

The lonely star in the sea of life

There was once a sailor who was sailing in the sea of life. He was lost, and he did not know which way to go. The sea seemed endless, and yet, he knew that whatever direction he took, he would end up falling into the endless void, he thought that it didn't matter which direction he would sail to, the end would be the same. If he wanted to go north, there were sharks awaiting for him, it was the harsh path to success. If he wanted to go west or east, a mediocre life would be awaiting him, and so, he didn't want a boring sailing in this sea of life. But what if he sailed south? He had heard that nobody before had wanted to go south, they were often pulled because their boat became a wreck from their arduous sailing. And so, which way could he go? It was meaningless anyway.

In the midst of all of that, while he was thinking, a storm approached him, it was time. He immediately understood that he could not stand still in the sea of life, since time would push him forward either way, to a random direction. He started to paddle, afraid that the almighty storm that was time would brush him off and throw him into the void before it was too late. Either way, he didn't care, this sailing was meaningless. Suddenly, he saw a star shining in the horizon. He was puzzled, nothing had ever shined in his sea of despair. It was a marvelous, calid light; he thought he needed it, but it seemed so distant that he didn't want to try. What if he failed? What if he fell into the void? It would be horrible now that he had finally found something to cherish, something he could contemplate and smile stupidly. He wanted to protect that silly happiness. He didn't want it to go away by making a mistake, and so, he kept paddling in circles in the storm that is time, he refused to push forward, but time is an almighty force.

After a few months, the light started to fade, but it was not as if the star itself was fading, it was being moved to another place. By whom? The sailor did not know, he only knew that this sailing would be meaningless again, this sea of life was a very unfair one. He resigned, he was afraid to fall or be pulled south, he had given up on his bright star. An instant later, lightning struck, the sailor finally managed to find something he was willing to fight for and protect, he had found his light, a white and pure light, he was not going to give it up.

He started paddling, so fast, that time didn't have to push him forward anymore. He had paddled so fast that the storm was only a distant memory, but he never stopped paddling, he did not even care which direction he was sailing to, he followed the dim light his star was emitting. Unbeknownst to him, a great wall was approaching to keep him from reaching the light. A great blue wall suddenly knocked him off of his boat, he had lost his means of transport, what was there left aside from just rotting in the sea of life? Such an unfair event, and yet, it was characteristic of this body of water. He did not care, however.

He swam, and swam, and swam, and swam until he passed out from exhaustion, he never paid any attention to the sharks lurking nearby or any other obstacle that tried to keep him from his path, he had a clear objective, and he was ready to risk it all for it. But a human life has its limits, the poor sailor reached his limits, he could no longer go on, he had lost a leg to a massive obstacle for him, expectations others had for him. He could not run away from everything in order to chase his light, he could not leave it behind. And yet, he kept swimming. Now, he found himself unable to swim, unable to keep going.

He regretted everything that had happened up to this point, he was full of rage for letting himself waste this sailing. But he did not fight against his regret, he just closed his eyes, he was ready to be taken by the void, he shed a tear before saying goodbye.

He rapidly opened his eyes, awestruck. He had reached his star, he was side by side with it. But how? He did not care. The warm light of the star made him feel at home, it made him feel happy. The sailor, full of joy, expressed his innermost feelings to the star:

Looking from afar,

I could never reach the star.

I thought that if I tried to touch the Sun

I would get burnt.

I was scared of failing, of falling into the sea.

I didn't want to lose what I had.

And yet, I felt devoid, devoid of any emotion.

In the midst of this boorish sea, I saw you, my star,

The only light to give me hope and make me pull through.

I present to you what remains of me, and so,

Will you stay by my side, my beautiful star?

The star smiled and started caressing the sailor, and thus, their journey through the sea of life had finally begun. In the end, the sailor never chose where he wanted to go, he never decided on a direction or a goal, but it did not matter, now that he had finally found his star, they would sail together and decide which direction they would take together. That's all he wished for. He had finally found the meaning of this sea. It really is a meaningless journey, that's why you are the one who has to make it meaningful on the way.