

Allegories “LIFE”
~Eternal Life~

**Written
By**

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Part 1

Transmigration

Allegory 1A

I am waiting for the last moment, leaning beside a large black tree in the dim and sultry jungle. Mortally wounded in a fierce firefight, I was abandoned by my scattered troops, waiting with an empty mind for the extinction of "I" or one human, which will soon come. What did I fight for with my life? If I have no choice but to fight for my loved ones or for myself, there is still salvation in that battle. But in this war, my home city was burned to the ground, my family lost their peaceful days, I am wounded and being died, and now my own death is imminent. If my fight in this war is for some self-inflated politicians and military commanders who identify themselves with the mother-country, my death will only be recorded as number "one" of tens of thousands of war dead. There is no superiority or inferiority in life, and a life is only one fruit produced from countless lives succeeding from the primitive. The precious days of tears and smiles spent with our lovable people should be never permitted to interrupt by someone's caprice. But now I can't even add one flower to my death, and I weep at the emptiness of vanishing like dust buried in mud. As if the last moment were eternal, the memories of life are rapidly replaced, and the pitch-black darkness mercilessly erodes the twilight light, and I extinguish.

In the darkness beyond time and space, I am drifting in the void. When and where will I wake up next? I hear a voice calling out to me from the darkness. War, and...

Allegory 1B

I was born as the second son of a farmer in Heiligenstadt. When I was 15 years old, a middle-aged man with a contorted face and a terrifying appearance suddenly knocked on the door of our house. His clothes were dirty, his hair disheveled, and he looked like a vagrant. He opened his red, bloodshot eyes wide and murmured in a distressed voice to me and my parents that he wanted a drink. My parents were confused by the man's unusual appearance, but offered him a glass of homemade wine. He introduced himself as Ludwig and replied quietly, "Thank you." He sat down in a chair as suggested, lowered his head on the table, and pounded the table hard with his clenched fists. The thumping sound "bang, bang, bang, bang" of that time still lingers in my ears. There was silence for a while. We saw around vacantly. Eventually, he lifted up his face and looked up and yelled, "What's the significance of living in despair?" but I didn't know who he was talking to. It sounded like the screaming of someone desperately trying to cross the stormy river, almost being swept away by the torrent. I didn't know if the river was a river he had to cross or a river he should avoid.

Many years later, he died in Vienna as a great composer, and many citizens mourned deeply and joined the funeral procession. I don't know if he

overcame this anguish for the last time, but I think he was looking ahead to the path to joy. I think the reason why he had to bear this anguish was because he was God's chosen one. I felt that he had taken on the suffering of mankind on our behalf and brought us a great gospel through his great music. I have aged with the support of my kind-hearted family and sincere friends, but now I will quietly follow Ludwig. I wouldn't be able to reach his state, but I think my life was fine. As my family watches, my consciousness gradually darkens like the embers in the fireplace going out. Finally, I would like to thank you for supporting my happy life, and pass away murmuring "thank you" in mind.

In the darkness beyond time and space, I am floating in the void. When and where will I next wake up? I hear a voice calling out to me from the darkness. War, Joy, and...

Allegory 1C

The last time I saw him was on the long road leading to the hill of Golgoda. He carried a heavy wooden cross, nodded his blood-stained face, and staggered up the slope, one step at a time. On the side of the road, crowds shouting at him and women breaking down crying at the sight of him gathered, and I pushed them away and walked slowly after him.

I was a Roman officer sent to Jerusalem, being born into an aristocratic family that had been proud of their prowess since the time of Emperor Caesar. My father is in the Senate and my elderly brother is in the Roman Parliament. I was commissioned as the captain of the 3rd Tank Corps and have made military achievements in various places.

He is crowned with thorns, blood drips from his forehead, and the scars of being whipped appear red stains on his dirty clothes. He is carrying a heavy cross and crawling on the ground. If the steps stop even slightly, the whip flies mercilessly.

Why did this man end up with such capital punishment? Man is sinful, even so why would he purify the world? Is he just a man with hubris, or a fool who risked his life with hubris? Is this man a fraudster who tries to deceive us as God's chosen one at the cost of his own life? If so, shouldn't he

deserve to be punished?

But whether this man is a fraudster or a vanity, the presence of this man has become the hope of the massive people, arousing love and tolerance in people's hearts, and the coming of the day when this man ascends to the heavenly world has become the courage for many people to live. By accepting the various hardships as his own load, he vouches for his words and makes them true.

I was convinced that humbly believing in his words would be the salvation of my soul. After his execution, I heard whispers that he was resurrected. After his execution, I fought as a general in the Roman army until the age of 40, and I was able to survive to this day. I now spends the rest of my life quietly in the land of his restoration. And as I approach the age of 54, I am about to end my life in rest with his soul.

In the darkness beyond time and space, I am drifting in the void. When and where will I wake up next? I hear a voice calling out to me from the darkness. War, Joy, Love, and...

Allegory 1D

I was born on a large farm in the south. My parents live on this farm picking cotton. There is my hut near the mansion of landlord who let many cotton picking laborers dwell in huts within his farm. It's a small hut with no furniture and too small place to live in as a family, but for me it's a happy home where I can spend time with my lovely family. I was the same age as the lady in the mansion, and I was allowed to go in and out of the mansion to deal with the young lady. The young lady was pretty selfish, but she was very kind. The two of us ran around the garden, spotting and chasing squirrels and rabbits, and there was always a happy laugh.

My master took care of me more than the other servants, probably because I was a partner of his daughter. And I have never seen a servant on this farm whipped by a white watchman. Some of the guests who visit the mansion do look at us as if we are something dirty, but the master and his family have never behaved in such way that insulted us. Perhaps because I grew up in a privileged environment, I never experienced much pain where the townspeople discriminated against us black people.

