

THE SUPREME PLAN

THE SUPREME
PLAN

John Kumara

Author: John Kumara

The Supreme Plan

ISBN: 978 84 617 8806 4

Original title: El plan supremo

ISBN: 97884 611 7676 2

Legal Deposit Original Title: CO-1228-2007

Legal Deposit: GR-826-2021

Copyright © John Kumara 2017

Translation Georgia Louise Snelgrove

Cover Design: © John Kumara 2017

The right of John Kumara to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise) without the prior written permission of the publisher. Any person who does any unauthorized act in relation to this publication may be liable to criminal prosecution and civil claims for damages.

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

To Pope Francis:

Your decisions are linked to your conscience, both serve as a lesson of Catholic and Christian faith. Notwithstanding, you should go that one step further: accepting women in equality of the conditions given to men, in the bosom of the Church of Jesus Christ our Lord.

John Kumara

It is just a matter of time but, in the end, the leaders of the Catholic Church with publically acknowledge the passing's of souls, that is, reincarnation.

John Kumara

This humble book of violet fire is dedicated to:

Our Holy Father/Mother, to his only-begotten child Christ, and to the Holy Spirit: The Divine Trinity.

To all of the internal and external hierarchies of the cosmos and the Great White Brotherhood.

To all of the Ascended and not Ascended Master, disciples and chelas who serve in the will and fulfillment of Gods Divine Plan.

To all of those who ordain and pray.

To all of Gods children, without distinction of race, beliefs, sex, class or color.

To the main world religions: Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Buddhism,

Hinduism and Taoism.

To Pope John XXIII, an unforgettable person with pure and heartfelt feelings. He only served one master, the light. If he were still alive and serving as Vicar of Christ, along with the Swiss-German theologian, Hans Küng, the Church would be something else and humanity would be a different and better place.

To Pope Paul VI, who did not trust many of those around him due to fear. The shadow of the Power of the Vatican followed him everywhere, spying his footsteps and the words he spoke. He lacked the bravery of John XXIII, to continue with the reforms of the church, of the II Vatican Council. He knew that any decision that was not accepted by four important cardinals could make him disappear off of the face of the Earth.

To John Paul I, the good pope who only lasted 33 days as the Messenger of Christ. He wanted to continue with the reigns of his friend John XXIII, that is, those of the II Vatican Council. He had courage, but the shadow of power of a few

cardinals and those who have really ruled the Catholic Church from the outside, stopped both his intentions and his heart. He made three drastic decisions that were going to change the path of the Catholic Church and the Vatican Empire. But these were neither permitted or forgiven...

To the Association of Theologists, John XXIII, especially to all of those progressive and excommunicated Catholics, the We Are Church. From here, in a humble and small corner of peace and solitude, I applaud the magnificent work that has been carried out by the president and secretary of said association, Enrique Miret and Juan José Tamayo, respectively.

To all of the progressive cardinals, especially the Honduran Madariaga. To Franz König, Pioneer of ecumenicism, a prelate of pure heart for all eternity, a tortured soul who faced the Congregation for the doctrine of faith –ex Holy Office of the Inquisition-. And countless other cardinals who are not mentioned and who follow in these men's footsteps.

To all of the Archbishops who stand in line with the South-African Desmond Tutu, for his noble feelings and words that border divinity and spiritual perfection.

To all of the progressive bishops who are in favor of the Theology of Liberations, to name a few, Tomás Balduino, from Brazil; Samuel Ruiz, from Chiapas; Pedro Casaldáliga, a Spanish ex-prelate in São Felix de Araguaya (Brazil). They made this 'Mahatma's' life impossible through the power of the ultra-conservative wing of the Vatican. But there are still many more prelates that are worthy of mentioning.

To all of the priests with good calling who give their lives for the less fortunate.

To all of the missionaries of the Catholic congregations, who have suffered martyrdom and death for preaching and helping the oppressed poor people.

To the North American politician, Abraham Lincoln, for spreading justice by putting an end to slavery.

To the protestant pastor Martin Luther King, who fought so hard for his dream:

the racial integration and the freedom of his people.

To the pacifist, Gandhi, for showing his tenacity for non-violence. His ironclad will continues to pass over borders today; a man who will always be remembered for his spirituality as a 'great Mahatma'.

To mother Teresa of Calcutta for all of the suffering she went through in favor of the less fortunate.

To the great soul known as Nelson Mandela, who thought tirelessly for the triumph of freedom and the construction of his country. He is a being of a spiritual political nature, capable of governing humanity with perfection and no distinction between race, creed, sex, caste or color. You are hope and God is with you because you are one of the few leaders who makes and takes such correct decisions and solutions that they are close to perfection, both in the political field as in the spiritual field.

To my father/mother and siblings on earth.

To my relatives.

To those poor of spirit.

To Human Rights.

To International Amnesty for their constant fight against injustice.

To the FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations).

To Unicef...

To all of the industrialized governments and nations; join in good will in the moral responsibility of helping and sharing with those poor countries or states at least a 0.7% of the Gross Domestic Product. Collaborate and don't point fingers at one another. Thank you from the bottom of my heart to all of those who voluntarily give the 0.7% from the Platform.

To those fighting for peace in the Middle East, the Jewish and the Palestine,
and in the rest of the world as well.

John Kumara

I do not boast about overwhelming spirituality or anything mystic. I am a normal person like anybody else who continues to polish their human ego. I consider myself to be very apolitical. It has been years since I have voted in elections; notwithstanding, I continue to be very sensitive and I sometimes rebel against the great injustice in the world. However, years ago, I became aware and put myself at the service of the will of God, to perfect my soul, here on the school of Earth. From then on, my heart tells me that I should continue to transmute or burn negative karma, with the aim of getting closer every day to the line of beings that are awaiting the ritual of ascension, in this life or another. My faith, hope, willpower and the love that I continue to sow, slowly take me closer towards the light.

Left and Right extremes are negative for the human being. Dictatorships, authoritarianism, and totalitarianism, inhibit and humiliate the freedom of the soul. Both fanatical or unruly capitalism and communism should not be or exist in this day and age. Neither have ever been the will of God. Dictatorships tend to democratize for the peaceful path. Politicians should be moderate, flexible when it comes to social wellbeing, democrats in their political ideologies and, above all, they should learn to be angels of light, of peace, of sharing, of justice, of divine love, of order and perfection, in their thoughts, feelings, words and actions. That is the will of God Father/Mother.

Many of those who read this book will believe me to be foolish or something along those lines, I'm sure. Others will respect me, crowd around and will want to start to learn about the mystical knowledge that is within this book.

Faith, hope, and willpower form the triangle that should never waver within our conscience and in our hearts, if it does, we will become spiritually weak and we will lose all of the karma we have sown and our path towards the light.

John Kumara

1

At the break of dawn, the alarm clock that Tom Bosak had on the bedside table to the right side of his bed began to sound. Frowning and with his eyes still half closed, he stretched out his right arm and pressed the button on the clock. The annoying, continuous and deafening sound ceased for another day of the year.

It was seven o'clock in the morning and, as always, he lay there in his bed for another five minutes, with his eyes half open and with a bitter expression on his face. Lately, he was waking up even more tired than when he went to sleep.

For some time, he had felt that his body needed to undergo some type of repair, as if it were an old car that was no longer working properly. The reason for his chronic fatigue and bad moods was his jobs as a financial agent for the Stock Advisor Company Labson & Burton, one of the most prestigious companies in New York. He lived in Stamford, Connecticut, away from the city life, in a luxurious rented house from the thirties, built with beige bricks, with his own swimming pool and a beautiful garden. For him, it was the perfect place to live and to put aside all of the stress he accumulated throughout the day.

He was, without a doubt, the most experienced broker in the company. He would meet with other executives in the large and luxurious office on the fifth floor, where calm reigned. When there were operations of a great significance to be dealt with, Tom was the center of attention; his mind was as cold and calculating as that of a computer. It was always him who had the last word.

He got out of bed feeling exhausted, walked to the bathroom, shaved, put on a light blue shirt, a dark blue suit, black socks and shiny black shoes. He could not be called an attractive man, but he was tall, he presented himself very well indeed, and was thirty-five years of age. With a wide forehead and a strong jaw, his eyes were a dark brown and his hair a deep black.

Tom added a large spoonful of honey to the hot cup of coffee he had made to get himself ready for the day. As he sipped his coffee, he asked himself the same

questions that he did every day: *Should I drive or take the train to Grand Central Station, and then the bus, or should I get the underground to Broad Street?*

He looked at the time on his wrist watch. He still had an hour and a half until nine o'clock. *I'll go by car, if I take the caravan, it will take me an hour and a half to two hours; without the caravan, around three quarters of an hour to an hour, maximum. It's almost half an hour on train, and then the underground... No! I'll go by car.* He thought to himself.

