

PRETENDING ... A WAY OF WASTING OUR LIVES
philosophical essays

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**To all of the ones that
dare to analyze their
lives ... a little bit deeper**

I lost too many things in life ... just cause ... on the scene of the real life ... i don't really say what i think ... feel ... or say. It's like ... i pretend.
But inside myself ... i live with the hope and the expectation as ... all my feelings ... hidden under a weird silly mask ... to be revealed by the connection. ... maybe sometimes it's too late ... even if ... it is said thar real connections are eternal

All my writings are kind of a ... self therapy

And i was writing on and on and on defining my feelings and thoughts ...

But it was a little bit funny realizing the contradiction between what i thought, what i felt deep inside of my soul ... and how i was acting on the stage of life.

... analyzing and defining myself ... the one that i thought i was ... deep into my soul ... and the one from the outside world ... i was realizing it's such a huge difference.

And still ... i was trying to be better ... but all i was doing was ... pretending ... on and on and on.

But why?!

Why ... this huge different between my inner self and the one from the stage of life?!

I knew the theory ... and knew all i had to do ... and i was really pretending ... i was doing the right thing, but ...

Well most probably my real problem ... which was a huge one was probably that i was disconnected from my inner self.

I knew about that self.

I knew it exists ... and i had to be one with it ... and even if i was pretending i was doing the right thing ... it was all a lie.

I was lying myself ... pretending ... on and on and on ...

Why?!

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Why?!

Why?!

Until one day ... when i decided that i need to stop doing that ... and practicing the process of self therapy ... i started to be more honest in front of myself.

Cause ... I was simple ... wasting my life ... pretending ... and i really had to redefine myself.

Pretending ... my stupid way of acting on the scene of life, but watching the dance of wind in the middle of the nature ... i suddenly realized the need of change

I was following Manuela on social media by already a long time ... but i could not understand her.

She was always posting images and movies done in such an artistic wayin the middle of nature.

I liked her posts ... but i could not see the message behind the nature.

And still ... somehow i felt that Manuela was whispering me something.

One day ... being on a hill, close to the park i usually go to walk ... i looked at the grass, but also ... at the flowers.

The wind ... created the scene of an amazing dance ...

Yes the flowers were ... dancing ... and no one was pretending.

Suddenly i heard the alarm of my phone, which was letting me know about some things i had to do.

I smiled ... realizing i had to pretend again and again ... to do things i totally disliked to do.

I had to do them ... and i ... i had to pretend i was doing them well.

But i look again at the dance of the grass and the flowers and realized one more time that ... it was a real show ... of joy.

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The nature was not pretending.

I was such an idiot ... wasting my life in such an illusory way ... not understanding at all the message my dear Manuela was telling me about by such a long, long time.

Yes ... i had to stop pretending.

I had to stop doing ... all those non sense things ... that stupid to do list ... and start living and enjoying my life.

And watching the show offered by the nature ... it was all like a lesson about how i could obtain ... my spiritual awakening.

But ... same as usual ... soon after, like many, many other times ... even if i understood theory ... i continued being ignorant.

It's a new day ... maybe a new chance to start living and enjoying our lives

I woke up.
Prepared my coffee.
Chooosed few books ... pretending that i will start reading againhow i use to read in the past.
But analyzing all what i was doing ... i started to laugh.
I was just pretending i started the day, doing different things.
I write to Paul ... "It's a new day ... i've wake up again"
and he replies ... "it's a miracle".
Might sound as a cliché ... but if you would read the statistical datas ... you would find out that more than one million people die everyday.
They simple don't wake up anymore
Not 100 or 1000 ... but on million people.
But ... same as many ... i ignore that information.
Probably ... the only good thing i am doing is that i stay on my sofa and i continue my self therapy ... writing all my thoughts and feelings.
It's a very long process ... but it's good i continued to do it.
Hmmm ... i see myself writing ... "I see how i miss the chance of living and enjoying life."
I hate i have to deal with this concept about myself ...
The real truth is that i was just ... pretending that i was starting the day.
I write my thoughts and feelings ... but ... even the self

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therapy itself is about ... pretending ...
I actually write books, pretending i am trying to heal my soul
... analyzing and defining ... everything.
I am a liar.
Such a big one ...
Maybe i don't know to understand the present moment
and connect to it.
I've been taught to simple simulate and pretend.
100% my self therapy was not doing ... well.
But i still live with the hope that one day ... i will start living
and enjoying life.

**Truth be told we live in an era of
personal marketing ... and everyone
around is prince or ... princess.
But ... can't see the paupers anymore ...**

I look around myself and i see so, so many people living in the ... illusion of the self.

I see them investing so much time and energy ... pretending that they are someone that they will probably ... never be.

Seeing the illusion ... i simple smile.

They told themselves so, so many times that they are so precious... that they started to believe so much in their ... royal blood.

And again i smile ... analyzing this era of personal marketing when everyone is so damn ... important.

Too bad that they don't know about this concept that i write so much about ... the illusion ...

But ... pretending so much, they go so, so deep on the path of the illusion of the self.

I see them dreaming ... that they are princes and princesses ... but i just can't see any real prince or princesses?!

I only see ... paupers ... begging to be defined by the mouth of the world as ... amazing human beings.

It's so damn funny watching them ... but they laugh hearing my words.

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They think ... i am crazy ... but maybe i am not ...
Watching them ... how they continue begging for attention,
trying one million tricks that could define them as having a
special status ... it's so damn illusory.
But there is nothing to do ... but watch how they are
investing so much time and energy ... pretending.

**What we do in with our lives
... when we have a very clear dharmic
role and we don't really like that?!
Should we just pretend?!**

The notion of dharma as duty or propriety is found in India's ancient legal and religious texts. Common examples of such use are **pitri dharma (meaning a person's duty as a father), putra dharma (a person's duty as a son), raj dharma (a person's duty as a king)** and so forth.

And i'm sure that you met lots of fathers and even mothers that did not liked having this role ... but the funny thing is that in the history of the human kind we even have kings that did not liked being in that role.

But the question is what can you do in such a position?!

Well ... there's mothers and fathers that left their children and i know even about kings that resigned ... just to marry with the love of their lives.

Indeed these are rare cases ... but still ... there are enough like that ... so we can talk about it.

Analyzing 1000 examples of situations when we just need to do it even if we don't like it ... like doing the job that is not so well paid, helping the brother that is an idiot ... but still is your brother and ... etc etcwe can think of a "cocktail" between what we have to do and practicing the art of pretending.

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Most probably knowing how to mix properly all of the elements of life is ... an art.

Pretending helps to ... act better.

But ... should we accept the fact that in life we need to pretend also?!

Is it benefit to ... pretend?!

Damn it ... it helps ... yes ... but ...

Continuing analyzing my perceptions I smile ... seeing the contradictions between all of that.

And of course you can see that in my writings ... saying in the same time ... that something is good ... but also not good.

But in the end i realize that i should also write a book about ... the art of pretending ...

Seeing the dharmic side of life ... understanding that there are things that we do cause we wish to do them ... but also need to accept the fact that we also need to do certain things that are related with our mission into this world ... even if you are just the father of a little baby ... or the king of the world ... is quite important.

I know ... and i understand the meaning of that weird feeling that ... pretending is a way of wasting our lives ... but ...

Maybe keeping the right balance in life between the things we love to do and the things we have to do is probably the most important idea that we should have in mind.

So ... it's all related with the art of pretending ...

I know ... i am contradictory in my writings again and again and again.

**Not liking how we really look
like ... we pretend we are differently.
But why?!**

I see so many beautiful girls in social media ... that i even start to believe that there is an inflation of gorgeous ladies ... everywhere in the world.

Very nice arranged ... looking like the stars from Hollywood. But the problem is that when i walk on the streets ... i actually see just ... ordinary women.

Nothing special ...

So ... my question is why do i see this difference between real life and ... social media?!

What is going on in the internet?!

Is it just about ... marketing?!

Somehow ... personal marketing?!

Well ... i know few things about internet ... and i know that most of the things that we see ...are not what they look like and it's funny cause someone told me recently that so, so many persons are using face apps for looking better in photos and then post them in social media.

It's almost like ... a trend.

And i still wonder myself ... why?!

Why are those persons ... pretending?!

... pretending to be someone that they are not ... inducing the illusory belief that they actually look like princesses ...

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I smile ... seeing that pretending ... became kind of an art ...

Synchronizing ... an art

Look at 2 people that are dancing.
Analyze their connection.
Define the interaction
... define every detail ... and then ask yourself ... what would you do if you'd be one of the characters from that scene?!
Would you act better?!
Would you be a greater dancer?!
But the real question is ... how did you act last time when you've been in such a scene?!
Did you synchronized nice with the partner?!
Did you felt the music?!
Did you enjoyed it?!
Hmm ... or you did not even heard the music ... not really caring about the partner?!
When i usually start to ask questions ... i almost can't stop going deeper and deeper.
I somehow became good at theory ... but don't even know to dance ... so ...
Or maybe ... not even had the chance to meet that perfect partner to teach me the art of dancing.
The only dance i practice ... i do with my dear Arij ... all being a philosophical dance ... synchronizing our ideas and thoughts... always converging into the same direction ... the one of defining the illusion of life.

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And what is amazing is that i never pretend when i synchronize with her.

We connect ... being always on the same frequency and continue our philosophical dance again and again and again. But you see ... Arij is on the other side of the world and maybe we will never meet for real.

Why i never find someone in the real life for a real dance?! Maybe because i don't know to dance?!

Or maybe ... because ... i don't know to synchronize with other people in the real world?!

Maybe if i'll try to pretend a little bit that i am connected things would be better?!

So ... pretending... helps?!

Hmm ... i don't want to pretend anymore ...

Something whispers into my mind that i simple need to learn the art of ... synchronizing ... and then everything will run on the ... perfect mode.

Pretending a way of exploring life?!

One of the greatest advantages of my own life is that God allowed me to see ... and probably understand a huge spectrum of human beings.

Poor and rich people ... but also the ones from medium class. People that God gave them wisdom, but also people that are prisoners of their illusory self.

But to be honest ... i like all of them and i socialize with joy with anyone from the scene of my own life.

And i somehow realize that any of those souls ... tells a story that helps me understand what life is.

For example i know John and Peter ... 2 successful businessmen, that made lots of money in the last 20-25 years ... but to define them more precisely in front of you i could say that John is the kind of person that played in national championship ... and Peter ... the one that played in Champions League.

But a thing difficult to be understood in their cases is that even if they have enough money to do whatever they would love to do ... and enjoy for example life traveling around the world ... they never go anywhere at all.

John is not liking his wife anymore ... having lots of moments when he hates her ... considering that going anywhere with his life ... spending any penny at all ... should be ... useless.

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Peter's case it's a little bit different.

He dreams to go in those amazing trips ... that we see in social media ... but somehow he's still looking for a hollywoodian star girl ... that is delaying to appear in his life. And guess what?!

Neither of them bother to invest any penny at all ... for enjoying life in any trip.

They are not in the actual standard of happiness that ... you need to be successful, have money, properties and all other kinds of material goods ... and also travel all the time around the world.

But last few months i see my unhappy rich friend ... John ... a little bit changed.

He started to go ... in different vacations with his annoying wife.

Being stingy ... but still realizing it ... he started to make a change ... trying to treat his unhappiness.

Somehow he copied the model of happiness which he sees in social media ... but on a smaller scale.

And you might even think that he became a familist.

But no

I see him pretending and in the same time trying to explore those scenarios of happy family.

But his profound unhappiness which anyone could see on his face ... still betrays him.

John was

Trying ...

