

THE FIVE GUARDS

I loved traveling even as a teenager. I greatly enjoyed the adventure of hopping on a bus and traveling to nearby towns just to explore and return home later in the day. On this particular day, I found myself in a strange town and I was completely lost and had no clue of my bearings.

I somehow got in such a daze I wandered into a huge castle which looked like one of the colonial edifices that dot the coastal belt of Ghana. Gigantic structures built many hundred years ago with the purpose of transporting goods and unwilling people across the seas.

As I stood dazed and confused in this unusual castle, I was further startled by an unexpected gentle tap on my shoulder. When I swirled around to see the source of the tap, I beheld this tall slender man with a shaven head and all grey beard and mustache. He had a youthful countenance to his appearance and his skin looked like that of a teenager, yet he had grey hair speckled on his eyebrows.

I thought to myself, I want to call this person with a deep piercing stare so strong he appears to look straight through me to my very soul an old man; what else was I supposed to call a man so grey that his eyebrows were not exempt?

Yet I found myself second guessing due to the obvious dichotomy of his perfect skin with zero wrinkles that made him look like a youth.

Hi sir, I blurted and he continued to look at me, then in a very gentle monotone voice he said "I have been observing you for a while now since you arrived here and I have been desiring to have a word with you." "A word with me...? since I arrived here...? Arrived where? What are you talking about...sir?"

I slowly responded, while at the same time quite proud with myself for finding the perfect word to address this old boy or man or youth. This male.

He continued: I am the warden of this prison. I know you are deeply desiring an escape right this moment as we speak. Let me tell you something son, that is the biggest waste of your time and energy while you are here in my prison. If you think it is a tragedy that you have found yourself here, let me tell you what the real tragedy is; that you waste valuable time and energy trying to find an escape before you have served your mandatory time. Everyone here will serve every single day of their sentence before they are released to freedom.

Listen here very carefully. If you ever step foot outside these walls before your appointed time of release, I will find you, and I will bring you back. You thought you were free for a very long time. Then you ended up here. Do you know how my guards found you and brought you here? Please figure that out before ever thinking of an escape. I know this place can sometimes be gloomy. I know this prison has its challenges which make its constituents despair and with seemingly nothing to look forward to. It is my greatest desire as your warden, that every inmate here enjoy the greatest pleasures and have the most fun while doing your time so that when that day comes for your release, you will head out with joy and good memories.

Son, I will be doing you no favors if I gave you a continuous party. For one, you will quickly get tired of it, and secondly, you would miss out on the necessary training you need to prepare yourself for the great world of freedom when you finally walk out of these doors, having served your time.

“What prison are you talking about?” “I am not in prison,” I blurted out. “I have never been arrested in my life let alone charged with a crime, so I do not understand what you are talking about. With all due respect sir, I hate to say you lost your mind, but I need to go home.

Can I go home now?”

I asked with a serious look on my face.

The male figure looked at me with that piercing stare and said;

“I understand your confusion. Many here are confused just as you are.

Come, let me introduce you to 5 people. They are the officers or guards as many prefer to call them. I have appointed them to watch over every inmate in this building. They guard the 4 corners of these walls and will provide you with assistance during your time here. They are all very eager to meet you and the ball is in your court how you choose to relate with them while you are here.” “Whatever,” I muttered under my breath and reluctantly followed him towards a huge hall in the castle. We entered the hall and walked down a long, winding, slightly lit hallway with strange sounds coming from its walls that made me cringe. None of us spoke as we walked down the hallway. As if to help assuage my obvious discomfort by taking my mind off the eerie hallway, the male figure broke the silence and gently said, “we are heading towards the office of my first guard. His name is Dabbay. I question myself sometimes if I should continue to keep him as a guard, but when I look at the statistics, the numbers show he is very effective in keeping people from trying to escape my prison. I question his methods all the time, but I end up keeping him due to his incredible success rate.”

After a brief walk, we made it to Dabbay's office, and I could not help but notice all kinds of items that looked like different kinds of filters and molds strewn on the floor of his office. Dabbay himself for lack of a better term was 'a little tough on the eyes' and he sat on a disgusting piece of furniture. He seemed to be busily writing something at his desk when we interrupted him with our presence.