He closed the front door to his house, climbed into his Audi, turned on the engine and headed out towards the offices located on Broad Street, New York.

Tom Bosak had a highly important spiritual mission that he would have to fulfill shortly, yet he was still unaware of both its existence and magnitude.

At five minutes to nine o'clock, he walked through the main door of the company's office.

"Hi, Tom! Tom... Wait... Tom..."

He turned around on the threshold. Then, he looked over his shoulder and saw his colleague, Jake Lewyn.

Lewyn was a tall, well looked after man. He was 40 years of age, with blond hair and green eyes.

"How are you Tom? Good morning!"

"Hello Jake, good morning." He greeted him with a cold and sullen tone. "One less day to live..."

Both men walked up the stairs to the first floor.

"Are you sick? You don't look too good. Are you okay?"

Tom sighed and a frown appeared on his face, then, he nodded at his colleague. "I think so." He paused before speaking exactly what was on his mind. "I don't know, I haven't felt too good for a while now, to be honest... You know, the tension we feel on a daily basis in front of the computer, with telephones basically stuck to each ear, repeating the same thing over and over again: Buy! Sell! And one cigarette after another, which, far from helping us, just makes us sicker." He shook his head in emphasis. "Many of us suffer from dizziness, nausea, headaches, insomnia and other illnesses that harm us, chronic mental fatigue, stress... The electromagnetic fields created by our cell phones, the computers and the other electronic devices surrounding us, let of radiation that has a very negative effect on our health."

Jake nodded in agreement.

There was a moment of silence and Tom sighed once again. Then, with a look

of defeat on his face, she said:

“I think the stock market has had a bad influence on my health.”

Jake looked at him with a look of comprehension on his face. Still nodding his head, he added:

“You’re right, my friend, in the long run, this job has a negative effect on our health. The electromagnetic waves and static energy that comes from the computers makes us ill slowly but surely...”

“I completely agree with you.” Tom nodded. “But the worst part of it is that it comes out over the years.”

“Indeed.”

“I feel somewhat indisposed today, besides, my concentration is almost null. Just thinking about the pressure that I have to support and the decisions that I have to make in just a few short seconds makes me feel exhausted already.”

“You should tell Jackson about this as soon as possible.” Lewyn suggested. “Tell him about what?” Tom asked, arching his eyebrow.

“About... your problem.”

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence that seemed to last an eternity. “I don’t know how he’ll feel about this.” Tom finally said his voice low.

“However, I tell him as soon as the day is finished.”

“I hope he doesn’t give you any problems.” Jake said, looking directly into his eyes as he flashed him a smile that was supposed to look reassuring but that was more like a look of fear that he didn’t hide very well at all.

“Do you think there will be trouble, Jake?” Tom asked with a look of defeat on his face. “You know Jackson Scott very well.”

“Well... He’s the president, the boss and he is also your friend...” Jake stammered, trying to hide his nerves.

“I’m not sure about him being my friend.” Tom argued, doubt flashing across his expression. “When the truth comes out, people tend to be two-faced.”

“What are you saying, Tom, that...?”

“What I mean is that too much trust is not really a good thing. You know what I mean, right?” He interrupted.

Jake nodded immediately and, still staring at him, said:

“Don’t forget that you’re an important piece in this company and that Jackson is not going to want to lose you, even if it is just temporarily.”

Tom listened to that information in silence.

“I don’t care what Jackson thinks.” Tom continued, frowning once again. “I

need a rest. I can't handle this anymore, I'm exhausted and fed up with life altogether."

Some of his colleagues were surprised to see his haggard expression, they greeted him, but he greeted them back with a forced smile that he hoped filled his face with vitality.

"Look, Tom." Jake said in an appeasing tone, "Don't get too exasperated, calm down a bit and don't get ahead of things just yet."

Tom nodded in agreement, and looked into his clear green eyes with a kind expression on his face, saying:

"I truly appreciate your support and the large amount of understanding that you have shown me in such a critical time in my life."

"There's nothing to appreciate, Tom, don't worry about it." Jake replied in an affectionate tone. He patted him lightly on the back and both men walked over to their respective desks.

The clock showed that it was precisely nine o'clock. Tom took off his jacket, hung it on the coat stand and loosened the knot on his tie, which caused him so much anxiety.

"Hi Tom! How are you doing? Everything okay?" The president greeted Tom as he did every morning.

Jackson Scott was fifty-something, thin, with brown hair and brown eyes.

However, his face made him look much older and was covered with wrinkles. "Hi, Jackson! Later, at two, when my shift is over, I would like to talk to you." "Is something wrong?"

"Well..." Tom stammered, "I'll tell you about it later." Jackson smiled at him and nodded.

"Alright then, but don't buy or sell too much." Jackson said jokingly as he headed towards his office.

As he did every day, Tom flicked through *The Wall Street Journal*, among others. He only stopped to read one or two important pages to evaluate the situation before he started making decisions with the stock operating trading pit. He was convinced that the debt market would continue to rise. The stock market section of the journal said: 'Everything is in favor of the New York stock market of Wall Street, which is, by excellence, the leader of all stock markets. It has been on a continuous rise for three consecutive days, not only due to the optimum close of the *NASDAQ* technological stock market index-, which rose 14%, but also because of the fantastic recovery of 6.7% of the *Dow Jones* index. Optimism is at its highest in the Asian markets, where they are experiencing a euphoria that has never been seen before: the *Nikkei* and *Hang Seng* indexes of the Tokyo and Hong Kong stock markets,

respectively, closed with positive numbers. The European markets are continuing to rise significantly, and investors are continuing to invest fearlessly in both the bonds market and the fixed and variable income markets.’

He stopped reading and turned his head from left to right. Lifting his hands, he reached up to his neck and massaged it slightly.

His desk was full of different items: a notebook, a calculator, telephone switchboard, a recorder and four computers.

He pressed the buttons on the computers and the screens on the monitors turned on. He began typing as he did every day and checked the real time values, prices, bonds and actions of the stock market. He picked up the phones, one on each ear, and dialed the number of his colleague Sam Kaplan, head of the trading pit who, from his department, received orders from Tom. Kaplan closed the most delicate stock market operations. Without a doubt, he was his most trusted man.

The hustle begins within the stock market office located in Manhattan, at number 8 Broad Street. It is, without a doubt, the main axis of market values on the planet. It has twenty negotiation posts, in which groups of twenty-five operators work. Each group works with transactions from around twelve businesses or companies. Further up, within the negotiation post, there are dozens of screens that show all of the different prices to be able to buy and sell, titles, shares, bonds... There were also countless screens where specialists obtain the value of the titles and the results of the finalized operations. The specialist would then order for his assistant to send the order to the stock market transaction department as they were created, with the aim of adding liquid assets to the buying and selling values. Then, all of the information was sent to the main computer from the assistant’s computer. Instantly, from the main computer, all of the operations and transactions would be sent to the monitors and screens in the negotiation posts. In summary, all of the operations in the value market were all recorded onto a computerized database.

The phone rang and Sam Kaplan picked up the earpiece. “Hello?”
“Hi Sam! Good morning.”

Kaplan, the person in charge of the brokerage, was quite short and a bit overweight, with large brown eyes, black hair and a kind face.

“Hi, Tom! Good morning. What’s the plan for today?”

“Buy one million shares from General Motors at sixty-eight dollars the share; eight hundred thousand from Crisler Corp, at sixty dollars; three hundred thousand from PepsiCo Inc. at forty-nine dollars; one million from Nokia at fifty dollars and

seven hundred thousand from Microsoft at forty-five dollars.”

“Hey, Tom, I can see you’re pushing hard today. Is there any reason behind it?”

“Right now, the value market is quite optimistic.” Tom replied. “Also, the economic reactivation is almost completely certain; if we also add the lowering of different interests, I have no doubt that all of that contributes to create a very appetizing scenario. Now is the time to invest. Now is the time to make money and, whoever doesn’t take advantage of this opportunity will regret it later on.”

“Tom, I would love to be as good as you one day. Honestly!”

“Don’t try to flatter me, Sam.” Tom said, smiling slightly.

“You know it’s true, we all know who’s really the person behind Labson and Burton’s success.”

“No, my friend.” Tom added, in a tone that showed he was deeply moved. “We all do it together, don’t you forget that.”

“Alright.” Sam replied. “Whatever you say...” As he thought just how selfless his friend really was. There was a brief pause.

“What are we selling today, Tom?”

