain in his daughter's words. It's not the first time Mikaela has spoken about Debu that way, but today there seems to be something more, something that unsettles her.

- And what do you think is happening, Mikaela ?

Tom asks, without looking at her, but with a voice that carries underlying concern.

Mikaela feels an uncomfortable sensation in her chest. In her 14 years, she has lived with the truth that her family was never perfect.

Tom:

- How do you help someone who can't find their place, who is trapped between two worlds, neither here nor there?

Mikaela:

- I don't know, Dad. I don't know... I just know there's something dark inside him. Something he hasn't said, something he doesn't even understand himself.

A heavy silence fills the car as Tom reflects on his daughter's words. Mikaela confusion washes over him in waves, and for a moment, he feels unable to offer a response. He has also felt that disconnection in his own life, that sense of being trapped in an endless cycle of responsibilities and expectations, but he has never spoken about it. Not with Mikaela. Not with anyone.

Mikaela, reflecting on her father's words, feels a shiver run through her body. The traffic begins to move slowly, and as the car progresses, a strange sensation settles in the air. Something tells her that Debu's story is about to become much deeper than anyone could imagine.

Debu in his room

In Debu's room, he looks at himself in the mirror as he gets ready for Sunday. As he gazes, he sees his great-grandmother smiling inside his body. He studies himself carefully, and when he returns his gaze to the mirror, tears fall from his eyes as he silently asks himself:

— Grandma, why did you leave? You left me alone..

In his mind, he hears a sigh, a whisper of wind reaching his ears, conveying a warm sense of peace.

He heads to the living room and sits on the couch, looking at his phone, when he hears the front door open and close with a sharp thud. He knew it was his father, Ravi, returning from work. It was almost ten o'clock at night, and this had been the daily routine for as long as he could remember. But tonight, something in the air felt different, tenser.

Ravi enters the living room, his face showing signs of fatigue, but his eyes reflecting a cold determination. He stops at the doorway and looks at his son.

— Debu, we need to talk,

Ravi said in a tone that allowed no argument.

Debu looked up from his phone and nodded, already bracing himself for what was coming.

— -Yes, Dad. I'm listening.

Ravi took a deep breath, as if trying to organize his thoughts.

— I've been offered a promotion. I'll be the head of the new branch in Delhi. It's a great opportunity, but that means I'll have to move there immediately.

Debu remained silent, watching his father with a calm and serene gaze. He knew this moment would come sooner or later.

— And what about Mom and me?

he finally asked, his voice soft but firm.

Ravi looked away for a moment before replying.

— You can stay here. I don't want you to interrupt your studies, and your mother has her job and her life here. It will only be for a while, until things stabilize.

Debu knew the decision had already been made. There was no room for negotiation or compromise. But instead of letting frustration or pain consume him, he simply nodded.

— I understand, Dad. I hope everything goes well in Delhi.

Ravi frowned, expecting a different reaction. Perhaps a reproach, a plea, something that showed more emotion.

— Don't you have anything else to say?

His voice now tinged with impatience.

Debu remained calm, knowing that any confrontation would only feed his father's ego.

— No, Dad. I just want you to know that Mom and I will be fine.

— We've learned to manage without you.

The comment, though spoken serenely, struck Ravi hard. For a moment, a shadow of doubt crossed his face, but he quickly recovered.

— This is the best for all of us, Debu. You'll understand someday.

Debu didn't respond, he just nodded again. He knew his words wouldn't change anything. He had long accepted that his father would always choose his career over his family. The key was not to react, not to let his father's ego dictate his emotions.

Ravi stayed there a few more seconds, waiting for some sign of disagreement or confrontation. He grabbed a glass from the table and smashed it against the wall. Seeing that Debu didn't react, he sighed and headed toward the stairs.

Ravi:

— Good night Debu.

Debu:

— Good night, dad.

Turning his eyes back to his phone, the tension of the moment dissipated, leaving a sense of calm in the living room. He knew that what he had done was the right thing. Sometimes, not reacting was the best answer.

Later that night, while Debu was in his room, he heard raised voices coming from the kitchen. His parents were arguing again, something that had become increasingly common in recent months.

Debu approached the half-open door of his room and listened to fragments of the conversation.

- You can't just leave and abandon us here, Ravi!
- We need to stay together as a family!

His mother's voice, Sarah, sounded desperate and hurt.

- Sarah, this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!
- You can't ask me to turn it down!

Ravi replied, frustrated.

Debu sighed, already anticipating how the argument would unfold. The same pattern, the same accusations. He walked over to his desk and grabbed his headphones. He put them on... and opened his music app, scrolling to his favorite playlist.

As the music began to fill his ears, the voices from the kitchen became a distant murmur. Debu closed his eyes and let the chords and melodies carry him somewhere else, far from the tension and conflict that seemed to have taken over his home.

He lay back on his bed, staring at the ceiling, and allowed himself to get lost in the music. The soft notes and meaningful lyrics were a refuge for him, a place where he could find peace and comfort.

Beneath the music, the distant echoes of the argument continued, but Debu chose not to let them affect him. He had learned to cope with his pain and frustration through music, to find in it an escape when things became too intense.

After a while, the voices in the kitchen faded and silence returned to the house. Debu sighed, took off his headphones, and sat up on his bed. He knew his family was going through a difficult time, but he also knew that sometimes the best thing he could do was not to react — to find his own way of dealing with the situation and move forward.

That same night, Debu had a strange dream. He saw himself in a room full of water, feeling as though he was drowning, until he woke up drenched in sweat and deeply unsettled. There was a tightness in his chest for no apparent reason. He glanced at the clock it was nearly 7 AM so he decided to get up.

Still in his pajamas, he walked toward the stairs and heard whispers a conversation between his mother, Sarah, and her friend Maria.

How can I help if I can't? He won't let me in, he just stays stubborn. I don't know how much longer...

The cat appeared suddenly and meowed, which made his mother end the call.

Sarah went to set the last things for breakfast, took off her cooking apron, and headed toward Debu's room. But he was already awake, and when she opened the door, she was surprised to see him dressed and ready for breakfast. She kissed him on the cheek and fixed his hair a little, saying:

— My little one is already grown up...

Debu looked at her, smiling.

Sarah continued:

— I made your favorite food.

— Thanks, Mom.

She adjusted his clothes a little, and he just looked at her with love..

— I'll be back late today. Mom, Mikaela 's dad will bring me home after school. Can I go?

— Alright, son. Do your homework and don't get home too late, you know your dad doesn't like that.

— I promise, i won't be late.

He kissed her on the cheek and went for his backpack. While she went downstairs to the kitchen and set the plate on the breakfast bar, the bus arrived two minutes later. He kissed his mom and, before heading out the door, went back for his backpack, grabbed it, and told his mom he loved her.

The bus took him to school, and as always, his friend saved him a seat.

When recess came, Debu was sitting in a corner of the yard, absorbed in his book. For weeks, an older boy, Ray, had been making his life miserable. At first, it was sarcastic comments, but lately, it had escalated to shoves and constant teasing.

Today was no exception. Ray and his group of friends approached Debu, grinning mockingly.

Ray

— Look at him, so calm in his little book world.

Snatching the book from his hands.

Debu stood up, trying to stay calm.

— Give me back the book, Ray, he said firmly.

Ray laughed and held the book over his head.

— And what are you going to do if I don't?

Debu knew he couldn't win a physical confrontation with Ray and his friends. He tried to grab the book, but Ray shoved him, making him fall to the ground. Ray's friends burst out laughing.

From the other side of the yard, Mikaela watched the scene. She had noticed that Debu was having trouble with Ray, but until now she hadn't intervened. However, seeing Debu on the ground, something ignited within her. She stood up and walked decisively toward the group.

— Hey, leave him alone! she shouted with authority.

Ray turned, surprised by the interruption.

— And who are you to tell me what to do?

Mikaela didn't back down.

— I'm someone who doesn't tolerate bullies. Give Debu back his book and leave him alone.

For a moment, Ray hesitated. Something in Mikaela's firmness unsettled him. But he quickly tried to regain his attitude.

— What are you going to do about it?

Mikaela stepped forward, standing face to face with him.

— If you don't, I'll make sure all the teachers know what you're doing. And believe me, you don't want that to happen, right?

Ray looked at Mikaela, then at his friends, who now seemed less confident. Finally, with a huff, he threw the book to the ground.

— It's not worth it, he said, and walked away with his group.

Mikaela bent down and picked up the book, handing it back to Debu.

— Are you okay? she asked, her voice now soft and concerned.

Debu nodded, still a little in shock from what had happened.

— Yes, thank you, Mikaela!

Debu:

— I don't know what I would have done without you.

Mikaela smiled, helping him to stand.

— You don't have to face him alone. Whenever you need help, I'll be here.

Debu smiled gratefully. Together they walked back to the school building, knowing that although the problems wouldn't disappear immediately, at least they had each other's support to face them.

Tom analyzing Debu's gift

Tom was alone in his library, the scent of old books and the enveloping silence immersing him in an atmosphere of concentration. On the table rested Debu's gift: a peculiar, ancient instrument brimming with energy. At first glance, it was merely a curious object, but as Tom studied it, he felt as if something inside him began to awaken—a spark, a whisper of something greater. It was as if the instrument had a life of its own, a vibration emanating from its fibers, waiting to be activated by someone who could perceive its true essence.

In silence, set his glass of whiskey aside, just enough not to lose the moment. At first, his fingers instinctively traced the surface of the instrument, as if the strings or the wood were already familiar, yet at the same time, he knew something profound was about to happen. Every touch seemed to transform the space around him. It wasn't just sounds that emerged, but a palpable energy, a vibration that cut through the air and seeped into his being. Something beyond mere music; something that touched the very essence of his soul.

The first note the instrument produced resonated in his chest like a distant echo, and with it, something inside began to change. The sound didn't just travel through the space; it seemed to reverberate through every cell of his body. It was as if the instrument had the power to connect with his energy field, touching the deepest fibers of his existence. As his fingers glided over the strings, Tom could feel the energy building around him, a kind of magnetic field enveloping him. The electricity in the air was dense, almost tangible, whispering to him to surrender, to release control and simply flow.

It wasn't an act of conscious thought, but an inexplicable phenomenon...

Tom closed his eyes, and in that precise moment, the instrument's vibration enveloped him, dissolving the barrier between the physical and energetic realms. He felt lighter, as if his consciousness were expanding, transcending the limitations of his body. It wasn't an act of conscious thought, but an inexplicable phenomenon, a fusion of body, mind, and soul. The layers of time and space blurred, and he was no longer in the library. He was no longer in his physical body.

Suddenly, a vision appeared before him, clear and vivid. A small boy, carrying a suitcase, approached him. The boy was no ordinary child; his presence radiated

an ancestral serenity, as if he carried a wisdom beyond his years. Beside him, a bird with vibrant colors flew, emitting a glow that illuminated the scene, a pure flash of light. To the left of the boy, the earth seemed to pulse with a primordial energy, deeply connected to him, like a living being sharing its wisdom. Behind him, an ancestral figure, his great-grandfather, emerged in the vision. Tom recognized him somehow, not by his face, but by the energetic connection he felt between them. He was his lineage, his ancestor, the guardian of forgotten secrets. This being, with his imposing presence, guided him, enveloping him in a warm energy, as if transmitting all the knowledge accumulated over generations.

The boy extended his hand toward him, not in a physical gesture, but through the transmission of energy. In the boy's palm was a bracelet, simple yet imbued with a powerful force. The boy looked at him intently and, without words, conveyed the same essence of the message: It is time.

Tom did not understand at first. The vision was not simply a static image, but a transfer of wisdom, a vibration within him that connected him to something greater. He sensed that this was the key: not to understand everything in the moment, but to allow the experience to filter through him, to take shape in his soul before his mind could comprehend it.

The instrument continued to vibrate in his hands, and the notes he played were no longer merely sounds; they became waves of energy moving through space, crossing dimensions, linking him to that vision. Tom could see nothing in his library, yet he was there, in a space not confined by walls, a place where the boundaries of time and space were blurred.

The magnetic energy he had felt at first began to grow. It was not a physical pull, but a pulsation pushing him toward something, toward another dimension, a metaphysical plane where limits did not exist. It was as if the instrument, when played, opened a portal to a parallel reality, a place where Tom could access forgotten knowledge, information that his human mind could not fully contain, yet that his soul somehow recognized.

In that instant, Tom understood that he had not just touched a physical object, but an energetic portal, a conduit to a part of himself he had never known before. The instrument did not merely connect with the material world, but with the non-physical realm, with the vibrations of the stars, with the frequencies that dance throughout the universe.

When he finally opened his eyes, the sound of the instrument vanished as if it had never existed, yet the vibration remained. The connection was still there, floating in the air, enveloping him in a soft and constant light. Tom realized that his life, his purpose, was connected to something far greater than himself. Something cosmic, ancestral, that urged him forward, to understand his role within the vast fabric of the universe. And as the instrument rested on the table, Tom knew that the journey was not yet over, that this was only the beginning.

John in his house

On the other hand, John, now more recovered, was at home, lost in his thoughts. As he stared into the emptiness of his surroundings, he wondered how he could help Mike. His mind ran through different options, but nothing seemed clear enough. With a thoughtful look, he decided to meditate not in a physical sense, but by connecting with his ancestors, seeking an answer within his roots.

He needed something deeper, something that transcended the rational plane. Without overthinking it, he felt the urge to call his old friend Tom, whom he had not seen in a long time. Sometimes, the connection between them seemed to go beyond words.

Tom never failed when it came to guiding him through moments of uncertainty. John dialed his number without hesitation, but, as in previous times, the call went unanswered. Despite this, he decided to leave a message, hoping that at least he would hear the familiar tone in his words.

Can we meet? It's been 10 years, but I'm still just as loud (hahaha).

In a lighthearted tone, almost as if no time had passed, he added:

— How about a coffee at the same place, my friend?

John let nostalgia take over as he sent the message, remembering those conversations in the café, where life seemed simpler and answers always seemed just around the corner. Then he set the phone aside, his mind returning to his thoughts, yet once again, the unease about how to help Mike left him restless.

At that moment, Tom, who was deeply immersed in meditation, felt something disturb the serenity of his focus. A faint sound came from the phone: John's voice message. At first, the vibration of the notification briefly pulled him out of his vision. Instantly, the peace he had attained in his mind shattered, and the gentle energy surrounding him dissipated like mist in the sunlight.

Tom stood up, unsettled by the sudden change, and walked over to the phone. Upon seeing the voice message, he instantly recognized the familiar tone of John's voice. A sigh swept over him, as if all of this had been destined to happen. With a slight smile, he pressed the button to listen to the message. His friend's words pulled him out of his trance immediately:

— Can we meet? It's been 10 years, but I'm still the same loud me...
— The relaxed and confident tone of John brought a wave of memories.

Tom quickly replied to the message, feeling a strange connection that transcended distance and time. In a calm tone, yet carrying an underlying sense of urgency, he wrote.

— I'll be in that area soon, I'll let you know.

Although the exchange was brief, something in the air told Tom that this reunion with John was no coincidence, that something important was about to happen, and perhaps the answer they both sought was closer than they realized.

An inexplicable vision

As he ran his fingers over the surface, he felt an inexplicable vision, as if that object contained more than its physical form could convey. It was then that he noticed something he had overlooked: a hidden letter inside the package.

Tom took a deep breath before opening it, as if he knew that what he was about to read would change something within him. As he unfolded the paper, he found words written in careful, almost ceremonial handwriting:

The air that lifts me is like a drop of fresh water on a sunny day. It is something natural, like a leaf carried by the wind, flying around us. By its whisper, let us remain connected... We are ONE.

Beneath, a smaller paragraph added:

These are words from my grandmother, whom i lost ten months ago. I wanted to bring them to your heart, just as they reached mine in a dream.

Tom froze as he read those words. He felt a tingling at the back of his neck, a sign that something much bigger was happening. The words echoed in his mind as if he had heard them before. He rose from his chair, walked to the large office window, and gazed at the horizon, trying to find answers in the vastness of the sky.

— Where have I read this before? —he murmured, almost in a whisper, as the words of the letter continued to dance in his mind like distant echoes

Suddenly, a flash of memory struck him. He remembered an old book he had read years ago, one that contained fragments similar, almost identical. The feeling of déjà vu shook him to the point of nearly losing his balance. He stepped back a few paces and fell onto the sofa, letting his mind try to connect the pieces of this puzzle.

He glanced at the metallic gift Debu had sent him, reflected in the glass of the window. Something about that object seemed to emit a subtle, almost imperceptible energy, yet undeniable. It was as if the gift and the letter were a key, a call to explore an unknown territory within himself, to connect with something deeper.

— Could this boy be...? he wondered aloud, his gaze fixed on the reflection of the object. A sense of awe washed over him, as if a greater truth were about to be revealed.

The stars are shining in a way that never did that night, like a box in the universe has opened with answers, his eyes shine, the words have touched him so deeply that he made him think if now will be the time for what he was expected after so many decades.

Debu sleeping

Night had fallen, and Debu, restless in his bed, woke with an inexplicable sense of suffocation.

At school, he had learned that sometimes it was better to stay calm than to stir the waters. Yet that lesson seemed useless now. Something deep unsettled him, a shadow in his mind he could not dispel.

His parents, intense like flammable liquid, could ignite at any spark, and Debu usually sought refuge in his inner world, a place that always offered him comfort. But this time, something blocked his connection. It was as if an invisible barrier kept him trapped in a reality he could not comprehend.

Each night, the dream returned: a dark room, water rising slowly, engulfing everything around him. He could feel the cold on his skin, the oppressive weight on his chest, and worst of all, the inability to escape.

The second night was the same, identical, like an inescapable echo of the first. He tried to rationalize it, but each attempt sank him deeper into his own confusion. The dream was not a mere whim of his mind; it seemed a message, a warning he could not decipher.

By the fourth day, the repetition had become a torment. Fatigue weighed heavily on him, and frustration grew like the water in his dream. What was this vision trying to tell him? Why did he feel that something vital was being taken from him?

After 4 days

With the same dream chasing him, Debu can't take it anymore and calls Mikaela for help:

— Friend, I need help, I can't take it anymore.

Mikaela listens carefully. After thinking for a moment, she responds:

— I'll help you as much as I can, but it won't be me... it will be my dad.

Debu doesn't think much and agrees.

The next day, Debu goes to the house of Tom, Mikaela father, and heads to the library where he knows he can speak with him. Upon reaching the door, Mikaela speaks up:

— Dad, I know there are things I'm too young to help with, but Debu needs our help. He's been having the same dream over and over for days: he's in a room full of water, drowning. This is the fourth day he hasn't been able to sleep. He asked for support, but you're the best for this... could you help him?

Tom puts his coffee cup down on the table and asks:

— Has he taken any medication?

Mikaela responds immediately:

— No, he never takes medication.

Tom watches her silently for a long moment, contemplating the situation. Finally, he takes a sip of coffee and nods, agreeing to help.

Then he ask :

- What I got to do?
- Debu will come here after school. He will explain his dream to you. Helping him release it so he can sleep will be a good start for him.

At Debu house, 9:00 pm

Behind the house, in the forest, Debu is playing with a ball when he hears the sound of his dad's car in the distance. From afar, he sees his parents arrive, arguing as usual. He leaves the ball and goes inside to avoid trouble, but his father looks at him and harshly tells him he's useless and to go do his homework.

Used to these comments, Debu decides not to respond. Instead, he takes some shopping bags and carries them to the kitchen. However, his father's insults continue. Debu's patience begins to crumble; his anger grows. His mother watches him and subtly motions with her lips for him to calm down.

From a distance, Debu notices how his father mistreats his mother. He decides not to intervene and goes up to his room. But unable to bear the tension, he grabs his backpack and leaves a note for his mom before heading to Mikaela's house.

Meanwhile, Mikaela says goodbye to her father:

— Dad, I'm going to sleep over at Laura's. I'll stay there after the sleepover. Her mom is already on her way. That way, you can help Debu better without distractions.

In the way of the Tom house

Debu, riding his bike, approaches as the horn sounds to announce his arrival.

— He's here! —Mikaela exclaims excitedly, letting go of her dad.

Tom hugs her back and blows a kiss from a distance.

Debu, at the door, greets and says goodbye to Mikaela. Just then, his friend's parents' car arrives. Mikaela gets into the car, happily waving to her other friend, while Tom politely says goodbye before closing the door.

He watches from a distance as the car drives away, and his gaze turns to Debu. With a slight smile, he says:

— Let's better go inside, it's cold.

In the library, Mikaela mother sets down a plate of milk and cookies for Debu before grabbing her backpack and jacket to leave. Debu thanks her with a smile.

Tom watches him and asks:

— Have you been having the same dream day after day?

They both sit down, and Debu nods slightly.

— Yes, it's already been three days

Tom looks at him intently, a mix of interest and seriousness in his gaze, and says:

— You know, this is interesting... Your gift is working. But those phrases... Were you very close to your grandmother?

Debu smiles wistfully.

— Yes, she was my best friend.

He pauses before continuing:

— I received it in a dream.
— I know I'm only a kid
— Mikaela helped me cope.
— But with this dream... I feel like I've lost control.

Tom listens attentively and, after a brief silence, asks:

— How did you know how to make a gift like that?

Debu responds naturally:

— My grandmother taught me.

Tom inquires with curiosity:

— Did she teach you to meditate?

Debu looks him and explain:

— Only in my dreams do I receive messages... like visions, but I usually don't pay attention to them. This dream is different. I feel like I've lost the connection with myself.

Tom offers him the glass of milk, while he takes a sip of liquor. They both drink in silence for a few seconds before Tom speaks seriously.

— Do you want to help yourself so you can sleep?

— Yes,

Debu replies firmly.

— I haven't slept for three days... This would be the fourth.

Tom nods and points to a chair in front of him.

— Sit down, Debu. I understand your grandmother was someone very special to you.

Debu smiles, remembering her.