One day, the great men of the North declared that they would free us from slavery. But the people of

the South objected to this, and a great battle began between the people of the North and the South. I don't know if we black people were slaves, but we felt discriminated against. I don't know why we black people are discriminated against. Because we have dark skin? Because we are lowly servants picking cotton? Because we don't go to school and study? All of these may seem like the right reasons, but none of them can be agreeable. I do think that the discrimination is not because of the characteristics of the discriminated person. It seems to be concealed in the hearts of those who discriminate willingly or unwillingly. People who discriminate should have someone inferior to themselves. There is no rational way to decide whether a person is superior or inferior to others. That's why I think people is apt to discriminate due to the characteristics not favorite to the others. Will we truly be free from discrimination when our self-conceit and condescension grow into a heart of respect and tolerance?

In this year when I am about to turn 72, I am surrounded by my grandchildren and children and trying to say goodbye. My husband, who had loved me, was waiting for me in the heaven five years ago. My husband was half white and half black. He showed me a world without discrimination through his sincere love. I am still grateful to him. And I would like to pass away with the memories of each

family member who supported and encouraged me, and who gave me courage and hope. Thank you and say goodbye to the children who shared my life.

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Allegory 1E

I came to the palace as Madam Marie's handmaiden when I was 16 years old. Madam Marie was young and very beautiful. Since she grew up without any inconvenience, she has some carefree inclination, but she was an innocent and active noblewoman.

Peaceful days had passed, but one day something happened that caused us a stir. Many citizens armed with weapons attacked the palace. The guards fought bravely. But the torrential stream of the angry citizens did not stop. Madam Marie left the palace with the king, but the militia presumed our escape and followed us. The king's soldiers fought valiantly, but they were outnumbered, and the guards were defeated one after another, and citizen soldiers like robbers entered Madam Marie's place. I stood in front of the militia to protect Madam Marie. My body was shaking as if an earthquake had happened. Several militiamen pushed me down and caught Madam Marie. She had a stiff face, but she maintained a resolute attitude. When she was taken away by the militia, one of them said hatefully, "These guys get tired of bread and eat cake every day."

Madam Marie then disappeared with the dew of the decapitation. The revolutionary army sent a large number of royalty and nobles to the decapitation. Citizens are shouting "Freedom, freedom" while

robbing the palace and killing people. Is this a revolution to realize freedom and equality? It's just a gang of robbers. The freedom guaranteed to one person is endorsed by the obligation to protect the lives, property and livelihoods of other people. Is the revolutionary army doing its duty? In the name of revolution, the obligation to guarantee freedom does not disappear. The freedom of the revolutionary army is not true freedom, but only tyranny that is the opposite of freedom. So, ironically, freedom exists only in limitations.

I am now forced to sit on a decapitation table. My sin was defending Madam Marie and criticizing the revolutionary army. In less than 30 years, I have run through the gorgeous world that occurred in my short life to the world of hell picture scrolls, and I am reaching the final moment. But I was happy.

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Allegory 1F

I am a priest of Alexandria. I have been serving Cleopatra for a long time. The queen took her own life in despair that her beloved Antonius was defeated in a naval battle with the Roman army and that Egypt would be occupied by the Romans. It was a poison-coated needle made from a venomous snake that was pierced in the chest. I was allowed to witness the end of the Queen and I memorized deeply in my mind her quiet death. I prayed for the repose of the soul beside the Queen, who was dying as the beautiful rose petals scattered one by one.

The Queen had an incomparably beautiful figure. What doubled her beauty was the brilliance that overflowed from within the Queen. The Queen spoke in various languages with foreign peoples and brought wisdom from all over the world. Therefore, she was able to talk with people from various countries and regions with a high level of education.

Inner beauty makes outer beauty shine even brighter, and that brilliance does not change with age. Beautiful statues are not only beautiful in form, but also because the intellect and passion of the sculptor are embedded in their shapes, which makes them even more beautiful. The beauty of the Queen was exactly like this. Those who touched this beauty were captivated by the Queen. And the vast archives of the

Great Library of Alexandria were the source of the Queen's beauty shine even brighter.

I am past 50 years old, got an incurable disease, and now lie alone on my deathbed. In a room where the quiet twilight sunlight shines through the small skylight, I am waiting for that solemn moment. In my mind, the Queen's world, which brought prosperity that surpassed even Rome, floats and disappears as a vivid scene like a running horse light. My life was fulfilled. Thank God. Beautiful life, it's time to say goodbye.

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Allegory 16

I'm 10-year-old Jean. I live in a small town on the outskirts of Paris. Tonton (middle-aged man) came to this small town who called himself a painter. He was roaming the streets in shabby appearance of stubble head without one ear, wearing a paint-stained jacket, a deep straw hat, and art supplies such as canvases. But only his eyes were strangely glaring, and it was scary as if he could see essence in depth through everything. Even though he was a painter, no one in my town knew his name.

My playground is a wheat field on the outskirts of town. My Tonton used to come to my playground almost every day for painting. Tonton was a very unusual person who suddenly yelled loudly and held his head while drawing. Dad strictly told me not to approach this person. But Tonton doesn't look like a bad person. I approached him fearfully. He looked a little surprised, glanced at me, and then silently continued painting as if nothing happened. The picture of my Tonton was a picture that even I could draw.

I sat beside him quietly. After a while, Tonton suddenly asked me, "What is sighted on your eyes?" Wondering what strange question he ask me, I answered "Wheat field". He replied like murmur "Oh yes", and continued to draw again. Tonton seemed to see something else besides the wheat field. I looked

around to strain my eyes, but in addition to the wheat field, I could only see cypresses and crows.