“Sell eight hundred thousand shares from Xerox at sixty dollars each; one million two hundred thousand from Apple at fifty-two dollars and two million from Nippon Telecom at sixty dollars.”

“Is that all for the time being?”

“Yes, that’s all; if any problem comes up, call me. Okay?”

“Sure, speak to you later.” Sam replied, hanging up the phone.

Sam and Peter Garbin, a colleague from the trading pit, walked over to William Robson, one of the specialists. William made a note of the information, checked the screens and walked over to one of the assistants at the negotiation post for them to give the transaction orders. Shortly after, said operations were shown on the screens in the negotiation posts and, simultaneously, in the stock market database.

In the negotiation posts, there was a horde of people crammed together in the midst of a tremendous exaltation. Both stress and tension were evident. Each day, around two thousand five hundred companies moved over sixty million shares among a volatile stock exchange atmosphere that pushed the limits of sanity. Tom watched the brokerage buying and selling operations that were being carried out just as he had ordered them to be, as well as the other transactions that he thought were interesting. His face showed his nerves, he was getting even more tense. He

stood up and ran his fingers through his hair. *“What can I do? I can’t take this any longer...”* He thought to himself. *“I have to make a decision, I need some time off.”*

He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his electronic agenda, then he dialed the number of the psychiatric office that worked for Labson & Burton.

“Dr. Howard Russell’s office. How may I help you?” The high pitched voice of a woman answered the call.

“I would like to make an appointment with Dr. Russell and, if possible, I would like for it to be for tomorrow.”

“I’m sorry, we are fully booked for tomorrow, and we don’t have any openings for the next month, Mr...”

“Tom... Tom Bosak. I’m begging you, it is very urgent... Tell the doctor that it is Mr. Bosak calling.”

“One moment, Mr. Bosak.”

There was a long pause before the secretary finally replied.

“Very well, Mr. Bosak, you seem to be in luck! Dr. Russell has just informed me that he has an appointment for you tomorrow at one o’clock in the afternoon.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” The secretary replied before he ended the call.

Tom turned around to make sure there was nobody watching him. *“Just hold on a little longer.”* He said to himself.

At precisely one fifty-five, Tom stood up and walked towards the president’s office. He knocked on the door a couple of times with his fist and waited.

“Yes, come in.” Jackson Scott looked up as Tom closed the door behind him with a look of worry on his face.

“Hello, come in, make yourself comfortable. Do you want a cigarette?” “No, thank you, I don’t. I am trying to give up smoking... There is nothing I want less right now than a cigarette.”

Jackson lit one up for himself. He felt that he thought better with a cigarette in his hand and, once he had filled his lungs with smoke, he blew out several smoke rings.

“Well, what’s the reason for you wanting to see me?”

Tom fell silent and lowered his eyes. He didn’t really know where to start.

“I’ll just get straight to the point.” He thought.

“Well, you see, Jackson, I need to see a psychiatrist. I’m sick...”

Jackson blinked for a moment with his mouth hanging open, and then exclaimed:

“Really?”

“Yes, really...”

“Wait a minute.” Jackson interrupted, with a stern tone. “I’m sorry, but I don’t believe you even the tiniest bit.” He said as he held his thumb and index finger together to prove his point.

“Look, Jackson, you know full well that I’m a man of few words and that my main virtue is my honesty. I’m very tense, I’m suffering from neurosis and insomnia, I feel very strange...”

“That’s just nerves. It’s something normal for a broker like you, Tom.”

“But this is much more serious than simple nerves.” Tom argued, raising his voice while sighing.

There was a pause. Tom began to realize that Jackson was more stubborn than he had first thought, he was, without a doubt, a man that would not see reason that easy.

“I’m sorry, calm yourself down, this is only temporary.” Jackson said coldly. Tom’s somber expression was obvious, he felt betrayed, completely demoralized. He had had another idea of Jackson Scott, but he knew that he was two-faced. “*I thought this guy was much more competent, understanding and generous.*” He thought to himself.

“It’s not temporary. It is serious, it may even be chronic. I can’t concentrate, I struggle a lot due to my decreasing willpower and that in itself is reason for alarm, so, I need to see a psychiatrist.”

Jackson shook his head with a look of disbelief on his face, and said:

“What you need is a woman to help you get this nonsense out of your head.

And a good dose of heroin to fight against the stress, not a psychiatrist.”

Tom made a huge effort to keep his anger under control. “*This guy is dim and selfish, all he wants is to make sure that his fat ass is safe in that chair and control Labson & Burton until his hair turns grey and doesn’t want to help us at all. What a waste of a man!*” He thought silently to himself.

“What the hell are you thinking about, Tom?”

“Nothing...” He replied in an offended tone.

“I don’t know, you’re angry about something, aren’t you?” Jackson said, looking at his watch. “I think you should stop all of this nonsense, Tom.”

“I’m begging you, Jackson, listen very closely to what I am about to say. In the hypothetical case that the psychiatrist sees me and tells me that I need some time off, you still have hundreds of brokers working for you...”

Scott took a drag from his cigarette and blew out the smoke up to the ceiling while pulling a face.

“No, Tom, I don’t have any others, I don’t think I can find a substitute for you.”
“But Jackson...”

“No, Tom. Try to not let this go to your head, but I want to make this clear: you are the best thing that has happened to Labson & Burton.”

There was a short pause. *“My god! This guy has me on a pedestal. I’m like a trapped animal that belongs to him.”* Tom thought.

“If I’m honest, I have never felt superior to any of my colleagues.”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t want you to leave your place for somebody else to use, not even temporarily, there are a lot of economic interests at stake.” Jackson continued. “If anything went wrong during your absence, it would be my head that rolled and, to be honest, I am very fond of my head.”

“You must be the most selfish and inhuman person I have met.” Tom spat, in a dry and sharp voice. “Admit it.”

A sour expression appeared on Jackson’s face as the same time as a frown appeared.

“Yes! I admit it, god damn it! But what happens to me is exactly the same as what happens to any president. I’m one of those that cling to my position. If that’s what you call inhumane and selfish, then you may be right, but it is the only way to lead a company like this one. I know it sounds bad, but when you are in these circumstances, you have to be ambitious, an individualist and cruel.” He stopped for a moment and then spoke to him in a contemptuous tone. “You’re just making all of this up, aren’t you? Come on, admit it.”

“I’m sorry, Jackson, but you have really disappointed me. I had expected more from you.”

“Stop with the lectures. Look Tom, I’m sorry. It’s not my intention to hurt your feelings. I’ll give you a pay rise, and we’ll just go on and act like none of this has happened. Okay?”

“No! This isn’t about my income.” Tom argued back. “It’s about my health.

And you can’t put a price on that.” Jackson shook his head.

“In that case, you leave me with no other choice, Tom.”

“No, because nothing in excess is ever good. I am suffering from a situation that has led me to exhaustion and nervous tension.”

Jackson lost his temper once again and, in a tone that oozed with irony, he said:

“My God! How do you know all of that? Don’t you think you’re just being lazy?”

“No! You’re mistaken.” Tom replied. “I’ve been going to the psychiatrist for a few months now and he says that I need to take some time off of work. And that is exactly what I am going to do.” Tom lied, given the rudeness, sarcasm and contempt that the president was showing him.

Jackson, with a look of exasperation, reacted violently and, with a look of hatred, muttered:

“If you leave now, you can start looking for a new job. There is no going back. Make sure that is very clear.” He was breathing heavily as he punched his desk with his fists.

“There’s a saying that says He who starts on a bad note, ends on a bad note.” Tom argued back scornfully. “I hope you don’t forget that.”

They stared at each other. Tom felt like punching him but controlled the impulse. He looked away, turned around and walked out of the office without saying a single word.

2

That Friday, at twelve fifty midday, Tom arrived at the psychiatric clinic. He sat down in the waiting room.

The door opened that the second to last patient emerged, an older lady with a somber expression, accompanied by her husband.

“Mr.... Bosak” The secretary called.

“Yes.”

“Please go in now.” She said kindly.

“Hello, Doctor Russell.”

“Hello, Tom!” Dr. Russell exclaimed in a greeting. He was a tall man, with a strong build, a fifty something year old man who was attractive, famous and highly distinguished in the psychiatric world.

They shook hands and embraced.

“Sit down Tom. Make yourself comfortable on one of the chairs by my desk.”

“Thanks, but I thought I was going to lie down on the sofa.”

“Given that it’s you, I would prefer that you sat down on the chair, in front of me.”

The psychiatrist smiled, shook his head slightly and then asked:

“So Tom, to what do I owe your presence in a place like this?” Tom cleared his throat before answering.