— Yes, she taught me not to listen to the noise. My parents... sometimes it's hard to understand them. I can't stand the yelling. She always said that one day I would learn to control the storm we all carry inside.

Tom looks at him with empathy and says:

— Let's try it. I want you to breathe and focus on that dream of the room filling with water. Even if you feel afraid, I'm here with you.

Tom's office is a calm, welcoming place, lined with shelves full of books and a large window overlooking the garden. The atmosphere feels serene — a warm light from a lamp softly illuminates the room, and the faint scent of wood and tea lingers in the air.

Tom lights a white candle and places a Tibetan bowl beside him, preparing the space for meditation. In a gentle voice, he begins:

— Debu, i want you to relax. Today we're going to try something different. Focus on your breathing. I'll be here, guiding you.

Debu nods, a little nervous but willing. He closes his eyes and follows Tom's instructions.

Tom gently strikes the Tibetan bowl, producing a deep, resonant sound that fills the room, creating an atmosphere of calm.

— Breathe deeply

Tom continues in a soothing voice

— Feel the air as it enters and leaves your lungs. Focus on each breath. With every exhale, allow your body to relax more and more. Let your mind grow calm and open.

Debu continues breathing deeply.

— Little by little, his muscles relax as he sinks into a meditative state.

Tom, maintaining his calm tone, continues:

— Now I want you to visualize the room you told me about, the place that appears in your dreams. Do not be afraid. You are safe. Just observe it.

The sound of the Tibetan bowl resonates once more, guiding Debu into the depths of his subconscious, as calmness surrounds him like a gentle current.

Debu, in his mind, visualizes the room that has tormented him for days. He sees it clearly: the dark walls and the water slowly rising. But this time, he does not feel the same panic as before. He is more aware, more in control.

Tom (in meditation) (gently)

— Observe the water. Feel its presence, but do not let it dominate you. You are in control here, Debu. You are stronger than your fears. I want you to focus on emptying this room. Imagine an exit, a way to drain the water. You can do it.

Debu, still in his meditative state, begins to search for a solution in his mind. After a few seconds, he visualizes a drain on the floor of the room, an opening through which the water can escape. Slowly, he begins to imagine the water being absorbed by this drain, flowing downward, moving away from him.

The water level starts to drop. First from his knees, then from his ankles. The room, once oppressive and full of fear, begins to empty. The air becomes lighter, and Debu feels the panic dissipate along with the water.

Tom (in meditation) (encouraging)

— Very good, Debu. Let the water go, let the fear flow with it. You are the one who controls this space. Feel how calm and peace fill the room now that the water is gone.

The room in Debu's mind is now completely empty of water. The walls no longer feel oppressive, and the air is fresh and free. A sense of relief and peace floods him, replacing the fear that had tormented him.

Debu begins to breathe more calmly. His face softens, reflecting the inner calm he feels. Tom watches him silently. The room feels lighter, as if the very atmosphere had changed with the meditation.

After a few moments, Tom gently strikes the Tibetan bowl once more, signaling the end of the meditation. The deep, resonant sound brings Debu back to reality. His eyes slowly open.

Debu (in a calm voice)

— I did it. I was able to empty the room... and the fear went away with the water.

Tom (smiling with pride)

— You did it. You've always had that power inside you. You just needed to find it and use it. I'm very proud of you.

Debu feels lighter, as if a huge weight has been lifted from his shoulders. He looks at Tom with gratitude and respect, now understanding the depth of the support he has always had by his side.

Debu (with a serene smile)

— Thank you. I don't know how I could have done it without you.

Tom (in a gentle voice)

— I will always be here to help you, but remember: the strength you used to overcome this has always been within you. Now that you know it, no dream will ever defeat you.

Tom gets up to answer the ringing phone, and upon returning, he finds a surprise. He approaches and sees that Debu is fast asleep, even snoring. Tom smiles and covers him with a blanket.

Mikaela at her friend house

At Mikaela friend's house, she tries to cheer up her friends but can't find a way until she remembers something her father once told her: If you want to laugh or improve your mood, put a pencil sideways in your mouth. That will make your neurons focus on laughter and forget the present problem.

Mikaela gets up, looks for a pencil, and finds a yellow one on her friend's table. With a mischievous smile, she says:

- Girls, let's try something. Place the pencil like this in your mouth and smile. You'll see that your mind will start to feel lighter.
- Look at me... You can't help but smile with this, can you?

All the girls start laughing. The moment, which had been tense, transforms into a little party. Suddenly, they all get up and start dancing, caught up in the joy and the night change in colors.

The next day

The next day, Mikaela arrived at school accompanied by her friend's mother. The car slowed gently in front of the main entrance, and Mikaela, smiling, picked up her backpack from the back seat.

— Thank you for the ride, Mrs. Morales

she said, waving politely as she closed the car door.

Her friend gave her a quick hug before running toward the group of girls waiting near the entrance. Mikaela, however, stayed standing for a moment, looking toward the horizon with curiosity.

A school bus stopped a few meters ahead, and among the group of students getting off, she saw him. There was Debu, descending the steps with a calmness she hadn't seen in days. His face looked more relaxed, his shoulders less tense, and a slight smile brightened his expression.

Mikaela, relieved, walked toward him, adjusting her backpack over one shoulder.

— Hey

she called, catching his attention.

Debu looked up and, recognizing her, his smile widened.

— Hi Mikaela,

He replied in a calm but warm tone.

Mikaela looked at him closely, noticing the change in his energy. It was as if an invisible weight had been lifted from him.

— You're smiling...

She said with a hint of mischief.

— That must be a good sign, right?

Debu nodded slowly, lowering his gaze for a moment, almost as if it was hard for him to admit how good he felt.

- Yes, I slept well last night, he confessed.
- It was as if that dream disappeared... I was finally able to rest.

Mikaela watched him closely, looking for any signs of doubt or unease in his words, but all she saw was sincerity.

- I'm really glad to hear that

She replied with genuine relief, placing a hand on his shoulder for a brief moment

- I was worried seeing you so exhausted these past days.

Debu took a deep breath, as if trying to absorb all the calm of the moment.

- I really appreciate your dad.

He added after a brief pause, in a more serious tone

- I didn't have time to talk to him today, but I will.

Mikaela smiled widely, feeling proud of her dad and happy for her friend.

- I'm inviting you to dinner tonight.

My dad wants to see you.

She said, tilting her head slightly as if trying to encourage him even more

- He says it's something about a letter.

Debu frowned slightly, intrigued, but didn't ask further.

- Of course, I appreciate the invitation. I'll be there.

They walked together toward the school entrance, exchanging a few words about the day's classes. Mikaela noticed that Debu seemed more present, less distracted by the dark thoughts that had clouded his recent days. When they reached the main hallway, they said goodbye with a friendly gesture and one last smile.

As they parted to go to their respective classes, Mikaela couldn't help but glance over her shoulder. She saw Debu walking with a steadier step, radiating renewed energy.

In her heart, Mikaela felt that something had changed for the better. Perhaps it was just the beginning, but she had the feeling that that dinner could be far more meaningful than either of them imagined.

Tom in the library discovering himself

Tom was in the library, the scent of old wood and paper blending with the faint light that poured in through the tall window. In the middle of the room, he had placed the new wall where Debu's gift now rested —a mechanism that seemed simple at first glance, but revealed hidden depth to anyone who dared to look closer.

He adjusted a few books, rearranged some papers, yet his mind wasn't on his tasks. His eyes kept returning to the object. He studied the way the small elements inside shifted, how the rhythm guided the gaze along the trajectory of the ball that moved within it. It wasn't just a game, he realized. It was a path. A subtle lesson hidden in movement.

The mechanism invited him to follow its course, almost as if it were breathing. Its gentle rhythm seemed to speak: to slow down, to release, to allow the mind to flow into the simple and the essential. Watching it was like stepping barefoot onto a grassy field, feeling the earth beneath him, or like leaning against the window of a moving train, letting the landscape blur into meditation.

The more Tom watched, the lighter he felt. His thoughts, usually sharp and logical, softened into something more fluid. For a moment he wondered: Was this truly a toy... or a doorway?

Without realizing it, his eyes grew heavy, then wide again, as if the boundary between being awake and dreaming had thinned. The light in the library shifted, bending like a veil.

And then he was no longer there.

Tom opened his eyes and found himself in the middle of a wide green field, the horizon stretching endlessly. The air carried a fragrance he could not name, both ancient and familiar. Sitting beside him, in perfect stillness, was his ancestor. Their presence was not imposing but vast, as if they were part of the very fabric of the land.

Tom felt connected to something larger than himself as if Debu's gift had not only rearranged the books in his library, but also the hidden shelves of his soul.



Debu alone in his room

When he got home, he realized he was alone. He felt better, no longer so depressed.

It was a place where time and space seemed to fold in on themselves. The only sound was the distant echo of his heartbeat, a reminder that he was still alive, still fighting. In front of the mirror, his reflection watched him, his other self waiting motionless, with a posture that radiated absolute control.

His reflection, his ego (in a controlled, sarcastic tone):

- Debu, so much effort to get here. And for what?
- What are you hoping to find? A truth you don't want to accept?
- Karma... You're made to follow your dad and be as depressed as he is.

Debu took a step forward, his gaze fixed and intense. There was no fear in his eyes, only determination. The atmosphere between them vibrated, as if opposing energies were colliding.

- I haven't come to talk to you. I've come to speak with my true self. Take off that mask. I know what you are... a construct, a facade of fear, ego, judgment.
- You are not the truth.

The reflection tilted its head, its thin smile sharp as a razor. It stepped forward, and the darkness around it seemed to deepen. Its shadow grew, filling the space with an oppressive presence.

The reflection in a cutting tone:

- My mask? Debu, I am just as real as you are. Or do you think you can exist without me?
- I am the echo of your doubts, the shadow of your mistakes, the guardian of your deepest fears. If you destroy me, you destroy a part of yourself.

Debu clenched his fists, feeling the surge of energy coursing through his body. He took a deep breath, steadying his mind.

- No, dear reflection, I will not destroy you. I will integrate you. But first, I want to see who you really are, without the layers of lies you've put on to protect yourself.

Debu's voice thundered through the void, and something in the reflection began to shift. Its figure shuddered, as if being torn apart from within. Cracks appeared across its face and body, revealing a dark light pulsing beneath the surface.

The reflection screamed, not in pain, but in resistance. Finally, its form collapsed, leaving behind a completely different figure: smaller, more fragile, vulnerable.

It was a reflection of Debu himself, but with eyes burning with a mix of anger, fear, and vulnerability.

- Is this what you wanted Debu? Here I am, your true reflection, the one you hide behind your pride, behind your excuses.
- Now what will you do? How will you face what you see?

Debu remained silent for a moment, observing. There was no disdain on his face, only compassion.

- I will face you with truth. I am not perfect, and neither are you. But I will no longer let my fears and ego make decisions for me. You are not here to control my life; you are here to teach me.

The reflection (with a bitter laugh):

- Teach you? And what could you possibly learn from me, except despair and doubt?
- You exist because at some point I was afraid to be fully myself. But that ends today.

The reflection took a step back, as if Debu's words had wounded it. The space around them began to change; the shadows receded, letting in a soft, warm light.

The reflection (in a whisper):

- If you integrate me, you will have to accept everything: your mistakes, your insecurities, your moments of weakness. You cannot have the light without the shadow.

Debu (decided with another perspective):

- I know. But I also know that I am not just shadow. Within me, there is something greater, something you cannot deny. I am more than my mistakes, more than my fears.
- I am who i choose to be.

The reflection figure began to dissolve, but not into darkness. This time, it transformed into a beam of light that swirled around Debu before merging into his chest. Debu closed his eyes, feeling the warmth of this integration, the balance between shadow and light.

When he opened his eyes, the emptiness had vanished. He was in a wide, vibrant field, with fresh air filling his lungs. For the first time in a long while, he felt whole. And he knew the path ahead would be challenging, but he no longer walked divided. Now, he walked as one.

Debu at the house of Mikaela

At night, Debu arrives at Mikaela house for dinner. His change is evident: a new personality, different clothes, and a much happier attitude. Mikaela notices immediately and, greeting him, says with a smile:

— Let me take your jacket, dear guest.

Both smile as Debu hands her the jacket.

In the office, Tom is speaking on the phone, his tone firm:

— Every interaction comes with an action. You can't make decisions without considering that there will always be a reaction. Think carefully and call me later.

He hangs up the phone and smiles at seeing Debu.

— How do you feel? It looks like it worked and you were able to sleep.
— Yes

Debu responds enthusiastically

— I'm really grateful. Something just clicked inside me. I can't explain it, but I feel fantastic. Also, the affirmations you gave me worked too. It's a miracle.

Tom watches him with a warm smile and says:

— We ourselves are a miracle, son. You'll understand when the time comes.

During dinner, amid jokes and laughter, time passes quickly. Just as they are about to finish, Tom receives a call. He gets up to answer it, and upon returning, Debu notices something different in his expression.

— ¿Is all well?

Debu asks, somewhat worried

— It seems like i came at a bad time.

Tom reacts quickly:

— No, on the contrary. You know, your writing stirred in me things I thought were long forgotten. Tell me more about that letter.

Debu pauses, remembering.

— One night I had a big fight with my dad.

As he recounts it, he relives the memory in his mind. He begins to tell Tom everything that happened when he wrote that letter.

It was at that moment that I saw something strange in my dad's eyes. That made me change and get closer to my grandmother. She always encouraged me, cared for me, and protected me with her words. It's something I can't explain, but her words changed everything.

Tom nods attentively as Debu continues:

— He told me that sometimes we feel like we don't belong in the family we were born into, that sometimes they are our test... or we are theirs, for change. Since then, I stopped reacting to my dad. I just looked him in the eyes and decided to absorb all the negativity he sent me: the hatred, the ego.

Debu pauses, taking a deep breath before continuing:

— That helped me understand that I wasn't the one to blame in those moments of rage. He was being provoked by other things, and although sometimes I felt anger, I didn't respond anymore. Instead, I took refuge in my memories, and that's how my grandmother started sending me gifts. We shared unique moments together: the balloon, the teddy bear, that ball...

Debu smiles with a touch of melancholy.

— Over time, my dad started to change. His bitterness lessened, and we managed to grow closer. That hatred he carried inside disappeared. That change inspired me to write that letter. It felt like a dream, and I know it was thanks to my grandmother.

Tom listens attentively, and after a while, they move on to the game Debu designed as a gift. Upon trying it, Tom is impressed.

— It's inexplicable

Says Debu with a smile

— My grandmother taught me how to build it.

It's based on emotions. If you're sad, it makes you doubt yourself. But if you're happy, it fills you with excitement and a will to live.

Tom reflects for a moment.

— When I tried it, I was sad

He murmurs

— That's why I had that vision of the train...

Tom looks at Debu with curiosity.

— So, you control the energy? Does it depend on your emotions and feelings?

— That's what my grandmother explained to me.

Debu responds confidently.

Tom nods thoughtfully.

— Tom gets distracted by something else, leaving the conversation unfinished.

Su amigo le respondió el mensaje:

— It's an interesting game. You know, you're very mature for your age.

Before Debu can respond, Tom gets distracted by something else, leaving the conversation unfinished.

His friend replied to the message:

— Friend, I'll wait for you at our usual spot. I'm in your city; I felt it was better to talk here, in your place. Shall we meet at the same place? I'll wait for you tonight.

Tom look the phone and answered:

— See you tonight, my friend. I'm glad to know you're back.

He put the phone aside and turned his gaze back to Debu.

Surprised, Tom asked:

— So, what you think about while looking at the structure makes you travel?

Debu stayed thoughtful for a moment.

— Maybe... I've never tried it.

Tom nodded and continued:

— Okay, what memory makes you feel the best? Where do you feel protected and at peace?

Debu reflected for a few moments and replied:

- The train. With her, I traveled far from the city, and we shared unimaginable moments.
- Perfect. Relax and imagine yourself on a train, in the color you like the most. Think about how we age or grow younger; how we control our biology, as if the train could speed up or slow down depending on what we feel. Each car represents emotions, feelings... You will learn to control all of that over time..

Tom paused before asking:

- Do you have any recent memory, something strong that has affected you? Have you had any conflicts or drama with your parents lately? It could be a conflict you haven't been able to process, which leads you to feel confused or lost.

Debu thought for a moment and said:

- Yes, maybe. But... how can I remember it better?

Tom reflected before answering:

- The train is a metaphor. It represents how the physical world can connect with the quantum. It's a bridge between the tangible and the intangible. Each car, each emotion, helps you understand yourself and your surroundings.
- To travel on that train and connect with the unreal world —the quantum world— you need to understand this relationship.
- Do you understand what I'm saying, Debu?

Before he could respond, Debu received a message on his phone. The screen read:

My love, I won't be able to be with you tonight. I know I promised, but can you stay at your friend's house? Don't be late for school tomorrow. Love you!

— Mom.

Debu looked at the message, visibly disappointed. He had made plans to spend time with his mom, and now it wouldn't be possible.

Tom noticed his sadness, especially when he saw tears falling down his face. He placed a hand on his shoulder and said gently:

— Everything will be fine.

Debu lay back on the couch, letting out a long sigh. Tom looked at him calmly and instructed:

— Breathe. Remember the dream. Imagine you're in that water-filled room. Can you do that? Just inhale and exhale four times. Free your mind and enter the vision.

Debu tried to relax and dove into his imagination. In the vision, he tried to see himself, but he couldn't on the first attempt. Frustrated, he woke up.

Tom, always patient, placed a hand on his shoulder again and said:.

— Everything is fine. If you want, we can continue. If not, it's up to you.

Debu, breathing deeply and a little scared, decided to try one more time.

Tom nodded and continued:

— Ok, what is the memory that makes you feel the best? Where do you feel safe and at peace?

Debu thought for a moment and replied:

— The train. On it, I traveled far from the city, and we had unimaginable moments.

— Perfect. Relax and imagine yourself on a train, in the color you like the most. Think about how we age or grow younger; how we control our biology, as if the train could speed up or slow down depending on what we feel. Each car represents emotions, feelings... You will learn to control all of that over time..

Tom paused before asking:

— Do you have any recent memory, something strong that has affected you? Have you had conflicts or dramas with your parents lately? It could be a conflict you can't process, one that leaves you feeling confused or lost.

Debu thought for a moment and said:

— Yes, maybe. But... how can I remember it better?

Tom reflected before answering:

— The train is a metaphor. It represents how the physical world can connect with the quantum. It's a bridge between the tangible and the intangible. Each car, each emotion, helps you understand yourself and your surroundings. To travel on that train and connect with the unreal world, the quantum world, you need to understand this relationship. Do you understand what I'm saying, Debu?

Before he could respond, Debu received a message on his phone. On the screen, it read:

My love, I won't be able to accompany you tonight. I know I promised, but can you stay at your friend's house? Don't be late for school tomorrow. Loves you, Mom!

Debu looked at the message, visibly disappointed. He had made plans to spend time with his mom, and now it wouldn't be possible.

Tom noticed his sadness, especially seeing a few tears fall from his face. He placed a hand on his shoulder and said gently:

— Everything will be fine.

Debu leaned back on the sofa, letting out a long sigh. Tom looked at him calmly and instructed:

— Breathe. Remember the dream. Imagine that you are in that water-filled room. Can you do it? Just inhale and exhale four times. Release your mind and enter the vision.

Debu tried to relax and immersed himself in his imagination. In the vision, he tried to see himself, but he didn't succeed on the first attempt. Frustrated, he woke up.

Tom, ever patient, placed his hand on his shoulder again and said:

Everything is fine. If you want, we can continue. If not, it's up to you.

Debu, taking a deep breath and feeling a bit scared, decided to try once more.

Tom tells Debu:

— Debu, you can't connect just yet.
— Visualize yourself on the train and do it in the colors you like most... The landscapes are like something out of a magazine. Imagine yourself dressed in white or any color you prefer, sitting at a table where your grandmother is waiting for you. Take your time.

- Are you there yet?
- Yes, but everything is in black and white...

Tom tells him to think of his grandmother and ask her to take him to that place.

- Wait a moment and imagine her.

Debu, surprised, feels his grandmother's presence and runs to hug her. A tear of happiness rolls down his cheek.

Tom suggests:

- On the train, to enhance your memory, place an object that can awaken it when you see or touch it.
- What kind of objects?
- Small objects, like a crystal balloon, a photo, a flower, a stuffed animal, a butterfly, a lamp, a notebook, a toy, or a watch.

Debu smiles as he imagines those objects, because each one represents happy moments he has experienced.

Tom observes his expression and adds:

- Focus on an object that gives you the most happiness. Choose one that, when you see it, brings you peace and tranquility, something that is your favorite.

Debu doesn't hesitate and imagines it, mentally traveling to the moment when his grandmother gave him the balloon.

With his eyes closed and following Tom's instructions, Debu manages to connect.

- Visualize your feet in the sand. Now, direct your gaze forward and observe the sea or a lake. If you've visited a place like this, it will be easy to connect.

Debu tries and recalls a special place. He relives the memory.

In his vision, he appears with his feet in the sand. Everything starts in black and white, but little by little, vibrant colors begin to fill the place. Debu is left in awe.

Tom notices his smile and knows he has reached the right place.

- What are you doing now in that place?

Debu smiles widely and replies:

- I'm dipping my feet... It feels good.

Tom takes a sip from his glass and continues:

- Do you feel the breeze? The air? The whisper?
- What is it telling you?
- Listen carefully. Can you describe what you see and how it makes you feel?

Debu answers calmly:

- I'm facing the sea, there are mountains in the distance, the water is warm...

Tom watches him in silence, a warm smile on his face.

- That sounds beautiful, Debu. Now, take a deep breath. Let that peace stay with you, like an embrace from that special place.

Debu closes his eyes and breathes, letting the calm completely envelop him.

- Thank you, Tom, he says softly.
- I think I understand now how I can connect with my memories and emotions in a different way.

Tom nods, satisfied.

- It's a gift that has always been within you, Debu. You just needed a moment to find it

Debu opens his eyes, calmer and more serene.