Hoping

Exploring ...

And ...

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He actually could not connect to this script ...

John followed the process ... step by step ... and nothing.

It was like he was following a ... pathless path.

Sounded as a ... nonsense.

Exploring the concept of happiness with his family ... non being able to connect to such a scenario ... John remained unhappy.

The experiment ... failed.

It was a little bit funny seeing him still pretending ... trying ... hoping and exploring a path ... that was so obvious it was useless to follow.

Useless ... cause without real connection ... all it's useless.

**There are chaotic moments in life
when we should stop pretending
that we act on the scene of life.
Simple breath ... relax ... and enjoy the
show as a spectator.... from distance.**

I was with my wife and kids ... going to an island to Greece.
I was paying the ticket for the ferry boat ... and suddenly a
lady from a group with friends calls me ... with video camera.
Said to myself ... "this is an accident 100%.
... why the hell should she call me with video camera?!"
Then another lady called me with video camera ... and i
realized something is wrong.
As far as i knew them ... they would not make this kind of
joke.
Then ... everybody started to call me ...
I had a fire at one of my houses, and those ladies ... not
being from my country ... they did not know what number
they should call authorities.
I call the chief of police ... and he assures me that he will
make all arrangements as the firemen to be there in time.
Everyone continued to call, sms or whatsapp me
I was maybe 1000 miles away from my home and had to
decide in a moment if we come back ... or ... continue the
road and go with the ferry.

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The ferry was leaving in 1-2 minutes
But what the hell could i do from 1000 miles away?!
I jump on the ferry ... or get back home?!
What the fuck ... could i do?!
So ... ?!
But deep inside me ... i felt silence.
I knew that it's bad ... but ... it will end ok.
It was the second fire i had at one of my houses ... so ... why
should i be and act as a desperate?!
What could i change from 1000 miles away?!
But why the Universe wanted me to be away?!
... cause most of the time ... i was there.
So ... was a lesson for me?!
Or for someone else?!
I decide in the last second to jump on the ferry and continue
my journey.
I was really sad ... but not even bothered to call people back
... to ask what the hell happened.
Somehow i knew ... that first of all ... everyone will be ok,
which is probably ... the most important thing from the whole
story.
I call Paul ... and ask him to go there and see what it's really
going on.
2 hours later ... he calls me ... giving me all the details and
understand through his words maybe better than through my
eyes.
Firemen stops the fire and except the fact that the house
looked like a bombed house ... everyone calmed down.
I could go back with the ferry ... but i decide to sleep on the
island ... and get home the next day.

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What could i do?!

Could my presence stop anything?!

Would i change anything right away .. if i would be there?!

Maybe it was a simple decision to stop acting as a desperate ... and pretend i was doing something ...

Maybe ... i had to learn letting the powerful energy of karmic chaotic moments to just ... happen ... no matter if i liked it or no.

The next day i wake up at 5 and decide to leave ... but the ferry was not coming.

So?!

Maybe i had to stay away from the energy of that place?!

Hmm...

The ferry arrives ... i go on the highway ... but i go in the wrong direction... and arrive in another city near the sea, instead of arriving at the border.

Damn it ...

Something did not let me ... go back ...

So ... i go at the sea ... and decide to simple ... admire it.

What could i do ... in front of this ... something ... that looked infinite.

Yes ... maybe connect with the moment and enjoy it.

And for a moment ... i succeed to relax and feel the tremendous power of ... mother nature.

I realize how idiot i could be ... working for so many, many years ... building houses to rent them ... living with the illusion that one day ... i could go on the sea ... and relax without worry of anything.

Well ... the Universe was laughing behind my back, cause it was not like in my projections ...

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A total nonsense...

I was wasting 20 years ... building something that i believed that could give me financial independence and i could stay and enjoy the sea ... relaxed.

But

Hmm How could i be so idiot?!

Damn it ...

I could enjoy the sea ... without any money into my pocket ...

The so called financial independence ... came to me with one million problems ...

I was indeed an idiot like many, many others but the Universe started to teach some very difficult powerful karmic lessons.

And i was in shit.

So ... what the hell could i do to save my ass?!

Well ... maybe ... nothing ... but just to relax and disconnect from all the energies that dominated my actual scene of life.

Disconnect and start a new life.

One ... with another values ...

**Sex ... is kind of a therapy
that it's teaching us the art of
enjoying the present moment.**

Truth be told ... sex is totally related with this weird concept ... difficult to be defined properly ... and named pleasure. But i had many moments when i've asked myself why the hell i heard at very wise persons ... that the sex itself can be the key for restarting our lives?

And i've asked this question again and again and again but still ... i could not understand.

So why that could be defined as a ... therapy?!

What is the secret behind that?!

Should we focus on it?!

How sex could really help us restart our lives?!

Maybe it's all related with the fact ... that for a short moment we stop pretending that we are connected with the present moment ... and really be connected?!

Maybe indeed it's a lesson ... against the stupid habit of pretending that ... we are alive?!

And practicing that ... we understand the need of change. ... maybe in all the areas of life.

And the pleasure ... will be the one of connecting to absolutely any moment of life no matter what that means. We ll finally realize that pretending is ... useless.

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Instead of that ... with the soul healed ... life will become ... different.

And maybe the pleasure eternal.

**I am kind of a street artist ... pretending
i'm a writer ... but i am more a therapist.
... probably my own therapist**

I started lately to analyze a lot ... the street artists.
I see a real connection between me and ... all of them.
But comparing to them ... i hide myself behind a mask not
letting anyone know ... who i really am.
I go every week .. again and again into the city center ... to
meet those street artists.
I analyze them all, but i am afraid to define any of them into
a certain way ... cause i know i would define myself.
So .. i continue pretending i am a writer ... same as a street
artist is pretending is a singer ... but ...
Recently ... i started to feel more ... a therapist.
My own therapist ... that is trying to heal my soul ... on and
on and on.
So ... am i wasting my life ... pretending i am a writer?!
Or am i wasting my life ... trying to heal a soul that has no
more chances to be healed?!
Well ... i continue ... writing ...
Analyzing ...
Defining ...
But never really being able to redefine anything ...
regarding myself ...

Sometimes is probably more about readapting to different scenarios than about pretending

I had the chance to see in life people that have the ability to readapt themselves on any kind of scenario.

Children having poor parents that were playing with the small stones from the road ... young couples that did not had money to go in expensive vacations ... but were feeling amazing while walking into the park ... or people that lost all they had ... but were smiling all the time ... explaining to everyone that God knows better why they live such a scenario.

So i wondered myself ... why the hell that small child playing with the little stones is more happier than the a kid that has all the toys in the world?!

Why this young couple ... so in love of each other ... is so happy together while walking on the alleys of at small park ... and all my rich friends that go in vacations of thousands of dollars ... can't have that type of happiness?!

Why that lady that i met half a year ago ... that lost all she had in Mariopol ... because of the russian bombs ... could still have the power to smile ... explaining me that she is happy cause she realized that her greatest fortune is her soul and her family?!

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I have tens of houses ... and i can't even pretend for a second that i can have a smile like ... Marina had.
So ... why this people have such a great talent of enjoying life in any circumstances?!
Do they pretend?!
Or they simple readapted in any kind of scenario was offered to them ... without complaining?!
Could anyone do that?!
But how could all of us act like that?!
They say ... fake it till you make it ... but ...
Could we start pretending first and then realize that we can readapt to any scenario of life?
Maybe all those people i write about now ... which are kind of motivational characters on the stage of my life ... are sending me a message.
A message that i understand ... but still can't do anything to implement into my life.
Same ... as many ... many others.
We probably simple can't understand the meaning of ... readapting ...
And pretending looks so ... so ... stupid.
Which is true ... and false ... into the same time.

**In life ... it's all about what we see.
... the beautiful ... or the dark side.
And this is what we actually manifest ...
into reality.**

It happens i know a real estate investor ... that knows much more like me about philosophy, personal growth and spirituality.

Talking to him I even start to wonder why the hell i dare to write books when i don't even know half of the things this guy knows.

Same as me ... he builds houses and then ... rent them.

But the huge difference between me and him is that he visualize all that involve ... the whole story of renting.

Last residential complex he built he visualized the alignment of each building, the swimming pool, the bar ... the ... everything.

He was even talking to me about how people will walk on the alleys ... or stay and drink the coffee together.

So ... i started to ask myself ... why the hell this guy cares ... while building ... about the way people will drink their coffee together?!

Well ... i knew he loves to drink coffee ... but why the hell he cares about such details?!

Is he pretending?!

Is it just marketing all what he is talking about?!

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Well .. guess what?!

He finish the buildings ... people rent the houses ... and even if everything looked great ... all the time when i was coming to visit his complex ... it all looked like an abandoned place.

I saw cars there ... and knew he was not lying to me ... telling that all the houses were rented.

Not only that there was no one drinking coffee at the terrace but i could not see any people at all.

He explained me that people come from work and then they enter inside the house ... never connecting one to another. But being busy ... the both of us ... we stoped seeing each other and i saw him again one year later.

I go ... and ...

I've been totally surprised.

People were walking on the alleys.

Kids were playing together.

Some people were drinking coffee on the terrace and some guys were enjoying a bottle of whiskey.

Hmm ...

So ... i've asked ... "What the hell is going on here?! Now it all looks like in the scenario from your visualizations?!"

What did it changed?!"

After one year ... it was all changed.

He smiles replying ... "It all changed because the tenants changed.

There are other people than last year.

I've probably started to attract other type of people."

But i've started to ask myself ... was my friend pretending ... telling me all that?!

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I believe ... no.

You see ... probably sometimes ... even if we connect very deep on a subject ... and we visualize it very profoundly ... it's not manifested right away.

It's a reality that we can't connect for 100% ... for reasons difficult to be understood.

And the manifestation ... is delayed.

Sometimes a long, long time.

Maybe ... we don't really care of all those elements we are talking about.

We are ... a little bit ... too "technical" ... and follow the process ... without realizing we should add a little bit of ... soul ... into visualizing.

Compassion is probably the best way of connecting to a reality that it's into our minds and dreams.

We should "think" with our heart too ... not just with the brain.

Otherwise ... maybe it's all about ... pretending ... and the manifestations delay ... a lot.

**I loved her a lot but i can't
pretend anymore that i love her.
It's a weird paradox ... and a real
non sense ... i know**

Thomas is a businessman that i know by a long, long time.
Don't know if i could say that he is my friend ... but
sometimes we talk a lot.

We talk about life ... philosophy ... and of course about ladies.
Or maybe i should say ... mostly about ladies.

Cause ... truth be told, men over 40 ... will talk to you a lot
about philosophy of life throw the perceptionof a
connection between the feminine and masculine spirit.

Thomas ... same as me ... is difficult to be understand.

One year ago ... he was madly in love of Josephine ... and i
could swear on God ... that he would go even in Antartica for
her ... but today ...

Well ... i see them still together but i also see that he can't
even pretend he loves her company.

I look at her ...

I look at him ...

.... and ...

I wonder myself ... how the hell one year ago he was so in
love with her ... and today ... he almost disliked her company.

Why this nonsense?!

Well ... maybe he came to an age when he realizes that ...

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pretending is a way ... of wasting his life ... but still ... why this change of perceptions?!

Maybe they both ... changed.

I see him more spiritual today.

And Josephine ... more ... chasing for beautiful vibes and nothing more.

Somehow ... one decided to go to the left and one decided to go to the right ... and pretending they are still together ... became a total nonsense.

The same damn pattern that you can see in so, so many relationships all around the world.

But life continues ... even if we can or can't pretend that we like it.

