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Humanity- The Prologue!

People: this subtle and melodiously clear noun contains so much in itself; it reticently carries and extrovertly sends its thoughts to someone far away beyond the depths of wide Black holes above the horizons of the Universe. It sends them to someone close, it spreads them by whisper, by breath, by touch but it resides in all of them with the benevolence of its message. It is a story about the human race as the only species so unique and majestically beautiful, so wonderfully satirical and resolute living organisms called Little Princes.

This is a story about small people who had lived and have been living and sharing this divinely glorious planet calling it their home. They named themselves PEOPLE. The name was formed from an indestructible energy of a dying star living in the midst of the vortex of nothingness where only darkness and emptiness

had resided. This indestructible energy was called LOVE, and this very love breathes life to everyone and anything, even to the one who is standing on the verge of abyss. It gives life in such a manner that it constantly spreads itself, coagulates and travels through channels and wormholes leaving traces, pieces and particles to whatever and whoever she touches. And it is such an honour for those who have been touched by her. This is the way she behaves and exists- she is the only true and benevolent virtue, emotion and a fluid in these small people and their divine planet.

On this journey love changes its form, appearance and shape; it adapts and nestles where goodness, her sister, dwells. One day she sensed that a certain planet needs someone like her because she wanted to continue spreading inside such a large world. Little Prince was born, inhaling her and letting her in his heart and his womb, activating his senses and embracing her fully.

This small gift has been given to him and his siblings and they decided to inhabit the part of the universe, of their galaxy- Milky Way with love and princes' breaths, footsteps and minds. Their breaths and sighs transformed into a pungent air, their footsteps left the trace on a sandy soil of their recently discovered home, and their minds gave magical spectrums of creative ideas and deeds within the fairy-tale called life. With their curious eyes and their restless thoughts such beauty, such vastness of the city, of the country, a mountain and a river surrounding their home left them breathless, taken aback and startled. They felt as if they have been chosen in being the strongest and the weakest ones standing in front such an enormous wideness and firmness of their land, their water, their clean and tipsy air. They arrived from nowhere, sans language, sans word, sans hypocrisy, sans obsessive thoughts, with no greedy breaths, and rotten thoughts. They arrived bringing nothing but a bouquet of impeccably clean and crystal clear dreams. They only wanted to leave a meaningful trace with their presence, their own trace and traces of their fellow travellers, brothers, sisters and dear friends.

What makes them so special you may wonder?

These small creatures named themselves People. There were many of them-of various heights, shapes and looks. Some had big, curiously honest eyes that immersed and absorbed all the beauty surrounding them, gazing and watching each

drop, each sun ray, each landing of the autumn leaf, each snowflake falling on the ground with such care, attention and anticipation that each upcoming vision and epiphany caused them to feel naïve and youthful while sharing this joy that was extremely visible in their pupils.

Some had long arms with elegant and soft fingers that danced and fondled freely and gently those harnessed and fastened strings of acoustic guitar, harp, caterwauling and wistful violin during an Indian summer accompanied by a light breeze. They were playing and creating the gentlest and the loudest melody followed by the sweet and sorrowful song of a nightingale and the little owl.

Some had big heads inhabited by constellations of witty puns, assertive ideas and some frequencies that directed them towards clear and practical manifestation and application. Their brain was a conglomerate spectrum of different vibrations along the galaxy of their thoughts. They were experienced in finding and understanding colours, temperatures, clouds and storms, weather changes and seasons. Natural weather surrounded and dressed the planet into limitless blue sky, thick and dark clouds creating warm tears. They transformed themselves into sad and lonely water reaction called rain drops that were falling from the sky. Dry ground accepted and welcomed these tears, absorbing each and every drop preventing them to vanish into air of some other world. The ground turned the rain into a hard and stiff substance, a crop that grew into the most amazing flower. And the flower became a part of this planet; it became a constituent part and member of the family. It decorated nothingness and empty space and it soon started to spread its authentic and unique smell waking the smiles of those whose noses it touched and their breaths fulfilled.

Some had long and strong legs. They stood firmly on the ground and were able to walk along white ground during harsh but protecting winter. The cold whiteness protected that flower and its fellow citizens by putting them into a winter sleep and cover. Their legs could bare and stand the power of winds and storms painting clear and strong Achilles footprints of their own existence.

As being so mighty, fragile and wise in their own existence there arrived these small and big travelling species. They created the circumstances in which they lived revealing to one another their abilities and capabilities and their purpose.

They inhabited mountains and lands with their looks and innocent and naïve gestures teaching each other and learning from each other, discovering many playful and interesting games and talents. They learned to walk straight and to protect the land they learned to love and defend from angry weather changes and disasters. They protected their land by hugging her with smiles, flowers and joint prayers.

They were large in number, as in no other galaxy, they were unified in their diversity. They were equal because they cherished and looked after their humane part which they shared unselfishly. They wanted to improve and enhance their home.

Therefore, they decided to use their hands and start dancing on their home ground making the rarest dance movements building circles and dropping seeds of that same flower which survived the harsh winter coldness and strong Zeus's storms. Soon they learned to preserve their land by searching for new and various families of green plants. They realized that the only way to last was if they collaborate with courage, determination and honesty without usurping their turf too much.

They were growing up together, becoming intelligent and virtuous creative artists, scientists, sculptors and athletes. Hercules's strength was their driving force and they decided to improve river banks, to broaden the lungs of their mountains and to give their thoughts words, sentences articulated in the most beautiful manner worthy of their culture and civilization. To their name they added a surname *homo sapiens*.

