



Bordertraveller stories

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LarsGoran Bostrom



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by

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Preface

If you reject transformation in general, you reject life. This is the vision that is being explored in these stories in the shadow of the digital society's progress. So, get ready for a staggering journey through time and space to spread light on this, for some, provocative claim. Or to use Mark Twain's words: Its name is the general opinion. It is maintained with reverence. It dissolves all problems. Some believe that it is the voice of God who speaks.

Thus, it is not the general opinion that sheds light. It is not the lighthouse that guides and drives the stories forward. Instead, it is the rebels or bordertravellers, if you like, and their stubborn often bitter struggle for development and liberation. Acts that by many are considered a noble art since it both in goodlands and badlands produces hope.

Famous historical voices and unknown people remind us in these stories of this power, and that history often return in the present, here is given striking proof. All limiting boundaries only exists to be crossed. That is the bordertravellers' motto.



a taste of salt

A taste of salt is soaring along the East Beach's lashing waves. A string of magic vibrates in the chaotic atmosphere. While the footsteps with ease carry forward. A feeling of invincibility overtakes which is strange. Since it wipes away the dust of the powerlessness, that just a few days ago, filled all my inner domains. What should have been abandonment is a new beginning. That was how I saw it by the salty waves.

The dog that rushes along the beach chasing seagulls that have difficulties to take off because of the strong biting wind. He gasps but does not give up, although he just plays. Since if he gets too close, he stops and lets the seagull escape. While he with loud barks is galloping forward along the shoreline. Magic vibrations increase in strength. Something is approaching. Even if it is still invisible, it feels like it is closing in.

The beach is usually crowded with people at this time of year, but in the eye of the storm, only a lonely bather with water up to the waist is standing strong. Further out, a fishing boat steers out to the open sea.

I had just walked a few hundred meters along the beach. All the seven kilometres of sand lays before me. As usual, I ignored the sign that says that dogs are not allowed to be on the beach at this time of year. Since the salty taste is an addictive drug for both the dog and me.

We continue forward and meet an older lady, she also with a dog. Off the beach, he always wants to greet other dogs, but not here. The dog rushes on, chasing waves, with seagulls screaming from above. They all have managed to take off and rise towards the sky.

The bather is shivering and is on the way up towards the beach again when we pass. He has overcome the forces of nature. To these people of steel, I do not belong.

It cannot just be the open landscape that evokes the feeling. Neither the wind that occasionally sweep away the traces of the past. Instead of hopeless darkness, there by the shoreline, the horizon of possibility smiles. It is a somehow strange feeling. As Paulo Coelho declares; "Feelings are a world that I am quite ignorant of, a world where time does not exist and no spaces and no limits." No need for investigation only signs that are intended to be followed.

~

Despite the freezing strong wind, he goes out in the water. Every day from mid-April to the end of September, it must be done that way. It is a request to himself. He wades slowly into the foam of the waves. When he stands in the water up to his waist he turns toward the deserted beach. Suddenly a shadow of a man turns down onto the beach from the sand banks with the hotel in the haze behind. A dog, a collie jumping beside the man, and barking

wildly. The sound echoing out into the approaching storm. The bathers mouth tightens and becomes a hard line. Dogs are not allowed to be on the beach at this time of year. He dives into the water for his daily swim.

At the same moment he comes up, he sees a woman that is walking with slow steps from the other direction. She also has a dog. The security guard in him addresses: Two judging corrections at the same time. He feels joyful inside. So, he begins to puddle out of the water as fast as he possibly can. Soon he realizes that he will have to choose whom to confront. Does the man or the woman need a reprimand? He concludes that it is the woman who raised his annoyance and should be the target. Probably, this is because he expects least resistance from her.

The man passes by with the dog that is still barking. He then sees that it is a Shetland Sheep dog, oh that dog that looked so big when he first came in sight.