The result?!

Hmm ... we keep saying on and on and on ... that it's a ... nonsense.

We simple can't accept change as part of life.

Can't accept that ... we have in life a common path but just for a while.

Sometimes dancing into the mud ... it's the only option we've got

Adaeye is an actress i know from Nigeria.
Somehow she is always in love.
Every time we speak she tells me about a new love story.
The amazing part with social media it's that i can find out
about how real life is everywhere in the world.
But i am somehow amazed that life it's the same for ordinary
people in Nigeria, Belize or France.
Adaeye simple love the energy of the beginning.
Many would define her into an unpolite way ... but i
understood by a long time that her life is defined by the
pleasure of testing a new beginning... on and on and on.
Few days ago she told me about ... George ... an american
that came to Nigeria with humanitarian purposes.
And ... i saw my friend again ... in love.
I smile seeing that.
And yes ... i sometimes wonder if she pretends or she does it
... for real.
Reading her latest post about love ...telling us about how she
and George were dancing into the mud from a street from a
village close to Lagos ... i start smiling.
She was giving us so, so many details that for a moment i
thought i was reading a story about a dance between a prince
and a princess at a ballroom in Vienna.

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But it was all happening into the rain in the mud from that nigerian village.

So ... what is in life the difference between a perfect case scenario ... and the real scenario?!

Why is the Universe offers to some of us ... the scene of a beautiful ballroom in Vienna and to others ... the scene with the mud and the rain?!

Which option is better?!

Could we pretend that dancing into the rain is the same thing ... as dancing into a ballroom from Vienna?!

Well ... Adaeye was happy ... telling us about her story ... about that amazing dance with George.

And connecting to her ... i really felt her happy.

But i also remember an austrian movie with a prince and a princess that were dancing in the royal ballroom from the city center of Vienna ... and they were so, so unhappy together.

Maybe in life ... it's all about seeing the beauty of any scene ... that the Universe is offering us.

Sometimes ... what we dream into the night is revealing us things ... that we totally forget about

I wake up and wonder myself ... what the hell is the meaning of that dream?!

I usually don't dream at all ... or at least i don't remember anything of what i am dreaming.

This time was all so ... intriguing.

Well ... few months ago i had a tenant that did not paid the rent and the utilities ... and also destroyed me the house into the interior.

I tried one million ways to get her out ... and could not believe that i was dreaming that she was coming back.

But it was even worst ... in the dream.

I was polite with her ... speaking friendly ... and offered her a new property.

Well ... even if she drove me crazy for months ... we've acted into my dreams as close friends ... happy to see each other again.

A total nonsense.

Was i pretending?!

Hmm ... probably not.

Unfortunately for me ... many times in life ... i ignore the past.

It's like i had a brainwashed brain and ... i totally ignore ... all it was past.

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Why the hell I am doing that ... it's difficult to understand but this is how i usually act ... and the question was now ... what was really the message of that dream?!

Well ... meditating more ... i realized that it all carried such an important idea ... which i totally ignored.

I was actually pretending i was not seeing the truth.

Few days ago I allowed again the connection with a person that was not a positive influence into my life.

The damage from that time ... was huge.

Now ... i was pretending i did not remembered that ... but the dream that was telling me again a story which i totally disliked.

I had indeed the handicap of forgetting the past ... and also of forgetting the mistakes of people in the relationships we had.

I used to ignore the past ... and i was doing it again.

Was so silly of me to make the same mistake again ... pretending i don't remember the past ... and all the negative implications of that connection.

I proved one more time ... that i am so, so naive ...

**I've started to not care of
.. anything around.
I can't pretend anymore ... and
gave myself the freedom to show
that on the scene of my life.**

Today i believe that pretending ... it's useless.
I did that for years but don't want to do it anymore.
And the ugly side of this decision is that people close to me ...
friends and family members ... started to see that i am
totally disconnected of them.
I say .. ugly ... but i simple don't care ... that it looks like that.
I feel disconnected ... and can't pretend anymore that there
is or there is not ... any connection at all.
I just can't do it.
But it's ok ...
It's all ok.
I like and accept this decision of mine of acting on the real
scene of life ... without pretending.
And still ...
It's all hidden so ... so ... well under my smile ...
I probably somehow ... still create the illusion i'm connected
by being present on the scene of my life near them ... but my
mind and soul ... it's not there anymore.

Karmic characters are so damn annoying, but we simple can't remove them from the scene of life. And even if we succeed doing that in the end ... they will reappear in a new form. Pretending we don't realize the karmic side of the story ... will make the whole situation even ... worst.

Karma is in my vision ... a teacher that is telling us stories about the real values of life.

It is camouflage in lots of weird forms.

Sometimes it's about a parent, sometimes a friend ... or even worst ... a friend that is becoming an enemy.

Analyzing my own life ... not even bothering to read so many books about the subject ... even if i love reading ... i somehow realized that all that annoys have karmic values and i should meditate on them.

Probably half of the people from the scene of my life I could clearly identify as karmic ... even if i knew that ... in fact ... they were all karmic characters.

And ... the time was revealing me that ... even if i was pretending i don't like or agree this theory.

Had moments when ... i simple want to get rid if some people of my life.

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Some of them ... disappeared.

But the real problem was ... that somehow another people ... acting the same way ... replaced that person.

And it happened on and on and on.

For example one day ... a person with mental problems ... started to ruin my life.

I got rid of him ... only after he disappeared for 3 times.

And when i finally cut my connection with that guy ... a lady with much deeper mental problems appeared into my life.

So ... i was wondering ... what was the fucking message?!

What was karma ... whispering me?!

Why the hell those people with mental problems appeared into my life?!

And why i was pretending that i don't remember that ... all i see on the scene of my own life it's in fact a reflection of my inner self?!

What side of my soul ... i had to cure?!

Why so many annoying people into my life?!

Why they kept appearing more and more?!

Why friends became enemies?!

Why so, so many karmic messages?!

But ... why did i ignored them?!

Why i pretended i was not seeing that?!

Why did i wasted so much time ... ignoring those messages that were repeating on and on and on?!

How could i be so ... so ... idiot?!

Hmm I knew the theory ... but totally ignored it on the scene of my real life.

But karma ... kept its calmness.

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Kept whispering me messages ... and i was living with the
illusion that i can ... ignore its presence

I was pretending I was ... blind ...

**I have such a large spectrum of
perceptions ... that i don't even know
anymore who I could say ... i am ...**

I am writing my thoughts ... defining in fact my life all the time ... having actually the simple desire of healing the connection between me and my soul.

Most probably anyone who's reading my books ... realizing the contradictory values of my thoughts ... understands my opening to any perception.

I stoped pretending by a very long time that i have a certain philosophy of life.

If someone would ask me to define myself ... i could not say who i really am.

But maybe it's good I stopped pretending that i am ... a certain ... profile.

I have a little bit of everything into my mind and my soul and i could probably say that i am more a ... spectrum of thoughts and feelings even if they are so damn ... contradictory.

And ... I've accepted the position i am now.

I even ... like it.

**They all defined her as a
devil ... but i loved her smile
.... her vibe ... her everything**

I'm not reading anymore by a long time what people are writing on social media ...

Even if i personally publish daily ... my essays.

But few days ago ... i saw a post with a picture of a lady ... that was exactly the prototype i was looking for ... by a long time.

I looked at the picture for few minutes ... and realized i loved her smile ... her vibe her everything.

Then suddenly... reading the post ... i started to laugh.

Another lady had published the post ... defining this person i liked ... as an dishonest person ... a liar ... and even as a ... bitch.

I could not believe what this nervous lady ... was writing in social media.

It looked like Melinda the lady from the photo ... a refugee from Germany ... had asked the help from the husband of this lady that wrote such a long, long story about her.

But even if she was defined in such a negative way ... looking even that Melinda abused of the husband of the nervousness lady ... my reply ... was ... a little bit abstract.

I looked again at the picture ... and realized ... i really liked her.

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So ... why the hell ... i don't have the luck to be abused by a such a beautiful lady?!

Why should i pretend ... i would dislike that?!

If i would ask my friends to read that post ... they would start laughing ... envying that gentleman ...

And i believe the same ... telling them ... "such a lucky guy ..."

It's indeed unbelievable ... how contradictory perceptions we can have over the same subject ... but my question is ... why we should pretend we have the same views?!

My wife ... would dislike this essay ... defining me again as a jerk ... but still ... why should i pretend i believe something else?!

How many times into my life ... i've pretended i believed something else ... just to align myself at what the society was believing?!

So ... why the hell ... should i pretend?!

Why?!

Why should i not give myself the freedom of having any kind of perception?!

Well

Today ... i'm a little bit wild into my thinking.

Maybe ... in total contradiction with ... the masses.

We can have a great connection on long term only with the people that pretend they do not see that we lose our minds from time to time.

In the real world ... i daily work with an amazing crazy girl. She knows i am a writer ... and sometimes even read my essays ... defining them all the time as ... nonsenses. One day ... she asked me to write about her ... and define her spirit ... so ... today i decided to do it . We all the time have to speak on the phone 50 times a day ... and of course there are many moments when we argue and even ... can't stand each other. But bottomline ... we have a great connection. And you know why?!

Well because we respect the right of each other ... to lose our minds from time to time.

We have kind of a tacit understanding ... that when the other side is not on the right emotional frequency we just smile ... and instead of reacting ... we simple make sarcastic jokes. So ... i tell her ... "What kind of marihuana are you smoking?!

Maybe i should try it."

And she sometimes replies to me ... "Maybe it's time to change your cocaine dealer ... "

We even make jokes ... saying that if police would listen our conversations ... would probably come and arrest us ...

And no one of us have any drug addiction.

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Or least not me Hahahaha.

But you see ... in many other relationships ... i could not find this ability of acting like that.

I don't allow to the other people close to myself this right of being and acting into a wild crazy way ... not even ... occasionally.

Maybe it's time to change a little bit.

To start pretending ... that we don't see things which we dislike ... things we don't agree ... and the fact that ... on long term people lose their ability of being and acting into the proper way.

Cause long term connections ask ... infinite understanding on all sides.

I knew it was all an illusion ... but i was pretending i'm not really seeing that

More and more ... i see around myself ... what it's called ... the illusion of the self.

I see people prisoners ... or maybe i should even say ... slaves ... of different circumstances that are not allowing them to understand the real meaning of the Universe where we live in.

And i see it so damn clear ...

But it's funny ... cause when the same things are happening to me ... i prove that i am suffering of spiritual ... blindness. What i defined as an illusory life ... it looks so fucking real ... and all the theories i spoke before I see them as total nonsenses.

But time passed ... and i started to change a little bit. Somehow i began to stop seeing myself the victim of circumstances.

I started to feel more and more .. that all around myself ... all what i see ... it's an illusion.

But i was still wondering how the hell ... the Infinite Intelligence would allow that the life itself to be ... so illusory?!

... to be a ... nonsense.

Little by little ... somehow ... even if i was pretending i was not realising the whole meaning ... why all was like that ...

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deep inside myself ... i was feeling that someone is whispering me those so well hidden secrets of life. And i was living a weird balance ... between feeling the truth and pretending i was not feeling it.

But i was making progresses.

I started to accept all what was going on into my life ... as part of a process that meant to make me ... at least start ... following the path of awakening.

And still ... the emotional balance continued ... in my soul but also into my real life.

I had some weird feelings, but i was pretending i was not seeing that.

Was looking at all the people around myself ... and somehow i started to believe that i finally understand the concept of the illusion of the self.

But ... things were still unclear ...

At least this is how it looked like ... cause on the scene of my real life ... all was in total contradiction with what i wrote into my books.