“I feel unwell and...”

“But my actions and shares controlled by a broker like you are not in any trouble, right?” The doctor said with a wink. “Take no notice. It’s a joke.”

“Well, I try to do my best.”

Howard nodded.

“I know, Tom. You have, for example, made me a very rich man in just four years. I can leave my job any time I want. But when I think about it, I wouldn’t be able to, I love it too much... Well, let’s get to the point. Why have you come to see me?”

“I think I’m suffering from too much stress. My problems are oppressing me, or you could say suffocating me. I feel like I’m going crazy; it is a feeling that I can’t get rid of, like a continuous tension that won’t go away.”

“Do you have symptoms of mental or physical fatigue, anguish, anxiety, unable to concentrate, bad memory, headaches, digestive disorders, loss of appetite, insomnia, loss of sexual appetite...?”

“Yes, all of that.” He replied with an anxious expression. “Are they symptoms of stress?”

“Yes, my friend.” The psychiatrist confirmed. “But don’t worry, because we can put a stop to it before it gets any worse.”

“I really hope so.” Tom said with a worried look on his face. “Regarding this, Tom, can I ask you a more personal question?” “Yes, of course.”

“You’re not hooked on anything, are you? You see, Tom, lately, the yuppies, you know, the brokers, the people in finance and other professionals, are getting addicted to heroin, and four brokers have already died this year due to an overdose.”

Tom shook his head while thinking.

“Did you know that many brokers and executives turn to drugs to make them feel better?”

“So that’s it. Now I understand why that idiot Jackson told me to take some heroin. He’s also taking it.” Tom thought to himself.

“Yes. I’ve seen some of my colleagues acting strange lately. I think it is weak to turn to something as dangerous as drugs.”

“That’s true.” The psychiatrist said, nodding his head in agreement. “Some brokers turn to cocaine, marihuana, chine... However, the most powerful weapon the use to fight against stress is heroin.”

Heroin or White, as it was also called, has been the drug for the poorer people in society for many years, and has passed from the suburbs to the luxurious offices of executives in finance, lawyers, business men and brokers.

The yuppies would go to the Veterans Park on a daily basis, which was very close to Wall Street and was the place where the dealers would impatiently wait or the junkie yuppies to sell them their merchandise, either cocaine or heroin. The brokers preferred to smoke their heroin to get high, except for those who were completely hooked and preferred to inject it directly into their veins. That was how they coped with stress, freeing themselves from metal exhaustion and emotional fatigue. Heroin helped them to feel big and powerful to the point where they would

believe themselves to be immune to fatigue, failure and defeat. That drug kept them fresh, with enough energy to face their problems and jobs but, however, at times it could be catastrophic, in the case that they got so hooked that there was no going back. Many of them died due to an overdose, a tragic event that happened quite frequently.

After a long list of questions and quite a prolonged pause, Doctor Russell had highlighted the most important aspects to take into account and carried out a diagnosis.

“What is the diagnosis? Is it serious?” Tom asked impatiently. The psychiatrist could see a large amount of anxiety in Tom’s eyes.

“You are suffering from an illness that is classed as the Burn-out syndrome.” “Could you explain all of the symptoms of that illness to me?” Tom asked. “Very well, the symptoms of the Burn-out syndrome are emotional exhaustion,

physical and psychological fatigue, chronic stress, reduced willpower, apathy, frustration and desire to isolate oneself from the outside world. Everybody who suffers from this Burn-out syndrome has a deep and intense feeling that their job is too much for them to handle; consequently, they feel a strong aversion to their job. They suffer from insomnia or light sleeping that does not allow them hardly any rest. With regards to the person’s memory, they can easily forget things that they have thought, what they were going to write down, what they were going to say or even forget people’s names. In terms of their intellectual capacity, they have trouble concentrating, speaking or understanding what is being said to them, and mind exercises just makes it worse. All different types of professionals, lawyers, students, professors, singers, musicians, brokers, business men, doctors, soldiers, bankers, police officers, journalists, yuppies, and anybody else who had a bureaucratic and administrative job, in an office, are the perfect candidates to suffer from the Burnout syndrome. Have you identified yourself with these symptoms, Tom?”

“Without a doubt.” Tom confirmed. “All of what you have just said fits in perfectly with how I feel, negatively, of course.”

“Very well.” The doctor continued. “It is very important that you learn to avoid all of the negative factors that can lead to nervous tension, mental exhaustion and emotional stress because, one way or another, they all lead to the Burn-out syndrome. The bait that helps an individual to catch this syndrome are all of the activities that force you to submerge into worries and extreme concentration, and everything else that implies an excess of mental labor, such as travelling to and from work, late nights and lack of physical exercise. Notwithstanding, the worst

kind of stress appears when we absorb those negative emotions that, in some way, become locked inside of us and block our minds, our willingness and create an unbalance in the cells of our body in general.” He paused for a moment and then added another thought to his speech. “But we must not forget the factors that trigger multiple mental disturbances that can be caused by silent and hidden troubles. Remorse can lead to produce a terrible anxiety within our minds that torments and tortures the person who suffers them on a daily basis. A pessimist with no hope left has hardly any self-esteem and cannot see a way out of their situation, because everything appears to be black. Obsessive individuals with resentments due to rage and dreams of vengeance. Hazy and unjustified jealousy. Fixed ideas with persistent feelings and thoughts that fly around the individual’s mind. All of this can create the most negative repression and the worst kind of vital energy blocks and, if those damaging feelings that we have held with us for so long are not dealt with or freed, we will live a life of sickness and will lose the key that will restore our health, balance and harmony in life.”

After a short pause, Doctor Russell continued:

“Have you understood what this means and what can cause chronic stress, despite me having rambled for a bit, Tom?”

“Yes, of course.” Tom nodded. After another moment of silence, he asked: “Is there any specific treatment to cure it?”

There was an uncomfortable silence during which doctor Russell bit his lips and looked up towards the ceiling with an expression of doubt on his face, while he stroked his mustache. Then he added:

“I cannot reply with a yes but, from doctor to patient, I will tell you in all honesty that our treatment is used to suppress the symptoms of the illness but does not, in any way, shape or form, restore the patient’s health.”

Tom nodded, frowning slightly and the doctor’s answer. “Is yoga a good exercise to balance my emotions and the symptoms of the Burn-out syndrome?” Tom asked.

“Yes.” The doctor affirmed. “Yoga is the best therapy for all of that and to get rid of stress in general, as well as other mental dysfunctions. But it is important that this is complemented with alternative medicines like, for example, unicist homeopathy, and with neurotransmitters. I’ll explain what they consist of.”

Tom nodded.

Lastly, he had to specify Tom’s willingness. “Do you smoke, Tom?”
“No, not anymore.”

The doctor pulled out a Marlboro cigarette, lit it and blew some smoke rings into the air with a look of pleasure on his face. Then, he continued:

“I want you to learn a little bit about the word ‘willingness’. I think it will help you. Don’t forget that your subconscious mind behaves like a sponge that holds in all of your negative emotions, which then interfere with a balanced mind and reason...”

“... Our will must be reinforced daily by training it and exercising its flexibility, and to do so it is important to be conscious of our positive reasoning at all times, with regards to our thoughts, feelings, words and actions. We have to train the mind to digest, filter and transfigure all of those negative emotions that can incite or invade our subconscious mind. What we have to do is try to ignore or retain any positive aspects of the things that do not interest us and pull up a security barrier that will work as a filter to prevent any negativity entering our minds. We must not forget that, once these have invaded us and are incrustated in the subconscious of individuals who are hypochondriacs, prone to negativity or people with low self-esteem, it will be very hard to stop that negativity or to get rid of it, even more so if they have been with the person since a very young age. If it is not freed, the mind and body will suffer from a great disturbance”

I have been straining my mind, forcing it to be in a constant nervous state, my subconscious has been attacked, with no barrier or filter to protect it. It’s no wonder why my willpower is completely defeated.” Tom thought.

“Very well, my friend.” The psychiatrist said. “I am going to prescribe some medication for you to help you sleep better and a tranquilizer to calm your anxiety, but I don’t want you to take them.”

“You don’t want me to take them? What do you mean?” Tom asked doubtfully.

“What I mean is, between you and me, is that they are damaging for your health and can also be addictive.”

“Okay...” Tom nodded.

“With these prescriptions, you will go to the pharmacy and they will give you the medication that you will then flush down the toilet.” Doctor Russell said to him. “It’s all about jumping through the hoop. You know what I mean, all rules are meant to be broken. Do you know what I mean now?”

“Yes, perfectly.” Tom said with a smile.