- That place... it makes me feel whole.

Tom places a hand on his shoulder, looking at him with compassion.

- Carry it with you wherever you go. It will always be there, as a guide.

They remain in silence for a moment, sharing that sense of peace. Outside, the night feels calmer, as if reflecting the harmony Debu has just found.

Tom reunites with his friend after many years

Tom walked under the soft glow of the streetlights, feeling the cool night breeze as he approached his friend's car. In the distance, he could see John, sitting on an outdoor bench beside the vehicle. Ten years had passed since they last met, yet a warm, nostalgic smile spread across Tom's face

— Dear John, how have you been?

said Tom, extending his hand before wrapping him in a brief but meaningful hug

— . You look well.

John smiled as they pulled apart, studying his old friend as if trying to capture every detail of the years they had been apart.

— Tom, you haven't changed. You're still the same as always. The years have treated you well, dear friend.

They both sat down, letting the calm of the night envelop them. For a moment, the silence was enough, until John sighed deeply, gazing at the horizon.

— I'm in a dilemma, my friend. My second closest friend is in a coma.
 — He paused, lowering his gaze
 — I feel like I hold the key to help him, but I still haven't managed to find it.

Tom looked at him attentively, noticing the weight in his words. It was clear that John had been carrying this worry for days, perhaps weeks.

— Have you tried connecting with your ancestors? Tom asked, leaning slightly toward him, in the tone of someone who had already walked a similar path.

John nodded slowly, as if each word required an effort.

— Yes, I've tried. But I know that connection won't be enough until I find the right frequency. It's something I have to discover on my own.

Tom stayed thoughtful, crossing his arms as he gazed at the stars.

- Time will tell you what to do, John. There are doors that remain closed until the key moment arrives.
- He placed a hand on his shoulder, offering silent support
- Just trust that your friend will be fine.
- He's in good hands and, more importantly, well cared for.

John sighed again, but this time with a touch of relief on his face.

- Thank you, Tom. I knew talking to you would help me see things more clearly.
- That's what friends are for, right? Tom replied with a smile, raising slightly the glass of water he had brought with him.

They stayed a while longer, sharing memories of the past and filling the air with soft laughter as the night continued on. Despite the years and the distance, their friendship remained intact, as if time had never passed.

Mikaela surprises Debu

After leaving him a message on his phone, Debu grabs his bike and pedals off.

Debu quickly rode to Mikaela house, where she was waiting with a big gift in her hands: a large box.

Debu got off his bike, breathing heavily from excitement, and thanked her as he took the package.

— Thank you, Mikaela.

When he opened the box, his eyes lit up as he discovered it contained a miniature solar system, carefully designed.

Mikaela father, who was nearby, watched the scene and commented:

— I know how much you love planets, the solar system, and all that stuff.

Debu looked up at Mikaela , thrilled.

— I love it. It's something I didn't have, and it's really special.

— Thank you, Mikaela, truly.

That night, Debu lay in his bed, staring at the solar system that now adorned his desk. He closed his eyes for a moment, but worry crept in as he remembered he had to present a unique project at school. When he opened his eyes, his gaze fell on his gift, and it was as if a spark of inspiration struck him, as if the planets were whispering in his ear.

Suddenly, his phone vibrated. It was a message from Mikaela:

— Do you know what we're going to do for the project? We have one week. Think fast.

Debu jumped up and fixed his gaze on the solar system. An idea began to take shape in his mind. The next day, excited, he told Mikaela about his plan.

They met at Mikaela's house in the living room. They were surrounded by poster boards, paints, and small planet models. Debu held a model of the Sun while Mikaela carefully arranged the planets on the table.

— You know, Mikaela,

said Debu, adjusting the model of the Sun, I was thinking about how we can make this project meaningful. What if we use the solar system as a metaphor for our personalities?

Mikaela looked up, intrigued.

— What do you mean?

— I'll show you, but first we need to go to my house,

said Debu with a smile.

When they arrived at his room, Debu took the solar system Mikaela had gifted him and began to explain:

Think about this: each planet is a part of us, a different facet that we show at different times. Like the different personalities we have with our family, friends, at school, and with ourselves.

Mikaela nodded slowly, understanding.

— That sounds great. It's like each of us is a complete solar system, with different planets representing our facets.

Mikaela picked up the Mercury model and said:

— For example, Mercury could be the personality we show at school: quick, always moving, trying to keep up with everything.

Debu took the Venus model.

— Venus could represent our personality with friends: warm, full of love and understanding.

They took a moment to reflect on the idea. As they worked together, they shared stories and thoughts about their lives, delving into how they felt in different situations and with different people.

— Mikaela held Earth with a soft gaze.

— Earth could be our personality at home, with our family. It's where we can be ourselves, but also where we face challenges and grow.

Debu took the Mars model, thoughtful.

— And Mars could be our version when we're alone, facing our own inner battles, but also finding our strength.

As they completed the project, their conversations became more intimate. Mikaela confessed her fears of not fitting in at school, and Debu shared how he sometimes felt lost in his own home.

Finally, the solar system was complete. Each planet was painted and labeled, hanging from a mobile that slowly spun. They both looked at it with pride.

— It's beautiful, said Debu, admiring the finished work. It's like each planet tells a part of our story.

On the day of the presentation, Mikaela and Debu stood in front of their class, with the solar system mobile slowly spinning beside them. With confidence and excitement, they explained their concept: how each planet represented a facet of the human personality and how all together formed a unique system.

At the end of the presentation, the class erupted in applause. Their classmates and teachers were impressed, not only by the creativity of the project, but also by the emotional depth they managed to convey.

Mikaela and Debu looked at each other, sharing a smile of triumph and satisfaction. They had created more than just a school project: a tangible representation of their lives and the beauty of being multifaceted.

That same afternoon, they were awarded the prize for best project and best presentation.



PART II

The UNIVERSE hides its greatest truths
in the INNOCENCE of wonder.
What WE call limits are only
doors waiting to open.

Time stands still but not for Debu – 6 Years Later

Six years later, Debu heads to the train station. Sitting on a bench and staring toward the horizon, he reflects on his relationship with his father, which, after much effort, has finally begun to improve. As his thoughts surround him, memories of difficult moments resurface—arguments, shouting, and fights that shaped his youth. Lost in his reflections, he suddenly realizes that he has missed the train.

He heads to the ticket counter to buy another ticket.

Debu:

— Excuse me, I missed the train. When does the next one come?

The seller:

— In an hour, replies the clerk with a smile.

Debu:

— Perfect, can I get a ticket?

Seller:

— You're in luck, you know?

Debu:

— Why?

Seller:

— It's the first ticket of the day. Here you go.

They both smile and Debu takes the tickets by saying.

— Have a good day.

Same to you, replies Debu as he takes the ticket and goes to sit down.

Looking at his watch, he notices a missed message on his phone. It's from Mikaela:

Debu, I'm waiting for you at my house. Shall we celebrate today? You don't turn 21 every day.

Debu puts his headphones on and plays his favorite music. While he waits, time passes quickly, and the train finally arrives. He gets up, grabs his suitcase, and boards the car. His elegant blue suit and fresh demeanor show that time has treated him well.

Once on the train, he notices there is only one other person in the distance. Intrigued, he decides to walk to the next car. As he crosses over, he hears a peculiar whistle — a melody that feels strangely familiar. He stops for a moment and thinks:

Am I crazy? Why am I hearing this now? It reminds me of my grandmother.

The melody persists, and Debu feels compelled to follow it.

He keeps walking until he finds a man in his fifties, whistling the very same tune his grandmother used to hum.

Surprised, he gathers the courage to ask:

Who taught you that melody?

- Excuse me, why are you whistling that tune? It seems to make you happy.
- The man looks at him and smiles.
- Whistling is like a melody of the soul. If you know how to play it, it can also touch your heart.
- That's curious, because this melody feels familiar. I used to hear it as a child, from my grandmother.

The man watches him with interest.

- Perhaps it's because deep connections are never truly broken, young man. Although, of course, it's just you and me here on this train.

Debu, surprised, looks around and confirms that indeed, they are alone. He sits across from the man and, with a bit of trust, asks:

- Could you teach me to whistle it like you do?

The man nods.

- Of course, young man. You look a bit lost — do you need help?

Debu feels an immediate connection with the man, who takes out a piece of chocolate and offers it to him.

- You know, we have a little time before we arrive. And company always makes it better.

They begin to chat. The sadness Debu felt while waiting for the train disappears. They talk about life, difficulties, and time seems to fly. The three-hour journey passes in the blink of an eye, accompanied by laughter and shared reflections.

Before arriving at the station, Debu says:

- You know, you should meet Tom. He was my teacher when I needed him the most. He's the father of my best friend. Thanks to him, I was able to learn how to manage my emotions. But I haven't seen him in years, and I feel like I've lost that connection.

The man nods empathetically.

- Tom seems like a wise man. But if you need to meet him, I can help you. Here's my card. I'll be in your city for three weeks. Call me whenever you need.
- Would you really do that for me? —Debu asks, excited.
- Of course. I believe in synchronicity and the power of helping others. It wouldn't be a bother; besides, we're already friends, don't you think?

Debu smiles widely, feeling a shift in his mood.

- Thank you. That would help me a lot. I'm about to meet my father again, and that makes me a bit nervous.
- I understand, —the man replies—. Call me when you feel the time is right, and I'll be there.
- My name is Mister K
- A pleasure Mister K, my name is Debu.

The train arrives at the station, and Debu picks up his suitcase. Before getting off, he says to the man:

- It's curious that it was just you and me on the train.

Mister K smiles.

- It's no coincidence, dear Debu. Synchronicity wanted us to be here together.

Debu shakes his hand with gratitude.

- Thanks again. I hope to see you soon.

— We'll see each other soon, young man. And remember: follow the sound of your soul.

Debu smiles as he gets off the train, feeling lighter, as if the encounter had been a gift from destiny.

Debu arrives home but hears his father shouting on the phone from his office. It seems he's arguing with one of his partners. He chooses not to go in and takes another path toward the kitchen, where he finds his mother.

He appears in the doorway, setting his suitcase aside, and says:

— Hi, Mom. I'm home.

She looks at him for a few seconds, setting aside what she was doing, and runs to hug him.

Sarah:

— I missed you, son. Welcome home.

Debu:

— I missed you too, Mom. You look great. Sorry I'm late.

Sarah:

— My dear, it's never too late. Do you want some sweets?

Debu:

— Did you make my favorites?
— How did you know?

Sarah:

— I've been making them for ten days, knowing you'd come. Since I didn't know the exact day, I decided to make them every day.

Debu smiles and takes one of his favorite sweets while they continue talking. He looks out the window and sees his father in the office, still on the phone.

— Mom, is Dad okay?
— Has he been handling the years well?

She sighs and, after a pause, replies:

— Since you left, he realized there's a void without you. But you know him, work has kept him busy, and that ego of his...

- Yes, I know him.
- Don't you want to go hug him? I'm sure he'd feel better.

Debu shakes his head.

- No, Mom. Before I do that, I need to find myself first. I'll go out for a couple of hours, and then I'll know what to do.

She looks at him lovingly and nods.

- You always knew what to do, my son. But don't take too long, dinner will be ready.
- I would never miss your cooking, Mom. I'll be here. But please, don't tell him I'm here. It will be a surprise for him.
- Don't worry, I won't say anything. Put your suitcase in your car and come to dinner with it, okay?
- Sure, Mom.

She offers him more sweets for the road, and he says goodbye. Before leaving, Debu glances one last time at his father's office. He realizes he's not ready to face him yet, especially with the problems his father always brings from work. He decides to go out for a few hours.

- While driving, Debu takes his phone and dials a number.

K answers:

- Hello, yes?

Debu:

- K, it's Debu, the boy from the train. Is it too early to get your help?

K:

- In fact, interestingly, my business meeting was canceled today. So I'm available to help you.

Debu respond:

- Thank you. Where should I meet you?

K takes a deep breath and says:

- Do you know Universe Street? House number 10.
- I'll be there K.

Debu hangs up the phone, feeling that he is taking the first step toward something important.

Tom and John are investigating how the frequency works.

Tom is in his office, researching alongside John how to help Mike. On the table are several books on metaphysics, spirituality, and esotericism. Both are deeply focused when Elara enters with two cups of coffee, which they set aside as they continue reading.

Tom sits in front of the mirror, holding a worn coin between his fingers. The dim light in the room makes his reflection appear as a stranger, someone he doesn't fully recognize. He remains silent, observing the coin, feeling its cold texture and the edges that tell years of history. A voice, his own voice, but deeper resonates in his mind:

How much of who I am still belongs to me, and how much of what Debu made me experience has transformed me?

The coin, engraved with a symbol he cannot fully decipher, seems to pulse between his fingers. Suddenly, a rush of images crosses his mind. Debu, eyes shining with determination, speaking words that Tom didn't understand at the time but which now, like a distant echo, begin to make sense:

It wasn't to hurt you, it was to awaken you.

The air around him feels heavy, as if time itself has stopped. Tom takes a deep breath and notices something strange in his reflection: it is not his own face, but a younger version of himself, filled with fear and doubt. The mirror seems to transform into a window, a door to that moment when everything changed.

With a lump in his throat, Tom murmurs:

— Why didn't I see it before?

The coin in his hand vibrates slightly, as if responding. And then he understands: it wasn't what Debu did to him, but what Debu allowed him to see within himself. The reflection disappears, leaving Tom stunned.

Debu arrives at K's house.

Meanwhile, Debu gets out of the car and approaches the house, knocking on the door. From the security cameras, he hears a voice say:

— Come in, make yourself comfortable.

Upon entering, the first thing he notices is a full-length mirror beside him. He pauses for a moment and looks at himself. In the reflection, he sees not only his current self but also a child, a teenager, and an adult. He blinks in surprise, and as he shifts his gaze toward the stairs, he sees K coming down. When he looks back at the mirror, those figures have vanished.

K approaches to greet him and extends his hand with a smile. Before Debu can say anything, his attention is drawn to the window, where a truck slowly passes by with a message painted on the side: *Wake the child within you.*

Debu pauses, thinking. That phrase feels familiar; he had heard it before, spoken by K on the train.

K watches him attentively and asks:

— Are you okay?

Debu:

— Yes, just... it's strange. It feels like I arrived faster than I thought.

K:

— That's synchronicity

Debu:

— Sometimes, when you're meant to be somewhere, you're guided.

— Have you felt that before?

Debu:

— Honestly, yes. My grandmother... she was always my guide.

K:

— Do you speak with her often?

Debu:

— Before she passed, yes. Even today, in a way.

K:

— Then you're familiar with the concept of meditation.

Debu:

- Yes, Tom taught me.

K:

- Very good. Would you like something to drink? Let's make ourselves comfortable.

Both sit in the living room. The atmosphere is warm, but Debu can't help feeling a little uneasy. K breaks the silence:

- How long has it been since you last saw your family? Are conflicts with your father constant?

Debu responds sincerely.

- That's exactly why I'm here,
- I got home and saw him shouting on the phone in his office. He was arguing with one of his partners.
- Everything is fine with my mom.
- She had been preparing my favorite sweets for ten days, knowing I could arrive at any moment. But with my dad... just looking at him gives off such a tense air.

K listens carefully, then approaches and places a hand on Debu's shoulder.

- Does the energy feel too tense?

Debu:

- Yes. I feel like I'm not ready to confront him, to absorb his ego and the problems he always brings home again. That's why I'm here. Sorry if I bothered you so soon.

K:

- You have nothing to apologize for,
- You know, everything happens for a reason. When you knock on a door and ask for help, synchronicity is always present.

Debu:

- Let's help that part of you that is a missing piece of the puzzle.
- How does that work? What should I do?

K:

- Relax and return to those memories when you felt most confident, in this case, with your grandmother.
- You told me you still connect with her? Think of her, with love and enthusiasm.
- Tom, your friend, how did he help you at first?

Debu:

- I was a lost child. He helped me focus, taught me meditation, and to travel on a train, leaving as symbols things like a toy, a balloon, a teddy bear—things that gave me good moments and emotions.
- Can we do that? Travel on that train back?

K:

- Yes, take a breath and breathe deeply four times, inhale and exhale until you relax and transport yourself onto the train.

Debu doesn't hesitate, and before he does, K gives him a piece of chocolate. He smiles and says:

- You know, my grandmother used to give me chocolate every time I visited her.

K looks at him and says:

- I know.
- Then focus on that image, go to the train, and find the object she used to bring you. Remember the emotion and relive the memory that brought you so much happiness.

Debu eats the chocolate, and its sweetness brings a smile to his face. He manages to connect... The emotion from the treat quickly transports him onto the train.

K says:

- Relax.

Debu responds:

- Not yet. I'm on the train... there's a door.

K replies:

- Breathe and give it time. Close your senses, feel the breeze, and let the smell of chocolate guide you to a table with a door. Is the chocolate on the table? If the scent attracts you, next to it is a door. Can you open it?

Debu continues breathing and sees the door in front of him. He looks behind and notices he is already on the train. He tries to open the illuminated door, but before he can, it opens by itself. On the other side, he sees a child approaching, smiling at him.

Debu responds:

- Just now, when I entered the house, I looked in the mirror and saw a child. This child opened the door for me... is that normal?
- Debu, Yes, you've just met your inner child. It's the part of you that brings happiness along life's journey

The child keeps walking. Debu follows, moving from a dark train car into a renewed one. He realizes he is in the car of his memories, surrounded by the objects that brought him joy. The child picks up an object and hands it to Debu.

When he touches it, Debu travels to the memory where his grandmother arrived with so much joy, bringing him chocolate.

Tears of joy fill his eyes. He is connected. Returning from the memory with his grandmother, he can hardly believe what just happened.

In the middle of the train car, he realizes that all his happiness—the key to awakening his inner child—is contained in the objects he has left behind over time: the joys and moments that made him happy. He looks around, amazed, realizing that he has been able to reconnect. He takes a deep breath and returns.

Debu is happy:

- No way... what is that?

K smiling sayng:

- Let me explain. Each of us has an inner child, the one that brings us joy, but we must guide it. We must be its best friend and teacher, so that together we can live a peaceful life.

Debu is getting every time more curiosity:

- And how do I guide it?

K explain:

- Through your actions. By being yourself, embracing that happiness, that joy that no one can take away. Like listening to your favorite song, enjoying your favorite treat, and so on.
- Have you noticed that when we hear our favorite song, we want to dance like nothing else matters? That's our inner child giving us that happiness, that enthusiasm.

Debu:

- Why didn't it wake up earlier?

K:

- Because my dear Debu between the ages of 20 and 30, it connects with us and becomes a part of us if we pay attention.

At that moment, K receives a phone call. He answers and says he will be ready in 20 minutes. K tells Debu that they could also meet tomorrow to continue the session, but before responding...

Debu receives a message from Mikaela.

- Will you be late, my friend?

Debu replies:

- No, I'm on my way.

Debu stands up and hugs K and he get surprised, but he has successfully helped change Debu's emotional state.

- Will you be able to see your father now?

Debu:

- Yes, I'm ready because I revisited my memories and realized that I control my emotions, not him with his frustrations.
- I'll let you get ready. I have to go, my best friend is waiting for me.

K:

- I'm happy to have met you, Debu.

Debu:

- The gratitude is mutual. Could you send me the audio of that mantra?
- It helps me remember my grandmother.

K:

- Of course, I already have your number and email. I'll send it to you today.

Debu leaves, and Tom heads to the city library, there's still something left for him to discover.

The Journey of K's travels

K finds himself in an old bookstore, among dusty shelves, surrounded by books that seem to whisper forgotten secrets. He has come seeking answers, though he isn't quite sure what question to ask. His hand, guided by something beyond his own will, rests on a leather-bound book, worn by time. Upon opening it, he finds a passage that halts him:

What you see before you is not the end, but the threshold to what is yet to come.

Those words, written in ink that seems to have faded over the years, resonate deeply within him. K sits at a nearby table, still holding the book, and lets his thoughts flow. Memories of his brother surge back.

You must search for what is within you, K. Not outside, within.

The weight of those words hits him with the same intensity as the first time. How could he have overlooked the most obvious truth?

Everything he had been searching for outside—in the world, in other people—was already within him, waiting to be awakened. The coin, that small piece of metal that had served as his connection to the past, had been only a reflection, a sign that the transformation needed to begin within himself.

Looking toward the horizon through the window, the outside world seems to blur for a moment, as if it were an illusion.

—If everything is an illusion, what is real?

He asks quietly. Reality, after all, is only what one chooses to see, what one decides to perceive and understand. And if reality is malleable, then he has the power to shape it.

A gentle breeze flows through the window, and K feels as if the air itself is conveying a long-forgotten truth. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, letting the sense of connection wash over him. In his mind go many questions.

Everything you've lived, every moment, every decision, has brought you here. But what you do no. That can truly change everything.

With a renewed sense of peace, K closes the book and takes it with him. He knows this is only one more step on his path, but he no longer feels fear.

Mikaela and Debu celebrating, Debu turns 21 years.

Debu is on his way to Mikaela place. When he arrives, she is waiting at the door. He gets out of the car and goes to hug her.

Debu:

— Nice to see you, not that much time has passed, but I did miss you.

Mikaela:

— Look at you, you're already a man.

Debu:

— Haha, don't make me blush!

Mikaela:

— I have something for you... not every day do you turn 21.

Debu:

— Why don't you surprise me?

Mikaela takes Debu by the hand and leads him into the house. Before heading to the kitchen, she brings Debu to greet her father.

Mikaela:

— Come on, say hi to my dad.

— Debu stops at the doorway, and Tom looks him over from head to toe, smiling.

Along the way, they meet Cindy , a young woman battling a chronic illness...

Their combined wisdom and support inspire Cindy to believe in her recovery journey...

— You've grown into a man, a true gentleman.

Debu smiles and hugs him

— You know, thanks to you, thank you for giving me the time I needed so much during those years.