He walks up to the woman with a harsh look on his face. But she just replies, "If you want to play a police officer please dress yourselves in a uniform, you seem to need one." He walks speechless and angrily away while shivering of the cold. His cabin is just fifty feet away, anyway.

~

At the end of East Beach if you walk from north to south there is a natural obstacle. A small stream that quietly flow into the ocean. It is possible to wade over, but for the vast majority it says stop. This is where I finally arrived. A house that probably was built centuries ago is showing on the other side of the stream. You do not see much of it because of all vegetation. The only sign of life is

the smoke that is rising to the sky, night and day, independently of which season.

In the house lives a witch, if the rumour is true. Others want to call her shaman, who through her holy rites brings good luck to the city and its people. It is also she who controls the lull and the storm, it is said.

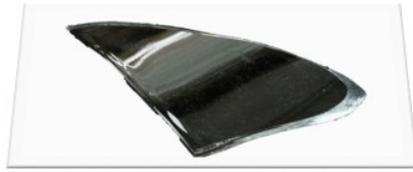
The fact that there is always some wind is a reminder. But sometimes they, the town's citizens, have to be shaken with a storm to keep on going. Most people know nothing about this. Her presence is manifested only by the yellow smoke towards the sky, which sometimes changes in red. It depends on which brew that is cooked for the day. Surely, she has followers, but no one can separate us from them.

The salts numbing power, the magic vibrates dully like a bass drum where somebody beats and beats out loud. The strength increases for every step to the south I go. Could it be a symphony of destiny that approaching? Stops by the streaming water and looks in between the trees. My legs ache. No movement at the house as far as I can see. The fascination of the mystery chants come, come, come.

Even the dog remains quiet, but with the attention curiously awake. I wait a little longer to just get a glimpse of her shape, if only just a shadow, a contour. The shamanism is of deepest interest in these trembling seconds, which means everything that is beyond the boundary of natural science. The dog whines softly, it is time to go, the footsteps carry inland, where the sandbanks soon pass into plain landscapes of grass.

I turn towards the house a last time. A seagull breaks the silence, and to some extent, the magic with its anxious scream. More solid

ground under the feet, long way home, I hurry on the steps with aching legs. Someday I will cross over the stream to explore her mystery.



the shard

Words with wings humming through the air. They spread elegance mixed with a vigorous meaningfulness that takes a hold of the senses. It is an alchemist of knowledge who stands in front of his audience. The only thing that disturbs the spirit is a howl of a crowd somewhere far away.

Sweat-dripping naked bodies, aching muscular force that works on a fragile thread just at the breaking point, and blood that swells and splashes. Afterwards, there can only be one winner for each ability. Only one gets to stand in the shining light of a laurel-crown given from the ruler's hand.

The party has just begun. The expectation of heroism inside the arena rests like a thick smoke. It is a gust of anticipation that empowers the atmosphere of the folklore game whose spirit soon will develop into euphoria.

Outside the arena there is a relative calm. The lecture keeps on going. This is where the well-formulated phrases get air under its wings and will travel through decades, centuries and even millennia. The audience, however, is unaware of that this empowering force will be so far reaching, so widespread. They do

not know that this man's wisdom will survive all the faces of inhumanity. The teeth of time do not bite geniality.

The words that are soaring today is a tribute to life and what man's ability really can accomplish. How the body, mind and soul must interact to achieve something.

The year is 326 BC, the man who, with the experienced educator's commitment and knowledge, captivates the audience, is Aristotle. The day is special since his academy Lyceum has temporarily moved outside to spread his knowledge. The knowledge and literary style that much later would be described as a river of gold by Cicero.

The subject is based on anatomy and laws of physics, which is an appropriate topic for the place Aristotle is lecturing. Since he is standing under a mandarin tree that gives some shadow from the sun. The fruits are hanging heavy and are ready for harvest. In fact, there are many different trees growing next to the magnificent Panthenaic Stadium. Athens beautiful and magnificent shapes surrounds the place that more than two millennia later would hold the first Olympic Games in modern times.

