

Metamorphosis

The mountains are moving, at least what Sina perceives as mountains moving. A little boy standing in an unfamiliar lifeless desert, thinking, dreaming dreams no kid ever dared to dream, fearing, as he had never witnessed such a dead, daunting doughtiness. Even the dreadful dying Kavir desert was a green path compared to this place.

Here was the center of the abyss. Where the nothingness was the emperor, and death was the royale crown to his kingdom.

Sina tried to stay calm, but the bare ground of the wild, unfriendly desert was traumatizingly horrifying. As much as the dark water of an angry ocean was devastating to the last survivor of a sunken ship. Who is hanging onto a piece of lumber and knows there is no way out; yet does not accept his damned fate.

The only living creatures there were his fragile soul and the sturdy mountains. There is nothing familiar about the mountain to be described, nor does any example or description would bring any comprehension of what he was witnessing.

After an hour, tired of waiting; with having nothing to do and nowhere to go, he began to walk toward the mountains. It may seem like he has gone mad. Going to dangerous unknown ground without a reason?

However, as odd as it may seem, humans could live almost forever. Yet, without having anything to do, they decided to spend their treasure of time instead of holding onto it. Knowing the spent thrift of seconds leads to a slipping spill of expendable spoils of years and decades, that pushes them to their unavoidable doom. But boredom is without doubt the most hated, undesired companion known to men and any human would choose being dead over being bored.

And Sina? Well, he was no different. So, he let his feet take him into action. What else was he supposed to do? Stay in the desert? Live forever? One could say that humans were bound to choose the path of least resistance, which is paved with doing instead of being.

As he got closer, more details became visible. One moment, he was walking and watching moving mountains. A moment later, golden-shaped mountains, the dark brownish jungle on the hilltop merged together and voila! Sina's eyes widened from fear and shock. They are lions! He cried.

He stopped all together as walking toward death and facing it are completely different.

RUN! A continuous mute shriek of high-pitched scream started in his head. Yet he didn't move. Unable to believe what he saw; he considers getting closer.

However, he wasn't prepared to gamble his life when the whimsical lions were right in front of him doing what he perceived as playing.

Clear glowing red blood of lions was flowing from numerous scars on their bodies. Making rivers that fed the thirsty unsatisfied desert. The bloodstream didn't stop the game. As for the golden bloodhounds, the lust for bloodshed was bloodborne and exceeded the fear of blood lost.

Through experience gained from dealing with the savage dogs of the Halil river, he first decides to keep his ground, standing motionless, somewhat catatonic, unlike the knife, the mountains, or the lions.

As the lions approached, he began to doubt his strategy. Thinking these are not a hungry pack of stray dogs, they are a pride of lions, the kings of the jungle and Sahara; and they are absolutely gigantic.

Sina thought maybe they hadn't seen me. As he thought that. an instant break of torching sunshine sprayed his face. Illuminating him and like a limelight, marking him for the giant cats. Unhappy with this unmasked ominous spotlight, he started to look around. Trying to find a place to conceal himself; but it was only the mirror shaped flat desert that surrounded him.

He sat down and started delving into the ground, unable to dig the unforgiving rugged, dry land with his bare hands. Sina sensed as if he was reaching his limit. He murmured: this place grants nothing but danger and trouble.

Suddenly, he remembered the old story of Yahya the prophet. When he was being chased by soldiers. He asked a tree to give him a sanctuary. The tree opened its

trunk and welcomed the god's messenger. He didn't scaped. The soldiers cut the tree and the person inside it in half. But desperate times calls for mad actions. Sina touched the ground and begged for safety. Nothing happened! Neither was he as important as a prophet, nor the ground was as merciful as a tree.

Hopeless from earthling aids, he looked up to watch the peaceful heavenly blue ceiling above his head with a sense of jealousy and despair. He reasoned that the sky was built intentionally too high. Mocking any attempt to reach glorious godly satisfaction of safety.

He wished for a stairway. Suddenly he saw group of bizarre circles shaped red clouds in sky. They looked like sign that he couldn't and didn't want to interpret right then.

The safety is within your action. a sound whispered in his ears.

Sina couldn't find the source of unexpected speaker.

- Manifest your beliefs and become a lion.
- How? Said Sina fearfully quiet.
- Drink from the river and metamorphose through your action.

Sina approached the lions, and they stopped the fight. The sound of blood falling from their body was like a waterfall, deafening and ambient but very present. How didn't he hear it before?

