

The Mystery Book

On a winter night, our family gathered like usual, and finally, my Grandpa will tell us a story from his book at the end of the day like a routine, but suddenly it started to rain, and we, unfortunately, sat around the heater until Grandpa arrived or the rain stopped. Stop it, Jakob! You are going to hurt yourself. Jakob: I don't think so.

Jacob was playing with the matches and he did hurt himself so his parents grounded him by not listening to Grandpa's story.

We the kids like they say at the same age, maybe around 14 and 13.

A sound: Grandpa is here! Grandpa is here!

Grandpa went home after work with his wet coat and sat to rest a little and then he joined us around the heater.

Kids: Come on Grandpa it's time for the story

Grandpa: Alright alright I'm coming.

Wait where is Jacob

Lily: he's grounded for playing with the matches.

Grandpa: Hmm, Jacob's curiosity sounds like a title. Anyway, can someone get me my book?

Philip: I'll get it!

Lily: When will you tell us the story of the book itself Grandpa?

Grandpa: Not now darling.

Phillip: Here is The Book, Grandpa.

Grandpa: let's see what we have here,
I want to tell you a story that has value.
I found it, okay are you ready?

Kids: yes!!

Grandpa: Before we start, Lily, could you please close the lights and turn on my music?

Lilly: Indeed.

Grandpa: Let's go then.

The seaman



A long time ago when legends used to exist, and myths are true. A man got heartbroken from the one he loves the most, they used to walk together and talk on the black shore and listen to the sea waves. After she left him, he went to the shore sad and in anger then he started to yell at the Sea, but the Sea won't just listen to someone shouting at him, he will express his anger as well, and the fight has just begun.

Sun, Clouds, and Fish all are the audience watching a man competing with the Ocean and wondering how it's going to end.

The Sun has gone and it's Moon time. Moon asked why this noise, Clouds reply that a man is fighting with the Sea and the Sea is about to go angry.

The Moon used her ability to hold the Sea from punishing the Man, and then she asked why are you so angry with the Sea.

The Man said that he wants to die because she left him and because he cannot kill himself, he is messing with the Sea to make him kill him.

And With her beauty, she convinced him to live for her, but the Sea got so mad more than she could handle.

The sea got his respect and gave the audience a lesson so no one competes with him ever again.

The man is dead, the Sea is satisfied, and the Moon is sad, but she will forget about it because it's Sun's time now,

IT'S A NEW DAY...

Grandpa: Now what did you learn my sweethearts?

Phillip: Look! The rain stopped!

Let's go to play!

Everyone went out except me and Lily.

Me: I learned something, Grandpa.

Grandpa: What is it, Michael?

Michael: To not mess with the fire and to listen to warnings.

Grandpa: Very good Michael, what about you Lily?

Lily: I learned that if I express my anger with harmful things it can be deadly.

Grandpa: magnificent darling I'm impressed.

Now go play with your cousins.

Lily went out and I pretended that I'm going out too, but I did know what my Grandpa was going to do. He's going to go to Jacob to tell him a story so we do not be better than him. As I expected he's going upstairs to Jacobs's room, and I sneaked in to listen to Grandpa's different story.

Grandpa: Are you awake boy?

Jacob: yes Grandpa.

Grandpa: show me your hand.

Hmmm, you did hurt yourself, it's okay you will be fine just don't play with the fire again.

Now do you want to hear a story before going to sleep?

Jacob: Sure Grandpa.

Grandpa: go turn off the lights and get my gramophone and put your favorite disc and don't forget to get some candles.

Jacob: On my way sir.

He went out.

Grandpa: show yourself, Michael I know you're here.

Michael: Sorry Grandpa I didn't mean to be a snitch, all I wanted is to listen to your different story to Jacob.

Grandpa: Just ask Boy, now make yourself comfy.

Michael: Thank you, Grandpa.

Jacob: All done Grandpa.

Grandpa: Okay, sit down next to your brother.

Let's see, oh I remembered a good story from The Book.

Birds



flying through the clouds to escape from winter's cold to summer's warmth, and to find shelter and food, because they know their limits and they are aware enough that they can't handle winter's cold and snow.

Birds fly in a group to feel safe and satisfied through the journey, except this group starts their journey as a crowd and then they become more like a family.