Tom looks at him intently

— You’ve done it all, I’ve only guided you. Let me introduce you to my best friend, John..

John greets Debu, Mikaela’s best friend.

Tom:

— That piece over there, he gave it to me five years ago.

John:

— He seems like a very intelligent boy. Nice to meet you.

Debu shake John’s hand

— Nice to meet you too. Tom has been my mentor, if I may say so.

John:

— That’s his job. Sometimes we come to help, and sometimes to learn. It’s part of life.

Debu receives an email and takes out his phone from the jacket he’s wearing. He opens it and sees that K has sent him the mantra in audio format.

John looks at Debu and say:

— Everything okay?

— Yes, it’s a new friend I met today. I was on the train coming here, and it’s curious, but I was the first to buy a ticket. This friend bought the second one.

— We were the only two on the train, but the most curious thing is that he was chanting a mantra, and it took me to my grandmother, it awakened emotions in me.

Tom looks at John and says:

— You know, that connection can be made with a mantra, that way you connect with its frequency. Could it work?

Debu is surprised and says:

— Did I say something wrong?

Both of them are taken aback.

Tom:

— Not at all. Could you play that audio for us so we can listen to it too?

Debu:

— Of course, why not?

John is astonished:

— I know this mantra... but how?

Debu:

— My grandmother used to sing it to me. She said it was the way I could connect with my grandfather.

John:

— Your grandfather... was he dead when she sang it to him?

Debu:

— No, he was in a coma... she sang it to bring him back.

John is even more surprised and keeps asking:

— And did it work? Did she manage to bring him back?

Debu:

— Yes, he lived ten more years with her. They grew old together, but he left sooner because he was older.

John:

— Is sound very interesting, can you play the audio, please?

Debu plays the mantra, and it resonates so deeply with John that he starts thinking this might be the missing key to help his friend Mike, who is currently in a coma.

John runs toward the book of frequencies.

Tom:

- Do you believe it or not, dear Debu? You've solved a dilemma we had since you left.

John quickly grabs the book and analyze each page and say:

- Tom, we'll talk later. Thank you. I'll follow the steps.

John:

- Debu, do you think you could send me that mantra?

Debu is left perplexed

- Of course, I'll send it to Tom and he'll pass it along to you.

John leaves, and Tom says to Debu:

- Don't worry, I'll explain it to you later...

At that moment, Mikaela appears with a cake displaying the number 21, and they begin singing to Debu.

John arrives at his house. Papers and books are scattered everywhere, but his mind, focused on helping his friend, has never been sharper. He prepares a coffee and receives the mantra via email from Tom, with the following message:

- Dear friend, I hope this helps. Whatever assistance you need, I'm here.

John opens the email and plays the audio, thinking to himself: Where have I heard this mantra before?

- Could it work? Each time he listens, he feels more moved.

He sits in his seat, inhales for 4 seconds, holds for 2 seconds, exhales for 4 seconds, and asks to connect with his ancestor.

John manages to reach the same place where he met his great-grandmother.

- She approaches him and says:
- You've managed to find the piece.

John:

- Yes, I'm excited, but how is this possible?
- You see, time doesn't flow linearly; it happens when it's meant to.

John:

- That mantra...? Where have I heard it before? I can't remember...

Ancestor:

- You heard it in your crib. When I put you to sleep and you cried, it was the melody that helped you fall asleep. You were only 5 years old. Sometimes we don't remember.

John:

- It felt familiar, but I just couldn't recall it.
- What should I do?

Ancestor:

- You are here. Connect with your friend, think of him, and tune into his frequency. Remember, love is the only frequency that always persists and will continue to persist.

John:

- How did this boy's grandmother manage to connect with her husband?

Ancestor:

- Because she is an old soul. She asked her ancestors for help, just as you do for your friend. The mantra traveled from one life to another for the old souls, which is why she sang it to you when you were little.

John:

- Why is it me who has to help him?

Ancestor:

- Because you are also an old soul. Your friend is a new soul; he needs old souls with many lifetimes of experience to help him discover his path in colors and understand who he truly is. You are the one who must give him the tools.

John:

— So, I am the key to awaken him? Not the mantra?

Ancestor: It's a connection of concepts, dear John. With the mantra, you enter your friend's frequency thanks to the love you have for him.

She looks at him and smiles by saying:

— One day you will understand more, but for now, your friend needs you.

John:

— What should I do?

Ancestor:

— I remember the moments you shared with your friend. The love you have for him will guide your journey to help him.

John doesn't overthink it and recalls the memories he shared with his friend the good times and the bad. The surge of emotion brings tears to his eyes, and with that, he manages to connect and reach the place where his friend is.

It is a gray place, devoid of color. His friend sits there, lost in a colorless space, just as his great-grandmother had predicted.

He remembers to use symbolic gestures, like the bracelet tuned to the frequency of love, to visually represent his spiritual readiness to help Mike and to remind himself that he is an old soul. Internally, he reflects:

My soul has traversed many lifetimes, learning, growing, and accumulating wisdom. Now, it is my purpose to guide Mike, to share this experience and unity. Every life lesson, every connection, has led me here.

Through love, understanding, and shared experience.

Metaphysical encounters give me visions while I help Mike, showing how you navigate through different realms to guide him back.

The ending is universal love: it emphasizes how your actions are motivated by universal love and compassion, reinforcing the idea that helping Mike is a natural extension of your spiritual bond.

John moves toward his friend, but before reaching him, he touches his wrist, and as he wraps his fingers around it, he creates a bracelet with the colors of each planet in the Solar System on his wrist. The bracelet begins to glow with light.

With a smile, he approaches his friend, looks at him, and says:

— Mike, it's me, your best friend. I'm John. Do you remember me?

Mike remains lost, saying:

— John... doesn't sound familiar. I don't know what I'm doing here. This doesn't seem like my place.

John smiles and says:

— No, your place is with us.

Mike is still confused, and many questions swirl in his mind.

— What do you mean my place is with you?

— May I take your hand? I'll help you remember that you're my best friend and that your place isn't here.

Mike looks at him for a moment, glances around, and asks:

— You won't hurt me, right?

— Of course not. I'm John, your lifelong friend.

— Trust me.

John raises his arm and says:

Remember those moments of joy, dear friend... recall them.

Mike:

— I want to leave here, it's so cold and I feel lost...

John:

— Not anymore, my friend, I'm here.

— Give me your arm, I want to help you remember who you are.

Mike:

— I used to like colors, I just... forgot them.

John:

— It took a few years until I found the key. Forgive me, my friend.

Mike:

— I'll give you my arm for a few seconds; if it hurts, I'll pull it back.

John:

— Alright, it's your decision, my friend.

Mike gives his arm, and in his mind, a memory in colors comes to him: when his daughter was born, it was the most exciting day for him and his wife.

After 30 seconds, John takes his hand and says:

— My daughter... now I remember... is she okay?

John:

— Yes, you won't believe it, but she's still waiting for you. It's your choice Mike.

Mike:

— I want to see the colors, help me.

John:

— Just follow me.

Mike reaches out his hand with complete trust, and as he does, his mind fills with colors. The place and memories return, bringing back his smile from the experiences he has shared with John in his life.

John, using the mantra of the frequency of love, approaches Mike, uniting their spirits. The mantra, infused with love and shared memories, begins to fill Mike's black-and-white world with color. As John chants, he sends vivid memories of their friendship and of Mike's family.

John provides Mike with the emotional and spiritual tools he needs, symbolized by the colors and memories. Then, John steps back, still sending love but respecting Mike's free will.

John's ancestors, who guide him, symbolize the wisdom of old souls. They assist John in empowering Mike.

Several memories come to Mike and he starts to analyze them.

Returning from the army

Mike and John descend from the military bus. Both wear their uniforms impeccably, but their eyes reflect the exhaustion of the years spent in service. The afternoon sun illuminates the street, where a small group of people eagerly waits.

John:

— Looking at Mike with a slight smile, Ready to be a civilian again?

Mike:

— Laughing softly. I'm not sure what's harder, surviving out there or coming back here.

They both laugh as they walk toward the crowd. Suddenly, a woman shouts excitedly.

— Female voice: John!

A little girl breaks through the crowd and runs toward him. John kneels just in time to catch her in his arms. It's his daughter, Jasmin. He wraps her in a tight hug, tears in his eyes.

John:

— With a choked voice. I missed you so much, my little one.

Meanwhile, an older woman and a middle-aged man approach Mike. His mother wraps him in a hug, openly crying.

Mike's mother:

— My boy... I thought you'd never come back.

Mike:

— Stroking her hair. I'm here, Mom. I'm home.

Mike's father gives him a firm pat on the shoulder before pulling him into a strong embrace.

Mike's father:

— We're proud of you, son.

The two friends exchange glances across the crowd. It's a look filled with understanding, a silent acknowledgment of all they've been through together.

Mike approaches John, and they share a brief but strong hug.

Mike whispering

— We made it, brother.

John:

— We always do.

The memory fades as their families surround them, full of laughter, tears, and a tangible sense of relief. The echo of John's words lingers: We always do.

Leaning on each other through challenges

The room is dark, barely lit by the soft glow of a lamp. Mike sits on the bed, hands clasped, staring at the floor. The letter in his hand, written in his mother's handwriting, has left him silent, as if the weight of the words is pressing down on him.

Suddenly, the door opens quietly. John enters without a sound, pauses to look at him for a moment, and without a word, sits beside him. He doesn't ask, doesn't give advice. He simply is there.

John: in a calm voice,

— Do you want to talk about it?

Mike takes a deep breath, emotion welling up in his throat. Finally, he turns toward his friend.

Mike: in a whisper,

— I lost my mother, John. I don't know how to go on without her.

John doesn't hesitate. Without another word, he hugs him tightly, as if he could absorb his pain. The silence between them is deep, yet full of understanding. In that embrace, Mike feels the strength of the friendship he has always shared with John, and for a moment, allows himself the relief of not being alone.

John: in a low voice,

— You're not alone, Mike. I'll always be here.

The hug lasts a few more minutes. Neither says anything further, but the connection is enough. The pain, though still present, feels a little more bearable.

Cotidian moments

Mike and John are sitting on the terrace, watching a game on TV. The sun slowly sets, and the sound of children laughing and playing in the street blends with the hum of the grill.

Mike: (smiling) Do you remember that time we fished all day and didn't catch anything?

John: (laughing) Yeah, but that day was perfect anyway.

They remain silent for a moment, enjoying the company and the simplicity of the moment, as if the world consisted of nothing but them, a game, and a quiet afternoon.

Mike, now surrounded by vibrant colors and filled with the frequency of love, has visions of his daughter, his wife, and his deep bond with John. This visualization gives Mike the strength and clarity to make his own decision. He realizes that his journey on Earth is not yet over, but he still must decide whether to return.

This approach highlights the profound impact of love and guidance, while respecting individual choice, emphasizing the connection between old souls and the continuity of wisdom across lifetimes.

John, giving Mike the joy of discovering who he is, leaves him with his memories and happiness, and returns to his great-grandmother (ancestor) with a big smile, feeling joyful.

His ancestor looks at him happily and says:

— Now, give him time. It is his decision when the moment to return comes; you must respect his free will.

John hugs her and returns to the room where he is sitting, a tear of happiness rolling down his cheek.

The soft light of dusk filters through the half-closed blinds, casting long shadows across the room. On a bed, surrounded by monitors and medical equipment, lies Mike. He has been in a coma for several years. Beside him, his wife Lora holds his hand tightly, her eyes filled with equal parts hope and despair. Next to her,

their eight-year-old daughter Emily clutches a teddy bear, her innocent gaze reflecting a mixture of curiosity and fear.

They are by his side, as they have been for the past years, every night close to him...

Jasmin:

- Dad, I haven't lost hope. I know you'll come back one day. There are so many things I still don't understand, and I need you. Without you, we can't go on alone. If you can hear me, please, come back to us.

The doctor, Dr. Harris, enters the room. His expression is serious, and his eyes avoid direct contact with Laura and Emily.

Dr. Harris: Laura, we've done everything possible, but after so many years, we must consider the possibility of disconnecting the equipment. There are no signs of improvement.

Emma feels as if the ground has opened beneath her feet. Tears fill her eyes as she looks at Mike, hoping for a miracle.

Emma: (in a broken voice) Please, just a little more time. John, is there anything else we can do?

John, who has been researching tirelessly, steps forward.

Dr. Harris: Emily, do you still have hope?

Emma:

What do you mean, doctor?

Dr. Harris: You have to let him go after all this time...

The daughter reacts, crying.

- What do you mean, doctor? Take him off the machines?
- Mom, that's not an option... but Jasmine, after so much time...
- He's still there mom, I know it, I feel it, I don't know how to explain it. I just feel it.

Emma

- My daughter, we must go on with our lives... so many years, being here every day, it's too much for me to see him like this.
- Jasmin: Mom, hope dies last.

The daughter takes out her phone and calls John.

- Uncle John.
- Yes, Jasmine, is everything okay?
- No, my mom wants to take Dad off the machines, but I feel he will come back... I don't know how to explain it.
- Pass me to your mom, and don't worry, everything will be alright.

Jazmín hands the phone to Emma.

Emma: John, so many years have passed, I can't...

John: Emma, trust me. Three more days, and then you can make your decision, but give him three more days.

Emma Do you really think he'll wake up in three days, after not doing so for so many years?

John: It seems crazy, but trust me and trust your daughter's feelings. Do it for her, not for me.

Emma: For her, I'll do anything. Three more days, that's all, John.

Emma hangs up and speaks to the doctor.

- Not for now. In three more days, I will trust my daughter.

Jazmín hugs her and thanks her.

John decides to call his office, saying he needs three days without contacting anyone and that all meetings at his company was canceled.

On the third day, John gets ready to go to the hospital.

Looking at himself in the mirror, he straightens his shirt and sits on the sofa, saying words toward Mike.

- Dear Mike, I know you are there and you will make the best decision. I will be there to comfort you if you do not wake up, but if you wake up, today is the moment, dear friend, before it is too late for you and for your family.

The Ocean, the lighthouse and the bridge of one decision

Mike in the middle of the ocean sits on the boat, face up, staring at the sky, breathing deeply as the restless waves shake the vessel. His eyelids close slowly. In the silence between the thunder, he whispers not with his mouth but with his heart:

— If there is light for me, let it find me. If there is still a path, let it rise before me.

The storm continues, but inside him, something changes. He feels a small warmth, faint at first, in the center of his chest. It grows, expanding through his veins like a pulse of memory and calm.

He stands up. No longer with the desperation of a castaway, but with a quiet determination. The ocean roars around him, yet his eyes fix on the horizon. There, through mist and lightning, a tower of light appears: a lighthouse. Its beam cuts through the darkness, steady, unwavering, as if it had been waiting for him all along.

Mike grips the side of the boat. For the first time in years, he feels guided. Each flash of light reminds him of faces Emma, Jasmin, John, memories etched into his soul. He lets the boat drift toward the glow.

Suddenly, the water calms beneath him. The storm fades into a quiet hum. The boat dissolves into mist, and he finds see not far away a rock and a light suspended he advance and the mist is gone completely, he find a lighthouse. His steps to the rock gie him a hope, he leaves the boat and is find in his heart a smile,

He pauses in the center of the rock looking at the lighthouse.

Step by step, he moves toward the end, where the lighthouse's glow expands into a doorway of light. His chest fills not only with hope but with responsibility: if he returns, it will not be as the same man. It will be as someone who knows the weight of his choice that will come, in the lighthouse se find a suspended bridge

around him, memories float like fragments of glass: his childhood laughter, the first time he held Emma's hand, Jasmin's birth, John's words of loyalty. But also the shadows moments of fear, mistakes, silence when he should have spoken.

Each memory pulses with energy, some warm, some heavy, all demanding to be seen. He analyze the memories and is stepping in take a decision, the bridge vibrates with possibility and not depending by his own choice.



Hospital room – Day of disconnection

The hospital room is silent, broken only by the steady beeping of the monitors keeping Mike alive. Several years have passed since he fell into a coma, and today is the day the doctors will disconnect the machines.

The light of dawn filters through the blinds, casting long shadows across the room. The atmosphere is heavy with tension.

Emma sits by the bed, gripping Mike's hand. Her eyes are swollen from crying, but there is determination in her gaze. Beside her, Jasmin, now eight years old, clutches a teddy bear, her frightened eyes fixed on her father.

The door opens quietly. John enters, his face reflecting both hope and gravity. Emma stands quickly and embraces him tightly.

— John... I don't know what to do. Today's the day... How will I explain this to our daughter? They're scheduled to disconnect him at five o'clock.

John glances at his watch, then meets her eyes with calm resolve.

— Emma, give me a few moments with him. I need to talk to him.

Hesitantly, Emma nods and takes Jasmin out of the room. John approaches Mike's bed, takes his hand, and looks at him with the intensity of a lifelong bond.

He whispers firmly:

— Mike, I know you can hear me. Today is the day. There's no more time. You have to wake up. Lora and Jasmin need you. Remember our promise... remember the colors. It's now or never.

From his pocket, John places a medal from their army days in Mike's hand, along with a photograph of their families together. The touch of these objects, mixed with John's words, stirs memories deep inside Mike.

John leans closer, his voice trembling but steady.

— Do you remember when we were kids, talking about our dreams? How we'd see the world in colors... the adventures we'd live? We were always a team, Mike. Always. You can't leave now. Not like this.

Tears roll down John's cheeks, but his voice grows stronger.

— I need you to fight. Emma is shattered. Jasmin misses you every day.

And I... I can't go on without my best friend.

He squeezes Mike's hand harder.

— Please, wake up. This is our last chance. Feel our love. Come back, Mike.

John stands, pacing, his chest rising and falling with urgency.

— If you don't return, I'll respect your choice. But if you leave, I'll find you in the next life. Still... you don't need to go to evolve. We can do it here, together.

The monitor suddenly quickens. Mike's eyelids twitch. The air in the room thickens, as if holding its breath.

With monumental effort, Mike's eyes open. He blinks against the light, disoriented, until he finds John's face.

— John... do you really know who I am?

John smiles through his tears.

— Of course, my friend. Welcome back!

He rushes to the door and calls Emma and Jasmin. They enter, stunned to see Mike awake.

— Mike! —Emma cries, rushing to hug him carefully.

Jasmin edges closer, her small hand wrapping around her father's fingers.

— Daddy...

Dr. Harris bursts in with two nurses, freezing in shock. He checks the monitors, unable to believe what he's seeing.

— I... I can't explain this.

Mike turns weakly toward his wife and daughter, his eyes full of love.

— Emma... Jasmin...

Emma sobs with relief.

— Thank you, John. Thank you for not giving up.

John steps back, smiling softly. He knows this was not just a miracle, but the power of love, memory, and connection.

The room fills with tears, laughter, and hope. Mike has returned. Though the road ahead will be long, he is ready to face it with his family and his best friend by his side.

Debu at the hotel

Debu is in the room with his hand to his heart and closed his eyes, and began to breathe deeply. As he focused, his mind started to drift away from everyday reality and he entered a vivid vision.

He found himself in the middle of a huge stadium, surrounded by a crowd of 40,000 people. The stands were full, but there was something strange about those faces. As he got closer, he began to realize that every face in the crowd was familiar to him. They were different versions of himself, each representing a stage of his life, a decision he had made, a path he had chosen thanks to Mister K.

Young Debu looked around, astonished.

— What is this? he murmured to himself.

All these faces are me. Each one represents a different facet of my being, a possibility, a potential.

Debu began to walk through the stadium, observing each face. He saw versions of himself as a small child, full of curiosity and fear; as a teenager, facing insecurities and challenges; and as an adult, carrying responsibilities and unfulfilled dreams. He also saw happy, free, creative versions, and others marked by doubt or pain. Each version told him a story, each with its own struggles and triumphs, its joys and mistakes.

As he moved forward, he began to notice a pattern: no matter the age or situation, each version carried a spark of light, a thread of truth that connected all experiences. He realized that every mistake, every fall, every wrong choice was part of a whole that shaped him, making him unique and complete.

Suddenly, a deep realization washed over him. The true competition was not against others, nor against external circumstances. It was against his own limitations, fears, and doubts. It was a journey of self-improvement and self-discovery, a path where patience, compassion, and courage were his most powerful tools.

His meditation was ending, but the clarity remained. He stood up with renewed determination and purpose, feeling that he could finally walk his own path, aware of every facet of himself and the strength that all of them together gave him.



PART III
The frequency
WHAT WAS LOST WAS REMEMBERED

10 Years Later - Mikaela and Debu visit a nursing home

Mikaela stood at the entrance of the nursing home, a red brick building with small windows and a front garden that must have once been vibrant, but now was neglected. The gray, cloudy sky perfectly mirrored the mood of the place.

The afternoon was dull and lifeless, as if the sky sympathized with the sadness that permeated the nursing home. Mikaela and Debu sat on a bench at the edge of the inner park, observing in silence. The place, which may have once been full of life and laughter, now seemed frozen in time. The trees were dry, the grass yellowed and uneven. The elderly residents, for the most part, remained motionless in wheelchairs or on benches, their eyes lost, as if searching for something they could no longer reach.

Mikaela (looking around, in a low voice):

— It's as if the place has forgotten how to breathe... everything here feels so dim.

Debu didn't respond immediately. His gaze was fixed on a man walking slowly around the perimeter of the park, almost like a sentinel. He wore a dark suit that seemed to absorb the light, and his presence cast a shadow that felt larger than it actually was. There was something about him that didn't fit, a heavy, oppressive energy that seemed to seep into everything around him.

Debu (in a serious voice):

— That must be the administrator... do you see him? The man in black, walking as if he carried something invisible on his shoulders.

Mikaela followed Debu's gaze and felt a shiver run down her spine. The man's face was stiff, with deep wrinkles that seemed sculpted more by bitterness than by time. His gaze, though distant, was intense, almost piercing. When he turned his head toward them, his expression didn't change, but his eyes met Debu's.