"Dabbay, meet Emmar, one of our new inmates," the male figure began his introduction. "I have chosen him as part of my yearly routine of personally walking one inmate around our facility to show them and answer any questions they might have regarding this place."

"Thank you Piissor," Dabbay muttered. "Hi Emmar," Dabbay turned his attention to me. "Hi Dabbay, good to meet you," I slowly responded, hoping I managed to feign well enough, the 'good to meet you' part so it was not obvious the opposite was what I really meant. 'Can we move on from this hell hole?' I thought to myself as I turned to look at the male figure, who I just found out was called 'Piissor' based on Dabbay's reference. To my utter dismay, Piissor turns to Dabbay and says to him "do you have a moment to enlighten Emmar on your operations?" "Sure," Dabbay replies then turns and looks at me. "Emmar, let me ask you a question. What was going through your mind as you walked the hallway and into my office? I will make the question easier for you to answer.

Were your thoughts pleasant or otherwise, as you walked with the Boss towards my office?" "Unpleasant," I answered. "Very unpleasant thoughts," I continued. "Did the unpleasant thoughts make you want to meet me or come into my office for that matter?" Dabbay enquired of me. "No, the imagery I conceived in my mind definitely made me want to have nothing to do with this place, your office, and not to be rude, you yourself." I answered Dabbay back. "Thanks for your honesty," Dabbay continued. "If you will permit me to ask one more question, what precipitated those thoughts of unpleasantness? What caused you not to want to be in this place or get to know me or meet me?"

I answered: "As Piissor and I made our way through the hallway, the sounds and everything else about the place made me feel uncomfortable; my feeling of discomfort and unpleasantness left a bad taste in my mouth, which in turn made me not want to have anything more to do with this place and for that matter you."

"Good," said Dabbay. "Do me a favor; open that door behind you. The door you and Piissor just walked through and look down the hallway once again." When I opened the door and stared down the hallway, to my greatest surprise, I saw a bevy of the prettiest women I had ever laid eyes on lined up next to the walls. Walls, which were very beautifully painted and decorated. The women were making a kind of sound as though they were

rehearsing a type of alien song for a movie production. ‘How did I miss this as Piissor and I walked by?’ I thought to myself. I could not decipher the sound they were making, but I liked it. ‘I would join these pretty women in a heartbeat to rehearse whatever they were practicing’ I continued to think to myself. “Emmar,” Dabbay called gently as though he could read every thought racing through my mind as I was staring down the hallway. “Yes Dabbay,” I responded as I turned my face reluctantly to look back at him. Dabbay continued, “do you feel the same way now as you felt moments ago when you first entered through that door?” “No,” was my immediate answer. “Not at all. Nothing like when I first entered this place.”

“Why is that?” Dabbay asked gently.

“I don’t know,” I stuttered for a moment. “Somehow, I missed the real picture as Piissor and I walked down the hallway towards your office. Maybe it was the angle of the lighting preventing me from seeing how beautiful the place was. If I had known the sounds were coming from those pretty ladies outside this door, I would never have thought and felt the way I did as we walked into your office. If I may ask, what did you do to that furniture you were sitting on when we first entered? How did it transform so quickly into this beautiful teak? Even you look different from when I first entered this office,” I enquired. “You have a good eye for detail,” Dabbay answered.

“Do you see all the filters and molds of all sizes and shapes I have littered all over my office Emmar? Those are the tools I use in my operations to guard inmates from escaping this prison. I am the proud inventor of molds and filters. As you walked with the boss towards my office, one of these filters was placed in front of you so that all the light that came to your eyes entered only through the filter.” “I love this filter.” Dabbay whispered to himself with a great sense of pride and satisfaction. “It is my best design yet. It works without you even knowing you are wearing it.

If I had told you when you entered my office to take off the filter from your eyes, I am quite sure you would have ascribed to me a severe case of lunacy or something worse, am I wrong?”

“You are right,” I retorted. “I would have thought there was something wrong with you.” Dabbay continued: To answer your question Emmar, regarding what changed to make everything suddenly appear much more glamorous and beautiful than when you and the boss came to my office; the only change was the removal of the filter from your eyes, allowing you to see more clearly, what was before you all along and which you were failing to see.