Unfortunately, that didn't last until the end of the journey, some birds started to make groups into groups, and through the migration, the big family became smaller day

after day, and like what happened in the beginning all groups started to make smaller groups into groups. It is like a big circle inside smaller circles. Birds forget about the point of gathering which is to be big enough so that eagles don't eat them throughout the journey.

One of the birds remembered the point of it all, and how they were supposed to be, he tried his best to gather them again like they were, but no one responded, and what he was afraid about has become true. The eagles saw the separated birds and took the chance of eating a big meal, people may think that eagles are the symbol of victory or honor which is true but not in the natural world, They are meat-eating birds. so they attacked and ended the journey before it ended.

It was all because some birds decided that they are better than others and took a side away from them, and this idea spread among the big family, and no one took a step against it till the end when that bird realized the truth, but it was too late.

Grandpa: So what did you learn, boys?

Michael: unity, cooperation against the danger.

Grandpa: well-done Michael like usual. What about you Jacob: we are all alike, no one is different so there is no reason to be arrogant, and not be deceived by others' appearance.

Grandpa: what a wonderful understanding Jacob, well-done boy. Now go to sleep and you Michael go out.

Grandpa went out too, and the day passed.

The next day Grandpa had to go on a business journey for 5 years. We all were surprised, even Grandpa. We were so sad that Grandpa will leave for a long time, but it's what it is. Grandpa's plane took off and every family went to her home.

2 years later

I found a message in The Book of Stories that Grandpa used to tell us from. It was like a note saying "Whenever you are lost just open and pick a story"

I was 17 when I saw it and I was very lost.

My mother passed away two months ago. I met my Grandpa at the solace. He didn't say anything, he was very depressed about his daughter's death. He went back to his journey after all. I don't know where he got this stony heart. He should have stayed with us, stayed with me!

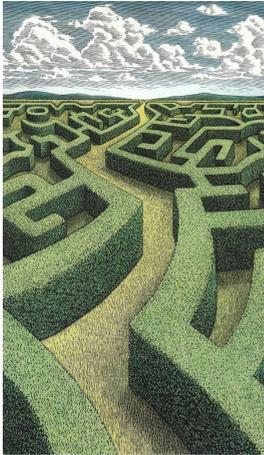
I opened the book and started to search for a story that might make me feel better about life. It was so dark after my mother's death. She died from cancer after years of struggling.

I miss her.

I found something that can be related to me, before reading I did what Grandpa used to do before telling us the stories. I turned off the lights and I got some candles, and of course, I got the gramophone to get into the mood by listening to soft music.

Here I go

The Green Trap



Raindrops hitting his bald head mixed with his tears burning his wounded bloody hands and injuries all over his body from the last fight with the werewolf, he won the battle, yet he didn't win the war which is getting out of the maze.

A grassy maze he found himself in suddenly, he doesn't remember anything but he knew that he needed to make it through.

For days he was running in circles, he tried everything to get out but the maze was so hard to solve. He surrenders to the fact that he will never get out, and with the moment of silence everything becomes clear, and he figures out how to get out.

Instead of finding a way to get out, he built a way to make it through, so he started to make a hole in the walls to create a straight way, and after a few days he did it he got out of the loopy maze by making a line through the circle.

After he went out he took a deep breath and sat down laying on a rock, he looked at the maze with a challenging eye then he cut his hair that became touching his neck and went to the maze again to see all that he didn't see, to know all the choices and where they would lead to.

Asking himself pretending to be the Grandpa

So Michael, what did you learn?

He answers himself: life is hard but I will make it through, death is inevitable so I have to accept the truth, and I have to get out of my maze.

I wish Grandpa was here now to see what I have learned.

1 year later

I went to see my cousins Jacob and Lily after a long time. They were not the same. Of course, they are older now, but that is not what I meant. They changed for the worse with me. They used to be kind to me; they were my brother and sister, not just cousins. I was wondering why they treat me so badly as if I got rejected by my family. I don't know maybe because I went to college and they didn't maybe because I found a good job I don't know. But they were supposed to be happy for me, we're family. My success is their success as well.

An idea came from nowhere, or a memory to be specific.

I remembered the Bird's story, the one that Jacob and I heard from Grandpa, so went to them once again but this time we sat down together as we used to do, and I told them the story. After I finished I asked, "What did you learn"?

Lily: I remembered my Grandpa, and I understand what you are trying to do, but I'm sorry life is not fair, and life was not kind to me and Jacob.