At that moment, something strange happened. Debu felt a weight on his chest, as if a dark energy were enveloping him. It was like a negative magnetic field passing through him, leaving a feeling of discomfort he could not ignore. His breathing quickened briefly, but he didn't look away.

Debu (muttering):

- That man... he's not only trapped in his own darkness.
- He projects it over this entire place.

Mikaela looked at him with concern, but before she could say anything, they noticed a young man approaching, walking slowly with his hands in his pockets. He seemed lost in thought, but his expression was a mixture of sadness and restrained frustration. Debu stood up and walked toward him, feeling an impulse he couldn't explain.

Debu (in a kind voice):

- Hey, are you okay?

The young man looked up, surprised by the question. His eyes were red, as if he had been on the verge of tears for hours.

Young Man (in a trembling voice):

- No... not really. It's my grandfather. He's here... well, he should be here, but for the past three years they haven't let me see him. The administrator... says that visits are a distraction for the residents.

Debu (frowning):

- A distraction? That doesn't make any sense. Visits are the only thing that would give them some life, some hope.

The young man nodded, clenching his fists in helplessness.

Young Man:

- I know. My grandfather used to be the happiest man you could know. He was always telling stories, laughing... but ever since they stopped letting me visit him, I've been told he barely speaks. He doesn't even smile. This place... it's consuming him.

Debu felt a mix of anger and sadness upon hearing this. He looked toward the administrator, who was now talking to an employee near a side entrance. The darkness he had felt earlier seemed to emanate from him like an invisible vapor, enveloping everything around him.

Debu in a low but firm voice:

- This isn't right. This place should be a refuge, not a prison.

Young Man desperately:

- I've tried everything... talking to him, talking to the local authorities, but no one listens. It's like this man has everyone under his control. Everything changed when he arrived.
- Before, the elders used to go out to the park, they organized small activities... there was music, colors.
- Now, look at this... it's not a home, it's a shadow of what it used to be.

Debu placed a hand on the young man's shoulder, conveying a calm he didn't even know where it came from.

Debu:

- Sometimes, when someone sinks so deeply into their own darkness, they drag others with them. But it doesn't have to be this way. If the light can enter, the darkness cannot remain.

Young Man (looking at him, intrigued):

- But how? How can you fight against something you can't even fully understand?

Debu:

- You don't need to understand everything to face it. You just need to start with what you can change. Maybe it's time for this place to remember what it means to live.

The young man looked at him, and for a moment, his eyes filled with hope. Mikaela joined them, gently touching Debu's arm.

Mikaela:

- Debu is right. We can't change the past, but we can do something now. Maybe we can't confront him directly yet, but we can start bringing life back to this place, in some way.

Debu looked at the administrator again, who was now disappearing inside the building. The dark energy still weighed heavily over him, but something inside Debu ignited—a spark of determination.

Debu thinking by sayng.

- This place needs more than a physical cleaning... it needs an energetic cleansing. And I won't stop until I bring back the colors. The emotion it once had.

As the afternoon progressed, Debu, Mikaela, and the young man began discussing what they could do. It was a small step, but it was the beginning of something greater—a gesture of resistance against the darkness that had covered the retirement home for far too long.

Young Arthur began to recount what the place was like before the administrator arrived. His face lit up with emotion as he remembered those moments when he could visit his grandfather.

The nursing home had once been a vibrant place. The walls were painted in warm colors, and the hallways echoed with laughter, music, and lively conversations between residents and visitors.

The corridors often resonated with the soft melody of a guitar, played by a resident who had once been a musician in his youth. Afternoons were filled with dancing, deep conversations about the days gone by, and card games, while families gathered to share time with their loved ones. The air was infused with the smell of freshly baked bread and coffee, aromas intertwined with the stories told in every corner.

The main hall had a huge window through which sunlight streamed in, illuminating the faces of the elderly, who sat in comfortable armchairs surrounded by plants they lovingly tended themselves. On each table, there was always a fresh flower, a detail that symbolized the care with which the place was maintained. Children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren ran happily through the halls, creating unforgettable memories in a place full of colors and smiles.

However, everything changed when the new administrator, Mr. Grimoldi, arrived. Under his supervision, the colors began to fade, and the atmosphere turned cold and monotonous. Activities were suspended, visits were restricted, and slowly, the place filled with a palpable sadness.

In his office, Grimoldi reviewed documents with a stone-like expression. A young assistant, Carla, timidly entered with a report in her hand.

Carla (nervous):

— Mr. Grimoldi, here are the weekly reports on the residents. Some of them seem more withdrawn... especially Mr. Rodríguez and Mrs. Alba.

Grimoldi looked up, his cold eyes piercing through Carla.

— Withdrawn in what sense? Any formal complaints?

Carla:

— No... but their emotional state seems to be deteriorating. Mrs. Alba used to paint in the art workshop, and now she doesn't even leave her room. Some of the staff think we could resume activities to motivate them.

Grimoldi let out a faint scoff, snapping the report shut and say:

- Motivation. Do they think this is a recreational club?
- They're here to spend their final days in peace, not to seek entertainment.
- Eliminating distractions maintains order.

Carla wanted to protest, but she knew any attempt at confrontation would be useless. As she left the office, Grimoldi stared out the window, his gaze fixed on the elderly slowly walking through the gray park.

Grimoldi (thinking):

- Order brings stability. Everything else is unnecessary noise.

Yet that stability was a prison for the residents. In the years under his rule, the spark of life that once filled the place had been extinguished, and Grimoldi, though aware of it, seemed unwilling to change.

Mikaela's eyes shifted toward a table near the window, where an elderly woman—who had once been a talented painter used to spend hours creating beautiful works of art. Now, the table was empty, her place left in disarray, as if the colors and brushes had been forgotten.

Mikaela:

- How can we give them back the colors? How can we restore what has been stolen from them?

Debu stared at the spot where the elderly woman used to paint, the walls now as gray as the atmosphere surrounding them. The memories of afternoons filled with vibrant colors, with laughter, with soft music, seemed like a distant eternity. But an idea began to take shape in his mind. A plan, a way to return to those golden days. It wouldn't be easy, but he knew that if anything was possible, it was the restoration of that spark, that energy.

Debu with determination:

- Maybe we can't bring back what's already gone, but we can reignite what's been dimmed.
- If we can awaken those who still carry something inside them... if we can help them remember who they were, then maybe just maybe we can bring the colors back.

The air in the place felt heavier now, and the sadness seemed to grow as they moved through the home. Yet in the hearts of Debu and Mikaela, something began to resurface: a spark of hope, a belief that they could still restore life to this home, if only they found the right way to awaken those dormant memories.

Mikaela knew one of the nurses and decided to look for her.

As she opened the door, she was greeted by the monotonous ticking of a wall clock that marked the passage of time relentlessly. The hallways were long and narrow, with walls painted in a dull beige color that only added to the feeling of melancholy. Mikaela walked slowly, observing her surroundings, feeling the cold.

As she advanced, she saw the residents sitting in wheelchairs or on armchairs in the common room. Some stared out the window without truly seeing anything; others were slumped over tables, their heads resting in their hands. The television in the corner showed a game show, but no one seemed to pay attention.

Mikaela noticed one elderly woman in particular, sitting alone at a table, a distant look in her eyes. Her wrinkled hands held an old photograph, possibly from her youth or of a loved one who was no longer alive. The woman sighed deeply, and Mikaela felt a lump in her throat at the sadness etched into her expression.

Further ahead, an older man wearing a gray beret was slumped forward in his wheelchair, staring at the floor. A few residents were dozing, their heads drooping to the side, while others shifted restlessly in their seats, searching for something to break the monotony of their days.

The air was heavy with a mixture of disinfectant and reheated food, creating an even more oppressive atmosphere. Mikaela could feel the weight of loneliness and hopelessness in every corner of the place. The few workers moving among the residents did so in silence, with tired expressions on their faces.

Mikaela found herself in the nursing home's common room, a place that had once witnessed thousands of stories, but was now only a dim echo of those memories. Beside her sat an elderly man, staring into nothingness, his trembling hands resting on his legs. His face was marked by the passage of time and the pain of solitude.

Finally, Mikaela walked over to a table in the center of the room, where an old man was trying to solve a puzzle, though he seemed to have lost interest halfway through. She approached and gave him a warm smile, trying to brighten the atmosphere, even just a little. The old man lifted his gaze slowly, and though his eyes showed a flicker of gratitude, the shadow of sadness still lingered.

Mikaela watched with compassion, but also with fierce determination. She knew she couldn't allow sadness to reign here. She knew that, despite everything, there was something within each of those weary hearts waiting to be awakened. Her gaze lingered for a moment on the old man, feeling the weight of life pressing down on him.

— Hello, Mikaela said softly, may I help you with the puzzle?

The old man nodded slightly, and for a moment, the weight of sorrow seemed to lift. But Mikaela knew the real challenge would be finding a way to bring a spark of lasting joy to these tired hearts.

Without thinking, Mikaela remembered a trick she used to do with her friends—something simple and silly, but it always managed to make them laugh. In an instant, she grabbed a pencil from the table and placed it between her teeth, mimicking a goofy gesture that used to be her trademark for breaking tension.

The old man, who hadn't shown the slightest expression the entire time, lifted his eyes. For a moment, there was a glimmer in them. Mikaela held her pose, keeping the pencil between her teeth, exaggerating the gesture like a clown.

The first small spark appeared. A faint twitch at the corner of the old man's lips, followed by a timid chuckle. Then, the laugh grew stronger, turning into something more genuine. Mikaela couldn't help but smile as she watched the transformation in him. His eyes lit up for an instant, as though a beam of light had pierced the dark tunnel of his existence.

Mikaela and the Administrator

The air in the room shifted, almost imperceptibly, as if the walls themselves were holding their breath. The laughter that had just echoed inside felt fragile, like a delicate flame flickering against the wind. Yet Mikaela sensed it: a spark had ignited. A small victory.

But then, a sound—measured footsteps approaching. The atmosphere grew heavy, and a chill ran down her spine. A shadow stretched into the doorway.

Grimoldi, the Administrator, emerged. His cold eyes fixed on her, piercing, calculating. The old man's brief smile vanished instantly, as if extinguished with one breath. The elder who had laughed moments earlier dimmed again, retreating into his sorrow.

Grimoldi (his voice sharp, detached):

— A curious moment... Tell me, child, are you lost?

The words struck like icy water. Mikaela's knees trembled, but she straightened, breathing deeply. Something inside her flared—courage that no shadow could suppress.

Mikaela (steady, unwavering):

— I came to see Carla. She is my friend.

Grimoldi's mouth curved slightly, but the gesture held no warmth. It was the smirk of someone who thought he already knew the ending of this story.

Grimoldi (mocking, with an undercurrent of menace):

— Friend? Interesting choice of words. And what exactly do you expect to find here? This place... is not what it once was. Things are no longer simple, girl. They have become... complicated.

The silence pressed between them, thick and suffocating. Mikaela felt the weight of his gaze bearing down on her, testing her resolve. Yet she held firm, her eyes clear, her voice calm but resolute.

Mikaela (with quiet defiance):

- Perhaps you don't understand why I'm here. But I assure you, I won't leave until I see Elena. And while I remain, I'll do everything I can to bring life back into this place. Not everything is lost.

Her words struck the air like a bell. The elder beside her drew in a sharp breath, as if woken from a long sleep.

Grimoldi, however, narrowed his eyes, the chill in his demeanor deepening.

Grimoldi (low, mocking tone):

- You speak as if you could change what has already been decided. Discipline, control—these are what hold this place together. Without them, chaos would reign.

Mikaela (firm, measured):

- Control is not peace. You can silence voices, you can force order, but that doesn't mean people are at peace. Silence without freedom is just another kind of prison.

For the first time, Grimoldi faltered. A flicker of doubt crossed his features.

Grimoldi (trying to recover, harsher):

- And you? Do you truly believe your kindness can undo years of order? People need structure. I provide structure.

Mikaela (gazing directly at him, her tone sharp with clarity):

- Structure? Or fear? What you've built here are walls—unseen, but suffocating. And everyone feels them. The fear, the despair... it lingers in the air. You know it as well as I do.

The administrator stiffened. The words pressed against him like invisible weights. He had relied on control for so long that he had forgotten the cost.

Grimoldi (with rising tension, voice trembling):

- You don't understand... Without order, everything collapses. If you let people stray, they fall apart.

Mikaela stepped forward, her presence radiating warmth that clashed with his cold rigidity. Her voice softened, but every word carried undeniable truth.

Mikaela:

- Collapse comes not from freedom, but from neglect. People don't need more rules. They need to be seen. They need to be heard. What you've created here is not protection—it's suffocation.

The atmosphere quivered. Grimoldi shifted, unease spreading across his face. For years, he had been the immovable wall. Now, before a fourteen-year-old girl, cracks began to show.

Grimoldi (whispering, weaker now):

- And you... what makes you think you can change this? You have no permission.

Mikaela (a calm smile breaking through, luminous):

- It's not about permission. Light doesn't ask permission to enter. Even the smallest spark dispels the shadows.

Her words lingered in the silence. Grimoldi's lips tightened, but no reply came. He retreated a step into the doorway, his figure half-swallowed by the shadows.

Grimoldi (fading, his tone hollow):

- We'll see... how long that fire lasts.

Mikaela did not flinch. She turned back to the old man she had come to see, offering him a gentle smile.

Mikaela:

- Don't worry. I won't let that smile fade so easily.

In that moment, the fragile spark of laughter from before no longer seemed so fragile. It was enough. Enough to remind her—and them—that even here, in the coldest halls, life could still be rekindled.

Mikaela had decided she had to do something to bring a little joy to the residents of the nursing home. With determination, she headed to the office of one of the assistants, a woman named Elena, who always had a kind but tired smile on her face.

Elena was filing some documents when Mikaela knocked on the door and peeked in.

Mikaela

— Excuse me, Elena, do you have a moment?

Elena:

— Of course, Come in.

Setting aside the papers and giving her full attention.

Mikaela: -

— I've been thinking of an idea to cheer up the residents, and I think it could help if they could see photos of their loved ones, especially grandchildren, children, and pets that are still alive. Do you think we could do something about that?

Elena furrowed her brow slightly, considering the proposal.

— That's a wonderful idea, Mikaela. Many of them miss their families and pets very much. Seeing those photos could bring them a lot of joy.

Mikaela: Could you help me get the photos? And for those we can't find by family name and address, would that be okay?

Elena nodded, smiling.

— I love the idea. I'm thinking of a party too. I'm sure many will be happy to help.

— But we'll need to wait... the administrator is going to the capital for a few days, and that's when we can organize it, Elena said, giving Mikaela a knowing look and a warm smile.

Mikaela thinking seriously.

— Perfect, feeling a spark of hope.

— Let's make it a special moment for everyone.

Elena: Yes, that would be wonderful. The residents need it, their smiles widening. Thank you for bringing this idea, Mikaela. I'm sure it will mean a lot to them.

Mikaela: - Thank you for being willing to help, feeling more encouraged.
— Let's do this.

Mikaela approached Debu.

— Debu, I have an idea for something special at the nursing home, but we'll need to wait a few days until Elena lets me know when.

- I've been thinking about how we can cheer up the elderly at the home. They're so sad and demoralized... so i came up with an idea.

Mikaela idea I want to gather photos of their grandchildren, children, and beloved pets that are still alive, and make a mural in the common room. But also, I thought we could organize a party and surprise them with pets that resemble the ones they've lost. Imagine their faces when they see puppies and kittens that remind them of their old friends, she explained.

Debu smiled widely.

- That's an amazing idea, Mikaela! Of course I'll help you. We can start right now looking for the families and pets.

Mikaela smile too :

- -We could go door to door to talk to the families and ask for photos. We could also look for puppies and kittens that resemble the pets they've lost. I want it to be a huge surprise for them.

The two friends spent the next few hours going from house to house, explaining their plan to the families and collecting photos. Some were moved to tears knowing that the memories of their loved ones would bring joy to the elderly.

Debu thought of an idea.

- Give me a second, he said, pulling out his phone.
- I'm going to call a friend who works at an animal shelter. Maybe he can help us find some puppies and kittens.

While waiting for Debu's friend to respond, they continued visiting families, taking notes about the pets the elderly had lost. Each visit filled their hearts with hope and determination.

That same week, Elena notified Debu and Mikaela that the time had come—the administrator was away—and they began organizing everything for the party. They decorated the common room of the nursing home with balloons and garlands and arranged the photos into a beautiful mural. They also prepared a special area where the elderly could meet the new puppies and kittens.

On the day of the party, the elderly entered the common room with eyes full of wonder. Their faces lit up when they saw the photos of their loved ones, and some couldn't hold back tears of happiness.

- Look! It's just like my old cat, Snowball! exclaimed one elderly woman upon seeing a small white kitten.

Another elderly man, with a radiant smile, held a puppy that looked just like his lost dog.

— I can't believe it... it's like they've come back to life.

Mikaela and Debu watched with satisfaction as the elderly hugged the puppies and kittens, feeling renewed joy and hope.

Mikaela.

— We did it, Debu,

Debu.

— We've given them something truly special.

— Yes, we did.

His heart full of warmth. And I think this is just the beginning of something wonderful.

The nursing home's common room was decorated with bright lights and festive ornaments. There was a palpable energy in the air as the elderly gathered, eager for the surprise Debu and Mikaela had prepared for them.

Mikaela took the microphone and, with a big smile, addressed the audience:

— Dear friends, tonight we have something very special prepared for you. Please, enjoy the show.

A group of young masked dancers entered the room, all dressed in elegant and colorful costumes. The music began to play, and the dancers moved with grace and precision, filling the room with vibrant and joyful energy.

The elderly clapped and smiled, delighted by the performance. But what they didn't know was that the real surprise was still to come.

As the music reached its final crescendo, the dancers formed a line and, one by one, began removing their masks. The elderly watched in astonishment as the familiar faces of their children, grandchildren, and loved ones were revealed.

An elderly woman, tears in her eyes, rose from her seat when she saw her granddaughter among the dancers.

— I can't believe it! It's you, my dear! she exclaimed, hugging her granddaughter tightly.

Another elderly man, with a big smile, saw his son among the dancers.

— I thought I wouldn't see you for a long time. What a joy to see you here! he said, hugging him with emotion.

The room was filled with laughter, hugs, and tears of happiness as the elderly reunited with their loved ones. Mikaela and Debu watched from a corner, satisfied to see the joy they had brought to the hearts of the residents.

Mikaela nudged Debu gently.

— I think we did it, she said with a smile.

Debu is looking around the room.

— Yes, we definitely did, replied Debu, watching the scene with pride. - We've created a moment these elders will never forget.

The music continued, and soon everyone in the room, young and old, began dancing together. Laughter and music filled the air, creating an atmosphere of love and unity.

That night, the elderly not only remembered the good times but also created new happy memories with their loved ones. Mikaela and Debu knew they had done something truly special, something that would endure in the hearts of everyone present.

The room was still brimming with the euphoria of the recent reunion and lively dancing. The elderly were radiant, hugging their loved ones and petting the puppies that now ran joyfully through the room. The atmosphere was a mix of laughter and happy tears.

Amidst this joyful commotion, Elena, one of the home's assistants, approached the microphone on the stage. She gestured for silence, and gradually, the crowd calmed, turning their attention to her.

— Dear friends, Elena began with a warm smile,

Today we have witnessed truly special moments. Seeing your faces filled with joy and emotion has been a wonderful experience for all of us.

She paused, looking at the elderly and their families with affection.

— I know how important animals are in our lives. They provide us comfort, unconditional love, and companionship that is often hard to find.

Elena took a deep breath, knowing that what she was about to announce would bring even more happiness.

After speaking with several people, I am delighted to announce that we have decided to allow these beautiful animals to stay here with you. From today onward, these puppies will be part of this big family, providing love and happiness every day.

There was a moment of silence, followed by an eruption of applause and cheers. The elderly looked at each other in disbelief and joy. Some began to cry tears of happiness, while others hugged the puppies, now knowing they would be their permanent companions.

- Thank you, Elena! shouted an elderly woman from the front row, her voice trembling with emotion. This means so much to us.

Elena smiled, her own eyes glistening with tears.

- Thank you all for being part of this family. These puppies will not only provide companionship, but they will also remind you of the love and joy we all share here.

Mikaela and Debu, watching from a corner, exchanged satisfied glances. Mikaela murmured:

- This is more than we had ever dreamed.
- Yes, nodded Debu, we've truly made a difference in their lives.

The celebration continued, now with a new meaning. The elderly petted and played with the puppies, their hearts filled with renewed...

Hope and joy. Elena joined them, sharing in the excitement and happiness of the moment.

That night, the nursing home was not just a place of memories and reunions, but also a place of lasting love and new friendships, where the animals had become symbols of hope and companionship.

The next day dawned with a clear sky and radiant sun, perfect for enjoying the nursing home's garden. The place, which had once been quiet and sometimes melancholy, was now full of life and joy. The flowers seemed more vibrant, and the air was filled with laughter and happy voices.

The elderly were scattered throughout the garden, each accompanied by their new furry friend. Some sat on benches, petting the puppies while chatting with other residents, while others played actively, tossing balls and watching the puppies chase them with enthusiasm.

Mikaela and Debu strolled through the garden, observing with satisfaction how drastically the atmosphere had changed.

Mikaela:

- Look at how everything has changed in such a short time, she said with a smile.

Debu:

— Yes, it's amazing what a little love and companionship can do.

Near a fountain, a group of elderly people laughed as one of the puppies splashed in the water, soaking everyone around.

— How mischievous! exclaimed an elderly woman with a wide smile. I haven't laughed like this in years.

In another corner of the garden, Elena was helping some residents plant new flowers, each with a puppy by their side.

— These little ones have brought a new sense of purpose, Elena remarked as she planted a bright yellow flower.

— It's wonderful to see them so engaged and happy.

An elderly man named Manuel, who used to spend most of his time alone in his room, was now sitting under a tree with a sleeping puppy in his lap.