The psychiatrist prepared the report with his diagnosis, Burn-out syndrome, and recommended in the report that Tom should take one month off of work. Then he signed it.

“Here you are, Tom. You can go to the Labson & Burton offices with this paperwork and everything will be sorted” He said happily. “That was what you wanted, correct?”

Tom nodded in agreement and appreciation and then asked: “With regards to the treatment...“

“Your treatment will be the following.” The doctor explained. “You will take one three milligram capsule of a hormone called melatonin half an hour before you go to bed, and two six hundred milligram capsules of tryptophan amino acid, one when you wake up in the morning and the other half an hour before lunch. You can find these in herbalist’s shops or dietitian shops.”

Doctor Russell yawned and rubbed his eyes. His face reflected the exhaustion he must have been feeling.

“Some time ago, I read in a scientific magazine something about how the hyper-secretion of adrenaline and histamine in the blood could cause a hyposegregation or a reduction of serotonin and the melatonin hormone.”

“What function and effects do they have over the body in general?” Tom wanted to know.

“Serotonin is a neurotransmitter, a vasoconstrictive substance that is found in the blood and on other cells, but it is mainly concentrated within the hypothalamus. Its function and effects are to improve memory and concentration, to reduce stress, to increase sexual desire, to get rid of anxiety and to produce a state of wellbeing. I will also tell you that the tryptophan amino acid is a natural precursor of serotonin.”

“How interesting“ Tom exclaimed in a tone that reflected happiness. “Yes, without a doubt, it is a very instructive subject.”

Doctor Russell nodded as he blew his nose and then continued:

“And to finish, let’s talk briefly about melatonin.”

“Okay...”

“Good, as with the serotonin, melatonin is a hormone that is segregated by the pineal gland. Think of it as a thermostat, it is in charge of regulating the rest of the hormones and making sure that the body is healthy and full of vitality. However, around the age of fifty, this becomes stunted, producing hypo-secretion of this substance. In such circumstances, the person suffering from these deficiencies, begins to wither as a flower would. This hormone is responsible for long life, when its segregation is normal and balanced, and of old age and illness when it is reduced...”

“...People take melatonin in supplements to cover possible deficiencies and thus

put off old age, hormonal imbalance and illnesses. Thus, normality is restored in the vital energy within the reserves that an individual has in their body.” “What effects does melatonin have?” Asked Tom.

“If the stress is not very chronic, then it is neutralized almost immediately, having that effect on the Burn-out syndrome as well. The person feels much calmer, anguish and anxiety disappear. It helps the person to sleep better and thus, rest better, insomnia ends up disappearing... And that is all, my friend.” The doctor explained, his expression exhausted.

There was silence.

Doctor Russell stretched his neck and moved it around in circles. Then, he rubbed his knees with his hands. They had become stiff.

“That is a lot more than what I had expected.” Tom said. “These two hours have really helped me.”

“I have never given such long and detailed explanations to my patients before.” Doctor Russell said with a smile. “I have made an exception with you.”

“I realized that.” Tom replied. “And I really appreciate it.”
“Given that it’s you, there is nothing to thank me for.”

“I would like to ask you a personal question.”
“Please, go ahead. Don’t be shy.”

There was a short silence that was uncomfortable for Tom, then he said in a friendly tone:

“I don’t think that you’re the typical psychiatrist, especially when it comes to writing prescriptions.”

“You’re right about that. I disagree entirely with conventional medicine“ The doctor admitted. After a brief pause, he explained: “I am very aware that pharmaceutical drugs do not cure, they simply treat the symptoms of the illness. However, don’t think that I prescribe or, better said, recommend alternative medicines to other patients like I have with you. You are an exception, as are several other of my patients.”

“Okay, and what do you mean by cure?” Tom asked dubiously.

“When I say cure, I am referring to what homeopathy does, for example. That which restores the vital energy of the patient, given much more importance to the psychological and general symptoms than to the physical or specific ones. It is only then when we can say that the person’s health has been restored. And not simply treating the symptoms that can be seen of the illness and leaving the mind out of the equation, because that cannot be classed as restoring the person’s health,

what's more, it is more a symptomatic suppression of the illness or of the syndrome in question.”

Tom nodded with a frown on his face and, running his fingers through his hair, he asked:

“So, industrial pharmaceutical drugs are just suppressors?”

“That's right, Tom.” The psychiatrist confirmed in a critical tone while he looked at him with an unhappy expression. “Also, they can damage ones health, let's also not forget their side effects, counter-indications, incompatibilities, intoxications and their introgenisis.”

“So that's why he just told me to flush the medication down the toilet.” Tom thought to himself.

“Unfortunately, I cannot be as honest with all of my patients as I am with you.” The psychiatrist continued. “Notwithstanding, there are certain rules, interests and an oath that my must follow above everything else.” There was a short pause of thoughtful silence, after which he added: “It's not right for me to say this but, whenever possible, people who are sick should turn to alternative medicines and only towards traditional and conventional medicines as a last resort.”

“I understand you completely, Howard.” Tom said in a tone of honest approval. “In that case, what medicine cures and restores a person's health?”

The psychiatrist shrugged his shoulders and, after a brief pause, said:

“I have to admit that uncist homeopathy is the key to reestablishing the vital energy of the patient. Acupuncture and naturopathy are very effective when it comes to regaining one's health. However, orthomolecular medicine in mega doses, right molecules, which is the medicine that treats a patient with vitamins, minerals, amino acids and neurotransmitters is, without a doubt, that which reestablishes the biochemical deficiencies of the organism.”

“Does orthomolecular medicine also oppose to the interests of the laboratories and the multinational pharmacy companies?” Tom wanted to know.

“Without a doubt.” The psychiatrist admitted. “If any of those companies, the medical association or any of my own colleagues, were to find out that I prescribe some of my patients, even if they are few and far between, with natural and alternative medicines, I could lose my P.H.D and my career.”

“Right...” Tom said.” And to finish up, what advice could you give me, as a friend?”

“Just two: live with just what you need and leave your job.”

“Why live with just what I need?” Tom asked.

“Because the richest person isn’t he who has more, but he who needs less.” The psychiatrist said in a kind tone. “Think about that and you’ll see that it is very true indeed.”

Tom nodded thoughtfully.

“Okay, that’s all.” Doctor Russell said, as he stood up from his soft chair and, with a gesture, brought the meeting to an end. Seconds later, he walked Tom to the door, where both of them shook hands warmly.

“It has been a pleasure having you here.” The doctor said in a tone full of deep affection. “I trust that we will see each other in one month’s time.”

“Most definitely.”

“Very well, my friend. Take care and I will see you soon.” He said as they hugged.

“See you soon, Howard.”

3

The following day was Saturday and, as always, Tom was sitting with his legs crossed on his bed reading a science fiction novel. Reading helped him immerse himself in a deep calm state that filled his entire being. All of a sudden, his desire to travel to India intensified. The thought of going there had been floating around his mind for some time. He closed the book. *“Why not? It would be a fantastic adventure, an entire month enjoying the palaces, the monasteries, the sacred cities and the culinary art of India”* He thought to himself. *“My mind would be grateful. I could meditate in the monasteries, on the river banks and in the caves in the mountains. That is spiritual peace. I would be free from obligations and daily troubles for quite some time.”* He thought overjoyed by the idea. Then, the phone began to ring.

“Hello?”

“Hi Tom, how are you darling?” Patricia Ross said tenderly. Patricia and Tom had been dating for two years.

“Good. Okay, I guess...” He replied in a cold and dull tone.

“What do you mean by okay, I guess? Is something wrong?”

“No, it’s nothing, sweetheart. Just a small problem I have. I’ll tell you about it later.” He said hurriedly.

“Okay, if you prefer. What time are you coming to pick me up for dinner?” Tom looked down at his watch.

“Well, it’s seven o’clock now. Is nine okay with you?” “Perfect.”

“Dress to kill. I need you tonight, sweetheart.”

“Sue, and you make sure you look elegant and are in a better mood.”

“Don’t worry about that. When I’m with you, all of my negative vibes and troubles disappear.”

“That’s what I like to hear. See you soon, Tom.” “Okay, my love... I love you princess.”

He stood up from his bed and headed towards his bathroom to get ready.

Two hours later, Tom arrived with his Audi in Manhattan, in Cedar Street, 55th. He parked his car in the same place he always did when he went to pick up his girlfriend, listening to the radio while he waited for her. She lived in the penthouse, in a beautiful and luxurious apartment. He had chosen to wear a beige linen suit, with a light blue, cotton shirt and a dark blue tie. He had combed his hair back and had shaved before leaving his home. His girlfriend thought he was a very good looking man.