The filter clouds reality, causing you to perceive and judge whatever you are observing in the wrong light. Once you have made the wrong judgment regarding what you are observing, I quickly ignite one of these molds to capture your perception and lock it up so that it becomes almost impossible for you to change your perception in the future. Once in the mold, it is literally an impossible task to transfer that wrong

perception to the correct mold. Thus, your wrong perception, will continue to languish in the wrong mold as long as you are in this prison. It is an effective strategy and I have been using it for many years as a guard of this place. Your eyes and ears are my greatest allies in carrying out my work. Your other 3 senses help me as well, but not quite as effectively as your eyes and ears. My filters and molds were designed primarily for your eyes and ears, so you see wrong, and hear wrong.

Your eyes see the sun rise from the east and set in the west every day, yet it is not the sun that rises and sets but you and the earth you inhabit doing the movement. You look up into the night sky and see the moon follow a similar path as the sun and it becomes very easy for the untrained to think both the sun and the moon orbit the earth, yet nothing could be farther from the truth. You look at the world around you and observe flatness everywhere and to your utter dismay as you dig deeper, you discover you are hanging on the likeness of a soccer ball. You travel 580 million miles a year in a never-ending journey around the sun, yet you tell your friends you have never traveled outside your little town of Winneba;

you know why? because your eyes do not see what is real.

“Thank you for your time, Fear.” Piissor interjected as he shook Dabbay’s hands. “Thanks Boss.”

Dabbay replied.

“We will be heading out so I can introduce Emmar to guard number 2, Dunna,” Piissor told Dabbay as he turned to walk away. “Do you mind taking a package to give to Dunna? The package was mistakenly brought to my office by the mailman. I let Dunna know but it has been 2 weeks now and he still has not stopped by to pick it up.” Dabbay was looking straight into my eyes as he talked about the package. It was evident he was not asking the Boss’s favor in the delivery request.

“I will drop it off for you. That would not be a problem. I am happy to help,” I replied Dabbay. He handed me a plastic bag with items that weighed about 20 lbs.

As we headed out of Dabbay’s office, I asked Piissor, “what name did you call Dabbay prior to leaving his office?”

“Fear. Very few people know or refer to him by his real name Dabbay. Everyone knows him by his nickname ‘Fear’.” “Unbelievable,” I whispered to myself as I continued along with Piissor while holding the 20 lbs. bag given to me by Dabbay to deliver to the next guard.

The walk to the next guard Dunna's office was like a military drill. It did not help that I was carrying an extra 20 lbs.

A responsibility I loathed to bear, and which was not in my original plans.

Piissor and I had to climb long flights of stairs, walk through winding corridors, jump over piles that looked like barricades. A few times, we had to literally spend at least 10 minutes trying to open heavy steel doors that appeared rusty and unopened for centuries.

"I don't understand this," I barked.

"You told Dabbay this was a yearly routine for you. Is that the only time anyone walks through this place? It seems so abandoned and deserted as though no one has been here in centuries." "It is not used often. That is because many avoid it and that is why it looks the way it does," Piissor replied as calmly as ever. I must say Piissor's agility surprised me. He moved through the piles like a breeze. After about 2 hours, I just could not take it anymore. "How much further do we have to walk?" I asked Piissor. "2, maybe 3 hours, it depends on how quickly we pace ourselves," Piissor replied.

"What is this?" I cried out. "Some kind of punishment? how does a simple trip to the office of a guard end up being a painful ordeal lasting multiple hours?"

My hands are giving way holding this 20 lbs. bag. I doubt I can make it to Dunna's office with this bag in hand. Is there a place close by where I can drop off the bag so Dunna can pick it up himself?"

Piissor turned and looked at me. "I do not know what to tell you son. There are no elevators or escalators that lead to Dunna's office.

I have proposed those amenities many times in my yearly budget but Dunna flat out refuses to take advantage of the budgetary allocation.

He insists on keeping things the way they are."

"Have you thought of getting rid of him like Dabbay? I understand your disconcertion with Dabbay's methods but this thing with Dunna makes Dabbay's ways small potatoes in comparison. Dunna must be

some psycho who enjoys seeing pain in others. I do not know how else to describe this.” I made sure to articulate my frustration as clearly as possible so there was no ambiguity in Piissor’s mind as to where I stood on the matter.