In such dry land Sina saw a mist of sparkling tiny residues of blood, shining all around him. Sina felt the moist mist laying on his skin cooling him down but not calming him.

He sat down near the river and looked at the lions, that clearly respected the majestic ritual of transformation. He touched the blood and pushed his hand down in it. The water was warm and comfortingly delightful.

His hand began to grow yellowish fur that danced in the current, and the separate fingers started to become what was without any doubt in Sina's bewildered mind a lion cub paw.

Immediately, and with fear he took his hand out. Paw back to his original form again.

Even though his hand was in the river only for a second, Sina couldn't fully recognize his hand as himself. Something had changed. A change that was not grand enough to be seen, but he could still feel it. Sina knew that he was about to

lose a part or all of himself. So, he tried to imagine what could feel not to be able to find a piece of yourself. The thought made him sick to his stomach.

Mehdi's father who was war veteran told him there are people in wars who lost a part of their body. In shock and terror, try to find their hand or leg that doesn't belong to them anymore.

To lose yourself! What a dark horrifying picture. He spoke.

Getting lost was an opportunity to new experiences and building captivating concepts from the dull boring life. Losing self was a different story. Leaving him only with nothingness.

Lions' roar of anger tore his thread of thoughts apart. Sina didn't look at them, for he was staring at the abyss, at the painless tempting abyss of either becoming prey or part of the pride.

- Die as a prey or live as predator. The sound spoke firmly.

It seemed like clear choice. Yet, Sina couldn't make his mind. there must be a third option, right?

Often, he searched for what wasn't on the table of fate. Was he getting some kind of inner information from universe? Was he waiting for a magical intervention from almighty himself? Or was it easier for him to pretend he was having hard time choosing, just to be able to think whatever he though was rough was a mere pretending. Nevertheless, he didn't care about to be or not to be. For him the question was how to go around of doing and being altogether.

Sina heard the roars getting louder and unfamiliar with the ancient language of beasts he looked up to check the lions. the impatient pride feeling the fear in his blood; disturb the ceremony and decided to attack him.

Sina forgot all decisions and plan ran for his dear life. And in the heat of moment while breathing the contaminated air of desert, he found the most ill thought logically impaired mental construct. He found the hope.

believing he had discovered the middle way he started to drag his foot behind him while running, leaving a trail of dust behind himself. When he sensed that the timing was right; he jumped on the ground and started rolling over. Camouflaging was the last chance of redemption!

If he could understand the strangeness of his newly discovered way or could analyze his position logically, he would know that you can't outrun the devil of chaos nor deceive the deceiver.

The lions reached him without any confusion. Before the lions grab him, he could not help but sense a Deja vu about his condition, lying down and praying not to be devoured.

In last seconds of his life, the unbearable loneliness crushed him. Just like the last survivor of the sunken ship, who finally let's go of the lumber and his dear life with it.

Sina didn't know it then, but beyond the pain and fear, beyond the earth and sky he had a protector, who held the last shield against the world's harshness.

The last moment before the lion bite tears him apart, a shining beam sunlight hit the lions like a bullet; and burnt them to the ashes.

Sina still in horror of this terrorizing magical intervention held his breath, waited for the burn. And then the light reached him. Like water shining fire grabbed him. he even felt it going inside his nostrils, so he opened his mouth just to make the death easier. But surprisingly, the pain never came. Instead, he felt a comfortable lightness healing his body and soul. He senses how the liquid fire passed his throat and filled his body. Right then, he understood there is a middle way to go through this life.

And the lord made the fire cold and bearable for Ebrahim, took his hand in tough time, held his back when he needed it the most.

The sun was the last thing he saw, and the calmness was the last emotion he felt; before the sunlight of the Jiroft city slapped the sleep out of his eyelids.

Upon waking up, he tried to stand up automatically. Before reaching a standing position, he became aware of his being and surroundings. From all of the blows, his body was in agonizing ache. And pain made him kneel down for a second. Nevertheless, discomfort didn't stop him from following through. So, he stood. The yard and the garden were unimpressed by whatever happened this morning, and the sun was there like always, informing him that it is still morning.

He grabbed his bag from inside and started running. The bag's ropes hurt bruises on his shoulder. Ignoring the stress in the back of his mind, he sprinted, and his whole-body shrieked. Every muscle ache and every bone shaking under the pressure companied him.

Nonetheless, Besides the flexed expressive muscles between his eyebrows, he appeared ordinary, as trauma was not an emotion he could show. It was a

groundbreaking experience that changed the essence of his personality, how he perceived others, the world, and even himself.