He saw Patricia Ross walking towards his car.

She was twenty-eight years old but looked a little older. She had a slender build; she was tall, with light skin and dark, curly hair; her eyes were the perfect reflection of different shades of blue. She was wearing a brown suit and a blouse that matched her shoes.

“Hello, Patricia. How are you, sweetheart?” He greeted her enthusiastically.

She stood there for a moment looking at him.

“You look very nice tonight.” She said as she climbed in the car and closed the door.

Her full lips found Tom’s expectant ones as they embraced and touched each other fervently. The murmur from the street seemed to disappear for a moment.

“Oh my god!” Tom exclaimed. “You really get me going...”

“Right, but let’s have dinner first, honey, and then we’ll put the fire out.” She said with a tone full of irony.

Tom nodded, not taking his eyes off of her and then said:

“I hope we won’t have to call the fire brigade ahead of time.”

“I love your sense of humor.” She said, winking at him. Tom started the car, put the gears into drive and pushed down on the gas, the wheels screeched, leaving black marks on the street.

“Okay, where would you like to go for dinner?”

“How about that Chinese restaurant we went to last month? Do you know what one I mean?”

“Of course.”

Tom frequently visited and ate at both Chinese and Indian restaurants; in fact, he had even learnt enough to hold a simple conversation in both of the languages.

They arrived ten minutes later and Tom parked the car close to the restaurant.

They headed towards the door, where a young woman of oriental origins greeted them with a smile on her face. They sat down in a very cozy corner of the restaurant. The clientele was what one would call select; the restaurant was full of people, but it was very calm. A soft murmur from the people mixed perfectly with the fluid oriental music.

They opened their menus, examined them for a while and commented on some of the dishes. The waiter appeared and left with an order of two soy germ salads, a sweet and sour rib dish, another of chicken in bamboo sauce and two beers.

Patricia looked at Tom and said:

“By the way, why don’t you tell me about the small problem you spoke about on the phone? The one about your job.”

“Oh! Yes, of course. The truth is, as you already know, that I have been suffering from chronic stress for a while now, due to all of the pressure from my job.”

“And?”

“I spoke to Jackson on Thursday and told him that I had to visit the psychiatrist on Friday and he didn’t take it very well at all.”

“What did he say?”

Tom cleared his throat and answered:

“He told me that, if I went to the psychiatrist to get some time off of work, that I would have to look for another job elsewhere.”

The waiter brought over their food and drinks and left them alone once more. “He told me that he would give me a raise if I forget about this psychiatrist business.” Tom continued. “I told him that it was about my health and all he did was reply with sarcasm, irony and contempt, and on top of it all, he got angry, his face had the look of a wild man with no scruples whatsoever.”

“And, all of that aside, did you manage to get some time off?”

“Yes. I’m going into the office on Monday to hand in the doctor’s report.”

“What diagnosis did the psychiatrist give you?”

After a short pause, Tom raised his hand to his chin and stroked it, and, instead of answering, he asked:

“Have you ever heard of Burn-out syndrome?”

“Yes, I know what Burn-out syndrome is.” She paused for a moment and then continued. “A lot of workers suffer from it, although they don’t even know what it is.”

“Exactly, you’re completely right.” Tom said, nodding his head slowly in agreement.

“Well, even though you’re getting time off, you’ll still be getting paid, the worst part will come when you have to go back to work, am I right?”

Bosak nodded with a sad expression on his face.

“I’m worried. I think Jackson is going to try to make my life a living hell.”
“You don’t have to be worried. You’re doing what you have to do and that’s it.

Don’t think about it too much, darling.”

Tom shook his head in disagreement while he took a bite from his sweet and sour ribs.

Just then, the waiter appeared, he picked up the plates and left with their order for dessert, two crème caramel with whipped cream.

Patricia looked at Tom’s tense features and decided that it was time to change the topic of conversation.

“You really do look very attractive tonight.” She said, smiling her sweet smile.
“You’re such a handsome man.”

Tom’s expression changed instantly, like somebody had turned on a light.

Calm and peace were reflected on his face as he said:

“Oh, my love! You really are the sun that lights up my life...”

Patricia could not stop herself from laughing and had to make an effort to keep her composure.

“Tom, you’re such a dear when it comes to complimenting me. You are so funny sometimes...”

After a long silence, they stared into each other’s eyes. Their lips moving closer together. Their somewhat clumsy mouths found each other and they kissed as their hands looked for each other among the cutlery. They found each other and held on tightly. For a moment, they lost all notion of time and forgot about the place where they were dining. After a while, they stopped.

“Would you like tea or coffee?” The waiter asked.

“No, thank you.” They both said in unison.

“Could you bring us the check, please.” Tom said.

Instantly, the waiter returned with their check. Tom paid and left them a very generous tip. The waiter smiled again as he thanked them.

“Shall we leave, darling?” Tom asked Patricia as he winked at her. “I can’t wait to have you in my arms.”

“Yes, let’s go.” She replied with an impish smile.

When they left the restaurant at ten to eleven, the night had turned cold and silent, and they headed towards the car quickly.

“Tom, you never come up to my apartment.” She reminded him in a reproachful tone. “All you do is wait for me outside, unless you want to make love with me.”

“You know that I’m terrified of heights. I am incapable of living in a second story apartment, let alone a penthouse.”

“In that case, why do you come up at all?”

“Because you help me to forget all of my fears, for a while.”

She let out a low laugh.

“I have two surprises for you that will become two promises that we will have to keep.” Tom said suddenly in a friendly voice.

Patricia’s face lit up. “Okay, what is the first one?” “To make love to you.”

“And where would you like to do that?”

“In your apartment, if that’s what you want.” She nodded in agreement.

“And the second surprise, what is it?” She wanted to know.

“A trip to India.”

“Oh! Tom, I would love to travel to that country.” She exclaimed, her eyebrows arched in shock.

“I know...” He said, flashing her a smile.

“But not that I think about it... You know, I have to work.” She said bitterly as she looked at him out of the corner of her eye. “I won’t be able to go with you, Tom.”

Tom fell silent for a moment.

“Damn it...!” He muttered to himself with a devastated expression on his face. “It looks like fate does not want to be on our side, don’t you agree, Tom?”

He fell silent, not really knowing what to say while the worried look on his face froze. After a long silence, he managed to find his voice and murmured:

“If you can’t travel with me, then I won’t travel without you.”

“No, you can’t do that, Tom.” She replied in a soft tone.

“Well... Why don’t we leave this conversation until later on, do you agree, sweetheart?”

“It’ll be better that way.” She said, shrugging her shoulders.

“To be honest, the ideas of travelling there is one that I love. I have a terrible

fear knowing that I will have to fly, but there is no other way to get there...”

Patricia nodded with a thoughtful expression on her face. She looked up towards the night’s sky and sat contemplating the fast and infinite blackness with its stars glittering in harmony and peace. However, the streets of New York appeared lifeless and sullen, as if danger was waiting around every corner.

“Do you like New York?” She asked.

“Not much.”

“Why?”

“I find it to be a sad and very solitary city, despite how big it is. It is, without a doubt, unsafe and unjust with the weaker population.”

“You’re right.” She said. “Here, you are worth what you have, that is how things are here.”

They could see the homeless people wandering the streets, looking in the trash cans in search of food. Others were huddled around a fire or lying on the floor, sleeping in the cold with their sheets and blankets made from cardboard.

Tom hit the brakes of his Audi, stopping in the middle of the street and leaving the gearstick in neutral, with the motor still running. He locked the doors with the automatic button, just in case, and lowered his window slightly, just enough for his hand to fit through. He placed his hand in his pocket and pulled out a wad of ten dollar bills. He then held his hand out of the window and, waving it in front of him he dared to shout:

“Hey! You lot! Come over here, come!” He shouted as he continued to wave his hand.

The homeless people who were huddled around the fire turned around and looked at him, confused. Some of those who were sleeping sat up and looked around with a frown on their faces, disorientated.

“Come over, I just want to help you.” Tom said to them in a calm and friendly tone. “Money, my friends, for you. Do you want it?” His hand continued to wave the money around.

“I feel certain compassion in my heart. I can’t help it.”

“Tom, I share your good intentions and generosity.” Patricia said with an expression of pure horror on her face. “But I don’t like this one bit.”

“Don’t be afraid, for the love of God, calm down Patricia, nothing bad is going to happen.”

“All right.” She nodded with a look of uncertainty. She closed her eyes and lowered her head.

The homeless people looked at each other in shock and, murmuring to each other, they walked over cautiously, not taking their eyes off of the wad of notes in Tom's hand.