Prometheus gave them fire to serve them as a light and to keep them warm during seasons of cold weathers. They learned that this fire is far more than just a flame. They turned it into electricity which enabled them to light up their roads in the middle of beautiful natural scenery of their existence.

They spend their mornings working like bees. They inspired them to use their decisive and dedicated engagement in making the most delicious meals spiced with the sweetest honey that fed their noble minds. Among bees and humans there were also some other species called ants that helped in building and improving the making of a comfortable and safe living environment for them all. They were able

to do unbelievable amount of work in such a short time due to their implacable organization skills and their rightful division of choirs.

In fact, little princes' have comfortably shared their planet with another world, the animal world where only friendship resided. There was no need for a particular leader because they were all united, and did not feel any emotional outcries such as greed in deciding who plays the leading role. This role was rightfully appointed to each and every man in due course. They had the same goal, they shared similar viewpoints and thoughts which were to justify and be proud of their strong name Humans. They trusted each other, they believed in each other guided by unconditional love, respect and devotion. They shared a common heart wrapped into a gigantic vivacious ball called Earth. They breathed through the same lungs, together they inhaled the fresh greenness of trees which grew from that first seed they planted.

You are probably wondering where bees and ants have come from?

You see dear reader, dear father and mother, dear friend, their planet, which came to life after that big bang, after that trace of a dying star, has channelled the love; it then decided to settle in a shape of their current planet Earth. And love only attracts love, so the warmth of humans planet drew the ants and bees in and opened its door to them as well because they too were the creation of love. It is all about laws of attraction.

These new creatures were called animals.

Similar to people, they too decided they do not need divisions because they as well have been created from that unique and special energy of love, so they realised they need a universal name Animals.

They felt the warmth coming from and emitting itself from the planet earth, they spotted those small and gloomy lights of their bumble-bee lamps, and they sensed the smell of their family breakfasts and the innocent baby laughter and wished to join them. The doors were wide open because little people always kept them open because there was no fear or the lack of trust among their citizens. So animals entered with no hesitation. They felt exhilarated and happy beyond words once they stepped on the soft green carpet, touching the wooden floors and nesting their

tiresome bodies in armchairs of joy. Some even decided to stay forever in one household.

You see my dear reader our little people grew to be great architects who learned to use the very essence of their home, its soil to build monuments and houses to protect them from the snow storms of Zeus's limitless sky. Some of them continued to explore their environment and familiarize with the animal kingdom they embraced.

There was also Time which was measured in days, hours and years; it served them as a reminder of how much light they are left with within a day to do their work once the sun closes its eyes. They spent their time wisely and carefully. They ate breakfast every morning feeding their bright and hungry minds and thoughts because they wanted to grow into strong and good people to eat, drink and breathe as much love as possible. They shared each idea; each thought each joke with each other because they knew and understood that the only way for them to have their wishes and dreams come true was if they did everything in the name of love. They always held hands on their way to school which was this small house inhabited by their older friends and teachers. They taught them many interesting things, they drew pictures together, they painted together, and they shared stories that existed in their minds and hearts. They talked about the essence of nature, their home, they talked about everything they imagined or felt- honestly and openly.

But one morning, after a deep winter sleep a horrible, creepy and eerie emotion was woken up and felt among them. They no longer entered in their kingdom and dreamland with open arms and unlocked doors.

Their fingers were no longer intertwined and warm.

Their eyes were no longer emitting brightness and curiosity.

There were no curly blond d locks covering their heads, they turned grey as death.

Their planet was suddenly surrounded by horrible fires and thunders because they started neglecting it and killing it softly with their rush movements.

The rivers they drank turned red and took the shape of invisible water creature flooding their homes, their plants, their fellow neighbours-ants and their flowers. The lights on their lamps turned black.

Zeus, Hera, Poseidon and other children of Titans threw their deadliest weapons and strike their lightings upon the planet earth. They punished them by spreading the plague; punishing them for their gluttony, betrayal and the absence of love in them. They were furious because people disappointed and broke their oath to love.

Today, little people, we became slaves of our own existence; we are sitting on torn and ragged carpets of nothingness, lying naked under shades of skeleton trees craving for their lungs. We are choking on our own words with the hope we will spot at least an ant to give us a piece of their own well-earned bread.

Now we sit alone like wolves in our stuffy rooms of bottomless space of our broken promises living on no man's islands. Animal world has outdistanced and outdid us with their organized and disciplined cohabitation. Now we are caught in nervous pursuit, running for the Golden Fleece.

Our lifeless bodies are bitten by the tooth of time, our suits and clothes no longer smell like roses and daffodils, our faces express nothing but greyish memory of once proud and unified mankind. Our bodies stoop while walking, with no posture and Achilles steps.

Why have we allowed this?

It all happened because we stopped loving Love- our essence, our birthmother and our protector. We searched for the essence of life through false wealth and global madness. We have not realised that love itself is the most powerful and the strongest force we need in order to complete ourselves and our lives. We stopped spreading it, courting it and smiling with it.

Do you believe in our healing dear reader?

I do. I believe that neither in the moment of our final breath when the last sparkle of that dying star stops shining nor in the moment of our darkest hour will death destroy our golden dreams because pure love will never light out not even if buried alive.

Perhaps we have lost ourselves and love, but love has not given up on us yet.

It is indestructible!

I promise you dear Little Prince that we shall be cured because the unselfish queen bee will share with us a spoon of that honey it made on the land that gave it life. Love is the beginning, and it is also the beginning of a new beginning.

There is no death where there is love.

We shall live!

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