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LIFE IS NOT A STORY (PART I):  
A RESCUE FROM THE ABSURD

Welcome you all! Welcome! This is going to start soon. But before I start I want to tell you something. It may or may not help you to understand what you are about to see and hear. But it is something that I want to share with you. It is so that, I have been thinking of life. This all started when I saw a documentary film of Nick Cave. He said in that film that he doesn't believe in the narrative anymore. He said that life is not a story. At that very moment it hit me. It is true. Life is not a story.

Daily I wake up around ten. I make some coffee and hang in the internet. Sometimes I see my friends. Sometimes I feel depressed. Sometimes I feel like jogging. Sometimes I feel like laughing. Life is absurd. Stories and dreams are logical. Every thing has its place. The piece you are going to witness is A Rescue from the absurd. I hope you enjoy. And please, turn off your mobile phones.

Life is the state that follows birth, and precedes death.

Life is the state of being alive and living.

Life is a period of time – the period during which one (a person, an animal, a plant, a star) is alive.

Life is a worthwhile existence.

It is the span of time during which an object operates.

It is the period of time during which an object is recognizable.

It is in the world in general; existence.

Its informal meaning is social life.

In video games, life is one of the player's chances to play and it is lost when a mistake is made.

*Time is inevitable progression into the future.*

I had this one dream. I had it a while ago. In this dream, my cat was a teacher. Pretty soon I learned that she knew how to speak human language. I was surprised, but relieved because if she wouldn't have, how could the students understand her, I thought. Well, this particular knowledge didn't make me free of worries though. In this dream, I kept on thinking how could she write anything to the chalkboard without hands. As we all know, cats don't have hands, they have paws. In the end, I didn't want to trouble myself too much about it. But I have to say that she truly handled the teaching part quite well.

In this dream I made an alphabetical shopping list. It felt handy and worth doing:

*Apples*  
*Bananas*  
*Beans*  
*Bread*  
*Carrots*  
*Chocolate*  
*Donuts*  
*E-codes*  
*Flour*  
*Gum*  
*Hot soup*  
*Hummus*  
*Ice cream*  
*Juice*  
*Ketchup*  
*Kiwis*  
*Lingonberries*  
*Margarine*  
*Olives*  
*Pasta*  
*Peanuts*  
*Potatoes*  
*Quesadillas*  
*Radishes*  
*Raisins*  
*Soymilk*  
*Tofu*  
*Tomatoes*  
*Urtekram products*  
*Vanilla*  
*Xylitol gum*  
*Yogurt*

It made me think about needs. A need is a requirement for something. In its transitive meaning, it means to be necessary to someone.

*The character goes through a change*

Your hand travelled on my back. Your fingers felt like silk. I shivered. I smiled. A neighbor cried. You said that you were trying to form star patterns of my moles. It was impossible. I kept you a lecture about the basics of the stars.

*A star is a luminous sphere of plasma held together by its own gravity. The naked eye may see many of them during the nighttime when they become visible from earth. They appear as a multitude of fixed luminous points in the sky.*

At some point of the lecture, you had fell asleep and I felt a bit disappointed. I had expected some gratitude. An expectation is the prospect of the future. It grounds upon which something excellent is expected to occur. It is the act or state of expecting or looking forward to an event as about to happen.

I kept on with the star lecture, just for practice because I was about to keep the same one to some other people next week. At this point though, I felt like walking and I decided to continue it out in the air. After spending some time outside I realized that I had been so concentrated on my lecture that I hadn't noticed all the people who had gathered around me. They wanted to hear more and I didn't want to disappoint them, so I started the lecture one more time.

*A star is a luminous sphere of plasma held together by its own gravity. The naked eye may see many of them during the nighttime when they become visible from earth. They appear as a multitude of fixed luminous points in the sky.*

When the lecture was finished, I remembered that one can plan everything before hand but it's useless, it will never go the way planned. After remembering this I felt much lighter from my mind and from my body too. I realized that I had been quite quiet for a while so I cleared my throat and said to them all: lets walk to the shore, such a nice day it is! Most of them seemed attached to the suggestion, some of them looked away but when we started to walk towards the shore I noticed that we were many.