And again ... i was pretending i was not seeing that.

I was realizing that the meaning of the illusion was that one day ... we should finally understand the illusion of the self.

To help us ... get rid of it!

But ...

Sex it's about remembering us how to connect to ... the present moment

I see around myself so many ... disconnected people.
I see them unhappy ... and actually living a life that they totally dislike.
Reality itself ... just ... sucks.
This is how they should define life ... if someone would ask them about themselves.
Darpe Diem which could be translated as ... enjoy the present moment ... it's a concept that most probably ... not so many people know about.
And still?!

Are those people i see around myself zombies?!

People that just breath ... and pretend that they live?!

Souls that don't see anything?!

That live lives with no meaning ... no positive emotions?!

How can they stand ... living in such a way?!

Why connecting to the present moment it's an impossible fact?!

How can they survive like that?!

Why the hell ... life looks so ridiculous ... for all those people?!

I smile defining such a version of life ... cause even if i am pretending i am not living such a life ... most probably ... i am into the same story.

I like it or not reality ... and all the other statistical datas

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about myself ... say that.

But ... of course I deny it.

I deny the fact that i have this disability of connecting to reality ... and whatever the present moment means.

Carpe diem ... is for myself ... just a theoretical concept and nothing more.

But one day ... i suddenly remember about ... sex.

And i ask myself what meaning it has in our lives ... as humans?!

And i smile again ...

I realize that it is one of the only ways in how we connect to the moment ...

So?!

Hmm ...

It might explain why so many chase for that ... even if it is most probably ... just illusory.

Well ... it's actually a way in how zombies become alive and ...

But once those moments end ... reality ... sucks ... again ... and again ...

**I am an introvert pretending
that is ... extrovert.
But also have many moments
... when ... I'm an extrovert ... pretending
like being an introvert.**

If i would define my personality ... i should probably tell you contradictory stories.

My books are actually kind of a diary ... with my thoughts, feelings ... and emotions.

Which many time looks so damn ... different ... every day.

And i have days ... when i really feel like an introvert ... which lives in his inner world ... but also days when i act on the stage of life as a weird extrovert.

So ... defining myself ... i somehow realize that it's so useless to do it ... cause i can't even say for sure if i am introvert or extrovert.

But can say for sure that i am many times .. weird.

Balancing being a weird introvert ... or a weird extrovert ... and i somehow realize that the word ... weird ... defines me the best.

Or maybe on the stage of the real life ... not really knowing how i should really act ... i am simple improvising ...

pretending all the time of being ... who i am really not.

I forget ... that i could simple be ... who i really am.

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Connect to my inner self ... and give myself the freedom of allowing to be expressed on the stage of life ... no matter what that means.

... and probably ... stop pretending.

Waiting for Christmas ... but one ... dominated by my desires ... and nothing more

Without snow ... Christmas is not anymore what it used to be.
But still ... the concept itself It's amazing.
We might find again ... even if just for a short time ... the
power to believe in magic.
And it's so nice
To find again ... that amazing hope ... that allows us ... getting
all we desire.
To believe one more time that desires ... could become true.
We remember about ... that magic ... but today we see
Christmas in a totally different way.
We ... changed.
We are ... totally different ... than we used to be.
Lost that innocence ... which we had many years ago ... when
we were kids.
The new version of Christmas ... it's related with the things
we have in mind today.
But speaking with my friends ... Brian and Paul ... which so
many believe that are my imaginary friends ... we defined the
gifts we want from Santa.
One was chasing for a blonde ... one for a brunette... but i
could not pretend anymore cause i was not focused
anymore on the exterior world.

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I had in mind ... a certain imaginary lady ... but all i wished now ... was to have ... a beautiful soul.

I had enough ... illusions.

And had enough ... of believing they were real.

I was still chasing for the perfect case scenario ... but probably that could be represented just by an inner beauty.

Closing my eyes ... i saw it was a lady ... and even a very beautiful one ... but i could not touch her lips ...

It was all a dream ...

.... The dream My dream ... the reflection of my desires ... written to Santa.

**Truth be told ... even if we pretend
so, so much ... it's so obvious
we are ... so damn false**

In my country during the winter holiday ... groups of children but sometimes even adults ... are visiting the neighborhood to wish to the people all the best.
And ... one day a group of 25-30 people came to my house ... singing us Christmas songs ... pretending they wished me ... from their hearts ... all the best life can offer to me.
I looked at them ... and laughed.
I looked at their faces ... and realized they just pretend ... to get some cash for singing those songs.
I knew all of them ... and with no one i could say that i have a good relationship.
So ... i was wondering ... how the hell they could come to my house and pretend like idiots?!

It was ridiculous ...
So ... my reply was sarcastic.
Paid them 2 dollars and in the end they could not believe it ... that i was doing that to them.
Well ... maybe i was in a time of my lifewhen i realized that pretending it's useless.
I thought that to be sarcastic ... it's better than being ... false.
2 dollars ... for all those false ... best wishes ... was in my perception a lot.

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They left ... disappointed ... but before they left ... i even repeated them 2 times ... "Please avoid me next Christmas.... Pleeeaseeee!"

Well What can i say?!

... at least i succeed not to pretend anymore

**Special connections ... between
souls. We like each other ... but
we pretend ... it's not like that
... even if it is so damn obvious**

Over the years i observed that sometimeswith some of the people from the timeline of my life ... i really have special connections.

Both men and women.

But ... many, many times i avoided showing that i really liked those connections.

As many ... others.

Looking ... and analyzing the others I also try to understand myself ... but ... in one point i simple can't understand the non sense.

Why if 2 people ... are having a special connection ... why they don't explore it ... in all the ways?!

What if a man and a woman ... both married ... with someone else ... discover this special connection between them?!

What should they do?!

But what should i do?!

I remember that once i met a lady ... that i would marry with ... after 15 minutes.

I spent with her 2-3 hours into my office discussing about a project pretending that we really talked about that .. even

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if in fact ... we were enjoying the fact that we've met and ...

But never saw her again ... after.

Talked few times on the phone after ... and never heard of her anymore.

The connection itself made me understand the meaning of a ... special connection ...

Maybe i knew that person from another life time ... or ...

Today ... i came to a point when i chase for ... such connections ... but unfortunately i am in a point of my life when i have to deal more with ... karmic connections.

So ... i just dream for that even if when life offers me that opportunity ... i always miss the chance of ... enjoying that.

**Not connecting.....you choose not to?... or is
there an energy barrier that is creating
the disconnection?**

Nolene Sheppard

Today i spoke again with her about Ella.
Sometimes she tells me about her patients ... and Ella's case
look a lot with an old story of mine.
It looked like Marc and Ella met again.
... by accident ... but ending one more time ... kissing and
making love ... at the first hotel they found on their way.
They did not saw each other almost a year ... but after 5
minutes of staying together ... they decided ... to try again ...
connecting to each other.
Unfortunately ... one year ... was a long time.
Visiting my friend ... the therapist ... Ella gave her all the
details asking one more time for guidance ... and why the
hell connection failed?!

They broke up so, so many times ... but always when they
met again ... reconnecting was ... piece of cake.
Making love ... was an amazing way of feeling the connection
again ... and again ... and again .
But ... damn it ...
This time she did not felt the connection anymore.
My friend ... the therapist smiled .. asking her ... "Not
connecting.....you choose not to?... or is there an energy

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barrier that is creating the disconnection?"

I suddenly realized she is not just a therapist ... or a coach ... but also a person that understands into such a deep way ... the spiritual side of life ... of the connection between the souls.

... especially of soulmates.

Telling me the story ... i remembered about my past.

I believe that i probably lived both scenarios ... refused to connect but also had times when i understood that the story is over ... and a barrier was stopping the connection.

Today i am more opened to the future.

Don't want anymore to remain the prisoner of my past ... no matter how ... glorious ... it was.

And can't pretend Ella's case ... did not reminded me of my past ... but i promised myself that i'll be much opened for my future experiences.

I call my friend ... the therapist ... and ask her "... are u a therapist ... or a spiritual guru?!"

You know too much about the connections between souls ... but many times ... you pretend you don't."

Then ... we started ... to laugh ...

But .. still ... i could not stop her question .. to be repeated into my mind ... on and on and on.

It was so ... damn powerful...

All relationships in which we do not feel peace and love are karmic relationships

Amon

I used for many of my books ... the word "illusion" ... in the title ... or subtitle.

And if you would read them ... you will probably realize that i have an addiction to the subject.

In the beginning ... realizing that all around myself it's an illusion It all became such a depressive thought ... but later on i understood that there is an important meaning for living that experience.

So ... after writing 10 books of love essays the last thing i wrote before writing such things related with love ... was ... "Awakening can be obtained at the end of a love story."

All what i was writing was about my own experiences ... but unfortunately... it was nothing related with love or inner peace.

The end ... reveled me the illusion ... but i was happy that the blindness disappeared.

Also understood that all i was living ... was just an illusion ... having the meaning to reveal me that i need to get rid of the illusion of my self.

I had to accept and embrace all it was karmic into my life ... otherwise my life would become a non ending karmic story.

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.... and a total nonsense.

Without the blindness in my spiritual eyes I could actually understand better all those annoying relationships ... which i had.

And i started to laugh ... the next moment when i saw that what i had defined as marriage ... or even love story ... was just an annoying karmic story.

An experience ... that had nothing to do with love ... or peace.

Hmm ... yes ... it was ... so annoying.

... all what was going on.

And still ... it was a little bit ridiculous... cause even if i knew that all i was living ... was an illusory karmic experience... i could not even pretend ... that i accept it.

I realized the whole truth.

... i understood the importance of all that but i could not jump at the next level of wisdom.

That was probably ... to embrace with love ... all what was going on ... feel the message which the Universe was whispering me ... and close karmic experiences.

Of course ... with love ... and peace...

Wearing emotional masks of different types ... could be a hobby ... but even a must

Imagine you would have at home ... an wardrobe of emotional masks ... and it could actually be a choice to decide what mask you'd like to wear into that day.

The wardrobe would probably have hundreds of masks which you had been wearing over the years ... but also many which you ignored.

... emotions that you could not live, because ... you were afraid of them.

You suddenly realize it was all a decision ... behind all that. And like any wardrobe ... has inside ugly ...but also amazing things.

The only thing is that ... even if we know all those informations ... still we don't do anything to choose ... the right ... masks.

Time is passing ...

Yesterday we've been unhappy ... today happy ... and tomorrow ... even if we know it's all a decision ... we pretend we don't know about the wardrobe with emotional masks.

We could decide ... to wear the right mask.

But we don't do it.

We could try it ... everyday ... as a hobby.

I would even dare to say ... as a must.

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And we could say ... enough of wearing that ugly mask ...

Let's try the smile face

But ...

We know about the trick about that "wardrobe" and still we don't try it.

Not even as a ... hobby.

And not even as a ... must.

Time is passing again ... and again.

We gain life experience ... and we know all we have to do or not to do ... but ... continue to act silly

That profound sadness was about the disability of not being able to pretend anymore on the scene of life

The meaning of my books is probably just to make the people understand that analyzing our lives, defining what is wrong ... we could go into the position of somehow being able to redefine all ... and create a new ... life for ourselves a better one.

Today i see sadness all around ourselves.

In many, many forms.

Sometimes camouflaged even behind a ... big smile.

But of course many times ... so obvious ...

And i see that at John ... at Carl at Maria ... and many, many others.

I see it everyday ... by so, so many years.

And many of them have good days also ... but many times ... i see that ... profound sadness i am talking about.