I don't know how much time has passed, but suddenly, Tonton shouted loudly. "Who are you?", "Have you lost what you have sought for such long time?", "Fool", "You should be gone", "Stop clinging to me", "If you get any closer, you will not be safe", and he seemed to be searching for something, with his hand in his pocket. Suddenly, there was a muffled bang, and Tonton contorted his face in pain.

I was surprised and called out, "Tonton!" He had a distressed look on his face, but he made a hand gesture to go away. I knew something terrible had happened. I thought about going to get my father, but I stopped in my tracks when I remembered his scared face telling me not to approach him. When I turned around, I saw my Tonton holding his stomach in pain. When I saw him growling, I ran home as if I had been repelled. When I got home, I told my terrified father the whole story. Dad was surprised and asked me to show him to the place. When my father and I arrived at the previous place, where we could not find out him. Canvases, brushes, and a pistol were scattered on the ground. Dad picked up the pistol and told me to put away the canvases and others.

I had heard that my Tonton lived in the attic of a tavern in town, so dad and I visited the tavern to deliver canvases and other things. The tavern master

told us as follows: Tonton had died two days ago, a psychiatrist who was a famous patron of artists and the younger brother of the deceased came to visit in turn, he looked calm and peaceful like he was free from suffering for many years.

It is said that while Tonton had worked as a painter, only one of his paintings could be sold. However, half a century has passed, and now the efforts of Tonton's brother and his wife let his many paintings have become known to the world, and I have come to know that they are evaluated to be miraculous works. I often began to think about what my Tonton was looking at and what he was afraid of. He may have seen himself in that landscape. Maybe it was an inexplicable himself that he was afraid of. I can't help but think that he was holding a pistol to end the inexplicable himself someday.

My Tonton is no longer in this world. However, many of his paintings continue to leave a great impression on the mind of people all over the world. He must have been fiercely passionate and drove away for a short life. Was this passion a passion for pursuing the inexplicable himself? Will Tonton's paintings set a passion lurking in everyone's mind on fire? What awakens insatiable exploration is the vast universe and the profound self. That inquisitive spirit must have kindled the flame of passion.

I think I'll see my Tonton soon. Is he painting on

the other side with a difficult face? If so, I'll ask him what he was looking at. The door of light is about to open. My journey from the past to the future continues. Let me leave this world that is hard to leave after being seen off by the sad faces of my wife and children.

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Allegory 1H

My master decided to leave me in the mansion to take care of the Bochama (son of master). When Bochama was an infant, he liked stones, knew the name of any stone, and talked about stones as if he were talking about his friends.

More than 30 years have passed since then, and Bochama suffered from a chest disease, and the home doctor told his parents that his life would not be so long. His younger sister also died of the same disease. His grief at that time was indescribable. After that tragedy, Bochama did not take himself into account, but was just helping those who were in trouble, as if possessed by the Buddha. Then, he was forced to work hardily for needy persons, and he contracted a chest disease.

Relying on Bochama in the sick bed, some farmers visited him to seek consultation about the soil. My master was worried about deteriorating Bochama's disease and warned me not to intervene as much as possible, but he did not mind me stopping and enthusiastically consulted with the farmer.

Eventually, he became unable to get up or speak, and he often vomited blood and breathed laboriously. He was more worried about the suffering of others than his own distress and death. He seemed to accept death as if it meant being freed from the pain

of living. Bochama died quietly because he wrote a jisei-no-ku (deathpoem) of resignation to his father.

Bochama's life was one of sincere search and gratuitous devotion. He did not demand anyone to live the same way as he lived, but seemed to be living uncompromisingly as his own way of life. Dedication is not easy for anyone to do. It seems to be a way of life entrusted to the Bochama by the Buddha. I believe that Bochama has shown us his own way of life and is leading us to the way of life that is sincere. I think that devotion is not the complacency of wanting to serve others, but the state that can only be reached by becoming selfless. Bochama's devotion seemed like that.

I quit the mansion and lived with cats in a country house. Every day, I spent my days thinking about my life and how to live, remembering Bochama. Thanks to the consideration of his younger brother, I have spent my time without any inconvenience until today. I was usually confident in my health, but I couldn't beat the coming waves of aging, and the number of days when I fell lying is increasing. Now, I hope to get under the Bochama as soon as possible.

In the darkness beyond time and space, I am floating in the void. When and where will I next wake up? I hear a voice calling out to me from the darkness. War, Joy, Love, Equality, Freedom, Beauty, Passion, Devotion, and...

Part 2

Spaceship Terrock

Tale 2A

I am a spaceship named as "Terock" (little earth). I was built on the satellite orbit over Mother Earth over a period of 10 years. For the next 500 years, we have continued our journey through the Galactic Nebula, and now we have reached the edge of the nebula. When I was built, Mother Earth was soiled due to various natural disasters and numerous dirty-weapon wars, and the survival of humanity was in danger. The International Salvation Association was concerned about this situation and brought together the highest level of science and technology to give birth to me.

Thousand healthy young people from all over the world set out on Terock in search of a new world. Terock is maintained through a biotope system. Their daily lives are managed by me, an artificial intelligence. Over the generations, their average life expectancy exceeded 150 years, but their intellectual curiosity and fighting spirit declined, and their reproductive function tends to be in reduction, and now they are down to 500 bodies. Terock's original purpose has become vague and it has become just an asteroid floating in space. They are only repeating the cycle of life and death.

The culture they have created in Terock was metaphysical and mystical. In particular, the view of

life and death was logically beyond comprehension. Their thoughts are as follows. In the process of decreasing LIFE energy of an individual unit with aging, it is believed that when the functions of the unit's body, mind, and consciousness cease, LIFE leaves the unit and floats freely in four-dimensional space-time. LIFE that has returned to its "homeland" beyond time and space replenishes its energy, transcends time and space again, and dwells in a body of new-born unit. In other words, LIFE reincarnates from an individual unit in a time-space universe to another individual unit in another time-space universe. Thus, the multiple worlds are creating constantly. LIFE can retain some memories of the past, which can affect the life of a new individual unit in which LIFE dwells. Memories imprinted on LIFE are not conscious of the new unit, but can manifest as some special talents of the unit. The people in Terock believe that the memory of LIFE is the foundation of human evolution and development.

