

Meeting



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It was a very dark night, the air was cold and quiet weather was made that overall inconvenience to all people.

It seemed as if someone with a heavy burden, and came close to something was mumbling, after a short time it was clearly audible:

I'm mashed. --

He looked surprised, it was also sure that the sound came from somewhere and not in his own head was.

He was soon sitting upright in the dark he looked around and could see where his eyes he saw nothing.

- Where did you get your head full of it done so heavy that it has become?

I felt every day that your head became heavier and heavier and that there was no longer any place would have, turn your head so no more on me or empty your head a little.

He looked surprised at his pillow, there were a face visible on the pillow, surprised, by a hesitant voice he said;

- My head is just as everyone's head full of hopes and dreams. They are suppressed, sleepy, sleeping, dead, failed and murdered hopes



and dreams .

- Okay, okay, you got your head heavy, ruined my mood to talk not by much.

- You too? My pillow which have long, my friend in the spring, summer, autumn and winter, you're also Harassed by me.

- Oh, you have to say peat, I do not believe that this hope and wish that you're talking about long have your head in, because it is only putting your head has become so heavy.

- What do you think that I've kept my head? Except conscience and grief is nothing more.

- Say it, but what kind of grief? What conscience?

- What do you know, there is someone without sorrow and without conscience? Who knew levy will have a lot of grief.

- Everyone removes some grief, with life is always sad, but what is your grief where your head so heavy it has become?

mine are always grieve (just as Gdri Zindan), they are always green, are always alive. I love them very much, so I kept it in my head, if I had she not only would I really feel my life would not go because of the unreasonable parts without them. I think that when life ends, when my will and hope to resolve then will reduce my grieve. S: the morning after a yawn and body extension, best that I say to my sorrow (good morning dears, a new day has come and all you grieve is very still). We eat breakfast together, and they work alongside me and she left me for not even 1 seconds. When we arrive at work, she steps out with me and they go on each side, wherever I go I see and honor, so my work is mixed with my grieve. In short, they are always with me until the night comes, when I go to sleep and they hug me and they sing them to slap me, they go away even in my dreams. They change their own different format. Then tomorrow after a yawn and body extension, sea and I wish good day.

- Are not you afraid that your head will have no more place for all this grief and that your head explodes?

- No I'm not scared because my head is very hard, and my brains are so many odd units, even though I have 10 times as much in sorrow will still not full.

- It seems that we are not a result will come

He said after a tijdtje with a sigh:

- Fruit, which result, which is a result everything is in a ring around the turn, the beginning and end at the same point, or they are very close together. Even the different things running around in the same ring, one is the beginning and the other is the end, al ser chance to run around to wherever you start you finish at the same location, such as love and hate are in the same ring and usually when you hate haunts berijk you love love and vice versa can lead to hate Because each is half of the ring and when one runs the other half will berijken.

- - I do not, can you explain more your intention?

- My intention is clear but you have no brains because you consists



of cotton, dust and thread so how can sort things j edit understand
- Why do you little cotton? You can find little substance? The advantage of cotton is apparently life mensens in Blangé and rich, full roots in your conscience and literature, which is white and pure, soft and what life is compared with cotton.

Thousands sentences and documents and quote (quote)

--This time you should stop talking EIA.

- - I am stopped, let's talk about why save your head has become so very heavy, I felt that your head every day ietje was made heavier, but tonight it is very heavy, you know not to save?

- - Of course I know the rescue, even though he knows nobody Tweet I do, tonight is a new sadness in me gebloeit.

- - IDT is not what Flowered grief?

- - It is gebloeit and can talk and walk, it is now clear that waarheid in our lives but without images and that the images would go through life.

His sarcastic cushion begins to lichen, it was a little right to sit:

- How is it that the goods are pagan images?

- It is normal that you laugh you have no brains, people are looking for their images, they vedwijnen like fog, they get the threads together and be sad, we all velissen pleasure of life and our peace is disturbing and we just like a substance (powder) in a heavy wind.

- Can you explain with an example more?

- For example, love, it is said that the Minar (lover), the amorous gene omzeker confused and crazy and makes. But the amount of love for the amorous removes his / her lover depends on the amorous gene off, how much he / she can keep someone.

So it was the love of kranzinnige for Shirin Farhad that their story was made a legend and Farhad loved the legend and not the real Shirin Shirin. I mean that Farhad imagination that went to Shirin

And not a force of ontzichtbaare Shirin came from, so in their imagination is the legend of Shirin and Farhad not the real girl who's name was Shirin.

- How is that?

- It is my fault, instead of that I go on another pillow to sleep I kept himself busy with you.

- Is not sad, put it off.

- You've disrupted my concentration, where we talk about? Yes we were talking about Farhad, you know my intention? I say that love and hate and all feelings are just all ready seen veil within us, we cover about who he will sit very suitable tons (the veil will be very suitable seating).

The early cushion after a long yawn sleep with a precise voice:

- Are you not tired, I want the imagination of sleep veil over me out

- - Are you not mad at me? I can rest my head on you?

- - Try it.
- - How is it now?
- - Well, it's not very heavy, I can do it, but how was your head lighter than before?
- - This is the holy grief, when no one is where you can tell your grief, my pillow you're my friend Chekov's horse, and I could talk with you my sorrow and my head brightness.

A quiet swear came back attacks, when the cushions Snurk horde, the weather was a bit backwards because it wanted to quiet sleep of his friend not interfere.

- * Gdri Zindan: he is always living a holy person in the folk Scheerens Kurdi, the writer took him as an example for his volduurende grief.
- * Farhad and Shirin: They are a bunch in the literature Kurdi Schenardi like Romeo and Juliet repectievelijk.
- * Anton Chekov: he is a Russian writer, in one of his stories "Heartache", he writes about a horse listening where he talks about his sadness at the horse.