What i defined as self therapy could actually help a lot ... to understand all what is going on with us.

I continue looking at the people around myself ... but not even for a second ... i could not understand ... why the hell i also have this sadness.

It's almost a total nonsense ... but ...

Analyzing more ... connecting to my inner self ... i somehow realize i've become prisoner of a reality which i dislike.

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I simple can't pretend anymore ... that it's ok that i am ... on this scene of life.

And a logical question that comes next is ... why the hell ... we don't do anything about changing this reality?!

Why ... i ... we ... feel as prisoners?!

Prisoners of ... what?!

.... Of who?!

I meditate more

... and more.

And suddenly understand that i live kind of a hybrid dharmic-karmic scenario ... and i simple don't agree i have to do that.

I had enough

And those people around myself ... which carry that unhappy masks also ... are most probably into similar scenarios like me.

The nonsense starts to make ... sense.

But ... still ... that profound unhappiness remains there.

More and more ... obvious ... cause we simple can't pretend anymore.

Doing our dharmic roles It's so damn difficult to pretend we like it and continue life

I was in the bus ... close to the city center.
Last time when i was in the bus was almost 25 years ago.
Something broke to my car and instead of ordering a taxi ... i decided to jump into the bus.
Was Monday morning ... and the second i put my feet into the bus I felt i was entering into an unhappy Universe.
One young boy was going to school ... and he look so, so unhappy.
A young lady ... left the bus in front of the University ... and she did not had any good vibe either.
Another guy ... at about 30-35 ... looked to me ... even depressed.
He was dressed like a worker from construction and had such an unhappy face ... that i almost started to laugh of him.
Another old lady ... was looking on the window how it was raining ... and she was not happy either.
She was retired ... but maybe she was going to her grand kids to look after her.
I was indeed in the bus of unhappiness.
It was already 3 years since i stopped working ... so for me ... it was no such a big difference between Sunday and Monday.

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But for all those people around me it was so, so annoying ... starting the new week and doing what they had to do.

They all were doing what they had to do ... but it looked like it was so ... difficult.

In my vision dharmic is related with other mission for this life ... but also anything connected to the subject.

Taking care of a child ... involved of course money and a job ... and lots of duties and responsibilities.

And for getting a better job ... much better paid ... that could offer to the child a better life ... we ... as individuals ... need to go to school ... then high school ... then university etc etc.

And we have to follow some dogmatic paths ... which we dislike ... a lot.

I was looking into the bus ... at all the faces of the people around myself ... and all of them totally disliked it's Monday again.

I really could no see ... any individual which could at least ... pretend ... it's ok.

Life should be as a vacation ... but we can't find the tricks to follow such ... a path

Imagine we could pretend we are in a non ending vacation ... and all we do everyday it's for relaxing and having fun. How could it be if we could be able to pretend so well that we love our jobs, all the people from the scene of our lives, our marriages and everything defines our stories. I read about affirmations techniques ... and i smile cause it's all about ... pretending. And they tell us that we should ... fake it ... till we make it. I try to analyze more ... and ... i start ... laughing. The whole theory with affirmations ... is 100% about ... pretending. Well ... it might work. It might also not work. Should we try it?! Do we have anything to lose if we try to pretend that we like our lives?! Could we act as we see life in vacation?! Why those ideas .. and all those theories can't be applied or ... are too difficult to be applied for the lives of ordinary people?! Why the theoretical concepts have nothing to do with the ordinary life?!

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Maybe ... we don't know to implement them ... or we can't find the tricks of pretending as in the end to really believe that life is ... a vacation.

And the term vacation ... has for me the connotation of a period of time ... shorter or longer ... when we feel relaxed ... and living our lives its a real pleasure.

Mixing the concepts ... the one of vacation, but also the one of the real life ... even partially ... looks almost impossible.

And chances are indeed close to zero.

Theory is ... theory ... and has nothing to do with the real life ... no matter how much we try it.

Not even ... motivation works.

But you know why?!

I somehow started to believe that we don't allow ourselves to enjoy our lives.

We suffer of a weird type of stupidity that made us believe that life can't be enjoyed just for a short period of time and not so often.

And we continue like that ...

We can't even pretend ... that we try to pretend.

We see so, so many couples pretending they are ... together

I was in the a beautiful coffee shop.

Close to me a guy was drinking his coffee alone ... same as i was doing.

We were certainly there to enjoy the place ... so that we could ... meditate.

I somehow believe today that the coffee shop has the values of a church from 100 years ago.

It allows us to ... believe for a while that time is stopping ... and we can connect to other things that makes us to forget for a short time the scene of what we defined as ... real life. But suddenly a lady appears.

Sits on his table ... orders a coffee for herself also ... changes few words ... and then ... silence again.

They were a couple but it looked to me that they were more pretending that they were together.

They could simple not connect one with another even if the place was amazing.

She was a nice lady and he looked like a nice guy ... but still ... it was useless ... cause even if they were having a relationship ... they could not connect.

It was all ... a fake connection ... but

They stayed on the same table ... living in 2 different worlds.

So pretending they were together ... trying to spend

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moments one near another ... but still ... the connection itself ... failed.

An amazing coffee shop ... looking like the perfect scene ... for enjoying the coffee and the moments of being together ... but in the end i could probably define all ... a nonsense.

In fact ... a total nonsense.

Connection is indeed everything ... but ... probably ... just with the right person ...

They looked so good together ... but they both carried some fake masks

I looked at them on social media.
She posted a lot lately.
You could believe that they are happy together ... but i knew her pretty well.
Her smile ... was so ... so fake.
She was pretending ... again.
A new vacation ... a new story about pretending ... but i could not understand why the hell she was doing that.
But ... I certainly analyze too much.
Maybe i like gossiping and realizing that's a bad habit ... i started to write books ... writing my perceptions ... which in fact were not about analyzing and defining the world ... but about gossip and nothing else.
And i continue doing that on and on and on.
Instead of analyzing my inner world ... or my own life ... i was looking at the others writing about them ...
Paula was a profile that was inspiring me a lot into my writings ... but i could still not understand why the hell she was continuing to pretend so, so much.
Maybe she was so naive ...
Or i was so damn idiot ... that ... i was not understanding the meaning of using those masks that help us pretend ... on the scene of life.

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... pretend we are happy.

I hated that.

I hated her for doing that ... but she was still my friend.

Today i believe that instead of pretending we are happy together ... we could better try to pretend that we don't really know what happiness is ... and simple ignore talking about it

...

I was searching for something that i was pretending i did not knew that in fact ... does not exists

Marc is a dear friend ... from my little town.

Today he lives in Paris ... and he loves the fact that the city itself gives him so, so many chances to see new and new ladies.

Hearing that i am finally ready to publish my new book about self therapy ... he asks me to explain him in few words what it is about.

I simple smile and reply "As usual i just publish my contradictory ... nonsense thoughts.

There is probably just one simple idea ... that we should meditate more on the whole meaning of our actions, feelings, thoughts and all related to what we use to name ... our lives."

Suddenly ... Marc started to laugh.

"My friend ... please tell me how the hell could i find the meaning of my search for so ... so many ladies.

It's like desiring to touch the horizontal line.

I feel that i search for a lady ... that in fact ... does not exists.

Every new week i meet 3-4 new souls ... and all is useless ... cause i can't feel the connection that i am chasing for.

But i close my eyes ... and i visualize her so, so clear ...

Most probably i could define my story of chasing for the perfect lady like seeing a statue which could be a

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sculpture with the perfect body a woman could have ... and i admire her beauty ... but in the end i realize she is not real ... cause has no life.

And i still continue searching ...

On and on and on ..."

My dear friend was probably pretending that what he was looking for ... does not really exists ... cause the perfect human being is just an illusory concept that only artists tried to express into their artworks ... but

Marc was continuing his search ... exploring more and more souls.

And beautiful Paris gave him an amazing opportunity to meet ... something that he will probably never find.

The illusion ...

But ... we just adore illusions ...

Maybe some people really love each other ... even if it's so difficult to believe that real love .. exists

I see so many unhappy couples around myself that when i see people looking happy together ... i use to say right away ... "i'm sure that they just pretend".

It's even a little bit illogical what i am doing ... especially cause i wrote 10 books of love essays ... few years ago.

Today i've read in the newspapers about the death at the war ... of the ukrainian movie director Viktor Onisko ... and reading also the words of his wife ... i was a little bit shocked ... "My hero. My love. I don't know how i would be able to live from now on without you."

I suddenly realize that my ideas about the illusion of love are ... redefined in a second.

But i can't stop myself ask an ironic question to everyone that is into any kind of relationship ... "What would say your partner if today you would suddenly die?!"

Will the remarks be similar with the one of the widow from Ukraine ... that i was just talking about?!

How would you define such an unhappy scene if the scenario of your life would be similar?!

I am talking as usual a lot ... but i hear a voice telling me ... "Many times in life ... we ... the ordinary people ... regret ... and tell all those beautiful words about the relationship we

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have ... just when it's too late."
... and maybe the voice is right.

**Influences are so damn real
... but what if we pretend they
simple don't exist?!
At least till we make
some ... researches**

I was in Skopje, North Macedonia.

In a restaurant, right in the city center ... intending to go and visit Prishtina, the capital of Kosovo ... which was just 75 km away i ask the waiter ... "Is it safe to go there?! I heard on the news lots of things about the conflict they have with serbians."

The waiter ... that was smiling ... suddenly changed his face ... replying ... "Sir! If i should be in your place .. with wife and 2 kids near myself ... i would not do it.

It is a very dangerous country.

The albanian mafia is controlling everything there.

They come and steal cars from North Macedonia or other countries around and then they sell them at Prishtina.

While you will drive ... you will see lands of marihuana all over the place.

They even sell guns on the streets."

I look at my wife and ... smile ... saying .. "Thank you!" to the waiter ... then leaving the place.

We jumped into the car ... passed the border ... and we

suddenly received an sms from our government ... saying to be aware while traveling in Kosovo.

I smiled again and ... continued the road.

And guess what?!

I arrived in Prishtina and ... lots of people on the streets.

The weather was amazing.

It was the first day of the year ... and the sun was shining into an amazing way.

People were enjoying their coffees at the coffee shops from the city center ... and all looked relaxed and i could say ... even ... happy.

I was walking on the streets from the Prishtina and even if i was looking all around for the albanese mafia that were supposed to sell drugs and guns ... i could find only ambulant sellers of ... books.

1, 2, 3 11 ... hahaha

I counted all those guys selling books and i could not believe it.

Reality was a little bit different than what the waiter from Skopje told me about.

And no conflict at all ... as i saw on tv ...

But it's not that i was not listening the guy ... or what people were saying on the news ...

I listened to everything people said to me ... but i said to myself ... "Let's pretend i am not hearing anything at all ... and try to see with my own eyes."

So ... one more time i was right.

People were over reacting ... cause instead of finding drug and guns dealers on the streets of Prishtina i could see with my eyes just those old innocent guys ... selling ... books.

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Unfortunately ... we believe too easy what others use to tell us.

We take everything for granted instead of trying to have our own opinions over reality.

And we end up living lives ... dominated ... by other's people fears.

Karma is so damn .. abstract

It says that life it's a mirror ... but i look in the mirror and i see that my left hand looks like my right hand.

My right eye looks like the left eye.

The writing from my shirt can't be read ... cause i see the letters reversed.

Then i ask myself ... what the hell is this theory with the mirror about??

Suddenly i hear my phone.

It was Peter.

... again.

He was calling me to ask me questions about karma feeling himself trapped into a karmic prison of circumstances.

And not even saying ... hello I hear him saying ... "Let's suppose a man dies.