The marble at the newly renovated stadium shines in the projectiles of the sunbeams. Herod Atticus is celebrated at this moment for his contributions to athletics, for its social aspects, for its contribution to peace and brotherhood, and of course, for financing the marbling and expansion of the stadium. Honour is the theme for these days, besides glory and magnificence far beyond the brutality of continuing wars. Instead, this is civilized competition between different city states. Victory is everything, to

compete well, nothing. There is only one single formal requirement for participation. You have to be Greek.

The colonization of the Mediterranean, however, has generated that competitors has arrived from all of its corners. It is an age of strong growth for the Greek culture. Democracy has been established in Athens for two hundred years, and Alexander the Great triumphal march towards the east seems to have no end.

Aristotle swings his tunic around himself and walk through the crowd. He did not really come here to talk but to view, review and reflect. Anatomy and psychology are the subjects that is open for analysis this day.

Suddenly he stops and disappears into mindfulness. An intuitive reflection plays with his mind, a clear image of Alexander, his old student and the present emperor appears. It is an omen who refuses to let go. Unrest is a law of war.

The crusade is victorious and controls the present times as a contrast to the brotherly rituals in the Greek world. But Aristotle's intuitive reflection does not concern the distant war in the east. There is some kind of presence, something nearby. He does not understand what it is. Abstracted, he continues forward to the excited howls that is rolling along the marble walls. The destination is the Olympic Games anno 326 BC where the first competition consists of a music contest with flute and kithara.

Earlier that day and a few blocks from the Panathenaic Stadium, a very physically fit man moves through the crowd. The long hair sways in the wind, the beige white tunic tells the story of wealth or protection from a rich man. Leonidas, his parents had really given him a proper name when they gave him this mythical name.

Not because his heroic efforts could still be measured with Thermopylae's three hundred Spartans and their leader with this name. But Leonidas had nevertheless gone to battle by the Emperor's side and now he is in Athens for new heroic victories. He will carry the Thessalian honour on his shoulders, perhaps in the game's toughest sport, the pentathlon. However, he has also an additional mission. It is a big day!

Leonidas walks with well-balanced steps in a procession with lots of people that are all on their way to the magnificent cliff of Acropolis. Sacrifice to the gods in the form of hundreds of oxen and clothes to the goddess Athena at Parthenon's temple for successful games is the reason for this pilgrimage. Leonidas feels the anticipation, tries to avoid others eye-contact, but his disguise suits him badly, at least he believes this is what other thinks.

He has not only joined the crowd towards Acropolis for success in the Olympic Games. Even though, he himself needs the godly power for the coming struggle. But that is not the reason he tries to sink as much possible into the crowd. And it is not because he hopes that his somewhat paler skin should be seen as odd or suspicious. In truth, he is not sure if there is any difference any longer. It is a long time since he viewed his mirror image. Certainly, many months has passed by or is it already a new year?

The last time was by a pond where he drenched in blood after days on the battlefield exhausted had fallen down. He had seen the shape, viewed the details of himself, and reasoned mindfully, what the meaning really is. The thought of the insanity of war had struck him with such powerful force, the moment that he had washed the mud of his body. And then he went to look for Alexander himself with a wish for personal retreat. He was no

longer needed was his only argument. The Emperor had taken his request into consideration and after a few more victorious months on his way towards the Persian outer border in the east, Leonidas had received his free pass in his hand. It was a free pass and a letter of recommendation made by the Emperor himself. But it still contained one last demand, one last mission for the free pass to get fully approved.

On the top of Acropolis rock, Leonidas stops for a while and looks out over the city. He is finally there. At last he can hear the melody of freedom soaring through the air. It has been a long and staggering journey, but tomorrow when dusk falls, he will be ready for a last trip home to Thessaly's highlands. The prerequisite is that the mission has been completed and that he preferably has the victorious laurel on his head as he leaves Athens.