*Time is inevitable progression into the future.*

I have always lived in a coastal town. I cannot say for sure if it has actually had any kind of impact on me but I could say that, yes, the sea creates this kind of openness and freshness, don't you think? It is the feel of danger. Open sea, it is dangerous. It sounds pretty dangerous too, to me at least.

I told my followers that once I swam in the Pacific Ocean. It may have not been the best swimming whether, but I swam anyway. My horoscope is Pisces, so I would say that water is quite important to me also for that matter. Pisces tends to be sensitive and adaptable. I am like that too. I cry quite easily. Well, actually I show all kinds of feelings a lot. That's me. Pisces is like that, oversensitive. So there we were, by the sea. One of them opened their mouth and said a quote from some important person. We all nodded as a sign that we agreed.

Proposal for a show

Proposal for a deal

Proposal for us

Proposal for drinks

Proposal for a dream

Proposal for lunch

Proposal for a name

Proposal for a game

Proposal for a date

Proposal for a piece

Proposal for peace

*Time is inevitable progression into the future.*

Last night I was in a war. You were there, and you and you and you. The waves travelled thousands of miles before they reached the land. I was the observer. I floated in the air. I moved so lightly. I was invisible. I wanted to warn you.

They had spies. They heard you. We were defeated. You were defeated. It was all over. I pegged you to understand. I pegged you to listen. It all felt so real. The hate you had for me.

*Time is inevitable progression into the future.*

Your dream was more beautiful. You looked out from the window when the tanks came. "Poetry" they said, the tanks I mean. It was written in the back of those armors. "Poetry" they said, the tanks I mean. Your dream was more beautiful. Your dream was more horrible.

*Time is inevitable progression into the future.*

When it is dark outside and lights are on and then at that very moment when the lights are switched off, suddenly the darkness becomes so deep that it feels that one is invisible. Like one would blend with the darkness somehow. At that moment everything seems possible. Then after a few seconds the spell of the darkness is gone and you are visible again. In nighttime, everything seems different. Words have more meaning - senses are more sensible. In nighttime all the plans are made. In the morning, they're cancelled. An absurdity is a thing that is extremely unreasonable, so as to be foolish or not taken seriously, or the state of being so. Out of tune.

Wall for defense

*You lay in my bed*

Wall for fire safety

*You are emotionally hurt*

Wall to protect from the ocean

*You turn your head towards mine*

Brick wall, stone wall, glass wall

*I have a headache*

Shared wall

*You stay still*

Wallpaper

*You lay in my bed*

Wall to separate people

*What a joy that we have met*

People with their stories

*What you said was not ok*

Uncovering our naked souls

*Moisturizing cream makes the skin softer*

When does this all end?

*You are an instinct*

Wall to protect us all

*Your thoughts are like instruments*

Wall made of paper

*I need glasses. I need to clarify. I need a lot.*

To make a change

*You and your feelings*

To make world peace

*You haven't been a part of this*

To make one happy

*The character goes through a change*



*Time is inevitable progression in to the future.*

I had this other dream. I had it a after the death of my cat, the first one that I have ever had. She came to me in that dream, she looked the same and it made me feel. She said that she was now healed, because she had been meditating in a retreat.

Eternity has generally been considered as divisible into two parts, which have been termed, eternity a parte ante, and eternity a parte post: that is, in plain English, the eternity which is past, and the eternity which is to come.

I met this girl. She had such a beautiful hair. It shined or more likely glowed. It framed her face nicely. We sat around the table. Chatted, a little small talk. She said to me that ten years ago she was introduced to a hot glue gun and they had been inseparable ever since.

*Time is inevitable progression in to the future.*

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