“Look to your left,” Piissor said to me as he tapped my shoulder. “You see that white door about 50 feet away? It leads to an unoccupied room. It is a multipurpose room which is seldom used. You are free to drop the bag there until Dunna gets to pick it up himself.”

“Great idea,” I thought to myself before walking towards the door to put away the 20 lbs. bag I so hated to carry. When I opened the door to put away the bag, I saw something I was not prepared for. The most unusual spectacle greeted me.

The supposedly unoccupied multipurpose room was being used as some kind of operating theater. I saw 2 people dressed like doctors doing surgery on a patient who was laying on the operating bed. There were 4 other people dressed like nurses helping the doctors with the procedure. The 2 doctors and 4 nurses had a sad, sullen disposition to their demeanor as they carried out the operation. One of the doctors turned to look at me for a moment and then suddenly turned his gaze towards the bag I was holding. I saw a spark in his eyes and then he motioned with his left arm in repeated fashion as if to invite me closer. I slowly made my way towards him and he stretched out his hand and took the bag from me. After handing the bag to the doctor, I stretched my head, out of curiosity to see who the patient was that lay on the operating table. “Tess,” I screamed.

Laying on the operating theater bed was the girl of my dreams, Tess. I was unable to tell if she was alive or dead. She lay motionless on the table.

The second doctor gently took me by the hand and walked me out of the theater while the first doctor who had taken the bag from me and the 4 nurses continued to work on Tess.

Outside the theater, the doctor began to speak to me while Piissor stood close by. “You are a life saver young man. Our patient was in the final moments of her life when you walked in with the one thing that can keep her alive for another 4 hours. That bag you brought in contains an antidote that we need to complete our patient’s procedure. Without it we were fighting a losing battle and it was just a matter of minutes before she gave up the ghost. We ordered the antidote many days ago and somehow it got mixed up in a delivery and no one has been able to trace it. We did everything we could to keep the patient alive while we tried to find

the antidote, but we finally reached the end of the road and we were preparing for the worst when you walked in with the bag. There are 6 total bags we ordered. We need all 6 if we are going to have a chance to fully treat our patient.”

“Each bag has a unique marker on it. The one you brought has the word TY on it. We still need the other 5 bags marked with the 5 words: PON, BI, SI, LI, and RES. We believe the other 5 bags are located in the same place that you found the TY bag.

We only have 4 hours to find the other 5 bags or we risk losing the patient.

“No way! we are not losing Tess!”

I shouted at the top of my voice with tears rolling down my eyes. “I will go find the 5 bags and I will be right back with all of them,” I yelled while running back towards Dabbay’s office.

I was so charged up as I ran to go find the bags, I did not even remember to say a word to Hissor who was showing me around the facility. I was so full of adrenaline, I had no time to consider I had no proper recollection of how to get back to Dabbay’s office. All I knew was I had to run. Run, I did. I ran very hard, for there was no time for anything else.

I fully understood while I sprinted away in search of the bags what was at stake. I knew I was racing against time. It took Hissor and I almost 2 hours of walking to get to the point we were at. I knew in my mind I had to get to Dabbay’s office and back to the operating theater in less than 4 hours or I would not be able to live with myself for not being able to help Tess.

The building was just too complicated for me to remember every turn and twist. I kept running into dead ends and painfully had to retrace my steps multiple times.

At the back of my mind, I fully understood what every lost minute meant, and I just could not bear it. I kept running and pushing through doors until I finally made it to Dabbay’s office. 3 hours had elapsed by the time I made it through Dabbay’s office door. “Where are the other bags?” I yelled at the top of my voice as I pushed through Dabbay’s office. “What other bags?” Dabbay asked with a startled look in his eyes. “The other 5 bags,” I screamed. “I need to deliver them to the doctors to use in Tess’ operation. I hardly finished what I was saying when we heard a gentle tap on the door behind us. The door opened and there was the mail delivery man with 5 bags in his hand.