The sun has already risen high above the cliff. People are in motion, whispers echo, the atmosphere is chaotic, besides the worship of the gods there is something else there. Leonidas laughs slightly inside; the Emperor may have been right.

~

She touches distracted the ornament in the necklace. It is in fact a shard, a remnant of a ceramist's work. An antiquity in the accurate sense of the word for it is two thousand three hundred years old. On strange paths it has become her property. She was initially doubtful if she would drill in it, but after a while she did it anyway. An item that has survived for so many years should be seen as an amulet of good fortune. As it was her only support along her long and dangerous journey, she knows that it works, and she knows that she needs it still.

A sudden shift like when turning the page with the knowledge to never be able to turn back. The contrast between tension and relaxation, the feeling that most of the time have the back free, to get the right to a life without further explanation. She certainly breathed more easily now. This lightness appeared already from the first seconds at the airport. She felt that the air had a different substance here. The unprecedented prison smell she had brought with her from the beginning of her journey was transformed into a euphoria of freedom. As the oxygen that flowed into her lungs transformed all the adrenaline that had pumped through her veins into creativity. From the struggle to stay alive to arriving to a place that provides the opportunity to live a decent life.

However, the demons came insidiously at night during the months after arriving in the new country. This was when she struggled with the frustrating insight of why she not seemed to be worthy, despite her education and good degree. How she, Zoe, that bubbled with creativity and energy, only could get a job to clean in a small grocery store, nothing else. She who wanted to contribute so much more.

Zoe had finished working after nine long months despite the fact that nothing else was available. Surely, she had found her shelter. A home where she could be alone with her thoughts, her fears, her frustration, but fully aware of the new walls, she struggled to keep her fighting spirit alive. Finally, she reached her radical disruptive decision in a country that despises those who try to do more than expected.

No more serfdom, no closed drawbridges, by the horizon the possibilities took the shape of a shining light. The sea in between, however, meant a new dangerous trip. But she was a good friend

with danger. It is the calm's cold treacherous water that scares her the most. A silence that if it may last for a long time puts the protection mechanisms out of play. Nobody knows what is hiding in the water. But life requires a certain amount of adrenaline and awakens to be real.

She gently puts back the shard with the necklace that falls down between her breasts. And she again takes up the scissors in a sweeping move.

The fabrics are cut to refined lines to suit anyone who likes style. It is the best designs retrieved from her old homeland with some involvement of the new country's more minimalistic attitude. It is this way success is born, through blending different concepts that bring something new, something outstanding.

Since this must be a success, as it is her only plan, there are no other options. The dream she has had since she was a teenager, but that has had some setbacks along the way, and to some extent has changed the direction of her travel, is reality now. In fact, she has not found her shelter. She has created it.

During her time in the resistance movement, the enemy was obvious and often used brutal force. Best described as blood that slowly flows in the gutter. In the new country, the enemy takes a completely different form. She became aware of the epidemic already after a few months. There is something musty. Something that rots from inside and tearing on everything vital. She who was used to an intrinsic panicle fear of knowledge and education found in her new shelter a complete and ingrown ignorance of the same.

She mastered the new language; her university degree had a golden edge, and her work experience confirms its high quality.

But the gates remained closed to the legitimate job market. Zoe found herself standing outside the walls of labour market rules and the habitual views. This, after first being mangled in the torture-like interrogation through the humiliating asylum process. Every little detail in her background was questioned in weeks of interviews. Almost like that time she had been captured by her home country's security service. She had been found afterwards in rags and blood dripping from the forehead. Deliriously mumbled that she had actually lied, and then: "I lied," she shouted, meaning she had not disclosed anyone. When one of her closest friends was found murdered shortly afterwards, she finally found it was time to flee. She, however, had interpreted this as a sign from Allah, the Almighty, since you should not lie. But life was too dear to her to be put out of play.