His wife remains widow but being close to 30 ... let's say that latest in few years she can find a new man ... and actually start a new life again.

But the kid?!

What the kid done wrong to deserve live without a father?!

Why the Universe is so unfair in such cases?!

And there are so, so many similar cases like that into the world ... that i could define as karmic unfair examples.

So?!

Can you explain me the nonsense of karma in such

situations?!"

I smile ... and i did that ... cause i knew that Peter was somehow pretending that what he was living ... was an example of what unfair karma scenario.

Nothing made sense ... at all.

"Peter ... my friend!

The example you just gave might be a real case that could happen anywhere around the world.

But ... karma it's a little bit abstract.

Is not forgetting anything.

And it also says that is not forgiving anything at all.

What we don't consider today is that we relate everything to things that we've done recently.

We actually totally ignore our actions from the past ... or even a past life.

You might be today a very polite person ... and it makes no sense at all why the hell people are impolite to you ... but maybe 10 years ago you did not act properly with the people around you.

The reply is so late ... that you can't even remember that 10 years ago you were totally different ... and probably you deserve such a lesson.

Coming back to the little child ... that we might be so sorry for him ... cause he will be raised without a father maybe ... it makes sense.

Probably in a previous life he killed someone that had small kids ... which had to survive just with their mother.

Instead of being killed ... like he did to that guy in another life time ... he is actually forced to live a life ... since he is just a little baby ... without his father.

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So ... some of the scenarios we might recognize... but some ... which makes total nonsense are probably related with a past that we totally forgot about.

This might also be an explanation for all what is going on into your life.

But ...

Maybe ... you should meditate more!"

Peter ... did not liked what i've said to him.

He was indeed somehow ... pretending ... that it's totally illogical what is going on for him.

Well ... like all of us ... was finding difficult to accept situations of life ...

Karma it's weird abstract ... and looks indeed like a nonsense ... but maybe at the right time ... after learning the life lessons we need to learn ... we probably change our perceptions ...

Yes ... poison is so fucking ... tasty

Look at someone that smoke ... and analyze that pleasure.
Look at someone that drink alcohol ... and you will realize
that all those people ... enjoy that.

... and even a lot.

And if we should speak with people that take drugs ... we will
probably see a similar story with them.

All ... know what an addiction is ... what the implications of
their addictions are ... but ...

They simple pretend that ... they don't know the real truth
regarding ... the implications....

And if they could be honest enough ... they should probably
declare that ... poisson is ... tasty.

But the list of addictions is ... huge.

It really has lot of representations.

I see so many people ... around myself ... having addictions ...
that i just ... laugh in front of that.

I write about them ... but suddenly i realize that i should
probably write about myself.

I should stop pretending ... that i am ... different.

... that i don't have addictions.

And even worst ... that i don't love my own addictions.

It's s so damn easy to see the smoker that kills himself.

... or the alcoholic that is shorten his life.

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Or ... the persons smoking marihuana ... pretending they do it for therapeutic purposes.

And i have my own explanations ... also ... for my own life.

I try to pretend that i don't have addictions ... or if i really had any ... i got rid of them.

But when i close my eyes remembering about those behaviors ... having a short moment of honesty ... i remember how much i loved those things.

And not pretending anymore I could even say that ... i loved all my addictions.

For a short time ... they made me feel good.

That poisson was so damn ... tasty.

**Toxic people are all around.
We could simple pretend
we don't see their dark side ...**

It happens i know lots of toxic people.
Or to be more precise ... people which i define as toxic.
In fact my definition is longer ... cause i use to call them
crazy, stupids, idiots etc etc.
Then after finishing my speech from my mind ... i suddenly
remember about the theory that life itself it's a mirror ... so ...
I play around defining everything ... around myself.
... in fact ... analyzing and defining so much ... writing all my
thoughts about what i see ... while being here ... into this
world ... i somehow realize that i am actually defining myself.
So ... i stop saying ... anything.
I realize that i see the toxicity.... or to be more precise
that toxic side that it's so related with myself.
I see a dark side ... that defines me also but i still pretend
it's no connection at all between that and my own self.
It's a little bit ridiculous ... this way of mine of pretending
... but the fact that i disliked all what was going on ... is
metamorphosed into ... compassion ...
"I dislike" ... becomes "It's ok! At the right time the shift
will appear!" ... or "I acted into a similar way many times ...
but after realizing what i have done ... i stoped ... so ..."
Today ... i simple ... smile ...

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I know it's a abstract message that is whispering me ... just to realize that i don't keep the right inner balance

between my beautiful and my dark side ...

I start to accept the theory ... that life it's a mirror ... but somehow ... even in front of myself i pretend i don't know anything at all about it ...

Seeing ... and dealing with toxic people becomes more ... a message about me.

And ...

I ignore that side ...

But also have moments when i embrace it ... as a normal episode from my life.

**They use to like me.
But today ... they just
pretend they like me.**

You see I somehow allow people to connect to myself.
I use to be friendly with everyone from the scene of my own
life ... believing that i can actually be friend with everyone.
So ... many of the new relationships that i have ... started well
... and all was ok ... at least for a while.
But later ... i realize things became different.
I see them pretending that we still have a good connection.
I felt kind of a disappointment... not really understanding
what is going on.
I was in front of a non sense.
They liked me ... so that later on ... to see them pretending
they like me.
So ... why this?!
I really felt It's somehow ridiculous.
And i kept wondering why?!
Why with so many people that they don't know each other
... it's happening the same.
But one day ... the answer came to me.
I was allowing them to connect to myself ... and see my all
sides ... my everything.
And they started to see my weaknesses ... my dark sides and
all related with my soul.

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So ... they probably thought ... i only carried positive masks
.... but ...

Revealing my soul to them ... they stopped liking me and
it was so ridiculous seeing them how they pretend ...

I smiled

I knew i simple had to close the connections ...

Anything else should be useless ...

But truth be told ... we don't know to accept people around
us just as they are

**My handicap is ...
Well ... i have many handicaps
... but i pretend i don't see them**

I used not to react so well when i was seeing people with handicaps.

Then i realized that handicaps of the human beings are not only physical or mental ... but of many, many other types. For example my main handicap is probably that i get annoyed too easy.

It s a handicap that i have by years.

And it's really stupid cause i am still doing it ...

Even after years and years of studying so much ... meditating reading thousands of books ... i still could not heal this handicap.

Looking at a person with physical problems of any kind ... or even mental problems ... i simple smile ... cause i am worst than them.

Their problems are so visible ... and so damn clear ... but ... mine

Well ... i hide ... my dark side so, so well.

Until I get annoyed.

Then ... losing control on myself ... my handicap is revealing again the Devil from myself.

I can't control it anymore.

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All the dark energies from my soul ... comes to surface ... and

...

I suddenly realize i can't even have a clear definition of my own being.

The handicap is actually revealing the fact that i was still dominated by ... duality of life.

I had to analyze myself more ... and to redefine all what was wrong.

Most probably my handicap ... or maybe i should say my handicaps ... should be accepted by myself ... just as part of the journey of becoming a better self.

They reveal my both sides ... the beautiful, but also the ugly one.

And i keep balancing myself between those 2 entities from my soul.

Getting annoyed ... losing control is part of the process of understanding the meaning of duality.

Not controlling that side ... not being able to get rid of it ... it all becomes so clear ... it's about a damn handicap.

Today ... i smile ... seeing how i was repeating that on and on and on and things are still the same.

**Fantasies exist in our minds.
They are so damn real ... in there.
But we pretend as idiots ... that we
don't care about them.**

I have fantasies ... like any other human.

And if i go deeply with my talks with any of my friends ... i realize that many of them ... have fantasies also.

Today ... i clearly understand the huge difference between a fantasy ... and a dream.

The dream is probably something that we believe we have a chance to ... achieve.

The fantasy ... and i see that at my own fantasies ... is related with a parallel reality that build in our own minds ... a completely new scenario ... visualizing in fact all the details ...

It is many times in such a total contradiction with reality ... that we don't even dare to talk about it ...

Or if we do it we actually need a whole bottle of whiskey for that.

But for my case is so difficult cause ... i don't drink alcohol anymore.

Expressing my fantasies becomes ... almost impossible.

And still sometimes i write about them.

I write an essay about a story that i pretend is happening on the other side of the world ... i come up with some other

names which i find in Google ... and speak about something that is actually a mix between my reality and how i would actually love reality to look like.

You see ... fantasies could have so, so different forms.

Could be about a fancy car, about a love affair with the wife of a friend ... and lots of other things that look ... weird ... or even crazy.

We have moments ... when we are even ashamed of those ideas which we visualize so clear into our minds.

But ... fantasies .. are real ...

They really exist ... and

There are so many moments when we forbidden us to think about those things ... and still ... they reaper.

Even much, much clear.

We see that parallel reality ... with the eyes opened ... but again ... and again ... we ignore all related with that.

I start to wonder myself ... what if i should express all those fantasies ...

Define them for clear ... in front of anyone involved ...

How it would be?!

What could happen if i clearly define and say it very clearly all what i see into my mind?!

But as usual ... i am an idiot ... and i am afraid of saying anything at all about that ...

And maybe i waste so, so many ... perfect case scenarios.

**We pretend so much that we are
... positive characters.
In fact ... to look like that.**

I was in the coffee shop.

Because of a misunderstanding i've been called to a meeting with a guy that wanted to make him look as positive guy into the local newspapers.

Telling me his story ... i could simple not believe it.

He had been arrested recently and had huge problems in justice.

Listening all he was telling me ... i somehow realized that he is actually in kind of a clinical death but he still insisted repeating me few more times ... that we need to do something to present him into a nice way to the public so that people should know that he really is a good guy.

While drinking my cappuccino... i was reading few lines from an article ... from an important newspaper where he was described as the Devil itself.

But more and more this guy was talking to me ... i realized that his main focus today was to look like an angel ... or even a super hero that helped lots of people during his lifetime ... a guy that worked a lot for a better society etc etc.

I was looking at him ... and smiled.

In fact i was making huge efforts not to start laughing load. The guy was for sure ... not a good guy ... but an interesting

company ... for drinking my cappuccino.

It was like ... someone was telling me all the details of a hollywoodian movie scenario

Was listening to all those details ... and i did all my best to keep being polite.

For sure ... i was in the company of a person that had quite an interesting life.

... and still ... i could not understand why he wanted so, so much ... to look as a good guy in front of the public opinion.

I wanted to tell to him ... "We could simple be good guys ... and not bother tell to the others"

I was analyzing him ... while enjoying the coffee ... and indeed i could define the guy in so, so many ways ...

But i could not understand this strong desire of trying to look in a certain way ... in front of the others.

Why we can not accept that as any other human being ... we are actually good and bad ... in the same time?!

.... that we have a beautiful, but also a dark side?

Why this need to look as good characters when we are in a very bad situation?!

Why we pretend so much?!

Why we actually can't accept the concept of yin and yang as part of our being?!

But enjoying my cappuccino ... listening to all the stories this funny guy was telling me ... i continued smiling.

All was probably a story which had the purpose to reveal for me this weird concept of ... the illusion of the self.

I could not do anything else ... but smile ...

Well ... maybe we don't pretend. We just have multiple personalities.

I heard so many definitions of myself ... that i had enough of all of those people ... that were analyzing me.

But trying to define myself ... i realized that it's almost impossible to do it.

If i would tell you just few of the stories from my life ... you could probably understand that i act in so contradictory ways ... that no definition should be suitable for my case.

I somehow conclude ... that i probably have more personalities.

Not 2 or 3 but maybe 20-30 ... at least.