It appears he was attempting to apologize for the delayed delivery of the bags he was holding, but I had no time to hear the nonsense he was uttering. I snatched the bags aggressively from his grip and began running with all my strength back towards the operating theater where Tess was laid out in a comatose state. At this point I knew in my mind I was engaging in a futile pursuit because it was already past 4 hours and I fully understood what that meant but I was not about to give up. I continued running while telling myself I would rather fall and die of exhaustion than give up and quit running with the 100 lbs. I was carrying.

When I finally got back to the theater, the mood was somber as I approached the operating table. I handed the bags to the nearest doctor and no one uttered a word.

They were all very quiet while observing Tess who was still lying motionless on the bed with no sign to indicate if she was alive or dead. I just stood there hoping for a miracle. I had uncontrollable tears rolling down my cheeks the whole time.

Ilissor was standing all by himself about 10 feet from where the doctors and nurses were working as though he was just a passive observer.

He showed zero emotion. He just stood there. The doctors continued to work on Tess and administer the contents of the bags I had just delivered. The place was dead silent. You could hear the proverbial pin drop. Hours passed by with no sign of progress. Then, unexpectedly, in the eerie silence, there was a cough. Tess let out a slight cough then she opened her eyes. The look in her eyes made me melt like a bar of chocolate laying on a rock at noon in the Mojave Desert on a mid-August afternoon. The doctors and nurses were all crying and hugging each other. I was screaming “Tess, Tess, Tess,” in wild excitement. Then I noticed she was looking at me in bewilderment as though she was asking herself who this crazy stranger was? She enquired softly, “Why is this man calling me Tess? Does he not know my name is Nong?” “Nong? What do you mean Nong? Are you not Tess?” I asked in a very confused state.

I felt the familiar tap on my shoulder once again just like the one Ilissor gave me when we first met. It was a tap from Ilissor once again. He looked at me with that deep stare and said, “let’s step outside the theater for a second Emmar.”

Outside the theater, Ilissor began to speak. “Son,” Ilissor continued, “the girl in that operating theater is not your beloved Tess.”

“The woman on that bed correctly identified herself,” Ilissor went on. “Her name is Nong. Many people around here prefer to call her by her nickname ‘Love.’ Love is one of my 5 guards and the only one I would keep if I decided to downsize to 1 guard. I delight in her ways because she is not coercive. She is gentle, long suffering, patient, sweet... and the list goes on regarding her positive attributes. Love will make you stay in this prison in a manner that is satisfying and purposeful for you. She has a way of making you not want to leave even if you were handed the keys to free yourself from this place. Look what Love made you do son. As you and I walked to see Dunna, you cried repeatedly and would not stop complaining about how heavy the 20 lbs. bag given to you to deliver to him was.

As a matter of fact, you hated carrying the bag so much you made up your mind to abandon it. You were in the process of abandoning the responsibility of carrying the 20 lbs. bag when you laid eyes on Nong. And then what happened; huh? What changed Emmar?

Upon seeing Love, without being asked, you willingly ran back to Dabbay's office to grab 5 times more weight than what you were crying to me moments earlier as being heavy, unbearable and too much for you. Did it occur to you that you were carrying 100 lbs. while you were sprinting to save the life of Nong? I bet the weight was the last thing on your mind Emmar.

You know what Love made you do? Love made you turn from a whining, negative, complaining, unmotivated man crying over a mere 20 lbs. of responsibility, into a focused, positive, 'no one can stop me' dynamite willing to take on 5 times more responsibility. Responsibility you gladly bore and got accomplished swiftly and without hesitation.

You see what you can accomplish when you operate in Love instead of Fear?" Piissor continued. "Let me ask you a question. As you raced in your attempt to save Nong, you knew very well you were racing against time and at a point you knew in your head you had lost the battle to beat the deadline required to get the bags to the operating room. Why did you not stop running when you came to that realization?"

"There was no way I could stop," I replied.

"I was too invested in saving her life so I had to keep pushing even though my mind was telling me I was expending my energy on an exercise in futility. There was no way I was going to be able to live with myself knowing that I gave up trying to save the life of the person I love."

As I was still talking to Piissor, the operating theater door opened, and the 4 nurses and 2 doctors came out and walked towards us.