In the new country, there was no beatings, there was no direct threat to her life besides the risk of being sent back like cattle ready for slaughter. Zoe had eventually passed the interrogation where only the soul had received a major thorn.

Finally, Zoe had landed on solid ground under her feet. With her mind filled with thoughts of a flourishing future, she encountered the welfare state's wall with the moat. Which turned out to be a detached place in a suburb mostly consisting of people in her own situation. People who walked the same way as she: First, flee over insecure waters from persecution and misery, then badly hidden hostility from officials at the migration office and then a supervised endless swim in the moat around the wall of real Sweden.

Nevertheless, Zoe is still in a good mood since the alternative to her hardship had probably been death. The shard is laying there

in her hand again. The clock is close to midnight. She knows she should sleep, but her thoughts will swirl for a long time tonight, like many other nights.

The shard makes us set sail a few millennia back in time since Leonidas held it once in his hand.

~

On Acropolis oxen is sacrificed for the protection from the gods. The blood flows in streams along the white-shimmering rocks. The success of the Olympic Games must be secured. While the hooves of the heavy well-fed oxen cling on the granite, and moos without knowledge that they are led by the human crowds toward death. The prayers echo along the Parthenon's pillars when thousands of Athenians and other visitors chanting in a choir. Greeks from the city-states and the colonies around the Mediterranean in brotherhood are the main vision. A party, an escape from the everyday life for free citizens, while city-states and colonies get the chance to show off their top athletes. It requires its sacrifice for otherwise disaster and disgrace is awaiting. On what is viewable, everything seems to follow customs and rituals that have been prescribed long ago.

Yet the fear that has haunted the Athenians for decades has begun to breakdown, as the threat is in a far distant land. The whispers in the alleys are valid as Leonidas anticipated.

The first urn is crushed when Leonidas reaches the first pillar. The shards are spread in all directions. A thumbnail big shard hits Leonidas foot and he bends down to pick it up with a slight cough. A further twenty-two urns are crushed rapidly. Where thousands of small pieces crumble under the perpetrator's feet on their way to the twenty-third urn that has been crushed a little bit apart.

Each of the assembled bends down and picks up a shard. Then a febrile activity begins, where the men begin to carve something with a sharp object. Leonidas remembers that this ritual is ancient but has long been abolished.

Ostracism was introduced by the founder of the Athenian democracy Cleisthenes in the 5th century BC and was intended to give citizens the opportunity once a year to expel people who threatened the security of the city-state. It was not at all about to dishonour. Since those who were expelled, for example, retained their properties and could return to Athens after ten years. This was instead a protection mechanism for the society against people who had become too powerful. This civic right was used extensively and later it was also profoundly abused.

The men's serious expressions on their faces appear more stone-like than the statues that adorn the surroundings at this moment. They lay their shards on a rock and raise their arms towards the clouds. Suddenly one of the men who stood with the back towards Leonidas turns around.

It is Lycurgus, the man who has made Athens to flourish in economic bloom. They are well funded!

The spy stays by the pillar for a few minutes after the serious men have left. The shards are still on the ground and Leonidas moves carefully towards the rock. They are totally twelve and he takes the first one and reads "Alexander", the next carries the same text as the others. An icy cold shiver follows down the backbone in the pressing heat. He takes one of the shards. That will remain his evidence. Twenty-three crushed urns, which means that in about twenty-three days the revolt will start.

So soon, he thinks, feeling a tense rush trembling in, as well as disappointment. There will be no home trip after the Olympic Games. No lap of honour in the hometown even if he would win. He squeezes the evidence in his hand and judging by the clothes that the serious men was wearing, they are all influential. Leonidas is sure. Retirement from the emperor's service must wait.

