

The Soul seeker and the Emissary of Silence

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1. The Serenity Before the Tempest

Aurel emerged into a vibrant city where abundance reigned. Laughter echoed through the streets, the fountains serenaded with their crystalline melodies, and the air was filled with the enticing aroma of freshly baked bread at every turn. His parents were cherished, prosperous, and revered for their wisdom. His mother possessed the remarkable ability to make anyone feel truly acknowledged with just a glance. His father wielded the power of words—his voice had the magic to touch hearts or soothe them. Aurel was raised in a home brimming with books, melodies, and discussions that explored the vastness of the world. He possessed all he desired: knowledge, companionship, and even affection. Yet, nestled deep within his heart, an unusual void pulsed. A chasm that expanded as the years passed. He kept it to himself, for who would truly understand? What could ever be lacking in a life so rich?

At night, he found himself awake, gazing at the ceiling as the city exhaled its dreams.

Occasionally, he would ascend to the roof terrace to admire the stars. 'Why do I feel so distant from all that is near?' he would ponder. He sensed he was but a shadow of his true self, reaching out in a world brimming with light.

One day, at the age of twenty, he made his way to the temple perched on the hill beyond the city. He had paused there previously, out of courtesy, but this time he lingered before a statue of a seated monk. Not for the statue alone, but for the tranquility it exuded. An elderly beggar rested on the stone steps at the entrance. His eyes, though dim, held a gentle warmth.

“What is it that you seek, young man?” the beggar inquired abruptly, without raising his gaze. Aurel was taken aback. "I truly don't know," he replied with sincerity.

"Then you're closer than most." Those words echoed in his mind. He pondered them for days.

Closer than most? What did the man truly mean? And what was he genuinely seeking? Why did it seem as though a veil draped over life, as if he were gazing at reality through a fogged window?

In the weeks that followed, he became more reserved. His friends took note. His parents appeared concerned. Yet Aurel offered a polite smile and claimed he was simply fatigued. The reality was, he was attuned. Not with his ears, but with a deep, unnameable part of himself. It felt as though his spirit was poised, anticipating something profound.

When spring arrived, and the first blossoms filled the air with their sweet fragrance, he made the choice to depart. He packed a modest bag: a notebook, a pen, a cloth, and a cherished book that had always resonated with him — a collection of timeless tales about humanity's journey.

He penned a heartfelt letter to his parents:

"Beloved Mother and Father, I must embark on a journey. There is a truth I seek, something that transcends words. The duration of my quest is uncertain, yet I sense that this path is essential. Please forgive my absence of farewell. Your love will accompany me always. — Aurel"

Before dawn, he departed from the city. The walls appeared taller than ever before. The gatekeeper regarded him in silence and allowed him to pass. Beyond, the world unfolded like a blank canvas. The silence he experienced transformed from mere emptiness into a beckoning invitation.

And thus it commenced. Not with trumpets or lofty aspirations, but with a gentle tread upon uncharted terrain.

2. Embracing Release

The morning air was crisp and fragrant with dew as Aurel stepped beyond the city walls. His feet felt weightless, as if he were not walking but being lifted. Every sound—a bird's song, a leaf's descent—was like the opening note in a brand new universe.

In the days that unfolded, he journeyed without a map, without a destination. He traced the sun's path across meadows, through woodlands, alongside babbling brooks and weathered trails. His sole compass was the sensation in his heart: a gentle flutter, like a guide that only the spirit can decipher.

At first, he experienced a profound sense of liberation. The tranquil embrace of nature, the stillness devoid of distractions, the release from expectations — it was as if his body and mind were gently awakening. He hardly uttered a word, not even to his own thoughts. The expressions he once wielded with ease now felt unnecessary. The universe communicated in a unique dialect, and he became an attentive listener.

But freedom cast its shadows. On the fourth day, as the rain began to fall and shelter eluded him, doubts emerged. Cold seeped into his bones, and hunger clawed at his stomach. 'What am I doing here?' he pondered. 'Where am I headed?'

The yearning for his old bed, a warm meal, a familiar face surged like a tidal wave. He sought refuge beneath a fallen tree. The rain drummed like a clock above him. And then it happened: he wept. Not just one tear or two, but deep, shuddering sobs. He wept for all he had left behind, for the certainty he had cast aside, for the child within him who suddenly felt so adrift. When the rain ceased, he experienced a sense of emptiness yet tranquility. It was as if a vast expanse had unfurled within him, a canvas awaiting the brushstrokes of something new. He wrapped his damp cloth more snugly around himself and pressed onward on his journey.

In a quaint village nestled by the river, he encountered an elderly woman who welcomed him into her cozy cottage. She offered him a warm bowl of soup and dried his clothes by a crackling fire that filled the air with the comforting scent of pine.

She spoke sparingly. Yet, her eyes inquired: 'Are you also on a quest?' He remained there for three days. She taught him the art of tending the fire with tenderness, how to gather water as if it were a treasure, how to embrace silence without losing warmth. And as he departed, she gifted him a small wooden amulet shaped like a spiral.

"You will need to release parts of yourself repeatedly," she said. "Time and time again."

Aurel adorned her words like a fresh layer of skin. In the days that followed, he sensed his identity—his name, his heritage, his aspirations—not vanishing, but gently receding. It was as if he were shedding a coat he had worn for years. The journey was not simple. At times, he longed to retreat into his former self. Yet, deep within, he understood: there was no turning back.

He stood atop a hill, gazing at the sun as it dipped below the horizon. The sky was awash in hues of copper and purple. Memories of his parents, his room, and the comforting cadence of his former life flooded his mind. A smile graced his lips.