They were each holding one of the 6 bags I delivered earlier. When they got within 2 feet of where Piissor and I were standing, they stood in a straight line facing us. They all had both of their hands placed in their groin area with a firm grip on the bag they were holding. The doctors and nurses arranged themselves so that the unique markers on the 6 bags they were holding formed the word 'RES-PON-SI-BI-LI-TY' They stood there in silence and continued to watch Piissor and I as we talked. Piissor looked at them for a minute. He then turned his gaze towards me and said: Emmar, the bags you see over there in the hands of the 2 doctors and 4 nurses make up one of my 5 guards.

This guard, whose real name is Tuuma changes form constantly and makes it almost impossible for anyone to see her face. She comes to you in different forms, but you can always recognize her by the gift she brings.

Tuuma visits no one without the one gift she presents when she arrives at your doorstep. She calls her gift 'Purpose' and she has a limitless supply of them.

The 2 doctors and 4 nurses you see over there holding 'Responsibility,' make up my 4th guard named Puteere. Just like Tuuma, my 4th guard likes to show up in different forms and she always carries a gift as well. The gift she clutches is popularly referred to as 'Hope.' The gift she carries will make you see what no other person sees. My guard Dabbay who is better known as Fear, hates her with deep passion; mainly because her gift tends to destroy Dabbay's filters. I allow my guards to compete among each other for the attention of my inmates. A little friendly competition is good for the development of the inmates as well as the building of fortitude. Hope's unique gift will make you look crazy in the eyes of those who know and closely associate with you, especially if they happen to be wearing the filters Dabbay loves to put on inmates. Puteere, will make you see things for what they really are. In other words, she gives inmates vision 20/20. Inexplicably, very few inmates choose to spend a lot of time in her company, and so very few inmates get to use the perfect vision she provides. Instead, many inmates are content to walk around this place wearing Dabbay's filters and other inventions. No inmate is obliged to accept Puteere's gift when she visits. I leave it to every inmate to make the choice whether to accept or reject her gift. The prerogative to accept or reject is solely yours.

She is very understanding and will never get upset with you. I know for a fact it is her great desire that everyone she visits accepts her gift. It makes her feel good but she realizes most people prefer filters to reality and so she is amenable to whatever choice you make.

Emmar, congratulations, for you have now met all 5 of my guards. Piissor concluded. "Wait, but I only met 4 of the guards," I responded. "I know we were originally headed to see Dunna but you remember we never made it to his office."

"Did you see a delivery man when you run back to get the 5 bags from Dabbay's office?" Piissor asked me. "I did," I answered back. "He walked into Dabbay's office as I was looking for the missing 5 bags to bring back. He was holding the bags I was looking for so I quickly snatched them from his grip and run back here." I explained to Piissor. "That delivery man is Dunna," Piissor whispered. His popular name around here is 'Pain' for he inflicts great pain on inmates whenever they dare attempt to escape these walls. He coordinates and collaborates a lot with Fear. They are almost inseparable. They are best friends and when they are not guarding inmates from escaping this facility, you will find them 'kicking it' with Dabbay's uncle named Kaami, who many people around here know simply as 'Ignorance'. Kaami in my opinion is a classic example of an 'old fool'. He speaks loosely with no regard to people's feelings. He has an inflated view of himself and thinks he knows all things. The long and short of it is Kaami is a wreck. I would expect someone his age to know and act better, yet I see the exact opposite. I must get rid of him eventually and stop him from coming to my facility. No wonder everyone around here calls him 'Ignorance'. He wreaks havoc wherever he visits, and my patience is running thin with his behavior.