— I never thought I'd feel this alive again, he confessed to Mikaela as she approached. This little one has given me a reason to get up every morning.

The garden, which had once been a place of solitude for many, was now full of color and life. Everything seemed brighter, the birds sang with more enthusiasm, and the residents were engaged in activities that brought smiles to their faces.

Debu approached a group of elderly people playing a board game under a pergola covered in flowering vines.

— How's the game going? he asked with interest.

— It's going great! replied one of them. I never thought I'd enjoy something so simple this much again.

Elena, watching from a little farther away, felt deeply moved. She knew this change wasn't just temporary; it had brought new life and hope to all the residents.

Mikaela and Debu watched as the elderly continued interacting with the puppies.

Debu:

— We've done something wonderful here, he said with a satisfied smile.

Mikaela:

— Yes, and we're not done yet. There's still so much more love and happiness to share.

Debu took out his phone and sent a text to his friend:

— Find out where Grimoldi is, the exact location before he got here.

The new day in the garden was not only filled with games and laughter, but it also marked the beginning of a new era of joy and community at the nursing home. The combination of nature, animals, and shared love created an atmosphere where everyone felt revitalized and hopeful for the future.

The sun shone warmly and brightly over the nursing home garden, where a scene of pure happiness and color unfolded, filling the air with laughter and smiles. Some sat on benches in the shade of the trees, petting the dogs and cats that played joyfully around them.

Mikaela smiled as she saw one of the elderly residents, Mr. Johnson—the second resident whose story had touched her—who had been quite quiet in the previous days, now laughing heartily as a small kitten played with his cane.

Mikaela:

— I think we did the right thing bringing these animals here, she said with a grateful smile.

Debu nodded, his eyes shining as he watched Mrs. Ramirez, who used to sit quietly in her room, now laughing while a puppy played with a ball nearby.

Debu:

— They're so happy. It's as if they've regained a piece of their youth.

The elderly, now surrounded by bright colors and joyful sounds, seemed rejuvenated. Some of the animals wore small bows and party hats, which made everyone laugh even more.

Elena approached Mikaela and Debu, her face radiant with a smile.

Elena:

— I've never seen our residents so happy, she said excitedly. Thank you for bringing so much joy to this place.

Mikaela and Debu exchanged satisfied glances, knowing they had made a real difference in the lives of these people.

Debu:

— This is just the beginning, he said with determination. There's so much more we can do together.

For many of the residents, this new day with the animals represented a fresh chapter full of hope and companionship a memory that would continue to brighten their days in the nursing home.

Debu received a call he had been waiting for: it was his contact telling him that they now knew the administrator's location.

Debu decided to go there personally and also asked for one more favor.

— Frank but is got to be done today is emergency be done today, before meet him, can you do that?

Frank does not understand to much but decide help his friend.

— Yes, it can be done today, is not easy but i'm on it, wait for my call.

Debu close the phone and turn to Mikaela.

— Mikaela is something that i need to do more, i will back soon right here, can you wait for me?

Mikaela smile to him by sayng.

— Sure, i will be here.

Debu get up and go to the place, in the road some vast energy embrace him, his energy is changing in the way that every step does make him be more trust in himself like nothing is stoping him in what will do when will get to the place to find himself with Grimoldi.

After 1 hour is to the place and take a position of nothing will hurt him and what will say will be the right words.

His steps take more confidence and trust, is outside of the place, before getting in, he receive the call from his friend.

Frank

— Dear friend the favor was difficult but it was done

Debu is listen and reply

— I'm here, can you make the call in 30 minutes?

Frank

— Yes, i will do it.



Debu take some fresh air and is asking for help from his grandma for what will do will be a change not just for him. he put his hand at his heart and confident with a smile is getting into the building .

Before to open the door Debu already feel the frequency of Grimoldi, something great will happen.

The ultimate encounter

The room was vast, an undefined space where the walls seemed to breathe, shifting shape and color with every thought that passed through Debu's mind. Before him, the administrator emerged from the shadows as if molded by the void itself. His eyes were dark, unfathomable pits, and on his face was an unsettling calm that seemed to defy reality itself.

Face to face, standing across from each other:

Grimoldi with a smile that seemed to cut the air:

- Debu, finally face to face. Listen.
- How ironic it is that he who seeks truth so desperately cannot see what it is.

Debu did not respond immediately. His stance was firm, but his mind teemed with questions. He stepped forward, feeling the ground beneath him change texture, as if the entire universe responded to his energy.

Debu (with a serene yet purposeful voice):

- I didn't come here to play your games. I came for answers.
- I want to know who you really are... and what you represent, why you were placed in that position. Did you create the frequency?

The administrator tilted his head, as if sizing up a worthy opponent. His voice resonated, deep and grave, like an echo bouncing off the walls of the subconscious.

Grimoldi:

- Who am I? I am their boundaries, Debu. I am the limit that stops them and the abyss that draws them in.
- I represent all the decisions they never made, all the times they betrayed themselves. Do you think they can exist without me?

Debu felt a knot in his stomach, but he refused to let fear take control. He breathed deeply, allowing the air to fill not just his lungs, but his spirit.

Debu:

- You are nothing more than a projection.
- You are the echo of their egos, the wall they built to shield themselves from pain, from vulnerability.
- But they no longer need you. They don't need that burden to move forward.

The administrator took a step toward him, and the air grew dense, charged with an energy that seemed to bend reality. His face shifted slightly, reflecting emotions he had never shown before—another facet of his personality.

Before he could respond, the administrator received a call.

- -Mister Grimoldi, we are sorry to notified you that we change the administration of the building, you will be substitute to another city, we hope you understand our position, Have a good day.

The administrator hung up the call, and he got angry.

He understood that was his last day in the city, looking Debu irritated say:

- Do you think if letting me go makes them think they are stronger? I am the pressure that forges them, the doubt that forces them to think, the resistance that makes them move forward.
- Do you really think they can be whole without me?

Debu stepped closer, until only a few paces separated them. His gaze was steady, yet carried a glimmer of compassion he was supported.

- The people they don't want to destroy you. I want you to understand. They want to integrate what you represent, but on their own terms.
- No more fear, no more control. You are part of them, but not entirely, and together they made a decision.

Grimoldi stepped back, surprised by Debu's words. His figure seemed to crumble at times, as if cracks were forming in his armor.

Grimoldi (in an almost inaudible whisper):

- And if integrating me means facing what they fear most? The truth isn't pretty, Debu. It's raw, relentless. Do you think they're ready to see it?

Debu firmly position and continue say:

- They are ready to reclaim their smiles, their happiness, and to face whatever is necessary. The truth will not destroy them; it will set them free.

Grimoldi calmly):

- This is what I am: their shadows and their light, their failures and their triumphs. I am not the enemy, Debu. I am the mirror that shows them who they are—and I know it was you who moved the strings for my replacement as administrator.

Debu is looking in his eyes :

- Yes, it was me. And what they were yesterday, today they are different. Their souls have embraced color—something you’ve never known.

Debu began walking away, but before leaving the room, he turned and spoke to Grimoldi with firm conviction.

- If you return to that place, you will see what I truly am. To you, I am the storm you never expect to touch. I am not alone.

Debu continued on his path, feeling a tear roll down his cheek not of sadness, but of happiness for having faced the person who had controlled the group for so long. For the first time in a long while, Debu felt whole. There was no division, no internal battle. There was unity and in that unity, he found his true power as part of that group of people need it from a stranger that now give them free choices.

Debu return to Mikaela

Mikaela remained at the retirement home as Debu returned, a smile on his face.

He grabbed a box, wishing to make one more person happy—Elena, who had once mentioned a photo of a very special little dog that Debu had helped her find. He carried the box to her, saying:

— I realized there's still one more person to make happy. We brought you something, dear Elena.

Debu approached with the box and asked her to open it. Elena opened it, and there was the little dog. Overwhelmed with emotion, tears streamed down her face as joy enveloped her.

Mikaela:

— It doesn't have a name; that's your decision.

Elena:

— I'll name her like I did my other little dog.
— Fragrance... because she loved being among the flowers, smelling them every day.

Debu:

That seems like the perfect name, because look she's gone straight to your flowers.

Debu and Mikaela laughed, and Elena quickly followed the dog to recover the flowers.

Debu:

— Well, now it feels like we've made everyone happy...

Mikaela (hugging Debu):

— Thank you with all my heart. I couldn't have done this without you, thank you.

Debu:

— We're partners in bringing joy. Hahaha!

Mikayla: What are we going to do about the administrator?

Debu: Don't worry, he's not coming back.

Mikaela looked at him, and Debu smiled.

Mikayla: What will you do tonight?

Debu: I need to deal with my father; he's depressed.

Mikaela: And your mother, what does she say about it?

Debu:

— She has faith; she never loses hope.

Debu and his father

The sun slowly set on the horizon, painting the sky with shades of gold and orange. A gentle autumn breeze rustled the leaves of the trees, creating a calm and serene atmosphere. Debu, a man with a calm demeanor and a deep wisdom in his eyes, arrived at an old country house—the home of his childhood, a place he hadn't visited in a decade.

Debu took a deep breath and knocked on the door. After a moment, the door opened, revealing his father, a man with a weary face and lines of pain and regret etched into his skin.

Ravi (surprised):

— Debu... I didn't expect to see you.

Debu (softly smiling):

— Hello, Dad. It's been a long time. Can we talk?

His father nodded slowly, his gaze a mix of emotions. He opened the door fully and gestured for Debu to come in. The house was filled with memories, some pleasant, others painful. They sat in the living room, where a fireplace crackled softly, adding a warm touch to the room.

Ravi (voice trembling):

— I don't know where to start, Debu. There's so much I want to say, but I don't know how.

Debu (calmly):

— It's okay, Dad. We don't have to start with the hardest things. I'm here to listen, and, if you'll let me, to help you.

His father lowered his gaze, struggling with his emotions.

Ravi (voice breaking):

— I treated you poorly, Debu. I always gave you the hardest things, as if I wanted you to fail. But you... you've always been so strong, so kind.

Debu (gently):

- Dad, I know life hasn't been easy for you. We all carry burdens. But what matters is how we choose to face them. I've always chosen love because I learned that returning negativity only perpetuates pain.

His father lifted his eyes, tears welling up.

Ravi (crying):

- I don't know how to change, Debu. I feel trapped in my own sadness and regret. Sometimes, I feel depression consuming me.

Debu (taking his father's hand):

- Dad, we all have dark moments. The key is not to face them alone. I'm here now, and you don't have to carry all that weight by yourself. There is no problem without a solution. Sometimes we just need to change our perspective.

His father broke down completely, crying openly, releasing years of accumulated pain. Debu embraced him tightly, letting him feel the love and support that had always been there, even if he hadn't noticed it.

Debu (whispering):

- Life is a journey, Dad. No matter how difficult the paths we've walked, there's always an opportunity to find a new road. We can start over, here and now. You're not alone. I'll help you find the light in the darkness.

His father, still crying, nodded slowly.

Ravi (sobbing):

- Thank you, Debu. Thank you for not giving up on me. I promise I'll try to change. I don't want to live in this emptiness forever.

Debu (smiling):

- I know, Dad. And I'll be here to help you every step of the way. We'll get through this together.

The room was filled with a sense of peace and renewal. The crackling of the fireplace seemed warmer, and the atmosphere carried a feeling of hope. Debu and his father, united by love and understanding, began a new chapter in their lives—one where understanding and support replaced negativity and pain.

The room was still wrapped in an atmosphere of reconciliation and calm when the front door suddenly opened. Debu's mother, a woman with a warm

appearance and bright eyes, entered carrying grocery bags. Seeing Debu, her face lit up with overflowing joy.

Mother (surprised and emotional):

— Debu! I can't believe you're here!

Debu quickly stood up and went to his mother, taking the bags from her hands and placing them on a nearby table. She hugged him tightly, tears of happiness rolling down her cheeks.

Debu (smiling):

— Hello, Mom. I've missed you so much.

Mother (crying with joy):

— Me too, son! Every day, every moment!

— You have no idea how much I've dreamed of this moment.

She stepped back slightly, studying her son's face with love and pride. The warm colors of the sunset streamed through the windows, bathing the scene in a golden light that seemed to reflect the joy and love in the air.

Mother (voice breaking):

— You've grown so much, and you look so well.

— I'm so happy to see you, to have you here, at home.

Debu (smiling):

— It's good to be back, Mom. Really good.

Debu's father watched the scene from his chair, his own eyes still filled with tears. His wife turned to him, noticing his emotion, and hugged him as well.

Mother (tenderly):

— Love, our son is back. We're together again.

Ravi (softly):

— Yes, and thanks to him, I feel like I can find the peace I've been seeking.

The mother looked at Debu, her eyes shining with gratitude and love. Then she turned to the kitchen, pulling fresh ingredients out of the bags.

Mother (cheerfully):

- Debu, tonight we're making your favorite dinner. We're going to celebrate being together again. Do you remember when we used to cook together? Today we'll do the same, just like we used to.

Debu (laughing):

- Of course, Mom. There's nothing I'd rather do.

Radiant, his mother began taking out the ingredients, and Debu joined her in the kitchen. They started preparing dinner together, working in perfect harmony. The vivid colors of the fresh ingredients, the delicious aroma of spices, and the cheerful sounds of conversation filled the house with a new, vibrant energy.

Mother (laughing as she cooked):

- I remember when you were little, and you always wanted to be the chef.
- Look at you now, helping your old mother in the kitchen.

Debu (smiling):

- You taught me everything I know, Mom. It was always more than cooking. It was our time to connect, to share.

As they prepared dinner, Debu's father joined them, bringing a bottle of wine he had saved for a special occasion. Glasses were poured, and the family sat down at the table, plates filled with delicious food and the air alive with laughter and love.

Ravi (raising his glass):

- To us. To family. And to a new beginning filled with love and hope.

Mother and Debu (in unison):

- Cheers!

The glasses clink softly, the sound resonating like a melody of hope and renewal. The room, bathed in warm colors and the glow of the fireplace, feels alive and vibrant. The family, reunited, savors every moment, knowing they have found their way back to what truly matters: love, understanding, and being together.

The table is set with the dinner dishes, the atmosphere warm, and the golden hues of the sunset streaming through the windows. Debu's family sits around the table, enjoying the meal they've prepared together. Laughter and conversation flow effortlessly, creating a cozy and loving environment.

Suddenly, the father's phone rings, interrupting the tranquility of the dinner. Everyone at the table goes silent, their eyes fixed on him as he pulls the phone

from his pocket. He sees his business partner's name on the screen and frowns, feeling the anticipation in his family's gaze.

Ravi (looking at the phone, then raising his eyes):

— It's my partner.

Mother and Debu exchange glances. They know that in the past, work had always been his priority, even during the most important family moments.

The father takes a deep breath, looks at his family, and in an unexpected gesture, answers the call.

Ravi (firmly):

— Hello, Jake. Yes, I know, we have much to discuss, but today is not the time. I'm with my family. We'll talk tomorrow. Good night.

He hangs up and turns off the phone, placing it on the table. The room falls silent for a moment as everyone processes what just happened. Debu feels a surge of emotion and pride seeing his father prioritize family for the first time.

Ravi (smiling broadly):

— Who's hungry?

Mother and Debu look at each other, faces full of joy and surprise. Debu can't help but smile, feeling a warmth in his heart witnessing this change in his father.

Mother (radiantly smiling):

— Me, of course! This dinner smells amazing!

Debu (eyes shining):

— Dad, this means so much to us. Thank you for being here.

Ravi leans forward, taking the hands of his wife and son, his gaze filled with love and determination.

Father (emotionally):

— I've realized that true success is here, with you. Nothing is more important than our family.

With this renewed feeling of unity and love, the family begins to enjoy the dinner. Laughter fills the room, and every shared bite feels like a celebration of their

newfound connection. The glow of the fireplace and the warm colors of the food make the scene even more vibrant and alive.

Debu looks at his father with newfound admiration, knowing this is just the beginning of a deep, positive change. Tonight, the family is closer than ever, and the future feels bright and full of hope.

Ravi is thinking how he can resolve all the bad situations that put his wife and his son in the past years but mostly his son forgiveness and he decide to stay texting to his partner that is not part anymore of that company, his decision make him feel like a change is coming.

The reunion

Mike and John meet. They are both in an office, meditating and traveling multidimensionally. In this instance, both wear their light bracelets. John explains how the transformation works, and they are in the same space where John had been before a lost, gray place between two worlds.

This time, the two are helping others by giving them the tools to discover colors themselves and decide whether to return to their bodies.

John:

— Mike, we show them the colors, the rest is up to them. Free will always exists, and we must not interfere. The decision is theirs.

Mike:

— I understand. The choice is theirs.

Using their experience to guide others through meditation and multidimensional awareness, John and Mike employ tools like the golden bracelets to help others navigate their memories and move from a state of uncertainty (black and white) to clarity and understanding (seeing colors). The goal is to empower others to awaken and embrace their own journeys.

John and Mike walk through the hospital hallways, their presence radiating calm and compassion. They stop by patients' beds, offering comforting words and gentle touches. Their empathy and understanding bring a ray of hope to those struggling with illness and despair. Along the way, they meet Aria a young woman battling a chronic illness.

John shares a story of resilience and healing, while Mike listens attentively. Their combined wisdom and support inspire Aria to believe in her recovery journey, lifting her spirits in a way medicine alone could not.

In the hospital cafeteria, they speak with anxious families. John tells anecdotes of courage and faith, while Mike engages the children with uplifting stories. Their presence transforms fear into hope, connecting with the heart and soul of each person, providing emotional and spiritual support to those in need.

Later, John walks near his home, offering comfort to a grieving widow. He encounters Mrs. Jenkins in the quiet garden of a church. She is mourning the loss of her husband, feeling lost and alone. John listens attentively, sharing stories of

love and memories. His words offer solace and peace, reminding her that love transcends physical existence. As Mrs. Jenkins begins to recount memories she shared with her husband, her face lights up and she begins to laugh, feeling a sense of relief and comfort.

Meanwhile, Debu meets Alex in the park. The wind blows gently through the trees, but their conversation is far from calm.

Debu (frustrated):

- Alex, you can't keep making decisions based on what others tell you. You have to decide for yourself!

Alex (defensive):

- But I don't understand, Debu. They know more than I do. Why shouldn't I follow their advice?

Debu (sincerely):

- Because only you truly know what you want and need. Listening to others is fine, but at the end of the day, the decision is yours.

Alex (upset):

- You don't get it. It's easier to let others decide for me.

Debu (determined):

- I promise that one day you'll understand how important it is to trust yourself. You can't always live in the shadow of others.

Alex lowers his gaze, feeling a knot in his stomach. In that moment, something inside him awakens. A memory surfaces in his mind, wrapping around him like an echo from the past.

Alex's childhood memory

He was a small child, sitting on the carpet in his living room, a puzzle spread out before him. His clumsy fingers fumbled with the pieces, but something inside him made him doubt every choice he made. He wasn't alone; his father was nearby, watching with an impatient expression.

Alex's Father (impatiently):

— Alex, why are you taking so long? You always doubt everything. Don't you know what to do?

Little Alex looked up, feeling as if the world of decisions was far too big for him. He didn't know how to do it right.

Alex's Father (frustrated):

— Look, don't worry about it. I'll do it. You don't know how to make decisions. I always have to do it for you.

His father's words pierced his heart: You don't know how to make decisions. The boy felt a weight on his chest, as if it were a truth he was supposed to accept. What did it mean to decide? Apparently, he couldn't do it right.

Alex's Father (without looking at him):

— It's better if someone else does it for you. If you keep going like this, you'll never learn.

Little Alex nodded silently, as if those words were already part of him, an unspoken rule he could never challenge. In his world, decisions were always for others, never for him.

Meanwhile, Debu goes home, exhausted. He collapses onto his bed, frustration weighing on him, as dreams begin to wrap around him, pulling him into their enigmatic embrace.

Debu is dreaming : The crystal desert

Debu finds himself in a vast desert made of crystal. Every grain of sand shines with the intensity of thousands of stars, reflecting sunlight in all directions. It is a place of absolute clarity, but also desolation, where the silence is broken only by the sound of his own steps.

Debu (walking carefully, aware of the enormity of the place):

— This place is incredible. I feel like I'm close to finding the answer.

Upon reaching the top of a large crystal dune, he discovers a huge rock embedded in the ground. On it is engraved the word: "Act, Listen, Trust."

Debu (smiling, feeling something ignite within him):

— Trust, Listen, Act. I think I'm starting to understand.

At that moment, Debu realizes that knowledge and wisdom are useless if not acted upon. Action is the energy that shapes dreams and turns intentions into manifestations. Energy moves when the first step is taken, and that step is an act of self-trust.

Awakening with Confidence

In the dream, Debu has found three words that guide him toward the answer he seeks.

Debu sits at his desk, reflecting deeply on the words he has discovered: Trust, Listen, Act. He now understands that these words form a sequence reflecting not only his process of self-discovery but also the spiritual path he must follow: trust his intuition, listen to the signals of the universe, and act with determination, aligning his soul with his actions.

Debu (writing in his journal):

— Trust your instincts, Listen to your heart, and Act with determination.

Each word is an anchor in the present, and together they form a map toward the future he is building himself.

Resolution with Alex

Inspired and full of confidence, Debu decides to speak with Alex again, with the wisdom gained through the dream.

Debu meets Alex in the same park where they had argued before.

Debu (calmly, in a tone full of understanding):

— Alex, I feel the discussion we had. I know it's hard to make decisions for yourself, but I want to share something with you.

Alex (curious, open-minded):

— What is it?

Debu (looking him in the eyes sincerely):

— I've learned something important: Trust your instincts, If you follow this, you'll find your own path, one that is unique to you.

Alex (thoughtful, touched by the words):

— Those words... make a lot of sense. Maybe you're right, Debu. I need to start trusting myself more.

Debu (smiling, confident that his friend is about to begin his own journey of self-discovery):

— I know you can do it, Alex. I'm here to support you, but in the end, the decision is yours.