Jacob: we don't mean to treat you badly my friend and I got the point that you are trying to highlight.

But it's too late. We can not change to be better like you want.

Michael: It's never too late.

I went back to my home and opened the Book, and started to turn the pages in the hope of finding something.

I found an interesting title

The Blue Butterfly



Away from mankind, far from noises, in hidden woods with amazing animals that play everywhere, and next to a magical river over a branch that lays from a young tree a worm that misleads the way to her home.

On her way home, she suffered from the eaters which are the birds and small creatures, yet she survived all. She met companions on her way. She was happy with them because they were worms like her but she was different, she was special to them. She stayed with them for a long period, and she became like them.

She thought she found her home, but good things don't last forever. Her friends started to change and treat her badly. She judged herself that she did something wrong and maybe she did.

She forgot that she is different from them, little worm started to feel pain and hopelessness, and suddenly she went to her cocoon, for months she lay in her cocoon, and when the time comes she gets out as an amazing butterfly that makes all the animals look at her in an admirable look, but when she went back to her companions they did not treat her as she was expecting, she eventually gets it that those friends are not right for her.

She left searching for a real home but not as a worm but as a butterfly.

I feel like that Book and its stories are written for me. It was amazing to find something that gives me the answers to my problems.

I need to know its secret, I want to know where these stories came from.

The secret is with my Grandpa so I guess I'll just wait until he returns.

Days passed and I didn't care how long it was. Something was missing in my life. I don't know what it was, a thing that I know it's important, however, I can't remember.

A call from Phillip saying that my Father is ill

I was out of the country and to be honest, after my mother's death, I didn't talk to him. I didn't care about him which was wrong I know.

I reached home to see my Father laying on his bed with all the family around him, even Grandpa!

Micheal: What's wrong with him?

Phillip: He has cancer.

Michael(to himself): That awful sickness, I hate it, he took my mom from me, and now Dad. Why me?!

Grandpa after all this time showed his face, showing his face in the bad moments and disappearing after it.

Michael: In which stage is he?

Grandpa: stage 3, Michael.

Michael: So we still have the chance?

Doctor: I'm afraid not, he's in stage 3 of the sickness, yet this kind of cancer is unbeatable. The sound of silence is only heard.

Dad: Come sit next to me Michael.

Michael goes with all eyes on him.

Dad: life is hard son but you're stronger,
Don't go hard on yourself and forgive me that I wasn't there for you.

2 hours later and Father is gone.

They bury him and go back home, no one said a word.

For a week Michael and Grandpa lived together without talking until one day Grandpa was mopping the Book from the dust.

The Book hasn't been opened for around 3 years.

Grandpa: Michael, do you want to hear a story?

Michael: no

Grandpa: it might make you better, give it a try.

Michael: Nothing can make me feel better.

And I don't want to listen to your voice.

Grandpa: I know, so you are the one who is going to read.

Michael: Why didn't you leave as you always do?

Grandpa: I won't leave again, but you can leave if you want.

Michael: I will never be like you.

Grandpa: You are like me aren't you the one who left his Father struggling with his sickness?

Michael with an angry voice: And aren't you the one who abandoned his family for businesses!

Aren't you! Don't talk about leaving and you are the one who started it.

Grandpa: I regret that boy.

I know that I have done something shameless, so don't go harsh with me.

Michael: You left me alone!

Grandpa: Don't you want to know where I have been?

Michael: No I don't care.

Grandpa: Okay, I'll leave you alone till you become calm.

2 Days later Michael became calm and went to the Book and took it to Grandpa.

He wanted to know where Grandpa was and he wanted to know the secret of the Book.

Michael: Grandpa, I'm ready to read the story.

Grandpa: Did you do what we used to do?

Michael: Yes, I got everything.

Let's see, what was its name, Grandpa?

Grandpa: The Purple Star boy.

Michael: Okay.

The Purple Star.



Stars for the sailors are more important than the ship and the crew, they can travel whenever they want with its guidance.

A story about a Captain who lost his unique star with its extraordinary purple color.

He would like to travel on his star's guide rather than look at a map. She was his protector and his inspiration to travel through the cold sea.

He lost her, he got distractions, and life's problems made him care more about himself and forget about her and go to search for fortunes.