The uneasiness does not want to let go. The fact that the Athenians are rebellious, Leonidas knows very well, with their democracy, their personal autonomy, but would they really dare to rise against their Emperor? He never believed it would come to this. The thoughts continue to fly as he walks down the Acropolis rock. Since he believes that the Emperor is by nature good, and treats everyone with dignity, while invading only barbaric lands, including the mighty Persian Empire, which the Athenians have had such trouble in past times, Leonidas cannot understand this. Why plan a rebellion against their saviour that they in addition could never win. He squeezes the shard as he walks through the tense crowds along the streets of Athens. Traitors are what they are!

As new insights about the situation flow over Leonidas, his hate increases. At the boiling point, when a red cloud of his warrior soul appears, he begins to search for the best weapon available to force them to subdue. This should not be something the Emperor should be forced to devote any attention to. He knows the battlefield's adrenaline rush. It pulses like a stormy ocean in his veins. And suddenly ... nothing more, the insight that the peaceful people who swarm along the streets, still do not know what is in the making. They do not know that influential men in Athens

preparing for rebellion. Perhaps they do not even support this decision. So much better then, with an effective emperor who makes all decisions, even though they almost always lead to war.

Since war is a manifestation of autocratic power, nationalism is its ideology, which in all its forms requires an enemy. Since nationalism never rules in harmony but offers in the first-place protection for the supreme governing body's ambitions of power, never ever peace. The whole world's history teaches us that, from nationalism war is born and war give birth to nationalism. Rough national borders drawn with blood, nostalgia and playing on people's fear are other characteristics. We and them, they and we forever, until we once and for all have found a vaccine against this epidemic. The vaccine is called borderless collaboration. It is the best friend of humanity and the worst enemy of nationalism.

Leonidas continues his walk on the streets with the senses tensed to the limit as the Athenian heat increases. It comes sluggishly but it will victoriously chase people from the streets into siesta. Then after the hottest hours the pulsing crowd increases again. The Olympic days brings additional power to this atmosphere. The beige short tunic turns as he paves his way. In a few hours he will show his skills. The muscles play without effort in this second. But soon a new battlefield is waiting in the form of a folklore game.

They reach the entrance to the Panathenaic Stadium at the same time, the warrior and the philosopher. The highly aristocratic Aristotle climbs up on a marble block where words with wings again is soaring. The pentathlon that soon will begin interests him. As it is the optimal game where all the human strength, fitness and technique are required on the road to glory. The well-chosen words warm Leonidas inside. He knows who the man on the

marble block is. Not so much the philosophy he is about to form the foundation for, but that he has been the emperor's mentor and teacher. But also, that he comes from a city not far from his own birthplace. A teacher and philosopher as he, who has been taught by the great Plato, must be honoured. And then he says so many nice things that touches him. Leonidas stops to listen for a little while longer. The crowd before the man on the marble block in his long tunic grows fast.

The philosophical speech on anatomy and physics lasts only a few minutes since the entrance quickly begins to get crammed so that it becomes increasingly difficult to get in and out. Leonidas, who stood in the outer parts of the audience, waits for the crowding to ease up. Still, there is some time left before the competitions begin for his part.

"My dear man," says a familiar voice very close. Leonidas quickly finds that it is the same voice that he just stood and listened to. "Are you returned from the war?" Aristotle continues in a comfortable tone. He has noted the tall man in the short beige tunic and believes he understands the context. "Very true and it's a great honour to be addressed by a man like you. I've long been fighting right by the Emperor's side," he replies in a formal tone. Almost as if he was speaking at the Emperor's dinner table where every word must be weighed and placed right. "Then it's my honour to get acquainted. Alexander was my student and thanks to his heroic efforts, I will be written into the history books."

Aristotle stops breathless at his tracks. "Is the Emperor here?" he then said with a whisper. "No, he's far from here. Perhaps he's already reached the eastern border of Persia. The resistance is weak." Leonidas takes a deep breath as if he cannot really

understand that he as the insignificant warrior freely talk with the famous philosopher. "Are you here for the pentathlon?" he says with his pleasant conversational tone. How could he know? Leonidas replies hesitantly. With a tiger's powerful but simultaneous agile movements, he begins to prepare the way for them through the human crowds into the arena. Past the peasants who spread their mantles with vegetables and fruits. However, no one dares to get too close to the gigantic man.