LIFE has no form, it is like a wind. On the ancient Earth, the song poem called "A Thousand Winds" was sung, which they believe was an intuitive expression of the nature of LIFE through the great insight of the poet who wrote the lyrics. In other words, they believe that LIFE floating in four-dimensional space-time is represented as "wind" which is a shadow

projected onto the three-dimensional world. Sometimes it becomes a breeze, sometimes it becomes a storm, although LIFE force can change like above, but its energy gradually decreases with the passage of time.

The substance of LIFE is most noticeable in newborn babies. Babies have incomplete bodies, minds, and consciousness, which makes LIFE more vividly visible. The baby just tries to live, without calculations or ambitions. It is considered that this is the substance of LIFE. Those who live in a three-dimensional world cannot see LIFE, but we are living a daily life with in intuition being surrounded by the wind of LIFE that drifts around us. Is it possible to prevent LIFE once taken in by an individual unit from losing its energy in progression of life, or to restore LIFE energy that has been reduced? Terock residents seem to be interested in these problems. It is understood that the regimen, which has been said since ancient times, is one of the methods, even if its effect is weak. Their efforts were probably able to extend their lifespan to 150 years. If we can interact with LIFE floating in time and space, immortality may be realized.

What does the spaceship Terock seek and where does it go? We set sail in search of a new world where humanity can live safely and comfortably, but it seems that the Terock residents are no longer

human. The requirements for humanity to survive as humanity are, ironically, a critical situation that will destroy humanity. Is it humanity's ultimate mission to acquire the ability to wield the contradictory powers of creation and destruction?

Tale 2B

I am the spaceship Terock. It has been 150 years since we discovered and landed a planet similar to Mother Earth at the edge of the Galactic Nebula after a long journey. Terock residents use this spaceship as a planetary City. The atmosphere and daylight hours of this planet are similar to Mother Earth's, so green leaves and flowering grasses form forests and grasslands, and lakes are dotted with fresh water. Forests and fields are inhabited by unfamiliar animals. From a distance, it can be mistaken for Mother Earth, but animals and plants do not look like those in Mother Earth. In the fields, various beautiful flowers bloom that have never been seen before, and cute animals are running around the fields.

Strict separation is carried out so that creatures inside the City and those on this planet do not come into inadvertent contact and spread unknown infectious diseases. Activities outside the City are carried out by androids that have been processed to a completely sterile state. They have built a satellite basecamp outside the City to study the environment, flora and fauna. Since the anatomical structure and physiological functions are different from those of Mother Earth, there are many novel discoveries that overturn conventional knowledges about life.

The androids are investigating and studying how harmful and beneficial the planet's creatures and minerals can bring to the Citizen, and exploring how the citizen can relate to the planet. One of the findings of this study is that immediately after the death of creatures on the planet, LIFE does not leave in space-time, but floats in the present space. At the moment of the death of creatures, a phenomenon occurs in which the surrounding space is momentarily distorted. Even if you try to capture LIFE at that moment, this attempt has not been successful because it moves in space at the moment. LIFE returns to its "homeland" somewhere on the planet, and when the energy is replenished, it returns at the time of the birth of new creature.

The Citizen is gradually immersing oneself in mysticism. They are polite and moderate, and their facial expressions and demeanor are quiet. Each unit has an unusual shape, losing hair all over his body, becoming tall and slim, having an unusually large head and eyes, and a small nose, mouth, and jaw. The genitals also degenerate, and the distinction between men and women is barely possible. They are dressed in thin ropes, but in order to show their individuality, the colors and patterns are unique to each unit, and they are dressed with hoods and scarves.

They live a quiet and serene life, adapting to the closed world of the City. Each unit spends a lot of time appreciating various arts, reading, and even meditating. However, rare maladaptive units may appear. For example, there are units who try to escape from the City and who try to destroy the City, but they are quickly discovered and disposed of by security androids. Therefore, it is real that most units are not even aware of the occurrence of these abnormal events.

Tale 2C

The results that the androids have investigated has led to the development of methods to adapt the planet's environment to the Citizen. Compatible vaccines and oral medicines were distributed to the Citizen, and the environment of the City was gradually brought closer to that of the planet. Ten years were spent on this process. Unfortunately, 1.5% of the Citizen died of incompatible reaction due to vaccines and medicines. Animals and plants kept in the City have been also treated the same way to adapt to the planet's environment.

A thousand years have passed since leaving Mother Earth, and a new planet of humanity was born. Over the years, humanity has changed both in appearance and spirit. As the first humans to leave their mark on the planet, there was also a movement to return them to their former human form, and through gene manipulation and metamorpho-plastic technics, the Citizen became beautiful men and women who were once admired on ancient Mother Earth. The Citizen then slowly passed through the open the City doors, marking the first steps of humanity on the planetary land. The androids were building houses and gardens for the new humans. Beautiful men and women went to their respective homes. On this memorable day,

the planet was officially named "Eden". It is the name of a paradise described in the ancient book on Mother Earth.