On his journey to the edge of the world, he got lost in the Dark Sea away from the sun, the sea that no one ever returned from, because there was no light there, there was no happiness there, there was just darkness and foggy weather.

As a first solution to get out, he looked at a map, but there was no use, then he asked his crew if someone knew anything, yet there was no answer.

His crew members started to blame him for this situation, even though they wanted him dead.

All the crew got crazy and started to kill each other because of the power of the dark, the Captain fought to save himself, and now all of them are dead except the Captain.

He waited for no reason but he waited and kept wondering what it was that he forgot, for years he was trapped in the dark until he finally remembered his star but he couldn't remember where she used to be in the sky, also he couldn't see because of the fog.

The fog has gone and the star has disappeared and the Captain died in regret that he lost everything for nothing.

A moment of silence after Michael read, and then both of them started to cry tears everywhere. Michael remembered his Father and what he should have done, and Grandpa remembered his abandonment of the family.

Each one of them had his purple star.

Michael: I always wanted to ask you about the Book Grandpa, why when I read a story from it, it looks related to me?

Grandpa: I'll tell you and will tell you where I've been.

Michael: I'm all ears.

Grandpa: fine

I wrote this book a long time ago, and each story I wrote was talking about me.

I don't know why you think it's connected to you, however, it's good that you can find a message to you. Now talking about where I have been.

I was writing new stories. At first, I went on a business journey but I quit after your mother's death. I couldn't handle it so I left. I isolated myself from everyone. I was depressed and I'm still depressed. I wanted to get out but I couldn't do it by myself.

I wrote a story about that by the way.

Michael: I would like to listen.

Grandpa: I would like to tell you.

Hmmm, I call it the Deep Hole.

The Deep Hole



A group of friends with different backgrounds decided to travel to see the beauty of the natural world, therefore they went to the forest that has a view over the sea. They had so much fun, and they played a lot of enjoyable games together. During a game that they were playing one of them fell into a deep hole, and this friend had an issue with his character. He was so hubris and does not like to help people or people help him.

His friends searched for him for hours and even looked in the hole and he knew that they were searching for him, yet he did not yell so they could hear him and get him out of the hole, his slogan was " I'll do it myself ", he even said that after his fall "I will get out by myself", "I don't need help". Friends, after a lot of searching, guessed that he may have an emergency and left without saying so they continued their trip.

After the day has passed they went back to their homes, while he is still in the hole trying to get out, he finally admitted the truth
He cannot do it on his own and finally, he shouted out for help, but no response indeed.

Because his friends continued their lives as if he did not exist, and when they remember him they remember him with hate because he vanished for no reason.

He passed away and no one knows where he was, he died because he asked for help after it was too late. If he just screamed when they looked for him in the hole he would be still alive, and his fall would just be a memory with his friends, but he didn't.

Michael: That's tough Grandpa.

Grandpa: Yeah I know.

I'm sorry that I left you when you needed help, but I needed help as well.

Can you forgive me, son?

Michael: I forgive you.

I will write these in my diary, and I will try to publish them everywhere.

Grandpa: That's kind of you boy, thank you.

2 years later Grandpa is about to die from a heart attack, and Michael is sitting next to him

Grandpa: tell me a story, Michael from your words.

Michael: from where did you know that I'm waiting for that?

Grandpa:I know everything about you boy.

Michael: As you wish Grandpa.

I wrote a story about myself like you.

I call it the prisoner.

Grandpa: The title is catchy. Tell me more.

Michael: I hope you like it.

The prisoner



On the sound of the violins

He awakened, with four individuals that he does not know yet.

Where am I? He said.

You are in the prison

One of the four replied.

In prison!! What did I do?

Did I kill someone? Or did I steal something precious?

Shouted the man on the four.

They did not give him any attention, because each of them have their crises.

He started to examine the prison he can't hear anything

Or see anything from the windows.

After he swallowed the reality he went to the four men to ask for information about how they arrived there, why they are there, and why they are so calm and relaxed.

He asked each one of them and the answer was similar to each other. They woke up here for days, and they don't remember anything, they give up, and they are waiting for death or someone would come to get them out.

The music made him calm and fall asleep, before falling asleep he recognized who are the four men

They were memories, previous versions of him, emotions, and friends he used to know. It was not a prison, it was a grave.

He woke up again but this time alone, in a different place he is in a room, and the door is open, and there is a white flash outside, he closed the door in fear of what he doesn't know he is just afraid.