Narrator: *With these new words of wisdom, Debu not only finds the clarity he sought for his own future but also helps his friend find his path.*

As Debu watches a small child in the park with their mother, there is something deeply comforting in seeing that unconditional love and pure connection. In that moment, Debu understands that life, like dreams, is full of symbols and messages that only make sense when we allow ourselves to see beyond the surface. The magic is in the present, in the now, and in our ability to trust, listen, and act in harmony with the universal flow and to understand free will.

The Kitchen of Flavors

Debu spends an afternoon in the kitchen with his mom, learning to prepare a special recipe.

Debu surrounded by fresh ingredients and cooking utensils.

Mom (smiling):

— Today we're going to make your favorite dish, Debu. Ready to learn?

Debu (excited):

— Of course, Mom! I've always wanted to know how you make it.

Mom (while chopping vegetables):

— First, we cut the ingredients. Remember, the key is to do it with calmness and love.

Debu (imitating his mom):

— Understood. Calmness and love.

As they cook, Debu and his mom share stories and laughter. The kitchen fills with delicious aromas and a warm atmosphere.

Mom (serving the finished dish):

— Here you go, Debu. Our teamwork has paid off.

Debu (tasting the dish):

— It's delicious, Mom! Thank you for teaching me.

Mom (stroking his hair):

— It's always a pleasure to spend time

The Garden of Memories

Debu and his mom spend an afternoon in the garden, tending to the plants and sharing stories.

Debu and his mom are in the garden, surrounded by flowers and plants. Both are kneeling in the soil, planting new flowers.

Debu (planting a flower):

— Mom, why do you like the garden so much?

Mom (smiling while planting):

— Because the garden is a place where life blooms. Every plant has its own time and way to grow, just like us.

Debu (looking at his mom):

— I'd never thought of it that way.

Mom (looking at him with affection):

— And every plant has its own story. This rose bush, for example, was planted by your grandmother. It always reminds me of her.

Debu (touching the rose bush):

— It's beautiful, Mom.

As they work, Debu and his mom talk about family memories and future dreams. Their connection strengthens with every shared moment.

Mom (whispering while planting a new flower):

— Remember, Debu, patience and care are essential in everything we do.

The Night of Stars

Debu and his mom spend a night stargazing from their backyard, looking at the stars in the clear sky.

Debu (pointing at a constellation):

— Mom, which one is that?

Mom (looking at the sky):

— That's the Orion constellation. It's said that Orion was a great hunter in mythology.

Debu (fascinated):

— I love learning about the stars with you.

Mom (smiling):

— The stars remind us of how vast the universe is and how small we are within it. But they also show us that each of us is unique and special.

Debu (hugging his mom):

— Thank you, Mom. For everything.

Mom (stroking his back):

—I'll always be here for you, Debu. Under these stars and in every moment of our lives.

The moment has left in a ball of feelings and emotions that both of them are living.

The Sofa and the Memories

Debu entered the house, the echo of the door closing behind him blending with the silence of the empty rooms.

The sofa seemed larger than usual, the kind of furniture that carries the weight of too many stories. Debu sank into it, letting his body rest against the cushions, and his gaze drifted toward the window.

Outside, the garden swayed gently in the evening light. His eyes fell upon the old tree —its branches heavy with fruit. A pulse of memory surged within him. He remembered being younger, running barefoot across the grass, his grandmother's laughter ringing behind him like a melody. She had always waited for him under that tree, her hands ready to catch him, her eyes filled with warmth.

Now, watching the same tree, the garden no longer looked the same. It felt like a doorway to the past. Debu leaned his head against the back of the sofa, letting the images wash over him.

He could almost hear her voice.

Don't rush, little one. Every fruit has its season. Just like you.

The words came back not as simple memory, but as presence, filling the room. His chest tightened. That tree wasn't just a tree; it was an anchor. A witness of the bond they had shared.

Debu whispered to himself, his eyes misty but calm:

When I was twelve years old, this garden was the world. And you were my world.

A silence followed, but it wasn't empty. It was filled with the echo of her tenderness. For the first time in days, Debu felt his heart soften, as though the weight he carried had loosened, if only for a moment.

He closed his eyes, holding onto the memory, and let himself drift —half in the present, half in that orchard of the past, where love still lived like an endless season.

The Garden of Advice

Debu, about 6 years old, is playing ball in his grandmother's garden. He falls and scrapes his knee.

Little Debu is running after a ball in the garden. He trips and falls, scraping his knee.

Debu (crying):

— Grandma, it hurts!

His grandmother, a kind-faced woman with wise eyes, approaches calmly and gently.

Grandma (kneeling beside him):

— Oh, my dear Debu, come here. Let me see.

She carefully examines the wound and then kisses him on the forehead.

Grandma (smiling):

— Scrapes heal, sweetheart. What's important is that you get up and try again.

Debu (sniffing):

— But Grandma, it hurts so much.

Grandma (looking him in the eyes):

— Yes, sometimes it hurts, but every time you fall and get back up, you become stronger. Remember when you were learning to ride your bike? You fell many times, but now you ride like a champion.

Debu (wiping his tears):

— Yes, Grandma. You're right.

Grandma (stroking his hair):



— Trust yourself, Debu. You will always find the strength to keep going.
Now, let's clean this wound, and then you can go back to playing.

In some minutes they finished and Debu go to play happy, the wind is more friendly, his smile on the face is the touch of something bigger.

The Kitchen of the flavors

Debu, 8 years old, is helping his grandmother bake cookies in the kitchen. He feels frustrated because they are not turning out right.

Little Debu is mixing the cookie dough, but some flour spills onto the floor.

Debu (frustrated):

— I can't do it right, Grandma!

His grandmother approaches and kneels beside him.

Grandma (softly):

— Let me show you a trick, sweetheart. Cooking is like life; sometimes there are messes, but we can always learn from them.

She shows him how to measure the flour properly and how to mix the dough with patience.

Grandma (wisely):

— Don't rush, Debu. Good things take time. And if you make a mistake, that's okay. It's part of learning.

Debu (smiling shyly):

— Thank you, Grandma. I'll try again.

Grandma (hugging him):

— That's what I like to hear. Always do your best, and remember, I'm here to help you.

Debu, 8 years old, is sitting with his grandmother in the yard, gazing at the stars.

Little Debu and his grandmother sit on a blanket in the yard, watching the starry sky.



Debu (curious):

— Grandma, why are there so many stars?

Grandma (looking at the stars):

— The stars remind us that the universe is vast and full of possibilities. Each one has its own shine, just like you.

Debu (thoughtful):

— Do I shine too?

Grandma (smiling):

— Yes, sweetheart. You have a special light within you. Never let anyone tell you otherwise. Follow your dreams, no matter how far they seem. You can always reach them.

Debu (looking at the stars):

— I'm going to be great someday, Grandma.

Grandma (tenderly):

— You already are, Debu. Every day you grow a little more. And remember, I will always be here, watching you from the stars.

Returning the love

Debu filled with love and compassion from his grandmother's memories.

He opens his eyes and feels warmth in his heart. His grandmother's words echo in his mind.

He rises from the sofa with renewed determination and a smile on his face, ready to face any challenge.

With his grandmother's loving and wise memories, Debu finds the strength to move forward, knowing that even though she is no longer physically with him, her spirit and teachings will always guide him.

Ravi arrives at the house. Standing in front of the door, he says to himself:

- What do I do?
- What do I say to my son, after making him believe all this time that i didn't love him?

He opens the door after so much time trying to find the solution for his son forgive him.

Debu is in the center of the house and is turning back listen the door and see his father..

Ravi says:

- We have a lot to say to each other, and to forgive each other, especially me...

Debu sees that his father's hands are sweaty and senses his confusion. He walks toward him and says:

Debu:

- As I told you on the phone, I forgive you from day one.
- You don't need to me forgive you, you got to forgive yourself Dad.

Ravi can't believe it and start crying, he never expect that his own son does not hate him, he give him a lesson of love, understanding and ways that his heart recently understand that is not just his son, is his master in change him.

Debu analyze him giving a step back and smiling.

- Never is late to start again, we are still here Dad.

Ravi embrace Debu by hugging him

He are looking around the place feeling like a hard rock from his chest has left and is free to start again with his family, another chance, other way of love that he never show to them.

Connection

Mister K sat in his office for a moment, analyzing the quiet hum of the city below. His mind traced the threads of events, souls, and experiences, weaving together the unseen connections he had learned from eons of wisdom.

Sayng in his heart Dear Gaia, on this path, I am here to awaken a soul to see its own self-love, he whispered to himself, a gentle acknowledgment of the journey ahead.

He rose, buttoning his dark blue blazer over a crisp white shirt that matched his tailored trousers. Before leaving, he reached for a small golden box on his desk the bracelet of the planets, a gift from Debu, given during their last meeting. A memory surfaced instantly, vivid and alive:

— Dear K, for your kindness and our encounter, you helped me rediscover myself. As a token of gratitude, I offer you this bracelet.

The bracelet had come from a golden house, exclusive, custom-made by Debu himself. Mister K opened the box, and the colors of all ten planets illuminated, glowing softly, as if connected to something greater.

He felt it immediately, the connection, the recognition. Debu was now a master, and Mister K had been a guide to him, listening, witnessing, and rediscovering himself through the wisdom shared. The memory of Ray, the delicate unfolding of another consciousness in another frequency, resonated in him now through a different lens.

Mister K smiled, a quiet satisfaction spreading across his face. He slipped the bracelet onto his wrist, feeling the subtle hum of the planets' energy, and opened the door. With that gesture, his frequency opened to new possibilities, conviction flowing through every step he would take.

Moments later, he arrived at an elegant bar, the soft amber lights reflecting off polished wood and glass. He spotted Daniel, Ray's father, seated and scanning the menu. Mister K approached, his presence calm, confident, and subtly commanding.

Mister K:

— Good evening, Daniel.

Daniel looked up, slightly startled but composed.

— Good evening.

Mister K smiled, observing him closely. Daniel had left his wallet on the table—a minor detail, yet telling. Mister K extended his hand.

— I'm K, pleased to meet you.

Daniel accepted the handshake. Mister K's grip was gentle but deliberate, a subtle test to see if Daniel was open, willing to accept the conversation, the permission to engage.

Mister K:

— Allow me to cover your drink tonight, he added smoothly.

— My treat.

Daniel nodded, intrigued. Mister K's gaze lingered for a moment, reading the layers beneath the surface, sensing the unspoken, planting a seed without a word.

The night had just begun, and already, the currents of fate and frequency shifted around them

Daniel start to talk like Mister K is onley ears and is giving his heart for listen it.

Daniel:

— Has very difficult for have a living, all what I did is like be a loser.

Miskter K is take a paper from the bar and is writing giving his number and say,.

— maybe we can be friend, this is my number .

Daniel take the number and both leave the bar.

Debu, Expanded at his 35 years.

Is a sunshine day Debu in his hotel room is see himself in the mirror. He leave the room and start to walk in the hallway.

Receive a call from his friend Jack

- Debu, I need your help, I have a conference tomorrow and I got to receive a good offer but I don't know what to do or to say, can you give me a hand on it?

Debu:

- Yes Jack ofcourse, I will, see you at the pub.

Debu close the phoe and is walking in the hallway going to the elevator.

Ray is in the hotel hallway , shoulders slumped, staring at his glass as if the world had lost its color. The confident, mischievous boy from school was now shadowed by regret and exhaustion. Debu's heart softened; he recognized the pain behind the mask Ray wore.

Debu call his friends and ask if he can bring a friend to the table.

Jack answer the call

- Hey Debu, we are waiting you all is good?
- How you ask that, ofcourse came with it.

Debu:

- Thanks Jack!

Debu turned to hi friends with calm determination.

Dear Ray do you allow me to invite you with my friends share some moments and drink or maybe something to eat.

Ray is thinking and he give the hand to Debu.

- You know what Debu? I will accept your invitation, thank you.

In the pub the friends are waiting at the table and present Ray to his friends.

- Guys, I have a friend over there. His name is Ray.
- Welcome Ray!
- Have a seat guys.

Jack say:

- Debu, but you're paying half the bill... one of them joked, and the group laughed lightly.

Debu smiled, undeterred, and walked toward Ray. Each step was purposeful, yet gentle, as if the pub itself slowed to make room for this moment.

- Dear Jack how can I say it to you, you just did a proposal before waiting the offer, let me explain it.
- If you did not answer so fast i was decided to pay all the bill but you hurry and you just make you pay other half for not waiting the offer friend.

Jack is listen carrefully and he like what he listen from Debu.

- You just give me the idea tomorrow to wait the offer and not be me the first one for make it?

Debu:

- Exactly Jack, you have ask for the solution, snf I just give it to you.

Jack is thinking

- You are abosluted right, thank you friend!

As Debu poured a drink for both of them, Ray realized something profound: the boy he had tried to suppress at school, the one he had judged harshly, had grown into someone he could respect, someone whose patience and wisdom could teach him the real meaning of friendship and courage.

And in that small corner of the elegant pub, a seed of transformation was quietly planted—an awakening that would ripple far beyond the night, echoing in both their lives for years to come.

Mister K and Daniel

Daniel is feeling losing his mind and is destroying his office, when all the place is destroy it he find the business card of Mister K, he is seeing it

Daniel take the phone and mark the number.

Mister K is in his office is writing a letter in the old machine.

He answered the call of Daniel.

— Hello

Daniel:

— K, this is Daniel, we meet in the bar, you remember?

Mister K:

— Daniel, how are you? Thanks for callme, ofcourse I remember

Daniel:

— You have sayng if one day I need a friend can I count on you, is still available your offer?

Mister K:

— Sure Daniel, let see us to the Suit Hotel of the center, is a penthouse, I will be here.

Daniel:

— Thanks K, I will be there.

He go to the hotel in his car.

Mister K is looking in the window and see the city leaving the night.

Daniel is getting at the door and Mister K is walking to the door and open it.

— Daniel, thanks for coming

Daniel:

— K thanks for receiving me this night.

Mister K:

— Is ok Daniel, I'm here to help.

Two seats front in front and both are sitting.

Daniel:

— K I need help, find myself I feel like I;m collapsing, can you do it?

Mister K:

— Ofcourse Daniel, but how much can you do in for change it?

Daniel:

— Yes, I can't go more in this road.

Mister K give his hand for the agreement and shaking his hands.

Mister K:

— Ok, then let's start it.

Mister K standing up and make push a button and a glass room is be put between him and Daniel.

— Ok, Daniel for help you I need to make some tests for let the emotions go and feel the experience, are you well with that?

Daniel:

— Yes, I will do anything is need it.

Mister K gives him a pair of technological glasses through which Daniel would enter a virtual space, where he sees himself in first person.

Mister K start to guide him.

— More of the persons feel his box of life be in a little one, like where we are now, when you opened your mind, you give permission to yourself for receive something better, make the room be more bigger, concentrate on it.

Daniel:

Well how can I do it? I just sayng?

Mister K:

— Yes, make yourself see better thinks for you like you talk with the universe tha answer to you.

Daniel:

— I always wanted a new way.

—Mister K looks at Daniel calmly, his fingers brushing the planetary bracelet on his wrist.

Mister K — Good. Before anything else: this won't just be remembering, it will be feeling through other bodies. Do you accept to appear where truth places you?

Daniel — Yes. I can't go on like this. I'll do whatever it takes.

Mister K stands up and presses another button. The glass wall of the penthouse turns a deep blue; a platform rises in the center of the room. A glass capsule enters, along with a console holding lenses —small glasses that look like ancient magic fused with modern technology. Daniel sits down, and K places the glasses on his face with a hand accustomed to holding destinies.

Mister K — Breathe. Don't cling to defense. The only way to learn is to let yourself be pierced.

The real room dissolves. Daniel falls, softly, into the first experience.

The mirror of the aggressor

Daniel now sees himself from the outside: he is the bully in the schoolyard. He feels the power of the joke, the laughter that spreads. But something else appears: the face of the victim fades little by little, and in that fading his own shadow reflects

Mister K:

— Look at what your act ignites in others and in yourself. When you hurt, what lights up inside you?

Daniel:

— A hollow. A terrible certainty of not being enough.

Like a chain of rage dragging more rage. He hears the comments behind his back, the approval of others. At the end of the last image of vision, he is left alone, surrounded by the echo of laughter that no longer brings satisfaction, only emptiness.

The house that does not speak

Now the simulation places Daniel in the house of that child. The walls seem too thin, and the air too heavy. He hears raised voices drifting like smoke through every corner —arguments that echo without ever reaching resolution. The table holds a plate, but no warmth; a greeting is delivered without looking, its sound more like a farewell than a welcome.

The parents move around distracted, as if the child were invisible. Their gazes never meet his; their silence is louder than any shout.

Daniel feels the emptiness press into him, a slow, gnawing void. His chest tightens as he watches the child curl up in a corner of the room, clutching a toy that seems to be the only witness to his sadness. He realizes the bully's rage is not born of strength, but of absence —of containment denied, of affection withheld.

Mister K steps into the scene, his voice calm yet sharp, vibrating in the air like a tuning fork.

Mister K:

— Not to justify your harm, Daniel, but to understand its origin.

Daniel turns, confused, his eyes clouded.

Mister K:

— Understanding does not absolve. But it gives you a choice. Rage born of pain can either chain you... or free you.

The house trembles slightly, as if the walls themselves carried the echo of generations repeating the same patterns. Daniel touches the child's shoulder and, in that instant, feels the chain of neglect—the coldness, the void—that had once shaped him.

Daniel (whispering, almost to himself):

— I was not born cruel. I learned it.

Mister K (nodding slowly):

— And what is learned... can be unlearned.

The emotion begins to fade, but the echo remains in Daniel's chest: cruelty is only unattended pain searching for a voice.

A suit of another personality that he decide to use and forgive himself for what he did without knowing how much pain has did for the people around him.

Old age and broken memory

The sequence moves forward into the future. Daniel now stands in the middle of a dimly lit nursing home. The walls are sterile white, but the air feels heavy, thick with silence. An elderly version of the victim, Ray, sits slouched in a wheelchair by the window. His hands tremble slightly as he stares out, his eyes glassy, searching for recognition in a world that seems to blur before him.

The room is filled with others, but isolation lingers like a shadow. Faces pass by nurses, visitors, strangers—yet none of them ignite warmth or belonging. Ray turns his head slowly, his gaze distant, as if the years of exclusion and the weight of invisible scars had finally crystallized into a deeper loneliness.

Daniel observes, and his chest tightens. The laughter he once thought harmless now echoes back, distorted, reverberating into decades. He realizes it was never just about a single moment on the schoolyard. That cruelty, multiplied by silence, had the power to hollow out a life, leaving traces that stretch into old age.

He whispers to himself:

— It followed him. The pain followed him.

Mister K appears at his side, his presence calm but unyielding.

Mister K (gazing at Ray with solemn eyes):

— Look at the chain, Daniel. What you sowed does not vanish. It can perpetuate itself, feeding on silence, on the absence of repair. Loneliness is not born in old age—it is planted, little by little, in the tender years. What will you cultivate now?

Daniel's throat feels tight. His hands tremble as if carrying the invisible weight of decades. His heart beats faster, a wave of empathy and guilt crashing together inside him.

Daniel (softly, his voice cracking):

— I didn't know... I thought it was just a joke. I thought it would fade.

Mister K:

- The body forgets, but the heart remembers. What you see is not punishment, but consequence. The echo of your act became part of his story. Now, what will you do with this truth?

Daniel steps closer to Ray. The elderly man's eyes, unfocused, seem to glance in his direction, though Daniel knows this is only the simulation. Still, something in that gaze pierces him. His lips tremble as he speaks words he had never spoken in real life.

Daniel:

- I'm sorry... forgive me.

The words seem to reverberate, not just in the room but inside him. They are not erasure, they are recognition. A bridge being built where once there was only fracture.

Mister K (placing a hand on Daniel's shoulder):

- Recognition is the seed. Forgiveness begins not with the other, but with the courage to see yourself.

The room begins to blur, the nursing home dissolving into light. Daniel holds onto that last image: Ray by the window, fragile, but no longer invisible.

To be invited again

The last immersion is a counterbalance. Daniel appears at a table where someone, out of a humble intention, offers him a hand. the possibility of change, the kindness that awakens. He feels the warmth of being included instead of exiled. He understands the multiplying effect of a kind gesture.

The capsule shuts down. Daniel returns to the penthouse with the glasses wet in his hands, breathing with difficulty but with new clarity.

Mister K observes his trembling with compassion, without judgment.

—What did you see Daniel?

Daniel:

—I saw... everything. I saw the fear of the child I struck with my words. I saw my attempt to fill a hollow with false power. I saw what made Ray become like that... and I saw what could have been different if someone had offered him a hand.

Mister K nods.

—Now that you know, the path is simple and difficult at once: responsibility and repair. You cannot undo the past, but you can hold the truth and turn it into action. What do you want to do?

Daniel

—I want to make it right. I want to talk to Ray. I want to offer truth, ask forgiveness, and learn to support those who suffer. I don't know if he'll forgive me... but I must try.

Mister K stands and opens a drawer. He takes out a notebook and a small antique pen.

—Write. Write a letter without excuses. Only truth. Then, if you are ready, I will go with you to find him. Repair begins with this humble act: to speak with your heart and not with hidden shame.

Daniel takes the pen. His hand no longer trembles as before; the emotion pierces him with a new direction. He writes with ink that trembles at first and then steadies. He asks forgiveness, acknowledges the harm, names the origin, and proposes concrete actions: companionship, professional help for Ray if he accepts, and volunteering at the school to change the culture.

Mister K:

—And one more thing: repair does not always demand immediate reconciliation. Many times it demands constancy. If Ray does not respond, don't excuse yourself; remain present. Let your change be visible in your actions, not in promises.

Daniel:

—I will. Thank you. Not only for showing me, but for not letting me escape from my own truth.

Mister K approaches, places his hand on his shoulder and, with a ceremonious gesture, offers him the glass with the drink he had invited before.