Three hundred years after the completion of the migration, a major incident occurred. A pair of man and woman who are researchers at the Institute of Life Sciences have unraveled some of the mysteries of LIFE. As the survival progresses, the LIFE energy decreases, and when the moment of demise comes, LIFE separate from creatures and drifts in space, replenishing LIFE energy in the homeland on the planet Eden, and dwelling again in newly born creatures. On this planet, LIFE stays somewhere in the planet and surrounds us, so two scientists were researching technics to manipulate LIFE floating around us. If this technics are found, eternal survival may be realized. But manipulating LIFE was strictly prohibited by the Parliament of Eden. This is because individual LIFE is connected to each other as knots on a web, and if one LIFE is manipulated, it will affect all LIFEs connected to it, and there is a risk that the balance of LIFE as a whole will be unstable. But the both could not resist this temptation and tried to manipulate LIFE. When LIFE energy is suddenly increased, the body, mind, and consciousness of the both are excessively activated, and for a moment they become active as if they are rejuvenated, but they can soon fall into a state of

severe exhaustion, and in the worst case, possibly reaching to death.

The both were lying limp in the shade of an apple tree in a hazy state. A passenger who was watching them tried to help, but they were unconscious and unresponsive. The rescue androids immediately began life-saving treatment, and eventually they recovered.

This serious affair was immediately reported to the Supreme Committee. It became clear that they had violated the prohibition ordinance, which caused a minimal change in the LIFE network, and that it should be continued to be vigilant against irregular changes in the LIFE network. Their actions were judged to merit severe punishment.

When they were dispossessed, their LIFEs separated from their bodies and moved into space, but because they were strengthening their LIFE energy, their LIFEs have enhanced potentiality to move into time-spatial dimension. In addition, their LIFEs had a peculiar property that preserved some of their memories. However, nobody noticed that.

Fifteen years later, based on the research of the both, the inhabitants in Eden developed a safe way to manipulate LIFE, allowing them to write specific messages to LIFE and to move anyone to any place in the 4th space. So they planned the resurrection of humanity on Mother Earth, wrote the message

"Messiah" on a certain LIFE, and gave the LIFE to a boy on Mother Earth. They also sent three Wise-men from the scientists of Eden to Mother Earth by traveling through time-space dimension. The Wise-men involved the specialists of pharmacology, biology, and physics to watch over the growth of the new- born on Mother Earth.

Part 3

Genesis

Prologue

My name is Simon, the Shepherd. I live with my family in a small village. My great-grandfather was a scribe. We, the tribe, are born with mysterious Memories. Some persons of our tribe are considered special persons and are respected because of their vivid Memories. Out of such persons a superlative wise-man is especially respected as the leader or as a rabbi or scribe. As a scribe, my great-grandfather was trusted and respected by everyone in the tribe. We believe that we are a special people chosen by God because of these special abilities.

My great-grandfather wrote down the history of our tribe on parchment. In my great-grandfather's Memories, the beginning of the world was darkness. First the light was born, and eventually a man was created in the form of God. And from the man was born a woman. They spent their peaceful days in paradise, but were expelled from paradise by a forbidden act. After that, we repeated periods of destruction and restoration, and many historical events were recorded in the documents written by my great-grandfather, such as the story that a man chosen by God with pairs of various creatures got on board the huge ark and aimed at a new world.

The Book of Genesis is not the productive stories of our great-grandfather, but the stories we are born

to remember. For many people in the tribe, these Memories are vague, but when the leaders with more vivid Memories talk about their ancestors as a storyteller, we can accept the contents of the stories without any doubts, just as the fog clears that lurks the Memories in the haze. My great-grandfather remembered the stories more vividly than anyone else, so my great-grandfather wrote down his Memories as the Book of Genesis.

I will also be 70 years old this year. Thank God that I was able to live to my great-grandfather's age. I also thank God for the abilities that God has given our tribe. I have thought about the belief that we were given superior abilities by God and therefore we were only a special tribe being chosen by God, and that along with the prosperity of our tribe, it was also a reason to discriminate against other tribes.

However, I realized that if we honestly admit that everyone has God-given talents in various forms, it is not grounds for discriminating against others. This presumptuous idea of the chosen people was due to the belief that our special talents were guaranteed only for us by God. Talents are not given to us by God, but are entrusted to us by God. They are only entrusted to a variety of tribes and individuals as a proof of God's love, but they are not owned by particular tribes or individuals, a talent is only a mission entrusted to the person by God. Therefore,

the talent entrusted to us must be used for the benefit of all the people in the world.

Allegory 3A

It was a hot summer morning. When you look up, you can see the cloudless blue August sky. A large chorus of cicadas penetrating the clear sky resonates with each other. My father is sweeping and cleaning the backyard as usual, my mother is tidying up after breakfast with the helper, my sister and I are cleaning the guest room, and my sister and brother are getting ready for school. My elder brother has broken in contact with us since he went abroad as a soldier. Three years ago, "Your martial luck forever!" Hurrah! Hurrah!" Along with the greeting of the town chairman, my family and I sent our brother away with the neighbors. But my true wish is that even if I am called an unpatriotic traitor, I really want my brother to keep alive. There are a few days when I don't have time to think about my brother because of daily air defense training and labor service. Training and service also help me a little to dispel my anxieties, and I should be grateful for that. Today a hot summer day is starting.

Suddenly, it turned white in my sight when a sparkling flash shoots into my eyes such as a bullet bursting in front of me, and the next moment, there was an explosion sound that sounded like the ground was being sucked deep into the earth with a rumbling sound. Then there was a gust of wind that

sent my body soaring into the air, rushing into the darkness, I lost consciousness.