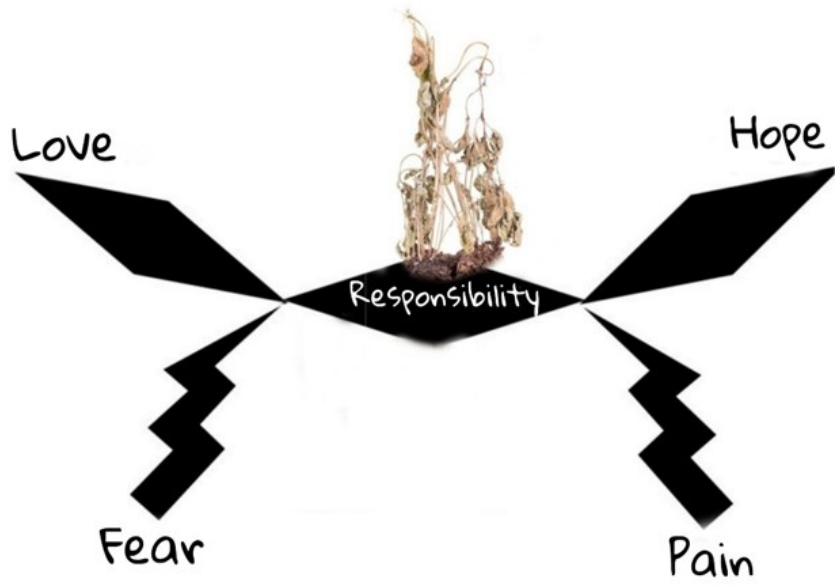
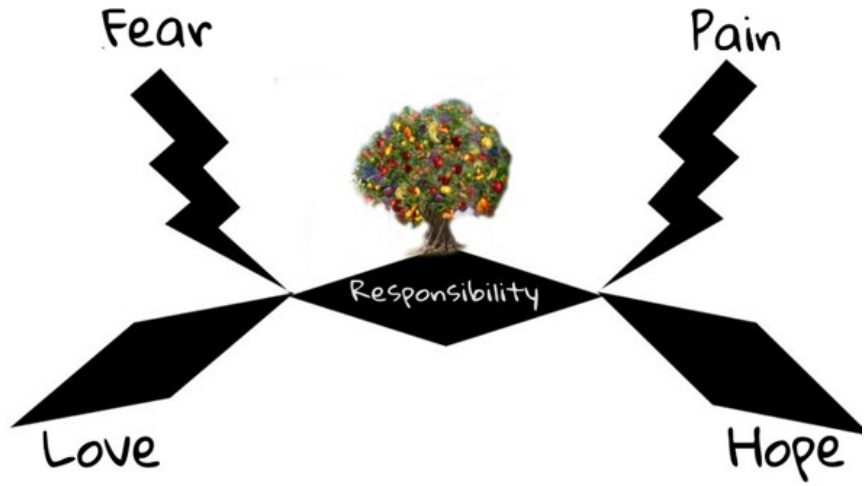
Emmar, how you choose to relate with my 5 guards is totally up to you. I will tell you right now that they will compete for your attention as long as you remain an inmate. Every one of them will clamor to be your favorite guard.

I have permitted them to associate freely with our inmates. You will have to decide how much time you want to spend with each of them when they come calling. This is my personal advice to you regarding my thoughts on how you might want to relate with them.

It is just my recommendation.

You are not bound to follow it.

As Ilissor spoke, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a piece of paper. He handed the paper to me and it had 2 diagrams on it. He looked at me as I stared at the piece of paper. He then whispered "Emmar, the foundation of every structure is the most important part of that structure.



I have presented you 5 guards and you are going to create your own structure based on how you relate to my 5 guards. It will be up to you, how your foundation will be constructed. Which of the 5 guards will serve as your foundation; ensuring you are properly grounded, and which ones will you use to merely help provide extra balance? You are a smart young man son, and I am confident you will make the right choice.”

He continued: “So, let me ask you Emmar, when you look at that sheet of paper, which of the guards do you think will best serve your interests if you spend the most time with them? You do not need to answer. That piece of paper is yours to keep for future reference if you so desire.” He then stretched his hand as though to shake my hand and say his goodbyes, and that is when I noticed the distinct gold colored engraving on the back of his hand. I looked and noticed he had the same engraving on the back of his left hand as well. The symbol engraved on both of his hands resembled the mathematical symbol π , similar to what I saw on the cube I picked up from the beach. I froze at the sight of the unusual engraving. It was so authentic it appeared he was born with it. “The Truth is in the PI. No one will ever find all of it. To each, bits and pieces will be revealed. Just tell the world the Truth is in the PI,” he whispered.

He turned and began to walk away without the handshake. As he was walking away, he muttered,

“Pay attention to the Πindaanas. They are unconventional but they know a thing or two about the Truth. One more thing; thank you for returning my cube from the beach. That was very nice of you. This is not the last you are seeing of me Emmar, I will be visiting with you regularly. See you soon son.”

I heard him speak as the sound of his voice gradually dissipated and he vanished out of view.