"Oh God! Please, Lord, don't let anything bad happen to Tom and me." She said silently to herself, afraid.

While the poor people walked over to the front of the car and around to the driver's window, a cold and nervous shudder ran down Tom's spine and legs. His breathing was uneven and he felt intermittent rushes of adrenaline running through him.

Several hands hurried to pull the wad of notes out of his hand.

Tom pulled his arm back inside the car before they could reach him and hurried to close the window completely. He lowered it just a few centimeters to prevent them from reaching inside.

"Friends, wait a moment, please." Tom said to them. "This money is to share among yourselves. You must act like brothers, if not, there will not be a single dollar for any of you."

He could hear murmurs of approval.

"Okay, all of you stand in a line." Tom ordered. "I need to know how many of you there are in total."

"There are twelve of us." A voice confirmed.

Tom counted the wad of notes, there were three hundred and sixty dollars, a sizeable amount to be given away as charity.

"Okay, listen to me, calm down, there is enough for everybody." Tom said in a friendly tone. "Please don't push."

"Don't worry, sir." The man who was first in line and who happened to be holding a large stick said. "I will make sure they all behave."

"Here's thirty dollars." Tom said to the man. "And make sure that nobody cuts the line."

The homeless man nodded, his expression becoming euphoric as he took the thirty dollars.

He then kept a watch over the rest and kept order and peace among them.

Tom handed out thirty dollars to each one of the people there right up until the very last one of the line. The homeless thanked Tom and Patricia over and over again.

While some returned to the heat of the fires, others went off in search of an

open bar that could quench their thirst and satisfy their stomachs.

“How do you feel now?” Tom asked, completely overjoyed.

“I feel deeply satisfied and happy at seeing their sad faces full of happiness and joy.”

Tom put the car into gear and headed off to keep his first promise.

“New York.” He thought as he drove. “One of the largest cities in the world and most probably one of the richest, where happiness and sadness are face to face, as well as love and hate, the elegant clothing of the rich and the rotten rags of the poor, the huge luxurious buildings and the shanty towns in the suburbs full of misery. But, without a doubt, the worst part is the weight of sheer luxury and the amount of homeless people who don’t even have a roof over their heads, all they do is slip and slide, and can’t find their place in such an unjust society. The days are long and they are only happy when they are asleep or drunk, when their conscience minds are free of the hell they are living. When their eyes open in the morning, all that can be seen is sadness, bitterness and suffering...”

“...All they really need is four things: some water to be able to wash themselves, some bread, a good fire to heat their frozen bones and a bottle of wine to help them forget about the suffering that follows them on a daily basis. And if they have an obsession, it is not that of becoming rich, because they know that they will never achieve that, it is that of dying as soon as possible and, if they are lucky, to do so in their sleep, to not have to look death in the face...”

“...Some cannot handle the life they lead and commit suicide without any contemplations whatsoever. The majority of homeless and poor people don’t have any hopes or dreams, they are much more realistic than that and have no doubt that life has given them the weaker card. They know that richness will never embrace them, that they are only slaves of misfortune and solitude. Among them, there are those who think and exclaim to the world that everything in life is a lie and that there is no mystery about it, nor life after death. However, others believe and hold close in their minds that karma is making them pay for something they must have done in their past lives. There are those who believe that their way of life, similar to that of stray dogs, is a curse. Other blame it on leaving their homes at a young age, the injustice carried out by a cold and distant society that has no heart, that has no feelings or, that does not worry about the problems others suffer from because it has nothing to do with their own personal lives; a society in which there is no true love nor any intentions to share, nor is there compassion or mercy toward their unfortunate brothers and sisters, all of God’s children...”

“...Mankind needs to love and be loved, to have a family, healthy friendships, to feel needed in the best sense of the word. That way, an individual can better integrate in a society, thus becoming part of it.”

Tom parked the car by the sidewalk and turned off the engine. They both got out of the car and headed towards Patricia’s apartment.

“Oh, no!” Tom exclaimed, just as Patricia opened the door to the elevator. “No, sweetheart, I’ll take the stairs. You wait for me upstairs, in the penthouse.”

“The penthouse is over eighty meters on top of us, Tom” She replied drily. “Don’t you realize that you’ll be exhausted...”

Tom looked at her with a crestfallen expression.

“Don’t worry, these elevators are the safest there are on the market. Come on Tom, get inside.” She said in a desperate tone. “Please, get in the elevator, I’m begging you.”

Tom walked in with his head low and feeling terrified. The elevator took them up to the penthouse where Patricia opened the door to her apartment and they walked inside.

The apartment itself was eighty-eight square meters. It was very well looked after and decorated with taste, all of the walls were painted in beige to match the floral drapes hanging from the windows.

“Make yourself comfortable, Tom, to help you get over the elevator.” She said in a kind tone. “What do you want to drink? Do you want a whiskey on the rocks, darling?”

Tom nodded his head slowly in agreement.

“Here, just as you like it, with a lot of ice.” She said with a smile on her lips as she sat down next to him with a glass of peach liquor in her hands.

Tom took a sip from his glass and his face became relaxed and animated once more. He licked his lips and looked at her with deep admiration. She held his gaze and he reached out and placed his glass on the table without taking his eyes off of her and stroked her face. They moved closer to each other until their lips met. Tom embraced her and she wrapped her arms around his neck as they kissed passionately as their hands began to explore each other’s bodies. They let themselves fall onto the plush Persian rug below them. He removed her clothes in a matter of seconds and then removed his pants and boxers while she unbuttoned his shirt.

Embracing each other, they rolled around the floor among panting sounds and tenderness, whispering sweet nothings to each other. He rolled on top of her and

penetrated her softly. Patricia began to moan with pleasure.

“I love you! Tom, I love you, my darling. I will love you forever...” “I love you too.” He replied, moaning loudly.

They climaxed in unison. Synchronized like two watches that made them perfect for each other.

Moments later, they stood up and walked to the bathroom to take a nice hot shower together.

“I would like to go to India with you Tom.” She commented. “But the problem is that I have to work and it isn’t time for me to take my vacations yet.”

“I know.” He said thoughtfully.

“But you, Tom, you’re thinking about travelling for almost a month, right?”
“That’s right...”

“Well, all I can do is ask for fifteen days leave.” She said, shrugging her shoulders.

“Fifteen days isn’t a lot, but it’s better than nothing.” She thought to herself.
“Don’t worry, Patricia. Make sure you ask your company on Monday to give you those fifteen days leave.”

“Perfect.” She replied, pouting her lips at him.

Tom looked down at his watch and frowned slightly. It was one o’clock in the morning.

“Tom, I forgot to tell you that I have to travel tomorrow. As it’s Sunday, I’m going to see my parents. You can come with me if you want to.”

“I would prefer to stay home and rest. You know that I don’t like visits that much.”

“Of course, I had forgotten, sweetheart.”

Tom took Patricia into his arms, his kiss was both passionate and possessive.
“I’ll see you on Monday and say hi to your parents for me.”

“Okay, I will do. Oh! And don’t forget to call me on Monday so that I can confirm the days the company gives me for my leave.”

“Don’t worry, I will.” He said.

4

Two days later, on Monday morning at nine o'clock, Tom Bosak walked through the doors to the company where he worked and headed towards his department. He saw his colleague, Jake Lewyn and greeted him:

"Hi Jake!"

"Hi Tom! How are you? How's everything going?"

"So, so." He said. "Did you know that I argued with Jackson on Thursday over...?"

"Yes, I know." Jake interrupted him. "To be honest, he's really angry with you. He needs you and is quite lost without you."

"Well that's no longer my problem." Tom replied with a lenient smile. "I am on leave and I intend to rest for quite some time."

"Mental strain always takes its toll sooner or later."

Tom nodded at his colleague as he saw out of the corner of his eye that Jackson Scott was approaching. He tried to act distracted.

Jackson greeted him and Tom, turning around, greeted him back.

"Have you come to work? Or to give me your leave papers from the doctor?" Scott asked him in a contemptuous tone. "Have you made an intelligent decision... or have you shot yourself in the foot?"

His provocative, dry and bossy tone was starting to make Tom's blood boil. "I've come to hand in my leave given to me from the doctor." He said, his voice tense.

Jackson frowned at him and shot him a look full of range. He took a deep breath and then said with a tone full of disdain:

"My boy, you have just lost your job, just like I said you would. You no longer interest me, you're fired with no going back."

"There's no talking to this pig-headed man!" Tom thought to himself. And calmly and rhetorically, he shot back:

“He who sows the wind, reaps the storm. You will most probably end up working as a garbage collector, which is the only thing you are really good for.”