How much time has passed? I thought I was in a dream and told myself I had to wake up early. I have my eyes open, but I can't see anything. I was worried that I had lost my sight, but that anxiety disappeared in an instant. Because I had severe pain in my right leg. In the next moment, memories of flashes, explosions, and bomb blast came back. Suddenly, the word "air raid" came to mind. I struggled to get out of the darkness and forgot about the pain in my legs. When I stretched out my arms, the boards over my head shifted up and I could see the stagnant air contaminated with dust. As this stagnation gradually faded out, I could see a gray sky. I crawled out desperately through the gaps in the rubble that bound my body tightly. The air on my skin was warm and had a strange smell, and I felt like I was in a murky muddy water. The roof was collapsed, there were no buildings to block the line of sight, and the dirty air was stagnant around it. I thought of my father in the garden and looked around, but I couldn't see anything. Along with the murky air gradually became clearer, I could see the surroundings. I saw a black figure beside a burnt tree. I dragged closer to him. The figure was standing and burning. I suppressed the fire on my clothes, but my father's leather belt continued to

smolder and burn. His eyes were charred black and looked like a bottomless cave. I heard groans from hell. Father is alive. As I lay my father down, I heard a weak voice from somewhere else, saying, "Help me." Relying on the voice, I searched for my family, clearing the rubble. I can't even think of how much time has passed. Fortunately, the residual family was safe except my father. I took care of my leg and lay by my father's side. Everyone was silent and suppressed eagerly to cry.

After that, I only have fragmentary memories of these hell scenes spreading in front of me. The air raid was a new type of bomb called the atomic bomb and dropped by the United States, the people of the city called it "Pikadon" that is "Flash and Bang". The countless people with atomic wounds went down various rivers for looking for water and my family embarked in a small boat to take refuge on a nearby island, many burned corpses on the surface of the river floated here and there, the long hairs of burnt women were entangled to the paddle, and each time, the boatman had difficulty releasing them from the boat. When we arrived at a small island, we saw that the wounded people who smelled of death in the classroom of the school on the island were lined up in a row like railroad sleepers, maggots were crawling out from their wounds, groaning "water,

water" was heard from everywhere. Then my father had lived for 10 days.

It was shortly after outbreak of this Hell world when I received the notice letter of my brother's death in battle.

Allegory 3B

I am a theater conductor. For the premiere of his great symphony, he supervises the final practice with all performers of the instrumentalists, soloists and choir. An Italian composer is touted in the city, and his solemn music seems outdated. So he wanted to hold the first concert of this symphony in his hometown, but his music lovers persuaded him to premiere it in this city. Because of the unprecedented large-scale orchestration of the symphony, I have to gather a large number of musicians without enough time to prepare. Unfortunately some of the musicians were inexperienced student musicians. He sits in an audience seat and watches the practice in the empty theater.

Those who involved in this performance were deeply moved. This is because, through playing his symphony, we were able to feel the hardships he had experienced and the true joy he had reached at the end of them. His hardships were not only losing his precious hearing as a musician, but also the desperate loneliness that he had been isolated from the people he loved, in the midst of various misunderstandings. He endured this hardship with music and found the joy of fraternity ahead. Even though the anguish was assigned to himself, the joy

he found was assigned to all people. Therefore, we played this symphony with deep emotion.

Jubilation lies beyond despair. One stubborn and surly man showed this truth to us through music. So without flinching in any hardship, his symphony allows us to re-experience the wonders of living.

The premiere date is just around the corner. More than 160 members of the orchestra and singers are on stage, and they are excited to perform the magnificent symphony that no one has ever heard before. This crush will reverberate throughout the world like a marching drum to overcome hardship. Bless him!

Allegory 3C

I'm a stingy innkeeper. That night, a large bright star appeared in the night sky, and the area was enveloped in soft light. The people of the city were rumoring that the appearance of a giant star that no one had ever seen before might be a sign of something bad. That night, a man with his wife on a donkey asked if he wanted to stay at my inn. The man said that he was a carpenter and that his wife gave birth soon. When I refused because the rooms were fully occupied, the man looked at his wife with a disappointed look. I felt a little sorry for them, and I told him that he could use the stable. He accepted my proposal and he was very happy.

They entered the stable, and after midnight, his wife gave birth to a baby boy in a manger. Soon shepherd boys came here with three exotic Wise men having treasures in their arms. The three Wise men took care of the mother who had done the promise with God, and each gave a gift to the New-born. At that time, the Wise men predicted that this child would come of age and become a savior. The child's parents listened in surprise but mysteriously. In the night sky, the stars were shining more brightly in the dim stable, like the brilliant morning sun coming up.

Thereafter, I never heard about this boy and his parents. No one spoke of the Messiah. However various rumors have circulated by the travelers who lodged in my inn; when the boy became a young man, he underwent rigorous training at nights and days in the wilderness, and then when he traveled around various lands and countries, some of the disciples accompanied him out of those who sympathized with his teachings. He appeals for true love and preaches the power of love so that people can live as human beings through love and can reach the kingdom of God. And he performed miracles that could not be thought of as a human skill. There was also a possibly real story that his miracles involved three Wise men who were transformed into the disciples. Many say that the Wise men were messengers sent by God for him.

He returned to the city with twelve disciples. Inside the temple, many merchants lined up various goods and traded every day. When he entered the temple, he rebuked the merchants for doing business and defiling the sacred place, threw away the goods of the trade, and shouted to the merchants to get out of this place.

This incident put him in a position to be chased by the High priest. His followers are hiding him, but it will only leave a little time before he is found.

I think the love he preached is different from worldly love. In the world, many people love to enrich their own hearts and bosoms, but his love is the opposite, he loves to enrich everyone's heart. He values the richness of his heart more than his bosom. He puts everyone's happiness first, not just each individual happiness. Therefore, he explains that it is important to think about what "we" should be, but not "I", to discuss, to respect and to be tolerant of each other. Many people think that his love is too ideal. Especially for priests and officials who care about his bosom, his presence itself seems to be terribly disgusting.