So ... how should i present myself?

Should i pretend i am the good guy?! ... the bad one?! ... that person angry all the time?! that annoying version of myself?! ... that person that knows to smile often?!

Which of those 20-30 personalities am i?!

Well ... maybe none of them ... or all of them.

Maybe ... it all depends of my vibe.

But i still find it weird ... why all this spectrum of different versions of myself defines me as such an atypical person.

Thinking deeper ... i suddenly realize that the difference between me and the others is the fact that i started to admit that there is not just one version of myself.

... that i am ... so contradictory.

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But i can't find a logical explanation for the decision of accessing a certain personality.

Maybe it's all related with my vibe ... and according to the vibrational frequency i have in my soul ... i act into a certain way.

... or to be more clear I carry a certain mask.

So ... am i pretending?!

No ... maybe not.

I am probably the reflection of all those energies i am carrying into my soul.

So ... it's probably ... quite normal ... all what is happening with me.

I am not ... weird.

I am just dominated ... probably too much ... of my vibes.

We waste so many chances of enjoying life because of ... the fears

I look around myself and i see so many people wasting their lives ... because they are dominated by fear.

In fact by fears.

Lots of fears ... that undermine ... their whole existence.

And i see them pretending they are ok with their jobs, their relationship with the people around themselves, their marriages ... their everything.

But if you look into their eyes you see ... a profound unhappiness ... difficult to be defined.

In fact ... they don't even know why they are unhappy.

And not even with a gun pointed to them ... you will not convince anyone to tell you the truth.

But ... all of them ... are simple pretending.

That stupid fear of losing something that is an important part of their lives ... is dominating them.

I call the fear itself ... stupid ... cause the real truth is that they actually hate that part which represent ... a main part of themselves.

And it's not that they don't like their jobs ... their relationships of any kind ... including marriages ... but they actually are dominated by hate ... in all related with the subject.

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And you'll hear them balancing between complaining ... that they can't stand it anymore ... and saying ... "it's ok! I think tomorrow things will improve."

And life goes on.

One month later ... they will tell you the same story.

One year later ... the same.

And nothing improves.

They lose so many chances of enjoying life ... because their lives are dominated by things situations ... and people ... which they hate.

And the show itself ... continues like that ... forever.

Fear ... fucks everything ... but we pretend we can't see it ... or even worst ... that we have no clue about that.

**Lies, lies, lies ...
Unfortunately ... sometimes
purposes are more important
than the values of life.**

I see today people more organized than they used to be.
Their dreams are not just fantasies anymore.
Everyone understood how to practice the focus and ... and
make their dreams come true.
But our minds is full with dreams and millions of other stupid
desires.
It's like we live into a world ... having inflation of ... dreams.
This might sound ok ... and in fact ... even good but i see
people desiring to do absolutely anything to achieve their
dreams.
Which again ... we might even say that ... it's great.
Unfortunately ... i started to also see a dark side of this story.
The dream itself ... and that huge desire of getting all those
dream ... became more important as anything.
And as long as we can make them become true ... that's all it
matters.
It became irrelevant if we respect the laws of Universe or
the values of life.
Absolutely irrelevant.
For so, so many people

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And then you see so, so many lies ... and absolutely no respect for any value that we should have between us ... the humans.

We try to keep ... appearances.

... but it's useless.

Everything becomes so, so ... obvious.

We start pretending more and more ... that we don't see what we are doing.

More lies more dirty things ... just to get what we want.

Everyone observes in silence the change ... but they do the same things.

On and on and on.

They pretend ... they don't see what we are doing ... living with the hope that things will improve.

They allow us to keep our dreams ... but ... maybe they should ask us ... what is the moral price of all those dreams?

Of course ... in many cases ... should be useless to ask ... cause ... our goals, dreams and desires are much important as anything else ...

And we continue wasting our lives ... achieving one desire ... then another one and another one.

Not caring about ... any moral aspects at all ...

Connection is everything

I was into a coffee shop ... close to the city center ... enjoying my cappuccino ... and i suddenly see Karl.

We used to be close friends ... years ago ... but both of us being busy ... we forgot about each other.

I also knew his wife ... but i suddenly realized that a beautiful young lady came to him ... and that certainly was not his wife.

I was looking on the window ... at them ... and could not believe it.

Karl looked ... much, much younger ... after so many years ... and I was still not understanding what was going on.

They really looked like the perfect couple ... and they were not pretending at all.

I remember his wife ... which was quite a nice lady but even if Karl was near her by so many years ... i never saw them having such a connection.

Or i could even say maybe ... no connection at all.

But near this lady ... my old friend ... was shining... and was the real proof that love and connection are the only things that are important for a beautiful life.

Maybe he was divorced today ... or not.

Maybe that young beautiful lady was his mistress but they looked just great together.

I was looking at them on the window ... and it was all like i

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was looking at a hollywoodian love story movie.

I simple could not believe it.

Such an amazing connection ... into a couple.

A couple that did not had to pretend that they are together.

They were simple ... together ... with the soul, the heart ...
and the mind.

Truth be told ... we somehow chase for our own reflections

I saw her many times at the coffee shop.
She was always drinking tea ... and read a book.
She came there 3-4 times a week and it was like she forgot to leave ... same as i was doing.
But i never dared to start talking to her.
I knew that my friend Paul ... knew her ... but i did not asked him to make us the presentations.
I was alone ... drinking my coffee ... writing my essays ... and could not stop myself ... look at her ... and admire her beauty.
So one day ... i find the courage to go at her table ... salute and present myself.
She smiled ... but i could take her out from the universe of that book ... only for few seconds.
We shook hands ... told her few words ... and then seeing that there is not so much to speak about ... i returned to my table.
I kept admiring her ... even if i knew it was useless.
I knew i can't pretend anymore when i see ... the absence of connection.
It was obvious....
Somehow she was my own ... reflection.
She loved reading ... cause she was reading for hours ... while drinking her tea ... interested maybe about things that i like also ... but even if i tried to find the courage to finally talk to

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her ... nothing happened.

And even worst.

Few days later ... Paul comes ... and laughing of me said ...

"That lady that you admire so much ... while you write your nonsense essays ... just told me that the way you touched her hands while presenting yourself ... had too much sexual connotations ... and she did not liked that at all."

"Hmm! Did she really said that or you are making fun again?!" ... i replied.

Paul ... just smiled.

I could not believe it.

I tried so much ... maybe for months ... to find this courage to talk to her chasing for a person that looked so, so much with me ... and i failed.

... but maybe failing is part of life.

We are not so different as we might believe ... but living different scenarios ... being dominated of contradictory emotions ... we just react in different ways on the scene of life.

According to the shakespearean theory... life itself it's a play ... and we are the actors that are living different roles in that play.

And indeed ... looking around myself I see so, so many stories.

... different stories.

... some of them so ... contradictory.

Also realized ... by a long, long time that the same person ... or maybe i should say ... the same actor ... is living different scenarios ... many times even contradictory ...

What you see as difference between all those people around yourselves ... or even between you from today ... and the you from few days ago ... it's actually a lot related with situations, circumstances and events which are influencing us so damn much ... that in the end we see everybody ... including us ... believing that the play itself ... is real.

Life ... our own lives ... could be defined in the end as ... a large spectrum of different ... and even contradictory stories ... which makes us look ... so ... so different.

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But ... we are not.

One little human starts kindergarten ... his brother maybe the first grade of school ... and maybe his mother a new job.

We see lots of emotions ... into the same family.

Different stories ... but one play.

The one that defines ... that family.

Few years later ... the little kid we speak about starts his first grade of school ... his brother ... the secondary school ... and ... mother decides to resign from her job and dedicate herself more to the arts.

She always dreamed to paint ... and create great artistic works.

The business of his husband runs very well now and ... probably they can afford to live quite ok ... without as her to need ... go to the job.

The scenario ... changes one more time.

They change again.

They look different.

The little kid likes his new colleagues and the teacher ... his brother readapted quite well at the secondary school ... mother became more relaxed and is happy cause she spend lots of time painting .. and husband loves the fact that he is a successful businessman today.

We might even believe in one point seeing so, so many changes over the passing of time ... that they sometimes pretend on the scene of their lives ... acting so many contradictory roles.

And we all look different ... but maybe we are not.

The play continues ... and we continue being actors on the stage of our own lives.

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But my philosophical question is ... are we pretending like the actors?!

Or we really believe that the scene is real?!

I personally ... asked this question ... regarding myself ... but still don't have an answer.

I analyze and define myself ... in real time ... but seeing how silly i act on the scene of life ... i simple smile.

When i wrote the book "Analyze. Define. Redefine" ... it was all related with my non ending self therapy.

I started to analyze all around myself.

I was everyday meditating defining all what was going on ... but i was amazed how stupid i was.

And it took such a long time to say it.

But ... the stupidity itself was not ... mentally ... but ... more spiritual.

The moment when i did my best to stop lying to myself ... i somehow ... finally ... concluded that i am ... unfortunately ... into the illusion of the self.

So deep ... that ... most probably ... i had no chance to ... get out of that prison ... of the self.

One day ... while sitting with a guy ... which who i made lots of money ... seeing that he needs to be helped with an internet payment of 5 dollars ... i saw myself thinking for 2-3 minutes If i should do it or not.

A very simple fact ... very relevant for my analysis and i could not believe it ... that i was acting so ... so ... stupid.

The whole concept from my book about analyzing and defining ... was that in the end to conclude ... and also decide that it's time to change all we see ... it's not ok with us.

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But ... yes ... theory it's so damn simple.
It the real life ... on the scene of any of circumstance or event
.... I was not acting into the proper way.
Or If i ever tried any kind of change ... it was all a way of
pretending i was doing it.
I was so much ... in the illusion of the self ... that even if i
came to a point ... when i was analyzing and defining myself
.... in real time ... it was still ... useless.
In the night ... before going to sleep ... closing my eyes ... and
meditating again I was simple smiling ... realizing that i
wasted one more day ...
Days were passing ...
Then weeks ...
Then ... months
Then ... years ...
And i was still not decided to make any kind of change ...
I was just ... pretending

**No matter how much we should pretend ...
history is history ... and the present
moment might be something totally
different**

Truth be told ... time has a tremendous impact on us.
All those experiences of life ... make us feel all sorts of
emotions ... and our souls that are balancing between
happiness and unhappiness ... get lost ... spiritually speaking.
We can't realize anymore ... who we really are.
But the inner self from today ... has sometimes nothing to do
.... not even with the one from yesterday.
Experiences become ... history.
And of course ... the power of the past ... exists and somehow
still influences us from time to time.
But ...
In one point ... the past totally disconnect from the present
moment.
The influences of the past moments ... no matter of their
meaning from that time to us ... becomes more ... fade.
And we realize that a great love story from years ago has
almost no more impact into the present moment.
A hobby ... which we loved a lot ... it's irrelevant today.
Somehow the past and the present moment ... became ...
disconnected.
The past experiences ... are just history.

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And ... in many, many cases ... history ... and nothing more.
No matter ... how much we should want ... and even pretend
... all those efforts become probably ... useless.
On the timeline of our lives ... we change.
We become ... different beings.
And any memory ... beautiful or ugly ... is metamorphosed
into something irrelevant.

**To me looked like an abstract painting ...
but all around me were saying that there
was nothing abstract into that.
.... and i could not understand why**

I looked at an amazing painting ... showing a couple ...
making love.

And they looked having such a ... great connection.

I showed it to my friend Paul ... defining to him the painting
itself ... as abstract but he started to laugh of me ... all
looking to him like i had no idea of what an abstract painting
looks like.