Panathenaic Stadium's marble white beautiful inner space soon opens up in front of them with its steep velodrome-construction for the seats of the audience that reaches towards the sky. It is a miracle in every sense of the word. In the seats of honour, Herod Atticus sits with a self-opinionated expression on his face. He haughty salute Aristotle when they pass by. Next to him sits by the first look a harmless man that is serving as the Macedonian empire's governor. However, the first look is in this case devious, since this man has a fox behind each ear. As he still is manoeuvring successfully between the interests of the Athenians and the Macedonian hegemony. His name is Piraeus.

Aristotle also greets him a good day, as well as Athens's successful financial manager Lycurgus, who has now adopted a formal posture. Leonidas gives him a long look, but Lycurgus ignores him. Then they move forward to some empty seats some steps away.

On the arena seven completely nude men run the five-stadium race and an agile little antelope-like man from Corinth wins big time. A few minutes later he stands proud in the middle of the arena and gets a laurel on his head. No glory could be greater.

The philosopher and the warrior nevertheless are involved in a deepening conversation and only notice sporadically what is going on. After describing the Persian Empire's coming fall, the Emperor Alexander's education and the Athenian city life, Aristotle murmurs barely "he doesn't follow my teachings". "What do you mean?" Leonidas answers as a thunder that rumble by the horizon. Aristotle sees how the big man by his side bucks the muscles, how his face slowly is being distorted. "It would be strange if he followed every little wink," Aristotle quickly says avoidably. Leonidas relaxes without reflecting on what this may mean. A quiet minute between the two passes by while a new stadium-race is taking place. From the audience location you cannot decide the winner. Since the two combatants cut the finish line side by side.

Then Leonidas continues, he feels trust and seeking advice, as he tells the story of the crushed the urns, how the storm of the uprising takes up speed, but Aristotle interrupts. "The Athenians have had enough, they see themselves as under occupation, the victories in Persia in the far east does not help. The hatred, which led Socrates to his death, has been woken again. I fear for my life." Leonidas looks at him with fear in his eyes "has it gone so far?" Aristotle's eyes meet his in the shadow of a second and says, "there will be war, that's for sure." Leonidas trembles like if someone has hit him in the face and lets his eyes sweep over the audience. Would these people of his own kind really take up arms, despite the emperor's heroic efforts in the far east? He feels the loathing gush like a vomit.

Aristotle observes the disapproval and reassures: "You cannot keep a city-state under arms with the gratitude of the noble

motives. People will rise as soon as there is a glance of hope for freedom. One day humans finally will understand that the power of the pen without any influence of the force of arms is the only legal weapon. And when this time comes it will work in favour of the free movement of people and freedom in general. That day we'll finally get peace in the accurate sense of the word."

Aristotle turns to silence in anticipation of a reaction. But from Leonidas comes no motion, nor any reply. The fact that it would take almost 2500 years before this finally became a reality in Europe, none of them could ever have imagined. We are living in its first phase now. A creation that is unique. So much blood has been wasted during the millenniums before.

~

The struggle between true and false; sometimes it is a bit too much of a theatre performance when someone in overwhelming words describes how incredibly talented, she is. Often, it is someone with their safe full-time employment that actually thinks that it is an absurdity to work fourteen sometimes eighteen hours a day seven days a week, never ever wanting or even having the opportunity, to let go. Only one valid leisure time interest, Zoe was able to come up with when she registered her Facebook-account, and it was design studies. Where the purpose really is to find inspiration to new shape and colour that really is only a part of the work that she is so absorbed by. In their world, the well-paid officials, she is an icon, something that they click on to upgrade their personal brand image on.

Think so nice ...

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