Allegory 3D

I am a southern veteran. Under Brigadier General Custer, I fought at Gettysburg. It was three days of fierce fighting. I am grateful that I was able to survive as a miracle of God's protection. In this battle, which claimed more than 50,000 killed and countless wounded, we were crowned the Goddess of Victory. Four months after the fighting, the President inspired us proudly with Gettysburg Address including "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom – and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

We have fought for this nation where freedom and equality are justice. But as the years passed, I began to wonder what I had believed in justice really was. In the name of freedom and democracy, which were the founding ideals of the nation, I sometimes wonder if our justice can justify the need for the bloodshed of so many war wounded to free black people from the chains of slavery. On the other hand, the Confederates would have had their justice to fight to protect their land, property, families, and servants.

Justice is to be given to acts that conform to a single principle. Actions that deviate from the principle become unrighteous. We fought for this

justice, believing that justice is the act of realizing a world where everyone is free and equal. Those who sacrificed to achieve justice are honorable deaths, and those who sacrifice for unrighteousness are considered to die in vain. But if this victory or defeat is reversed, wouldn't justice become unrighteous?

The justice won in the war and the justice lost in defeat are the same justice. Justice, then, does not belong to a single ideal. It's just that the justice of the Confederates was not chosen in this war. Therefore, the Civil War was not a battle for justice. No, there can be no just war of any kind. However, in the world, under the banner of their own justice, tens of thousands of lives were sacrificed as a holy war. And the winners are demonstrating the legitimacy of their own justice. They are also convinced that God has punished them for the unrighteousness of their enemies who fall outside of their justice.

Allegory 3E

I am the housekeeper of my master who is a lawyer. My husband is a brilliant and very serious person, and he has once petitioned His Majesty the King that anyone can freely choose his/her occupation for the reconstruction of the country, that the burden of taxes is fair for people, and that the feudal system be abolished.

My master is 30 years old and has become the representative of the third class of commoners in the election in his belonged community. Since it was not possible to discuss with the first class, where the clergy gathered, and the second class, where the nobles gathered, the members of the third class gathered on a large tennis court to discuss and found the National Assembly.

At that time, a large eruption of a volcano on the northern island caused ash to cover the sky and brought about a cold summer. This led to a terrible crop and made it difficult to obtain bread and other food, and the citizens became angry at the king for not taking any measures. There were rumors that the king would send soldiers to curb this movement. Citizens who were disturbed by this rumor stormed the armory for pillage of guns in self-defense. Further they advanced on the citadel where ammunition is stored. The citadel's defenders were

horrified by the overwhelming number of civilians with guns in their hands, and a firefight finally broke out.

The wave of armed uprisings spread throughout the country, and the National Assembly, in which the master participated, issued a declaration of human rights proclaiming freedom and equality. This made the conflict between the King and the National Assembly even worse. At first, my master had the idea of defending the king, so he seemed to be very worried. After that, His Majesty the King and the Princess were removed from their positions of consulship, and a government was formed centered on the National Assembly.

My master was serious about freedom and equality, and he was trying to implement policies to realize it. However, he became the target of slander from citizens who resisted this strict policy, and he was very discouraged. In addition, the King's family tried to go into exile at the Queen's parents' house, but this situation was discovered on the way out, and the citizens became very disappointed and angry with the King. My master had been defending the king, but this incident seems to have strengthened his distrust of the king.

The country became a constitutional monarchy, the National Assembly was dissolved, and my master left the parliament. On this day, he received praise

from many women and citizens. After that, the royal power was suspended and it became a republic, and the Constitutional Assembly was replaced by the National Assembly. And the King's family was imprisoned.

My master was sometimes discouraged in the rapidly changing power struggle, but he worked hardly to his limit. This was followed by the execution of the king and the queen.

I can't bear to talk to you more than the above.

Much blood was shed in the name of the revolution, but it often made us think about the freedom and equality that was declared necessary for our survival more than bread. For those who think genuinely like my master, I was told that freedom and equality are more important than bread. He believes that if freedom and equality are realized, everyone will have bread. Ironically, however, it seems that those who value freedom and equality above all else do not have to desperately ask for bread. On the other hand, for many common people, a little freedom and equality is enough if they can get bread. I don't know what to do with this contradiction.

Allegory 3F

I am the chief librarian of Alexandria. The main building is the largest library with a long history in the world, built during the reign of the previous dynasty. More than 400,000 scrolls have been preserved in the museum, and have been used by famous scholars in Egypt and abroad. The library installed also reading rooms, cafeteria, and lecture rooms where students can learn from famous scholars, so our library was truly like a university.

Princess Cleopatra had visited the library frequently since an early childhood. This young lady was the princess who inherited the name of the seventh generation Cleopatra. Her father is Ptolemy XII and her mother is Cleopatra V. At the age of 18, the princess succeeded her father as pharaoh and soon married her young brother Ptolemy XIII, and they both ascended the throne.

They disagreed on how to deal with the Roman Empire, and the anti-Roman Ptolemy expelled the queen from Alexandria. Later, Ptolemy killed a Roman dignitary who visited Alexandria, and Caesar of Rome attacked Alexandria. Caesar asked Ptolemy to negotiate with the two pharaohs, but Ptolemy was at war with Cleopatra, and it was difficult for Caesar to negotiate with them. So Cleopatra made a secret plan and hid herself in a carpet to escape Ptolemy's

siege, and made herself a tribute to Caesar. Later, Ptolemy died in the battle with Caesar, and 22-year-old Cleopatra married her younger brother, who became Ptolemy XIV. In that year, the queen gave birth to Caesarion, the son of Caesar.

Many people say that Cleopatra cunningly used Caesar because she loved Egypt. I think her love for Caesar and Egypt was true. Because false love does not exist, it is impossible to feign love without love. Disguised love is not love. Love has no calculation, love hurts no people, and love deprives nothing. The love of Cleopatra for Egypt and Caesar has neither lies nor calculations.