He kept walking into the room in various ways, his curiosity is killing him yet his fear is stronger, the music of the violin started to come from everywhere, therefore he remembered the prison that he has been in and became very scared of what he doesn't know, he was afraid of the unknown and from the source of the music.

The room started to be shattered and it will fall over his head, he is running out of time.

**Finally, he jumped out of the room to the light that he was afraid to walk into, to see a magical world he hadn't seen before, and when felt safe
He woke up...**

Grandpa, what did you understand?
Grandpa? Grandpa answer me!

Grandpa closed his eyes and died in peace.

The Book became Michael's heritage, and he started to put his stories in it.
Michael meets Phillip at Grandpa's funeral,
They talk a lot about how they became and how they were. Phillip has a problem with himself and he knows what it is, he tells Michael about his problem in the hope that Micheal can help. It's okay if someone couldn't help someone who asked for help.
Michael couldn't help but his cousin's problem helped Michael, however, he became inspired by the problem. He wrote his second story in the Book

Love as it should be



There are kinds of love; family love, friends love, soulmate love, and self-love. A long time ago there was a man who spent his life searching for love. He went all over the world searching for something he didn't feel, and when he was a child he didn't feel it from his parents, they were not able to give him love and attention they were very tight and did not care about anything.

They thought that providing him with food and shelter was love, but that was the definition of giving life to a normal creature. Not love

So he tried to get it from outside from his friends, and he felt that he was wanted but not loved. It was okay, that was the best thing they could give, yet he still had the feeling that something was missing. As if he wanted more attention from outside, so he thought that if he found a girl who loves him and gives him that missing thing he would be satisfied.

He went into a lot of relationships through his search that all ended badly for each side. He got harmed, and he caused harm as well because he didn't give the love he

was just receiving. He kept looking for it everywhere until he went to his hometown, he went to his old house after a long time after his parents passed away, looking in every room and remembering his life and how it was, he went to his room and found his mirror, and when he looked at it he cried. He realized that it was not about the outside, it was about the inside.

He found the missing thing he doesn't know how to love himself in the first place, so he cannot give

It. He knew the answer to why he couldn't give it.

**He will always be alone until he knows how to value himself for no reason
Because you don't need to achieve big things to love yourself.**

And then he went to Phillip to tell him the story,
Michael thought that his story had the answer to Philip's problem, and he was right.
The story helped a lot of people, not just Phillip.
Grandpa would be happy if saw that.

People in their success forget about their lives
They just enjoy themselves with money and traveling or by buying cars and houses, each one does his own thing.
Until life gives its slap.
Michael got cancer like his Mother and the test pain like her.
He accepts it; he even refuses the cure.
He wrote his last story in the Book
A story about his enemy throughout his life, which is death. Death has taken all his happiness, death took his mom, dad, and grandpa. Now it's his turn, My turn.

"Before the last story to me, I just want to say
Don't lose yourself at your highest point."
Michael

The story is a salute to Death because it's the only fact that everyone believes in.

The Metro Station



While getting out of the metro a push from the back made him fall to the ground and the people kept going on stepping on his face. It was funny. He got up and mopped himself from the dust and dirt and went on like the rest. I was watching him from the waiting seats.

I like to come here every day to watch, I find my peace in the noise. it's a habit, and I love to look at their eyes and faces because every eye has a different story, and every face has its tale. Time goes very fast when you sit and look at people going around, but it goes very slow when someone is deciding whether to jump or not, it's just a little step, yet it looks like it's a thousand kilometers. They will care if you jump and
If you do not, no one will even see you.

Each one of them has a purpose which is to reach the wanted station, but if someone doesn't have a purpose, what would he do? there is no option to stop the metro until he finds it, unfortunately.

He had to have one before he got on the metro, sadly he will stay in the metro for an eternity watching people come and go.

I'm watching someone right now from outside, and he can't get out, but he's stupid, to be honest, why don't he just choose a station before it's too late?!

Anyway, he jumped after all but he jumped too early, the metro didn't come yet, and I wonder what is going to happen. guess what...

He died from the fall. You probably ask how I know, it's simple I'm the one who pushed him. Oh

I forgot to introduce myself, I'm Death.

Michael is gone, but the Book didn't.

The Book is in the hands of someone else.

Me.

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