

*Ebb*

I am... or am I just losing it?  
- *E DEN*

*Ebb*

Nisse Hermsen

Writer: Nisse Hermsen  
Cover design: Nisse Hermsen  
ISBN: 9789402161779  
© Nisse Hermsen

## Prologue

*'Are you still there?'*

*'I am, yes.'*

*'Can you tell me what happened... once again?'*

*'I will.'*

*'The monastery... it... it was...'*

*'Your home?'*

Yes, my home. A temple settled high in the mountains, almost reaching the heights of the summits themselves. Shal'an, that was the name we gave to the mountain we were blessed with, utmost tranquillity could be felt there. Valleys of grass and forests were unknown, for a vast sea of clouds concealed them from my people. Only a few mountaintops dared to emerge from the white horizon, thus the only thing I knew were the sky and the clouds, with the snow-covered peaks in between them. Storms and thunder haunted this place and yet it was as serene as it could be. This place, Shal'an, was my very home. My youth, my people, all that I had known had its roots placed in these grounds. The monks that lived here sought out inner peace, clarification as you could call it. A certain form of wisdom that would enable an individual to find its balance, resulting in a life of everlasting peace. They called it the 'intent' of a monk, an aptitude that beings from across the world wanted to acquire, but merely a few were able to obtain. Achieving this would ask a person to fully neglect their thinking and let their body speak for them. Almost as if you thought of nothing, no, you thought nothing. Chaos and order,

happiness and sorrow, truth and lies, these things were *something*, whatever definition they contained, they existed in this world and the only way to eliminate them both was to let *nothing* take the hold on you.

We, monks of the Shal'an monastery, believed that nothing, a comprehensible concept, would help us find our inner serenity...

It took years of practise to reach that potential of peace, to obtain the intent. At the age of twenty-one I was still desperately trying to find mine. No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't see myself ever finding that stage of nothing. I was cursed with deliberation and doubt.

Little did I know that I was wrong,

*'For I quite certainly reached that... 'nothing.'*