Allegory 36

I am Gauguin, a famous painter. I came to this rural town to live with Vincent, my friend and comrade in search of ultimate beauty, and to participate in Vincent's plan to promote each other's creativity and improve the arts. Vincent prepared a picture of sunflowers for me. He is also preparing several other sunflower paintings, and seems to be planning to invite several famous painters.

We were shown to the second floor of a private house that Vincent called the "Yellow House." The room was quite small, with only a shabby chair and bed, and its appearance was as simple as Vincent's. There are expectations for the future of communal living, but there are also some concerns. Vincent looks ecstatic, but I have to be cautious.

The two of them enjoyed going to the market, looking for food and daily necessities, strolling around the town, and sketching a drawbridge. Vincent was eager to draw, but I was a little stunned and watched the outcome. In the evenings, we drank wine together while nibbling on his signature cheese and arguing with Vincent about beauty. When the discussion heats up, Vincent becomes so excited that he grabs at me. His paranoid trait will be seen as passionate to those around him.

When I go away on errands, perhaps because he feels abandoned, he fawns on me like a toddler, or he turns his back on me and ignores me. Living with Vincent is extremely painstaking.

I decide to leave the yellow house, saying that I would give up living together and return to Paris. He followed and approached me with his seething eyes that seemed to glare at me or plead with me. When I saw a razor in his hand, I felt a little in danger and backed away. "Hey you! What are you going to do?" I threatened him with strengthened voice, and Vincent stammered slightly. Suddenly he cut off his earlobe. Fear, pity, and some contempt welled up in me, and I ran away without wanting to be there or looking back. Later, an article appeared in a local newspaper that Vincent left his severed earlobe with a familiar prostitute and told her to "take good care of it," and returned to his room, where he was protected while he was sleeping, and was admitted to a psychiatric hospital.

Vincent's madness was the driving force behind his genius of expression, but it was also a double-edged sword that hurt himself. It seems that talent is like this. Genius is a power granted only to the chosen ones by God. While those who are endowed with this power give people blissful joy, those who accomplish this feat are imperfect humans and therefore burn themselves in the fires of hell.

Allegory 3H

I am an investigator for the National Department of Volcano. This survey area covers a wide area of the northern region, and it will be the survey that will take six months. I left Ueno Station and headed for the land to the north. When I arrived in Morioka, a pale-faced young man came on the same train. He sat diagonally across from me, feeling sad and lonely all over his body. Although I could not understand the reason why I had interests of him, I was curious about this young man, and sometimes I glanced at him, pretending not looking at him.

The outside of the railway carriage was pitchy black. A row of orange lights cut out into a square was projected from the train window into the darkness, and for a moment as the train passed, the forest and fields appeared like photographs of a slide projector. The ears of Japanese pampas grass sprinkled with silver powder swayed in the night breeze, and the lights of the farmhouses scattered in the shadow of the mountains were lit up like the flames of triangular prisms. The twinkling stars spread in the night sky were covered by a silver veil of galaxies. A long rod of light stretched from the seaside lighthouse swung from side to side toward the dark sea. This train carried the young man and

me, as if we would travel endlessly through the galactic universe.

The young man was also bathed in the pitch-black darkness entering through the train window, deepening his lonely shadow more and more. While I thought over the young man, I fell in light sleep unknowingly. The pleasant rhythm of the rails resonated with my heartbeat, and I seemed to blend myself into the monotonous tempo.

Is dawn near? The eastern sky has turned white. Did the young man also rest a little? He was in the same posture as when he got on the train, looking at the scenery outside the window that was getting brighter. The train arrived in Aomori and I waited for the ferryboat to cross north. There was a small dining shop near the pier and I went into the shop to have breakfast. There was also the young man ahead of me. I dared to ask for permission to sit with him, and he graciously agreed. We introduced ourselves to each other. He lost his younger sister and is traveling north to see where her soul is going. My research area overlapped with his destination, so I decided to accompany him. Arriving in the northern lands, we headed north. We also crossed Cape Soya and entered Karafuto.

He was silent throughout. He looked to float in the starry sky enveloping whole us, and he was searching endlessly for the soul of his departed

sister. I don't know if he was able to meet the soul of his sister, but I could see that his expression gradually became more relaxed. Perhaps he had a special sense and was able to sense the existence of soul away from the dead.

I parted ways with him in Karafuto and went back to investigating the volcano. The mind that mourns the dead is probably spiritual force that has been inherent in living things since before the advent of mankind. The dead are in the mind of those who mourn. Is that mind not born from a view of death, but the mind deeply written in LIFE?

Epilogue

LIFE that has been freed from the dead body floats in time and space, blowing like the wind between us alive, always watching over us. Even though the physical body dies, the free LIFE is united into one, shares the memories of humanity, and is regenerated into a new body, so that LIFE is in an immortal cycle. Even if we lose a loved one, the LIFE is always watching over us. So we are never alone, no matter where we are at any time. When you feel lonely, remember that the billions of LIFEs that gave birth to you are with you.

But humanity is uncompleted. This incompleteness poses the danger of suffering and destruction for humanity. On the other hand, because humanity is unfinished, it has acquired the ability to create and challenge, and this ability has enhanced irreplaceable power of love. In the future, if humanity becomes even more perfect, it may lose the magnificent power of love. Ironically, it is unhappiness that paves the way for happiness.

When we know our imperfections, humbly recognize our deficiencies, and make efforts to compensate for them, humanity becomes wiser beings, and love and happiness are born there. This is because efforts to compensate for one's own deficiencies cultivate self-love, care and compassion

for the deficiencies of others, and love is fostered by working together to make up for deficiencies. Blessed be eternal LIFE!

Monologue

Blessed be those who conceive LIFE,

Because they are with God.

Blessed be those who raise LIFE,

Because they revere God.

Blessed be those who love LIFE,

Because they love God.

Blessed be those who offer LIFE,

Because they are guided by God.