



Randomness II.

How random can this be?





Unique Edu.

Bring Education to the Next Level

Randomness II.

Book II

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Published in United States of America

ISBN: 9798649167659

Most people see joyfulness as a goal to be achieved.
I see joyfulness as a companionship in life.

There is a difference between a realist and a pessimist.
A realist thinks with calculated hope.

If you read books as a form of process, you may just see
beyond what is written.

Poetry exists in us. It exists in science.
Humans are the science of imaginations.

To be different from the society is to be the same as
everyone else.

I, as a whole, am different from you. Yet, a specific part
of me is the same as a specific part of you.

Dog: I don't deserve this.

Cat: How can you be so sure about what you deserve or
don't deserve?

Dog: That is right. I will never know enough to be
certain. I should go beyond boundaries.

Cat: I say go ahead and set limits and boundaries. But
know that you can always change them.

Artist:

I blurred my art. I did it on purpose.
I called this "Purposeful Blurriness".
Did you feel the uncertainty?

Audience:

Uncertainty called out for me.
Distracted.
I let go.
Pulled away from the norm.
Pushed into disruption.
I struggled.
Frustrated. Feared.
I run.

Artist:

STOP!
No acceptance.
No judgments.
Be firm with blurriness.
Did you feel the certainty?

Audience:

Yes.
I felt uncertainty and certainty.
Certainty was reaching out to me through uncertainty.

To enjoy life, I have to acknowledge death.

Through your senses, you felt wickedness.
Through your mind, you classified this feeling as wicked.

Through your body, you chose to fight.

I chose not to fight wickedness.

I did not see it through my senses.

I did not understand it through my mind.

I let it unfold itself.

I took it as what it is.

Collide = come into conflict.

Sharing stillness with motion.

Changing stillness with motion.

Sometimes, we have to collide to share and change.

We receive values through thoughts.

We express values through actions.

To know is to assume.

Which one would you prefer?

To know or to question?

Rereading and rethinking give us a chance to see things differently.

I am a vessel of uncertainty. To be at peace with oneself is to be at peace with uncertainty.

Son: Today was tough.

Mother: Yes, tomorrow will be better.

Son: Really?

Mother: No. Tomorrow could be better or worse.
Today was hard and I wished today was better.

Son: You wish today was better? Isn't it too late now?

Mother: Yes, that is why I hope tomorrow will be better.

Son: But tomorrow could be worse.

Mother: Tough or not, I will deal with it in the present.

Mother: I shall not deny my feelings and lie to myself or to you about how sad or how frustrating I felt. I have every right to hope for the better or to think for the worse. Regardless, I will do my ultimate best to be prepared.

Mother: But I shall not expect a good day to arrive after having a bad day. Nor shall I demand how you should react or think. And that is why I hope things will be better, but this doesn't mean I expect things to be better.

Life can be beautified through appreciating experiences.

Is there really such a thing as the science of love?
Isn't love unexplainable?

We are all equally different yet similar in necessity.

I don't fear nature what I fear is the inability to appreciate nature.

Art whispered: Set me free.

Bob: How?

Art: Keep me.

Bob: Keep you?

Art: Yes, keep me in your memories.

Madness is how I would describe the universe.
A beautiful madness.

A newborn baby is not the start of a new life.
The baby is stepping into the middle of the flow of life,
not the beginning or, the end.

Perhaps, the sun doesn't shine for you but for itself.

See hope as a way of embracing and motivating life,
rather than as a rigid form of desire, comfort, or action.

I am sad and I am glad that I am sad for the right reasons.

You have to hit quantity before you hit quality.

Allowing art to be itself requires courage as well as care. The care for one's art is the very first step of using art as a form of communication. There are three parts of communication: Communicating with art, with oneself, and with the audience.

The beauty of life is not to know everything.

Knowing too much of something, loses the mystery of that thing.

The beauty of truth is that it can only exist in fully known contexts.

Art is an abstraction. So is money, time, laughter, and misery.

Art is meaningful. So is money, time, laughter, and misery.

Art is a distraction. So is money, time, laughter, and misery.

Art is nonsense. So is money, time, laughter, and misery.

Sam: What right do you have to get rid of my problems?

Tony: I am trying to help you. I am worried about you, and I am sad that you are not picking the right path. So, I decided to help you by removing the obstacles.

Sam: I am sorry that I have made you sad. I am sorry that I haven't been making the best decisions and because you couldn't see me hurting myself, you decided to get rid of my problems and selected a path for me.
But you have no right to fix your life by fixing mine.
You belong to you.
You can't take what is mine to be yours.

See a person through his words against his actions.
Understand him through his reasons.
Share your presence for support.
Save the judgments for humor.

I see words as pictures with unexplained emotions.
Have I failed as a writer for not seeing them as
expressions of thoughts or as forms of influence?

Never shall I question the world.
Instead, I humbly request the world to serve me.

Isn't life already a miracle?
Yet, I kept on asking to be amazed.
To be interested.
To be heard.

I care about the little things.
The little things in the big picture that matter.
I care about the minute of the hour of the day of the
month of the year.

Don't be puzzled by philosophy or art, they are as
puzzling as you, the human.

Human: Am I dead?
Death: What is dead?
Human: Am I alive?
Death: What is alive?
Human: What am I?
Death: Nothingness. You were born from nothing, did
something and now you are nothingness.