Jackson, with an expression of anger, jumped towards Tom while shouting and insulting him:

“You son of a bitch! You bastard! I’ll beat the hell out of you!”

Tom stood his ground and punched him on the nose, knocking him to the ground. Jackson lay on the floor in shock and whimpering in pain.

Tom raised his arm above him with his fist still balled up, in a gesture of uncontrolled fury.

“No, no, please, don’t hit me anymore. I beg you.” Jackson said, protecting his nose with one hand while he held his other arm up with his palm open to stop Tom from hitting him.

Tom controlled his anger with his teeth clenched.

“Here’s my leave.” He placed his hand in his pocket and added: “I hope that, next time, you treat me with more respect, if you don’t, I could really get angry and lose control over my temper.”

“Okay.” Jackson replied with a trembling voice, as he stood up and headed towards the men’s room to clean the blood off of his face with his head hanging low.

Nobody within the company judged Tom for his reaction. They were happy that somebody had finally put the president in his place, as he treated most of his employees in a way that was very close to humiliation.

“I had no intention of letting things get this far.” Tom said, looking at Lewyn. “I’ll miss you, Jake.”

“Take care of yourself, Tom. I’ll never forget what a good colleague you were.” He said as they shook hands.

Lewyn had the feeling that he would not see Tom again and winked at his old colleague. Tom winked back with a smile and turned around and headed for the exit.

Tom walked out of the main door of the Stock Advisor Company Lawson & Burton.

He headed towards a travel agent’s that was half a block away. As he walked along the sidewalk, he let himself be dragged along by the crowds of people who were walking one way or another. *“A trip to India, now is the time to do it. To hell*

with Lawson & Burton and its president.” He thought to himself. “I am finally going to be free of that leech. I am free from obligations, tension and day to day problems. But when I return and my thirty days of leave are up, what am I going to do? Where will I go to find a job? I have great aversion towards the stock market at the moment, as I also do at the thought of continuing as a broker. I would prefer any other job than going back to a stressful activity.”

He walked into the travel agency.

“Hello, good morning.” Tom said as he sat down.

“Good morning, Mr...”

“Bosak, Tom Bosak.”

“Are you looking to travel?”

“Yes, to India.” He replied hurriedly.

“To what part of India, Mr. Bosak?”

“To Calcutta, Varanasi, Nepal and Tibet.”

“Tibet is practically forbidden for tourists, Mr. Bosak.” The travel agent reminded him, looking into his eyes. “Since the invasion of China, except for some places of little interest that are permitted by the army.”

The Chinese and Tibetans had been at war. Now they were up against each other and enemies once again due to antagonistic ideological, cultural, political and religious concepts and enormous and powerful country that had almost completely extracted the spiritual nucleus of planet Earth.

“However, just as information, Ladakh is now considered to be the small Tibet.” She continued. “Have you heard about that?”

“Yes, of course.” Tom replied.

“I have to call Patricia just to make sure. I have to know if she can come with me or not.” He thought.

“If I’m not mistaken, you would be interested in the following itinerary.” She said in a friendly tone. “To leave from the JFK airport on a charter flight, with a layover at Heathrow International Airport in London, from there to Calcutta, to Varanasi whenever you want and, lastly, to Katmandu, which is the capital of Nepal.”

“Does that itinerary take me in a straight line from one point to another?” Tom asked.

“Yes.”

“What days are there flights?”

“On Thursdays and on Saturdays.” She paused briefly and then asked: “What day would you like to travel?”

“On Thursday. But before I do anything, I have to make a call to confirm a few things...”

“Of course, you can use our phone, Mr. Bosak.” She said as she pointed towards the phone.

Tom dialed the number to the offices belonging to the USA Today news journal, where Patricia worked as the secretary for the head of publicity, Mark Lambert.

“Yes? Hello?”

“Hello, Patricia. It’s me. Have they given you the days off that you asked for?” “Yes, but only ten days, darling...” She said, her voice breaking slightly. “Oh! No!” He exclaimed, frowning.

“Where are we going to go with so few days? I don’t want to travel like that. But I can’t tell her no now.” He thought to himself.

“Well, it doesn’t matter, sweetheart.” He finally said in a calming tone. “We’re leaving on Thursday, is that all right?”

“Okay darling...”

“I’ll meet you at the Status restaurant. We can have lunch together after work.” “That sounds perfect, I’ll see you soon.” She said, saying goodbye.

“See you soon, my love.”

Tom hung up the phone and purchased the plane tickets for that Thursday, paying for them with his Dinners Club card. He picked up the tickets and a travel guide of India to read the information that it gave with useful advice and general conditions to keep in mind during the vacation. He walked out of the travel agency and on to the street and, after hailing down a taxi, he asked the driver to take him to the Status restaurant.

Status was a restaurant that some of the most influential people in the city used as a meeting point. Both the outside and inside decor was highly luxurious. The doors and windows were made of carved beech wood, the floor was covered with white silica tiles with a blue hue. The plush rugs and oriental drapes contributed in increasing the comfort and luxurious display.

Tom walked inside the splendid restaurant and sat down at a table located at the back. Most of the faces he saw were familiar.

“Hello, Mr. Bosak. Good afternoon.”

“Good afternoon.” He greeted the waiter.

“What would you like to order, sir?”

“A grape juice with ice.”

“Very well.”

Tom spent his time observing the people around him. He could see smiling expressions, but also sour ones. Several meters away, he saw how a customer tipped a waiter with an amount that would make the poorest and most unfortunate people smile with extreme happiness.

“The smiles and compliments the waiters give a so large and false that they are starting to bother me.” Tom thought to himself.

His expression turned surly and hard as he watched how two middle-aged customers shot lewd glances at a young woman of about twenty years of age. *“I can’t stand shameless people.”* He thought. He had seen all of that as normal a long time ago. However, those calculated and premeditated urban principles now made him feel revolted, as if they were charts that one had to use according to the circumstances, just to get attention, to make people like than or to stand out over everybody else.

Tom was distracted, with a far off gaze as he sat there, lost in thought. *“Many of these people most probably surround the sun that gives off the most light. They live the best possible lives, even if that means acting like a parasite and to skip over difficulties just to not suffer or live a life of poverty. The comments can be heard from time to time: ‘life is so bad, difficult and hard that, if I hold on to what I have got, I won’t fall like the rest. I’ll just step on whoever it takes and I’ll do whatever needed to make sure that my time on this Earth has not been wasted.’ There is no doubt that ego, greed and lack of honor, slow down our spiritual evolution.”*

“Your juice, Mr. Bosak.” The waiter said, interrupting the daydreaming state that Tom had fallen into.

“Oh yes, of course! Thank you.” Tom said as he rubbed his eyes with the palm of his left hand. He put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a few dollars and placed them on the little plastic plate next to his check. The waiter’s kind façade disappeared when he saw that there was no tip.

Tom realized just how false some of the waiters really were: if you gave them a gratification in return for their services, they would smile like a dog wanted to be petted; if you didn’t, their expression would change and they would become sullen. *“I think a few coins are needed more by a person living on the streets who doesn’t even pretend to smile, than by these waiters.”* He thought to himself.

Tom was thinking about the critical states in which the conscience mind lived, day after day, he thought about the terrible life, the noise, the continuous rush, the responsibilities, the obligations, the image and the consumerist society, all part of a large, never-ending circle where, generation after generation, the people spin, a circle that was getting even bigger.

“Everything is happening faster, there is a sea of doubts in the mind with regards to where we are going to end up in life continues as it is. The governments show instability, as if they had no control over the power they have.” He thought. *“There is corruption all around us. Many people simply make do with what they have to keep their family afloat; and yet others want more and more, wanting to have goods and money to feed their ego and greed that eats them away like a cancer...”*

“...Some say life is too short.” He thought to himself. *“But I think that this world is a maze with many different paths, that truth only has one path, one which is full of complications and adversities...”*

“...All of us have the free will to do whatever we want with our lives.” He said to himself. *“But our acts will affect the consequences of our karma, the law of cause and effect and the law of dharma...”*

“...I want to walk down the right path, but I need somebody to guide me through it, because I am lost in a sea of my own doubts.” He thought. *“I feel strange in this life, but I have a feeling that there is more than what our eyes can see. I also think and believe that the quintessence of the supreme truth cannot be found on an objective level, but on a subjective one...”*

“...I hope that, in India, I will find the light to remove all of my doubts.” He said to himself. *“So that my intuition, my will and my conscience not only know how to choose the right path, but also know not to leave it, to not move towards a false sun, and thus avoid coming into contact with people who live their lives by lying, parasites, who thieve and kill.”*