And analyzing his opinion ... i somehow realized that it's even
worst ...

It was not only that it was unclear to me what abstract
meant ... but ... even the connection of that couple looked to
me unclear.

When i used the term ... abstract ... i think it was more
because ... i could not understand what a real connection
between a feminine and a masculine soul ... was.

But you see ...

I knew the meaning of the term ... abstract.

I knew what ... connection ... meant.

And i was not pretending that i don't know about those
things which i actually lived into my past.

I was indeed ... a weird guy ... looking at this painting ...

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representing the couple ... making love and it was all looking to me ... like i was talking about ghosts or ... life after death.

Maybe my own life ... was ... too abstract ... and i totally forgot about the paths that goes at the connection from ... a love story.

**Going to Nowhere ... pretending i was
following to a certain destination.
.... It was all ... kind of a hobby.**

I was driving.
And i was driving ... very fast.
But ... i suddenly realized that i was going to ... nowhere.
Like in many, many other occasions.
I continued driving.
I was somehow ... pretending ... that i was having a certain
direction.
And ... always in a hurry.
Was doing it ... on and on and on.
... everyday.
By such ... a long, long time.
Trying to understand ... why the hell ... i was doing it
analyzing and defining ... all what was going on ... i asked
myself ... "why?!"
It was indeed ... kind of a hobby ... repeated so often.
Nowhere ... was ... my favorite destination.
I am certainly ... a weird human being!
No matter how much i should try ... i still can't understand
myself.
The truth was that i had no direction!
And not even wanted to have one.
I was just ... in a non ending hurry ...

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But ... my life continued ... as a nonsense.

I continued ... pretending that ...

... i have a purpose.

... a certain direction.

... a certain meaning.

The real truth was that i was ... lost ... by such a long, long time.

**We are not eternal ... but we delay
so much everything ... believing
our time in here is ... unlimited.**

Many times in life we attract ... people and circumstances ... related a lot with our souls.

And this is probably while i am writing a book ... i receive from everywhere ... in different forms ... lots of materials related with the subject.

When i started this book about "Pretending ... a way of wasting our lives" ... a guy from Minneapolis, USA which was involved in lots of social activities ... sent me some whatsapp screen shots with a conversation between him and a beautiful lady ... which he liked a lot.

The problem itself ... was that they both were married ... and his important role played in those social activities ... was not allowing him to reveal his real feelings.

But ... while meeting their eyes ... the truth was revealed and it was so dam obvious.

One day ... years later ... not being able to get her out of his mind ... he finally wrote her

"I lost too many things in life ... just cause ... on the scene of the real life ... i don't really say what i think ... feel ... or say. It's like ... i pretend.

But inside myself ... i live with the hope and the expectation

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as ... all my feelings ... hidden under a weird silly mask ... to be revealed by the connection.

... maybe sometimes it's too late ... even if ... it is said that real connections are eternal."

Few days later ... Olivia replied:

"I understand you. We often don't say what we think. Probably, if people were not ashamed of their feelings and did not hide them, then there would be more happy people in the world. But we are afraid that they will not understand us, they will push us away.

We are afraid to find ourselves in an awkward situation, or we are waiting for the right moment, which may not come again.

What you have lost will definitely come back to you, just perhaps in a different guise. You are a purposeful person and at the same time kind and sympathetic. Many are grateful to you for this, and so am I."

And meditating again and again ... he wrote her back ... "You replied in the same style as I wrote.

... I hoped that ... but was not expecting it to happen.

And I smile.

We missed the chance of defining the truth but usually the truth is always revealed by time ... anyway.

Or maybe there is no truth at all in this world ... all being so relative.

The only thing left for all the characters doing that ... is kind of a dance ... a philosophical one.

And we continue living in 2 parallel universes ... the one from

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the real life ... and the one from our souls."

The dialogue itself ... was infinite.

I was reading all ... he sent to me ... and i could not believe it.

Those 2 people ... liked each other ... a lot.

But never said it.

Their eyes ... betrayed them each time when they saw each other ... until one day ... when she had to move ... 2000 miles away by him.

She convinced her husband to leave Minneapolis ... cause she could not stop herself ... doing something that she thought she might regret later.

She had 2 daughters ... and married by already 10 years.

Could not abandon them ... just because her soul was dominated by a forbidden love story.

It was kind of an emotional dance of contradictory emotions.

She had to pretend It's not true.

And he was doing the same.

It was a love story ... revealed just the invisible connection between their souls.

She was afraid ...

And him also ...

Even if it was so damn obvious ... they never stoped pretending

I've been reading about 3-4 times their dialogues ... and i even wanted to suggest him ... at least to write a book ... about their love story from a parallel universe.

Indeed ... we miss so so many chances in life ... like those 2 people i wrote about ... but ... maybe some things needs to happen for real ... just into a future life.

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For this life time ... we only pretend ... we don't see the truth
... the one from our inner souls.

**The masks we carry ... reveal
many times ... a profound ...
unhappiness ... no matter how much
we should pretend it's not true.**

I see lots of unhappy people ... everywhere.

Some are revealing this weird disease ... so often ... that we could almost say that this Universe It's an Universe of unhappiness.

And the most weird fact is that i see people having everything this life could offer to them ... but still they are dominated by negative vibes.

It's like ... you see ... a king ... that has everything he ever desired ... but he can't ... at least stop for a second to be ... unhappy.

But ... why the hell ... someone that has everything this Universe can offer to a human being ... could be unhappy?!

Why unhappiness is the worst disease of our century?!

And it's even worst than cancer or any other incurable disease?!

Why we can't be happy?!

And why not ... we don't know to be ... even ... always happy?!

Where this unhappiness comes from?!

Is it like a virus which we get from the others?!

And i look again around myself.

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So ... so many ... unhappy people.

Or maybe this is what i see in the world.

.... just the unhappiness.

Or probably it's ... my reflection.

... we just suffer of a stupid disability to connect to ... positive vibes.

Or ... even worst.

Being afraid to get hurt ... at the end of our happy moments from life ... we end up deciding to be unhappy ... cause no matter how happy life could be in one moment ... it always ends up with unhappiness.

The fear of losing the happiness ... of being hurt on and on and on makes us decide carry the mask of an eternal ... negative vibe.

But most certainly no one told us ... to defeat the state of unhappiness ... with ...

And we keep seeing ... ugly faces ... like mine ... everywhere around ...

**Most probably ... i would have love you ...
into such a crazy way that you would
have moments of asking yourself ... if this
story is based on a hollywoodian
love story scenario?!**

**But your are not only ... mine.
So I'll continue my life ... without
you pretending ... i even hate all
related with your being.**

I used to write love essays ... years ago.
In fact ... i've wrote about 10 books about ... love.
But if i should be honest enough ... and you would ask me ...
what love is about ... i might not be able to define it.
And i start to wonder myself if i am an idiot ... or i am just
pretending.
Today ... i am not interested about the subject anymore ...
and i even avoid talking about the subject.
But ... the Universe ... laughing behind my back ... is sending
all the time someone to talk to me again and again and again
... about this annoying concept called ... love.
And yesterday i met Emma again.
She was so ... so ... disappointed.

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You see ... Emma ... and i already know her by more than 15 years ... was always dreaming of an love story ... like in the novels she was reading when she was a ... teenager.

And ... recently she met that guy ... from her dreams.

But the funny thing ... was that ... even if he liked her too ... Liam liked other ladies also.

He was not even pretending to hide that from her.

She disliked that a lot but she could not stop herself to adore the guy.

I've chat with her ... for 3-4 hours ... and her final decision was to ... start pretending that she ... hates him.

I've started to laugh and asked ... "Why the hell most of the love stories end with hating the loved person?! I just can't get it!"

So ... why we need to pretend that love had been metamorphosed into ... hate?

Hmm ...

I was looking at Emma ... and i somehow realized i could not understand her.

But suddenly ... i realized ... it was not about her ... but about me.

In fact ... i could not understand myself ... why the hell after writing 10 books of love essays ... i started to pretend that i was ... hating the subject.

I was certainly ... ridiculous.

**Smile in front of anything happens.
No matter what it should be.
And if you can't ... just pretend a little bit.
You'll annoy them ... a lot.**

Recently someone made me a complaint to the local authorities where i have most of my businesses.
And truth be told ... no matter how much i should pretend ... the guy was right.
But the funny thing was that the guy was a neighbor ... which i actually helped for a while with few things ... for his businesses.
And even much funnier it was that all the time when we were meeting ... he was very respectful.
He was pretending ... so damn good ... that anyone should believe him.
But finding out all what it was going on ... behind my back ... i finally decided ... probably for the first time in my life to simple ... smile.
Instead of getting angry ... and be annoyed for many days in a row ... i decided to whatsapp him saying ... "Thank you ?□°ルマ" ... but written in russian.
.... just to make some ... fun.
Of course i could decide to write him in japanase ... which i will probably do at his next compliant.
He will not understand my irony anyway.

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And ... honestly speaking ... what could i do in front of a person that i helped ... that is pretending so friendly in front of me ... but behind my back was doing ... lots of stupid things against me.

Why should i even bother to get angry in front of such a person?!

Being ironic was actually kind of a protest.

Certainly ... a very naive one.

So ... should we bother to keep interacting with such persons ... or simple disconnect of them?!

... and maybe ignore the fact that they exist?!

Shouldn't we pay them back for what they did against us?

Most probably ... should be a waste of time.

Well ... today i believe ... that at the right timeall it will be arranged by itself.

**Not finding the courage of remaining
connected to the inner self ... we end up
pretending more and more and more.
And one day we see ourselves ... lost ...
totally disconnected ... and following paths
which we never wanted to follow.**

I saw lots of ... lost souls ... into my life.
And i am personally a lost soul too.
Analyzing myself day by day sometimes even in real
time, when i was on the scene of the real life ... I realized
that it's all related with a stupid inner fear that makes us act
into a contradictory way than the real way we should have
follow.
As a protection of hiding that truth ... pretending ... on and on
and on ... becomes a way of living.
Or maybe i should say ... a way of wasting our lives.
I continue seeing this pattern at me, but also at most the
people around myself.
It's like a dogma ... repeated by everybody.
But time is passing.
Weeks ... then months ... then years.
... nothing improves.
I wrote the book "Pretending ... a way of wasting our lives"
.... keeping in mind that i define myself and all the people i

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observe on the scene of my life.

Yes ... I just hate seeing how we pretend.

And ... I say it load.

I say it ... annoyed ... seeing that in reality we can't stop ... pretending.

We can't become one with the one that we feel deep inside ourselves.

We just ... can't ...

Or we pretend that tomorrow will be different.

But no ...

That tomorrow ... never comes.

Pretending it's a ... way of living ... and also of wasting our lives.

The END

The book "Pretending ... a way of wasting our lives" It's more a collection of thoughts.

As in all my books I analyze the nonsense of my existence ... but am also looking for a cure.

I wrote it ... exploring into my mind ... all the opportunities i wasted over the years ... because i could not find the courage to be Me ... the one i always dreamed to be.

I was just pretending ... i am a human being.

Pretending ... and nothing more.

Instead of being ... and remaining forever connected to my real self ... which was hidden so well in my inner world.

Today ... after analyzing myself ... as a human ... accepting the spiritual level where i am now ... i am just conscious of what is going on with me.

No real change ... but I still see ... deep inside my soul ... the hope that tomorrow ... will be different.

**Just be who you are no matter
who this weird version of you
would come to surface.
And STOP pretending!
Remain connected to your inner
self ... and always allow yourself
to follow your intuition.
That's the gateway to
.... the Infinite!**

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