Time is an illusion.
It is a reflection of effort made in lives.

There is nothing wrong to be ordinary.

Words will only shine when they are being heard.

What happens when nature comes to science and say
"You have got it all wrong."?

In times of trouble, trust has changed its definition.

My memories whispered: "Keep me safe"
So, I wrote everything down.
My memories stressed: "That is not safe. Someone
might find me. Hide me away from the world."
So, I burned my papers.
My memories said: "The only safe way to keep a secret
is to hide them in the mind"
So, I spoke to myself.
My memories chanted: "Yes, rewind, replay, repeat."
Keep me alive in your mind.
Remember - rewind, replay, repeat.

I am grateful for the failures you have been through.
I am grateful for mine as well.
Both of us have been through what we could handle.

In life, I will lose what I have to lose.

Universe: Life is filled with missing pieces.

Human 1: I am going to find the pieces and match them correctly.

Years went by...

Human 1: I only manage to match some pieces. I can't match the rest. These pieces are flawed.

Human 2: No, they are not. You must have not done it right.

Human 3: Indeed, you have failed to match them.

Human: This is terrible. I have to try harder.

Years went by...

Human 1: I found some pieces and have only succeeded in matching some. I can't fix the rest.

Human 2: You should be happy that you have succeeded so far.

Human 3: Some things are not meant to be. You should give up.

Years went by...

Human 1: I don't get it. Why can't I match the ones that I want to match? Why is it that some people get to match their pieces correctly?

Universe: Life is filled with missing pieces. Life never asked for pieces to be found or pieces to be matched together. Finding or matching the pieces doesn't guarantee happiness or success. It is you who think that it does. If this makes you happy, sure why not do it? But you are mistaken to think that life is defined by that.

Religion doesn't give answers. It gives hope.

Nowadays, ignorance is the breed of a good deal of knowledge. Unawareness is natural. If one knew that he should be aware yet chose not to is hence ignorant.

We have to learn to intertwine our likes and dislikes.

At times, we should express gratitude for simplicity.

Television shows are staged. So are books.

I live because I don't know how to stop living.

I live simply because I live.

There is no reason and no purpose.

Just like a tree is a tree.

There is no reason why a tree is here. It is just here.

A tree doesn't exist because it provides shelter it exists because it exists. If you use it to provide shelter, that is great.

Similarly, I am used by the Universe. I am used for learning, creating, and maintaining life. But I don't exist for other people, or for my passions, or for love.

I exist simply because I exist.

There is no reason or purpose.

All reasons and purposes are illusions created through oneself. What I have is the freedom to choose how I want to be used. I can choose my life, but I cannot choose my existence.

What is the sound of one hand clapping?
Silence. Silence is a form of sound.

What is so wrong to just want to receive life instead of experiencing and personalizing it?
I just want to be who I am meant to be and not who I want to be.

What it was is not what it is. For in light of the present, how sure are you about the past?

Eli: I didn't know that there is such a thing as the art of walking. I have so much to learn - the art of listening, the art of talking, the art of walking, and many more. If I didn't walk with purposeless purpose or listen with empathy or talk with meaningful intentions, would I miss out on a higher level of life?

Life: It is never about achieving a higher level.
It is just a change in your focus.
A change in your attention.
Not a change in the quality of life.

All love is conditional love because love starts from the inner self. The ego requires expectations and fulfillment.

I thought these words were mine, but they weren't.
They were here long before me.
I was just being creative with them.

Death is Nature. I am part of Nature.

The day you lose the want of something is the day it becomes a need. It can be a need to have it or a need to not have it.

To write this book I repeatedly subjected myself to unwarranted pains. I then use writing to savage myself.

I am killing myself with my own writings. Just like everyone else, they are killing themselves with the choice of doing something.

The voice of silence, can you hear it?
It is calling me. I can't stand the sound.
Its pure nothingness is driving me crazy.
One day, nothingness yells at me: "I am nothing.
Why do you always expect something out of me?"
I replied: Because you are not nothing.

We all have to say our goodbyes someday.
It is never too late to say our goodbyes.

Universe: Embrace me, won't you?

Human: No, that will be weird.

Universe: How so?

Human: You are not real.

Universe: I am not?

Human: Yes, just like the stars, ghosts, and my imagination.

Universe: But I am real and not real.
The stars are real, just that you can't touch them.
Your imagination is real, just that you can't see it.
As for ghosts, well that is possibility.
I am what you think is real and not real as well as all that is unknown to you.
I encompass possibilities and impossibilities.
If you don't embrace me, that is OK.
Because the act of not embracing me is a part of me. You are a part of me.

In the midst of the adoration of someone or something,
I have chosen to give life to an imagined notion.

Everyone is weird in an unweird way.

I am always alone. I have to be at peace with that.

It is not a question of what I can achieve in my life.
It is not a question of what I can learn in my life.
It is a question of what I can see in my life.

I am an instrument of nature.

Arrogant people are more foolish than real fools.

Good and bad actions do not dictate outcomes. By
categorizing them into good and bad, one simply draws
a line of separation. A line of difference is not a line of
superiority.

What we keep is a promise at the moment.
A belief in a moment.

Even if I am a fool, I shall be foolish for the right
reasons.

The sentence "it will come to me" is flawed because "it"
is already inside of me.

It is better to be wrong or be in uncertainty?

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