Mister K:

—Once you face what you have done, life gives you chances. Don't waste them.

The scene ends with Daniel leaving the penthouse with the folded letter in his pocket, his breathing still heavy but his step firm. Mister K watches him go, the planetary bracelet reflecting the city lights. In his mind, the same conviction: to sow seeds of new awareness.

—The following evening Daniel stands outside Ray's apartment building. His hands sweat around the folded letter. He hesitates, but remembers Mister K's words: repair is not about perfect timing, it is about presence. He climbs the stairs and knocks softly.

The door opens. His son is surprised, looks at his father with eyes that carry both distance and hurt.

His Son:

—Dad? What are you doing here?

Daniel :

—Ray, son i came... not to explain, not to excuse. I came to talk with you,
—May I?

Ray steps aside, uncertain. Daniel enters the small living room, sits down slowly, and unfolds the letter. His voice trembles at first, but grows steadier with every word. He admits the damage, the blindness, the pride that made him laugh at other people's pain. He asks forgiveness not only as a father, but as a man who once sowed cruelty in his own house.

When he finishes, silence falls. Ray does not answer immediately; his gaze is heavy with the weight of old wounds. Daniel bows his head, prepared for rejection.

Ray — I don't know if I can forgive you tonight. But I hear you. And for the first time... I believe you.

Tears rise in Daniel's eyes. He doesn't push for more; he simply nods.

Daniel

— That's enough. Thank you for hearing me.

Ray looks away, then back, his voice softer.

Ray

— If you're serious about changing, show me.

— Not just me—show others. Be different than you were.

Daniel — I will.

They remain in silence for a moment, the distance still there but pierced by a fragile thread of possibility.

Outside, under the night sky, Mister K stands at a distance, watching from the shadows of the street. He doesn't interfere, only smiles faintly. The planetary bracelet on his wrist gleams with the reflection of starlight, as if the cosmos itself acknowledged that a seed had been planted.

The Unexpected Call

The followed day Ray see himself to the mirror and decide take the call from his dad.

Ray:

— Hey Dad, thanks for passing by last night.

Daniel:

— Ray if I invite you will like it to have dinner with me?

Ray see himself in the mirror again before answer, he take a bread and answer:

Ray looks at himself in the mirror again before answering. He takes a breath and replies:

— Sure dad, accept to came, where I see you?

Daniel:.

— Let's meet at the pub you always liked—the elegant one

Ray:

— I know the place. I've always loved the people who go there.

Daniel:

— I will be there son, thank you.

The Quiet Dinner

Both of them are in the place. The pub is softly lit, a mix of elegance and comfort. Waiters move quietly, the hum of low conversation fills the air. Daniel is already seated at a corner table, his hands clasped together nervously.

Ray walks in, his eyes scanning the room. For a moment, he almost doesn't recognize his father—Daniel looks lighter, less burdened, as if some invisible weight has been lifted.

Daniel rises immediately.

— Ray. Thank you for coming.

They shake hands awkwardly, but Daniel doesn't let go too quickly. There's something in his grip that feels different—less controlling, more tender. They sit, and after ordering their meals, silence lingers between them.

Daniel breaks it first, his eyes drifting to the table, then back to Ray.

— Do you remember... when you were a kid, maybe seven or eight? We used to sit almost in this same corner. You always ordered the same thing—chicken with fries, extra ketchup.

Ray looks up, surprised.

— You remember that?

Daniel:

— Of course I do. You would dip the fries and make little drawings on the plate, like maps. You said they were treasure maps, and you'd pretend we were pirates finding our way home.

Ray's fork freezes in his hand. His expression softens, eyes widening slightly as if something inside him has shifted and is looking to his dad by saying.

— I thought... I thought you forgot those things. You were always so busy, so far away. I never imagined you actually noticed.

Daniel leans forward, voice trembling with honesty.

- Ray, I never forgot. The truth is, I carried those memories with me all these years. I just didn't know how to show you. I thought being strong meant being distant. But I was wrong.

Ray lowers his gaze, his chest tightening. He feels both the sting of regret and the comfort of knowing his father held onto those small, sacred details.

- I hated you for a long time, Dad. For not being there the way I needed. But hearing this... it's different. It feels like you were there, even when I didn't see it.

Daniel's eyes shine with unshed tears.

- I was clumsy. I failed to protect you from things I should have stopped. But those moments—your laughter, your maps, the way you dreamed out loud—they were never lost to me. They were my anchor, even when I was too blind to admit it.

Ray sets down his fork, takes a slow breath, and finally looks his father in the eye.

- Maybe we can start over. Not as who we were, but as who we are now.

Daniel nods, a soft smile breaking through.

- I would like nothing more.

The waiter brings their food. For the first time in years, they share a meal not in silence or tension, but in recognition. Father and son, rediscovering each other across the table where old memories meet new beginnings.

Mister K and the Stars

Mister K returned to his penthouse in silence. From above, the city stretched out like a map of lights pulsing beneath the darkness. Each car's headlight, each lamp glowing in a distant window, was a spark of life, a small universe in motion.

He stopped in front of the wide window and placed his hand on the cool glass. On his wrist, the planetary bracelet, the gift from Debu glowed softly, as if answering the shimmer of the city below. He studied it calmly, his gaze moving over each sphere that represented a different world: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Saturn... all aligned in a circle of wisdom and memory.

Closing his eyes, he allowed silence to fill the space. Within himself, he felt the echo of Debu, like a thread of time that could never be cut. That friendship, woven since eons, reminded him that his task had never been to change anyone, but to show the path so that each soul might remember its own light.

The city lights began to blur into constellations in his mind. Mister K understood that every human action, no matter how small, rippled outward through the river of existence. Daniel had begun to see his truth, and soon Ray would receive the reflection of that change. Change never belongs to me, he reflected.

I only hold the lantern. The rest is the choice of the one who dares to walk..

The bracelet seemed to pulse, radiating a faint warmth against his skin.

Mister K covered it with the palm of his hand, as though sealing a silent pact.

Under the night's mantle, he remained in stillness.

He closed his eyes, and in that quiet, he saw himself not in the penthouse, not in the bustling city, but on a bridge. A bridge that stretched across time and memory, linking every lesson, every act of kindness, every moment of courage. He could feel the strength in the boards beneath his feet, the wind carrying the echoes of those he had guided, those he had watched grow.

And in that vision, Mister K understood: his role was never to own the change, only to witness it, to stand steady while others walked their path. The bridge before him had no end, only the promise that each step forward mattered, each choice resonated with the free choice election. He open his eyes and with a smile see again the city in his beautiful beauty.

Tom and Debu Reunion

Tom's porch overlooked serene fields stretching to the horizon. The afternoon was quiet, with the sky painted in soft shades of orange and pink. Debu sat in an old wooden chair that creaked with every movement. In front of him, Tom slowly sipped a cup of coffee, letting the warm aroma fill the space between them.

The silence was comfortable, but Debu knew Tom always had something important to say, something he seemed to be waiting for the right moment to share.

Tom set his cup on the small table between them and slipped his hand into his shirt pocket. He pulled out a small, worn coin and held it up in front of Debu, letting it glint in the last rays of sunlight.

Tom:

— Do you know what this is?

Debu carefully took the coin. It was old, unlike any he had seen before. One side was engraved with a tree, its roots deep and branches reaching toward the sky. On the other side, a river wound toward an infinite horizon.

Debu (curious):

— It's beautiful... but I have no idea what it means.

Tom leaned back in his chair, his gaze lost in the landscape before them, as if traveling through time.

Tom:

— My grandfather gave me this coin when I was young. He told me life is like this coin: it has two sides. But the real trick is learning to see both at the same time.

Debu turned the coin over in his fingers, examining every detail with interest.

Debu:

— What do the sides represent?

Tom smiled with that mixture of warmth and wisdom that always defined him.

Tom:

- The tree represents your roots: where you come from, what has shaped you, your lessons and your wounds. It's everything that anchors you, the good and the bad. The other side, the river, represents the flow of life. It symbolizes your ability to move forward, to change, even when everything seems stagnant.

Debu remained silent, watching the sun begin to set behind the fields.

Debu (reflecting):

- So... I'm both? The tree and the river?

Tom said that's right. But there's something more, Debu. Each side of this coin also represents a force that is always present in our life: destiny and free will

Debu looked at him attentively, his words resonating deeply inside him

Tom said that destiny is what seems to be beyond your control, the events that arrive without warning. But free will... that is your power to choose, to decide how to respond to what life puts in front of you. Even if you don't realize it, that choice changes everything, though not physically, but metaphysically

Debu turned the coin once more, feeling the weight of his words.

- What happens if I choose wrong? If I take the wrong path?

Tom leaned forward, resting his hands on his knees

Tom said there are no wrong paths, only those that teach you what you need to learn. Even when you think you have failed, you are really growing. The important thing is to keep moving forward and trust that you can always find your way

The wind blew gently, moving the branches of the nearby trees. Debu put the coin in his pocket, as if guarding a precious secret

Debu, looking at Tom, said then if i can always choose, does that mean?

i'm not as lost as I think?

Tom put a hand on his shoulder, squeezing it warmly

Tom said you are not, Debu. You never have been. Inside you there is a spark, a light that never goes out, even in your darkest moments. You just need to learn to trust it

Debu felt his eyes fill with tears, but they were not of sadness, but of relief

Debu, moved.

— Thank you, Tom. This means a lot to me

Tom smiled, his eyes reflecting a special light under the sunset.

Tom:

— I will always be here to remind you, Debu. Life can be difficult sometimes, but you have the strength to face it.

— Just trust yourself and that little spark inside you.

The sky began to darken, and the first stars appeared. On that porch, under the immensity of the universe, Debu felt something he hadn't felt in a long time: hope. And as silence settled between them again, Debu looked at the stars and smiled, knowing he was not alone in his journey

Debu stood and looked toward the horizon. The rain began to fall

Tom stood as well, placed his hand on Debu's shoulder, and said life is a river, a river that flows and changes. Sometimes gentle, sometimes violent. But even the fiercest river has its channel, and inside you there is a current that will take you to a place of peace, if you just let it flow

Debu stayed silent for a moment, as if gathering courage to say something important, but tears began to fall.

Debu's eyes widened slightly. He remembered a dark day of his life, when he felt the weight of the world was too much to bear. He had decided that the only way to escape was to jump from a bridge at age nine until someone saved him.

Debu, in a soft voice, said.

— I remember. I was so lost... I felt my parents didn't understand me, that no one did. You were the one who saved me

Tom

— Yes, Debu, that's right. But since that day

— I felt that you were the one who saved me, you know in you i ve see something grandness.?

Tom nodded, his gaze fixed on Debu

— I appeared just in time, not by chance, but because i felt something was wrong. And I told you something that I hope you never forgot.

Debu closed his eyes, reliving that moment. Tears filled his eyes as he remembered the phrase that had changed his life

Debu, in a soft voice, said that spark can light your way if you decide to keep moving forward

Debu took a deep breath, feeling a surge of gratitude and strength

— That phrase saved me, Tom. It made me realize I wasn't alone, that I had the power to find my own path, my own light

Tom nodded, his gaze warm and understanding

— We all face our own shadows, Debu. But you are never alone. There will always be someone willing to help you find that spark of light, to remind you that your life has purpose and immense value.

Debu leaned forward and hugged Tom, feeling a deep and renewed connection

— Thank you, Tom. Not just for that day, but for always being there for me.

Tom hugged him tightly, a tear rolling down his cheek

— Always, Debu. Always.

In that moment, under the sunset sky, Debu found a new perspective and renewed determination to move forward, seeking the light in his life, not just for himself, but also for those who might need it

— Debu said let's go inside

Now it's my turn to surprise you, I'd like to show you something in the mechanism I gave you.

Tom stood up and Debu followed him into his office.

Tom's office was bathed in a warm golden light streaming through the window at sunset. The atmosphere carried an aura of introspection, as if the space itself awaited a revelation. At the center of one of the shelves, the ancient mechanism rested, still and enigmatic.

Debu sat in front of the desk, playing with the coin Tom had given him during their previous meeting. He rotated it between his fingers, watching how the light reflected the intricate details engraved on its surface. Tom, seated across from him, couldn't help but notice the gesture.

Debu, looking at the coin:

- Haven't you ever wondered why the mechanism has that circle in the middle, Tom? You knew it when you gave it to me, even if you didn't say so. This coin has a story, a purpose, and I think we both feel it.

Tom, thoughtful:

- My grandfather used to say this coin represented something bigger... something we still didn't understand. He gave it to me with that very idea, but I never knew what to do with it, so I kept it.

Debu rose slowly, walking toward the shelf where the mechanism sat. His eyes fixed on the empty circle at its center, as if something invisible was drawing him.

Debu, in a low voice:

- Have you ever wondered why you kept this coin, Tom? Why did you feel I should have it, and not someone else?

Tom furrowed his brow, trying to recall his own thoughts from that moment.

- I don't know. It was... instinctive. Something in me told me I had to give it to you. But I didn't know why.

Debu smiled, saying:

- There's no instinct if not for synchronicity and intuition. Come with me.

Debu, turning toward him with a slight smile:

- That's because you already knew the answer, but you weren't ready to see it.

Tom stood up, approaching the shelf. His eyes shifted between the coin and the mechanism. Gradually, his breathing quickened as the pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place in his mind.

Tom, murmuring:

- It can't be... The coin? Does it fit here?

Debu nodded slowly, extending the coin toward Tom. But before he could take it, Debu held his hand, looking him in the eyes.

Debu, calmly: It's not just the coin, Tom. It's what it means. You didn't realize it, but when you gave it to me, it was as if you were passing me more than an object. It was an act of trust, of faith. Now, it's your turn to take that leap.

Tom took the coin, his hands trembling. He held it in front of the mechanism, watching as the empty circle seemed to await it, as if it were a key.

With a deep sigh, he placed the coin in the circle. A soft click echoed through the room, followed by a gentle hum. The mechanism began to turn, revealing patterns that glowed with a faint golden light.

Tom, surprised: How did you know Debu? You were only 12 years old.

Debu crossed his arms, watching the mechanism turn, and said:

- Age doesn't matter, only wisdom. Besides, I was guided by my grandmother; she gave me the elements to build it.

Debu, calmly:

- This coin was not just a piece of the mechanism, but a symbol of something greater: of trust, of connection...

The mechanism projected luminous patterns onto the office walls, as if telling an ancient story. Tom remained still, taking in what he was seeing.

- My grandfather was right... He knew this was more than just an artifact. But why you, Debu? Why did it have to be you to complete it?

Debu stepped closer and placed a hand on Tom's shoulder.

Debu, gently:

- Because, Tom, this wasn't just my destiny. It was yours too. You gave me this coin because, deep down, you knew I could help you find your purpose. The mechanism didn't activate just because of the coin, but because you were ready to understand it.

Tom felt a rush of emotions: gratitude, awe, and a deep connection to his past and present.

Debu, smiling:

- That's what we do for others, Tom. We help them find their authenticity, to see the light when it seems invisible. And you will do the same for someone else, just like you did for John and Mikey.

Debu released his hand and stepped back, watching Tom examine the mechanism once more.

Tom:

- Do you think there are more paths, more mechanisms like this, waiting to be activated?

Debu, smiling:

- There are always more, Tom. Each of us has our own mechanism, our own key. Sometimes it's in objects, sometimes in people. What matters is having the courage to search, to trust the moment and ourselves.

With those words, Debu turned toward the door. Before leaving, he looked over his shoulder, leaving one last message.

Debu:

- Remember this, Tom what you found today is not just your legacy, it's the spark that will ignite many more. And as long as you continue searching with authenticity, there will always be a new discovery waiting for you.

Tom looking the mechanism, now illuminated by the last rays of sunlight streaming through the window, a smile still on his face, amazed.

Debu smiled and leave the room with his grace of the beauty for Tom

The mechanism, still glowing, left a reflection as a new day began to dawn. Tom had come to an end of what he was looking for decades a young man resolve his mistery but not just for him but for the each one of his group around, the true adventure is only just the beginning.



To the Readers: You in the Universe

This book is not just the story of Debu, Tom, or an ancient mechanism that connects past and present. It is the story of all of us. It is a reflection of what happens when we choose to look into the mirror of our soul, when we decide to listen to the voice calling from within—the one that has always known us, even when we haven't.

Every page has been a reminder that within you exists something unique, something innate, that cannot be taken away or lost. That something is your spark, your essence, your truth.

Debu's journey is no different from yours. You may not have a physical mechanism or a coin that fits perfectly into a hidden place, but you have something even more powerful: the power to choose. To decide who you are and who you will become, not based on what others expect, but on what your soul has always known you to be.

The universe is full of possibilities, but also of connections. Everything you do, every choice, every step, resonates beyond the visible. Just as Tom and Debu met to reflect each other, you too can be that spark for someone else. Perhaps you already have been, and don't even know it.

Dedicated to you, who have walked through these pages, thank you.

Thank you for opening yourself to the journey, for exploring not only the adventures but also the emotions and reflections this book has awakened in you.

If you are on the path of discovering who you are, remember there is no rush. The beauty of this journey lies in every step, in every question, in every small discovery. You don't need all the answers immediately, because every moment of doubt, every stumble, and every revelation is part of your authenticity blooming.

This book, these stories, would have had no meaning without you. Because every word written here comes to life through your interpretation, through your heart.

For feeling part of the journey, for reflecting, questioning, and feeling. May each page have been a mirror, a spark, or a compass for you. And even though this book reaches its final word, the journey continues.

Special Thanks:

I am grateful to those who have believed in this vision, to those who encouraged me in moments of doubt, and to those who, through their presence or words, nurtured every page of this work.

In particular, I want to wholeheartedly recognize and thank Javier Santos Fernández, whose attentive gaze and creative essence were a spark in the development of some of the ideas that give life to this book. His support has been an echo throughout this process, reminding me that great ideas are born when shared.

Because in every idea that ignites, there is a light that guides us back home.

Always remember

Walk with courage, love intensely, and live authentically. The very fact that you are here, reading these lines, is proof that you have everything you need to be a light, to be yourself.

With gratitude and hope,

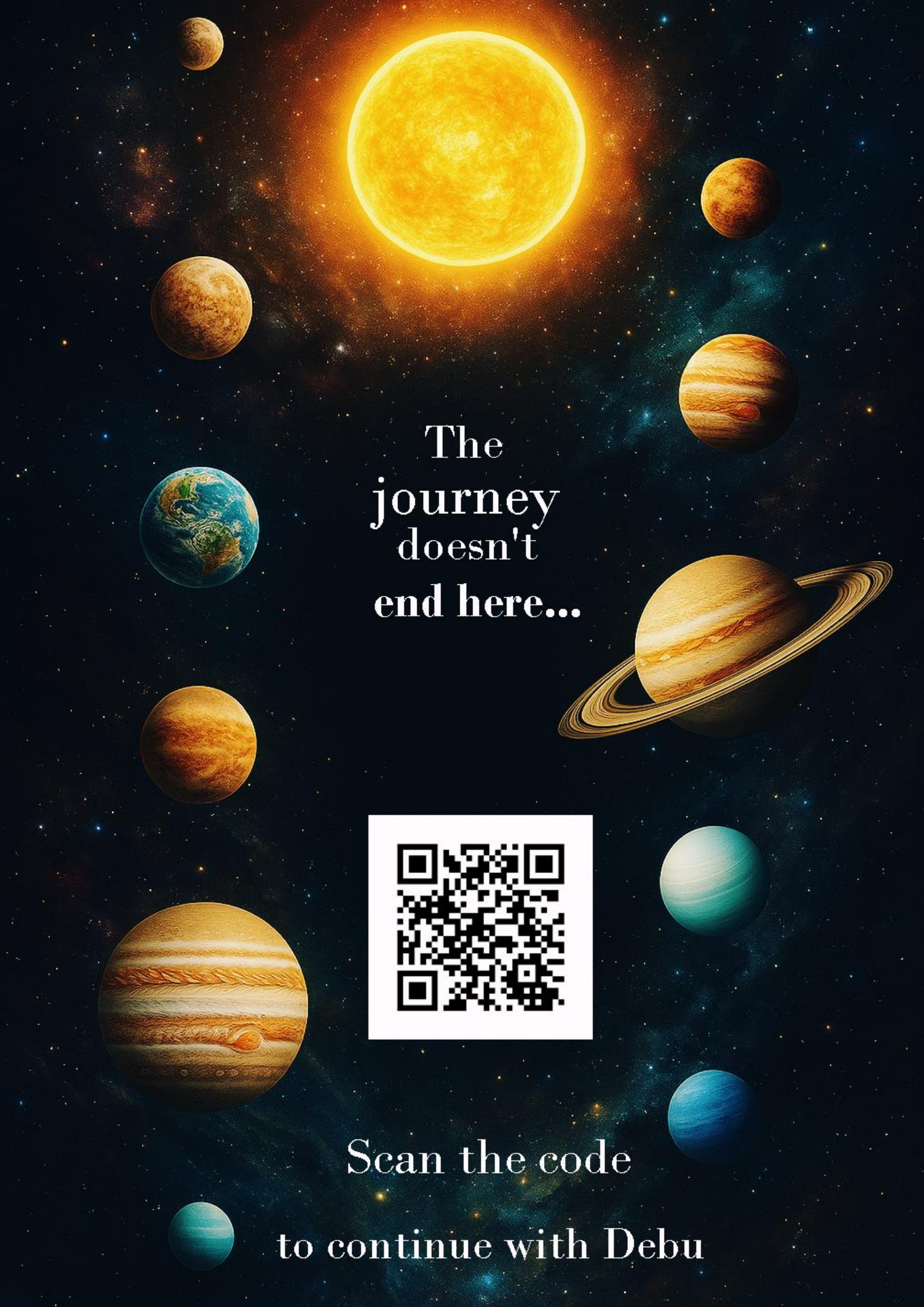
Thank you for being part of this journey.

What I was, I am, and I will be.

Author: Simona Lorn

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